




# WOOSTER

FALL 1991

125th Anniversary Issue



*On the front cover is our evocation this fall of a well-known passage from Lucy Lillian Notestein's *Wooster of the Middle West*: "One late September day in 1865 a Presbyterian minister of a small northern Ohio town had saddled his horse and set off on a round of calls among his people. . . . The sun shone benignly on bare, brown fields, and on woods blazing with autumn color; the air was soft, like that of April; the year was aging graciously indeed. . . . [S]kirting the woods on the hilltop above town, he suddenly reined his horse short. The beauty of the view overwhelmed him. To the east and south and west he looked, beyond the valleys of the Applecreek and Killbuck, to the hills. The oaks, behind him and before, were bronze, the gums a deep wine red, the maples, green and gold and saffron; and the distance, the far distance, was already clothing itself in a purple shadow. With heart full, he dismounted, and at the edge of the woodland fell on his knees to give thanks for such beauty. Rising, he was startled with a new thought. What a site this would be for a college!"*

*Here, on the inside front cover, is the realization of Pastor James Reed's dream.*

*All cover photographs are by Don Snyder of Don Snyder Photography, Inc., in Cleveland.*

**Wooster, A Quarterly Magazine for Alumni and Friends of The College of Wooster**

**Fall 1991 Volume 106, No. 1**

Continuing *The Wooster Post Graduate*, founded 1886

Editor *Peter Havholm*

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Original Design *The Pacific Marketing Group of San Francisco, Andrea Metzler '75, Co-founder, and Harrison Design Group*

Printer *Carpenter Reserve*

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Wooster (USPS 6912-2000). Published Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter by The College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio 44691

Second-Class Postage paid at Wooster, Ohio 44691

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Wooster, The College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio 44691





# Fall 1991

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Date of filing: October 23, 1991. Wooster, USPS 6912-2000, issued four times per year. Mailing and business address: The College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio 44691. Published by The College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio 44691. Editor: Peter Havholm. Owner: The College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio 44691. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None. The purpose, function and nonprofit status of this organization

and the exempt status for Federal income tax purposes has not changed during the preceding twelve months. Average number of copies each issue during the preceding twelve months: 25,581. Free distribution, average each issue during the preceding twelve months: 25,481. Paid circulation: None. Average number of copies not distributed during the preceding twelve months: 100; actual number of copies of single issue nearest to filing date not distributed: 100.



PHOTO BY MATT DILDARD

## Liberal Arts in the 21st Century

*A Symposium honoring the 125th Anniversary of Wooster's founding*

*On the threshold of the new century, not only is knowledge growing at an unprecedented rate, but long-held assumptions about the intellectual, moral and aesthetic standards by which merit should be judged are under review.*

*Above are Scot piper Christopher Dore '94 and Wooster's 125th birthday cake at the big party in Lowry Center. The College also celebrated with the symposium whose proceedings appear in these pages.*

*On Friday and Saturday, November 1 and 2, 1991, a group of distinguished visitors joined members of the Wooster community to mark the 125th Anniversary of the College's founding with a wide-ranging discussion of teaching and scholarship. Henry Copeland began, Friday evening, by introducing the symposium's featured speaker, Henry Rosovsky.*

**T**his year, we commemorate the 125th anniversary of Wooster's founding. To do so, we have chosen to celebrate teachers and teaching, and we want particularly to reflect upon the joys and challenges of teaching and scholarship in this last decade of the twentieth century.

This college was built on teachers and teaching, and as I suggested earlier in the fall, Wooster has drawn strength from the sheer intellectual delight that succeeding generations of scholars have derived from life in a residential college. The College has not thrived on just any notion of teaching, but particularly on the ideal of the teacher-scholar. Whatever the other arguments for the concept, such an ideal has been necessary at Wooster because we have prized the conviction that teachers must not only be prepared to introduce students to seminal ideas but also be capable of engaging them in the processes by which ideas come into being. We ask teachers not only to transmit received knowledge, but through Independent Study to involve students in the creation.

Whether through an experiment, or the exploration of a text, or quantitative or historical analysis, or the practice of one of the arts, we have expected that teachers and students alike will be engaged in the elaboration of one of those grammars and vocabularies by

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*For faculty at Wooster, teaching and research are inseparable.*

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which we render our lives intelligible. For faculty at Wooster, teaching and research are inseparable; for students, Independent Study is a requirement.

On this occasion, then, we want to celebrate teachers and a particular ideal of teaching, and we also want to reflect upon the joys and challenges of teaching and scholarship today. We all know the joy which comes from the mastery of an approach to knowledge, from the liberating force of doubt, and from the formulation of new understandings of our own making.

However, on the threshold of the new century, honored traditions have met with doubt, and serious challenges confront us as teachers and scholars. Not only is knowledge growing at an unprecedented rate, but long-held assumptions about the intellectual, moral and aesthetic standards by which merit should be judged are under review. The discourse in many of our fields is dominated by the most fundamental questions of "What knowledge ought we to transmit?" and "By which methods can new knowledge be gained?"

Tonight we could not be more fortunate than to have Henry Rosovsky as our speaker.

An economist whose specialty is Japanese economic history, Professor Rosovsky had a distinguished career as an economist at Berkeley and Harvard before assuming the post of Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard, a post he held for eleven years and which he likened to being "the rabbi of a great congregation."

His contributions as Dean were formidable. During those years, he restored the luster of a number of academic departments, revitalized undergraduate instruction, saw to it that major problems of deferred maintenance were addressed, worked to increase the number of women and minority scholars on the faculty, saw to it that the benefits of computer technology were applied to instruction and research, and, traveling thousands of miles, played a pivotal role in a major campaign for Harvard. As a result of his initiatives as well as those of others, surveys of seniors at Harvard since 1973 have reflected a rising index of satisfaction with the undergraduate experience.

His strengths were never more stunningly evident than in the development and implementation of Harvard's core curriculum. He asked the fundamental question of "Which intellectual experiences and skills should be required of all students?" and then not only saw through a process which developed an answer approved by a majority of Harvard's faculty but also succeeded in the even more daunting task of creating the courses and finding the faculty members to teach them. As one professor remarked, "A meeting with Henry makes you realize what a session with Lyndon Johnson must have been like."

One of the sources of his authority as Dean was the fact that he embodied a strong sense of the duties of citizenship in an academic community and of the obligations imposed by the social contract of a university. He once quipped to a group of freshmen: "You are here for four years; I am here for life; the institution is here forever." It is reported that an advertisement for a James Bond movie later parodied this to read, "You are here for four years; Henry Rosovsky is here for life; but Diamonds Are Forever." But on the strength of his ties to Harvard, he declined the presidencies of Yale and Chicago, and his five-year commitment as Dean stretched to eleven because of his sense of responsibility for projects still in progress like the core curriculum and the Harvard campaign. Appointed a University Professor in 1984 and a member of the Harvard Corporation in 1985 (the first Harvard professor to be selected in more than a century), he was called back in 1990 from the pleasant world of a distinguished research professorship for another year as Dean.

In 1990, drawing on insights he had gained as Dean, he completed *The University: An Owner's Manual*. I think that the book contains the most sensible things said in the last several decades about academic life, and it will remain an essential guide for several decades

to come. To offer his reflections on liberal learning today, we could not have a better person than Henry Rosovsky, and it is a great pleasure to introduce him on this occasion.

## Appearing for the Defense

by Henry Rosovsky

Ladies and Gentlemen. Thank you very much for your very kind introduction, Mr. President.

I consulted a number of lawyer friends, and I am told that mine is the right title for someone who appears on behalf of somebody who is accused of various crimes and misdemeanors. It seems to me that these days universities and colleges are the subject of enormous criticism, and while my remarks this evening are not exclusively addressed to those criticisms, I did want to keep that issue in the back of your minds.

When President Copeland invited me to speak to your 125th Anniversary Celebration, he gave me a number of assignments, and since I always listen to what presidents say, I want to review these assignments briefly. He asked me to reflect upon the goals of under-

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*There are eighty-two institutions that have existed since 1600 worldwide, and 75 percent are universities.*

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graduate colleges of the liberal arts in the final decade of the twentieth century. He wanted to focus this evening on the joys and challenges of teaching and scholarship and the delight that scholars may derive from living in a residential college — I suppose he had Wooster in mind. And finally he made particular allusion to a chapter in my recent book on universities entitled "The Purposes of Liberal Education."

I think these are highly appropriate topics for this very important occasion. One hundred twenty-five years is a very long time, particularly in American terms. Very few institutions in our society are that old. Very few manage to live that long without experiencing decline. Someone recently calculated that worldwide there are eighty-two institutions that have remained in existence since 1600, and 75 percent of those are universities. Now I don't know whether that is good or bad — apparently we simply refuse to die — but I think on the whole that it is a good sign: a sign that we do manage to age well and continue to be vigorous.

Furthermore, The College of Wooster must be one of the very few schools that consciously transformed itself from a university into a liberal arts college. As far as I know, that is unique. Most schools, including my own, did the reverse. I do not fully understand what happened at Wooster in 1915, but at least we can say this: from the point of view of liberal arts colleges, we are obviously on hallowed ground.

Maybe I have been seduced by your literature — and I must confess that I find university and college literature very seductive — but it seems to me that Wooster may have the best of both worlds. A faculty of teacher/scholars in an intimate undergraduate-oriented setting — a very attractive setting indeed.

As soon as I saw President Copeland's words — joy, delight, challenges — I understood why I had been invited. He couldn't have invited many others because I am virtually unique. In recent years I have said and written positive things about certain segments — I want to underline "certain segments" — of American higher education. It doesn't necessarily make me right; I realize that. But it does bestow on my views a certain scarcity value! If you want to be celebratory, it is probably a lot better to get a speaker who may say a few positive things, rather than somebody who will damn you for thirty-five to forty minutes.

My optimism is a matter of record. For example, I have said that two-thirds of the best universities in the world are located in the United States. Interestingly enough, when I say that in Europe or in Asia, nobody argues. It is primarily Americans who are unhappy when somebody claims that something in our country is the best. I always ask people: of what else do we have two-thirds of the best? Steel companies? Banks? Automobile companies? Not any

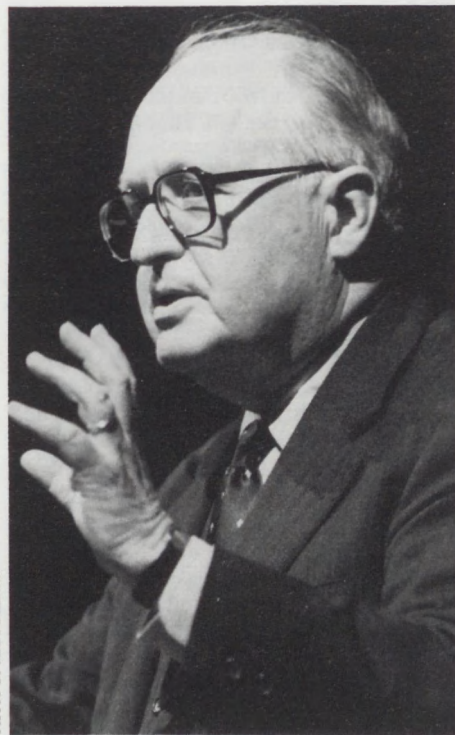


PHOTO BY MATT DEYARD

*Henry Rosovsky: "My optimism is a matter of record. For example, I have said that two-thirds of the best universities in the world are located in the United States. Interestingly enough, when I say that in Europe or in Asia, nobody argues. It is primarily Americans who are unhappy when somebody claims that something in our country is the best. I always ask people: of what else do we have two-thirds of the best? Steel companies? Banks? Automobile companies? Not any more! I can't think of anything except conceivably basketball and hockey teams!"*

more! I can't think of anything except conceivably basketball and hockey teams! If you look at the great institutions of learning in the world, you will find that my premise is well borne out by facts.

I also expressed myself in favor of curricular rigor and structure, but always stressed that there exist many different and valid roads leading towards being an educated person. Notice that I said "many roads"; I didn't say "any road." I do think that many different roads exist.

I also believe that the lost canon that many conservative critics talk about is largely a myth. If we define canon as a body of common learning that all educated people know and understand, or a general agreement concerning what is or is not an important part of our cultural heritage as transmitted through the college curriculum, in our country we have been without a canon for well over a century. I am not saying that it shouldn't exist. All I am saying is that in fact it has not existed in American education for a very long time. Maybe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a few schools really had a canon. In those days, at the few universities that existed in our country, everyone studied Greek, Hebrew, rhetoric, Catechism, botany, ethics, politics, Aramaic, arithmetic, astronomy, and Syriac.

I have just listed the Harvard curriculum in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, but it didn't really differ that much from other places. But I must point out to you that those great comedians from the Massachusetts General Court — that is, our state legislature — proposed in 1850 that Harvard adopt a wholly elective curriculum. They also urged

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*The lost canon is  
largely a myth.*

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that professors should be paid by the size of their classes! An interesting idea! And I quote what followed: "Those only would succeed who taught in a manner acceptable to the public. That which is desired would be purchased, and that which is not, would be neglected." Well, that does not seem to me to be an extremely canonical approach to learning.

I have also defended the teacher/scholar, and have never considered research as a great threat to quality teaching, as many of our critics now seem to do. But I have also praised the very rich choices that are available only to American students. Columbia is not Bennington; Haverford is not Berkeley; Wooster is not Ohio State. This country is unique in the choices — the valid choices — that it offers to its students at the time when they begin the path of higher education.

I have also praised the governance of our institutions and found them to be a reasonable balance between trustees, administrators, and faculty. I just returned a couple of weeks ago from a visit to Czechoslovakia and Hungary. It

reminded me a little bit of European universities in the 1960s when their governance was shared in thirds by students, faculty, and employees — and the result was quite disastrous. Some years ago I dared to suggest that "not everything is improved by making it more democratic." I think that does apply to university governance.

I have also taken issue with the simplistic notion that the costs of higher education are out of control. This is certainly something that you hear repeated over and over again. Let me give you a set of statistics, and then I would like you to examine your consciences and tell me whether these statistics are or are not a great surprise to you. They were compiled by the former president of Harvard and published in a recent annual report. Eighty percent of American undergraduates go to schools in which tuition is under \$2,000 per year — those are public schools. Sixteen percent go to private colleges with tuition under \$10,000 per year. Eighty percent plus 16 percent gets us to 96 percent of American students. Four percent, the remainder, go to colleges where tuition is over \$10,000 per year, and two-thirds of those get financial aid. In other words, barely 2 or 3 percent of American students pay full tuition in so-called expensive schools. The families of those students, on average, have incomes over \$80,000 per year.

Now I ask you, when you read the newspapers and note the continual criticism about college costs, can you in all honesty tell me that the statistics that I have given you are really understood by the American public? The issue is not the level of tuition at Harvard or at Wooster; the real issue in our country is that in many of the public institutions — especially institutions that cater to the poorer segments of our population — fees are rising by \$200-\$300, and that is driving some people out of college. At the same time, these public institutions are often subsidizing students from very well-to-do homes. I do think that the statistics that I have just given you are worth keeping in mind because they put the debate and the nature of the debate into perspective.

Let me say another thing about costs. I recently ran across a wonderful article by President O'Brien of the University of Rochester. He said that in the 1950s he bought a Pontiac automobile that cost \$2,500. That was just about the cost of a year at Rochester and a year at Harvard. In 1988 when he wanted to replace a car with another Pontiac, the price was \$22,000, which again was pretty much the cost of a year at Harvard or Rochester or a variety of similar places.

Of course, one must ask oneself: why have our costs risen at all? I am always amazed when the cost of tuition is treated as a kind of moral issue. Lots of prices go up — some less than inflation and some more. I once asked a friend: if you sold your house and it quintupled in value, do you feel that you have somehow

done something immoral by taking the capital gains? Well, he didn't believe so. But somehow paying for educational services is put in a different category.

Why have our costs risen? Faculty salaries, I rather regret to say, are not the villain. There are many in this audience who would probably be pleased if they were, but over the last forty to fifty years, the faculty have barely held their own in terms of real income. We have done better than judges and many public servants, but we have done much less well than business people or lawyers.

Science is very expensive; libraries are very expensive; federal and state bureaucracies have imposed many costs on us; and undoubtedly we have to plead guilty to all sorts of inefficiencies. I will come back to that in a moment.

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*Barely 3 percent of American  
students pay full tuition in  
so-called expensive schools.*

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But one less noticed increase in costs has been the tremendous proliferation of student services. It seems to me sometimes that plain vanilla education has disappeared. It is all sundaes — that is the only alternative that we offer. Counseling has increased greatly; athletic teams have consumed much more money, especially through the need to make women's teams equivalent to those of men. Handicapped access laws have done the same; security problems have increased; all sorts of student services — most of them perhaps necessary — are a prime cause of increases in costs.

Lastly, in explaining my optimism and trying to justify my presence here, I should say also that I do not believe as many now do that everything was better when we were young. That belief is very deeply held by many people: since we were young, civilization has been in precipitous decline. In those days, teachers were selfless, students were serious, humanities were unpolluted by Continental viruses, there was no affirmative action, everybody was more polite, etc.

But we must ask ourselves, better for whom? Not better for African-Americans; not better for women; not better for Jews; not better for Asians; not better for those in need of scholarships. Indeed, are we so sure that standards were higher when we were young? I am not at all certain. Recently, I happened to run across an article in the *Orange County Register* under the following headline: "U.S. Universities Plagued by Many Social Ills, Report Says." Here is a partial listing of the ills.

Two-thirds of the university presidents — and of course they are very good at looking at ills — considered alcohol abuse a moderate or major problem. Well, when I was an undergraduate in the 1940s this problem was not exactly unknown. One of four presidents said racial tension was a problem on their campuses. It is true that this issue has become more severe because in the past there was much



more racial segregation. I am a 1949 graduate of The College of William and Mary, and there were no black people at The College of William and Mary in 1949. No wonder there was no racial tension! Sixty-two percent of the presidents at research-oriented universities said sexual harassment was a moderate or major problem. During my student years, women were a lesser presence. I would not dare to claim the same for the adjusted incidence of sexual harassment.

A proper heading for the article would have been "U.S. Still Plagued by Many Social Ills." We should never be surprised to find that the full range of American social diseases is well represented on our university campuses. If there is racial tension in the society, it will be visible on a campus just as it is in the society itself.

But make no mistake. Despite my own (I hope) sensible optimism, the most recognized and honored voices belong to our many critics, aided by reporters and editorial boards throughout the country. Allan Bloom accuses us of closing the minds of our students; young Mr. D'Souza characterizes our education as illiberal and draws a picture of brave conservatives cowed by wild and totally intolerant radicals — largely on the basis of anecdotes; Mr. Sykes draws us as scam artists; Mr. Kimball paints a picture of humanities departments controlled by 1960s radicals who espouse strange French and Marxist doctrines; and Professor Wilcher sees our total moral collapse.

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*There were no black people at my college in 1949. No wonder there was no racial tension!*

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And of course, the newspapers and the magazines and television love it. Every excess, every outrageous statement — frequently quoted out of context — gets full front page treatment. There is a grain of truth in what our critics say. I believe that, and I think there is much that needs to be changed. But for my taste, the voices on both sides of the debate are monotonous, somewhat hysterical, quite insincere in their protests against intolerance, and profoundly political. I see one extreme yelping about another, and neither gives an accurate picture of university or college life.

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Having given you some reasons for my general optimism, I want next to reflect on the goals of liberal education at the end of the twentieth and the beginning of the twenty-first century.

I am going to repeat some of the things contained in my recent book, but I also want to amend and update some of my thoughts. Let me begin with a factual point that is often forgotten. No more than 15 percent of American undergraduates receive a liberal arts education. Most of American higher education is professional, even at the college level. Keep in mind that there are 3,500 colleges and universities in this country — many among the very best and many, a far greater share, that in

other countries would not be called colleges or universities at all. It is very hard to find a common denominator for higher education in the United States.

What do we mean when we talk about liberal arts or general education? I have always been attracted by two rather different definitions — both contained in my book. Let me go over them very briefly. One comes from a professor at the University of Washington who

*Karen Beckwith (political science, L.) and Akwasi Osei (black studies, political science, c.) talk with Henry Rosovsky after his address Friday evening.*



PHOTO BY MATT DIXON

said, "General or liberal education means the whole development of an individual apart from his occupational training. It includes the civilizing of his life's purposes, the refining of his emotional reaction and the maturing of his understanding about the nature of things according to the best knowledge of our time."

Note that he said "his" — today he would say "his and hers." "Apart from occupational training" — meaning that it is not professional — although I think many people today believe that liberal learning should play a much larger role in professional education, and that law schools, medical schools, and business schools should pay much more attention to liberal learning than they do. "The civilizing of life's purposes" — this emphasizes culture as opposed to livelihood. "According to the best knowledge of our time" — that is a very crucial point. It implies change; all reading lists have to undergo evolution, even reading lists that are composed of classics. New classics are created; some classics become less classic as time goes on.

I will give you an example — it doesn't come from classics but from computer sciences. The Harvard curriculum used to have a computer familiarity component which required all of our freshmen to log on to our mainframe computer and write a simple program in BASIC. Well, it became obvious that that was absurd because mainframes are hardly used and nearly everybody knows how to use computers anyway. So we dropped it.

My other favorite definition for liberal learning comes from John Buchan — Governor General of Canada, author of many adventure stories: *The Thirty-nine Steps*, *Greenmantle*,

maybe some of you have read them. He was also an intellectual of consequence. This is what John Buchan said in 1938. "We live in a distressed and chaotic world whose future no man can predict, a world where the foundation seems to be cracking and where that compromise which we have christened civilization is in grave peril. What must be the attitude of those like ourselves in this critical time, those who have behind them a liberal education? For

if that education gives us no guidance in such a crisis, it cannot be much of a thing at all."

Those are a very valuable few sentences: liberal education has to be a guide for our life, something that the study of accounting or food sciences cannot easily accomplish. Buchan also mentioned "the three hums" — humility, humanity, and humor. He said the liberal arts should endow us with humility, with humanity, and with humor, and I must say, as I look at generations of Harvard undergraduates, I see the great wisdom of valuing those qualities.

To have humility means not to overvalue ourselves and to understand history, and most young people don't. Humanity is simply a short-hand way of describing the moral dimensions of education. And humor? Buchan said we need to laugh at the pretensions of our leaders, and these days it is hard to know whether to laugh or to cry.

These definitions are relatively timeless, but we also have to take into account that this is the final decade of the twentieth century. President Copeland mentioned the growth of knowledge at an unprecedented rate. In 1665 the first scientific journal was published. By 1800 there were 100. By 1850, 1,000; in 1900, 10,000; today, 100,000. They double every fifteen years. The proportion of outdated facts and theories is growing larger, especially in science and social science. (Classics of permanent value are probably confined to the humanities, though even they are subject to continual reinterpretation.)

The point is that liberal education has to strike a balance between enduring classics and

current best practices. Both are necessary. And it does seem to me that the canon as it existed in America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries or in fourteenth-century Oxford or at the University of Chicago in 1930 is a model of limited usefulness, because times do change. Each age has to accommodate itself to its own standards of best practice. Those who greet every change as the death or repudiation of Western civilization are, if we are charitable, exaggerating — or if we are less charitable, I think that they are misleading us.

There are two other consequences of living in the late twentieth century that I think deserve particular mention. First is the need to have a longer educational time horizon. We live longer; technological progress is more rapid. It is said that in their lifetimes, most people have three careers and seven jobs. We require lifelong learning. Second, women are becoming a more important part of the labor force, and they have a special problem because many leave the

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*Women have a particular stake  
in lifelong learning.*

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labor force for various periods in their life, particularly in childbearing years. Women have a particular stake in lifelong learning as they reenter the labor force after some years.

Given these definitions and making adjustments for the time in which we live — more properly the time in which our students will have to function as educators — we require certain goals. We need a better vision of how to define an educated person — a liberally educated person.

I developed a definition of an educated person in 1975. I have frequently repeated it since then; by now it may be trite. I would be glad to give it up when I see something that is clearly a better substitute, but I do want very briefly to go over the standard that seems to me to be useful for the particular time in which we live.

First, I believe that an educated person has to be able to think and write clearly and effectively — in other words, to be able to think critically. Our British cousins do this much better than we do. Our difficulties — and I am going to return to this — are probably related to secondary education. Can we afford to continue to ignore what happens in primary and secondary schools? The need for educated people to write clearly and effectively and to think critically also raises certain questions in my mind about bilingualism in this country. In certain Massachusetts high schools, I am told that bilingualism does not mean students simultaneously studying in two languages. It really means that some students in Boston high schools are getting their education in Spanish with English treated as a foreign language. That will not do because those people will not be able to function effectively in our society.

Secondly, an educated person needs a critical appreciation of the ways in which we gain knowledge and understanding of the

universe, of our society, of ourselves. And that requires informed acquaintance with a number of different ways of thinking. One has to have an understanding of the mathematical and experimental methods of the physical and biological sciences. One has to have an understanding of the historical and quantitative techniques that form the main method of analysis in the social sciences. One has to have an informed acquaintance with some of the great traditions of the humanities.

(Note I emphasize modes of thought or intellectual approaches that must be combined with valid, deep, even classical content, but I do not believe that everybody has to read exactly the same books. Somebody once asked me, can you graduate from Harvard without reading Shakespeare? I said: yes, but you cannot graduate without reading great literature under expert critical guidance. That is what is important.)

An educated person in America in 1991 cannot be provincial or ignorant of other cultures and other times. That should be entirely obvious. If that is multiculturalism, then make the most of it. But I don't think that is what most people mean by that term. I do know this: an educated American has to have knowledge of cultures that go beyond our own. But surely education is not — knowledge is not — a zero-sum game. Does knowing another culture in some depth mean that knowledge of our own Western tradition has to be debased? I don't see that at all. I am tempted to ask: why were all of those who are so excited about the subject of the abandonment of Western culture never heard from on the basic question of our intellectual provincialism?

An educated person should also have some understanding of and experience in thinking about moral and ethical problems. Making discriminating moral choices should be a quality associated with education. There is no question about that. But note that the emphasis is on learning how to make choices rather than advocating a specific series of choices associated with a particular religion or a particular philosophy. Of course, we need to be familiar with the moral basis of our own civilization, and it is undoubtedly Western civilization. But we have much to learn also from Gandhi, Buddha, or Confucius.

Lastly, an educated person needs knowledge in depth. Cumulative learning develops powers of reasoning and analysis. Not everything can be the critical appreciation/survey type of knowledge.

Let me just finish this section by reading you one of my favorite passages about education, written by an Eton master in 1861. He was addressing English high school students, but it is really very appropriate when thinking about American undergraduate education.

This is what he said: "You are not engaged so much in acquiring knowledge as in making mental efforts under criticism. A certain amount of knowledge you can indeed, with average faculties, acquire so as to retain; nor need you regret the hours that you have

spent on much that is forgotten, for the shadow of lost knowledge at least protects you from many illusions.

"But you go to a great school, not for knowledge so much as for arts and habits; for the habit of attention, for the art of expression, for the art of assuming at a moment's notice a new intellectual posture, for the art of entering quickly into another person's thoughts, for the habit of submitting to censure and refutation, for the art of indicating assent or dissent in graduated terms, for the habit of regarding minute points of accuracy, for the habit of working out what is possible in a given time, for taste, for discrimination, for mental courage and mental soberness.

"Above all you go to a great school for self-knowledge."

I think this passage is very relevant to some of the current controversies. Making mental efforts under criticism is as valuable as specific knowledge. The issue is not so much reading 130 books, Western or non-Western. Rather it is intellectual habits and self-knowledge. Content of curriculum can vary but minute points of accuracy, taste, discrimination, and attention can and should encompass all reading lists and all requirements.

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Let me, lastly, turn to what I would call the American dilemma. I have tried tonight to defend our colleges and universities, but we must all be conscious of our Achilles heel: the sad state of K-12 education. That is a vast subject well beyond my competence, but a few things are clear and can be appropriately discussed this evening. What I have called two-thirds of the best, whether it is colleges or universities, will eventually decay unless our base is strengthened or unless we choose to rely more and more on foreign students. That is already happening in some graduate programs.

As institutions, we have given very few guidelines to students in high schools, to their counselors, or to their parents, concerning the

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*"You go to a great school,  
not for knowledge so much  
as for arts and habits."*

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best preparation for a liberal education. After all, high school graduates are not and should not be empty vessels when they come to us. They should arrive filled with champagne rather than slightly sour jug wine. And I think that it is about time that higher education gets into this discussion and indicates more clearly to the schools in this country what we expect or hope for by way of preparation.

I think, by the way, that this is the only way in which we can ever approach a national standard or national curriculum. This country is never going to be like France where it is said that the Minister of Education knows at 2:30 in the afternoon of March 10 of any given year exactly what page of Molière every French school child is reading. We are never going to have that, and it is not even desirable. But we

do need certain guidelines, certain guideposts for teachers in high schools, and I am about to recommend some to you.

My recommendations are based on a study of three recent freshman classes at Harvard. We asked ourselves why is it that some did well, some did less well? What were the deficiencies? On the basis of studying those classes and also interviews with some of those students, I want to offer you a series of conclusions.

The first one is that it is very important for students in high school to do close and extensive reading of good literature. "A mind well stocked from reading is the most valuable possession that a student can bring to college." As Helen Vendler, who wrote part of this in our report, said, "Every good writer was a good reader first." Secondly, one cannot stress enough frequent practice in written English, including at least one research paper. This may seem pretty obvious, but let me emphasize two points. Students coming to college should already know how to treat texts, how to use secondary sources, how to use footnotes. They should also understand that writing often is the key to writing well. Almost any regular writing task, for instance keeping a journal, makes writing come more easily on all occasions.

Next, it is very important to stress to high school students that they should, if possible, study at least three and preferably four years of a

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*We do need certain guideposts for teachers in high schools.*

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single foreign language. They should try to leave secondary school knowing at least one foreign language well enough to read it easily and to pronounce it acceptably. It will stay with them for life. A smattering of several languages serves little purpose, especially in college.

Next, the study of history should take at least two years — one of American and one of European — and only if there is a third year of study should students be encouraged to study non-Western history. Alternatively they could deepen their knowledge of American and European history. Any of this is preferable to studying world history, which is necessarily quite superficial.

Why? U.S. history is obvious. After all, American history explains both our achievements and our failings as a society. But why Europe next? Because Europe is the source of major intellectual and institutional traditions that have shaped our lives. This history of the modern world since the fifteenth century is the story of European expansion and the reaction to this expansion in the rest of the world. If possible, it is certainly a good idea also to study some non-Western, Latin American, African history, although it has to be said that the proper expertise for teaching these kinds of subjects is generally not available in secondary schools.

In the learning of history, we should also say to students, "Study history in specific detail; learn facts, learn chronology, learn dates, places. All of these are just as important as concepts."

*Vivian Holliday (classical studies, history, I.) and Emily Albu Hanawalt '67 (classical studies, University of Iowa, r.) talk with Gertrude Himmelfarb at the reception in Freedlander lobby following Henry Rosovsky's talk Friday evening.*



PHOTO BY MATT DILLARD

Concepts without facts are meaningless, and I think too many students come to us unprepared in history.

When it comes to science, students should, ideally, have a year each of chemistry, physics, and biology, and, if possible, a fourth course that deepens one of these. Note the contrast with language preparation. Whereas we believe that a student should study one language because you can really learn it well in three or four years, science is much more interconnected, and university science courses typically use more than one of these sciences — the combination is important background for a good experience in college.

Finally, we urge four years of mathematics: two of algebra, one of geometry, one of trigonometric functions including graphing and probability. We don't urge students to rush into calculus at the high school level; master the basics first. As Galileo said, mathematics is the language in which the book of nature is written. Mathematics teaches rigor and logic, and it is needed in science and social sciences.

These are ideals, not attainable in all schools and by all students. I do not urge that they be the only determinants for admission, but students who wish to get the full benefits of a liberal arts curriculum and their parents and guidance counselors would do well to keep these suggestions in mind. Our ability to maintain college and university quality also hinges on approximating these goals. Otherwise, we will gradually become a better grade of high school.

President Copeland wanted me to say something also about the joys of teaching and scholarship, and I think I have done so indirectly. What more can I say? Together with most of you, I always enjoy going to work in the morning. I think those of us in academic life are paid relatively decent salaries, and I never found another occupation that paid me money to read books.

As professors, we invest in ourselves all of the time. We have no bosses in the ordinary sense because we are not employees. I have

many children all over the world — former students — and those of us who have the security of tenure are not thrown out on the labor market at age fifty as happens to many Americans. The joys of our profession are considerable, and they are very much in evidence right here. The American college — the small liberal arts college — has a special, very important, and I would say even glorious role in American higher education. I wish The College of Wooster a happy 125th Anniversary and many, many more anniversaries to come.

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*On Saturday morning, the College honored nine secondary school teachers with awards for distinguished teaching. The honorees had been selected by a committee of faculty and administrators from among nominations by Wooster students. While on campus, the teachers were escorted by the students who had nominated them. (See page sixty-four.)*

*Following the awards ceremony, Judith Miller '78 (history, Emory University) introduced the first of three panelists charged with reflecting on the topic of teaching and scholarship at the end of the millennium.*

When Professor Copeland invited me to return to Wooster to introduce Professor Gertrude Himmelfarb, he requested that I take a few minutes to reflect on my experience here, now fifteen years ago.

Indeed, as a professor at a somewhat larger university in a much larger city, I find myself frequently pausing to compare the two, wondering what my students' lives are like, hoping that they are receiving the same care and commitment that, as students at Wooster, we came to expect. I can say, for instance, with absolute certainty, that Wooster provides its students with far better food than you are likely to find on any other college campus. So I don't want to hear any present students griping about the food to me. And if you go running out Oldman Road, you will probably be one of a handful of students in the country who has buffalo for running partners.

But what was so striking about the Wooster experience, even more important than

the endless supply of ice cream and the seemingly endless series of hills on even the shortest run, was the deep sense that we shared a common mission, professors and students alike. At least that was my view from my point in the classroom. There was a wonderful rhythm to our days. Classroom discussions continued over lunch in Kittredge. Ideas were reconsidered in the library carrel in the afternoon and debated again over dinner or late at night over Coccia House pizza. (I'm glad to hear that Coccia House is still in business.)

There seemed to be no artificial boundaries. Theories from one class helped to inform data from another, and insights and challenges were always welcomed — and even encouraged. Most importantly, when our individual efforts failed, as they would several times a semester, we lived with the unshakable certainty that, if we wandered down the corridors of Kauke Hall and knocked on a few doors, someone would help.

I do not know where the faculty found the time. It remains a mystery to me as I try to

on your IS project." I think at that moment she would have preferred to be anywhere but at Wooster and to be sharing any experience but the Wooster experience.

I wonder if my own students at Emory have the sense of safety that Wooster gave us. When I start to lock my office door at the end of the day, rushing from office hours, off to a meeting, then to the library, and then home to a computer screen, I hope that my students have found professors who will take the time to explain historical models of causality to them for the tenth or eleventh time, or who will write an elegant and chillingly effective invitation to an Independent Study conference.

And if I have managed to become one of those professors who can actually find the time, it is because, so many times, people here at Wooster found time for me. As the guests, our distinguished speakers, and the teachers being honored may now realize, debate, discussion, and differing viewpoints were at the core of the Wooster experience.



Michael McBride '62 (l.), Henry Rosovsky, and Judith Miller '78 during the continuing discussion at Saturday's lunch in Kittredge.

PHOTO BY MATT DILEYARD

find two hours a week — only two hours — to keep free for open office hours. But I do know that I would never have become an historian if John Gates (history) had not spent endless hours tormenting me, trying to make me understand that I really did have to craft a coherent argument for my junior IS project.

Of course, not everyone wanted all of the attention that Wooster students received. Perhaps there are members of the history department who will remember this student and this story. It is not apocryphal; I was there. A friend arrived at our regular Kittredge Hall lunch table considerably upset. She had been working for months on her IS project, on the Sepoy Mutiny, I believe, and had made little progress. (I think that there was some connection between her progress on IS and the fact that most of her time was being spent here in Freedlander rather than in the library.)

She was avoiding her adviser, the department, and Kauke Hall in general. Her strategy seemed to be working, or at least she thought so, until she received a mysterious, very formal envelope in the morning's mail. Opening the card, she found the following invitation nicely engraved: "The pleasure of your company," it read, "is requested by Professor Floyd Watts at 4:00 p.m. on Wednesday to discuss the progress

It is my pleasure to introduce to you Professor Gertrude Himmelfarb whose work, in particular one of her most recent books *The New History and the Old*, has helped to stir up a wide-ranging debate over the mission, goals, and methods of the *métier d'historie*, the historian's craft. She is Professor Emerita of History at the Graduate School of the City University of New York and was chairman of the doctoral program in history there for many years. Professor Himmelfarb received her doctorate from the University of Chicago and has had a very distinguished career in the field of nineteenth century British history. She is author of nine books, among them *The Idea of Poverty*, *England in the Early Industrial Age*, *Marriage and Morals among the Victorians*, *Darwin and the Darwinian Revolution*. The quality of her work, the erudition and eloquence her books reveal, have earned her a reputation as an outstanding historian of the Victorian Era.

She has received fellowships from the Rockefeller Foundation, the Guggenheim Foundation, the National Endowment for the Humanities, and a number of other awards and honorary degrees. Most recently, she has entered the increasingly heated debate over what she terms "the new history," criticizing many of the methods and premises that formed the last thirty years of historical research.

Coming at a time when campuses were beginning to debate issues of "the canon" and "cultural diversity," her work has helped to provoke much reflection and discussion about the goals of historical writing and how they fit into the present American context. Her critics — and I think she will agree that there are a few — nonetheless agree that Professor Himmelfarb's work is vigorous and uncompromising, written with a passion and eloquence that reveal the depth of her commitment to the liberal arts. I am sure that Professor Himmelfarb's talk will raise questions and provoke discussion as we celebrate 125 years of the liberal arts at Wooster.

## The Liberated Historian

by Gertrude Himmelfarb

"It's a wonderful time to be a historian," a young friend said to me recently. "The discipline is wide open. One can do exactly as one likes."

I knew what he meant, and I was moved by his enthusiasm. He was thinking of the profusion of new subjects that have indeed opened up the discipline, and of the countless new ones that await resourceful young people like himself. In only a few decades (a very short time, by a historian's reckoning), subjects that were once marginal — the history of women, of blacks, of ethnic groups — have become major fields of study, almost disciplines unto themselves. Other subjects, formerly lumped together in a chapter of miscellanea at the end of a book — family and children, sex and sport, criminality and insanity — now occupy entire books, indeed series of books; for some historians these too have become disciplines in themselves.

What is more, these new subjects have generated new methods and techniques, so that we now have quantitative, analytic, psychoanalytic, sociological, oral, and, most recently, deconstructionist histories. I'm not sure that my young friend, having come of age in this

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*"The discipline is wide open.  
One can do exactly as one likes."*

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period, appreciates how radical, even revolutionary, all of this is. I suspect, for example, that he has never been subjected to a course entitled "Methodology." In the old benighted days, such a course was generally required of undergraduate history majors, and always required of candidates for a graduate degree in history; indeed it was often the centerpiece of the graduate curriculum.

Certainly it was that at the University of Chicago when I was a graduate student. I took that course with the eminent historian of the French Revolution, Louis Gottschalk, and it left, as you will see, an enduring impression upon me. The main assignment was a term

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paper based upon a detailed examination of no more than half-a-dozen pages of the most reputable book on the subject of the student's dissertation; since I was working on Robespierre, I selected what was then the definitive biography of Robespierre.

Our charge was simple, or so it seemed until we tried to carry it out. We were to examine every published source cited (manuscript sources were excepted, only because they were unavailable), first to see whether the quotations and footnotes were accurate, and then, more important, to see whether the quotation represented the sense and context of the source; whether the source itself was trustworthy and

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*For the first time I was exposed to the pitfalls and difficulties of rigorous scholarship.*

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impartial (or, if not, whether that was taken into account by the author); whether the author drew the proper deductions from the sources; whether every significant or controversial fact in the text was based upon relevant and reliable sources; and whether there were other relevant and reliable sources that were not cited and that might have supported other facts and conclusions. It was a challenging exercise and a very salutary experience. In my case I was shocked to discover, in five pages of text, several errors in quotations and footnotes and one serious discrepancy between the source and the author's assertions supposedly based upon it.

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This was my initiation into the discipline of history, a painful initiation, both because it was an arduous assignment (it required visits to other libraries — this was before the age of fax and even Xerox), and because for the first time I was exposed to the pitfalls and difficulties of rigorous scholarship. (It was also painful because my own half-written dissertation had drawn heavily upon that book, and I would now have to go back to check the facts and quotations I had borrowed from it.) At the same time it was an exhilarating experience, rather like a game of chess. And like a good game of chess, it gave me an enormous respect for the craft of the discipline, a craft that was patently not infallible but that did aspire to high standards and that could be tested against those standards. I was, in fact, so impressed by this exercise that I later made it part of the course I gave on methodology.

I very much doubt whether such a course is still required of graduate students. In my own university it was first demoted from a required to an elective course and then, as an elective, offered under the title "New Approaches to History" ("approaches" in the plural being more acceptable than the singular "methodology"); but even that was discarded when the new "approaches" proved too numerous and too diverse to be contained within a single course. I am pleased to notice in The College of Wooster catalogue a course that seems to resemble my old methodology course.

But I must tell you that it is a rarity elsewhere. The fact is that there is no longer any consensus about methodology — about the proper way to research a subject, examine the sources, and present the findings, or about the proper format of quotations, footnotes, and bibliographies; indeed there is no longer any consensus about the need for footnotes or bibliographies.

My friend, having never gone through the rigors of such a course and having never been obliged to adhere to a prescribed format for footnotes and the like, may not appreciate just how liberated he is. I might add that many an older scholar, who did experience those rigors, have now also liberated themselves. I was surprised to find, in the course of writing a semi-facetious essay on footnotes, how many recent scholarly tomes by reputable historians have no footnotes whatsoever and how many others have footnotes so inadequate and eccentric that they would never have passed muster in a freshman paper in the old days.

So my friend would seem to have good reason to be in high spirits. As I listened to him rejoice, "It's a wonderful time to be a historian," I heard the echo of Wordsworth basking in the glory of another, more momentous revolution, "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive." At that moment, however, a shadow crossed my mind. For that echo brought with it the memory of that other revolution, the French Revolution, that Wordsworth and his friends had greeted so rapturously. I also recalled that Wordsworth himself, when he wrote those memorable words, was being ironic, for by then he had seen that blissful Revolution degenerate into the Terror and the Napoleonic wars.

I don't want to make too much of this. My friend is no Wordsworth and the historical revolution is no French Revolution. Yet an older scholar may be permitted some reservations about this new history. I refrained from expressing any of this to my friend, not only because I didn't want to dampen his enthusiasm — any enthusiasm for history is rare enough to be encouraged — but also because I knew that whatever skepticism he developed would have to come from his own experience. Wordsworth, after all, learned nothing from Burke, who at the time was cautioning his countrymen against the Revolution; it was not until he himself observed the course of the Revolution that he had second thoughts about it.

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One of the things my friend may discover is that the freedom he is enjoying is being shared by everyone else. And this, he may find, is not an unmixed blessing. For if everyone is free to do as he likes, to do his own thing, everyone is apt to be so engrossed in his own thing as to have little knowledge of or interest in what anyone else is doing. The discipline is indeed wide open. But by that token, it is no longer much of a discipline. Nor is the scholarly community much of a community.

This is not a new complaint. Historians have always chastised themselves for being overly specialized. Ancient historians have

their turf, medievalists theirs; American historians tend to be blithely indifferent to the work of their colleagues in European history. Yet within these fields there has been a community of scholars — each with special interests, to be sure, but also with common interests, a common fund of knowledge, a common command of the literature; above all, a common sense of what is central and dominant in the field and what is peripheral and subordinate.

Today the new history has created not a multitude of new *sub*-fields but a multitude of new *fields*. For it is the peculiar characteristic of the new subjects — women, blacks, ethnic groups — to refuse to occupy a peripheral or subordinate place and to claim for themselves, for each of them, the status of an independent, full-fledged, "mainstream" field. (Only the other day I read an account of a proposal for a new multi-cultural curriculum, which was being challenged by a group of professors who objected because Gay Studies was not included among the required — required, not elective — courses.) The result of this proliferation of fields (as many new historians admit) is that we now have more specialization, fragmentation, and insularity than ever before.

The discipline is wide open in yet another sense. For what is now being claimed by the most liberated historians is a much more radical kind of freedom — the freedom to "create," "construct," "imagine," "invent" history; these words are being more and more bandied about in the profession. Instead of "reconstructing" the past, historians are now told to "construct" it; instead of "recreating" the past, to "create" it.

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*Instead of "reconstructing" the past, historians are now told to "construct" it.*

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Where once we were exhorted to be accurate, rigorous, factual, we are now urged to be "creative," "inventive," "imaginative." What was once prized as "factuality" is now derided as "facticity." One historian, celebrating the process of "imaginative creation" essential to the "historical imagination," warns his young colleagues not to become "fact fetishists" like their benighted elders. Another comments upon the "paradox" that the "distortion of the record" makes for a "more artistic" biography. Such "'freedom' from fact," we are told, characterized by Virginia Woolf as "creative fact," has recently become "celebrated by contemporary biographers as a new methodology."

This new "creative" history is justified by the argument that there is no such thing as hard facts in history; facts are only what the historian thinks they are. Nor is there any reality to reconstruct, for that too is a construct of the historian. Nor is there a past to restore, for that too is a creation of the present. Nor — and this is the heart of the matter — is there a truth that historians can aspire to, a truth corresponding to the reality of the past, for there is no reality, no past to correspond to. The only "correspondence" is between the particular

historian's view of the past and the determining conditions of that historian's life, as defined by the familiar trinity — race, class, and gender.

At first glance, this seems only a bolder version of an old and conventional view of history — that there is no *absolute* truth in history, that the past cannot be recaptured in its totality, if only because the remains of the past are so sparse. Just as evolutionists complain of the imperfection of the geological record — all those missing fossils that would have provided evidence of the links among the species if only they had survived — so historians complain of the imperfection of the historical record, the missing data that makes the work of historical reconstruction so frustratingly incomplete and tentative. And just as the

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*Historians have always  
been conscious of their own  
subjectivity and fallibility.*

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historical record is known to be imperfect, so are the practitioners of history. Historians have always been conscious of their own subjectivity and fallibility — the presumptions and prejudices they bring to the past, the selection and interpretation inherent in the historical enterprise, the distortion involved in the very attempt to write a coherent account of an often inchoate past.

Knowing all these things, however, most historians in the past (and a few unregenerate ones in the present) have also believed that there *is* a past — a real, objective past — however imperfect its remains and however tenuous our grasp of it. One of these unregenerate historians, Geoffrey Elton, reminds us that we may not know *why* William the Conqueror decided to invade England, but we do know that he did invade and that he had a reason for doing so. "While history," Elton remarks, "will rarely be able to say: this is the truth and no other answer is possible, it will always be able to say: this once existed or took place, and there is therefore a truth to be discovered if only we can find it."

This has been the aspiration of most historians until very recently: to attain not absolute truth but relative or proximate truth, to recapture not all but as much of the past as we can. In the search for this modest degree of truth, we are constantly aware of our own deficiencies as well as those of our sources, and we are enjoined to correct for both — by checking and rechecking our data, by seeking out countervailing evidence, by distinguishing between fact and hypothesis, by documenting our work so that others can judge it.

The new historians, who deny not only absolute truth but the very idea of truth, belittle the need for these kinds of self-imposed checks. Indeed, they argue, such checks are worse than none, because they foster the illusion that we can aspire to some degree of

truth. What these historians require of us, instead, are candor and imagination — candor in revealing our own interests and predispositions (presumably based upon our race, class, and gender), and imagination in creating a plausible past consistent with those interests and predispositions.

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What is a budding historian like my friend to make of this new mode of history — of the injunction not to be a "fact-fetishist" but rather to be imaginative, inventive, creative? He may feel sufficiently liberated to give up history entirely and take up the truly creative art of fiction. Or, if he still has a vestigial interest in history, he might decide to write historical fiction. Or he could write the kind of history that is so creative that it verges on fiction. For all of these alternatives, he would find ample precedents among his seniors.

He might be emboldened, for example, by the distinguished historian Simon Schama, author of the highly regarded work on the French Revolution, who recently published a small book of two essays on separate episodes in American history. At the end of the book, in an "Afterward," Schama describes the essays as "historical novellas," explaining that while he has drawn upon the "documented record," he has also invented some entirely fictional scenes and characters. (Since this book, like his work on the French Revolution, has no footnotes, his readers would have no way of knowing, until this point, that some of the crucial characters and episodes were fictional. Indeed, when one of the essays appeared earlier in a journal, it was without the afterward and without any hint that it was anything but conventional history.) Some reviewers of the book alluded casually to its fictional aspect as if it had no bearing upon its substance; others did not mention it at all. Only a very few took it seriously.

Few historians go as far as Schama in the outright invention of fictional characters and scenes. But many come perilously close to it in the creation of a historical past that derives more from their present social, political, and ideological concerns than from any independent evidence of the past. And many others, whose own historical work is in a more traditional mode, cannot bring themselves to quarrel with a theory of history that appeals to the creative faculty. What clod of a historian, especially what older historian, wants to be thought uncreative, unimaginative, uninventive? Still less, what young historian wants to be thought that — especially if his seniors are preaching that gospel?

Yet there is something paradoxical in this view of history. Why, after all, do historians choose to be historians rather than novelists? In an interview after the publication of his book, Schama defended his fictional inventions and then confessed to a "slight pang" that he had taken those liberties. "I could see a genuine nonfiction book," he said, "that would have a lot of immediacy without narrative invention."

It is a poignant admission. "Immediacy

without . . . invention" — this is, in fact, what traditional history has always been about. And it is just this that makes both the writing and the reading of history exciting. It is why people read and write history rather than (or in addition to) novels. It is the challenge of exploring the past and of trying to find the truth about the past, in the belief that there is a reality in the past, however obscure, that there are truths to be discovered, however partial or elusive, and that the past can be communicated by the historian with "immediacy" and without "invention." If truth, as the cliché has it, is stranger than fiction, it can also be more fascinating precisely because it is true rather than invented.

