Summer 2011

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Karol Crosbie

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I.S. Takes on Pop Culture

Alumni Farmers Develop Sustainable Practices

Reflections on Daily Chapel
If you’re a student at Wooster these days, you can celebrate Independent Study in two dramatically different ways. The first one you’ve probably experienced or heard about. The Monday after spring break when Independent Studies are due has become known as I.S. Monday—one of the College’s most cherished traditions. At 5:00 p.m., after the last I.S. has been handed in, students parade under the arch and through campus, led by the Scot pipers and cheered on by undergraduates, faculty, and administrators. They are the elite. They did it. Wearing green wigs, tartan bikinis, bunny ears, and superhero masks, they rollick. It is common knowledge that a lot of the rollicking is alcohol-fueled.

I.S. Monday is so much part of the Wooster tradition that alumni continue to toast their accomplishments and to remember. This year, I.S. Monday Happy Hours were held in 14 U.S. cities and two in India. The one in Washington, D.C. attracted almost 100 people.

One month after I.S. Monday, the second event occurs, and it couldn’t be more different. Senior Research Symposium, piloted as part of President Cornwell’s inauguration festivities in 2008 and institutionalized in 2009, is a day when seniors showcase their Independent Studies with posters, performances, demonstrations, and lectures. Classes are cancelled so that underclassmen can attend, and community members are also invited. The symposium enlarges “I did it!” to “Here’s what I did!” Fueled only by their confidence and knowledge, again Wooster seniors are the elite.

As I attended the two events this year and made note of their differences, I thought back to my own alma mater. One of Iowa State’s most cherished traditions is Veishea, a spring festival created in 1922 to showcase the university’s accomplishments. But when Veishea began to be known more for its alcohol-sodden parties than for anything else, things ran amuck. Riots brought the university dishonor and national attention, and forced the university community to think closely about what had gone wrong and how to fix it. And fix it they did.

I wonder if Wooster’s success lies in keeping its two I.S. events separate. The rules and expectations for Mardi Gras-style parades and research symposia are different and are clearly articulated. There’s also the matter of scale. Five thousand drunken students (the estimated number at Veishea one year) can cause a lot of damage. Wooster’s I.S. Monday celebrants will never get so out of control because their numbers are few.

I was tempted to end this column with a pithy reference to “a time for every purpose—a time to cavort, a time to button down.” But my memories of ISU and Veishea prompted me to dig around a little about drinking on the Wooster campus. “How are things going?” I asked administrators at Student Health Services. Their responses indicate that they are watchful and they are mindful. With help from a grant from the Ohio Department of Alcohol and Drug Addiction Services, the College works to educate and—if necessary—to intervene. All first-year students are asked to take an online course before they arrive on campus. Students who exhibit repeated alcohol-related problems are required to see a counselor for additional education and evaluation. The problem is not static, say Wooster administrators, nor is it easily solved. And it is always with us.

There is always a time for mindfulness.

KAROL CROSBIE
EDITOR
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COVER IMAGE: Alix Northrup, Ullman Design
Andy Weaver’s Web

I really enjoyed the “Andy Weaver’s Web” story. I had not realized when I did my Independent Study under the advisement of arachnologist Maggie Hodge that Wooster had a long history of spider fans. As a sophomore, I decided to take Dr. Hodge’s ethology class on a whim. I was lured by her enthusiasm for the material and was quickly tangled in her web. She had a spider example for everything! I met with her outside of class to ask questions, and she handed me journal articles about spiders that would provide answers (and lead to more questions). I loved it!

I was always looking around for little critter examples, finding webs around the entranceway to Douglass Hall, and enjoying the masses of ladybugs overwintering on my dorm room ceiling. I never would have predicted that I would study spiders or any other arthropod for that matter, but I spent endless hours with Schizocosa wolf spiders my senior year, and studied mud dauber wasps and paper wasps during summers and in graduate school. I’m definitely one of the many to be charmed by spiders and continue to appreciate the small things in life. I’m happy to be one of the Wooster Spider Club.

I accompanied Maggie Hodge to the American Arachnological Society meeting the summer after graduation. Based on my observations, the passion and excitement expressed by Dr. Weaver, his followers, and Maggie is shared by many arachnologists. They are a fun group. If you have an opportunity to spend time with one, take it!

HILLARY NADEAU ’96
EUGENE, ORE.

I really enjoyed the recent issue and the article about Andy Weaver. It brought back wonderful memories of being a biology major—spring break in Florida, searching for spiders (also a broken leg on the beach), arthropods class, and a fake wedding on the roof of the bio building.

JAN HOLLINGER JONES ’69
CLEVELAND, OHIO

“To this day, I will not kill a spider, and that is due to Dr. Weaver.”

. . . David Fieldgate ’72

Regarding Abe

On pg. 40 of the winter Wooster, the student awarding the unofficial honorary degree to Lincoln is incorrectly identified. The award was made by John Weckesser ’63, who imitated Lowry with makeup, costume, and voice. He stood on the edge of the stage and acted as though he might lose his balance at any moment while addressing Lincoln. Meanwhile, Howard Lowry was 20 feet away, with tears rolling down his cheeks, he was laughing so heartily at John’s imitation.

Prior to that presentation, Lincoln had resided in the maintenance building for the entire time the Class of ’63 was on campus. Mysteriously, the Class of ’63 was able to resurrect Lincoln for its senior chapel. It was a true highlight for everyone in the chapel that day.

DAVID D. NOBLE ’63
WOOSTER, OHIO

Some additional facts regarding why Abe is on campus are interesting. He was given to the College in 1915—one of seven copies crafted by the William Mullins Co. of Salem, Ohio, for display in towns along the Lincoln Highway. Only three of these statues are known to survive: Ours, one near Pittsburgh, and one at a Boy Scout camp in Michigan.

BOB BLACK ’56
BEDFORD, N.Y.
Reclaiming Mission

I came within a whisker of tossing the Winter 2011 issue of Wooster in the recycling bin before reading “Life Support: Reclaiming Mission.” That would have been a big mistake. This was a most inspiring story about the efforts of First Presbyterian Church in Skaneateles, N.Y., to step up and address the critical health needs of a tiny community in war-torn southern Sudan. This is an example of putting the mission of Jesus into action. God expects Christians to address serious problems in forgotten places. This small church has formed a relationship with hurting people by listening to them and then acting on their priority for transformation. Their goodness, under the leadership of Pastor Craig Lindsey and John Dau, is reversing evil and bringing the hope of the Gospel to people who are precious to our Lord. I trust this is not the end of the story, but merely the beginning.

