The medallion (above) in front of the Flo K. Gault Library for Independent Study, which features a distinctive clock tower. (Cover photo by Matt Dilyard.)
Winter 1996

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Steven Foote, has noted that one of the design objectives for the library was permitting it to “contribute and share in that pedestrian spine that goes east and west on the campus.”

The pedestrian spine to which Foote refers is the brick-lined Memorial Walkway. Within only weeks of Gault Library’s opening, it was met. Not only does the library “contribute and share in” Memorial several times a day soon forgot what it was like before the entrance to Gault was there. How natural it is to see the traffic taking a hard left or right from the Walkway into the library.

And once inside...well, it is as one student remarked during last October’s dedication ceremony, an “amazing place.” Beginning on page 4, words and pictures attempt to convey just how amazing. The package of stories about the Flo K. Gault Library includes a piece (page 13) by Damon Hickey, director of the libraries, who describes the new consortial arrangement that five Ohio colleges have created to increase the availability of resources while, at the same time, saving money.

In one scene from the movie IQ, Walter Matthau as Albert Einstein takes his sedan to a mechanic and asks to have it turned into a convertible. Only one thing was missing — the driver, James Blackwood of Wooster’s Class of 1941. As Einstein’s occasional chauffeur, Blackwood offers a unique perspective, beginning on page 16.

Athletes are always striving for perfection, but Wooster senior Sarah Robertson has the rare distinction of attaining it, as John Finn reports on page 22.

Outside the Nashville office of Bud Wendell ’50, you can hear the unmistakable sounds of country music. Inside the office, you can hear a remarkable story about how a Wooster graduate made it big in country music, without even using a guitar. This issue’s Alumni Profile is on page 24.

— Jeffery G. Hanna

Another View

Editor:

I don’t recognize the world of non-traditional higher education as it is described in Acting President R. Stanton Hales’ convocation speech (“A Crazy Monkey Face,” Fall 1995). Hales takes out after “the experts of college management, those adept bureaucrats who would...dispense with silly nonsense like real thinking and real teaching, getting down instead to the job of issuing diplomas quickly and cheaply.”

With this broadside and others like it, he seeks to dismiss (and in so doing falsely portrays) some of the most exciting work currently being done in American higher education. I refer to the efforts of many colleges and universities to serve adult students who have employment and family responsibilities. It is disappointing to find Wooster’s acting president actively and, I think, gratuitously belittling those institutions that are doing pioneering work in this realm. Your readers deserve to hear another view.

At a recent national conference, Hales became upset after merely reading some session titles (he doesn’t say he attended the sessions themselves) that referred to new developments in programming for adult students. In his mind, even this much is evidence of an “emergency” in higher education. In the next sentence, he upgrades the situation to “full-blown disaster.” What follows is a very tanged and overblown narrative, filled with the kind of sweeping generalizations that I recall being chastised for writing in papers as a student at Wooster.

“Once-proud professors,” we are told, “become passive ‘facilitators of learning,’ mere wheel-greasers of the cogs of modern education. Curriculum is standardized into one national software package. Students endure all of this to develop competencies...” Mere competency isn’t enough, asserts Hales.

“Shouldn’t we at least aim at uncompromised excellence?”

Hold on. Apart from gross distortions of fact, which I will not belabor, aren’t some erroneous or at least very questionable assumptions implicit in all of this? Here are some that I detect: (1) students are passive recipients of knowledge poured into them by what Hales calls “the dynamic, assertive, and inspiring professor...”, (2) college-level learning can be acquired only in a college classroom in neat semester or quarter packages, and (3) striving for competence precludes striving also for excellence.

I find ridicule of the concept of professors as facilitators of learning particularly offensive. Learning is something that a student reaches out for and is helped to achieve. It is not something that is dispensed by some “professors.” In my experience, teachers filled with an undue sense of self-importance have very often been the greatest barrier to a student’s learning. It is the knowledgeable yet humble and often spectacular teachers who tend to be the true educators.

I don’t think anyone who knew the late Professor Clayton Ellsworth would describe him as dynamic, assertive, or inspiring in the usual sense as a classroom teacher. In lecturing, he could ramble and become endearingly befuddled — especially when trying to use technology, which, in those days, meant nothing more complicated than a slide projector. But how well I remember the skill — indeed the elegance — inherent in his work with me as an Independent Study student in history in the early 1950s. I learned much more than history under Professor Ellsworth’s skilled and caring guidance. I learned how to learn — and eventually, I think, how to facilitate the learning of others. I use the phrase without apology.

Mr. Hales worries about what he disparagingly calls “competence-level units” and “multi-referenced assessment schema.” (Granted the jargon is bad, but it’s no worse than what is encountered elsewhere in the academy.) Without getting technical, let’s just put terms such as these in context. They are used in describing curricula and academic structures at institutions having programs designed to serve the needs of adult students who, thankfully, are attending many of today’s colleges and universities in large numbers. Excellence in serving a student body of this kind demands...
intended to express my concern over certain features that now appear in education at many levels, from elementary to graduate and adult: (i) an assumption that equates education to a mechanical system in which those involved — faculty, staff, and especially students — are considered impersonally as only input or output in some grand scheme, (ii) the jargon-filled language which, in attempts to be scientific and professional, only sounds technical and bureaucratic, and (iii) stated aspirations for only a minimal level of performances rather than the stretching of all students to strive for excellence to the best of their abilities.

In fact, I fear that adult learners are especially short-changed by these features. Since adult learners are not normally resident in academic surroundings, they need all the more a strong, deep, and personalized educational experience that is truly liberating in the most traditional sense of higher education. It is indeed difficult, but now necessary, to do this at a distance, and I have not been encouraged by the solutions I have seen to date.

Finally, I believe my point with respect to the role of professors is very close to Mr. Stewart's. Rather than being mere functionaries, i.e., dispensers of information to passively recipient students, they should be recognized as true professionals who simultaneously contribute to our store of knowledge and inspire students to their own best efforts. Different styles can indeed be effective. The concern I hoped to convey in my convocation talk is that some modern views dismiss the professor as being of only marginal value. I believe professors are central to our mission at whatever level.

February 28, 1999

Remembering Melcher Fobes

Editor:

I was deeply saddened to hear (via the electronic Wooster On Line) of Dr. Melcher Fobes' death (see Obituaries) and glad that I was able to talk with him a year and a half ago at class reunion time.

I owe much of my professional life to Dr. Fobes. I remember my senior IS presentation. I was nervous, but I swore that I refused to be intimidated by Dr. Fobes, so I wore my best Sunday suit for my drafting board. I tend to encourage my students to pursue the challenges of their dreams, but every time I do so, I wonder whether I should instead be following the wisdom of Dr. Fobes and steering them toward more modest challenges.

We tend to refer to our Ph.D. thesis advisors as our "mathematical fathers." Dr. Fobes was much more of an intellectual (not just mathematical) father to me than my thesis advisor. There passes a great teacher and tutor of human beings.

Dr. George F. Corliss '69
Marquette University
Milwaukee, WI

Wrong Millers

Editor:

My mother, Marjorie Wilmer Miller, recently notified me that my daughter's entry in the "Class of 1999 Legacy" portion of Class Notes of the fall issue of Wooster is incorrect.

Jennifer A. Hogue, Class of 1999, is the granddaughter of: Ralph "Moose" Arthur Miller, Class of 1944 and Marjorie Jane Wilmer Miller, Class of 1946.

The "other" Millers whom you listed as the grandparents of Jen may be wondering who their long-lost granddaughter is!

Marian J. Hogue
Cleveland Heights, OH
The dedication of Gault Library on October 22, 1995, marked the third time in this century that Wooster has opened a new library.

An amazing place

...
in this century that Wooster has opened a new library. Frick Library was dedicated on Dec. 11, 1900, Andrews Library on May 2, 1962.

If the first two ceremonies were anything like the third, the event was endowed with an unmistakable sense that the community was being revitalized. A library is like that. The building, however functional, is symbolic. And the Flo K. Gault Library for Independent Study is unquestionably both.

From its impressive glass clock tower to its electronic underpinnings, the Gault Library is a tangible expression of the centrality of Independent Study to Wooster's academic program.

As Wooster Trustee Emeritus John Johnston '38, president of the Friends of the Library, observed, the library dedication also served as a "reaffirmation of our commitment to Independent Study."

Fittingly, Howard Lowry's name was invoked on more than one occasion during the dedication ceremonies. It was Lowry, Wooster's president from 1944 to 1967, who established Independent Study at Wooster almost 50 years ago. Today, IS defines Wooster in countless ways, of which the new library is but the latest.

"Howard Lowry often said that Wooster's program rests solidly on the assumption that a college graduate is not an educated person but rather a potentially educated one," said Flo Kurtz Gault '48, for whom the new library is named. "He urged us to view learning as a lifelong experience. Howard would be so pleased with this building — a building which will be serving us well into the next century, a century in which many of today's theories will be passé. However, it is comforting to know that a liberal arts degree at Wooster emphasizes in the minds of its students more lasting, enduring themes — the qualities of courage, justice, mercy, honor, faith, and love. These will not change."

Mrs. Gault's reference to lifelong learning was apt. As a Wooster student, she had elected not to pursue an Independent Study project as a senior, since the program was optional in its formative years. In 1980, Mrs. Gault moved back to Wooster when her husband, Stanley C. Gault '48, was named the chairman of Rubbermaid Incorporated. Living in the shadow of her alma mater, she began to consider what she might have missed by not completing an Independent Study project. She decided to find out and enrolled at Wooster to pursue an Independent Study in English. In March 1987, she completed an Independent Study thesis with David Raymond McCall, the Virginia Myers Professor of Theatre and English, addresses the dedication ceremony in the main reading room of the Gault Library.

Getting off easy for $35,000

The Flo K. Gault Library for Independent Study has one thing in common with its predecessors, Frick and Andrews libraries. All three buildings were constructed with what were, at the time, the largest single gifts in the College's history.

When Henry Clay Frick donated $25,000 to build Frick Hall in 1900, that was Wooster's biggest gift. It became $10,000 bigger when cost overruns caused Frick to increase his gift to $35,000.

When Mabel Shields Andrews donated $1 million toward the $1.65 million cost of Andrews Library in the 1960s, that was the largest gift the College had received to that point.

And when Stanley C. and Flo K. Gault '48 gave $5 million to the College in 1994 and designated $3 million of their gift for the new library, that, too, was the largest single gift in the College's history.

In his remarks during the dedication ceremony, Mr. Gault said that "no one actually pays the full cost to go to Wooster. Therefore, each of us does have an obligation to attempt to repay at least a portion of that subsidy and can do so in whatever ways may be appropriate and available to us individually and collectively."

But Mr. Gault also expressed a degree of envy for Henry Clay Frick. "He's obviously a much better man than I," Mr. Gault said. "He got away for a paltry 35,000 bucks."
Moldstad (English emeritus). Its title was, "The Influence of the Wesleyan Movement on William Wordsworth and George Eliot."

The experience gave her a renewed appreciation for the value of Independent Study. "While at the time my decision sometimes seemed like self-inflicted torture, I can honestly say that I enjoyed the research tremendously, and I'm very glad that I had the courage to go forward," said Mrs. Gault.

During her research, Mrs. Gault became intimately familiar with the College's library. "I was quite impressed with the resources that I was able to locate on my topic."

Although she spent a good deal of time in the library, Mrs. Gault's project was centered in the dining room of her Wooster home. "My dining room became my citadel, with books and papers strewn over every flat surface. I loved working there because I could watch the winter birds in our backyard while reflecting on the next sentence," she said.

Although not the Gaults' backyard, many of the individual study spaces in the Gault Library have equally interesting views. Meanwhile, the current students have equally interesting projects.

In his dedicatory remarks on behalf of the faculty, Raymond G. McCall, the Virginia Myers Professor of Theatre and English, listed concrete examples of the library's current role in the work of his advisees. Said McCall: "The Independent Study program makes extraordinary demands on the collection and on the staff, and those demands are remarkably well met. At the present moment some of my own advisees are readily locating sources on topics as diverse as stage machinery in Italian Renaissance theatres, Malory's Morgan le Fay as an archetypal temptress, the influence of surrealism on filmmaker Terry Gilliam, the struggles of the Soviet playwright, Mikhail Bulgakov.

"Now with the addition of the Flo K. Gault Library for Independent Study," added McCall, "this vital part of our educational program is greatly enhanced."

As enthusiastic as he is about the new library, McCall did confess his ambivalence about the electronic equipment that is such an integral part of the library.

"Chaucer describes his Clerk as having at his bed's head, 'Twenty booke, clad in blak or reed.' If the Clerk were alive today, those 20 books 'Of Aristotle and his philosophie' might well be replaced by a computer terminal and the latest issue of Wired," said McCall, who continues to use what must be the last remaining manual typewriter on the campus. "But intellectual inquiry has long since moved beyond Aristotle, and modes of inquiry — the online catalogue, electronic retrieval from numerous databases, to name only two — must change also."

Aside from the fact that each of the Gault Library's 280 study carrels is wired for both electricity and connections to the College's computer network, one of the major electronic advancements accompanying the opening of the new library is the networking of all the indexes and databases, which means that a student can consult such directories as The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature or The MLA International Bibliography from the same computer.

"Previously, the electronic indexes were at separate work stations," explained Damon Hickey, director of libraries.
“With the networking, students now can gain access to the electronic indexes from any terminal in the library, so there will be no more waiting in lines to use a specific terminal with a particular database.”

While the architectural design of the Gault Library makes it a remarkable building, the thousands of feet of wiring make it truly uncommon. In fact, Steven Foote, the principal architect for the project and a member of the Boston firm of Perry, Dean, Rogers & Partners, used the word unique in describing the library’s electronic capabilities.

“This is the only library we’ve done in recent years which was fully equipped and wired for every student the day it opened,” said Foote. “Many have attempted this, but this is the place that has done it.”

Foote also described the challenge that his firm faced in connecting Gault Library with the existing Andrews Library. “Architecturally, we thought that it was very important to respect the sight lines, the height, the massing, the width and so forth of the existing building,” said Foote. “If you can imagine that in three dimensions, then make the decision that you extend toward Memorial Walk in order that the building can contribute to and share in that pedestrian spine that goes east and west on the campus, you are set with essentially the volume with which we had to work. It was a bit of a trick to pack it all in.”

Those who had the opportunity to tour the building on its official opening day were obviously impressed with how much has been packed into 32,000 square feet.

The entrance off Memorial Walkway is memorable not just for the glass clock tower but for the glass walls along either side, the work of the Pilkington Co. of England, whose patented support system is internationally famous.

In one of the other noticeable features of the building, the colors work with skylights and glass block to brighten the interior on even the grayest of Ohio winter days.

The biggest compliment to the building may well have been the fact that students were already using the resources during the dedication ceremony itself.

Concluded McCall: “Howard Lowry said that Independent Study invites all students to come to their best in terms of their own talents. The Flo K. Gault Library underscores that invitation with sounds even more resonant than the new clock’s chimes.”
Building on the past
by Edward G. Holley

For serious students — and all of us try to be serious students throughout our lives — few occasions have as much significance as the opening of a new library building. We rejoice in it. We urge its continued support. And we congratulate those who have made major contributions to its construction, especially, in this instance, Stanley and Flo Gault. Most library buildings represent the culmination of many dreams, of hopes sometimes long deferred, but also recognition of their great potential for the development of human capability. By your presence here today, you acknowledge that the Flo K. Gault Library for Independent Study opens up new possibilities for enhancing the quality of education at The College of Wooster, for the library’s contributions to students in this information age, and for the faculty’s continuing commitment to excellence in teaching and research.

More than 30 years ago, John D. Millett, then president of Miami University, published a little book called The Liberating Arts, in which he described the functions of a college in these words:

...to give...students some sense of the scope of human knowledge, some understanding of the exciting history of its development, some awareness of how knowledge accumulates, some appreciation for the worth of intellectual achievement, some discrimination amid the conflicting claims of truth, sensitivity to the limitations of knowledge, and an intellectual devotion to the values of a good life.

I have always thought that Millett’s words might well serve as a charter for the role of libraries in the education process. For the librarian, like the teacher, has a major interest in those subjects that encourage students to think, to discuss and to argue with one another and with the faculty, and to reach decisions about the great issues of life — those issues that are perennial in our quest for better understanding of the world and of our relationships to other people in it.

Through Wooster’s Independent Study program, with its focus on individualized learning, the College has, I believe, carried out those functions so well articulated by President Millett. I have read with appreciation various documents about the College’s program. Included in that material was an impressive statement made by Stanley Gault about what he had learned as a student at Wooster. I quote his words:

“I majored in geology at The College of Wooster, and the broad range of courses that were central to the curriculum there continue to serve me in every area of my professional and personal life. We learned more than facts; we learned to appreciate learning. [Emphasis mine.] Whether or not we realized it, we were preparing to compete in a global marketplace where our versatility would be valuable and valued. That traditionally has been the strength of the private liberal arts college like Wooster, and that strength is still in evidence today.”

Those of us who have had the experience of a strong liberal arts program can hardly find a better testimonial to the its benefits than Mr. Gault’s statement.

“Learning to appreciate learning” seems to me crucial in the process of education. The development and continuation of the Independent Study program, with the strong component of faculty and student one-on-one in the senior year, has clearly played a major role in the contributions this College has made to thousands of students in Wooster’s 130 years. That independent learning would have been impossible without strong library resources and services appropriate for the time and the place.

In previous years, faculty and librarians have often placed emphasis upon a well-selected library collection. Of course there also had to be a first-rate faculty, an attractive building, and a dedicated professional staff to assist students and faculty in pursuing their educational goals. All of these were, and still are, crucial, but they have been significantly enhanced in the past two decades with the appearance of the computer. Not only has the computer been a boon in accomplishing routine tasks more efficiently, but it has also led to the emergence of information networks which can be accessed by students and faculty across the globe. Where the appropriate equipment, staff, and network connections exist, students and faculty now have instant access to library and information resources worldwide.

Through OCLC, the Online Computer Library Center in Dublin, Ohio, the learner can now obtain infor-
I appreciate the worth of information from libraries holding more than 32 million items throughout the world plus connections with indexing and abstracting services enabling the user to receive within two or three days a copy of articles not available on campus. Twenty-five years ago, this would have been impossible, or only possible after weeks and sometimes months of delays.

Wooster President Howard Lowry proposed the establishment of the Ohio College Library Center (now OCLC, Inc.) This college was a charter member and has done all its cataloging on OCLC since the beginning.

Not all libraries, of course, are as fortunate as you are at Wooster. With a campus completely networked and computers in dorm rooms and offices, access to information and the sharing of information have greatly enhanced teaching, learning, and scholarship. This morning I had the privilege of touring the Flo K. Gault Library. I can tell you from experience that it is one of the best equipped and most attractive library buildings I have seen, and over my 45 years as an academic librarian, I have seen hundreds. Moreover, your architects have been unusually successful in uniting the new with the old. It is a welcoming library.

Aside from the impressive layout, what impressed me most were the new carrels for independent study — 280 of them, with computer (and ultimately video) connections, well-designed chairs, and a locked cabinet for storage of materials. These carrels are not isolated — they are scattered throughout the building, and the student using them can access numerous databases here and elsewhere. The emphasis is upon resources for independent learning, from traditional printed materials to multimedia to rare books and special collections, to which many friends of Wooster have made and will continue to make contributions.

What does all this mean for the library and the College? Let me return to my quotations from President Millett’s description of the functions of a college, and for me, a library:

- To give some knowledge of the scope of human knowledge;
- To understand the exciting history of its development;
- To have some awareness of how knowledge accumulates;
- To appreciate the worth of intellectual achievement;
- To have some discriminating judgment amid the claims of truth;
- To be sensitive to the limitations of knowledge;

These values seem to me the charter for the role of the library in the educational process. For the library, like the teacher, has a powerful role in promoting those subjects which encourage the students to think, to argue, and to reach decisions about the great issues of life, which, after all, are perennial in our quest for better understanding of the world and our relationships to the other people in it.

In order to accomplish our tasks, we shall continue to need libraries and library materials which give us a sense of the scope of human knowledge, an appreciation of how it has been used and misused, and the importance of intellectual achievement. Within the Flo K. Gault Library, with its collections, services, and library staff, students will be able to choose from a variety of materials, not only here in Wooster but also throughout the world.

Moreover, they will be enabled to form critical judgments “amid the conflicting claims of truth,” a statement that certainly echoes the famous phrase of Thomas Jefferson at the University of Virginia, “For here we are not afraid to follow truth wherever it may lead, nor to tolerate any error so long as reason is left free to combat it.”

In the Wooster libraries’ various seminar rooms, study centers, reading rooms, carrels, and faculty studies, women and men will struggle to understand how past knowledge has been derived, how it may be applied to the present, and what lessons they can learn which will make them more sensitive to the problems of individuals living in a democratic society well into the 21st century and to cope in a world where democratic values are not often held in high regard.

We should remember that, in the perspective of history, the great issues and principles are always with us. It is in the application of those principles to our own days and lives that we seem to have the most trouble.

Interpretation of values in all periods of history has engaged the brightest minds our civilization has produced. In the tradition of higher education, we would do well to remember that the clash of ideas also will be with us. On the shelves, in the audio and video cassettes, and on the World Wide Web, Luther and Calvin will continue to argue with Erasmus, Thomas Jefferson with Alexander Hamilton, and Robert Novak with Michael Kinsley, to go from the sublime to the ridiculous. In this clash among various claims to truth, faculty and librarians will help students to understand that last part of President Millett’s statement: “sensitivity to the limitations of knowledge, and devotion to the values of a good life.”

Therefore, as individuals with a commitment to the life of the mind, to the expansion of knowledge and its use, and to the cultural enrichment of the thousands of future students who will attend The College of Wooster, let us dedicate Flo K. Gault Library as a place of active learning. In the process of educating our students for an ever-changing world, this library can only become more important in the years ahead.

I congratulate you on your achievement and extend my very best wishes for all those now, and in the future, who will find the Flo Gault K. Library for Independent Study both useful and liberating.

Edward G. Holley is the William Rand Kenan Jr. Professor in the School of Information and Library Science at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.
A scrapbook

Clockwise from above: Flo Kurtz Gault is congratulated by her nephew Andrew Kurtz '85 and his wife, Michelle Kapur Kurtz '85, during the dedication ceremony; Leah Montesano (left) and Sanna Rao take advantage of the balcony area of the main reading room; Eric Lingenfelter and Susan Albers chat at the top of the spiral staircase; a slipper moon peeks through the glass of the clock tower.
Clockwise from above: Susan Bunch (seated) and Rachel McLaughlin at one of the 280 fully-wired study carrels; Lavonne Urban peruses the card catalogue; Stan Gault made a special request to have his photograph taken with Melcher P. Fobes, Johnson Professor of Mathematics Emeritus, about a month before Fobes’ death on Nov. 27 (see Obituaries); Emily Smith studies in one of the circular window wells.
Clockwise from above: the reference desk in the Flo K. Gault Library for Independent Study; one of the window wells which includes an interesting alcove; the "loft area," sure to be a popular spot for students; two of the desk-type study carrels which look out the front windows.
Joining Forces

by Damon D. Hickey

For many years, the costs of library materials have been rising faster than the rate of inflation. Most colleges and universities have been unable to keep up, with the result that they have been forced to order fewer books each year and to cancel journal subscriptions. Still, the rate of growth has been so great that libraries have outgrown their buildings at an alarming pace. Consider, for example, the history of Wooster's libraries. The first library building, given by Henry Clay Frick, was sufficient for 62 years, from 1900 until 1962, when Andrews Library replaced it. The growth room that Andrews provided lasted only 33 years before the College added the Flo K.

Gault Library for Independent Study. If present growth rates continue, Gault Library could be full in 10 years. From 62 years to 33 to 10: clearly, the explosion of information has reduced drastically the length of time before new libraries fill up.

The combined cost of buying materials and storing them (building new buildings to house them) worries college and university officials. Tuition increases are already outstripping the ability of middle-income families to afford private higher education without assistance, and the resulting financial aid cost drains an ever-increasing part of the educational and general budget at places like Wooster.

Libraries are caught in the squeeze, and there are no simple solutions in sight. Dare we buy less when more is available? But can we afford to continue to buy as much as we have in the past? And if we do, where will we put it?

One solution is cooperation. Five institutions — The College of Wooster, Denison University, Kenyon College, Oberlin College, and Ohio Wesleyan University — have formed a new consortium, the Five Colleges of Ohio, modeled loosely on the Five Colleges of Western Massachusetts consortium. The new consortium, which was formed following a year of study and planning funded by a grant from the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, was undertaken at the initiative of Kenyon's former president, Philip Jordan.

Although the consortium is institutional, involving more than the libraries, the initial focus has been on library cooperation. Four of the five colleges will merge their online catalogs into a single system, to be located at Denison University. The combined library system will then become a member of OhioLINK, the statewide library network that links the catalogs of the state's university and community college libraries for interlibrary borrowing. (The fifth college, Oberlin, has joined OhioLINK independently.) All five institutions are also planning a joint file server for reference databases, to be located at Oberlin. Both the online catalog and the reference databases will be available over dedicated telecommunications lines connecting the five campuses.

To fund these efforts, the Five Colleges received a grant of $840,000 from the Mellon Foundation. The foundation is interested in supporting cooperative efforts that will help colleges and universities stretch their scarce dollars further. The Five Colleges effort was funded because it was seen as a way of freeing up funds now spent on unnecessary duplication of library systems, databases, and book purchases. A single system will cost less to operate, and database subscriptions purchased cooperatively will benefit from economies of scale. Cooperative development of monograph collections is seen as the next step.

The merged online system and OhioLINK membership will enable a library user at any of the five campuses to request library materials directly from the catalog terminal from other libraries in the system without going through Interlibrary Loan. The orders are filled and shipped to the borrower's library via
messenger service within two to three days.

The decision by the library directors at Wooster, Denison, Kenyon, and Ohio Wesleyan to merge their online catalogs represented a break with past practice and may signal a new trend among liberal arts colleges. Previously, almost any library that was converting its card catalog to an electronic one would have bought its own independent system if it could afford to do so. Libraries developed merged catalogs only if they could not afford separate ones, or if they already belonged to consortia, or if they were seeking grants to help them convert their card catalogs. Indeed, each of the four Ohio colleges had already bought its own independent system if it could afford to do so.

The bank of computers in Andrews Library offers immediate access to a wide variety of databases.

Initially, Wooster subscribed to individual indexes on CD-ROM (disks that look and work like music CDs), and mounted them on individual computer work stations. If several students wanted to look at the same database, all but one had to wait in line. This year, we networked our CD-ROMs so that they can be accessed from any work station in the library, enabling us finally to cancel subscriptions to several printed indexes. The consortial file server will go one step further by making the databases subscribed to by more than one library available to each of the subscribers over the computer network, not only in the libraries but also in dorm rooms and offices. Sharing the databases will permit the schools to buy licenses for fewer total users and, in many cases, to receive discounts as well. The net result will be more databases for the same amount of money.

Indeed, electronics will provide an increasingly large part of the solution to our space problems. Although it is doubtful that electronic sources of information will cost less than the paper sources that they replace, and may even cost more (publishers are not stupid), they at least take up much less space. If the databases are bought cooperatively, they need reside in only one place, from which they can be accessed by all. The inauguration of the consortial file server will enable Wooster students to gain access to more reference materials.

In the immediate future (we plan to merge our systems and join OhioLINK in the summer of 1996), we expect that our library users will see little difference in their own library catalogs. Although Wooster's data will reside on the same machine as three other colleges', special software will enable Wooster users to search Wooster's data separately, just as they can today on a separate system. But they will have the option of repeating their searches (with a single keystroke) in either the consortial catalog or the OhioLINK central catalog. Thus, they will be presented with a dramatic increase in the number of titles available to them, and they will be able to order these materials without having to fill out Interlibrary Loan forms and without waiting several weeks for the items to come.

Libraries that are already part of OhioLINK have seen their volume of borrowing from other institutions more than double when the direct-borrow OhioLINK requests were added to those that go to libraries outside the state through the older, slower, mediated process. For a Wooster senior, that will mean a much larger range of books and other materials for Independent Study, and the possibility of pursuing topics that would have been impractical a few years ago. Although, as tomorrow's seniors will discover, there will be no more time to digest and evaluate this new wealth of material! The new system will also enable a student working on a paper for First-Year Seminar to borrow a book from Kenyon, Denison, or Wesleyan when Wooster's copy is checked out to a Wooster senior doing Independent Study.

The decision by the library directors at Wooster, Denison, Kenyon, and Ohio Wesleyan to merge their online catalogs represented a break with past practice and may signal a new trend among liberal arts colleges. Previously, almost any library that was converting its card catalog to an electronic one would have bought its own independent system if it could afford to do so. Libraries developed merged catalogs only if they could not afford separate ones, or if they already belonged to consortia, or if they were seeking grants to help them convert their card catalogs. Indeed, each of the four Ohio colleges had already bought its own independent system if it could afford to do so.
Exciting and attractive as these electronic developments are, they are only part of the story. Well over half of the books purchased by any one of our five colleges each year are bought by at least one other. In some cases — popular works, basic scholarly resources, standard reference titles — every library may need its own copy. But in other cases, one or two copies, rather than four or five, may suffice. By sharing a merged catalog, we can see readily who has ordered what and avoid duplication where it is not needed. At least some of what we save can then be used to buy other, unique titles that will enrich not only our own collections but that of the consortium as a whole. The possibilities are endless, and they can become realities in an environment where the size of the student bodies, the mission of the institutions, and the size and nature of the library collections are similar.

It is even possible that, rather than building new library buildings on our campuses, the consortium might decide sometime in the next decade to build instead a centrally-located book storage facility into which we would put little-used older materials. "Warehouse" would be the location for these materials in the consortial library catalog. Such a facility would require minimal staffing. It could be built someplace where land is cheap. It would not have to have costly interiors or furniture. No reader spaces would be required. Book shelves could go from floor to high ceiling and be reached by someone on a mobile lift, as in any other warehouse. As long as the warehouse was a stop on the messenger service's daily route, materials could still be borrowed and returned, just as they can from another library. Sound fanciful? There are already three such warehouses in the state of Ohio, owned by cooperating university libraries and functioning as pickup and delivery points on the OhioLINK messenger's route.

When I began working in a university library in 1960 as an undergraduate student assistant, "library" meant my own university's library, and "research" meant hunting through printed indexes and catalog cards, struggling to find the few sources owned by my library. There were no library computers; there were not even public photocopy machines. Interlibrary loan was not available to undergraduates, largely because it was so cumbersome that only graduate students and faculty had the motivation to pursue it. In fact, although I attended a first-class research university with a strong undergraduate program, undergraduate research was almost unknown. I can remember doing only one short research paper worthy of the name. With very few exceptions, Wooster being one of the most outstanding, liberal arts colleges did not encourage undergraduate research either. And in the '60s, even Wooster students did their research in their own library using very limited printed "finding aids."

Those days are gone forever. Wooster is moving rapidly toward becoming a branch of the "world library," in which everything is available to everyone with little or no delay. Wooster and its consortial partners have decided to march boldly into that future, arms linked. We believe that our survival and our success depend as much upon our cooperation as upon our competitive-ness. We know that we cannot see what the future holds. But the consortial library would be the location for these materials in the consortial library catalog. Such a facility would require minimal staffing. It could be built someplace where land is cheap. It would not have to have costly interiors or furniture. No reader spaces would be required. Book shelves could go from floor to high ceiling and be reached by someone on a mobile lift, as in any other warehouse. As long as the warehouse was a stop on the messenger service's daily route, materials could still be borrowed and returned, just as they can from another library. Sound fanciful? There are already three such warehouses in the state of Ohio, owned by cooperating university libraries and functioning as pickup and delivery points on the OhioLINK messenger's route.

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Who hasn’t heard of Albert Einstein’s hair? That billowing hair! You’ve seen photos and read descriptions of it, but you may not know this: on some days it billowed better than others. One writer called Dr. Einstein’s hair “a nimbus,” in the classical sense, I take it, of the aura surrounding a deity on earth, not in the atmospheric sense of a storm cloud threatening rain or snow.

At age 15, I saw our new neighbor for the first time. Dr. Einstein looked something like Walter Matthau. He was 54. In the eyes of an adolescent, he looked older. With measured steps, Dr. Einstein walked past our home on Mercer Street in Princeton, N.J. He wore moccasin-type shoes, leather jacket, baggy pants. Crossing Alexander Street, he looked neither way. A newspaper noted this as his first outing since coming to Princeton.

As I recall, his hair had no resemblance to a nimbus. It looked more like a cirrus formation; its thin filaments reached out in all directions. When, later, I saw Dr. Einstein walking hatless in the rain, his hair changed like the clouds. This time, at 30 Nassau Street, he went into Marsh’s Drug Store. Afterward, I asked Mr. Marsh if Dr. Einstein had bought anything, and if so, what. Mr. Marsh answered, “A comb.”

Our new neighbor and his wife, Elsa, with his secretary and household manager Miss Helen Dukas, moved into No. 2 Library Place. From our home on the Princeton Seminary campus, we could see their apartment through the trees. The Einsteins were staying here while Dr. Einstein took the measure of Princeton to make certain that he liked it and if he did, to settle permanently. He lived in Princeton until he died 23 years later.

Shortly after his death at age 77, “The Talk of the Town” in the New Yorker quoted a Princeton neighbor: “We sensed that [Dr. Einstein] wished to be somewhat forgotten.”

All of us on Mercer Street shared the presence of the man rather than the man himself. You might say he was part of our landscape, but not of our lives.

