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SPRING 1975

Washington University Magazine

Existing



Existing
Neighborhood
Commercial



Prototype

Closed Street

Housing Infill

Mid-Rise
Residential

New Street
Trees

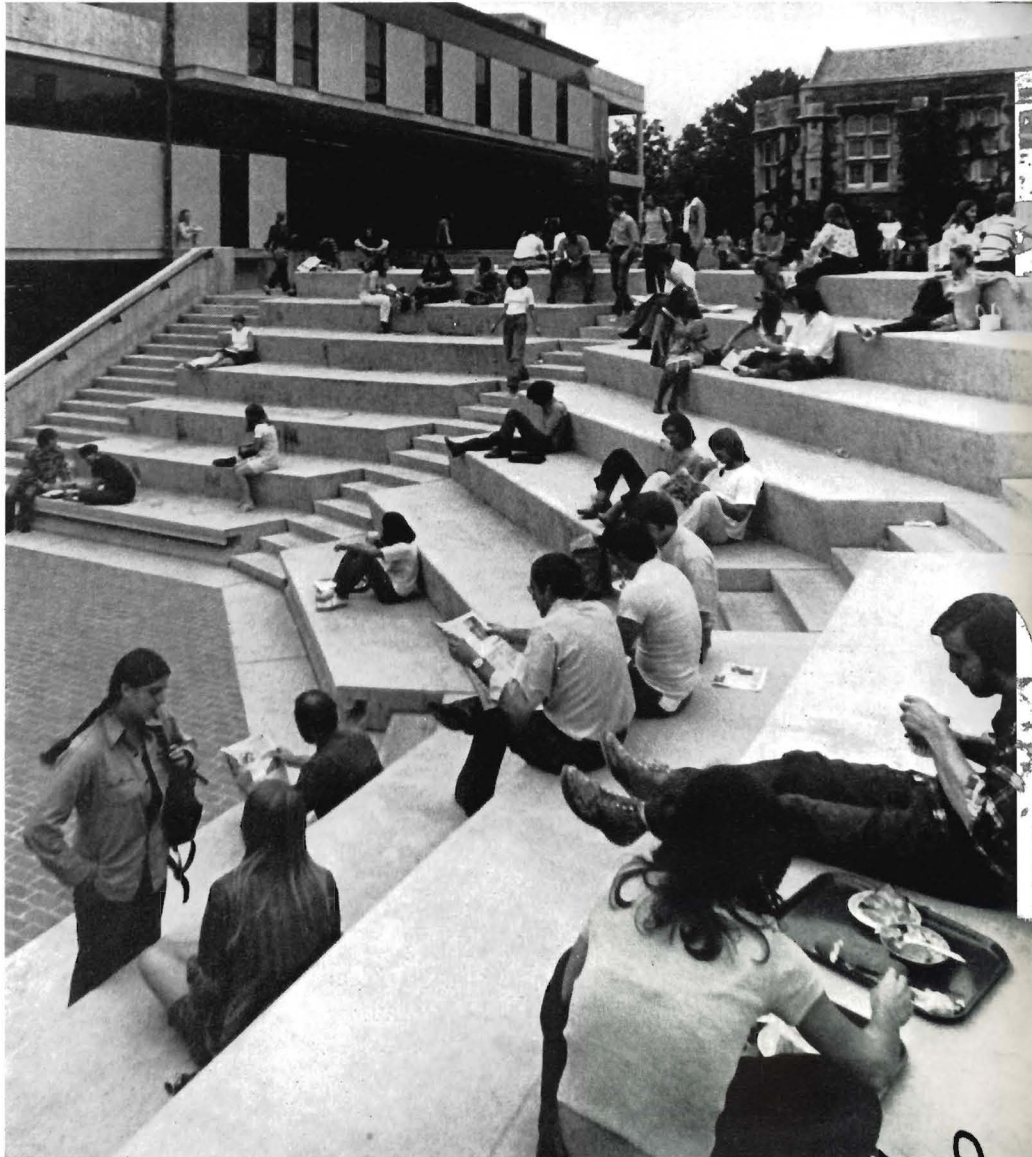
Improved
Lighting

Commercial
Rehabilitation



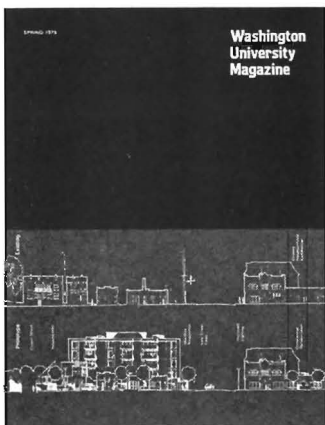


The Mallinckrodt Center courtyard blossoms out on the first warm spring days. Although the old Brookings Quadrangle is still thickly populated on pleasant days, the Mallinckrodt amphitheatre makes an ideal place for snacking, studying, and sunning.



Washington University Magazine

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COVER: Sketch of a section of Laclede Avenue which will be one of the major areas of residential rehabilitation under the Medical Center Redevelopment Corporation plan. Shown are existing structures and prototypes of new residential property envisioned for the area. See pages 16-25.

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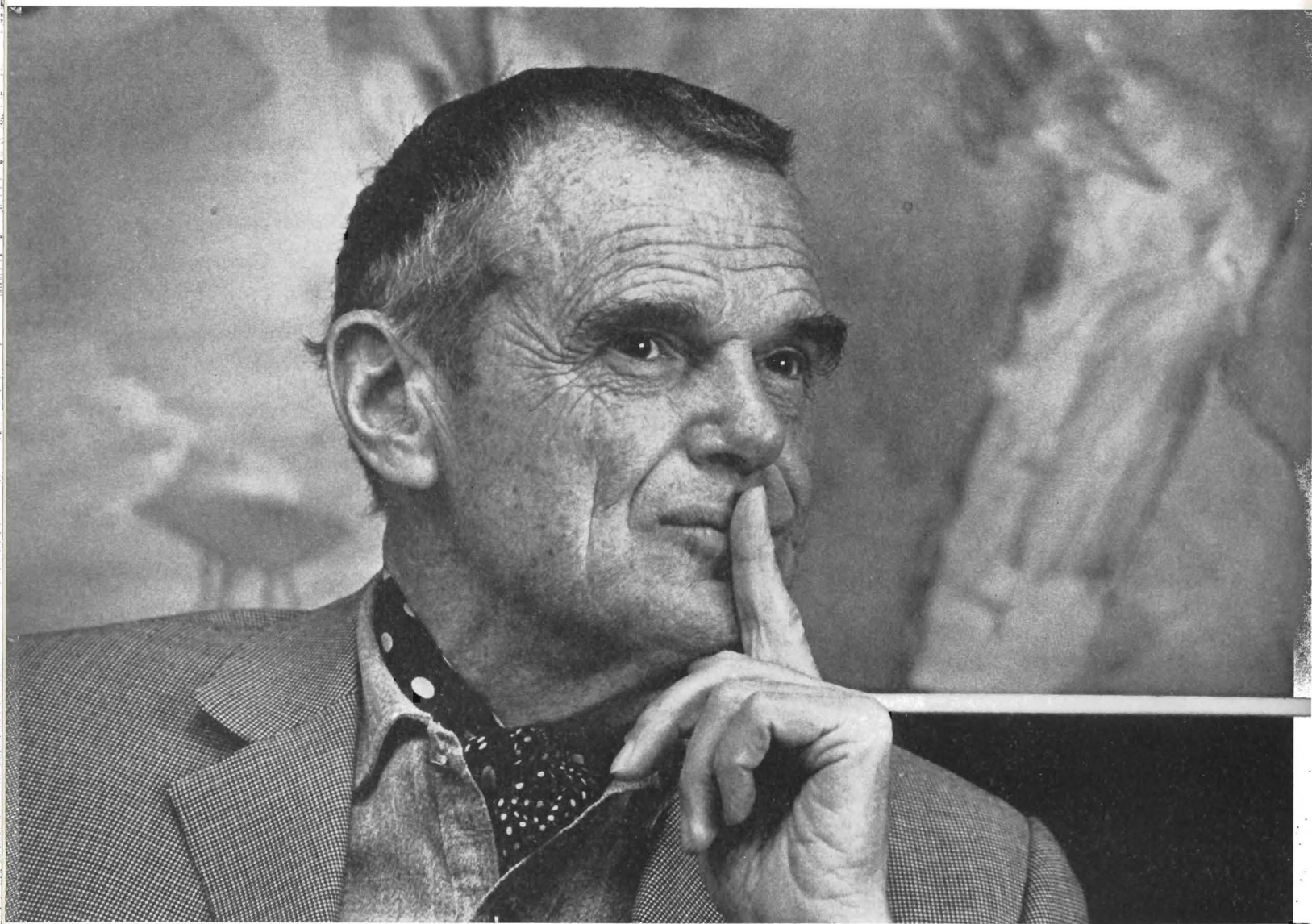
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The Many Worlds of Charles Eames

By DOROTHY BROCKHOFF

Student: "What do you do for a living?"

Visitor: "Do you know? Do you have any idea?"

Student: "Oh, maybe design furniture."

Visitor: "I'm a very fortunate man, as are some others. [Alexander] Calder is fortunate; Eero [Saarinen] was fortunate. I do what I want!"

THE SCENE of this exchange was an architecture lecture room at Washington University. The questioner was a student, one of many who jammed the place in late March to query a man whom *Fortune Magazine* recently called America's most celebrated designer—Charles Eames. Because he is so well known, it was from one point of view a rather surprising query, and yet, it made sense, for Eames is not easy to classify. Architect, inventor, designer, scientist, film-maker, and professor of poetry, he defies pigeonholing. Small wonder, then, that this Renaissance throwback, who persists in calling himself a tradesman, puzzles the curious.

No stranger to the campus, Eames studied for two years at the University's School of Architecture before being asked to leave in 1927 when his ideological allegiance to Frank Lloyd Wright came to be viewed as intolerable heresy by a Beaux Arts faculty. He had been invited back for a day as a visiting artist by the Schools of Fine Arts, and, ironically, Architecture. The breach which had precipitated his untimely departure almost fifty years ago had healed, and during the interim the University had belatedly recognized this gifted *enfant terrible* by awarding him an alumni citation in 1958 and an honorary doctor of arts degree in 1970.

It was in many ways a taxing but rewarding visit, for Eames's roots in St. Louis go very deep, although he and his wife and business partner, Ray, have lived on the West Coast since the early

forties. Born here in 1907, Eames, now a vigorous, incredibly youthful-looking man of sixty-seven, is a descendant of Rene Kiercereaux, an early French settler at Cahokia, who came to St. Louis in 1764, the same year that Pierre Laclède chose the site where the city now stands. A favorite cousin is Washington University's former Dean of Women, Adele Starbird, now a resident of the Gatesworth Manor here, to whom he fondly brought beautifully illustrated brochures of "The World of Franklin and Jefferson," the most recent exhibition organized by the Office of Charles and Ray Eames.

The exhibition received worldwide acclaim when it opened at the Grand Palais in Paris in January, and as this issue goes to press is moving on to Warsaw for a showing there. After Poland, its contents, carefully wrapped in sarcophagus-sized containers, will be brought back to the United States for display in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles in 1976.

For a time, at least, this meticulously designed show, assembled during the twelve months of 1974 in the Eameses Venice, California, headquarters, has upstaged the famous chairs with which the Eames name has been identified for almost thirty years. Thirty-nine of these Eames chairs, including the molded plywood side chair, the polyester reinforced glass fiber chair, and the luxurious leather, rosewood, and aluminum lounge chair with matching ottoman, were part of the Museum of Modern Art's most recent tribute show to Eames which opened in New York in the spring of '73.

Identified at that time by Arthur Drexler, the Museum's director of architecture and design, "as the most original American furniture designer since Duncan Phyfe," Eames has earned both

fame and fortune with his chairs. Some five and a half million of Eames's graceful, durable, and comfortable chairs have been sold.

Nowadays, Eames and his collaborator, Ray, of whom he says, "Anything I can do she can do better," devote less than a third of their time to furniture design. They are preoccupied with making motion pictures on everything from a squiggly marine creature, *Polyorchis haplus* to a short on Kepler's Laws, and designing exhibitions and projects for a covey of corporations and governmental clients. The Eames office has done work for such diverse organizations as International Business Machines, Boeing, and Polaroid, as well as for the United Nations, the Puerto Rico Advisory Council on Natural Resources, and the National Institute of Design in Ahmedabad, India.

AT FIRST glance, there would seem to be little connection between the "IBM Mathematical Peep Shows," which won the Festival International du Film de Montreal Award, and the minuscule aquatic animal who starred in his own flick. But, there is a continuity—a favorite Eames word. Eames looks upon each assignment he accepts as an exercise in problem-solving. And problems for him are "often very interesting and delicious things. Grappling with them," he says, "brings me some of the greatest pleasures of life. It's not as grim as it sounds," he added. "I'm a very lucky guy doing what he wants to, and having the business of life and the pleasures rolled into one bundle."

Eames expanded on this theme at a lecture, the first of a group of six which he gave at Harvard in 1970 when he was invited to serve as the Charles Eliot Norton Professor of Poetry there. (Earlier holders of this post included Robert

Looking at the world from a different perspective is characteristic of the Eameses, Charles and Ray, both of whom share off-beat, whimsical senses of humor. Below, the first famous Eames design was the slender plywood and steel chair.



Frost, Igor Stravinsky, and T. S. Eliot.) In reminiscing about this experience recently in Paris with Mary Blume, *Globe-Democrat-Los Angeles Times News Service* reporter, Eames made clear that in this Harvard speech he had pointed out carefully "the degree to which discontinuity had set in between what is considered work and aesthetic pleasure, and the degree to which in their lives people tend not to take their pleasures seriously. Pleasure is confused with leisure, with all its commercial overtones. Leisure is something we shouldn't have time for," he concluded.

PERHAPS THE basic reason why Eames is able to move so smoothly from one project to another without ever losing his way is because he brings to each task a marvelous mix of intellectual curiosity and enthusiasm—qualities most mortals lose along with their slim torsos and youthful hopes as the birthdays multiply. The Eames brand of enthusiasm is carefully contained—he is no free-wheeling, ebullient extrovert—but his intense, probing concern for the world around him is omnipresent. Literally everything interests him, from Barnum & Bailey banners to toy trollies, ingeniously catalogued by photographs pasted on their box fronts stored at the Eameses kaleidoscopic headquarters, housed in what used to be a spacious garage.

The Eames passion for collecting is all-encompassing—puppets, tops, and toy trains are just a few of the objects which fascinate him. But he is not content simply to squirrel away oddities. Rather, they trigger his imagination and not infrequently turn up in an Eames film—sometimes as props, occasionally as subjects. For example, Eames in 1957 made a film called "Tocatta for Toy Trains," and in 1969 another on the world of spinning tops. Into these projects, Charles

Eames, his wife, and their staff of about twenty pour an abundance of energy. "I've built my career on an outrageous expenditure of energy," Eames explained. "Small problems, large problems—it makes no difference—and it's bound to take its toll."

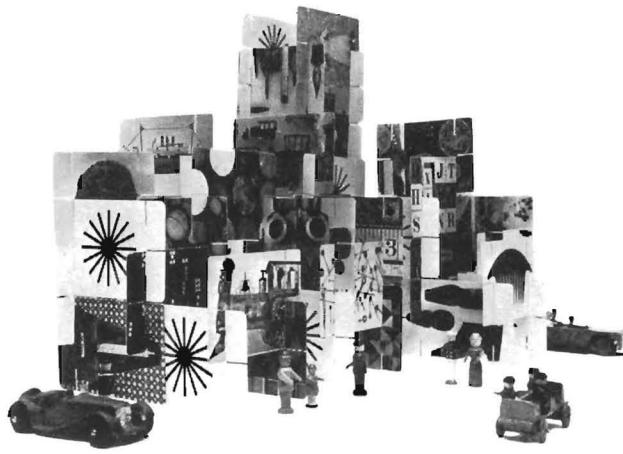
Eames has an insatiable appetite for learning. Whatever it is he tackles, he does it with a sort of Teddy Roosevelt exuberance. Some years ago, he was asked to design a national aquarium by the Department of Interior. In the process, he acquired a menagerie of sea objects and a scholar's knowledge of marine life. Unfortunately for the rest of us, it was never built, but out of this project came a memorable booklet, "A Report on the Program and Progress of the National Fisheries Center and Aquarium."