Historians have had an exciting time in the past few decades, as the discipline has been thrown wide open in ways that no one had anticipated, and with implications that have not yet been fully appreciated. Yet it may be that there is a still more exciting time for us ahead. A new generation of historians, looking for new realms to conquer, may find inspiration in some old ideals: the ideal of a more integrated conception of history, of a more cohesive community of historians, of a more rigorous sense of scholarship. And in the process they may find themselves rediscovering the satisfaction, the pleasure, the thrill of the quest for truth.

W

*Emily Albu Hanawalt '67 (classical studies, the University of Iowa) next introduced Wayne Booth.*

It is a pleasure to be back at Wooster twenty-five years after my senior year here to join in the anniversary celebration. Over the years, I have often remembered Wooster as a place where students mattered very much, and where teaching was an honored vocation. After I left I learned that some of our teachers were scholars whose brilliance was recognized in the academic community far and wide and, in retrospect, I was amazed that they had found so

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*I am teaching 350 students in one  
class; it is a different world out there.*

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much time and devoted so much of themselves to us kids, coaxing ideas out of us in the classroom, meeting with us individually. Perhaps three quarters of my classes had fewer than six or seven students, and many of my classes had one student, as most of you here know. When I tell my colleagues at Boston University or the University of Iowa, they are astounded. I am teaching 350 students in one class this semester; it is a very different world out there.

Our teachers at Wooster invited us to their homes for further conversation and that other delicacy, homecooked food. (It is interesting that both Judith and I chose to talk about food.) I still remember most vividly Vivian Holliday's hot cherry cobbler topped

with vanilla ice cream. It was an absolute delight and the perfect finale to an evening spent wrestling with Virgil.

It is not like this everywhere. I think the fashion is changing a little now, but the '70s and the '80s were a period when university teaching was undervalued and even sometimes openly scorned by the teachers themselves. Many a time, I heard my colleagues say that they didn't really like teaching or that undergraduates were a nuisance or that Professor so-and-so was an idiot for spending so much time in the office and giving students so much attention. It was not so at Wooster, where teachers like Vivian Holliday and Warren Anderson taught four or five classes or more. (I have never asked them, but I have always assumed that this was an overload — that they weren't required to teach that many courses but wanted us to have Latin and Greek at every possible level wherever we were in the experience.)

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*In their devotion to teaching,  
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precious gift.*

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I remember my advanced Greek class. There were three of us in the class, and Warren Anderson finally split it into two classes because one of us — not me — was so far advanced that he deserved his own class. My colleagues at the university do not believe this story.

So Warren Anderson or Vivian Holliday might teach four or five classes plus independent study projects every semester and introduce us to comparative literature, the classical tradition, Greek and Roman history, and archaeology in addition to the required language courses. In their devotion to teaching, they gave us a rare and precious gift. It is fitting that we honor teaching and teachers on this occasion and that we have as one of our respondents today, the distinguished scholar and teacher Wayne Booth.

A couple of weeks ago I was in a taxi in Iowa City, and I was talking to the cab driver, who was in real life, I discovered, a graduate student at the University of Iowa in rhetoric. When I asked him what inspired him to study that, he said that he had read years before a famous book by Wayne Booth, *The Rhetoric of Fiction*, and that he was forever hooked. After he heard about this occasion, he showed up at my office with a copy of Professor Booth's latest book — I think there were eight in between — *The Vocation of a Teacher*, a collection of essays delivered between 1967 and 1988 that will delight anyone who yearns to think more about the subject that brought us all here. That book has taught me a great deal about teaching.

Wayne Booth is George M. Pullman Distinguished Service Professor of English at the University of Chicago and a former Dean of the College, and it is a pleasure to introduce him to you.

## Teaching What You Know and What You Don't Know

by Wayne Booth

After hearing the wonderful testimonials by Wooster students to their award-winning high school teachers here, I'm almost tempted to throw away my manuscript and just ask to hear those statements again. If you add up what the students reported of what had impressed them most — things like "he introduced us to critical thinking," "she insisted that we learn how to conduct real discussions," "she taught me to love literature" and so on — you'll have a better summary of liberal education than anything we panelists might say here.

That being so, obviously I can have no real problem with the topic that we've been assigned — the joys of teaching undergraduates. After all, the joys of teaching undergraduates are essentially the same as the joys of good high school teaching. Though the topic does perhaps invite us to be a bit sentimental or banal, the truth is that as a lover of teaching I have loved my undergraduate teaching more than most of my graduate teaching. I taught only undergraduates for a total of fourteen years at Haverford and Earlham Colleges and the College of the University of Chicago, and then both graduates and undergraduates for thirty years at Chicago, every year insisting on having at least one section of first-year students.

(I learned last night about how that reliable source, Lynne Cheney, has put Wooster

Wayne Booth during Booth's presentation Saturday morning.

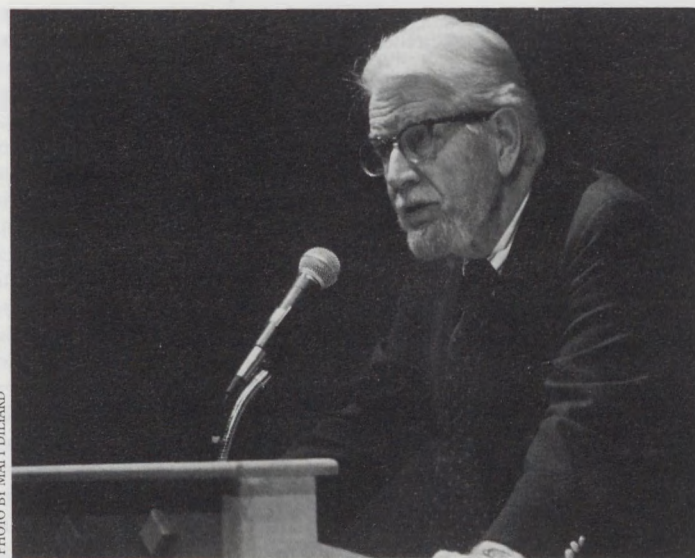


PHOTO BY MATT DILDARD

on the PC map by announcing to the National Press Club that students are disciplined here for using the word "freshman"; I therefore want to make clear that my manuscript, even before I arrived, said "first-year" rather than "freshman." I do wish that leaders of the anti-PC movement like Cheney would follow the admonitions about scholarly care that we have just heard from Gertrude Himmelfarb.)

But back to our subject: It's true that I've built more lifelong intimate friendships with

some of my best graduate students — just because we worked together for far longer. But my day-to-day work with undergraduates, and especially with the youngest of the first-year students, has been for me the heart of the matter. Indeed it was my own student experience with Freshman English that determined my choice of profession.

This doesn't mean that the actual experience of teaching has proved to be absolutely uniformly pleasant; not at all. In fact, one of my pleasures now, thinking back on the teaching years, is enjoying in retrospect the comedy of

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many teaching disasters that were painful at the time. Just to make *sure* that we don't lapse into sentimentality here, let me share one of those moments.

At Earlham in about 1958 I was teaching a class of junior English majors, and I discovered one student who did all right in everything except writing her essays. Whenever we held class discussions about literary works she seemed to be among the most perceptive and sensitive readers. But her essays were always little more than superficially cleaned-up first drafts: disorganized, with mostly sloppy paragraphs — in short, they all suggested that she was unclear about why she had written an essay at all, except that it was assigned. I checked with her other teachers, and they all said something

like, "Oh, yes, that Jeannie! I kept nagging her about her writing, but it didn't seem to do any good. She would always say something like, 'Well, I always got As in high school, and don't I say some good things here? Are there any grammatical errors?'"

Since her papers did in fact usually contain a fair number of interesting, grammatically correct sentences, I assumed that Jeannie just

had to be educable, and that now was the time to do the educating, before she became a senior and then left our loving care still unable to write a coherent exposition or argument. Furthermore, I assumed that I was just the man to do the job.

So I told her she must come for a two-hour conference with me "about your writing." She looked both puzzled and appalled, but she did arrive on time, dressed as if for a date but seeming quite teachable, even humble. I then worked hard with her for two hours, first eliciting from her a vague idea for a possible paper, an idea extracted from one of her earlier tries; then getting her to sharpen the vagueness down to an arguable thesis; then working out, with her at the blackboard, a promising coherent outline; then trying out a few sentences for the openings and closings of key paragraphs and sections. (I hope you have noticed that I'm sneaking in, with this anecdote, another part of my assignment: not just the joys of teaching, but what should be taught. My little exercise with her bears at least some resemblance to

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*I had been the midwife  
of her ideas.*

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the introduction to historical methodology that Gertrude Himmelfarb has just described.)

At the end of about 120 minutes we had what I thought were the makings of a pretty darn good paper, one that in a sense she herself had constructed. My role, I felt, had been like the help that Socrates gives the slave boy in Plato's dialogue *Meno* — you remember how he claims to prove to Meno that the boy already knew the Pythagorean theorem from birth without ever realizing it. Jeannie in the deepest part of her mind had already known how to write a good paper; I had been the midwife of *her* ideas.

Finally, as she rose to leave, I said, "Do you get the point now of how to do it?"

She looked down at me and said, with only a faint hint of a sneer, "Mr. Booth, I want to thank you. It's a pleasure working with you." She paused. Then, turning back to me at the door, "You must have had to learn things the hard way."

I could fill my time with other painful moments, including many a morning when I was so terrified as class time approached that I could hardly make it to the room. But instead let's look for a bit at just why it is that the joys of undergraduate teaching are always to some degree threatening to feel overwhelmed by the miseries.

It strikes me that Jeannie's condescension, based on her experience of writing her lousy but passable essays with much less effort, is a bit like other forms of condescension many students sooner or later come to feel toward their undergraduate teachers. I'm not thinking of the condescension some wealthy students have shown me, making it quite clear that I have been hired by their parents as flunky-tutor. Nor am I thinking primarily of the kind of look we sometimes get

that says, "You may know some things I don't know, 'Teach,' but I know a lot of more important things that you don't know." Nor am I thinking of the look that says, "I won't listen to you because your breath smells or because your crewcut and necktie are old-fashioned." No, I'm more interested here in a kind of condescension that carries a sharper bite, the kind that some of our best students come to feel not while with us but some time after they have left our classes.

What happens with our best students, especially those who admire us most, is that they *go on learning* — they do so, that is, if we've taught them at all well. And as they learn more they learn that we failed to teach them *that more*. For all they can then tell, we may not even have known this new learning of theirs. If they become really good students they are sure to learn some things that we do not even know now — whenever "now" is.

In other words, to any students who go on growing, most of what they think you tried to teach them will sooner or later be outgrown. What they outgrow may not be what you *tried* to teach at all; maybe they were able to take in only a superficial version of ideas that were then over their heads. But in either case you may well appear to them in retrospect as having done a rather inadequate job — as someone who "had to learn things the hard way" and as a result hadn't learned very much — at least not very much as compared with all the wonderful stuff that the growing student now discovers has all along been "out there" ahead waiting to be learned.

If, for example, you have taught *Oedipus Rex* to first-year students, working to get as many of them as possible to experience the play and to want to read more tragedies and learn more about Greek tragedy when they leave your tender care, those students who do go on to learn more about *Oedipus*, in a junior or senior class, say, or in graduate school, or in reading further on their own, will look back on what they learned from you with condescension or even contempt: "Old Booth just scratched the surface, I now realize, though I thought he was exciting at the time."

Quite possibly they will forget that your teaching was what made the difference between staying in school or dropping out. In other words, your very success is the source of their newfound doubts about you. If they'd dropped out they'd still think you were an intellectual hero! What is more, if any of them actually learn Greek and study *Oedipus* with a classical scholar, like Emily Hanawalt here, you are sure to look in retrospect even more contemptible, or even pitiable, or at the very least inadequate and unlearned: "What a superficial guy that Booth was, and no doubt still is. When I was in my first year I thought he knew just about everything, but now that I've met some real scholars, I can see the difference."

It's the same with almost any subject you might try to teach: Herodotus, say, for the student who later studies history with a real historian like Gertrude Himmelfarb; Plato or

Aristotle or Kant, for the student who, partly under your stimulus, has become a philosophy major; Marx, for the student who goes on in economics with an economist like Rosovsky; Shakespeare, for the student who later does specialist work with Ray McCall.

The same process is likely to occur with the upperclass students who move on beyond one of your courses. If you *teach* them how to learn — *how to learn* — instead of just snowing them with what you know, they may well later on decide that, by comparison with the true scholars they now work with, or the deep stuff they have learned doing their dissertations, you

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*You are at best a lightweight —  
perhaps even a witty, sincere one,  
but a lightweight nonetheless.*

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are really at best a lightweight — perhaps a genial lightweight, perhaps even a witty, sincere one, but a lightweight nonetheless.

Now I'm happy to say that I have never heard any student actually express any of this condescension to my face. Presumably they would not be so rash or so rude. But I have myself felt it — a shameful confession, perhaps — for some of my own fine teachers, and I suspect that every teacher here can think of early teachers who seemed to know a lot at the time and who now have lost their lustre. The main exceptions, in my experience, are those few self-protective teachers who simply refused to meet the whole class where it was and concentrated on capturing the one or two students who might be impressed by a display of learning. One of these in my own college experience holds up pretty well now, in memory, as a genuinely learned man. But he doesn't escape this tarnishing process I'm talking about: I look down on him a bit because he showed no concern for teaching anyone but his tiny band of disciples.

Let's try another way of putting all this: Like every other teacher, I know at first hand a few authors or texts or problems or methods well enough to hold my own — or so I hope — with the experts, those who have like me devoted years to studying these special subjects. I therefore could, if I chose, attempt to teach what I know about those subjects to my undergraduates, even to first-year students. But the troublesome and sometimes annoying fact is that what I know about those subjects is not, for the most part, what my undergraduates either need or want to know about anything. What they need to know, if they are to earn a liberal education, can be taught only if I put most of my specialist learning to one side and devote my classes to texts and the same subjects and methods that every liberally educated person needs to master. And that means that I must have the courage to conduct classes on texts, subjects, and methods over which I can never hope to have total mastery. And that means in turn that if I succeed, my students will outgrow me.

Let me illustrate. I did my dissertation on a great novel, *Tristram Shandy* — on the problem of whether it is as formless a work as



most critics had said. I demonstrated, to my own satisfaction and *almost* to the satisfaction of my mentors, that the work indeed has a structure of its own kind, that it was not left unfinished by Laurence Sterne, and that therefore the entire history of criticism of the work, up to 1950, had been misguided. A few years later I tried to teach what I had learned about *Tristram Shandy* to undergraduates at Earlham, and I came away feeling that my classes on that book had been among the worst I had ever taught. My goal, you see, was to transfer something I already held in my own mind, the product of two years of hard research and thinking, to the minds of my students. I was deeply interested, so of course *they* should be interested, in the question of whether *Tristram Shandy* was interpretable as unified, according to standards of unity that I had developed out of my reading of Aristotle's *Poetics*.

Now for some strange reason, the students at Earlham College in 1954 or '55 found it very difficult to conceive of just why such a question should grab me, and they saw even less reason to see why it should grab them.

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My memory is that one or two students did find parts of the book fun to read, on their own, and when I finally dropped my thesis and started reading parts aloud things went a bit better, but mostly I was left with a sense of failure and thus having to blame them, or Laurence Sterne, or — the worst choice — myself for a minor disaster.

Why is it that — and how does it relate not just to the pains but the joys of teaching undergraduates? The fact is — about myself anyway; whether it is a fact about many other teachers I'm not sure — that the greatest pleasure in teaching, though not the only one, is identical with the pleasure of learning. When I am learning something in the classroom, as my students learn with me, I have the sense (usually not articulated at the time, only later) that this is precisely what life is for, for me. Moments like this are what I chose this profession for. Such moments were provided for me by at least three of my own English teachers, and I want to go on providing them for myself and my students now. And such moments — the pleasures of learning something new — are not provided when one is simply dishing out what one already knows. No doubt you all remember the wonderful saying of Immanuel Kant, something like "Lecturing is the process of transferring knowledge from the manuscript of the teacher to the notebooks of the students, without its passing through the minds of either."

At about the same time that I failed with *Tristram Shandy*, I found myself teaching John Stuart Mill's "On Liberty" to some of the same third- and fourth-year majors that were in my novel course. The course included a lot of major works I had never studied closely but had put on the list so that I might get to know them

better. I was always thus sort of at the outer edge of my own inquiry — never on the firm ground where one feels that one knows all the answers to one's own questions. Teaching "On Liberty" one day, trying to get the students to grapple with the full meaning of a section that was by no means entirely clear to me, I found two students in radical disagreement about a given passage: to one of them, and for a few moments to me, there seemed no way to reconcile what Mill was saying in the debated section with what he seemed to be saying in the whole book. The other student thought that everything was clear.

We all looked at the passage more closely; we read it aloud. They were still quarreling; I was still puzzled. And then it all suddenly came clear, because I realized that one of the two students was doing what we all should have been doing, putting the passage into its perfectly obvious context (for those with their eyes open) — a context that showed plain as day that Mill was not speaking in his own voice at all but presenting a possible objection that he then goes on to refute. The students saw that I was learning something right in front of their eyes, and it's likely that some of them felt betrayed by observing a prof who didn't know his subject cold. But years later, the other student, the one who had misread the passage with me, said that that moment had been one of the most memorable and important in his college experience. "That was the moment," he said, "when I began to see what it might mean to read an argument carefully, placing each point into its intended context."

That is a point that a fair number of publishing scholars I read seem never to have learned. You'd be surprised at how many scholars these days spend time refuting arguments that their subjects never made but actually presented fairly, as Mill did, for the purpose of constructing a serious refutation. (Incidentally, some years later, another student came to my office to complain because I had changed my interpretation of a poem right during the class, under the pressure of another student's reading. "My father," she said, "is not paying all this money for me to be taught by . . ." well, honestly I can't remember how she finished the sentence, but what she meant was "by people who don't know their stuff.")

The pleasure of teaching as learning explains why to me the greatest rewards in undergraduate teaching (and indeed in any teaching) come when students show that they are learning how to conduct a genuine inquiry, without hectoring from the teacher. And that pleasure usually comes at its strongest in class discussions. Lecturing does of course have its pleasures; I'm enjoying them right this minute. But far more rewarding for me than nattering at you like this are the moments when, in a class discussion, the *problem* under discussion takes control (as Plato often claims that what he calls "reason" takes the authority away even from Socrates) and leads all or most participants in unanticipated directions.

An episode I've written about elsewhere can illustrate this point. In my first-year course

two or three years ago a bright young woman interrupted an unusually sluggish discussion, about twenty minutes into the hour. "I think that Mr. Booth began today's discussion with a stupid question — that's why we're bogging down." Now I'm not tough enough to feel unthreatened by such a charge, and I think if I'd been thirty years younger it might have thrown me into a tailspin. But my perhaps overly protective habit these days of turning hard questions back to the questioner came to my rescue: "Why do you say that, Bumi?" And Bumi lit into me, explaining just why the question had been to blame for the poor discussion. Other students defended me, a bit weakly, and Bumi won, hands down — with everyone learning, you see, including me, how to improve in the art of asking good questions.

I am of course not arguing that we should *never* teach what we know, that we should teach *only* what we don't know. In fact there is a paradox in what I've been saying: I've really been sneaking in the idea that I do in fact know a few things that I think all of us teachers should be trying to teach all the time; my point is that teaching what we don't know *as experts* is what will best serve the teaching of these other matters that we do know.

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*I've really been sneaking in the idea that I do in fact know a few things we should be trying to teach.*

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What are they? Well, one thing I do claim to know about the pleasures of undergraduate teaching is that our business is not to transfer from our minds into the students' notebooks some specific content about this or that subject matter. Rather, it is to develop in them the habits of mind that will serve them in dealing with whatever texts or problems come at them next. My formula for this knowledge — and it is a formula that has remained unchanged, shamefully static for decades — is that my business is to work at making myself superfluous. The deepest joys for me come when I see tangible evidence that I have indeed become superfluous, that students have caught the bug of inquiry and are moving along toward questions and subjects I've never even dreamed of before. That this may make them feel a bit condescending to that old duffer who had "learned things the hard way" doesn't bother me in the least.

When one becomes superfluous one has been bypassed, even outclassed, and that's precisely what we should be striving for. Of course my feeling OK about that is partly because some students do come back, years later, and say, not "I'm so glad you taught me the true interpretation of *Hamlet* or *Oedipus* or *Billy Budd*" and not "I'm so glad that you taught me the truth about critical theory," but rather, "What I learned is that the art of learning is the art of asking tough and pertinent questions — of being skeptical about easy solutions to problems, quick simplifications and fake polarities

(the kind that Henry Rosovsky rejected last night), and yet of being persistent in pursuing better questions and better answers. And I learned that it is easy to dodge the good questions by retreating behind an accumulation of facts or a conviction that I now already know the answers."

I suppose you could say that these students just echo, but in a different sense, that punchline of Jeannie's: "Mr. Booth, it's a pleasure working with you; you must have had to learn things the hard way." We might here paraphrase that wonderful poem by Theodore Roethke, "My Papa's Waltz," with its key line: "Such waltzing was not easy." Such learning is not easy, and it is by no means always joyful. It never became a great pleasure trying to teach Jeannie, though of course I have fun remembering her now. What is one of the greatest pleasures of life is to discover students who are learning the pleasures of learning, in the presence of a teacher who is not just dishing it out but learning along with them: superfluous now, as teacher, though indispensable, still and always, as fellow learner.

A statement like that leaves most of the tough questions about what and how to teach unanswered, but it's about the best place to begin that I know of.

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Finally, Michael McBride '62 (chemistry, Yale University) introduced James Powell.

That was wonderful. I would like to meet the students who condescend to Wayne Booth. My wife doesn't feel that way. I met her when she was a graduate student in literature at Harvard, and Booth's *The Rhetoric of Fiction* was the only book of criticism she really cared for.

Professor Copeland asked me to take a couple of minutes before introducing James Powell to say a few words about my experience of liberal education at Wooster. My experience here was without doubt the most broadening in my life, though it was cut all-too-short by my

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*I will just say a few words  
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decision — for no very good reason — to take junior and senior year abroad in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

My horizons were broadened here by courses like Introduction to Liberal Studies with Professors Moldstad and Claeson and Wise and by Western Civilization with Floyd Watts and extracurricular activities like track with Carl Munson and singing with Jack Carruth and Madrigals and by studying French and having a summer in France with Fran Guille and by a summer of chemical research with Don Tarr and Ted Williams — not to mention all of the special events that were going on around here — and Chapel — which I liked — that was a wonderful experience! The facilities

were primitive by current standards, but the great resource which still makes Wooster tops was the faculty, so I will just say a few words about three of my heroes — and without any trace of condescension whatsoever!

First, I will mention President Howard Lowry. I of course never had him for a class, but I remember him in many ways — I think foremost for his one liner, "It ain't easy" in the faculty's production of *Abie's Irish Rose*, and for the idea that scholarship is a lonely enterprise and for his talks — especially the Baccalaureate addresses. Last night, we heard Professor Rosovsky mention John Buchan's three hums — humility, humanity, and humor. President Lowry would sum all of those up together in one adjective — homely — which meant something special when he said it.

It provided an enduring theme in most of his talks — maybe all of them — and he wasn't too proud to be a little sentimental, and I think that was all to the good. When he was asked to set down a general rule for a Baccalaureate address, he listed first and foremost "Realize that not all that you say will be heard." But fortunately, his Baccalaureate addresses were written down, and so they can still be read, and I have a really well-worn copy with me here this morning that I consult all the time and read to my family from time to time. It has gems like this in it, which is just a clause — not even a whole sentence: ". . . then in September of that same year 1953, the very week that certain freshmen were checking into Wooster, groaning at the new rules and discovering how much joy can go out of life when the Presbyterians get hold of it . . ."

I am going to close with one more little paragraph from that, but I also wanted to read what he said about my second subject which is this. He said, "She is one who has clarity of spirit and vivacity of mind. She is one of those of whom it has been said she has a way of making everything remain as though it were still April." That was Fran Guille. Boy, do I remember her well from studying French and the trip to France. And especially, I think, from the quality of her scholarship, because she set special standards of scholarship. I have here the first volume of her five-volume edition of *The Journal of Adele Hugo*, which is really outstanding history, I think, and well documented all down the line! It was a wonderful detective and romance story all together, and, as far as I know, it is the only serious work of scholarship to have been made into a movie — an absolutely stunning one by François Truffaut — *The Story of Adele H.* Truffaut dedicated the published version of the screen play to her memory.

The third hero I want to mention is Ted Williams. Ted came to Wooster in my second year — can you imagine Wooster without the Williamses? He came bringing Yvonne in disguise as a housewife — and proceeded to raise a family which I think bids fair to be the twenty-first century version of the Comptons from College Avenue. He of course taught me chemistry — with what President Lowry would call homely bits of wisdom — like this one: "Art in analytical chemistry is knowing when to be

fussy and when not to be fussy." That is one that I have used a lot of times in subsequent years. He, like Fran Guille, inspired a lot of hard work, although he might not have thought I worked very hard toward the end. But the main thing about Ted is the way that he gets involved in the students' lives and stays involved and gives good advice — not only to me (of course, I have one case of very questionable advice when I asked him whether I should go to Harvard, but I followed it). In fact, he will advise anyone. When our son John was having some trouble about making college decisions, I suggested he drive out to Wooster and talk with Ted Williams. That was a very meaningful conversation in our son's life.

These are the people who made Wooster what it was for me, and let me just close this phase of my introduction with the last paragraph from Howard Lowry's last Baccalaureate address.

"Robert Frost once said that if you had to love something that you could do worse than give your heart to a college. How quaint that seems in the light of what is now good academic practice. It is bad form now to love a college. You are supposed to love abstract things — like truth, and freedom and justice. But not a little piece of earth, or the homely memories of the changing seasons, or the times you had or the people you knew. No one is supposed to put roots down or have the sentiment of belonging. So it is said. You've read all of the articles that say it.

"You may be in for some surprises on this score.

This is a place rich in the faith of thousands living,  
Proud in the deeds of thousands dead.

"They were men and women with just as many good brains as you. For belonging has its apprenticeship, too. Unashamedly, this morning I express the hope that you will belong here. It will be good for Wooster; and it may just be good for you. At least, the house will be always open."

I am certainly proud to call Wooster home. I am now in my twenty-sixth year of trying to make Yale's education more like Wooster's, and my admiration for those who have made Wooster work in this place increases with each passing year.

Another saying of Howard Lowry's that I remember is that there isn't any college that isn't the best place for someone. Our last speaker this morning is Jim Powell, who didn't go to Wooster. He went to Berea College, and I am sure Berea was the best for him, and I think he is going to tell us a little bit this morning about why that was so.

Jim learned to take the long view through Ph.D. work in geo-chemistry at MIT where he used strontium-isotope techniques to study the origin of rocks that are 100,000,000 years old — you don't get a much longer view than that! For ten years, he applied his geo-chemical trade with great distinction at Oberlin, and then he began an exciting and certainly broadening experience in the administration of that fine college, rising to the position of Acting President. Talk about "antres

vast and deserts idle" — I think that college administration has to be that!

During the 1980s he added the presidencies of two more fine liberal arts colleges — Franklin and Marshall and Reed College — to his impressive list of accomplishments, and most recently he has assumed the presidency of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia — the nation's oldest science museum — where he is carrying science education to where it really counts, to the school children of our nation.

I will conclude by observing that, for five years, Jim has served on the National Science Board, which is the governing body of the National Science Foundation, and he has been the representative of liberal arts colleges in that important body. So we owe him a great debt for that service and for supplying the breadth of his own vision of liberal arts education to this morning's discussions. Thanks for coming, Jim.

## The Reasons We Teach

by James Powell

I am very honored to be back in Wooster although I must confess that as the scene of the defeat of many valiant Yeomen and Yeowomen of Oberlin College, this place does have a few painful memories.

In my remarks I want to discuss the motivation and maturing of the teacher, talk about a few of the many rewards of teaching science at a liberal arts college, and finally say a few words about the balance between teaching and research.

What is it that motivates a person to devote his or her life to teaching? I think the fundamental reason is a love of knowledge for its own sake. That is what led one to pursue learning beyond the bachelor's degree and into graduate school and on to the Ph.D., and it is a reverence for knowledge that leads one to spend one's life wishing to transmit it to other people.

Teaching at a college or university brings many rewards. The campus, as this one shows so well, is a pleasant place in which to spend a life. Academic salaries, as Professor Rosovsky mentioned last night, are less than we wish they were but are usually high enough to permit some degree of comfort. And, of course, we have to confess that the ego, however slight, is gratified by the attention of a roomful of undergraduates.

College teaching also probably provides more individual freedom than any other profession save self-employment. And of course self-employment has the distinct disadvantage of requiring that you generate your own paycheck. Academe thus naturally attracts persons who value their independence. These then are the very folks who will resist the appearance, much less the reality, of any curtailment of their freedom to teach where, when, what, and how they like. This makes the task of the administrator (we have already heard some of the traditional slurs against administrators this morning), which is in part

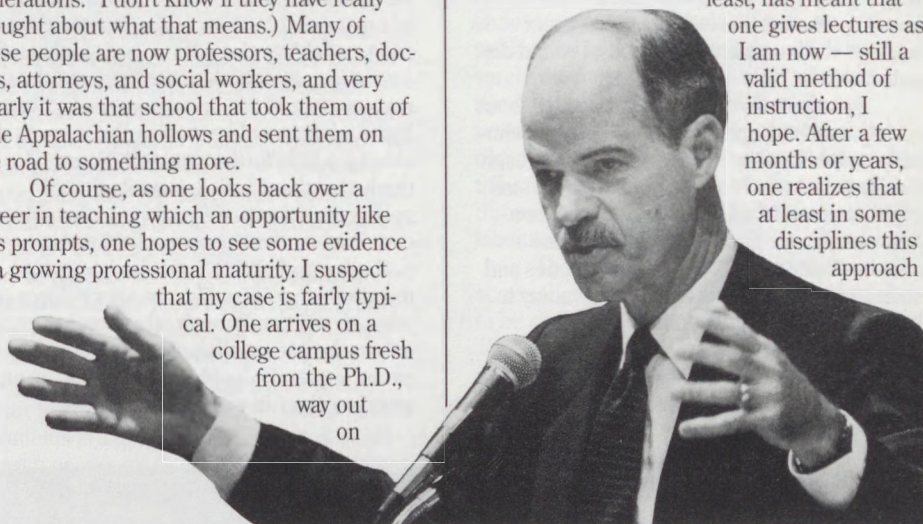
to persuade faculty members to give us a bit of their individual freedom — just a tiny bit for the greater good, rather like that of Sisyphus. Some have likened it more to herding cats.

But finally, the reason that we teach — and I think this permeates everything that has been said last night and this morning — is that it is our way of attempting to leave the world a better place than we found it. We believe that education can do so. We believe that deeply, more, probably, than we believe anything else.

I saw the transforming power of education very clearly in my own undergraduate years at Berea College. Berea is a college for poor Appalachian youths. It charges no tuition and has a labor program — everyone has to work. There is an upper limit on parental income; you cannot get into Berea if your parents earn more than a certain amount — the inverse of the usual practice. Many of my classmates were — in fact, I have trouble thinking of one who wasn't — the first member of his or her family to have attended college. (As the politicians say redundantly, "for a thousand generations." I don't know if they have really thought about what that means.) Many of these people are now professors, teachers, doctors, attorneys, and social workers, and very clearly it was that school that took them out of little Appalachian hollows and sent them on the road to something more.

Of course, as one looks back over a career in teaching which an opportunity like this prompts, one hopes to see some evidence of a growing professional maturity. I suspect that my case is fairly typical. One arrives on a college campus fresh from the Ph.D., way out on

PHOTO BY MATT DUBARD



the far cutting edge of a sub-sub field of a discipline. Then the first thing that happens is an assignment to teach first-year students (I correct my manuscript).

In some fields, such as geology, psychology, philosophy, economics, these first-year students have never had any instruction at all in the discipline, and so, in a matter of weeks — or days, almost, in some cases — one is taken from the cutting edge back to square one.

These students, especially if one teaches a course that meets a college requirement, as I did for many years, may need to be given a reason to pay attention. But when the effort is successful — especially with students who have never had any encounter with the discipline before — there is the wonderful opportunity to provide that eureka experience to one or two students — or even to a whole class on some occasions. This particular pleasure led me to teach Introductory Geology for twenty of

the most exciting years of that discipline.

The novice teacher begins, then, completely loyal to his or her discipline, determined to leave nothing out and to make students adjust to the subject rather than the other way around. Soon, however, sometime surely during the first year, if not the first few weeks, the teacher realizes that there is far too much material to cover in a semester — even a year — and much of what he or she thought was indispensable simply cannot be included. It has to be cut out. The aim of comprehensive, even exhaustive, coverage of the field quickly gives way to an effort to strike a balance between what is most interesting and what is most important. Truly important material cannot really be left out, but material that cannot be made interesting will soon be forgotten, and this is the tightrope that the teacher has to try to walk — and I know they know how to do that at The College of Wooster.

Of course, one begins teaching by emulating — realize it or not — one's own most memorable teachers, which until recently, at

least, has meant that one gives lectures as I am now — still a valid method of instruction, I hope. After a few months or years, one realizes that at least in some disciplines this approach

allows too much passivity and that somehow the students, particularly those of the television age, need to be made to become more engaged and more active. Therefore, one begins to think about alternate methods of teaching. You will recall the ancient Chinese proverb, "I hear and I forget; I see and I remember; I do and I understand."

After a decade or two of teaching, at least in some disciplines — mine included — one discovers that some of the facts are not all that they once seemed. Like classmates reencountered for the first time at the thirty-fifth reunion, some of them haven't held up very well. For example, when I was an undergraduate in the '50s we were taught that the continents were fixed in place. When I taught geology fifteen years later, I could demonstrate with the historical geology textbook I had used as a student that "continental drift" wasn't in the index. I could point out to them that, when I was an undergraduate, something as important as whether or not the continents had moved was not discussed in a textbook on historical geology.

So with maturity one learns at least that some things are considered facts before they are really ready to be considered facts. This was true perhaps of the notion that the continents were fixed in place. Someone said that whereas politics is the art of the possible, science is the art of the soluble. This means two things: first, that the important questions are those whose solutions can be sought by experiment or testing. A scientific question that cannot be tested, that doesn't lead to some next step, is not a useful question (and this is in part what makes so-called scientific creationism a contradiction in terms). Second, saying that science is the art of the soluble means that the great scientists are so because they have known how to identify the great questions.

(Of course, something else lies in wait for the maturing teacher; it is called the committee system. A few of those exposed to this system may even display what is called administrative ability. Deans and provosts, vice presidents and presidents are always on the lookout for administrative ability — although I realize that some would say that it — like postal service, airline cuisine, government work — is an oxymoron. Naturally, I would dispute that.)

Let me move on to say a few words about science teaching specifically. As a person who has spent his career in colleges trying to teach the liberal arts and sciences broadly, I can tell you that though I will focus on science for a moment, I in no way wish to diminish the importance of the arts and the humanities and social sciences. Each is vital in its own way to human progress and happiness.

In April 1990, just before the launching of the Hubble Space Telescope, an astronomer named Timothy Ferris published a piece in the

*New York Times* in which he tried to explain why the Hubble telescope was worth its expense. This article rings with a certain irony today since the Hubble hasn't performed very well, but as the professor said when the flask exploded, "The experiment is a failure but the principle remains the same."

Ferris said that each age of human history has its crowning achievement. He referred to seafaring in Portugal in the time of Prince Henry the navigator, art in the age of Michelangelo, technology in eighteenth-century Britain, for example. He said that in our age, near the end of the twentieth century, science is our crowning achievement and that we must follow it wherever it leads, even into space. Now surely, many people would dispute his claim, and if one quickly thinks of the problems and difficulties that science has produced as well as the benefits, one could debate as I have done whether we really should fund big science projects like the Hubble Space Telescope.

But I don't think anyone could disagree that to teach science is to be part of some of our species' greatest achievements. Stop for just a moment to think of the contributions of my own field, geology. When you do that, of course, you first think of the fuels and the minerals without which our energy- and materials-based society could not exist. But if you think about it a little further, you will discover, I think, that the principle contribution of geology is not material; rather, it resembles the contribution of astronomy, a field with no practical value at all. What these disciplines have revealed is that *Homo sapiens*, after millions of years of evolution through other species, arrived only in the last eye-blink of time on an average planet four and a half billion years old, in an average galaxy in a universe of galaxies.

I believe that a deep understanding of this fact has been part of the impetus behind the environmental movement and is partly responsible for the current, most appropriate attention to the preservation of species. And surely it has had profound implications for philosophy and religion. These contributions of geology and astronomy will still be present long after the passage of the brief time in human history during which natural fuels became exhausted.

We hear from time to time that a certain scientific discipline is played out or, indeed, that the fundamental discoveries have been made and that all that remains to be done in science is a kind of mopping up exercise. This is patently

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*We hear from time to time that a scientific discipline is played out.*

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false. I would submit — and I have tried this out on a number of practicing scientists including Mike McBride and Ted Williams — that never in history has science been as fertile as it is today. Just to scratch the surface, just to talk about what is in the press, really, I can mention that, within the last few years, chemists have discovered "Bucky-balls." They now have a scanning tunneling electron microscope that allows them actually to touch and feel atoms — so finally chemistry has become touchy-feely. Biologists have made unprecedented discoveries in biochemistry and in molecular genetics. Astronomers have a super-nova and adaptive optics; physicists have discovered high temperature superconductivity and will soon have a supercollider. Whether we think they should or not, they will. Mathematicians are using computers to make exciting new findings, and geology is the first discipline to have undergone a full-scale scientific revolution of which the participants were aware at the time the revolution was taking place.

Let me move on from science to the liberal arts college. Institutions like Wooster, I would submit, are particularly rewarding places to teach. What is it about these institutions that makes them special and successful? In the corporate world they say, "You have to know what business you're in." The liberal arts colleges know what business they are in. It is educating the whole person through a strong academic program in the arts and sciences and through an active program of residential and cocurricular life. Nothing is more valuable, whether in a college or a corporation, than widespread sharing of a clear mission. Wooster and Chicago and Harvard and City University have that clarity, but in between lie many institutions where it is lacking.

For some reason, since World War II the idea that every institution must constantly strive to offer higher and higher degrees, to become bigger and better every day in every way has gained credence — if not almost a sense of inevitability — in this country. Rather than following Schumacher's admonition that



PHOTO BY MATT DILLARD

John Cook (economics, far l.) chaired the committee which created the symposium. To his left are Henry Copeland, Alice Noble, and Donald Noble (trustee emeritus). The joke was Wayne Booth's.

smaller is better, many institutions thus run the risk of becoming examples of Professor Peter's principle applied to institutions. You remember the Peter Principle. It is that in an organization, each individual rises to his or her level of incompetence and then is trapped there. I think there is considerable evidence that the Peter Principle does apply to institutions, and the evidence is the number of overextended, inflated universities in this country that do not have the financial or intellectual capital for excellence.

Fortunately, many institutions — and I think Wooster may almost be the type example here — have preferred to continue to excel at what they have been doing well for decades — over a 100 years in this case — and leave upward mobility and the risk of the Peter Principle to others.

Another attribute of this kind of institution is that it provides an opportunity to be part of a community, a small community of learners. I think that history and individual experience can show quite clearly that whatever their endeavor, people feel more rewarded, are happier in their work, and work more productively when they are part of a group with a common goal. Even while taking pride in their individualism, which certainly is the case on these kinds of campuses, most faculty and students at a liberal arts college believe that a spirit of community can be achieved and that it is worth achieving. Those of us who have been around a while of course know that it is not an easy thing to do. Community is an elusive goal, and to achieve it requires constant attention from the top and from the grass roots.

I am sure, however, that the Wooster faculty in the audience would say that I have not yet come to the single greatest attraction of this kind of institution; others have referred to it already this morning. It is the students: bright young people many of whom, although they might not put it this way, still subscribe to the motto "service above self." They are people who do not have to be dragged kicking and screaming to the concept of the education of the whole person. Looking back over a career of teaching, it is the students that one remembers with the most pride. We hope that they think of us somewhat fondly. I believe that we feel strongest about those who have most surpassed us in their professional success. Those are the ones that we are proudest of!

Now in my final section, I want to address briefly the subject of teaching and research. We have to admit that this is a difficult subject for liberal arts colleges. I would like to say something new on the topic — and you hope that I will! We all know, however, that it is not easy to find something new to say about education. Almost everything has been said before, and probably better. This may be why meetings of administrators tend to be rather dull except when Wayne Booth is giving the keynote address, as he did at the Association of American Colleges a couple of years ago.

In preparing another talk recently, this point about the provenance of any educational thought came home to me very clearly. For some reason, I remembered a line from a long-ago humanities course at Berea College. In the *Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer said of the clerk of Oxenford, "and gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche." Chaucer also noted that he had "but litel gold in cofre." Today, of course, we recognize the clerk as a colleague preoccupied with writing research proposals. Some of us identify him as that well-known character, Dr. Grant Seeker.

As it is six centuries old, I felt sure that *The Canterbury Tales* must contain the earliest reference to the relationship of teaching and research — at least that is how I am interpreting the words. But as is often the case, ever

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more diligent scholarship has come up with an even earlier reference. I have discovered that some fourteen centuries before Chaucer, Seneca said, "Homines dum docent discunt." That is, "Even while they teach, men learn." So for twenty centuries, it has been recognized that teaching and learning (which I am considering as a sort of proxy for research and scholarship) are inextricably linked.

In his excellent book, Dean Rosovsky makes the case for having university teachers be active in research about as well as it could be made, I think. I believe that an equally strong case can be made that teaching aids research. First, having to explain your research to students is a useful and healthy — I might say even necessary — exercise. A faculty member who cannot make a senior understand at least the basic idea of a research problem is probably not thinking that clearly about it himself or herself. Many flashes of insight have occurred as a researcher attempts to explain the problem to a bright, interested student.

Less immediate but more important, the creation of new knowledge requires a continual supply of new scholars to whom previous knowledge has been transmitted and on which they can build. Tomorrow's researchers are being taught in colleges and universities today, and over time, therefore, the ultimate purpose of scholarship is served equally well — and necessarily — by both teaching and research. To put this in human terms, behind almost every successful scientist I have known well, there has been an inspiring teacher.

Even more far-reaching and fundamental, and especially necessary to think about today, a profession that wishes to receive continuing support from society will have to deliver on its promises both implicit and explicit. Either through tax-based support of public institutions or tuition at private ones, Americans pay colleges and universities to educate our youth. It is reasonable of them to

expect that professors actually will profess and that they will do so tolerably well. So good teaching is the foundation of our academic house, and if it is seen as weak, not only the foundation but all that stands upon it, including support for research in the long run, will be threatened.

Where does this leave the high quality undergraduate college — the Woosters and the Oberlins — as they wrestle with the balance between teaching and research? Of course, it would be foolish to expect the level of scholarship here of an ivy-league university. But I believe that Wooster exemplifies, as President Copeland said last night, that engagement in scholarship at the liberal arts college — as at the universities — promotes good teachers. My own position, then, is that every faculty member at an institution like this should be engaged as a scholar in his or her discipline. The question is what counts as engagement? What is the range encompassed by that word?

Recently, Ernest Boyer's *Scholarship Reconsidered* has argued that we need a new, broader definition of scholarship. Boyer endorses a range of scholarship, from publication in refereed journals, which is surely the most useful form of scholarship, through the infrequent publisher who is actively involved, say, in national professional organizations, to the hard-working teacher who, though not publishing, is actively engaged through extensive reading and classroom and laboratory preparation.

The difficulty is that as one moves across that spectrum it gets harder and harder to be certain that scholarship is taking place. Therefore, if that model is adopted, the evidence required should rise across the spectrum. That is, the faculty member who is not engaged in original research and does not publish should certainly have to teach more and should have to meet a higher evidentiary standard of scholarship as Boyer redefines it. He or she would also have to demonstrate teaching of the highest quality. It is up to the faculty personnel committee and the administration at these kinds of institutions to set and uphold a very high standard there.


In conclusion, it is worth remembering in this setting that only the church — and, I read somewhere, the parliament of Malta — are as old as the university, stretching back as it does to the twelfth century. Thus to teach, if it is not to achieve a small piece of immortality, is to be a member of one of the longest lived institutions in Western society. Teachers are part of something much larger than themselves. The liberal arts colleges, which are as purely American as pumpkin pie or Benjamin Franklin's favorite bird, provide a much-needed model of how to balance the two essential parts of higher education — teaching and scholarship. I know at The College of Wooster the administration and the faculty know very well that "homines dum docent discunt." 



PHOTO BY MATT DIXARD

# Only Dreamers Could Have Seen a College

by James Hodges, Gordon Tait, and John W. Pocock '38

*Fortunately (and I don't know if Reed had foresight or if he gave a particularly good prayer), Ephraim Quinby, a local banker and a member of Reed's church, owned the land.*

*Last Alumni Weekend, more than a dozen members of the Wooster family discussed the College's first 125 years in Scheide Music Center's Gault Recital Hall. J.W. Pocock '38 provided overall direction, and individual participants are identified through the next several pages. Above, James Hodges (history) speaks about Wooster's earliest years. Listening are (from l.) Pocock, Lowell Coolidge (English emeritus), Dean Hopkins '31, Carolyn Dix '32, and John Johnston '38. Behind the text at right is Old Main, which burned to the ground in 1901.*

## 1866-1944

by James Hodges

Wooster came to life under challenging circumstances. Other Ohio colleges had already struggled precariously to existence earlier. Kenyon College began in 1824; Denison University in 1831; Oberlin College in 1833; Muskingum College in 1837; Ohio Wesleyan in 1842; Wittenberg in 1845, and so on. But their histories, like all college histories of the early nineteenth century, are stories of struggle and bare survival.

Only dreamers and nineteenth-century American optimists could have seen a college in the small town of Wooster. But one of them was the minister of the First Presbyterian Church in Wooster, James A. Reed, who began the history of the College when, on a ride in September, 1865, he stopped on a hill, studded with oaks, overlooking the city, and after prayer, decided that this was the site for a college.

Fortunately (and I don't know if he had foresight or if he gave a particularly good prayer), Ephraim Quinby, a local banker and a member of Reed's church, owned the land and was amenable to donating it as the first section of the current campus. And furthermore, New Light Presbyterians in Ohio wanted an institution of their own, and leading businessmen of Wooster and Wayne County saw the entrepreneurial gain to be made from a new college.

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*The College had two groups of founders: Presbyterian ministers and ambitious town boosters.*

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In Wooster and Wayne County, a spirited burst of fund raising to gain the support of the Ohio Synod followed Reed's ride. In December, 1866, the Synod incorporated The University of Wooster. The College had essentially two groups of founders — devoted Presbyterian ministers who wanted a Christian university of their own and ambitious town boosters, a not uncommon pattern in American collegiate history. The founders began with slender resources, but large ambition: "What we desire," said the first Board of Trustees, "is to make Wooster the great education center of Ohio as Oxford and Cambridge are in England and the universities are in Germany and France."

What the trustees had created as classes opened on September 7, 1870, was a huge building, four stories high with an imposing mansard roof and planned wings, actually completed in 1892. The students promptly and irreverently called it "the Bitters Bottle." It was certainly large enough for the "Little Company," as Lucy Notestein called the thirty-four students who actually showed up on the first registration day. President Willis Lord (1870-1873), professor of natural and revealed religion, had assembled five faculty members: Orange Stoddard (natural science), W. H.

Jeffers (Greek and Latin), Samuel Kirkwood (mathematics and astronomy), A.T. Fullerton (English language and literature), and Robert Dalzell (modern languages).

Rather than being Oxford and Cambridge, the first faculty hoped to become the Princeton of the West as they laid out a course of study along that popular model, so prevalent elsewhere. From the distance of time it appears to be a modest beginning, but to those it involved it was an exciting venture, and the University had soon closed ranks with the other Ohio colleges.

Lucy Notestein's history of the first seventy-eight years is resolutely an account of progress despite the recurring crises of scarce resources, internal debates over institutional strategies, and the human failings of trustees, presidents, professors and students. Notestein sums up what had been accomplished as the College began the decade of the 1930s. In September, 1929, some 834 students enrolled, coming from twenty-two states and twelve foreign countries. Since 1926 the College had had a Phi Beta Kappa chapter as well as a cadre of departmental honor societies. The five faculty members had grown to seventy, of whom a quarter had Ph.D.'s.

From its very beginning, Wooster had a balanced curriculum and had seen its departments grow as fields of knowledge sorted themselves out. Wooster alumni had spread themselves out across the country. Thirty-two had become college presidents and 175 were college teachers. Over 900 gave service as public school teachers or administrators. Over 400 ministers were out serving the Lord, and 112 had gone to other nations as missionaries. Two students had won Rhodes Scholarships, and, of course, many, many others were distinguished in law, business, medicine, and other roles in life. And Arthur Compton '13 had in 1927 won the Nobel Prize in physics. In one of her rare moments of comparative judgment, Lucy Notestein wrote of the College in 1929: "It was a good small college."

We all like treasured places not to change, but to stay in some way like we always thought they were. To that romantic, Howard Lowry, college was a "magical moment and time," but in the long view, Wooster like all colleges had the tensions between tradition and change through its years of progress.

The years of the first three presidents, Willis Lord, Archibald Alexander Edward Taylor, and Sylvester Fithian Scovel, to 1899, were testing ones. Would the College somehow endure and become an on-going place? By the end of President Scovel's presidency, 1883-1899, the answer was yes, and certain aspects of the College had become clear. Above all it was a Christian college, technically owned by the Synod of Ohio.

Nevertheless, because the money to operate the young College had to be generated by its trustees and presidents, the College really defined its own Presbyterian tradition, and so local and non-clerical trustees — and later those from afar, perhaps — moderated what to our more secular society appears to have been an overwhelming religiosity.

Actually, Wooster's historically Christian tradition, in its broadest terms, differs not at all from the founding emphasis of most private nineteenth-century colleges, and its evolution along these lines follows the same patterns, if not always at the same time.