JOHN D. MORRIS ’69
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

In verse

The latest issue of Wooster is superb, as usual. I was drawn to the piece on the marathoners, because last year I learned that my exercise coach, Pam Tegtmeier, director of the College’s wellness program, was off to Boston for the great marathon. When she returned and I asked her how she felt about it, she answered with one word, “Tired.” It inspired the following parody:

Amazing Race! How sweet the ground Paved for a wretch like me. I once had jogged, but now I pound; Had walked, but now I spree. Twas race that led me far away, And race my soul unsheathed. Each year it calls me to replay The hours I first o’er-breathed.

GORDON SHULL, PROFESSOR EMERITUS, POLITICAL SCIENCE, WOOSTER, OH

Max and I thought we’d end our watch as ’51 class secretaries with some gentle laughter at ourselves. Enjoy this poem by Lynn Roadarmel Kowalske.

MAX SELBY ’51, BAY VILLAGE, OHIO
JANET EVANS SMITH ’51, PERRYSVILLE, OHIO

The Class Reunion

By Lynn Roadarmel Kowalske

Every five years, as summertime nears, An announcement arrives in the mail, A reunion is planned; it’ll be really grand; Make plans to attend without fail.

I’ll never forget the first time we met; We tried so hard to impress. We drove fancy cars, smoked big cigars, And wore our most elegant dress.

It was quite an affair; the whole class was there. It was held at a fancy hotel. We wined, and we dined, and we acted refined, And everyone thought it was swell.

The men conversed about who had been first To achieve great fortune and fame. Meanwhile, their spouses described their fine houses And how beautiful their children became.

They awarded a prize to one of the guys Who seemed to have aged the least. Another was given to the grad who had driven the farthest to attend the feast.

They took a class picture, a curious mixture Of beehives, crew cuts and wide ties. Tall, short, or skinny, the style was the mini you never saw so many thighs.

At our next get-together, no one cared if They impressed their classmates or not. The mood was informal, a whole lot more normal; By this time we’d all gone to pot.

By the 40th year, it was abundantly clear, We were definitely over the hill. Those who weren’t dead had to crawl out of bed, And be home in time for their pill. And now I can’t wait; they’re setting the date; Our 60th is coming, I’m told. It should be a ball, they’ve rented a hall At the Shady Rest Home for the old.

Repairs have been made on my hearing aid; My pacemaker’s been turned up on high. My wheelchair is oiled, my teeth have been boiled; And I’ve bought a new wig and glass eye.

I’m feeling quite hearty, and I’m ready to party; I’m gonna dance ’til dawn’s early light. It’ll be lots of fun; but I just hope that there’s one Other person who can make it that night.
It’s almost midnight, and the light in Sally Patton’s third-floor office in Galpin Hall is still on. With letters to write, reports to review, copy to edit, e-mails to answer, phone calls to return, plans to develop, and travel arrangements to finalize, 10-, 12-, even 14-hour days are simply not long enough to get it all done. So she presses on, even with a 7 a.m. flight to Boston scheduled for the following morning.

Such is life for the architect of three enormously successful development campaigns, 19 capital building projects (10 new constructions and nine major renovations), and numerous endowed chairs and scholarships. The passionate redhead from Birmingham, Ala., who came to Wooster as a student in 1963, never seems to stop working and seldom takes time to revel in her success. She insists on crediting those around her for the “team’s” accomplishments. “There are so many people responsible for what we have done,” she says. “No one could do this on her own.”

Maybe not, but no one could have done it as well as Patton has for more than 30 years. Patton majored in English and speech, but she had no intention of returning to the College, much less spending half a lifetime here. This summer, she retired from the position of vice president for development and took time to reflect on her tenure.

“I went to graduate school at the University of Illinois to earn a master’s degree in English as a Second Language,” says Patton, whose mother, Clara Smith ’40, and brothers, Tom ’65 and Charles ’70, also graduated from Wooster. “At the time, I thought I would go back to Europe and teach there.”

Instead, Patton returned to Wooster at the invitation of Arn and Beth Lewis, faculty members to whom she had been close to as a student. “I had no money, and Arn invited me back to get the Wooster Art Center (now Wayne Center for the Arts), which had just been established on campus, up and running. The organization had received a $30,000 challenge grant from Don and Alice Noble, and needed someone to work with community volunteers to raise the matching funds.

“They asked me,” says Patton, “even though I knew nothing about art centers or matching grants.” Fortunately, she had the leadership of two stellar volunteers — Jeanne Adams and Julia Fishelson (who would one day become a College Trustee).

Together, they raised $30,000 in the summer of 1975, and Patton’s brief but noteworthy development career appeared to be over. She had been offered a job to teach English to Japanese immigrants in Boston that fall, but the program folded before it started, so she stayed in Wooster, this time working 20 hours a week at the Art Center, 20 hours at Wooster’s Learning Center, and 20 hours as a development assistant at the College. “It was perfect preparation for a career in development,” Patton jokes, “but after a while, I started to think that it would be nice to have one job!”

“Buck Smith ’56 (Wooster’s vice president for development at the time) called me into his office and offered me a full-time job,” adds Patton. “I never thought about saying no, even though I had an offer from Bell & Howell for twice the money. I loved the College and the people, and I really started to enjoy the work.”

Not only did she enjoy it, she quickly began to excel at it, prompting Smith to drop into her office one day and say, “I’m not satisfied with the performance of the Wooster Fund, so I’m putting you in charge.” Just like that, Patton’s responsibilities expanded exponentially.

In 1977, Smith resigned as Wooster’s development chief to accept the position of President of Chapman College in
California. Henry Copeland had just become president at Wooster, and he and Bill Pocock ’38, then chair of Wooster’s Board of Trustees, began a two-year search for Smith’s successor. Impressed with Patton’s work, Copeland and Pocock attempted to persuade Board members, whom Patton remembers as being “extremely skeptical,” that she was right for the job.

The Board at last agreed, and in 1979, Patton began planning her first campaign. The primary challenge was to build an endowment that stood at just $17 million at the time. Raising money for such an endeavor is difficult, but Patton was determined to be successful, and her first campaign netted $36 million against a goal of $32 million.

The fiery fundraiser had begun to make a name for herself, but there was little time to rest. Wooster’s “Campaign for the ’90s” was right around the corner, and once again an ambitious goal of $65 million was exceeded by $10 million.

An even more ambitious “Independent Minds” campaign went public in 2003 with a goal of $122 million, highlighted by a plan to renovate historic Kauke Hall. Once again, the campaign was an overwhelming success—so much so that Trustees increased the target internally to $135 million to give the endowment a boost, and even that figure was dwarfed by a final total of $148 million. Still, there was no time to relax for the energetic Patton.