It also led Eames to make a deal with the operators of the Santa Monica pier. They agreed to call him whenever they scooped up sea life in their nets which they were unable to identify. *Polyorchis haplus* was just such a find. Eames sent photos of it to the Smithsonian Institution for identification. The Smithsonian experts were delighted. It seems this small hydromedusan had not been sighted since 1911.

The Eames penchant for mastering a subject has brought him complaints. He has been accused of overloading his exhibitions with too great a mass of information. Says his friend, the *Fortune* writer Walter McQuade, "The criticism is a fair one, but Eames doesn't believe in oversimplifying; he cannot resist including things—but he insists that each thing should be just right."

Some 50,000 words went into the making of the Ben Franklin-Thomas Jefferson exhibition. "The process," Eames says, "is essentially the same whether it be for a vast exhibit, a film, or a piece of architecture. "You have to go way be-





The Eames organization has done numerous projects for International Business Machines. Left, the IBM Computer House of Cards completed in 1970. Below, columns of Eames chair components stack together to form their own abstract design.

yond what you need in order to get what you want to present.”

Readers who know of Eames only through such pronouncements might very well conclude that he must be a rather staid and solemn individual bent double with the weight of his responsibilities. Eames, however, comes across as a very different type of man in person. Lean and tanned, he seems a debonair fellow with a natural charm who delights in disarming.

When asked what he thought people would remember him for, Eames retorted with tongue in cheek, “As somebody who got away with murder.” This habit of saying and doing the unexpected is something which Mrs. Starbird remembers as a characteristic Eames trait. He delights in exaggeration. Once, years ago on a visit to Europe,” she recalled, “an earnest German asked Charles if buffalo still roamed across the St. Louis countryside. Charles assured the fellow that they came up and got the milk bottle off the porch every day. He then felt obliged to spend the rest of his trip elaborating on this Paul Bunyan tale.”

EARLIER HE lived for a time with Mrs. Starbird’s family on a quiet Clayton street. “My mother,” she explained, “was a rather puritanical person with very prim and proper convictions on a variety of subjects. While she was out one afternoon, Charles went into the kitchen and painted a decidedly voluptuous mermaid on a kitchen cabinet door. He did it, I’m sure, to evoke a shocked reaction from mother. But none was forthcoming. This unexpected response delighted Charles even more. “That’s what I like about your mother,” he said. “She’s so unpredictable!””

When pressed for a really substantive answer to the question as to how he





The prize-winning IBM Pavilion at the New York World's Fair designed by Eames (with Eero Saarinen & Associates) was kaleidoscopic in its imagery. Opposite, the Eames-designed home overlooking the Pacific is built like a warehouse.

should prefer to be remembered in the history books, Eames gave a measured and considered reply. "There is," he stressed, "a certain continuity among the architects of this century who have turned to furniture design because, I think, they wanted to regain a kind of personal touch with architecture. After all, a piece of furniture is a piece of architecture in miniature. If you look at what happened, you see a group of architects, including Alvar Aalto, Marcel Breuer, Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, and Frank Lloyd Wright (even though his furniture was ridiculous), *vis-à-vis* chairs. Think about this matter carefully and you can conclude that there was something more to it than just an accident."

Eames, coincidentally, expressed the same conviction to George McCue, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* art editor, in the mid-sixties. Making the point at the time that "architects' chairs are closely related to their work," he said: "A chair is architectural in its engineering, its truth to materials, its decorative function, and its human occupancy, so it offers the possibility of making a design and then seeing it through to a finished product that reflects the architect's convictions and taste."

He wrapped up the subject during his most recent visit to St. Louis with the comment, "If one could be considered part of that continuity, it would really be the greatest thing that you could ask for, it seems to me."

EAMES'S LOVE affair with chairs dates back to 1939-40 when he and the late Eero Saarinen, both then at the Cranbrook Academy of Art, collaborated on a joint effort that won them a design contest for modern furniture called The Organic Furniture Competition, organized by the Museum of Modern

Art. One of the two prizes they received was for "a revolutionary molded plywood and metal chair bonded together by rubber." A valued assistant on this project was Ray Kaiser, then a young student at Cranbrook, who subsequently married Eames. She had studied painting with Hans Hoffmann and dance with Hanya Holm and Martha Graham.

SOON AFTER, the Eameses moved to California, "essentially because we knew no one there," and settled down to try and develop a concept. "What I was trying to develop was a technique that could be mass-produced," Eames explained. George Nelson, an old friend and master designer, recalls that in those early World War II days, the Eameses "laboratory" was their living room. "Their press," he continued, "was a homemade affair of lumber, while the needed air pressure was supplied by a bicycle pump." Using these primitive facilities, the Eameses developed a traction splint for the Navy and aircraft components when they later found a shop in which to work.

Eventually, they set up a pilot plant at their present headquarters, and continued their research on wood, glue chemistry, and electronic heating. They studied everything from Egyptian mummy cases to Britain's Mosquito bomber in an effort to develop a reliable system for making furniture from plywood molded in complex curves. The story of their struggle has been told many times by chroniclers of the Eameses, but probably nowhere has it ever been more succinctly and movingly presented than by Eames himself while on the campus recently.

In describing the enormous effort involved in trying to persuade manufacturers to take designers seriously, Eames said: "We began by designing a piece

of furniture (a chair). Then we designed the tools with which it was made. Next, we found that we had to have a rubber connection between the metal and the wood. When we couldn't get what we wanted, we began to vulcanize material ourselves. Then we installed a high frequency resistance welder in our office to bond the glue to the wood. It was not easy. We experienced many failures. Then we had to build a special tool that could do this procedure economically.

"As another step, we had to show the manufacturer, the Herman Miller Furniture Company of Zeeland, Michigan, that the chair could actually be manufactured. To demonstrate this fact, we manufactured five thousand molded plywood chairs in our office with the tools which we had made and later shipped to Michigan. We even designed the graphics for the descriptive literature, took the photographs, and wrote the specifications and the manual for the salespeople. Finally, we designed and built a showroom for Herman Miller and did all of the ads, too. But, even then, we weren't through. We had to research a whole method for finishing because of mass production.

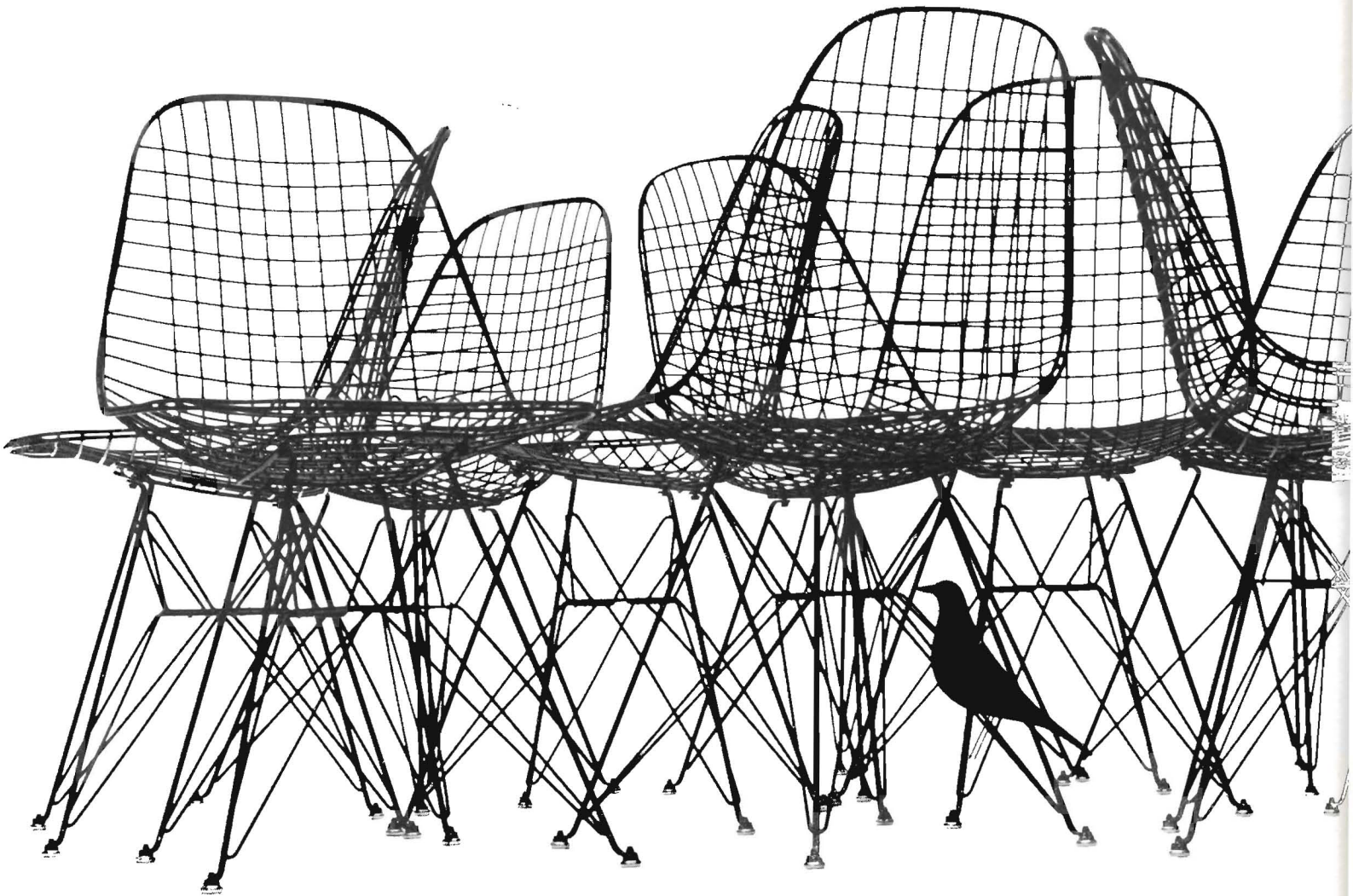
"This old molded plywood chair is probably the only piece of furniture that we've worked on that's really gotten the amount of time that the problem deserved." Even today, almost three decades after it was introduced, Eames, the perfectionist, explained, "We are still trying to make it as good as we thought it was at the time that we made it. That's the prerogative of an old man," he concluded with a smile.

In 1946, the Museum of Modern Art devoted a small exhibition to this metal and wood side chair and other related Eames work. The Museum show of two years ago was in a sense an encore. In assessing the importance of Eames's con-



The IBM Exhibit "A Computer Perspective" opened in 1971. Eames designed it to explain the history of the computer and data processing machines.

A cluster of formed black wire Eames chairs huddle together in a surrealistic silhouette as sleekly streamlined as the bird they shelter.



Charles Eames is a collector—of Hopi Indian kachina dolls, tops and toys. In 1957 he received the Edinburgh International Film Festival Award for his "Toccata for Toy Trains."



CHARLES EAMES

tribution at that time, Drexler wrote: "His work has influenced furniture design in virtually every country, and his mastery of advanced technology has set new standards of both design and production."

Undoubtedly, the most expensive chair which Eames has ever designed is the much copied lounge chair with ottoman which he originally made for Billy Wilder, the movie director. Says Eames of this chair, "It was never really designed for sale. I made it for Wilder as a present, and when you do something as a present for someone it is bound to have a quality which is genuine, but not necessarily refined. It's kind of an ugly chair in a good sort of way."

According to Walter McQuade, "The president of Herman Miller saw the Wilder chair and wanted one for himself, so he put it into limited production, not expecting to sell many. But so far, Miller has sold 100,000 chairs and ottomans."

THE SAME deliberation and painstaking care which characterized the creation of the Eames chair went into the Franklin-Jefferson exhibition now on display abroad. Designed for the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration, and underwritten in part by a grant from IBM, the exhibition succeeds in making the world of late eighteenth century America come alive. Probably Eames talked most eloquently and expressively about the exhibit with McQuade. When interviewed by this *Fortune* writer, Eames said of the task, "We started gradually, as in a love affair. We only begin to ignite when every living moment is dedicated to the search."

The exhibition itself contains everything from the vacuum pump Benjamin Franklin used in some of his experiments

to a stuffed American bison. In preparation for mounting this exhibition, the Eames office produced a film model. Essentially it was a carefully constructed capsule summary or review of the exhibition which the Eames organization put together some six months later. What it is then, as Eames himself explained when he was on campus, "is a film of an exhibition that didn't exist at the time it was made. We filmed it so that we could try the exhibition out on ourselves and on others. We wanted feedback."

The movie was never intended to be seen by an audience, but Eames showed it to a capacity crowd in Steinberg Hall while on the campus. Despite his comments, many people found it hard to believe that they were not viewing the actual exhibition, so imaginatively was it done. It, together with other Eames films on the same program, dramatically demonstrated his conviction that film should be used as a medium to express an idea. "We use film essentially as one would use a typewriter. In some cases, such as the Franklin-Jefferson exhibition, it serves as a model; in other cases as an exposition," he said.

Either way, Eames is directly involved. "When we make a film I do most of the shooting; I work on the script and the cutting. Lots of other people help. Naturally, Ray is there working on the sets and keeping an eye on the main concept in all departments. Our office is a small one, and there never has been a project on which Ray and I did not work," Eames explained.

Of Eames's films, M.I.T. physicist Philip Morrison told McQuade: "It seems to me that the Eames films celebrate the world. There were painters who did that in medieval times and the early Renaissance, but no longer. There is this quality of love in the Eames films

for the way the world is, the texture of wood grain, the crisp breaking of bread."

These same qualities are evident in the Franklin-Jefferson exhibition. There is little doubt that Eames was caught up in the effort to make the American Revolution come alive. Not infrequently, he looks back nostalgically to what he calls an even greater celebration—the WPA. "I consider the WPA the last American celebration," he emphasized. "From a cultural standpoint we have been feeding on it ever since, but, unfortunately, few people recognize that fact."

