

SWARTHMORE

College Bulletin

June 2000



*What did you
take away
from Swarthmore?*

SWARTHMORE

COLLEGE BULLETIN JUNE 2000



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On the cover: Eva Allan '00 made the "harp room" in the Lang Music Building, next to the Crum Woods, her home at Swarthmore. The story on page 10 traces the College experiences of several graduating seniors. Photograph by Eleftherios Kostans.

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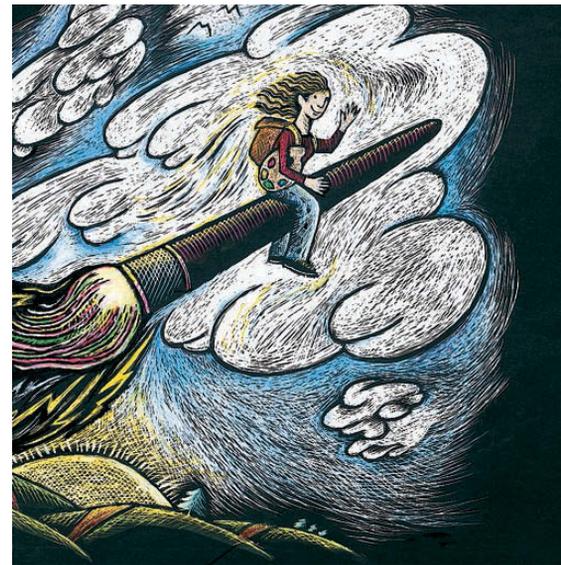
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Magazines are a felicitous combination of words and pictures, but because we “read” magazines, many of us tend to think that the visual elements are secondary to the verbal. Yet, in the best magazines, a delicate balance is struck between language and image—an artful combination that enhances ideas and engages readers in ways that words alone cannot do.

For 30 years, the artfulness of the *Swarthmore College Bulletin* has been the domain of Bob Wood, our graphic designer. His name has been on our masthead longer than anyone’s except Editor Emerita Maralyn Orbison Gillespie ’49, who hired him in 1970. She recalls that he walked into her office and told her he thought he could make the *Bulletin* better. Handing him the proofs for her current issue, Maralyn asked him to redesign the cover. He did so to her satisfaction, and his work has continued to satisfy *Bulletin* editors—and readers—for more than 100 issues.

Bob’s genius for combining the verbal and visual has its roots in the liberal arts. After earning a degree in art history from Oberlin College, he studied design at the Pratt Institute, where he says that his liberal education gave him an advantage over his fellow art students: “I didn’t know a lot about any one thing, but I knew a little about a lot of things.” A successful career in advertising and many years as a sought-after freelance designer followed. But as he approaches his 86th birthday, Bob has decided to disengage from the relentless schedule of the *Bulletin* to make time for other projects that fill his days.

I have never worked with a person quite so multitalented as Bob Wood. In addition to his layout skills, he has been an extraordinary photographer; painter; sculptor; filmmaker; and, in recent years, computer artist. The digital tools he has taught himself in the past decade have opened up whole new creative outlets.

We’ll miss Bob Wood’s designs, but we’ll also miss the wise counsel—and first-rate journalism—of Barbara Haddad Ryan ’59, who will leave her job as associate vice president for external affairs in August. As my boss, she has been unwavering in her support of a high-quality, independent-minded alumni magazine.

Barbara has also acted as a quiet mentor for dozens of students considering careers in journalism. After graduating from Swarthmore, where she was an Honors English major, and the Columbia School of Journalism, she was a reporter and columnist for two Denver newspapers for 20 years. Later a public relations executive and chair of the journalism department at Denver’s Metropolitan State College, Barbara has served her alma mater with distinction since 1992.

As readers will see in her article, “The New Swarthmore Journalists” (page 20), the College played an important role in her career, as it has in the work of the six young journalists she profiles. As Will Saletan ’87 told her, “You don’t have to get a Ph.D. to write thoughtfully about the world.” But a Swarthmore education clearly helps.

I think of each issue of the *Bulletin* as a little like a term at Swarthmore—with four feature “courses,” a collection of “news” events, some sports, a few good books and arguments, and a chance to get to know some of the best people you will ever encounter. In a magazine, words and pictures are intertwined; so it is in a small college, where the worlds of ideas and everyday life are inextricable. Thanks to people like Barbara Ryan and Bob Wood, the *Bulletin*’s words and pictures bring you the richness of Swarthmore. Enjoy.

—Jeffrey Lott



SWARTHMORE COLLEGE BULLETIN

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PLAIN PINE BOX

T. Noel Stern's letter in the March 2000 *Bulletin* mentioned Jesse Herman Holmes, former professor of religion and philosophy. It brought to mind an anecdote about this interesting man.

As a faculty brat in the 1930s, I had met Holmes and perhaps even seen the plain pine box he kept upright in his front hall. Determined not to be a source of profit for the funeral industry that he frowned on, he had had his good friend Mr. Rawson make him this box. (Rawson, then teaching woodworking at the School in Rose Valley, was the grandfather of Ken Rawson '50.)

Good friends would die, and Holmes' box would be given away. When Jesse Holmes did die, there was no coffin ready for him, so Mr. Rawson went to the shop the next morning and made one.

This tale may be somewhat apocryphal, but it is one I was told and took on faith. It seemed right for the man—and not a bad idea for nowadays.

CAROLY WILCOX '52
Gardiner, N.Y.

STAFF PAY HAS ENHANCED THE PHOENIX

Although I agree that the quality of *The Phoenix* has improved markedly, I think it's unfair to legionions of past *Phoenix* staffers to characterize the paper the way the *Bulletin* did in its March issue ("The *Phoenix* gets a facelift" in "Collection").

For many years, *Phoenix* editors knew exactly what would improve the quality of the paper—money. This is not a recent discovery. Editors did their best, but the writing and staffing pool was not enough to produce large amounts of quality material on a weekly basis without some incentive. Everyone who tried, including myself, was repeatedly told by both the Student Budget Commit-

tee and the College that payment for the long hours of *Phoenix* editors and writers was out of the question.

Only after the College became concerned in 1998 that *The Phoenix* might not continue, because staff size and interest had waned to a new nadir, did President Bloom provide for the newspaper's future.

It's amazing how people will actually provide content for a publication if they are getting paid. Everybody's arguments, including Min Lee's ['00], Dan Fanaras' ['99], Nick Attanasio's ['00], and mine, were proven to be absolutely correct—pay writers and editors, and *The Phoenix* will become a real paper. The only question remaining is, why did it take the College decades to realize this?

PATRICK RUNKLE '98
East Petersburg, Pa.

Editor's Note: *Patrick Runkle is a former editor-in-chief of The Phoenix. Starting in 1999, top editors of The Phoenix have been paid a salary through funds provided by the Office of the President. Staff writers are also compensated.*

MATCHBOX FAMILY

I was interested in the article about Quaker matchboxes through the decades ("Swarthmore's Matchbox Flames," March 2000). Just for fun, I glanced through our freshman handbook for the Class of 1946, which listed those students entering in the fall of 1942.

Because of the war, some students stayed for only one year, and many of our origi-



nal classmates finished in different years, so I have obviously lost track of a few. But, counting to the best of my knowledge, I think that 32 members of our class married fellow Swarthmoreans.

Another statistic that alumni might find interesting is that our family, which now has its fifth consecutive Swarthmore generation in the classes of 1998 and 2003, has three generations of Quaker matchboxes: Eleanor Stabler '18 married Bill Clarke '17; I married Marshall Schmidt '47; and Peggy Schmidt '71 married Bob Clark '71. In addition, I had an aunt and uncle who married classmates as well as three cousins who follow the same tradition.

I think it's fair to say that we are really a Quaker matchbox family.

KINNIE CLARKE SCHMIDT '46
Princeton, N.J.

"BASELESS SLANDERS"

Arnold Krell '49 writes that the street boys of his youth accused him, a Jew, of being guilty of killing Jesus Christ ("Letters," March 2000). He seems willing to accept and repeat their theology, despite its lowly source. He does the same with the lies of present-day slanderers of Pope Pius XII.

If what Krell says in his letter is true, then why did Golda Meir call Pius XII "a great servant of peace"?

Why did *The New York Times* editorial of December 25, 1942, state: "The voice of Pius XII is a lonely voice in the silence and darkness enveloping Europe this

Christmas.... He is about the only ruler left on the Continent of Europe who dares to raise his voice at all."

Why did the chief rabbi of Rome, Emilio Zolli, convert to Catholicism based on the holy example of Pius XII, his personal friend?

Why is it that there were 9,500 Jews in Rome, yet when the order was given to round them up, Nazi police squads could find only 1,259? All the rest had found safety, at Pius' orders, in 155 churches, convents, and monasteries throughout Rome as well as in the Vatican. Forty thousand Jews were saved in Italy and 800,000 in Europe as a whole—thanks to the intervention of Pius XII and the Catholic clergy, both religious and lay.

Space prevents me from presenting a full refutation to the vilification found in Krell's letter, but anyone interested in the truth can begin with the Web site www.catholicleague.org/-truth. Pinchas E. Lapide, an Israeli diplomat, wrote *Three Popes and the Jews* to defend the role of the Church, specifically against the detraction of the play *The Deputy*. Yet it seems that no amount of scholarship will prevent some who are determined to repeat baseless slanders.

LEILA ELMAGHRABY LAWLER '82
Lancaster, Mass.

MORE MURALS PLEASE

I enjoyed the article on James Egleson's mural in Hicks Hall, but it appears from the article that the *Bulletin* did not reproduce all of it. When I was at Swarthmore in the early 1960s, McCarthyism was still rampant, and none of my professors, nor anyone else for that matter, said anything about such a mural—or about this type of art that was common in the 1930s, especially through the

Please turn to page 10



JIM GRAHAM

Center of attention

To those who know him, it is no surprise that Michael Mullan's second home is on the tennis court. How ironic, then, that the most natural spot on campus for Swarthmore's longtime tennis coach also doubled as the last place he can usually be found—at the center of attention. But on April 29, he had no choice.

With more than 100 friends, family, and men's tennis team alumni from around the country in attendance, Mullan reluctantly accepted the plaudits extended to him at the official opening of a new indoor tennis center named in his honor. "By lending his name to this facility," said President Alfred H. Bloom, "Mike Mullan has allowed the center to be associated with dedication, modesty, and generosity of spirit, combined with intellectual passion, passion for sport, and exemplary teaching and coaching."

Bloom was the first to offer remarks at the dedication of the Michael Mullan Tennis Center, which featured keepsake tennis balls imprinted with the name and date of the occasion. Others included Robert Williams, the Marian Snyder Ware Professor of Physical Education and Athletics, and J. Lawrence Shane '56, chair of the board of managers.

The 28,300-square-foot facility, located behind Ware Pool off of Fieldhouse Lane, houses three tennis courts with championship-caliber surfaces, lighting, and above-court viewing for approximately 100 spectators. In addition to the tennis courts, the \$3 million facility houses a 4,000-square-foot fitness center, including cardiovascular and resistance weight machines.

The center is the gift of longtime College supporter—and tennis fan—Jerome Kohlberg '46, who also spoke at the dedication. "Tennis is a wonderful sport for Swarthmore," he said. "It combines the various aspects of intellectualism and athletic ability and teaches students how to be competitors and good sports. In all of those things, it exemplifies the Quaker tradition."

It is at Kohlberg's request that the center is named for Mullan, professor of physical education, professor of sociolo-

gy, and coach of Swarthmore's tennis program for more than 20 years. Under his direction, Swarthmore has won three NCAA Division III championships; has reached the Final Four nine times; and has, as former team member Andrew Dailey '91 noted in his remarks, "more regional championships than Mullan can remember."

—Alisa Giardinelli



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

Jerome Kohlberg '46 (left) helps raise the net at the dedication of the College's new Michael Mullan Tennis Center, named for longtime tennis coach Michael Mullan (right).

Selling Dr. Math

Swarthmore's popular mathematics education Web site, the Math Forum, was sold in April to WebCT, an education company based in Vancouver, B.C. Begun six years ago by Eugene Klotz, the Albert and Edna Pownall Buffington Professor of Mathematics, www.mathforum.com quickly outgrew its origins in a DuPont Science Building seminar room. Now the site is run by technology and education expert Steve Weimar and operates out of a building near campus with a staff of 25. Klotz continues to work on research and development.

A \$3 million grant from the National Science Foundation in 1996 ran out in March. WebCT acquired Math Forum a month later in an all-stock deal and plans to incorporate the site into its course-management system, which college instructors use to create Web components for courses.

Math Forum gets more than 13 million hits per month from educators, students, parents, and math buffs around the world. Interactive features like the "Problems of the Week" and "Ask Dr. Math" are particularly popular with students. Although they won't get help on their math homework, students can e-mail math-related questions and receive thought-provoking responses from any of 200 math experts, some world renowned. Most common problems range from "general solutions to cubic and quartic polynomial equations" to "Why do we need to learn math? When are we ever going to use it in real life?"

Annie Fetter '88, a former student of Klotz's, runs the site's geometry "Problem of the Week." A recent question was inspired by a gift she bought for her father, a "global positioning system" device that uses signals from satellites to pinpoint locations on earth. "What percentage of the face of the earth can each satellite see?" she queried, adding that



Eugene Klotz of the Department of Mathematics and Statistics started the Math Forum Web site in 1996. The site now employs 26 and has been sold to a Canadian Web-based education company.

the Earth is a perfect sphere with a radius of 6,374 kilometers and that satellites orbit at 20,200 kilometers. In one recent month, more than 13,000 people sent answers to Fetter's brain teasers.

Educators are more likely to refer to the site's Internet library—now an 800,000-page database—or access its global on-line community via discussion groups. Both Klotz and Weimar say the Math Forum will remain in Swarthmore but may be due for expansion. Klotz says, with a wry smile, that he expects the Math Forum to become "the second largest employer in the borough after the College."

—Cathleen McCarthy

Historian DuPlessis is Guggenheim Fellow

Robert DuPlessis, the Isaac H. Clothier Professor of History and International Relations, was named a Guggenheim Fellow this year, one of only a few professors at liberal arts colleges selected for this prestigious honor.

DuPlessis plans to spend his fellowship, during the 2000–2001 academic year, studying the history of consumption in the early modern Atlantic world. His work will take him throughout the Americas, the Caribbean, and Western Europe as he traces the origins of consumer culture and the effects of changes in consumption on economic development.

"Studying these two fields will allow us to rethink our ideas about the origins of modernity, through

the lens of changing consumer cultures," DuPlessis says. He is especially interested in textiles, such as cotton and linen. "They were fundamental to both economic growth and cultural definition. After food, people in the preindustrial world spent most of their income on cloth and clothing."

As a Guggenheim Fellow, DuPlessis is in familiar company. Also chosen this year for the honor is Marc Forster '81, one of his former students and currently an associate professor of history at Connecticut College. Last year, another former student, Ronnie Po-Chia Hsia '77, a history professor at New York University, was also selected.

DuPlessis' reaction to the news? "I'm astonished that we're all back on the same page," he laughs.

—Alisa Giardinelli

Measuring molecules at the speed of light

Carl Grossman, associate professor of physics at Swarthmore College, received a Fulbright grant this semester to study at L'École Nationale Supérieure des Techniques Avancées in Saclay Scientipôle, a region of France known as a center of scientific research.

Grossman's unique use of lasers allows him to study the changes molecules exhibit after exposure to light. In the case of molecules at room temperature, these changes can occur over extremely fast intervals—roughly 1,000 billion times faster than a millisecond—and Grossman's measuring techniques are the only ones known to record them.

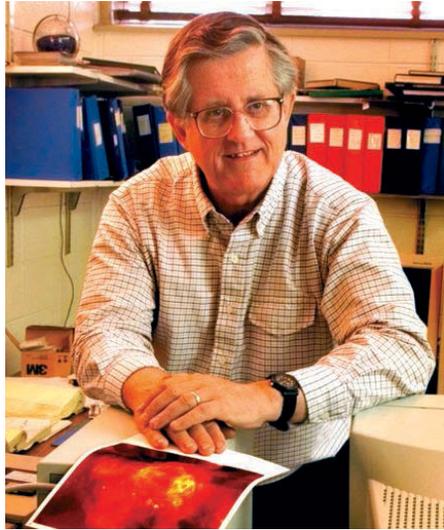
Grossman joined the Swarthmore faculty in 1990.

—Alisa Giardinelli

Honoring a friend

A fund has been set up that will eventually endow a scholarship in honor of John Gaustad, the Edward Hicks Magill Professor of Astronomy, who retires this semester, and his wife, Gail.

The John and Gail Gaustad Scholarship will benefit needy and deserving students and was set up through the



GEORGE WIDMAN

John Gaustad

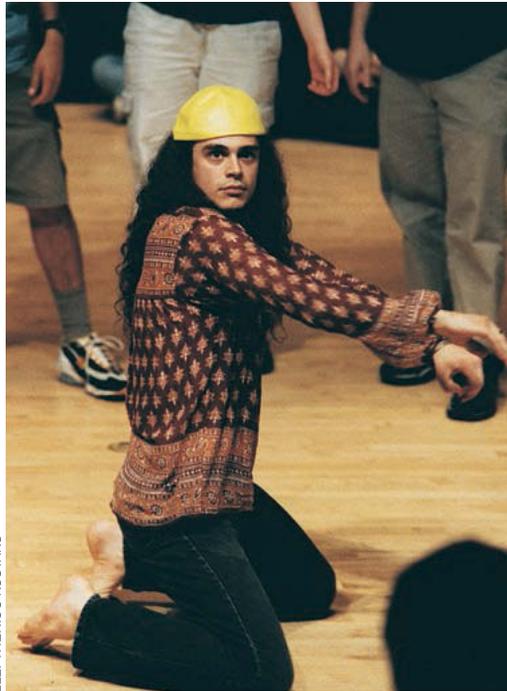
Annual Giving Office by 19 international alumni and friends of the Gaustads. More than \$22,000 has been pledged to date.

Ali Usman '91 spearheaded the project. Like everyone on the list, Usman lived with the Gaustads for a while. Unlike most, he also took a class with the professor.

The Gaustads began housing international students in 1984 during periods when the dorms were closed. They enjoyed it so much that they continued to invite them. "I would say 120 international students have stayed in our house over the years," he says. "Many became good friends of ours."

The fund was announced during a surprise retirement party held for Gaustad on Easter weekend. "I walked in on a lot of people I hadn't seen in five or six years," he says. "I was very touched. The scholarship is a wonderful thing—much more meaningful to me and Gail than any material object they could have given me as a retirement present."

—Cathleen McCarthy



ELEFTERIOS KOSTANS

an Rogers '92 was among the 19 alumni members of *Vertigo-go*, the College's comedy improvisation group, who joined current members in a reunion performance. Held in Lang Concert Hall on April 15, the show celebrated *Vertigo-go*'s 10th year. About half the alumni members, including an extra on *Saturday Night Live*, continue to ply their comedic trade in the entertainment industry.

Newly tenured

The following faculty members have recently been promoted to the rank of associate professor with tenure: Sara Hiebert, biology; Lisa Meeden, computer science; Philip Jefferson, economics; Nora Johnson, English literature; Patricia White, English literature; Timothy Burke, history; Maria Luisa Guardiola, Spanish; Haili Kong, Chinese; Michael Brown, physics; Cynthia Halpern, political science; Frank Durgin, psychology; and Sarah Willie, sociology.



GEORGE WIDMAN

New associate provost

Stephen Maurer '67 (*above*), professor of mathematics, has been appointed to the post of associate provost for information technology, replacing Thomas Stephenson, professor of chemistry.