Within that tradition, the College followed rather broad ideas of religious freedom of some sort. Wooster's scientists and theologians quickly accepted Darwinistic evolution over the decades and one president, Charles Wishart, carried that standard in a notable battle against William Jennings Bryan in a contest for the moderatorship of the Presbyterian Church in 1923. The College's official seal gives evidence of that support.

Even in 1880, in what Notestein calls the "first crisis" of the College, when trustees suggested that it was time for the dazzling and popular new professor of English and moral science, Walter Scott, to go elsewhere, the decision was not automatic nor easy nor the borders rigidly defined. Scott's views of Calvinist theology had excited two years of letters of protest to President Taylor and members of the faculty from troubled parents and Presbyterian pastors. The chairperson of the trustees, the estimable Presbyterian minister from Ashland, Dr. John Robinson, worried that the "University is doomed if the matter is not rectified."

But on a July day in Wooster's First Presbyterian Church, the trustees let Dr. Scott defend himself for over two hours before he presented his resignation, and the trustees debated all night before they accepted his resignation by a vote of 8-4. That it was a *split* vote and that it took *all night* are perhaps signs of a less than rigid singular Christian tradition when we realize that Scott began his classes, "If there is a God," and "If St. Paul did have a vision on the road to Damascus." Scott would not be the last professor dismissed or not kept because he or she was out of step. But at least there was debate and controversy within the central mission of Wooster as a Christian college.

While this tradition of the Christian college never wavered, it was much harder to establish a tradition of how the mission should be carried out. It seems strange that this place was once called the University of Wooster, that it had a medical college in Cleveland, and that it granted M.A. and Ph.D. degrees by private study and correspondence courses, not by residency. What Wooster educationally would become, and how, was always in debate.

But eventually they got it right. Soon after the turn of the century, the Ph.D. program disappeared, and the medical school cut its ties with Wooster in 1896 (later to merge with Case Western). Actually, Wooster was never a university in terms of what happened on its small campus; the University of Wooster remained its name until the official change to the present name in 1914. If the creation of the second founding tradition, the pursuit of the liberal arts, had not been a smooth journey — and indeed it was not — it was really never much in doubt given Wooster's resources, location, and the marketplace for college graduates in American society at the time.

The College also created a web of ritual and shared events that gave it a third important tradition — a strong sense of community. Faculty members established their own personalities. From the very beginning, there was no religious, gender, or racial test for students. There were no dormitories, but in the boarding houses the early students evidently worked hard and played hard — in short, they were students.

In the 1890s, President Scovel banned dancing, and it was not permitted on campus again until 1932. The building of Hoover Cottage (1895-1896), Holden Hall (1905-1906) and Kenarden Lodge (1911-1912) initiated an even richer student life of personal relations, organizations, and shared happenings, including the zany pranks, hazing of the freshman class (yes, they dared call them that!) and downright disorderly conduct at times. That Wooster had become a community can be seen in the formation of an alumni society founded at the third commencement by the classes of 1871 and 1872. The alumni society had what Notestein called a "fitful" existence, but was officially chartered in 1885. John D. McKee became, in 1920, the first full-time professional alumni secretary.

But amidst continuance of these three traditions — the Christian mission of the College, the liberal arts curriculum, and a growing sense of a shared history of a Wooster community — there was always challenge, change, and even crisis. Faculty came and went, though some, like the venerable Jonas Notestein and Elias Compton, had remarkably long careers. Others flash tauntingly before us — the evidently charming Annie Irish, a Wooster Ph.D., who stayed on as the first female professor; the sardonic English professor Henry Carson Grumbine, whom Lucy Notestein evidently disliked because she saw him as a "toady" to President Holden; and William Zebina Bennett, the chemist who claimed he could quote sixteen straight hours of Shakespeare.

Notestein's numerous sketches of faculty lead to the impression of, perhaps, three generations of faculty groups — professors of the 1870s to the early 1900s who were genuinely nineteenth-century people; then a second generation who had roots in the first generation, but who were more and more leavened in the teens and twenties by young Ph.D.s and an increasing number of female professors. Then, as the College came into the 1940s, the third generation emerged, more professionally centered in disciplinary work and a national professorate.

By the 1920s the knowledge structure of the College more resembled the present than those sometimes quaint categories of the 1870s and 1880s. Clearly, ideas about what was a "complete education" at Wooster changed often, but the heart of Wooster was the women and men who taught here and the students who learned from them.

Presidential leaders changed as well, and, in a "good small college," the president often summed up the institution and articulated its mission to the outside world.

## Panel Comments

**Lowell Coolidge (English emeritus):** If you look at the yearbooks of the late 1870s and '80s you would be amazed at the amount of advertising for both liquor and cigarettes. In the yearbook for 1885: "C.O. Shifter Saloon and Restaurant; Corner of East Liberty and Buckeye Streets; Best Wines in the City; Pure Whiskeys on Hand; Fresh Beer Constantly on Tap; Pool Tables Connected with Bar. N.B.: Students Trade Earnestly Solicited!"

That was printed in the 1885 *Index* during the period of the president who was supposed to have been the most strict of all, namely President Scovel. There was no Dean of Women until 1912, and there was no Dean of Men until 1921. The rules had become pretty well set by the '20s. What we have here is not an evolution from strict regulation to a greater liberalism; it was up and down.

The rules came in after the building of Hoover Cottage — the first women's dormitory. The assumption of course was that drinking and smoking were masculine prerogatives, but the women were not closely checked until after the women's dormitories were built.

**Dean Hopkins '31 (trustee emeritus):** From the very beginning this College officially had no discrimination either by race or by sex. By the time I was in college beginning in 1926 — although I didn't have Ms. McSweeney or Ms. Gingrich who were both teaching then — I did have Aileen Dunham in history, Pauline Ihrig in French, Rebecca Thayer in English, Mary Johnson in political science and Ibbey Coyle in biology. It never occurred to me that political science and biology were supposed to be men's subjects. I assure you that people of my generation have had to think that women are intellectual equals.

**Carolyn Dix '32 (trustee emerita):** Sometimes we found gadflies among the professors, and Virgilius Ferm in philosophy was one I enjoyed; he made us think. He said, "Be not tempted too much to be other than yourself, for the world has a way of trying to flatten us into molds and extinguish the spark that is by birthright our very own." He certainly tried to help us do otherwise.

**John Johnston '38 (trustee emeritus):** In my time, '34 to '38, the New Deal had come in and politics was much more present on campus. The student body was split: Mary Z. Johnson was holding strongly for the Democratic position, and, if you went down to Scovel Hall, you could listen to Carl Ver Steeg, who became violent at the mention of Franklin Roosevelt. I think that contributed to the feeling that perhaps we were a new generation.

And then there was the darkening cloud over Europe, and we began to realize that this was something that we were going to have to cope with. We debated the Neutrality Act; we used to say that we would never go fight a war, and Emerson Miller warned, "Gentlemen, you may find there is a time when you will decide you have to fight."

Louis Edward Holden, the fourth president, 1899–1915, came to Wooster proclaiming "I mean business," and he was to have a full plate of it. Scovel had not only forbidden dancing, but he had taken Wooster out of intercollegiate athletics as well, and this created tension and hard feelings. Symbolic of his modern presidency, Holden returned Wooster to intercollegiate playing fields. A twentieth-century man, Holden was more secular, more the professional administrator who delegated power, and more the accommodator than the stern Calvinist father (he brought back theatre as well). I see him as a crucial transitional leader between the founding leaders and those who would come later.

In a sense, Wooster faced recurring crises between 1901 and 1921, and the responses to those crises gave renewed vigor to the College. On December 11, 1901, Old Main burned down and Holden dashed out my favorite presidential letter in a telegram to various money givers: "Yesterday, I was president of a College. Today, I am president of a hole in the ground. Our main building was burned to the ground early this morning." Not very elegant, but at least to the point. With remarkable verve, imagination, and daring, Holden built, within a year, the core of the modern campus — Kauke, Severance, Scovel, and Taylor Halls — and in successive capital campaigns, he would create an endowment and the image of Wooster as the preeminent Presbyterian college in the country.

Two other crises confronted him — an over-reaching, separate, entrepreneurial summer school that had grown larger than the regular College and threatened to become an institutional part of it, and the outlawing of fraternities and sororities. The crisis over the summer school lasted after Holden's presidency, but his fervent belief that it had to be controlled eventually won the day by 1919.

The second crisis involved the Wooster financial "Angel" (Notestein's word), the Cleveland industrialist, Louis Severance, who gave generously of his fortune to the new Wooster. After much thought, Severance announced he would give no money to any institution that harbored fraternities. On February 13, 1913, the trustees, after hearing from Mr. Severance, then chair of the board, voted 13–10 to ban fraternities and sororities. Three board members resigned in protest. Students "cut classes in a body" and paraded and burnt President

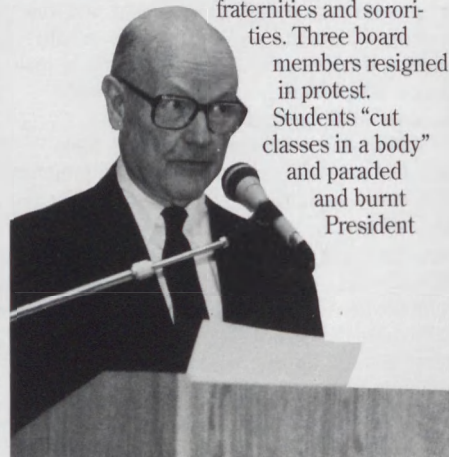


PHOTO BY MATT DIXARD

L. Gordon Tait (religious studies emeritus) discussed the Lowry years: "In telling the story of that man one also tells the story of the institution he served."

Holden in effigy. It was a somewhat failed strategy for Holden. Louis Severance died within months; a matching effort to get \$200,000 from the General Education Board died with him. The bitter feelings of the fraternity crisis and the continuing struggle between Holden (with most of the faculty on his side) and the trustees over ending the shallow summer school and preventing a permanent school of education forced Holden to submit his resignation in 1915.

His successor, John Campbell White (1915-1919), never established credibility with the now much more professional and independent faculty, and the trustees in 1919 called Charles Frederick Wishart to the presidency. After a twenty-year career as a seminarian and Presbyterian preacher in Pittsburgh, Wishart had gone in 1914 to a rich Presbyterian church in Chicago. Something of his witty style can be discerned in a remark about his first year at the ritzy church: "I came, I saw, I concurred."

He was forty-nine when he came to Wooster and would be seventy-four when he retired in 1944. He had doubts about his ability to do the job because he lacked the academic credentials the faculty wanted, but he accepted in the end because, as he said afterward, after all was said and done: "I was to be an administrator, rather than a savant." He called himself a "Preacher-President," and, in his wisdom, saw that his first job would be to restore "harmony" after "the terrific bitterness on both sides."

He would have his first crisis in the famous Chancellor incident of 1920, in which the trustees dismissed a political science professor who had been too closely associated with an infamous smear campaign against the presidential candidate Warren Harding. Wishart had his doubts that he had acted wisely or with courage in supporting the trustees, but the episode did indicate his ability to weather the problems that came at the top.

He always appeared to have a sense of where to compromise and why. He approvingly quoted president Charles Eliot of Harvard, who once told a friend that "the faculty are calling me a liar — and the worst of it is they are proving it." Wishart also had his doubts that he could raise money, but he quickly led a successful capital campaign in 1920–21 that repaired a gaping financial hole, and he significantly completed the modern campus with Galpin, Douglass, Hygeia and Babcock Halls as well as the graceful president's home and the unglamorous but necessary power plant.

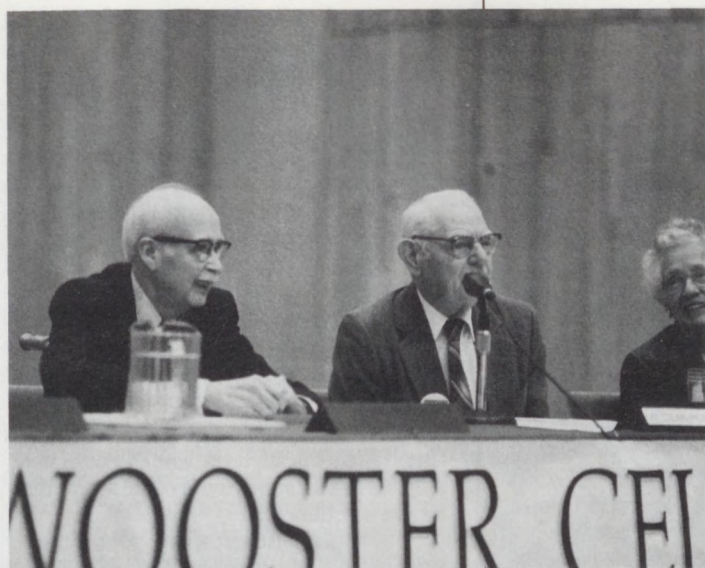
Wishart's presidency marked the full coming-of-age of the College. It had survived; it had created a stable place of some distinction, and it had made a difference in the lives of its graduates. They, in turn, had enriched our nation.

## 1944-1967

by L. Gordon Tait

I have decided to tell the story of a man rather than of an institution, though the two were, in fact, inseparable. I would contend that the person of Howard Lowry so dominated The College of Wooster from 1944 to 1967, that in telling the story of that man one also tells the





*Discussing Wooster's early years are (from l.) Lowell Coolidge (English emeritus), Dean Hopkins '31 (trustee emeritus), and Carolyn Dix '32 (trustee emerita).*

story of the institution he served. And believe me, recounting the Lowry years at Wooster makes a far more colorful, interesting, expansive, and adventuresome tale than if I were to narrate bricks and buildings, minutes and memoranda, mere facts and figures.

Of course, the history of the man begins long before 1944. Born in the Ohio river town of Portsmouth on July 26, 1901, Howard was the only child of Daisy Zugg and Lewis Lowry. He was educated in the Portsmouth schools, and growing up in Portsmouth, he developed a liking for baseball and fishing, joined the Second Presbyterian Church at the age of nine, delivered newspapers, developed skills as a high school orator and debater, and dated a pretty girl, Mary. He enrolled at Wooster in the autumn of 1919.

His father, increasingly absent from home as he moved from one out-of-town job to another, had died suddenly the previous December in the infamous flu epidemic of 1918, in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. Neither Howard nor his mother were present when he died, a fact that Howard could never forget. He and his mother remained extremely close — some would say too close — until her death in 1960. He was at *her* side when she finally passed away in the Wooster hospital.

Howard flourished at Wooster under the tutelage of professors Waldo Dunn '06 and Delbert Lean '51H, both of whom remained fast friends of his until he died, Jonas Notestein (1873), and Elias Compton (1881), professor of philosophy, in whose subject Howard majored, though he did a second major in Latin. In his College of Wooster years he lived in Kenarden; learned the "Love Song"; heard Lean recite "A Christmas Carol" each December; fell in love with at least two young women; and discovered, thanks to Dunn, the genius of Matthew Arnold.

In June, 1923, Howard graduated but was not first in his class. He was second; Pauline Ihrig was valedictorian.

Next fall, he began teaching English at Wooster. Later in the 1920s, he enrolled as a graduate student at Yale and spent time in England doing research. In 1929 he returned to Wooster to teach and continue work on his dis-

sertation, the title of which by that time was, *The Letters of Matthew Arnold to Arthur Hugh Clough*. In 1931 Yale awarded him his Ph. D.

In the 1930s he taught at Wooster while trying to continue his research and somehow fulfill his duties as a general editor at Oxford University Press in New York. In time this arrangement was too much to handle, and in 1940 Howard reluctantly resigned his professorship at Wooster and a year later his editorship at the Press.

In 1940-41 Howard Lowry was appointed a full professor of English at Princeton University at a magnificent salary of \$7,000. He was already widely known as an Arnold scholar; soon he was recognized at Princeton as an excellent teacher — kindly, humorous, and very hard working. His course, English 318, Victorian Poets, rapidly gained in popularity.

As the second World War progressed Princeton gave him more and more to do. He wondered if he should enlist. The University had gone on a year-round schedule. At one point he was afraid he might even have to teach mathematics to servicemen. His worst chore, he reported in a letter to Prexy Wishart, was his appointment as chair of a twelve-person committee, many of them department heads, to draw up plans for all the humanities departments for the remainder of the war and the postwar period. By June, he complained, "I'll have a whole ring of enemies around me."

Months later his ideas were taking shape. In another letter to Prexy, who, incidentally, was a very close friend, he declared that in the future at Princeton the whole person would be educated, character as well as mind. Extracurricular activities would be important. In a statement of his ideal, one that was far more prescient at Wooster than he knew at the time, he declared, "The old days of counting hours and credits, the superficial major, are going to be done for . . . I think we are moving . . . to an ideal of fewer courses better given."

Aware that Prexy had already announced his retirement, Howard wrote again, early in 1944, this time in great detail, laying out his

thoughts for postwar education at Wooster, showing no awareness whatsoever that he would be Wooster's next president. This kind of concern for the future of education at Wooster clearly proved that his heart had never left his alma mater. By now a symbiotic relationship had developed between Howard and the College that would only grow stronger with the passing years.

As the now familiar story has it, the Trustee presidential search committee at first chose Dean of Men John Bruere in April, 1944, to succeed Prexy, later withdrawing the nomination after certain key faculty members protested. A month later the committee presented Howard Lowry's name, and he was elected Wooster's seventh president. His decision to accept was by no means easy. Princeton had captured his heart, too, and was making possible the life of teaching and scholarship that he treasured so much. He asked President Dodds of Princeton for some time to consider. Of course he came back to Ohio and his beloved College, explaining that "Wooster's great men were my teachers and friends and, in spite of my own perversities, they have somehow remained in my blood . . ."

Thus began a twenty-three-year period in the history of the College, characterized by two words — expansion and adventure. I put those two words deliberately in that order. On one level, in the physical sense if you will, it is easy

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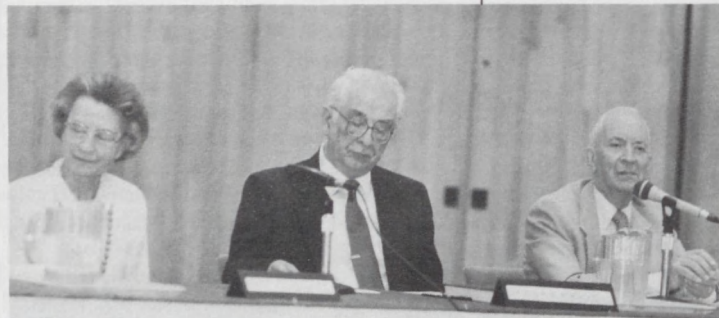
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to describe the expansion during Lowry's tenure; six new dormitories were built: Andrews, Compton, Wagner, Armington, Bissman, and Stevenson; Andrews Library was constructed, as was The Wooster Inn, Wishart Hall, and Westminster Church House. In 1956 the Centennial Financial Campaign was launched with the goal of \$20 million to be raised by 1966. The goal, thanks to prodigious efforts by Lowry, Buck Smith '56, and others, was oversubscribed, including a \$2.2 million gift from the Ford Foundation. The College's endowment grew to \$12 million; when Howard Lowry died in 1967, three new buildings were under construction, only partly paid for: Mateer Hall, Lowry Center, and the first phase of the Physical Education Center.

Moreover, Howard expanded the College's reputation at home and abroad. Since 1948 he had been a trustee of the Carnegie Foundation, in which capacity he often welcomed notable visitors to our campus. In 1956 Howard, accompanied by his mother, spent five months in Britain and Europe on vacation and on Carnegie Foundation business. He was a trustee of the Wenner-Gren and Danforth Foundations. In the Presbyterian Church he was a member of the Boards of Foreign Missions and Christian Education and a trustee of McCormick Theological Seminary.

Some eighteen colleges and universities gave him honorary degrees. Howard Lowry was nationally known and recognized.

More than anything else he expanded our notion of a liberal education, with the help of Dean William Tausch '14, and the role of a church-related liberal arts college — which is where the adventure part comes in. He did not propose a new curriculum full of tricks and gimmicks, but rather a new combination of old elements. In fact, he spoke of a “fundamental”



“The Lowry Years” panel, from l.: Helen Osgood (history emerita), James Blackwood (College Pastor, 1952–62), and Melcher Fobes (mathematics, emeritus).

## WOOSTER CELEBRATES 125 YEARS

PHOTO BY MATT DILLARD

program, one that was “squarely based on the deep quiet things of the human spirit,” of thoughtful improvement and lively self-criticism, but within Wooster’s “own religious and cultural heritage.” So, the key word was “adventure,” involving risk and excitement for the learner, a new way to look at and develop some old ideas.

This new look in liberal education was set forth in a 1945 manifesto entitled, “Wooster: Adventure in Education.” Howard was quick to call his plan a “Christian liberal education,” and he openly declared that the Christian religion was at the heart of Wooster’s adventure. Therefore, it followed that courses in religion — and he was thinking primarily but not exclusively of Christianity — were an integral part of a liberal arts curriculum. But the Christian faith must go beyond the classroom to permeate all aspects of college life, he said, to the point of inviting students to “an adventure in Christianity,” which included a summons to a life of Christian thought as well as a life of Christian action. Nevertheless, such evangelism must not be intolerant or triumphalist. In his 1944 Convocation address, he declared to the students:

“We shall try to play fair with you. We want to give you the chance to discover your own ideas . . . We shall not offer you a debased religion that is pure spasm, or set any spiritual bear-traps for you. But, on the other hand, you must not resent it if Wooster wants you to be a Christian . . .”

It followed, of course, that the College could impose a chapel and church attendance requirement.

I was always grateful that that kind of talk came from one who was a scholar of the first rank, who had a Yale Ph. D., and who knew what quality education was. For Howard quickly added to his statement about Christian education the determination that Wooster must be “a true place of higher learning, advancing first-rate scholarship and matching the best offered by secular colleges and universities . . . The glory of God,” he warned, “would be badly served by second-rate courses in the arts and

sciences.” And a Christian college does not cheat; in its pursuit of knowledge it does not suppress or alter the facts, nor dress them up to make them more respectable than they are.

A curricular design followed: Liberal education should provide a *method* and a *content*. The method consisted in learning how to find the facts, to associate and evaluate them, and to draw logical conclusions. The content consisted of the leading ideas and facts that have formed and do form the mind and nature of the human being.

Within the three areas of the humanities, natural sciences, and social sciences, certain subjects ought to be required—religion, language, philosophy or psychology, literature, fine arts, and a laboratory science. Due more to faculty initiative than Howard’s, all first-year students, as of 1956, were to enroll in a year-long integrative course called Introduction to Liberal Studies, which would introduce the student to some of the great questions of the human experience and would teach the student how to read, think, and write critically.

As another important component of general education, sophomores and above could take a course entitled Western Concepts of Man, which was based on a similar Princeton course (Man and His Freedom), one which stressed key documents in Western history that dealt with the nature of man, his society, his ideas of divinity, and the natural world. For many years it was a prestige team-taught course that tied together many ideas presented throughout the College’s curriculum.

Howard saw the acquisition of a method and content occurring particularly in the

Independent Study requirement — a requirement for *all* students, he was at pains to point out. Excellence, he said, could be achieved even by ordinary students writing or creating something distinctively their own. They would do an IS project and then could say, “This is mine!” This was a dream and a scheme that had three origins—in Howard’s own experience working with Waldo Dunn, in Wooster’s own honors program, and in Princeton’s Independent Study Program.

He also proposed comprehensive examinations in the major for both juniors and seniors, not, as he said, “to engender nervous breakdowns,” but to give the student a chance to reveal what he or she does know. A few years after Howard’s death these written exams were dropped and an oral defense of the senior thesis was substituted.

Another of Howard’s ideas for the excellent small liberal arts college (way off in Ohio) was a leaves program for the faculty, research leaves every fifth year, and study or sabbatical leaves every seventh year. Howard bragged, as we do today, that this program is one of the most generous in the country. He envisioned it as a means of renewing faculty scholarship and teaching and of attracting good faculty to the College.

For a person who could never learn to drive a car, who found the typewriter a fairly advanced piece of high-tech, and who refused to wear a hearing aid, Howard was far-sighted when it came to computers. Soon Wooster was linked to a large computer at the Battelle Institute in Columbus, and it is a matter of record that Howard was one of the inspired group who founded the Ohio College Library Center, a plan whereby there would be one comprehensive index for all the college libraries in Ohio and a free loan privilege so that books could move easily from one library to another. This Ohio-based enterprise has since gone national, the small dream become large reality.

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*More than anything, he expanded our notion of a liberal education.*

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And one can point to other accomplishments within and without the curriculum — an Urban Studies Program, Wooster-in-Vienna, and the Institute of Politics. Howard had made life at Wooster, for all of us, a true adventure.

However, in the 1960s the adventure went off in a direction for which he had not planned. Changes were taking place in American society and in higher education, and Howard Lowry was not ready for them. His educational plans required time to mature and prove their worth; badly needed buildings had to be erected and financial campaigns completed. It was no time for questioning, protest, radical change. Besides, he was aging and showing it; he was tiring more quickly now. There were minor health problems — teeth, hernia, loss of hearing.

In retrospect, the protest of the Presbyterian scholars in late 1960 was a mild one. There were no bombs, no blood poured on

files, no attack on Galpin or sit-in, just a letter that was printed in the *Voice*, the *Wooster Daily Record*, and elsewhere, accusing the College of failing to fulfill its mission as a church-related liberal arts college. However, it was as if someone had personally attacked Howard's wife or mother. He was as angry as he was perplexed; he was as discouraged as he was defensive. His judgment and authority had been challenged. If anyone had seemed to be in tune with the students, it was President Lowry. He prided himself on that point. Now it was obvious he did not know the student mind as well as he thought.

Listen to some of the complaints which upset Howard:

"At present, much of the exposure to Christianity at Wooster is superficial because it makes no more than a passing attempt to relate Christianity to the problems, questions, and issues in the student's mind. Thus, without a more meaningful exposure the student cannot be expected to embrace Christianity.

"There seem to be two groups of students on campus . . . Neither group, however, appears to find its needs satisfied by Westminster."

Unpleasant words, to say the least. Howard invoked with less and less success in the 1960s his customary strategy of handling student complaints — listening, sympathizing, appointing a committee which included the protesters, then waiting until everyone got tired and the problem disappeared. The trouble was, the students wanted real change this time around, not a new cosmetic, and Howard did not want to change what he was sure was the best kind of liberal education.

His own words, nevertheless, were now coming back to haunt him: "What education must propose to the last half of our century is a new revolt in the soul of man." The revolt at Wooster was not what he had in mind at all.

The students clamored for diversity. Take faculty appointments, for example. They resembled those at most other colleges. While many women were appointed for the short term, only nine by my count eventually received tenure, plus a college physician; only two black professors were hired, and Ted Williams quickly credits John Chittum for his energetic recruiting of him.

In 1962, two important changes occurred on campus. First, a new dean took office. Dean William Tæusch, who had served, as he had humorously remarked, as the "shepherd's crook" since 1944, retired, and Clark Bricker, a chemist from Princeton University, moved in. Howard missed his old friend Bill. Bill had defended Howard on more than one occasion, had screwed on the nuts and bolts to Howard's great designs, and sometimes spoke a firm "no" when Howard had found it impossible to do so.

By 1964, Clark Bricker had resigned, and Garber Drushal took his place. Howard was not ready, perhaps never would be, for a dean like Clark Bricker.

Also in 1962, Westminster Church called

a new pastor, the Reverend Beverly Asbury. Bev's predecessor, Jim Blackwood, had served the College community faithfully for the previous nine and a half years, and was a close personal friend of Howard. Bev did not bring calm to the campus; he brought more trouble with his prophetic sermons, his messages on the silences of God, and his own visit to Mississippi to help in black voter registration. He related successfully to large numbers of students and their concerns, a fact which Howard Lowry could not ignore. Yet Bev was rooted in the turbulent present and Howard in the great classical past. His stay was only four years, but he left his mark.

Many of the faculty were also questioning. Howard's benevolent tyranny was generally respected no longer. It is difficult for us today, in a time when the decision-making process is so widely dispersed, to imagine a college run by a strong president, department heads appointed for life, and a few senior professors, mostly white and male. The fact that leaves were reserved only for associate and full professors was challenged, as was the regulation that all faculty in their first year of teaching were disenfranchised. As the sixties wore on and Howard had made no promise of retiring at the age of sixty-eight (in 1969), one heard from many corners more frequent complaints that the College sorely needed a new kind of president.

I have never before made public a meeting with Howard that I had as chair of the faculty committee on conference with trustees in early 1967. The committee had received enough expressions of concern about Howard's possible postponement of his retirement that I was persuaded by it to approach him and request that he initiate a discussion with the trustees as to when he would retire and as to the steps that should be taken to select his successor. So one day I mounted the steps to his Galpin office with reluctance and trepidation.

When I put the matter before him as honestly and as kindly as I could, he sat stunned for a moment. Then came an emotional, desperate outburst: "Gordon, Gordon, where are the amenities?" After several minutes of painful discussion, he agreed to broach the topic at the next board meeting, and I left, with a very heavy heart, I admit. He never did have to work it out with the trustees. Later that year, in the San Francisco apartment of his latest love, he died suddenly of a heart attack, and for him the adventure was over. The Lowry era had come to an end.

Of course we shall remember the weaknesses and traits which pushed the students toward barricades and his friends sometimes to despair. But he brought greatness and goodness to Wooster during those years, and that is what we'll remember best. He had a vision of what an educated man or woman should be, and he believed in it with all his heart. Moreover, he worked mightily to make it real. And it was a vision that developed both mind and character.

When he got to his feet and spoke, even his off-the-cuff remarks grabbed his hearers in a way that most speakers' prepared speeches

**Helen Osgood (history emerita):** The idea of Independent Study is Howard Lowry's greatest legacy to this College. I believe Lowry as a student found his relationship with the faculty at the College to be something very special. They paid attention to him; they encouraged him; they gave him confidence in himself. He was the kind of person who wanted everybody to have the same kind of rich experiences that he was having, and I think that even though Princeton was an important source for this program, Lowry was thinking about what Wooster's faculty had done for him while he was an undergraduate here.

He wanted students also to learn something of the loneliness of scholarship and to come out with a sense of triumph when they got through the labyrinth, to be able to shout at the end, "I did it!" And some of them did it pretty much all by themselves, but most of them did it knowing that there was a faculty adviser who was ready to listen and to make suggestions.

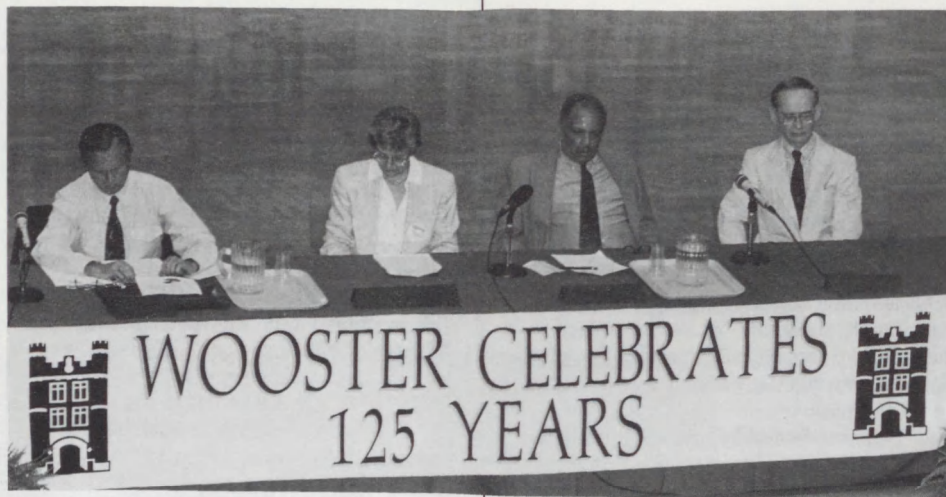
**James Blackwood '41 (College Pastor, 1952-62):** Walking down toward the Wooster Inn today, I noticed that they are putting a new roof on Wagner Hall. Howard was distressed when Cary Wagner '15 [Trustee, 1950-74, Chairman of the Board 1964-70], gave that gift to the College. It amounted to his life savings, or the large portion of it. He complained privately to me; he said, "But the roof is flat!" And I said, "What is wrong with a flat roof? Hygeia Hall had one for many years." He said, "It spoils the eternal spirit of the place." I didn't know what the eternal spirit was then, so I wrote him a poem. It didn't alleviate the hurt very much, but it went like this.

Bless, O Lord, this flat roof and all flat heads  
that enter in.

Forgive O Lord, our many gabled sin  
That we have ivory-tower-of-Babeled in.

**Melcher Fobes (mathematics emeritus):** I would want to emphasize what a great part Dean Tæusch played in this College. He was quite different from Howard, but they had the same objectives. Howard had amazing intuition. Intuitively, he came out with the right answer most often, but once in a while intuition failed even Howard. And at that point Dean Tæusch felt it was his duty to tell Howard what the facts were rather than what intuition was. This could lead to some very heated discussions.

Of course, the original comment about Tæusch and Lowry was that the College was being run by two English professors, and Professor Ver Steeg, who really could be a bull of Bashan [see *Psalms* 22, 12 & 13] at times, declared in no uncertain terms that the College was being run by two pale-faced poets. Well, it *was* run by two pale-faced poets; between them there was no "yes" man and no "no" man. *Adventure in Education*, for example, which was the manifesto of Howard's program, was a joint project with Bill Tæusch. I have heard people claim they could tell which parts were written by which.



*Hans Jenny, Diane Limbird Hamburger '71, Ted Williams, and Ray McCall discuss the Drushal years. Behind the text on the next page, a march down Beall Avenue.*

do not. Who can forget some of those chapel talks and baccalaureate sermons with their good sense, insights into the human condition, perennial optimism, literary allusions, rich humor, and testimony to the truth of the Gospel, all packed into finely tuned prose?

He could identify with ever so many of us, and he seemed to know what each was thinking and feeling. One of his friends commented, "He converses with one thousand as easily as with one." He had an amazing humanity about him, which made it impossible for us to hate him even though at times we could get very mad at him. There was that lovable academic slouch, each foot slapped down on the pavement as he walked; his chronically battered hat; and the rumpled outfits that, as Jim Blackwood words it, "looked as if they had a far-off rendezvous with a rummage sale." And always there was humor, some of it self-deprecating.

For example, there was his classic line fed into the script of every faculty play or skit presented at the College. He could be a waiter, taxi driver, or whatever — it didn't matter. As he stumbled about committing his faux-pas, he was asked, "How can you be so stupid?" His moron-like reply that always convulsed the audience: "It ain't easy."

Of course he was idealistic, constantly thinking the best, not the worst, of the person, especially the student. His unrealism was frequently so irritating that it could produce a large-scale itch, but we shall never know how many Wooster students, and others too, regained or increased their self-esteem thanks to Howard Lowry's "unrealistic" faith in them.

In the end his biographer may be right. The best way to understand Howard Lowry is to view him in terms of a "creative paradox." Neither of his parents was college educated, and his father drifted from one job to another, yet Howard was Phi Beta Kappa at Wooster, received a Ph. D. from Yale, taught at Princeton, had many friends high in British academe, and became the president of a leading liberal arts college in the U. S. An only child with no close relatives, he suffered from loneliness, but he was always surrounded by a

host of friends. He vacillated between a strong determination on certain things he cared about and an annoying inability to decide on others.

He knew the inner workings of a college better than most, yet at his death "left the administration in shambles," to quote one trustee. Curt Taylor, his long-time secretary, claimed he was a master of detail, but he left many letters and memos unanswered, and not all the details were tidied up. On some matters he could procrastinate forever; on others he acted quickly and impulsively. Although he really did run the College as a strong, loving parent, he depended upon a whole army of co-workers. And although he once declared, "the thoughtful man knows that he is ultimately a blind and stupid creature . . . It is always a woman who confers insight upon him; through her alone, he gains access to a whole existence that else is closed to him," he tried and tried but never could finally arrive at the altar with the woman of his dreams.

Was the College a better place because he was its president for twenty-three years? Were we better people for having known him and worked with him, and, yes, loved him? The answer to both questions is a resounding "yes."

Robert Frost once said that if you had to love something you could do worse than give your heart to a college. I suppose that thought is considered a bit quaint and old-fashioned in 1991. But it surely describes Howard Lowry through and through.

## 1967-77

by J. W. Poccock '38

Educational institutions — along with most major institutions of society — resist change. In fact, they strongly resist change. This is no news to any of you here today, and The College of Wooster has been no exception to the rule. Looking back over the years, change can be observed. We are wont to ascribe such change to the leadership of our presidents. Well and good.

The fact of the matter is that change is brought on by a variety of causes and pressures

present in our society. The president can recognize and avail himself or herself of these currents to advance the state of the institution more rapidly toward his specific or dimly sensed goals — or can resist momentums which threaten those goals. Those who do it well are recognized as great presidents. Wooster has had more than its share.

This said, today I would like to take you on a brief trip down this river of change at Wooster — the Drushal years — but divert to point out some of the ripples, backwashes, whirlpools, and tidal waves which were part of the deal. And also let's pause to look at some of the scenery along the way.

Wishart was a stabilizer. He had to be. Lowry was the intellectual pied piper whose visions, carried into action, brought Wooster to the national scene and fixed us there. Drushal was the consolidator.

As we look back, many of us who shared his years have come to believe that he was the ideal man for the task at hand and carried it off well. When he, at Howard Lowry's death, was confirmed as acting president, there were a lot of loose ends which needed tidying up — financial, organizational, academic, and student matters. An acting president usually can look to a year of coasting while the next president is being sought. Garber had no such luxury. The problems — which were not brought into the glare of public scrutiny — were simply too urgent to push off. So the acting president began to act.

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### *He was the ideal man for the task at hand.*

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As many of you know well, Garber was a man of the people. He was outgoing and friendly. He was democratic by instinct and an eternal seeker of consensus. He was a consummate politician in the best sense of the term. He had been a member of the teaching faculty. He and Dorothy had been residents in Kenarden for three years. He had been Howard Lowry's operations arm for several years. He knew and was accepted in the community, having served as head of the city council. He certainly knew the territory, and it served us all well.

Let's take a look at the College in the fall of 1967 — the first convocation in years without Howard's melodious voice, wit, and human insights decorating his charge to the troops for the coming year. The campus was in the greatest construction cycle ever seen — and, perhaps, ever to be seen — by the College. Armington Physical Education Center, Lowry Center, Wishart Hall, Mateer and Armington, Bissman and Stevenson were all in some phase of construction. The old chapel still stood, but not for long. The football team didn't do well, but women's intercollegiate sports were coming in strong and threatened men's sports for attention and support. Homecoming was a great spectacle. Friday night football bonfires drew a crowd of the student body. And Miller's Lakes

were still invitingly open for coed excursions into the land of Mother Nature.

Four hundred eighty-two freshmen arrived — a new record. More small homes had been purchased to house them. The *Voice* championed “student power” without much articulation of what it meant. The National Guard asked students to help Guard training by participating in a simulated riot. Two hundred responded with gusto. The riot verged on escaping the confines of mere simulation but ended with compliments from both sides. The cow droppings at the Fairgrounds site simulated landmines and spared neither side. A *Voice* editorial opined that “the life and climate of this college is now, more than previously, in a state of rapid transition.” It certainly was.

At his first board meeting, Drushal set a new tone with his list of problems, requirements, and desires, including \$4.6 million in unfunded building expenses and commitments. Another million in need was soon unearthed, and the “Essential Extra” campaign for \$5.5 million was announced. (It closed with over \$7.7 million.)

My whole sense at that time was that Drushal was moving with great urgency and (for an acting president) courage to head off even greater problems. In April of 1968 he was elected eighth president of the College and began to pick up speed. A study by an outside management consultant led to sharpening up of administrative organization and procedures. A board committee on board organization and practices was formed and led to streamlining and modernizing the board’s organization and practices. Another board committee — the first of its kind — was appointed to study and recommend an optimum size for the student body together with changes in admissions goals and procedures. It was a busy time but was setting patterns of change for the College which would extend over a number of years.

Many of you will remember the three-day retreat held in September, 1968, attended by faculty, administrators, students, alumni, and trustees which listened to recommendations on all aspects of College life and business, added some thoughts of its own, and endorsed a program of action for the next few years. The outstanding aspect of all of this is that the program coming from that retreat was carried out — and successfully. Drushal the leader, the politician, and the consensus seeker had his authorizations to move, and he did.

I relate all of this to you simply to emphasize that, in a two-year period of concentrated decision and movement, a greatly altered course of action was set for the College — one which has been followed in principle to this day, with beneficial results for all to see.

It was during this time that Vietnam and the draft became major issues. University and college students, along with many faculty, were exhibiting considerable unrest across the country. Student strikes and building occupations were common. Kent State occurred in 1969. The Wooster community was horrified along with others. But the Wooster campus, unlike

many others, held its emotions in check and continued on its educational course with little disruption. There were a few students arrested for token draft resistance and released. There was a “peace moratorium.” A “peace march,” which included a great portion of the student body and faculty, was completed with compliments to and from both students and city officials and police. Students travelled to Washington for peaceful demonstrations, joining with other college students. Student participants cancelled a planned trip for a Columbus demonstration when it became apparent to them that disorder was being sought. Dick Gregory drew decidedly mixed reviews from students and faculty when he spoke on the campus.

After the Gregory visit in 1969 the *Voice*, in a most petulant comment, accused Wooster students of “being too happy.” Perhaps, after all, that was the answer. But happiness does not mean the neglect of unhappy things in the world. It can also bring a dedication to do one’s best to learn and to strive to eliminate sources of unhappiness in the years of living which lie ahead. At least that’s what the Wooster community seemed to be saying — to me.

By 1970 a number of changes and innovations contributed to the continuing alteration of the Wooster experience. Lowry was opened in late 1968, to *Voice* complaints of unnecessary “splendor,” but the students were overjoyed by the attention to their social beings. Hoover and the “Old Chapel” joined the treasured dust of the past as the new world pushed on. Required chapel was abolished. Open house visiting policies were enriched. Babcock became the International House and also — perhaps more symbolically — the first co-ed dorm. The last of the old elms lining the Kauke quad went down and with them the song “The Elms Are in Their Beauty.” The new chapel set the base for decades of alumni dispute and pain. And, in 1974, the largest class of 627 freshmen arrived, which led to 1975’s peak all-time enrollment of 1,999 — with 1,860 living on a very crowded campus.

By this time all of the major changes and shifts had been seeded in and, seemingly panting, fatigued by the extended exertion, the president, the campus, the alumni, and all other College constituencies sat back to see what had been wrought. To be sure, other good and interesting things took place during the remainder of Garber’s years. The theatre finally arrived, courtesy of the Freedlanders. Co-ed dorms — or program houses — became a prevalent housing option. Abe Lincoln turned up missing. The Kauke Arch was first closed with student-packed snow. There were others — a number of which were continuing spin-offs from the initiatives of the early seventies.

And so, in 1977, Garber Drushal retired, having set the stage for Henry Copeland. **fw**

**Hans Jenny (economics emeritus, vice president for finance and business, 1966–82):** I guess you can’t look at a president of a college for whom you have worked as intimately as I have worked for Garber without putting some of your own memories — even ego — into it. One of the things that I cherish is the personal friendship that Garber and I had over the years. That started when I was still a faculty member and visited him at his house. I think Garber as a family man explains a lot about his relationship with his staff and with the students particularly. I’m sure many problems were solved at home that later were solved on campus in the same humane way.

**Ted Williams (chemistry):** I think Garber wanted to make the place accessible to a number of people. He knew what the students were doing. At the height of the tense times, the black students and Fifth Section were at each others’ throats. It was very tough; we had boycotts, and there was a lot of tension. I happened to be friends with both groups. And on occasion they would come down to my house, and I lived in fear that they would cross each other in the middle of my yard. Garber invited the president of Fifth Section to his house with a group of Black students, and he sat them down. To this day I remember him saying to my friend from Fifth Section, “Can you assure me that there are no guns in Fifth Section?” looking him straight in the eye. And Tom said, “I can assure you in the morning.”

**Diane Limbird Hamburger ’71:** I think we started to change about the time we realized that women had to sign in to their dorms at 10:45 p.m. while the Library stayed open until 11:00 p.m., and that we were therefore missing fifteen minutes a night of possible study time. By the end of our first semester, we had not only gotten rid of that fifteen minutes of lost study time, but we had also gotten rid of concepts like lights out and light cuts, and had moved on to Chapel and Chapel attendance requirements. Over the next several years, a number of those venerable institutions disappeared.

But while those things disappeared, the concept of the institution as valuable heart did not get destroyed.

I think we were taught how to experiment responsibly. I don’t think we knew that while we were here, but it was something that the faculty taught us as they participated with us. It’s something the administration taught us as they helped us work through our naiveté about how society worked and to implement change without destroying the underlying institution that made it possible.

**Raymond G. McCall (English):** I recall that in ’66-67, in one of Howard Lowry’s last Chapel talks, he used a most unfortunate phrase. In speaking directly to the students, he said, “Stick to your knitting.” What he meant by that was “concentrate on studying; don’t try to tell administrators and faculty how to run the College,” an attitude that would have been absolutely disastrous in the years ahead and an attitude that Garber certainly did not have.



# The Ivory Tower Half a Century Later

by James Blackwood '41

*The phrase applied almost literally to The College of Wooster fifty years ago. Several of its collegiate gothic buildings were constructed of ivory-colored brick. What's more, at the hub of the campus, Kauke Hall had a stately, four-square, ivory tower.*

*Wooster's ivory tower, before the addition of the del Mar Archway.*

That famous crack about "the ivory tower," which Sainte-Beuve meant for one drowsy scholar at the Sorbonne, became a tag to hang on any institution of higher learning for a supposed aloofness from "the real world." Yet the phrase applies almost literally to The College of Wooster fifty years ago. Several of its collegiate gothic buildings were constructed of ivory-colored brick. What's more, at the hub of the campus Kauke Hall had a stately, four-square, ivory tower.

In front of Kauke rose a "cathedral of elms." Frick Library stood east of the quadrangle; Memorial Chapel, west. The grass, freshly cut by a horsedrawn mower, looked remarkably green. Small signs read: "Keep Off."

On a September morning in 1936 hundreds of students who hadn't been there the night before began fluttering in like a flock of migratory birds, I among them, a freshman. Meanwhile, without my fully realizing it, three buildings on the quad had begun to symbolize what I hoped for in college: systematic inquiry, lectures, and discussions in the classrooms of Kauke Hall; quiet, reflective study and research of one's own, with a beckoning margin of interest that lies all around the printed page, in the library; and a gathered community, focused on matters of consequence vastly larger than the campus, in the chapel. For me, at any rate, only in the architectural sense could *this* college be tagged an ivory tower.

Not that I wish to idealize the place or ignore the symbol. That year I was an incoming freshman while my brother Andrew W. Blackwood '37 was an out-going senior. For the *Index* Andy described his fellow students:

"Well fed and complacent. Deeply interested in all national and international affairs.

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*The Class of '37:  
"Well fed and complacent."*

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Much more deeply interested in dances and basketball scores.

"Liberals and conservatives. Radicals and reactionaries. The world will take them all in its stride without wincing. The college has.

"Sanctified by their eight hours of compulsory religion. Enabled, by their eight hours of modern language, to talk fluently with anyone else who has had eight hours of [the same] language. Healthy and vigorous from their four hours of required physical education. Slightly musty [now] in the science they once studied so dutifully. Wouldn't know an endopodite from a penneplain.

"Deeply regretful of the work they have not done. Resolved to atone for their past laziness next year."

Well fed? I won't argue the point, especially if you like meatballs and mashed potatoes. Or weiners and sauerkraut. But I did not find students complacent. For one thing, protesting a yearbook that gave equal prominence to debate and basketball, angry jocks made a bonfire of that *Index*. No complacency

there. I lived off campus next door to the Shack, run by Bill Syrios, a Greek immigrant. For me the Shack became a little Areopagus, a blend of Coca-Cola and lively argument, Benny Goodman swing and a fine blue haze of laughter. The Music Room offered a more sedate and smokeless welcome in Lower Kauke. There we studied while the Capehart player spun recordings of classical music. Meeting

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*If there were enough complacency to go around, an undeniable zest also marked that era.*

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near the Music Room, Congressional Club — like many other groups — vented youthful opinions on issues of the day. If there were enough complacency to go around, an undeniable zest also marked that era in campus life.

My introduction to Wooster proved most fortunate. Every day I had lunch in Kenarden Lodge with brother Andy and his friends. Our talk was intense, far-reaching, often hilarious. Although names and faces changed around the table, our discussions rolled on from one day to the next: seniors Norvin Hein '37, Emil Albu '37, Jack Wishart '37; sophomores Scott Behoteguy '39, Jim Dawson '39, Bill Alrich '39; Art Compton '39 and his cousin Bill Compton '40, the third generation of Wooster's most illustrious family. From different backgrounds but with common interests, we took on an unruly world and tried to make sense of it.

These young men were widely read and articulate. They had traveled. Politically, economically, and otherwise they knew what was going on in the world — a world just then still in the grip of the Great Depression, recently stunned by Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia, upset now by civil war in Spain, and anxiously observing in Germany the cancerous growth of the Third Reich under Adolf Hitler.

In other words, at the table in Kenarden we had plenty to talk about, and we did so with abandon. Here I found the epitome of what I thought a college ought to be. Where a campus is tingling with energetic young minds, male and female, where theory clashes with set opinions, where youthful inexperience tries on various new ideas for size, and where, at the least provocation, everyone dives in, arguing, questioning, joking, and calling each other's bluff, there, it must be said, education is thriving. Along with weiners and sauerkraut, that's what I had for lunch.

Ivory tower? Not so I could notice it!