Certainly I had no thought of even slight acquaintance with Albert Einstein. In those early years, as he walked, he didn’t make eye contact with anyone. He glided along as if on rollers, eyes fixed ahead, invariably the same — detached, rapt in thought, fogged in with equations. Even when I watched him go by...
our home in the company of three men, one on either side, both leaning in front of him, gesticulating in high-voltage argument, while the third pranced back and forth trying to get into it. Dr. Einstein rolled along, serenely above the fray. His public face might as well have been carved in stone or cast in bronze.

At first I could hardly imagine his private face. Unexpectedly, however, that once-in-a-lifetime chance came to me, due partly to the fact that the Blackwoods owned a car and the Einsteins did not. The Historical Society of Princeton has a photo of Dr. Einstein pedaling a bicycle—he never learned to drive a car. With a driver's license in my hip pocket, I was glad to take him wherever he wanted to go.

His private face—remarkably expressive, kinetic, full of life—was framed in the rearview mirror. He shrugged. His eyebrows lifted. His lips pursed. He frowned, grimaced, or laughed. With a big ho-ho-ho, sharp-cut lines on his face crinkled with merriment. How vividly I recall, mirrored from the back seat, emotions ranging from ho-ho-ho to sheer terror!

The Einsteins moved to Princeton in October 1933. They lived where Library Place ends at Mercer Street. Dr. and Mrs. J. Ross Stevenson lived across Mercer at Springdale, home of the seminary president. That October, Mrs. Stevenson asked four neighbors to meet Mrs. Einstein; my mother was one of the chosen few. Mrs. Einstein seemed friendly but rather timid. She spoke hesitantly and with an accent. Her English vocabulary was more than adequate, but under stress her grammar could be innovative. Six women sat in front of an open fireplace, nibbling toasted cheese crackers, sipping tea, and chatting about neighborly things like housing, domestic help, Bammann's Grocery, and the weather, which that afternoon had come on wet and dreary.

After tea, Mrs. Einstein (a very short-sighted woman) could not find her umbrella in the hall rack. Mother found it for her. Because of the rain, she gave Mrs. Einstein a lift home in the car, a matter of crunching up the bend in the gravel driveway, crossing Mercer to Library Place, and stopping at the apartment in back of the corner house. The two women sat there talking, talking, until the rain let up. Mrs. Einstein opened the car door, paused, laid a hand on mother's arm, and said, "You and Dr. Blackwood must come visit us."

Naturally, my parents felt honored at the invitation. But thinking the Einsteins needed privacy more than a visit, they did not go. One day Mrs. Einstein passed our house on Mercer Street. Mother and I were in the front yard, dividing and replanting jonquils. That spring, 1934, Adolf Hitler had become chancellor, then dictator of Germany. Persecution of Jews intensified. Albert Einstein was being placarded in Germany as "Public Enemy No. 1."

My parents had been planning a tour of the Holy Land and Europe that summer. Father had thought of requesting letters of introduction from Dr. Einstein to scholars and Zionist friends but had put off asking. Mother did not hesitate. Would Dr. Einstein write such letters? Mrs. Einstein looked incredulous. "But, my darling, I did not know that you are Jews!"

Mother told her she was a Christian, and Presbyterian on top of that. Why, then, Mrs. Einstein asked earnestly, why get in touch with any kind of Jewish leaders? It could be risky. Mother had a heart-to-heart talk with her about Christian roots in Judaism. She spoke warmly of shared beliefs, a common heritage. "Besides," she said, "Jesus was a Jew." Mrs. Einstein's amazement increased. "Never in my life has anyone said that to me!"

Affectionately, she hugged mother. Then she inquired about the summer tour. Mrs. Einstein wanted specifics. What ship would my parents be taking on the return voyage? "The Westernland," mother said. Three times Mrs. Einstein repeated the name of the ship. She kept muttering the date. This woman may have married a genius, I thought then, but not much of it had rubbed off on her.

On 10 May 1934, Miss Helen Dukas, the secretary, typed letters from Dr. Einstein to friends of his in Haifa, Tel Aviv, and Jerusalem. My parents went overseas. They visited the land still known by its Latin name, Palestine, before it became Israel. From Belgium they began their homeward voyage on The Westernland. On deck, to her great surprise, mother saw Mrs. Einstein. She had been crying. Mrs. Einstein opened the door to her cabin. "Come in, Frau Blackwood, I thought you would be on the ship."

Mother asked, "What has happened?"

"My daughter Ilse...She is dead...I cannot bear it." Recalling that day, mother said, "I put my arms around her and
One morning on _The Westernland_, Mrs. Einstein drew mother into a deserted cocktail lounge. Pointing to one corner of the room, she wanted mother to stand there, facing outward. Mrs. Einstein stood facing in, her hands braced against the wall on either side of mother’s body. She whispered, “If you see anyone — any movement — at the door or windows, give me a signal and I will quit speaking.”

Briefly, the Nazis had confiscated the Einsteins’ Berlin apartment and all its contents, including Dr. Einstein’s books and papers. The underground, breaking in, had carried off documents Mrs. Einstein said were “very dear to him.” Smuggled out of Germany, these were now safely in the hold of _The Westernland_. Mrs. Einstein was nonetheless afraid that she could not get the contraband through United States customs. If she were discovered, it might cause an international rumpus. That being so, she asked my parents to take the precious documents through customs and to keep them hidden for awhile in Princeton.

Hitler, my parents quickly agreed, had no claim at all to what rightfully belonged to the Einsteins. In the understatement of his career, father declared books and papers he had never seen as materials acquired in Europe “for scholarly purposes.”

The ship arrived in New York on Labor Day 1934. My parents and Andy, Jr., on deck, and brother Philip on the pier, saw Dr. Einstein approaching with an entourage of men. Spotting Mrs. Einstein and her daughter Margot, he waved cheerfully, and walked up the gangplank to meet them. When they had arrived, he opened a manila envelope filled with cartoons of himself. He commented on those he liked best (or least).

Pensively, Dr. Einstein took a pipe from his pocket and toyed with it. He fingered the bowl, put the stem in his mouth, sucked on it, played with a match. He did not strike. Mother thought he was being considerate of her. “If you wish to smoke,” she said, “please do so.” “Thank you,” he answered politely. “I will not smoke.”

Ronald Clark’s biography, _Einstein: The Life and Times_, suggests that Dr. Einstein’s books and papers had come out of pre-war Germany in a diplomatic pouch. At our home the Irish Express delivered: “2 BXS, 2 TRUNKS OF PERSONAL EFFECTS. Weight 292 lbs.” Some pouch! And soon more trunks, more boxes arrived, cramming the lean-to shed at the back of the house. Two crates, larger than the shed could hold, were locked in the basement of Stuart Hall on the seminary campus.

From vacation in Watch Hill, R.I., Mrs. Einstein wrote apologetically: Please do not think that I am so terribly unmodest to send you once more some trunks. I am sorry that you must think of me that I abused your great friendliness. And this makes me sorry. Please excuse thousand times for all the troubles you had. When you come to eat _Spätzle_ in my house you forget all this bad things and you will have a better impression of me.

When I came back I felt such a homelike-feeling for this country. And not longing for Europe at all, where I have to go through the most cruel events. The only thing I left there and which is dear to me is the ashes of my beloved child.

Thanks once more from the bottom of my heart. _Auf wiedersehen_, do not be angry with me on account of the accumulation of trunks.

Yours very devoted
Elsa Einstein

The Einsteins returned from vacation. In his own words, Dr. Einstein waited “until the dark of the moon” to examine documents his wife had said were “very dear to him.” Not only was the moon darkened; heavy rain was falling. I answered the doorbell. Dr. Einstein had on a raincoat. He did not carry an umbrella. He wore no hat. And his hair looked like a wet mop. Greeting him, father and mother offered to hang up his raincoat. He preferred to wear it. Dr. Einstein, dribbling, nonetheless moved with quiet dignity. He followed me to the back of the house and took one step down into the shed.

A tense moment!

Deliberately, Dr. Einstein lifted the lid of an old camel-back trunk. His face told us of a muted sadness. He picked out a slim, black-bound volume. Opening it, he ran his eyes down the page. His expression changed. His eyes twinkled; his face broke into an impish grin. Holding the book at arm’s length, he gave father a sidelong glance and asked, “Did I write this drivel?”

The tension snapped. With his big ho-ho-ho and ours, we left Dr. Einstein in the shed. He lingered over his documents for about half an hour, I’d say, then, refusing to take the umbrella offered him, he walked home — hatless — in the rain.

A few weeks later, on another dark night, the accumulation of trunks and boxes disappeared from the shed.

That fall my parents had dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Einstein, his step-daughter Margot, and Miss Helen Dukas, who cooked and served the meal. The evening rippled with humor. Dr. Einstein took a hat from the closet to prove he had one. He cocked it on his head at a comic angle. Then, sitting between mother and father, he opened a manila envelope filled with cartoons of himself. He commented on those he liked best (or least).

Elsa Einstein, Margot, and Helen Dukas burst out laughing, and Mrs. Einstein, laughing still, gave her account of a domestic tiff.

“I told Albert he smokes too much — he is a slave to that pipe. He said he could quit any time he wanted to. I told him he couldn’t quit. He said, ‘I won’t smoke my pipe until New Year’s Day.’ I said, ‘You cannot keep your word.’ He said, ‘I’ll show you.’ So he has not smoked his pipe since Thanksgiving.”

Dr. Einstein’s eyes lit up. “You see, I am no longer a slave to my pipe, I am a slave to _dat womant_.” After New Year’s Day 1935, mother asked Mrs. Einstein, “Did
your husband keep his word about not smoking?"

"Ja, Albert kept his word. But on New Year's morning, he got up and lit his pipe, and he hasn't had it out of his mouth since, except to eat and sleep."

Before the Einsteins left their apartment, the state of New Jersey licensed me to drive a car. Over the next few years, I acted as chauffeur with Dr. Einstein in our Buick. Looking out of the back seat window, he asked about people and things he saw. I told him what I knew about Princeton's past and present. He proved to be a relaxed passenger. His voice, in the middle range, had a softly guttural quality. Words came slowly but seldom with hesitation. His laugh shook loose from deep within him. On his first ride with me, I caught his reflection in the rearview mirror. I had little to say. As we drew near the apartment, however, I mustered courage to ask a question. A magazine had run an item about a public meeting at which a faultfinder had stood and contradicted what Dr. Einstein had just explained. I asked, "Was he an expert or merely a pest?"

In the mirror, I saw Dr. Einstein scowl. He answered, "That man is an ass; he is already officially crazy." Getting out of the car, he went on to say, "It was nothing, really nothing at all. It happens frequently with other people but is never mentioned." Journalists, he contended, had needlessly magnified the incident. Face, voice, and body language registered disgust.

After two years in the apartment, the Einsteins bought a permanent home around the corner at 112 Mercer Street. In Berlin, the underground completed a hazardous mission, smuggling a good part of the Einsteins' furniture out of Germany. It arrived in the United States, my parents drove him to Trenton for the preliminaries. Occasionally, too, one of my parents phoned In the rearview mirror, mother asked, "Does it ever get monotonous being the world's greatest scientist?"

"I am not great," Einstein replied. "Anybody could do what I did. The facts were all there. Anyway, whatever I have is a gift."

"A gift from God?"

Pondering, Dr. Einstein said, "I express it differently. Yet I feel down here" — laying his hand on his heart — "what I cannot explain up here" — tapping his forehead. "But I feel it all."

Ordinarily he spoke in a soft voice. Even more softly he repeated, "I feel it all."

In the spring of 1935, Mrs. Einstein asked if mother would drive down to the Jersey shore. Dr. Einstein wanted a cottage near the water, where he might have leisure for thought and sailing. My five-year-old brother, Bill, tagged along this time. Business arrangements held little charm for Albert Einstein. From the start, as the daughter of a business man, Elsa, to Albert's great advantage, made his business her business. So Mrs. Einstein and her daughter Margot inspected the cottage, which did not measure up to Elsa's high standards. (She did not rent it.) While she and Margot were inside, Dr. Einstein sat on the porch, contentedly smoking his pipe.

Bill, the five-year-old, faced them. They began an impromptu game. Let's call it "Fotsie." Taking turns, they moved their feet slowly — one, an inch or two forward, the other, an inch or two back. Evidently the point of the game was to see how close one could come to the other's toes without stepping on them. Before long the shuffling became so lively that Dr. Einstein hoisted himself from his chair and started to jig around the porch, holding Bill's hands in his. Every so often, Dr. Einstein let go to grab his pipe, or, since he had no belt, to hitch up his breeches. Then he danced with even greater abandon and spun around until both were out of breath, dizzy, and exhausted. Man and boy plopped down in porch chairs.

Mother asked, "Wouldn't Hollywood give a million dollars for a movie of that dance?"

Taking his pipe from his mouth, Dr. Einstein nodded. "Ja, I think they would."

In public, Dr. Einstein attempted to guard his privacy. When he glided past me on the sidewalk, I might as well not have been there. Twice, only twice, did he
When he learned I was a college friend, Einstein had a warm smile and a firm handshake. He reacted with curiosity when he learned I was a college friend. He was very gracious and attentive for a minute or two, then bolted off as if he were late for an appointment.

Ah, yes, but Dr. Einstein had recognized me in public.

Earlier, when I was in high school, Dr. Einstein was walking toward me near his home. A Studebaker, which was not yet obsolete but was getting there, stopped with a squeal of brakes. The driver, a middle-aged woman, had angled the car across Mercer Street, which wasn’t all that wide to start with. For some obscure reason she flung a car door open on either side.

“Come,” she called out, “I giff you a ride home.”

Dr. Einstein stood perplexed.

“It’s all right,” she insisted, “I know who you are.”

Turning to me, his face so close I could smell his tobacco breath, Dr. Einstein’s normally soft voice rasped, “Who is dat woman?”

“Mrs. Georges Barrois,” I told him, “a seminary professor’s wife.”

“Come,” she commanded. Hesitantly, perhaps not wanting to cause an accident or a traffic snarl, he came.

Mrs. Barrois drove a short way downhill to Dr. Einstein’s home. I saw him hunch backward out of her car. He sprinted to his front door, the fastest I ever saw him move.

“Who is dat woman?” Dr. Einstein had spoken four words to me in a public made up of Mrs. Barrois and myself.

In his private life, on the other hand, Dr. Einstein proved cordial, animated, humorous, and approachably human. In our car and at home, I found in him no stuffiness at all. He never made me feel small or stupid. Of course there were things we never talked about. I did not probe too far into the mysteries of time, space, matter, energy, electromagnetism, gravity, or the speed of light.

On 30 April 1935, Dr. and Mrs. Einstein came to our home for dinner. The Einsteins didn’t know it, but this happened to be my 17th birthday. As birthday boy, I answered the doorbell. Dr. Einstein’s hair looked as if it might have been combed. He wore a gray business suit, neatly pressed, unlike his usual rumpled pants and jacket or sweater. Entering the parlor, he stopped short. Three men standing in the room had all decided to wear tuxedos.

“Ach!” Dr. Einstein exclaimed. “I did not know the occasion was so…so serious!”

That evening began with hearty ho-ho-hos all the way around. At the dinner table, Dr. Einstein wanted to say something nice about Presbyterians. He mentioned the University of Geneva. Founded by John Calvin in 1559, it had been hospitable to the sciences. In 1909, on its 350th anniversary, the University of Geneva had granted honorary doctorates to Marie Curie and Albert Einstein, among others. Ronald Clark’s biography paraphrased his first-hand account at our dining table:

“In Geneva, when I had some time off, I invited Mme. Curie to go sailing with me on the lake. She accepted. “Far out from shore, she complimented me on my skill. ‘I did not know you were such a good sailor.’

“Neither did I,’ I said. ‘This is the first time I have attempted to sail a boat.’

“But…” Mme. Curie protested, ‘but if the boat capsized…if it sank…I cannot swim!’

“Neither can I!”

Time came for dessert. For my birthday, mother had baked an angel food cake. In her hand she held a cake-breaker — a utensil for dividing a light, fluffy cake without crushing it. The handle attached to a long stem, and the stem held a series of thin metal prongs a quarter of an inch apart and about four inches in length. Dr. Einstein gazed at this long-pronged gadget.

“That,” he said, “is what I’ve been looking for.”

We all knew what had to come next. “It would do nicely to comb my hair.”

In the front room before and after dinner, Grandma did not utter a single word. As if embarrassed, she didn’t look Dr. Einstein in the face. She kept looking at his feet. After the Einsteins had left. Grandma broke her silence. “I don’t care if he is a genius, he ought to wear socks to dinner!”

Mrs. Einstein kept in touch with mother. Sometimes she stopped by our home for a chat. More often she invited mother to see her at 112 Mercer Street. Up to the very end, and increasingly through the last few months of her life, their talks were personal, even confidential. Hardly ever did Elsa Einstein fail to mention the death of her daughter Ilse. She spoke of her two daughters, Albert’s two sons, her divorce and his, and their marriage. She gave intimate glimpses of “my Albert” in Berlin and Princeton.

Mother had an intimate glimpse of her own. One evening Mrs. Einstein was talking with her in the front room while, in another room, Dr. Einstein improvised on the Knabe piano. He stopped playing. He floated through the hallway like an oversized cherub. No socks, no shoes, no shirt, no undershirt — and since he wore no belt, his pants, if not exactly at half-mast, were dropping as if ready to surrender. His face, an innocent vacuity, seemed fixed on a time warp far away. His hair was billowing at its best. He glanced past wife and neighbor without a
twitch of recognition, turned, and like one in a trance, levitated upstairs. Lovingly, Mrs. Einstein murmured, "Ach, Albertine" — that is, "Little Albert."

In a town the size that Princeton used to be, if you drove around with the Great One in the back seat of the car, as I did, people took notice, especially if you waved at friends and honked the horn. What's more, if you showed up at musical events with Dr. Einstein, as my parents did, friends were not the only ones who noticed. Inevitably, requests came to father, crafty or bold attempts to lure Dr. Einstein into a speech, an endorsement, a photo or autograph, or, even better, an interview. If none of these were possible, money would suffice. Father answered such appeals with a friendly note and maybe a small donation. He did not pass them on to Dr. Einstein. For several years, however, father did the asking when Dr. Einstein spoke at Princeton Seminary. In Miller Chapel, Dr. Einstein, himself a refugee, welcomed groups of European refugees. Sometimes, not often, he addressed the Seminary's Summer Institute. What's more, at the seminary he told a conference of the American Association of Theological Schools that science and religion have no reason to conflict. They need each other.

At the Westminster Choir School, Dr. John Finley Williamson set up a festival of contemporary American music, with 21 "firsts." With father and mother, Dr. Einstein listened patiently to all 21. While the musicians did their stuff, his public face told nothing of what passed through his mind. But on his program he gave his critique: "Brutally cruel... That was only half cultivated... Sheer cacophony..."

Dr. Einstein let the man beside him tweak and tune his violin. Alphabetically, in small print, the program listed his name with the other members of the orchestra. When Dr. Williamson entered, murmuring ceased, and Haydn's music began. Dr. Einstein played with evident zest. He loved classical music for its precision. Alas, that evening he was less than precise. The full orchestra was supposed to come in after a few measures of chords. Dr. Einstein came in too soon; he played an arpeggio all by himself. Wincing, he looked up at Dr. Williamson with apologetic eyes. Miss Dukas, on a front row with Philip, "nearly passed out," Philip said, trying to suppress her laughter.

In the back hallway after the performance, two acquaintances began a spirited conversation with Dr. Einstein. They spoke in German. Rather like Mark Twain's wisecrack about that language, it seemed they could travel all day in the same sentence without changing cars.

Because of the downpour outside, Dr. Einstein asked me to take his friends to their apartment. In the back seat, on either side of him, these two kept rattling on in German, while in English, they directed me to their apartment on Vandeventer Street. Turning off Nassau, we went downhill past Park Place, and uphill again. Suddenly, one man blurted, "Here! Turn in here!" I spun the steering wheel hard left.

We swerved into a driveway. The street had a high crown, a low gutter. In the driveway, as the front end of the car sprang up, the back end plunged down. The rear bumper scraped Vandeventer with a spasm of noise — grating, wrenching, screeching, explosively loud. Dr. Einstein pitched forward, seized my shoulder, and cried out in panic, "What was that?"

We came to a jolting stop. I looked in the rear-view mirror. Dr. Einstein's face, deeply etched in light and shadow from a street lamp, revealed a dread rarely exposed. Every time-plowed furrow betrayed, I suspect, a hidden fear of being taken off guard. Biographers agree that Albert Einstein was physically courageous. Yet he was a thinker, too, in whom "the soft voice of intellect" prevailed. One may surmise that I had seen on his face, had heard in his quaking voice, what few others had seen or heard — signs of the ultimate threat to self, lurking below the depths of genius.

Driving Dr. Einstein home, I heard only rain pelting the car and the click of windshield wipers. Dr. Einstein said nothing. And, in getting out of the car, he did not pat my shoulder, as he had done before, saying, "You are a good driver."

I went off to The College of Wooster. I did not talk much about the Einsteins. Yet memories of Albert Einstein kept crowding in, as they still do, recalling swift and surprising disclosures of the man:

• His utter absorption in walking along Mercer Street. When he had a pipe in his mouth, puffs of smoke, trailing behind him, looked like vagrant wisps of hair;

• Dr. Einstein at our front door, dripping, hatless in the rain, his hair looking like a wet mop;

• His poignancy in lifting the lid of an old camel-back trunk that held papers "very dear to him";

• His gusto in telling about Lake Geneva, where he had gone sailing (but not swimming) with Mme. Curie;

• His abandon in dancing round-and-round, hand-in-hand with a five-year-old boy;

• His perplexity at a woman's calling to him, "Come! I giv you a ride. I know who you are. Come!";

• His oblivious, trance-like walk past wife and neighbor without shoes or socks, without shirt or undershirt, like an oversized cherub.

Two days after Elsa Einstein's death on 21 December 1936, Dr. Einstein mailed a letter, hand-written in German, to my parents. Translated, it began, "I thank you for your especially warm-hearted and sensitive letter..." For my parents, radiant thoughts gathered around the names of Elsa and Albert Einstein. Each of my three brothers — Philip, Andy, and Bill — had his own recollections of our neighbors on Mercer Street. For myself, I was privileged to see, as few others did, the arrival and settling in of Princeton's most famous resident. I shared the presence of the man. You might say, too, that Albert Einstein was not only part of my landscape, he was part of my life.
Few perfectionists ever find perfection.

Sarah Robertson is an exception. In her final season with Wooster’s volleyball team, the senior co-captain from Battle Creek, Mich., served the ball 471 times without missing. Not once. She was, in current sportscasterese, automatic.

Anyone who has ever strung a net between two trees in the backyard knows the importance of a serve in volleyball. Without it, you simply can’t score, and Robertson gave her team a chance to score each and every time she served. Her perfection not only produced a school record, but it also enabled Wooster’s volleyball team to post its best record in more than a decade. The Lady Scots won almost as many matches this year (17) as they did in the previous three years combined (20).

Still, Robertson downplays her string of successful serves.

“IT was really no big deal,” she said. “I was only doing my job.”

But the fact that she did her job flawlessly was a big deal, a very big deal. Although the American Volleyball Coaches Association — the official record-keeping organization for collegiate volleyball — does not keep track of serving percentage, officials with the association agreed that Robertson’s numbers were impressive, if not incredible.

And when compared with other collegiate sports, Robertson’s feat is even more remarkable. In basketball, the top free-throw shooter of all time is Andy Enfield, who hit 93 percent of his attempts (431 of 466) at Johns Hopkins between 1988-91. In football, the most accurate passer of all time is Chris Petersen, who completed 70 percent of his attempts (385 of 553) at UC Davis in 1985-86. In baseball, the highest career batting average was .470 (94 of 200) by John Kiely, who hit at Bridgewater State (Mass.) in 1986-87.

Granted, serving a volleyball accurately may not be quite the same as trying to hit a free throw in front of a hostile crowd, or attempting to find an open receiver with a trio of 300-pound defensive linemen chasing you, or trying to hit a curve ball that is traveling at 85 miles per hour. But 471 in a row is still 471 in a row.

On more than one occasion, Robertson thought the string had finally ended. She recalls at least three or four serves that she was certain were headed out of bounds. “But the other team had to play them because they were so close.”
she says, adding: “There was one time, in particular, when I was sure the serve was out. We were playing Hiram, and I served to the deep corner. The back-row player from Hiram must have thought it was out, too, because she ducked. But it just caught the endline.” And the streak continued.

As remarkable as the string of successful serves was, putting the ball in play without fail only begins to indicate Robertson’s value to Wooster’s rebuilding volleyball program. A four-year starter, she was a two-time all-North Coast Athletic Conference setter, an exceptionally accurate passer, and an effective hitter.

Unfortunately, it took several years for Robertson’s skills to have an impact on Wooster’s bottom line. In Robertson’s first season, the Lady Scots won only one of the 37 matches they played. The next year the team finished 5-24. By Robertson’s junior year, Wooster’s fortunes had begun to change, and the team posted a 14-18 overall record and shocked everyone by finishing third at the NCAC tournament after failing even to qualify the previous two years.

When she returned to campus last August to prepare for her senior season, Robertson brought some ambitious goals both for herself and for the team. “We were hoping to finish with a winning record and challenge for the NCAC Championship,” she said.

Unfortunately, Wooster came up short on both counts. The Lady Scots finished with a 17-19 record and dropped to sixth in the conference. Still, Robertson remained upbeat about the season, taking justifiable pride in the positive steps that have been made since that 1-36 record in her freshman year.

“I’ve always tried to look on the bright side of things,” she said. “This team came a long way in four years, and I am proud of what we accomplished. I’m not going to let anyone take anything away from the progress we made.”

Her use of the pronoun “we” is instructive. Robertson was the consummate team player, which is part of the reason she was so uncomfortable with all of the attention that was focused on her serving streak.

“I didn’t really care that much about the streak,” said an obviously humble Robertson. “I’d much rather have seen someone else on the team nail a big serve or make a clutch play in a crucial situation. It’s more important to be successful as a team than as an individual.”

Although it is fashionable nowadays to adopt a cynical view of athletes who talk about unselfishness when so many of their actions are anything but selfless, Robertson’s sincerity is undeniable. Early in the season, she took herself out of a match because she thought that she was not playing well and was hurting the team. Such is life with a perfectionist.

But perfectionism has its drawbacks, especially if the perfectionist’s teammates are not performing up to her expectations. “I yell and scream a lot on the court,” said Robertson. “Sometimes the things I say are misunderstood by the other players. Some of them think I’m too intense, but I don’t ask anything more from them than I do from myself. I just want everyone to give the best possible effort.”

Robertson’s approach may not have won any popularity contests, but it earned her the respect of her teammates and left no doubt as to who was in charge on the floor.

“Sarah was thrown into a difficult situation as a freshman,” said Robertson’s fellow co-captain and good friend Brijin Boddy, a senior from Elyria, Ohio. “Because of her position as a setter, Sarah was forced to become a leader, and that was tough for a freshman who was joining a team that already had juniors and seniors in place.

“She developed a great deal in her leadership role, though,” added Boddy. “She became very vital to the team because she was such a strong motivator.”

Although Robertson’s messages were often delivered at a high-decibel level, the theme was usually comforting and upbeat. “Whenever I said anything, I wanted it to be encouraging,” she said. “I always tried to pump up my teammates.”

Robertson’s success on the court and in the classroom (she has a 3.68 grade point average with a major in history) is probably not surprising to those who recall the successful Wooster athletic careers of several other Robertsons.

Sarah’s father, David ’62, was the first Robertson to earn a varsity letter at Wooster. Now a Presbyterian minister in Battle Creek, he played football and golf for the Scots and was a member of the last Wooster football team to win a conference championship in 1959. A generation later, David’s son and Sarah’s brother, Jim ’90, made his mark as a star relief pitcher for the first Scot baseball team to go to the Small College World Series. Then came brother Andy ’92, who played baseball for one year and was a member of the men’s club volleyball team. Both Jim and Andy went on to medical school at Michigan State University, and both are currently associated with the Kalamazoo Medical Center.

No doubt, Sarah’s competitiveness has its roots in the keen intrafamily rivalries that were present in the Robertson household.

“Sarah’s mother, Mary, motivated all three of our children and encouraged them to seek their own limits so that they could do the best with what they had,” David Robertson said. “We first noticed Sarah’s competitiveness when she was about four years old and swimming at the YMCA. It was then, I think, that she developed this inner will to finish whatever she started. We never taught her that; it came from within.”

David recalls how the competitiveness was not limited to athletic contests but carried over into the three siblings’ academic lives. “We noticed more about Sarah’s competitiveness in high school. Jim was the valedictorian and Andy was the salutatorian,” he said. “We made an effort not to put any pressure on Sarah, but she decided to make a major commitment on her own. She, too, became the valedictorian of her class. It was a ‘could-would’ philosophy. She realized that she could do it and then determined that she would do it.”

Sarah has more vivid memories of the athletic battles. “I always wanted to play ball with my brothers, but I had to prove myself first,” she said. “They never took it easy on me, and I think that forced me to be more demanding of myself. Maybe that’s when I started becoming a perfectionist.”

Brother Jim agrees. “Sarah has always been very serious about whatever she did, and I think it was partly a result of growing up in a family where there was such a strong emphasis on academics and athletics,” he said. “We were all extremely competitive, and when one of us had success, it put pressure on Sarah. This pressure pushed her to excel, and I think maybe it helped her to develop an intense, take-charge attitude, which is the foundation for her leadership.”

Having spent her high school years competing with her brothers, Sarah initially shied away from following in their footsteps to Wooster. “I didn’t want to come here because everyone else in the family, except my mom, had already been here,” she said. “But after I looked around, I realized there just wasn’t any other place like Wooster.”

So Wooster became the choice for Sarah Robertson. The perfect choice.
An Entertaining Career

by Jeffery G. Hanna

NASHVILLE, Tenn. — Weeks after he graduated from Wooster, Earl W. (Bud) Wendell was knocking on doors in Hamilton, Ohio.

"Hello," he'd say. "My name is Bud Wendell, and I'm with the company that owns the Grand Ole Opry. We have a broadcasting service in Nashville, Tenn., but we also have a retirement program that will take care of you and your family. May I step in and talk with you about it?"

That was in 1950, but Wendell can still recite the standard "door-opener."

He got his foot in a lot of doors, too. How else to explain how Bud Wendell got from selling insurance policies in southwestern Ohio to where he is today?

Today is a sparkling autumn Saturday in Music City USA, and Wendell is in his office, which sits atop the Roy Acuff Museum at Opryland USA.

On this Saturday, Wendell is tying together a few odds and ends in anticipation of Wednesday's national telecast of the Country Music Awards live from the stage of the Opry House, a few yards away from the office. Then he's off to Europe for another round of negotiating international distribution rights for two cable networks, The Nashville Network (TNN) and Country Music Television.

As president and chief executive officer of Gaylord Entertainment Co., Wendell is still pounding the pavement — but in a decidedly different neighborhood.

Gaylord Entertainment is a media and entertainment empire whose holdings include the two cable networks, the Grand Ole Opry, two amusement parks, a music publishing business, and one of the world's largest convention hotels. In 1994, Gaylord increased earnings by 10 percent and operating income by nine percent over the previous year. That trend continued in 1995. According to the January 2, 1995, issue of Fortune, Gaylord's 1994 sales were $690 million, and the market cap of the holdings was $1.8 billion.

Mere observation can tell as much as those bottom-line figures. For instance, you can see the long lines of cars streaming into the amusement park. And you can see the fans queuing up for tickets to the weekly performances of the Opry, now celebrating its 70th anniversary. And you can see the cranes hovering above the sprawling Opryland Hotel, completing an addition that will add another thousand rooms. And you can turn on a television set almost anywhere in the world and watch a country music program being beamed from these Nashville headquarters.

"May I step in and talk with you about it?"

Leaning back in his chair and speaking in the soft baritone that reveals his Ohio roots, Wendell tries to connect this present with his past. The story could be the basis of a country music ballad. Or a sales pitch for Wooster's Independent Study.

"I went to Wooster on the GI bill," begins Wendell, an Akron native. "I was just another student floundering around, but in my junior year I finally decided to major in economics. I remember that Professor [E. Kingman] Eberhart was very helpful and encouraging.

Anyway, I had three years of eligibility on the GI bill, and I would have had to transfer for my senior year. In fact, in the summer after my junior year I drove to Columbus and registered at Ohio State. I was going to have to finish up there. Then Wooster found some financial aid for me somewhere. Maybe the fact that I was planning to go back out for football my final year had something to do with it, but I'm not sure.

"So I came back for my senior year and did my Independent Study, which was a relatively new program. I can't remember the title now, but I worked with Hans Jenny (economics) and did a study of the life insurance industry. The topic isn't what mattered most. If anything that I did at Wooster prepared me for what I'm doing now, it was Independent Study. You have to develop self-starting habits to do Independent Study. The clock keeps ticking down, and you have to get it done. I've always been surprised that more colleges don't have a program like it. In fact, I feel sorry for youngsters who don't develop a sense of responsibility by going through Independent Study."

Degree in hand, Wendell followed his father into the insurance business. He even went to work for the same company, the National Life and Accident Insurance Company. After a couple of years in Hamilton, he was transferred to West Virginia, then back to Chillicothe, Ohio. Eventually, Wendell was called to the home office in Nashville. Actually, he was brought in for a temporary training tour, he expected to be knocking on doors again within the year. That was 1962. Wendell never left Nashville.