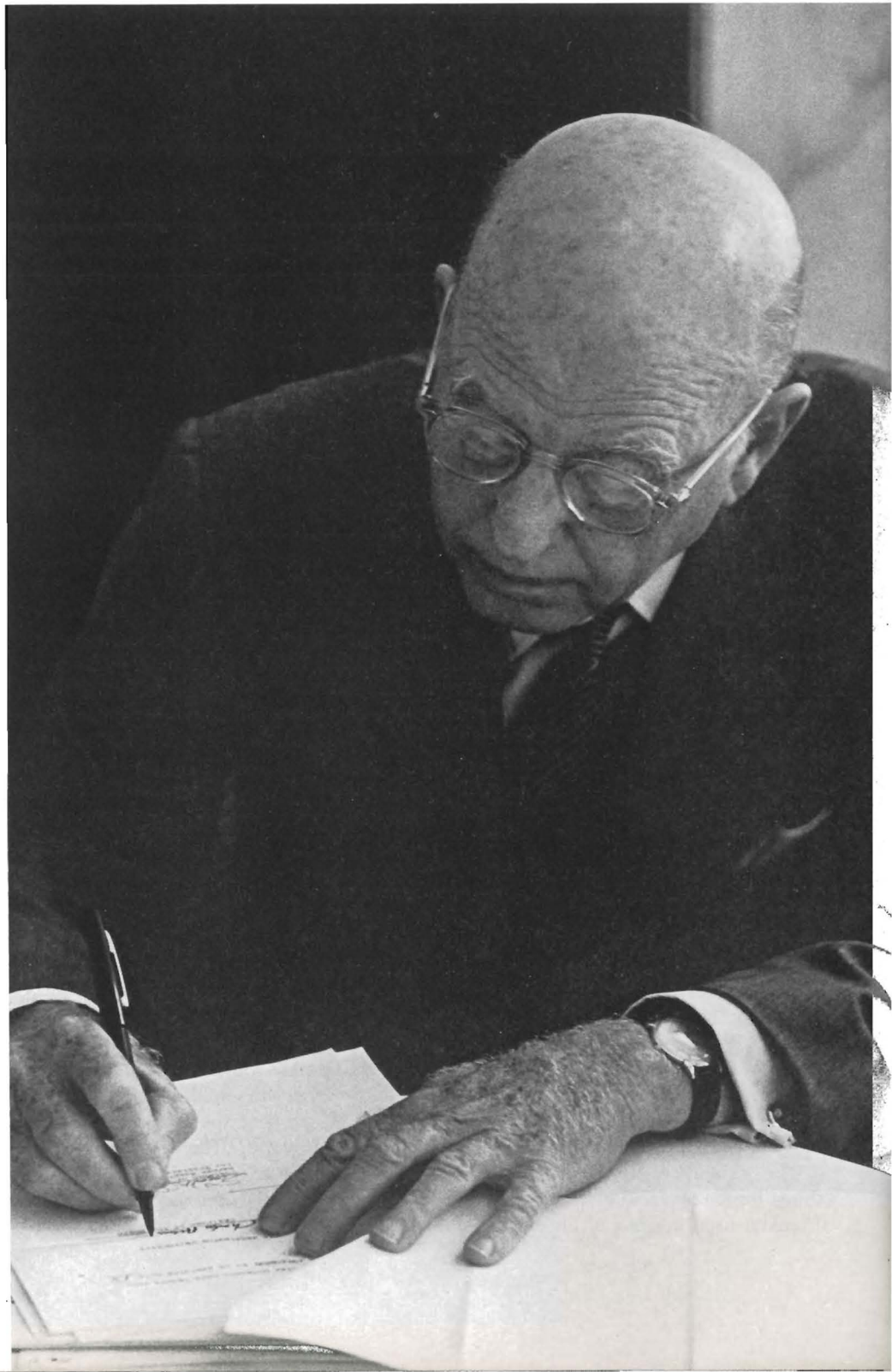
Eames pointed to many painters, writers, and other creative spirits who came out of the WPA experience—William de Kooning, Jackson Pollock, Ben Shahn, Tennessee Williams, and, yes, Charles Eames himself. During the thirties, he worked for the Historic American Building Survey (HABS), making measured drawings at Ste Genevieve, Cape Girardeau, and New Orleans. Coincidentally, when Eames went to the still functioning HABS headquarters in Washington, D.C. some months ago, historians there showed him original drawings which he had made four decades ago.

RECALLING his work on this WPA project, Eames gave the impression that he would like nothing better than to recreate "those romantic but painful times." It would be a logical assignment for Eames, who more than once while in St. Louis referred to himself as a "Yankee Doodle Dandy Midwest guy." This reference was not meant to depict Eames as a super patriot or a twentieth-century Patrick Henry, but as a homespun product of St. Louis who still could not quite believe that he had been able to pull so many things together and to have so much fun doing it.

This is the first in a series of short profiles of the men and women who comprise the Board of Trustees of Washington University. In this issue, we present brief portraits of the Officers of the Board: Chairman Charles Allen Thomas and Vice Chairmen John H. Hayward and Robert M. McRoberts.

A Gallery Of Trustee Profiles

Officers of the Board



Charles Allen Thomas

IN 1946 AN EXTRAORDINARY group of seven individuals spent two months of constant discussion to draft a plan which today would seem impossible to many persons. Their concept: a detailed proposal for the international control of atomic energy. Although generally favored by the scientific community and knowledgeable governmental professionals, the plan was not accepted in subsequent United Nations' sessions. The press made little note of the brilliant and far-sighted effort of the seven authors of the plan; therefore, feelings among this country's citizens over the plan ran from lukewarm to cold.

Today, nearly thirty years later, it is a chilling reality to think that in all probability the group's plan would have worked if the world had been ready to give it a chance. Despite the profound disappointments over the fate of the plan, the story of the dedication of the seven men tells much about what can be accomplished by persons of good will—however diverse their backgrounds—and, in particular, about one man, Charles Allen Thomas, chairman of Washington University's Board of Trustees.

Part of this remarkable story is told in a 1946 *New Yorker* magazine article by journalist Daniel Lang. Lang wrote of Dr. Thomas and his six associates who worked on the plan: "All they knew, those seven men of whose deliberations most people in the world were not even aware, was that they were supposed to produce, out of their collective minds, a way for the nations of the world to get along together without the dread of being blown up at any moment." The group—appointed by the U.S. State Department to offer a technically sound alternative to what eventually became a colossal atomic arms race—was known as the Board of Consultants. The official stuffiness of their name was a far cry from how the group attacked and answered the incredibly complex questions asked of them.

Lang reported that for two solid months, taking time out only for sleep each night, "the consultants talked atomic energy in offices, in Pullman compartments, and aloft in an Army plane. Sometimes they deliberated for as long as eighteen hours in a day. They ate and slept and wrangled late at night in places that weren't home to any of them, and then, as soon as they rose in the morning, they would meet again at the breakfast table and resume their marathon discussion. Despite this constant living with a baffling and elusive problem, the seven men evolved the idea of the International Atomic Development Authority."

The seven men, in addition to Dr. Thomas (then vice president of Monsanto Chemical Company and a former top chemist and administrator in the Manhattan Project) were the famous physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer, director of the Manhattan Project's Los Alamos Laboratories; Chester Barnard, president of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company; Harry Winne, vice president of General Electric Corporation; David Lilienthal, chairman of the group and then director of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and two ad hoc members: Carroll Wilson, the secretary, and Herbert S. Marks, assistant to Under Secretary of State Dean Acheson.

It was Dr. Thomas who first brought up perhaps the most critical and controversial feature of the 34,000-word plan. Herbert Marks told Lang: "What Thomas proposed was the internationalization of all thorium and uranium mines, and this idea eventually came to exert considerable influence in shaping the [Bernard] Baruch concept of an International Atomic Development Authority. Only something as drastic as the atomic bomb could have led Thomas to suggest that the mines be internationalized." The suggestion wasn't immediately accepted by the consultants as a group, who, at first, feared that such an international authority might threaten America's civil liberties and economy. "But the stakes," Marks told Lang, "were too high for those men not to overcome the fear eventually. They knew that we would have to pay a price for security." In the late 1940's, however, the major powers were not willing to pay that price.

DR. THOMAS did not abandon his hopes for a peaceful and better world despite the deep personal disappointment that the defeat of his group's plan represented. This is an important point in trying to understand Dr. Thomas's personality. He and his colleagues were acutely conscious of the historical implications of their work and, at the same time, of the very small chance for the ultimate acceptance of their plan. Yet, they had the optimism and confidence in the correctness of their convictions and conclusions.

"The Russians wouldn't buy the plan when it eventually reached the United Nations," Dr. Thomas recalled in the living room of his home one Saturday morning last March. "And even if they had accepted the plan, I don't know whether the United States Senate would have ratified it," he added. His face reflected sadness. It is a feeling that only a very few can share: to have worked hard for an ideal of international, historic import, and find that that ideal is not acceptable in the face of political forces.

"The commitment and spirit of trust by many individuals who had a part in drawing up and working for that plan af-

Charles Allen Thomas

ter World War II is a rare occurrence in government—especially today,” Dr. Thomas said. “What happened in 1946 was that a group of very different individuals—men who had few preconceived notions—were entrusted to think through a very difficult problem. Our final plan did not have all the answers, but it was a good starting point, and I believe today that it would have worked.”

It has been within an atmosphere of head-on group dynamics, characterized so dramatically by the consultants, that Dr. Thomas has been most effective throughout his life. He has been a chemist, inventor, laboratory director, corporation head, and civic leader. He is best known to a number of Washington University staff and faculty for his central role in the University's successful \$70,000,000 campaign in the late 1960's, and for his major part in striving to raise \$60,000,000 from private donors in the University's current Matching Program to earn an equal amount of funds from a Danforth Foundation Challenge Grant.

NOT SO WELL KNOWN on campus is a remarkable bond issue campaign led by Dr. Thomas in 1965 to provide the newly established St. Louis Junior College District with adequate facilities. To pass, the bond issue required a formidable two-thirds approval by voters from throughout the city and county. Seasoned politicians advised Dr. Thomas and his co-workers that the \$47,000,000 issue didn't have a chance with the voters. Some of them may have thought that a scientist and former head of a billion dollar corporation would conduct a media-oriented, Madison Avenue campaign that would appear aloof and therefore unmoving to a large bloc of skeptical taxpayers. Dr. Thomas's approach was just the opposite of the typical tub-thumping campaign. Not surprisingly, it had elements of the let's-thrash-it-out-together approach of the consultants; but his campaign had another and more important dimension.

“We went directly to the potential beneficiaries of the campaign: the students. The students worked, and they worked hard. I had a great deal of help from civic and church leaders, but at the heart of our appeal to the voters were the students. Time and again, they called on their own neighbors to explain the need for the district. It wasn't easy. Not many people are automatically for spending money to build new school facilities. And, of course, the students often became discouraged. Basically, we just kept encouraging them and reassuring them that their appeals in their own communities would gain the votes—even if the voters seemed indifferent. When the voters came through with a majority well above the two-thirds level—which most experts said we wouldn't come close to—it was the students' victory.”

“We met with them two or three times each week,” he related, “to go over plans on how to recoup setbacks. The really important thing, though, was that we gave our personal expressions to the students that we *appreciated* what they were doing. To know that you are appreciated for what you do is a most powerful force. It is one of the very sad comments of our times that most people do not feel appreciated. To express one's appreciation today seems to be a forgotten

attribute. To be frank, I don't think we've done enough in this respect in the past at Washington University. We should keep asking ourselves whether we are showing appreciation for one another's contributions, for one's intellectual efforts, or to donors whose gifts make a free academic environment possible.”

Dr. Thomas's philosophy about the elusive ability to make others feel appreciated was developed by the example of adults in his own family when he was raised on a farm near Newton, Kentucky. His father had died, and he lived on the farm with his mother, grandmother, and aunt. “We all worked to keep the farm going, and I, even as a small boy, always was made to feel appreciated for what I did. My grandmother was kind, but she was a strong disciplinarian in the best sense. Both my mother and grandmother taught me to read and write; every day throughout the year they took time out to teach me all they could.”

The family then moved to Lexington, Kentucky, to a home across the street from the campus of Transylvania College. In the new family home, the young Thomas was provided with a small chemistry laboratory after he had demonstrated an above-average interest in chemistry. As a junior in high school he worked in the chemistry laboratory at Transylvania, where he eventually earned his undergraduate degree. He received his graduate degree in chemistry from Massachusetts Institute of technology, then began his career as a chemist with the General Motors Research Corporation.

His research at General Motors was a key factor in the development of tetraethyl lead compound, the first “no-knock” element in automobile fuel (he holds between ninety and one hundred U.S. and foreign patents). In 1926, he and Dr. Carroll A. Hochwalt founded a research laboratory in Dayton, Ohio, where they specialized in research for various industries. In 1936 the laboratory became Monsanto's Central Research Department. Dr. Thomas was Monsanto's president and chief executive officer from 1951 to 1960, when he became chairman of the board. He retired as chairman in 1965.

IT WAS IN 1926, the year that he and Dr. Hochwalt formed their laboratory, that Dr. Thomas married Margaret Stoddard Talbott, member of a prominent Dayton family. They have four children: Mrs. Thomas R. Martin, Mrs. Stephen E. O'Neil, Mrs. James A. Walsh, and Charles Allen Thomas, Jr., who is also a scientist—a biochemist at Harvard School of Medicine.

Dr. Thomas's achievements in chemistry and in civic and national affairs have indeed been appreciated through numerous civic awards and honorary degrees. He has been elected to the National Academy of Sciences, perhaps the most prestigious honor for a scientist in this country; he holds the Perkin Medal, the highest award given in the field of industrial chemistry, and the Priestly Medal, the American Chemical Society's top honor.

Chancellor William H. Danforth, who has worked closely with Dr. Thomas over the past ten years, tried to summarize his achievements and traits, then realized that categorizing didn't help much in explaining the nature of the man. He stopped listing Dr. Thomas's important positions and honors and said, “Well, I think that his great characteristic is his insatiable curiosity, his desire to know about life.”

“Chancellor Eliot and a number of faculty handled themselves well in those days of student unrest,” he continued. “We went through a hell of a lot together. When Eliot planned to retire, a search committee was formed to suggest a successor to the trustees. Wisely, students were appointed, including the *Student Life* editor, Nena Rubenstein. She and I didn’t agree politically, but we did agree on the qualifications of Bill Danforth as Eliot’s successor. He had performed well at the Washington University Medical Center. His record showed that when he asked people for money, he knew how to back up his requests with sound reasoning and data. After the committee had decided on him, the students had plenty of time to leak the story. But they kept their confidence, and that earned my respect,” Mr. Hayward said.

THE CHAIRMAN of the Search Committee was Dr. Charles Allen Thomas, someone for whom Mr. Hayward also has great respect. This respect is evident in several ways, including the presence of a photograph in his office at the investment firm of Reinholdt and Gardner of St. Louis (Mr. Hayward is a senior partner and former managing partner). This artistic photograph, a portrait of a lioness drowsing in the twilight, was made by Dr. Thomas.

“It was through my son that I learned about Charley Thomas,” Mr. Hayward said. “Charley had talked to my son about education, and my son told me that he was someone who sincerely believed in education as the one great hope we have for creating a better world. Over the years, my friendship with Charley Thomas and my relationship with Washington University have made me better prepared to talk to my grandson about education.” Mr. and Mrs. Hayward, the former Cynthia Polk of St. Louis, have one son, John Hopkins Hayward, Jr., and one daughter, Mrs. Charles C. Allen, III.

“Today, the economy has made it tougher for students,” Mr. Hayward continued. “There will be a greater number of disappointed students because they are going to find that a diploma, per se, isn’t necessarily going to lead to a job that’s exactly to their liking. The economy isn’t going to turn around overnight, and universities are also going to face difficult adjustments. The inflationary process is going to be rough on any university that tries to be too many things. Each institution will be forced to realize what it does best and concentrate on that.

“These are very hard decisions that must be made by the academic administrators and faculty. For example, the graduate level of education is very important to the quality of a university, and they must judge what areas of research have the highest priority. I’m not in a position to evaluate specific research programs. A trustee is remote from the day-to-day life of the university. Trustees have got to stop ‘hard-lining’ it. Our main function is to help the administration get the funds it needs to operate,” he added.

Mr. Hayward isn’t a novice when it comes to raising funds, having secured the seed money to launch several corporations, including two of the largest offshore drilling companies in the world. To see these companies grow from nothing into productive, worldwide concerns has been one of his greatest satisfactions in business. One of the companies was the first to build submersible drilling rigs which, although



JOHAN HAYWARD, vice chairman of Washington University’s Board of Trustees, was unaware that the author of this article watched him one Friday afternoon in the spring of 1969, when a group of anti-war, student demonstrators followed him to his car after a trustees’ meeting. Mr. Hayward answered their questions in a direct way, and although some of his answers were far from their liking, the students obviously were surprised at his forthrightness.

The students then asked Mr. Hayward if he would delay going home and hear their concerns out. He agreed. But as the group gathered on the lawn, a television reporter requested an interview with Mr. Hayward. He gave the television crew a hard look, then replied in an even voice, “I *have* to listen to you every time I turn on your station . . . why don’t you turn off your microphones and just listen to us for awhile?” The crew complied. With that simple plea for privacy in order for a rather personal dialogue to take place, Mr. Hayward won the respect of both the reporter and the students. Later a student from another university climbed on top of Mr. Hayward’s car. The Washington University students promptly hauled the interloper off the car so that Mr. Hayward could go home.

A member of the Washington University Board of Trustees for the past eleven years and vice chairman for ten years, Mr. Hayward commented last March, “It has been an education to find out how students and faculty feel about issues.

Robert H. McRoberts

massive, are self-propelled. One station has travelled from Japan to the North Sea. He also pointed out that he was pleased with a recent study by the prestigious and independent National Academy of Sciences, which reported that offshore drilling now ranks at the bottom of the list as a polluter among oil operations.

"That wasn't the case seven or eight years ago," he added, "but a lot of care and many preventive steps have been taken since that time. The men who run these companies have integrity and character—I know because I've been on their boards from the time they began as small operations."