“I remember my father telling me, ‘I don’t care what you do, just be the best at whatever it is,’” she says. “I love what I do. That makes it easy to give my best effort.”

The successful development professional, says Patton, must have empathy for others and enjoy hearing their stories. “You have to be able to put yourself in the shoes of another,” she says. “In that respect, it’s a great job for an actor!”

Which happens to be another of Patton’s many talents. Her Independent Study included a one-woman show, and she has continued to be involved in theatre productions, including Annetta Jefferson’s Stage Right Repertory Company in the 1980s and, more recently, productions with Richard Figge, emeritus professor of German Studies.

She loves her theatre avocation and recognizes its parallels to fundraising. “Every night is opening night when you’re meeting and working with people. You have to be able to connect with them where they are.”

Connecting with others may, in fact, be Patton’s greatest strength, although she occasionally has to prod herself to be a little more outgoing. That’s right, the delightfully social Sally Patton is a self-proclaimed introvert, who would be just as happy sitting at home reading a book as mingling at a cocktail party.

But Patton would do anything for the College she adores and the people associated with it. “The Wooster family is multi-generational,” she says. “I’ve gotten to know people from a wide range of ages, and I have been able to further strengthen those

(continued, next page)
relationships over time. The real joy of this job is helping people make connections and build enduring relationships with the College."

Among Patton's most cherished relationships is the one she forged with former Board Chair Stan Gault, who was the driving force behind all three campaigns. "Stan and Flo Kurtz Gault '48s, have been the College's greatest benefactors," says Patton. "I don't think we'll see anyone like Stan ever again. Not only has he been extraordinarily generous, personally, but he has also set the highest standard of philanthropic leadership for all alumni and friends of the College."

Gault's appreciation and admiration for Patton's efforts is mutual. "Sally Patton wrote the book on development, including the essential requirements to be a successful development officer," says Gault. "No one could be more personally committed to fulfilling the mission of the College."

Says past College president Henry Copeland: "Sally's knowledge of the aspirations and achievements of alumni and friends has been one of the ties linking five presidents in a common endeavor. The Wooster of today would not exist without her remarkable intelligence and dedication."

In addition to Patton's fundraising talents, said Grace Tompos, long-time friend and executive director of development emeritus, she is renowned for her ability to create and host the perfect
Student composers excel

- Frederick Evans ’13, Clinton, N.Y., music composition major, received second prize in the Ohio Federation of Music Clubs Student/Collegiate Composers Composition contest for his “Cello Sonata” in one movement. In addition, his “Orange Wind” was performed by the Wooster Chorus at their May concert.

- A quartet for saxophone recently composed by Cara Haxo ’13, music composition major, was premiered in early June by PRISM Quartet in New York City. Titled “The Giving Tree,” the work is inspired by Shel Silverstein’s children’s book.

- “Skyscapes,” a two-movement concerto for electric guitar, was debuted by the Wooster Orchestra at its spring concert, and performed by the composer, Paul Winchester ’11, Duluth, Minn., who created the work as part of his Independent Study.

- “Grace,” a composition by Quinn Dizon ’11, Santa Rosa, Calif., written to honor his mother, was performed by the Wooster Orchestra and Wooster Chorus at their spring concert.

Visit the past with interactive I.S.

History major Jacob Dinkelaker ’11, Cincinnati, Ohio, created a website—http://cowhp.voices.wooster.edu/—that allows visitors to record or type their memories. Titled The Historic Built Landscape of The College of Wooster, the study includes Frick Hall, McGaw Chapel, Ebert Art Center, and Kauke Hall.

The study received national attention when it made its way into the Chronicle of Higher Education earlier this year.

Looking back

Dean Frederick W. Cropp ’54 and friend, commencement, 1974.

Wooster July 1974

A surprise gift

The Board of Trustees and other friends surprised Sally with a gift of $871,817 for the Sara L. Patton Performing Arts Scholarship and Activities Fund, established in 2007 by Richard J. Bell ’63 and David H. Schwartz ’63. To make a gift to the Fund, call 330-263-2080 or e-mail development@wooster.edu

event—frequently in her own home. “She creates and brings amazing dishes to the table—much to the delight of the guests she has assembled.”

Reflecting on the institution she has served so faithfully throughout her career, Patton says, “Wooster is a place that encourages individuals to be thoughtful, to set higher standards, and to be engaged in the larger world. I admire that, and I am convinced that our graduates will continue to do great things.”

Patton will stay on as a consultant for the next year, and she’s certain to continue working tirelessly for the institution that has become the object of her affection. She’ll likely move to a different office, but wherever she is, the light will still be shining brightly, often well past midnight.
Alumni Weekend, 2011

Sunny skies greeted the approximately 1,100 alumni and friends who returned to campus for Alumni Weekend in early June. Even a Friday evening tornado warning, which sent many to Scot Lanes bowling alley in Lowry Center for cover, didn’t dampen spirits. Music played, balloons floated, children scampered, and elders remembered.

At the 127th meeting of the Alumni Association, the Class of 1961, celebrating its 50th reunion, presented President Grant Cornwell with a gift of just over $3 million. The Class of 1986, celebrating its 25th reunion, announced a gift of almost $82,000.

On behalf of the Alumni Board, President Erika Poethig ’93 announced the establishment of the Sara L. Patton Stewardship Award, to honor Sally Patton ’67, who stepped down as Wooster’s vice president for development after more than 30 years of service.

As tradition dictates, the parade of classes was led by alumni receiving special recognition—Distinguished Alumni David Dunlop ’73, Clarence R. “Reggie” Williams ’63, and Jack A. Wilson ’61 and Angene Hopkins Wilson ’61 (featured in the spring Wooster magazine) and John D. McKee Alumni Volunteer Award recipients Michael Lauber ’80 and Elizabeth Van Cleef Lauber ’81.

Mike Lauber, chair and CEO of Tusco Display in Gnadenhutten, Ohio and Elizabeth Lauber, director of small group ministry for the Dover First Moravian Church, have served as admissions representatives, reunion committee members, legacy parents, and on the Wooster Parents Leadership Council. Mike is a past president of the Alumni Association.

The class of 1951 gave special tribute to class member Mas Kuniyoshi, who never fails to travel from his home in Hilo, Hawaii, for Wooster reunions. He does so bearing gifts—this year orchid corsages for every woman in his class and exotic flowers that decorated the class’s events.