Not long after Wendell moved to the home office, the No. 2 man in the insurance company's broadcasting department died of a heart attack. Wendell had no experience in broadcasting but a world of practical experience in selling. He was asked to apply his salesmanship to an entirely different product.

"The insurance company had spent nothing in the way of advertising," explains Wendell. "But they did have the foresight to see the value of a clear-channel radio station, WSM. The call letters stood for the insurance company's slogan, 'We Shield America.' They didn't expect to make much money out of the radio station. But to everyone's surprise this Saturday night barn dance/hillbilly show called the Grand Ole Opry caught on and became nationally and internationally popular. That's why we used to mention the Opry when we went to sell..."
an insurance policy. A lot of southerners had moved North, and you could connect with them by mentioning Hank Snow at the start of the conversation.

No sooner had he sunk his teeth into running a successful broadcasting operation than the man who managed the Grand Ole Opry announced his intention to resign. Wendell was asked to make another shift. He became the Opry's manager and found himself rubbing elbows with the likes of Hank Williams, Roy Acuff, Loretta Lynn, Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys, and the other country music stars who appeared on the Opry's live weekly broadcasts.

"Managing the Opry was definitely high stress," says Wendell. "Part of that we brought on ourselves because the show is 52 weeks a year, every Friday and Saturday night. You know there will be millions of people listening; some thousands will be watching. You want to put on a good performance every time."

As Wendell attests, the Grand Ole Opry is an unusual institution. It is a family of artists, currently comprising 72 country music performers who are official "members" of the Opry. Each week different combinations of the members perform on the broadcast and are joined by a variety of guests. "There are artists who have been members of the Opry for 50 years," Wendell says. "You have Bill Monroe, the father of bluegrass at one end of the spectrum, and Alison Krauss, a 23-year-old performer who has just joined the Opry, at the other end. Each week you have to develop a show with the right number and blend of acts."

To illustrate the Opry’s family quality, Wendell recounts an anecdote familiar to long-time Nashvillians. Some years ago, when Wendell was manager, an Opry performer — a comedian named Stringbean — was murdered when he returned from a Saturday night performance. The murderers had broken into his house, failed to find any money, and then waited for him to come home. By listening to the Opry on the radio, the killers knew when his act finished and had a good idea about when the comedian would arrive. This event always worried the late Roy Acuff, one of the Opry’s premier performers. For a while, Wendell dispatched Opry security guards to Acuff’s home each Saturday that he performed. And when Acuff’s wife died, Wendell saw that a house was built for the country singer right on the Opryland property.

"That's the kind of thing that contributes to the special feeling that the Opry continues to have," Wendell says. During Wendell’s tenure as Opry manager, two U.S. presidents, the entire United Nations, and a steady stream of national and international dignitaries paid calls on the show. "We have always had so many exciting nights at the Opry," he says. "Although it was stressful, I have always enjoyed the relationships I have had with the stars."

If Wendell’s own star had been rising gradually in the early 60s, it went shooting skyward in the late 60s when he was the guiding force behind developments that have reshaped the entire country music industry.

"In the late 1960s we began to see an opportunity to expand," he says. "We particularly saw that we had to get out of the downtown environment where the Opry had been for many years. We bought 350 acres on the Cumberland River. I felt that if we built a quality, first-rate, state-of-the-art home for the Opry, we could retain our audience. In addition, we thought we would build a little theme park to take care of the families who came to see the Opry."

"In 1972, we opened the park, Opryland USA. Two years later, we opened the new Opry House. Then we built a hotel in the late 70s. Originally we had considered a small motel with nothing more than a few rooms. We ultimately decided to build a small convention center. When the addition is finished next summer, we’ll have 2,000 rooms, four ballrooms, and an indoor river with real boats. It will be the largest convention hotel in the world outside of Las Vegas."

Along the way, there were ownership changes. National Life and Accident was taken over by another insurance company, which needed to sell off assets to cover debts it had acquired. Wendell’s division, Opryland and the Grand Ole Opry, were sold at auction. The winning bidder was Edward Gaylord, an Oklahoma City billionaire whose fortune had come from the newspaper business. It was a perfect match.

"Mr. Gaylord had a lot of confidence in our vision and abilities," says Wendell. "He had no closetful of management, and he didn’t want to change anything."

Wendell has a vivid memory of his first meeting with his new boss. Conversation in the get-acquainted session had turned to personal matters, and Gaylord inquired about Wendell’s educational background.

"I told him that I had gone to public schools in Akron, Ohio, and then to a small, church-related school. He asked me which one. I said, ‘Oh, you’ve probably never heard of it — The College of Wooster.’ ‘Heard of it,’ he said. ‘My mother went to Wooster.’” Inez Kinney Gaylord was a 1903 graduate of the College.
That meeting was in 1983. Gaylord Entertainment has grown steadily, and, by all accounts, Wendell has been the catalyst, selling Gaylord on the idea of a country music and lifestyle cable network. Nothing has done more for the growth of the company and, indeed, the growth of country music, than those two cable networks.

"Country music has grown very steadily for years," says Wendell. "The growth in the music pretty well parallels the growth of The Nashville Network, which is now one of the top five cable networks in the world and features both country music and the country lifestyle. Then we took the second network, which is strictly country music videos 24 hours a day, and we got that in about 30 million homes.

"Both of these networks have had a dramatic impact on the growth of country music. People who never thought they would like country music all of a sudden adopted it. They saw on our network that these people do have their shoes on and all their teeth and don't have a wad of tobacco in their jaw — the image that people years ago had of country music. When they could begin to see that in their living rooms, it attracted a broader audience and a younger audience.

"When I started in the '60s, the audiences were very old. We recognized that and made a conscious effort to change it. Today we have connected with younger people and have a mixed audience. There are more radio stations programming country music than any other kind."

And the cable networks keep growing. Wendell's operation includes three satellite networks, covering all of Western Europe, Asia, and South, Central and Latin America. The Nashville signal reaches 90 percent of the television homes in the world. "I had a friend who recently came back from Lithuania and said he watched the Country Music Network in both hotels where he stayed," Wendell notes.

The entertainment industry is hot at the moment. As merger after merger creates new combinations of television, recording, and motion picture companies, Wendell has heard rumors that Gaylord Entertainment is a target. In fact, one report last September speculated that Walt Disney Co., Seagram Co., or Turner Broadcasting System Inc. may be interested in buying Gaylord.

"The logical direction, though it may or may not prove successful in the longer term, is for a company to own the creative process, the programming, the software, and the distribution system," Wendell says. "What is driving the recent spate of mergers and takeovers is the desire to have cradle-to-grave control. Everyone wants to be able to produce the entertainment and then to be able to distribute it."

Will this trend toward ultimate control result in an inferior product? That's a possibility that Wendell won't dismiss. Yet, he believes there is enough competition to prevent that from happening.

Wendell is especially proud of the product with which he has been involved. "I don't have to make any excuses for the music we promote or the kind of entertainment we offer. I don't have to worry about the kids listening," he says. "I think we're on the right track."

Since he first arrived in Nashville more than 30 years ago, Wendell has received countless honors and awards. An office building housing Gaylord Entertainment in Nashville is called the E. W. Wendell Building. He has chaired the Country Music Association executive council and has served as president of the Grand Ole Opry Trust Fund. The Sales and Marketing Executives have named him "Salesperson of the Year."

The key, says Wendell, is building a talented team whose members all share the same vision. He points with pride to the longevity of so many of the department heads. "I think it's a little like the New York Yankees used to be," Wendell says. "Once you've created a success, people want to join in."

Teamwork aside, Wendell's salesmanship has meant everything. Before he sold Gaylord on the cable networks, perhaps his most important sale was convincing the nay-sayers that long-time fans of the Grand Ole Opry would still come see the shows if the Opry moved from its historic building, the Ryman Auditorium in downtown Nashville, to a far different, comparatively glitzier environment at the new Opry House. As a footnote, the company has restored and reopened the Ryman Auditorium and has also opened a nightclub, the Wildhorse Saloon, on Nashville's Second Avenue. Those developments, plus continuing efforts to bring a major sports franchise to the city are, says Wendell, clear affirmations of Gaylord's commitment to downtown Nashville.

Still, one of Wendell's most memorable moments was moving out of downtown and opening the new Opry House. "There had been so much skepticism," says Wendell. "A lot of people thought the show would never be the same, and we felt we might never be able to dispel the belief in a lot of people's minds."

"The opening night was magic. We had President Nixon as a visitor. He was in the midst of Watergate, so he was trying to rebuild his image. He came out and was given a lesson in how to use a yo-yo by Roy Acuff. It was one of the more remarkable nights of many remarkable nights on the stage there."

Nothing Bud Wendell did at Wooster could have prepared him completely for the many facets of the career that he has had. But everything he did at Wooster helped — Independent Study courses in economics, football, chapel. Chapel?

"I don't think it hurt me at all to go to chapel four times a week," Wendell says with a smile.

He pauses, leans back in the chair again and adds: "I remember Wooster as a place where principles were important. Those four years in that atmosphere had an impact that I'm quite sure I didn't even realize at the time."

Outside, the lines for the attractions at Opryland USA are growing longer by the minute. And somewhere in the world, in Lithuania maybe, someone is just tuning into the Country Music Network. It sure beats knocking on doors. "W
The Oak Grove

A collection of stories from around the Wooster campus and beyond.

Hillel celebrates by building sukkah

By Ron Kirksey
Beacon Journal Staff Writer
(Reprinted with permission from The Beacon Journal of Akron, Ohio)

In October, College of Wooster students built a flimsy outdoor shelter out of branches, leaves and corn stalks. And they slept in it.

Jewish students and others built the sukkah on campus to celebrate Sukkot, the Jewish harvest festival. The sukkah represents the shelters used in ancient times by workers staying in the fields during harvest.

It also represents just one dimension of the religious diversity on area campuses.

Wooster, a college with Presbyterian affiliation, is proud of the fact that last spring its 15-year-old Jewish Student Association became an official chapter of the B'hai B'rith Hillel Foundation.

"Diversity is an inherent part of the institution," said Wooster spokesman Wesley Tree. "The college was coed from the beginning and international from the beginning."

Samuel Root, a geology professor who also is an adviser to the school’s Hillel chapter, said Wooster’s Jewish student group hopes to attract new Jewish students to campus and wants to work through the college’s Interfaith Council on campus activities.

"Hillel has an international presence," Root said. "Our students believe the affiliation will help them to educate others on campus about all aspects of Judaism."

It is impossible to tell how many Jewish students — or students of any faith — are on Wooster’s campus. Because of privacy rules and other legalities, a college cannot ask a student about his or her religion.

Wooster, like most colleges, does provide an optional religious-preference card in admissions materials, but Root said not many respond to that. Yet Root said the Jewish student group has 367 members, which is a healthy membership in a school of about 1,700.

"I think you are seeing more and more diversity at liberal arts colleges," said Root, who has been affiliated with Wooster’s Jewish student group for 10 years. "Most (colleges) have their roots in some religious faith...but there is not that much formal religious affiliation now."

Hillel is more than just an organization to help students worship.

"We don’t have that as a formal structure," Root said. "We do have speakers and classes in religion, so students have an opportunity in those ways to explore their faith."

One goal of the Interfaith Council is to keep the diverse religious groups in contact with each other, so that each can identify common traditions and learn to appreciate the customs of others. The Hillel chapter also will focus on this educational role, with events such as the sukkah and monthly Sabbath dinners.

"We have many important days in Judaism that people are not aware of," said Rachel Freeman, a sophomore from Worthington, Ohio. "We would like to share (them) with others so they can learn about the significance of these events."

Fish and football

Take your basic sibling rivalry, add a healthy dose of college spirit, mix in a love for fishing, and the result is the oddest and most complicated trophy in college sports.

When The College of Wooster football team defeated Case Western Reserve 14-13 this fall, the revered Baird Brothers Golden Stringer Trophy was once again on the line (pun intended).

The trophy was established in 1984 by two brothers who teach economics at the respective institutions — William Baird at Wooster and Robert Baird at Case Western.
Having argued the relative merits of their institutions' football teams annually, the brothers Baird decided to fashion a more tangible expression of their intra-family feud.

Since both are avid fishermen, they chose to mix fishing with football. The result is a trophy in the form of a brass fish stringer. The trophy's name is inscribed on the representation of a smallmouth bass, and the trophy itself now comprises 10 brass fish on the string.

The unusual design makes the trophy unique to college football. But what makes it unique to all sports is the way the Golden Stringer changes its size and shape every year, depending on the outcome of the game and on what's biting in Lake Erie.

Instead of a traditional rotating trophy awarded to the winning team each year, there is a catch to the Baird Brothers Trophy, which actually puts more pressure on the winner.

Here's how it works: the Baird brother whose school wins the annual game must go out and catch a fish to add to the trophy. Well, the fish itself is not added, but the brass representation of what was caught is. That's not all. While the brothers aren't picky about what kind of fish is caught, they do insist that the fish's size be in proportion to the game's scoring margin — the larger the margin, the larger the catch.

In addition to the original smallmouth bass, the Golden Stringer Trophy now includes, among other catches, a 4 1/2-inch bluegill, a 9 1/4-inch northern pike, a 5 3/4-inch carp, a 9 1/4-inch rainbow trout, and an 11 3/4-inch catfish.

As an article in the Scorecard section of the October 16, 1995, issue of Sports Illustrated observed, Wooster's one-point victory over Case this fall "could have guppies swimming for cover."

The narrow margin doesn't matter to Bill Baird. He'll be more than happy to go fishing for an addition to the trophy this summer. — JGH

**Computer program assists Chinese study**

For western college students and other non-Chinese speakers, learning the thousands of characters in the Chinese language has been a daunting challenge as they struggle with pots of messy, thick black ink and calligraphy brushes to perfectly reproduce the complex ciphers.

Even the invention of the Chinese typewriter — a hulking mechanism with a huge, movable frame containing only the most common of Chinese characters and bearing only a passing resemblance to any typewriter based on the Roman alphabet — was not much help to persons unfamiliar with the Chinese writing system.

Now, thanks to advances in computer software, Wooster students who are taking the new Chinese language courses from Ruijie Wang, visiting assistant professor of Chinese, can enter the English alphabet in what is known as the pinyin Romanization system, and the computer will display the correct Chinese character from its database of 6,700 characters. Marketed as the "Chinese Language Kit," the software package includes both traditional characters and the simplified ones.

"This remarkable new program uses the conventional western computer keyboard to unlock the Chinese language for today's students," said Wang, who is in his first year of teaching at Wooster as a result of a grant earlier this year from Jo and Howard Morris of Cleveland, to introduce an Asian language to Wooster's curriculum. "Although the software still is not as user-friendly as I'd like it to be, it makes it fun to learn the written words — something even many Chinese find hard and dread. It makes the language much more accessible to new students so that their early successes will encourage them to continue their studies."

While Wang continues to urge his students to learn and perfect the ages-old brush and ink techniques, he thinks the computer-based language programs have done for language studies what the pocket calculator did more than a decade ago to improve mathematics and science instruction.

"Nowadays you can't do things the old-fashioned way," said Wang. "Computers, video tapes and audio cassettes have enhanced learning. This Chinese-language software is just one more improved approach. U.S. students already are used to the computer keyboard and the power it gives them to unlock all sorts of knowledge. Why shouldn't they use it to unlock the wonders of Mandarin Chinese?" — WT

**Wooster librarian pioneers bibliography**

Librarians are not often characterized as pioneers, but a College of Wooster librarian undoubtedly qualifies as a trailblazer after 10 months in Africa last year.

"This was the opportunity of a lifetime," said Barbara Bell, who worked in the National Library of Namibia under the auspices of the American Library Association's Library Fellows Program. Bell, who is a documents/reference librarian at Wooster, was responsible for establishing the Namibia National Bibliography, which includes all the titles published in Namibia or about the country since the nation gained independence in 1990. Namibia, a country of 1.5 million people, is located on the southwest coast of Africa.

While such a project may not rank with exploring unknown lands or discovering a new galaxy, establishing a national
bibliography for an emerging nation is just as significant to advancing the world's body of knowledge.

"National bibliographies are important on many levels," said Bell. "Libraries from around the world can use them for acquisition purposes and to classify books and periodicals. Since the bibliographies are arranged by subject, scholars can keep alert to what's coming out in their field of study."

Bell was one of 16 library fellows selected to represent the American Library Association under a joint program of the ALA and the United States Information Agency. More than 400 persons submitted applications for the grants last year. Since 1987, under the authority of the Fulbright-Hays Act, the Library Fellows Program has sent 63 U.S. librarians to work at institutions around the world.

Johan Loubser, deputy chief of library services in Namibia's Ministry of Education and Culture, said that Bell was the ideal person for this project because of her professional standing within the international library community. She is the author of An Annotated Guide to Current National Bibliographies, which was published by Chadwyck-Healey of Cambridge, England, in 1986. — WT

Wright named editor of new series

Josephine Wright, a professor of music and black studies at The College of Wooster, has been named general editor of Garland Publishing's new book series, Music in African American Culture, which is devoted to research in African American music.

"This is an extremely important series, because African American music is basic to American culture and American cultural life," said Leo Balk, vice president of Garland Publishing, Inc. "African American music is perhaps America's most distinctive contribution to all the arts. It has served as a source of inspiration for popular music and has been our most successful artistic export for nearly 100 years."

Wright observes that, "the music history of black America encompasses a broad spectrum of activities and expressions, both in North America and

Susan Stamberg on "Talking to Strangers"

It's very good to be back at The College of Wooster, where our son Josh spent his first two years. This campus launched me on one of my most important projects of my career in radio. Early in Josh's freshman year, on Parents' Weekend, there was a reception for all of us at the President's House.

A man came up to me there and said, "Are you Sue Levitt?"

"Indeed I am," I replied — bewildered, because he didn't look at all familiar, but it was clear he knew me before I was married.

"I'm Joel Adler," he said. "We went to Booker T. Washington Junior High School together!" Incredible! His daughter was then in her senior year at Wooster. We had a fine reunion, remembering the old days. In the 1950s, when Joel and I were in junior high school in New York, our teachers were educated, middle-class white women (it's different in the city today), many of whom were fairly recent refugees from Europe. And many of our classmates had European accents, because they too were refugees from World War II.

"That was me," Joel said.

"I don't remember your having an accent. Where did you come from?"

"I was born in Berlin," he said. "But my parents fled Germany and went to China. I spent my first eight years in Shanghai."

This news fascinated me. I'd been to Shanghai myself just two years earlier, found it a compelling city, and was deeply intrigued by the notion of European Jews spending war years in such an exotic, unlikely place. I couldn't get the idea out of my mind. I began asking around about it and learned there had been a sizable Jewish community in Shanghai — some 22,000 (roughly the population of Wooster today) — during the War. Shanghai was an international city (the rest of China was sealed off to foreigners), and China was the only place where Jews could flee — and take refuge. The European Jews thought

Shanghai would be a quick stopping off place, on their way to the U.S. or Canada or then-Palestine. Instead, they got trapped there for 10 years when Japan bombed Pearl Harbor. Only after the war ended and the Mao Tse Tung Communists took over were they able to get out — and go mostly to what had become Israel, or to this country.

I learned all this in the course of producing two half-hour documentaries for "All Things Considered" on the Shanghai Jews. A grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities (that endangered organization) permitted me to travel with a producer to various U.S. cities to interview some 60 one-time members of that Shanghai community. Their stories were amazing, compelling — tales of survival under miserable conditions, in a ghetto monitored by the Japanese who had invaded China and controlled Shanghai. And it all began on this campus — because of a chance encounter with an old school chum. (I can't wait to see who I bump into on this visit. The last one was so important and life-influencing for me!)

I tell you all this, first, because it happened here, and because it also speaks to my subject tonight — "Talking to Strangers."

Some lessons in this. The first one...listen to what people are saying to you. I listened to Joel. Second, keep your curiosity motor running. (I got curious about Shanghai.) Third, trust your instincts — if you're interested, others will be, too. Fourth, there's always more to know — people will never tell you everything. Fifth, people won't always tell you the truth. So keep a small skeptic's motor running too — but never let it go into overdrive. Be open to what you're hearing. Want to believe it. Don't...be bored. Every time I'm bored, I figure it's my fault. I don't get cynical. And don't do the very worst thing any thinking human being can do to himself or herself...don't be bored. Every time I'm bored, I figure it's my fault. I believe it's my obligation to un bore myself — either by listening more creatively, posing questions that will get the person into a more interesting area, or...by bringing the conversation to an end! (I realize that the students among us don't have quite these options right now, in class, anyway — but you will...in real life — I promise!)

This excerpt is from the Wooster Forum presentation by Susan Stamberg of National Public Radio on Sept. 28, 1995.
abroad, from the earliest beginnings to the present day, and these shared experiences help define the cultural history of a people."

Volumes in the Music in African American Culture series will consist of edited collections of new essays and monographs that explore new research on African American music, placing these rich and diverse musical traditions within a social, historical and cultural context. Subjects will include classical composers, performers and artistic movements; folk music traditions and performance practice; jazz and jazz theory; music criticism and aesthetics; music education and educators; musical institutions and societies; musical theatre; popular music; religious music; and women in music.


A member of Wooster's faculty since 1981, Wright first gained national prominence in musical publishing as the editor of American Music, a quarterly refereed journal. — WT

**Boys Who Go Aloft**

*B. MAXWELL GOODWELL*

Boys die each day on the swingsets.
They twist the rope in and dizzy
it out like hot gorillas.
The yaw of the world around them
waits for them to jerk harder.
There is airplane to play.

To twist and shoot with their legs.
Like dots on the screen
their mothers appear. Boys signal
their dogs on the ground to take cover.

Bailing out over concrete
they touch on a branch with their toes.
They jump and mean it. Each day
they go up to earn more wings.

Their mothers call and call
their names and the names of their dogs.

Boys Who Go Aloft
by Daniel Bourne
from *The Household Gods*

an attempt to understand the place I come from," said Bourne. "To echo another poet, Howard Nemerov, poetry is not just about things, but about the connectedness between things. I start with a momentary event I'm absorbed with and then discover the more general patterns in my experience with which this event might correspond."

According to Bourne, numerous experiences trip these associations in his mind and lead to poems.

"Whenever there is an intersection of time and energy, I'll write a poem," said Bourne. "I even can think of three poems I wrote during Monday night faculty meetings. As a matter of fact, one poem came out of something someone said during one of these meetings."

Even though the initial ideas may come serendipitously, Bourne spends many hours fine tuning his work.

"Revising is just as intense as scratching down the first draft," said Bourne. "At first, you don't know if what you've written is any good. You wonder if it really recreates the original mood. Does it take you back to the original time, the original circumstance? I think if you are going to communicate through the language of poetry, you have to address your subject with all the craft and commitment you can muster."

"If I work on a particular poem for a long time, it's because I'm obsessed with getting it exactly right."

Getting it right appears to be Bourne's creed.

"For me, what separates good poetry from bad are the things that resonate in the poem," said Bourne. "I like to see things bouncing off the surfaces of other things and giving the poem texture. A fine poet does much more than recreate the sight of a pretty sunset. A fine poet evokes the importance in his or her life of looking out the window and witnessing such a magnificent natural event. Lame writing is when someone says that 'you had to be there.' But, a good poet — any writer for that matter — puts the readers right there to experience everything for themselves." — WT

*The Household Gods* is available from the publisher: The Cleveland State University Poetry Center, Department of English, Rhodes Tower, Room 1815, Cleveland State University, Cleveland, OH 44115, (216) 687-3986, ISBN 1-880834-13-8, $10.

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**Small World Dept. 2**

From the Small World Department: "While chaperoning my daughter's band trip, I began a conversation with another mother about how lucky our kids in the metropolitan Washington area were to have so many private music teachers from all the military bands. I commented that I had similar good fortune by growing up in the Cleveland area and taking music lessons from a member of the Cleveland Orchestra and also at the Cleveland Institute of Music and the Cleveland Music School Settlement. "She then told me that she too had grown up just outside Cleveland...I asked where she went to college. She said that she went to The College of Wooster for her first two years. 'No way,' I said. 'Me too.' And I proudly proclaimed that I was an 'Annex girl,' to which she said, 'Me too, an Annex One girl!'

'We went on to describe where our rooms were and to our great, and I mean GREAT, surprise, it turned out that we lived in the same room, only seven years apart. She is Cynthia Garman-Squier "74, and I am Mary Jane Goodell Heater "77."

Share your Small World stories with Wooster by writing to us at Galpin Hall, The College of Wooster, Wooster, OH 44691. W
Wooster's first-year students were given an official welcome into the family in December. Recognizing that the first round of final examinations can be especially nerve-wracking, the Alumni Association combined a holiday treat with a welcome study break.

All first-year students were invited to drop by Gault Alumni Center during a three-day period at the end of the semester for cider, cookies, and relaxation. As an early holiday present, the students were all presented with a Wooster mug and hot chocolate.

"We have found that waiting until this point in the first year is a good way for us to introduce ourselves to the new students," said Marian Cropp, associate director of alumni relations. "The students seem to appreciate a chance to unwind after a hectic semester."

The holiday event also enabled the first-year students to meet members of the Student Alumni Association, which organized and staffed the event.

The Student Alumni Association is one of a number of programs, which is sponsored by the Alumni Office and which focuses on current students. Students volunteer their time with programs like Homecoming and a reading of A Christmas Carol, help with the first-year student mug distribution, serve as student representatives to the Alumni Board, assist with the alumni parent luncheon during Parents' Weekend, plan Lil Sibs Weekend at the College, and help organize and run the Wooster Split Party.

The Wooster Split Party, hosted by the Alumni Association and the Student Alumni Association, is for seniors. It provides the Alumni Office with an opportunity to welcome graduating seniors into the Association. Banana splits are served by faculty, staff, and local alumni on the lawn of Gault Alumni Center while seniors are given information about the Alumni Association in the form of a handbook.

The Alumni Office encourages student involvement to ensure a continuing sense of tradition and community among Wooster alumni.

Three Outstanding Travel Opportunities Available

The Office of Alumni Relations has scheduled three travel adventures for 1996-97.

**Denmark on Bicycle:** Wooster's third international bicycle trip will be June 27-July 10, 1996. Billed as a "leisurely excursion," the tour will travel along the flat Danish countryside with plenty of time set aside for sightseeing. Bikers will stay in inns where all the rooms have private facilities. The tour ends in Copenhagen.

**Cape Cod Cycling Adventure:** This trip combines great biking country with a New England autumn. The four-day tour (Oct. 16-19, 1996) will follow the trails of the National Seashore and the famous Cape Cod Rail Trail. Included is a visit to the Cape's Natural History Museum and an old-fashioned New England clambake.

**Costa Rica and the Panama Canal:** Sailing aboard the 138-passenger Yorktown Clipper, the participants will get an unusual look at the landscapes of both Costa Rica and Panama. In San José, Costa Rica, there will be an optional excursion by aerial tram to the canopy of

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the rain forest. The Panama segment of the trip will feature an excursion up the Samba River to the village of the Choice Indians. On-board naturalists will lead expeditions ashore via the ship's Zodiac landing craft.

For complete information about the travel opportunities, contact the Office of Alumni Relations, Gault Alumni Center, The College of Wooster, Wooster, OH 44691, (216) 263-2166.

Alumni Gatherings Around the Country

• Cleveland: young alumni attended a performance of the Cleveland Orchestra at Blossom Music Center in August. The group gathered informally on the lawn of the center prior to the concert. Also in Cleveland, 214 alumni, parents, and friends of the Land o' Scots attended a Cleveland Indians game.

• Theodore and Jane Morley Kotchen '60 hosted one of the most successful events ever in Milwaukee in September. Forty-nine alumni, parents, and friends attended a reception at the Kotchen home. The special guest for this occasion was Wooster's Acting President, R. Stanton Hales.

• Daniel Calhoun (emeritus, history) was the guest speaker at two October events in the Midwest. The first event was hosted by Tom and Merry Lomas Dahms '64 at their historic home in St. Louis. The second event was organized by David Enslin '72 and was held at the Sheraton Suites on the Plaza in Kansas City. Calhoun's topic in both cities was "The Other Trial of the Century: The Lindbergh Case."

• Hales was the guest speaker at a gathering of alumni, parents and friends in Portland, OR. The reception was organized by Jayne Culp (former director of Lowry Center) and William Sudduth '88 and was held on the campus of Reed College.

• Columbus alumni, parents and friends had their first downtown lunch meeting at Christopher's, on the top floor of the Vern Riffe Center. The event was organized by Mark Ferguson '83, and the guest speaker was William Baird (economics), who discussed the economics of professional sports.

• In San Antonio, alumni came out to see the Fighting Scots football team play Trinity. Prior to the game, alumni attended a tailgate barbecue organized by Laurence and Abby Wilson Kurth '76.

• In Chicago, 40 young alumni gathered at the Goose Island Brewery for a little holiday cheer in early December.

Jeffrey Todd '83 (alumni relations) joined alumni trustees Diane Limbird Hamburger '71 and Nancy Braund Boruch '64 at this event.

• Wil Lange '57 provided Cincinnati alumni, parents and friends with a holiday treat in December when he gave a dramatic reading of Charles Dickens' A Christmas Carol. The evening began with a social hour followed by Lange's reading. Sixty-five people attended this very special event at The Phoenix. Assisting with arrangements were Caroline Delafield Cox '86 and Kim ('85) and Sarah Patton ('84) Mortensen. From Cincinnati, Lange travelled to Wooster where he presented the reading to more than 200 people in Freedlander Theatre on the College campus as a program for the Land o' Scots. A special one-hour broadcast of Lange's reading was presented on Christmas Eve by Cleveland radio station WCLV-FM. The broadcast was sponsored by the Northeast Ohio alumni of the College.

Tentative Band and Chorus Tour Schedule

The Scot Band and Wooster Chorus have made tentative travel plans for the annual spring tours.

The Scot Band is scheduled to appear in Frankfort, KY, Knoxville, TN, Atlanta, and then at six Florida locations: Gainesville, Dunedin, Naples, Miami, Kissimmee, and Jacksonville.

The Wooster Chorus plans to present concerts in Rochester, NY, West Hartford, CT, Greenwich, CT, Gloucester, MA, Boston, Newport, RI, and Jenkintown, PA.

Watch for announcement of a spring concert near you.

Reunion Weekend, June 6 - 9, 1996

Reunion time is near! If you are a member of a class year that ends with "1" or "6" you should have already received a save-the-date postcard, a class president's letter, and a reunion questionnaire. If you have not received this material, please contact the Office of Alumni Relations at (216) 263-2324 right away. The next communication you should expect to receive at your home will be a copy of Reunion News! Note the date on your calendar, call your classmates and friends, and return to Wooster to celebrate.

Summer of '96 Scheduled for June 16 - 22

If you have not yet experienced an Alumni College at Wooster, this should be your year to do so. Past participants have given top marks to this week-long intellectual, recreational, and cultural program on the campus.

The program features faculty lectures, performances by the Ohio Light Opera and other cultural events, special excursions off campus, use of Wooster recreational facilities, and fabulous food. Watch for information to arrive at your home this winter!
Greetings, Class of 1995 alumni!

(Brad) hope life is treating you well. Here is all the news fit for your ears. I heard from Dori Farring, who is currently studying in Amsterdam in The Netherlands. She writes that she has been exploring other cities in Holland and has been having lots of adventures...including making homemade cranberry juice and jam. Bet she's the only '95 alum doing that! She can be reached via the miracle of e-mail at: fard@geo.vu.nl.

Emory U in Atlanta, GA, has named Matt Palm as assistant baseball coach for 1995-96. His duties include working with the team's catchers. At Wooster, you will remember, Matt was an all-conference catcher. Way to go!

Jenny Cutler Sterns writes that she spent the '94-'95 Wooster school year in absentia, working at Case Western Reserve U in the doctor of nursing program. She has three more years to go. Jenny also reports that last April she got engaged — in a hot air balloon — to George Sterns. The wedding took place on July 13, 1995. Congratulations, Jenny!

Katie Smith went to Cuernavaca, Mexico, last summer to study and travel. She's now at the U of Michigan working on her master's degree in Spanish and serving as a TA, teaching as well as taking courses. Katie writes that she really enjoys the teaching, although it's hard to motivate students to speak Spanish at eight o'clock in the morning. Her e-mail address is: kbrummi@umich.edu; send real mail to: 811 W. Washington, Ann Arbor, MI 48103.

Sarah Fuller wrote to say that grad school is treating her well. She planned to attend the Middle Eastern Studies Association annual conference in D.C. in December 1995 and hoped to connect with the well-establish­ed Wooster enclave there. Her e-mail address is: sgfuller@mail.utexas.edu.

Sara Seidel has started her master's degree in music and organ at Indiana U. She writes that it is hard work but fun, too. Sara serves as assistant organist at Trinity Episcopal Church in Indianapolis. Other than that, she states that nothing is exceptionally interesting in her life except that her new kitten, Max, is doing very well. Her e-mail address is: ssiedel@indiana.edu.

Rob Kugler writes that he's STILL in Jersey and teaching at The Woodlynde School in Strafford, PA. He's teaching writing, and believes that IS was useful after all. He also informed me that: Brandon Kutz works as a department store security guard or something of that nature; Kim Kuhls attends grad school in Kentucky; and Allison Hightshoe is engaged (to whom, he did not say...).

Dawn Walker writes all the way from Cape Coast, Ghana, where she is a program assistant with the local government, dealing with program logistics, office work, etc. She has encountered many adventures during her internship and is learning much of the culture from the elders and the Oguua Traditional Council (the head of the traditional political structure). Her address is: Diaspora, P.O. 050, UCC, Cape Coast, Ghana. I'm sure she would love to get some mail from the States!