Last Day

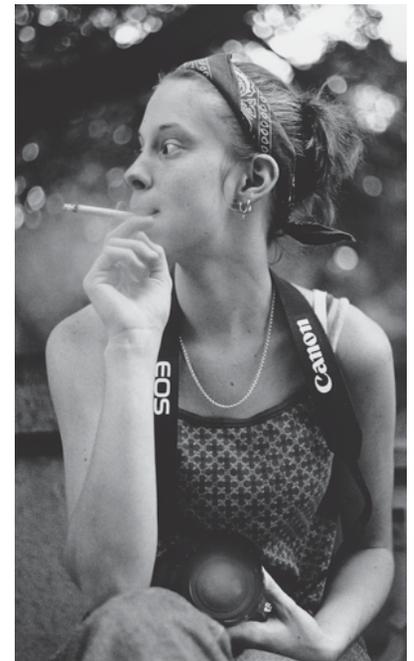
In the gray morning
I close the door on Michelle sleeping,
move out into the quiet drizzle
where paper becomes soft and pliant
in the humid air.

The life of the school is
subdued now, people taking their leaves
and closing doors on a year
of living. I sit on the steps
of the dorm and smoke a cigarette.

Later that day I put
parts of myself into cardboard boxes,
making the most efficient use
of packing space. Debris
litters the carpet, leftovers of two girls.

—Kunthea Ker '02

Poem and photograph (by Lauren Tobias '02) appeared in the spring issue of *Scarlet Letters*, a student literary magazine.



Putting a new coat on North Philly

Like many college students, seniors Peter Murray and David Zipper paint houses on the side. But they don't do it for their own spending money. They're training North Philadelphians to become entrepreneurs—to do what cash-poor college students have often done: tap into the wealth of the suburbs.

Zipper became familiar with North Philly while volunteering for projects run by Sister Carol Keck, executive director of the Norris Square Neighborhood Project, a community center in a low-income area of North Philadelphia. Under her guidance, Zipper and other Swarthmore students tutor children, renovate buildings, and clean up the parks of North Philly.

"I started thinking that what the area really needs is jobs," Zipper recalls. He and Murray, his best friend and fellow economics major, came up with the idea of hiring local residents and training them to work as professional house painters.

Neither student knew much about house painting, let alone running a business. So they solicited the advice of local contractors and painters and learned not only how to paint but how to make estimates and market a business. In the spring of 1998, they applied for and received a \$10,000 Lang Opportunity Grant from the College—and Empowered Painters was born. Since then, the project has received nearly \$30,000 in grants from the U.S. Department of Justice, a local bank, the Philadelphia Foundation, and the Samuel E. Fells Foundation.

Along with the homes of Swarthmore professors and administrators, the Empowered Painters work on suburban sites in Landsdowne, Lower Merion, and other Mainline neighborhoods. "The idea is to provide local residents with sustainable jobs that aren't available elsewhere, to provide a broad-scale way to channel money from the suburbs back into the inner city," Zipper says of their nonprofit organization. Earnings will go to community groups in North Philly.

Empowered Painters has employed as many as eight workers at a time but experiences a rapid turnover. Employees range in age from 25 to 45, which means that Zipper and Murray often find themselves managing men old enough to be their fathers. So far, that hasn't been a problem. "They trust us," Zipper claims. "We are very professional in the way we deal with them. We make our expectations clear about standards and appearing for work on time. In North Philly, a lot of workers haven't held long-term jobs. We try to build the work ethic, but we don't always succeed, quite frankly."

There have been exceptions, however, including two men who have recently been named crew managers. "They're very solid and reliable," Zipper says. "That's when it really feels good, when you realize you're helping someone who has the right work ethic and just needs to find a sustainable job."

"Inner-city residents don't generally think of job opportunities in the suburbs because they don't go there," he says. "But that's really where the jobs are." The business subsidizes workers' transportation to the suburbs, provides advances when emergencies arise, and pays wages that Murray describes as "more than competitive." They work almost exclusively with unemployed or underemployed



PETER MURRAY



GEORGE WIDMAN

After building a small business in North Philadelphia, graduating seniors Peter Murray (left) and David Zipper are turning it over to the local residents who worked for them.

men, many recently released from jail or coming off drug problems, or both.

Empowered Painters also runs monthly volunteer projects where students paint houses near the group's base in the Kensington area of North Philadelphia. Murray and Zipper have both lived in the neighborhood and claim it's not particularly dangerous. "People think of Kensington as a dangerous ghetto, but it's a family neighborhood," Murray says, adding with a laugh: "The biggest noise problem we have is from the churches around there."

Zipper and Murray plan to soon hand over a self-sustaining business to the local community, with suburban connections and trained local men at the helm. Zipper, who received a Harry S. Truman Scholarship (for students going into public policy), will work for the Housing Department of Urban Development this summer. Murray plans to stick around North Philly for the next few years, shifting his focus to the Empowerment Group, a spin-off organization he and Zipper set up with Swarthmore alums Mandara Meyers '99, Murray's brother Seth '98, and Benson Wilder '99. The Empowerment Group will eventually own and manage Empowered Painters, making sure it keeps its community focus.

The group hopes to build a community center in Kensington. Along with day care, job training, and placement services, the center would encourage local spending with eateries, performance spaces, and a cinema. "Most community development groups in the inner city focus on housing and social services," Murray says. "We wanted to focus on job creation and community building."

—Cathleen McCarthy

Life: straight to TV

The Gulf War started on my 12th birthday. On Jan. 15, I was allowed to stay up really late on a school night for the first time, till midnight or 12:30 a.m. In this little leapfrog into adulthood, I listened to the dead silence that occurred when Iraq failed to meet the U.N. deadline for withdrawing from Kuwait. Everything froze, and over the backdrop of a bare night desert the words “To Be Continued” appeared in my mind.

On Jan. 16, when Marlin Fitzwater proclaimed, “The liberation of Kuwait has begun,” no amount of TV-commercials-for-the-Marines-style music could have made the moment more anticipatory. As U.S. warplanes attacked Baghdad, you could, if you leaned your head out the window of your black-shuttered, white-aluminum-sided command center, hear Kenny Loggins’ “Danger Zone” playing on the wind.

But you couldn’t make a movie of the Gulf War because the Gulf War was a movie from the start. Starring Tom Berenger, Cuba Gooding Jr., and William Hurt as “Wolf Blitzer,” it glued us, glued me, 12 years old, to the screen. It was the best miniseries ever. I sat there, too old to pretend it was just a game yet still too young to reconcile both how real it was and how fake it looked. It was an orchestrated drama that demanded the attention span of a child, and that’s exactly what it got. *Doogie Howser* <click> ... *Three’s Company* rerun <click> ... War <click> ... basketball <click> ...” The adults I overheard were scared: films of Israel being bombed, “smart bombs” hurling chaotically around supposed chemical weapons factories, and a mustachioed, bereted supervillain laughing and calling Bush “The Great Satan” and killing his own people just to show how evil he really was. I wasn’t even fazed. That wasn’t scary. I’d seen *Apocalypse Now*, man: now that was scary.

It’s difficult to believe the amount of reality-based television we watched in junior high school. I mean, I watched all of the Anita Hill coverage. All of it. But even by then, I was already a little desensitized. The fall of the Berlin Wall and

the massacre at Tiananmen Square had, when I was 10 years old, so thoroughly exemplified the pinnacles and depths of human experience that the Gulf War played like a video game. Even the fall of the Soviet Union in the same year felt detached and unreal. Without any clear climax or end point, it was like wandering into some World War II film in the middle third—all shouting and chaos and foreign accents but no real action. And so I flipped the channel.

The war movies of our generation, the courtroom dramas, the government thrillers, are all straight to TV. It’s less important that the news has turned into entertainment or that entertainment has turned into news than that we just don’t care about the difference anymore. Both everyone and no one seemed shocked when we didn’t glue ourselves to the Clinton impeachment coverage. We all had an advanced copy of the script: officials brought down, sex scandal, lying, cheating, tapes—booring. For God’s sakes, they’re going to have to do better than a rerun of *All the President’s Men* with some porn thrown in.

In the “Trial of the Century,” we watched one of the biggest football celebrities of our childhood accused of Murder One, then exonerated with a bitter twist at the end. One of the longest celebrity trials ever, it captured our collective attention for months. It’s a small wonder that the nation was unwilling to immediately throw itself into the next high-profile court drama. But I can’t blame the death of the news-entertainment event on the O.J. trial. We had long been in training for this eventuality. Watching heroes brought down before us can be fun, but it does get wearying after a while. The scripts are wearing thin; the secrets are becoming less shocking; the villains are becoming less diabolical than sad. As reality becomes sensationalized, the choice between the movies and the news becomes less one of what’s important than what’s entertaining and new. If the media’s going to throw a news event at us, it better have every ounce of explosion, scandal, and drama that Hollywood can offer—and even then, it’s not guaranteed that we’ll watch for long.



Joshua Lewis '00, from Wilmington, Del., majored in computer science. This essay was adapted from the spring 2000 issue of the student magazine Spike.

Class of 2004 admitted

A total of 863 students were admitted as prospective members of the Class of 2004—roughly 22 percent of more than 4,000 who applied. Swarthmore expects the group to yield a first-year class of about 370 for next year.

Along with 47 states, the District of Columbia, and Puerto Rico, accepted students come from 6 continents and 38 nations. The highest concentration hails from California, home of 14 percent, and New York, with 13 percent,

followed, in order, by Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maryland, Texas, Virginia, Illinois, Ohio, and Florida. Brazil, with five students, is the most common country of origin among international students. Four are from Singapore and three each from Germany, Ghana, Japan, and Malaysia.

Of the admitted students who come from high schools that report class rank, 37 percent are valedictorians or salutatorians. Fifty-seven percent are in the top 2 percent of their high school

class and 92 percent in the top decile. Fifty-nine percent of the admitted students come from public high schools, 30 percent from private independent schools, 4 percent from parochial schools, and 7 percent from schools overseas.

Forty-four percent of the Americans identify themselves as students of color. Asian Americans make up 17 percent; African Americans, 14 percent; and Latino students, 13 percent.

—Tom Krattenmaker



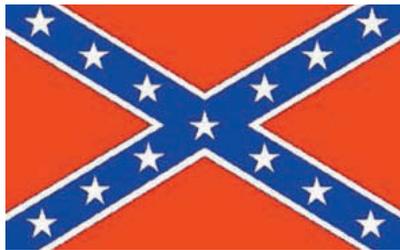
Olivia Gruber '03 gives a plain air flute lesson to Kristen Reiter, a fifth grader at Swarthmore Rutledge Elementary School.

STEVEN GOLDBLATT '67

Backing the South Carolina boycott

In March, Swarthmore joined Haverford and Bryn Mawr colleges in supporting the NAACP boycott of South Carolina over the issue of continued display of the Confederate flag. The College was one of seven to join the boycott, with most from Pennsylvania.

"We discussed the boycott at the president's staff meeting and decided that in good conscience and in view of our commitment to a just and inclusive society, we should support it," says Maurice Eldridge '61, vice president for college and community relations and executive assistant to the president.



SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

The South Carolina legislature agreed in May to remove the Confederate flag from the dome of the state capitol.

As a result, several athletic teams found themselves scrambling to reschedule their spring games. Six of nine spring teams—women's tennis, women's lacrosse, women's softball, men's and women's track and field, and men's golf—had games scheduled in South Carolina. For women's tennis, it meant canceling matches with four opponents in South Carolina and heading instead for Arizona. "The College generously offered to make up the difference in the added expense of traveling to Arizona," says Dan Sears, coach of the women's tennis team. "That was true of several teams that had to change their plans."

"In effect, the College put its money where its mouth was," says Tom Krattenmaker, director of news and information. "The Athletic Department didn't have to bear any of the cost, and the College spent \$24,000."

"Predictably, it caused some disappointment in the coaches and teams we were scheduled to play originally," Sears adds. "That schedule was planned carefully over the course of a year, after assessing the strength of each team. The alternative games were hastily scheduled, and the results were pretty lopsided. But we agreed with the cause 100 percent."

—Cathleen McCarthy

Swimmer scores top honors

Ted Sherer '01 was named a double All-American at the men's Division III Swimming Nationals at Emory University. He placed seventh in the 100-meter breaststroke, setting a new College and conference record, and 16th in the 200-meter breaststroke for an All-American Honorable Mention.

As an individual, Sherer scored more points at nationals than any Swarthmore student in history, giving the College its highest national placing ever. He is the first male Swarthmore swimmer to achieve the top eight All-American honors since Robert McKinstry '75.



STEVEN GOLDBLATT '67

Spring sports highlights

Baseball.....	8-20	4-13
Golf	10-5-1	6th place
Men's lacrosse	8-6	2-4
Women's lacrosse	10-7	5-4
Softball	5-22	3-13
Men's track and field	0-1	9th place
Women's track and field	1-0	5th place
Men's tennis	8-7	—
Women's tennis	9-5	9-1

The **men's lacrosse team** posted an 8-6 record, reaching the Eastern College Athletic Conference (ECAC) South Region Championship game. Defender **Tucker Zengerle '00** was named first-team All-Centennial Conference (CC).

At the CC **men's track and field** championships, Marc Jeuland '01 won both the 5,000 and 10,000 meter runs.

The **women's lacrosse team** posted a 10-7 record this season, reaching the ECAC semifinals. Defender **Kristen English '01** earned first-team All-CC and national All-American honors. Goalkeeper **Jane Kendall '00** was a first-team All-CC selection and second-team regional All-American. Leading scorer Katie Tarr '02 received second-team CC honors.

The **men's tennis team** posted an 8-7 record on the season, making the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) Tournament for the 22nd consecutive year.

The **golf team** posted a 10-5-1 record. **Matt Kaufman '01** scored a CC record 71 on the final day of the CC Championship, becoming the first Garnet golfer to earn first-team All-CC honors.

At the CC **women's track-and-field** championships, **Imo Akpan '02** set a school and CC record and qualified for the NCAA Championships with a time of 56.66 in the 400-meter dash. **Desiree Peterkin '00** captured the triple jump and set a school and CC record in the long jump (18'6.5"), qualifying for NCAA Championships.

All-CC Roundup: *Softball:* shortstop Heather Marandola '01, Second Team, outfielder Stephanie Wojtkowski '02, Honorable Mention. *Women's tennis:* Jen Pao '01, First-Team Singles, Pao and Laura Swerdlow '02, First-Team Doubles.

—Mark Duzenski

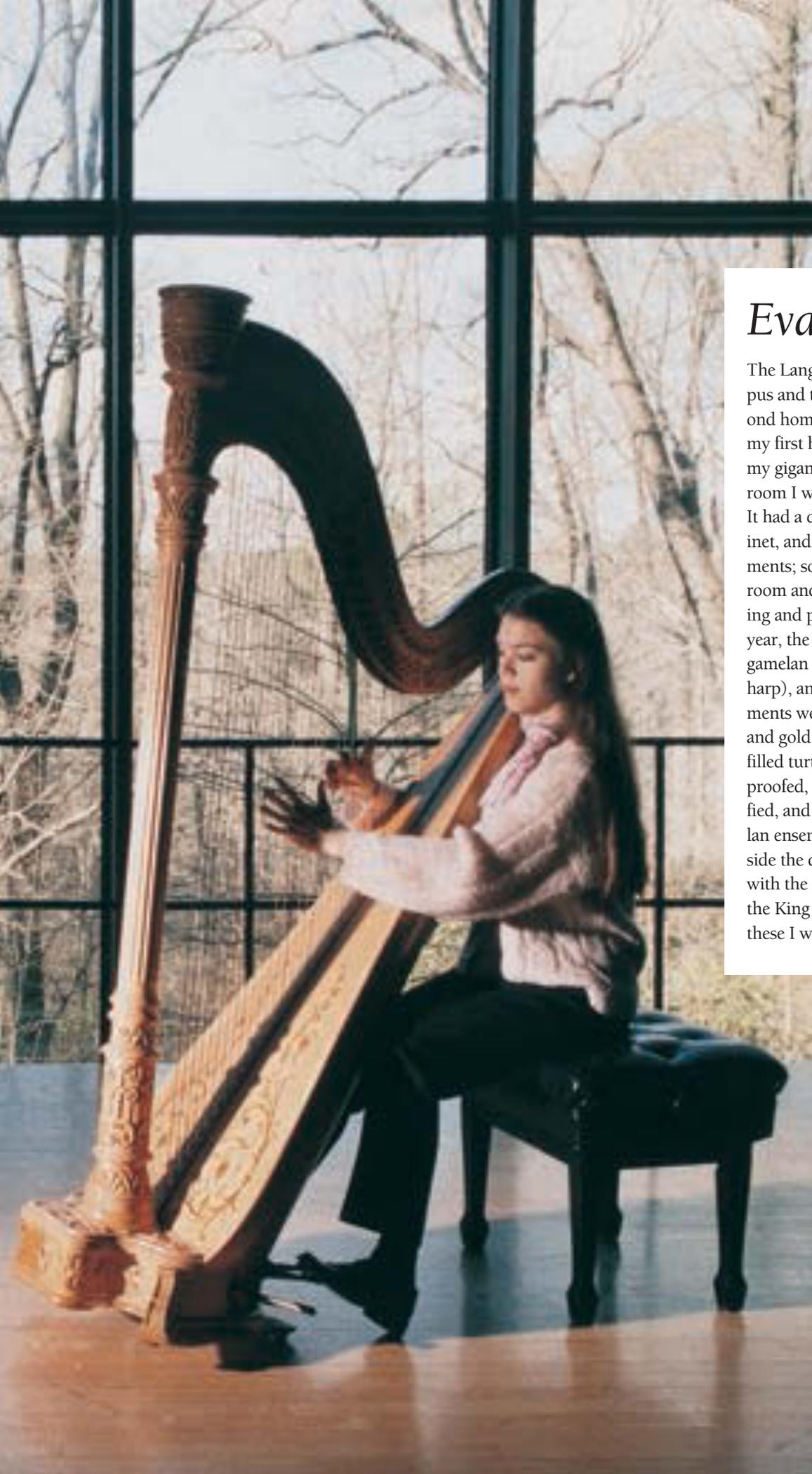
WHAT ARE YOU TAKING AWAY FROM SWARTHMORE?

In September 1996, we asked members of the Class of 2000, then on campus just a few weeks, to tell us what they had brought to Swarthmore that was of personal significance to them. Photographer Eleftherios Kostans, in his first assignment for the November 1996 *Bulletin*, photographed several first-year students and their “things from home” for an article about the freshman experience by Carrie Griffin ’99.

For the past four years, I’ve nodded hello to them as we passed in the halls or encountered each other in the snack bar. Because they had appeared in these pages, I watched their lives at Swarthmore a little more closely. Through those pictures and those objects—a horseshoe, a bottle of California sand, a pair of red clogs, a quilt, a lucky charm, and a precious photograph of a loved one—I had come to know them.

Now these students are graduating, and I had to wonder, “What are they taking *away* from Swarthmore?” Their answers to this question illuminate personal odysseys that are both typical and atypical; these are unique individuals, yet they are part of the fabric of life at the College. Somehow I have the feeling that we’ll be seeing them again. —Jeffrey Lott

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS



Eva Allan

The Lang Music Building, twixt the campus and the Crum Woods, has been a second home for me these four years. During my first hours at Swarthmore, I wheeled my gigantic harp crate into Room 410, a room I was soon calling “the harp room.” It had a desk and chair, two pianos, a cabinet, and a plethora of percussion instruments; soon I had my own key to that room and spent many hours there studying and playing harp and violin. The next year, the College acquired a Balinese gamelan (Swarthmore still needs its own harp), and the Western percussion instruments were replaced with glimmering red and gold gongs and bells and cymbal-filled turtles. The room was sound-proofed, repainted, and healthily humidified, and I began dancing with the gamelan ensemble, leaving my red shoes outside the door. The coexistence of my harp with the gamelan was like Anna visiting the King of Siam. Such friendships as these I will not soon forget.