PHOTOS BY Matt Dilyard
Walt Hopkins '66 (left), who came from Scotland to help honor his sister, DAA recipient Angene Hopkins Wilson, marches with piper Avery Head '61.

left: Class of '66 lines up for a photo. above: Cowpies: The four '76 friends began calling themselves “COW-pals,” but the title soon morphed into something quite better. from left: Susan Hughes, Marti Keiser Lee, Marjorie Forbush, and Meg Meakin. Non Cowpie is Alpha Alexander '76. below left: Dan Hatt '99. below right: Pat Reid '71, Pat Foreman '71, Penny Hewitt '71, and Lynne Driver '71.
AS IS OUR CUSTOM, THE SUMMER MAGAZINE FEATURES INDEPENDENT STUDY (I.S.), THE COLLEGE’S MENTORED UNDERGRADUATE RESEARCH PROGRAM, WHICH ALLOWS STUDENTS TO DEFINE THEIR RESEARCH TOPICS AND WORK CLOSELY WITH FACULTY ADVISERS. INCREASINGLY, THE PROGRAM HAS BECOME THE REASON STUDENTS STUDY AT WOOSTER. THIS YEAR, WE CHOSE TO FEATURE 12 STUDIES THAT EXAMINED POPULAR CULTURE.

by KAROL CROSBIE

illustrations by ALIX NORTHROP
Lauren Camacci loves Harry Potter. She has the wand and the tattoo to prove it. But she can still analyze him with scholarly dispassion. While female characters in the series have been extensively studied, Camacci found that less work had been done on Harry and his relationship with other males.

It is significant that Harry exhibits the full range of human emotions, including those traditionally associated with females, she says. “He whines, he cries—he’s a typical angst-driven teen.” Often, when authors imbue a male character with female traits, they don’t want the reader to like him. “But clearly Rowling wants us to like Harry, and we do.”

Before Harry goes to Hogwarts, he has had no opportunity to form friendships or figure out who he is attracted to. So his deep connection with Ron takes on an exotic air, because it is new for him. “And often, exotic becomes erotic,” says Camacci. “There is evidence that Ron and Harry’s relationship has some romantic elements; for example, when they fight, they fight like a couple, rather than like friends.”

By the end of the series, Rowling has transitioned Harry into a traditional, heterosexual male role, says Camacci. “Harry marries Ron’s sister—the female version of Ron.”

Camacci also analyzes the importance of male mentors in shaping Harry’s ideas of masculinity, the erotic symbolism of the wand and broomstick, and the use of werewolves to symbolize HIV/AIDS.

Camacci will be pursuing advanced degrees in communication rhetoric at Pennsylvania State, where she has a teaching assistantship. She aspires to a career in higher education.
The Visual Expression of Hip-Hop Lyrics

Nina Dine, studio art

ADVISER: MARINA MANGUBI

Nina Dine’s portraits of 17 hip-hop artists are a statement both about her subjects and about her own personal style. Dine chose to combine a traditional art form (charcoal) and classic portraiture drawing techniques with the raw art form and medium of the streets (graffiti-style spray paint on brown paper). “I wanted to simultaneously show glamour and grittiness,” she said. By doing so, she could tell the story of hip-hop—stories of conflict and survival.

“My work reveals the struggles and successes that these artists have endured to express their lives.”

By overlapping traditional and contemporary styles, Dine developed a unique, personal style. “Throughout my artistic career, my work has always been separated into two different worlds—one in which I am told what to draw, and one where I am in complete control of what I draw,” she wrote in her artist’s statement. “The work exhibited here explores and pushes the boundaries between a more strict traditional style and a contemporary one that is looser and allows for a more energetic and linear flow.”

At the exhibit opening, Dine played the music of featured artists, helping to create an interactive feeling. “The size and presence of the portraits and the music made people feel as if they were at a party or a concert,” she said.

Dine has been accepted at the Tamarind Institute for Fine Lithography in Albuquerque, one of the nation’s leading lithography centers. She hopes to become a master printer.
Ana-Nicole Baggiano fell in love with hip-hop when her older brother started sneaking Dr. Dre albums into their rooms. She grew up in a white, suburban neighborhood in central Virginia, and the music was like nothing she had heard before. "Then, after the seventh grade, we moved to the inner-city schools, where 50 percent of the students were black. I was exposed to more of the music and my fascination with it grew."

At Wooster, still fascinated, Baggiano interviewed both white and African American males to better understand the role hip-hop plays in their lives. Hip-hop, she writes, is more than curse words, violence, sex, and drugs. In fact, it's more than just music. "It is a way of life. It's clothing, body language, and stories. It is a religion of the street that gives a voice and a beat to those who cannot be heard—not because they aren't loud enough—but because nobody chooses to listen."

Her research respondents agreed that the most important element of hip-hop is its coverage of real-life struggles based on personal experiences. "The music is a way to reach out to peers—a way to understand violence," she says.

Baggiano, who minored in environmental studies, hopes to work in the area of conservation activism.
Brandon Jacobs and his three brothers grew up with baseball at the center of their lives. Their Little League membership meant travelling to as many as 100 games in a season. Jacobs’ bedroom walls were covered with images of his baseball heroes—many of them African American.

Today, families like the Jacobs and their baseball role models are a dying breed. There has been a dramatic decline in the number of African Americans playing for the major leagues. In 1991, approximately 17 percent of players were African American; today the number is 8.1 percent. No other professional sport shows similar declines.

The reasons for the decline, Jacobs found, were complex, interrelated, and cumulative. Major leagues increasingly turn to international players; college scholarships for baseball dwindle; socioeconomic pressures squeeze out opportunities for children, particularly in urban areas. Little League organizations are private, and baseball fields, which are expensive to develop and maintain, require community buy-in, which is increasingly in short supply.

Jacobs interviewed 15 children to assess attitudes towards baseball and found lack of interest partially because of a lack of role models. “Today, the role model is LeBron James,” says Jacobs. “No one is talking about baseball stars, especially the mass media.”

Using a grant from the Henry J. Copeland Fund for Independent Study, Jacobs also researched the question by visiting Major League Baseball’s Urban Youth Academies in Compton, California. There are also academies in Houston, Philadelphia, and Florida. The goal of the academies is to use education and enrichment to reverse the sport’s demographic trend.

Jacobs played baseball at Wooster when he first arrived, but an injury kept him from playing after his first year. However, he was president of the Student Athletic Advisory Committee for both the College and the North Coast Athletic Conference. He continues to coach, umpire, and conduct baseball clinics.

Jacobs went to Kenya over spring break and observed the playfulness of children and the role of sports in their lives. “I’ll never forget the little kid who was playing soccer with a cow,” he remembers.