Their integrity prompted Mr. Hayward to comment on the nation's recent loss of faith in integrity at the top level of government. "People who should have known better used to say, 'I'd rather have a smart crook running things instead of a dumb, honest man.' Well, I don't want a dumb guy either, but I never bought the crook argument. Our country suffered a terrible blow by subscribing to it."

On the subject of the Indochina conflict, Mr. Hayward commented, "I never favored getting involved in the war. If you're going to try to base the economy on a guns-and-butter philosophy, you ought to read history: little wars always lead to big ones." He recalled that as a soldier at the conclusion of World War II, he walked through German cities "where I could look in every direction and see nothing but rubble. I thought, 'If every one could see this, we'd never do it again.' But we were at it again before the rubble had settled."

Shortly after the war, Mr. Hayward became involved in his first major civic role, that of campaign leader for the St. Louis Red Cross. It had been relatively easy to secure Red Cross funds during the war, but without an emergency situation donors were not very enthusiastic. "We were so anxious to make that first peacetime goal. The volunteers came together from all parts of the city; we were very different and not easy to live with. But the Red Cross had a good professional staff and we made the goal. We worked like hell, but I loved every minute of it." The Red Cross later merged its campaign with the St. Louis United Fund, which in 1959 was in serious trouble—not having met its goal in several years.

John Hayward served as the United Fund president in that bleak year and provided the leadership to meet its goal and keep the faltering community effort afloat until the city's leaders finally rallied behind it.

In recent years, Mr. Hayward has headed various fundraising committees at Washington University and was a vice chairman of the \$70 million fund campaign in the late 1960's. But his interests at the University have ranged beyond the struggle for operating revenue.

"He's been someone," said a professor, "who has been willing to take time off and talk about issues such as tenure. He reads a lot of history, but he devours life from his own experience. He learns by talking to people and gets his information from many sources. He helped to break down my picture of the closed-minded businessman; his mind has always been open on the subject of the University."

THE MEETING was set up to be as informal as the proper furnishings of the Alumni House living room would permit. Bluejeaned students, who had come for the discussion about law as a profession, settled on brocade couches. Edward Foote, dean of the Law School, arrived with the guest speaker, Robert H. McRoberts, senior partner in the firm of Bryan, Cave, McPheeters and McRoberts. On the sideboard, grocery store cookies were still in their pink-and-white striped boxes, cellophane intact. The question was, someone said, had the students really come for the discussion or did they just want to see a real, live trustee up close.

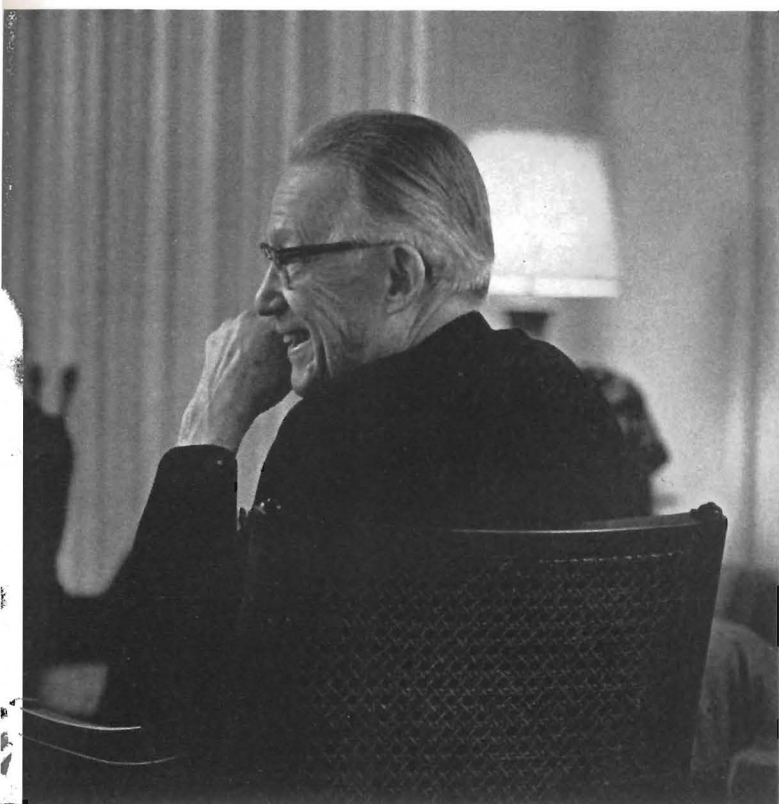
Mr. McRoberts, who is vice-chairman of the Board of Trustees, laughed along with the students. His purposes, at least, were clear. Once the questions and answers about law were over, he was eager to know about the students, how they were getting on. "Are you finding what you hoped to find at Washington University?" he asked. "Is it satisfactory, and if not, why not? What is the attitude on campus generally?"

After the meeting, several students admitted to being disarmed by the kindly gentleman. One student, who said she had expected to find every trustee a curmudgeonly conservative, remarked, "He's not that way at all. Tonight was great, because he seemed to genuinely appreciate what we had to say, whether he agreed with it or not."

Mr. McRoberts had not come to meet with the students on a rainy Good Friday evening to hold court and issue opinions. He has experienced as intimately as anyone the blossoming of Washington University in the last fifty years, which may account for his interest in the shifting winds of student opinion and his healthy respect for the inevitability of change. He reflected recently that the academic quality of Washington University has improved so much over the years that he wouldn't be able to get into the Law School today. That is hardly true, but it is a thought that pleases him.

In fact, Dean Foote, who once practiced with the McRoberts law firm, characterized the gentleman as "a lawyer's lawyer. I have probably learned more law from him than from any other person," Dean Foote continued, "and that includes some very fine law professors. He is an extraordinary source not only of a wide knowledge of the law, but also of genuine wisdom and judgment. His capacity for synthesis and simplification of the most complex legal issues is truly prodigious. I've never known anyone who has loved the law better; lived it and loved it and served it well."

Robert McRoberts arrived on the Hilltop campus in 1913 as a sophomore transfer student. He was a quarterback on the football team, and became president of his middle year law



class. Helen Banister played hockey, belonged to the Poetry Club, and contributed to *Hatchet* and *Student Life*. They met, married after graduation, and begat Robert, Jr. (AB '47, LLB. '51), Joyce (AB '48) and Eve (AB '55).

"I received my bachelor's degree in 1917, Mrs. McRoberts graduated in 1918, and I took my law degree in 1919. But actually," he said impishly, "I was supposed to have graduated in 1916. In those days, under the college football eligibility rules, you could play three years of football, but a graduate student couldn't play. I played my junior and senior years, and if I had taken my degree in 1916 I wouldn't have been eligible to play a third year. So I did what I suspect was a rather unusual thing. I went to my professor, Dr. Isaac Lippincott, and asked him not to pass me in my economics course. I said, 'Don't flunk me, give me a condition, so all I have to do is take the makeup examination to graduate next year.'" Lippincott was sympathetic and the scholar-athlete had his football season and a place on the 1917 rolls.

Although he will be 80 on his next birthday, football is one

of the few distractions Mr. McRoberts allows himself. Most weekdays and an occasional Sunday and holiday find him at his office at Bryan, Cave, McPheeters and McRoberts, where he has been a partner since 1935. About the only privilege he accords his age is making a habit of taking Saturday afternoons off, especially in the fall, when he often makes the trip to Columbia to watch a grandson play football at the University of Missouri. "Mrs. McRoberts likes to take the football with the score on it from the year we beat Missouri, 1915," he notes, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I just don't know anything that's more fun than the practice of law," he contends. "It's interesting, challenging, and you feel you're doing a worthwhile job. In my fifty-six years of practice, I guess I've done a little bit of everything, except criminal law and patent law. Of course, lawyers have since time immemorial had a bad public image. When you're reading a whodunit, and you don't know who did it, you'll guess that the villain was either the lawyer or the butler, and you're usually right. Yet individuals will disclose their innermost secrets to a lawyer with confidence that they won't be revealed, almost like the secrets of the confessional."

Gesturing at the stacks of paperwork piled on his desk, he counted off some of his most current projects. "This is a will contest suit; here's a petition I'm filing on behalf of the Missouri Bar; that's a brief I'm writing for the Missouri Supreme Court; there's a case for the independent colleges of Missouri; this is a Securities and Exchange Commission matter, and so it goes. I have an infinite variety of things to keep me going," he added, with a flourish. "I'd be bored to death playing cards."

MR. McROBERTS is a member of the American, Missouri, and St. Louis Bar Associations, a director of Emerson Electric Company and Goodwill Industries, and has been a University trustee since 1965. Of the latter responsibility, he tells a little story: "Someone once said that there should be only two items on the agenda for every board of trustees meeting for any university. The first item on the agenda should be, 'Shall we fire the Chancellor today?' If the answer to that is yes, the second item should be 'Appoint a search committee.' If the answer is no, the second item should be, 'What can we do to support the Chancellor?'"

What does he like best about Washington University? It is a question he is hard put to answer. He begins by saying that he met his wife on the Hilltop campus, ends by saying the academic reputation is so fine. He has an easier time of it reflecting on his life as a whole: "I don't know what more a man can want than what I have."

The Washington University Medical Center this spring began to implement a plan to redevelop 185 acres of the city around it. The Center's decision, made four years ago, to remain in St. Louis's Central West End required a commitment to lead an effort to reverse the trend of suburban migration by making the environmental quality of the surrounding area one which supported the continued growth and excellence of the Medical Center institutions.



PRESCRIPTION FOR URBAN REDEVELOPMENT

By DOROTHEA WOLFGRAM

ON VALENTINE'S DAY, the St. Louis Board of Aldermen passed an ordinance that plights the troth of the Washington University Medical Center to the city. The ordinance approves a contract between the city and the Washington University Medical Center Redevelopment Corporation for a project that will revitalize a thirty-six block area of St. Louis's central west end. Its passage represents the Medical Center's commitment to remain in the city during a period in which the exodus of physicians and hospitals to the suburbs has been rampant.

"When it became evident about seven years ago that the Medical Center institutions had to make a decision regarding long-range future planning, Chancellor William H. Danforth, then University vice chancellor for medical affairs and president of the Center's board, appointed an ad hoc study committee," explains Dr. Samuel Guze, current vice chancellor and board president. "The decision was to stay where we are. We then, however, needed to examine the question of how to make that decision viable."

Property values in the area around the medical school and the associated hospitals had decreased over the past decade, absentee landlordism was on the increase, and the area was steadily losing residents and businesses which were not being replaced. Ray Wittcoff, a member of the board of directors of Jewish Hospital and now of the University Board of Trustees, was the first to suggest that a decision to stay in midtown St. Louis could be made feasible if the Center would undertake a dual commitment to rebuild the deteriorating neighborhood to its east and north. The hospitals are buffered on the west by Forest Park and cut off on the south by U.S. Highway 40, a major east-west artery.

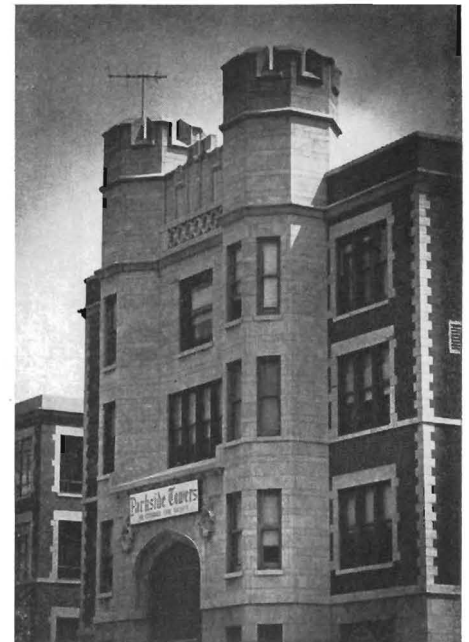
"Ray is a real estate developer and a very successful one," said a friend. "He simply saw, and made us see, that fleeing from the city, immediately or even gradually, was not our only alternative."

The Medical Center, which comprises Washington University School of Medicine, Barnes Hospital, the Jewish Hospital of St. Louis, St. Louis Children's Hospital, Central Institute for the Deaf, and Barnard Free Skin and Cancer Hospital, represents an investment in plant which Chancellor Danforth estimates at \$250 million in current replacement value. Although no dollar value can be set on the hundreds of volunteer man hours which have already been devoted to the redevelopment plan, the Center's actual financial commitment represents less than \$3 million, some of which is in non-interest bearing loans.

"The alternatives that we faced at the time," explained the Chancellor, "were to buy a large tract in the far west county and start building there, to begin establishing satellite institutions in the county as we needed new facilities, or to stay in the city." What Danforth did not add, because it was mutually understood, was that the final alternative was to stay in the city and fight a trend that is nationwide.

"If we could stabilize a large enough portion of the area around us, we felt we could again make city living attractive to many persons, including many of the 9000 employees of the Medical Center institutions," said Dr. Guze. "I am satisfied now, although we are just beginning the actual redevelopment, that we are going to create an environment in which we can thrive."

The monumental and utterly foreign task of reforming 185 acres of a city must have been somewhat frightening to members of the hospital boards, but Ray Wittcoff is not just a man of ideas,



The turreted Parkside Towers Nursing Home on Laclede Avenue, east of Kingshighway, is one of the familiar landmarks that will remain after the completion of the redevelopment project.

he is a man of action. "He got the whole thing off dead center," says R. Jerrad King, newly appointed executive director of the redevelopment corporation.

"I felt a bold plan on a grand scale was needed. The strengthening of this area was necessary for the Center and for the city," said Wittcoff. "The city's backbone has always been a narrow east-west column running from the riverfront to Clayton, of which this area is a vital part. It also seemed an ideal place for large-scale redevelopment because of its tremendous assets."

Among those, he numbers the Medical Center itself, with its many and varied employees and its approximately \$60 million annual payroll, and the Center's

Studies of the proposed redevelopment area showed that much of the older housing was deteriorating rapidly. The rate of absentee landlordism had risen sharply, property values were decreasing and residents and businesses were moving out. Yet planners found a rich and diverse neighborhood willing to fight back bulldozers and massive dislocation.



central location. He also found encouragement in the number of persons who, despite adversity, had continued to enjoy city living. To the north of the Center, within walking distance, are some 550 homes on private streets which have remained a strong residential neighborhood. "It seemed," he said, "that if you could not get major redevelopment going here, you couldn't get it done anywhere in the city."

UNDER WITTCOFF's leadership, the board hired Real Estate Research Corporation to do market studies of the area and an architectural firm to study various residential housing plans. Both contributed important elements to the final plan.

That plan is as audacious as the committee's original decision to remain in the city. Through the Washington University Medical Center Redevelopment Corporation, formed as a subsidiary of the Medical Center itself, the area is to be redeveloped over a nine-year period completely by private funds. Furthermore, there will be no rampaging bulldozers, no wiping out of neighborhoods and the social structures built up over decades, no creation of vast shopping centers, no intrusion of suburbia into a life style cherished and guarded by those who have elected it. Most of the sound structures that have stood in the once-stately west end since the turn of the century are to remain and to be rehabilitated, if rehabilitation is necessary. New housing will, for the most part, be built by what architects and planners term "infill." Small shops and restaurants are to be refurbished, ideally by their present owners.

The redevelopment boundaries, roughly Lindell Boulevard on the north, Boyle Avenue on the east, Oakland Avenue on the south, and Kingshighway Boulevard

on the west, encompass an area in which older housing and retail stores were deteriorating rapidly despite pockets of well-preserved old and new residential, commercial, and institutional development. The major thrust of the project provides that the Medical Center institutions, using their newly created subsidiary as developer, will oversee and participate in a program of redevelopment and rehabilitation of housing, employment expansion, retail rejuvenation, circulation improvements, landscaping, and design control.

The plan does not include the present boundaries which contain the Medical Center institutions, nor does it detail the Center's expansion, except to indicate that its eastern boundary be extended to Taylor Avenue, which will become a new front door of that complex. In reality, however, Medical Center planner Eugene Mackey is expected to work in close cooperation with the Redevelopment Corporation.