Eric Black has been working two jobs, as a sales manager for Equinox International, a company that manufactures health and environmental consciousness products, and as a personal banking specialist for Star Bank (where he says he derives great satisfaction from playing with other people's money).

Robyn Drothler now lives in Bradenton, FL, and works as an elementary and middle school speech teacher in the Manatee County School system. She says that she enjoys working with the different age levels. Robyn also writes that she brought that wonderful Ohio weather to the sunshine State — constant rain and dramatic changes. Her new address is: 2700 50th Ave. West, Apt. #201, Bradenton, FL 34207.

Michelle Varughese loves being a student in the problem-based learning program at the Medical College of Pennsylvania, Hahnemann U. She is enjoying meeting lots of new people and living in Philadelphia, PA. Her e-mail is: Varugheser@rad.upenn.edu.

Becca BoaBoat writes that she has no juicy news for me, because her life is very dull, and she has no money to make it more interesting. She is working (theoretically) towards a Ph.D. in biopsychology in the rain capital of the Northwest, Seattle, WA (as opposed to the rain capital of the Midwest, Wooster). Her address is: 4017 Whitman Ave. N. #203, Seattle, WA 98103; e-mail: beccab@u.washington.edu.

Roohan DeKonseka spent the summer working at the College for Acting President Hales, then headed to Binghamton, NY, to enroll in electrical engineering at the State U of New York at Binghamton. He says that it's a really nice place — not a corn field in sight. He can be reached at Binghamton U, Graduate Community #10232, Binghamton, NY 13902-6010; e-mail: be81783@bingsuns.cc.binghamton.edu.

Matt Wagner accepted the position of librarian at the law firm of Vorys, Sater, Seymour, & Pease in downtown Cincinnati, OH, last summer. He loves it so far, although he says it sometimes can be a little frustrating without a legal background. He also bought a new car and looks forward to all those payments. Matt's e-mail address is: mwagner@TSO.Cin.JX.net.

Pete Hahn writes simply to say, "I'm considering working at Wendy's for the rest of my life." His e-mail address is: pwhahn@artsci.wustl.edu.

Rohit Burman is surviving graduate school and would love mail from fellow alums. His address is: 415 Yearby, Apt. D, Durham, NC 27705; e-mail: rb10@acpub.duke.edu.

Three classmates work in the AmeriCorps program. Chris "NPP" Maher is in the Corn Capital of the Midwest, Wichita, KS, with AmeriCorps on a Congressional
Hunger Fellowship. He is doing six months of field work and will spend another six months at a federal agency working on agricultural policy. He can be reached at 6622 Farmview Rd. (how appropriate!), Wichita, KS 67206.

Noah Parker came to visit me (Brad) here in Memphis, TN, and related that he too works for AmeriCorps, with Habitat for Humanity, in Savannah, GA. Noah excitedly reports that he now has cable in his dorm room. He is involving himself in community service and would be delighted to receive word from concerned parties. His address is: P. O. Box 9412, Savannah, GA 31412. The last ’95 AmeriCorps worker (that we know of) is Becca Sanders. She writes that after a long summer of waitingress, she decided to get out of Dodge (Rhode Island, actually). She is doing AmeriCorps work with the National AIDS Fund in Dayton, OH. Her address is: 1862C Brattley Cove Circle, Kettering, OH 45440.

Becca turned out to be the Dirt Queen of this issue, with six, count ‘em, six scoops, including her own. Way to go, Becca! She says that Kelly Rebmann works in Philadelphia, PA, for a scientific journal which will eventually pay for her master’s degree. Cool! Becca says that Casey Rose moved to California (just like the Beverly Billibilies, except she didn’t discover oil) and is applying to grad schools for next year. According to Becca: Kendra Hancock lives in Nashville, TN, and attends Belmont U in education; Jill Cheekey works in Pittsburgh, PA, and is planning a wedding next fall (her own, of course, to John Ramsier ’93); and Nicole Turkson is preparing to enter medical school next fall. [Note from Brad: SAVE YOURSELF AND TURN BACK, NICOLE, WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME!!!!!!!]

Deb Davidson writes from Harvard Divinity School that she is working extremely hard and reports that Sanskrit is alive and well in the classroom. She seems to be adjusting to life in New England. Her e-mail address is: d.davidson@div.harvard.edu; her postal address is: Apt. #3, 208A Washington St., Somerville, MA 02143.

I (Brad) saw Elise Bates over Homecoming weekend, and she is having fun working as a youth ministers coordinator (did I get that right, Elise?) at a church in her home town. She can be reached at: 235 W. Maplehurst, Ferndale, MI 48220. I also saw Don Walter, and he told me of his harrowing trip back to Wooster from his summer internship in Georgia and also of his excursion to Michigan to help his mom move to the Detroit area. He was at the time working at Red Lobster, which recently opened in Wooster (why didn’t these wonderful things happen when we were there?), and preparing for an internship in the Dominican Republic. I will keep you posted on his address, as he will eagerly await all correspondence.

I (Brad) saw Laura Templeton Aosved this summer in Walla Walla, WA, at her wedding to Joel Aosved (see Weddings). Last I heard, she was substitute teaching in the Boston area. Her address is: 405 Essex St., Apt. 2, Salem, MA 01970.

Andy Haug is working hard at the U of Cincinnati Medical School, searching diligently for an apartment, and otherwise enjoying the monastic-like lifestyle of a medical student. His e-mail address is: haugwa@ucbeh.unc.edu.

Chris Wolfgang reports from the U of Maryland Law School that being a law student is nothing like in The Pelican Brief, except that apparently you have to know everything about everything. He can be reached at: 17 Wytchwood Ct. #101, Baltimore, MD 21209.

Chuck Celebrezze writes that he is doing well at the Ohio State U graduate pre-med program. Wooster’s reputation for preparation of its graduates is apparently upheld once again! He has plugged in to the Internet and can be reached via e-mail at: celebrezze.2@osu.edu.

As for me (Brad), I am working very hard at the U of Tennessee Medical School in Memphis and experiencing a Wooster life that is, well, urban. All I can say about the coursework is — Gross Anatomy rocks! Send me any gossip for the next Class Notes, or just drop me a line.

Secretary: Brad Dixon, 687 Jefferson Ave., Memphis, TN 38105; e-mail: bdxion@utmem.i.utmem.edu.

1994

Jason Gindele writes: “Josh Leventhal, Dave Arthur ’93, and I recently moved to Washington, DC. None of us has a permanent job yet, but we look forward to seeing the rest of the Wooster grads who have migrated to the area. Our address is 1306 Geranium St. NW, Washington, DC 20012; phone: (202) 291-9559.” Jason can be reached by e-mail at: Lo2Hi@aol.com.

1 (Delia) enjoyed my summer as director of a day camp for Weston Recreation. I recently started working as a Campus Police Officer at Brandeis U in Waltham, MA, and I’m still working slowly on an M.S. in criminological justice. The World has been sobering and a bit strange at times, but I guess we learn to roll with it. I wanted to say thanks first to all the people who’ve kept in touch. To everyone else, I hope all is well.

In the summer of 1993, I (Delia) spent some time with Laura Gutnick ’93, Jeff Randall, and Liz Conrad ’96 on Cape Cod. Laura planned to begin her second year of law school at Duquesne U in Pittsburgh, PA; she works for the Allegheny County District Attorney. Jeff came up from Atlanta, GA, and worked hard and played hard on Cape Cod for the summer. He was talking about moving to Bronx, NY, and breaking into the film industry.

Correction from a previous column: Jose Garcia-Lewis works at the Massachusetts Port Authority (not the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority as reported), in the Trade Development Department. He recently won a scholarship to the Berklee College of Music in Boston, to study bass guitar, and will publish an article in the December issue of Bass Player magazine. Wow, he’s been busy!

Jeremy Church loves Atlanta, where he works as a video journalist for CNN’s “Calling All Sports.”

Clari Roberts Hoffman spent three weeks touring Germany and playing some soccer. Last fall she planned to join her husband, Eric, who is stationed in Germany with the U.S. Army.

News of scholars: Stephen Ifeduba began his second year of law school at Ohio State U, and Mairah Pfeiffer entered her final year of study for a master’s degree in social work at Boston College. Mairah loves her new pad in Brookline, MA.

I had the joy of meeting Jess “Tim” Krovell for a brew in Boston last fall. Tim lives in Burlington, VT, and resides with Tim Buckingham ’93. Tim insists that we all come up to ski and hang out on Lake Champlain.

Tige Monacelli and Rob Mondillo ’95 are enjoying their condo in Beverly, MA. Tige works in the finance department for Osram Sylvania Inc. Tige, Rob, Mairah, and I (Delia) actually played a good game of euchre a few weeks ago. For that brief moment, I felt like I had been transported back to Wooster.

I (Delia) received a letter from Barron Moody, who just finished a term working in the Everglades National Park at the South Florida Research Center. He then worked for seven months with the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife — and recruited for the Student Conservation Association in his “spare time.” He writes that he returned to Missouri — to breathe. His address is: 662 Elmwood Ave., Webster Groves, MO 63119-2611.

In news of other classes: Karyn Powers ’93 played on two soccer teams this summer. One, the Boston Storm, is semi-professional. Rizzo Associates, where Karyn works as a geologist, recently promoted her — congrats K.P.!! Chad Jessup ’95 is pursuing a master’s degree at UMass-Boston. Megan Bruce ’95 lives in Portland, OR, with Nancy Flanagan ’95.

Megan has bumped into the following Woosterites in Portland: Dan Laun, Chris Bond, Kyle Haines, Betsy Shannon ’95, and Allison McDowell, ’93.

I (Delia) have yet to hear from many of my classmates — I miss you all! I need more mail besides bills, folks, so pick up the phone or a pen, and let me know what you are up to. Thank you very much — I hope to hear from more of you soon.

Secretaries: Laurie Peterson, 7993-C Puritan Dr., Mentor, OH 44060-4032, and Delia Hoye, 343 Washington St., Holliston, MA 01746-1347.

1993

Never fear: your semi-faithful secretaries (Christopher and Erika) have been reinstated, after a lapse wrought in part by their utter failure to send any news for the Fall
1995 issue. Thanks to Karen Taylor for pinch-hitting. Perhaps if some people would write to their news-starved secretaries occasionally, we could be spared future humiliation.

In fact, one of your secretaries was so desperate for juiciness that I (Chris) made a trip to Woo for Homecoming 1995 and chased classmates around with pad and pen. My chronic annoyance did pay off, at least.

Wendy Grady Barker works at an early intervention center for children with disabilities. With a master's degree in school psychology, she is working towards an Ed. S. at Kent State. Write to her at: 4341 W. 187th St., Cleveland, OH 44135; e-mail: wlbarker@aol.com.

At the football game, I (Chris) was accosted by Molly Flewelling, who still works for Ameritech, now on a construction crew ("I am a lineman for the county . . ."). She flexed her muscles for me while writing down her e-mail address: molly.flewelling@x400gw.ameritech.com. If you're in Indy, follow the orange barrels to 2102 N. Meridian #4, Indianapolis, IN 46202.

Molly literally flagged down John Barrera on the interstate while driving to Homecoming. He teaches math and coaches soccer outside Dayton. Earlier she saw Mark Herriott '92 in Columbus; he said he was moving west. And, according to Molly, Emily Freed is in grad school in Manhattan.

I (Chris) found Cricket Foell and Brian Limkemann '91 at Homecoming's Happy Hour. She works at the box office of the Beck Center for Performing Arts of Lakewood, OH (call 216/521-2540 for tickets). She still has "those strange dreams" that Steve Schroeter is going to compile into a book one day. Get a sneak preview by writing to Cricket at: 1421 Waterbury #19, Lakewood, OH 44107.

Incidentally, I (Chris) should warn you that our alma mater is no longer the font of simple pleasures that we knew. The Underground, home of the beloved 50-cent Budweiser (and nothing else), now has microbrews and imports. Mom's has cappuccino. What's next — couscous in Kittredge?! Also at Happy Hour, I (Chris) ran into the BHCPEGILH (Babcock Hall Club for the Perpetuation of Euchre Games Into Late Hours). Michelle McNally is marrying Sean Blair in January 1996. She works for Limited Credit Services in marketing and says she's "really using that history degree." Congratulations can be sent to: 4471 Errington Rd., Columbus, OH 43227.

News briefs: Michelle says that Stacey Hollingsworth Gardner works in Newark, OH, while husband Andy Gardner '92 finishes law school. Amy Pickenpaugh works in Columbus and takes classes at Ohio State U. She can be found at: 6204 Lowridge Dr. #302, Canal Winchester, OH 43110. Gaurav Chandar plans to work toward a master's degree in biochemistry. His address is: 5950 Buckboard Ln., Solon, OH 44139. Gaurav says Mike Smith is working on his teaching certificate. Someone also mysteriously wrote on my pad that Al Thompson now lives in Columbus. He is married and has a fairly new daughter, Alyia.

Jennifer T. Smith sent a photo (see above) of a gathering of Woosterites, along with her new address: 24 Ellington Rd. Apt. 3, Somerville, MA 02144; telephone: (617) 628-5487.

Rob Vosburgh writes: "I'm in New York doing that graduate school thing at Fordham U, working on my master's degree in medieval studies. I am wondering if I should try to get into the Ph.D. program in history. Any suggestions, recommendations, gossip, or visits are welcome." Rob's e-mail is RobVos@eworld.com.

As for me (Chris), I have returned to Carnegie Mellon U after a most excellent internship in Sydney, Australia. Highlights included a week at the Great Barrier Reef and a "proper" bushwalk, which degenerated into being utterly lost for two days with colleagues in the Blue Mountains. Did you know that mobile phones don't work out there?

Secretary: Christopher Myers, 222 Morewood Ave. #3, Pittsburgh, PA 15213; e-mail: cm777@andrew.cmu.edu; and Erika Poethig, 1213 E. 53rd St., Chicago, IL 60615; e-mail: epoethig@wp.post.depaul.edu.

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1992

Ashesh Parekh writes: "I have moved to San Francisco to Oracle Corporation (based in Redwood Shores, CA). My address is: 625 Rhode Island St., Apt. 8, San Francisco, CA 94107; phone: (415) 506-2869; e-mail: aparck@us.oracle.com. I would love to hear from Woosterites in the Bay area."

In October 1995, Rountree Group, Inc., an independent public relations agency based in Atlanta, GA, promoted Bill Kelly to account executive. Bill, previously assistant account executive, received a master's degree in advertising from the U of Alabama in Tuscaloosa. Before joining Rountree, he worked as a market analyst for a travel management company.

Congratulations to Dennis and Karin Riggs Woesner on the arrival of their second child, Emma Giliuson, born Oct. 6, 1995. Emma joins brother Charles (23 months). Karin remarks that everyone is happy and healthy, if a bit tired. The Woesners can be reached at: 25 Beacon Street, Natick, MA 01760.

Meghan Howes writes in that she is working towards an M.F.A. in creative writing at the U of Montana as well as teaching and co-editing U of M's literary magazine, Cut Bank. She says that things are beautiful in Big Sky Country, and that she would love to hear from friends at: 719 S. 4th St. W, Missoula, MT 59801.

Beth Moran Reiten sends word that she has been a part-time graduate student in library and information studies at the U of Wisconsin-Madison since spring 1994. In 1995, Beth married Matt Reiten, Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Signal Corps. He and Beth will move to Germany this summer for three years. In the meantime, their address is: 2239 Woodview Court #1, Madison, WI 53713. Beth wonders how Kristie Kuhls, Jeannie Benson, and Scott Milks are doing.

Cristy Quigley writes in that she will attend the L. B. J. School of Public Affairs at the U of Texas, studying for her master's degree in public affairs. Her address is: 3600 North Hills Dr. #219, Austin, TX 78731. Cristy also mentions that Helen Shepard has found a job with the Make-a-Wish Foundation in Atlanta, GA, and is very excited about the move.

Thanks to all who did write and send word of their current doings. Happy Holidays!

Secretary: Erika Seyfried, 2406 Hillcrest Dr., Stow, OH 44224.

1991

As your class secretary, it is my (Katie's) responsibility to remind everyone that our fifth-year reunion is scheduled for June 6-9, 1996. Our planning committee has arranged for quite a few neat activities, including a square dance, a cookout on the quad followed
by a volleyball game, a bicycling/rollerblading/walking trip, and a game of Wooster jeopardy. Keep your eyes open for more information — it promises to be a good time. Be sure to get your reservations in early!

Now, a word from fellow classmates:

Jason Cody finished his Ph.D. in inorganic chemistry from Northwestern U during the summer of 1995. During the 1995-96 school year, he is serving as visiting assistant professor of Chemistry at Lake Forest (IL) College, teaching physical chemistry. Jason is also busy applying for grants to do post-doctoral research in Nantes, France.

He and his wife, Daphne Daugherty Cody ’89, camped along the Current River with the Choir of Men and Boys of St. Luke’s Episcopal Church in Evanston, IL, where he is also a clerk of the vestry and a confirmation mentor.

Matt Carson married Lynda Downar on June 3, 1995. The couple met at the Hartz School of Music in Connecticut where Matt received his master of music in trumpet. Matt then worked with the Empire Brass Quintet and moved to Miami, FL, to become the director of a publishing company which prints and sells all of the arrangements that the Empire Brass have recorded. His address is: 555 NE 15th St. #14B, Miami, FL 33132.

Morgan Pearson married Louis Theriot ’90 on Sept. 17, 1995, in Bethesda, MD. They would personally like to thank Shoaeb Shams ’90 for traveling from Pakistan to be the best man. The couple has lived in the Washington, DC, area since 1991 and recently bought a house in Silver Spring, MD. Louis works as a mortgage banker with a financial firm, and Morgan is a recruiter for a company that works with area nonprofits.

Another wedding took place last summer: Sean Buckley married Katherine T. Fleming in Washington, DC, on July 1, 1995. (See Weddings.) Katherine writes that the couple participated “in another Wooster tradition — we met at the College our second year.” She continues: “In terms of news, Sean and I live in Washington, DC. He works at Parsons Engineering Science as a geologist, and I am in my second year at the Paul Nitze School for International Studies, Johns Hopkins U.” Their address is: 3900 Connecticut Ave. NW, Apt. 201G, Washington, DC 20008.

Rowly and Liz Kirkpatrick ’92 Brucken live in Eminence, KY, where Liz is the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Rowly works on his dissertation and commutes to Ohio State U once a week to teach American History. They can be reached at: 253 Henry St., Eminence, KY 40019.

Susan Kacerak writes: “Lots has happened to me in the last couple of years. I happily reunited with my birth family in Nov. ’93, and I married Dave Burlage on Aug. 11, 1995. We live in Walton Hills, OH, southeast of Cleveland, with our cat, Sydney. I still work at the Alzheimer’s Association, Cleveland Area Chapter, and serve on the boards of Adoption Network Cleveland and Greater Cleveland Community Shares.”

Susan continues: “I ran into Don Campbell on the Metro in Washington, DC. He is working for the Intel Corporation’s government division — and doesn’t drive a big yellow Suburban anymore!! I’d love to hear from fellow alumni! Drop me a line at sxx376@pol.cwru.edu or via snail mail, 7285 Spanghurst Dr., Walton Hills, OH 44146-4319.”

Taylor Liske sent a new address: Governor Dummer Academy, Byfield, MA 01922. More info, Taylor?

Hurricane Felix put a strange twist in my (Katie’s) vacation. Rich and I, along with Laura Kenreich, Matt Hastings, Carrie Fasoli, Danielle Dunn and Anne Lewellen ’92 enjoyed two days on the beaches of Duck, NC, before Felix chased us out. While Danielle, Carrie, and Carrie’s fiancée, Tom, opted to return home, the rest of us traveled to Richmond, VA, where we met Murray Welsh ’93 for breakfast one day. Everyone headed to my place then, where we kept ourselves busy going to baseball games, to Fort McHenry, and to Washington, DC. It wasn’t quite what we had planned, but I don’t think any of us will forget it.

As the religious reporter for Carroll County Times, I (Katie) covered Pope John Paul II’s visit to Baltimore. It was quite an honor to attend the papal Mass.

Keep those letters coming! Don’t forget about our reunion.

Secretary: Katie Jones McClelland, 1263 Circle Dr., Arbitus, MD 21227.

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1990

Rob Gratchner sends this update: “I was married on July 30, 1994, to Trina Lee Iorns, in Roseburg, OR. As an M.B.A. student at the U of New Mexico, I would love to receive any information from alumni in Albuquerque.” Rob’s address is: 6000 Montano Plaza Dr. NW #33a, Albuquerque, NM 87120; phone: (505) 899-2730. You can reach him by e-mail at: JNXX83B@prodigy.com.

In September 1995, the Meadowbrook Insurance Group of Southfield, MI, named Mark D. Goodman as domestic and global marketing consultant. Mark previously served Sen. Edward Kennedy in Boston, MA, as economic and foreign policy consultant. A resident of Ann Arbor, MI, Mark earned a master’s degree in philosophy from Tufts U and studied at Aberdeen U in Scotland. He serves on the board of directors for The Brookview Foundation and as a member of the Africa and Middle East Policy Group.

National City Bank recently promoted Joe R. Luckinger to assistant vice president, Five Points office, Cleveland, OH. Joe joined National City in 1990 as a management trainee in retail administration and became a manager/loan officer in 1993. He received his M.B.A. in finance from Case Western Reserve U in 1994. A Cleveland resident, Joe also volunteers for the American Red Cross.

Congratulations to both Mark and Joe! This letter came with more happy news from Cheryl Wilson McElroy: “I’ve lived in the Washington, DC, area since 1990, and married Rick McElroy in May (see Weddings.)

“I (Cheryl) also want to report on several friends. After living and working in DC for four years, Terry Lowe-Donovan started graduate school last fall at the Harvard U School of Public Health. She married Mike Donovan in October 1994 and enjoys life in Boston. After living in DC for three years, Caroline “KK” Walker moved to the West Coast in search of a different lifestyle. She now lives and works in Ashland, OR, where she teaches acting and is very involved in dance classes. Andrea Gomez, who lives in Buffalo, NY, finished her master’s degree two years ago. She teaches English and science in a public middle school and coaches swimming at a local club. Derek Argust, a DC resident, planned to finish his master’s degree in organizational development last fall at American University.”
to the College of Wooster... Let's keep in mind that we do need to be in retirement to make a gift. The charitable remainder trust enables an individual to make a substantial deferred gift to the College, with multiple tax and nontax advantages... See your financial planner or, better yet, call me. Bye for now.

Congratulations to Anil Parwani, Ph.D., who received the 1995 Graduate Student Outstanding Dissertation award from Ohio State U. A biology and chemistry major at Wooster, Anil conducted his doctoral research at the OARDC under the direction of Linda Saiti ’69. His groundbreaking research into the viruses which cause diarrhea in children and animals suggests a possible explanation for the failure of commercial vaccines. Anil, winner of other honors including the OARDC Director’s Fellowship, continues as a postdoctoral research associate in the food animal health research program at the Wooster English professor Nancy Grace calls Anil “a beautiful writer and thinker.”

Andrew Traglija is doing well in the City of Angels, where he has lived since graduation. He spends many weekends away from the city (hiking in the mountains, etc.) with his girlfriend, Philippa. In 1994, he completed his studies at the U of Southern California’s school of cinema/television. (Hereafter, he requires “that all correspondence be addressed to Master of Fine Arts Andrew Traglija.”) M.F.A. Andrew writes: “Cabin Fever, my second feature-length screenplay, is just a few days from completion. Then it will begin its magical journey around town: off the desks and into the paper shredders of Hollywood’s most powerful and influential people.”

Drew also writes of plans to attend the wedding of Victor DeMarco in New York in October 1995. Congratulations, Vic! (And send us the details.....) Finally, Drew wants us all to know that he still has most of his hair, but now keeps it distributed unevenly around the (bathrooms. (Thanks for that extra bit of info.) Master Andrew’s address: 650 S. Detroit St. #206, Los Angeles, CA 90036; telephone: (213) 939-9422, WWW: about information from other Grosjean House residents?

Alison Stenta Johnston writes that she and Wesley Johnston ’88 were married on Feb. 19, 1994, in Cleveland, OH. Woosterites present at their wedding included: Dennis Solensky, Rich Allen, Doug Grosel ’86, Jen Hoskin Grosel, Judy Merriman Natram, Jill McFarland, Dave Potocol, John Toth ’90, Miroslav “Mirek” Posedel ’87, John S. Murphy ’86, Noraz Land Murphy ’86, Mike Menoe ’87, Greg Giuliano ’87, and Chuck Nye. Alison works in the consumer loan division at Charter One Bank, while Wes practices law with the office of William T. Neubert in Cleveland, OH. They live in the Shaker Square area: 2871 Hampton Rd. #15, Cleveland, OH 44120.

Alison fills in details on some of the wedding guests: Jen and Doug Grosel had a baby boy, Evan Douglas Grosel, on June 18, 1995 (Father’s Day). Congratulations! Judy Merriman married Will Nadzam in October 1993; they live in Akron, OH, in a beautiful refurbished barn. Dave Knowlton and his wife, Nancy bought a house in Wooster, where Dave practices law.

Megan Hensley recently visited Erika Federmann, Erika’s husband, Walt Guldan, and their dog (whose name Megan can’t remember), at their beautiful new home in Hudson, OH. Erika has worked as a consultant at Hewitt Associates since graduation, at first in the Chicago Office. If (Libby) will try to get their new address for the next issue.

Megan also saw Susan Fesz, who continues to work as a plumbing specialties/fire protection sales representative. She will soon expand her territory to the Columbus, OH, area. I (Libby) believe that Susan still lives in North Royalton, OH.

Finally, Scott Spangler writes that he’s the executive editor of the magazine Asylum, which he created. The publication is now part of Arizona State U’s The State Press, a monthly training publication for ASU journalism students. Scott also works as a journalist on a local paper in Phoenix and finds time to write fiction. Scott’s address: 1717 South Dorsey Ln. #1112, Tempe, AZ 85281.

That’s it for this issue. Send in those notes!

Secretary: Libby Black Yoskovitz, 23-15 28th St. 3rd Floor, Astoria, NY 11105.

**CLASS NOTES**

1989

Many thanks to those who sent news. I (Libby) hope this inspires many more of you....

Greg Rumburg sends: “Greetings from Nashville, TN! Believe it or not, I have volunteered to remain in the Volunteer State a bit longer, having completed my M. Div. last May at Vanderbilt U Divinity School. Now as the assistant editor of Crossroads and CCM magazines (two publications of CCM Communications), I have a slightly non-traditional congregation but a great music program. Friends expecting invitations to my ordination in the beauty of a Wooster spring day should write to me at 5770 Brentwood Trace, Brentwood, TN 37027, or respond by e-mail at: grumburg@cccm.com.”

John A. ’88 and Matica Moros Taylor of Cambridge, MA, joyfully report the birth of their daughter, Alexa Gabriela Moros-Taylor, Aug. 8, 1995, Matica is finishing a master’s degree at Harvard Divinity School, and John works for Cellular USA in Boston.

Charles Thorne recently reported: “...if I don’t write to the magazine now, my name will appear in print only in the obits....I have seen many of my esteemed compatriots from the classes of ’89 and ’90 — OATs and other chums. I spent time early last summer with my most recent attachment from the Annex, Jim Tausche. Jim has started a new venture in Chicago — production, entertainment, and agent representation for theatre and film...I also saw Margaret Bellinger ’90 at her May wedding; she looked absolutely stunning...Those present at the ceremony included: Chad and Nancy Heard Krahmer, ’90s; Tracy Becker ’90 and her fiancé Scott; Russ Dunn ’90; and that porcelain couple, Mike Breen and Elise Merriman ’90s. My dear friends Rob ’88 and Ann McArtor McKean are excitedly expecting their first child in December.”

Charlie continued: “Lastly, we must address the responsibilities of the class of ’89

1988


Congratulations to Rowena Tan who married Michael Gasser in September in Akron, OH. Rowena writes, “Well, the wedding stuff is finally over — whew!...Happy to say, we survived — and don’t really feel any different being married.” Rowena and Michael live in Cedar Falls, IA.

Planning a Dec. 22, 1995, wedding in Chagrin Falls, OH, were Carolyn Reier and Kurt Princic, of Euclid, OH. Kurt and Carolyn both work at the Ohio Environmental Protection Agency in Twinsburg. Having been friends with Carolyn for almost 25 years (can I really be that old?), I (Mary) can’t wait for this special Christmastime event.

Carolyn Willmer writes from Arizona, where she and Rick Freas ’87 are exploring life “in the wild west!” Carolyn and Rick met in Cleveland through the lead poisoning prevention program where they both worked. They decided to relocate when Rick got a job offer in Phoenix. On the four-day cross-country journey in August, Carolyn says that her cats, Thelma and Louise, “followed the tradition of their movie namesakes and took to life on the road.” Carolyn and Rick (and certainly the felines) saw beautiful scenery driving through Colorado, Nebraska, and New Mexico. Now
The wedding of Katherine T. Fleming and Sean M. Buckley, '91s on July 1, 1995. (Left to r) Christine Monk, Megan Hess, and Kathy Behringer, '91s, bride, groom, Chas Terry and Nancy Christman Terry, '91s, Liz Barney ’92, Debbie Teitelbaum ’91.

The wedding of Jennifer Korkow and Aaron Kriska, ’95s, on June 10, 1995.

The wedding of Elisabeth Rambo ’95 and H. Fritz Nelson ’94 on June 24, 1995. (Front row, I to r) Georgia Weetman ’63, Buddy Schiavone, Barb Finley ’94, Barbara Rambo Hoshiko ’56, Jennifer Fonfara ’94, groom, bride, Jessica Nelson ’97, Kirsten Roehrich ’94, Barbara Battin; (Back row) Tom Rambo ’62, J. T. Peirce ’93, Gina Bobaci and Dori Farthing, ’95s, Bryan Reinicke ’93, Eric Harbeson ’95, Ryan Morse ’94, David Crichton ’94, Glenn Kemp ’93.


Editor’s Note: Wooster is pleased to share the wedding photos of alumni. Our requirements are these: A black and white photo is preferred and can be requested from your photographer. The photo should include the bride, groom, and others from The College of Wooster. To be considered for inclusion in Class Notes, photos must be received within four months of the wedding date. Please provide complete information for captions, including the wedding date and names and class years of alumni. Do not send photos that you wish to have returned.
WEDDINGS


The wedding of Cathy Campbell '88 and Aaron Wright on July 8, 1995. (First row, l to r) Michael Johnson and Carrie McGraw Johnson '88, Mia Wright and Beth Campbell '90; (Second row) Donald Campbell '91, Rebecca Sturpe Hatfield and Tika Davies Walsh '88, Scott Palmer '84; (Second row) Karen Ferguson, Heather Duncan and Laura Tuerkerman-Kaplan '88, William Campbell '62, bride, groom, Carol Edge Campbell '62, Lisa Jones Skeens, Sara Potter Martin, and Kimberly Paul Rubin '85, Kevin Walsh '83.

The wedding of Laura Templeton '95 and Joel Anved on July 22, 1995. (First row, l to r) Brad Dixon '95, Derek Longbrake and Michelle Perrigo '96; (Second row) Andy Robertson '92, Charles Celebreze '95, Kristin Dobbs '97, J. Charles Templeton '65; (Third row) Elise Bates '95, Lillian Richeson Templeton '85; (Back row) Cari Boardman Robertson '94, Joel Berger '96, bride, groom, Doug Peacock '96.

The wedding of Patty Skidmore '86 and Scott Kelly on July 29, 1995. (Front row, l to r) Bride, groom; (Back row) Beth Guzman-Pettit '86, Janice Skidmore Keeler '74, Phil Gordon, Leslie Winter Gordon, Gretchen Marks Crone, Sid Hastings, Linda Schulski Rupert, Clay Allard, Marcia Obermiller, and Karin Connolly Wiest, '86s, Martha Lewry Allard '84.
William Campbell ’62, and grandfather, Don Darnestown, MD, is contemplating a major move ourselves. Jonathan will commute to the new location and teaches at IUPUI. Meanwhile, my son, Drew Aaron Pinta, is hooked into the Internet, so classmates can e-mail their news. I hope you do; e-mail me at jsp40@indiana.edu. It’s very new but exciting, too. I just want to hear from you.

Cathy Campbell

Stephanie Tan

Mary Lewis Spino wrote with a bunch of class notes. In June 1994, she married Tom Spino ’89. They are surviving the heat in Houston, TX, where Mary teaches biology at a private school and Tom works as a golf course superintendent. They’d love to hear from others at: 12000 Sawmill Rd., The Woodlands, TX 77380, or by e-mail at science@main.com. Mary planned to be in the October 1995 wedding of Judy Snavely and David Meisenzahl in Rochester, NY. Planning to attend were Lisa Hutcheson, Robin Germ, and Kathi Whalen ’85.

Nancy Degener participated in a Wooster mini-reunion while performing in the New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players’ performance of HMS Pinafore in Richmond, VA. She played the role of Dame Carruthers. Deanna Peden ’85 and Sal Midolo ’86 were also part of the cast. The three had not performed on stage together since Die Fledermaus, in 1984 at Wooster. Since living in Manhattan, Nancy’s appeared on every major stage except the two she wants most — the Met and the New York City Opera. She hopes to hit those eventually. Nancy occasionally sees Emilie Storrs-Barringer when she pops into New York for auditions, and also keeps in touch with Pam Hedges who stage manages — after work — for the Victoria Light Opera Co.

Bob Tull writes that his wife is expecting and due in January and that he was promoted to vice president of Key Corporation. I (Winnie) have gotten a couple of e-mail communications about his impending fatherhood, so I think I know which of the two events is more important!