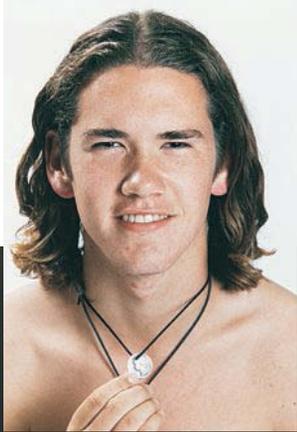
Laura Pyle

I still have Sebastian's shoe hanging above my door and will probably hang it above my next door on the theory that luck will be welcome. Now, however, I also refer to "the Scottish play" and say "break a leg" to keep the spirits happy.

While at Swarthmore, I've majored in philosophy, danced jigs and flamenco, and traveled around Sri Lanka. But my most significant take-away is the theater bug. I discovered in Abbe Blum's Shakespeare course that I love to act, and I've been exploring theater since. I've acted in several student productions, been on technical crew, and am spending my last semester taking four theater courses and working in the costume shop.

"So what are you going to do with that?" I hear regularly. Not much of a change from the usual reaction to my philosophy major, really, though theater prompts more waitressing jokes. I'm going to work in theater, I hope. I've been offered a summer internship with the Arts Center in Old Forge, N.Y., and in the fall, I'll go to Philadelphia or New York or wherever I can find another theater job and an apartment that allows cats. I have Shakespearean aspirations, tentative M.F.A. plans, and an existentialist play building in my mind as I shuttle between rehearsals and my senior philosophy comps.





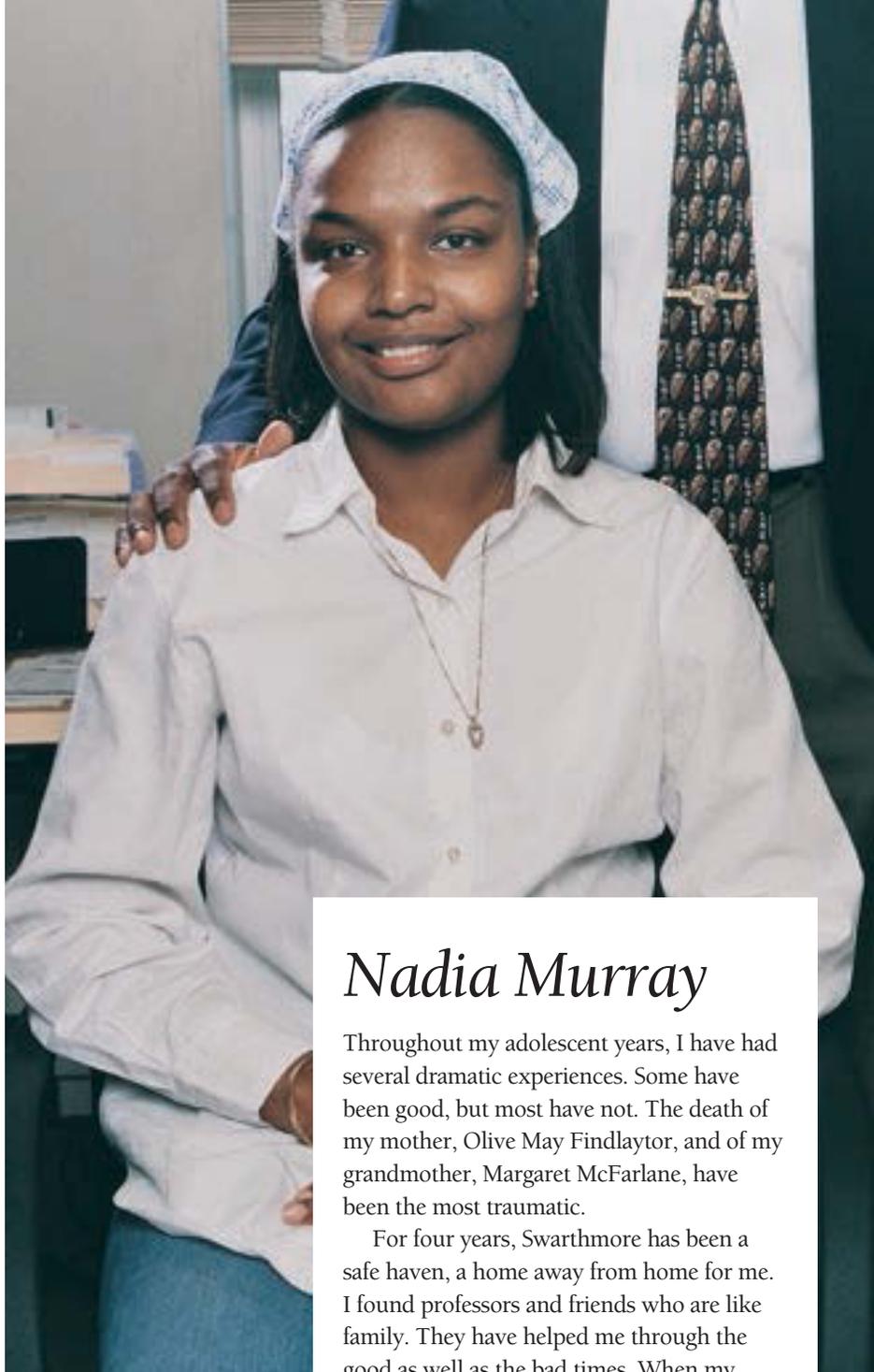
Chris Fanjul

I hope the day I graduate is partly cloudy, with a slight breeze to rustle the leaves around the amphitheater and make dancing shadows on the ground. I don't plan to focus on the solemnity of the occasion. College is not about solemn things.

I plan to sit back with my cap over my eyes and redream the dreams that have passed through me like warm spring air when the car window is down: Driving to the West Coast with a friend, through canyons, across deserts, where that cop pulled us over so we wouldn't hit any stray cows. Finding beaches where ecstasy lives in the salty air. Whispers across an open window that infuse quiet contemplation with life and presence.

What does this have to do with an academic life? Everything and nothing. Swarthmore is a part of the story that cannot be removed because it was part of my life of learning—not just at school but everywhere. I realize now that there was no way I could escape learning. That's what one does. It needs no special recognition.

That is part of one of my greatest lessons: how to be. How not to think too much, to watch the leaves and dance in the wind. This lesson is incomplete, and I have the rest of my life to learn it.



Nadia Murray

Throughout my adolescent years, I have had several dramatic experiences. Some have been good, but most have not. The death of my mother, Olive May Findlaytor, and of my grandmother, Margaret McFarlane, have been the most traumatic.

For four years, Swarthmore has been a safe haven, a home away from home for me. I found professors and friends who are like family. They have helped me through the good as well as the bad times. When my grandmother died last year, I thought that I was going to suffer a breakdown. But my surrogate family here helped me through it.

These experiences have changed me and made me a better person, and Swarthmore has definitely played a part in this. Without the support that I have received, I do not know if I would have made it this far. The deaths of my mother and grandmother have made me realize that we should not take life for granted. We need to make the best of life because we do not know when we are going to lose it.





Lance Langdon

As I finish papers and knock down exams one by one, I'm asking myself: How has Swarthmore changed me? Swarthmore has made me a relativist.

What do I mean? I mean I've thought so much about the ways things should or shouldn't be that I can't function in the way things are. Swarthmore made me examine "the structure" repeatedly. Racism, classism, modernism, progressivism—they're all my bed buddies now. When I fluff my pillow at night, I can't help but think about the poor guy who sewed the neoprene seams and what neoprene bushes were slaughtered. But the best I can do is fluff again and go to sleep. I'm globally aware and existentially immobile.

Starting next week, I'll be making the bed I lie in, and it scares me to death.

I can't really tell anyone what I've learned because, unlike my friends at other colleges, I haven't been trained for this world. While I've been theorizing these four years, they've been learning how to be cops, industrial designers, and Air Force pilots.

What all that means is that if you want to really know what Swarthmore has given me, you'd better not ask me. Just come and visit in 10 years, and see what I'm doing. I'll even give you a neoprene pillow to sleep on.

Samira Mehta

What am I taking away from Swarthmore? I'm sure there are intangible things, but I don't have enough distance to know. Of course, I've changed, but anything I could tell you now would be conjecture.

I do, however, have a very clear picture of the concrete things I'm taking with me. I'm leaving with books. Lots and lots of books. And I plan to spend the next couple of years revisiting books that I read very quickly under a deadline or finishing books that I only read assigned portions of.

In addition to my school books, there's a leather-bound volume of Jane Austen that a close friend from freshman year gave me for Christmas. We're still close. I also have the book she gave me this year—a fictionalized account of a murder that I studied in a history class. At home are the volumes of poetry that she gave me in the years in between.



THE USEFULNESS OF USELESSNESS



JIM GRAHAM

**By T. Kaori Kitao,
William R. Kenan, Jr.,
Professor of Art History**

IF I MAY, I WOULD LIKE TO START with one of Aesop's fables. It's a familiar one. A hungry dog finds a large juicy bone, carries it off in his mouth, and comes to a bridge. He sees his own reflection in the water, which he takes for another dog with an even bigger bone. He snarls at it and gives a bark. But, at that moment, the bone falls into the water and vanishes, and the dog goes off hungrier than before. Then, there is the moral: When you grasp at the shadow, you lose the substance.

In Aesop's fables, there are always the story and the moral. This raises an interesting question. We ponder which is the substance, the story or the moral, and which is the shadow.

It may be tempting to think that the moral is the substance because it is the point of the story, after all. It's the message. It may seem to matter more because it is a lesson, and it is good for you. The story is just an embellishment that makes the moral more palatable. A fable is, perhaps, a moral with frills.

The moral, however, doesn't have a story. The story, on the other hand, contains the moral for those who find it. The moral need not be stated; the fable implies it. The fable is complete without spelling it out. So, the story is the substance after all, and the moral its shadow. The story is what makes reading the fables worth the trouble. A story well told is always interesting. A collection of morals does not make good reading.

A fable, in short, is a metaphor. We delight in the animals acting out human foibles. We like the insight into their characters and their misadventures. It is the story that engages our imagination and feeds our creative mind.

This, I claim, is how college education also works. College courses are of value less for their nominal subject—physics, Latin, economics, or art history—but more for the process of reading we experience while studying those subjects. The substance lies more in the studying done than in the lessons the courses teach.

2 IN RECENT DECADES, it has become easy to forget this simple but important fact. Pragmatism prevails today in our notion of college education. It is often repeated that you need a college education to get a decent job. No one denies it. But it is not true that the central mission of the college is, therefore, to prepare young people for a career. In their anxiety, students and parents alike sometimes expect nothing else of the college education.

This bias comes to the fore when it is time for students in their sophomore year to declare their major. When they go home for Christmas preceding that, a domestic tremor often starts around the student's declared major. Here are some examples:

"Philosophy, eh? You gonna be a philosopher?"

"If you are interested in history, why don't you major in political science instead?"

"You want to major in Greek? Well, if you want to be a professor."

"Why don't you major in something else and do music on the side?"

Subjects in the humanities, in general, cause the most anxiety. Sciences strike the parents as being somehow more serious and more useful, and they elicit less suspicion. Economics sounds useful enough, though not much more so than physics, in fact. Dance and theater are risky business. But art is the worst of all; it is almost threatening.

Art is a crowning achievement in any civilization. No one denies that art is a noble aspiration, no less than religion and philosophy and statesmanship. Yet parents are often dismayed, if not horrified, when they discover that their child is going to study art seriously. Understandably, parents are concerned that the stupendous amount of money spent on a college education leads to a promise of success in the future of the child.

Now, success is like cleanliness; everyone has a different idea. For some, it means getting rich and famous, or preferably both. This is a comforting idea, and it is privately shared even by those who publicly renounce it. For others, success is an accomplishment or mastery. To succeed is to "attain a desired end," as Webster put it. It is doing a good job of what you set out to do as a lawyer, pilot, detective, statesman, artist, astrophysicist, or whatever.

Then there is still another kind of success, success of the third kind. That is the sense of fulfillment. But it is an internal satisfaction rather than an actual accom-

plishment. You just love doing something intensely, unconditionally: a deep satisfaction—call it happiness, if you will. Ideally, of course, we all want to have, especially for our children, all three successes in one package: feeling good about being accomplished and thereby acquiring wealth and fame. But if you can't have all, fulfillment counts the most in the long run because it rewards our life rather than just providing us with a career and a status.

3 COLLEGE EDUCATION, in the humanities and sciences alike, does well in preparing students for their chosen careers. The roster of alumni is our evidence. They go into a wide variety of fields. Many are accomplished. Some of them are even rich and famous and happy, too. But there is something very interesting in their preparations. Contrary to the prevalent assumption that students who major in a particular subject go into that field well prepared, a good number of them don't. A philosophy major doesn't necessarily become a philosopher; she may end up being a great circus clown. An art major becomes an investment banker—successfully. A linguistics major becomes a film producer. There are, in fact, as many who go into fields they didn't major in as there are those who go into the fields of their major.

One explanation for this is perhaps that the major consists, normally, of only 8 out of 32 courses a student needs to graduate. Students spend most of their college education completing courses outside their major. This is a paradox. It is as though college education successfully prepares students for their chosen careers despite the majors they select, not because of them.

So it makes us wonder. Those elective courses that populate the curriculum have a lot to contribute, even humanities courses, like those in art, literatures, music, dance, classics, and religion, which seem to have little value in career preparation. Diversification, obviously, is doing a lot of good for students. The question, then, is what is it that students learn in these supposedly non-career-oriented courses?

We can argue, of course, that reading Shakespeare is good in itself. Everybody should know Shakespeare. Everybody should know something about Nietzsche—more than just to be able to spell such a name right. But how about Hesiod and Dante, the Upanishads, Chaucer in Middle English, and Borges in Spanish?

What do students learn in a course in which they study 100 paintings by 30 painters from 17th-century Holland? What is the value of stretching their limbs and jumping up and down in the dance studio?

This is education in culture, some would say. It is good to be culturally educated. But why? If I may generalize, what students learn in these courses—and in any college course, in fact—is to some extent the subject in itself. But, much more important, they learn how to think through the specialized subject.

It is a truism, for example, that art cannot be taught. Only technique can be taught. The teacher may demonstrate and offer correctives. But she cannot instill creativity in the student. For example, a piano teacher can show you how to play but cannot make you play the way a piece should or might be played. She might say: “No, not that way, this way. Try again.” And you try and try, and, it is hoped, the teacher at some point says: “That’s it. That’s beautiful.”

That art cannot be taught is not a very promising proposition. But in the process of trial and error, something is passed on from the teacher to the student, and that is a particular way of thinking—thinking with the eye in the case of art, the way of thinking unique to each discipline. In this process of teaching, there is a meeting of the minds. The student assimilates—almost unconsciously—the way the mind of the teacher works. All students, talented or untalented, learn the way the teacher’s mind works, and when they internalize it, they make it their own; when it becomes their own, they curiously forget that it had to be learned. A philosophy teacher was asked what is the value of taking a philosophy course, and the student was told he’ll know it later when he talks with someone who hadn’t taken it.

This is true not only of the courses in art, music, theater, and dance. It holds true of the courses in literatures, history, religion, and even the sciences.

Years after graduation, students may forget the subject—the facts and details they studied so hard for their exams—unless they continue refreshing them by having gone into that field. But the way of thinking they assimilated stays. It is not surprising, therefore, that astute students often take a course venturing into a subject unfamiliar to them only because of the reputation of the professor who teaches it. They discover, to their own surprise, that they have come to love a subject in which they previously had little interest. When students have successfully assimilated a certain way of

thinking, they also discover that they have learned how to learn, and suddenly learning more becomes much less taxing, much easier, even very satisfying.

The knowledge you learn about the subject of the course is its nominal benefit. It is like the stated moral at the end of a fable. The real substance of learning is something more subtle and complex and profound, which cannot be easily summarized—like the story itself. It has to be experienced, and it is as an experience that it becomes an integral part of the person.

4 LEARNING HOW TO LEARN by learning how to think makes a well-educated person. If that is all it does, it still is of value. But learning how to learn not only expands the mind. It also gives you a lifelong asset. Once you have it, like it or not, it stays with you for the rest of your life. That’s the true value and reward that college courses have to offer, even though sometimes, perhaps most of the time, they may appear to be lacking in usefulness.

The humanities are in crisis today, however. It is the economic pressure that makes colleges sensitive to competition among themselves to draw potential applicants. With more students anxious about their careers, colleges are succumbing to marketing pressure too easily. Sensitive to class enrollment figures, professors and administrators alike are constantly tempted to neglect courses in the periphery of student interests in favor of either more fashionably relevant courses or more seemingly useful courses.

Swarthmore is a liberal arts college. By definition, however, liberal arts education is impractical. The notion was developed in the Middle Ages, which had trivium and quadrivium that constituted *artes liberales*. These were the subjects of learning for free men, and they were opposed to *artes mechanicae*, which had to do with vocation in trades and crafts. The trivium were grammar, logic, and rhetoric—all serving the thinking mind, and the quadrivium, pursued after completing the trivium, were arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music, all concerned with numbers and abstract thinking.

Liberal arts had to do with the general discipline of the mind and had no immediate useful application. Colleges that specialize in training for a career are vocational colleges and technical schools, where courses focus on the proficiency in the particular work you are trained for, whatever that may be: carpentry, nursing,

Professionalism may prepare us for a career, but a liberal arts education prepares us for a resourceful life.

accounting, design, or karate. At the other end of the spectrum, graduate schools are also career directed—those in medicine, law, architecture, engineering, journalism, social work, business, and criminology.

It is, then, not only the subjects in the humanities but also those in the sciences that are nonutilitarian in character in these liberal arts colleges. Students who major in physics don't necessarily become physicists; only some do. Only some who major in sociology become sociologists. Those who go into economics are told that they are not going to be trained to be economists here but to learn to think like economists.

As our students near graduation and start being interviewed for jobs after four years of college, many discover, in dismay, that they have no skill to sell. After all, the major consists of only eight courses. Eight courses in English literature only scratch the surface of the field. Eight courses in chemistry hardly make a chemist; eight courses in a foreign language are far from adequate to make you an interpreter, unless you were brought up bilingually.

But graduating students are often unaware, until much later, of the valuable skill they made their own, a thinking mind. They have developed an inexhaustible capacity to think on their own feet—to invent ideas, organize them, draw deductions, and make articulate proposals—in short, to engage their imagination and feed their creativity. In this way, they are more resourceful than rivals without a liberal arts education. It gives them an edge, and that edge is the ability to think well. So they advance more quickly in their chosen career, whatever it is; they succeed better.

And, believe it or not, all this comes from having learned to learn well in those courses that may have seemed and probably were rather useless. Professionalism in graduate education is achieved by channeling efforts into one special field to the exclusion of others, by which high proficiency is assured, and it makes sense that this takes place only after one has learned to think well.

Liberal arts education forces students to diversify

their efforts and inculcates in them a feeling for a broad horizon and a panoramic view. For this reason they not only learn to think well, but they also gain confidence that they can learn whatever there is to learn whenever a need arises. So they can quickly adapt to changing situations, learn to adopt new jobs, and maneuver through life inventively.

Professionalism may prepare us for a career, but a liberal arts education prepares us for a resourceful life. In short, liberal arts education liberates us.

I don't just mean that it makes a knowledgeable person—a person who can recite a Shakespeare sonnet; a person who, watching a ballet, can recognize a grand jeté pas de chat; or a person who can debate theologies of Boethius vs. Anselm. I mean a certain predisposition that urges a person to be inquisitive, widely interested in a variety of subjects, old and new, those in fashion and out of fashion, those of different cultures, including your own. I mean developing a multilayered personality, a person who is infinitely interesting.