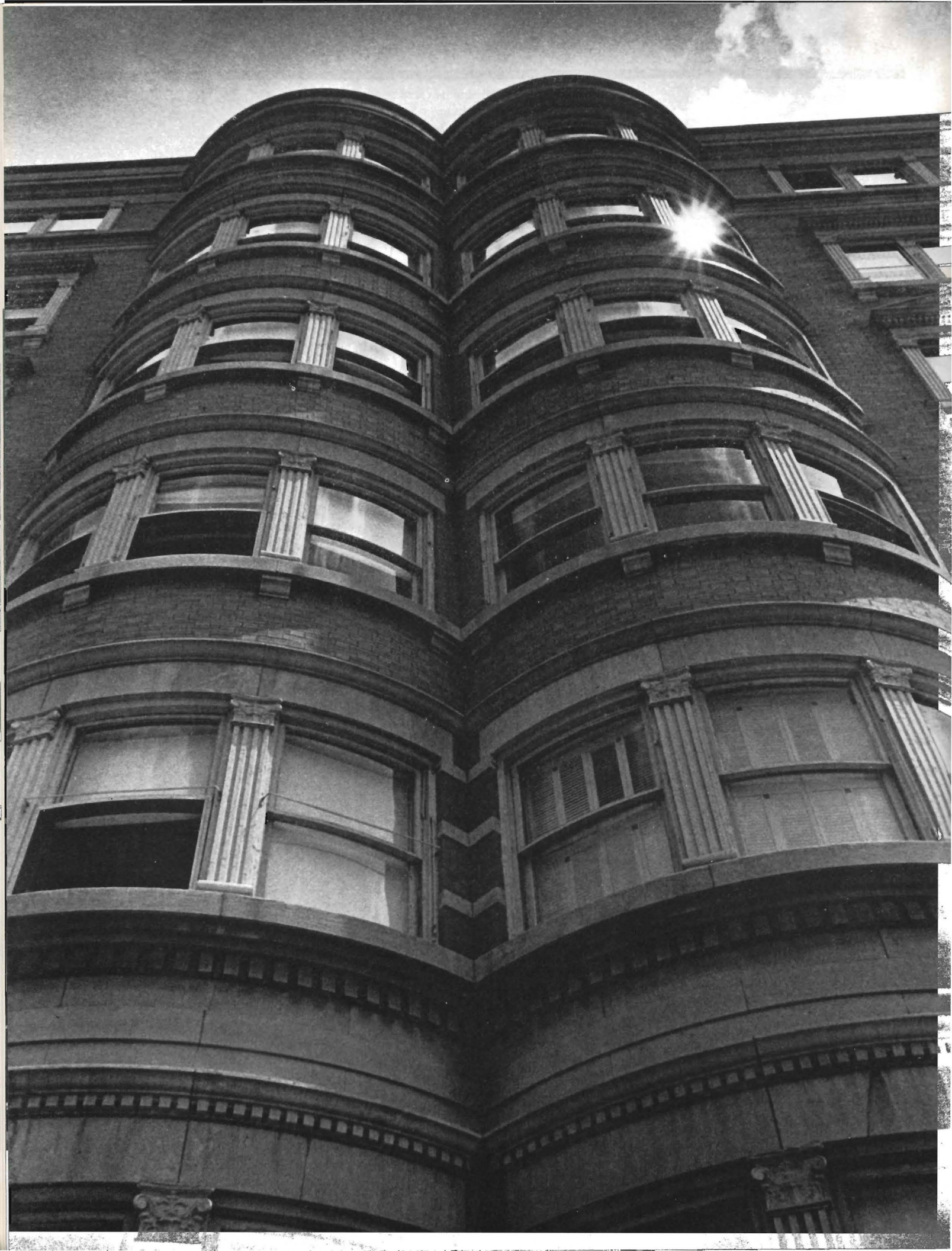
THE METICULOUS care and humanistic concern with which the redevelopment plan has been prepared is evidenced by the support it has earned among area residents. The enabling legislation was sponsored in the St. Louis Board of Aldermen, a group invested with the commission to guard ferociously the special interest of constituents, by the aldermen whose wards are included in the plan. Moreover their support was so wholehearted that it won passage by a 24-2 vote. Planners' willingness to be flexible is evidenced as well by the jigsaw puzzle shape of the area as it gerrymanders property into and out of the blocks covered under Missouri redevelopment corporation law. The law grants a redevelopment corporation, in this case the WUMC redevelopment corporation, the right of eminent domain and allows cer-

tain tax abatement on improved property.

"Without these, we could not succeed in private development," says Wittcoff. "Without the federal urban renewal land write-offs, which we didn't want, we faced a great problem of land costs. This area is not a slum. We are buying mainly from owners of rental property. Costs of land, therefore, are much higher than comparable land in the county. The Missouri law gives us tools with which to work."

The 150-page report submitted to the aldermen last fall details the results of eighteen months of footwork and brain work to study each parcel of land within the thirty-six blocks to determine its ownership, its occupancy, its use, its architectural heritage, its condition, its relation to the surrounding community, and its proposed destiny. So detailed was the study and so involved were its perpetuators, that Richard Roloff, president of Capitol Land Company, designated as managing agent by the Redevelopment Corporation, today can cite building and block by memory. Two years ago he knew the west end only because he and his wife occasionally dined at the Chase-Park Plaza Hotel.

IN A RECENT conversation, the subject turned at random to two buildings now used as cheap apartments. Roloff said, "Those buildings have a very interesting history. As I understand it, an Indian potentate attending the World's Fair in St. Louis at the turn of the century, became so enthralled with the fair and with St. Louis that he built the home to the east, on the corner of Laclede and Taylor, as a residence for his family and the building to the west to house his servants. Today they are in poor condition, but if you look at them closely, you'll find them very distinctive architectural-



ly. At one time, we hoped to save them; now, I'm not sure that we can, though we may still try."

Capitol Land, a real estate development organization with major holdings in suburban residential and commercial properties in the St. Louis area, is a subsidiary of Capitol Coal and Coke Company, whose president, George H. Capps, is a member of the University's Board of Trustees. Under a contract with the Redevelopment Corporation, Capitol Land undertook management of the entire project for reimbursement of its direct payroll and out-of-pocket expenses.

Although the company has no experience in massive private urban redevelopment, Roloff responds, "Few people have. In reshaping an existing area, we have no pattern to follow, no historical document to look at. Missouri's redevelopment law gives us great advantage, but, when it gets down to the bottom line, you have in each urban area different people. Unless your design is to move all of those people out and start over again, which ours is not, you have to shape your program to accommodate the people who are going to remain."

FOLLOWING THAT mandate, Roloff himself and Team Four, a group of young planners and designers founded by a Washington University law alumnus and staffed by many alumni, have worked in the neighborhood for almost two years. Although when asked what Capitol Land's role is, Roloff answers, "advisory," that is clearly wishful thinking. He admits that throughout the period, he has spent at least two evenings a week at meetings with residents, plan-

ners, governmental agencies, potential private developers, and a host of other interested parties.

"The real heroes of the thing are Ray Wittcoff, George Capps, and Richard Roloff," says Chancellor Danforth. "Dick Roloff is the man who turned dream into reality," adds Dr. Guze. "I recently saw a cartoon about him in a neighborhood newspaper. It showed a lion tamer with all the cats purring and rubbing against him. Dick was the lion tamer and each one of the cats had the name of one of the neighborhood associations. I sent it to him saying that this was the best testimony to his effectiveness that I could imagine."

IF ON PAPER Capitol Land's commitment is advisory, the absence of a Redevelopment Corporation staff until this March created a void into which Roloff stepped, carrying out almost all details, as well as management, of the planning. Together his staff and Team Four consultants set out to learn about the neighborhood. They delved into city records, sent out surveys to every household, canvassed hospital employees, rang doorbells of businesses in the area, did architectural surveys, and finally drew up preliminary plans. Over the past year, these have been altered and realtered to tailor the plan to the area and its inhabitants.

"We had been told, to begin with, that the area was falling apart at the seams," said Roloff, "but when we first set foot into it, we recognized that we were arousing a great deal of hostility. That puzzled us so that we had to find out who the residents were and why they were there. What we found was that we were dealing with perhaps the most diverse community in the metropolitan area. There are many elderly and many young people. There are some of

the wealthiest people in the city and some who wouldn't meet the legal standard of poverty. We found a racial mixture, but a very stable one.

"Our conclusions were that the diversity worked to make it a very rich neighborhood. The older people, for the most part, want to get out. Many have been very aggressive in their efforts to sell us their property. The younger people want to stay. They are there by choice and are willing to fight to keep the bulldozers out."

Mary Stolar, a University alumna who is alderman for the city's 25th ward, which makes up about half of the area, convened a citizens' advisory council board to represent neighborhood groups to the Corporation. "There was some persistent opposition, which I gave a voice on the board, but the great general opposition was not to Roloff and Team Four but to an earlier plan that had been publicized. It called for much more demolition and creation of a sort of suburbia within the city—with little town houses looking toward a court, away from the street, walled off and emphasizing security. Those of us who live in the city don't want to live that way and we didn't want it imposed on us by Washington University. The final plan developed by Roloff and Team Four closely fits what I want and what my constituents want. We are, clearly, delighted."

Dr. Guze comments that once the early plan had been made public, much to the disappointment of redevelopment board members, "we had difficulty allaying fears of a takeover. We could never convince people that, at that point, no plan was 'the plan.'" Public announcement came when the redevelopment corporation presented a housing plan to the Missouri Housing Commission to see if its low-interest mortgage

Pocket areas of the redevelopment site contained old and well preserved and new residential, commercial, and institutional structures.

funds might be available to finance the housing portions of the project. It won that body's approval in principle.

An early study of the redevelopment area revealed that although some of the area was flourishing, having already undergone pocket redevelopment, four major problems needed to be solved for successful overall repopulation: security, schools, traffic and parking, and aesthetics.

REDEVELOPMENT executive director King, who was then vice-president of the real estate research firm that made the first survey, said, "It now appears that schools are not a priority item in the early stage. Our housing market seems good, though it probably does not include families with small children. Eventually we must encourage the city to decentralize school control, to allow us to develop excellence. We must have families to stabilize our housing areas."

"*Sine qua non* to the plan is the development of housing attractive to the professional staff members of the hospitals," emphasizes Wittcoff. To that purpose, Roloff and King are attempting to put together at least two residential developments this spring. King adds that although security is still of concern, it will strengthen geometrically with the improvement and repopulation of the area with resident owners.

The Medical Center's direct involvement in terms of financial commitment

The redevelopment area, inside dotted lines, lies mainly to the east and north of the Medical Center, outlined in white. The plan calls for private financing to provide homes, apartments, housing specifically for the elderly, neighborhood shopping centers, new office and industrial complexes, recreational areas, landscaping, lighting, and new planned internal circulation and through traffic patterns.



for everyday operation is expected to amount to about \$1,250,000 over the nine-year period. This amount covers development of the plan and aid in its execution. In addition, \$1,100,000 of funds from the Center's institutions are pledged as seed money to purchase property either for demolition and redevelopment or for sale as is to a private developer. These funds are in the form of non-interest bearing loans to be repaid in principal at the conclusion of the redevelopment program. Meanwhile, they are a revolving fund, used sometimes with a bank loan, to buy property to resell to a developer and to be reapplied to another of the thirty-one action areas into which the plan is divided. It is also divided into three phases of three years each, containing balanced residential, commercial, institutional, and industrial development. Medical Center funds will also be invested to buy and hold certain properties for the Center's long-term use.

AN EXCELLENT example of the kind of private development wooed, won, and financed by the Redevelopment Corporation is a major coup for the plan announced by the St. Louis Blue Cross Plan in January. Under agreement with Blue Cross, the Corporation was to deliver on April 1, rezoned land along Forest Park Boulevard, upon which Blue Cross will build an \$11 million headquarters campus. "We have been working to interest a major insurance company in the area so that we could diversify employment opportunities almost since the plan's onset," said Wittcoff. "Blue Cross fulfills our fondest hopes."

Although not all of the land was purchased and rezoned by April 1, enough was secured so that demolition began before that date and building is to begin in June. When Jerry King went to work

REDEVELOPMENT

Land clearance in area of proposed office park began this spring to make way for \$11 million St. Louis Blue Cross campus. Relocation of the insurance firm within the area provides a cornerstone for future development.



as executive director, three days after his return to this country from Brazil, he took over that project, as well as others, from Roloff. "We began by knocking on doors, asking people if they'd sell," he relates. "Most said yes, so we negotiated a price and closed the sale." That description, he allows, is an oversimplification of the developer's role. The Corporation is also committed to relocation and general aid to assure all displaced persons a smooth transition to new arrangements. King's job on the Blue Cross site has included finding suitable homes—within certain areas, for sale, reasonable in price, and agreeable to the purchaser—for two elderly women whose homes were purchased. He also has had to relocate a fire station to the satisfaction of the city.

One property owner whose land is on the perimeter of the site may force the Corporation to exercise its right of eminent domain. He and the corporation have been unable to agree on price. Because the Corporation has eminent rights, it may bring a property owner to court to force sale. The sale price then is set by the court upon the recommendation of a court-appointed appraiser. Both seller and buyer are bound by the court decision.

KING'S ROLE as executive director is one of catalyst, which, he says, "means I do anything from trying to interest developers in buying real estate to planning to get a day care center started." A typical day might involve meeting with city commissioners over street closures or lighting, with someone interested in putting up indoor tennis courts, with architects or plumbers who'll serve as a part of a redevelopment service corporation, with school officials, with small

shop owners trying to encourage and aid upgrading, and with planners to approve design of gates to close one of the residential streets.

Between meetings he might talk by telephone with two dozen persons, many of whom own property in the area, to help with expansion or to solve another problem. "Even my wife doesn't know what I do," he concludes. "Right now, for instance, there is an apartment building in the area for sale. It was built not too long ago as a motel and I'd like to buy it and resell it to someone who would refurbish and return it to its original purpose. But to interest a good buyer, I want to try to put together a commitment, in the form of a signed contract, from the Medical Center institutions to guarantee use of fifty rooms a night."

King was snapped up by Roloff on the day after he returned from a year and a half in Brazil as an urban real estate developer. Hasty as the action may seem, it was as deliberate and as decisive as most decisions made by the handsome executive whose young middle age belies his canniness. Roloff is, as the cartoon captured, a masterful handler of people and of detail as well. In part, his success has been achieved by accessibility and candor. No meeting of residents within the area was too small not to warrant his personal presence and undivided attention. After a grueling year and a half, it is understandable that he had been earnestly seeking an energetic second ego as the Corporation's chief working executive. King's experience in Brazil and his early work on the project as director of the St. Louis office of Real Estate Research seemed ideal. Roloff determined when he was returning and called him at 7

a.m. the next morning to offer him the job. After a month, King is already an enthusiastic, totally committed director.

The office building that King came to work in is itself an example of the kind of turn-of-the-century residence which the redevelopment corporation seeks to preserve and update. The narrow three-story brick house with interior of dark woods, marble fireplaces, and sliding double doors was bought for about \$15,000 as redevelopment headquarters from the widow of its builder. It has been temporarily zoned commercial out of a block of similar residences earmarked for sale as townhouses or one- and two-family residences. Many of the homes need renovation and repair; others, which like this one were primarily owner-occupied, are remarkably preserved.

THE HOUSE is one of approximately eighty-five remaining buildings in the redevelopment areas originally constructed as single family homes. Many have been converted to multiple family use as rooming houses or flats. The roughly three-block square in which most of these homes are contained is proposed as one of two major residential renewal areas. Streets to the east are to be closed by gates to increase privacy and control and a small neighborhood park is proposed within the area. On vacant lots and, in some cases where buildings are not suitable for rehabilitation, the development corporation will work to interest a private developer in building small infill apartments or one- or two-family residences to be sold to the occupant. Only one block within this area is slated for clearance for the building of 125 town houses.

The second residential area is a com-

Rehabilitation of neighborhood's turn of the century town houses by present owners or new owner occupants is foundation of a new residential community within the redevelopment plan. Most sound old structures are to be saved.



munity of more modest homes south and east of the Medical Center, which forms a small southern tongue of the redevelopment plan. Much of the same rehabilitation and street closing is proposed.

"That's an area which was not in our original scheme," commented Dr. Guze. "As the plan developed, however, residents and neighborhood groups and leaders grew to favor inclusion, so we drew them in. The kind of housing that this area offers gives us a different, nearby, housing alternative for Center employees."