Cyndi Wilson Porter has moved from Wooster to Wisconsin, where she is assistant professor of chemistry at Lakeland College in Sheboygan. She says that it is a small, private liberal arts school — shades of COW. If it has been a while since you’ve informed your classmates of the news in your life, stop right now and drop me (Winnie) a note via U.S. mail or e-mail. If you wait, it’ll fall by the wayside. I get about 75 percent of my class notes by e-mail and am accumulating a list of e-mail addresses. If you are interested, just let me know.

Hope to hear from you soon! I hope you are planning to attend our 10th reunion in 1997. It’s a little early, but plan ahead!

Secretary: Winnie Williams, 6165 Oakwood Rd., Woodbury, MN 55125; e-mail: ww@cnyn.com.
more. Elizabeth is composing a piece for an early music ensemble to which Janet belongs. Jamie Haskins e-mailed me a short note about attending the cast and crew screening of "Seasons," in which he appears. We can actually see him in the movie; although in a short-lived role, he did not end up on the cutting-room floor.

Seems Jamie spotted Curtis "Teddy" McLaughlin in a Hollywood record store. Curtis works for Financial West Group. Jamie also sends word that Sarah McGraw Krushinski has finished her European tour of "Phantom of the Opera;" it sounds like she's doing well. Both Jamie and Sarah await the next great part to sweep them onto a big screen or stage near you.

I (Jennifer) received a note from Debbie Holdsworth Frazier and her husband, Lawson, announcing their new arrival, Caroline Cecilia. Caroline will help sister Elizabeth occupy Debbie's time. Debbie says that she keeps in touch with Russell Welchli, who is doing well.

My (Jennifer's) husband, Alex Landefeld, tells me that the last he heard, Dave Paul, his wife, Denise, and their son, Forrest, were headed for Puerto Rico on a job-related move. Dave has been clerking for a federal judge.

Michele Kapur and husband Andy Kurtz are still in Pittsburgh, PA. I'd love to hear what you are doing these days, Michele and Alex and I are busy with computing and art.

Get those pens and keyboards going so Jamie doesn't feel obligated to send e-mail before every deadline to fill up Class Notes! Secretary: Jennifer Landefeld, 589 Ayers Ave, Turtle Creek, PA 15415-1241; e-mail: jennifer.landefeld@pblys.com.

1984


In September 1995, John R. Seaman was ordained to the ministry. He works as Parish Associate in a Presbyterian congregation and as associate director of a transitional rehabilitation program for homeless men in South Baltimore. John and his wife, Carolyn Buddinger Seaman '86, live in Hyattsville, MD.

Apologies, friends, for missing a deadline. Some of this news has been in my [Kristen] file for way too long. I will now take advantage of the blessed quiet of this midnight hour to update you on the lives of several of your classmates. Most of the news will be taken directly from letters that I received.

Lakshmi Daniel writes: "After leaving Wooster, I lived in Korea for a year, ostensibly studying theology. I did not spend too much time in the classroom, but worked and learned my way through issues of faith and commitment, and could then with honesty decide that ordination and theological path-breaking was not for me. I went to Cambridge U and earned a master's in social anthropology. One of my Woo classmates (and perpetual friends), Karen Coen Flynn, helped me see that year through with a great deal of enjoyment, back to India (Bangalore) for a year to work in a human rights organization and then, feeling the ghosts of history professors past, I went to Oxford. Finished a doctorate in history in 1991 — and was again accompanied for part of the journey by a great Wooster friend, Sundaram Tagore."

Lakshmi continues: "After working in India again, I came to Hong Kong in March 1994, as the director of research...of an organization called DAGA (Documentation for Action Groups in Asia), a regional (Asia-Pacific) ecumenical documentation center. So it all comes full circle: faith and action, commitment and duty....I actually have been in touch with a number of Wooster friends.

Cheryl Lower visited me both in Oxford and Hong Kong. But I have lost touch with some people.....any news about the following? Sue Stein Krausk McDaniel, Nancy Halberg, Robin Heggenbothom '83, Richard Duval, Gary Ackin '82, David Galdun '82, or Katherine Tait '82? Lakshmi's address is: 96 2nd District, Pak Tin Village, Mei Tin Road, Shatin, N.T., Hong Kong; telephone: (852) 2697-1917; fax: (852) 2697-1912.

S. Elizabeth Alexander currently works both as a mom and as a free-lance composer. Elizabeth says: "I am working on my first commissioned work for large orchestra (the Central Wisconsin Symphony Orchestra), to be premiered in 1997. I am also writing a piece for an early music ensemble, one of whose members is Janet Youngdahl '85. I moved to Ithaca, NY, last October with my husband, Paul Adams, and sons Simon (3) and Oliver (1). Paul has a position at a software company." Elizabeth's address: 206 North Titus Ave., Ithaca, NY 14850; telephone: (607) 273-6489.

Daphne Upham Schoenberger writes sadly of the break-up of her marriage. "I am teaching part-time for the fourth year at Northern Kentucky U and doing some freelance typesetting and graphics...So it's just my cat, Hannah, and me,"

Wooster alumni liked to the top of Pico Peak, overlooking Killington, VT, during the wedding weekend of Tom Forster '83 and Dana Kraus in September 1995. (Left to r): Dave Bushnell '84, Eric May, Sally Widman Ferre, Doug Kier, and Tom Forster '83.

Carol Pearson Schadelbauer writes: "My husband, Rick, and I had our first child on Aug. 14, 1995, Alex Wayne. We already have a Wooster outfit for the little guy! I'm taking three months off, then back to my job four days a week in December. I still work at the American Hospital Association in Washington, DC, in public relations/communications. Looking forward to Alex's first trip to Wool! We're happy to hear from people." Carol's address: 705 N. Illinois St., Arlington, VA 22205; telephone: (703) 522-2897.

In other news: Carol Rettew is director of outreach at Bay Presbyterian Church in Bay Village, OH. Her home address is: 2027 Richland Ave., Lakewood, OH 44107. Bob and Christin French McKee announce the birth of their third child, Robert Samuel, on Oct. 4, 1995. Robert joins older siblings Molly and Tyler. Jill Chambers Mayer and her husband, David, have been blessed with a baby girl, Anne Michelle, born on Sept. 15, 1995. Anna joins sister Kristin.

Secretaries: Denise Short, 89 Jewett St. #1, Newton, MA, 02158; and Kristen Nicewander Carlson, 6401 E. Jamison Cir. S., Englewood, CO, 80112-2414.

1983

Mike Miller, a biostatistician at Wake Forest U, and his wife, Sharon Moss Miller '84, reported recently that they are expecting a new family addition.

Thanks to the Tom Forster and Dana Kraus wedding, there was a mini-reunion of some of us geology majors. (See photo below.) Dave Bushnell '84, Eric May, Doug Kier, and I (Sally) convened in Killington, VT, over Labor Day weekend to attend and participate in the gala event. We even incorporated a Crandall House circle dance into the reception! A grand time was had by all.

Forster and Kraus hospitality reigns supreme. The newlyweds are on their next adventure in Katmandu, Nepal. Dana has a six-month position lined up with a family practice medical facility, and Tom has secured a teaching position there. Upon their return, Tom and
Dawn Marie Krause reported the following: "In June of 1994, and after seven and one-half years, I quit my position as an attorney with the Internal Revenue Service to join the United States Peace Corps. I teach American law and legal terminology at a law school in northeastern Hungary. I am grateful to be able to learn a new skill (teaching) and to have the chance to reevaluate priorities. In my free time, I travel (to Poland, Turkey and Tunisia), desperately try to learn Hungarian, and take piano lessons. I will be here until June 1996 and would love to hear from anyone at: 3550 Miskolc, St. Istvan ut. 29, fsz. 4, Hungary; or via e-mail to: jokgbjdn@gold.uni-miskolc.hu."

By the time you read this, David Ward and Lee Merrill Hapner will be performing Sweeney Todd at the Portland Opera in Oregon. David plays Judge Turpin. He writes: "In opera, if it isn't cut, I have to flagellate myself with a whip while peeping as Lee undresses...Yes, it's a family show!"

Secretaries: Barbara Brown, 666 Ashland Ave. #8, St. Paul, MN 55104; phone and fax: (612) 221-9785; e-mail: BBrown9785@aol.com; and Morris Robinson, 901 Octavia, New Orleans, LA 70115.

Contact Wooster, Galpin Hall, The College of Wooster, Wooster, OH 44691.

Richard Harrison '78 (e-mail: rharrison@beowulf.mhsl.uab.edu) sends the following info: James Hudnut-Beumler is the author of Looking for God in the Suburbs: The Religion of the American Dream and Its Critics, 1945-1965, published in 1994 by Rutgers U Press. Hudnut-Beumler is executive vice pres-ident and dean of the faculty at Columbia Theological Seminary, Decatur, GA.

Stephen Bartlett writes from the Dominican Republic, where he and his wife, Ada Asenjo, and their three children — Mara (6), Daniela (3) and Emilio (6 months) — live on a small farm. Stephen finds his work as a farmer and forester deeply satisfying, after years of voicing concerns and teaching about social and economic justice as an ESL teacher. The Bartlets reside at Apartado 13 Correo General, Rio San Juan, Dominican Republic. Stephen would like to hear from Gerard Garboussian.

Leslie Schwartz writes to say that she was sorry to miss our class reunion. She has been feeling much better and is on the road to recovery. Leslie developed quite a green thumb working on her flower garden last summer. She also enjoys life as step-mom to sons Nik (9) and Theo (6).

Other good news: Gretchen Johnson was married on July 4, 1995; Coghill & Goodspeed P.C. of Denver, CO, announced last summer that John P. Baker has become a shareholder of the firm; and Chris deVries recently graduated from Chef School.

Congratulations to all!

Martha Kallstrom went on a fabulous two-week trip to England this summer. Martha teaches medical literature, classical literature and freshman composition. For those of you unable to attend our reunion this past summer, we missed you! We had a pizza party in the Douglass Lounge Friday evening. Bill Anfang and his family hosted the pig roast on their farm. After a dessert and champagne reception at Scheide, members of Crandall House hosted a party in Fifth Section lounge. A great time was had by all — even though we had to dodge the traditional Wooster raindrops.

The class would like to thank our co-presidents, Tracey Dils and Chris deVries, and our secretaries, Leslie Schwartz and Dave Gilliss, for all of their hard work in keeping our class informed for the past five years. Congratulations to our new class president, Glassell Smalley, and new secretaries, Susie Estill and Don Leake. 1 (Jenny) will also continue as a secretary for the next five years. This column is yours, so please keep those cards and letters coming!

Secretaries: Jenny Watson, 1551 Oakmont Rd., South Euclid, OH 44121; Susie Estill, 1817 Keller Lake Dr., Burnsville, MN 55306-6378; and Don Leake, 10303 Dickens Ave., Bethesda, MD 20814.

Wendy L. Rose sends this update: she is married to Martin A. Sanchez, executive director of the National Lawyers Guild (NY, NY) and has two sons, Luis Gabriel (3) and Roberto David (4 months). Wendy moved to the New York City area after teaching adult education, literacy ESOL, and GED in El Paso, TX, for four years. In the fall of 1994, she attended graduate school at the New School for Social Research in NYC, taking classes in literacy. She has worked part-time as an administrator of the National Lawyers Guild Foundation. Most recently, Wendy has worked as a consultant and an evaluator for the Socorro Independent School District in Texas. She is doing well and traveling all over the place. If anyone is in the NYC area, give her a call. Her address is 2 Kildare Rd., Island Park, NY 11558; e-mail: wrose@igc.apc.org; telephone: (516) 431-1163.

In August, Glimcher Realty Trust of Columbus, OH, appointed Timothy Getz senior vice president of finance and investments. He previously held a 14-year position as investment officer of the Ohio Public Employees Retirement System. Holding a master's degree in business administration from Emory U, Timothy will handle capital formation and strategic planning for Glimcher. Contact: Secretary: Lisa Carter Sherrock, 3500 Colonial Dr., Springfield, OH 45504.
year-old farmhouse, trying to preserve its authenticity as much as possible. This spring they can begin to landscape the 40 or so acres that surround their homestead. (Just a little joke, dear friends!)

Sandy continues my studies in motherhood, which began seven years ago with the birth of our first daughter, Andra. Since then, daughters Inara (5) and Elisa (1 1/2) have joined the family. Prior to this career, I enjoyed teaching biology and other science courses at the junior and senior high level. I hope to return to an academic setting in the future. My husband, Ulissi, continues to work at Ford Motor Co. in Dearborn, MI, as purchasing director for the Automotive Components Division.

My (Sandy’s) mailbox (and Dean’s as well) can hold much more mail. Please share some interesting (or not so interesting) news tidbits with your classmates.

Secretaries: Sandy Kronitis Sipols, 39372 Plenbrook Dr., Farmington Hills, MI 48331; and Dean Walker, 3207 Trail Ridge Rd., Louisville, KY 40241.

1977

We have received word of new responsibilities for two classmates, John W. Brooks took a position in September 1995 as director of choral music at St. Stephen’s and St. Agnes School, a large Episcopal day school in Alexandria, VA. An organ student of the late Richard T. Gore and of John Russell at Wooster, John received his master’s degree at the Peabody Conservatory, where he studied under Donald Sutherland. He pursued further study in Washington, DC, and in England, John previously served at the Hackley School in Tarrytown, NY, and at All Saints Episcopal Church in Briarcliff Manor, NY. He also worked as a professional choral singer in England.

In October 1995, Habitat for Humanity International elected Lyle Hanna to a three-year term on its board of directors. A resident of Lexington, KY, Lyle works as a human resources consultant for William M. Mercer, Inc., and directs the Kentucky Society of Human Resource Managers. His Habitat experience includes organizing a 107-house project. As president of the Kentucky Habitat for Humanity, Lyle helped secure former President Jimmy Carter’s commitment to participate in a future Habitat effort. Congratulations to John and to Lyle!

More congratulations in order — this time, it’s babies, babies! Ray Nielsen joyfully announces the birth of his daughter, Alice Christian, on May 24, 1995. Your secretary (Carole) and her husband, Rob, are also delighted with the birth of our first child, Andrew Redmond, on Oct. 6, 1995.

Secretaries: Carole Lehman Velliere, 10 Radcliff Rd., Beverly, MA 01915-5604.

1976

Dorothy Paner Sinha, chief of library service at the Minneapolis V.A. Center, was awarded distinguished member status, the highest level of membership, from the Medical Library Association’s Academy of Health Information Professionals. The academy recognizes professional competency and achievement in the field of health information management.

Last September, Virginia Wesleyan College of Norfolk/Virginia Beach, VA, announced the appointment of Linda Baker Berry as coordinator of multicultural affairs. With a master’s degree in human resource development from American U, Linda previously served as registrar of Upsala College in NJ. Before that, she worked at Skidmore College in New York state and at Prairie View A&M U in Texas. Her address is: 4102 Kipling St., Virginia Beach, VA 23452-1933.

Pamela Marcotte writes that she is, “Single. No children. [I] just work a lot.” A resident of Pacific Palisades, CA, Pamela is a production designer for films. Her many credits include Miami Vice (production designer), Howard the Duck (set designer), and Robocop 2 (art director). Earlier in the 1990s, she owned Chimere Design Studio & Gallery in Venice, CA. Thanks for the update!

Bill (’73) and Debbie Fouls Leary thankfully and joyfully announce the birth of a daughter, Amanda Catherine, on Jan. 24, 1995. Debbie writes: “As most of our Wooster friends know, we have hoped and prayed for Amanda’s arrival for over 10 years...Parenthood just gets better each day and is more fun than we ever imagined. It’s wonderful seeing the world through a baby’s eyes...Amanda joins canine sibling, Bud, the 100 lb. golden retriever, and two feline companions, who have adjusted nicely.”

Elizabeth Buchter Bernhardt Kamil, professor of foreign and second-language education at Ohio State U, is spending 1995-96 at Stanford U, directing its Center for Language Instruction. (See page 49 for a photo of Elizabeth and her OSU colleagues.) Secretary: Julie Beuter Bogner, 1660 Arthur Dr., Wooster, OH 44691.

1977

In October 1995, Acclaim Entertainment, Inc., of Glen Cove, NY, announced the appointment of James DeRose Jr. as president of Acclaim Interactive Software, its North American home software division. He will oversee all domestic operations for interactive entertainment software for personal computers and video game systems. James, who began his career at Procter & Gamble, previously served as president of Mattel U.S.A., Mattel’s domestic division. Congratulations!

Kudos also go to another class member: a Sept. 29, 1995, article in The Baltimore Sun featured Chris Rosser Moseley, Discovery Communications Inc.’s senior vice president for marketing and communications. Chris initiated a high-profile marketing campaign featuring the brief, no-nonsense slogan: “Explore Your World.” Due to the campaign’s extraordinary success, measured by ratings...
and consumer recognition. Advertising Age included Chris among its Marketing 100 Superstars. Before she joined Discovery five years ago, Chris worked in broadcast promoting and advertising copywriting in various locations.

Secretary: Jay Yutzey, 1254 Norwell Dr., Columbus, OH 43220; e-mail: yutzey.2@osu.edu.

1971

Secretary: Carlile Marshall, 155 Maple St., Summit, NJ 07901-3485.

1970

On writing. Yuck! Don’t you hate it? Apparently you do because no one has written. However, Susan Hartt did come to visit me (Barbara) all the way from San Jose, CA. She was attending meetings for her work as an attorney for NEC Electronics. We had a great long talk over breakfast. Sue told me about her children and about her employment experiences in the public sector (too much bureaucracy), at a law firm (too many lawyers), and with private corporations (just right). My own (Barbara’s) thoughts about working for government are: “Thank goodness I studied medieval history at Wooster. It prepared me for government work.” I don’t want to sound too negative. Twenty of my 23 years in environmental protection at the federal and state levels were fantastic.

David W. Clark has been appointed K-12 social studies supervisor for the West Chester (PA) Area School district, which has more than 11,100 students in 15 schools. Phyllis Smith Simmons ’77 is also an administrator there. David continues to live in Berwyn, PA, with his wife, Laurie, and their son David (11).

If you won’t write, then you will have to read about me (Barbara). I recently joined the Camp Olden Civil War Roundtable. They are, of course, primarily interested in New Jersey regiments (my own New Jersey ancestors bought substitutes), but most of the members are happy to talk about my Ohio ancestor. Additionally, I’m planning to visit Sue Ziegler Bear in Atlanta and ask her and husband John to act as tour guides.

If this keeps up, I (Barbara) am going to set up a cajoling, nagging, whining, begging schedule to convince folks to write. You have lots of interesting things to share with each other. I know because I heard you all talking at the reunion about the last 25 years. Again, send postcards. Just ask Kathy Hoffman (who always promises to send cards and never does, and probably never will now.)

Secretary: Barbara Sergeant, P. O. Box 6563, Lawrenceville, NJ 08648-0563.

1969

Congratulations to James F. Leckman, M.D., professor of child psychiatry and pediatrics at Yale U, who has received the Blanche F. Itleson Award for 1995 from the American Psychiatric Association for his contributions to the understanding of genetics and biology in child psychiatric disorders.

Gina Wengatz Hansen writes that in August 1995 she visited her former roommate, Lynne Spencer Langley, in Charleston, SC. The last time they visited each other — 20 years ago — Lynne was writing for a newspaper in Maine. She now has a column, “Nature Watch,” in the Charleston Courier & Post, and writes other environmental and medical news. Her book, Nature Watch 1987, is an excellent guide to the low country. Lynne and Gina would like to hear from Pat Penovich and Beth Boyd.

Gina and Chuck Hansen saw most of the Wooster football games because son Charlie ’96 plays on the team. He is also an RA in sixth section. The Hansens’ address is: 15065 Whitney Rd., Strongsville, OH 44136.

In 1995, Charles Bennett became assistant director of gift planning at Oberlin College. With a law degree from Ohio State U, Charles previously served as a senior product analyst with LEXIS-NEXIS as well as a trust officer for several Ohio and Michigan banks. Congratulations on this new position!

Secretary: Judy Simkins Haines, 300 Berkshire Dr., Rochester, NY 14626; e-mail: Hainesj@Kodak.COM.

1968

W. Michael Ogden was recently honored by the Mansfield (OH) City Board of Education as the 1995 School Administrator of the Year, for exemplary service to students and staff. Michael is currently principal of Springmill Elementary School in Mansfield, where he taught for nine years before becoming building principal 18 years ago. Listed in Who’s Who in American Education, 1994-95, he is currently a member of Phi Delta Kappa, Mohican Area Chapter. Kudos from the class of ’68!

Things have considerably altered in the Dennis and Pat Silvey Yanchunas household in 1995. Our two children began their own Odysseys as we all did 31 years ago. Denny and I have reclaimed several rooms in the house and are figuring ways to eliminate the dogs — the only ones making demands on our renewed and reclamed life, alone, together again. Any informed thoughts from you on this Empty Nest thing?

In need of encouragement this fall, I (Pat) made a cross-country call to Roseanna “Zan” Gray Palmer in Findlay, OH. After all these years, we can still depend on Zan to share her confident and happy spirit. The day I called, I interrupted her helping daughter Zibby and son Paul to pack for their freshman and senior years at Ohio Wesleyan U. Even over the thousand miles, I sensed the same anticipation in the Palmer house as we experienced in our home, with son Andy’s boxes and suitcases around the house. Zibby’s excitement at the prospect of college days, however, was matched by Zan’s as she shared plans of her own to enter graduate school at Bowling Green U in counseling. Zan was always a good counselor; Bowling Green will just give her the papers to prove it.

For the past three years, Zan and husband Carl have been building an additional “nest,” a log house in northern Michigan where they ski in winter and sail in summer. Zan met Carl in New York City, where they lived for a while. She loves to go back occasionally to the Big Apple. They have lived in Findlay for the past 22 years, where Carl is CEO of a crushed stone business.

Zan has lived up to our class’s commitment to community service (we did commit to that, didn’t we?) with a lot of volunteer hours with the Findlay Community Service League. Her advice to me (Pat) for this phase of our lives is to keep my mind active — I’m not so sure, Zan!!

There has been a Patty Richards Armstrong sighting in Wooster. Carli Cremeans Moorefield of Shreve, OH, told me of Patty’s impending visit this fall, from her home in England. Carli and family are as fine as can be, with daughters in and out, figuring out “life after 21”; their son is a high school senior.

I (Pat) am a hit and miss Class Secretary. I’ve tried calling some of you and have missed. Zan would like to hear from any and all of you, as it would help with her position on our Alumni Board, but I hope I’ll hear from you first. (Note new e-mail access!) Few of us are as anxious to give news as we are to read it!

Secretary: Pat Silvey Yanchunas, 618 Bowen St., Longmont, CO 80501-4412; e-mail: Fedora1@aol.com.

1967

Richard Galloway sends an update from Gahanna, OH. He now owns Innovative Home Systems, in addition to working for Manhattan Store Interiors. His new system design business (for closets, garages, etc.) began with a laundry sorting table Richard created for his fiancée Caren Wilson (his high school sweetheart). Keep us posted.


Secretary: Sara Bradley, P.O. Box 599, Chautauqua, NY 14722.
1966

John R. Gardner retired — among the first of us to do so! John left his position as director of the Morely Public Library in Painesville, OH, in November 1994 after 17 years. His accomplishments, as noted by the citizens of Painesville, included the number of new volumes added to the library each year and the excellent, highly-qualified staff hired during his tenure.

John plans to travel this winter to Tristan da Cunha off the coast of South Africa, a trip he has planned since discovering the island’s existence 15 years ago. John says that he has acquired one of the most complete collections of books, maps and other documents about this island of only 300 inhabitants, which he calls “literally, the most isolated community in the world.” He will then head north to Victoria Falls and the Chobe National Park, in Botswana. In retirement, John has created a new job — consulting with Ohio libraries.

Eldon Trube sends greetings from Millersburg, OH, where he ministers to the Clark Community and Millersburg First Presbyterian churches. He and Dave Robertson ’60 recently completed the Doctor of Ministry degree program from Pittsburgh (PA) Theological Seminary, which offered the coursework at Wooster. Eldon said he was “struck by the changes in [my] understanding of the world and self in the 30 years between academic encounters in the same classrooms.”

Bonnie Trube teaches elementary enrichment classes; their son, Kenton ’96, plays in the Scott Marching Band and takes photographs for the College’s office of news photographs; and their daughter, Heather, a high school senior, plays the pipes and is looking at colleges. Eldon observes that, “It pays to advertise.” He reports that a few years ago Chuck and Sue Thomas Thayer, vacationing in Holmes County, stopped by when they saw Eldon’s name on the church sign. The Trubees’ address is: 291 N. Monroe St., Millersburg, OH 44654.

Early last summer, Carolyn Hay Krause, who works for the U.S. Dept. of Energy’s Oak Ridge Laboratory (TN), received an achievement award from the Society for Technical Communications, in its International Technical Publications Competition. The international society also named Carolyn, editor of the ORNL Review, a 1995 Associate Fellow for her “extraordinary ability to convey scientific and technical information, and for her contributions to the profession and to the Society.” Carolyn previously won other STC awards for her work with the Review. Congratulations!

Secretary: Elizabeth Westhafer O’Brien, 101 Hillcrest Ave., Summit, NJ 07901.

1965

In September 1995, the Appleton (WI) Medical Center announced the opening of the David E. Warner, M.D., Wellness and Rehabilitation Center, in memory of surgeon David Warner. The new holistic health facility aims to carry out this physician’s mission of providing “the best in physical and spiritual care to his patients.” Son of retired Wooster math professor John W. Warner, David was the senior thoracic surgeon at the Appleton Medical Center before he was killed in an automobile accident in 1993.

Ruth Farr Banner reported recently on her family’s happenings. After a bout with skin cancer, husband Jim is “back coaching soccer again...Our house again has odd bits of paper with Xs, Os, and initials all over: new strategies!” She and Jim moved to Trinity’s City Chapel in downtown South Bend, IN. Ruth works as a home management counselor in a program sponsored by the People of Praise charismatic community. She teaches budgeting, nutrition, etc., and loves working with adults. Three of the Banners’ four children attend various colleges while 15-year-old Carolyn attends Trinity School. Ruth wrote that, in 1994, “...our 25th anniversary coincided with the Farr sibs’ biannual Thanksgiving gathering here...Our children made us a won-
derful Memory Book, over which we shed many tears and smiled many smiles...We are VERY thankful for the love and support we have from so many.”

In October 1995, the Kansas Art Education Association named Elizabeth “Betsy” Stout Weaver Outstanding Kansas Art Educator in Museum Education for 1995-1996. Betsy serves as docent program coordinator for the Spencer Museum of Art at the U of Kansas in Lawrence. The award carries with it a nomination for a similar honor on the national level. Betsy, who has worked at the museum since 1982, has lectured on art education at state and national conferences. Her colleagues speak highly of Betsy’s energetic and positive approach and her skill in relating to teachers, students, and museum staff. Spencer’s strong art education program reflects those qualities. Congratulations, Betsy!


1964

I (Jim) haven’t heard from anyone, so I have no true news to report. I must admit that I’ve been so busy being retired that I haven’t had a chance to make up the lies that I promised. I leave Feb. 15 for a couple of months, to drive around the southeast. Do let me hear from you before then, with real stuff for the next issue. Old stories, new stories — all are grist for the Class Notes mill. Should we go so far as to publish cute things that grandchildren said?

Yikes — do we actually HAVE grandchildren?

Secretary: Jim Switzer, 891 Elmore Ave., Akron, OH 44302-1238; e-mail: RJIDS@VM1.COM.AKRON.EDU.

1963

In October 1995, the board of directors of Thiokol Corp. named James R. Wilson chairman of the board. Thiokol’s president and chief executive officer since 1983, Jim joined the company in 1989 as chief financial officer and was appointed executive vice president in October 1992. He serves on Wooster’s Board of Trustees and chairs the College’s finance committee. A native of Pittsburgh, PA, Jim lives in Ogden, UT, with his wife, Linda. They have two sons. Congratulations!

Secretary: Ann Mckennick Wase, 412 By Church Rd., Timonium, MD 21093.

1962

Secretary: Linda Park, P.O. Box 6631, Cleveland, OH 44101.
1961

Marjorie Ward sends news of Woosterites on the faculty of the College of Education at Ohio State U: Elizabeth Buchter Bernhardt Kamil ‘76, Ph.D. (U of Minnesota 1983), professor of educational studies (currently on leave at Stanford U); Virginia Garibaldi Allen ‘52, Ph.D. (OSU 1968), retired professor of educational theory and practice; and Marjorie herself, Ph.D. (U of Pittsburgh, 1972), associate professor of educational services and research. Marjorie says that another colleague, Patricia Blosser ’53, Ph.D., "died almost two years ago. The four of us had been meaning to have a picture taken but just put it off too long." See the photo on page 49.

"There are a number of Wooster grads among the graduate students in the College of Education, as well," Marjorie adds. Wooster continues to contribute to OSU!

Janice Kazmaier Kelly writes that she has decided not to complete the Ph.D. in English that she was pursuing. She found that it just didn't soothe her soul. Janice now sings with two different jazz groups in Kent, OH, where she lives, and studies mythic symbolism, holonomics, and hypnosis. Janice also plans to write.

We have other writers in our class. One of these is Joe Klemppner. After he graduated from Wooster, he earned his law degree from the U of Michigan and then moved to New York City. He worked for several years as a federal narcotics agent and then as a Legal Aid lawyer. In addition, he has done private criminal defense work for the past 28 years and recently published his first novel, Felony Murder, released last September by St. Martin's Press.

Another writer, Carla Brooks Johnston, president of New Century Policies, has just completed her book, Winning the Global TV News Game (Focal Press). Carla says that eight years, she has focused on the role of the media in public policy. Television news, for better or worse, she says, defines reality for an enormous number of people. In this book, Carla interviews some 50 leaders in the TV media field and provides useful information on the importance of consumers to the industry.

A multi-generational Wooster reunion took place at the wedding of Carolyn Jeffery Sherman’s daughter, Elisabeth, on July 29, 1995, in Wayne, PA. In addition to the Woosterites pictured in the photo on the following page, guests included Elaine Cole Noble’s daughter, Andrea ’95. Carolyn teaches history at the Radnor (PA) High School and serves on the session of the Wayne Presbyterian Church.

1960

More information from Reunion Year Questionnaires: Maggie Mason Strub owns an antique, book and gift shop in Ashland, OH, called Susie’s. Gary Ireland resides in Montpelier, VT, where he has owned the Savoy Theater since 1981. Prior to that, he served four years in the ministry in Detroit, MI. After German studies in graduate school, Vicki Fritschi returned to Wooster to teach German and then went on to Monmouth College. In 1975, she moved to Germany and taught English at a German Catholic School. Employed by Number Nine Visual Technology, Vicki now lives in Norfolk, MA.

And some current news: Jim Dennison, director of athletics at Walsh U in North Canton, OH, also took on the job of head football coach there. He previously served 28 years at the U of Akron, 13 of them as head football coach. There he "established himself as the winningest coach in U of Akron football history," according to a press release. The award-winning coach seems to be maintaining his record. In this first year of intercollegiate football at Walsh, the team won seven games and lost only three. Congratulations!

Jim also gives motivational speeches about PMA — positive mental attitude. He and his wife, Sue, live in Norton, OH. They have four children.

Randy Worls, manager of Oglebay Resort in Wheeling, WV, has hosted an annual fall alumni gathering there for eight years. In addition to those pictured (see page 45), others attending in 1995 included: Jean Chambers Sidney ’61, Steve McClellan ’61, Bart Whitaker, Don Beltz, Dave Dronsfield ’61, Armand Aghajanian ’61, and John Townsend.

Secretary: Nancy Brown Tymburski, 1962
Croydon Dr. NW; Canton, OH 44718-3226.

1959

Secretary: Marion Stuart Humphreys, 1709 Hathaway Ln., Pittsburgh, PA 15241-2705.

1958

Julie Jerabek Fukuda asks: “What’s with the class of ‘58? Are we all asleep?” She concludes that we must be part of the Silent Generation. Julie reports that she has received two more awards from the Boy Scouts of America. In May 1995 she received the Silver Antelope from the National Boy Scout Court of Honor in the Order of the Arrow. Julie especially prizes this honor, since it is based entirely on a vote by the boys themselves, members of the Order of the Arrow, a service order of Honor Campers. Congratulations, Julie! For anyone out there in cyberspace, her e-mail address is: KISKA@TWICS.COM.

Let’s wake up 58ers, and send some news! Secretary: Bonnie Acton Moccio, 1954

Greetings to all classmates. A note from Paul “Petey” Clark announced his retirement as pastor of the Congregational Church of the Messiah in Los Angeles. Paul and his wife, Mary Jean, have relocated to El Centro, CA, where he plans a busy retirement full of house and garden projects, some pulpkit supply, and weekend visits to his family, including a new granddaughter born last April. Since El Centro is near San Diego and Yuma, AZ, there will be a lot of other retirement activities available. Best wishes!

Your secretary (Peg) and her spouse, Gil Bloom, took a short run to Wooster this summer in the company of our grandchildren, Andrew and Katie. After a delightful visit with the Drushal clan and the Amish in Holmes County, we toured Wooster and the College where Grandma and Grandpa met. We hope to have interested two future students. On Oct. 1, 1995, we marked the 40th anniversary of our wedding, witnessed all those years ago by Janet Brandon Miller and Dick Milligan ’55. We celebrated with a marvelous escape weekend, a gift from daughter Jane and her family.