You can still worry about a career if you must. But, ultimately, the most profound reward of liberal arts education is four years of free inquiry, the privilege and joy of learning by being expansive, venturesome, inquisitive, and inventive, and even a little irresponsible in a positive way, without worrying about a career.

And the experience of learning joyfully becomes ingrained in the person so that learning becomes a habit that not only continues but deepens through life, whatever career we choose to be in. With each learning, our life becomes richer and more fulfilled. Thus, we achieve success of the third kind. That's the true gift of a good humanistic college education.

But if you chase the shadow, you lose sight of the substance. ■

This is an edited version of a keynote address given by T. Kaori Kitao, the William R. Kenan, Jr., Professor of Art History, to an audience of 8th to 10th graders and their parents at the 1999 Youth Odyssey Series sponsored by the Institute for the Academic Advancement of Youth. The daylong event was brought to Swarthmore by Dean of Admissions Robin Mamlet and organized by Mamlet and Sharon Friedler, professor of dance, director of the dance program, and chair of the humanities division. Professor Kitao has announced her retirement at the end of the next academic year. ©1999 by T. Kaori Kitao.



From the newsroom to the Internet, young Swarthmoreans are making their mark in the media.

By Barbara Haddad Ryan '59

It's been years since Swarthmore alumni in journalism could be counted on two hands—and professors might wring those hands when graduates chose that craft over a Ph.D.

Back in 1959, my adviser was delighted to learn that I'd been accepted at his alma mater, Columbia. But he couldn't hide his dismay that it was Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism, not the world-class English Literature Department that beckoned. The J-School had been recommended by Laurence Lafore '38 of the History Department after I said I was having trouble focusing on my original goal of journalism.

During a campus visit a few years later, I sought out another mentor, Professor Robert Walker of the Art History Department. By then, I was the *Denver Post's* art critic, with a full page every week in the paper's Sunday magazine.

Professor Walker asked what the *Post's* Sunday circulation was. About 400,000, I said. He narrowed his eyes and started calculating how many students he'd taught versus the potential number of readers reached by his former student. I quickly noted the vast difference in the quality and depth of our subjects. Yes, he said, but the faculty

still should consider the different ways that a Swarthmore education can make an impact.

Evidence that this has happened came last fall with the College's first credit class in journalism (see box). It's just in time: The field is expanding in unprecedented directions, from cable TV to on-line reporting to multimedia mergers to the ominous proliferation of "infotainment."

One of the many alumni who are thriving in this environment is Eugene Sonn '95, the New Jersey/statehouse reporter for National Public Radio (NPR) affiliates in Philadelphia and Newark. He loves the seemingly ephemeral world of radio. "Print is the most versatile," he concedes. "If you don't run out of ink or a pen, you're good to go. In radio, you have to get a person to talk on tape. There are more constraints. But there's so much impact when you hear trepidation or glee in a voice. The listener understands where the person is coming from."

TV, with its bulky equipment, "is even more constraining.... As long as people are stuck in traffic, we're going to have radio news."

Sonn reports for WHYY in Philadel-

phia, the fourth largest U.S. media market, and Newark's WBGO, one of the nation's best jazz stations. (They share a grant that underwrites his position.) He's covered such major New Jersey stories as the Kosovo refugees at Fort Dix, the admission by the governor and attorney general that state troopers engaged in racial profiling, and flaws in the legislation that lets consumers choose their electric company.

But he got the most reaction from a brief report "on a local software company that has built a Web browser for blind people. It uses a computer 'voice' to read Web pages aloud." He said he got inquiries from blind people or their relatives on where to get the software. "It was a great story for radio," he added, because "listeners could hear what a Web page would sound like. Also many blind people rely on radio for their news."



Eugene Sonn reports on New Jersey for NPR stations in Philadelphia and Newark, N.J.

A native of Carlisle, Mass., Sonn majored in political science and minored in religion. A summer internship at WBUR in Boston (he attended Larry Bird's retirement news conference) got him interested in public radio; he created *Swarthmore News Fix* on WSRN. Another internship took him to NPR's *All Things Considered* in Washington, D.C.

Sonn said that Assistant Professor Emilie Passow in the English Literature Department "helped me cut clutter from my writing—something vital when writing for the ear, not the eye." After graduating, he spent three years as an award-winning reporter and producer at WRVO in Oswego, N.Y., a public station with a huge listening area. He started his current job in 1998. What he likes most "is that I come in every day and don't know exactly what I'll be doing. The most enjoyable days are usually the most unpredictable."

Instead of daily deadlines, Washington, D.C., native Jason Zengerle '96 went in the other direction: magazines. Co-founder with Ben Seigel '96 of a stu-



JIMMY HAHN

Jason Zengerle was a co-founder of Spike, the popular humor/satire magazine at the College. Now he's managing editor of The New Republic (TNR). Before joining TNR, he and Morgan Phillips '96 (in gorilla suit) pursued—unsuccessfully—an interview with filmmaker Michael Moore of Roger and Me fame.



dent magazine called *Spike*, he can pinpoint the event that focused his career goal. It was when some students brought essayist Roger Rosenblatt to campus, and he spoke eloquently on "Why Write?"

Zengerle said he got solid guidance from his adviser, Associate Professor and Chair of Political Science Carol Nackenoff and from Professor of Art History Constance Cain Hungerford. After graduation and a summer internship at *Newsweek*, he turned down a job there because Nackenoff's colleague, Associate Professor of Political Science Richard Valelly '75, helped him get hired at *The American Prospect*.

During a year there, he also wrote a story for *The New Republic* (TNR) on "a semiobscure electoral tactic called fusion" that he'd studied in Valelly's class. More important to his future was a satirical piece for a now-defunct publication called *Might*. Brandishing a bullhorn and joined by Morgan Phillips '96—in a gorilla suit—he pulled a turnabout on Michael Moore (*Roger and Me*), the ersatz populist and foe of pretension. Zengerle considers him a hypocrite and, even worse, "not funny."

So the Swarthmore duo stalked him, and were kicked out of various offices and dismissed by haughty doormen. "The pictures of us wandering around

New York are much funnier than the article itself," Zengerle said. But it caught the eye of editors elsewhere, and since then, he has freelanced for *Mother Jones*, *The New York Times Magazine*, the *Texas Monthly*, *Salon*, and *The New York Times Book Review*.

In 1997, he moved to TNR; by April 1999, he was managing editor, "the third on the totem pole of editors" who assign and edit the stories that run in the magazine's front of the book. Although Zengerle says he enjoys "having a hand in shaping the overall magazine," his heart is in writing. A favorite for TNR was about Baltimore's first elected black mayor, Kurt Schmoke, "and the ridiculous expectations placed on him in that job—one for which he'd been more or less groomed by the white political establishment since he was 14—and his failure to live up to those expectations." Another, for *Mother Jones*, profiled "two poor government workers who make up the office tasked with converting the country to the metric system. There was so much pathos to mine as these guys toiled away in total obscurity on a long-lost cause.

"If there's a theme that attracts me,



AFT \ CORBIS

Last year, he covered the arrival of Kosovo refugees at Fort Dix, N.J.

it's pieces that are somewhat sad; I much prefer to write in sorrow than in anger. I don't like to rail. But I'll rail when I have to."

In contrast to Zengerle's early success, Dana Calvo '92 encountered bumps in the road before joining the *Los Angeles Times* last fall. A Moorestown, N.J., native and an English literature major, she applied to "seven or eight" graduate schools, hoping to earn a doctorate. But she "was turned down by every single school. So I decided journalism was more practical—I could effect change, earn a living, and get life experience."

She first worked unhappily as a paralegal in Washington, D.C., phoning *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* bureau regularly. "I had no experience," she said, "so I even offered to come in for free at night and make coffee for the *Times* staff. I called them every Thursday. Timing is everything: One day [Managing Editor] Andy Rosenthal told me someone had just quit, so come on in."

Calvo was first a copy "girl" and then Rosenthal's assistant. No beat, no bylines. After two years, the Associated Press (AP) hired her as an editorial assistant. The work initially was routine, but Calvo, whose grandfather was from Spain, had studied in Madrid and speaks Spanish. She spent months learning about Cuba, and spent her savings and a loan from her parents to report from Havana. The AP paid \$350 for an article on the political attitudes of young people—"a story that older reporters might not bother with"—that was carried by many AP members, including *The Miami Herald*.

Borrowing again from her parents, she flew to San Diego in 1995 to become a staff writer for the AP bureau there. She also freelanced, filing for the BBC and reporting on the Mexican drug trade for TNR. Her AP stories ranged from drug cartel violence in Baja California, Mexico, to the 1996 GOP convention to the "Heaven's Gate" cult suicide in Rancho Santa Fe, Calif. "I was working 4:30 p.m. to midnight," she recalled, "and I was the only wire service reporter at the [suicide] site for several hours. I had to file every hour for AP members around the world. By mid-



Currently a reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*, Dana Calvo struggled to find her place in journalism. One assignment took her to Havana to cover the Baltimore Orioles' game against the Cuban national team.

night, there were 300 other reporters there."

Calvo moved to the Miami bureau of the Fort Lauderdale *Sun-Sentinel* in 1998, where she "did cops and courts," and covered Cuba and the Cuban communities in southern Florida. This included reporting on the first baseball game between the Baltimore Orioles and the Cuban national team.

The Los Angeles Times had courted Calvo, but she wasn't interested until her boyfriend moved to Los Angeles. The paper was in the midst of its widely publicized series on racism in Hollywood that led to negotiations between the NAACP and the TV networks.

"Hollywood is as conservative as Wall Street," Calvo said. She wrote about "breakdown services," which send descriptions of characters in pend-

ing TV and movie scripts to about 300 agents. Calvo contacted the services and asked for some listings. To her surprise, they were faxed to her. These included "every possible stereotype of blacks, Latinos, and Asians. It's not aggressive racism; it's just that the power structure in Hollywood is white, and they have narrow perspectives."

Another innovative story involved Fresno's top-rated TV station. It's owned by Spanish-language Univision network, which is headed by Henry Cisneros, a former Clinton Cabinet member. Calvo said some Latino staff members were earning 30 percent less than their Anglo counterparts, so they went on a hunger strike.

"I thought this was a strange tactic for people in broadcasting," she said, "so I looked into it. I found that they're

college educated, but they're the children of farm workers in the Central Valley. Hunger strikes are what they know, and the United Farm Workers is helping them. It's ironic that Cisneros was a friend of Cesar Chavez, who founded the United Farm Workers." After 43 days, an agreement was reached last March.

Calvo writes for the "old-fashioned" print medium, but she was interviewed by cell phone while commuting to work. Likewise, Sam Schulhofer-Wohl '98 chose a newspaper career, but now he also coordinates a fledgling Internet site for teenagers called "Jump Online" at the *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*.

At age 23, his youth is one reason he was tapped to oversee the site. And he said it helped win him leadership of a project to make the daily paper itself "more exciting and useful for younger readers. Demographically, Milwaukee is a very old and traditional city, which has been a boon to the *Journal Sentinel* because most people here still want to read a newspaper.

"But because we cater to older readers, younger ones say we're straight-laced and lack the news they want. Even young staff members often find the paper stuffy. One idea that's come out of this project is a personal finance column for 20-somethings. Our personal finance columns right now discuss how to take distributions from an IRA, not how to open one."

The executive track at big dailies often starts with copy editing, and Schulhofer-Wohl was hired for the night copy desk. Last winter, he also started filling in as slot editor (coordinator) for editing business stories. "I'm by far the youngest 'slot' at the paper," he said, "and among the five or six youngest full-timers in a 300-person newsroom. So the biggest challenge has been finding effective ways to supervise people who have worked here since before I was born."

He grew up in Philadelphia and Chicago. A physics major who "took a lot of economics," he resisted faculty efforts to steer him to one or the other. Instead, he took the classic route for newspaper success, heading for a small daily where beginners can try almost everything and learn from veterans. He joined *The Journal-Standard* in Freeport, Ill., doing copy editing and page design. There were about 20 newsroom staffers. "I worked closely with the managing editor," he said, "and someone was always



Again, a town mourns dead teens



At the Milwaukee Journal-Sentinel, Sam Schulhofer-Wohl has done everything from overseeing an Internet site for young readers to designing the newspaper's front page. At Swarthmore, he was editor of *The Phoenix* and helped start *The Daily Gazette*, an e-mail news digest that arrives at hundreds of computers each morning.

out sick or on vacation, so I got to fill in." Once he was the only person in the newsroom when a tornado hit, and he found himself directing coverage.

Schulhofer-Wohl stayed six months. "I would have stayed longer—I hadn't outgrown the job—but it's a small, economically depressed town. There's only one movie theater, and it didn't show *Titanic* until it had won all those Oscars. The manager of the theater got arrested for selling marijuana at the concession stand."

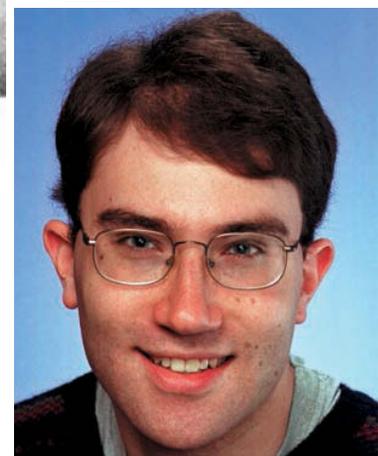
Next stop: the *Birmingham Post-Herald*, the much smaller of two dailies with a joint operating agreement. It converted from a morning to an evening paper two years before he was hired; circulation sank from 80,000 to 20,000, and the

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low point coincided with his arrival. Schulhofer-Wohl's copy-desk shift was 4 a.m. to noon.

"Within a month, the guy designing the front page quit," he said, "so they let me try. The circulation department was terrible—it was owned by *The Birmingham News*—so how the paper looks on the news stands is really important." When he took over the design of page 1, street sales went up. He credits teamwork with the picture editors.

They had only 50 newsroom staffers versus 200 at the *News*, but Schulhofer-Wohl loved the competition. "I'd watch people stop at the news racks and debate which paper to buy," he said. "We roundly beat the *News* when George Wallace died. We planned well

and anticipated stories. And after six months I had some seniority!”

But the paper’s future looked precarious. He’d interned in Milwaukee as a student, and when they offered him a copy-desk opening, he took it.

His classmate, Jennifer Klein ’98, recently joined a smaller paper in a big market in April: the *Los Angeles Daily News* (circulation, 220,000). It doesn’t try to compete with the million-plus *Los Angeles Times*: It targets the San Fernando Valley to Long Beach and central Ventura County, concentrating on community news, and “considers itself the middle-/working-class newspaper. The word I keep hearing about it is ‘scrappy.’”

Klein’s beat is county government and agriculture. “Most people hate covering City Council and Board of Supervisors meetings. But I love it,” she said, “because despite reports that civic disengagement is in full swing, when it comes to community politics, people turn out in droves. They’re passionate about water and historic preservation

issues because these directly affect their lives, unlike foreign policy.”

Born in Arizona, Klein was raised in California. At Swarthmore, she majored in political science and Spanish literature, with a Latin American Studies concentration. Last year, she earned a master’s in journalism at Stanford. She studied media ethics and media law, and got hands-on experience “while indulging in the intellectual theories behind journalism. I probably won’t have another opportunity in my career to step back and examine the directions that print journalism is taking.”

Her first full-time job was at the *Monterey Herald*, covering agriculture in one of the nation’s major agriculture-producing regions. She said it’s called “the salad bowl of the world” because most fresh produce comes from there or is harvested by companies based there. Her beat incorporated “everything from state and federal pesticide issues to water rights to labor to crop reports.”

Klein tries to “personalize my stories with the life histories of the people involved. For instance, when I did a crop report on the local prickly pear, I found that the harvest manager was in his 60s and had been doing the job since he was about 30. He truly loves what he does and talked my ear off about the ins and outs of prickly pear

harvesting.”

She’s especially proud of a four-part series on what happens around the tiny Central Valley town of Huron every year when migrant workers and their families arrive. She also reported on the deplorable housing for farm workers and people in the hospitality industry. A bright spot: The city of Salinas has won a federal grant for a pilot program to build 50 homes that farm workers would own.

On the other coast, Will Saletan ’87 may be Swarthmore’s most visible Internet journalist. He’s a senior writer at *Slate.com*, the on-line magazine headed by Michael Kinsley and funded by Microsoft. Based in Washington, D.C., Saletan’s “Frame Game” column examines how political players manipulate public opinion by controlling the way issues are conceived, defined, and discussed.

He’s also freelanced for *The Wall Street Journal*, *Washington Monthly*, *National Review*, and *TNR*. “But I’d be content to write for only Web-based magazines,” he said, “as long as they’re good. It doesn’t feel any less real to me than writing for a magazine you can take to the bathroom.”

And he finds that “writing on the Internet brings you exponentially more



Jennifer Klein likes to personalize her stories with the lives of the people involved. She’s especially proud of a four-part series she wrote for the Monterey Herald on migrant workers and their families in California’s Central Valley.

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Apples and Oranges
By William Saletan

Posted Thursday, May 18, 2000, at 4:00 p. m. PT

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George W. Bush said workers should be allowed to invest part of city money in the stock market. Then Al Gore said Bush's proposal was hypocritical because Gore had



Will Saletan is a political columnist for Slate, Microsoft's on-line magazine. "You don't have to get a Ph.D. to write thoughtfully about the world," he says.

to put more investigation and interviewing into my work." Although facts are important, he said, "I don't want to succumb to thoughtless reporting of facts.

"What's great about academia is its critical, free-thinking spirit. I want to bring that spirit into journalism ... to watch the news as it unfolds, figure out how it's being framed by politicians and interest groups and the media to incorporate hidden assumptions, and explain to readers what those assumptions are, how they've been packaged into the story, and why. Somebody is always trying to frame events in a way that buries unwanted questions. My job is to expose the questions and who buried them. You don't have to get a Ph.D. to write thoughtfully about the world. You can find that path in journalism. And in the Internet era, if you can't find the path, you can blaze it." ■

Barbara Haddad Ryan '59 has been associate vice president for external affairs since 1992. Before joining the College administration, she was a writer for The Denver Post and the Rocky Mountain News, a public relations executive, and chair of the Journalism Department at Denver's Metropolitan State College. She will leave Swarthmore in August to return to full-time writing and journalism.

reader response." People who can't be bothered with paper, stamps, and mailboxes "don't think twice about dashing off an e-mail." He said *Slate* initially encouraged readers to do just that, but the writers had to spend too much time answering mail. So a bulletin board was introduced, and "I'm grateful that the readers can carry on the conversation without me."

A philosophy major who grew up near Houston, Saletan took a year off from Swarthmore for internships in teaching (Northfield Mount Hermon School) and journalism (TNR). He concluded that he wanted to "write for a broad audience about politics." After graduating, he helped launch *The Hotline*, the first on-line daily digest of political news, starting as a writer and advancing to editor. It was "structurally challenging," he said, "but substantively boring because it was a news digest, not original reporting, and it was all about the horse race, not the merits of candidates or their proposals."

He spent two years as political editor of *Regardie's Magazine* and began writing for *Mother Jones*, which "forced me

A new course in journalism

Next semester, for only the second time, Swarthmore will offer academic credit for a journalism class. It was introduced last fall after many student requests; *The Phoenix* staff members had organized informal classes in recent years with guest lecturers.

Visiting Associate Professor Ben Yagoda, who teaches the course, won rave reviews for his books *About Town: The New Yorker and the World It Made* and *Will Rogers: A Biography*. He also coedited *The Art of Fact: A Historical Anthology of Literary Journalism*. Yagoda graduated from Yale with Honors in English, and earned a master's degree in American civilization at the University of Pennsylvania. He's an associate professor of English at the University of Delaware and also has taught at Penn and Temple University.