To read more about Jacobs’ I.S., go to www.behindinthecount.com.
Gina Colucci’s friends may have teased her about being a “carnie,” but everyone knew she had the perfect summer job. Her grandparents owned Swank’s Steel City Carnival, and her mother owned a concession trailer, so for seven years, Colucci learned the trade. Perfecting the art of corn dog production was only part of it. She supervised other workers, which often included international students (a carnival trend her grandfather claims to have started). Swank’s Steel City traveled mostly to small Pennsylvania towns, and Colucci traveled along, staying in a house trailer and coming home to Apollo, Penn. on weekends.

When Colucci studied the history of American carnival for her junior I.S., she found little had been written. The country needed an oral history of the carnival, she concluded. But more importantly, she needed to write it. “I love the carnival so much,” she says. “And I needed to legitimize my personal experience.”

She knows as much as any expert about the inner-workings of the carnival—about hydraulics improvements, insurance regulations, safety changes, and the demise of the politically incorrect “freak show.” “The sons and daughters of carnival owners went to college, expanded their business skills, and then came back and cleaned up the midway,” she says.

But the story of the American carnival is not about change. It is about nostalgic constancy. “Its appeal is its sameness, year after year,” Colucci says. “In the ’60s, ’70s, and ’80s, entertainment needs evolved in response to political, economic and social change. Everything got newer, bigger, and better. Except for the carnival. It is an escape from the chaos of the real world and reminds us of the simpler days of our childhood.”

The vivid color and movement of the carnival prompted Colucci to supplement her written I.S. with a video documentary. Using Copeland funds, she traveled to Gibsontown, Fla., where she interviewed carnival workers and attended the industry’s tradeshow. She also obtained oral histories at her family’s carnival.

The video project allowed Colucci to show readers exactly what she was writing about. “Seeing small children giggle as they slide down the fun slide, cotton candy spinning in the machines, and the rainbow of blinking lights that cuts through the night sky brings back memories that keep people coming back to the carnival year after year,” she writes.
Amanda Gottesman, anthropology

Amanda Gottesman’s I.S. affirmed what she hoped to be true: That she was well-suited to her dream job.

A self-described “foodies,” Gottesman studied the role that food writers play in American society. She interviewed restaurant critics, editors, food columnists, and food blog writers from top newspapers and gourmet magazines to discover how and why they were effective.

Gottesman used anthropological theories about the relationship of food to culture to understand what her contributors had to say. Her sources, who reflected American ideals of individualism, said they believe that they are leading their readers to discover new, previously unknown restaurants—a kind of “restaurant frontier.” They placed high value on dining that reflects an authentic experience closely connected to the foods of recent immigrants.

When Gottesman heard about the writers’ pasts, she found them similar to her own. Gottesman grew up in Los Angeles and has traveled throughout Canada, United States, Europe, Turkey, Greece, Kenya, Thailand, Mexico, and Jamaica. And everywhere she goes, she samples, appreciates, and learns from the cuisines of her hosts.

Gottesman is pursuing an internship in Los Angeles, where she hopes to go to culinary school.
Conceptions of masculinity in African American stand-up comedy

Yassi Davoodi, sociology, Africana Studies
ADVISERS: RAYMOND GUNN, SOCIOLOGY
CHARLES PETERSON, AFRICANA STUDIES

For a good part of her time as a sociology and Africana studies major, Yassi Davoodi immersed herself in the study of apartheid, women and children in the court system, domestic violence, and HIV-AIDS. She returned from Durban, South Africa, and suddenly discovered she was burned out. “People told me that I'd better love my I.S. topic, and although I was passionate about abuse against women, I found I just couldn't study it any more.”

An experienced theater producer and director and president of Effie’s Players, a student-run theater group, Davoodi chose to study what she loved—theater. She analyzed the content and performance of four stand-up comedians—Richard Pryor, Eddie Murphy, Chris Rock, and Dave Chapelle in recorded routines from 1974-2004. She identified and analyzed an ongoing theme—the actors’ use of the “cool pose” and “code of the street” to prevent and cope with racial subjugation.

Using Copeland funding, Davoodi attended stand-up comedy routines in New York, Boston, and Washington, D.C., often attending the same show many times. The observations she made at these repeat performances led her to an important conclusion. "The comedians gave the same performance, night after night, never varying their jokes or their timing. And something clicked. Standup comedy isn’t just funny guys winging it. It’s a performance, with a script. The actor isn’t just being himself; he's acting. He's acting in the same way an actor portraying Hamlet is acting.

“And this is the ultimate control. This is the ultimate cool pose—the ability to create a character, perform it, and make everybody believe that character is you.”

Yassi Davoodi was one of 67 students to give an oral presentation on her Independent Study for Senior Research Symposium, a day in which classes are dismissed so that undergraduates may learn about research processes and conclusions. Davoodi’s presentation included clips of the comedians she studied. “I never get tired of the jokes,” she says.
Shortly after Anna Goodman arrived on campus, she was delighted to discover an exuberant recognition and celebration of Pokémon Day. The campus coffee shop held Pokémon card games, and costumed students watched marathons of vintage Pokémon TV shows in their dorms. "In a brilliant flash of genius, members of my freshman house decided to match each resident to a Pokémon character," Goodman recalls. "Except for the one girl who found herself labeled a Snorlax, a constantly sleepy, giant roly-poly Pokémon, everyone loved their matches."

Odd? Nope—normal. American youth's infatuation with Japanese popular culture (J-pop) is everywhere, from small liberal arts colleges to big city conventions. American fans not only voraciously consume animé (animated movies) and manga (graphic novels), they also honor their favorite characters by dressing up in elaborate costumes (costume play or cosplay) and collect fan merchandise, including art, jewelry, clothing, and action figures.

To study the "why" behind the craze, Goodman interviewed local fans and also applied for and received Copeland funds to attend two J-pop conferences—the Otakon convention in Baltimore, Md., and the Ohayocon convention in Columbus, Ohio. But imagine, for a moment, that you're studying a social phenomenon, and spread out before you are 30,000 people, many in costumes, playing arcade and card games, buying merchandise, and attending movies, panels, workshops, and concerts. Where to start?

Goodman began at the beginning; she interviewed attendees as they waited in line for hours to register for conference activities. Among Goodman's conclusions, were: (a) Americans embrace the art form because of its creativity—the sheer number of plots, themes, artistic styles; (b) females are more interested in characters; males focus on plot; (c) most fans are not hesitant to obtain manga and anime illegally; (d) few respondents reported that their initial interest in and consumption of J-pop was grounded in an interest in the "real" Japan; however, 67 percent reported that now that they were J-pop fans, they were interested in learning more about the country's culture, history, and language.