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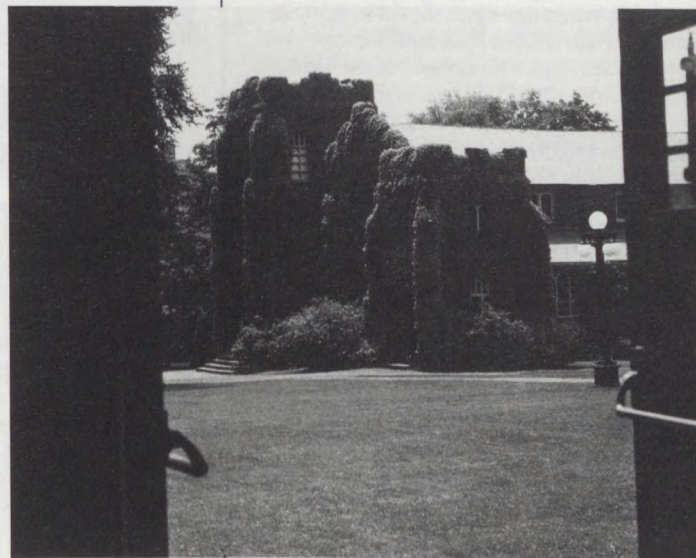
I was lucky in my teachers. Take, for one, the professor of geology, Karl Ver Steeg. Affectionately, but never to his face, we called him "The Bull." He had a barrel chest and hefty shoulders, a thicket of hair, a strong, prognathous jaw, nostrils that dilated when he got fired up, and, when roused, a voice that fairly bellowed. Professor Ver Steeg was intermittent in chapel attendance; he preferred to hole up in his office and rake through the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. He was at his best in

the class right after chapel. When students had filled the classroom, the Bull, unseen but heard like an approaching thunderstorm, burst from his office into the hallway, slamming the door and bellowing outrage at the latest villainies of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. At full volume he came striding into the classroom and brought his map pointer down on the desk with a tremendous *Whack!* (The first thing a good teacher has to do is to catch the students' attention.)

Having disposed of F.D.R., a wayward Congress, and other absurdities, Ver Steeg turned to geology and stuck with it. He lectured without notes. Good at penneplains. Very good with wind gaps and water gaps in the Northern Appalachians. Even better, I recall, with sediment compressed into strata of hard rock, heaving, warping, eroding in overlaid and intrusive patterns of change. Best of all, however, with a sinkhole or graben dropping out of sight; a blizzard, whirlwind, or hurricane so powerful it could drive a straw through an oak tree; a shattering earthquake; a volcano upchucking molten lava. Nature in the raw drew from him his most dazzling effects. Geology majors — there were many of them — thought the world of Karl Ver Steeg.

By contrast, Eva Mae Newnan, professor of Greek, had a voice as tranquil as the Aegean Sea on a calm summer day, a graceful neck rather like that of the Egyptian queen Nefertiti, and a smile as perpetual as Mona Lisa's. I somehow enrolled for an advanced course with only two other students, Betty Burt [Hammond] and Annarie Peters [Cazel], who were to be valedictorians in 1940 and '41, respectively. Miss Newnan patiently endured my odyssey through the perils of Greek epic. She was not only calm; she was compassionate. Generally, she called on me for the first few lines of translation, which, alas, I stumbled through with more originality than precision. Taking turns, the two top scholars picked up the broken thread of narrative, and went so fast I didn't know where we were until Miss Newnan, Betty, and Annarie — in unison — turned the page.

*Memorial Chapel seen through the main doors of Kauke Hall.*



Propaganda and Public Opinion had an altogether different slant from geology or Greek. Professor Louis Ingram taught by means of a dialectic "challenge and response." He seldom lectured.

He asked, "What propaganda techniques did Father Charles Coughlin use in his radio broadcasts, and how effectively did he use them?" "Of the different media — radio, film, newspapers — which one has the greatest impact on public opinion today, and why?" One Socratic prod — "The propagandist must be simple, clear, and precise" — kept us going a full hour. Professor Ingram pitched in with gusto. In fact, I never heard a professor laugh so hard in class. Miss Newnan had a benign smile; before long I'll get to Miss Dunham, who had a nervous giggle; but his laughter at a

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*Our textbook held that Americans in high places did not hesitate to use the devices of propaganda.*

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student's quick retort almost knocked Louis Ingram from the swivel chair.

Our textbook held that Americans in high places did not hesitate to use the devices of propaganda. Critics accused many who were by no means fellow travelers of a litmus change from true-blue Americanism to parlor pink. Guilt by association blasted more than one career in government, education, and the world of entertainment. Far more, in recent years, European dictators had been camouflaging harsh national policies with "calculated management of public opinion." Nazis kept shrieking "The Big Lie." The Fascist "police state" wove a network of terror. The Communist party line scattered bitter seeds of world revolution. The instrument of change — deliberate falsehoods — brought on more and more unrest, coercion, and violence.

Propaganda, then, even in the United States, could be as blatant as a tabloid headline, as dubious as a gambler's tax returns, as tart and insinuating as a Walter Winchell



Dean Westhafer and President Wishart signing diplomas in the 1940s.

broadcast. More than any other class I had, Propaganda and Public Opinion was controversial and exciting. We mixed cool analysis and hot debate.

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World War II began on Friday, 1 September 1939, and Wayne County, Ohio, began to be less far away. I joined several campus groups, Congressional Club among them. One evening Eric Boehm '40, a German Jewish refugee, rose proudly to tell us, "Today I became an American citizen." The Fellowship of Uncongenial Minds met with strident voices. As war spread in Europe, we found ourselves in agreement more and more often. So we disbanded. Members of another group, Essen Verein, an eating club, asked a different professor to sit in each month. We feasted on more sugar, salt, and cholesterol than good health required and dipped into everything from chemistry to economics to philosophy.

The most stimulating group of all came together on Bowman Street, in the upstairs apartment of Frederick W. Moore '14, professor of English. Three English majors, as well as majors in chemistry, history, philosophy, and political science, met about once a month for "Conversations at Midnight." We started before the midnight hour and went well beyond it. When dates had signed in safely at Babcock Hall, Holden Hall, and Hoover Cottage, we began with grilled cheese sandwiches a little after 11:00 p.m. and wound up at 2:00 or 3:00 a.m. (on our last night, at sunrise), having thoroughly reviewed *The Human Situation*. Subdued light made us reflective. The glow seemed to emanate from the only bright object in the room, Fred Moore's glistening bald head.

He had packed that head with volumes of information, sprinkled with trivia of the kind Logan Pearsall Smith doted on, yet he apparently had no scholarly aspirations other than teaching. Although he had studied at Oxford University in England as well as at Wooster, Fred Moore seemed content with two master's degrees. His written style gave an outward sign of an inward grace, a fertility of mind, and a joy

in the suppleness of the English language, yet he never published a book or, to my knowledge, any scholarly papers. For those who could receive it, however, his teaching was nothing short of superb.

Other voices often spoke through him. His class on Shakespeare so enthralled Fred with *King Lear* or *Antony and Cleopatra* that the next play had to wait its turn. He paid attention to dictionary meanings. (What is a "cuck-old"? What were Hamlet's "fardels"?) Beyond that, the teacher hoped that by hearing him read aloud, every student would absorb the text, feeling the cumulative emotional thrust and sparkle in Shakespeare's cascade of words. He read aloud in other classes, too. Like any good actor, Fred Moore became one with his material, fusing his own personality with a character, say, in O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms*, or in *Moby Dick*. Ecstasy, fear, anger, torment — the strange, elemental stuff that "upheaved and upgushed" in the soul of

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*The glow seemed to emanate from Fred Moore's glistening head.*

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Melville — throbbed in his voice when he read aloud in class or in the group that met with him in his upstairs apartment.

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Renaissance and Reformation, "Ren & Ref," taught by Professor Aileen Dunham, rated among the most popular courses in the elective system. The professor had no time for frills. Her bobbed hair had not a single wave or curl. She wore a suit of tweedy woolen fabric, plain cut and neutral tone, along with sensible walking shoes. Her lectures were as scintillating as her garments were drab. She began slowly in a well-modulated voice, at an almost hesitant pace (heartening to young scholars who wanted to take down every word in their notebooks). As Miss Dunham wound into her theme, however, the tempo quickened perceptibly and her voice rose. Her mind raced ahead of her tongue. She stammered, giggled, and

occasionally coughed or sneezed, in a rush to lay bare the excesses of this or that pope or some nasty intrigue of the Borgias. Her eyes lit up as she depicted the brilliance and grandeur, the dash and folly of the Renaissance; and in words hardly less vivid, creative strokes of the Reformation. A lecture by Professor Dunham — comprehensive, detailed, illuminated by surprising flashes of wit — came from artesian depths. But no matter how hard she tried, she never finished with the bell.

Jim Allardice '41 and I majored in history. For that department each of us wrote an honors paper, the equivalent of Independent Study. We both took Miss Dunham's course on World War I while World War II swept North Africa and Europe.

Male students at Wooster began to register for the draft. Still the United States had not declared war. For years an isolationist mood had gripped the country, not least in Ohio. Against that weight of public opinion, Professor Dunham left no doubt of where she stood. All three rascals — Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin — must be stopped in their tracks. Yet so panicky, so bungling and futile had been early diplomatic reactions to Hitler's maneuvers that he could bully his way into the Rhineland and Czechoslovakia, overpower Norway, lay the Lowlands flatter than they already were, and bring France to heel. Into such a world (what a world it was!) our Class of 1941 would soon be graduated.

We felt the shaking of the foundations. Still our life on campus wasn't all that grim. Last year the winter issue of *Wooster* printed my article on "Two Jims," telling about the script Jim Allardice and Bert Bond '40 wrote for the Gum Shoe Hop, the annual musical comedy put on by the Student Senate.

Miss Dunham had urged Jim to cultivate his knack for humorous writing. The student production of *The Goose Steps High*, in February 1940, gave a rollicking satire on dictatorship. Professor Dunham beamed with delight and in class thanked Jim for his gift of laughter. Yet the following year his honors paper gave no hint of comedy. Thoughtfully, analytically, he marked the collapse of Germany's Weimar Republic. That breakdown, of course, opened the way for Hitler's dictatorial powers. On the last page of Jim's honors paper, Miss Dunham wedged in three words of commendation: "A graceful ending." Years afterward she wrote to me: "I remember vividly telling Jim that anybody with his talent for comedy would be well advised to choose a career in drama over the somber world of historical scholarship."

As seniors, Jim Wise and I took Professor L. W. Coolidge's course on "English Poets of the 17th Century," one of the best courses either of us ever had. Meanwhile, I was working on my honors paper in history, "Three Puritans," ninety-nine pages of text with seven pages more, single-spaced, of bibliography. I wrote:

"England, as we have known it, was born in the seventeenth century. That age was one of unprecedented change. Opinion and belief,



theory and practice in politics, theology, and science were turned topsy-turvy; but there emerged a nation of new and enduring stamp. For many of the liberties they have since enjoyed, the English owe a heavy debt to the Puritans, and to the Puritan Revolution. [Thomas Babington] Macaulay said: "That great battle was fought for no single generation, for no single land. The destinies of the human race were staked in the same cast with the freedom of the English people."

Three centuries had come and gone. Threatened values were at stake once more. Some of the men on campus, chafing at the academic grind, wanted to enlist. Art Saalfield '42 felt that way. With two other members of Third Section, he shared a top suite in Kenarden Lodge. The night before he left for the Army, several friends joined him in the suite.

Cross-legged, they sat on the floor around a single candle. As they talked of good times they'd had together, the steady glow of the candle lit up their faces. When they had nothing more to say, their silence was even more emphatic than their speech. After awhile the candle began to drip, flare, waver, as flame consumed wax and wick; and slowly, ever so slowly, the candle burned to the socket. As uncertain light became still more uncertain, friends, one by one, rose and shook hands with Art and left without a word. For a lingering moment the wick held one tiny red speck of light. Then the ember winked out. And on that dark night two friends tramped the hills near Apple Creek until the sun rose.

A full house in the old Frick library.



Not long afterward President Roosevelt spoke of defending "The Four Freedoms" — freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want, freedom from fear — "everywhere," he said, "everywhere in the world."

Along with my honors paper, which Professor Mary Rebecca Thayer called "one of the best," I had to take an oral exam in history. I dreaded it. There were so many things I didn't know: for example, the date barbed wire was invented (1873); or when Oklahoma was admitted to the Union (1907). The Department

of History — William Hail, Clayton Ellsworth, Aileen Dunham — met to grill me. Questions vaulted from Roman antiquity to the Great Stone Faces then being carved on Mt. Rushmore, South Dakota. (Whose faces were they, and why those four?) Miss Dunham plunged into the questioning on my behalf.

And on hers.

Professor Hail had started by asking me to compare and contrast Roman *coloni* and medieval *serfs*. Before I could fumble an answer, Miss Dunham broke in, "We did *not* approach the subject from that angle." She indicated the angle from which we had approached it. I nodded agreement, saying, "That's right." Indeed, Miss Dunham intercepted most of the questions her colleagues threw at me. I backed my mentor all the way: "That's right — Right — As Professor Dunham just now explained — Let me add one thing more." On the whole, I thought, Professor Dunham did exceptionally well on my oral exam.

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Then suddenly it was June.

Bill Miller '41, president of our class, didn't want to give the traditional "senior farewell" in Memorial Chapel. He asked me, as president of the Student Senate, to stand in for him. I did so gladly. Mine was the first nonsentimental farewell in years. Not that I had anything against moonlight, ivy, or the scent of lilacs, much less that amazingly brief spurt of time "when life's but at the start," which we celebrated in "The Wooster Love Song." Yet perhaps too often I had been disenchant-

nozzles for fire engine hoses, and not least The College of Wooster.

"In fact, the College is the biggest industry in town. Its plant spreads over one hundred and ten acres. The endowments total more than six million dollars. The College hires about one hundred and seventy-five persons, and more or less actively employs nine hundred and thirty students . . .

"Education, Henry Seidel Canby reminds us, is more than the binomial theorem, Plato's *Republic*, the second law of thermodynamics, the sheer beauty of Keats, or the meaning of God in an industrial society. We have come here to learn that wisdom which, in Matthew Arnold's words, 'sees life steadily and sees it whole.'"

Again, with a nod to Matthew Arnold, I spoke of liberal arts as the aim "to learn and propagate the best that has been thought and said in the world." Professor Howard Lowry '23 had spliced in two additional words that made a critical difference: "Thought, said, *and done* in the world." The definition still had loopholes. Yet I felt that ultimately the struggle between best and worst lay near the heart of any education that deserved to be called "higher."

Normally the ritual of commencement was held on the quadrangle. Overcast skies forced ours into a steamy chapel. At the organ, Professor Neille O. Rowe marched us down the center aisle. Like my classmates, I wore a rented black gown and a square black halo. Prexy Wishart, as always, presided with dignity. He had invited Senator Norris of Nebraska, a liberal Republican, to speak that morning. The dam named after him did nothing to stem the senator's flow of words. At long last, seniors crossed the platform in alphabetical order. Dean Westhafer handed diplomas to Prexy, who, in turn, gave one to each graduate.

Honors, Prizes, Awards, Announcements, Benediction. That did it. All of us — the top half of the class, and the "bottom half that made the top half possible" — changed at the flick of a tassel into alumni.

We marched out of Memorial Chapel faster than we had marched in. On the quadrangle we stood in something like a circle and sang "The Wooster Love Song." My mother waited for me at the Rock with a hug and a kiss. All over the quad there were great kissings and huggings and arm-in-arm photographs. For the duration of our campus life little signs had read "Keep Off," but shamelessly now, as alumni, we trampled the grass.

Inwardly, we had changed. Outwardly, the campus had not changed much.

The "cathedral of elms" arched overhead. The Killbuck Valley sloped away to the south. Library, east; Chapel, west. And Kauke Hall, as if trying to embrace the scene with outstretched arms, rose with its Tudor gothic, foursquare ivory tower.

Each of us was being caught away into a world made larger by reason of our having learned something more about it — a "real world" still at war with itself, with Pearl Harbor six months off, and four years beyond, Hiroshima. -W-

My farewell began: "If you look at a road map of the United States, and trace Route 30 from either coast, sooner or later you will come across a dot called Wooster. It is a good-looking dot, as dots go.

"But what is it, this Wooster?

Geographically, it is located one mile east of Farino's and one mile west of Ray's Place. To literally thousands of people the name recalls only a rest stop on the Greyhound bus line. But it is more: the home of Harris Paints, a soybean factory, a foundry that turns out

# An Improbable College

by Henry Copeland

Wooster is an improbable college. Nothing in its particular circumstances or natural endowments foreordained that it should survive and prosper, and as we celebrate the 125th anniversary of its founding this year, I want to reflect on its development.

As others have pointed out, historians should never follow too closely on the heels of history for fear of being kicked, and thus I will strictly limit my observations to the College's first century. Moreover, my remarks this morning are not political in nature, and I ask that you indulge the whims of an historian rather than the pronouncements of a president. Jim Hodges, Gordon Tait, and Bill Pocock have all recently examined the history of the College [see page 18], and they will each have their own account of these same years.

As I look back over the period from 1866 to 1966, Wooster appears to me to be an improbable institution, one not predestined to endure and flourish. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Americans founded



PHOTO BY MATT DILLARD

Henry J. Copeland, ninth president of The College of Wooster.

literally hundreds of academies, schools, institutes, seminaries, conservatories, colleges, and universities. Many of these either did not survive or have since sunk into mediocrity, and while a number of distinguished institutions like Johns Hopkins and Cornell were founded in the decade just after the Civil War, others established in those same years have either vanished or today lead undistinguished lives.

Founded as a university at the very moment universities emerged as the model that would come to dominate American higher

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## *The banning of public theatrical performances set the University further apart.*

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education and created with ambitions to have graduate programs of medicine, philosophy, law, and theology, the institution had ample opportunity to stumble over its own pretensions. Lured in several directions, the University struggled for more than fifty years to define itself.

During the first decade, the institution was composed of an undergraduate college, a medical school (larger than the college itself), a flourishing preparatory school, and a division of graduate studies leading to the doctoral degree, and in the next two decades, the University established specialized schools of commerce, education, music, art, expression, and Biblical and missionary training. Later, programs in agriculture and domestic science were considered. Wooster's attention and energies were fragmented, and the outcome of the struggles of its earliest decades was by no means inevitable.

Made possible by the financial support of the merchants and farmers of Wooster and Wayne County and by the dreams and prayers of the Presbyterians of Ohio, the University lived on meager rations during its first three decades. Opening with just thirty-four students, it had reached the four hundred mark by 1900, but throughout its first century, it remained a comparatively small institution. Applications never paralleled the explosive growth of higher education in general.

Prior to 1895, students lived either at home or in boarding houses and private homes spread across the town, and it was not until 1911 that both men and women could be housed on campus. In 1890, the abolition of intercollegiate athletics cut Wooster off for an entire decade from the activity that was to become the most popular aspect of American collegiate life, and in the same decade the ban-

ning of public theatrical performances from the campus set the University further apart. After Old Main burned in 1901, Wooster survived only through the improbable response of Andrew Carnegie, an agnostic who had always pointedly refused to give a cent to Christian colleges, to President Holden's appeal on behalf of Christian education. It is safe to say that had not five buildings arisen in a year's time to replace the one that had burned, the University would not have survived.

As Wooster struggled to define itself during the first decades of the twentieth century, other crises followed. The abolition of fraternities in 1913 alienated many alumni and struck at the heart of the appeal on which many colleges would come to rely to attract students. A quarrel in 1915 over a summer school that specialized in teacher education and that had become larger than the undergraduate college itself was a struggle about the nature of the institution as well as about whether the College was to be the creature of local commercial interests. The conflict led to the resignation of President Louis Holden, who wanted to abolish the summer school, and the selection of President John White, who supported the summer school and talked of building a lake in Wooster and making it a summer resort like Chautauqua.

For the four years of Mr. White's presidency, Wooster's fate hung in the balance. In the 1920's, the attack of fundamentalists over the teaching of evolution at the College discouraged prospective students and donors and took its toll on the institution. This challenge was followed by the austerity and quiet desperation of the Depression, when many salaries were cut by 30 percent, and of World War II, when enrollment dropped by almost half and the College relied on military training programs and the devotion of its staff to sustain itself.

Academically, Wooster was strengthened in each decade, and by the 1920's, it had established itself as an educational institution of stature. It attracted talented faculty members trained in the doctoral programs of the best universities, was awarded a Phi Beta Kappa chapter, and developed an honors program. In 1944, its academic reputation was secured when the leading candidate for president was rejected and Howard Lowry '23 was persuaded to return to Wooster from Princeton. With Mr. Lowry's introduction of Independent Study and the faculty's assumption of the obligations that the program implied, the College gained national stature.

Nevertheless, while Wooster certainly grew more secure as each decade went by, no single, sustaining benefactor emerged; and the endowment was never sufficient either to cushion the institution against the inevitable cycles in higher education or to guarantee its future. As late as 1960, one of the leading Trustees, Carl Weygandt, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio, resigned from the Board because he believed that the administration insisted upon spending money that was "neither at hand nor in sight." He deplored the College's profligate ways and forecast disaster.

And, as the decade of the 1960's came to a close, the institution had indeed accumulated \$6 million in short-term debts at a time when its endowment had fallen below \$10 million. Only for rare periods during the first hundred years did Wooster enjoy financial stability, and even in the best of times, the margin was thin.

Why did Wooster survive and achieve the stature it had earned by 1966? My suggestion is that there was remarkable continuity in the beliefs of those who guided the institution over

*There was remarkable continuity in the beliefs of those who guided it.*

the first hundred years and that, inspired by these convictions, a courageous band of faculty members sustained the institution through the trials of its first century. Amid all the diversity of opinion and diffusion of energies, the convictions of the faculty in the undergraduate college prevailed, and these provided the ideals that became the soul of the institution.

What were these beliefs? In 1928, following the death of Jonas Notestein (1873), President Charles Wishart sought to summarize these convictions in an address he entitled, "The Traditional Spirit of Wooster." Professor Notestein's presence at the College as a student and then a faculty member had spanned the entire history of the institution, and Mr. Wishart thought that Mr. Notestein's death was the appropriate moment to summarize the aspirations of the College's first six decades.

Mr. Wishart identified four traditions. These had to do with religion, science, social life, and academic

standards, and in his conclusion, he observed that these traditions were responsible for "a passion for service" and "a world-wide outlook" among Wooster's graduates.

First and foremost, Mr. Wishart stated that during its first sixty years a religious faith had been at the heart of the institution. Born of Presbyterian convictions, Wooster had, according to a resolution of the Trustees at their first meeting, "the single purpose of glorifying God in promoting sanctified education, and thus furthering the interests of the Church and its extension over the whole earth."

As Howard Lowry summarized the goal a hundred years later, Wooster wanted "to combine a growth in learning with growth in the Christian faith." While admitting students of all creeds or of no creed at all and while always recognizing that true religion must be voluntary, Wooster's expressed intention was that students would be invited to a profession of faith and to an active commitment to extend the kingdom of God on earth.

During the first century, Evangelical Christianity was thus a prominent aspect of Wooster's history. In the early decades, leading faculty members led prayer groups for the unsaved, "gracious revivals" were reported in the University's Catalogue, and conversions in the student body were reported to the Trustees each year. As a religious institution, the College's goal was to become one of Calvin's select communities, and Wooster was concerned with the souls as well as the minds of its students.

President Archibald A. E. Taylor summed up this theme that wound its way through the century: "What we want as the product of our college is not minds, so much as men; men, because mind and soul must stand equally developed in mature vigor and capability to grapple with the problems and forces of life, both moral and intellectual." Because mind and soul must stand together, Wooster summoned students to consider the claims of Christianity as an integral part of its educational program. As Howard Lowry stated, "For nearly two thousand years the Western world has been either conquered

or irritated by the stunning claim that Christ is the Son of the living God. If you are not taken captive by that idea, you at least owe it to your wits to allow yourself a four-year course of irritation. It is part of any adequate and first-rate education."

Wooster was owned by the Presbyterian Church until 1968, and although all of its presidents in the first century were not ordained ministers, they were all preachers at heart. They equated the College's development with the quest for the kingdom of God, and as President Wishart looked back over the period of his own presidency at Wooster, he recalled "fair days when the City of God seemed to loom up clear and beautiful, its towers and minarets shining in the golden glory of celestial sunlight."

Secondly, Mr. Wishart stated that Wooster had a rich scientific tradition that defended the right of students and faculty members to examine the facts of geology, biology and anthropology and to draw from them such inferences as the facts warranted. He pointed out that Wooster was dedicated to the doctrine that "God is one, truth is one, and that science and religion are indeed from the same source and that a truth in one field of investigation can never really contradict a truth in another field." Indeed, there was an obligation to pursue science because Wooster's reli-

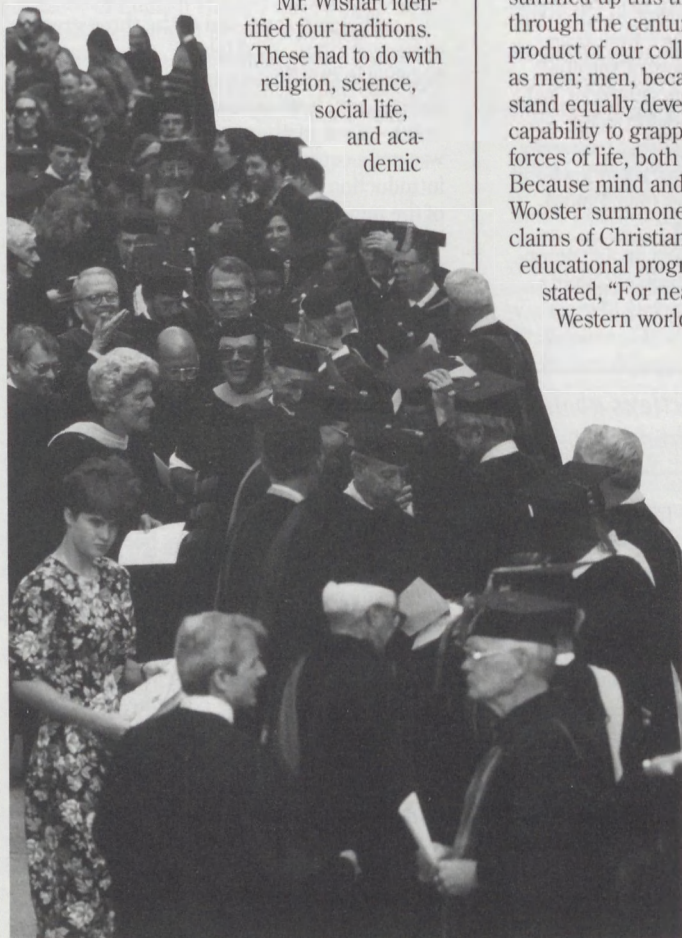
*Science was useful in demonstrating the wondrous ways of God.*

gious convictions rested both on the authority of the Scriptures and on the verification that reason might find in nature. Science was useful in demonstrating the wondrous ways of God, and men and women of religious conviction could confidently pursue their studies of the natural world without jeopardizing a belief in Divine purpose.

From the beginning, science was a part of Wooster's curriculum. John Calvin himself had been convinced that the final goal of the blessed life rested in a knowledge of God, that God had disclosed himself in the whole workmanship of the universe, and that astronomy, medicine, and all natural science could observe these evidences. This theme had been a part of President Willis Lord's inaugural address, and throughout the decades, Wooster took pride in the scientists on its faculty and supported them against the attacks of religious fundamentalists.

With Mr. Wishart's defeat of William Jennings Bryan in a contest to be Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in 1924 and Arthur Compton's (13) Nobel Prize in 1927, the scientific tradition was secure. Many of Wooster's more distinguished graduates were the products of its science departments, and it is perhaps no accident that the last five Chairmen of Wooster's Board of Trustees majored in one of the sciences at the College.

As a third trait, Mr. Wishart noted that Wooster had traditionally maintained a quality



*The faculty ignore their marshals' cries for order outside McGaw Chapel before opening convocation this fall.*

PHOTO BY MAIT DIXEYARD



PHOTO BY MATT DILEYARD

*"With its meager resources and the recurring challenges, the institution's saving grace was the devotion of those faculty members who had dedicated themselves to Wooster's ideals."*

of social simplicity. In examining this point, he noted that Wooster's student body was not wealthy and that prospective students who sought the more hectic forms of social life had never been attracted to the College. He deplored the fact that Wooster's social restrictions repelled many good prospects who were frightened by the tales of monastic life, and he went on to say that "those who may have been disturbed by melancholy pictures, sometimes painted by advocates of other institutions, in which Wooster is shown as swathed in perennial Sabbath calm broken only by occasional hymn tunes may be assured that the facts are far otherwise. Life on this campus has its phases which with due restraint might be called at least cheerful."

Behind this jest lay, however, the reality of Calvin's asceticism. An upright life meant austere deportment and abstinence from dancing, card playing, gambling, obscenity, and drunkenness. As William Tæusch recalled his student days at Wooster, there was "a general social feeling that to smoke or dance or play cards or drink alcoholic beverages or go to the theatre was in some degree immoral, however moderate the indulgence." On the occasion of this observation in 1941, Mr. Tæusch disclaimed these ascetic tendencies, but then concluded by commenting that "if in the new student union building students sip Coca-Cola and wisecrack all their working hours when they should be associating with the great and good of all ages, I shall look upon the building as a den of iniquity."

Calvin's ascetic strain did affect the institution over the decades from 1866 to 1966, and Wooster's collegiate ideal was to be a community of the elect with a well-ordered student

body that was no less industrious than religious and that had overcome the "human tendency to slackness and laziness." Of course, this same ascetic strain affected almost all colleges founded by religious organizations in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but the abolition of fraternities at Wooster in 1913 permitted the College to retain far longer than many other institutions the goal of spiritual grace rather than social advancement for its students, or, as Frederick Rudolph in his *History of the American College and University* summed it up, a "preference for a brotherhood of professing Christians rather than a multiplicity of Greek brotherhoods."

Beyond Mr. Wishart's jest about "perennial Sabbath calm" and the strain of Calvin's asceticism, however, lay a principle of great

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*He had strong convictions about the equality of men and women.*

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importance to the institution. In his Inaugural Address, President Lord had spoken of "our original and essential equality" as men and women and had asserted that the essential test of citizenship in the commonwealth of science and letters should be "character, mental and moral quality and attainment, not condition, race, color, or sex."

As a graduate of Williams Collège and Princeton Seminary and inspired by the faith that "in Christ Jesus, there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female," President Lord had preached fiery sermons during the Civil War against slavery, and he felt strongly about the value of education in fitting men and women for freedom.

Likewise, he had strong convictions about the equality of men and women and devoted a lengthy section of his Inaugural Address to this general topic as well as to the specific contributions that women would make to the quality of education at Wooster.

Ironically, therefore, behind the tradition of social simplicity identified by Mr. Wishart, there was embedded the ideal of a meritocracy in which intellectual and moral attainment rather than "the mere incidents of humanity" would be the test of status in Wooster's community of the elect.

The fourth trait identified by Mr. Wishart was a tradition of academic excellence, and he asserted that Wooster was then "maintaining standards comparable to the oldest institutions in the country." He regretted that this meant that many prospective students who wanted an easier time of it decided to go elsewhere, but "hard work squarely done is part of our duty to the student and to the academic world."

From its inception, Wooster had had high ambitions to be among the best in the land, and learning was always taken seriously at the institution. Before the University opened its doors, its founders had taken four years to raise funds for an endowment and to construct and furnish a building with classrooms, a library, and scientific instruments and specimens. From the first year, Wooster's curriculum cherished a humanistic ideal of classical scholarship, and throughout its first century, the College believed that there was a core of knowledge which every educated person should master.

The core consisted of the three great ancient civilizations (Hebraic, Greek, and Roman) in the Western tradition and of ancient and modern languages and the natural sciences and mathematics. The curriculum was not a course of practical studies but an introduction to the more exalted achievements of the mind and spirit. President Lord and President Lowry could have had a conversation about curriculum in which they might have differed about details but in which they would have shared a common set of assumptions.

Thus, Mr. Wishart asserted that convictions about religion, science, social life, and academic standards defined the spirit of Wooster, and in conclusion, he observed that these traditions had imbued Wooster's graduates with "a passion for service" and a "worldwide outlook." With regard to service, the College's ambition had always been that its students "hear in their souls a trumpet call to high endeavor." On the fiftieth anniversary, it was proudly noted that more than 50 percent of all graduates, both men and women, had gone either into religious or educational work, and this bent for service continued to characterize the graduates of the College.

With regard to a global perspective, the fiftieth anniversary *Alumni Bulletin* noted that almost 10 percent of Wooster's graduates had become foreign missionaries and were then living in over twenty-five foreign countries. Upon the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary,

Harry Cotton stated that the record in foreign missions between 1916 and 1941 had been just as impressive as in the earlier period, and in addition he proudly recounted the stories of graduates who were then distinguishing themselves around the world in business and the diplomatic corps. The missionary graduates, their furlough homes in Wooster, the special houses for their sons and daughters, and the international students whom they sent to the College all conspired, as Howard Lowry put it on the seventy-fifth anniversary, "to put the world in Wooster's heart."

In summary, then, beliefs in the reality of Divine purpose in human affairs, in the validity of inquiry and knowledge, in the

*"The things that educate us are subtle and quiet."*

importance of standards of intellectual effort, in human equality, and in the importance of service to others and of a global perspective defined the College during its first century. As I read the record, there was remarkable continuity in these beliefs over one hundred years, and my thesis this morning is that they sustained the institution through decades of difficulty and uncertainty.

With its meager resources and the recurring challenges, the institution's saving grace was the devotion of those faculty members who had dedicated themselves to Wooster's ideals. In a Chapel talk in 1930, then professor of English Howard Lowry described the small company of faculty members who had preserved the institution against great odds during its first sixty years. These faculty members were called the "Old Guard," and they were the heroes.

Most had been at Wooster for the greater part of its history, and "through long years of microscopic salaries, through an infinity of bluebooks, the hungry generations had been treading them down." Throughout, they had believed that Wooster was "not a university, nor a vocational school, but a college of the liberal arts." They had been opposed by three groups — those who believed in practical education and early specialization; those who had never had a liberal education themselves and had never understood the College's purpose; and those who believed in a university ideal and whose allegiance was to their own professional advancement rather than to the life of the campus. The Old Guard had opposed these adversaries, and, as Lowry said: "They were themselves greater than anything they taught."

The Old Guard was followed by an equally remarkable group of faculty members who saw Wooster through its next forty years. Howard Lowry himself, of course, was foremost among those who transmitted the traditions of the College, but anyone who knew Wooster well in those years could quickly identify the names of thirty to forty faculty members who formed the core of the institution in

the decades from the 1930s to the 1960s and most of whom embodied its traditional beliefs.

The honor roll is too long to recite this morning, but like the Old Guard, these individuals maintained the convictions of the place. Like their predecessors, they experienced long years of minuscule salaries, had teaching loads almost double those of today, and carried exhausting responsibilities for the residential life of students, but they also believed passionately in the importance of each day's recitation and approached each hour in the classroom as a crusade on behalf of knowledge and learning.

The stories are legend, and those who were there will never forget Aileen Dunham's sitting on her desk lecturing well past the bell, or Clayton Ellsworth's fervent prayer for Mr. Ferraro's academic soul intoned over his vacant chair, or Eva Mae Newnan's compassion for Jim Blackwood '41 as he struggled through the perils of the Greek epic in a class of three students comprised of himself and the valedictorians of the Classes of 1940 and 1941. Then there were Coach Munson and Mary Z. Johnson. They cared, and they too were greater than anything they taught.

In the institution's defense, providing financial aid for needy students always took precedence over faculty salaries, but more than any other factor the commitment of men like Elias Compton (1881) and Lowell Coolidge, of women like Annie Irish (Ph.D. 1882) and Pauline Ihrig '23, accounts for the fact that the institution endured. These individuals embodied the traditional spirit of Wooster, and they are the story of its first century.

Of course, there are countless other stories. During the first century, the College had some 11,000 graduates. Each had a singular experience, and all had their own


memories. Upon the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary, Howard Lowry summed up this essential particularity of an institution's history in the following way:

"For what a college means to one is not just the events that mark its progress, those things which will in time compose its formal record — but rather its small concerns of every day, including perhaps its 'chronicles of wasted time.' The things that educate us are subtle and quiet — the remarks of a friend, the expression of a face, the glimpse of a landscape, a moment in a laboratory or a lecture, the margin of a book, some question left unanswered, a fragment of music, the edge of a painting, the quick instant of a game. Even, when we least suspect,

there's a sunset-touch,

A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,  
A chorus-ending from Euripides —  
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears  
As old and new at once as Nature's self,  
To rap and knock and enter in our soul."

But when considered as a whole, when considered as the vessel for these private moments, Wooster was an enterprise of faith, a triumph of conviction over adversity. The keeping of its character was not easy, but its character was an essential ingredient in its survival during the first century. The world changed in the 1960's, and traditions never define a future. They do, however, create potential, and Wooster's first century provided an abundant resource from which it could and did draw during the quarter century to follow.

The College has a glorious inheritance; we today are the beneficiaries of the procession of men and women who have gone before; and it is with gratitude to those who have preceded us that Wooster's 122nd year of instruction is hereby formally convened. 

*Henry Copeland discusses ceremonial details with Sherrie Clayborne '92, who read Psalm 90 at opening convocation. (Psalm 90 was read by Professor Jonas Notestein at a gathering of all students and faculty on the morning following the destruction by fire of Old Main on December 11, 1901. It has become traditional since then to read the psalm each year at opening convocation.) Deborah Hilty (English, Secretary of the College) is at far right.*

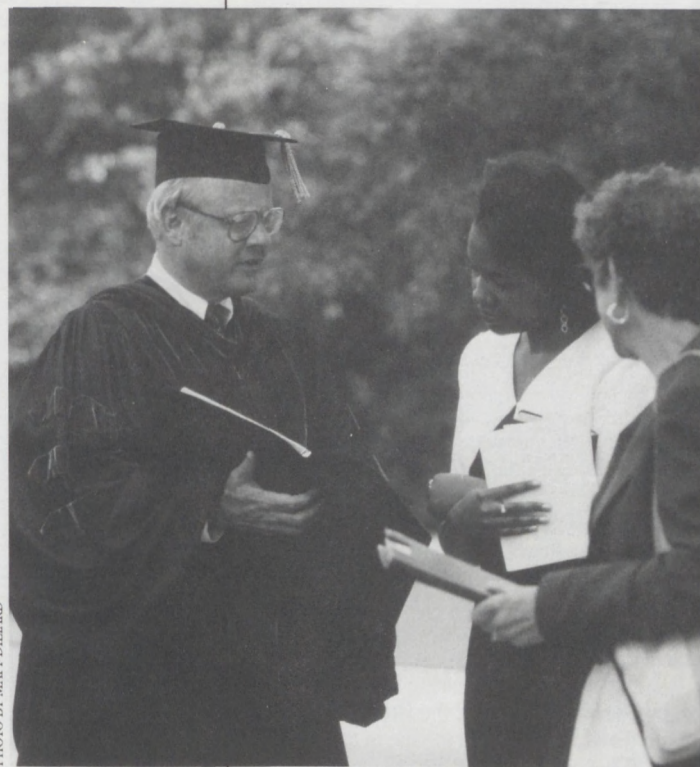


PHOTO BY MATT DILLARD



PHOTO BY DAN STEFANIUK '92

*The Wooster Scot Marching Band — on the bricks.*

# Bagpipes to Football

*Fall Saturdays have their luster in Wooster.*

by Joe Maxse

**T**he waitress at the Wooster Inn said it was within walking distance.

Go down the first fairway of the L.C. Boles Memorial Golf Course and you'll run right into the football stadium.

Braced by enough coffee to fuel an all-night truck stop, the trek to the College of Wooster's refurbished John P. Papp Stadium was most pleasant indeed.

The trees, kissed with colors poured out of a Fruit Loops box, had let loose their tired leaves along the sloping dog-leg right of hole No. 1. Some solitary hacker readied his approach shot. "Run a 7-iron, man," was some smart-alecky advice wisely kept to oneself.

But just as silence was golden, that's when you first heard them—the pipes.

Somewhere out there in the early morning haze, the College of Wooster Fighting Scots Band, 105 kilted-strong, was practicing.

Aye 'twas grand. Hearing the whining bagpipes sound "Scotland the Brave" as you march down a golf course to take in a football game. What a hoot, man.

They take their bagpipes seriously in Wooster.

"I started playing them when I was sixteen," said senior piper Colleen McFarland, a history and German major from Milwaukee. "It takes some getting used to. You've got to practice quite a bit to get the wind and finger-work down. Most people think it's a pretty interesting hobby. We always get a lot of jokes about waking people up on Saturday mornings when we practice."

The tradition of Wooster football has been rather lean of late with only one winning season in the past ten. But on the walls of the Lowry Student Center, some better moments are recalled for this 125-year-old Wayne County institution and its 1,800 students.

Football-rich Ohio State found out about Scots football, according to the *Wooster Voice* of November 5, 1924: "Ohio State holds Wooster to 77 tie. Black and gold warriors first to cross OS goal. Put up splendid defense in first half, then start invincible drive in third period."

The Scots were sure to need some of that gusto this day in their North Coast Athletic Conference game against Case Western Reserve University. After all, they had not won at home since 1989 and had three losses so far this season, one by a 58-0 count.

It was time to pull out all the stops.

As if homecoming and the dedication of the \$800,000 stadium project weren't enough incentive, it was left to the pipers to supply one final charge.

Slowly filing two-by-two down a patch of hillside, the black-and-gold footballers were led to the field by the tartan-clad pipers and drummers.

"The football team asked us to do it once last year," said band director Nancy Ditmer. "It's neat to start a new tradition. We always do a pipe and dance set so now we'll try this."

It didn't work in the early going as CWRU jumped to a thirteen-point, first-quarter advantage as a steady rain settled in. The

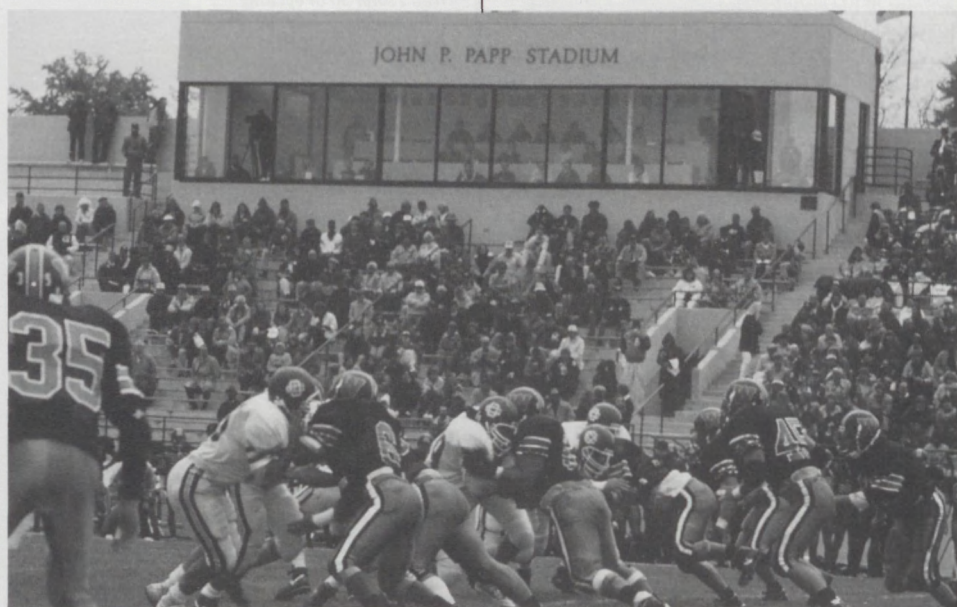


PHOTO BY MATT DILLARD

*Case Western Reserve University and Wooster players in the trenches before the Stanley R. Welty press box in the John P. Papp stadium at Severance field.*

FIELD STUDIES

conditions didn't bother the professorial Baird brothers who had their appropriate bet on the line once again — the brass-plated Baird Brothers Fish Trophy.

"We grew up stream fishing in the Little Miami River," said Bob Baird, fifty-three, an economics professor at CWRU since 1965. "We love to fish and it seemed like something fun to do."

Bill Baird, who turned fifty-six on Saturday, has been teaching economics at Wooster since 1968.

With the help of silk-screen artist Eugenie Torgerson, Bob's wife, the brothers came up with the stringer nine years ago. The winner adds a different type of carved brass fish engraved with the score of that year's game and gets to display it in a campus trophy case.

"This year it's a crappie," Bob Baird said. "We've got carp, trout walleye, catfish. It's the noisiest trophy in Division III."

"It looked really stupid when it only had one fish. We usually come out whenever our schools play each other no matter the sport. We've had some good football teams, but lately we've been floundering."

Ouch.

Bill Baird's bad joke drew a wince from his brother who was trying to regain the stringer after two consecutive losing games to the Scots. Even though Wooster had rallied, he appeared to be in good shape late in the third quarter as CWRU led, 20-17.

But the Spartans could not stop senior running back Brian Grandison from Akron.



PHOTO BY MATT DIXON

said Papp, a quarterback/halfback for the Scots. "It taught me teamwork and friendship. I had a free ride to fifty-two schools, but I chose Wooster because it would give me the education.

"The stadium was looking pretty bad, so I looked at my personal finances and tried to save for a few years. Without Wooster I would not have become a doctor. Wooster deserves the credit."

*A victorious coach Bob Tucker '65 holds up the Baird Brothers trophy in triumph after the game. He is surrounded by (faces from l.) Brian Grandison '92, Steve Spitzer '92, Damond Moodie '94, the 50-percent-eponymous but shy Bill Baird (economics) behind Tucker's arm, and James Weaver '94.*



PHOTO BY DAN STEINLUK '92

*From l., Lolly Copeland, Dr. John Papp '60, Mary Ann Papp, and Henry Copeland. "I wanted to contribute because football meant so much to me in my personal life," said Papp, a quarterback/halfback for the Scots. "It taught me teamwork and friendship."*

He carried forty-four times on Saturday for 187 yards and two touchdowns. His second TD put the Scots back on top, 23-20, and the Wooster defense made sure it stood up for the upset.

No one had the victory gleam more than former football player Dr. John Papp, a 1960 Wooster graduate who attended Lakewood High. Papp, 53, a clinical professor of medicine at Michigan State, supplied the major financing for the new stadium.

"I wanted to contribute because football meant so much to me in my personal life,"

As the joyous players and fans celebrated their good fortune, the sun cut through the overcast. Perhaps the Great Piper in the sky was paying a little tribute for a deed well done.

Aye, it had been a grand day for the Scots. **W**

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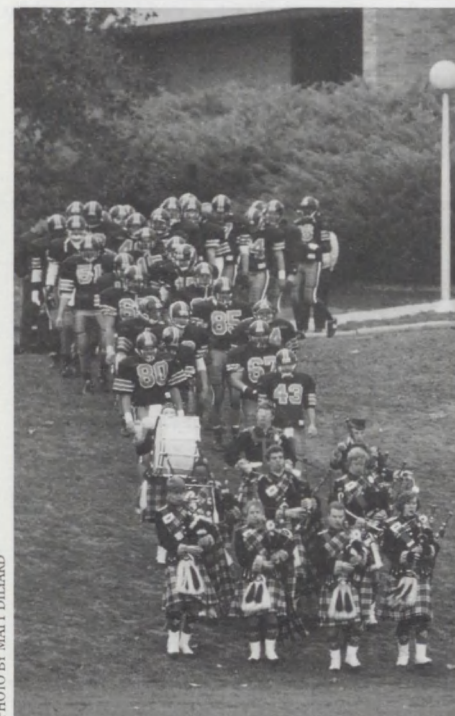


PHOTO BY MATT DIXON

*"The black and gold footballers were led to the field by the tartan-clad pipers and drummers."*

# Alumni News

by Lynda Woods

## The Alumni Board

by Kent Weeks '59, President

The alumni board represents the more than 20,000 persons who are designated as alumni by the College. The alumni board provides a forum for alumni to review College matters; to provide consultation and advice to College officials, and to obtain views from alumni about concerns or issues that the College is considering.

Alumni boards exist at almost every major college and university in the country.



Kent Weeks '59.

And at some colleges they are taken very seriously, as is the case at Wooster.

The alumni association is a diverse body. Our members live in Florida and Washington, Vermont and Minnesota; they are lawyers, doctors, ministers, educators, homemakers, corporate executives, and employees of nonprofit agencies. The bylaws mandate a diverse representation from the classes, and the appointment process supports diversity in membership.

The board is composed of six members elected by the alumni, the three alumni-elected trustees, six appointed members, two members of the faculty, and three student members. Meeting twice a year, the alumni board focuses on the work of its committees: admissions, development, career development, public relations, alumni affairs, nominating, and distinguished alumni awards.

The major college administrative officers meet with the various committees. In addition,

the board has an opportunity to hear from President Copeland, the vice presidents, the deans, faculty, and students about current matters on the College campus.

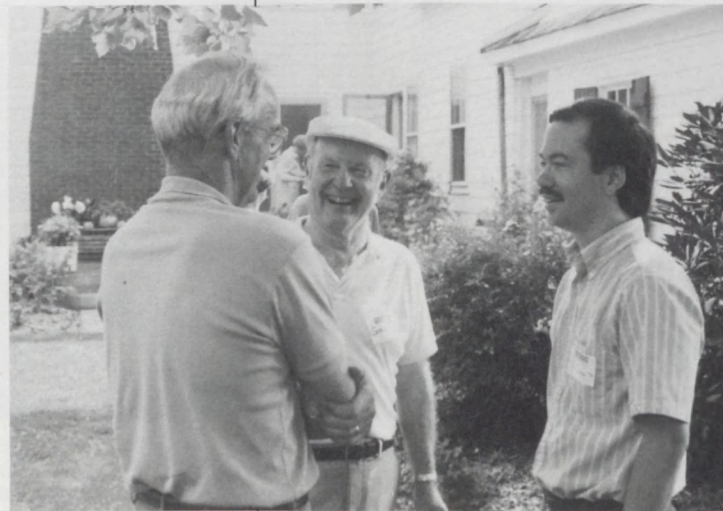
Recently I have encouraged the board to project itself into the future and to think strategically. As part of this process, the alumni board has developed a goal-setting process and identified several major objectives for the association.

Furthermore, in an effort to understand the nature of the alumni organization better, the board discussed the book *Service America*. This book calls our attention to the nature of our customers and to the need to focus on a service orientation for the alumni association. We are currently discussing how the College and the alumni association should facilitate alumni leadership and development.