Yagoda's writing career has ranged from reporting for the *Philadelphia Daily News* to articles in such publications as *Esquire*, *American Heritage*, *The New York Times*, *The Village Voice*, *Texas Monthly*, *Sports Illustrated*, and *Rolling Stone*. He collaborated on four books with Dr. Ruth Westheimer.

Charles James is the Sara Lawrence Lightfoot Professor of English Literature and chair of the Department of English Literature. He said that President Alfred H. Bloom provided funding for the new course, and Provost Jennie Keith worked with the English faculty to set it up. "This is a luxury for a small department like ours," James said. "It's considered experimental; there's no long-term commitment."

Last year, 20 students signed up. Yagoda is limiting enrollment next fall to 12 students, selected on the basis of writing samples and a statement about their interest. He said the first class "tried to do a lot of things at once," hearing guest speakers from Philadelphia's two dailies and Malcolm Browne '51 of *The New York Times*, and "reading classic and contemporary journalism" in addition to writing. The focus next semester will be on the students' own writing, in a workshop format.

—B.H.R.

In the summer of 1999, the College received a piece of mail from George Hulst '37. It contained a letter addressed to "Dear erstwhile music mates, Len, Drew, Jack, and Jack," friends he was attempting to contact. This was followed in January 2000 by a wonderful old photograph of a handsome quintet and an enchanting two-page memoir from more than 60 years ago. They inspired this story:

The year was 1937. The effects of the Great Depression were still being felt. The world was teetering on the brink of World War II. The British monarchy had recently been tainted by scandal. And, back then, Swarthmore students were just as highly motivated, curious, and eager to taste life as they are now.

For five resourceful, adventurous young men from Swarthmore, 1937 was an exciting year. Three of them, George "Joe" Hulst, Drew Young, and Len Swift, had just graduated; the other two, Jack Baumgardner and the late Jack Myers, were members of the Class of 1940. Together, they formed a quintet, prac-

ticed for a week or so, and then auditioned with the North German Lloyd Steamship Company to play their way to Europe and back as a shipboard dance orchestra. At the beginning of July, they left New York Harbor on the liner *Europa*, with a few other students from Swarthmore who were headed for Germany for the summer.

As entertainers, the quintet members were given second-class quarters on the ship, but their college mates were housed in third-class cabins. Hulst, who played clarinet and saxophone, had set out with \$100 in his pocket. He recalls: "It seemed like a very good deal, to get our passage to Europe free. Money was tight in those days." They played from a repertoire of about 15 to 20 popular tunes at dances for the American passengers. "We met our commitment in great style," said Hulst, "and with our pièce de résistance, 'White Heat,' we thrilled them." Drew Young, the pianist, chuckled: "During the time we weren't playing, Joe and I would go up to first class and

A QUINTET FROM THE CLASSES OF '37 AND '40 MADE MUSIC AS A SHIPBOARD DANCE ORCHESTRA.

A MELODY FROM
DAYS GONE BY



take a couple of the girls dancing. Or we'd go down to steerage and have a beer party with the Swarthmore kids."

Although most of the group stayed on the ship heading for Bremen in North Germany, Hulst and Young disembarked at the southern English port of Southampton. They made their way to London, where, in a bed-and-breakfast on Russell Square, according to Young, they experienced "quite a dramatic scene" that brought them into close contact with the British love of its monarchy. One evening, their landlady took them into her dining room; while stressing loyalty to newly crowned King George VI, she showed them a portrait of Edward VIII, who had abdicated seven months earlier to marry American divorcée Wallis Simpson. "We loved him dearly," she said tearfully.

In London, Hulst and Young bought bicycles for £3 each (\$15). Riding through the city on the left side of the road, Young "ended up on [his] rear end on one of those roundabouts," he says. Still, they headed southwest to Plym-

By Carol Brévar-Demm

outh and Land's End, sweating as they plowed up the hills of Devon and Cornwall, staying in youth hostels, making friends along the way, and accumulating impressions both sacred and profane. One of Young's most moving memories, he says, is of Exeter cathedral: "We went there one Sunday morning; the sun was shining through the windows, and the boys's choir was singing. It was an incredibly moving scene for me."

On a more secular plane, Young also has vivid and bittersweet memories of the effects of "scrumpy," the deceptively heady, sweet-tasting cider made in Southwest England. Seeking shelter from the rain in a pub one day and chatting with a young woman, "We had a few," Young said. "She gave Joe her rain poncho, so he wouldn't get wet. When we got outside though, for some reason, we couldn't make our legs move when we got on our bikes, so we had to walk a while and push the bikes."

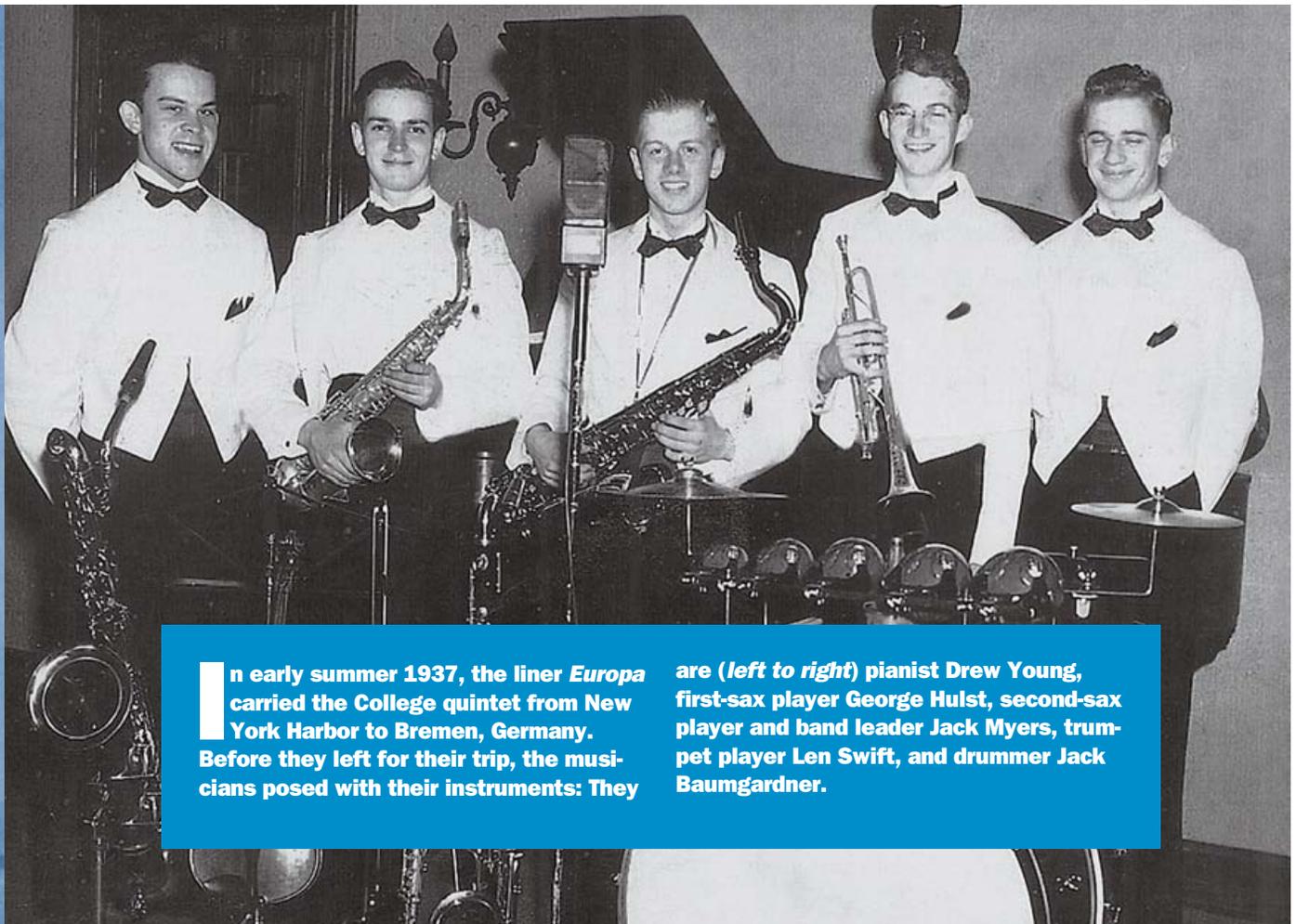
Hulst and Young continued through

England, seeing Stonehenge, Bath, Oxford, Cambridge, and the marshlands of East England. From there, they headed down the East Coast to Dover. Of England, Hulst said, "It was an unforgettable experience." And even though the inevitable war occupied the thoughts of the Britons, and they knew that they would take the brunt of it, their attitude, said Hulst, was that they would "take a terrible pasting but would muddle through somehow."

From Dover, the two young Swarthmoreans took the night boat (the cheapest way to cross the Channel) to Oostende, the large passenger port in Belgium. Hulst said, "And yes, there were bedbugs in the cabin, so I slept on the deck with my bicycle."

In Belgium, they headed first for the historical city of Bruges, inland from Oostende, "painfully braving the cobblestone pavements" on bikes that didn't have cushion tires. On their way through Belgium, they met all kinds of young folk and sang wherever there was an appreciative audience. "Often," said

COURTESY OF LEN SWIFT'S COLLECTION



In early summer 1937, the liner *Europa* carried the College quintet from New York Harbor to Bremen, Germany. Before they left for their trip, the musicians posed with their instruments: They

are (left to right) pianist Drew Young, first-sax player George Hulst, second-sax player and band leader Jack Myers, trumpet player Len Swift, and drummer Jack Baumgardner.

Hulst, “people would buy us a beer, which was nutritious and stretched the cash supply.” Laughing, he remembered some Dutch boys, who had learned their English by tuning in to the British radio stations. “They sang with the strangest accent,” he said, nostalgically crooning, “All the stars above, Know the one I love, Sweet Sue, it’s you.” Young has his own story of their impromptu concerts, too. He recalls entering Bruges in the company of two young Scots lads in kilts. As they were cycling into the town, “All the women were looking out of the windows, laughing and clapping,” said Young. “We went into the town square; for anyone who wanted to listen, we sang a couple of songs in harmony.”

When they arrived in Holland, both were delighted and relieved to feel the smooth, tiled cycle paths below their battered backsides. After visits to Haarlem and Utrecht, they separated. Both were heading ultimately—but via different routes—for Munich, from which point they planned to head north again to join the ship for their homeward voyage. While in Holland, Young bought a ball of Gouda cheese, which survived the entire trip with him.

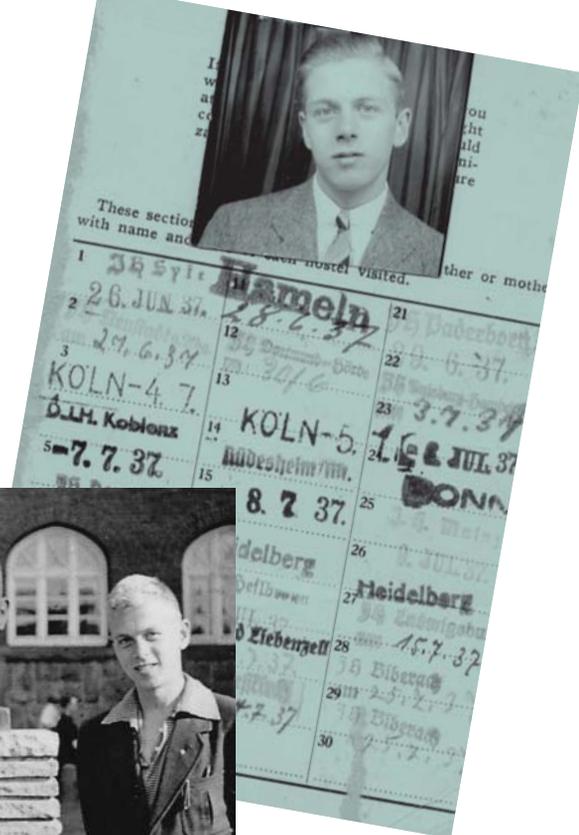
Young cycled east to Aachen, near the Dutch-German border, where Charlemagne was crowned Holy Roman Emperor on Christmas Day 800, then south toward Lake Constance, through the Black Forest, to Munich. Hulst went on to visit the Dutch town of his ancestors, which bears his name, and from there over the border into Germany. He cycled south, along the beautiful Rhine Valley, through cities such as Düsseldorf, Cologne, and Bonn, until he reached the picturesque southwestern German city of Freiburg. Then, he turned east over the mountains separating the Rhine from the Danube and headed for Munich, with a notable stop at the city of Ulm, whose 14th-century cathedral boasts a 528-foot tower.

In Germany, Hulst and Young were confronted directly with the inauspicious nature of the Nazi regime. In Ulm, Hulst was directed to a friar in a Catholic monastery, who wished to speak with him. After being ushered into a private room, he was surprised when the friar asked him if he spoke Latin. He did not. “Then do you speak French?” the friar continued. “A little, but I’ve learned to make myself understood in German,” Hulst answered. “The walls

Jack Myers and Jack Baumgardner (below right and left, respectively), with a bust of Adolf Hitler in Bochum, cycled about 2,000 miles through Germany. Myers’ youth hostel card (right) shows some of their stops.



PHOTO AND YOUTH HOSTEL CARD COURTESY OF THE MYERS FAMILY COLLECTION



The quintet vowed in 1937 to reunite to play “White Heat” in the year 2000 and “gum it” if they didn’t have teeth.

have ears,” the friar said. So they spoke in French. “There were spies everywhere,” Hulst recalled. “It took a lot of courage for the people to speak out because if it had been known that they were speaking against the Nazi regime, they might have had a very bad time.”

Young, for his part, remembers returning to a youth hostel in Düsseldorf late one night. The Hitler Youth were out practicing drills. The shovels they wielded were said to serve as a symbol of the “rebuilding” of the German nation. And their openly practicing military training was forbidden by the Treaty of Versailles. From the attic room where he slept, Young watched them, sharing his space with several young Jews who were, of course, excluded from the youth movement.

During the week he spent in Munich, Young became friendly with the owners of a small grocery store in the city. There, he bought daily rations of milk, a

loaf of bread, and a small can of liverwurst. The last two made up his dinner, which he ate and washed down at the Hofbräubraus, the famous old beer hall in the center of the city, where beer is served by the liter. Young was pleased to find that the Bavarians were generally not in favor of Nazism. In defiance of the official Nazi-imposed form of greeting *Heil Hitler* (Long live Hitler!), they secretly continued to use their usual and much-preferred greeting *Grüss Gott* (May God greet you). Only when passing by the Nazi headquarters in Munich, said Young, did they make the Nazi greeting, raising their right arms in the Nazi salute, for fear of being “hailed in.”

In the meantime, trumpeter Len Swift, drummer Jack Baumgardner, second-sax player Jack Myers, and the rest of the Swarthmore group were forming their impressions on a tour of Germany and Austria. Baumgardner and Myers broke away from the others and took off

from Bremen by bicycle. “We rode from North to South and back again,” said Baumgardner. Although his memories of the trip have faded over the years—“It seems like lifetimes ago now”—he is still quite sure of one thing. “We had a very good time, and the German beer was extremely good.” Jack Myers passed away in September 1998, but his five children remember him telling them about his time in Germany. Among the many wonderful memories they treasure of their father, two of his four daughters, Susan Myers Christman ’71 and Kristin Garrett, affectionately recalled how their father had bought two small, delicate, German porcelain flower baskets as a gift for his mother. “He was so proud that they’d ridden all that way in his bike pack, and he’d gotten them home to her undamaged,” Garrett said. “We always had them around after his mother died.”

Swift joined a group of mostly Swarthmorean classmates: the late Martha Smith, Helen “Becky” Hornbeck Tanner, the late William Scott, and Frederick Wiest—all from Swarthmore’s Class of ’37; Georgette Moyer Most ’38; and Mary Ashelman (Sam Ashelman’s [’37] sister). The group tour, planned by German major Martha Smith, included stops at several German and Austrian cities, where he and the other group members were each housed with a different family. During the day, they toured as a group, guided by younger members of their host families, visiting art galleries, museums, and cathedrals. A high point of Swift’s trip was his visit to Bonn, site of one of the earliest Roman fortresses on the Rhine. It was here that he saw his first European cathedral, the Romanesque Bonn minster, the oldest parts of which date back to the 11th century. Later, in Austria, he toured the Imperial Palace of Schönbrunn in Vienna, one of the most important examples of Baroque architecture and landscaping in Europe. A history graduate, he recalls being deeply impressed by the art, the architecture, and the age of things he saw. He said: “American history goes back to the 1500s. I remember seeing monuments and inscriptions on houses that dated back to the 1100s and 1200s. That was pretty impressive to a history major.”

The group was also affected by the exposure to Nazi propaganda. Despite the brutal tactics of the regime, Swift

emphasized that all their hosts were most friendly and cordial, and some brave souls even openly skeptical of Nazism. Nonetheless, their guides occasionally tried to explain to them the “good” side to National Socialism, offering the advantages of new social welfare benefits as an argument. “We didn’t see any overt signs of anti-Semitism—no yellow stars of David or anything like that,” Swift said, “but we certainly came across it in conversation.” During a wonderful kayak trip down the River Danube from Linz, Austria, to Vienna, he encountered two young Austrian guides, one of whom was an ardent anti-Semite. “We argued long into the night with them,” he said. “They knew that the *Anschluss* (German annexation of Austria in 1938) was coming and were very much in favor of it.”

Swift was also witness to the dedication of a new art gallery devoted to Aryan art—“lots of pictures of heroic blonds in heroic poses.” The huge parade of bands, Party members, and Hitler Youth passed right in front of the guest house where Swift was staying. From his window, above the heads of the crowd that packed the banner-lined street, he was able to see Hitler and his attendants as they stood on the steps of the gallery. “I can remember one particular moment,” said Swift, “when the music stopped. The bands stopped playing—and all you could hear was the sound of those leather boots on the cobble street. I still remember that ominous echo as the goose-steppers came down on those cobblestones. It was spine chilling.” Although nobody had a crystal ball, it seemed that the takeover of Austria and the *Sudetenland* (the term originally used for the northern borderlands of Czechoslovakia, then inhabited mainly by German-speaking people) were certainties. “We just didn’t know when,” he said. And that was merely the beginning. “It was a terrible, terrible time,” said Hulst. “And he [Hitler] came very close to being successful.”

Having spent seven weeks in Europe, the group headed north to join the *Hansa* for the voyage home. The quintet members had arranged to meet on the steps of City Hall in Hamburg at 10 a.m. on a certain day. Young and Hulst had met up in Munich by this time, but they separated again for the trip north, as Young, who had set out with \$125, had saved enough money for a train ride to

the port. Hulst relied as ever on his bicycle. Swift said proudly, “We all arrived within 10 minutes of each other.”

During their trip back to the United States, the five musicians, as Hulst writes, “rashly made a solemn vow to each other that the dance band would reunite in the year 2000 and play once more that coup de grâce ‘White Heat.’” Joking about it, we wondered if we would be able to walk or stand in the year 2000. When the question arose as to whether we would still have any teeth, Len reassured us: “Never mind. If we have no teeth, we can gum it.”

Two years after the quintet members’ adventure, World War II broke out. Hulst worked for the war effort as an electrical engineer, participating in the Loran Radio Navigation System at RCA. Young joined the U.S. Army, where he served in the Signal Corps. Swift volunteered in 1942 and was put into service for the next three years as a U.S. Army–Air Force Link instrument flying training instructor for heavy bomber pilots. Baumgardner was a flight instructor in the U.S. Air Force. And Myers, a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy, served as a gunnery officer on the destroyer *USS Earle*, which came under frequent attack by German troops as it carried out mine-sweeping activities.