Dale Kitzmiller reports that he missed a reunion for the first time last year because of travel in Greece! He and his wife have conducted worldwide tours since his retirement from teaching. They do seven or eight a year, and two years ago passed their 50ths.

Our sympathies go to the family of Jim Estridge, who died in May 1995. His daughter, Melinda Estridge, graduated from Wooster in 1976.

Janet Brandon Miller writes from Indialantic, FL, where she and husband, George, moved in 1993. They have let no moss grow under their feet since retirement. This past summer they spent three weeks in France on an Elderhostel, sampling lots of wine and cheese! From there a month-long tour of the continent evolved. Son William and family live in Ft. Wayne, IN, while daughter Anne is working on her Ph.D. at the U of Maryland. When she’s home, Marilyn’s address is 780 C Brittany Drive, Indialantic, FL 32903.

Dick and Wylda Morey find themselves in a new home in a new city amid new adventures in retirement. Dick says he hardly has time to turn around and is enjoying having two of their four sons and grandchildren close by. He writes about a day with his son, Mike, bow-hunting, doing target practice, and just tromping in the woods. Wylda and Dick did have an opportunity to enjoy the beauty of fall in Ohio. Their address is 409 Sugarland Dr., Pleasant Hill, MO 64608.

Secretary: Margie Pardee Petersen, 703 Foulkstone Rd., Wilmington, DE 19803.

1954

1953

I (Nona) want to express pleasure and pride on seeing the account in Wooster Reports of Charlene Dege Sussel’s exceptional gift to Wooster’s Campaign for the 1990s. Many in our generation give time, talents and money to great causes outside of ourselves.
What I liked best was the lovely smile on Charlene’s face, a smile that has only gotten sweeter with all the passing years and, probably, with participation in many great causes. Charlene — it’s nice to know you!

Recent months have been challenging for me (Nona): my 6-year-old grandson has fought a malignant brain tumor since 1993. Returning from a recent trip to St. Jude Children’s Research Hospital, I learned with sorrow that Ginny Moore Weckman had died here on Cape Cod Sept. 20, 1995. Bobbie Langdon Clayton, who encouraged her friend through her final illness, will write a longer comment in a later issue of Wooster. Mary Elliott Archibald called to let me know about Ginny and mentioned her kindness during college days. We all send much sympathy to Ginny’s husband Karl and to the family.

Bobbie Clayton and I (Nona) bridged the distance between Connecticut and Massachusetts with a phone call. Bobbie reported that she and husband Ray helped their son, Matt, and his family move to the Philadelphia area, bringing the Claytons’ two grandsons much closer. In 1992 and in 1995, Bobbie and her co-author revised and updated their Historic Coastal New England guidebook. She and Ray visited Ed and Ann Anderson Hoener at their summer home on the St. Lawrence and Jim (’52) and Viv Tuttle Hughes in New York.

Viv and Jim stopped overnight with us (the Coateses) in July. There was hardly time to catch up. Jim moved from an early brief career in social services to the ministry, via Yale; Viv changed from public-school teaching to a career with Headstart. During Jim’s ministry in Wilmington, DE, they maintained close friendships with Paul R. (’52) and Peg Stout Miller and Don and Marilu Darone Peltzman. Now in semi-retirement, Jim Hughes has held interim pastorate, and Viv has worked in various day-care programs. She finished an M.A. thesis in 1992, a position paper on the Family Medical Leave Act. After living in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the Hugheses now reside near King Ferry, NY, where they enjoy farm life at the home they call Pilgrims Way. They have four children and seven grandchildren. Viv and Jim sing in the Marcellus Chorale in nearby Skaneateles.

Following their Cape trip, Viv and Jim saw Dave ’55 and Pat McClelland Priveotte and John ’51 and Helen DeVoss Monroe. Pat brought along her college scrapbook for “a lot of laughs,” and Viv described the visit as filled with good times and beautiful weather “pure magic.” When Knight and Mary Jane Reimer Washburn stopped last summer to visit Viv and Jim, however, the weather’s pure magic blew the lettuce out of the salad bowls onto the deck!

One sunny morning last summer, Marleen Bengel Ingle Allen (now officially Marleen B. Allen), visiting Boston from Sewanee, TN, rang me in Falmouth. She handed me the following press release: “More travel news from Marleen and Tatiana ‘Tania’ Chirikov Moser. Their Alaskan cruise in June was spectacular, especially the float trip at Denali. They think Class 3 rapids are great! Tania was next off to Europe while Marleen spent time in New England and the Maritimes. Marleen enjoys volunteer activities at the Sewanee Summer Music Center and Festival as well as serving on the county committee for the Tennessee Bicentennial. Semi-retirement agrees with her, with just enough financial aid consulting to keep in touch with the profession.”

Meanwhile, fellow Tennessean and former roommate Jan Niemeyer Smith, who has lived in Memphis for many years with husband Don. Since his retirement 10 years ago, the Smiths have kept busy with their three children (including Betsy Smith Thornhill ’77) and eight grandchildren. Don and Jan are also involved in lodge activities and watch tenderly over aging neighbors as well as over out-of-town visitors like myself (Nona).

While at St. Jude in Memphis with my daughter and family, I (Nona) certainly appreciated that kind attention. Marleen, Jan, Betsy and I reminisced fondly over lunch about many College people and events. Jan recollected breaking a date on Jan. 31, 1953 — to marry Don the day before the Mariner sent him overseas.

Paul and Sylvia Spencer Petrie live in Peace Dale, RI. Paul, a poet, is retired and writes every day while Sylvia works at the etching press in her basement studio. Especially fond of black and white monotypes, she has had a solo show early in 1995 at the Providence Veterans’ Memorial and participated in another show with local artists. The Petries and their daughters spent a week together early in August, sharing favorite poetry from Paul’s books, which include The Runners and Strange Gravity.

I (Nona) called Don and Jo Fraisal Leber during Cape Cod’s first nor’easter of the season, figuring that I would catch them at home. They were rearranging a bedroom in anticipation of a Thanksgiving guest list of 25. Between them, Jo and Don have seven children (including Cynthia Weidner and Lynne Barnard-Aveduth, ’80s) and 13 grandchildren. In addition to the required turkey, they planned the following for their entourage: a storytelling session, a museum tour, mini golf (weather permitting, at a golf course open just for them), and a cookout. Don retired officially Jan. 1, 1990, and the Lebers moved to the Cape full-time two years ago. They pursue travel, golf, and family activities. In June, they joined a reunion of John Keitt, Mimi and Dave Augspurger, and Carol and Bob Kurth with Sue and Bob Anderson’s Aspen home. (Bob is vice president of health services at the U of Minnesota when he’s not in Aspen.)

When Don Coates ’44 and 1 (Nona) were in New Orleans for meetings of the Geological Society of America, I called the only two classmates I know of in Louisiana. Beryle “Dixie” Kalin was a supervising nurse for many years, most recently in a psychiatric hospital for children and adolescents. After budget cutbacks forced her early retirement, she continues to volunteer as a deacon with
the Foundation of Stones Ministry.
A native of New Orleans, Dixie comes
by her nickname honestly. But John R.
Williams is a Louisiana transplant from Ohio
by way of Kansas. He teaches French at the U
of New Orleans and plays the violin in a local
Orchestra. He cautioned Don and me about
New Orleans — he has been mugged, burglarized,
and caught in gang crossfire. Maybe that’s why he travels a lot.

Here’s the final news from your 1994
Christmas letters. Ed and Jerri Hoskins
Spoeche entertained a resident coyote and a
visiting rattlesnake near their retirement
home in Las Cruces, NM. Jerri’s byline appeared in 1994 over some nationally-published
book reviews and in articles in Mexico
and Senior Living. She researched the latter
article by climbing in a boxing ring for an interview.

John ’52 and Betty Morrison Dodson
wrote a year ago from Lamoure, ND, that they
were thinking about retirement — but not
quite yet. They explored North and South
Dakota and Minnesota with a new pop-up
camper, and traveled to Ghost Ranch (NM),
Rocky Mountain National Park, and Arizona
as well as to Iowa, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts,
and Georgia. Maybe by now a retirement
location has fallen off the map into their pop-up.

Fowler and Ginny Marker Hall talk
about their “retirement rut” at Pine Mountain
Lake, Groveland, CA — golfing, bridge,
gardening, putting out — a cycle they sometimes
interrupt with trips. In 1994, they drove 9,175
miles during a 44-day odyssey through 22
states. In Boynton Beach, FL, the Halls enjoyed “a delightful visit and dinner” with
Harley “Mac” ’49 and Ethel Toth McGhee. I
suspect that even as I write this near the end of
September, Ginny is rehearsing another Christmas concert with the Pine Cone Singers
—and loving it.

In a dream come true, last year Polly
and George Bender bought their own ranch-
style home in Uniontown, OH, near Canton.
At an Elderhostel at New England Horizons
Craft Farm near Northampton, MA, George
studied colored-clay pottery techniques (back
in Ohio he digs his own clay from a creek bank),
and Polly learned silk screening for
some lovely pillow tops. George and Polly’s
address is 13181 Dawn Ave NW, Uniontown,
OH 44885.

Ron and Phyl Price notified us that
their daughter, Penny Price-Gourley ’82 made
them GRANDPARENTS with the recent
arrival of Jeanette Nicole. Ron’s capital letters
speak volumes about joy! He exults,
“Grandma and Grandpa Price love the
babysitting chores and are well on the way to
spoil the kid rotten! Being a grandparent is
just great.”

When golf in Delray Beach got too boring for Ron last year, he assigned himself an IS project — resulting in his first book, Ask For
the Order! This retired Westinghouse sales VP
now gives motivational speeches around the
country. He feels grateful that somebody else
pays for the travel and, as he says, for “doing
what I love to do. Can’t beat that.”

George Buckbee sends news that he has
been appointed dean of the Conservatory of
Music at the U of the Pacific in Stockton, CA.
He further reports that he conducts for the
Stockton Opera Association — e.g., Gilbert &
Sullivan’s Mikado, in the fall of 1995, and R.
Strauss’s Ariadne auf Naxos, on Mar. 1-2, 1996.

Note my (Nona’s) new permanent address!
Keep me on your Christmas or other
annual family letter lists for annual news
adjustment!

Secretaries: Nona Williston Coates, Savery Lane, Falmouth, MA 02540; and Donald
Orr, 13460 Marlette Dr., La Mirada, CA
90638-2813.

1952

Paul R. Curtis recently communicated
electronically — via the Guest Book on the
He writes, “Just checking out your Home
Page...I retired this spring (1995) from
Husson College (after 12 years here, 35 years
overall of college biology teaching). Last year
the students voted me Teacher of the Year, so I
decided I should go out in a blaze of glory. I
will be staying here in Bangor, ME, for at least
another four years until my wife retires from
the library at the U of Maine. Cheers for the
College football team!” E-mail: PRCurts@aol.com

On Saturday of Homecoming Weekend, I (Roy)
joined a handful of classmates around a
table in Lowry Center to plan our 45th
reunion, June 6-9, 1996. Folks came from as
far as Albuquerque, NM — Bill Aber — and
as near as a few blocks from campus — Bob
Junkin. Others, led by President Bill Lankton
of Park Forest, IL, included Lynn Wunder
Lankton, Walter Grosjean of Wooster, Jane
Snyder Black of Mansfield, and co-secretary
Priscilla Miller Hart of Columbia, MD. The
consensus was that all of you MUST mark
your calendars right now, this minute to
join fellow ’51ers in the last big reunion before we
become the honored 50-year class. As our
ranks now diminish each year, this is a good
chance to visit with a particular friend or
group of friends.

Our reunion headquarters will be
Babcock Hall. Here is a brief outline of the plans:
Friday evening, June 7...the usual Open
House at the home of Harry and Betty
Weisenburger ’52 Weckesser, and Saturday
noon, June 8...an outdoor barbecue. No
speeches this time, though Stan Gault ’48 was
terrific at our 1991 luncheon in Scheide. We
owe Walt Grosjean a vote of thanks for having
downed the Wooster Country Club
(again) for Saturday’s evening buffet dinner.
We hope that the schedule allows plenty of
time to talk with old friends and to get to
know other classmates. Leave room in your
luggage for a simple souvenir of the occasion.
We hope that the schedule allows plenty of
time to talk with old friends and to get to
know other classmates. Leave room in your
luggage for a simple souvenir of the occasion.
More details will be forthcoming. If any of
you have health conditions requiring special
accommodations, contact the Alumni Office
for assistance.

In order for the weekend to succeed,
YOU have to be there! Please save the week-
end of June 6-9, 1996, to make the trip to
Wooster. As of October 1995, at least 50 peo-
ples had responded to the postcard that the
College sent out. Whether you attended
Wooster one year or for four, we want to see
you! In the meantime, keep your newsy notes
flowing, including your ability to attend.
It was fun to be at the College for
Homecoming. It’s been years since 1
(Priscilla) have been on campus when the stu-
dents were there. I stayed long enough after
our meetings to go to the football game —
yes, to see Wooster beat Denison! Of course
there were some changes — no Homecoming
Queen or “Wooster Love Song,” and the band
has added Scottish dancers. The band, howev-
er, looked and sounded great, with 13 bag-
pipers leading the way. Sunday morning I went to Westminster Presbyterian Church for worship. It seemed strange to see the small choir and only a few students in the congregation. Remember what it was like in our days? John and Helen Devoss ’53 Monroe were among the choristers.

Mary Findlay Hudson ’45 sent word of the death of her brother, John Findlay, on Oct. 20, 1995. A longer comment will appear in a future issue. Our condolences to Mary and the rest of John’s family.

We also send our sympathy to Mary Ann Forbes Retterg on the death of her twin sister, Jean Forbes Cunningham, in May 1995. (See Obituaries.)

A final note: Bill Lankton asked me (Roy) if I still wished to continue as your secretary, writing my column in the face of continuing severe health problems, and I said absolutely, “YES.” As a retired Plain Dealer reporter and editor, I have to keep doing SOME writing.

Secretaries: Priscilla Miller Hart, 5051 Elliot’s Oak Rd., Columbus, MD 21044; and Roy W. Adams, 12500 Edgewater Dr. #308, Lakewood, OH 44107-1664.

1950

I (Sylvia) called my Wooster roommate, Juanita “Mac” McConnell Ruffer, and learned that she has been quite active in her church, especially since retirement. She is a Lay Eucharistic Minister and leads the Rite of Christian Initiation for Adults program. She also helps plan special services and generally does whatever is needed. She enjoys the company of her dog, Muffin, a cock-a-poo.

The Class of ’50 extends condolences to the family of Miriam “Mim” Myers English, who died in September. (See Obituaries.)

John Richardson, who, you may recall, was on the five-year Wooster-MIT plan, retired from a 34-year engineering career at the Linde Division of Union Carbide. He was project manager for the largest oxygen plant in the U.S. John has also been very active in church work as elder of North Presbyterian Church and committee member of the Presbytery of Western New York for 25 years. His vocal activities include church choir, Buffalo Schola Cantorum, and the Chautauqua Motet Choir.

Barbara Hough Shafer retired in 1991 after 26 years of coaching and teaching high school physical education. Husband Bob Shafer ’51 also retired after 20 years in the practice of law and 17 years on the circuit court bench. They raised three children, who live near their parents in the Ft. Myers, FL, area. Active church members, Barb and Bob have served as Presbyterian elders, church school teachers, and Bethel Bible instructors. Bob has sung in the choir. But they still find time to enjoy their vacation home in Clayton, GA — and their seven grandchildren.

In addition to having five children, Joan Brumbaugh Smith worked as a librarian in the Overseas School System in Germany for 21 years. She and husband Francis traveled extensively. Joan says that she really used that history major with Miss Dunham! [Note from Sylvia: Francis has a great singing voice and was a wonderful addition to our Reunion Choir this past June!] The Smiths have retired to the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, where they sing, play bridge, swim and enjoy life.

Why not?

Another class member who was on the five year Wooster-MIT plan, Don Wilson, has had a varied career: designing coal- and oil-fueled central station power plants in Utah, North Dakota, Minnesota, and Indonesia; developing high temperature lubricants and hydraulic fluids for the Air Force; developing small arms ammunition for the Army; and designing tonnage liquid oxygen production and transportation equipment. Now retired, he has moved to within a few minutes of both children.

I (Sylvia) hope that you have had a good holiday. Please let either Janice or me know what you have been up to, so that we can share that information. Thanks.

Secretaries: Sylvia Taylor, 412 Kenyon Ave., Elyria, OH 44035; and Janice Wilson George, 45 Fareway Dr., Northfield, MN 55057-2643.

1949

Dear Classmates, just 50 years ago this past September the class of 1949 began its life together. I (Evelynn) have wonderful memories of those beginning days. After traveling for five nights and four days (from Riverside, CA), I arrived at the Wooster bus station at 2 a.m. I had wired one of my father’s seminary classmates, Dr. Williams, the pastor of First Presbyterian Church, of my untimely arrival. He met me at the station — this was a Sunday morning. As a pastor’s wife for almost 45 years, I can’t believe that I had the nerve to do that — that’s youth. Mrs. Russell let me into Douglass Hall, and the next day the Williamses took me on a tour and to their home for dinner. What a wonderful welcome!

When our class began in the fall of 1945, there were 230 women and only 69 men. Although WWII had officially ended, some V-Five Navy men still remained on campus. Remember? And it seemed to me (Evelynn) that it rained every day for three weeks. Coming from California, I had to buy rain gear. The usual sophomore hazing began.UGH! What a way to welcome a class. I am glad that it’s no longer done.

Research by one of our classmates, entitled “A Profile of the Class of 1949 or Look What the Directory Can Reveal,” has uncovered some interesting figures. I (Evelynn) will pass them on from time to time. In the Directory, there are 130 of us whose location is not given, including 43 who are deceased (nine percent of the class). Of the remaining number (316), 30 percent live in Ohio and 11 percent in New York, with other major concentrations (seven to eight percent) in California, Florida, Michigan, and Pennsylvania. Three percent live in Maryland and Texas. Six classmates live in other countries: two in Canada and one each in Australia, the United Arab Emirates, the Czech Republic, and India.

Class of ’49ers represent a variety of professions, from clown-magician to corporate magnate, from postal worker to pedagogue, from homemaker to helping professional, from farmer to writer, from scientist to artist. The class includes a museum curator, an antique dealer, librarians, researchers, and medical missionaries to foreign lands as well as directors of everything from music to movies. We are indeed a group with varied talents and interests.

Merna Weisbecker Metz writes in the reunion notes that she and her husband, Clyde Metz ’50, raised seven children. When number seven started school, Merna resuming teaching, first junior high and high school math and science. Then she taught GED classes and found students with wonderful enthusiasm. When the Metzes moved to Texas 15 years ago, Merna substituted for a while. She and her husband later opened an arts and crafts shop and then a photography business. They then gave all that up for tennis, hospital volunteering, art, and grandchildren. Merton and Clyde have also enjoyed extensive travel. Merna gives her present occupation as house wife and grandchild sitter. Next.

Robert “Bobbie” Bornitz Hole has moved to Hawaii, to the BIG island. Her address is: 13-3495 Makamae St., Pahoa, HI 96778. She happily leaves the cold winters behind. Her son-in-law, Stuart, has built a house which Bobbie shares with grandson David, a student at U of Hawaii, Hilo campus. How about holding the next Woostie reunion in Hawaii? Bobbie, we wish you well.

Betsy Jones Hayba has published “Honey of a Bedtime Story” in a collection entitled Once Upon a Bedtime. The story was among those selected from more than 800 entries. President of the Miami Valley OH Storytellers, Betsy has told stories all her life. She created the annual festival, Terrifying Tales, in the Dayton area. Congratulations.

After a recent hurricane, a call to Pat Carter Ernst determined that she was indeed fortunate, although she and her brother evacuated for a very tense time. Pat is well, her home is OK, and I (Evelynn) really enjoyed talking to her. She sends her hellos to all. I may call others from time to time, or YOU could call when you have news to share or just to chat. Evelynn’s phone number: (909) 587-8382.

Do any of you have funny or unusual memories of your first days on campus or in College? Perhaps we could include them in future issues. As we hurdle through the days towards our 50th, it would be nice to remember.

It’s Annual Letter time for many of you, and Lloyd and I would be oh so happy to hear from the receiving end. We look forward to hearing from you. This column is only as
good as the news that you send!
Secretaries: Evelyn Cheadle Thomas, 4230 Central Ave., Riverside, CA 92506; and Lloyd Vandervall, 1448 S. Kohler Rd., Orrville, OH 44667.

1948

Where are all you people? My (Joyce’s) mailbox has been empty except for the usual assortment of treasures. Dear Allen Valentine did write with a new address and information about his latest birding venture. He and Gretchen have moved from Dallas to 2516 Millstream Dr., Plano, TX 75075. It seems that the North has lost Allen forever.

Another Texas resident, Walter Locker, returned to Ohio in 1995 for his 53rd Wooster High School class reunion. Walter lives in Midland.

Classmates offer their condolences to Mary Lee Phipps Ports of Wooster. Her husband, Milton, died on Nov. 11, 1995.

All of us in northern Ohio celebrated the victories of the Cleveland Indians and their wonderful season. An ex-pitcher, Mel Harder, lives across the street from me (Joyce), so my neighborhood has cheered for months.

Please write — or the next column will focus on politics and feminism!

Secretary: Joyce Jarman Little, 130 Center St. 7A, Chardon, OH 44024.

1947

Wonder of wonders, three letters to share this time. They reached me too late for the last issue, but they’re still good news. Oh, for 30 more like them!

Dorothy Vaughn Whitcomb and husband Bill retired four years ago. They were missionaries in India for 23 years, then Bill served Church World Service in this country, while Dorothy was a librarian at the U of Wisconsin Medical Library.

They have lived in Madison, WI and traveled in Israel, China and Tibet. Dorothy volunteers in their church library and as coordinator of the library at Madison’s botanic gardens. She writes that they find their hometown “a great place to live,” and enjoy “an excellent, small Shakespeare theatre. Fond memories of Freddy Moore surface when we go to a play there.”

The Whitcombs’ two sons are doctors; one daughter is a nurse; and the other is a director of college admissions. Seven grandchildren complete the family.

Dorothy Campbell Hallett writes from Carmel, CA, that she can do “anything I want” after two hip surgeries. She comments on her visit to Cuba last spring: “I enjoyed it a lot, but am sorry for the people there. Their economy is shot.”

In November 1994, Bob McMillan, home town Minerva, OH, spent two memorable weeks in Turkey. His postcard speaks for itself: “A most rewarding trip. I learned about the culture from 7000 B.C. to 1995 and saw some of the ancient wonders, like the St. Sophia Mosque in Istanbul. I walked the same marble streets in Ephesus as did St. Paul. We went to the carpet-making area and to Cappadocia, saw the fairyland chimneys where the monks lived and St. Paul took refuge, and visited the underground cities. We were in Nicaea (Iznik) where the Nicene creed was formulated. A great vacation. Will see you in two years — plan a great reunion.”

Since current news is so scarce, we turn back to December 1952. Dale “Bloch” Blocher reported then, “These items are being written in sunny Florida, so I want all you Northerners to think of me sitting down here soaking up this good sunshine! There must be something about Florida; Bloch is still there, still hoping you would write.

Bloch wrote back then that: Ed Koch was making gum; Don Fluke was a lucky guy teaching in a college, but with no women in his classes; Ralph Donaldson “has become one of those astute Easterners” and Bill Johns was working in clay in the research department of the U of Illinois.

What in the world is “working in clay”?

Y ahora, amigos, por favor, se vds. no escriban, yo no puedo escribir. All of which means I (Cornelia) am back in Spanish class after 50 years, studying with a high school class to brush up — and I do mean brush. Fun. Oops, time for class. As it says above, please write or I can’t write. Hasta luego.

Secretary: Dale Blocher, 356 Valley Forge Rd., West Palm Beach, FL 33405-4037; and Cornelia Lybarger Neuswanger, 32141 S. Railway, Wray, CO 80758-9138.

1946

Hello ’46ers! June ’96 is just around the corner. You may recall from the 1947 Class Notes in the Summer 1995 issue of Wooster, “...one more class must come to the plate before we’re up to bat.” Well, you guessed it! We ARE that class, but our plate is of a different kind, a plate of memories to be filled by attending our 50th Reunion, June 6-9, 1996.

Put it on your calendar today. Your hard-working reunion committee has prepared a busy and exciting weekend. Here’s a hint. We will be guests of the College for most of the activities, and our “home” will be the new air-conditioned dormitory, Luce Hall, directly across from the Gault Alumni Center, formerly the music building (Merz Hall).

Each one of us came to Wooster for a specific reason in 1942 to form the class of ’46, just as the “winds of New War” blew through our hearts. We had to leave within a year to follow the wind into war. After WWII, a few continued their education at other universities, while more returned to Wooster. Each of us took something worthwhile from campus life out into the world. We can share the memory of those times when we gather in June or write to Ginny Strube Mayberry, memorabilia chairperson.

In case you wish to touch base with any of the reunion committee, they are: Pat Workman Fox from Westchester, PA; our co-presidents, Marge Wilmer Miller of Chagrin Falls, OH, and Barbara Cooper Strauss of Newbury, OH; Bette Cleveland Ewell of Cincinnati, OH, Ginny Mayberry of Wooster; Cary March Ormond of Livonia, MI; Kathleen Le Viseur Pierson of Hudson, OH; Betsy McMillan Remsburg of Ada, OH; Ross Smith of Pittsburgh, PA; and yours truly, Arol. Please remember that the class secretary has the correct address of every class member. If you have lost track of someone and do not have an Alumni Directory, you can drop me a postcard, and I will send you the information.

If you think of two or three items about yourself, please send them to me for the spring Class Notes. A peaceful wind now blows among us. Let it carry us to June to meet one another.

Secretary: Arol Noble Escamilla, 4974 Daffer Dr., San Diego, CA 92102-1362.

1945

When I (Virginia) realized that October 7 was the 50th Homecoming for the Class of ’45, I knew I could not miss it. What a perfect day — all my aches and pains disappeared. The weather was delightful with a warm sun showing the campus up to perfection. Would you believe our football team beat Denison? Yes, it’s true. To finish off the excitement, the Kiltie band played a rousing concert on the grounds of Gault Alumni Center. Al Kean and Margie Shreve Reiman were the only other classmates registered.

Sorry the rest of you missed it.

Dwight and Margie Rath Stauffer spent two wonderful weeks at their log cabin in Ontario, entertained by five loons and two bears. After a family visit in Seattle, the Stauffers geared up for their fall involvements in church — Dwight as superintendent of buildings and grounds, and Margie as a Stephen Minister, member of Presbyterian Women, handbell ringer, and Hunger Center and Meals on Wheels volunteer. The Stauffers were also spotted at the 1995 Buckeye Book Fair in Wooster, where Dwight promoted his book, The Klondike Gold Rush Mystery.

Mim Neely Keller has a new address: 918 Hampton Court, Sagamore Hills, OH 44067. Husband Parry is a gourmet cook who loves to be in the kitchen.

Jim and Jean Anne Pearce Gow have been many places since our reunion. They spent a week on Cape Cod with family and then went on to Maine to visit Doris Culley Snow and Gordon and Jeanne Swan Garnett, enjoying Acadia National Park along the way. After a week’s rest at home, the Gows planned to leave for a tour of Eastern Europe.

In August 1995, the American Chemical Society announced that the first winner of its Helen Murray Free Award for Public Outreach was Dr. Free herself, the society’s...
This issue of Wooster may find you in the January mode, with holiday guests departed, Christmas decorations put away, and time to reread the Christmas letters. Share the News! You’ll find our addresses at the end of this column.

Great news from Bob ‘43 and Connie Garvin Talkington! They celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with their family in Florida in August 1995. Cataract operations and Connie’s sprained ankle almost foiled their two children’s carefully laid plans. Their progeny came from Maryland and Dallas for a really golden time — gold balloons, gold banners, golden weather, and lots of fun. Another big reason to celebrate: Connie is free of migraine headaches after 40 years, thanks to an Ann Arbor neurologist and a very restrictive diet. Connie and Bob enjoy bridge and other activities at their mobile home park. We’ll look for them at our next reunion.

Another big celebration took place in Connecticut this summer, when friends and neighbors surprised Phyllis Van Duzer Burger and her husband on their 50th wedding anniversary. Earlier, Phyl had spent a number of weeks looking at the world with only one eye, completely wrecking her putting game. But with her problem resolved, she looks forward to more golf this winter in Naples, FL. The Burgers have been snowbirds for 10 years or more. Phyl keeps in touch with many Wooster friends, including Jeannette Sprecher Walter.

Among the last of our class to retire was Ellen Vaugh Mausser, who just last year ended her long medical career at St. Luke’s Hospital in Cleveland, OH. She particularly enjoyed anesthesiology because, in contrast to surgery, it involved personal contact with the patients. Ellen’s daughter, say, practically grew up in the hospital, but would have no part of medicine as a career choice herself. A decisive factor, no doubt, was Ellen’s typical 70-hour work week! The Maussers planned an early December trip to Williamsburg, VA, with their two grandsons.

Grandchildren, too, have been the focus of Chuck and Rosanne Kennon Schollenberger’s attention. Recent visits from Kansas City and London families made the Schollenberger household unusually lively. Do you remember Rosanne’s telling us at the reunion last year about the birth of her first granddaughter? That little one has kept everybody hopping. Rosie also reports of a lovely weekend which she and Chuck spent at the Inn at Honey Run (Millesburg, OH) in celebration of their 40th anniversary.

Peg Welsh Neely’s East Coast safari this summer took her from Florida to New England and back. One of the high points was High Point, the home of Jennie Francis Biddle and husband Craig. Peg also had a delightful visit with Ruth Bowman Phillips in Lake Janaluska. I (Eleanor) am working on a 1996 itinerary for her which will include Oklahoma City.

Phyllis Johnson Havener has returned home from Maine. Kristen, the little granddaughter whose early months were spent in surgery and body casts, broke her bad leg this summer. But all is well once again; Phyl’s scorecard shows one more victory!

I (Russ) have had word from Bob Kendall not once but twice! The first communication was largely WWI reminiscences, including notes from a fascinating interview with Jim (Pop) Sickles of Scottsdale, AZ, a tail gunner on the crew with which Bob served as bombardier. Made me glad that I (Russ) spent most of my wartime on a good solid coral foundation. I chastised Bob for not including any personal news, so he sent a second letter. This one contained a penetrating analysis of Truman — but still no news of Bob and his wife, Dorothy Rumbold Kendall. Inferences from Bob’s stationery: he still lives in Martinsville, VA, and is editor of the Daily Reporter and chairman of the Reporter-Times, Inc.

I (Russ) finally completed my Male Call to Dave Coppes, who lives right next door to Scottsdale, AZ, in Carefree. Dave had a flimsy excuse for the firm friendship I had formed with his answering machine: he was in the hospital. But all is well now, and we had a good long chat. He fondly remembers his roommate in Douglass Hall, Al Linnell, whom he calls a “great scholar.” (Was Dave using Al’s notes?)

Dave sends regards to Dale Hudson and his brother, Ray Hudson ’42. On the College faculty, Dave was particularly impressed with Aileen Dunham, who he says was “outstanding on the Renaissance,” and with Miss Guille in French.

One bad memory for Dave was section initiation — which found him lost on some remote dairy farm. While we’re on the bad news side of the ledger, that shiny gold hair that Dave used to wear like a crown has been replaced by a shiny pate. Dave and his wife travel a lot, sometimes to their home in the Indiana lake country and sometimes in California. They have four children — sons in Indiana and in Colorado, and two daughters in Phoenix. Dave hasn’t been in Wooster in about 10 years but remembers a meeting in Sun City a couple of years ago at which a Wooster minister, whose name is lost in the mists of time, did an outstanding job. Anyone want to take credit?

Desperate for news on male class members, I (Russ) will interview myself. (Well
CLASS NOTES

Your Reunion Planning Committee spent a fall weekend in that special place called Wooster. For most of us, WOOSTER means COLLEGE...the old ivy-covered walls, the brick walkways, the stately elms on the Quad, the familiar classrooms in Kauke, the professors, and the lasting friendships. The word also means the sound and the movement...serenades, bonfire rallies, cheering the Scots on the football field.

Wooster is a PLACE, but it is also a TIME...a time of our youth...filled with Energy and Emotion and Drive and Hope...a time when winning was possible in that eternal future that spread ahead of us...a time before The War.

Come and recreate this special time, June 6-9, 1996, at our 55th Reunion. Save the date...we hope to see you. Thirty-six members of our class have already signed up. We will be lodged in Compton residence hall...bring your golf clubs. There will be videos of color and day and graduation. BRING YOUR OWN VIDEOS (made from old movies perhaps?) to show. Contact your secretary (Christina) on this if you need information. There will be a luncheon, a dinner, tours, informal meetings, and "bull sessions." Also bring your memories to share. The College will send material to help you plan details, including lists of motels, B and B's and campgrounds where you may make reservations.

Several news items have arrived just in time for publication. Although Dr. John M. Robinson has retired from his demanding life as a physician in Wooster, he works three or four days a week at the hospital and serves on the health board, the AIDS Consortium, the Free Clinic, and Healthcare 2000. The Robinsons went on a world tour in October 1995 and will travel to Costa Rica and the Galapagos Islands in 1996. Dr. Harry M. Wildblood now lives in York, PA. He volunteers for the Literary Council, has attended an Elderhostel in Maine, and has traveled to the Holy Land, Cairo, Australia, New Zealand, and Alaska. The honors that he treasures most now are those he receives after winning a hole at golf!