The alumni activities of the College touch several thousand people each year. This involvement occurs through alumni meetings around the country and the reunions that are held in June. Alumni volunteers work extensively on behalf of the College in efforts to raise money for the alumni fund, in admissions, and representing the College at educational events. Some alumni participate in the alumni travel program offered by the College. The alumni association also honors its own each year with the distinguished alumni awards which are presented to several of the many nationally recognized alumni of the College.

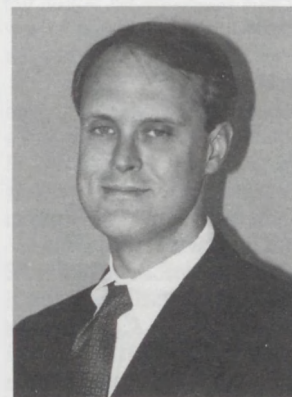
All this is to say that the alumni board works on your behalf, and alumni services offered by the alumni office are for you. We welcome your suggestions, and we hope you will support our efforts to make the alumni association responsive to your needs.

*Gordon Tait (religious studies emeritus) discussed Arthur Compton '13 during a gathering at the Long Island home of Don '51 and Mina Ramage '53 Van Cleef. Above, Tait (c.) talks with Dick Holroyd '52 (l.) and Douglas McGillivray '79.*



## Homecoming, October 4-7

Over 370 alumni, including 132 from the Class of '91, let us know they were on campus during Homecoming by registering at the Hospitality Desk. Many more alumni were seen on campus, especially recent graduates, but were too absorbed in conversation to stop



F. Scott Wilson '78, new member of the alumni board.

by the Hospitality Center. Congratulations to Karen Kitt '80, who registered and won the drawing for a terrific Wooster sweatshirt. Included in the Homecoming festivities was a celebration of the 125th anniversary of the College, complete with birthday cake and balloons at the Scot Band Serenade. The Fighting Scots defeated Case Western Reserve in the newly refurbished John P. Papp Stadium, which was officially dedicated at halftime.

The Student/Alumni Association was actively involved in Homecoming. Members organized a hayride Friday evening, staffed the Hospitality Center, served refreshments at the Scot Band Serenade, and coordinated a display of historical memorabilia in Lowry Center. The exhibit was very popular with current students as well as alumni.

The Alumni Office has scheduled various special reunions during past Homecomings, such as the River Rats and former members of the Student Advisory Board. This year, Dr. and Mrs. William I. Schreiber reminisced with sixty alumni who had participated in the Wooster in Vienna program the past



twenty-five years. The reunion began with brunch in Luce Hall, compliments of the Alumni Office, and concluded over a German dinner at The Wooster Inn. If you have suggestions for future special reunions, please contact the Alumni Office.

## Alumni Weekend, June 4-7, 1992

Each fall, committees from classes having reunions the following June meet on campus to plan their class events and networking strategy to encourage classmates to attend. This year's reunion workshop was expanded to include volunteers from targeted areas in admissions and the Scots Career Network.

The first Volunteer Leadership Workshop gave participants the opportunity to work in small groups focusing their efforts in a specific area of support for the College. Participants were also brought up to date on the integral role volunteerism plays in the support and strength of the College. President Copeland met with the entire group over lunch and provided an update on College accomplishments last year and plans for the future.



Peter L. Morgan '81, new member of the alumni board.

The workshop concluded with dinner and remarks by R. Stanton Hales, Vice President for Academic Affairs.

If you have a reunion next June, please let the Alumni Office know you might be attending by returning the Save the Date card you received in September. A list of these names will be included with the class president's letter and reunion questionnaire mailed in late January. It's not too late to call your friends and encourage them to meet you in Wooster next June!

## Regional Events

Since last April, alumni meetings have been held in areas as far apart as New York City, Corning, and Long Island, NY and Wheeling, W.Va., to cities in Texas, the major East Coast cities and back again to Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus, the Twin Cities, and Chicago.

Yvonne Williams, Dean of the Faculty, spoke at the Cleveland Downtown Luncheon in April, and Elena Sokol (Russian studies) met with this group in October. Fred Cropp '54



Tom Lykos '48 (c.) hosted the annual Wooster meeting at the Houston Racquet Club in May. With him here are John Lykos '51 (l) and featured speaker Al Van Wie '52.

(geology) traveled to Corning and Oglebay Park in Wheeling to speak about the Grand Canyon and environmental issues. Al Van Wie '52, recently retired as Director of Athletics, met with alumni in San Antonio, Houston, and Dallas in May. He spoke of his thirty-one years on the Wooster faculty and his recent leadership role in the NCAA.

Gordon Tait (religious studies) was in Baltimore for a Wooster open house in June during the Presbyterian General Assembly and was also on Long Island, at the home of Don '51 and Mina Ramage '53 Van Cleef. At both events, Tait discussed the life of Arthur Holly Compton '13. Following his performance with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, tenor David Gordon '69 joined alumni from the greater Cincinnati area.

Young alumni gatherings were held in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, D.C. in October with Jeffrey Todd '83, Director of Alumni Relations, attending. Groups in each city enjoyed after-work parties and the opportunity to find out who else from Wooster lives nearby. Alumni in the Twin Cities and Chicago celebrated the 125-year anniversary of the College with birthday cake and remarks by James Hodges (history) in a talk titled "Wooster: Tradition and Change."


## Some Winter Alumni Events

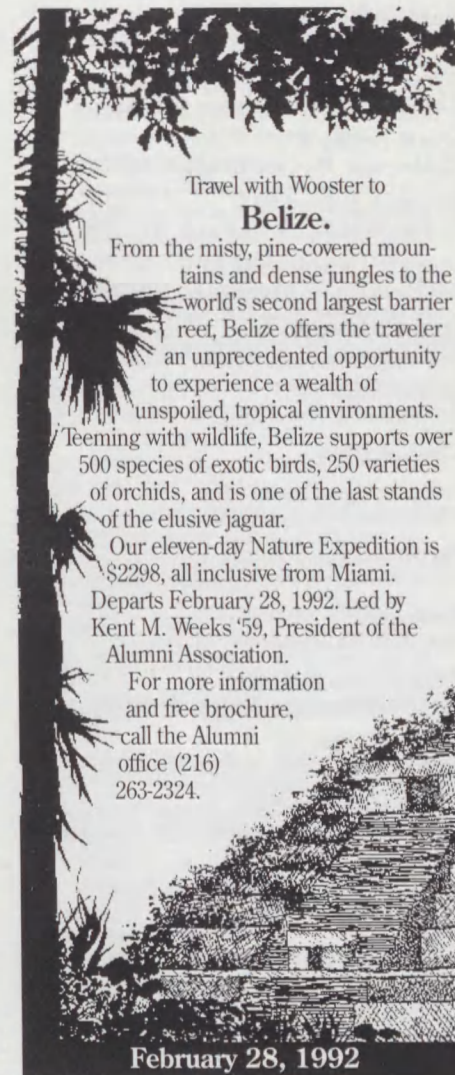
- December 14: Land o' Scots Holiday Gathering with Wil Lange'57
- January 25: Land o' Scots Scotspirit Night with Wooster's new Athletic Director, Bill McHenry
- January 30: Washington, D.C.
- February 2: Baltimore
- February 8: Northeast Ohio Birthday Ball at Cleveland Stouffers Tower City Plaza Hotel
- February 25: Sarasota with President Henry Copeland
- February 26: Ft. Meyers with President Henry Copeland
- March: Tucson, Phoenix, Albuquerque, Denver, Portland, and Seattle (exact dates to be confirmed).

## Travel Programs

February 28-March 9: Belize  
July 12-17: Vermont Cycling  
August: Pacific Northwest Cycling  
August 13-23: Alaska  
September 25-27: Vermont Cycling Weekend  
Summer: Windjammer Cruise

Vermont cycling trips are planned for a week in July and a great fall weekend in September. If you haven't yet experienced cycling between lovely country inns and the camaraderie of a Wooster group, you might want to consider a trip in '92. The West Coast biking tour through the San Juan Islands in Washington state will be offered again in August. The College is also planning a Windjammer Cruise, off the coast of Maine, in the summer. Kent Weeks '59, President of the Alumni Association, will lead the trip to Belize in Central America. Kent's frequent travel to Belize and familiarity with the country promises to make this a unique travel opportunity.

The capacity for each tour is about twenty. Information on domestic travel programs will be mailed this winter. (Belize information is available on request.) Please contact the Alumni Office if you have questions or would like to make priority reservations for a particular trip. 



### Travel with Wooster to Belize.

From the misty, pine-covered mountains and dense jungles to the world's second largest barrier reef, Belize offers the traveler an unprecedented opportunity to experience a wealth of unspoiled, tropical environments. Teeming with wildlife, Belize supports over 500 species of exotic birds, 250 varieties of orchids, and is one of the last stands of the elusive jaguar.

Our eleven-day Nature Expedition is \$2298, all inclusive from Miami. Departs February 28, 1992. Led by Kent M. Weeks '59, President of the Alumni Association.

For more information and free brochure, call the Alumni office (216) 263-2324.

February 28, 1992

## Alumni Association Officers & Board Members 1991-92

President: Kent M. Weeks '59  
6025 Sherwood Dr., Nashville, TN 37215

President-Elect: Randolph L. Snow '68  
128 18th St., N.W., Canton, OH 44703

### Class of 1992

Julia Beuter Bogner '76  
1660 Arthur Dr., Wooster, OH 44691

Robert G. Mellert '41\*\*  
1300 Queens Rd., Apt. 317, Charlotte, NC 28207

Irwin L. Reese '75  
124 West 72nd St., New York, NY 10023

Jean Carroll Scott '41  
Box 13, Eden Mills, VT 05653

Roger W. Stoneburner '44\*  
HCO 3, Box 212F, Blue Waters Dr.  
Marble Falls, TX 78654

Susan Q. Stranahan '68\*  
145 Anton Rd., Wynnewood, PA 19096

Mina Ramage Van Cleef '53\*\*  
530 Skipper's Lane, P.O. Box 2054,  
Orient, NY 11957

### Class of 1993

Ann Howes Anderson '82\*\*  
2900 Hidden Lake Dr., Williamsburg, VA 23185

Nancy Braund Boruch '64\*  
1205-B Central St., Evanston, IL 60201

Sara E. Bradley '67  
23 Merrimac Pl., Cape Elizabeth, ME 04107

Richard A. Holroyd '52  
35 Woodfield Rd., Stony Brook, NY 11790

Walter H. Rockenstein II '65\*  
643 East 57th St., Minneapolis, MN 55417

Barry L. Stephens '75  
606 Albany St., Ferndale, MI 48220

James G. Stoll '72\*\*  
240 Walnut St., Brookline, MA 02146

### Class of 1994

Julie Ferguson-Haines '86  
9706 Rossetti Ct., Burke, VA 22015

Warwick J. Harris, Jr. '66  
11163 Woodelves Way, Columbia, MD 21044

Kathleen Kelly Johnson '62  
3996 State Rd., Akron, OH 44319

William A. Longbrake '65\*  
939 18th Avenue East, Seattle, WA 98112

Peter L. Morgan '81\*\*  
4019 West Corona St., Tampa, FL 33629

Solomon Oliver, Jr. '69\*  
1644 Crest Rd., Cleveland Heights, OH 44121

F. Scott Wilson '78\*\*  
7912 Foxhound Rd., McLean, VA 22102

\*Members of the Board of Trustees elected by the alumni

\*\*Members appointed to the Alumni Board

## 1991

Quite a few classmates are attending graduate school: **Jennifer Blair**, social psychology, Roosevelt U; **Erik Brown**, computer science, Bowling Green State U; **Nancy Christman**, history, U of Texas at Austin; **Jason Cody**, chemistry, Northwestern U; **James Doering**, piano, U of North Carolina at Greensboro; **Gary Dudley**, chemistry, Pennsylvania State U; **Amy Felix**, public administration, American U; **Colleen Flewelling**, philosophy, U of Iowa; **Elizabeth Harrell**, journalism, George Mason U; **Kelli Holmes**, broadcast journalism, Syracuse U; **Jennifer Kenworthy**, Princeton Theological Seminary; **Laurel Kerlin**, Art Institute of Chicago; **William Krenz**, business administration, Xavier U; **Jennifer Luboski**, clinical psychology, Pennsylvania State U; **Cortney McClelland**, Culinary Institute of America; **Jennifer McGee**, communication, U of Minnesota; **Henry Moore**, Vermont Law School; **Yalman Onaran**, journalism, Columbia U; **Tom Taczak**, physics, U of South Florida; **Sin-Yi Tsai**, finance, U of Illinois.

Indiana U is the new home for **Carrie Jenkins** (higher education), **Joanne McAnlis** (law), **Steve Ndegwa** (computer science), and **Andy Peters** (biology), while **Karl Crandall** (physics), **Catherine Culp** (art history), **Sander Olson** (history), and **Kathleen Rose** (law) are headed for Case Western Reserve U.

From Fighting Scots to Buckeyes, Ohio State U will convert **Jennifer Belmont** (law), **Jeff Golds** (mathematics), **Doug Ketchum** (chemistry), **Anna O'Donnell** (veterinary medicine), and **Daniel Radvansky** (Spanish).

**Elizabeth Dussing** is studying elementary education, while **Doug Fowler** pursues a law degree. **Laura Dodds** and **Bill Burris** are attending Portland State U in geology. Laura and Bill became engaged this summer.

Several classmates remain at Wooster. **Adam Geary** is an intern in the dean of students' office, and **Danielle Dunn** is working for the reading and writing center.

**Christine Monk** is a lower school intern for The Potomac School in McLean, VA. In Sept., **Steve Kayser**, who spent the summer working in a bookstore on Hilton Head Island, began serving an internship with Lloyds of London.

Careers have begun for some of us. **Lori Allison** is a customer service representative for Fifth-Third Bank in Columbus. **Robert Bain** is a resource assistant for the Student Conservation Association in Charlestown, NH. **Liz Carlson** is a child care worker for The Children's Aid Society in Cleveland, and **Cari Daft** is a data entry/translator for Schuler, Incorporated, in Columbus.

**Karen Eberhart** is a personal care attendant in Somersworth, NH; **Holly Hustwit** is a social worker at the White Earth Indian Reservation in Ponsford, MN; **Laura Kenreich** is an administrative assistant for Kapco in Kent. Both **Sharon Peters** and **Cecily Reynolds** are involved with sales: Sharon for Marshall Field's in Columbus and Cecily for the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation in Charlottesville, VA.

**Elizabeth Smith** works as a scientist I at Geocenters, Incorporated, in Washington, DC, and **Michael Sway** is an agent for American Research & Appraisal Center in Cincinnati.

**Karin Bickell** is teaching English for the JET Program in Japan. **Robin Cordell** is a bilingual elementary teacher for Teach for America in New York City. **Rich Bailey** is a Peace Corps volunteer.

As for your secretary (**Katie**), I spent the summer traveling across the country with **Andy Lewellen**, **Carrie Fasolt**, and **Anna O'Donnell**. We had a great time and would like to thank Eric Dyrhsen and Robb DeGraw '93s for hosting us along the way. I am looking for a job in the publishing field and working as a waitress at a country club. Let me know how everything is going for you. I cannot wait to hear from you!

Secretary: **Katie Jones**, 13702 East River Rd., Columbia Station, OH 44028.

## 1990

Our class president, **Joe Kennedy**, recently received the honor of acceptance on the *Cornell Law Review*. Joe, who is president of the Cornell Black Law Students Association, also earned the 1991 American Jurisprudence Award for his academic achievement in Toris.

In the fall, **Afshad Irani** began working on his Ph.D. in accounting and business administration at Temple U. He is living with Kimmy Kee '89 at 3226 Midvale Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19129. During 1990-91, Afshad was coordinator of user services for the College's Academic Computer Services.

Many alumni were present at the wedding of **Debbie Coss** and **Matt Portner** on July 20, 1991. (See photo.)

Secretary: **Ken Aldridge**, George School, Newtown, PA 18940. Tel. 215-579-4057.

## 1989

This column will keep you informed, entertained, and busy, especially if you are willing and able to write/visit the 50 people mentioned!

It was a happy and romantic summer for many classmates who have wed or become engaged recently. **Amy Stratton** and **Scott Smith** are engaged and plan a summer '92 wedding. They both live in Columbus: Amy at 4925 Lunar Dr., Columbus, OH 43214 and Scott at 78 W. Orchard Lane, Columbus, OH 43214. Scott has completed his second year of medical school as well as his national board exams. Amy, who was working at a publishing company in New York, is job searching in Columbus. They both welcome mail and visitors.

**David** and **Diane Haugh Moretti**, who were married in April, 1990, live in southern California. David is a paramedic, and Diane is an executive sales recruiter. They live with their two dogs at 1710 West Hillcrest Dr., #53, Newbury Park, CA 91320. Mail from long-lost friends is welcome.

There was a Yost House reunion at the wedding of **Nikki Kilby Bigley** on May 18, 1991. Nikki and her husband, Tony, are living in Perryville, MD. Nikki began working on her M.S. in library science at the U of Maryland this fall. She spent the past year coordinating the public relations of the county library system (IS finally paid off).

Nikki wrote that **Jill McFarland** is employed in banking in Cincinnati; **Judy**

## CLASS NOTES

Merriman is working on her M.A. in speech pathology at Kent State U; **Jen Hoskin** is book-keeping for Randolph Medical in Cleveland; **Alison Stenta** is living it up and enjoying life; **April Westover** and Jeff Mounts '90 were wed on July 27, 1991, and live in Indiana, where Jeff attends Purdue U.

Another Wooster mini-reunion took place in Ohio in early July. It was great to get together with former roommates, **Debbie Donnelly** (finishing her M.S. in physical therapy), and **Erika Federmann** (working for Hewitt Associates in Illinois); **Sandeep Bhatia** (living in Pittsburgh, PA, and working for Price Waterhouse) and his brother, Sanjay, from India, **Jeff Lietzke**, **Megan Hensley** (moving from Vermont to Cleveland to attend Cleveland Marshall Law School), **Tim Espy '90**, and a surprise visit from **Fuad Chundrigar**. Be sure to ask about the weekend's square dancing lesson!

Fuad is working on his M.B.A. at Purdue U. He writes that **Yohan Weerasuriya** is also at Purdue and is working on his M.A. in biochemistry and Ph.D. in agronomy. **Murtaza Alibhai** is studying for his Ph.D. in chemistry at Pennsylvania State U but is considering alternative vocations. Yohan and Fuad would like Murti to get in touch with them.

Anil Parwani '90 lives in Wooster and works at the OARDC, completing his Ph.D. in veterinary medicine. **Vivien Chan** is at the U of California, San Francisco, where she is completing her Ph.D. in biochemistry. **Grace Loo** is at Indiana U, working on her M.A.

**Essie Kloeppel** is attending George Mason U, studying human factors engineering (ergonomics). Essie still plays ultimate frisbee, works, and volunteers at Planned Parenthood. Write to her at 4575 King Edward Ct., Annandale, VA 22003.

**Luke Quinlan** is attending law school at Catholic U in Washington, DC.

This fall, **Kathy Thomas** began working on her M.A. in social work with a concentration in health care at Syracuse U. She planned to return to Wooster for Homecoming. Write to her at 108 Comstock Ave., #2, Syracuse, NY 13210.

**Mark Salfi** writes that he's still at the U of California, San Diego, and has completed two years toward a Ph.D. in literature. He's still taking graduate seminars and teaching basic Spanish. Mark spent the summer teaching ESL to post-adolescent Europeans. "Any radicals neglecting their correspondence duties" can

write or visit Mark at 3357 Stadium Ct., San Diego, CA 92122.

**Carrie Stavrakos** has moved to the West Coast and welcomes you and your letters at 363 S. Van Ness St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

From across the Atlantic, **Dan Egli** writes that he is still in Geneva, Switzerland, working for Dairyworld. He spent time in Guatemala to attend his sister's wedding and in New York as a tourist and interviewee for trading companies.

**Anne Hevener** received her M.A. in history from Duke U and is working for a publishing house in Cincinnati. She welcomes mail at 3600 Linwood Ave., #305, Cincinnati, OH 45226.

Anne writes that **Chris** and **Beth Anne Tingley Pigge** live in Chapel Hill, NC. Chris is studying chemistry at the U of North Carolina, and Beth Anne is employed at AmCare. **Becky Mellinger**, who is a grad student in geology at Pennsylvania State U, and **Jen Hodgson** recently returned from a European vacation.

In Jan., a week of skiing at Jay Peak, VT, brought together Anne Hevener, **Drew Traglia** (attending film school at the U of Southern California), **John Pierson** (teaching and coaching at Indian Mountain School in Connecticut), **Vic DeMarco** (in law school at Case Western Reserve U), **Jen Morse**, **Nikki Wilkinson '92**, **Courtney Miller** and **John Granato** (both in the Columbus area). Check out Courtney's band. We hear they're really good!

Another Woosterite to look up in Columbus is **Julie Brooks**, who is studying history at Ohio State U. Julie's most recent challenge was reaching the summit of Mt. Rainier this past spring. Back at sea level in Madison, WI, she ran into **Sheri Shamblin**, and they had a wonderful visit.

**Suzanne Leibfried**, who works for U.S. Sprint in national accounts, sent news about classmates in Boston. She lives in Boston with **Kim Rowland**, who works for Fidelity Investments. Also working for Fidelity is **Craig Lombardi**. He lives in the north end of Boston with **Konrad Gesner**. Konrad works for a commercial retail developer in Boston. Both he and Craig keep in touch with many Omegas and Sigs. When the four Bostonians held their first annual Boston party last year, many Wooster people visited them for the occasion. They hope to continue the tradition this year and encourage Wooster visitors to the area to contact them. The group also keeps in touch with Leslie Vielbig

'90, who is an admissions officer for Princeton U. **Chris Kurman** has left Boston and returned to Kent to pursue his career in sports management.

This fall, **Beth Kampmeier** began working on her M.Div. at Yale Divinity School. She would love to hear from Wooster folks, so contact her at Yale Divinity School, 409 Prospect St., New Haven, CT 06511.

A very special thank you to Walt Hopkins '66, on behalf of the class of 1989 and myself (**Susan**) for our Dream Checks. I am sure I was not the only one who was shocked and amazed that someone, whose only tie to me is the fact that we both attended Wooster, would be interested in my "(not so) impossible dream." I thank you and hope that the class of 1989 will unite and accept the challenge to help others take their dreams seriously. (See Editor's Corner for explanation of Dream Checks.)

Thanks for all the news! Take care and keep your cards and letters coming.

Secretary: **Susan Fesz**, 8676 Edgerton Rd., North Royalton, OH 44133.

# 1 9 8 8

**Angela Keller** ended her year of readjustment after service in the Peace Corps by having a mini-reunion at Virginia Beach with Emily Perl, Cathy Irons, and Mary Beth Evans '87s. This fall, Angela began working on her M.S. in social work at SUNY-Albany. Write to her at 94 N. Pine Ave., Albany, NY 12203. Angela, along with others, asked about **Karen Cook**. So, Karen, what are you up to?

**David Sick** wants the Wooster world to know his new address: 20 2nd St., N.E., Apt. 905, Minneapolis, MN 55413.

**Carolyn Cunningham** has joined the ranks of Woosterites in the Peace Corps, as a cooperatives promoter in Bolivia. Write to her at Cuerpo de Paz, Casilla #1655, La Paz, Bolivia, South America.

**Becky Geiger** and **Lara Stephens** still live in Seattle, WA. **Mary Hueske** is in a nursing program at Rush U in Chicago, and **Leslie Hopeman** is working in a school for the deaf in North Carolina.

In April, many Woosterites were present at the wedding of **Candy Sweet** and Brian Prahst. (See photo.) Gordon Tait (religion emeritus) was among the clergy who participated in the ceremony. Candy and Brian are now the proud owners of a house at 514 Canterbury Rd., Bay Village, OH 44140.

**Michelle Pagano**, who is working on her M.A. in educational psychology at the U of Pittsburgh, lives at 512 Ivy St., Pittsburgh, PA 15232. Michelle reported that **Phil** and **Anita Homily Wiese** had a son, Nicholas, last November.

Best wishes to **Lisa McFadden**, who was assistant director of an Off-Broadway play. *The Beast of East 72nd Street* ran Oct. 31 through Nov. 17 at the Westbeth Theatre on Bank St. in New York City.

In late July, a daughter, Alexandra, was born to **John** and **Lauran Burden Kuzmishin**. Congratulations to all.

I (**Miatta**) ran into **Kirsten Patton** while we were both home briefly in Kentucky. Kirsten is working on her M.S. in physical therapy at Hahnemann U. Write to her at 117 North 15th St., Apt. 702, Philadelphia, PA 19102.



*The wedding of Nikki Kilby '89 and Tony Bigley. (l. to r.) Jen Hoskin '89, Doug Grosel '86, Jill McFarland '89, bride, groom, Alison Stenta, Judy Merriman, April Westover Mounts '89s, Jeff Mounts '90, Megan Hensley '89.*

CLASS NOTES



The wedding of Candia Sweet '88 and Brian Prahst. (front row, l. to r.) Paula Bekeny, Valerie Nay '91s, Rainy Laux Grefenstette, Jenny Smith Dayton '88s, Stephanie Brehm '91, Ann Muck

Shisler '82, Jennifer Blair '89. (back row) Erik Brown '91, Eric Knorr, Rick Dayton '89s, bride, groom, Darrell Smith '89, Gerry Smith, Jo An Organ Smith '60s.

I also attended two Wooster weddings: the marriage of **Jerry Williams** and Winnie Williams '87, on July 6, in Vienna, WV, and a week later, I joined many Wooster folk who trekked to Estes Park, CO, to take part in the celebration of the wedding of **Kathleen Smythe** and John Fanselow '87.

In May, I received my M.A. from the Presbyterian School of Christian Education. Rather than attend San Francisco Theological Seminary as I had planned, I decided to seek a job in Christian Education within a congregation. For now, please use the address noted below.

After traveling through Togo and Ghana, your secretary (**Eric**) returned to America on June 3, 1991. On July 5, I moved to Atlanta, GA, to work as a Peace Corps recruiter for the Atlanta area office, which includes Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and northern Florida.

Since my return, I have talked with several classmates. **Nick Young**, who received his M.A. in higher education administration from Kent State U in May, is now working toward his Ph.D. in sociology at the U of Chicago.

**Karl Eisenhower** and **Moazzam Ahmed** are both doing graduate work at Duke U; Karl is working toward his Ph.D. in political science, and Moazzam is working on his M.B.A.

**Missy Hall** is in her final year at the U of Maryland, and she would love to hear from classmates in the Baltimore/DC area. Missy reports that **Merle Affonso** is an assistant manager at Bank One in Carmel, IN.

In Sept., **Cathy Campbell** began studies in TEOFL at the School for International Training in Brattleboro, VT.

Having completed his studies in international business management, **Suri Gopalan** is traveling across the U.S., researching potential business opportunities in the process. He says to look for him in a town near you.

I (**Eric**) would love to hear from classmates, especially if you are in the Atlanta area. Continue writing and calling. Ballan Jam! (Take care!)

Secretaries: **Miatta Wilson**, 3424 Keithshire Way, Lexington, KY 40503; **Eric Greene**, 3100 Godby Rd., #13AI, College Park, GA 30349.

1 9 8 7



5th Reunion/June 4-7, 1992

In harmony with weather conditions in parts of the country this summer, I (**Laura**) experienced a bit of a mail drought. So, this column will be short.

**Vance Russell**, who cannot seem to get himself back to the States, writes from Bolivia, where he is now on the Peace Corps staff. Vance is working as the program and training officer at the Peace Corps site in La Paz and, in his spare time, he has published articles in a few books about Bolivia. One recent highlight for Vance was explaining to a man that it was not the Peace Corps but the Marine Corps who invaded Panama last year. I'd give you Vance's current address, but he may not be there past November, so I won't.

Stateside, **Ian Fried** writes from Baltimore, MD, to apologize in advance for missing our 5th reunion in June, 1992. Ian has received a teaching fellowship for 1991-92 to teach American politics at Comenius U in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia. After his return, he will finish his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins U. Folks may contact Ian while he's away by writing to him at his parents' address: 417 Ravine Dr., Highland Park, IL 60035.

Ian also sent news about the wedding of **Brian Carl** and **Karen Roemer**, in June, 1990, in which he was best man. Other Woosterites in attendance included **Eric Wertz**, **Dan**

**Rozmiarek**, Beth Carl '89, Sue Porter '86, and **Abe Springer**. Karen received her M.A. in sociology from Washington State U, and Brian is working as a hydrogeologist, according to recent information.

**Chuck Haggerty** works as a parole/probation officer for the State of Ohio. He is employed by the Adult Parole Authority, which is a branch of the Ohio Department of Rehabilitation and Correction. Chuck, who is armed (and probably dangerous!), was promoted recently to a PO II and was chosen to become a firearms instructor for the agency. Chuck and his wife, Debbie, recently became homeowners and were expecting their first child in July. By now, they should be proud new parents! Chuck would like to hear from fellow Omegas, especially **Rob Byrne**, **Mike Collins**, and **Paul Savage**. He also wonders what happened to the old Slater House gang: Rocky, Kent, Joe, etc. If you are in the Canton area, contact Chuck at his work address: National City Bank Building, Suite 327, Canton Unit II, 315 W. Tuscarawas St., Canton, OH 44702. Tel. 216-453-8471. Chuck says he is looking forward to seeing folks at the reunion.

Moving on to Michigan, we find that **Lisa Diment** is back in her home state. She and her fiancé, Blaine Panepento, have moved to Saginaw, where Blaine works for Eastman Kodak and Lisa coaches soccer and basketball at Alma College. Their new address: 4010 Green Isle Way, #3, Saginaw, MI 48603.

Lisa also sent news that **Jill Edwards** was married in Cincinnati on Sept. 7, 1991. **Karen Johnson** and **Stephanie Porter '90** were in the wedding party. All the best, Jill, even if you are a Bengals fan!

**Nilos Sakellariou** and **Rob Byrne** send all Woosterites and especially the Omegas their warmest regards from Denmark. Currently unemployed, they are enjoying the Danish way of life.

**Cyndi Green** now works for Summit Bank in Akron. As the bank has only been in operation since January, Cyndi's job is challenging and diverse. Her main responsibility is opening the bank's trust department. Write to Cyndi at 15324 Clifton Blvd., Apt. 203, Lakewood, OH 44107.

Okay, so maybe this column wasn't so short! I have one question for **Stephanie Tan**: Is it true you're in med school? Do write and let me know.

Until next time, Peace — something I did not see much of this summer in Northern Ireland — to you all.

Secretary: **Laura VanDale**, 224 Francis St., New Wilmington, PA 16142.

1 9 8 6

As your newly elected class secretary, I (**Tammy**) have the distinguished honor of persuading you to send me news about yourself and your classmates. A fun time was had by all who attended the reunion. Many thanks to the reunion committee.

**Craig Catanzarite** wrote to let me know that congratulations are in order for **Sue Auffinger** and **Steve Ramos**, who were married on June 15, 1991, in Buffalo, NY. Including Craig, Woosterites in the wedding party were

CLASS NOTES

1985

Jim Applegate '85, maid of honor Martha Curran, Sara Felger '87s, and **Lynne Safford Wise**. Also present for the festivities were **Sarah Crawford**, Pat and Sherry Klonk Donegan '87s, **Joanna Putney Pavlik**, **Jennifer Wilkie Reynolds**, Peter Wise '84, Jeff Martin '85, **Mike Angerman**, Kim Patton, Phil Lucchese '85s, Dave Mahood '84, and Dave Manzelmann '85.

The newlyweds also became new home owners in Maplewood, NJ. Steve is an assistant editor with *Forbes* magazine, and Sue is an account executive with Aunett, Free and Ginsburg Advertising in New York.

Congratulations to Meg Anfang '88 and **John Faust**, who were also married on June 15, in Chautauqua, NY. The happy couple now reside in Mayfield Heights.

Craig Catanzarite received his M.B.A. from Baldwin-Wallace in 1989. He lives in Westlake and is a national sales manager for Lamrite West, Incorporated. His good friend, **Darren Barr**, received his M.B.A. from Baldwin-Wallace in 1990 and is a pharmaceutical sales representative with Merck Laboratories.

Recently, Craig heard from **Tim Scott**, who has been in the Army for the last three years. He met and married his wife, Abby, while studying the Korean language in Korea. The Scotts now reside at Fort Ord, CA, and are expecting their first child. Congratulations, Tim and Abby.

In May, **Kirsten O'Neil** received her M.D. from Northeastern Ohio Universities College of Medicine. She is doing her residency in obstetrics and gynecology at Washington Hospital Center, Washington, DC.

Having left the sunny coast of California, your secretary is now living and working in the Detroit area as an employee relations representative for Federal Mogul Corporation. Note my address below. I am looking forward to hearing from you.

Secretary: **Tammy Allen**, 6945 Chimney Hill Dr., #1602, West Bloomfield, MI 48322.

Greetings, sports fans! The Browns looked good in the preseason. We won't talk about the Indians. All the excitement of the football season has sparked a surge of letters from classmates across the globe.

My (**Larry's**) old roomie, **Jamie Haskins** has moved west, where he is pursuing an M.F.A. at the U of Washington. You can reach him at 1743 Summit Ave., #305, Seattle, WA 98122.

**Diane Weisz** has been named program director for student affairs at Alfred U in New York. Diane works with students to plan and coordinate educational and social programs. Address: 1061 State Route 224, #1, Alfred, NY 14803.

**Alex and Jennifer Burrows Landefeld** are doing well in Pittsburgh, PA. Jennifer is an assistant manager for a garden center. Keep America beautiful, Jennifer! Alex is working in litigation with a large law firm in downtown Pittsburgh. The happy couple can be found at 589 Ayers Ave., Turtle Creek, PA 15145.

As we move further east on the map, Washington, DC, becomes a hotbed of activity. Recently added to the ranks of alumni in the nation's capital is **Kathi Whalen**, who has joined the Department of Commerce in the Office of General Counsel, ethics division. As an attorney-advisor, Kathi answers questions regarding the receipt of gifts by government employees, conflicts of interest, and extracurricular activities. We are looking to you, Kathi, to keep them on the straight and narrow. Kathi enjoys entertaining guests, so drop by at 3307 Wyndham Circle, #3167, Alexandria, VA 22302.

In Aug., **Donna Rice Waggener** became the finance director of the city of Powell. She and her husband, Terry, now live at 136 E. Selby, Worthington, OH 43085. At the Waggener wedding on Oct. 20, 1990, was **Susan Fenderson**, who works as a lawyer in the appellate court sys-

tem of Columbus. Susan lives at 1446 West 6th St., #C, Columbus, OH 43212.

**Elizabeth A. Ross**, who also attended the wedding, works for Smith-Barney in New York City and lives in the heart of it all at 165 E. 89th St., #3B, New York, NY 10128.

The guest list also included **Melissa Ehlert** and **Amy Leander**. Melissa is in charge of adult education programs for the Columbus Art Museum and is living at 316 W. 2nd Ave., Columbus, OH 43201. Amy lives in Moran, WY, and is a manager of a resort. Contact her at Box 364, Moran, WY 83013. **Bev Roberts**, who was at the wedding in spirit, works for Electronic Data Systems in Detroit and lives at 521 N. Connecticut Ave., Royal Oak, MI 48067. Ask Bev about her trip around the world.

**Tamula Drumm** is engaged in high academic pursuits at the U of Michigan, where she is working on her M.A. thesis, "Youth Alienation in Chinese Popular Culture." Upon completion of her work in the spring of 1992, she plans to return to China, so write to her while she is still at 504 Lawrence, Ann Arbor, MI 48104.

**Emmanuel Ramli** received his Ph.D. in chemistry from the U of Illinois and is now working as a post-doctoral fellow at the U of Southern California at Santa Barbara. Send your chemistry and scuba diving questions to Eman at 188 Harvard Lane, Santa Barbara, CA 93111.

Secretary: **Lawrence Allen**, 11720 Edgewater Dr., Apt. 1007, Lakewood, OH 44107.

1984

Weddings, babies, degrees, and an international rendezvous are in the news this quarter. Jeff '85 and **Joan Withers Priest** had a daughter, Amanda Lee, on April 16, 1991. Joan continues her work as associate pastor of the Lawrenceville Presbyterian Church in New Jersey. The Priests would like to hear from friends at 62 Cherry Brook Dr., Princeton, NJ 08540.

The wedding of Kathleen Smythe '88 and John Fanselow '87. (back row, l. to r.) Ray Inkel, Miatta Wilson, Elizabeth Winans, Jerry Williams '88s, Winnie Williams '87, Rob Ladd, Tanya Arbogast '89s, Tim Lewis '88, Mary Byers Walker '65, Earl Walker '64, Louise Byers Plusquellec, Ken Plusquellec '57s. (middle row) Katie Keller, Chuck Brady '88s, Laura Smythe, Amy Kaltenmark '90s, Jack Fanselow '60, groom, bride, Mary Soule Smythe '62, Richard Smythe '61. (front row) Peggy Byers Fanselow '60 Brian McCreath '88, Mildred Ramage Soule '29.



CLASS NOTES



The wedding of Anne Lawton '84 and William Stone. (front row, l. to r.) bride, groom, Jennifer Aitken '84. (back row) Linda McGranahan Causey '57, Nancy Hallberg, Christie Riesmeyer Hayes, Katie Nelander Summerville '84s.

Kevin and Jill Bradford Brode celebrated their sixth wedding anniversary on June 1, 1991, with the arrival of their first child, Kelly Elizabeth. The Brodes' new address: 5520 Rolling Oaks Ct., Cumming, GA 30130.

Keith Pentland has moved to Hawaii, where he is teaching at the Punahou School. Write to him at 1601 Punahou St., Honolulu, HI 96822. Keith received his M.A.T. from Tufts U.

As requested by Jack Whiteford, here is his news verbatim: "I'm currently the Taiwan country manager for a Baltimore-based trading company and live in Taipei, Taiwan. The highlight of my trip back to the States this June was that I managed to Sta-lit with Scott Ferguson and Boots, as we experienced Jerry and the Boys at RFK Stadium do a Dark Star and a St. Stephen. By the way, Dead Video beats MTV any day of the week. Ken Dixon was to join us, but he was too busy being responsible.

"As of July 5, 1991, I'll be based in Taiwan and would welcome any hardy travelers. Scott and I are planning a two-week trip to shiny, happy Thailand in October. If you are interested, let me know. Incidentally, if anyone has copies of my WCWS radio shows, let me know. I'd like to get copies of them. Drop me a line, and I promise to write or call back. I can be reached directly at 83 Hsin Hai Rd., Section 4, Lane 101, Alley 140, Ching Mei District, Taipei, Taiwan ROC (don't forget the extra postage) or indirectly at 3 Nearfield Rd., Lutherville, MD 21093."

On March 2, 1991, Anne Lawton married William H. Stone, in Washington, DC. See photo for the Wooster alumni in attendance.

Mike '86 and Peggy McKee Barnhill have a new address in Ithaca: 110 E. Court St., Ithaca, NY 14850. They are living in the youth center house of the First Presbyterian Church, where they are leaders of the junior and senior high youth programs. Mike still attends law school, and Peggy continues to work at Cornell U.

Secretary: Janet Schellhase Dial, 6928 Sharkon Lane, Stockton, CA 95210.

1983

Congratulations to Mary McGuane, who was promoted to vice president, multinational western division, National City Bank. Mary, who lives in Lakewood, received her M.B.A. from Case Western Reserve U in 1986. She is a member of the associate cabinet of United Way Services and the Junior Guild of the Cleveland Ballet.

Secretaries: Lisabeth Beatty, 1178 Foxhound Ct., McLean, VA 22101; Jennifer Saliers, 310 North Decatur Ln., Decatur, GA 30033.



Mary McGuane

1982



10th Reunion/June 4-7, 1992

Kevin and Susan Lancaster Toner are the happy parents of Patrick Russell, who was born on April 22, 1991. The family lives at 5231 Central, Indianapolis, IN 46220.

Mark Hess is a senior database analyst with American Greetings in Cleveland. He and his wife, Hyldee (Manning), live with their daughter, Laryssa, in Strongsville. Hyldee, who

has joined the Homer Yost Insurance Agency in Wooster, enjoys working with Anne Yost Wolf '81.

Last year was a busy one for Kathy Wolf Jones. Kathy received her M.A. in counseling from the U of Akron, her husband, Alan, received his Ph.D. in polymer chemistry, and in June, their daughter, Alyson, was born. The Joneses live at 465A Manor Dr., Kingsport, TN, 37660, where Alan works for a division of Kodak. Kathy writes that she saw Susie Sawyer Hovis recently in Knoxville.

The summer was a busy and "lovely" one for Lee Merrill. In July, she teamed with Tony-award winning Broadway star Frank Langella in the Houston Grand Opera's new production of *My Fair Lady*. As Eliza Doolittle, the *Variety* review said: "Lee Merrill, armed with a becoming feistiness and a pleasingly full-bodied lyric soprano, more than holds her own opposite her leading man. She is a fine actress and manages the role's shrill Cockney bantering with persuasive ease." Congratulations, Lee!

Jim Luce, co-founder and associate director of FA (Fundamentalists Anonymous), has organized a committee to explore an alternative candidacy in the 1992 New York Democratic primary for the U.S. Senate. If the committee is successful, Jim will be on the 1992 primary ballot as a candidate for the U.S. Senate.

In June, Sarah Vodrey Hendrickson and her father, Jackman Vodrey, toured in Europe with the Mendelssohn Choir of Pittsburgh, PA, under the direction of Robert Page. They were the only father/daughter singers in the choir. Sarah and her husband, Jeff Hendrickson, and their daughters, Julia and Valerie, live in East Liverpool. The Hendricksons own and operate Best Books First, a bookstore.

Secretaries: Barb Brown, 1899 Selby Ave., #4, St. Paul, MN 55104; Morris Robinson, 1206 Harrison Ave., Columbus, OH 43201.

1981

Even though our 10th reunion happened months ago, it is still fresh in my (Lorraine's) mind. The campus looked beautiful and being there brought back many memories. Most impressive were all the proud moms and dads. So many babies!

I toured the new Luce Hall and Scheide Music Center with Paul and Kim Virgil Blake, whose first child, Andrew Robert, was born on Aug. 27, 1991. Congratulations to Kim and Paul. Kim's sister, Karen, and her husband, Matt Weaver, were with us on the tour. The Weavers' daughter, Kaitlin, was born Feb. 19, 1988, and their son, Bryan, was born May 9, 1990. The family lives in Jacksonville, FL.

Also on the tour were Linda Loesch and Karyn Egeland, whose daughter, Hailey, is six years old, and Karl and Lynn Jacob Gerckens, who have two daughters, Jennifer (4) and Melissa (2).

Afterwards, John Kratzer got everyone together to play tennis and have refreshments. John is the assistant director of physical recreation at Marquette U. He and his wife, Pamela, live in Milwaukee, WI.

At Christmas Run Park, I had a picnic lunch with Jan Birchfield, her husband, Finn Runyon '79, and their daughter, Dillon (2).

## CLASS NOTES

Sitting next to us were Jim and **Julie La France Funk**. Julie is the director of physician outreach for Flower Memorial Healthplex in Sylvania.

I also saw **Jim Edick**, an optometrist, and his wife, Lisa. They live in Worthington with their two sons, Zachary (5) and Nathan (2).

Debra and **John Denzer** were also at the reunion. The Denzers have two daughters, Quinn (3) and Caroline (1½).

**Amy Hoffman** is the assistant branch manager at Sun Bank in Naples, FL. She is responsible for internal controls, audits, and new business.

**Lou Ockunzi** and his wife, Amy, live at 2316 Pawnee Dr., Wixom, MI 48393.

**George and Betsy Barter Muller** have two children, Daniel (3) and Amanda Rose, seven months old.

Bill and **Patrice Lockhart Jenks** were at the picnic with their daughter, Eliza (4) and son, Elliot (2). The Jenks were expecting their third child in October. Patrice is a harpist with the Omaha Symphony Orchestra and an instructor of the harp. She is also taking courses to qualify for entry into medical school. Bill is associate conductor of the Omaha Symphony Orchestra. Write to the Jenks at 3835 California St., Omaha, NE 68131.

On July 6, 1991, **Wendy Hunter** married Jake Beintema in London, Ontario. Wendy's uncle, Mac Taylor '51, officiated at the ceremony. Other Woosterites in attendance were Ruth Homrighausen Taylor '51, Bob and Jan Evans Smith '51s, and Jack Hunter '48, Wendy's father. After a honeymoon cruise in the Caribbean, Wendy and Jake moved to 419 Ontario St., Stratford, Ontario, Canada N5A 3J1.

**Laura Tignor Cobb**, her husband, Bill, and their two children, Hilde (3) and Sam (1), live in Yardley, PA. Laura tutors children with learning disabilities.

**Chris Colwell** and his wife, Debra, announce the birth of their daughter, Veronica Anne, born July 19, 1991, joining brother, Christopher (3).

A birth announcement also came from Dr. **Dennis Finton** and his wife, Marci, whose first child, Drew Michael, was born on July 22, 1991. Drew is already wearing a Wooster shirt, writes Dennis.

Thanks to David Gilliss '80 for the following news. **John Carwile** and his wife, Karin Hauschild '84, are back in the States, after completing a two-year stint in beautiful Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. John and Karin report that all is well and that they will now be stationed in the Washington, DC, area for the next two years. They look forward to hearing from their Wooster friends and will report on their stay in Malaysia and their previous two-year stay in Lima, Peru.

My husband and I (Loraine) just bought our first house — scary and exciting at the same time! Note my new address below. I look forward to my term as class secretary. Please keep in touch!

Just when I (**Cheryl**) thought I would have to enroll in a re-hab program because my favorite show — "thirtysomething" — was cancelled, I found all the spunk and savvy of this show at our 10th reunion in June. This well-attended event drew classmates and their families from the West and East Coasts and also provided the College its first glance at some potential Woosterites.

Friday evening, '81ers on campus were invited to attend a snick-snack party in the main

lounge of Holden Hall. Approximately 40 classmates attended, and among those seen sipping wine and nibbling veggies were: Lori and **John "JT" Talbot**, J.P. and **Barb Shelli-Sullivan**, Jim and Julie LaFrance Funk, George and Betsy Barter Muller, Paul and Kim Virgil Blake, Matt and Karen Virgil Weaver, John Kratzer, **Chris and Karen McCartney Oehl**, **Beth Christman**, **Mary C. Lent**, **Peter and Anne Burke Morgan**, and **Jason Weber**. Word has it that most of these people made Coccia House their first stop on their way into town.

On Sat., the class hosted a picnic at Christmas Run Park, and well over 85 alumni and their families attended this outing. Several good rounds of volleyball were played. Pounds of delicious hotdogs, hamburgers, and potato salad were consumed, and several exhausted parents were able to manage some time to exchange news about the house just purchased, the first day at pre-school, job woes, or the career change in between chasing after several dozen very active 2, 3, and 4 year olds. The picnic also afforded several mini-reunions, among them the "1st New Crew," the EKOs, the BETAs, the SIGs, and the geology majors from the class of '81.

As your newly elected co-secretary, I tried to speak to as many people as I could at the picnic, and I took a number of photographs. It was fun seeing people I haven't seen since the day we walked through the Kauke Hall archway to receive our degrees. I look forward to writing about our class in the months to come, and I am sure Loraine will agree with me that in order to serve you well as your class secretaries, we need to hear from you. One final note was relayed to me at the reunion: **Ed Young**, your fellow geologists want to know where you are and what you are doing!

*Secretaries: Cheryl Weller Beck, 580 Barclay Hill Rd., Beaver, PA 15009; Loraine Wilder Powell, 2920 Wilton Ave., Silver Spring, MD 20910.*

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**Lee Kiefaber Melnyk** transferred from Wooster to Rutgers U after winter quarter, 1979. She received her B.A. in psychology from Rutgers in 1981. Currently, Lee is working as a letter carrier for the U.S. Postal Service. She and her husband and their two sons live in New Jersey. Lee would enjoy hearing from friends. Address: Rt. #1, 91C Hoffman Station Rd., Englishtown, NJ 07726.

In June, I (**Jenny**) had a wonderful visit with **Brenda Luger**, who stopped by on her way home from Ashland. Her sister, Nancy Jeffries '77, lives in Ashland with her husband, Randy, and son, David (2). Brenda is busy teaching English and working on her M.A. in education in Frostburg, MD.

This summer, I spent a week's vacation at Ghost Ranch, NM, which is owned by the Presbyterian Church. Even though the accommodations were a bit rustic, the scenery was magnificent. While at the ranch, I saw Steve '68 and Janet Hall Graff '75 and their children, Hannah and Geoff.

**Wendy Myers Joseph** and her husband, James, are the proud parents of son Riley McManus, born on March 22, 1991, joining brother, Tyler (2). Wendy writes that all is well in Springfield, VA, although her favorite team, the Baltimore Orioles, could be doing a little better.

**Keith and Paula Morse Allen** happily report the birth of their first son, Garrett, who was born on Aug. 6, 1991. Garrett joins his beautiful sister, Kelsey (3). Keith and Paula are looking for contact from the outside world, having now been in the sprawling wheat fields of Omaha for several years. Write to them at 15205 Bemis St., Omaha, NE 68154.

An air mail letter written on pink-lined paper arrived in Wooster with this message: GL and DBL, greetings from JD '79 in Pakistan.

It is with sadness that we report the death of **Catherine J. Hodges**, on Oct. 15, 1990. After a tragic car accident in 1979 which left her a quadriplegic, Cathy was unable to return to Wooster. She is missed by her many friends. Sympathy of the class is extended to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Hodges.

Your secretary (**David**) is now practicing surety and construction law in Baltimore's Inner Harbor at the law firm of Niles, Barton & Wilmer. I look forward to hearing from all of you. Please feel free to write or call at any time.

*Secretaries: Jenny Watson, 12805 Shaker Blvd., #610, Cleveland, OH 44120; Leslie Schwartz, 190 Pleasant Grove Rd., #J3, Ithaca, NY 14850; David Gilliss, 100 Brandon Rd., Baltimore, MD 21212.*

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In May, **Bill Bradshaw** was elected president of the Roswell (NM) Geological Society. Bill is a geologist with Read & Stevens Incorporated.

**John Peterson**, a student at Union Theological Seminary in Virginia, has been awarded a W. Taliaferro Thompson Scholarship for the 1991-92 academic year.