The four remaining quintet members are now well into their 80s and retired. Hulst is still active in music; he sings in a barbershop quartet and, with his wife, in a local choir and their church choir. He no longer plays his instruments, but he keeps them with him. “They did so much for me,” he says. Young, who has served as a music and choir director and plays his church organ, enjoys listening to music, as does Swift, who is pleased to note the return of “Swing” and reports proudly that he even recognizes some of the tunes on his 16-year-old granddaughter’s CDs.

After reuniting by letter with Young, Swift, and Baumgardner and learning that Jack Myers, the second-sax player and band leader, had passed away, Hulst wrote: “In view of our lack of practice and other difficulties, we chose to accept our loss of Jack as evidence that a higher power than ours, in its love for the inhabitants of planet Earth, had thus decreed to save them from the sordid cacophony we had planned.”

Their audiences from 60 years ago would disagree. ■

Upcoming events

Philadelphia: The Book Club will complete its season with a final lecture by Philip Weinstein, the Alexander Griswold Cummins Professor of English Literature, on Sunday, July 9.

Pittsburgh: Connection chair Melissa Kelley '80 has organized a visit to Frank Lloyd Wright's "Fallingwater" house for Sunday, June 25. The Connection will attend a baseball game between the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Phillies on Saturday, July 22.

Recent events

Austin, Texas: Connection chair Jon Safran '94 recently organized a happy hour downtown to celebrate Swarthmore's newest Connection.

Boston: Young alums in the Boston area welcomed spring with two outdoor happy hours at local bistros. Leah Gotcik '97 is the new Connection chair. Watch for her upcoming events.

Chicago: Connection chair Marilee Roberg '73 joined alums at a performance of *All's Well That Ends Well* by the Chicago Shakespeare Theater. Later, they dined at the Riva Café on Navy Pier.

Kansas City, Mo.: The Linda Hall Library launched its 2000 lecture series, featuring Swarthmore professors, with a pre-

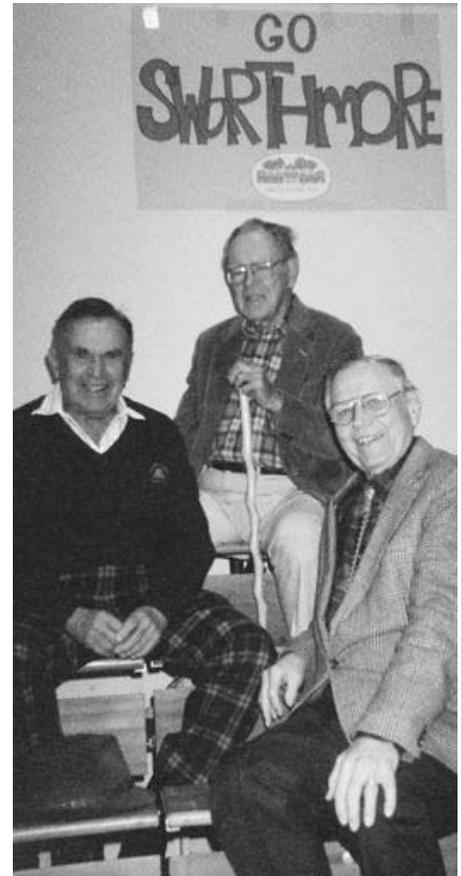
In January, John Sonneborn Jr. '41, John Crowley '41, and George Bond '42 (clockwise from left) were among the spectators as Swarthmore's women's basketball team took on the Claremont Colleges in California. Bond's granddaughter, Kira Cochran-Bond '00, was a member of the team.

sentation by Eric L.N. Jensen, assistant professor of astronomy, on "Planets Beyond the Solar System." Area alums were invited to the program.

Los Angeles: Connection chair Lisl Cochran-Bond '97 hosted an afternoon alumni gathering at her home in Altadena as the first event for the newly revived LA Connection.

Metro DC/Baltimore: Alum volunteers renovated a house for "Christmas in April Day." Swarthmore was among the colleges represented at a happy hour at Buffalo Billiards. Drew Clark '87 organized an insider's look at Capitol Hill, where alums met with U.S. Rep. Rush Holt (D-New Jersey), a former faculty member, and toured the Capitol and House of Representatives with a staff member. The Book Club ended its reading season with a lecture by Gil Rose, professor of classics.

NYC: Melanie Kloetzel '93 invited alums to attend "Seriousrock," an evening of



live music and dance, performed by Kloetzel & Co. The Book Club wrapped up its reading season with a lecture by Philip Weinstein, the Alexander Griswold Cummins Professor of English Literature. Vincent Jones '98 formed a Swarthmore team to participate in the NYC AIDS Walk.

Philadelphia: Connection members and co-chair Jim Moskowitz '88 attended a concert by Orchestra 2001 that featured Peter Schickele '57 conducting P.D.Q. Bach's *The Stoned Guest*. Co-chair Bruce Gould '54 coordinated a NYC and Philadelphia Connection visit to the New York City Ballet, with a backstage tour before the performance.

Pittsburgh: Connection chair Melissa Kelley '80 hosted Provost Jennie Keith for a conversation on Swarthmore academics and other current campus issues. Melissa also invited alums to two "Third Thursday Luncheons" at the Harvard Yale Princeton-Pittsburgh Club.

Seattle: Connection chair Deb Read '87 and other alums attended *Americana*, a performance by the Pacific Northwest Ballet, and took a backstage tour.



Robin Bennefield '91, Kristi Cunningham '91, Antar Johnson, and Tonia Bair '90 (left to right) chat with President Alfred H. Bloom during Black Alumni Weekend in March.



Nominations welcome for honorary degrees

The College welcomes nominations for recipients of honorary degrees at Commencement in June 2001. Criteria include the following:

- A person with distinction, leadership, or originality in a significant field, on the ascent in his or her career or at the peak of achievement
- The ability to serve as a role model for graduates and to speak to them at a major occasion in their lives
- It is preferred, but not required, that a nominee have an existing affiliation with Swarthmore.

The Honorary Degree Committee prefers to recognize less recognized candidates over those who already have many honorary degrees. Alumni submitting a nomination are asked not to inform the individual that they are doing so. All nominations will be kept confidential.

Biographical information, and a persuasive letter addressing the criteria above, are due by Friday, Sept. 29. They may be sent to the Honorary Degree Committee, c/o Vice President Maurice Eldridge '61, by U.S. mail or by e-mail to meldrid1@swarthmore.edu.

CALENDAR

Alumni College Abroad
June 17–July 2

Volunteer Leadership Weekend
Sept. 22–23

Alumni Council Fall Meeting
Oct. 27–29

Homecoming
Oct. 28

Career Networking Dinner
Oct. 28

“Affinity” card launched

Alumni, parents, and friends of the College soon will be able to flash a distinctive Swarthmore credit card. The new card will help increase Swarthmore’s name recognition while earning royalties for the endowed scholarship program.

There will be no annual fee for the card, which will be issued by MBNA. Advantages include 24-hour toll-free personal service, supplemental protection for lost checked luggage, supplemental car rental collision damage deductible

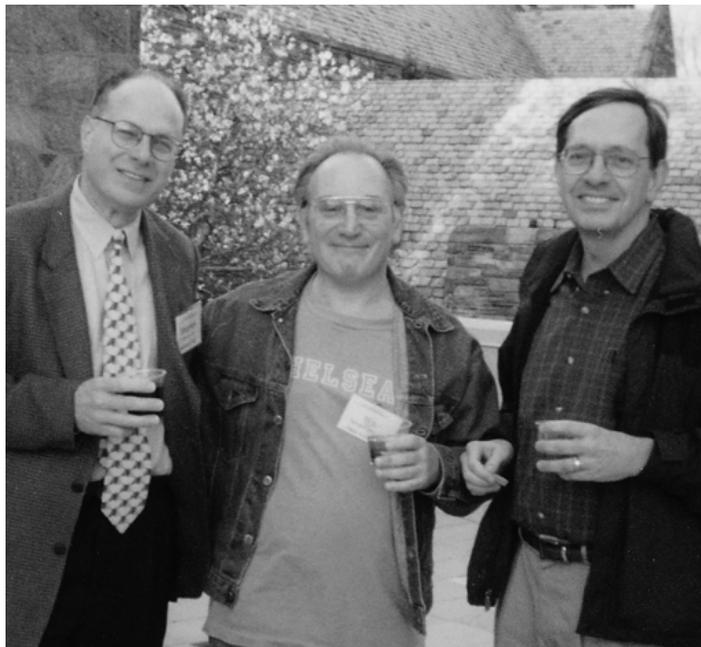
insurance, emergency cash, and extended warranty protection on most gold and Platinum Plus credit card purchases. Information on applying for the Swarthmore card will be mailed this fall.

Luce Scholars sought

Two Swarthmore alumni have been awarded Henry Luce Scholarships that will support them for a year of living and studying in Asia. Quinn Bauriedel '94 and Maeghan Maloney '93 were among 18 young Americans who will have a close encounter with the culture and professional life of their counterparts in the Far East.

Maloney, an Oak Leaf Award winner at Swarthmore, is a lawyer in the district attorney’s office in Portland, Ore. Bauriedel is a co-founder and artistic director of Philadelphia’s Pig Iron Theatre Co.

The Luce Foundation has invited the College to submit three nominations for next year’s awards. Alumni who will be under age 30 by the time of their year in Asia may contact Associate Dean Gilmore Stott at the College. The application deadline is early November. More information on the Luce Scholars Program can be found on the Web at www.hluce.org.



The spring meeting of the Alumni Council included a reception on the roof of Sproul Observatory, courtesy of Wulff Heintz, professor emeritus of astronomy. Enjoying the view are Council members Stephen Gessner '66 and Ike Schambelan '61, and Jack Riggs '64, past president of the Alumni Association.

The Alumni Association wants to hear from you!

Please contact President Elenor Reid '67, Swarthmore College Alumni Association, c/o the Alumni Relations Office, Swarthmore College, 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore PA 19081-1390 or alumni@swarthmore.edu.

Candidates for Alumni Council:

Candidates for Alumni Manager :

Suggested speaker for Alumni Weekend Collection and other campus events:

Your name/class year:

Class Notes



PHOTOS BY STEVEN GOLDBLATT '87

A tradition that grew during the presidency of David Fraser (1982–1991) was a Commencement “gift” from members of the graduating class. In 1990, at the height of the construction of the Eugene M. and Theresa Lang Performing Arts Center, Fraser was topped with a hard hat, draped in construction tape, surrounded by bricks and blocks, and presented with a cement mixer. We’re not sure about the plastic inner tube—but we do know that Fraser was a good sport about it all.

For another perspective from the Class of 1990, see page 64.



100 Strong

Grace Conner Monteith '20 has a century of life stories to share.

Ann, who was your first-grade teacher?” Grace inquired.

“Mother, it’s 11:30 p.m. Why do you need to know this now?”

“It’s important, Ann. You need to run through these things—dates, names, events—each night. It helps keep your mind alert.”

“I don’t know, Mom. I’ll get back to you tomorrow,” Ann replied.

The next day, Grace’s daughter called a friend to get the information. But she was sure her mother hadn’t slept well that night.

Not remembering is unusual for Grace Conner Monteith '20, who will turn 101 years old in July. Her mental exercises must be working—along with good genes, an interest in people, and a great attitude.

Monteith has the spirit of a 50 year old and the appearance of an 80 year old. A wheelchair holds her body, but it cannot contain her vibrant personality. Her hearing and eyesight are only slightly diminished. Her aches and pains are no different from others much younger. At Stapeley in Germantown, a Quaker-based retirement community in the Philadelphia area, caregivers generally take instructions on her care from Monteith, not family members.

“My mother’s very independent,” Ann Martin, 75, says.

Monteith relates in detail story after story of events from her life. A Coatesville, Pa., native, Monteith entered Swarthmore in 1916 at the age of 17 in a class of 134 students that included 65 women. (Tuition, room, and board averaged \$500, and the College had an endowment of slightly more than \$1.6 million.) World War I was raging. The United States declared war on Germany in April, and Woodrow Wilson would be re-elected to the U.S. presidency the following November. On campus, Monteith remembers female students taking a course in automobile mechanics because many men were leaving to join the war effort. She also recalls students volunteering for the war effort by rolling bandages.

Because of a family illness, Monteith had to leave Swarthmore after her first year. In 1921, however, she received a



Grace Conner Monteith (left), 100 years old, enjoys a conversation with great-granddaughter Sara Martin, 17, and, daughter, Ann Martin.

degree in occupational therapy from the Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy and worked for years at the Veterans Administration (VA) Hospital in Coatesville and the Pennsylvania Industrial Home for Blind Women.

“Occupational therapy was a new field back then. I felt it was a real privilege to study in that field,” she says. “Not many people were doing this.”

In 1923, she married Frank Monteith, whom she met while working at a VA hospital in Connecticut. Frank was at the hospital recovering from a mustard gas attack he experienced while in the Army in France. He later worked for the postal service and died at age 85 in 1978. Together, they raised their daughter and son James, who is 63.

Monteith’s heritage includes a maternal Quaker grandfather, who, against his principles, joined the Union Army during the Civil War. “He felt a lot of community pressure,” she says. “Later, he felt lucky that he hadn’t had to shoot anyone. He felt bad about going to war. He had a conscience about it.”

In 1945, she joined a Quaker meeting with her daughter. “I always had leanings toward being a Quaker. Quakers

are so considerate of people, broad-minded, and tolerant,” Monteith says. In her 100 years, tolerance, she says, is the greatest lesson she has learned.

“I had to be tolerant. I grew up with 12 Catholic in-laws,” she says, half jokingly of her husband’s side of the family. Early in their marriage, they agreed to teach their children about both of their faiths.

Today, Monteith speaks with pride of her family. Besides her two children, she has five grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren who married people of various faiths.

“There’s diversity at the dinner table now,” she says. “We all get along.”

But it was a bus accident in 1954 that altered her life most profoundly.

“I had just gotten off the bus in Philadelphia and was crossing in front of it when it ran over my left leg,” she says. Following five years of slow recovery, Monteith was up and walking, but the accident changed her lifestyle—as well as the length of her leg by a couple of inches.

“I started living a quieter life after that,” Monteith says. “The skills I used on others in occupational therapy, I now used to help myself. I had to take my own medicine. I had to adjust.”

But adjusting hasn’t meant slowing down much. In her studio apartment, she reads books, particularly biographies, and enjoys public television. She attends events held at Stapeley and eats in the communal dining hall.

In April, she was honored by the National Park Service for her approximately 2,000 hours as a volunteer at the historic Deshler Morris House in Germantown, Pa.; the site served as a residence and office for President George Washington in 1793–94, when the nation’s capital was in Philadelphia. A volunteer since 1959, Monteith may be, according to Independence National Historical Park information, the oldest active volunteer in the park service.

“Life is good now. I’m glad I’m here,” Monteith says. “Until eight years ago, I lived on my own in an apartment. I’m glad I made the decision to move to Stapeley when I did. It was my decision; no one made it for me.”

—Audree Penner

Soothing a wounded heart

Gregory Gibson '67, *Gone Boy: A Walkabout*, New York, Kodansha International, 1999

I belong to a campus book group that is unlike most such clubs. It provides the guilt-free opportunity to read a variety of books that might not otherwise come to my attention—without the obligation to meet and talk about them. Words exchanged about the 10 titles circulating this year are chance meetings in the halls or snack bar; so the one-word “review” that came with *Gone Boy* when it arrived at my desk—“Wow”—really caught my attention.

Perhaps I should end this review right there with that one word. It conveys so much about the power of this painful, startling, and ultimately redeeming work. Why should I urge you to read a man’s narrative of his journey to find meaning in the trauma and tragedy of his son’s violent death on a college campus?

You may remember the events of mid-December 1992 when a student, Wayne Lo, shot and killed two people and seriously wounded four others on the campus of Simon’s Rock Early College in Great Barrington, Mass. One of those killed was Galen Gibson, son of author Greg Gibson '67 who has enlisted his intellect, wanderlust, and detective skills in the struggle to soothe his deeply wounded heart, thereby engaging the reader’s intellect and heart. At the start of his quest, Gibson writes (pp. 14–15):

As the first weeks wore on, I figured out that if I concentrated on the worldly chain of causes I might finally work my way up to the God’s Will part. Perhaps the work of sorting through all those events and their relationships would help me digest the huge lump of misery that God’s Will had left on my plate. Thus I determined the pattern that was to

serve me well over the next several years, as I attempted to recover from the death of my son. I would concentrate on the details, the facts, and trust that their greater meaning would emerge, of its own accord, in the end. It never occurred to me to doubt that there was a greater meaning.

The story reaches us on many levels, all of them finally linking us to Gibson in common humanity. He reaches me as a



Greg Gibson '67 dedicated his book, Gone Boy, to his murdered son Galen (above) by writing, “Everything I do now / I do for you, too.” For more photos of Galen (1974–92) and further material on this subject, see www.goneboy.com.

father who knows the limits of the protection I can offer my children, and he reaches me as a campus administrator who wonders whether I would have done any better at prevention or compassion, faced with the same horrors. He also reaches me as a citizen who feels impotent in the face of all the resistance to strengthening gun control.

As Greg Gibson made his walkabout, he talked to campus officials; the gun dealer who sold Wayne Lo the murder weapon; the psychiatrists who testified at his trial; students who knew Galen and Wayne; and, finally, even Wayne’s parents. He considered whether he

could visit and talk with Wayne in prison. Gibson did visit the prison from the outside (pp. 264–265):

I looked hard and long. But my new life was not to be seen. All there was, was a wall. A big, white, stupid wall. Behind it were piled-up ugly institutional brick buildings.... The vibe was bad, very bad. Wayne was in there somewhere, but he was lost in that morass of human sickness and misery.... What a foolish notion. I might as well have gone out in my backyard and stared at the cesspool for enlightenment.

According to an article in *The New York Times* (part 3 of a 4-part series “Rampage Killers,” April 12), a correspondence has begun and continues between Greg and Wayne Lo. It seems inevitable that they will meet one day.

I am struck by the good this book does for its author; the reader; and, perhaps in the long run, both the killer and the nation if its elegant weight of words can tilt the scales toward not only firmer control of guns but also a more inclusive sense of our common humanity. Perhaps we can follow Greg Gibson’s example of compassion and understanding, distilled from pain and rage: “It was not Galen, always so much with us, but this other, stolen, rocking creature who truly was the *Gone Boy*” (p. 259).

“He’s [Wayne Lo] going to help me resolve my feelings about the person who murdered my son, and maybe I can help him, too,” Gibson said in *The New York Times*. “It helps me feel I put something into the situation other than hatred and rage. If we do pull it off, it is like some kind of alchemy.”

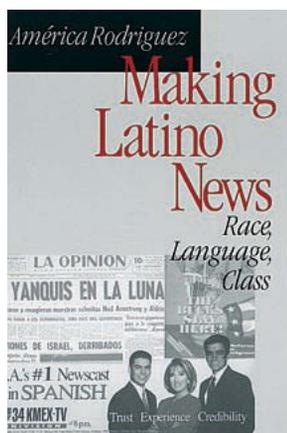
Gone Boy fully demonstrates Gibson’s capacity to work a very powerful magic.

—Maurice Eldridge '61
Vice President for College and
Community Relations and Executive
Assistant to the President

Other recent books

Dean Baker '80 and Mark Weisbrot, *Social Security: The Phony Crisis*, University of Chicago Press, 1999. The authors show that no economic, demographic, or actuarial basis exists for the widespread notion that the system needs to be fixed.