Max Keck of Cuyahoga Falls, OH, sent a great letter. After graduation from Wooster, Max attended the U of Akron at night for several years to get an M.S. in rubber chemistry. In 1949, he married Barbara Joan Bailey '48, and they have three sons. He retired almost 25 years ago from his internal medicine practice in Ashtabula, OH. Now he lives in Florida. Two of his three sons are lawyers and the other is a teacher — Warren '66 and Douglas '73 are Wooster alumni. Max enjoys playing bridge and fishing and reports that he is in good health.

At our Charlestown Retirement Community, I (Frank) serve on the Resident Life Awareness Committee, chaired by Rachel Linnell Wynn. An elected member of the community's resident council, she does an exceptional job with projects designed to make our residents' lives more rewarding. This committee helps ease the sometimes difficult adjustment to life here for residents, especially for newcomers.

At our 55th Reunion, Rachel gave an interesting review of her "Gleanings From the Blue Questionnaire." Here is an excerpt: "We [the class of 1940] are an active, involved group of persons who have thought positively about the passage of time and have to relate to the time we have ahead." Thanks, Rachel.

Charles "Chuck" Sutliff reports that he retired almost 10 years ago from his internal medicine practice in Ashtabula, OH. Now he works in Grand Junction, CO, earlier that month. Charles is a
retired Congregationalist minister. Ann looked terrific, and we had a fun visit.

Late last summer, Doug ‘39 and Ruth Nussbaum Forman went to Seattle on an Elderhostel entitled “Old Growth on the Olympia Peninsula.” They then traveled to Vancouver, to a Forman reunion, and returned to Portland, OR, to visit Sigrid Peterson Gould ‘30, who was a missionary in India when Doug was in high school. They had a great reunion; Ruth enjoyed Sigrid’s poetry and domestic art.

Margaret “Peg” Maul Wagstaff is well and enjoys life. She often visits her twin sister in Cleveland. Bridge and baseball (the Cleveland Indians) interest her greatly. Peg has a moneymaker for her women’s club in Mansfield, OH: into a “Happy Charlie Box,” folks drop a note about what has made them happy lately (for example, a sunny day), along with a donation.

Eric Boehm and his wife sent a great article about themselves, their two sons (one of whom is Ron ’75), and their wives, entitled “The Boehm Family — Corporate and Community Activists.” As the article described: “...each person is wedded to a philosophy — to inject love into their families, sweet into their businesses, and caring into the community by focusing on children and education. They will make a difference in their community.” Thank you, Eric.

The Wooster campus is splendid now and still reaching ahead. Everyone must try to see the new Gault Alumni Center. Our class helped, with our 50th reunion gift. I (Nancy) expect to go back in June 1996 for the graduation of my grandson (Joshua ’96) — a wonderful event.

I wish to thank Sara L. Patton ’67, Vice President for Development at the College and the daughter of Clara Smith Patton, for her help and vivacious entertainment at our 55th Reunion. Our class also owes a big “thank you” to Dick ’41 and to Eileen Thompson Miller for opening their home to our class all these years.

Classmates send their condolences to the family of Tom Gee (see Obituaries). Chuck Suttles only recently reported that Tom was in ill health.

We need to hear from some of you whose names have not appeared in this magazine for a long while. Please take a few minutes to write to Frank or Nancy. We thank you in advance!

Secretaries: Nancy Ostrey Miner, 509 Smithbridge Rd., Wilmington, DE 19807; and Frank Thatcher, 717 Maiden Choice Ln. #622, Catonsville, MD 21228-6166.

1939

Your secretary (Paul) and Ruth Allison Thompson visited Gerri Adams Williams and her husband, John, at their charming hideaway in Westchester, NY. They escape from New York City quite often. We had hoped to visit Jane Neel Bretschneider at her home in Fort Meyers, FL, but the death of Ruth’s youngest brother made it necessary to cancel that trip. Ruth had a pleasant conversation with Peg Magee Craig, who lives in Pittsburgh, PA. Peg recently visited her daughter in Brooklyn, NY. Nancy Ostrye Miner ’40 and a friend visited us (the Thompsons) in late July. Nancy works at the Winterthur Museum in Wilmington, DE. We also heard from Bob Grandstaff ’40, who often lunches with his former CIA associates. His address is: Box 317, Lake of the Woods, Locust Grove, VA 22508.

Classic Cars and Colored Pencils

by Jimmy E. Wilkinson Meyer

James “Jim” Gerard ’76 combines art and teaching with a love of automobiles. In August 1995, he exhibited a work entitled Packard Reflections with the Colored Pencil Society of America, in the International Colored Pencil Exhibit at Cleveland’s Art in the Powerhouse Gallery. The society selected his piece and 122 others out of 890 works submitted for the show.

A studio art major at Wooster, Jim now creates and sells portraits and limited-edition prints of classic and antique cars. This specialty, which he began in 1988, particularly appeals to automobile collectors and enthusiasts as well as to a broader public. In 1989, Procter and Gamble commissioned Jim to paint Darrell Waltrip’s NASCAR racecar, the winner of the Daytona 500. His work also has appeared on a Cleveland Grand Prix poster (1988) as well as in ads for High Tech Performance Trailers.

More artists have chosen to work in colored pencil in the last decade, due in part to the higher quality of both paper and pencils and in part to its unique nature. Vera Curnow created the Colored Pencil Society of America in 1989 after a deluge of responses to a magazine query about such artists. The society now boasts over 1,300 members representing 11 countries.

Although he also works in more traditional media, Jim likes colored pencil because of its portability as well as its artistic potential. Unlike lead pencil or charcoal (other portable media), colored pencil does not smear. Although conceptualized by some only as a preliminary color study, this medium challenges artists’ precision and patience while offering the opportunity to layer colors and portray highly burnished, reflective surfaces. Jim says that colored pencil pieces often surprise people because they “look like paint, pastel, or chalk.”

Jim works from a studio in the Mentor, OH, home which he shares with wife Becky Hudak Gerard ’77, son Brad (12) and daughter Erin (9). A teacher at Mayfield High School in Mayfield Village since 1976, Jim has chaired the art department there since 1984 and also has coached football, basketball, and track. (He played football at Wooster.) He introduces colored pencil techniques in the classroom and says that pupils enjoy the results. Not surprisingly, Jim boasts of his students who later choose art-related occupations — he thinks of himself as teacher first and artist second. Auto lovers may not agree.

Jim Blackwood ’41 sent a clipping from the Sarasota Herald-Tribune which featured Scott Behoteguy speaking about the United Nations and his career in the foreign service. Written on the 50th anniversary of the UN, the article featured Scott, who accepted a U.S. State Department position in 1946, and other retired diplomats. Scott praised the UN’s development of technical agencies to aid low income countries and bemoaned what he sees as the current “distressing movement back toward isolationism” for the U.S. Thanks to Jim for this interesting bit of news!

Secretaries: Margaret Stockdale McCoy, AP
CLASS NOTES

1938

Ralph Carl has moved to a Greencastle, IN, retirement home where his sister lives. Suffering from a progressive disease, he gets around with a walker and a battery-powered wheelchair. And does he get around — Ralph planned to fly to Phoenix last September to see Myron Peyton, his Wooster Spanish professor. From October to December 1995, Ralph planned an ambitious adventure — a 49-day cruise around South America. His new address is: 102 W. Poplar St., Apt. 301, Greencastle, IN 46135-1636.

Wilbur Heslop sent his secretary (Jeanne) a clipping about the death of Pittsburgh landscape architect Philip Simonds. We extend our sympathy to his two sons, J. Stewart '70 and Kirk D. Our sympathy also goes to Martha Young Godfrey whose sister, Mary Young Stains '35, died in September 1995. (See Obituaries.) A welcome letter came from Grace Ackerman Wise. A widow since 1990, she feels fortunate to have life-long friends in LaGrange, IL, and keeps busy with church and political activities. Her children (two attorneys and a teacher) live in California, Texas, and Illinois; she enjoys three grandchildren.

Secretary: Jeanne Lyle Kate, 1256 Delverne Ave, SW, Canton, OH 44710.

1937

In Flint, MI, on this clear, crisp fall day, the brilliant leaves mean that we (Mollie and Roger) will soon be raking and preparing for winter by putting up the storm windows. We should probably add the chores requiring stepladders over to someone younger, but our eight-foot stepladder (clearly stamped ‘Davidson’) came from the factory started by Sam Davidson. He served as president of the company until a few years before his death in 1988. So we get the ladder out, position it carefully, send good thoughts in Sam’s direction, hum a few bars of the ‘Wooster Love Song’, and confidently set to work.

The shelves in the fruit closet are once again filled with fruits, vegetables, sauces and preserves of all sorts. Clearly, we (the Van Bolds) have no immediate plans to leave our home of 39 years. However, we may have to send our beloved avocado green stove to the cemetery for avocado appliances.

After much thought, Lee and Bob Andrews have decided to stay in Farmersville, OH (near Baltic), surrounded by Amish neighbors. Their decorating indicates the seriousness of their commitment. If you decide to tour Amish country, you will likely find them at home.

On the other hand, right after laying out big bucks for a new garage door, Paul and Josephine Miller Buddle found that they could immediately lease an apartment in an appealing retirement community. They are happy to reach them at: The Waterford, 201 Holl Rd., Apt. 104, North Canton, OH 44720.

Ralph and Margaret Beck Renner will spend the winter as usual in Tarpon Springs, FL, but this time they expect to dispose of their property there. In the spring, the Renners plan to move into a retirement center in Indianapolis, IN.

On Sept. 30, 1995, Kenwood Farms, owned and operated by Robert and Bernice “Bee” Reid McClester, was the site of the forestry and pond program of the Country Living Field Day sponsored by the Ohio State U Extension. The brochure for the event states: “The farmhouse was built in 1858 from brick fired on the farm and was recently approved for inclusion on the National Register of Historic Places.” The McClesters raise shorthorn beef cattle, “descendants of the original herd of milking shorthorns which Robert’s father, John, brought with him when he moved to Ohio from Oklahoma in 1920. Corn has been planted no-till on the farm since 1970, and the farm was one of the first in Carroll County to use contour strips.” Bob and Bee, avid Ohio State football fans, expect to attend the Rose Bowl game in January.

Jane Seager Salisstein continues to live happily in her home on Cape Cod, MA, putting off any thoughts of moving. After cataract surgery, she is behind the wheel again and continues her involvement in various organizations, bridge clubs, etc.

Mary Engle Ehrich is also busy, volunteering at the Coshocton Hospital, going to exercise classes, and enjoying her social contacts.

George and Antoinette “Toni” Burgoon Lehman plan to stay in their Dayton, OH, home indefinitely, if only to provide a home base for their children and grandchildren on holidays. Toni says she is well but keeps close to home (she does not drive), while George continues to attend numerous board and committee meetings.

We talked recently with Thelma Scouvart Williams, a widow for two years. Her daughter lives nearby. Thelma continues to pursue her lifelong hobby of following the Pittsburgh Steelers — life is good.

Ford “Bud” McGibbeny is high on life in Prescott, AZ; he lives at 5,600 feet above sea level, so occasionally in winter he sees snow. Busy and happy, he speaks proudly of a 2-year-old great-grandson.

Jim Shaw has at last retired, having sold the Shaw Elevator Co., owned by his family for more than a century. He plans to remain in London, OH.

We (Mollie and Roger) have not actually laid eyes on our fellow Michigander, Jim Reid, in many a month. He recently sent a note to the effect that “this is a weird way to touch base,” and included two lottery tickets. We didn’t win.

By the end of December, we will have mailed our 92 birthday cards for classmates born in 1915. Although none of the cards was returned by the post office, we realize that the addressees may still not have actually received them. For example, we tried to reach Margaret Newton Douglass by telephone last year to inform her of the death of Nancy Hezlep Coppersmith (with whom she shared a birthday), we found that Peg no longer resided at her Oregon address, although our mail to her had not been returned. After a search for several months, the national computerized telephone directory led us to her son, John Van Arnan. He informed us that after the death of her husband three years ago, Peg could not cope with living alone. For the past two years, she has lived in a nursing home. Her address is: Schweier’s Landing, 83555 Clear Lake Road, Florence, OR 97439.

Helen Forry Drysdale wrote that our 80th birthday card arrived while she was in intensive care after surgery. Writing three days after leaving the hospital, she said that her recovery was going remarkably well. Helen heartily agrees that, “Old age is not for sissies!”

Elizabeth Panetta’s post-birthday note says that her 80th birthday party included eight grandchildren, coming from as far as Vancouver, BC, and Los Angeles, CA, with lots of flowers and phone calls. She continues to play the piano for many services and is busy with her “stamp group, making eats for the hospital, sewing for the medical center, leading a church circle, singing in the Rydal Chorus, and on and on.” Elizabeth ends her note, “Life is full and blessed.”

One of the really great surprises of the past summer was a very brief visit by Jeanne and Norvin Hein. They were on their way to Yellow Knife, Northwest Territory, Canada. After inspecting our postage stamp garden (1/69th of an acre) and confirming that Roger was in good health again, they proceeded on their way north.

Merton Sealls sent a card saying, “As an alumnus of the Shingles Society, graduating in 1975, I sympathize with Roger Van Bolt and Jo Wishart Hayford.” Merton now has only an occasional twinge.

Bob Briggles has kept us well informed during the past summer on the progress of the Cleveland Indians, as well as news from Wooster (one of his sons lives there). On Labor Day 1995, Bob and Verna left via Amtrak for Salt Lake City to attend a grand­daughter’s wedding, then planned a tour of Yellowstone and the Grand Tetons. Hopefully, he returned in time for the World Series.

Myra Schweininger Carpenter was on the College campus this fall to watch her granddaughter, Elizabeth Barlow ’99, play in the marching band. All three of Myra’s children and their spouses are Wooster alums, and she is delighted that a granddaughter is now enrolled.

Dorothy Johnson Knight attended Wooster Homecoming 1995, but did not see anyone else from the Class of 1937.

Ville, a short trip to Ohio in October, (Roger and Mollie) were pleased to hear the voice of Roy Bates on our car.
radio. Roy discusses sports on weekdays at 5:15 p.m. at 104.5 FM out of Wooster. The program is called "One on One." That day Roy was very unhappy with the performance of several Cleveland Indians, and he reminisced about some of the high school teams that he had coached during his career.

Since the last column, we have not received notice of any deaths of classmates. At that time, 179 of the 324 individuals on our class roster were alive. When we were children, an 80-year-old person was a rarity. No wonder Medicare and Social Security are going broke. But what the heck, let's all continue to hang in there so we can gather in Wooster for our 60th reunion in 1997.


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| It was a mini-reunion when five of us got together as a committee on Sept. 29, 1995, for a class reunion workshop at Lowry Center, in preparation for our 60th. Jack Maxwell chaired the meeting because our president, Bill Everson, was having some eyesight difficulties. Harriet Knight and Helen Pfaff Buss represented the women; Dick Smith, Jack, and I (Ralph), the men. You will be hearing all about the interesting weekend we planned, but for now mark your calendar for Reunion at Wooster, June 6-9, 1996.


| **1935** |
| In a very welcome letter, Frances Woods Gerke says that she has enjoyed her retirement. She and Lois Hunter Davis traveled together over a period of 18 years, mostly overseas. Now Frances travels mostly to visit her daughter and son and six grandchildren. Her daughter, a graduate of Allegheny College, received her Ph.D. from the U of Pittsburgh and teaches biology at the U of Toledo. Her son graduated from West Point, served a year in the Vietnam War as a helicopter pilot, and is now an engineer for General Motors in Rochester, NY.

I (Helen) am grateful to those of you who sent biographical sketches to the Alumni Office in connection with our 60th reunion. These include the following items.

Helen Blair worked for the Atlantic Richfield Co. until 1980, as personnel representative in Pittsburgh, PA. Now retired, she enjoys traveling, reading and walking.

Mary "Elinor" Wilson Chamberlain worked at the Columbia U Press from 1935-42. She married Stuart Chamberlain in 1942; they have three children. The family moved to State College, PA, in 1946. Elinor worked as writer-editor in Penn State's department of public information from 1953 until retiring in 1976. She helped organize and establish the Schlow Memorial Library in State College and served on its first board of trustees (1956-76). In retirement, she enjoys needlework, bridge, reading, and homemaking, and is very active in St. Andrew's Episcopal Church. Elinor didn't make it to the reunion — we missed you!

Betty Bonsall McCorkel has worked as a teacher and director of the Swarthmore Presbyterian Nursery School. The mother of three, she retired in the spring of 1994. It is nice to have these biographical sketches to rely on, but I (Helen) could love some letters from you!

Secretaries: Helen Hieber Garvin, 3 Salisbury Rd., Wooster, OH 44691-2140; and William J. Burger Jr., 1300 South Border Ave. #264, Weslaco, TX 78596-7422. |

| **1934** |
| Remember that Joyce Kellogg Sancetta promised to send news? She was true to her word. Joyce lives in a retirement home, Meadow Lakes, in Hightstown, NJ. She moved there to be near her daughter (a marine geologist) — who has since moved to the Williamsburg, VA, area where Joyce lived for 40 years! Having retired from college teaching, Joyce now leads classes in English literature in her apartment "for folks who are eager to keep their minds alive!" She has served on the library committee, contributes knitted and crocheted animals to the craft shop, and says, "I have my hand in a few other things here." Such skilled hands! Joyce was the only girl! I (Libby) knew who brought a sewing machine to College and made time to use it!

Joyce writes: "I love and admire The College of Wooster and read Wooster with great interest. Since I was teaching after [receiving my] Ph.D. from Yale in 1938, I did not get back to the College. I regret this."

Thanks Joyce, for a delightful letter — you sound busy and happy!

I (Libby) also keep busy. This summer, between the heat and extra responsibilities at church, I did not send many cards to you readers. Please don't wait but send along your news — we are all interested in one another. May you have a good winter.

Secretary: Elizabeth Lapham Wills, 3873 Montevista Rd., Cleveland Heights, OH 44121. |

| **1933** |
| Time for Class Notes again. I (Ethel) had hoped to be inundated with lively accounts of your summer travels, but alas! That did not happen, and we are faced with a dearth of news. Hope springs eternal!

Martha Siehl Hill wrote of a great summer vacation with her family in Maine. Until some nebulous travel plans materialize, she enjoys her usual round of concerts, bridge, and visits with friends.

Our peripatetic classmates, Jimmy Ench, Linda Lindman and Bert Colclaser, embarked on Oct. 22, 1995, on a trip to Syria, Jordan, Oman, and the United Arab Emirates, not to return until mid-November. They should have some interesting tales to tell!

And that about covers the news that I (Ethel) have heard. Take pen in hand and help me fill this space in the next issue!

Secretary: Ethel McCullough Schmidt, 100 Brookmont Rd. #346, Akron, OH 44333-3094. |

| **1932** |

On my (Roenna’s) annual trek to Perrysopolis for Pioneer Days, I called Eleanor Stephens Swany. Having fallen, she was in the nursing area of a retirement facility and planned to enter an apartment there. Her home address is: Greensburg Highlands, 6 Center Ave., Greensburg, PA 15601. I am certain the Eleanor said that Virginia Anderson Crow’s book was ready for the publisher — wonderful news after the long, patient labor!

Mary Fletcher apparently has made a good recovery from surgery. It took three days of phoning before I caught her at home (she and her cousin Ruth were on the go). Mary attended the dedication of Wooster’s Flo K. Gault Library for Independent Study and saw Harriet Painter Hopkins and Carol Gustafson Dix there.

Martha Raufus Lloyd sounds good over the phone. We have had several visits lately.

We (Roenna and Ralph) NEED NEWS. Secretary: Roenna Kamerer Koste, 500 Green St. Shillington, PA 19607-1334; and Ralph Liske, 1195 Fairchild Ave., Kent, OH 44240-1811. |

| **1931** |
| If any of you have moved recently, you know what an earthshaking experience it is, especially condensing from a home to a small apartment. I (Virginia) now live on the eighth floor in Judson Park, and at night, Cleveland’s lighted skyline looks like a fairyland. Betty Spahn and I helped me greatly in getting oriented. I have no car now, and it is really an experience to be without it, after driving since age 16!

Our deep and heartfelt sympathy goes to Hal Bowman ’31 and his family on the death of Carolyn “Cal” Wilson Bowman on Nov. 2, 1995. She had struggled with illness...
Class Notes

for some time.

A newsy letter came from George Kerr, who noted the scarcity of items in this column. Tain't for lack of trying George, it is just that there are not as many of us. Early in July 1995, George and his wife, Agnes Dye Kerr '32, took off for Winston-Salem, NC, to attend their granddaughter's wedding. The bride's parents are both researchers at Los Alamos (NM) National Laboratory. As an avocation, George and his wife take care of the family tree farm. He writes that they "plant a few trees each year, have a timber stand improvement, and every decade or two cut a few trees." A recreational endeavor indeed.

Note: George will attend our 65th Reunion, June 6-9, 1996. Those of us who can stand (or propped-up or not) should really make this effort! We have survived both hard and revolutionary times. Why, in your youth the Dead Sea was merely a hill!

Mark Herbst and his wife are doing as well as the rest of us. Perhaps better. Mark only gave up golf a few years ago. They are still in their own home and watch and help their grass and garden grow. Mark obtained his medical degree from Western Reserve U in 1935 and retired just a few years ago — seems like the physicians in our class obey the motto, Physician, Heal Thyself. As a Cleveland Indians fan, last season, Mark watched, groaned, and elated. The Herbsts have a son (an attorney in Annapolis) and two grandchildren to enlighten and amuse them. As ex-world travelers, they are happy now not to be walking the cobblestones. Wisdom really does increase with age. A happy report to make to you all.

I (Virginia) encourage classmates to send some news! I'm sure people do hesitate to write about their aches and pains, but we (Carl and Virginia) would like to hear from you.

Secretaries: Virginia Bourns Jeffery, Judson Park, 2181 Ambleside Rd. #816, University Circle, Cleveland, OH 44106, and Carl Toensmeier, 1012 Kennett Way, West Chester, PA 19380

1930

Last summer Fred and Wilma Wymer Behner left their home of 25 years in Green Valley, AZ, and moved to the Henry Ford Retirement Village in Dearborn, MI, closer to their daughter (a teacher in Michigan) and son (a retired police detective in Illinois), four grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. The Behners had come to Arizona after retiring in 1969 from their Michigan-based travel agency and insurance business. Arizona will miss Fred's input; he helped found the Green Valley Rotary Club and the Green Valley Masonic Lodge, and served on the Governor's Advisory Council on Aging under three different administrations. We wish Fred and Wilma the best in their new location.

The members of the class extend their sympathy to the family of Martha Danford, on her death on April 14, 1995.

This column continues to review the replies from class members who answered the Alumni Office questionnaires.

Helen Spangler Hurley received her B.L.S. from Columbia U in 1933 and served six years as librarian in the New York Public Library, three years in the Toledo Public Library, and 10 years in the Indian River County Library, Vero Beach, FL. She specialized in children's work and storytelling. Helen made special note of 65 years of round-robin letters with classmates, which developed deep friendships. Her address is 1217 Willowbrook Dr. SE, Huntsville, AL 35802.

Ruth Hoer Metzler taught French and English upon leaving Wooster. Her academic life included graduate work at Penn State U and the U of Pittsburgh. She married Walter Metzler '29 (who passed away in 1972) and had two daughters who became registered nurses. Ruth's other activities included PTA and church work. Ruth, who continues to live in Wooster, shares her favorite college memory: Dr. Dunn's and Freddie Moore's English classes. "They made learning a real delightful pleasure." Her address is: 922 Country Club Dr., Wooster, OH 44691-1410.

Virginia Barton Lang taught for 12 years after leaving Wooster, then turned to selling Highlights for Children. Very active, she has volunteered with Meals on Wheels and served as deacon and elder in her church. Her family life included husband William E. Lang '29 (who died in 1990), and sons Michael Barton and Peter Scott Lang. Virginia's address: 5916 Cresthaven Lane, Toledo, OH 43614-1269.

I (Roy) could write a book about my former roommate, Thomas J. Mills, but shall recount only the academic and professional sides of his colorful and exciting life. Tom took an M.A. in economics at the U of Pittsburgh, followed by a year at Yale U, which, he says, "convinced me that an academician's life was not for me." He spent six years as a statistician in the Connecticut State Department of Labor and nine years in the U.S. Bureau of the Budget before joining the National Science Foundation in Washington, DC (his major life's work). Tom was responsible for my (Roy's) serving one year (1960-61) with the foundation. Since 1973, he has served as a docent at the National Portrait Gallery.

Tom's description of campus life included his attendance at the dedication of First Presbyterian Church, Wooster, with a woman friend and other couples. The College then required women students to check in at their residences by 9:15 p.m. At 8:30 p.m., President Wishart, giving the didacticary address, "was at his oratorical best before an attentive audience," remembers Tom. The students, sitting in front, grew anxious about the time. Finally, they developed the courage to leave, whereupon (as Tom says) Prexy exhort ed: "If anyone else wants to leave, let them exit now because I have quite a lot more to say." The women met their deadline, but this experience strained Tom's endearment for our president.

Tom and his wife, Bernice, have one son, and live in Arlington, VA. Their address: 3183 N. Quincy Street, Arlington, VA 22207-4144.

Let us hear from you. It is great to share our wealth of experiences.

Secretary: Roy Bossert, Austin Manor, 95 Elizabeth St. #303, Delaware, OH 43015-4308.

1929

Two men of our class have been very helpful in getting out this column. Bill Maitland writes from the Mount Pleasant Presbyterian Retirement Village (109 Maumee Dr., Monroe, OH 45050-1121) that he and his wife, Nadine, maintain a busy schedule. They prefer day trips to long ones, and dip into the geography of Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana. Their trips to the Kentucke Horse Farms seem especially delightful.

This year the Maitlands are going back to school — studying the Christian church, the U.S. justice system, and Nazi Germany. We members of the class of '29 salute you, Bill and Nadine. I (Bonnie) loved your long letter.

Bill tells us that Mary Case Gotthardt also resides in the Mount Pleasant Retirement Village.

The other letter received lately is from Elbert Moses, 2001 Rocky Park Dr., Prescott, AZ 86363. He is recovering from recent surgery and radiation at the Mayo Clinic (where his wife, Caroline, was previously a nurse). Elbert has taught in a number of universities, including public speaking at Women's College, U of North Carolina. His poetry is hailed as far away as India.

The men of this class are now outdoing the women in sending Class Notes. I anxiously await the mail every day. In a little over three years, we will celebrate our 70th reunion. See you there!

Secretary: Bonnie McClung Green, 3619 Dewsbury Rd., Winston-Salem, NC 27104-1709.

1928

We send our sympathy to Alice


Roger Van Bolt '37 sent a news clipping about a special birthday celebration for Robert Bigler of Swartz Creek, MI. Robert, a physicist and product engineer who retired from AC Spark Plug in 1970, belongs to the Retired Men's Fellowship of Greater Flint and to the Court Street Methodist Church. He is an avid gardener and a 70-year veteran of the Boy Scouts of America. Robert's wife, Esther Bullard Bigler, died in 1992. Their four children live in Michigan and New Jersey. Happy belated birthday to Robert and thanks to Roger.

Sanford "Sandy" Lehman, M.D., writes
from the Pacific Northwest: “This year [1995] Ohio State U came out to Seattle to play our Huskies. It reminded me of 1926, when Wooster’s football team managed to tie OSU, quite a feat indeed. The next year the best we could do was a field goal; the score was OSU 20, Wooster 3. I don’t think Wooster ever played OSU again...."

Sandy continued with the story of how he got to Seattle, “after starting out in public health in Olympia, WA. During the Depression, I happened to intern at a hospital in Tacoma, on the recommendation of Dr. Lindsay Gould ’25 of Seattle. [Dr. Gould died in 1980.] I then went on to Ann Arbor, MI, for a master’s in public health.

“I [Sandy] was appointed director of health in Vancouver, WA, during WWII, and then spent 25 years as health director of the Seattle King County Health Department....I met Connie in Ann Arbor. We raised three boys and were happily married for 52 years before she passed away in 1989. Over the years we have had frequent Wooster visitors, such as President Howard Lowry. Three years ago, I married Rose.

“I [Sandy] will close with one more memory. While a student, I chauffeured Wooster’s President Wishart. I remember driving him to the OSU game and coming away with a first-hand review of the game — as well as some sermons. So long and regards to you and yours,” from Sandy and Rose Lehman.

Adrienne Spahn writes: “Class members will note the obituary of Dorothy M. Weaver (see Obituaries). She and I roomed together in Wooster for three years and maintained our friendship ever since. Though Dorothy was an only child and had no immediate family, four cousins and many friends attended her funeral service at Trinity Lutheran Church in Canton, OH. She was buried in St. Jacob’s Cemetery, Cairo, OH.”

Adrienne reports on two other classmates: “Recovering from a broken hip, in October 1995 Margaret Broadhurst was at The Normandy Manor, Rocky River, OH. Though Ann Evans has a heart problem, she enjoys living in her own home in Lorain, OH, on the shores of Lake Erie. Her two dogs keep her busy.”

Adrienne continues: “I count my blessings that I am able to maintain my condominium home and to drive. Last May I flew to Wyoming for the high school graduation of my granddaughter, the daughter of Ron Spahn ’64. Church activities, College Club West, and the historical society fill my time. Peg, Ann, and I hope that other ’26ers will contribute to Class Notes.”

Secretary: Louie Irwin Kittredge Clark, 28 Heinrick Cir., Queensbury, NY 12804.

Study in October 1995. You can read about it in this issue. The new facility lacks nothing inside or out. The addition of Westminster chimes from the clock tower adds a feature never before experienced on the campus. It somehow lends a new sense of dignity to the surroundings.

There are no notes of members to report, but I (Florence) hope that the holiday mail will bring some items. Let’s keep the column going!

Secretary: Florence Painter Griffith, 1577 Cleveland Rd., Wooster, OH 44691

1926

Secretary: Contact Wooster, Galpin Hall, The College of Wooster, Wooster, OH 44691

1925

We are sorry to report the death of our popular classmate, Estella Goodhart King (see Obituaries). She had been living with her daughter, Elizabeth, in Woodland Hills, CA. The members of the class extend their sympathy to her family.

1 (Edna) am content in my surroundings in LaCrosse, WI, and am glad to be near my son Don and his wife, Paula. In November I visited many friends in Wooster.

The only surviving member of the old Frick Library staff, 1 (Sarah) remember assisting in the transfer of volumes into the new Andrews Library in 1962, and found the dedication of the Flo K. Gault Library for Independent Study most nostalgic. You have to see to believe. Those of us who spent so many hours in the quiet resources of the old library only hope that in time the New will have the same appeal to generations of students as the Old has to those of us from the 1920s.


ObituarieS

71 (MAT) Rev. Kent L. McMahon, Sr., of Triadelphia, WV, Sept. 11, 1995. A minister, teacher and school administrator, he was the pastor of Nazarene and Baptist churches in Barberton and Campbell, OH, as well as in Massachusetts and West Virginia. After receiving his master of arts in teaching from Wooster, McMahon first managed buildings and job training programs for the Canton (OH) City Schools and later taught social studies there. A civic leader, he chaired the board of directors of the American Rescue Missions, served on the mayor’s task force on crime in Canton, and represented senior citizens groups. A Canton women’s group recognized him as Business Man of the Year for his community efforts.

McMahon married Lennura Lauder-milk in 1952; they had four sons. An avid golfer and chess player, he also collected coins and hosted several senior citizen trips. His wife and three sons survive; one son preceded him in death.

66 Karen "Sue" Vail Lauria, of Chicago, IL, Aug. 25, 1995. After receiving her master’s degree from Northwestern U in 1967, Lauria, an Illinois native, worked as a sales manager in data for Illinois Bell. She is survived by her parents, who are caring for Lauria’s 17-year-old son.

64 Robert E. Holland, of Cleveland, OH, Sept. 6, 1995. An English major at Wooster, Holland shared his knowledge of language and literature in Malawi, Africa, as one of the first Peace Corps volunteers. He studied the country’s native tongue, Chinyanja, and crossed cultural barriers both in his teaching and in the invaluable lessons that he learned from the Malawian people.

Holland taught English language and literature in Malawi for another year following his Peace Corps service before returning to the U.S. as a teacher at Rawlings Junior High School in Cleveland, OH. He later moved to New York City as finance manager for the Better Business Bureau; in 1984, he advanced to executive director of the BBB in Newark, NJ. From 1991-94, he worked as director of customer services for Swann Galleries, also in New York City.

Born in Auburn, NY, and raised in Peninsula, OH, Holland lived in Cleveland Heights after retiring in 1994. He fought for life despite his diagnosis with AIDS. His sister, Susan Holland, describes him as "a wonderfully bright, sensitive, and gentle man" and urges others to join the fight against AIDS: "Please, if you can, wear a red ribbon, educate those around you, support research, and volunteer to help....Please, please fight. He was my best friend." In addition to his sister, a brother survives.

60 Rev. Stanley R. Chapin, of Celina, OH, July 2, 1995. After pastorates in Methodist churches in Iowa, he served as the minister of the First Presbyterian Church in Celina (1968-78) and farmed in both Ohio and Iowa. Chapin also founded and presided over Leader Seeds, Inc., in Celina. After receiving his B.D. from the Dubuque Theological Seminary in Iowa, he continued graduate work at the Wartburg Seminary, also in Dubuque. The Presbytery of the Maumee Valley ordained Chapin in 1964.

Born in Norwalk, OH, Chapin was a 1956 graduate of Norwalk High School. In 1958, he married Dorothy Toole. After his 1978 retirement, he continued to farm and served Presbyterian churches in Antwerp, Cecil, Hicksville, Enon Valley, and Dola, OH.