You had me at “Hello, Kitty.”
Americans’ love affair with Japanese popular culture

Anna Goodman, sociology and anthropology
ADVISER: DAVID MCCONNELL
Web links, advertisements, and trust
A comparison of college students’ perceptions and use of sponsored and non-sponsored search engine links
Stephanie Standera, communication studies
ADVISER: JOAN FUREY, COMMUNICATION

If you go to Google or another search engine, your eye may skip right over the “sponsored” links at the top of the page—the ones in the shaded area—the ones distinguished by the tiny word “ad” perched in the upper corner. And if you skip these ads, you have exhibited a behavior similar to those of college students participating in a study by Stephanie Standera. She found that college students ignore sponsored links approximately 81 percent of the time, because they consider them to be less trustworthy than the unsponsored links that follow.

And, like most Web users, students consider unsponsored links that appear on the first pages to be more credible than those that follow in subsequent pages. Search engines measure and rank links using an algorithm whose components are generally not made public. But even though they don’t know what criteria search engines use to rank links, users implicitly trust the rankings, concludes Standera. “The higher the algorithm ranks the link, the more likely a college student is to click on that link, because they believe it contains relevant and important information for their search term.” Ironically, says Standera, highly ranked, unsponsored links are just as likely to contain advertisements as sponsored messages.

Standera’s research has important implications for companies that are paying to have their messages appear at the top of the page in the sponsored area. “My results suggest it is a waste of a business’s resources to use a sponsored link if they are advertising to college students, because college students won’t click on those links,” she concludes.

Standera is pursuing a position in marketing communications and public relations.
A member of the field hockey team, Katherine Valora describes herself as a “gym-rat athlete”—the kind of student most likely to frequent the College’s gym and exercise rooms. She also represents students most likely to crank up the volume on their iPods and MP3 players to maximum levels to drown out ambient gym noises and loud overhead music. Athletes, of course, aren’t the only listeners to turn up the volume. “It’s an epidemic,” says Valora. “Everyone listens to their own music all the time.” As she began researching the effects of loud volumes on hearing loss in the MP3 generation, Valora began turning down her own iPod.

Valora hypothesized that frequency of exercise would be correlated with self-reported hearing loss and surveyed 100 students who were exercising at the gym. But she found just the opposite. Students who exercised more frequently did listen to high volumes and for longer periods, but were less likely to report symptoms of hearing loss.

The inability of a subject to know when hearing loss has occurred may explain the results. “My major professor and I joked that maybe they were in denial,” says Valora. But in spite of the inconclusive results, Valora took the opportunity to educate her fellow students on the hearing loss that is very likely to occur after prolonged, loud volumes. She gave each participant a copy of the American Academy of Audiology’s rap song, “Turn it to the Left,” by Benjamin Jackson.

Growing up with “old” ears
__iPods, frequency of use and volume, and self-reported hearing loss__

Katherine Valora, communication sciences and disorders
ADVISER: DONALD GOLDBERG, COMMUNICATION

Chorus from “Turn It To the Left”
So tell me what does it sound like when ya can’t hear?
I mean how can ya tell when you’re losing your ears?
Well do ya have to lean close to hear the words?
Do ya have to read lips, just pretend ya heard?
Do your ears hurt? Do they buzz or ring?
Are ya turning up the volume on everything?
Ya know ten million people in the U.S.A.
are saying yes to those questions everyday!
It ain’t no fun, man, it ain’t no fun
When you’re twenty years old but your ears are eighty-one!
Imagine what it’s like to be hearing this trash.
‘Cuz the words are all muffled and the beat is whacked.
So if ya love music, turn it down, don’t wait.
Because your hearing can’t return to its original state.
That’s right once the damage is done, it’s forever.
Your ears can get worse but they can never get better!

AS SHE BEGAN RESEARCHING THE EFFECTS OF LOUD VOLUMES ON HEARING LOSS IN THE MP3 GENERATION, VALORA BEGAN TURNING DOWN HER OWN iPOD.
E-readers versus paper

Thomas Gable, psychology

ADVISER: CLAUDIA THOMPSON

Basically, Thomas Gable’s research was good news for the electronic reader industry. Gable asked four groups of college students to read a short article, with one group reading from printed paper (matched to the fonts of the e-readers), one from an Apple iPad (with a screen similar to a computer’s), and one from a Kindle, whose screen more closely resembles paper. Measurements of reading speed, memory, and perceptions of difficulty revealed that participants reading from paper read faster. But participants reading from e-readers scored significantly higher for short-term memory retention. No differences were seen in long-term memory or difficulty among the three forms.

His research also reinforced the “practice effect,” which finds that subjects who have previous experience reading from an electronic reader do better than inexperienced subjects—also good news for the industry. “A majority of participants reported reading at least some articles or assignments electronically,” he said.

“And the explosion of the social media has increased the likelihood that the average person will have read from electronic displays.”

But in spite of his findings, Gable concluded that the e-reader industry is not yet ready to serve the collegiate community. The ability to take notes on screen needs to be more sophisticated, he said, and online availability of electronic textbooks must be the norm.

Gable presented his findings at the annual meeting of the Association for Psychological Science. His research caught the attention of an engineering psychology professor at Georgia Tech and resulted in a job offer. Gable has already begun working in the sonification laboratory at Georgia Institute of Technology in Atlanta.

1. As of 2008, how many languages have the Harry Potter books been translated into?

2. During the late 1970s, what area of New York City did hip-hop begin?

3. In 2007, what food critic became the first restaurant critic to win a Pulitzer Prize?

4. What common carnival ride was invented by George W. Ferris in 1893?

5. What major league baseball team did Jackie Robinson play for when he broke baseball’s color barrier in 1947?

6. Who was the first African American comedian to host “Saturday Night Live”?

7. What figure created by the classic Japanese brand Sanrio features a white cat with a red bow?

8. Where was the first Google office located?

9. The first generation iPod held 10 gigabytes; how many gigabytes does the current fourth generation iPod hold?

10. What year did Amazon launch the first Kindle in the U.S.?

To see a listing of every I.S., go to http://www.wooster.edu/Independent-Study/Search-the-IS-DATABASE.

NEW FARMERS PRACTICE OLD WAYS

What has been will be again, what has been done will be done again; there is nothing new under the sun.

—Ecclesiastes 1-9
It’s possible to argue with Ecclesiastes, of course. There is a lot that is new under the sun, beginning with a hotter sun. Also new to the landscape are pests that can be spread globally, genetically modified organisms, and interdependent markets.