Beverly Lyon Clark '70 and Margaret R. Higgonet (eds.), *Girls, Boys, Books, Toys*, Johns Hopkins University Press, 1999. This collection of essays by experts on children's culture questions how the gender symbolism of children's culture is constructed and resisted.



América Rodríguez '78

John Kenneth White and **Philip John Davies SP**, *Political Parties and the Collapse of the Old Orders*, State University of New York Press, 1998. This book examines the transformations in the political parties of nations around the world since the end of the Cold War.

Peter Norton and **John Goodman '60**, *Peter Norton's Inside the PC* (8th ed.), SAMS, Macmillan Computer Publishing, 1999. Norton and Goodman explain the inner workings and underlying technologies of PCs.

Stephen Henighan '84, *Assuming the Light: The Parisian Literary Apprenticeship of Miguel Angel Asturias*, European

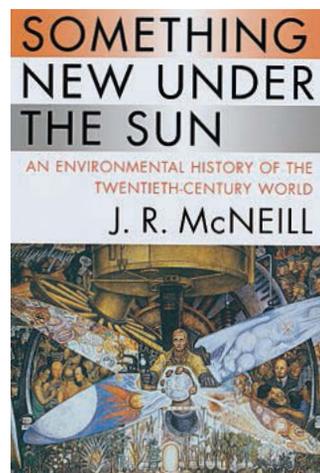
Humanities Research Centre, 1999. This study explores the early academic writings, journalism, short fiction, and first major novel of Asturias, the first Spanish-American prose writer to be awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Jane (Stallman) Jaquette '64 and Sharon L. Wolchik, *Women and Democracy*, Johns Hopkins University Press, 1998. This book offers a unique look at the political experiences of women in two regions of the world—Latin America and Eastern and Central Europe—that have moved from authoritarian to democratic regimes.

Sister Mary Jean (Weir) Manninen '59, *Living the Christian Story: The Good News in Worship and Daily Life*, William B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 2000. This

book explores the continuing encounter with the Christian story through word and sacrament, showing how both shape the church community.

J.R. McNeill '75, *Something New Under the Sun: An Environmental History of the Twentieth-Century World*, Global Century Series, W.W. Norton and Co., 2000. The author argues that the 20th century's transformation of our biosphere will have a more profound effect on the human race than either of the world wars, the rise of communism, or the spread of literacy.



J.R. McNeill '75

Roger M. Olien and **Diana Davids Olien '64**, *Oil & Ideology: The Cultural Creation of the American Petroleum Industry*, University of North Carolina Press, 2000. This study of the mythical history of the American oil industry shows how the culturally constructed history of oil has often resulted in poor policy, and it offers a new approach.

Nicole (Fischer) Rafter '62, *Shots in the Mirror: Crime Films and Society*, Oxford University Press, 2000. Criminologist Rafter examines the relationship between society and crime films from the perspectives of criminal justice, film history and technique, and sociology.

América Rodríguez '78, *Making Latino News: Race, Language, Class*, Sage Publications, 1999. By tracing the historical and commercial contexts of Latino-oriented news production, this book examines Latino news making as part of a larger narrative—the cultural productions and conceptions of Latinos.

Mary M. Solberg '68, *Compelling Knowledge: A Feminist Proposal for an Epistemology of the Cross*, State University of New York Press, 1997. The author brings together the best of contemporary feminist philosophy with 16th-century theologian Martin Luther.

Sheldon Weeks '54, *Evaluation of Tirelo Setshaba: Final Report*, Government Printer, Gaborone, 1997. This book evaluates Tirelo Setshaba, the Botswana national service scheme. Taking into account the positive economic and social changes, including the expansion of educational institutions, the report concludes that the scheme should be abolished.

Claudia Whitman and **Julie (Biddle) Zimmerman '68** (eds.), *Frontiers of Justice, Vol. 3: The Crime Zone*, Biddle Publishing Co., 2000. In

the third volume of the Frontiers of Justice series, 14 prisoners discuss the factors that led them to commit their crimes and offer their opinions on possible deterrents.

In other media

Robin (Smith) Chapman '64, *Banff Dreaming*, Fireweed Press, 1998. The poems on this CD are recited by the poet to express "the wordless parts

Attention authors

The Bulletin welcomes review copies of books, compact disks, and other works by alumni. (No magazine or journal articles, please.) The editors choose featured books for review, and others receive capsule reviews. All works are then donated to the Swarthmoreana section of McCabe Library. Send your work to Books & Authors, Swarthmore College Bulletin, 500 College Ave., Swarthmore PA 19081-1390.

Driven

For Saab Cars USA President Dan Chasins '75, business is a pleasure.

Dan Chasins '75 has always been drawn to the automotive world. He has always had a deep appreciation of technology and machinery. His "big childhood activity" was playing with an Erector set, creating things from beams, nuts, bolts, levers, and wheels. As a teenager, he tinkered with cars a lot. "Ever since just before I could drive," Chasins says, "I've been up to my elbows in cars—repairing, rebuilding, and restoring them. It's just something I really enjoy." Searching for an explanation for his enthusiasm, he suggests: "I think for many of my generation, the postwar generation, the automobile represents so much about our culture, so much of what life has been about during the postwar period—it's the sense of innovation, freedom, and mobility that really characterize that time period." Today, Chasins is president and chief operating officer of Saab Cars USA, Inc., a position he has held since July 1999. He doesn't get to tinker on behalf of Saab, so actually "turning the wrenches" these days is limited to his brief leisure periods. "It's a good way to relax, and I find it really therapeutic to be out in the garage," he says.

Graduating from Swarthmore with a degree in economics, Chasins went on to obtain an M.B.A. from Harvard Business School. He had entered college with a fairly good idea that he wanted to be involved in the business world. Equipped through his studies with valuable insight into both microeconomics and macroeconomics and with the practical tools and skills needed in business management, he has held positions in several global companies, including a European telecommunications firm and two automotive industry suppliers. He joined Saab in 1992 as director of marketing. "From the beginning, I hadn't consciously targeted a career in the automobile industry," he said, "but it's really quite rewarding that my interest in cars and my job responsibilities have come together like this. Sometimes, I reflect with some amazement at my good fortune to have



Dan Chasins '75 at the wheel of a Saab 9-3 convertible, at the company's headquarters in Norcross, Ga.

a job that's as much fun as this."

Chasins adds, "It is something that I'm quite passionate about." He emphasizes, however, that this passion is not merely for the industry but for the company he represents. Primarily a sales and marketing entity, Saab Cars USA has the task of demand building, managing the U.S. dealer and technical support networks, and offering logistical support for the chain of distribution. The company imports about 40,000 vehicles a year from Sweden (or Finland in the case of the Saab convertible), more than half of which are sold in the Northeast; one of Chasins' goals is to expand Saab's sales in the Southeast and Southwest.

Chasins sees Saab as a unique company that stands for things he's proud to represent, not only because it produces very safe cars but also because of its longtime commitment to manufacturing environmentally friendly vehicles. "Our engine technology," says Chasins, "uses turbo-charging, a method of offering both power and efficiency out of a very small engine package."

Chasins sees the Saab philosophy as

a very Scandinavian approach to the automobile market. "It's very much a form-follows-function philosophy, where there's an active effort to find the best compromise in terms of fuel efficiency, the practical needs of owners and drivers, respect for the environment, and for other people using the road."

An aspect of the job that Chasins finds particularly challenging and exciting is trying to anticipate the needs and desires of the future market. Before his current position with the company, he spent four years in Sweden working on new product development and managing some of the technical development programs for vehicles that are only now appearing on the market. "From idea generation to the product's reaching the market is about a four-year process, so you have to make some pretty good estimates and projec-

tions. It requires a certain amount of judgment and risk taking, but it's so much fun when you make a choice that eventually becomes a new product, especially if it's successful." And Chasins has experienced that success with Saab's 9-5 station wagon, which was launched last year. He was responsible for the development of the car, which has been received very well so far. "I was very fortunate to manage that product and then come back here and supervise its debut on the U.S. market. I have a bit of a feeling of paternity there. It's nice to see them out on the street."

And yet, proud as Chasins may be of his career and his paternal role in the birth of the 9-5 wagon, an aspect of his life that gives him still more pride and pleasure is his family. He and his Vas-sar graduate wife, Maria, have been married since 1987, and they have two daughters, Sarah, 10, and Katie, 8.

"They are a very, very important part of my life," he says. And, yes, "loyalists for the brand, for sure." The Chasins drive Saabs for both business and pleasure.

—Carol Brévar-Demm

In August 1997, in a muggy classroom, Patrick Awuah '89 introduced himself. It was our first week of business school at the University of California–Berkeley, and I already knew Patrick's bio from the orientation facebook: From Ghana and Swarthmore, he had previously worked at Microsoft Corp. But I was unprepared for his next words.

"I am going to start a university in Ghana," Patrick said. The more I learned, the stronger I felt that this was the start of a legend.

Patrick arrived at Berkeley with a compelling story. In 1985, he left Ghana with \$50 and a full scholarship to Swarthmore. Four years and a double major later, Patrick began work at Microsoft. His hard work enabled him to purchase a house for his parents in Ghana and support his sister's education.

It was after his son was born in 1995, however, that Patrick's true mission began. "I became acutely concerned about events in Africa," he reflected, before continuing in West African tones. "It became clear to me that I needed to return to Ghana to contribute to economic development there, and, more specifically, to help improve Ghana's educational system."

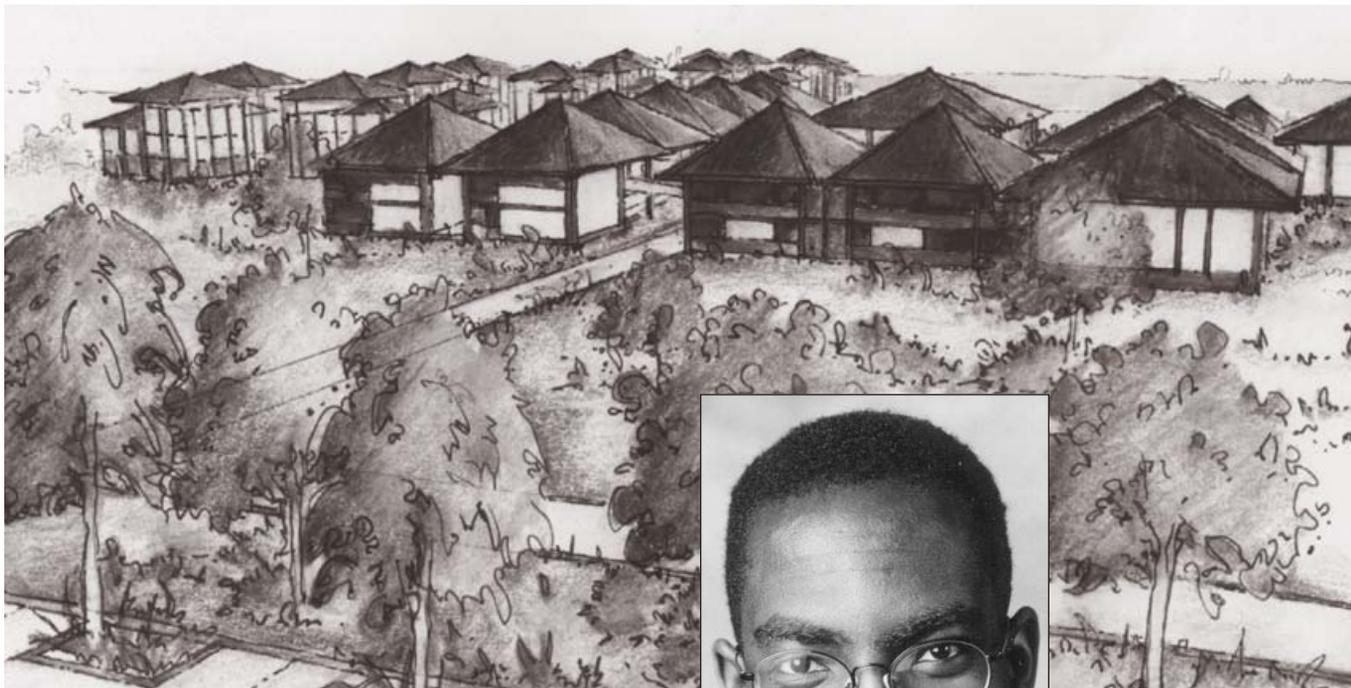
Ghana's higher education system has been suffering. In 1933, a British diplomat spoke with ominous prescience that, "There is a grave danger ... of the Africans' zeal for education being neglected and ignored." Sadly, these words remain true. In 1997, 80,000 Ghanaian students took the University Entrance Examination, 26,000 passed, but only 8,000 were admitted—that is, onto a two-year waiting list. Once enrolled, students face an outdated education system designed to train civil servants rather than develop critical thinkers and business leaders.

While working at Microsoft, Patrick struggled with his decision. His vision was to start a university, but he knew severe challenges could doom it: political instability, the challenge of raising millions of dollars and attracting talented professors, and tuition costs. More personally, how would his wife, Rebecca, feel about moving to Ghana? Was he wise to walk away from headhunters promising Internet start-ups and stock options? As many of us rationalize, why not amass wealth now and pursue dreams later? But not Patrick.

Moved by Goethe's words: "Bold-

Boldness builds a university

Patrick Awuah '89 envisions a residential college in Ghana.



A conceptual sketch of the Ashesi University campus (above) reflects Patrick Awuah's (right) vision of a nonprofit, \$11 million residential college for 400 students in Ghana.

ness has genius, power, and magic in it. Begin it now," Patrick made his decision. He left Microsoft and enrolled at Berkeley's business school.

Patrick's Berkeley classmates embraced his mission. In 1998, three of them joined Patrick in surveying more than 3,000 students and parents in Ghana to characterize student demand and calculate tuition and scholarship needs. They found encouraging results.

Over time, a business plan emerged for a nonprofit, \$11 million residential college for 400 students—dedicated, Patrick explains, to nurture "a new generation of entrepreneurial and ethical leaders." Starting in the fall of 2002, students will study liberal arts, computer science, and business administration. Goethe's words inspired the school's name, Ashesi University, which means "beginning" in Akan.

Ashesi gathered momentum. Patrick cultivated a board of trustees and established the Ashesi University Foundation with Berkeley colleague Nina Marini (who—in a testament to Ashesi's nondiscrimination policy—is a Haverford graduate). To date, \$1.5 mil-

lion has been raised already, and Ashesi has lured Dr. Yaw Nyarko, director of graduate studies in economics at New York University, to be acting dean. Furthermore, the Ghanaian deputy minister of education endorsed Ashesi.

My Berkeley classmates are proud of Patrick's efforts, but I feel especially proud because I see Swarthmore patterns within this beautiful weaving. Four Swarthmore professors—Timothy Burke, assistant professor of history; Erik Cheever, associate professor of engineering; Raymond Hopkins, Richter Professor of Political Science; and Fred Orthlieb, professor of engineering and the Isaiah V. Williamson Chair of Civil and Mechanical Engineering—and Swarthmore graduate Clifton Kussmaul '89 have developed a liberal arts curriculum to recreate the Swarthmore experience at Ashesi. Patrick hopes to engage the Swarthmore community—in everything from teacher recruiting efforts and technology consultation to staffing visiting professor-

ships and raising scholarship funds.

Patrick's mission echoes the Swarthmore legends of James Michener '29 and Eugene Lang '38. Michener was lifted up by a Swarthmore scholarship, developed

as a successful author, and generously gave back to the College to help others. Lang transferred his business success into starting "I Have a Dream," a nationally recognized program that helps children stay in school, and into lifelong support for higher education, including his alma mater.

Lang and Michener are hallowed legends at Swarthmore because, as much as anyone, they personify Swarthmore's intention to instill the values of action, vision, and community into its students. Patrick has chosen the same inspired path and—if he can achieve it—will help hundreds and ultimately thousands of Ghanaian students and families—and bring great inspiration and pride to Swarthmore.

—Michael Dennis '93

See the Ashesi University Web site at <http://www.ashesi.org>, which describes its mission and progress.

Notes From an Excellent Adventure

By Sara Waterman '90

A decade ago, I stood on the amphitheater stage and delivered the senior-class speech to our motley group: the Class of 1990. Though, unfortunately, I can't be there this summer to celebrate our reunion, I feel moved by the occasion to share some reflections on the developments of these past 10 years. As I made my remarks that graduation day, I was earnestly optimistic—full of the conviction that we were all on the brink of some interesting travels. In fact, I concluded by wishing you all a “most excellent adventure.”

Although I'd felt adventurous at times in college, my travels then were well within the lines. Even my thrillingly independent junior semester abroad was sanctioned and supported by school and family. I went in order to return; there was no question of ending up somewhere altogether else. A quite different, less scripted, set of adventures awaited me—for which I was strikingly unprepared. To start, my outfit was all wrong. It is as if I stepped out into a boundless universe of limitless possibilities and selected to wear not a pith helmet, nor some sturdy climbing gear, but a straightjacket. Just the thing to keep me protected and secure from the bogeymen of the “Real World.”

My straightjacket, I see now, was woven of a constricting blend of fear, arrogance, and the desire to please (a combination more confining than the tightest of spandex fibers, I assure you). And, for extra tug, I was bound up in a

particular set of beliefs about what it meant to be a good grown-up. I thought adulthood meant a climb ever upward, toward the advanced degree, the Important Life Work, the soulmate, the children (and their college funds), the house, the accolades and accomplishments that make great copy for the

card, been in a serious romantic relationship, or held a full-time job for longer than a three-month summer break. These and countless other practical “details” of real life quite terrified me. And, because I was passively awaiting the thunderbolt that would reveal to me my Important Life Work, I also had no particular direction in which to travel. I started my adventure

by taking the road back to my parents' home in Albuquerque, N.M.

My backwardness in the whole arena of “life skills” contrasted sharply with the grandiose, idealistic dreams I held for myself as a Swarthmore graduate. If fear limited my movement, my expectations of myself were downright paralyzing. I had deeply internalized the message that, as a Swarthmore graduate, I was among a privileged few who were invested with social consciousness and charged with making a positive difference. This is not a bad message, mind you,

but my sense of scale was way off. I think now that the problem was twofold: First, I had all the arrogance of someone convinced of their bestness and brightness without the ability to ask for help in translating that potential into purpose and action; second, I had what I now see as a very narrow definition of what counts as positive social action.

In part, I had social action confused with political activism of the sign-carrying, civil-disobedience, speech-making



JANE O'CONNOR

Class Notes section of this publication. I know now that real humans don't develop along perfect upward slopes, easily graphed in two dimensions. We leap, we forget, we crash, we cha-cha, we stumble, we get stuck, we start again.

When I graduated from Swarthmore, I'd never hunted for an apartment, paid rent, gotten a phone or gas line hooked up or disconnected, grocery shopped for myself, driven a car, held a credit

kind—something I idealized, yet had no real aptitude for. In another way, I thought it had to do with being a “big” person, someone who “makes a name” for herself, with a shelf of degrees or titles to signal her worth. I was sure it had something to do with saving the world: grand gestures and big changes. I believed it was important to stand for something, yet I hadn’t learned to stand up for myself.

On the premise that at least I knew my way around a classroom, I went to Southern California and began what was to be a tremendously challenging eight-year trek through the graduate program in communication at the University of California–San Diego. There, I undertook the serious project of becoming a feminist social theorist. And boy, was I serious.

Intent on being a good grown-up intellectual, I gradually leached most of the joy from my life. In my attempts to adopt the proper critical, detached stance of the theorist, I moved steadily farther away from the engaged, creative self I’d taken for granted in earlier years. I gave up the acting, poetry and play writing, journaling and crafting that had, since childhood, been my way of metabolizing intellectual and emotional learnings. It seemed clear that these were frivolous pursuits, peripheral to the weightier matters of deconstructing gender, problematizing culture, and interrogating power. Left with nothing but gravity, I became seriously depressed. (Those of you who have lived with depression will know that it functions too well as a straightjacket in and of itself.)