*Secretaries: Pat Stocker, 615 Commercial Ave. #SW, New Philadelphia, OH 44663; Lisa Carter Sherrock, 3500 Colonial Dr., Springfield, OH 45504.*

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Your secretary (**Bill**) had a nice telephone conversation with **John Steenburg**. John, his wife, Robinn, and daughters, Kyle and Lindsey, took a family vacation this year to the Wisconsin Dells. John said that **Jack Frymire** has been reassigned temporarily to work with the Australian Navy on a joint venture with the U.S. Navy. John also reported that for the first time in nearly 12 years Phil Zielasko '79 beat Fred Balsler '79 in a game of one-on-one basketball.

**Bob Withington** would like his Wooster friends to give him a ring, if they come through the Daytona/Orlando area of Florida. Bob continues to work at the Kennedy Space Center.

Holly and **Scott Wilson** have a new address: 7912 Foxhound Rd., McLean, VA 22102. The Wilsons' daughter, Caroline Anne, was born recently and joins brother Harrison.

In May, **Scott Duncan** began his new job as assistant basketball coach at Northern Illinois U. Previously, Scott was assistant basketball coach at the U of New Mexico.

In June, 1991, **Herb Williamson** presented his paper, "International Crisis Management: The Human Resource Lessons Learned in the

## Dual Careers

by Jim Lemke

For Don Austin '80, the old maxim "Let those who can, do. Let those who can't, teach." doesn't make much sense. You see, Don both *does* and *teaches*. And for him the combination makes all of the difference in the world.

Don, who majored in studio art at Wooster, is now an assistant professor of art, teaching graphic design and photography at Coker College in Hartsville, SC, and he is president and partner in his own design and advertising firm, Austin-Lemke Associates, Incorporated.

The road to Hartsville and his dual occupations took Don literally across the country and back. After graduation, Don worked in the field of environmental design in western North Carolina for four years. He then decided to pursue his M.A. in graphic design at Western Carolina U in Cullowhee, NC.

The completion of his graduate work prepared him for his next move: to Eric Erickson and Associates, the largest advertising firm in Nashville, TN. After one year, Don moved to California, where he worked first as a free-lance designer and then as art director for three large Fresno design agencies.

He designed material for health care clients, financial institutions, radio stations, fruit growers, and even for a maker of artificial eyes and eye sockets. Don's brochures, billboards, annual reports, and catalogs were recognized for their clean design and attractive presentation of information. His work won numerous awards for excellence.

Despite Don's West Coast success, his desire to teach, which he could trace back to Wooster and to his graduate school experiences, became more powerful. The opportunity to enter academe was presented, unexpectedly, by Don's graduate school mentor, who told him

of an opening in the graphic design program at a college where his mentor taught previously.

After a few phone calls and an interview later, Don moved to Hartsville, SC, to assume his new responsibilities as an assistant professor of art, coordinating the graphic design and photography programs at Coker College.

About his career move, Don said: "It was just something I wanted to do. Agency work was fine but I had done enough of it, and I really wanted to get into teaching. Coker is a lot like Wooster in some respects: It's a small, liberal arts college. I have a lot of freedom to teach my classes as I choose. I really enjoy seeing my students develop their skills. They're beginning to win awards for their work and that is as big a thrill for me as it is for them. By involving students in projects at our agency, we provide for them an experience that is not available in the classroom."

After moving to Hartsville, Don continued to do free-lance work for several companies. While looking for someone to write material for one of his clients, Don asked Dr. Jim Lemke, a professor of political science and philosophy at the college, if he knew anyone who could write copy. Lemke, who had done a lot of writing, had never written copy, but he agreed to try. Two months later, Austin-Lemke Associates, Incorporated was born. And things haven't slowed down since.

Don doesn't see anything unusual about his two careers. "My activities complement each other. I can't see myself giving up my design work. It's who I am. I can't see myself giving up teaching, either. I really enjoy it. I'm certain my work makes me a better teacher, and I know my teaching makes me a better designer."



Don Austin '80 (seated at the end of the table) and his students during a planning session.

Middle East," at the National Conference for the Society of Human Resources Management in Cincinnati. According to Herb, he had a nice dinner one evening with **Larry Lane**, **Dave Siebens**, **Bill McIntyre**, and **Jon White**. They reminisced about the Kenarden Lodge experience of 1974-75. Herb is now back at his job at the American University in Cairo, Egypt.

Congratulations to **James R. Van Horn**, who was named senior vice president and general counsel of Citizens First National Bank of New Jersey, in June. Jim and his wife, Mary, have three children: Terri, Greg, and Robert.

**Bob McDowell's** new address is 45 West 67th, #12H, New York, NY 10023, with a beautiful view of Tower Records and Columbus Avenue. Mac is a pediatric anesthesiologist at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center and an assistant professor at Cornell U Medical Center.

*Secretaries:* **Bill Stone**, P.O. Box 2457, 526 Second Ave. S.E., Cedar Rapids, IA 52406-2457; **Cathy McDowell MacLean**, 4581 Bentley Place, Duluth, GA 30136.

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### 15th Reunion/June 4-7, 1992

Our class president, **Ed Gilliss**, hopes that you will be at our 15th reunion in June. Don't miss it! Ed and his wife, Barb, have three children: Ned (5), Tim (3), Tom (6 months). The family recently moved to 521 Yarmouth Rd., Towson, MD 21204.

**Martha Willman** writes from Sandusky, where she lives with her husband, David Bunge, and son, Christopher. The birth of Christopher in February, was a "bright spot" for Martha, whose mother, Edna, died last June. Martha welcomes visitors to the Sandusky area, where there's lots to enjoy.

**Joanne Olson King** has moved west to Mesa, AZ, where her husband, Dennis, has taken a new job. Joanne is busy with their two sons, John and Michael.

In March, 1990, David '79 and **Dianne Martin Polivka**, moved to a new home in Olympia, WA. Dave likes his work as a hydrogeologist for the State of Washington, and the family enjoys living in the Northwest, especially sons Bobbie (7), Jamie (4), and Jonathan Scott, born on April 1, 1990.

*Secretaries:* **Susan Lundal**, 24855 Woodridge Dr., #69306, Farmington Hills, MI 48331; **Carole Lehman Valliere**, 10 Radcliff Rd., Beverly, MA 01915; **Alice Taylor Shupe**, 1803 Manchester, Ypsilanti, MI 48198.

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Since the reunion several classmates have sent in news. **Marilynn Duker** is senior vice president of Shelter Development Corporation in Baltimore, MD. She and her husband, Dale McArdle, are the parents of Ian (3) and Flannery. Flannery was born on May 14, which explains why Marilyn was not at the reunion.

**Daniel Morse** and his wife, Holly, are living in Fox Point, WI. Dan is a tax and estate planning attorney with Whyte & Hirschboeck S. C. in Milwaukee. The Morses have three





The 1991 annual pilgrimage to Cook Forest State Park, PA. (l. to r.) Gregg, Lauren, Elissa, and Denel Kopf; Jason, Jim, Diane, Eric, and Michael Davis; Lou, Mark, Megan, and Kay Popovic; Scott, Julie,

and Katie Bair; Emily, Cindy, Laura, Craig, and Randy Weber; Bill, Courtney, Lindsey, Chelsea, and Debbie Yergin.

children: Jennifer (11), Taylor (9), and Katherine (7). Dan reports that he had a marvelous time on the August, 1990 Wooster in Vermont bike trip and recommends it highly.

At the time of our reunion, **Janet Wengatz Hostenske** was in the process of moving from Ohio to Virginia, where her husband, Tom '75, had taken a new job. Tom is now executive vice president for Lewis Communications. Tom, Janet, and daughter, Mary (6), are now settled in their new home at 12702 Poplar Forest Dr., Richmond, VA 23233.

**Barbara Dickson Kennedy** and her family live in Silver Spring, MD. She and her husband, Peter, have one son, Christopher, who was born on Nov. 23, 1990.

While vacationing at Chautauqua this summer, I (**Julie**) ran into **Katherine Williams Clyde**, who now lives in Sherman, NY. She and her husband, William "Billy" Clyde '73, were on the grounds for the evening, visiting friends. Kathy is active in the Hurlbut Methodist Church, Chautauqua Central School Board, and the Girl Scouts. She also has her time expended by Talley (13), Christopher (10), and Meggie (5). It's a small world!

Still no volunteers for class president. I know you are out there!

Secretary: **Julie Beuter Bogner**, 1660 Arthur Dr., Wooster, OH 44691.

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On Sept. 1, 1990, **Brenda Miller** married Stephen Kidder, in Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church, Bryn Mawr, PA. Rev. **Mary Lee Talbot** and Rev. Stephen Michie '71 officiated at the wedding, and Doug Shaw '76, **Jim Correll** and **Phil Correll** were also in attendance. After a honeymoon in Saint John, U.S. Virgin Islands, Brenda resigned as clinical nurse specialist in outpatient neurology at St. Christopher's Hospital for Children in Philadelphia. The

Kidders currently live in Shaker Heights, where Stephen is an attorney, and Brenda is taking a well-deserved sabbatical before she seeks employment in pediatric nursing in the Greater Cleveland area.

After **Kerrie Blanchard** received her D.Min. from Eden Seminary, she and her husband, Scott Martin '74, sold their home in St. Louis and moved to Pacific, MO, a railroad and farming community. There, Karen serves as pastor of the Pacific Presbyterian Church.

Secretary: **Andrea Steenburg**, 12116 Greenspring Ave., Owings Mills, MD 21117.

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Please write.

Secretary: **Bill Irvine**, 2019 Kalorama Rd. N.W., Washington, DC 20009.

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A letter from Pennsylvania deserves publication in full:

"For the past several years a group of us has been making an annual pilgrimage to Cook Forest State Park in western Pennsylvania on Memorial Day weekend to commune with nature and rekindle our spirits. Our group consists of 12 adults and 14 children (odds Jimmy the Greek wouldn't take). Woosterites include **Jim and Diane Engle Davis**, **Gregg and Elissa Truitt Kopf**, Lou '74 and **Kay Stewart Popovic**, **Cindy Sterling Weber**, Bill '71 and **Debbie Williams Yergin**, and **Scott Bair**. Two non-Wooster spouses, Randy Weber and Julie Bair, have been allowed to attend but only on the basis of renewable one-year contracts. The summer of 1991 was our fourth Memorial Day weekend in the wilderness.

"The weekend consists of survival camping: log cabins with electricity, hot water, kitchens, beds; aerobic canoeing: nine miles of drifting with the current; competitive athletics: golf (the annual 'male-bonding open'); and camp rations: fresh filets of trout (Randy is very dependable), filets of mignon (Lou is very dependable), northern-charred chicken (Scott is barred from cooking), and Stouffer's pasta smorgasbord. I think you get the conceptional framework of the weekend.

"This year, in true '40-something' fashion, we formed a committee to write this letter. Actually, I (**Scott**) was delegated the task last year but didn't follow through. This year I brought a lap-top computer and portable printer, and we are composing this letter as events unfold. The name of our committee is C.L.A.M. The name comes from your columns in *Wooster*, which are always informative and humorous. C.L.A.M. stands for Committee to Lighten-up the Alumni Magazine. I am the chief quahog!

"In general the weekend progresses as follows. On the evening of our first day in camp, after the kids are in bed, our conversation quickly degrades to foggy recollections of our escapades in college. These discussions serve to reactivate our memories. The conversation on the second evening is slightly different; the characters are the same but the events are distorted. On the third evening we solve the major societal, political, and economic problems of the world as well as debate the roles of religion, education, sports, and Dan Quayle in our lives and those of our children. On the fourth day we break camp and on the way home to Solon, Wadsworth, and Columbus; Philadelphia and Harrisburg, PA; and Hamilton, Ontario, we promptly forget all the ideas and solutions we formulated so we can repeat the process next year. Alternatively, we forget because we are aging and can no longer remember events from one day to the next.

"Note the photograph of our illustrious but motley group. (Lee Iacocca would be proud of us.) Missing from the photograph, which actually was taken last year before many of us became significantly older, are **Ann Keller Hillman** and her family. We think this photograph brutally depicts our lives in the '90s based on the mores we developed at Wooster during the socially and politically enlightening late '60s and '70s.

"Life has treated us well. We wish you and our other Wooster friends peace, good health, and happiness. If you or anyone else is in western Pennsylvania over Memorial Day and think you have the stamina to keep up with us, please drop by. We're at MacBeth's Cabins outside Clarion, PA. It's easy to pick us out; we're the only group who makes a campfire in late May!"



Ronald Rutter

Recently, **Ronald Rutter** assumed command of HSL-35, a U.S. Navy anti-submarine warfare helicopter squadron, at the North Island Naval Air Station in San Diego, CA. Since his designation as a naval aviator in January, 1975, Ron has served as executive officer and commanding officer to various squadrons. Prior to his most recent assignments, he served as an aide and flag lieutenant to the deputy commander-in-chief of U.S. Naval Forces, Europe, in London, England. He later served as assistant security officer for U.S. Naval Forces, Europe. His awards include: Meritorious Service Medal, Meritorious Unit Commendation, Battle "E" (two awards), Navy Expeditionary Medal, National Defense Service Medal.

Ron and his wife, Lynnelle, live in San Diego with their two sons, Davy (5) and Kenny (4).

Secretary: **Eric Filios**, 2117 Chesterfield Ave., Charlotte, NC 28205.

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20th Reunion/June 4-7, 1992

**Jay Yutzey** has agreed to serve as your class secretary and would like to hear about your whereabouts, achievements, and activities for inclusion in class notes. His addresses (including electronic ones) are listed below.

He writes: "My wife, Susan, and I are living in Columbus. Both of us are with Ohio State U, she as a counselor for M.A. and Ph.D. students in the college of education and I as an

administrator in the college of business. We both derive tremendous satisfaction from working with students and being in the university environment.

"Our favorite activity is our annual vacation in the White Mountains of New Hampshire with family and friends from the New England area. Last summer was our tenth year. We go fishing and boating on Lake Winnepesaukee, hit the craft and antique shops and factory outlets, and do some genealogy. The high spot is a Saturday night fish fry followed by a now traditional game of Trivial Pursuit for 15 or more people. I still can't cope with the baby boomer edition!

"I have met a number of Wooster people in the Columbus area, sometimes in a hardware store, at a concert or football game, or someplace else where I least expect it. It's been great fun to renew acquaintances, recall our Wooster years, and catch up on roads traveled since then. I find myself curious about other classmates and look forward to hearing from them. Since this June will be a benchmark reunion (our 20th), I'm hopeful that I will see many of my Wooster friends there. Write, you all!"

In 1989, **Anne Weaver Rock** was elected to a four-year term as village trustee of Richton Park, IL. She is the second woman to serve on the board in the 65-year history of the village. Anne has been teaching elementary school for 18 years. She and her husband, Tom, have two sons, Andy and Ben.

**Barbara Crowe**, director of music therapy at Arizona State U, currently serves as president of the National Association for Music Therapy. Last June, Barbara and her fiancé hiked to the bottom of the Grand Canyon and were married there. Wooster friends can reach Barbara by calling 602-965-7413.

Secretary: **Jay Yutzey**, 521 Piedmont Rd., Columbus, OH 43214. Internet: Yutzey.2@osu.edu Bitnet: Yutzey.2@ohstmail

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St. Louis, MO, is now home for **Joan Collins Brandt**. She moved there recently with her husband, James, and children, Jeremy (13) and Elizabeth (10). Joan is a substitute high school English teacher and a student at the U of Missouri. She would like to hear from Wooster friends. Her address is 969 Wynhaven Lane, St. Louis, MO 63011.

As a technical support representative for Parr Emergency Products, **Joel Culp** assists 16 sales representatives in more than six states with their emergency medical equipment needs. When not working, Joel enjoys kayaking and has been a member of the National Ski Patrol since 1978. He has been a guest mandolinist with the Cleveland Orchestra, the Denver Symphony, and at the Cleveland Institute of Music. Joel and his wife, Meredith (Menk '70), have two children, James (7) and Rachel (4).

**Beatrice Greene** received her J.D. from Howard U in 1974 and her B.Mus. from Berklee College of Music in Boston in 1988. A composer, Beatrice performed four of her compositions at a recital of African American composers in Nov., 1990. She puts her training in law to use as a volunteer mediator for the Boston Municipal Court and speaks regularly to school children about choosing law as a career and how the court system works.

Thanks to a Wooster shirt purchased at our 20th reunion, your secretary ran into classmate **John Houser** at the Blacksmith's Shop at Greenfield Village in Dearborn, MI. My husband recognized the Wooster shirt, and then I realized that the wearer was John. He and his family, who live in Naperville, IL, were visiting the historic Village. John is director of corporate sales for the Allstate Insurance Company.

A writer, **Michael Finley** is busy operating his own consulting business. He runs a small hobby publishing house in Saint Paul, MN, where he publishes, writes, and ghost-writes. Michael has written articles for several Midwestern magazines, and he won a Pushcart Prize for his poem which was published in *Paris Review*. In 1985, Michael was a guest on "Good Morning America," to discuss one of his books on the tribulations of expectant fathers. Michael and his wife, Rachel, have two children: Daniele (7) and Jonathan (3).

**Robert Colton** and his wife, Clare, live in Falls Church, VA, and have two children: Hilary (3) and Graham (1).

Secretary: **Wendy Smith Dillingham**, 540 Elmwood, Dearborn, MI 48124.

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1 9 7 0

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**George Pilcher**, his wife, Dorothy, and family report the ultimate Christmas present. On Dec. 24, 1990, a son, Gregory David Pilcher, was born unto them. Daughters Katharine (9) and Elizabeth (7) are reportedly "ecstatic" over the new arrival. Katharine and Elizabeth attend McVay Elementary School, where Dorothy works with the Racoon Tales Publishing Center which types and binds the students' original works. The year of 1990 was a change for George in many other ways. His company was purchased by the Dutch firm of Akzo, b.v., and George now serves as technical director of the research and development laboratories of Akzo Coatings, Incorporated. Recently, George was elected vice chair of the ACS Division of Polymeric Materials: Science and Engineering. The Pilcher family extend an invitation to Wooster friends who may be in the Westerville area.

**David Clark** was appointed director of admission and financial aid at the Shipley School, a co-educational independent day school for 600 students in grades K-12, in Bryn Mawr, PA.

Congratulations to **Deborah Burnham**, who has been awarded an Individual Artists' Grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. This, she says, will enable her to "buy time" from her work in the college advisor office at the U of Pennsylvania. Deborah plans to complete a second volume of poems and do some research on an Ohio poet.

Secretary: **Pete Snyder**, 2116 Collett Lane, Flossmoor, IL 60422.

1969

Congratulations to **Jennifer Stevenson**, managing editor of *Highlights for Children*, who was recently elected president of the Educational Press Association of America.

**Herb Stetzenmeyer** writes that he and his family have moved to another village just outside Nyon, Switzerland. He is still with Citibank Private Bank (Switzerland) and is responsible for the bank's private banking business in the Arabian Gulf. His wife, Marie-Claude, is involved in athletic activities and volunteer work. Their children, Jessica (13) and Michelle (11), are quickly becoming polyglot! The Stetzenmeyer home is just one train stop or a 20-minute drive from the Geneva International Airport, and they would love to hear from old friends. Their mailing address is: Le Mont D'Eaux, 1261 Gingins, Switzerland.

**Anne Dozer Menard**, her husband, Albert, and their son, Andrew (15), are getting settled in Ankara, Turkey, where Albert is teaching physics at the Middle East Technical University (MET-U), on a one-year Fulbright Teaching Fellowship. Anne hopes to work in the office of the university vice president, helping with their English-language publications and correspondence. MET-U is an English-speaking university, but Anne faces the challenge of the Turkish language while buying groceries and accomplishing other routine activities. The Menards' daughter, Laura, a sophomore at Carleton College, plans to visit the family in Turkey for Christmas. We wish them the best during their stay. The Menards can be reached at the Department of Physics, Middle East Technical University, 06531 Ankara, Turkey. Fax number is (90) 4 223 6945.

Secretary: **Judy Simkins Haines**, 300 Berkshire Dr., Rochester, NY 14626.

1968

During the 1991 commencement ceremony at the Ohio State U Agricultural Technical Institute, **Tom Bowman** received the Ring Memorial Distinguished Teaching Award. Tom is an associate professor of chemistry at ATI.

Secretary: **G. Gary Tyack**, 947 Clubview Blvd. N., Columbus, OH 43235.

1967



25th Reunion/June 4-7, 1992

**Joel Weaver**, associate professor and director of anesthesia and pharmacology of the College of Dentistry and associate professor of anesthesiology of the College of Medicine at Ohio State U, has been elected president of the American Dental Society of Anesthesiology. Joel also serves on the Ohio Northern University College of Pharmacy advisory board. He and his wife, Barbara, a French and German teacher, and their children, John (18) and Laura (16), reside in Westerville.

Joel's parents, Joel, Sr., '37 and Mary Ellen (Frame '34) Weaver, live in Charlotte, NC, near the family of daughter Helen Weaver Kaufman '69. Daughter Mary Jo Weaver MacCracken '65 and her family reside in Hudson.



Joel Weaver

Dr. **Johnson Jato** is deputy director of the University Center for Health Sciences in Yaoundé, Cameroon. The University Center is the only medical school in Cameroon.

Secretary: **Sara Bradley**, 23 Merrimac Place, Cape Elizabeth, ME 04107 (Oct.-May); P.O. Box 851, Chautauqua, NY 14722 (June-mid Oct.).

1966

Thanks to the careful planning of the reunion committee, our 25th reunion weekend was a time for renewing friendships and making new ones, a stroll down memory lane, and sharing our current life journeys. We talked into the wee hours each morning about spouses or companions, their achievements or struggles; contentment with marriage or the pain of divorce; the excitement of new or renewed relationships; children, their successes and failures; parents, their illnesses and triumphs; jobs that brought no pleasure or moderate success or great fulfillment; life-style changes created by new relationships or the economy; boredom and our striving for something new and different. We covered the gamut of mid-life experience, sharing together a diversity that still marks the class of 1966. Many voiced hopes that we would all reunite for our 30th and that our reunion would expand even further to include more of you who could not attend for one reason or another. Mark your calendars now and look forward to June, 1996, when we can gather again to stroll down memory lane and continue to share our life journeys.

Many commented on the lack of news in our class notes column. I (**Lib**) will try to get more news into the magazine, but I need your letters.

**John Gardner** and his companion, Ralph Slaw, attended the reunion weekend. John, a public library director, and Ralph, a pharmacist, report being avid travelers with recent trips to Aruba, St. Maarten (where they have a time-share), Hawaii, Arizona, and Canada. John hopes that by our 30th reunion he'll "be returning to Wooster from an early-semi-retirement home in Arizona."

**Jim and Bonnie Beveridge Poff** report an August move to their new address: 100 East Shore Trail, Sparta, NJ 07871. They lived a com-

muter marriage for the last 18 months and are now enjoying being in their *one* abode on the lake. Daughter Mary Ann is a first-year student at Wooster this fall.

Dr. **Mary Libbey** writes that she lives near Central Park on the Upper West Side of Manhattan with her husband, Gil Katz. As a psychologist, she has a full-time private practice in psychoanalysis and psychotherapy with adults. She teaches and supervises at the Manhattan Institute for Psychoanalysis and in two clinical psychology doctoral programs. This year, she became a member of the International Psychoanalytical Association. Together, she and Gil, also a psychologist-psychoanalyst, edit a psychoanalytic magazine of their own creation, *The Round Robin*, which has a national distribution.

**Jim and Suz Gambee Brown** report that in September of 1987 they moved to Nicholls-Crook Plantation, a former cotton plantation built in 1793. In the summer of 1989, they opened it as a bed and breakfast inn.

The following children of 1966 alumni attend or have just graduated from Wooster: Josh Denbeaux '90, son of **Marcia Wood Denbeaux**; Jamie C. Long, Jr. '91, son of **James and Susan Small Long**; Jeff A. Beck '92, son of **Robert P. Beck**; Geoffrey O'Brien '92, son of **James and Elizabeth Westhafer O'Brien**; Jen McCreight '93, daughter of **Ed and Lynne Cherry McCreight**; Marcel Browne, daughter of **Paul C. Browne**; Mary Ann Poff '95, daughter of **Jim and Bonnie Beveridge Poff**, and Justin Waltz '95, son of **Candace Dumlao Waltz**.

Secretary: **Elizabeth Westhafer O'Brien**, 101 Hillcrest Ave., Summit, NJ 07901.

1965

Please write.

Secretary: **Sally Mumma Johns**, 4629 Muirfield Dr., Fort Wayne, IN 46815.

1964

From Powell, WY, **Jim** and Nancy (Rose '65) **Ludowise** write that they returned to campus in May to see their daughter, Christine, graduate from Wooster. Daughter Jennifer is a junior at the College. Jim owns Powell Gold and Silver Exchange, dealing in coins, bullion, and baseball cards, and Nancy continues to teach learning disabled students at Powell Middle School.

Secretaries: **Russell & Jane Welton Yamazaki**, 526 Pemberton, Grosse Pointe Park, MI 48230.

1963

His reassignment by the 3M Company to a global business development position has provided interesting travel for **Dave Corbett**. So far, his business has taken him to Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Singapore, Japan, England, and many European countries. He and his wife, Claire, continue to enjoy their get-away home in Michigan on the shore of Lago Superiore.

Secretary: **Ann McKenrick Wase**, 412 Ivy Church Rd., Timonium, MD 21093.



39 OLD TOWN RD  
AMHERST, MASS.  
01002

## Heatherstone Press

by Jeanne Braham '62

The decision to leave Allegheny College and full-time college teaching 15 years prior to typical retirement age was a difficult and risky one. Difficult because Allegheny was a rich working environment; risky because I had no other immediate means of support. Allegheny College enjoys many of Wooster's strengths: fine teaching, a senior independent research project required of all for graduation, the warmth and stimulation of an intellectual community composed of people who care about one another, the opportunity to work with gifted students. I think, if truth be told, I may well have stayed in undergraduate teaching for 25 years in small liberal arts colleges precisely because my Wooster years proved crucial to my own intellectual growth and development as a human being.

But my other passion, equally compelling for the last decade, is poetry and printing. Having Heatherstone Press, a letterpress operation specializing in limited run editions of poetry chapbooks, allowed me to combine the two loves.

Allegheny provided the perfect exit line in the Julian Ross Award for Excellence in Teaching. The Award, given by the faculty,

alumni and students at the college, was named for a superb teacher and Dean at Allegheny, a mentor with some of the same deep humility, wit, and intellectual curiosity that Harold Smith was revered for in my student days at Wooster. I figured I couldn't top that one.

I've been in Amherst almost two years now. The Press has thrived, publishing titles by Suzanne Rhodenbaugh, George Keltaley and Richard Foerster. We were featured in a best of the small presses review (*The Georgia Review*, Fall, 1990) and nominated for a Pushcart Prize in 1991. I've been fortunate to locate adjunct teaching — even in the midst of brutal budget cuts — at Smith, Hampshire, at U of New Hampshire, Durham. The Pioneer Valley is vibrant with "book arts folk": printers, writers, graphic artists, and every conceivable sort of writer. I realize my choice is not ideal for most at the age of 50; for me, the risk was worth it.



The original founders of Heatherstone Press.  
(l. to r.) Kristin Woolever, Jeanne Braham, Chris Dubbs.

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1962

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### 30th Reunion/June 4-7, 1992

In July, **Howard Sales** was inducted into the Ohio High School Football Coaches' Hall of Fame. He is athletic director of Oakwood High School in Dayton. His wife, Pat (Hill '63), is a tutor at Children's Medical Hospital in Dayton.

Secretaries: **David Shriver**, 2277 Stillman Rd., Cleveland Hts., OH 44118; **Genie Henson Hatch**, 1337 Hampton, St. Charles, MO 63303.

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1961

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Congratulations to **Angene Hopkins Wilson**, who was named the 1991 Kentucky Professor of the Year by the Council for Advancement and Support of Education. Angene, who has taught at the U of Kentucky for the last 16 years, chairs the social studies program faculty and teaches both undergraduate- and graduate-level courses in secondary social studies education. She is also associate director for the office of international affairs. In 1989, she won a U of Kentucky Great Teacher Award, and in 1990, she was named Outstanding Professor of the Year in her college by the education student honorary.

Secretary: **Larry Vodra**, 51 High Ridge Rd., Brookfield, CT 06804.

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1960

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Please write.

Secretary: **Nancy Brown Tyburski**, 3622 Croydon Dr., NW, Canton, OH 44718.

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1959

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Recently, **Bob** and Millie (Gilbert '58) **Carlson** returned from a joyful journey with their son, David, and his wife, Kristen (Nicewander '84), who presently reside in Wierden, The Netherlands. The Carlsons had many delightful adventures while touring Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Austria.

Secretary: **Gretchen Yant Robinson**, 608 Conley, Ada, OH 45810.

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1958

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**Peggy McAnlis Mueller** and your secretary (**Bonnie**) had an opportunity to see each other this summer, while Bonnie was visiting her daughter in Kenosha, WI. Peggy continues to do research on family genealogy, and both she and her husband, Ernie, have become interested in antique cars. They occasionally participate in group tours with one of the two cars they now own.

**Floyd** and Eileen (Leonard '60) **Hastings** live in Fort Wright, KY, where Floyd is purchasing and properties officer of Huntington Banks

of Kentucky. They are both active in Habitat for Humanity in northern Kentucky, and Eileen is also involved with promoting recycling and is a charter member of Fort Wright's tree board. The Hastings' son, Matthew, graduated from Wooster in June and was elected to the national economics honor society.

Secretaries: **Bob Carter**, 1407 West Sherwin, #2-N, Chicago, IL 60626; **Bonnie Acton Moccio**, 154 Highland Ave., Westfield, MA 01085.

## 1957



## 35th Reunion/June 4-7, 1992

Once again, Harry and **Christina Griffes Caldwell** are serving as Presbyterian missionaries in Romania. They began their assignment in July and have promised to send details about their work when they are settled. Last Oct., the Caldwells went to Romania in response to a formal request from the Reformed Church to establish a program in English as a Second Language for young Hungarian Christians in the Transylvania region.

Secretary: **Al Edel**, 2040 Brooks Square Pl., Falls Church, VA 22043.

## 1956

The photo of **George Hillocks** was taken during our reunion picnic at the home of Tom and **Pat Young Silver**. George, who gave us such pleasure at our reunion, stood on one of the hills surrounding the Silvers' home and piped. What a thrill! He lives in Chicago and is a



George Hillocks

full professor in the departments of education and English language and literature at the U of Chicago. During his career, he received research grants from the Ford Foundation and Benton, and his book, *Research on Written Composition*, was published in 1986. For the 1991-92 academic year, George is on leave to do more writing. He is a member of the Invermich Gaelic Society Pipe Band and served as its pipe major from 1983-90. George and his wife, Jo (Bruce '57), have two children: Marjorie and George M., an '85 graduate of Wooster.

**Katharine Griswold Bartlett** lives in Louisville, KY, where she is an administrative assistant in the Global Mission unit of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.).

From Bronx, NY, **Donald Reiman** writes that he is employed by the Carl and Lily Pforzheimer Foundation as editor of *Shelley and His Circle*, which is the catalogue-edition of the manuscripts of Shelley, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, and Lord Byron. For the last four years, this collection has been one of the special collections of the New York Public Library.

Don also carries on outside research, editing and writing, including serving as organizer and editor-in-chief of *The Bodleian Shelley Manuscripts*, which is the largest collection of Shelley's poetic manuscripts in the world, and *The Manuscripts of the Younger Romantics*. Since 1985, Don, with the help of his wife, Hélène Dworzan, has edited six of some thirty volumes that have appeared in these two series. Don's other publications include *Percy Bysshe Shelley*, in Twayne's English Authors Series and *Shelley's Poetry and Prose* in the Norton Critical Editions Series. His recently completed new article on Shelley will appear in the 1992 *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

Projects in England this summer kept Don from attending our reunion, but he wants classmates to know that he is well and still living in the Bronx, New York.

**Bob and Hope Hunter Black** live in Bedford, NY. Bob is program manager of the world-wide product development headquarters staff of I.B.M. Corporation, and Hope works part time as associate systems coordinator of the marketing department for Pepsi-Cola Company. The Blacks have four daughters, all of whom are college graduates. Their youngest daughter, Libby, graduated from Wooster in 1989. Hope is active in the music of her church, singing in choir and playing handbells.

It is with sadness that we report the death of **Barbara Klinger Buchanan**, on Aug. 2, 1991. Sympathy of the class is extended to her husband, Bill '53, and four children.

Secretary: **Janice Douglas Grim**, 17867 E. Lincoln Way, Dalton, OH 44618.

## 1955

Since her husband's death from cancer in 1989, **Jean Martinetti Harper** has moved into a smaller apartment. She would like to hear from friends. Write to her at 1025 West Erie Ave., #512, Lorain, OH 44052.

A physician, **John Ammer** has been selected as an honored member in *Steven's Who's Who in Health & Medical* and is included in the 1990-91 edition. John practices obstetrics and gynecology in Pittsburgh, PA.

Secretary: **Faith Omans Reynolds**, Merrell Tavern Inn, Rt. 102, Main St., South Lee, MA 01260.

## 1954

First, a word (or two) about the class of 1954 and its track record. When my original deadline for this column came and went, I had not received one piece of news about anyone in the class. So, again I wrote my snarky letter to 15 people selected at random. I got four responses — not a good percentage you will have to admit.

Consequently, I will not be writing for responses in the future. There will be no class notes if I haven't received anything to write. For some strange reason this isn't a class that is particularly interested in the lives of its classmates, and that's a shame, but I no longer care to beat a dead horse.

And now to business. I did get a nice long letter from **Bev Scheidemantle Selby**, of Horseheads, NY, who started out by saying: "WOW! Your strong letter got my attention!" Bev and Elmer '52 have lived in that area since 1955 and are planning retirement in 1992. Elmer works for the Imaging and Sensing Corporation, ex-Westinghouse, and Bev has worked as an assistant in the local high school guidance department as a career education specialist for 13 years.

The Selbys have three grown children, two of whom graduated from Wooster. Heather '79 is married and teaches in Davidson, NC. Craig '89 is in graduate school at the U of Cincinnati. Scott graduated from Rochester Institute of Technology, lives in Binghamton, NY, and has provided Bev and Elmer with their only grandchild, Kevin, who is 3½ yrs old.

**Tom Shaffer** started out by saying: "Thanks for your 'Give'em Hell' letter." He and his wife, Ann, live in Mississauga, Ontario, where Tom earns his living by free-lance consulting to the mining and metalworking industries in market research and development. The Shaffers have three grown children and three grandchildren, all of whom live within easy traveling distance of home.

Tom's real addiction is singing. For 22 years, he has been singing with the Mendelssohn Choir, a mixed chorus of 180 voices, which sings regularly with the Toronto Symphony as well as doing its own concert series. Tom, who is currently president of the group, spends much of his time fund-raising and planning.

Tom and Ann are avid sailors, and Tom is vice-commandore of Mimico Cruising Club, a small yacht club about 15 minutes from his home on Lake Ontario. In addition to all of this, he and Ann are in the midst of remodeling their home. Sounds like a very full life!

I received a brief note from **Jack Simperts**, who currently lives in Charlestown, MD. Jack is now among the retired, having spent 17 years in the pastorate and 16 years on the conference staff of the United Methodist Church, working with children and youth in the camping field. He says that both areas of the ministry were rewarding. Jack's retirement home is on the waterfront at the northernmost tip of Chesapeake Bay, where among other pastimes, he enjoys collecting and carving duck/goose decoys.

From Florida, **Warren Tatoul** checks in with a long and newsy letter about his doings since Wooster days. After a varied career as a juvenile court psychologist, school psychologist, and administrator of mental health centers in Palm Beach and Ft. Lauderdale, FL, Warren is now assistant director of the Community Services Department of Palm Beach County. In this capacity, he oversees a vast array of social services from Head Start to Senior Citizens. No immediate plans for retirement, although possibly in a few years. In the meantime, both he and his wife, Judy, travel (he should be in England as I am writing this), work out three nights a week, and generally enjoy life.

Warren's two oldest sons are accountants, his next son just graduated from college in chemical engineering, and his daughter is a junior in high school. Judy is a middle school principal who insists she isn't ready to hang it up when Warren does, but, as he says, time will tell. He also enjoys keeping up with Woosterites from the class notes which he reads regularly.

That's all for this column. Hope to hear from some of you before it's time to do this again.

Secretary: **Richard Sheppard**, Box 264, Suttons Bay, MI 49682.

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A newsy letter came from **Ethel Toth McGhee** from Kaysville, UT, where she and Mac '49 were on a planned tour of Northwestern states celebrating her retirement from teaching after 31 years.

Unfortunately, Mac needed an emergency appendectomy while they were visiting an old army buddy of his from W.W. II. Fortunately, that friend just happened to be the recently retired administrator of the hospital where Mac was treated. The attack occurred just before they were to depart across the barren Salt Flats and sparsely settled areas of the "Great Desert."

At last report, Mac was well enough that they planned to continue their trip, although in a somewhat abbreviated and slower form, to the historic and beauty spots they had targeted. That means they will have to postpone several planned visits with classmates along the way until the next trip that way.

A delightful phone chat with **Art French** helped me (**Don**) bridge a gap of some years. He settled with wife, Carolyn (Venable '55), and family in Torrance, CA, just south of Los Angeles, about the same time my family and I were moving away to the other side of Los Angeles County. That put us in different presbyteries where our paths would cross only rarely if involved in church activities.

He and Carolyn are in good health and have just returned from hiking trips in Zion and Bryce Canyons and along the North Rim of the Grand Canyon.

Both are active in helping solve old crises and trying to prevent new ones in church and community. The church at which Art is pastor is in a community with a long history of mixed ethnicity, but change is accelerating. Unlike some other Presbyterian churches in our area, however, his has enough young couples that even his Sunday School membership is growing.

Art finds being in the Pacific Presbytery an exciting experience since he can be part of the church, having to wrestle with points of view never dreamed of in Wooster days, such as those that bring together concerns of congregations as diverse as Bel Air and West Hollywood about ordination of homosexuals, ministering to gays and lesbians, and ministering to those with AIDS. Carolyn is working with Los Angeles County in her field of epidemiology, especially with reference to AIDS, and indexing various drugs for pharmaceutical companies.

Their three daughters have scattered: Leslie, the youngest, in Bridgeport, CT, working with computers and loving the winters (Is that possible?); Beckie, the middle one, at Biola U (just down the street from me) working toward

her doctorate in psychology; and Kathy, the eldest, just returned with her husband from living in Australia to a home a few blocks from Art, bringing with her the first grandchild that Art was able to baptize during a visit last year to Australia.

Wooster played only one part in the rich drama of Art's life. Born in China, Art grew up in a minister's family where faith was strong, but so was an openness to life as it was experienced by a variety of people. When Art's sister returned to China in recent years, she found that there were members of the church in which their parents labored that still remembered them. Those members especially cherished the support given by their mother those many years ago in the struggle between society and church expectations.

Art and Carolyn ended up as missionaries on St. Lawrence Island in the Bering Straits after he finished his seminary work. For six years, they worked to bring a Christian faith to those within sight of the Soviet Union just across the narrow waters while coping with dog sleds, overcoming language barriers, and having to do the same job as those at Point Barrow but with far less publicity and far more isolation.

Art feels that Wooster had much the same openness as was encouraged by his own father: to seek a faith, to hold firm to that faith, openness to the views of others who often have truth to share. Though many of us remember Art for his stately manner that gave as much dignity as possible to eating in Kenarden basement, his memories of school are more toward his years in seminary, and he has only been back to visit Wooster once, about 30 years ago. **Mark and Pris Gallinger Allen** are about the first Woosterites to have crossed his path locally in recent years, and it should be fun to compare the ideas and experiences brought from the Midwest by Mark and Pris with those of Art and Carolyn.

The promised second installment of 1990's Christmas news may be lost to us forever. I (**Nona**) suspect it's in a moving box someplace. But a far-flung serial writing bug struck three times in June — in Ohio on the 17th, then on to St. Croix on the 19th, and two days after that on a *flutuwango* "on a tributary in an archipelago of 191 islands on the Rio Negro" in Brazil's Amazon country. But, first things first.

The Ohio news is from **Carol McCool Johnson**, who had spotted **Bob Baab's** name in an Ashland *Times-Gazette* story promoting the Ashland University's Summer Theater Festival production of *Oklahoma!* in July. Typecasting has reached its zenith — Bob was to play Ali Hakin. Carol's other news is that she and Dick became first-time grandparents of tiny Mary Ellen Frame on May 11 and are enjoying the experience. "Am so glad they live close!" added grandma Carol.

The St. Croix letter was a report from **Ellie Hopkirk Stevens** that 13 months after hurricane Hugo blew their house away, a Colorado contractor and his crew had rebuilt it on the same old slab. Nine months after the storm, Ellie and Don spent four days in Miami selecting building materials, which arrived on their island a month later in two 20-foot containers and a 40-foot flatbed trailer. The new home incorporates changes Ellie and Don had envisioned over the years, and the new roof is designed to stay put. While the building progressed, a friend helped Ellie re-string and refinish her Yamaha grand piano, which had "lived at the Whim greathouse museum since shortly

after Hugo where it was used for candlelight concerts." Severe allergic reactions to new building materials kept Ellie from moving into the new house full time at first, but that has passed. Ellie wrote that they'll be open for guests this winter. "After two years of hard living we'd enjoy some relaxing time with friends."

And now to the *flutuwango*. **Jim Williams** wrote from the Amazon that it's the floating lab he and Marge (Kurth '54) had been living on briefly with their son Mike, whose studies kept him among the parrots, macaws, crocodiles and pink dolphins until September. Jim and Marge were lured away from San Francisco, first of all, by **Don Bell's** daughter's wedding in Chicago. It was a lovely wedding and gave Don, Jim and his brother John an opportunity to continue their childhood friendship which began in Wooster. John, who heads the department of languages at the U of New Orleans, flew in for the wedding. Jim retired in 1985 as CEO of the California Division of the Red Cross and now, as Dr. Jim, is minister of San Francisco's Old First Presbyterian Church. "The years have gone by with abrupt speed and even though my Doctorate was on Erik Erikson's developmental theories, I find it hard to integrate the speed and flooding of imagery coming to us from the world. But I remain grateful for the historical and humanities perspective gotten from Dr. Walcott, Freddie Moore, Frances Guille and the marvelous lectures of Lowry, the music of Gore and especially the symphony conducted by Parmelee."

In addition to Mike on the *flutuwango*, Marge and Jim are parents of Jacqueline, a physical therapist, and Bob, a teacher in the San Francisco School System. Marge continues to work as administrative assistant and grants finance manager at the U of California San Francisco Medical School. Her little brother **Bob Kurth** still loves Santa Fe and his work there as a teacher in the Santa Fe Academy. Turning 60 on June 18 is what prompted Jim to send news of so many good friends. Thanks, Jim.

I (**Nona**) am writing this one from Phoenix. Tomorrow Joseph Taylor Preston will be two weeks old — I'm a grandmother again, this time to a darling little peanut, born August 6, who sleeps all day and carouses all night. A birthday gift T-shirt proclaims: "If I had known grandchildren were so much fun, I'd have had them first."

Secretaries: **Nona Williston Taylor**, 3003 Rufenach Lane, Kalispell, MT 59901; **Donald Orr**, 13460 Marlette Dr., La Mirada, CA 90638.

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## 1 9 5 2

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### 40th Reunion/June 4-7, 1992

**Jack Eberly** retired from teaching in Feb., 1989. He is still based in Levittown, PA, and is active as a sports official. Jack travels quite a bit in the U.S., as well as Spain and Russia, and will probably visit Scandinavia this year. Breaking his leg last summer slowed him down only temporarily.

**John and Suzanne Ervin Felber** have retired in Conway, NH, "to a house in the woods at the end of a dirt road that goes nowhere." They are close to town and its amenities but

isolated enough to escape if they desire. Two of their four children and six of their grandchildren live nearby. The Felbers hope to make it to our 40th reunion.

Your men's secretary was pleasantly surprised in August, when John '53 and **Barbara Polley Smith** arrived at his house in their beautiful motorhome. They both looked good and had no trouble hiking up a trail to a mountain ridge, elevation 10,000 feet. They also hope to make our 40th.

*Secretaries: Jeanne Milanette Merlanti, 2128 Greenview Dr., Ann Arbor, MI 48103; Warren M. Swager, Jr., 112 Bieler Lane, Sheridan, MT 59749.*

## 1951

Here is the promised detail from the "Why I can't attend our reunion" letters from **Bill Voelkel** and **Miriam Frazier**. In addition to citing the graduation of his daughter from Earlham College on June 9 as the cause of his absence, Bill said: "Since I will miss the festivities and chance to see old friends and classmates, I would like you to extend my regrets and greetings.

"We continue to love Chicago and try to help congregations and community leaders live out the gospel in settings of grandeur and abject poverty. My wife, Marguerite, is the pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago in Uptown, a community of 54 languages and every racial grouping. I continue to serve the United Church of Christ as its association minister for the Chicago metropolitan area. The territory is broad and includes 165 churches. This means I work with a variety of traditions and ethnic groups that make up our denomination. I also spend time in the ecumenical world, representing our church in a range of community projects.

"I am sure the catalogue of issues that absorbs much of our thought and energy will sound familiar to my classmates whatever their religious commitments may be: the pervasive racism of our society, the increasing gap between rich and poor, the limits of tolerance in such a pluralistic society, open and affirming churches that include gays and lesbians, medical ethical dilemmas, justice and peace and the integrity of creation in a global community. Part of the joy of my work is keeping in touch with a number of creative groups and churches who are pioneering on these issues and pointing to the future. For those of us who are still around at our 50th reunion in 2001, the beginning of a new era will be clearer, perhaps. What is hopeful to me are some of my daughter's classmates who have already become global citizens, are bilingual, think globally and act locally, and seek forms of community that are inclusive and non-hierarchical.

"What I celebrate about Wooster are the people I met there who taught me to stretch my mind and extend my relationships to the far corners of the earth, believing that God was greater than one particular heritage and as close as a caring friend. Some of those teachers were my classmates, and I remember you with gratitude even to this day. Have a great party." We did, Bill. We did! You can write to Bill at 307 W. Division, Oak Park, IL 60302.

## This Victory Belongs to a Swift

by Donald Orr '53

Anyone visiting a national park or forest has probably encountered the work of **Ellsworth "Al" Swift '53**. Prior to his retirement in July, 1989, as deputy manager for the National Park Service, he was responsible for interpretive displays in our national treasures. In November, 1990, he received the Meritorious Service Award from the Department of the Interior for his administrative talents in the field of interpretation and visitor services.

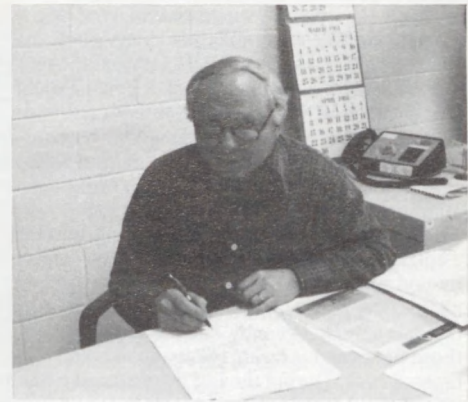
Swift's most lasting accomplishment, notes the citation, is the conception and development of a Museum of the Civil War located at Gettysburg. This developed him, commented his supervisor, into "one of the sharpest dealers" in Civil War memorabilia around. The museum has become known as "the definitive museum of the Civil War."

But Gettysburg is a long way — and a long time — from where I last saw Al. In the fall of 1955, Marcia (Klerekoper '53) and I were newcomers to Colorado and were exploring nearby state and national monuments. One day we followed a road barely appearing on the map that took us to Canyon de Chelly, a National Park of which few seemed to have heard. To our amazement, we discovered that Al was working there as a seasonal ranger. Those massive sandstone canyons slicing across the generally bleak landscape of northern New Mexico were far removed from the verdant rolling countryside of Ohio. Beyond the beauty of the Canyon, I still remember the speed with which Al negotiated the hairpin trail down to and back up from the canyon floor that day.

Following a year exploring the possibility of teaching in New York state, Al migrated West early in his career. Graduate school in New Mexico seemed attractive, so he went there for his M.A. in geology. Having enjoyed his experiences at Canyon de Chelly and earlier at Devil's Tower, he took a permanent job with National Capital Parks as a naturalist. After five years, he transferred to the U.S. Forest Services and traveled all over the U.S., setting up interpretive programs and planning several visitor centers' media interpretations.

Following five years with the Forestry people, Al returned to the National Park Service as chief of exhibit planning, traveling around the country to various park sites. His final 10 years were spent as deputy manager of the National Park Service Media Center, where all the planning and producing of exhibits, publications, and audio/visual programs for its many parks are done.

Thinking back to his Wooster days, Al credits Professors Charlie Moke and Ted Danner for stimulating his interest in earth science. As evidence of the special type of individual Professor Moke is, Al says: "Charlie has



Ellsworth Swift at Harpers Ferry Interpretive Design Center before his retirement.

kept in touch with me over the years, and his memory for details about every student he taught absolutely astounds me." Professor Danner, he recalls, was "easy and fun to be around — [a man with] a delightful sense of humor."

Al has been settled for a while now in Middletown, MD, but he did pause long enough during those early years of extensive travel to get married and have four children.

With retirement now a reality, Al is busily creating his own "park" by "bringing an old abandoned farm in western New York state back to life — clearing brush, planting evergreen trees, improving the hardwood stand, building a conservation pond, and restoring pastures for some sheep." That is for the summer: Florida is for the winter.

From his vantage point — 33 years with the Federal government — he reflects: "It has become so big and complex that it has come to have its own dynamic force that is above the power of mortal politicians. Politicians have no more chance of making major changes with the institution . . . than you have of changing the course of a boulder hurtling down the side of the mountain in Yosemite National Park." Thus, even though the budget of the Park Service fluctuates from year to year and administration to administration, few major changes occur. A few new parks have been added, some trying to give more emphasis to urban areas, such as Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. One not yet a reality is the High Grass Prairie Park, but Al feels that the National Park Service will continue to grow, to deal with increased use, and to endure conflicts between proponents and opponents of unlimited use. He concludes that the National Park Service will survive in pretty good shape. "I am confident of that," he asserts.