But there is a constant that is true for all ages: Humans’ deep yearning to connect with the land. Four Wooster alumni have used this truth as a foundation for their farming practices, as they contribute to the ongoing story of what it means to be sustainable.
David Cleverdon ‘63

Cleverdon’s activist background, an uncommon career path for a farmer in 1992, is less rare today. Today’s organic farmer is likely to have come from a discipline other than agriculture and to hold a passion for making a difference. David and his wife Susan first fell in love with a garden at their weekend home, which responded by growing bigger every year. In 1987, when mid-west farmland prices crashed, the couple bought a 170-acre farm in northern Illinois—a remnant of the country’s rural farm crisis, which turned productive farms into deserted ghosts. “It cost less than a Chicago, three-bedroom condo,” says David.

But what a farm it was. The buildings were in ruins, the land was filled with scrap iron and garbage. To the amazement of their friends and family, in 1992 the Cleverdons sent their last child to college, put everything they owned in storage, and moved to their farm, which they named Kinnikinnick, after a creek that runs through it. For the first three and a half years, they lived in a trailer, then upgraded to quarters they built in one of the barns. There they stayed for the next five years, until they could move into the renovated farmhouse.

Along the way, they planned, studied, dreamed, failed, and kept on growing vegetables. “I didn’t know what in the hell I was doing, but I read everything I could and just jumped in and did it. (Hey, I went to Wooster, didn’t I?)”

Today, Cleverdon teaches courses on organic farming and is on the boards of four local and regional farming organizations. Kinnikinnick Farm is flourishing and profitable.
Crafting a business
“Our limited resources required us to approach farming as a craft. It had to be limited, excellent, and—like all craft businesses—have one or two products that could be cranked out to pay for basic overhead costs. Also, we consciously narrow our focus so that customers have an easier time focusing on us.” The bill-payers at Kinnikinnick Farm are artisan greens and heirloom tomatoes.

Finding the perfect markets
When the Cleverdons began their enterprise, an entire Saturday at a local farmer’s market netted them $400. Today, at the Chicago Green City and the Evanston Farmers markets, they make that much in the first half hour. “We have a $2,000 rule. We won’t consider a market unless we see that we have the potential for grossing at least $2,000 a day there.”

Strategically setting up his wares near restaurants increased the probability that Cleverdon would be discovered by local chefs. Today, one third of his business is from some of Chicago’s finest restaurants, including the Publican, North Pond, Spiaggia, Vie, Naha, and the Lula Café.

Hooking the customer with beauty
“One of the first things our interns notice when they begin with us is that we compost what a lot of other growers sell. I love to walk in front of our stand in the morning before the customer rush and look at our display—the multicolored carrots and beets, the different shades and textures of the greens, the glistening red-green-whites of the onions, all the different shapes and colors of the tomatoes, the huge stacks and bouquets of fresh herbs. Customers like to see abundance—vegetables that you can pile high. We call these our ‘abondanza’ crops.”

Keeping the customer with taste
Cleverdon grows his crops organically, but that’s just a starting point for good taste, he says. Post harvest protocols are critical. Removing the field heat from the produce within minutes of harvest insures an “awesome shelf life,” he says. “The walk-in cooler is the heart of the farm. Almost everything passes through it and then is transported on ice in large picnic coolers. This has allowed us to make intense flavor, beautiful color, and uncompromising freshness the hallmark of the farm.”

Understanding a lifestyle
Cleverdon has long understood that his customers aren’t just buying food, they’re buying a way of life. To this end, he has a history of catering to passionate cooks by turning his booth into a kind of cooking display, with help from one of his daughters, a trained chef. But recently, he says, his customer base has expanded beyond the yuppie gourmand. “I’m seeing young mothers who are concerned about health.”

He recently entered the agritourism business. This summer, his farm sported five huge tents—“Feather Down Farm Day” tents from Holland—for families who want to spend their vacation on a working farm.

“We were fortunate with our business. We ‘caught a wave.’ We’ve participated in the birth of a whole new farming subculture—with its own journals, teachers, heroes, and mythology—that is capturing the imagination of everyone. “Small scale farming is being reinvented. If you’re good at it, you won’t get rich, but you can make a living from it.”
The truly magical elementary teacher is blessed with special vision. She looks at industrial 50-gallon drums and sees kid-sized train cars. An oversized PVC pipe becomes a slide. Windfall apples become great missiles, needing only little slingshots and giant hay-bale targets.

She looks at a 100-year-old family farm and sees an outdoor classroom.

And if the elementary teacher also happens to be an entrepreneur, her vision grows even sharper. An old yellow school bus becomes a café. An 18th-century Dutch threshing barn is the perfect place to sell farm treats and produce. The 120-acre farm becomes a venue for local musicians, artists, and dancers.

It was serendipitous that elementary teacher Susan Ordway '72 should marry into the Hurd family and that her classroom would expand to include an apple orchard, cornfield mazes, a pumpkin patch, and a Christmas tree plantation. Hurd first understood the farm's potential when her own two children were in preschool. Today, her pupils come by the thousands from area schools and from The Big Apple, just an hour and a half away.

In the 1840s, the farm grew corn, small fruits, and raised cows. “Strawberries, raspberries, and currants were sent down by barge on the Hudson River to New York City, where they were sold on street corners,” says Hurd. “In the 1900s, apples and pears became king. In the 1990s, my father-in-law and I started growing pumpkins and Christmas trees. Recently we've added pick-your-own fruits and veggies, such as black raspberries, heritage tomatoes, and sunflowers. We've come full circle back to small fruits and diversified farming.”

The farm's integrated crop structure allows Hurd to weave together diverse subjects and meet many of the state's newly revised learning standard goals in a single field trip. (“My Wooster liberal arts education serves me well,” she says.) For example, to negotiate the corn maze, children read maps and practice group dynamics; biology is well covered by “sex-in-the-cornfield” talks; history and art come together in the vivid panels painted inside the barn, which depict the farm's history; the Apple Unit teaches economics and nutrition; biosystems are experienced, as children feed the fish in the irrigation pond and wander down forest trails and through soggy wetlands.

If Hurd never misses an opportunity to weave an additional lesson into a day's events, she also has a keen eye for fun and publicity. The farm, which hires approximately 35 workers for its educational and tourist enterprises alone, hosts get-togethers for all ages, featuring hayrides, picnics, and one-on-one time with the farm animals. For the 2010 Christmas tree selling season, Santa parachuted from a small plane onto the farm. This year, the corn maze was designed to be The Amazing Mr. Apple, complete with a Superman-style cape. This summer, the Hurds hosted a Rebel Race—a military style obstacle course and 5k and 15k race, which attracted more than 700 athletes to the farm. In February, the Hurd Family Farm was awarded the Golden Apple Marketer Award by the U.S. Apple Association.