In the late 1960s, the Ohio state governor appointed Chapin to the Tri-County Mental Health Board. He was also a member of Kiwanis International and served as treasurer of the Mercer County Ministerial Association, vice president of the Mercer
accompanied her on the piano. Pittenger took her storytelling to schools in Orinda, CA, and Portland, OR, as well as to libraries, private schools and hospitals across Wayne County. She also gave demonstrations at the College and at Wayne College of the U of Akron.

Pittenger volunteered for other organizations, including the Wilderness Center in Wilmott, OH, and, with her husband, for the Killbuck District Boy Scouts of America. As of 1992, she was the only woman in the district involved in training new scoutmasters and committee members. Pittenger served the Big Brothers-Big Sisters program in Wooster as a board member, vice president, and president. A member of the Connell Laboratory of Ornithology, she participated in Project Feeder Watch, recording the numbers and species of birds at her backyard feeders since 1990.

Many individuals and groups honored the Story Lady for such extensive voluntary service. Her awards included: Wooster Jaycees Outstanding Citizen of the Year, 1988; the Ray Ziegmam Memorial Award for Outstanding Service to Scouting, 1989; the Wayne County Council of the International Reading Association Literacy Award, 1991; a letter of recognition from Barbara Bush, 1992; and the Modern Woodman Life Insurance Co. Community Service Award, 1994.

In addition to her husband and mother, survivors include brothers Edward R. Funk ’46 and David A. Funk ’48, a cousin, Wooster professor Lyn Loveless, two sons, and a daughter.

’51 (Dorothy) Jean Forbes Chambers, of Tucson, AZ, May 28, 1995. A clinical psychologist, Chambers operated a private practice from the 1970s until she retired (“grudgingly”) in 1994. Born in Cleveland, OH, and raised in Shaker Heights, she met her first husband, the Rev. Bruce Cunningham ’51, at Wooster. She lived in Illinois and Montana before moving to Arizona. Divorced Chambers married Ridgely Chambers in 1964. She earned both a master’s and a doctoral degree in rehabilitation psychology from the U of Arizona. Chambers taught and worked at the rehabilitation center there before entering private practice. She was unmarried at the time of her death.

An obituary sent by Chambers’s daughter, Barbara Ball, remembered her fondly: “Jean was...a single mother and professional woman before the super-moms of today were even born. When she was younger, she enjoyed painting and drawing, and was quite talented. She was also an excellent seamstress, accomplished at handwork...often making her own clothes. She enjoyed going to Mexico, sightseeing, and attending bullfights. [Watching] professional football, gardening, sightseeing, and attending bullfights. [Watching] professional football, gardening, sightseeing, and attending bullfights.

Surviving family members include his wife, three daughters, three grandchildren, two brothers, and three nephews.

’56 Elizabeth “Liddy” Funk Pittenger, of Wooster, OH, Sept. 15, 1995. An elementary teacher, storyteller, amateur naturalist, and volunteer parc excellence, she graduated from Wooster High School. She finished her bachelor’s degree at Kent State U in 1956. Pittenger taught in Fairfax County, VA, as well as in various schools in Wooster. She married Tom Pittenger in 1956. They resided in Virginia and in Germany before returning to Wooster in 1958.

Pittenger left teaching in 1963 to raise a family. In 1968, she began 26 years of volunteer storytelling. Fondly known as the Story Lady, she told tales to kindergarten and first grade classes in the Wooster City Schools. Her mother, Elizabeth M. Reese Funk ’23, often accompanied her on the piano. Pittenger took her storytelling to schools in Orinda, CA, and Portland, OR, as well as to libraries, private schools and hospitals across Wayne County. She also gave demonstrations at the College and at Wayne College of the U of Akron.

Pittenger volunteered for other organizations, including the Wilderness Center in Wilmott, OH, and, with her husband, for the Killbuck District Boy Scouts of America. As of 1992, she was the only woman in the district involved in training new scoutmasters and committee members. Pittenger served the Big Brothers-Big Sisters program in Wooster as a board member, vice president, and president. A member of the Connell Laboratory of Ornithology, she participated in Project Feeder Watch, recording the numbers and species of birds at her backyard feeders since 1990.

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In addition to her husband and mother, survivors include brothers Edward R. Funk ’46 and David A. Funk ’48, a cousin, Wooster professor Lyn Loveless, two sons, and a daughter.

’51 Alice M. Ashman Mansell, of East Palestine, OH. An elementary teacher and church organist, she earned her bachelor’s degree from Geneva College in Beaver Falls, PA, in 1963, while also parenting her children and substitute teaching. She married Jack Mansell in 1948 and later returned with her family from Pennsylvania to her Ohio home town, East Palestine, where she taught and helped her husband manage a restaurant.

Surviving are her husband and two daughters.

’50 Miriam Lucille Myers English, of Cuyahoga Falls, OH, Sept. 15, 1995. A retired social worker, she received her master’s degree from the U of Denver in 1957. English worked at clinics in Santa Fe, NM, and Rochester, MN, before joining the Akron (OH) General Hospital staff. She married Ralph English in 1962.

English belonged to the Cuyahoga Falls C.A.R.E., the Senior Travel Club, and volunteered for W.I.C. at the Summit County Health Department.

Only recently diagnosed with leukemia before her death, she succumbed swiftly. Although her daughter, Jennifer, advanced her wedding date in hopes that her mother could attend, it was not to be. The wedding occurred on the day that English died. Surviving are another daughter, Kathryn English Reinhart ’85, sister Kathryn Myers Radakovich x’54, one grandson, and three nieces.

’49 Gerald “Willie” White, of Columbus, OH, Oct. 7, 1995. Born and raised in Shreve, he was a U.S. Marine veteran of WWII and a retired Trustmark Insurance agent. White attended Ohio State U in Columbus and later worked as an insurance agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Co. as its Wooster field representative in the 1950s before moving to Columbus. He belonged to the Worthington Presbyterian Church and was an avid golfer. Survivors include his wife, Virginia (whom he married in 1947), three brothers, Jack M. ’51, R. Gene ’50, and Robert L. ’48, a daughter and two grandchildren.


’45 Chester R. Turner, of Marion, OH, June 28, 1995. He retired from the U.S. Air Force in 1964 after 21 1/2 years of service as a master sergeant, serving in both WWII and in Korea. While still on active duty, he completed his degree at Ohio U (1956) and earned his master’s degree in clinical social work at the Worden School of Social Service (1962) in San Antonio, TX. Turner then worked as a mental health administrator and a psychiatric social worker. Born in New York City, in 1944 he married Dorothy “Dot” Pearson ’43. The family lived in Texas, New York, and South Carolina.
before moving to Ohio. A former member of both the Marion Noon and Evening Lions Clubs, he attended Forest Lawn Presbyterian Church and belonged to the Moose Lodge and national and local professional groups. In 1969, Turner was appointed executive director of the Marion County Mental Health and Mental Retardation Board.

Having battled cancer for three years, Turner missed the Class of 1945's 50th Wooster reunion last summer. Dot reports, however, that in his hospital bed, he proudly reported, Jeanne Swan Garnett '45.

In addition to his wife, survivors include son Andrew L. Turner '41, Betty Jane Felty Rath, of Westlake, OH, Aug. 27, 1995. She worked as a secretary at a U.S. Army base near Marion, OH, before marrying Charles Rath in the late 1940s and becoming a homemaker. The Raths lived in East Cleveland and Lakewood, OH, before moving to Westlake. Her husband and son survive.

'41 Arthur Carl Frechtling, of Blue Bell, PA, Oct. 9, 1995. Born in Hamilton, OH, he spent his entire career as a chemist, working first for the Neville Co. in Pittsburgh, PA. He then held fellowships at the Mellon Institute and researched the development and application of vinyl resins. He finally joined Union Carbide in New Jersey, where he worked until retiring to private consulting in 1978.

Frechtling married Eleanor Scherbarth x'41 in 1942; they lived on a multi-acre plot in Allison Park, PA, and in Watchung, NJ, before moving to Normandy Farms Estates, a retirement community in Blue Bell, PA, in 1985. While in New Jersey, Frechtling belonged to the Wilson Memorial Church of Watchung, the American Chemical Society, volunteered for the Boy Scouts of America, and taught dog obedience classes. Surviving are his wife and three sons.

'40 Rev. Thomas S. Gee, of Santa Barbara, CA, Oct. 26, 1995. He served multicultural and experimental union Presbyterian churches in Michigan, New York, California, and Texas. Gee was born in Cleveland and raised in Delaware, OH. In 1942, while a student at Union Theological Seminary, he married Martha "Marty" Geiger x'40. He graduated from Union in 1943. During WWII, he was a U.S. Navy chaplain in Pensacola, FL, San Mateo, CA, and Guam.

After this tour of duty, Gee and his wife lived in Detroit, MI, where he served as pastor of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church. In 1949, he accepted a position as associate minister at the First Church of Buffalo, NY. The family later relocated to New Rochelle, NY, where Gee served as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. In 1958, Pikesville College (Kentucky) awarded him an honorary doctorate; two years later, Gee accepted a call to the Los Gatos Presbyterian Church in California. After suffering a heart attack, he moved to a smaller church, Grace Presbyterian, in Plainview, TX, which he served from 1974 until retiring in 1983.

x'38 Kenneth E. Hamilton, of Mesa, AZ, Aug. 6, 1995. Born in Coshocton, OH, he was a retired airline agent for Trans World Airlines. Surviving are his wife, Dorothy, two children, five grandchildren, three great-grandchildren, and a brother.

x'38 Jessie E. Farquhar Hatfield, of Bel Air, MD, A teacher, homemaker and mother, she married George I. Hatfield '39 in 1941. They resided in Pottsville, PA, before moving to Maryland. The Hatfields enjoyed traveling and spending time with their two daughters. Her husband and daughters survive.

'38 Philip D. Simonds, of Oakmont, PA, Sept. 28, 1995. Since the 1930s, he had worked as a landscape architect in Pittsburgh, PA, with his older brother, John. Their company, Environmental Planning and Design of Pittsburgh, opened in 1939 and helped manage such local projects as Chatham Center Plaza, Equitable Plaza, and Mellon Square as well. They worked in Ohio and Illinois. He retired as partner emeritus in 1984. Having studied design at Harvard U, Simonds taught landscape architecture at Carnegie Mellon, Purdue, and Michigan State universities and published articles in professional journals. A Smithsonian Institution exhibit, *Contemporary Landscape for Recreation*, featured his work.

Born in Jamestown, ND, Simonds moved to Lansing, MI, as a child. As a young boy, about 12 years old, he helped save several fellow passengers when a pleasure boat capsized. The Carnegie Hero Fund Commission recognized that effort. He later earned a Bronze Star during his WWII service in the U.S. Air Force. Simonds belonged to the American Society of Landscape Architects and the Harvard Yale Princeton Club of Pittsburgh, and served on the governor's advisory committee of the Pennsylvania State Board of Education.

Surviving are two brothers, including Richard W. Simon '26, and two sons, including J. Stewart Simonds '70. (Philip and one of his brothers added a "d" to the family name in 1939, while the rest of the family retained the original spelling.)

'38 Mary A. Smith Vnasdale, of Manitou Springs, CO, April 22, 1995. Born in Connorsville, IN, Vnasdale taught music in public schools in Ohio and Colorado. She earned a master's degree in music from Ohio State U in 1952 and married Charles Vnasdale six years later. Vnasdale taught both music and English at Manitou Springs High School and served as director of music there before retiring in 1981.

She is survived by her husband, two children, six grandchildren, and a brother.

x'35 Wilbur S. Deeds, of Royal Oak MI. He worked for the Texas and Goodyear companies for several years before becoming a driver for Bender and Louden Motor Freight. Deeds later served as field superintendent for a construction company. Born in Cuyahoga Falls, OH, he lived in Rochester, NY, before moving to Michigan in the 1940s.

Deeds was preceded in death by his sister, Ethel Deeds Case '31, and his wife. Surviving are six children, 19 grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

'35 Edward S. Foster, of Toledo, OH, Oct. 16, 1995. Professor emeritus of physics at the U of Toledo and former president of both the Toledo Board of Education and the Ohio School Boards Association, Foster was known for his dedication to the education of young people. Working closely with Ohio governor James Rhodes, he sought to improve vocational training in the state. During his 32 years at the U of Toledo, he performed analytic spectroscopy research for firms such as Brush Beryllium and Harshaw Chemical and for the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. In appreciation of Foster's contributions, the U of Toledo dedicated the Edward S. Foster Physics and Astronomy Reading Room at McMasters Hall in May 1995.

Born in Maryland, Foster grew up in Warren, OH. He married Emily Koester '33 in 1936 and earned a master's degree from Washington U the following year. He later studied weather science at the Naval Academy and at the U of Michigan. He worked as a geophysicist in the Gulf Coast oil fields before enlisting in the U.S. Navy. Foster served in the former U.S.S.R. and remained in the naval reserves after WWII, retiring with the rank of Commander.

A longtime member of Fairgreen Presbyterian Church in Toledo, he also served as moderator of the Maumee Valley Presbyterian and taught at synod educational events. Among many other professional and civic activities, Foster was a trustee of a local drug abuse information agency and an honorary member of the Ohio PTA. The recipient of both the Wilson and the Compton prizes at Wooster (for mathematics and physics, respectively), he earned other academic recognition, such as membership in the Sigma Xi, Phi Beta Kappa, and Tau Beta Phi honorary societies.

Surviving are his wife, his sister-in-law Margaret E. Koester Welty '26, four children, their spouses, and 10 grandchildren.

'35 Roy F. Grow, of Ann Arbor, MI. April 9, 1995. After a year as principal and coach at the Seville (OH) High School, Grow turned to industry. He worked as a purchasing agent for various firms in Ohio and Michigan, retiring from American Motors in 1976. Born in Columbus, OH, Grow married Dorothy Loefler x'39 shortly after graduating from Wooster. In addition to his wife, survivors include three children, seven grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.
x35 Drew Lloyd, of Long Beach, NC, Aug. 18, 1995. A retired pattern maker and shoe designer for P. W. Minow and Son of Batavia, NY, he lived in Portsmouth, OH, and Chicago, IL, before moving to New York in 1942, three years after marrying Virginia Janney. While in the Batavia area, he sang in the choir at the East Bethany United Presbyterian Church. By 1979, Lloyd had retired to North Carolina. Surviving are his wife, three children and six grandchildren.

Mary R. Young Stains, of North Canton, OH, Sept. 8, 1995. Born in West Middletown, PA, she taught in the Plain Local School System (OH) for 20 years before retiring in 1980. She married Harold Stains Sr. in 1941 and lived in various towns in Pennsylvania and then in Cleveland, OH, before moving to the Canton area. She received her M.A. from the U of Akron in 1968. Stains belonged to the Northminster Presbyterian Church, Canton, and the Stark County Retired Teachers Association. Her husband died in 1985.

In addition to one son and four grandchildren, survivors include these Woosterites: daughters Barbara Young Stains Ludgren x64 and Marilyn Stains Mattys x67; brother Philip E. Young '31; and sister Martha Young Godfrey '38. Her brother, “Racky” Young '29, preceded her in death.

Oliver J. Bower Galehouse, of Doylestown, OH, September 1995. A home-maker, Galehouse belonged to the Doylestown United Methodist Church, the Doylestown Book Club, and the Akron Music and Arts. Her husband, John Stanley Galehouse Sr., preceded her in death. Surviving are: two sons, including John S. Galehouse II '58; daughter Ann Galehouse Sweeney x59; son-in-law John T. Sweeney '57; grandson John S. Galehouse III '94 and his wife, Kathi J. Wallace '93; two sisters; 11 other grandchildren; and 20 great-grandchildren.

Esther L. Spade Robertson, of Louisville, KY, Mar. 10, 1995. She received her bachelor's degree from Miami U of Ohio and taught at Orrville High School before working as registrar of the Stenotype Institute of Akron. Her passion, however, was acting. As a young woman, the Rittman native was well known among Akron-area little theater audiences and also directed productions.

In the early 1940s, Robertson belonged to the Woman's City Club of Akron and served as secretary of the Akron Chamber of the Business and Professional Women's Club and as Associate Matron of the Rittman Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star. Robertson later lived in Florida, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia before settling in Kentucky in 1962.

She is survived by one daughter.

31 J. Louis “Lou” Williams, of Hamilton, OH, Mar. 27, 1995. A public school administrator, he received his M.A. from Ohio State U and completed post-graduate work at Miami U of OH. Williams began teaching in a one-room school in Mahoning County, OH. He married Elva Paul in 1938; they had two sons. A Canton, OH, native, Williams taught in Greenford and Beloit County, OH, before moving to the Hamilton County Schools in 1944. There he taught math and worked as counselor, vice-principal and principal, and also served as president of the Hamilton Classroom Teachers Association. Williams retired in 1972.

As a Mason, Williams belonged to professional associations, including the American Personnel and Guidance Association, and to the Lindenwald Methodist Church.

He is survived by his wife and sons.

Clarence H. Culler, of Loudonville, OH, Aug. 28, 1995. He earned both a bachelor's (1931) and a master's degree (1932) from Ohio State U. A lifelong resident of Loudonville, Culler worked as a mechanical engineer for the Flexibe Co. until he retired in 1970. He belonged to the First Presbyterian Church of Loudonville. Surviving are his wife, Mary, one daughter, and four grandchildren.

Margaret "Peg" J. Lundy Dixon, of Sebring, OH, Oct. 6, 1995. The year after graduation, she married the Rev. Dr. Russell Humbert '28, a Methodist minister who served churches in Massachusetts and Ohio before becoming president of DePauw U, a position he held from 1951 until his death in 1962. During that time, Peg reported in Class Notes that she "kept the doors of the president's home swinging," entertaining, by her own estimation, about 1,500 people in one year. She was also active in many organizations, including the American Association of University Women, which she served as local president.

In 1966, Dixon married DePauw professor Jerome Hixson. After he retired in 1973, the couple traveled widely and divided their time among homes in Florida, Michigan, and Colorado. Following Mr. Hixson's death in 1989, Hixson moved back to Ohio. Three daughters and eight grandchildren survive.

Robert K. Stoll, of Cleveland Heights, OH. Following graduation, Stoll joined the Grasselli Chemical Co. in Cleveland, which later became the Cleveland branch of the E. I. Du Pont Co. A native of Wooster, he married Marjorie Carruthers, who died in 1962. Stoll served Du Pont in various capacities in Indiana, Pennsylvania, Michigan, New York, and Delaware, before returning to Ohio in 1949. He became the company's district sales manager in 1956 and retired in 1968. Stoll married Lilian Rynes in 1963.

He enjoyed many sports, playing for both the football and basketball teams at Wooster and later winning numerous golf trophies at the Shaker Heights Country Club. In retirement, he and his wife lived in Florida and Arizona before returning to Ohio. Surviving are his wife and son. Four brothers, William G. '26, Harry Jeffery '35, Richard G. '35, and James '40, and his father, Harry Stoll, M.D., Wooster class of 1897, preceded him in death.

Dorothy M. Weaver, of Canton, OH, Sept. 23, 1995. She retired in 1967 from the East Ohio Gas Co. after 29 years as home service supervisor. Weaver frequently conducted cooking demonstrations in schools — and sometimes on television — and offered kitchen planning services. The Canton Repository once called Weaver the “dean of the city's industrial home economists.”

Weaver taught Sunday school and sang in the choir of Trinity Lutheran Church, and belonged to the Trinitarians and the College Club. In addition, she was a charter member of The French Club and an officer in the local Business and Professional Women. A lifelong Canton resident, in retirement, she traveled and pursued her hobby of needlework. She is survived by several cousins.

Helen V. Fretz Jarrett, of Washington, DC, Sept. 24, 1995, Washington, DC, proved the ideal place for Jarrett to pursue her unique hobbies of genealogy and heraldry. Her work was included in a traveling exhibit of the Smithsonian Institution, The Grand Generation: Memory, Mastery and Legacy (1987-1992). Born in New Cumberland, WV, and raised in Canton, OH, she taught in Canton and in Smithville, OH, before marrying James Jarrett '26 in 1931 and moving to the nation's capitol. The marriage later ended in divorce.

Jarrett recorded the familial lines of both of her parents from 1452 to the present in over 26 volumes. This research led to an interest in heraldry andJarrett became a professional heraldic artist. She explored the rich recorded history available in DC and also enjoyed handwork and stamp collecting. Jarrett participated in a round-robin letter sharing Wooster memories and friendships for over 60 years. She belonged to the Chevy Chase Presbyterian Church.

She is survived by sister Carolyn Fretz Dean x39 and two sons, including William Jarrett x62.

Ruth L. Spangler Clabaugh, of Sun City, AZ, May 1995. Her teaching career, which spanned 30 years and included classrooms in Lorain County, OH, Gastonia, NC, Sacramento, CA, and finally Scottsdale, AZ. Clabaugh retired in 1967.

She lived for over 40 years in the Arizona home which she and her husband, Milford L. Clabaugh x26, built together in the desert near Camelback Mountain. After her husband's death in 1977, Clabaugh continued to enjoy traveling — she once proudly claimed to have visited all 50 states and the Canadian border provinces as well as several foreign countries. A nephew survives.

Margaret "Meg" U. Wiser McCloud, of Perrysburg, OH, July 2, 1995. She taught and served as principal in public schools near Perrysburg for almost 30 years. Following her Wooster graduation, McCloud
left her position as language teacher in Perrysburg, married John T. McCloud, and turned to homemaking. She returned to teaching after his death in 1944.

McCloud taught and served as principal of the rural Lime City School until it was consolidated into the Rossford School System, where she taught in the elementary grades. She retired in 1971. In the summers, McCloud attended Bowling Green State U. For many years, she enjoyed tending her small apple orchard, doing the picking and pruning herself. McCloud was a founding, lifetime member, and Past Matron of the Perrysburg Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star.

She was preceded in death by her son, in addition to her husband. Surviving are a daughter, eight grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.

'26 Josephine M. Hoag Pleasance, of Rocky River, OH, Sept. 12, 1995. Beginning in the first public library in Rocky River during the mid-1920s, she worked as a library assistant and volunteered for libraries most of her life. After graduating from Wooster, Pleasance worked for the Cleveland (OH) Public Library and attended library school at what was then Western Reserve U (now Case Western Reserve U). In 1929, she married Richard B. Pleasance. They lived in Lakewood, OH, before moving to Rocky River in 1951. Pleasance returned to the Rocky River Public Library as library assistant around 1950 and retired in 1970. She then took on the supervision of libraries at her church, Lakewood Presbyterian, and at her apartment building. Pleasance served on the executive board of the Lakewood College Club and belonged to the College Club West, the Rocky River Historical Society, the Society of Colonial Dames, and, naturally, the Friends of the Rocky River Library.

In correspondence with Wooster in 1988, Pleasance happily reminisced about her campus days in Hoover Cottage, where "Howard Lowry was head waiter." Survivors include a daughter, five grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren. Her husband and a son preceded her in death.

'47 Estella King Guinther, of Parma, OH, Oct. 5, 1995. As a child, Guinther rode from her farm home outside of Cadiz, OH, to school in either a horse-drawn buggy or a sleigh. She attended Franklin College in New Athens, OH, before coming to Wooster. After graduation, she first taught math in a one-room schoolhouse in Cadiz, then moved on to Shadyside, OH, and finally to Cleveland.

Following her 1924 marriage to Lawrence Guinther '16, she and her family lived in Akron. She and her husband, who sold airplane tires for Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., mingled with several aviation pioneers, including Major James Doolittle, the future leader of the first raid on Tokyo in WWII. The Guinthers themselves flew a biplane from Ann Arbor, MI, to Colorado Springs, CO, and set a 1928 record for flights of that type.

After her husband's death in 1940, Guinther taught at Akron's Central High School— one student was Nate Thurmond, future center for the Cleveland Cavaliers. She retired in 1957 and traveled extensively in the U.S., Europe, and South America.

A member of Akron's College Club and the First Presbyterian Church in Akron, Guinther volunteered at Akron General Hospital for more than 20 years. At 93, she moved to Akron's Rockynol Retirement Center. She transferred to Parma's Pleasant Lake Villa last year.

Daughter Helen "Betty" Guinther Bit '47, two grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren survive.

'16 Margaret Helen "Morgy" Morgan Guinther, of Parma, OH, Oct. 5, 1995. As a child, Guinther rode from her farm home outside of Cadiz, OH, to school in either a horse-drawn buggy or a sleigh. She attended Franklin College in New Athens, OH, before coming to Wooster. After graduation, she first taught math in a one-room schoolhouse in Cadiz, then moved on to Shadyside, OH, and finally to Cleveland.

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FACULTY
On the occasion of his retirement in 1980, Fobes related the events that led to his hiring 40 years earlier: "I was spending the summer at the University of Chicago, when I received a telegram from Prexy Wishart, mentioning a job here and asking that I see a well-known alumnus for an interview. After an hour's wait I was ushered into his sanctum, and he said to me: 'Mr.—er—Fobes, I have—er—looked at your—er—record, and it—er—seems to be satisfactory.' I indicated some pleasure at that, and a silence ensued, broken when he said to me: 'And—er—do you do anything else? anything else?' I said a bit puzzled. 'Er, yes, like—er—play the piano?' 'Well, yes I did have piano lessons when I was a boy.' 'Ah—er—fine; thank you very much, Mr. Fobes.' And I had been interviewed for the first time.

The second was heralded again by a telegram from Prexy stating that he would be at the Stevens Hotel at eight o'clock some morning and would appreciate my calling on him. That day, calling his room and being told to come right up. The door opened, and there stood Prexy—in his undershorts and no more. He said to me: 'Now, Mr. Fobes, if you were in philosophy, I could ask you some questions, but since I know nothing of mathematics, I cannot do that.' So we had a few moments of desultory conversation as piece after piece of the presidential clothing was donned. And when Mr. Wishart was at last ready for the street, he thanked me, said he had to go to breakfast, and dismissed me. And that is how I got here!"

Fobes' field of special study was mathematics analysis and topology. He was co-author of a two-volume 1963 textbook, Calculus & Analytic Geometry, and the 1973 book, Elementary Functions: Backdrop for the Calculus. He was a member of the Mathematical Association of America, National Council of Teachers of Mathematics, American Mathematical Society, and Phi Beta Kappa. He was selected to appear in the 1974-75 edition of Outstanding Educators of America on the basis of his professional and civic achievements.

At the memorial service for Fobes, Raymond McCly, the William Myers Professor of English and Theatre, recalled a talk Fobes had given in 1975 in which he "eloquently argued that a liberal education must be aimed not only at the mind but at the heart as well. Summing up his case, he said: 'One final lesson I hope we can start the heart learning—beyond discipline, beyond true depth of understanding, beyond openness to new ideas, beyond simplicity, beyond inner resources— is how much one needs to cultivate and cherish a clinging to enthusiasm, curiosity, wonder, and ecstasy.' Both in and out of the classroom he lived and breathed those ideals; if we needed a model of what a liberal educated person could be, we had Melcher's presence."

Fobes' wife, Frances, died in 1968. There are no immediate survivors.

BIRTHS

89 To Don and Paige Sowerby Bedell, son, Donald Williams III, Aug. 10, 1995.
89 To Becky and David J. Wigham, son, Andrew David, Nov. 29, 1994.
87 To Michael and Melanie Rest Stull, son, Brant Michael, June 14, 1995.
86 To Jeffrey B. and Uschy Wozak-Keiper, son, Samuel Blaine, July 31, 1995.
84 To Sanjay'86 and Nivedita Chakraborty Patel, son, Neel, Nov. 9, 1994.
83 To Peter '81 and Jeanine Henke Neumann, daughter, Olivia, Mar. 6, 1995.
83 To Wendy Willey and Kris Shoger, son, Karsen Ellery, Apr. 1, 1995.
83 To David and Sara McCullough Geiger, son, Benjamin Thomas, May 26, 1995.
79 To Eric J. and Laurie Glandt Steiner, son, William John Steiner, Nov. 4, 1994, joining sister Stephanie.
77 To Cory and Martha Petersen-Lachman, daughter, Elsa, Nov. 13, 1994, joining brother Benjamin.
76 To Doug and Dana Vandenberg Murphy, son, Daniel Vandenberg, Oct. 13, 1994, joining siblings Patrick and Julia.

MARRIAGES

95 Diane Blissman and Fred Wiedmann, June 3, 1995.
93 Shelly Jean Skladan and Matthew Robert Fox, June 24, 1995.
92 Elizabeth Kirkpatrick and Rowly Brucken '91.
76 Caroline Dawsey Gill and James Markley, May 13, 1995.

EDITOR'S CORNER

Gifts to the Thomas D. Clareson Prize for the most outstanding Junior Independent Study Project in English may be sent to the Office of Development, Galpin Hall, The College of Wooster, Wooster, OH 44691

Information in the Class Notes has been compiled from reports by the class secretaries, newspapers, press releases, and letters to the Alumni Office or the editors. Class secretaries should note the following deadlines for future issues of Wooster.

Winter: October 22
Spring: February 2
Summer: Non-reunion Classes: May 13
Summer: Reunion Classes: June 13
Fall: August 18

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The Liberal Arts: A Model of Reform

by Stanley C. Gault '48

Does a liberal arts education lead to a dead end in today's workplace? One popular argument holds that college graduates who spend four years exploring traditional academic disciplines are doomed to dreary job prospects because they are prepared for nothing in particular. To the contrary, I believe that a course of study emphasizing the liberal arts and sciences is actually the surest route to success. I would even go a step further and suggest that, in our efforts to overhaul the American education system, we should pay more attention, not less, to the lessons that the liberal arts offer.

 Granted, I have a personal stake in the argument. I am a graduate of that liberal arts tradition. Majoring in geology at The College of Wooster in Ohio, I never pursued a career in that particular field but entered business shortly after graduation. Regardless of my major, the broad range of courses that were central to the curriculum continue to serve me in every area of my professional and personal life. We learned more than facts; we learned to appreciate learning. We recognized that life is not neatly compartmentalized, that these habits of learning were lasting. Whether or not we realized it, we were preparing to compete in a global marketplace where our versatility would be used and valued.

In fact, I smile today when I see colleges and universities suddenly scrambling to infuse international programs into their curricula. When I was at Wooster, the faculty simply assumed that the world would be our oyster as well as our responsibility. We had strong language, history, economics, and science requirements, and we were considering issues out of all proportion to the College's location and size. That, traditionally, has been the great strength of the liberal arts college, and that strength is still in evidence today.

My concern about the way the liberal arts tradition is being characterized goes beyond these personal feelings and experiences. I am more convinced than ever that we, as a society, have forgotten that skills are only a part of what education is about. An education system driven only by the need for ever-increasing specialization, which teaches us more and more about less and less, is inherently lopsided and defective.

What has happened to the joy of learning that encourages, rather than inhibits, a fascination with questions, processes, ideas, and imagination? This certainly poses an enormous problem for those, myself included, who are concerned about how we are going to staff our businesses in the coming decades.

The jobs that the changing economy is creating are badly mismatched with the qualifications of people, largely because of the U.S. education system's failure to do its job.

As American industry has done, education must undergo major change. As a major reform, major pain in a process that eventually will lead to a rewarding level of education for our young people. And in this process, I believe we are poorly served by the inference that the liberal arts philosophy is out of touch based on those anecdotal accounts of graduates who are un- or under-employed. Instead of abandoning this philosophy, I believe we must embrace it — especially its emphasis on the development of critical thinking.

As educational reform moves to the fore on all levels, we must insist that more time is spent on core subjects, and we must expand the curriculum to permit inclusion of more non-core subjects that stimulate students' interests in the arts and communication skills.

To educate students for tomorrow's needs, our teachers must be trained in more flexible methods. There must be more hands-on learning, more emphasis on imagination and creativity, more writing in all subjects, a multi-cultural viewpoint, and a greater focus on the interconnection of all subjects.

The rest of the industrial world, much of which had to rebuild totally after World War II, discarded the old ways and rebuilt with modern concepts. Many took our traditional strengths, including emphasis on primary and secondary education, and lifted them to a new plateau.

Our nation, fortunately, is awakening. We are changing, and we are becoming increasingly competitive. But one area where we continue to lag is education.

We all know the value of education. Yet we as a nation keep sweeping under the rug the fact that our basic education system is, in general, not globally competitive. The topic is one of endless debate but, unfortunately, very little constructive action.

Our educational system is failing to deliver qualified applicants at a time when the products we must manufacture are more complex and more technologically advanced than ever before. In my view, the best science and engineering minds are liberated minds, free to explore and create, drawing on the widest range of experiences and information.

Suggesting that the liberal arts tradition is a dead end is, in my view, especially dangerous at this juncture. This is not the time to abandon an emphasis on these traditional studies. I believe we must be certain that the liberal arts colleges like my alma mater continue to offer a broad-based education that prepares its students not for one thing but for anything. Further, I think we must encourage those programs that are more specialized — programs in such areas as engineering, accounting, or computer science — to adopt the liberal arts approach.

Today, more than ever in our history, we need people who are broadly educated, able to adapt to the changing circumstances of the business environment and willing to take risks. My belief is that the liberal arts, far from being a dead end, offer a direct route to a successful future and are also a model for the reform our nation's educational system so desperately needs.

Stanley C. Gault is the Chief Executive Officer of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company and Chairman of Wooster's Board of Trustees. This piece excerpted from a presentation to the Rotary Club in Wooster, appeared in The Beacon Journal in Akron, Ohio, and The Daily Record in Wooster.
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Flo Kurtz Gault '48 spoke at the ceremony to dedicate the Flo K. Gault Library for Independent Study.