Whatever the future of the National Parks, the high quality of the current park exhibitions can be traced to the leadership and enthusiasm of a geology major from Wooster. In spite of his misgivings about his role as a teacher, it appears now that he has been a teacher for most of his years, teaching us all more about our rich heritage as a nation.

Miriam Frazier, who spent three years with our class before transferring to Lake Erie College in Painesville, still calls Painesville home at 7 N. Park Pl., #22, OH 44077. Car trouble and her job as head organist at First Church Congregational, which includes playing for weddings, kept her from our reunion. After receiving her degree with a major in piano from Lake Erie College, she taught school for a while. Wanting more variety in her working life, Miriam became head organist for First Church, a cost accountant for a local construction company, and a piano teacher. The biggest drawback in all this, she reports, is the long work hours — 60 or so a week. Recently, she has cut back on those hours and is trying to play golf several times a week. During the last five years, she has visited Great Britain, traveled from time to time through Canada, and made several winter escape trips south.

About her personal life, she writes that she was married to one of Painesville's local attorneys but has been divorced for a number of years. She says "hello" to everyone who attended the reunion. "I doubt if anyone would recognize me. I think I weighed about 150 pounds (in college), and now I fight to keep 98 pounds on my bones. Since I am still not over 5 feet, 2 inches, it isn't all that bad."

All alumni present owe the College a big vote of thanks for sponsoring the outstanding financial planning seminar conducted by our own Don and Mina (Ramage '53) Van Cleef and the estate planning session held by one of the College's lawyers. Accompanying all of this was an outstanding buffet lunch in the Rubbermaid multipurpose room of Luce Hall.

Talking to classmates at our reunion and afterwards perusing responses on the returned reunion forms and current address lists made me (Priscilla) proud to be a member of the class of 1951. The professions represented and the involvement of the members in community/state/national/international affairs are impressive!

Three of our classmates have recently been writing books or portions of books. Ruth Campbell Ackerman, who lives in Honeoye Falls, NY, has been writing *Twists and Turns, a Mother's Caring Journey: Two Children with Schizophrenia*. With her husband, Stewart, Ruth is involved in the Marriage Encounter program, and she also serves on several human service boards.

Lynn Wunder Lankton, having served for 20 years as food coordinator at Presbyterian camps in Saugatuck, MI, has co-authored a cookbook, *The Whole Meal Cookbook*, for camps, conferences, churches and soup kitchens. Hunger issues and meal planning were given special emphasis in the book. Do you need copies in your church or community? She can be reached at 204 Kentucky St., Park Forest, IL 60466.

The third author is Jean Howard Morton, of Larchmont, NY. Jean, a newly ordained Presbyterian pastor (congratulations, Jean!), has written a chapter in *One God, Peoples of the Book*. The book is about Judaism, Catholicism, Islam and Protestantism, with chapters written by different authors. The title of Jean's chapter is "Why I Am A Protestant." By the way, Jean is hoping to receive a call to serve in a Presbyterian church before too long.

Because of her age and because the ministry is still dominated by men, Jean is fighting an uphill battle. Good luck, Jean!

Speaking of age, you might like to know how two of our never-too-old members spent our 40th reunion weekend. Jan Evans Smith was rafting for the weekend. Ann Kershner Wood was on her third archaeological dig in Arizona, as a volunteer for Earthwatch, a group doing scientific research. Ann lives in Reno, NV.

If those weren't adventures, how 'bout this one? Jane Laws Rodenberg, who now lives in Maryville, TN, has recently taken up the sport of kayaking. She is skilled enough to go on class 3-4 rivers! Another one of her activities is downhill skiing. Her latest interest has been learning to windsurf. Can you top this?

Margery Gillespie Wicker figures that she is the first in our class to see a granddaughter graduate from college. Is she right? Marge, one of a number of educators in our class, lives in Prattville, AL. She recently developed and implemented a program for gifted children for the Montgomery school system.

Having just completed four years as president of the League of Women Voters of Maryland, I (Priscilla) was interested to read of other class members involved with the League. I found Millie Kohler, active in Poland, OH, Nancy Kassebaum Johnson, in Santa Maria, CA, and Janne Staller Platt, in Sausalito, CA. Talking to Martha (Patty) Metzel Mohler and Charlotte (Pinky) Fraser Shipley, I found that they too have been involved with the League. I hope to hear of others, both men and women, who are involved with the League and their areas of interest.

As you know, Roy and I have been elected co-secretaries of our class. I am not the women's secretary, nor he the men's secretary. We are both open to receiving information from all classmates. Keep the news coming, so we can convey your messages to others.

Secretaries: Roy W. Adams, 12500 Edgewater Dr., #308, Lakewood, OH 44107; Priscilla Miller Hart, 5051 Eliots Oak Rd., Columbia, MD 21044.

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## 1 9 5 0

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At my high school class reunion in June, I (Jean) saw Sylvia Taylor, Jean Ellsworth Snyder, and Bill Fitch. When they saw me, they knew their names would appear in this column! Sylvia is retired from NASA Lewis Research Center near Cleveland, where she had worked since graduation from college, I believe. She is not letting the grass grow under her feet, as she is continuing to take dance lessons at an Arthur Murray studio. Her teacher has been her dance partner for 17 years. Sylvia enters dance contests and even makes and refurbishes her own costumes.

While Jean's husband, Tom Snyder '52, was a practicing dentist, she was very involved in dental auxiliary activities and projects. Now that Tom has retired, she has turned her energies to golf and golf tournaments.

Bill Fitch looked happy and relaxed. He has retired from the banking business and plays golf occasionally. For a short time, he will remain on the board of the country club where our reunion was held.

Barbara Minnich Hall is living in southern California and is happy to have her children and grandchildren living nearby. She is a member of the Resource Conservation Commission for the city of Chula Vista and a member of a city-county park task force.

Another Barbara, Barbara Cross Cameron, also lives in California. Her husband, Don, works for Chevron Overseas Petroleum, Incorporated. Prior to their move to California in 1985, the Camerons lived in New Orleans for five years and in Saudi Arabia and England for 12 years. With a son in Tennessee and a daughter and grandchild in New York City, I bet they travel east now and again.

Jo Brumbaugh Smith's 1990 Christmas letter informed me that my announcement of their move from Germany to their new home in Virginia last summer was premature due to the vagaries of "transoceanic contracting." The move was completed in Oct., 1990, and she and Fran enjoy having family nearby. Though they miss much about Germany, they love their beautiful surroundings and having stores open 24 hours, more than one TV channel, garage door openers, and prompt access to doctors.

In Nov., Em '51 and Jane Matthews Lowe moved to 409 Robin Rd., Waverly, OH 45690. I hope the timing on their move has worked better than Jo's, as they have been staying with friends since July, while Em finished his commitment to his church in Upper Saint Clair, PA.

There was no indication in Tom and Ellie Wright Bousman's 1990 Christmas letter of retirement or a move coming soon. Tom's ministry has been strengthened by the addition of a young couple from Princeton. Highlights of 1990 included the arrival of a grandson — born in an ambulance on a California freeway — and a lot of travel within the U.S., after many years of exotic foreign travel. A sad occasion for a trip to Houston in July, 1990, was the death of Ellie's sister, Relda Jean Wright '46.

Secretaries: Janice Wilson George, 45 Fareway Dr., Northfield, MN 55057; Jean Dutch Webster, 7611 Eagle Creek Dr., Dayton, OH 45459.

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## 1 9 4 9

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An unusual opportunity enabled Cy Satow and his wife, Yvonne, to attend son Steve's graduation from Wooster in May. The Satows escorted four infants to the U.S. from Calcutta. "Not recommended for restful travel," writes Cy. "We certainly earned our passage across the Pacific." They are now back in Mussoorie, India, where Cy continues his work as a medical missionary.

Secretary: Lloyd Vandersall, 1448 S. Kohler Rd., Orrville, OH 44667.

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## 1 9 4 8

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It is with great sadness that we report the death of Larry Piper, on Oct. 1, 1991. His obituary will appear in the Winter issue of *Wooster*. Sympathy of the class is extended to Dorothy Dayton Piper and her family. Dorothy's address is 339 South Main St., Concord, NH 03301.



During the summer, **Florence Mason Cole** and I (**Jean**) had our annual reunion. We recommend the Blue Ridge Parkway as a great meeting place.

In April, Don and **Ann Dorfman Brundage** took a wonderful trip to California. The main event of the trip was the wedding of their daughter, Lisa Jeanne, to Claude Julien on April 4. The Brundages' daughter, Ellen, was maid of honor at the ceremony, which took place in the Swedenborgian Church in San Francisco. While in California, the Brundages also visited Don's sister and niece in Sunnyvale.

In May, **Frank Pierce** was one of four advertising professor members of the international education committee of the American Academy of Advertising sent to the Soviet Union to conduct the First Annual International Advertising and Design Seminar in Kiev. At the conclusion of the two-week seminar, Frank's wife, Jo Ann, joined him, and they took an art and architecture tour of the Soviet Union. Frank teaches advertising at the U of Florida.

Your secretaries will do their best to let you know what is going on in the lives of your classmates. So, please, start those cards and letters coming.

*Secretaries: Malcolm and Jean Malkin Boggs, 2936 Rosalind Ave. S.W., Roanoke, VA 24014.*

1 9 4 7



### 45th Reunion/June 4-7, 1992

Can you believe our 45th is only a few months away? Why, that's not even enough time to have a July grandchild, so you've no excuse for not making it to Wooster in June '92.

Here's news from 11 classmates. **Norma Stottle Adams** loves retirement. She volunteers as director of a widowed persons' program at a hospital in her area, New Hartford, NY. She has two children, Jack and Judy, and three grandchildren, Rachel (18), Jessie (12), and Cole (2).

**Peg Goddard Ammerman** and her husband, Cliff, are also retired. Peg is busy with church activities and likes to write poetry, some of which is published in Christian journals.

A card arrived from **Dale Blocher**, of West Palm Beach, FL. He's still a practicing CPA, with no plans for retirement. He's active in professional pursuits and the Masons. Dale plans to attend our reunion.

**Pat Tostlebe Boyes**, from Houston, TX, writes: "Impossible for me to understand why my hometown of Wooster is such a vivid memory, even though I've spent twice as much time here as I did at home on Forest Drive." Pat and Ian's five children and eight grandchildren are scattered from Spokane, WA, to south Texas. Pat plans to work another three years at Sears before retiring.

**Marquita Spencer Bruce** lives with her cat, Tiger, in Wooster, and keeps in touch with relatives. She's thinking of going back to work.

During the summer, I (**Cornelia**), received a great letter from **Betty Marker Granicher**. Betty and her husband, Don, went to Hawaii in May. She writes that the Islands are their favorite place, and while there they always see Maurice and **Hope Yee Lee**. "You should hear Hope and me talk up a storm!" exclaims

Betty, who brags about the Lee grandchildren as if they were her own. She calls the Lee family "the jewels of the South Pacific."

Betty mentioned **Jo Bowman Ashmore**, who's retired and lives in Honolulu, but no further news to report.

**Lorraine Duckworth Lyon** shared news about herself and **Cam**: "I returned in June from a great experience at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) to which I was San Francisco Presbytery commissioner. I watched **Ron** and **Dede Bender Seaton** officially retire; visited with Bill and **Mollie Brown Hopper** and returned on the same train as Paul Miller '52. On June 20, Cam and I left for a few weeks in China, with Tom and Janene Nicodemus Scovel '60s as our guides. Bill Lyon '46 went with us."

Dr. Bob Downie, husband of **Marty Brosius Downie**, took down his shingle in July, making retirement official, after 40 years in medicine. Marty continues to do volunteer work for Meals on Wheels and other organizations.

"I'm keeping Wooster in mind for our next reunion," says **Dorothy Campbell Hallett**. In Aug., she attended a reunion in Minneapolis of the boarding school she had attended in China. Our sympathy goes to Dotty, whose mother died in May at the age of 91.

**Ann Haggerty MacPherson's** two cards (Yes, two!) from Asheville, NC, were full of fun. Thank goodness she hasn't changed. She took a theater trip to London in May and also reports that she "cleaned out the glove compartment of the car for the first time in 11 years! How's that for excitement?"

Two cards also came from **Ruth Pier Putchat**, one from the National Square Dance Convention in Salt Lake City, UT, and the other from the Overseas Dancers Reunion in Canada. She admits she's hooked on squares.

Ann's postscript read: "Here's to '92. I must start losing all this weight *now!*" Hmmm. Anyone else confessing to the same dilemma? Well, who cares, anyway? At 65-plus, we ought to be allowed a few pounds to go with our august years. Just don't let the scales keep you from #45.

*Secretary: Cornelia Lybarger Neuswanger, 32141 S. Railway, Wray, CO 80758.*

1 9 4 6

**Jeanne Washabaugh Nemeč's** letter to the class of '46 sent to the alumni office, alas, not quite in time for our 45th reunion, has been tracked down. Jeanne has lived abroad since 1949, spending 20 years behind the Iron Curtain in Prague, Czechoslovakia. About this experience she writes: "By living abroad, we lose some things: a sense of rootedness, of being able to feel a part of your government and to be an articulate citizen, if you are so inclined, in favor of the environment or other social problems. You've [classmates] been part of the climate that has brought about so many changes: in the role of women, in attitudes toward minorities, even in language. I've only watched — with interest and sympathy — but at a distance, and with a certain wistfulness. Living abroad is one of the best ways I know to appreciate and understand one's own country."

During her visits to the U.S. in the last 10 years, she has observed three major changes which have occurred since we left Wooster in 1946: the black presence in the student body, resulting from such timid beginnings of the civil rights movement in which some of us participated; the decay of so many small towns, the crime in our big cities, and homelessness everywhere; and the awareness of the need to protect the environment.

She ends her letter with special greetings to **Elizabeth Spencer Klopp**, **Kay Le Viseur Piersol**, **Lillian Kesel Larew**, **Jean Wagner Eden**, **Cary March Ormond** and me (**Joanne**). We were singled out for special mention, among many others, as the Miller Manor "gang" of our freshman year. Thank you for the wonderful letter, Jeanne!

In Aug., I had a chat with **Peg Hunter Bergreen**. She was recuperating nicely, with the aid of crutches and a walker, having fallen and broken her hip the last day of the reunion. Peg has highest praise for the staff at Wooster Hospital, who helped her through a difficult time.

Peg sends greetings from **Betty Leonard Stead**, who has been in touch and is sorry she missed the reunion.

*Secretary: Joanne Bender Regenhardt, 2289 Via Munera, La Jolla, CA 92037.*

1 9 4 5

The month of June brought a lovely letter from **Amy Robertson Clugston**, of Eugene, OR. Retirement, after 10 years as secretary for the department of pastoral care of Sacred Heart Hospital, has been wonderful so far. She spent last Christmas in Victoria, British Columbia, and has attended several Elderhostels in Oregon. In Mt. Hood National Forest, Amy says she learned "to think like a forest." She also went to Tucson, AZ, to help her brother and sister-in-law, Harry and Melissa Roberts Robertson '41s, celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary. In Sept., she joined the alumni group cycling in Vermont. Amy is looking forward to our 50th reunion and wants to see you there!

A long letter from **Betty Marr Brooks**, of Wayne, PA, was very welcome. She and Bill have been spending quite a bit of time in hospitals and doctors' offices, and we hope that good health will soon be theirs. The Brookses enjoyed a trip to Alaska and the Northwest last summer and a visit to their son, Larry, and his family in Oregon. Their son, Bill, Jr., and daughter, Cary, live near Betty and Bill. Last summer, the Brookses returned to Akron to attend Betty's 50th high school reunion.

Most of our classmates celebrated high school reunions this year, and **Al Kean** is no exception. He went back to Carrollton for his reunion and saw his former chemistry teacher, George Kerr '31. Al and his wife, Bev, took a 10-day tour during the summer, visiting national parks.



Frank Knorr '59,  
Ruth Frost Parker '45,  
Jean Knorr.

Congratulations to **Ruth Frost Parker**, who received the 1991 Distinguished Citizen Award from The Firelands Area Council of Boy Scouts of America. At the award dinner in July, the community paid tribute to Ruth, whose quiet contributions have resulted in many benefits for countless Sandusky area residents. Ruth's personal service and commitment to the community includes membership on the board of trustees of Goodwill Industries, Incorporated, VIA Youth Services Organization, Firelands Community Hospital Fund, Incorporated, Tri-County Addictions Board, Care 'n Share, First Congregational United Church of Christ board, State Theater Restoration, Renovation of Downtown Sandusky Waterfront, Investor in Sandusky's Shoreline Park, provider of housing for handicapped and economically disadvantaged, securing development for Osborne Park and spearheading the concept for United Church Home Retirement Center. And we, at Wooster, are pleased that she serves on the College's Board of Trustees.

While my husband, Norm, and I (Virginia) were in Richmond, VA, visiting our daughter, Janet '76, and her husband, Tom Hostenske '75, I called **Peg Russell Emmons**, who lives in nearby Midlothian. Peg was surprised to hear my voice. The Emmons enjoy attending Elderhostels. While attending one in Scandinavia last year, they met Barbara Cooper Strauss '46, who was also in attendance. In Sept., the Emmons traveled to Great Britain.

Secretary: **Virginia Kroehle Wengatz**, 7450 West 130th St., Middleburg Hts., OH 44130.

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## 1 9 4 4

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I (Helen) wish more of you would celebrate your birthday as **Jinny Ellyson Leonard** did, by writing to her class secretary. She reported the arrival in Calcutta, India, of her 10th grandchild. Jinny and her husband, Les, traveled to Hawaii and New Zealand this year, and Jinny also went to France with her sister. As not too many Wooster folk visit Pittsford, NY, the Leonards were glad to have a visit from Jim and **Phyllis "Phid" Van Duzer Burger**. Phid, Jinny reports, is still full of energy. The Burgers have residences in Connecticut and Florida.

**Sarah Jane Kennedy Ware** and her husband, Ralph, have been married for two years, and between them they have 14 grandchildren, and a great-grandchild is expected soon. The Wares live in Dearborn, MI.

A letter from **Fern Fisher Raff** lists many activities: visiting children, going to Elderhostels, traveling to Hawaii and Florida. Both she and her husband, Charlie, like to golf, play bridge, and garden. Your secretary learned that Fern's son, Bob, is married to the niece of **Al Linnell**.

Notes from **Pete and Jane Atkinson Hanna** and **Kenny Compton Chase** remind us of the gift that our class plans to give the College at our 50th reunion. Recently, the Hannas enjoyed a walk around the campus, talking of old times and seeing the renovation of Kenarden.

Sherret and Kenny Compton Chase enjoy the beautiful mountains and wild flowers in Shokan, NY, and the family reunions at their summer camp in Otsego Lake, MI.

**Bill Lytle** retired as pastor of Madison Square United Presbyterian Church in May. From October to May, 1992, Bill and his wife, Faith, are serving as volunteers in mission at Menaul School in Albuquerque, NM. Bill is chaplain of the middle school, and Faith is the school hostess and works in the office.

**Russ Haley** sent his co-secretary an interesting question: How are we in Arizona and New England supposed to cover a bunch of Ohioans? The answer: You have to send a card or note to one of us.

Your secretaries received an updated list of 208 class members, 55 of whom live in Ohio. Many of you live in New York, Michigan, Pennsylvania and Florida. If you are trying to locate a classmate, write to your secretaries, and we will be glad to give you the latest address available. Also, please put your secretaries on your Christmas card and/or letter list.

Beginning with this issue, we are introducing a new feature — Male Call (Would you believe Mail Call?). It's for the male members of our class who, with one or two significant exceptions, don't bother to write to class secretaries. So, we're going to dig them out by telephone, find out what has been happening to them, and report back to you.

This time, the selection of the month is — small fanfare — **Carl Robinson**. While he was an Air Force pilot during W.W. II, Robby married his childhood sweetheart, Janet. Following the war, he earned his Ph.D. at Columbia U, went into teaching, became assistant superintendent of schools, then later a vice president at Western Connecticut State U. He has five children and 11 grandchildren, most of whom were at the dinner table with him when I called him. I assume he was doing the same fine job of waiting on his grandchildren as he used to do as head waiter at Babcock. He retired from teaching six or seven years ago and now, an ardent golfer, alternates living between his place in the Adirondacks and one on Jekyll Island, GA.

Sympathy of the class is extended to Frank '41 and **Jinny Beifuss Coe**, whose son, Richard '68, died unexpectedly in Taiwan on Aug. 18, 1991. (See obituaries.) The Coes' address is 47 Duxbury Rd., Rochester, NY 14626.

I (Russ) attended the annual alumni reunion in June. Class of '44 had a few familiar names on the registration list, including **Shirley Howell Grenert**, **Ralph** and **Marjorie** (Wilmer '46) **Miller**, **Bill** and **Pat** (Workman '46) **Foxx**, **George Mulder**, and Frank '41 and **Jinny Beifuss Coe**.

**Bill** and **Pat Foxx** are both looking slim and youthful. They have been traveling a lot and shared a flat in London with friends in the process. Bill's work schedule keeps getting better and better. His new ideal is to work three months and then during the summer to work Tuesday through Thursday and perhaps also throw in Monday afternoons.

I wasn't able to track down the others on the day of the Big Band dance, which was the one day I was able to be in Wooster. The band this year, the Nighthawks, had an impressive vocalist. They played mostly familiar tunes from the '40s, among them "In the Mood." No one fell down, but there was lots of hard breathing.

Word reached us that **Peggy Martens Bronder** went to China in September. A teacher for 15 years, she was a department head in social studies in the Pittsburgh area. At Wooster, she is remembered as an excellent flutist. Her daughter, **Stephanie '74**, lives in Bedford, PA.

No doubt to keep alive his role as our roving class ambassador, **George Mulder** went to Endicott, NY, to visit with **Don** and **Jeanne Grandison Coates**, to Syracuse for an evening with **Wanda** and **Ernie Muller**, and to Newtonville, MA, to see **William** and **Betty Gourley Newman**. He must know more about our class than anyone! Gathering material for a book, perhaps?

I heard that **Kingman Eberhart**, one of the most popular professors of our era was seriously ill. He writes, however, that he is in the recovery stage and his forecast is bright. I'm sure that he'd appreciate hearing from former students at Route 2, Box 9722-55, Show Low, AZ 85901.

Secretaries: **Helen Hibbs Bingaman**, 8346 E. Deer Circle, Mesa, AZ 85208; **Russell Haley**, 8 Orchard Dr., Durham, NH 03824.

## 1943

**Betsy Ross Church** wrote: "My life is full and rich but not very exciting or newsworthy." I (**Ida**) think that Betsy's life is exciting and newsworthy. She and her late husband, Jim, moved to Lakeland, FL, in 1964. They raised four daughters; one teaches first grade, one is a CPA and a director of business services at a college, and the other two are homemakers and have produced four grandchildren for Betsy and Jim. The eldest grandson has a teaching assistantship at the U of Florida. All four daughters went to Lakeland to help Betsy celebrate her 70th birthday.

Listen to what this 70-year-old woman is doing! During the school year, she audits classes at Florida Southern College. Last semester, her professor for the contemporary American literature course was Robert Zimmerman, a '51 graduate of Wooster. She's been taking classes and doing volunteer work since her husband's death in Feb., 1987. At least one full day a week, she volunteers at an elementary school in a disadvantaged neighborhood. This past year, Betsy helped organize and is now serving on the family selection committee for Habitat for Humanity.

That's not all. Every summer she attends several Elderhostels. She teaches Bible school and serves on the education committee at First United Methodist Church. Occasionally, Betsy sees **David** and **Peg** (Welsh '44) **Neely** at inter-church affairs. The Neelys have retired to Lakeland and are active members of Westminster Presbyterian Church. Betsy also hears from her former college roommate, **Grace Brittain Burgett**, at Christmas time.

It was good to hear from you, Betsy! We'd sure like to hear from the rest of you, too! We hope to see *all* of you at our 50th reunion. Have you got the dates in your minds and hearts and on your calendars? Don't forget — June 17-20, 1993.

Secretary: **Ida Snodgrass Arthurton**, 4737 Trina Ave., Del City, OK 73115.

## 1942



## 45th Reunion/June 4-7, 1992

The 125th anniversary celebration of the founding of the College at reunion time was a gala weekend, which I (**Ruthmary**) enjoyed attending last June. It was nice to have mini-reunions with classmates **Dottie Foote Mishler**, **Jim Bean**, **Mary Lou Chalfant**, **Bunny Cotton Bogner**, **Ginny Lee Bigelow**, **Lois Boop Yeakley**, **Kay Smith Culp**, **Eleanor Rogers DeBolt**, **Paul Gruber**, **Erdine Maxwell Mellert**, **Jim Vitelli**, and **Lois Grove Sharkey**. Did I miss anyone?

Jim Bean was off and running in the Annual Alumni Run, and Dottie Mishler and I joined the first Alumni Walk. I hope many of you will join the second Alumni Walk next June. You can compete with us for the consolation prize which we were awarded for finishing the walk as "slow and steady." We came in last but it was fun!

Where have you Elderhostlers been this year? Let's share our experiences. **Ilene Smith Kearns** and I learned about "The Story of the River," when we attended an Elderhostel at Marietta College in Marietta, on the Ohio River.

**Mary Lou Chalfant** sent in news about **Naomi Jury Chandler-Reik**. While attending Wooster's Alumni College in June, Naomi rehearsed in a practice room in Scheide Music Center for a recital/concert she would later give in Princeton.

**Helen Dayton Cross** informed me (**Les**) early in August that her husband, **Kenneth E. Cross '43**, died July 28, 1991, after a long illness, in St. Augustine, FL. Helen's reorientation plan included living with her sister, **Dorothy Dayton Piper '48**, in Concord, NH, during the winter. She will spend the summer months at her home in New York. Mail will be forwarded to her from this address: P.O. Box 256, Inlet, NY 13360. She will return to Florida when her property is sold and hopes to move to Old Forge, NY. Our sympathy and best wishes go to Helen and her family.

The 50th class reunion committee has been planning the pre-reunion communications and schedules of activities. Your unique ideas for making the reunion successful should be sent promptly to the 50th class reunion committee in care of **Howard Strauch**, director of development, at the College. Please notify the Alumni Office if you have a change of name or address. Your class secretaries will be happy to receive and forward class news. We have access to the most recent 1942 class list and will be glad to help you communicate with classmates. See you in '92 at our 50th reunion!

Secretaries: **Ruthmary Woolf Cohen**, 1339 Arella Blvd., Ann Arbor, MI 48103; **Lester E. Elliott**, 1406A Old Farm Rd., Champaign, IL 61821.

## 1941

The eagerly awaited 50th reunion is now a joyous, if somewhat nostalgic, memory. For the regulars who return, like the swallows, every five years, it was another enjoyable meeting. For the many classmates who have been able to return only rarely or returned for the first time, this was a very special occasion. There were some of our friends, however, who could not attend for health reasons but sent letters to share with classmates.

**John Bone** sent such a letter. "Since I will be unable to attend our 50th reunion, a disappointment felt keenly, I send you this personal greeting and a bit of an update. Cardiac by-pass surgeries in 1978 and 1989, with accompanying problems, while all manageable, make travel and extended absence from home difficult. However, life goes on happily and actively when one learns to accept restrictions as challenges. I am by no means an invalid!

"Evanston, IL, is a nearly perfect spot for retirement. For the past four years, I have enrolled in Northwestern U's Institute for Learning in Retirement, a peer learning series of seminars run by members. This year, I have coordinated a seminar on 'Early 20th Century American Novelists 1900-1930.' We learn much from each other and the authors, and we have full use of the university library.

"I live in a seven-room bungalow of Nantucket gray, and like all English cottages, it

has a name, Grayhaven, and a beautiful English garden at the rear which pleases my days. I will be thinking about you as the reunion days come, and trust that they will be replete with pleasure amid the poignant reflections on the way we were and the way we are now."

From Pittsburgh, PA, **By** and **Mel Lytle Hurlbut** wrote a letter expressing regret that health problems would keep them from the reunion. Mel spends much of her time doing volunteer work as a support group leader for the Arthritis Foundation. She feels that her life is enriched by the contacts that she has made in this organization. She is also in a community civic club, is a member of a doll club, and collects gourmet recipes. After the publication of that last fact, you may expect a lot of Wooster company, Mel. One of By's biggest interests is writing, and he spends a great deal of time researching extensively for each story. He belongs to a writer's club and has sent several stories to a local publisher. By has always loved the outdoors and continues to hunt, fish, and take daily walks.

We have quite a few authors in our class. Please keep us up-to-date on the books you have written, so the information can be passed on to your classmates.

**Janet Roby Kerr** and her husband, **Bruce**, were unable to attend the reunion, but they are enjoying retirement in Greenbelt, MD. Previously, Jan was financial clerk at her church for 14 years, and she served in the Coast Guard auxiliary, teaching classes, examining boats, and going on patrols. Now, the Kerrs spend their summers on their 38-foot trawler on Chesapeake Bay and have taken cruises to the Caribbean, Bermuda, and the Trans-Canal. They especially enjoyed their week of rest and relaxation in Bermuda, sitting on the patio and relishing the gorgeous view of the ocean. Just a few days after they returned home, the Kerrs' daughter, **Betsy**, and her husband returned after nine months in France on sabbatical leave from the U of Minnesota, where she teaches French linguistics. What a wonderful reunion!

**Harry** and **Melissa Roberts Robertson** were disappointed that they missed the reunion. Melissa has been involved in wildlife rehabilitation for years. She writes: "I receive great joy from my rehab work with injured and orphaned birds and mammals and from my association with the caring persons who bring them to me. At present, I have five coyote pups, four baby raccoons, a squirrel, a cardinal, a thrasher, two hawks, a screech owl, an elf owl, and six hummingbirds!" What a fascinating avocation, Melissa. She has also taught Sunday school, hosted two international students for a year, and was docent at Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum for 17 years, and a state and federal licensed wildlife rehabilitator for 11 years. Harry is busy with his church, Rotary Club, Mobile Meals, and the high school planning advisory committee. He is past president of the Arizona Plumbing and Air-conditioning Contractors Association.

Several of our classmates are suffering with health problems and might welcome notes from their Wooster friends. On his reunion questionnaire, **Walt Lyle** wrote that in July, 1990, the diagnosis of his condition was severe heart disease, and in Dec., 1990, tests revealed a malignant tumor surrounding his bronchial tubes. He underwent chemotherapy and radiation treatments through May of 1991. Walt sends his love

## CLASS NOTES

to all. We wish you success from your treatments, Walt, and please let us hear from you.

At the reunion, I (**Christena**) learned that **Dick Wallace** is also having health problems. Please write to us when you can, Dick.

**Walt Wagoner**, one of the regulars at our five-year reunions, writes that he enjoyed seeing everybody and talking over old times with several of his buddies at our 50th. On July 6, Walt said he had a "small" heart attack while at home. His angioplasty surgery was successful, and now he attends the cardiac rehab program three times a week and is recovering rapidly. Walt is also back working three days a week in sales in the chemical industry, where he has worked for 46 years. Keep us up-to-date on your progress, Walt.

Taking material from that "Fabulous List of Facts" that I received in June, we had several handsome and eligible bachelors at our reunion. I won't name them, but I (Chris, not Sherwood) had the peak experience of swinging to "In the Mood" with one of them. Ah, the sweet remembrance of youth!

I also had the pleasure of sharing my 50th reunion with the 25th reunion of my son Bruce '66, and his wife, Kathy. My grandson, Jeffrey, entered Colgate U in the fall. He is majoring in computer science, engineering, and drama, an interesting combination. Time passes too quickly.

Thanks to all of you who sent in your ideas and materials. You have two secretaries now, and you may send your contributions to either one. We are both going to work very hard to hold this wonderful class of 1941 together in its golden years!

*Secretary: Christena Bryson Kern, 8475 Metropolitan Blvd., Olmsted Falls, OH 44138; Sherwood Willard, 2400 Trotter Dr., Allison Park, PA 15101.*

## 1 9 4 0

Without warning, your men's secretary (**Frank**) was hospitalized for 16 days in August for a quadruple bypass operation. Two weeks after the operation, he was dismissed by the surgeon and is making great progress toward complete recovery. He and his wife, Mary (Young '41), have sold their home in Lutherville, MD, and have moved to the Charlestown Retirement Community (see address below). Our best wishes to you, Frank and Mary.

**Walter Harris** sent a letter to Frank. Walter is a retired toxicologist of Uniroyal Incorporated, living in Naugatuck, CT. His wife, **Harriett (Klein)**, died in 1976, and later Walter remarried. Between them, he and his wife Maude share 11 children and 19 grandchildren. The Harrises are active in church, environmental control, and civic concerns. Thank you for writing, Walter.

While visiting her mother in Upper Arlington, **Jean Mochel Aukerman**, of Medina, had a get-together with **Kitty Olthouse Davis**.

**Jean Mayberry Rahl** and her husband, James, have curtailed their traveling and have settled into a community where backyard patio gardening is a new interest.

**Margaret Kennard Johnson** and her daughter, Aline, spent a month in Japan last fall. Margaret had a wonderful time, visiting the scientists and artists that she and her husband had known over the years. She estimated that 132 Japanese friends were on her list.

**Annis Neitz Fultz** is living in an assisted-living retirement complex at 4260 Valley Dr., #112, Kissimmee, FL 34746. Our best to you, Annis.

**Anne Holden Gould** lives in Grand Junction, CO, and is pleased that two of her sons and a daughter are now living nearby.

William and **Debbie Armstrong Reid**, of South Boston, MA, visited Kitty Davis, and they had a great time.

**Kay Robinson Clement**, of Woodland, CA, still works part time as a social worker. Recently, Kay and her grand-nephew took a wilderness trip to the Pacific islands.

Congratulations to **Charles** and Betty (Kate '39) **Rath**, who celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on Aug. 2, 1991.

I (**Nancy**) had a bleak spring, but now I am feeling fine and am able to work part time at Winterthur Museum.

Please take a few minutes to write and let us know what you are doing.

*Secretaries: Frank Thatcher, 717 Maiden Choice Lane, Apt. 622, Baltimore, MD 21228; Nancy Ostrye Miner, 509 Smithbridge Rd., Wilmington, DE 19807.*

## 1 9 3 9

The alumni registration board in Lowry Center listed six members of our class who returned for alumni weekend: **Margaret Stockdale McCoy**, who was on campus to receive the John D. McKee Alumni Volunteer Award, certainly well-deserved; **Ed Schweikert** accompanying his wife, Eleanor (Fleming '41), to her 50th class reunion; **Hubert Hunt**, a Wooster resident; **Ruth Wylie Eschbach**; **Bob Braby**; and **Bill Alrich**, back for reasons unknown.

Your secretary (**Don**) and his wife, Mitch (Young '37), were on campus briefly, so Mitch could attend a '37 committee meeting to discuss preliminary plans for their 55th reunion in '92. The committee met at Mom's Truck Stop, so we saw only those who happened to be in Lowry Center at that time.

Later, Mitch and I returned to campus as students enrolled in the Summer of '91. It was well-planned, and we enjoyed it. There were approximately 70 people enrolled, including three other classmates: **Gordon** and **Roberta Ebright Fohl**, who live in Canton, and **Dorothy Meyer**, from West Alexandria.

The Fohls have two daughters: Virginia Rainey '69 and Barbara. Virginia and her husband, R. Lee '69, have a daughter, Kitty, a high school sophomore. Because of a job transfer, the Rainey's will be moving from Kettering to Portland, OR, soon. Barbara, a graduate of Mt. Union, lives in Ashtabula.

Dorothy Meyer, a retired teacher, started her career by teaching Latin, and later she spent many years in educational television.

Margie Bowser Rose and Jeanne Lyle Kate '38s also attended the Summer of '91. The Mills spent an enjoyable evening with them, talking over the good old days.

On June 17, 1991, **Conrad Mook** received the Minute Man Award at the 101st Congress of the Sons of the American Revolution held in Kansas City, MO. He was one of six so honored at the national level. Congratulations, Conrad.

It is with sadness that we report the death of Marjorie "Marnie" Morse, the beloved mother of your secretary, **Barbara Morse Leonard**. Marnie died on Aug. 3, 1991, after a lengthy illness. Over the years, quite a few classmates came to know and cherish Barbara's mother. Our thoughts are with you, Barbara.

*Secretaries: Donald H. Mills, 1521 E. 221st St., Euclid, OH 44117; Barbara Morse Leonard, 1676 26th St., Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44223.*

## 1 9 3 8

A July visit to Pennsylvania gave us (**Louise** and Gordon '39) the pleasure of having lunch and a nice visit with **Marcy Riddle Wray**. She's busy with church activities and particularly enjoys living close to her daughter and three grandsons, one barely a year old and much fun to be around.

While we were in Pittsburgh, we saw Marion Plank '40. She has retired as a librarian in the city schools and is very active in the Pittsburgh College Club. We also saw Art Collins '37, who is fine and still playing singles in handball twice a week. We stopped with Hilda and Jim McCreight '39. They had just returned from visiting daughter Peggy Wallace '68 and her family in Wisconsin and were planning to visit son Ed '66 in the West. We had a great visit with Jim and Hilda, while they showed us points of interest in Washington and southwestern Pennsylvania.

A telephone call from **Dave Goodall** from Phoenix, AZ, informed us of his recent activities. Dave's wife, Claire, is not well, but they were about to take a trip to Portland, OR, to visit a daughter and then to vacation in the only national park in the West they have not seen. Sounds as if Dave is still one of Ver Steeg's outdoor men! Recently, Dave had an enjoyable visit from **Art Pomeroy**.

**Peggy Stoffel Vance** spent another summer in northern Michigan at Charlevoix. This year, a grandson, one of Doug's boys, spent the summer with her. He's the third generation Vance to work at the Sequanata Club.

**George** and **Ginny Blaser Barrett** were also in Michigan for the summer. As the Barrett's place is fairly close to Peg's, they planned to meet for lunch.

Your secretaries wish more of you would call or write before the next column is due.

*Secretaries: Louise Harris Southard, 4143 Hildale, Memphis, TN 38117; Ralph F. Carl, 108 S. Arlington St., Greencastle, IN 46135.*

1937



## 55th Reunion/June 4-7, 1992

Several members of our 55th reunion committee returned to campus for Alumni Weekend. **Roger** and **Mollie Tilock Van Bolt**, **Lil Gisinger Steiner**, **Wayne Welty**, **Mitch Young Mills**, and **Florence Johnson McKee** met at Mom's Truck Stop for lunch to get the ball rolling for our reunion. From the brief reports received, we should have a memorable celebration.

At the Friends of the Library meeting, **Jo Wishart Hayford** presented the *Mother, Home and Heaven* collection of books and pamphlets in her mother's memory. At that meeting, Jo was made an honorary vice president of the organization. A well-deserved honor for our classmate.

En route to Wooster, the Van Bolts stopped in Farmerstown to visit with **Bob** and **Lee Andrews**. Roger and Bob were roommates during their freshman year.

We send our best wishes to **Coleman** and **Dorothy Johnson Knight**, and we hope Coleman has recovered from a leg injury he suffered in early June.

The **Robert Chegwiddden** family celebrated two special occasions in 1990: Bob's 75th birthday, and Bob and Gwen's 50th wedding anniversary. Bob was a school teacher before joining Peoples Gas in 1956 as a training director. He later went to work for Consolidated National Gas Service Company when it was created in 1962, and he spent much time in Washington, DC, covering government issues concerning the utility industry. After 25 years with the company, Bob retired as manager of legal development services. After some initial traveling and a little soul searching, Bob settled into a comfortable lifestyle: reading Shakespeare, going to an occasional movie, bowling and taking long walks with Bruder, his German shepherd. Two days a week, the Chegwiddden's teach reading to a special needs child in their neighborhood. The corporate Bob may have retired but, fortunately for the rest of us, teachers never do.

Florence Johnson McKee regrets having to miss our 55th reunion; she will be in England next June for several months.

Sympathy of the class is extended to **Ann Bonsall Braund**, whose son, Fred, died on April 26, 1991.

Secretaries: **Charlotte Fader Bodley**, 6729 Wetheridge Dr., Cincinnati, OH 45230; **James Scotland**, 23 Palomino Lane, Bedford, NH 03102.

1936

My (**Ralph's**) career as men's secretary was catapulted to a flying start by my predecessor, **Sherm Wengerd**, who sent me a letter from **Mel Hooker**. In it Mel reports the latest news from **Murray Drysdale** and **Walt Mason**, as well as himself. I cannot improve upon the work of an advertising executive; therefore, I give you three paragraphs exactly as Mel wrote them:

"Last Sept., Murray Drysdale called me [Mel] from Columbus. I think it was to find out

whether I was still alive. After I assured him I was still living, we arranged a visit here in Ashland. Murray and his wife, Helen (Forry '37), along with Marie and John Johnston '38, and Harriet and I toured the Wooster campus and then had dinner at the Wooster Inn. It was a very pleasant reunion of three Fourth Section members. Murray, a Presbyterian minister for many years, is now retired. The Drysdales are in good health and apparently enjoying retirement.

"Just two days ago, I got a long distance phone call from Raleigh, NC. The voice at the other end of the line played the game of 'Guess Who,' giving me the clue that we hadn't talked for 59 years. It turned out to be **Walt Mason**. He also is retired, having spent many years as an attorney with the Great Western Insurance Company. However, he still does work for them on a special assignment basis. After leaving Wooster, he transferred to Duke U and then returned after W.W. II for his law degree. Among other activities, he also managed a boys' summer camp for many years. I knew **Walt Mason** before going to Wooster. He and I were friends in Cleveland, singing in Trinity Cathedral boys' choir and attending the same summer camp.

"While you have me on the line, I might as well bring you up-to-date on **Mel and Harriet Hooker**. I closed up my advertising business about 10 years ago. At that time, we evolved a very predictable routine: six months in Florida, three months at home in Ashland, and three months in West Virginia. Our time in Florida is mostly fun and games: shuffleboard, swimming, bowling, bridge, bingo, and birding. Our three months at home are mostly a matter of maintaining our roots (two sons and their families). Our time in West Virginia is spent chasing a hobby — birding. Two of those months (August 15 to October 15) are spent at a bird banding station on a mountain top (Allegheny Front Mountain). There, they have been studying the southbound migration of passerines and hawks since 1958. During the last three years, we have become interested in the wonderful Elderhostel program and have attended a total of seven in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Minnesota, and New York. You can learn anything from making and playing a dulcimer to discovering the South really won the Civil War or actually working on archaeological digs."

Always interested in educational matters, I discovered at our reunion that **Don Rupert** was president of the Columbiana County Board of Education when **William Phillis**, Ohio's assistant state superintendent of schools, was superintendent there. I also learned from **Dick Smith** that he will be watching Ohio State football with special attention to the nose guard position which his youngest grandson, **Greg Smith**, plays. Coincidentally, **Greg** was featured in the sports section of the *Akron Beacon Journal*, on Sunday, Aug. 25. The headline read "At Least One Smith Supports Cooper," and the article quoted **Greg** extensively in his defense of coach **John Cooper** against the charges made by tailback **Robert Smith** as his reasons for quitting the team.

**Dick**, a trustee and officer of the Ohio Genealogical Society, does research and publishes genealogical works for Wayne County. At its convention in Toledo in April, the Ohio Genealogical Society presented the prestigious **Jane Roush McCafferty Award of Excellence** to **Dick**.

Final note: You can further the cause of alumni fellowship by following **Mel's** illustrious example and passing along news from classmates and about yourself.

In addition to those mentioned in the Summer issue, three more classmates attended our 55th reunion, albeit briefly. **Ila Smith Weiford** attended the alumni breakfast, and college roommates **Harriet Clark Wismer** and **Ruth Flint Dodez-Collier** attended church on Sunday morning.

At that combined First and Westminster Presbyterian Church service, the music was provided by **Paula Dodez Mockel**, the daughter of **Ruth Dodez-Collier**, **Paula's** husband, **Rainer**, son, **Steven**, and daughter, **Laura**. **Steven**, who was a member of the Vienna Boys' Choir for several years, most recently sang with the Berlin State Opera. **Laura**, a violist, studies music with her father. It was a beautiful service.

**Martha Skelton Sidle** was not able to attend our reunion, as she was busy caring for her daughter-in-law, who was recuperating from an operation. **Martha**, herself, has been battling cancer.

Secretaries: **Harriet Knight**, 905 Portage Rd., Apt. 41, Wooster, OH 44691; **J. Ralph Gillman**, 565 Malvern Rd., Akron, OH 44303.

1935

**Emily Smith Fische '38** informed us that her brother and our classmate, **Elberton Smith**, died on June 21, 1991. **Elberton** attended many class reunions, including our 55th, and we will miss him. Sympathy of the class is extended to his family.

As we (the **Burgers**) had other business in Wooster, we planned it for Alumni Weekend on our way from Texas to Maine for the summer. It was a bit disappointing as there were no other "Old Guard" at the Old Guard dinner except us and those who were in reunion classes. So, your secretary (**Bill**) had to recruit a younger man to help him carry the banner in the parade. We were the last to carry it as the Old Guard, for now we are known as Scots Forever. Of course that will apply only until a better name is found — such as Old Guard. We also learned there will be no more freshmen in formal College publications, as that is considered a sexist word. My wife, **Alice**, says it won't be long until someone thinks up a non-sexist name for the bachelor degree. Oh, well, important decisions must be made.

Secretary: **William Burger**, 1300 South Border Ave., #264, Weslaco, TX 78596 (Oct-May); P.O. Box 350, Farmington, ME 04938 (Summer).

1934

Congratulations to **Robert '37** and **Esther Larr Darrow**, on their 50th wedding anniversary on June 29, 1991. The family celebration was held in August, so all three daughters, their spouses, and four grandchildren could be present. We rejoice with you! Thanks, **Dorothy Darrow Flower**, for sending the news and newspaper clipping. How was your three-week trip to Sweden and Finland?

**Helen Hayward**, a former class secretary, wrote that she is well, active, and enjoying life in a Presbyterian retirement apartment, in Cincinnati. **Bet** she's kept her love of fun and contagious chuckle.

Dr. Carl Robson '62 and his mother, **Mildred Lobban Seaton**, were my hosts for an Ethiopian meal, cooked by a family Carl has sponsored and housed in part of his office building. Under his care, 17 students have come to study in Cleveland. Because conditions in their homeland make their future uncertain, Carl feels a deep concern for them. Carl's daughter, Sally '89, serves in the Peace Corps, so he and Mildred share a world outlook. They gave me a most interesting evening!

There's been great joy and lively commotion at my (**Elizabeth's**) house, for visiting from Oregon were my son, Jonathan '73, his wife, Susie Yoder '75, their daughter, Katie, and twins, Abigail and Timothy, who were 16 months old in August. We had seven wonderful days, with seven other family folks joining us part time. I bask in treasured memories.

**Marion Sibbison Day** called me, and she sounded cheerful. While restricted in her activities, she enjoys life at home and appreciates the help she has to make her living easier.

Now, do tell us what's happening in your life; write today.

Secretary: **Elizabeth Lapham Wills**, 3873 Montevista Rd., Cleveland, OH 44121.

1 9 3 3

Alumni weekend brought three members of our class to Wooster. **Waldemar Agricola**, **Naomi Allen Blazer**, and I (**Bert**) ate and talked together at the Old Guard dinner. That evening, we learned that the name has been changed to Scots Forever. The next day **John Hartzler** made an appearance.

**Elinor May Gattshall**, who has come almost without exception on Alumni Weekend, was not here this year. A telephone call assured me that both she and Lefty '35 are fine. They had conflicting engagements and had to make a hard choice. Elinor says that she hears from **Jeannette Findley Miller**, usually at Christmas time. Jeannette is enjoying her home in Texas. News from **Dorothy Boone Space** is also good.

**Robert Pfouts** and his wife, Mary, were among the students at the Alumni College in June. They definitely added to the enjoyment.

A great letter from **Betty Ledyard Loveys** brought much news about Wooster people. Betty enclosed a newspaper article about **Mary Grow Cerasani** who, as reported in the previous issue of *Wooster*, has just begun a two-year tour as a Peace Corps volunteer in Poland. Mary's statement quoted in the article seems to sum up her creed of living: "Just living at 81 isn't enough. You've got to do something."

Betty remembered a date with the late **Reed Wible** when they took a walk in the snow on a country road. Reed carried a gun in case he spotted a rabbit. He didn't. When Betty was talking with Mary Grow Cerasani, she learned that **Ora Anderson Mongiore** is living in the same building with her. They talked together and found that their lives had almost crossed several times. Last spring, Betty met another Wooster person living in her building: Elizabeth Kimble Montgomery '26. Betty says she feels as if she has gone full circle from student days in Wooster to having encounters with Wooster friends at this time.

Sincere sympathy goes to **Martha Siehl Hill**, whose husband, Robert, died on Aug. 6, 1991. Martha and Bob maintained their high school romance through Martha's studies at Wooster and Bob's medical studies. Martha has one daughter and one son, eight grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

**Emily Koester Foster** and her husband, Edward '35, continue to live in Toledo. As with many members of the class, Emily has some physical problems, but together she and Ed keep up a good life.

**Robert and Alice Morris Crothers** are rejoicing in the graduation of a granddaughter from Johns Hopkins U and a grandson from Holderness Prep in New Hampshire. Another grandson recently was married and that joyful occasion gave Alice and Bob a chance to see their extended family. In Sept., they enjoyed visits to many family members in Oregon and Arizona.

Secretary: **H. Alberta Colclaser**, 361 Holmes Blvd., Wooster, OH 44691.

1 9 3 2



60th Reunion/June 4-7, 1992

Please write.

Secretaries: **Virginia Anderson Crowl**, 10501 Lagrima De Oro N.E., Apt. 4103, Albuquerque, NM 87111; **Bailey Whitcomb**, 113 Oliver Pl., Hamburg, NY 14075.

1 9 3 1

In this issue, we are including information from women who couldn't attend our reunion but sent in news on their reunion questionnaires.

**Herman '29 and Dorothy Dunn Beatty** live in Chambersburg, PA, and have two sons, James '58 and Joseph '59.

**Hal and Callie Wilson Bowman** live in Canton, OH, where Callie is involved in civic activities, including YWCA, Junior League, and College Club.