Because of the straightjacket, though, I couldn’t give up. Scholarship was to be my Important Life’s Work and my ticket to being Somebody. With each passing year, I’d invested more time, and it seemed like a bigger waste if I quit. I would let people down. For so many reasons, I was determined to rise above my character and find a way to succeed. I fought endless internal battles—disinclination vs. determination—fearing failure and success equally.

One image that captures my relationship to my academic career is of a rather vain lady who’s purchased a pair

of gorgeous and expensive shoes that simply don’t fit. She loves the look of them and loves even more the admiring glances she gets from others, so she pretends for the first few steps that they don’t really pinch that much. She continues walking (maybe they’ll stretch?), trying to hide the grimace of pain. Finally, many bloody blisters later, she is forced to admit that her feet are not going to change. It’s the shoes that have to go. Alleluia.

I took a yearlong leave of absence in which I supported myself with temp work, tried to remember how to write without extensive citations, and played with paints and my glue gun in a makeshift garage studio. And, in the process, I began to entertain the possibility that perhaps I was something other than a “failed” academic; perhaps I was a nascent successful something else. Maybe the blood-flow problems caused by life in the straightjacket had caused me to misunderstand the relationship between those “extracurricular” creative undertakings I’d so enjoyed in the past and the scholarship that was making me so miserable in the present. Perhaps it was the creative work that was at the core of my talent and passion, and the critical analytical work that was secondary. Aha.

After one last try at conforming to the dissertation process, I gave up the climb toward the Ph.D. and followed, instead, my passions for color, texture, and the man who will become my husband later this year. I live now back in Mountain Time, in Northern Colorado, where expansive vistas of brown earth and blue sky don’t quite equal an ocean yet are strangely comforting to my New Mexican eyes. I teach creativity workshops to frustrated artists and blocked writers; I write and craft and look forward to starting a family.

The work I do for money isn’t quite Important Life Work, but it serves people well and enables the continued development of my real-life dreams—the ones that begin from what I love to do, not from what I imagine I want to be. I’m proud to have wriggled my way out of the straightjacket, to have learned to feel safe within looser limits that allow for mistakes, play, and improvisation.

And I’ve noticed that there are more ways than I ever dreamed to engage the world and transform it for the better.

I would guess that most all of us have found the world far more complicated than we imagined. If we’re lucky, we’ve learned a great deal in the last 10 years about our characters. And if we’re really lucky, we’ve managed to forgive ourselves some of our flaws and cherish in ourselves those things that really make us who we are. Perhaps, for some, life flows simply: Choices are easily made, your inner truths are congruent with your outer deeds, you sleep soundly each night knowing that through your good works are done. I’ve come to believe that the real adventures happen in the tensions between who we are and who we thought we were, what we have to offer and what we value, what we imagine and what we create. A car in my neighborhood sports a bumpersticker that reads, “Not all who wander are lost.”

“Yes,” I think each time I pass, “and some aren’t wandering at all; we’re just having excellent adventures.” I wish you many more. ■



STEVEN GOLDBLATT '67

Sara Waterman delivered the senior-class speech in 1990 (above). She lives in Fort Collins, Colo., where she is frequently found hiking the Front Range and digging glue from under her fingernails.

Federal Arts Project. I hope you will eventually reproduce the entire mural.

DAVID MORGAN '63
Cedar Falls, Iowa

Editor's Note: *Despite our gatefold, we didn't have space for all 11 panels of Egleson's mural. We did photograph all of them, however, and readers may see them at www.swarthmore.edu/bulletin/archive/00/mar00/-backpages.html.*

RELIGION, SCIENCE, AND COMMUNISM

After reading "Religion in the Age of Science" (December 1999), I searched for Professor Barbour's Templeton Prize speech, which he delivered in Moscow, proximate to the tomb of the man who said:

The proletariat of today ... enlists science in the battle against the fog of religion and frees the workers from their belief in life after death ... to fight in the present for a better life on earth. (V.I. Lenin, *Socialism and Religion*, 1905)

Communism's fight for a better life on earth has so far claimed 100 million souls, and yet Dr. Barbour said nothing about this holocaust in his speech. This is especially interesting in light of his support for Darwin's theory of evolution, which Marx and Engels employed as the "scientific" foundation for dialectical materialism:

[Darwin] dealt the metaphysical conception of Nature the heaviest blow by his proof that all organic beings, plants, animals, and man himself, are the products of a process of evolution going on through millions of years. (F. Engels, *Utopian and Scientific*, Part III, 1877)

Surely 100 million deaths flowing from communist abuse of Darwin's theory was at least worth mention-

ing? At the Kremlin? When speaking about science and religion? "Hold on," one might say, "Barbour's not concerned with the misuse of evolution by politicians!" I thought that might be the case as well, but then I reread the last paragraph of his speech, which is very highly political:

The [Bible] can empower us to seek environmental preservation, human dignity, and social justice.... *It will take all our efforts together to bring an age of global peace and human fulfillment on God's good earth.* (emphasis added)

Sounds pretty utopian, political, and materialist to me! But Jesus said that His Kingdom was not of this world, didn't He? So, what happens to Christ in Barbour's age of earthly bliss? Verily, He has been replaced by a "dynamic universe," where "Science [sic] helps us see the immanence of God." Or, as Professor Barbour said in his speech: "We must give greater attention to God's immanence working within the universe, without denying transcendence."

Well, not denying Christ's transcendence is one thing, but reducing Him to a mere aside in a PC crusade for social justice is quite another and very troubling.

If there is a spiritual reality, then it is transcendent and superior to physical reality and should be acknowledged as such. If there is not, we should resign ourselves to a "might makes right" world and stop talking nonsense about religion, peace, and human fulfillment. Professor Barbour

should, therefore, decide whether he lives in Lenin's universe or in Jesus Christ's, because he cannot live in both, and no amount of well-intentioned dialogue can make it so. As for me, I would rather live in Christ's universe, suffering the slings and arrows of right-wingers at the Kansas Board of Education, than surrender to scientific mass murderers with utopian fantasies of creating heaven on earth.

THEODORE HANNON '74
Kailua, Hawaii

NO ANSWERS? NO QUESTIONS

Some time ago, the alumni magazine featured a cover article [about] philosophy professor Rich Schuldenfrei (June 1998). The caption for his befuddled picture stated, "I have no answers."

May I respectfully maintain that there are no questions? Innocent, childlike, and "full of wonder" are the qualities for the correct, happy, and peaceful outlook on oneself and, therefore, the world.

Who loves Swarthmore? Me. Love and kisses,

TONY COLLETTI '75
Amagansett, N.Y.

CORRECTION

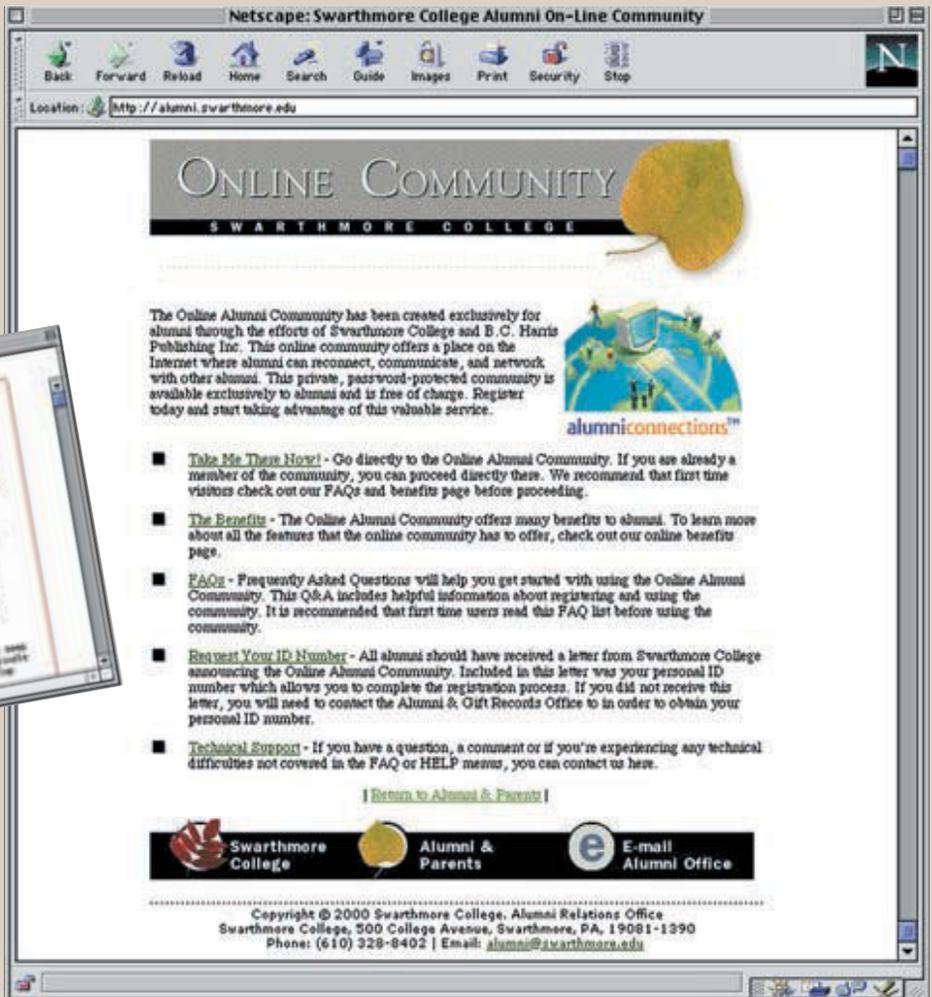
Keelyn Bradley was identified in "Don't Forget to Write" (March 2000) as a member of the Class of 1999. Bradley prefers to be listed as a member of the Class of 1995. Alumni are reminded that they may choose a "social class year" by contacting the Alumni and Gift Records Office at (610) 328-8408.

The *Bulletin* welcomes letters concerning the contents of the magazine or issues relating to the College. All letters must be signed and may be edited for clarity and space. Address your letters to: Editor, *Swarthmore College Bulletin*, 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore PA 19081-1390, or send e-mail to bulletin@swarthmore.edu.

HTTP://ALUMNI.SWARTHMORE.EDU



NEW! SWARTHMORE ON-LINE COMMUNITY



JOIN NOW!

The On-Line Alumni Community has been created exclusively for alumni through the efforts of Swarthmore College and B.C. Harris Publishing Inc., publishers of the 1999 Alumni Directory. This new on-line community offers a place on the Internet where Swarthmore alumni can reconnect, communicate, and network with each other. It is a private, password-protected community available exclusively to alumni, and it is free of charge. Register today, and start taking advantage of this valuable service.

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- Update your address and alumni records.**
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To join, go to **http://alumni.swarthmore.edu**, where you'll find instructions and the link to the actual community. To complete the registration process, you'll need the personal ID number printed above your name on the back cover of this magazine. (Don't enter the leading zeros.) Once you register, be sure to keep track of the username and password that you select because this will allow you access on subsequent visits.

Swarthmore's Ingleuek Tea House, like a dapper elderly gentleman whose hat has been whisked off by blustery winds, is struggling to hold onto its dignity. The local restaurant—officially recognized as a historic landmark by the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission in 1977—is now a study in contrasts after being ravaged by a March 18 fire. The 84-year-old restaurant is wrapped in yellow protective tape, keeping once-welcomed diners at a distance to ponder the damage.

The first floor stands largely intact, with spider plants still bravely signaling signs of life through the sun-room windows. But the third floor—where the blaze first became visible and ultimately caused the roof to collapse—gapes at the sky.

The fire-eaten walls of the 19th-century Victorian house were filled with years of memories. Writer Leslie Osgood Kurtzthalz, a Smith '05 graduate who was drawn to Swarthmore's Quaker college town, opened the teahouse on Lafayette Avenue in 1916; an argument with her employer, the *Ladies Home Journal*, prompted her to leave the magazine business and open the 25-seat restaurant. Because the original house had several fireplaces, the Scottish spelling of "inglenook" (meaning a nook by a large open fireplace) became its now-ironic namesake.

The Ingleuek's then-booming business soon expanded to the Thatcher House, its current location on Park Avenue that was converted into a 225-seat home-style restaurant in 1918. Afternoon tea was still served in a cozy atmosphere, where informally dressed employees—including many College students such as James Michener '29 and former University of California President Clark Kerr '32—also offered trays of turkey, mashed potatoes, and quickly devoured sticky buns. Over the years, other famous visitors gracing the Ingleuek's parlors were Henry Ford II, who ate there during World War II, when Ford Motor Company had an assembly plant in Chester; Michael Dukakis '55, former governor of Massachusetts; and restaurant critic Duncan Hines.

The Ingleuek has remained in the



FRIENDS HISTORICAL LIBRARY

SALVAGING INGLENEUK MEMORIES

A March 18 fire at the Ingleuek Tea House caused the roof to collapse, leaving the third floor gaping at the sky.

Kurtzthalz family for three generations. William Kurtzthalz, now 86, started working there in 1937 and carried the business into the second generation. His stepmother died in 1971, and Kurtzthalz sold the restaurant to daughter Sara "Sally" Kurtzthalz Perrine and her husband Scott in 1980. "We lived on the top floor of the restaurant for a while," said the elder Kurtzthalz of his early years there. Even after selling the business, he continued as a part-time cashier, greeting longtime customers, such as Rotary Club members, with a good story.

"I thought, oh boy, no Ingleuek today," said Kurtzthalz about his adjustment to the aftermath of the fire. "When my wife, Marcia, and I were out shopping the other day, we ran into some

By Andrea Hammer

Ingleuek customers. I realized that I may never see some of the others again," he said mournfully.

"We still went to the restaurant often—it was so much a part of both of our lives," his wife said. "We were married there, and our family had many parties there over the years." Referring to the fire, she added: "No one suspected that there was a problem. It was one of those weird things that would have been corrected if we had known."

According to Swarthmore's Fire Chief Cris Hansen, the accidental blaze "started between the first and second floors above the kitchen stove ventilators in an uninsulated space." The Swarthmore Fire and Protective Association, district and state police, and insurance company fire investigators concluded that the probable cause was pyrophoric carbonization, which occurs when a combustible material, like wood, is exposed to prolonged moderate or high heat—decreasing the temperature needed to ignite—and can eventually result in spontaneous combustion.

"The fire started and stayed in the walls, traveling upward through the 'balloon' construction of the building," Hansen said of the blaze, which was first called in at 9:23 p.m. on Saturday night and was under control by midnight, even though it smoldered until nearly 5 a.m. on Sunday. "We had to find the concealed fire as it traveled through the walls, which made it difficult to extinguish and was labor and time intensive," he added, explaining the need for seven other fire companies.

Volunteer firefighters Allison Floyd and Jesse Wells, both '01, were two of the nearly 100 firefighters at the scene. "During—and right after—the fire, the second-floor dishes hadn't been cleared, and it reminded me of the pictures of the Titanic," Floyd said. "The ones where everything is still in place, but there are no people, and small details are wrong. For the Ingleuek, these were the dripping ceiling, the burned smell, and the missing wall. It was spooky."

Floyd and Wells were initially going on adrenaline, but both were very awake and clear-headed throughout the fire. "No matter what time the fire horn

goes off, once you start running to the call, you don't notice anything but the horn."

Both credit the extensive training of the rest of the crew, including Dan Krausz '02, as the reason no one was injured. "It was a little unnerving to look out a window and see flames licking up from below and beside the sill," Floyd said. "There were flames well above our heads when they sounded the all-out signal," she added.

"On the third floor, there was almost no visibility," Wells remembered. "When the interior attack was over, we worked on the outside. There was a great deal of work to do, and many firefighters from the area assisted us. We worked well together and did a good job, but at 4 a.m., when we went home, I was very tired and happy to see my bed."

In a recent report to the Swarthmore Borough Council, Hansen explained that the Ingleuek fire was first fought offensively from inside the building because "putting water on a fire from the outside pushes it in to unburnt portions of the

building and causes more damage." Bob Jones, the deputy fire chief who decided to pull firefighters out of the building 20 minutes before the roof caved in, moved the fight to a defensive one from the outside; "master streams" surrounding the building prevented the fire from spreading to neighboring homes nestled in close proximity.

After the Ingleuek blaze, Borough Council member and Swarthmore Rotary Club President Alice "Putty" Putnam Willetts was able to retrieve the bell used to start each of the club's Friday lunchtime meetings at the teahouse for the last 63 years. "We ate there for fellowship," she said of the 50-member local chapter of the service organization. The "saddened" 74-year-old Willetts, who has lived in Swarthmore all her life and went to the Ingleuek with her family, said, "It's like losing an old friend."

Gudmund Iversen, professor of statistics, director of the Center for Social and Policy Studies, and fellow Rotary Club member, said: "Fifty meetings a year

over 63 years is approximately 3,000 meetings! Some of the staff had worked at the Ingleuek almost as long as the club has met there, and close ties were established between the club members and the staff. Any member who ordered the same lunch several Fridays in a row did not even have to place an order; the staff remembered."

Owner Sally Perrine, who is now dealing with insurance company claims, sounds weary. "I can send you a menu, which describes the restaurant's history," she offered. As she told *The Phoenix* (March 23), her father has been her "main concern." In *The Swarthmorean* (March 24), she also said, "I can't tell you how moved I've been with support of the great Swarthmore community and the great Swarthmore Rotary."

The Rotary Club now meets at the Springhaven Club in Wallingford, Pa. and invited Kurtzhalz, Perrine, and some of the Ingleuek waitresses to join them for a recent lunch meeting. Rotary president Willetts said: "We're talking with Sally about her different options." A liquor license would fortify the Ingleuek's ability to compete with restaurants on Baltimore Pike—a handicap that had caused a drop in business in recent years, according to Willetts, and was a factor in an unsuccessful attempt to sell the restaurant in the last year. "I know that Sally is looking into getting a liquor license, but it's complicated," she added.

Like others in the community who are working on a revitalization plan for the Ville, Willetts is still hopeful about the revival of the Ingleuek. Professor Iversen, elected the next Rotary Club president, expressed the sentiments of many by saying: "The club has lost its home of more than 60 years, and the loss is almost like losing parts of one's own house. We eagerly hope we can resume our walks [to the Ingleuek] instead of having to drive to more far-away places."

Unlike the Strath Haven Inn fire in 1951 that led to its subsequent razing, many in the community hope that the Ingleuek's rich history and traditions will not disintegrate completely in ashes. ■

Andrea Juncos '01, publications intern, completed historical research for this article.



JUSTIN KANE, THE PHOENIX

ALUMNI COLLEGE ABROAD



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JUNE 20 TO JULY 2, 2001

Next year's Alumni College Abroad promises to be a stimulating exploration of great art and noble ideas in some of the world's most picturesque settings. Swarthmore parents and friends of the College are invited to join alumni for this memorable educational experience.

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Our faculty lecturers, familiar to many past travelers, will be two distinguished and popular Swarthmore professors: Constance Cain Hungerford and Hans Oberdiek. Connie is the Mari S. Michener Professor of Art History, and Hans is the Henry C. and Charlotte Turner Professor of Philosophy. Together, they'll help the travelers open their eyes and minds to Western Europe's artistic heritage, the philosophical foundations of the European Union, and the political challenges it faces.

A brochure will be mailed this fall. For details, please call (800) 922-3088.



GEORGE WIDMAN

Alumni College Abroad 2001 will be visually rich, from the Dutch skylines of Vermeer to real vistas in Bruges, Belgium. Connie Hungerford, professor of art history, will lecture on art in the region's great museums. Hans Oberdiek, professor of philosophy, will discuss philosophical and political aspects of the European Union.