"It's a strange twist," said a medical school faculty member who lives in the city's west end. "I'm now being approached to look out for nearby houses for medical residents. For years, I've been on the other end, trying to interest people in living in the city."

THIS UPSWING has been duly noted by project planners, who believe that housing might move ahead of their expectations as outlined in the three-phase plan. There are, however, two factors limiting the speed of the development, noted Dr. Guze. "The first is the market, which experts tell me is shaping up so well that it seems to be ready to absorb what we can do as fast as we can do it. The second, however, is slowing that pace; it is the amount of funds we have available. The \$1,100,000 in funds from Medical Center institutions is all we have to finance development beginnings. If we can raise additional funds, we will move faster."

Developers are not looking to federal funding of any significance; they are hoping that some city and state funds may be available for certain projects, such as beautification and recreational development. They are also counting on

mortgage-funding for certain portions of the housing from the state housing commission.

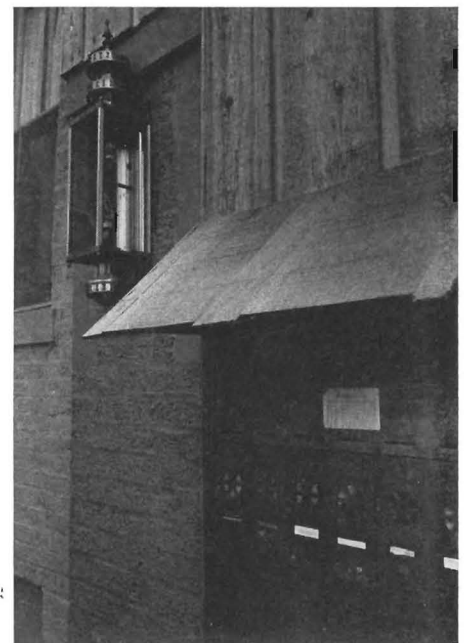
"What we have undertaken here is new and unusual," said Dr. Guze, "but we are doing what others of the nation's major medical centers should have been doing twenty years ago. Because they did not, they have gotten boxed into intolerable situations. Our recognition of the need to move quickly was one of the major influences upon our decision not to apply for federal urban renewal funds of any kind. Our consultants warned us that that would have meant delays with no assurance that funds would be forthcoming. We also knew the kind of redevelopment that made sense in our situation, but we had no assurance the federal agencies would support the kind of development we needed."

The Missouri redevelopment law, which invests the long-term tax advantages of redevelopment with the designated development agent, provides the Medical Center corporation with a great deal of, though not exclusive, control of projects undertaken by private developers. In order to qualify for the tax abatement under which improvements are not taxed for a period of ten years and are taxed at a lower rate for an additional fifteen years, the property being improved must technically come under Corporation ownership at some time. This provision gives the Corporation the design control which many of the planners see as the most important factor determining success or failure from this point onward.

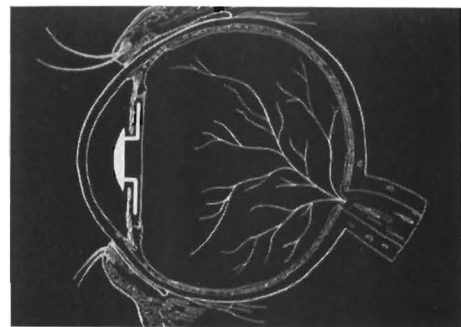
"Our plan is flexible so that we are willing to accommodate it to the neighborhood rather than the neighborhood to it, but we must exercise a tight control on design to assure good design and

to be sure that we can put the pieces together as a horse rather than a camel," said one of the Corporation principals. "It is as important to us to preserve the rich character of the neighborhood as to get the job done," added King.

"Our area is finite. It looked enormous in the beginning but does no longer," said Dr. Guze. "From the beginning, our consultants told us that we would know we were succeeding when we saw other people around us showing an interest. In recent months, we have seen interest in putting money into the city in areas very close to us. I think it is because of this project. Although we began it, from the Medical Center standpoint, because it was good for us, I believe, in this case, we've found that what is good for us is also good for the city of St. Louis. We may find that as an example, we can help other cities. It's a very exciting project to be associated with."



Below: During operation at Washington University Medical Center, a cataract is frozen to a metal probe and removed before implantation of artificial lens. At right, diagram shows lens (in white) as it fits through pupil and is stabilized by sutures and by loops which fit behind iris.



Lens Implants For Cataract Patients

By FRANK O'BRIEN

IMPLANTING ARTIFICIAL lenses in the eye after removal of a cataract is a new technique that has been used successfully on hundreds of patients at the Washington University Medical Center over the past two years. The new technique consists of replacing the opaque natural lens with a plastic replica that performs the same function and does away with the need for cataract glasses or contact lenses.

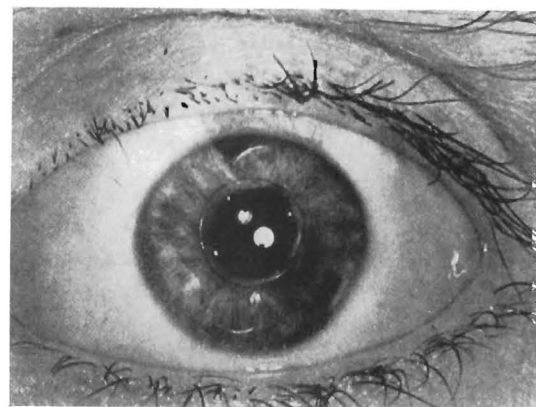
The new technique was a truly international development. The first artificial implants were used in Spain more than twenty years ago, but the plastic available at the time lacked the non-reactive qualities of the substance used today and many cases of severe inflammation resulted. The plastic employed today was developed from the material used for windshields on RAF fighter planes during World War II. It had been learned that when a windshield exploded in a pilot's face, tiny particles could penetrate the eye and remain imbedded for great lengths of time without causing inflammation. The majority of implant lenses used today are made in Holland from material based on that remarkably inert English plastic.

A cataract is a clouding of the eye's natural lens. While cataracts can occur at any time in life and from a variety of causes, they result usually from normal aging processes. The watery protein material which composes the lens becomes weak and inelastic, losing its prime function of focusing images on the retina. With time, it becomes cloudy and, eventually, opaque.

For many long years, of course, cataracts have been removed surgically. Without a lens, images are not focused on the retina, or the light-sensitive part of the eye. To compensate for the missing lens, cataract eyeglasses were developed and are still widely used. The drawback to cataract glasses, however, is that they magnify objects, causing distorted depth perception. Moreover, they cannot be used by patients who have had cataract surgery in only one eye.

Contact lenses give much better peripheral vision than cataract glasses, and they magnify only about 5 to 6 per cent compared to about 35 per cent for the glasses. Not every patient, however, can handle contact lenses. They must be removed and put back in daily, which can be difficult and sometimes impossible for the elderly, the arthritic, or even the overly nervous.

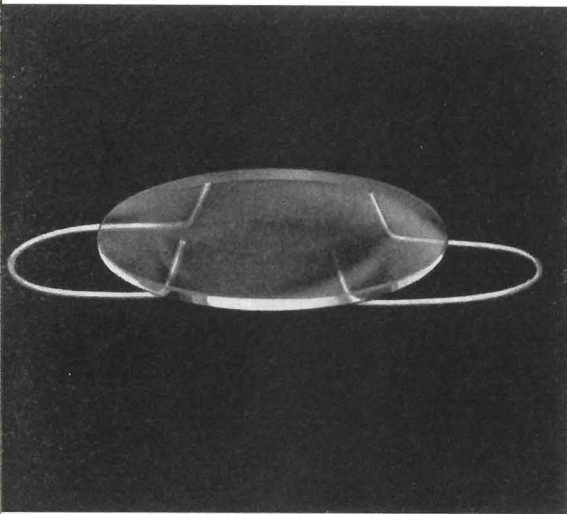
At this stage of the art, physicians do not normally recommend lens implants for a patient under forty years old, feeling that the patient should be able to handle contact lenses. The techniques of cataract surgery have changed dramatically in recent years. At the Washington University Medical Center, cataract removals are performed by cyro-extraction. An incision is made in the eye and a sterile metal probe is put into contact with the lens. The instrument is cooled by liquid nitrogen to an extremely low temperature and, as the lens is 95 per cent water, it freezes around the probe like a popsicle. When the probe is removed, the lens comes with it. The lens is attached to the eye by fragile bonds which part without causing



further damage to the eye. The artificial lens is sutured into place with a single-strand nylon, one-third the thickness of a human hair. Nylon loops, which fit behind the iris on each side of the pupil like the flanges on an old-fashioned collar button, stabilize the lens.

In order to see the tiny sutures and lens, the operation is performed with the aid of a binocular microscope. The microscope can telecast the operation to closed circuit monitors, where other physicians or students can observe the procedure and see everything just as the surgeon sees it. The microscope can also be fitted with cameras to take motion pictures or slides of the operation as it progresses.

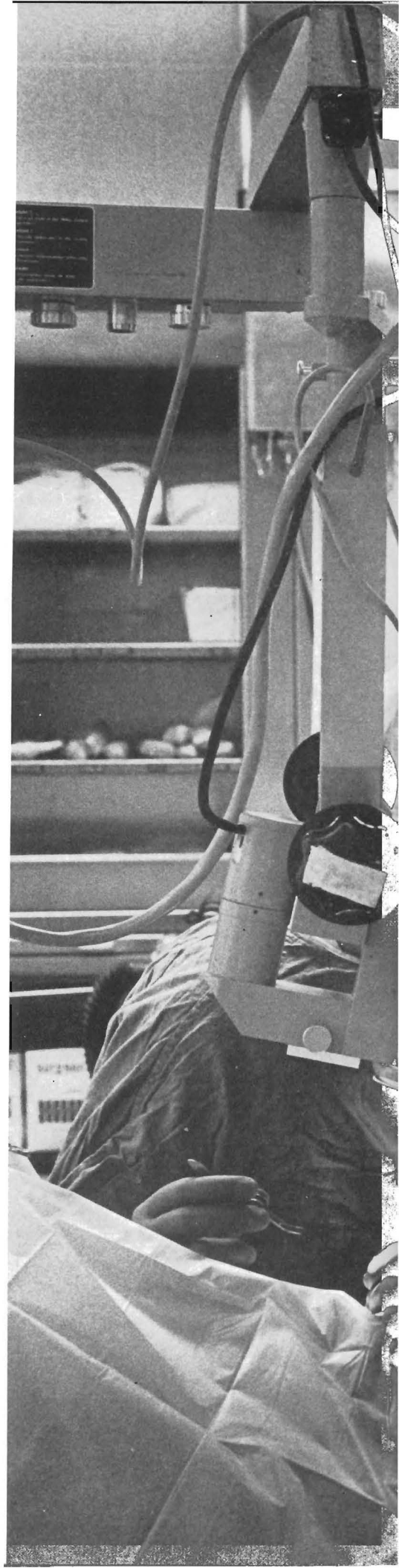
The entire operation, including removal of the cataract and installation of the lens, normally takes between 30 and 45 minutes and is nearly always performed under a local anesthetic. The patient usually gets up the day after the operation and goes home within four or five days, a far cry from the early days of cataract surgery, where patients would lie in beds for weeks. Most patients require only aspirin for post-operative discomfort.



A modern intraocular plastic lens. Loops on each side are used to stabilize the lens after it is sutured in place.

According to Dr. Bernard Becker, professor and head of the Department of Ophthalmology, about 25 per cent of the patients who undergo cataract surgery at the Washington University Medical Center have a lens implant. He estimates that about 400,000 cataract operations will be performed in the United States this year—about 1800 of them at the Center. The number of implants, however, is limited by the scarcity of the artificial lenses. Each lens is painstakingly made by hand, and there is no way such precision devices can be mass-produced to meet the demand.

In discussing the new technique, Dr. Stephen R. Waltman, associate professor of ophthalmology, points out that from 95 to 98 per cent of all cataract operations, these days, are successful and that artificial lens implants have proved remarkably free from complications. He stresses, however, that in cataract surgery, like all surgery, there is a small but finite risk. However, the benefits of this new technique, he emphasizes, far outweigh the slight risks.



LENS IMPLANTS



A plastic intraocular lens is about to be placed in the eye of a patient. It is sutured in place by single-strand nylon one third the thickness of a human hair.

Artificial lens implant is performed with the aid of a sophisticated binocular microscope which permits the surgeons to see and manipulate the tiny plastic lens and the extremely thin nylon sutures.



How Albert Schweitzer Exerted His Power

By NORMAN COUSINS
Editor, *Saturday Review*

In February, Washington University was the site of many programs during St. Louis's Albert Schweitzer Centennial Week, held in honor of the late theologian, philosopher, missionary-doctor, and musician. Chaired by Professor Herbert Spiegelberg, speakers included Dr. Schweitzer's daughter, Rhena Miller, and several leading theologians, philosophers, physicians, and authors. One well-known author was Norman Cousins, who gave the keynote address. Editor of Saturday Review for 34 of its 50 years, he has written many articles about Dr. Schweitzer and is author of Dr. Schweitzer of Lambaréné. Below is a condensed version of his address.

I CAME TO Lambaréné for the first time in 1957. I went there for two reasons. One, Emory Ross, who was head of the Schweitzer Fellowship in the United States, was worried about the physical condition of Schweitzer's unpublished manuscripts—"The Kingdom of God" and "The Philosophy of Civilization." Ross was afraid that the goats wandering about the hospital at Lambaréné might eat the manuscripts right off the top of the doctor's desk. There were no copies of the manuscripts and Ross thought that someone ought to go to Lambaréné to try to persuade Dr. Schweitzer to have them photographed.

The second reason I wanted to go to Lambaréné had to do with the primitive condition of human society. The natural sovereign state, as an institution, was no longer able to protect the lives of its citizens. Nations were addicted to the habit of war. Yet war had reached a point where it was inconsistent with the future of life on this planet. The significance of the industrial revolution, it seemed to me, was not to be measured by the change in the standard of living or by the assembly belts that spewed out individual units at low cost. The principal significance of the industrial revolution was that it had created a situation in which the engines of destruction had outpaced the mechanisms of control, the result being that no nation any longer was able to perform its historic function. The historic function of the nation had been to protect the lives, the values, and the property of the citizens.

Meanwhile, two nations in the world—the United States and the Soviet Union—were pursuing security measures clearly at odds with the human interest. Both countries were

exploding nuclear weapons without adequate regard to the consequences of those explosives. This led to a debate in the late '50's about the radioactive effects of nuclear testing. Here at Washington University, I met Professor Barry Commoner, who told me about a report in the files of the Atomic Energy Commission. The report showed that detectable traces of radioactive strontium were turning up in the nation's milk. The A.E.C. was talking about permissible levels of radioactive strontium in human tissue.

Who gave the Atomic Energy Commission the right to decide what permissible levels of poison in human tissues were to be? It was an issue easy to get excited about. We started a campaign in the United States. We developed new information. The more we discovered, the more apprehensive we became. It seemed to me that Albert Schweitzer's voice might make a difference, a very big difference on this issue.

Before leaving for Lambaréné, I read what I could. John Gunther had just published a book, *Inside Africa*, in which he devoted a chapter to Dr. Schweitzer's hospital. Gunther wrote about his shock and dismay at the unsanitary conditions at the Schweitzer hospital. He deplored the absence of bed sheets. He found the clinic rather crude. He was appalled at the open latrines.

WHEN I ARRIVED at Lambaréné, I found the superficial aspects of the hospital as Gunther had described them. He was accurate about the lack of modern sanitation, about the primitive bungalows or huts in which the patients stayed, about the absence of running water, about the ground made slippery from goat and chicken dung, and about the sweet, sickly smell that came from the rotting fruit and the animals. He was accurate about everything except the meaning of Lambaréné, because the things he wrote had very little to do with what happened at Lambaréné.