**Gladys Hower**, who lives in Warren, OH, was an elementary school teacher for 40 years. She is glad that she attended a Christian college with high academic standards.

**Charles '34 and Mildred Schott Magill** live in Suffolk, NY. Their grandson, James Wallace, is a senior at Wooster.

**Petronella DeCecco Sidwell**, a retired research food technologist, is tutoring medical students in English at the U of Maryland.

**Martha Cameron Smith's** husband, Gail, informs us that Martha suffered a disabling stroke and is now in a nursing home. Previously, Martha was a librarian. She traveled extensively with her husband on business trips and was an unofficial hostess at Corning, Incorporated, his employer.

We are sorry to report that **Ellen Ammerman Sprandel** is also in a nursing home in Wooster.

**Gladys Hilverding Sumner** received her B.S. in nursing from Case Western Reserve U and later taught at Kent State U. She now makes her home in Kent.

**Frances Thompson** worked as a missionary-teacher at Silliman U and Dansalan College in the Philippines. She now lives in Uplands Retirement Community in Pleasant Hill, TN.

**Nora Toepfer**, a retired high school teacher, studied and received academic honors in Rome and Cuneo, Italy. She resides in Tarentum, PA.

**Evelyn Rowe Tomlinson's** husband, Raymond, died in March, 1989, and since that time Evelyn has tried to keep up her many civic interests in Port Charlotte, FL, where she makes her home.

**Cathryn Rhodes Unger**, now a widow, lives in Scottsdale, AZ, and has two sons.

We are sorry to report that **Anabel Clouse Willour** has serious health problems and is now in a nursing home in Carmel, IN, where her husband, Paul, has an apartment in the same retirement complex.

**Kate Shaver Worls**, widow of George '30, is a retired high school teacher in Wheeling, WV, where she now does occasional substituting.

There are many reasons why some classmates could not return for our 60th reunion and why some did not send in information about themselves, but 37 brave souls made it back. Considering that we all must be in our eighties, that was a fine turnout. Is it a tribute to good medical care, or perhaps partly due to the perseverance that kept us going when we graduated in the midst of the Depression? Whatever it was, the reunion was a happy and heart-warming occasion. As someone expressed it, the reunion gave her a sense of "belonging, of feeling accepted," that good feeling we all need. Our reunion brought a greater appreciation of all that our Wooster education has meant to us. It is significant that so many of us have gone into fields of education and service. Ed Arn did a great job of pulling this event together, and our class is fortunate that he has again accepted the helm. The class owes Kate Schantz and Trevor Gross a debt of gratitude for their work as class secretaries. **Hal Teal** and I (**Jinny**) hope you will support us. Remember, our 1931 class notes will only be as interesting as you help us to make them. So, please send news.

Secretaries: **Hal C. Teal**, 43 Pocono Dr., Pittsburgh, PA 15220; **Virginia Bourns Jeffery**, 1507 Avalon Rd., Wooster, OH 44691.

1 9 3 0

I (**Bernice**) was in Wooster Friday night and Saturday of alumni weekend, staying overnight with **Margaret Guille**. We attended the Scots Forever dinner. I hope you all have taken note that the name of Old Guard has been changed to Scots Forever, and please don't get confused and call us Scotch Guards. That name was my son's creation.

Besides Margaret and me, **Hannah Royer Saurer**, **Esther Lane Toensmeier**, **Dean Hopkins**, **Frank Baker**, and **Al Johnson** also attended the dinner.

The class extends sympathy to **Virginia Barton Lang**, whose husband, Eddie '29, died Nov. 10, 1990. His obituary appeared in the Spring issue of *Wooster*. Write to Virginia at 517 Highland Ave., Toledo, OH 43610.

CLASS NOTES

Our classmate, **Merrill Conover**, was recognized in the April issue of *Wooster Reports* for giving his rare and outstanding mineral collection to the College. The geology faculty was extravagant in expressing appreciation for this valuable and unique addition to its teaching resources. Parenthetically, we trust the staff will not mislabel the mineral samples as did the reporter in identifying Connie's class year as 1932 rather than 1930!

Since March, Connie and his wife, Lucille, have become converts to the retirement community lifestyle and have disposed of their Rosemont, PA, home in favor of a house in a Brick, NJ, development — no stairs. There, they are developing further bragging rights on the academic and musical achievements of their two granddaughters, who live nearby. May they enjoy many years in their new surroundings and in good time brag about the deeds of their great-grandchildren as well.

Secretaries: **Tom Mills**, 3183 N. Quincy St., Arlington, VA 22207; **Bernice Rees Snively**, 816 Phillips Rd. N.E., Massillon, OH 44646.

1 9 2 9

From Prescott, AZ, **Elbert Moses** sends greetings to the class. He reports that he battled cancer and has not had a recurrence of the disease for the last 10 years. Both Elbert and his wife, Caroline, do volunteer work at the Veterans' Administration. In Aug., Elbert was invited to go to the U.S.S.R. to view their publications and to evaluate their economic reforms, under the auspices of the citizen ambassador program of People to People International. As this was during the time of turmoil in Russia, he declined the invitation.

**Red Bourns** reports that in November he and Fran (Crane '30) moved to a total care retirement community in New Mexico. As their son, a physician, lives in Santa Fe, it is "a geographical and family move." Their new address is La Vida Llana, Apt. 4222, 10501 Lagrima De Oro N.E., Albuquerque, NM 87111. Best wishes to the Bournses.

**Bill Maitland** and his wife, Nadine, went to an Elderhostel this summer, visiting the Valley Forge Historical Society.

Bill also reported receiving a letter from Annette Johnston, informing him of the death of her husband and our classmate, **Hugh Johnston**, on May 28, 1991. (See obituaries.)

I (**Tom**) and Betty (Bunn '28) spent a week at Chautauqua Lake this summer. The theme for the week was the human family. With a relaxed atmosphere, stimulating lectures, symphony concerts and other musical programs, it was a satisfying week.

Secretary: **Tom McCullough**, 12540 Edgewater Dr., #706, Lakewood, OH 44107.

1 9 2 8

Your secretary sent post cards to five class members, asking them for news. One reply came from **Peg Broadhurst**, who continues to keep busy with friends and activities. She lives in Lakewood and occasionally travels to Wooster to attend plays.

Another reply came from **Bob Fogal**, who lives with his wife, Margaret (Kistler '29) in Duarte, CA. Bob enjoys reading *Wooster* and recalls with great appreciation his classes under Dr. Dodds. He is a graduate of Western Theological Seminary and spent many years in the ministry. The Fogals recently celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary. They enjoy having their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren living nearby.

Secretary: **Alice Ricksecker Paton**, 766 Fairview Circle, Wooster, OH 44691.

1 9 2 7



65th Reunion/June 4-7, 1992

We are saddened to report the death of **Bunny Roper Miner**, on June 6, 1991. This report came first from **Mary Kohr** and later from Bunny's son. For many years, Bunny was a school psychologist in the San Diego, CA, school system. She and her husband, Elwood '25, were active in the musical circles of San Diego and traveled extensively. Elwood died on Sept. 10, 1985.

We thank Mary for keeping us informed about our West Coast classmates. She fears that their round-robin of 65-years' duration has ceased.

Classmates are still seeing the world. **Martha Napier Nolan** took a Caribbean cruise in May and vacationed in Hawaii in August, with her son and his family.

Those who spent years in Kenarden Lodge would be interested to see it now, with a fence guarding it as it undergoes remodeling pains. The "new" version will be ready for students in the fall of 1992.

**Bob McKissick** sent us an item about the house maintained for 10 years at 1508 Beall Ave., by the father of classmate **Gibby Kerr**. Gibby's father hired the students to work an hour or so a day for their rooms and tasty, home-cooked meals. During the time of the home's operation, under the management of the parents of Nelson Stoops '26, 20-plus young men completed their college educations.

We have received information concerning the reunions of 1992. Since we are no longer the Old Guard but Scots Forever, we are younger in spirit and trust a number of us will be able to make our 65th reunion.

Secretary: **Florence Painter Griffith**, 1577 Cleveland Rd., Wooster, OH 44691.

1 9 2 6

Gleanings from some of your reunion notes indicate changes of residence to retirement homes or other settings requiring less effort to maintain.

Two years ago, **Eleanor Custer**, who is legally blind and dependent on a companion, moved to Laurel Lake, a lifetime-care retirement community in Hudson.

**Jeanne Christy**, recuperating in a rest home from a broken hip, anticipates a move to an apartment complex in Walnut Creek, CA, in the near future.

**Virginia Trundle Hanke** now lives in Worthington Christian Village. Although her mobility has decreased, she keeps up with world affairs and her family.

**Martha Irwin** has a new address: Oak Creek Terrace, Room 130, 2316 Springmill Rd., Kettering, OH 45440. Poor eyesight limits her activities, but she would appreciate hearing from friends.

**Frank and Frances Kerby Kille** have lived in a Presbyterian retirement community in Winter Park, FL, since 1982. The Killes enjoy reading, listening to music, and participating in the many activities provided by their community.

**Margaret Warner** now lives in Westbay Manor Nursing Home in Westlake.

**Betty Kimble Montgomery**, who did get to the reunion, reports a change in her northern residence to a Methodist retirement center near Skidmore College. Her new address is Embury Apt. E-103, Lawrence St., Saratoga Springs, NY 12866. Betty still winters in Florida, however. She enjoys playing golf and bridge, reading, and making quilts. We trust that her recent cataract surgery was successful.

Secretary: **Margaret Koester Welty**, Rt. 5, Box 180, Mt. Pleasant, PA 15666.

1 9 2 5

**Helen Shumaker Macmillan** moved to a new address in Delaware. Fourteen friends from her church and neighborhood helped her move to 23 N. Washington St., Delaware, OH 43015. She enjoyed a visit earlier from her sons, Hugh '49 and Bob '51. During the summer, Helen goes to her cottage on Crystal Lake in Beulah, MI.

In a round-robin letter, **Ruth Minsel Pickersgill** said that her daughter, Janet, and her family have returned from Germany and are now living in the States. Ruth and her husband, Eric, were looking forward to the wedding of their granddaughter, Heather Keeney '90, to Geoffrey Belz '90, in October.

It is with great sadness that we report the death of **William Hallaran**, on Sept. 18, 1991. His obituary will appear in the Winter issue of *Wooster*.

As promised, **Luella Goodhart Cotton** sent us her new address: Rydal Park, Apt. 436-H, Rydal, PA 19046.

Your secretaries would like to hear from more classmates.

Secretaries: **Sarah Painter**, 1577 Cleveland Rd., Wooster, OH 44691; **Edna Kienzle Comin**, 1138 E. Wayne, Wooster, OH 44691.

1 9 2 4

Please write.

Secretary: **George McClure**, 1255 South Pasadena Ave., #1119-B, St. Petersburg, FL 33707.

## 1923

Please write.

Secretary: **Gladys Ferguson**, 541-C,  
Williamsburg Ct., Wooster, OH 44691.

## 1922



## 70th Reunion/June 4-7, 1992

**Robert Hobart** sends greetings to the class and reports his new address: 1015 Havenhurst Dr., La Jolla, CA 92037.

Secretary: **Mary Arnold**, P.O. Box 343,  
Cambridge, OH 43725.

## 1917



## 75th Reunion/June 4-7, 1992

Friends and neighbors in Lakeland, FL, joined **Stephen Palmer** on August 2, 1991, to celebrate his 95th birthday. His wife, Helen, writes that he enjoyed the fellowship.

## 1915

Editor's note: **Hazel Edwards Lawrence** celebrated her 100th birthday on Sept. 7, 1991. Her son, Bill, writes that Hazel was very pleased that the Wooster Chorus dedicated their spring performance at the First Presbyterian Church in Maumee to her. Although Hazel was unable to attend the performance, she was moved by the concern of so many.

Secretary: **Hazel Edwards Lawrence**, 8883  
Browning Dr., #204, Waterville, OH 43566.

## MARRIAGES

- '67 **James B. Young** and **Mary Buck**,  
June 1, 1991.
- '80 **Maxine Naujoks** and **Scott Joseph**,  
Sept. 14, 1991.
- '83 **Teri Warden** and **David Bickmore**,  
May 25, 1991.
- '85 **Walter Bay** and **Linda McFarland**,  
Aug. 18, 1990.
- '86 **Peter Atkins** and **Julia Coyle**, June 1, 1991.
- '88 **Catharine Culbertson** and **Joseph McKean**, July 20, 1991.
- '89 **Betsy Frost** and **W. Scott Collins**,  
Aug. 24, 1991.
- Pamela Gaither** and **Donald F. Jones**,  
Aug. 31, 1991.
- '91 **Megan Traphagan** and **Michael Shaw**  
'89,

## BIRTHS

- '68 To **Carol** and **Ronald Polderman**, daughter, Sarah Anne, Sept. 9, 1991.
- '71 To **Charlotte** and **Stephen Wales**, son, Philip Taber, April 11, 1991.
- '73 To **Karen** and **James Miraldi**, son, Michael Ray, July 29, 1991.
- '74 To **Colleen** and **George Exter**, son, Cody, July 11, 1991, joining sister, Emily (2).  
To **Deborah** and **Russell Phifer**, daughter, Kasey Erin, Jan. 22, 1991.
- '76 To **Edmund** and **Susan Purves McCaffray**, daughter, Mara Rose, Aug. 7, 1991.  
To **Marcia Ruff** and **Thomas Wilkinson** '74, daughter, Emily Elizabeth, Aug. 14, 1991.
- '77 To **Geoffrey Graham** and **Polly Dallas-Graham**, daughter, Tess Katherine, May 10, 1991, joining sister, Kali.  
To **Alfreda** and **David Lelko**, daughter, Rebecca Ann, April 19, 1991.
- '80 To **Jay '81** and **Valerie Walton Haver**, daughter, Hannah Elise, April 2, 1991, joining sister, Moriah.  
To **Kathleen Barrett** and **William Hoese**, first child, William James, April 19, 1990.  
To **Michael '78** and **Margaret Shave Flannelly**, daughter, Erin Foster, Aug. 17, 1991.
- '81 To **John '83** and **Margaret Tannehill Thibodeau**, daughter, Patricia Susan, Jan. 14, 1991.
- '82 To **Debra** and **Dale Fortner**, daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, March 24, 1991.  
To **Marcus** and **Beth Steimel Ladrach**, son, William Frederick, Aug. 20, 1991.
- '83 To **Michelle** and **Kevin Balkam**, daughter, Alyssa Michelle, Aug. 17, 1991.
- '84 To **Amin '83** and **Kim Koch Mirabedini**, son, Cameron John, March 8, 1991, joining brother, Ryan.
- '85 To **Robert** and **Mary Mullen Buck**, daughter, Victoria Dorothy, Aug. 24, 1991.

## OBITUARIES

x'18 **Bernice Holverstott Adams**, July 1, 1991, at Community Nursing Center in Marion. She was a graduate of Denison U. Surviving are her daughter, Mary Thomas, and son, Clifford, and two grandchildren.

x'19 **Hilda A. Lebold**, May 23, 1991, in Lorain, where she had lived for most of her life. She was a teacher in the Lorain Public Schools for many years. There are no known survivors.

x'19 **Samuel B. Rentsch**, June 8, 1991, in Glastonbury, CT. He received his M.D. from the U of Michigan and practiced medicine in Connecticut for many years. During W.W. II, he served as a surgeon in the U.S. Navy Medical Corps. His wife, Minnie, and son, Samuel, Jr., survive.

x'20 **Jessie Hain Skelton**, July 3, 1991, at Smithville-Western Care Center in Wooster. She taught for one year at Canaan Center Elementary School before entering the banking business in 1918. She was head bookkeeper and head teller at Citizens' National Bank in Wooster from 1918-24 and was assistant treasurer of First Federal Savings and Loan Association from 1935 until her retirement in 1963.

She was a charter member, former treasurer and vice president of the Wooster Business and Professional Women, was a former member of the Quota Club, and a former legislative director of the Killbuck Chapter of the Izaak Walton League. There are no immediate survivors.

'22 **J. Paul Cotton**, March 5, 1991, in Ashtabula, after a long period of declining health. He received his Th.B. from Princeton Theological Seminary, Th.M. from Drew U, and Ph.D. from Union Theological Seminary. He served pastorates in Dover, NJ, and Bethlehem, PA, before becoming active in politics. While living in Geneva, he served as deputy registrar for motor vehicles and licenses for a time and was a precinct committeeman. During the '60s, he was an outspoken advocate for peace. For many years, he wrote and published a newsletter, "The Christian Way," which reflected his liberal Christian and political interests. His brother, William D. '32, survives.

'22 **Lucia Andrews McConn**, Aug. 29, 1991, in Escondido, CA, after a six-month illness. She received her R.N. from St. Luke's Hospital School of Nursing in Chicago, IL, and served as head of the maternity department at Lawrenceville Memorial Hospital in Lawrenceville, IL, for many years. Her husband, Frank, died in 1970. Surviving are two sons, Tom and Tyler; one daughter, Marcia Ogle; eight grandchildren; two great-grandchildren.

'23 **C. Archie Crandell**, retired physician, psychiatrist, and hospital administrator, April 7, 1991, in Springfield, PA. He received his M.D. from Hahnemann Medical College and was in private practice in Wooster until he joined the staff of the New Jersey State Hospital at Greystone Park in 1930. During W.W. II he served in the U.S. Army Air Corps and Medical Corps from 1943-46, and later served in the U.S. Air Force Medical Reserve, retiring as a colonel in 1960.

After the war, he returned to the hospital at Greystone Park, where he served as medical superintendent and CEO from 1950 until his retirement in 1969. At that time he received the Golden Merit Award for completion of 50 years of distinguished service as a practicing physician. After retirement, he moved to Swarthmore, PA, where he was an active member of the Economic Discussion Group at Swarthmore College and Trinity Episcopal Church.

Professionally, he was a life Fellow of both the American Medical Association and the American Psychiatric Association. He was also past president of the New Jersey Neuropsychiatric Association and the Morris County Medical Society. In 1953-54, he served as president of the New Jersey District Branch of the American Psychiatric Association. Surviving are his wife, Davona; two daughters, Gertrude Gordon and Susan Flego; five grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; two sisters, Abbie Enders '24 and Marylyn Wyse '29.



CLASS NOTES

**'23 Phillips Flattery**, July 21, 1991, at Grady Memorial Hospital in Delaware. He was an executive for Ohio Bell Telephone, retiring after 43 years of service. He was a life member of the Telephone Pioneers of America, Ohio Valley Chapter, and was a past president of the Dayton Chapter. In Sunbury, he was a member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles Aerie No. 3614. He was a former member of Stillwater Lodge No. 616 F&AM in Dayton, Akron Optimist and Kiwanis Clubs, and Dayton Rotary Club. An avid bridge player, he was American Contract Bridge Life Master No. 606, and was three times president of the Central Ohio Bridge Association. Surviving are his daughter, Phyllis Flattery; two grandchildren; six great-grandchildren. His wife and a daughter predeceased him.

**x'23 Iola Myers Hauenstein**, Jan. 24, 1991, at West View Manor in Wooster. Before her marriage to Harlen Hauenstein in 1922, she taught at Orrville Junior High School for five years. She was a member of Trinity United Church of Christ in Wooster, where she served as a Sunday school teacher and taught a ladies' Bible class until she was nearly 80 years old. She was a former member of the Wooster Community Hospital Auxiliary. Surviving are her daughter, Kathryn Lohmeyer '45; five grandchildren; three great-grandchildren.

**'23 Mary Hoffstott Senff**, formerly of Wooster, July 12, 1991, at Southport Manor in Fairfield, CT. A resident of New Canaan, CT, since 1964, she had done volunteer work at the New Canaan Thrift Shop for 25 years. She was a member of the Congregational Church and the Daughters of the American Revolution. Her husband, Karl P. Senff '23, and a daughter predeceased her. Her daughter, Susan Mason, and two grandchildren survive.

**'24 Ellen L. Campbell**, June 1, 1991, in Ashland, where she had resided for most of her life. She received her M.A. from Columbia U and was awarded an honorary Litt.D. from Ashland College in 1957. An English teacher for 39 years, she taught in Nova, Coshocton, and Ashland High Schools. In 1959, she was honored by the Ashland Chamber of Commerce as Teacher of the Year. In 1963, she joined the faculty of Ashland College, retiring in 1973 as professor of English. She was nominated to Outstanding Educators of America in 1971 and was inducted into *Who's Who in American Women*, the 9th and 10th editions.

She was a member of the Delta Kappa Gamma Sorority, the Esoteric Club, and Trinity Lutheran Church. She had served as a trustee for the boards of the Ashland Public Library, the Ashland County Historical Society Museum, and the Friends of the Ashland College Library. Surviving are three nephews, one of whom is John C. Frentz '47.

**'26 Margaret Langell Starn**, of Richmond, CA, May 2, 1991. Until her retirement in 1971, she was a secretary in the research department of Chevron Chemical, a subsidiary of Standard Oil of California, for over 20 years. She was a member of First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Richmond. Surviving are her son, George; eight grandchildren; five great-grandchildren. Two daughters, Peggy and Nancy, died previously.

**x'26 Carl A. Stayer**, Aug. 13, 1990, in Tallahassee, FL, where he had resided since 1972. He received his B.S. from the U of Pittsburgh and worked for General Motors in Harrisburg, PA, for 18 years, before moving to Tampa, FL. There he spent 27 years in the restaurant business as owner and president of Stayer & Sons, Incorporated. Surviving are two daughters, Jan Miller and Carol Ellinor; six grandchildren; five great-grandchildren.

**'27 Bernice Roper Miner**, June 6, 1991, in San Diego, CA, where she had resided in Pacific Beach since 1948. She received her M.A. from San Diego State College and was a psychologist for the San Diego Unified School District for many years. After retirement in 1970, she and her husband served as Volunteers in Mission, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church, in Alexandria, Egypt; Addis Ababa, Ethiopia; and in the state of Tamil Nadu, in south India.

She was a member of Pacific Beach Presbyterian Church, a 30-year volunteer at Sharp-Cabrillo Hospital, and was active with Meals on Wheels. Her husband, W. Elwood Miner '25, died on Sept. 10, 1985. Surviving are her son, Robert; daughter, Elizabeth Pharis; 10 grandchildren; three great-grandchildren.

**x'28 Karl M. Lippert**, retired director of the Veterans Hospital of Columbia, SC, May 4, 1991, in Lexington, SC. He received his B.A. and M.D. from the U of Cincinnati. Until 1942, he was in private practice in Lancaster, SC. He then served in the Army Medical Corps as a lieutenant colonel and at the 60th Station Hospital. Afterwards, he was honorary consultant and surgeon general to Fort Jackson and was chief of surgical services of Veterans Hospital of Columbia until 1955. In Ohio, he served as area chief of surgery in Columbus until he returned to Columbia in 1960 to become director of the Veterans Hospital.

He was a fellow and member of numerous professional organizations, including the American College of Surgeons, the International College of Surgeons, and the American Association for the Surgery of Trauma. He was a diplomat of the American Board of Surgery and the American Board of Thoracic Surgery and was a member of the American Medical Association. Lippert was also a member of Rotary International, Executive Club of Columbia, the Masonic Order, and the First Presbyterian Church of Columbia. His wife, Mary Jane, survives.

**'28 Harold C. Schweisberger**, retired educator and administrator, Jan. 17, 1991, in St. Petersburg, FL. He received his M.A. from Teachers College, Columbia U in 1949. He began his 36-year teaching career in 1928 as a mathematics teacher at Richfield School, and in 1932 he became principal of Richfield elementary and high schools.

During W.W. II, he served in the U.S. Army, European Theater. Following the war, he returned to his former position in Richfield as an administrator and teacher. When the Richfield and Bath schools were consolidated in 1952, he was appointed executive head of the new school system, Bath-Richfield Local Schools. He continued in this position until his retirement in June, 1964. He then moved to St. Petersburg, where he became reacquainted with a former student, Marian Davidson Fruth, a widow. They married in 1970.

Schweisberger, or "Schweisy," as he was fondly referred to by his students, was a role model and mentor for the many young people he taught during his long career. He is remembered by his colleagues and students for his sense of humor and ability to teach with firmness and discipline. Surviving are his wife, Marian; three step-children; sister, Esther L. Schweisberger.

**x'29 Kathryn Elizabeth Hanna**, Dec. 16, 1990, at her home in Medford, OR. She was founder and co-owner of the Dunhanna Photo Studio in Jackson, MI, for a number of years. In 1952, she retired and moved to Corona del Mar, CA, where she remained until her move to Oregon in the early '80s. Surviving are her brother, Willard '32; sister, Grace Ruth Arthur '38.

**'29 Hugh M. Johnston**, May 28, 1991, in Fairfax, VA. He received his M.A. from the U of Cincinnati and served as tax examiner for Hamilton County in Ohio for 11 years. For 25 years, he was a budget analyst for HUD in Washington, DC, retiring in 1969. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and served as a deacon and sang in the choir. A loyal Woosterian, he served several terms as class secretary, most recently in 1984-89. Surviving are his wife, Annette; two children, Nancy Kay '57 and H. Alan; six grandchildren; two great-grandchildren.

**'30 C. Roberta Frank Parkhurst**, Jan. 7, 1990, in New Bern, NC. Her husband, Howard, died in 1989. Surviving are three daughters and one son.

**'32 Orden R. Smucker**, Aug. 1, 1991, at his residence in Wooster. He worked for Dunn & Bradstreet and the A. C. Nielsen Rating Service in the Pittsburgh, PA, area before returning to Wooster. He was a trust officer for the Wayne County National Bank from 1956-68 and then for the Farmers & Savings Bank in Loudonville until his retirement. After retirement, he was a bookkeeper for Colby Trucking, Swartzentruber Auto Sales, and 300 Tire Service.

In Pennsylvania, he was a member of Delta Braddock's Field Fox Chapel Masonic Lodge No. 699 in Braddock and the Imperial Council Nobles of Mystic Shrine in Pittsburgh. He was a life member of Syria Temple Shrine and Scottish Rite Valley, both in Pittsburgh. Surviving are his wife, Clara; daughter, Carol Janda; one granddaughter.

**x'34 Grace Althaus Snider**, of Galloway, Feb. 27, 1991. She received her B.A. from Western College and B.S. from Ohio State U. Surviving are her husband, Robert; two children, David and Jean Snider.

**'35 R. Elberton Smith**, of San Luis Obispo, CA, June 21, 1991, of a heart attack. He was born in Chicago in 1910, graduated from Carl Schurz High School and worked for several years before enrolling in Wooster in 1932. During the Depression summers and for a year after graduation from the College, he savored the experience of selling Bibles throughout Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania. W.W. II interrupted his doctoral studies in economics at the U of Chicago, and after utilizing his economics for the War Production Board in Washington, DC, he served in the Navy, leaving with the rank of Lt. Commander. He then completed his Ph.D. in economics, and his dissertation, *Customs Valuation in the United States: A Study in Tariff Administration*, was published by the U of Chicago Press.

Smith wrote a comprehensive study, *The Army and Economic Mobilization*, one volume of the W.W. II History series for the War Department Office of Military History. Over the years, he taught economics at the U of Denver, Northwestern U, the U of Indiana, Bloomington, and the U of Maryland. From 1958-68, he and his family lived abroad in connection with his assignments for the Agency for International Development in Japan, Cambodia, and Turkey. For 10 years thereafter, he was a professor of economics at California State Polytechnic College, San Luis Obispo. He retired in 1978.

His wife of 41 years, Verna, died in 1985. Surviving are his wife, Genevieve; a son, Stanley; daughter, Judith; stepson, Robert Hamilton; several grandchildren and great-grandchildren; sister, Emily Fishe '38; two brothers, Montford '41 and Sidney.

'35 **Rosemary Crowell Stout**, of Dearborn, MI, Feb. 23, 1991. She taught fourth grade in Dearborn for 26 years, retiring in 1977. She was predeceased by her son, Michel, in 1974 and her husband, Daniel A. Stout '36, in 1985. Surviving are two daughters, Virginia Calderon and Katharine Cooley; eight grandchildren; two great-grandchildren.

'36 **Paul L. Baumgardner**, retired teacher, June 5, 1991, at his home in Richfield, where he resided for most of his life. He received his M.A. from the U of Wisconsin and was a veteran of W.W. II. For many years, he taught French and Latin at Cuyahoga Heights High School. He lived on and farmed the land that had been owned by his grandfather. Active in the community, he was named Richfield Citizen of the Year in 1978. He served as president of the former Bath-Richfield School Board and was chair of the committee that helped bring a library branch to Richfield. He was a member of the Richfield United Church of Christ. His brother, Ora, survives.

'36 **Martha Cunningham Kringel**, March 6, 1990, of cancer, in Marathon, FL. She was born in Pittsburgh, PA, and raised in the Philippines, where her parents were Presbyterian missionaries. After graduation from Wooster, she returned to the Philippines to teach. In 1938, she married John Kringel in Manila, while he was serving there with the U.S. Navy. The Kringels returned to the U.S. in 1940. While her husband was chair of Lone Star Industries, the family lived in various places, including the Philippines, Panama, and Australia. Martha was an enthusiastic tennis player and a great organizer and volunteer until her death. Surviving are her husband, John R.; two sons, John G. and George N.; daughter, Susan Lukrich '66; four grandchildren. Her brother, T. Davis Cunningham '37, predeceased her in 1984.

'38 **Joyce Walter McCutcheon**, Sept. 5, 1991, in Lakewood. She taught English, Latin, and physical education in Wayne and Muskingum counties for seven years before moving to Lakewood. For two years during the '50s, she taught at Lakewood Harding Junior High School. Thereafter, she tutored children throughout the Cleveland area for many years. She was a member of Trinity Lutheran Church and a former treasurer of the College Club West. She was a volunteer at Lakewood Hospital and the Garret Shop, a charity resale store in Lakewood. Surviving are her husband, Donald; son, Robert; daughter, Ruth Whetsel '68; two grandchildren; brother, Harry '53.

'40 **Elliott L. Walzer**, of Atlanta, GA, July 31, 1991. During W.W. II, he served from 1941-46 with the U.S. Marine Corps in the Pacific, retiring with the rank of major. He was a retired real estate broker and was a member of the Atlanta Board of Realtors. Surviving are his wife, Helen; sister, Betty Ekholm, two brothers, Harry and William.

'42 **Raymond E. Hudson**, of Laguna Niguel, CA, June 30, 1991. During W.W. II, he served as a special agent of the Counter Intelligence Corps assigned to the U.S. First Army. After the war, he served in Germany for several years as a civilian staff officer with Headquarters, Intelligence Division, European Command. He was manager of the transportation department of the Columbus Chamber of Commerce in Ohio, resigning in 1955. He moved to California and worked for North American Aviation, Incorporated, for a short time. In 1958, he became a public relations representative for the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California and was general manager of Costa Mesa Water District, Orange County, until his retirement. Surviving are his wife, Katherine; daughter, Rosemary Stockdale; three grandsons; brother, Dale '44.

x'42 **Mary McGavran Koebel**, of Murrysville, PA, May 11, 1991. She received her B.A. from Ohio State U. Surviving are her husband, Harold; daughter, Jenny; brother, Charles W. McGavran II '33; sister, Agnes Grove.

'42 **Edgar A. McGee**, June 2, 1991, in Mishawaka, IN. He received his B.S. in petroleum engineering from the U of Pittsburgh. During W.W. II, he served as a bomb disposal officer in the U.S. Navy. He retired in 1983 as a senior account representative for Shell Oil Company, after 37 years of service. He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church in Mishawaka and had served on the Y.M.C.A. board of managers. Surviving are his wife, Barbara; two sons, Richard and Randall; two daughters, Patricia Shaler-Reed and Martha McGee; two grandchildren.

'43 **Carle S. Boyer**, of Boulder City, NV, Dec. 23, 1990. During W.W. II, he served from 1943-46 in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. He joined Texaco in 1946 as an exploration geologist, serving assignments in Illinois, Colorado, Oklahoma, and Texas. In 1973, he became manager of the company's exploration department in Houston. Surviving are his wife, Dorothy; daughter, Sandra; brother, William '47; two sisters, Emma Dickson '51 and Bethel Jones '41.

'43 **Kenneth E. Cross**, July 28, 1991, at his home in St. Augustine, FL, following a long illness. He served as a pilot in the Coast Guard during W.W. II from 1941-46, and returned to Wooster to complete his education in 1947. He received his M.Div. from Western Theological Seminary, now Pittsburgh Theological Seminary, and was a Presbyterian minister. Until his retirement in 1981, he served increasingly remote parishes, always preferring Mother Nature's offerings to those of urban life. In retirement, he and his wife, Helen (Dayton '42), wintered on the beaches of St. Augustine, returning to the Adirondacks each summer.

In accordance with Ken's wishes, his ashes were scattered over an Adirondack lake from a seaplane, symbolizing both his love of flying and the beauty and peace of the mountains. After such a long illness, that peace is now his. Surviving are his wife, Helen (Dayton '42); son, William '68; daughter, Janet '71; brother, Thomas.

'48 **Margaret Cummings Lints**, July 28, 1991, of cancer, in Cincinnati. She graduated

from Connersville High School in Connersville, IN, and graduated from Bradford Junior College before enrolling as a religion major at Wooster. For many years, she was director of religious education at First Presbyterian Church in Rahway, NJ. In 1977, she moved to Richmond, VA, where she worked for The American Heart Association, retiring as regional vice president in 1988. She then retired to Melbourne Beach, FL. Her husband, Ronald, predeceased her. Surviving are her daughter, Susan Murphy; son, Christopher Erickson.

'50 **John W. Timmons**, July 7, 1991, in Mesa, AZ. He was a retired manager of government testing and compliance for Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. Surviving are his wife, Maxine; daughter, Lynn Timmons-Hall; one grandson; brother, Richard '41.

'50 **Ralph L. Underwood**, June 16, 1991, in Charlotte, NC. He received his M.Div. from Yale University Divinity School and served pastorates in North Carolina and West Virginia. In 1973, he became a family life consultant for Barium Springs Home for Children and developed its AGAPE program (Adult Growth and Parent Education). With his wife, he developed special parent, family, and marriage programs for the Presbyterian Church. Since 1981, he served as interim pastor for churches in transition. Surviving are his wife, Dorothy; two sons, Ralph and Mark; three daughters, Dawn Robinson, Lisa, and Robin; three grandchildren.

'51 **Milton B. Trautman**, Jan. 31, 1991. He was professor emeritus of the zoology department of Ohio State U, and he was curator of the vertebrate collections at The Ohio State University Museum for many years. He was the author of many scientific papers and books, including *The Fishes of Ohio*, for which he received the American Wildlife Society Publication Award in 1959. In 1974, both he and his wife were inducted into the Ohio Conservation Hall of Fame. Among other professional organizations, he was a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, American Ornithologists Union, and the Ohio Academy of Science. Surviving are his wife, Mary; daughter, Elizabeth Rudolph; one grandchild.

x'56 **Barbara Klinger Buchanan**, Aug. 2, 1991, at her residence in Jackson. She was a member of First Presbyterian Church in Jackson, Jackson Women's League, Jackson Newcomers' Club and was an active volunteer for the American Cancer Society. She was also an avid tennis and bridge player. Surviving are her husband, William '53; four children, Kara Bowman, Mark, Kyle, and Craig; five grandchildren; brother, George B. Klinger '58.

'64 **John A. Lammert, Jr.**, May 6, 1991, of cancer, at his home in Chagrin Falls. While at Wooster, he established a student/friend relationship with coaches Phil Shipe and Al Van Wie '52, both of whom became special role models. His experiences at Wooster shaped his character. Throughout his life he continued his quest for knowledge, appreciation of music, and to treasure the gift of life each day. After graduation, he taught and coached for the Buckeye Local Schools in Ashtabula until 1968 when he began his career in human relations management. Most recently, he was vice president, human resources, for Sudbury, Incorporated, in Cleveland. He held similar positions at Morton Salt Company, Technicare, and TRW. In 1984, he received his M.B.A. from Baldwin-Wallace College.

## FAMILY NOTES

A memorial mass was said at Holy Angels Catholic Church, where he was a member. He was eulogized by family and friends for his love of life, laughter, passion for sports, and unforgettable charisma. With his understanding of and concern for others, he was the total teacher, shaping and touching so many lives. His special gifts of time and love and devotion were given to his family. Surviving are his wife of 26 years, Constance; daughter, Cynthia Lammert-Alexander; son, John.

by Constance Lammert

'68 **Richard L. Coe**, Aug. 18, 1991, unexpectedly, in Taiwan. Since graduation, Dick had spent most of his time teaching English as a Second Language overseas. He began his teaching career in Afghanistan as a Peace Corps volunteer for three years. He then went to Saudi Arabia before returning to the U.S. to work toward his M.Ed. from Boston U. After receiving his graduate degree in 1980, he returned to Saudi Arabia. He remained there for four years as a lecturer in English as a Second Language at the U of Petroleum and Minerals in Dhahran. Returning to the U.S., he taught English to foreign students at Boston U for a short while. Then, in a cooperative program between the State U of New York at Buffalo and the Malaysian government, he taught in Malaysia for a number of years.

Music was an important part of his life, and he continued to sing and participate in local musical and theatre groups in each country where he was a teacher. Travel also played a significant role in Dick's life. After leaving Malaysia in the summer of 1990, he returned to the U.S. via Bali, Vietnam, Eastern Europe, Germany, France, and the United Kingdom. In July, 1991, he took a new teaching position in Kaohsiung, Taiwan. It was there that he contracted the fever which resulted in his death. Surviving are his parents, Frank '41 and Virginia (Beifuss '44) Coe; a brother; a sister; two nephews; and many friends all over the world. A memorial fund has been established in his memory for the purchase of books for Andrews Library.

by Kathleen Fair '68

x'80 **Catherine J. Hodges**, Oct. 15, 1990, of respiratory failure in Wilmington Hospital, Wilmington, DE. She had been a quadriplegic since a 1979 car accident. Following the accident, she attended continuing education classes at Wilcastle Center of the U of Delaware. While at Wooster, Cathy was a flaming-baton twirler in the Scot Band. She was a member of Westminster Presbyterian Church in Wilmington. Surviving are her parents, James and Margaret Hodges; two brothers, George and David; sister, Mary Acker.

We have received word of the following deaths but have no further information.

x'18 **Ethel Limberg Fithian**.

x'18 **Jesse R. Rentsch**.

'19 **William M. Baird, Jr.**, Aug. 20, 1987.

x'20 **L. Mertace Canan**.

x'26 **Tracy Crawford Stratton**.

x'30 **Anna Manchester Julian**, Oct., 1990.

x'43 **Eileen Shank Loehr**.

'44 **Dorothy Moore Butts**, April, 1991.

x'52 **David L. Dokus**, Aug. 11, 1991.

x'65 **Brooks L. Harrop**.

**James C. Haden** died on Aug. 12, 1991, from cancer. Jim was the Compton Professor of Philosophy at the College from 1973 until his retirement in 1987. He received his B.S. in physics and engineering from Haverford College in 1943, and his M.A. and Ph.D. in philosophy from Yale U in 1951 and 1953. While at Yale, he held the Junior Sterling Fellowship twice as a student and the Morse Fellowship as an instructor. In 1956 he was given the directorship of Yale's prestigious Directed Studies Program in the Liberal Arts.

In addition to his work at Yale, Jim taught philosophy at the U of South Carolina, Oakland U in Michigan, Wesleyan U, and Hampshire College. His main scholarly interest was the history of philosophy, and his own work was primarily in Platonic and Kantian studies. He was an accomplished translator, and he had published a translation of Kant's *First Introduction to the Critique of Judgement* as well as a translation of Ernst Cassirer's acclaimed *Kants Leben und Lehre*. Most recently, he had completed both a translation of the major works of Pierre-Louis Moreau de Maupertuis, an eighteenth-century scientist and philosopher, and a commentary on Plato's *Euthyphro*.

Upon his retirement Jim and his wife, Olympia, moved to Greece, where he was a senior associate fellow at the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. In addition to his work there, Jim founded the Aulos Consort, a group of musicians who performed early music in and around the city. He had amassed an impressive collection of early music instruments himself, saying that music was "a blessed relief from words," and was especially accomplished with the recorder and the viola da gamba.

It is difficult to speak more personally in this forum of Jim Haden, both because I sense his critical eye even now and because the attempt to do him justice in one short message seems ineluctably doomed. Those of us who really knew him saw in him such a power of mind, so harmonious a meeting of thought and action, such a rare expression of life that any true account of him is likely to seem overly sentimental to those who didn't know him.

There are some simple facts. He was a man who really believed that doing philosophy is good and worthwhile — that critical inquiry into ourselves and our world would fortify our souls and give our lives meaning. And so he did philosophy, having turned to it as an adult already trained as an engineer, and encouraged all of us — students, colleagues, friends — to try our hands at it as well. "It's all in Plato," he would smile and say, occasionally grabbing his forehead in a characteristic way or making a distinctive noise — something between a deep grumble and a resonant hum — at one fumbled thought or another. His standards were high, and his invariably prolonged and serious thought on anything from the real value of mandatory IS to the impact of ideology and politics on academia and academics to the qualities of true friendship could be brilliant and daunting. He taught by example, not lecture, and so

one correctly sensed when doing philosophy with Jim that more was at stake than a grade; he wanted to persuade us to account to ourselves honestly for the way we live, and to learn something from the accounting about how to live better. He had a marvelous wit and a golden heart, a passion for corn on the cob and baseball in the summer sun, and a disarming capacity for tenderness. His silence now is deafening.

Jim died at home in Greece, 12 days after his 69th birthday, his wife and eldest son by his side. Despite the cancer, he died with great dignity and a clear mind. It may be that he finally walks among the giants. The world has lost a jewel, and the sun will shine less brightly for those of us who must go on without the finest of friends.

by Inger Forland '87

## EDITOR'S CORNER

What are "Dream Checks"? Intrigued? Read on.

"The 'dream check' you received from me [Walt Hopkins '66] earlier (via Wooster's Alumni Office) requires some explanation. On June 8, 1991, the class of 1966 presented a gift to the College at our 25th reunion. As president of the class, I acknowledged the classes of 1941 and before for inspiring us with the success of their own class funds. I then said that we wanted to pass on the challenge to the classes that are still building their class funds, whether for a 50-year gift, a 25-year gift or even a 10-year gift.

"So I announced that the class of 1966 was giving a \$10 Dream Check to each class from 1942 to 1991. We hope this will provide encouragement and inspiration to you as class president and to the rest of your class as you develop your fund.

"Our own 25-year gift to the College was just over \$180,000. We look forward to seeing that record broken soon. Good luck!"

Just to keep the record straight: **Donald R. Kocher '49** retired as associate pastor of the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church last January — not as pastor — as reported in the Summer issue of *Wooster*. **Eugene C. Bay '59** is pastor of that church.

Information in the Class Notes has been compiled from reports by the class secretaries, newspapers, press releases, and letters to the Alumni Office or the editors. Class secretaries — please note the following deadlines for each issue of *Wooster*:

Fall: August 18

Winter: October 22

Spring: February 2

Summer Non-reunion Classes: May 13

Summer Reunion Classes: June 13

If you plan to have your wedding photograph appear in *Wooster*, consider having a couple of black and white prints made when you make arrangements with your photographer. You will be pleased with the result.

# Crystal Apples

By R. Stanton Hales and Several Grateful Wooster Students

*R. Stanton Hales, vice president for academic affairs, explained and presented Wooster's first Excellence in Teaching awards (certificates and crystal apples) during the symposium, Liberal Arts in the 21st Century (see page two). Wayne Booth remarked shortly after this ceremony, "If you add up what the students reported of what had impressed them most — things like 'he introduced us to critical thinking,' 'she insisted that we learn how to conduct real discussions,' 'she taught me to love literature' and so on — you'll have a better summary of liberal education than anything we panelists might say here."*

To be sure, excellence in teaching goes well beyond these nine people, but to a person they exemplify the many ways in which this excellence at the secondary level manifests itself. The honored teachers [from l. to r. in the photograph] are:

**Jeff Pratt**, a teacher of English and the humanities at Hiland High School in Berlin, Ohio. (Two nominators: Lewis Eugene Kaufman '91 and Michael Gisinger '95.) "Simply put, I believe no teacher deserves the award more than Mr. Pratt because no teacher prepared me so well for the rigors of academic

Ohio. Erin Cross '95 wrote, "One outstanding educator did not stop helping and instructing me or any of her students once we left her classroom. Mrs. Margevicius was interested in all of us personally. Although she is a strong supporter of the sciences, she also takes note of her students in other areas and encourages them to perform their best there as well."

**Jayne Karsten**, teacher of English at the Key School in Annapolis, Maryland. Megan Rafferty '95 wrote, "Jayne Karsten is a tireless woman. Her energy and true love for teaching in English made it the class I and many others looked forward to the most."

**Bill Gulotta**, teacher of history and political science at the Berkshire School in Sheffield, Massachusetts. Chris Alghini '92 wrote, "High school students are not self-motivated, especially when it comes to history and political science. Mr. Gulotta always provided the excitement and motivation to his classes, teams, and dorm residents."



PHOTO BY MATT DILLARD

Teaching is what Wooster as an undergraduate college cares most about. Our students hold us to a very high standard because of the teaching which they have often enjoyed before they arrive at Wooster. We owe a lot to those secondary teachers who prepare our students for college work, and we intend, through these Awards, to make both a real and a symbolic payment on that debt this morning.

Through a ballot mailed last spring and summer, students in the Wooster classes of 1991 through 1995 were invited to submit nominations for the "Excellence in Teaching Awards." They were asked to nominate one of their secondary teachers who excite their students and instill in them a desire to learn and explore beyond the classroom, who challenge their students to think deeply and critically, who have a strong impact on their students, and who encourage their students to determine what is right and wrong about their world and to think about correcting the wrongs. The response to this was most impressive, and our local committee found it a very difficult task to select the small group to be recognized.

life at The College of Wooster than did Jeff Pratt." "His goals are to prepare people for college and it worked. He teaches more than just English. He teaches life and how to live as an individual."


**Kevin Pollock**, a teacher of music and band at Franklin Regional Senior High School in Murrysville, Pennsylvania. Katherine Kussmaul '95 wrote, "It is crystal clear that Kevin Pollock was a tremendous influence on my life. He taught me to strive for my dreams, work for my goals, and to maintain within myself a knowledge of who I am, how far I can push myself, and the realization that indeed it is okay to make mistakes."

**Kristy Maser**, a teacher of English and language arts at Westerville South High School. Gina Bombaci '95 wrote, "She helped to instill in me and my classmates a genuine love of literature. I know of no teacher who has been more effective in helping high school students think critically, to value learning over just grades, and to believe in their own self-worth than Mrs. Maser."

**Marigene Margevicius**, a teacher of chemistry at Bedford High School in Bedford,

**Raees Effandi** is a teacher of biology at the Karachi Grammar School in Karachi, Pakistan. Salma Moin '95 wrote, "A common sight in our class was thirteen students and one teacher avidly discussing some aspect of biology. Her method of teaching was so different from the rest. In those two years we participated in discussions, debates, seminars, film shows . . . She taught us how to question and then how to find the answer."

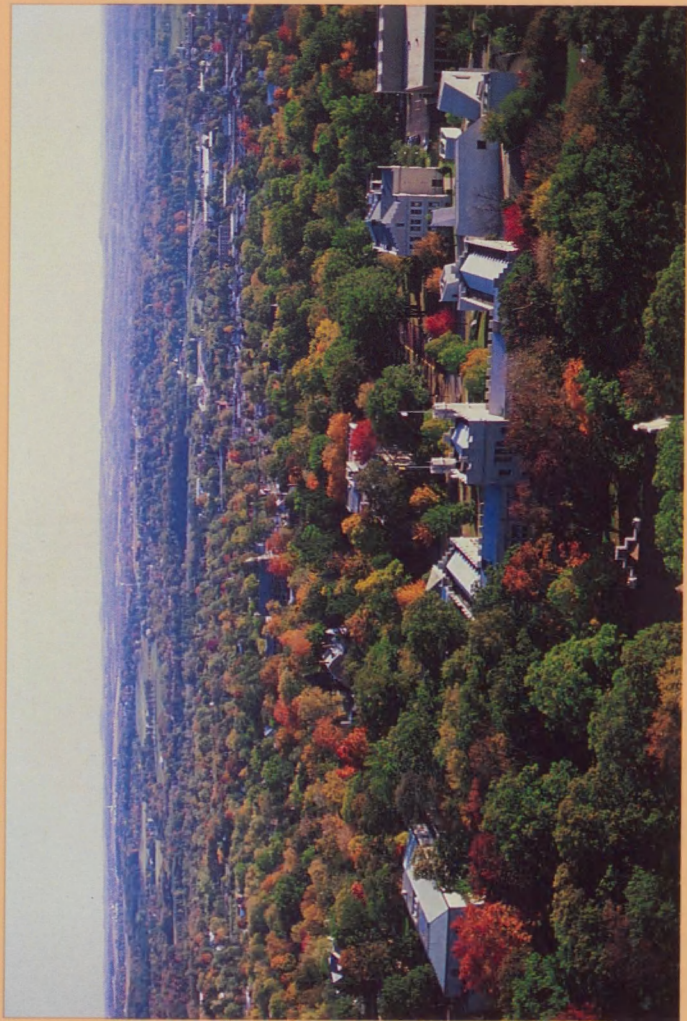
**Claudine Carlton**, teacher of chemistry and physics in Oberlin High School at Oberlin, Ohio. Kelly Grigsby '92, wrote, "Her desire was to give students the opportunity to pursue their own abilities and to investigate new possibilities both inside and outside of the classroom."

**Daniel Bushman**, teacher of Latin and Science at Biglerville High School in Biglerville, Pennsylvania. His nominator, Jennifer Kalbaugh '93, said, "Daniel Bushman has made a tremendous impact on my life. He has provided me with a thirst for knowledge: a determination to challenge what has already been said and to gain full understanding of things I do not completely comprehend." 



*Here is most of the rest of today's campus. Clockwise from upper left, the lacrosse, baseball, football, field hockey, and (center) soccer fields. Also on view in the lower center is Wagner Hall, showing off its brand new roof.*

*On the back cover is a view to the south. In its foreground is the College that rose around the spot where James Reed knelt.*



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