It quickly became apparent to me that Dr. Schweitzer had no interest in constructing a white marble hospital in the jungle—a hospital with white tubular beds, white sheets, white halls, white frocks, white doctors. Dr. Schweitzer knew that such hospitals already existed in Africa and were empty. They were empty because the Africans were afraid of that world of whiteness that extended from the bed sheets to the faces of the doctors. So he decided to build an African village in which Africans would feel at home. He would attach to this African village a clinic in which he and his associates would be able to examine people, prescribe for them, and send them home as soon as possible. He would give the people their medication; those who were too ill to go home would stay on. They would be cared for by members of their own families, and the Lambaréné doctors and nurses would check up on the patients. In this way, Schweitzer was able

to treat many thousands of Africans who bypassed hospitals much closer at hand in order to come to Lambaréné.

Yes, there were the open latrines, but there was also the sunshine. It is not without significance that there wasn't a single epidemic in all the years the Schweitzer hospital had been in existence. Research specialists interested in epidemiology found abundant evidence at the Schweitzer hospital that the traditional notions of sanitation were not as important as the circumstances under which a human being became ill. Dr. Schweitzer knew, more than most, and certainly much earlier than most, that 90 to 98 percent of the patients who come to doctors for medical treatment are going to get well by themselves. He knew, too, that what is most important with such patients is to give them confidence in the body's own ability to prescribe for itself. He felt that the doctor's job—not just at Lambaréné, but everywhere—was to be able, precisely and with great certainty, to spot the 2 to 5 percent which couldn't get well without medical intervention and to be sure that what he prescribed for such patients, if it didn't help them, at least didn't hurt them. He knew, too, that confidence in the doctor, confidence in one's self, and a feeling that life is worth living, were all important in the recovery of any patient.

THESE WERE the things that John Gunther missed. Gunther caught the superficiais but missed the essentials. The main point about Schweitzer is not to be found in what he himself did for others but in what others did because of him. I think, for example, of young Fergus Pope, an American college dropout, who, while on a motorcycle safari in Africa, stopped at the Schweitzer hospital just out of curiosity. He learned that the generator for the pump was not working. He knew something about mechanics, stayed to fix the pump, had dinner that night with Dr. Schweitzer, and was never the same again. He remained at the hospital for a few weeks, then discovered what his life should be all about, enrolled in a university medical school, got his degree and license at the age of 37, and came back to Lambaréné to help Dr. Schweitzer. This was only a year or two before Schweitzer's death, and he was there to help carry on the work of the hospital. A few years later, Pope returned to the United States and started his own children's clinic in North Carolina, where he offers free medical care to those who need it, and where his jeeps go into the back country of North Carolina to treat those who won't or can't come to him.

I think of a German doctor by the name of Theodore Binder who decided, because of Schweitzer, to study medi-



Albert Schweitzer at Lambaréné

cine. He founded a jungle hospital in South America in Dr. Schweitzer's name. I think of Larimer and Gwen Mellon of the Pittsburgh Mellons. Larimer Mellon, then 36 or 37, the son of a multimillionaire, was going nowhere with his life. He learned about Dr. Schweitzer's hospital, enrolled in medical school, got his degree, and founded the Schweitzer Hospital in Haiti, which is much more than a hospital. It's a community center, a social center, a civic center, a center for educating people in self-care. Like Pope, Larimer Mellon sends jeeps into the back country of Haiti with slides giving people basic lessons in health, sanitation, and nutrition.

Schweitzer never said specifically what he had learned from life. I think I can presume, however, to tell you what some of those lessons were. No. 1: Have a goal in life; No. 2: Don't ask for anything; No. 3: Don't expect anything; No. 4: Know what to do with help when it comes.

When I spoke to Schweitzer about the main purposes of my visit—photographing the manuscripts and the question of nuclear testing, I found him reluctant on both counts. With respect to the manuscripts, he said, "Don't worry, the goats don't have them and they won't get them." I asked if



Norman Cousins, editor of *Saturday Review* magazine and author of the book *Dr. Schweitzer of Lambaréné*.

he had copies and he said, "No, but that's not important." I pressed the point, and told him about the camera I brought with me, and how I had taken lessons from the Kodak store on how to photograph a manuscript. Clara Urquhart, whom he liked very much indeed and whose advice he sometimes took, endorsed the request and finally he produced the manuscripts neatly wrapped in a scarf reinforced by a napkin. There was just that one copy of each, so Clara and I made copies which eventually were deposited with the U.S. Library of Congress.

MY SECOND purpose had to do with nuclear testing and the need to obtain Schweitzer's name for the fight. I told him what I had learned from Barry Commoner of this university about strontium fallout, and of the moral issue that was raised. No nation had the right to contaminate the air, the water, and the land that belonged to other people. This was the issue: No contamination without representation. If people were going to be injured, at least they should be consulted.

He thought about it a long time and finally said. "No, this is not what my life is about. I came here to do my work and I don't want to be deflected." And he added, "No one would listen." I assured him most people would assuredly listen, but he said he wanted to think about it.

Then he broke off and asked me if I wanted to see the leper village attached to the hospital. He had a way of changing the subject. While walking to the leper village, we saw some Africans clearing the ground and taking their time about it. "That's not the way you do it," he said to them, and he started to pull weeds himself.

Schweitzer had a deep respect for the Africans. As for his gruffness, I assure you it didn't proceed along racial lines. He was equally gruff with anyone. He didn't suffer fools. He was impatient, and he had a right to be. He didn't have much time. The notion that he thought Africans were lazy doesn't stand up under the evidence. He knew that life is a product of circumstance, and that life in Africa reflects the severity of natural conditions, especially the heat and the saturating humidity.

I got some of the gruff treatment myself. On the walk down to the leper village, he said, "Now we are going to go into these little huts, and I want you to be very careful not to touch any of the patients or to allow them to touch you."

In the very first hut was an old man. Two fingers were missing on one hand and three on the other. Dr. Schweitzer greeted him, and the man came forward and held out his hand to me and I took it. Then, when we were outside he

asked if I had understood his French. "Did you understand what I said to you in French about not touching the lepers or allowing them to touch you?" "Yes sir, I did," I said. "That man held out his hand and you took it." "Yes sir," I replied, "It was impossible for me not to take it."

"Now, just so that you understand what this hospital is all about," Dr. Schweitzer continued, "We've set this hospital up to treat Africans, not to treat white people. If you want to get leprosy, get it somewhere else, but don't get it here. We're not set up to treat Americans."

Schweitzer had a marvelous sense of humor. Adlai Stevenson came to visit the hospital, being accompanied by an entourage of newspapermen and photographers who asked to take pictures of Schweitzer with Stevenson. Schweitzer agreed. During the picture taking, Adlai Stevenson noticed a mosquito alight on Dr. Schweitzer's arm and swatted it. Dr. Schweitzer turned and said, "You shouldn't have done that. That was my mosquito, not yours. Besides, it was not necessary to call out the Sixth Fleet to deal with him."

Schweitzer's humor, I suppose, was nowhere more evident than at the table each night when the staff, at the end of a hot day, would come for the evening meal. Schweitzer would recite the Lord's Prayer. There was always a little story. The first night I was at the hospital, after the Lord's Prayer, Dr. Schweitzer began by saying, "Friends, as you know there are only two automobiles within seventy-five miles of the hospital. Today the inevitable happened: the cars collided. Now, we have treated the drivers for their superficial wounds. Anyone who has reverence for machines may treat the cars."

WHAT DOES a life like this add up to? There is the magnificence of the music. The recordings preserve that legacy. There are the written works on Johann Sebastian Bach. There is the personal testament, *Out of My Life and Thought*. There's the book *In Search of the Historical Jesus*.

Where is the real name of Schweitzer to be found? Is it to be found in his theology? He believed in the indwelling God. He had no cathedral at Lambaréné; there was an open air chapel on Sunday. He wasn't always there because he felt that you carried your chapel inside you, and that if you really understood the meaning of inner space it was large enough to accommodate any cathedral of the soul.

But even this is not the measure of Schweitzer. Where do you find Schweitzer? It seems to me that you find him wherever in the world there happen to be people reaching out. I saw them last week in India outside New Delhi. I saw a procession of protest marchers carrying signs in English. One of



Albert Schweitzer and friend.

them said "Indians are human too" and another read "Will the rest of the world throw India on the rubbish heap?" I didn't quite understand the signs until I got to talking to one of the protest marchers, a clerk in a cooperative in a small city about twenty-five miles south of Delhi. He said that the reason for the signs was that the Indian press had been carrying stories about a new attitude in Western countries, especially in the United States. According to this attitude, the best thing the West could do for India would be to let it starve. He told of how he had heard a lecturer talk about an American biologist named Garrett Hardin of the University of California, who believed that the West would not be helping itself by sending food to India. Professor Hardin used the analogy of the lifeboat: if the survivors try to take more than a certain number aboard, the boat will sink. The protest marchers were going to parade in front of the American Embassy in Delhi to raise some basic philosophical questions about these attitudes.

IT IS AT a time like that that I think the meaning of Schweitzer comes most clearly and one can perceive what it is that this man's life means to us. Schweitzer felt that no one really knew enough to withdraw an outstretched hand. He didn't feel that anyone was wise enough to determine who should receive help and who should not. You don't attempt to calibrate morality. You take people as you find them, where you find them, and the greater the need, the greater the effort. The idea that is now springing up in the world

that you have to be impassive if you are going to survive lacks sanction historically, philosophically, spiritually, and morally. Schweitzer never set limits to his own ability to help or to the human potentiality.

If we begin by calibrating human needs, we end by cheapening all life. There's only a quantitative difference, it seems to me between a Lieutenant Calley spraying machine gun bullets at Vietnam villagers and the notion that you can turn away from other people. Before very long you turn away from everyone, and you turn on yourself.

THE BIG TEST of our time is whether we can perceive accurately the meaning of our connection with the rest of the world. We can take the Garrett Hardin view, a view known during World War I as "triage." When French soldiers were wounded, the medics were instructed to divide them into three groups: those who most certainly could be saved; those who, if you had room in your first-aid truck, could be taken, and those who probably could not be helped and therefore should be left on the battlefield. The issue today, it seems to me, is triage: whether we are going to divide the world into sectors and have the arrogance to determine who shall and who shall not be helped. When we do this, we are being un-historical, unphilosophical, and amoral.

I would like, if I may, to plagiarize from something I wrote after Schweitzer's death. We live at a time when people are afraid to be themselves, when they seem to prefer a hard, shiny exterior to the genuineness of deeply felt emotion. Sophistication is prized, sentiment is dreaded, and it is made to appear one of the worst blights on a reputation to be called a do-gooder. The literature of the day is remarkably devoid of themes on the natural goodness, or even the potential goodness, of human beings, seeing no dramatic power in the most powerful fact of the human mixture. The values of our time lean to a phony toughness, casual violence, and cheap emotion, yet we are shocked when youngsters confess to having tortured and killed because they enjoyed it.

It matters not to Schweitzer or to history that he will be dismissed as a do-gooder or as a sentimental fool who fritted his life away on Africans who couldn't read or write. "Anyone who proposes to do good," he wrote, "must not expect people to roll stones out of his way, but must accept his lot calmly, even if they roll more stones upon it."

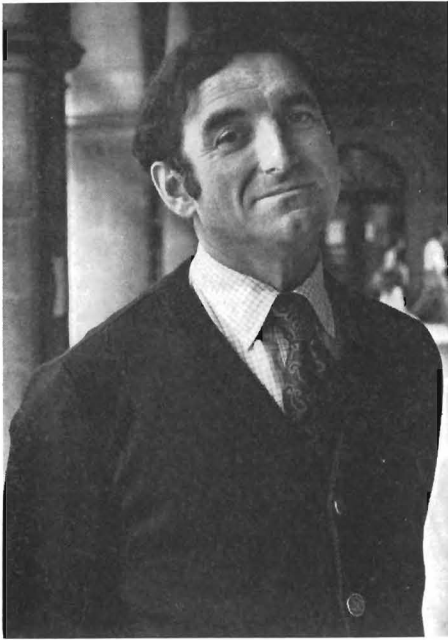
Schweitzer's aim was not to dazzle an age, but to awaken it, to make it comprehend that moral splendor came with the gift of life, that each man has unlimited strength to feel human oneness and to act upon it. Schweitzer proved that although a man may have no jurisdiction over the fact of his existence, he can hold supreme command over the meaning of that existence.

Thus, no man need fear death. He need fear only that he may die without having known his greatest power: the power of his free will to merge his life with others.

SAVE THE TIGER

or

Death of a Salesman 25 Years Later



By DAVID BRONSEN
Professor of German

Professor Bronsen, who has Ph.D. degrees from Harvard and Vienna universities, teaches comparative literature and German. His book, Joseph Roth, Eine Biographie, has been listed by West German critics among the twelve outstanding new works published in Germany.

"Just about everything that Willy Loman hoped for!" was the thought that flashed through my mind as I watched the movie *Save the Tiger*. Willy's wan hope in *Death of a Salesman* of some day being his own boss has been realized by his movie counterpart, Harry Stoner, who is president of a garment manufacturing firm. The old, run-down Chevrolet that incurred Willy's rancor has been replaced with a sleek, new Lincoln Continental equipped with a telephone. Willy's embitterment over his home being gradually surrounded by apartment houses has been laid to rest with Harry's magnificent Tudor mansion in Beverly Hills and its beautiful unobstructed view. Nor would Willy have found it necessary to admire his boss's wire recorder if he owned Harry's modern recording equipment. Moreover, Willy would have no occasion—prompted by bad conscience—to snap at his wife for darning her worn stockings, since neither money nor chores are a burden in Harry's home.

But the movie represents an updating of Arthur Miller's play (first published in 1949) in many more ways than these. It depicts not only a latter-day Willy Loman who has realized his dreams of material success, but also one beset by

new stresses of self-definition and moral choice in the more complex world of the 1970's.

When I collected reviews of the movie in ten leading magazines and newspapers, I found myself startled by their general uniformity. To be sure, the *Saturday Review* called it "the first important film of 1973—and possibly of the seventies," but all the other reviews I read evinced the need to respond with rebuttal rather than analysis, while sparing themselves the presentation of concrete evidence to support their allegations. After seeing the movie three times, I still failed to find that it was "an apology for corruption" or that "the movie justified Harry's actions." The general need to discredit the movie on moral grounds is, in a sense, as revealing as the contents of the movie itself.

The plot line of *Save the Tiger* is basically a portrayal of thirty-six hours in the life of its protagonist, Harry Stoner. Harry, who has been in business for fifteen years, wakes up early one morning, struggling to throw off the effects of a nightmare. His wife, who is little given to empathy, recommends that he see a doctor she knows who can treat his nightmares through hypnosis.

Harry, who conveys the air of a "nice guy" from beginning to end, seems to put off the long, onerous trip through heavy traffic to his office in downtown Los Angeles by tinkering with his stereophonic equipment and reminiscing aimlessly to his wife, who hardly listens. Harry's arrival downtown signals his contact with the ugliness of America's current problems: air pollution, racial tensions, and decay of the sprawling metropolis.

In conversations between Harry and his partner, Phil Greene, one learns that the firm has been threatened with bankruptcy for over a year and that the

Jack Lemmon and Jack Gilford in
Paramount Pictures "Save the Tiger,"
written and produced by Steve Shagan.



partners, much to the avowed displeasure of Greene, have been falsifying the books. Their credit has run out and a pending foreclosure makes it imperative that they raise \$300,000 to keep the company solvent. In between contacting clients and procuring a prostitute for one of them, mixing with cutters, designers, and models, and preparing for a show of the company's new line, Harry informs his partner that "the only way out" is to arrange with a professional arsonist to burn down their warehouse to collect the insurance. Phil is horrified

and vigorously insists, "There is a line I will not cross," but soon gives in. Although he feels responsibility, he does not assume any. He has the moral fiber to inform Harry, "It is not they, it is we, who change the rules," but when the agreement with the arsonist is concluded, he makes plans to be away fishing on the day of the fire.

The arsonist, a skilled professional, who is to receive \$2500 as a retainer and 15 per cent of the take, responds airily to Harry's malaise with the dictum, "Let's not confuse morality with technol-

ogy." Reassuringly, he informs Harry that his record is one of unerring success: fifteen major industrial fires in three years with no casualties aside from five firemen overcome by smoke, each of whom received a citation.

Afterward, in the midst of introducing his fashion show, Harry falters in his talk, unhinged by a vision of his old infantry company on the Anzio Beachhead in 1944; an instant later his hallucination has his army buddies in bloody battle uniforms seated before him. But an assistant deftly takes over and the show goes on.

WILLY in *Death of a Salesman* and Harry in *Save the Tiger* are both hucksters; each represents the American salesman as Everyman, selling his wares and more especially—himself. Both stand for prototypes of the organization man whose other-directed personality takes on commercial value because it spells the difference between success and failure in the market place. Willy and Harry are middle-aged victims of self-doubt. For both, life has taken on a momentum of its own that can no longer be directed and which sweeps them along in its path. Both have been adhering religiously to a work ethic which absorbs most of their time and energy, and in which they find no satisfaction except in making money. Both refer to their work with loathing; both are perpetually spurred on by the fear of failure. Harry's fear-ridden cry, "There's no room out there for losers!" is a perfect expression of Willy's conviction as well. Both men are chronically uneasy, for theirs is a world of material values and their places in society, as well as their self-esteem, are determined by the rise and fall of their earning powers. Both men are baffled and confused by life and haunted by the feeling that they have lost their

way. That both the play and the movie begin in the home of the respective protagonists underscores the fact that even their personal lives have been invaded by an all-enveloping preoccupation with their business careers.

Harry and Willy have taken more and more to looking backward, seeing the past as a time of promise and assurance. The mystique regarding the past has it that morals and values were intact back then, confusion was not rampant, sustenance was forthcoming, and life was simpler. Both men compulsively replay scenes of their past which are accompanied by flights of sentimentality. Harry is inclined to focus on athletic events and the trivia of the mass media of his youth, while Willy conjures up real and imagined triumphs of his son Biff as a high school football hero and other incidents intended to bolster his sense of importance. Basically, each man is nurturing a romantic dream that asserts his individuality in the face of a society that demands pragmatism and impersonality.

The past, conceived of as a haven of relatedness, in reality enables the two men to avert their eyes from a disturbing present and turns out to be a trap that leads to hallucination. For Willy, focusing on the past has become a source of terror brought on by his inability to reconcile former expectations with the defeat he is constantly experiencing. As a result, his daydreaming becomes a perpetual colloquy with his sick superego—dressed in the guise of an older brother he barely knew—in a vain attempt to figure out what went wrong and why.

From the start, each protagonist is portrayed as suffering from prolonged fatigue. One of Willy's first statements is, "I'm tired to death." Each has carried on a relentless struggle for which there is no resolution. Both, in effect, are suf-

fering from the accumulated tension of a protracted breakdown, which expresses itself for brief moments in psychotic breaks. In desperation, each man turns to salvation in the form of an insurance policy. Willy, on the way to commit suicide so that his family can collect his insurance, assesses his situation with the remark, "After all the highways and the trains and the appointments and the years, you end up worth more dead than alive." Harry similarly comes to the conclusion that his warehouse, reduced to ashes, would become his greatest asset.

FOR ALL the striking similarities between the two works, there are also a number of clearcut differences. The world of *Death of a Salesman* depicts a man who has made himself the victim of the "American dream" of success and has passed it along like a virus to his two sons. Nevertheless, although things are out of joint in the world Willy lives in, that world remains relatively stable and certain basic verities in it are preserved.

If Willy has lost his way, in *Save the Tiger* a whole country has lost itself and virtually everyone is leading an unauthentic existence. Harry, a rich man, is far more emotionally impoverished than Willy, who has experienced the closeness of family, the loyalty of his wife, and the idolization of his sons. Harry's daughter and only child has been sent to school in Geneva, because, as his wife points out peremptorily, "They are shooting up horse in American schools and America is no place to bring up children." America, it would seem, has to be abandoned by those who can afford to do so. Willy was able to retreat into his family. Harry's pathetically sentimental cry, "I want to be in love with someone," is by contrast a statement of emotional bankruptcy and non-contact.

The end of act two of *Death of a Salesman* has Willy dashing off in his car to commit suicide. The play ends not with a third act but with a "requiem," consisting of the last words and musings spoken over Willy's grave. *Save the Tiger*, by contrast, ends shortly after the deal with the arsonist. The fire and the aftermath are not shown. There is no requiem and no moral reckoning. For Harry, his was a necessary deed and the matter is closed. The movie offers no resolution, no climax, no retribution, no sorrow, just a brand of survival.

Death of a Salesman was written with the assumption that something can be done about the forces that put an end to the life of Willy Loman. "Attention must be paid," his wife insisted. With the necessary insight and understanding one can overcome the situation and regain one's humanity. Indeed, Biff, Willy's favorite, has taken this road by the end of the play. Biff has learned from his own errors and that of his father, so that he can say of himself, "I realized what a ridiculous lie my whole life has been!" Of the father he loved so much, he can acknowledge, "He never knew who he was." Biff, in contrast, is able to affirm, "I know who I am. . . ."

IN ADDITION, there are ample signs in the play that not the entire system is sick, that indeed much of it is still in working order. Charley, the businessman who lives next door, has his morals and fellow-feeling intact, as evidenced by his compassion for Willy and his genuine desire to help him. Similarly, Charley's son has made it up the ladder through application, hard study, integrity, and keeping one's eyes on the goal.

In one of his essays, Arthur Miller propounds the view that in the person of Willy he was dealing with a bourgeois tragic hero, a person who cannot com-

promise, but only break. "I believe that the common man is as apt a subject for tragedy in its highest sense as kings are," he theorizes, and that in tragedy alone "lies the belief—optimistic if you will, in the perfectability of man." The latter view is unconvincing for the student of tragedy, but it does establish the perspective of the playwright and marks off the distance between the play and the movie.

The notion of perfectability is, by contrast, utterly alien to the movie. Materialism is all-pervasive and the resultant breakdown of values is irredeemable. The problem has become too big, things have drifted too long, everything has grown too complicated, for the system to be changed. Without ever putting it in these terms, Willy Loman still believed in sin, and his response to it was old-fashioned guilt. Because he could not confront his problem it unhinged him. The question of moral guilt crosses Harry Stoner's mind only at longish intervals and each time is repressed. As far as he is concerned, only the system is to blame, but it does not occur to him that he might try to change the system. As he is the sheerest of relativists, there is no possibility of mentioning Harry in the same breath with tragedy. Since his own judgment has it that he is driven by necessity and that his options have been reduced to nothing, there is no likelihood that he is going to arrive at the liberating insights Biff was able to discover for himself. Necessity in *Death of a Salesman* translates itself into suicide. In *Save the Tiger* necessity brings about a moral suicide that costs the perpetrator some moments of strain, which he quickly shrugs off.

It seems to me that this seemingly amoral attitude, the un-American view that one is powerless to change oneself and the evils in society, is what caused

reviewers to reject the movie. In their consternation, the critics castigated the movie for supposedly suggesting that corruption is rampant, we shall have to learn to live with it. That is not the message of the movie. Instead, it is saying that its characters, who represent America, have accommodated themselves to such an attitude.

ARTHUR MILLER avoided topical references almost completely in writing his play, perhaps to give it timelessness and present it as a lasting statement of the American dilemma. *Save the Tiger*, by contrast, abounds in references that situate it firmly in time. Dribbles of news broadcasts and conversation refer to "chemical defoliants in Vietnam," the loss of "3000 helicopters to date," the paradox that "rats are crawling around babies and rockets are flying to Mars." *Save the Tiger* reflects not only the experience of the Vietnam War but the demise of the civil rights movement, the intensification of racial hate and strife, the drug scene, the growing gulf between the generations and cynicism toward the political system. It signifies a growing belief that whatever is expedient is acceptable because in a climate of moral apathy right and wrong are no longer mutually exclusive.

The movie has only two people to offer who have retained a sense of values and remained uncontaminated by the world they live in. In each instance, they remain unaffected because they do not belong. Meyer, the old Jew who fled from a pogrom in Russia and later from Nazism in Germany, believes in his craft as a cutter, is held by a deepfelt bond with his aged wife, and acts as the only legitimate voice of conscience in the movie by telling Harry, "You are a play-back. You tell everyone what they want to hear." He alone has a clearcut sense

of who he is and the self-respect that outweighs any temptation to sell out.

The other person who remains inviolable is Myra, the hippy girl who spends her days aimlessly hitchhiking up and down Sunset Strip and is a dropout from the system without ever having been a part of it. Harry gives her a ride in the morning, runs into her again in the evening, and ends up spending the night with her in a Malibu beachhouse. This girl, who offers herself to strangers with a madonna-like smile and is supposed to convey warmth and sympathy without asking for anything in return, is for me the only incredible element in the movie. She might have been conceived as a fantasy of Harry's imagination, but to cast her realistically makes the whole sequence come off as hokum. Still, one gets the point: when everyone in society is insisting on a bigger place in the sun, only those satisfied with being what they are retain integrity and can go through life unspoiled.

THIS THEME of threatened or lost innocence wends its way through the film and gives it its title. "Lions and tigers always return to a place of remembered beauty. That is the way they catch them," is a bit of lore Myra passes along. The tiger is described as an endangered species: only fifty-five of them are left in the world, according to a man circulating a petition to preserve them. The tiger-motif parallels Biff Loman's yearning for renewal and preservation of the self in the open spaces of the far West. It also expresses itself in other ways in the movie. When, having settled the deal with the arsonist, Harry tries to take part in a game of baseball with young boys, he is told, "You can't play with us, mister!" There is no return to innocence for Harry.

The movie demonstrates that in Amer-

ica, which was after all grounded in the pursuit of happiness, life today is characterized for everyone except the Meyers and the Myras by frantic unease. Self-interest is the common denominator rather than ideals and principles, and people interested primarily in what they can get for themselves become human commodities. With the exception of Meyer, no one has a sense of being part of something bigger than himself. Despite Harry's professed patriotism, when someone suggests he transcribe his commitment into action he flares up with an explosive "Don't sell me America!"

HARRY, who has realized Willy's fondest dreams, has paid an intolerable price in the process. His life is empty and he is lacking in direction as well as security in any meaningful sense of the word. In his society, social life has grown anarchic, integrity has become obsolete, and everybody's happiness lies in some nebulous future and never in the work he is doing now.

The movie and the play both derive from the collective consciousness of the American psyche, which has given rise to the same theme many times in works of art. The movie updates the play, but it is the differences between the two which make their comparison meaningful. The extreme orientation toward commercial success and conformity that Willy stood for has grown more dubious with the passage of time, and Biff Loman's self-questioning, "Why am I trying to become what I don't want to be?" is more urgent. The American dream of success has evolved into the source of so much tension and disaffection that its viability as a social ethic is becoming untenable.

Save the Tiger does not moralize, but in an inverted way it is saying "Attention must be paid."



A scene from a 1949 New York theatre production of Arthur Miller's play, *Death of a Salesman*.

Comment

CONFERENCES, CURRICULA, CITATIONS & CANDLEPOWER

THE FIRST Mr. and Mrs. Spencer T. Olin Conference on "The Status of Women in Higher Education and the Professions" was held on campus on April 16 and 17. It brought to the University an impressive lineup of educators and government experts.

Among the eleven distinguished panelists were Jewel Prestage, first black woman to receive a doctoral degree in political science in the United States, and Juanita Kreps, vice president of Duke University and the first woman to be appointed to the New York Stock Exchange.

Attending the conference, to be sponsored jointly each spring by Washington University and the Monticello College Foundation, was the first group of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer T. Olin Fellows, nine women enrolled in graduate and professional education programs at the University. Their appointment was announced last spring when the Foundation and the University made public the establishment of the fellowships to broaden the opportunities for women in graduate and professional studies.

It was fitting that just one week after the first Mr. and Mrs. Spencer T. Olin Conference, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer T. Olin were the 1975 recipients of the University's prestigious William Greenleaf Eliot Award.

Ann and Spencer Olin were presented the award, given each year for outstanding service to Washington University, at the annual Eliot Society Dinner meeting. In presenting the award, Trustee Morton D. May, president of the Society, stressed the Olin's many contributions to higher education at Washington University and elsewhere.

ANOTHER major conference held on campus in April was a two-day session on "The Consumer Movement: Issues and Strategies," sponsored by the University's recently established Center for the Study of Public Affairs. Participants included leaders in the consumer movement and representatives from business, labor, government, and education.

The new Center, headed by Robert H. Salisbury, professor of political science, is an innovation in academic or-

ganizations. It incorporates a teaching program which offers a master's degree in public affairs for persons who are or hope to be employed in the public sector.

"The tendency in recent years has been to concentrate on Ph.D. programs," Professor Salisbury said at the time the new Center was established, "but today there are too few job openings in the academic world. The new center program will be specifically designed to open career opportunities in the public sector."

Among the national consumer leaders brought to the campus for the Center's first conference was a Washington University alumna, Carol Tucker Foreman, AB 60, who is executive director of the Consumer Federation of America, an organization of more than 200 national, state, and local non-profit groups with a total constituency of more than 30 million.

FRESHMEN in the University's College of Arts and Sciences will have the opportunity to choose a more personal, structured academic program to be offered on a pilot basis next fall.

Called the Focus Plan, the new program is intended for students who are undecided about long-range objectives or who are planning careers in fields with few fixed requirements.

Four academic programs will be offered: The Search for Values, Law and Society, Conflict and Human Society, and Quantitative Methods and the Social Sciences. Each sequence will have a core seminar limited to an enrollment of twelve to fifteen students. The students will also take at least two additional required courses each semester. Each program will have a senior faculty coordinator, responsible for developing the academic program and advising students, and three to six faculty seminar leaders.

Burton M. Wheeler, dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, said that the Focus Plan was drawn up in response to faculty and student concern that in recent years the academic experience preceding the declaration of majors has become "too diffuse and impersonal, and that more interaction between academic disciplines is essential to quality undergraduate experience."

At present, arts and sciences undergraduates have only two academic options—a two-year premedical sequence

and an unstructured elective option tailored to individual interests. The Focus Plan would offer a third choice.

TWO DISTINGUISHED members of the Washington University faculty have received international honors recently. Rita Levi-Montalcini, professor of biology, because the first woman to be installed in the Pontifical Scientific Academy, in ceremonies held this spring in the Vatican City. Isidore Silver, Rosa May Distinguished University Professor in the Humanities, has been honored by the French government as a Commandeur de l'Ordre des Palmes Academiques. He is reported to be the first American so honored.

At Washington University, Dr. Levi-Montalcini has developed an international reputation for her research on the development of the nervous system. She spends part of each year in Rome, where she is director of the Laboratory of Cell Biology, which is supported by the Italian National Research Council.

Dr. Silver is one of the world's leading authorities on French renaissance literature. He is collaborating on the critical edition of the works of Pierre de Ronsard and was the editor of the 1587 Ronsard text and three important Ronsard studies published by the Washington University Press.

ON APRIL 20, the St. Louis Soccer Stars defeated the Dallas Tornado 3-0 under the lights at Francis Field. It was the first night game played at the University's 1904 World's Fair-vintage stadium since the late 1930's. If schedules permit, the Battling Bears will play at least part of their home schedule under the lights this fall.

The era of night football at Washington University in the 1930's was brief and the lighting then was a far cry from the newly installed system. One historic game played under the lights was the 42-12 defeat the Bears inflicted on the Creighton Bluejays on October 20 in 1939, the year Washington University won the Missouri Valley football conference title.

That was the night that Bud Schwenk threw four touchdown passes to Dutch Lutz. One contemporary newspaper account alleges that Lutz spent most of the time lurking in the intense shadows along the sidelines, emerging into the lighted area in time to catch the ball.

F.O'B.



More than one hundred eminent scientists attended a symposium March 20-21 honoring Eugene Feenberg, Wayman Crow Professor of Physics, who is retiring at the end of this semester after thirty years as a member of the University's Physics Department. From left: Samuel I. Weissman, professor of chemistry; James Burgess, professor of physics; Professor Feenberg; Joseph Hirschfelder, professor of chemistry, University of Wisconsin; George E. Pake, vice-president of the Xerox Corporation and Washington University trustee.



Existing

Existing
Single Family
Homes



Prototype

Rehabilitated
Single Family
Homes

Closed Street

Housing Infill

Improved
Landscaping