The future of the Hurd Family Farm appears to be in good hands. Susan and Phil Hurd's son, a recent horticulture graduate, works on the farm full-time and their daughter, an elementary teacher, helps out when she can. “The apple doesn't fall far from the tree,” says Hurd.

“As long as folks seek out new experiences, the Hurd Family Farm will carry on the tradition, evolving, changing, and growing into the future.”
“Sometimes a school will send its entire student population to visit the farm. They are always so excited to be here! This is my love—the chance to connect children with the food they eat.”  
... Susan Hurd

The farm’s integrated crop structure allows Hurd to weave together diverse subjects and meet many of the state’s newly revised learning standard goals in a single field trip.
When her husband, Brian, pressed her about making the dream a reality, she just laughed. "I told him, 'Don't be crazy! Checking grapes? I don't even know what I'm checking for!'" He continued pressing.

Today, the Roeders' vineyard, located below the Piedmont Blue Ridge in northern Virginia near Delaplane, has produced its third season of grapes and Barrel Oak Winery (BOW) has served its fourth season of guests. The steam is rising, the sunsets are golden, her dogs are by her side, and as she checks her grapes, Roeder knows exactly what she's checking for: stink bugs, Japanese beetles, glassy wing sharp shooters, hoppers, and Asian lady bugs. And she couldn't be happier.

On a typical Saturday afternoon in early June, it is clear that Barrel Oak has already gained a strong foothold in one of the state's fastest growing agricultural sectors. Wine enthusiasts pack the tasting room, families picnic on the grounds, and a band has already begun its evening music on the patio. In 2009, the winery won the Indy International Double Gold trophy for the Red Wine of the Year for its 2008 Norton wine and gained recognition as the most financially successful start-up winery in Virginia's history, achieving more than $1 million in gross revenues in its first 53 weeks of operation.

BOW eschews the elite and scorns the snob. "We're not about pinkies and noses in the air," says Roeder. "Our model is the village harvest festival and our message is, 'Yay! Nature was good to us; we've survived another year. Come on in and help us celebrate!'"
Farmers scratched their brows, and neighbors pondered, as the odd structure that was BOW began to appear. “My favorite speculation,” says Roeder, “came from the little girl who was pretty sure we were building a giraffe house.”

“I like lighter, white wines—when it tastes like a flinty rock after a summer rainstorm.”

—SHARON ROEDER

Photos by Karol Crosbie
This fall, BOW will produce about 50 percent of the grapes used for their wine; the remainder comes from other parts of the state. The balance is one they will maintain, says Roeder. “Last year, a bad frost took out half to two-thirds of our production. It’s smart not put all of your eggs into one geographical basket."

The couple owns four dogs and invites guests to bring their canine buddies. “A lot of young people in the D.C. area are childless pet-owners who work all the time,” says Roeder. “On the weekends, they want to do something that includes their dogs.” Regular customers are familiar with Birch, the couple’s Hungarian vizsla (recently named Best Wine Dog by *Virginia Wine Lover* magazine) and his strange but endearing pebble game. A guest sipping a glass of, say, the award-winning BOW-Haus White, might feel a friendly nose at the back of her chair and note that Birch has placed a lentil-sized pebble on the seat. With stoic elegance, Birch stares intently at the pebble until the guest understands that it is her job to throw it across the tasting room or patio. The guest soon learns that this game may be repeated until closing time.

The bands, tasting room, and special events—from hosting twilight polo, to the Maryland Westie Rescue Wine & Fleas benefit—are the domain of Brian Roeder and his approximately 40 employees. Sharon refers to all these things as “what happens upstairs.”

The cool and quiet vineyard’s cellar, where the wine is made, is Sharon’s domain.

Birch the Wine Dog plays pebble with a young guest.

**Photos by Karol Crosbie**
“You can be whatever you want.” That was the advice that always accompanied aptitude tests that used a flat line to illustrate Sharon Roeder’s skill potential. But the advice wasn’t empowering, it was frustrating, says Roeder. “What they should have said was, ‘You need a job that uses both your right and your left brain—a job that combines science with art.’” Who knew that this job was winemaking?

A romantic dream may have been the impetus for their adventure, but the Roeders quickly replaced it with the scientific method. As Roeder drives her golf cart around the 20 acres of grapes, she carefully avoids pits dug by extension experts from Virginia Tech, who analyzed the soil five short years ago. Their verdict: The land, formerly used to pasture cattle, would sustain grapes well.

Roeder made liberal use of Virginia Tech and veteran wine growers to answer questions and solve problems. What varieties would work best on the soil, and which wines could the couple best market? What kind of trellising works with different varieties? How many leaves should be pulled off each plant and how many clusters of grapes are optimum for different vines? How about that stinkbug?

“Virginia is quickly becoming a wine powerhouse,” she says. “New York is still the big dog, but we’re nipping right at its heels.” She attributes the state’s growing wine industry to Virginia Tech’s program and to the willingness of Virginia winemakers to support each other.

But science can take you only so far in winemaking, and then the art kicks in. Subjective, sensory decisions abound: “Rules don’t constrain me,” says Roeder. “I can have some fun, play with it, create. We take the raw putty that Mother Nature hands us every year, use some science, and then turn it into art.”

The couple is confident that their vines will sustain them. So confident, in fact, that they have a long-term escrow on the adjoining 100 acres of land, formerly the historic farm of Chief Justice John Marshall. They have also opened an art gallery and wine bar in the nearby, ritzy town of Middleburg.

And will their vines sustain the land? “The farmers in the area were a little suspicious when we arrived,” Roeder says. “This is cattle country. Always has been. But you know, when the farmer we bought our land from was ready to leave, he loaded all the cows into his truck and drove away. He no longer had anything here to tie him down. We have 20,000 roots here. We’re not going anywhere.”

The couple’s roots are also firmly set in the community. Barrel Oak is frequently the site for fundraisers and nonprofit events. And when Roeder needs volunteers to help bottle the year’s bounty—118,000 bottles, 10 varieties—she calls on friends and community members. Guests also show up at harvest time to help load presses and wash lugs. She has instituted the Stomp and Chomp Festival, in which approximately 35 pairs of feet turn a half a ton of grapes into 60 gallons of juice.

“It takes a very large village to bottle wine,” wrote Roeder in her blog (http://www.barreloak.com/). The couple’s vision of a vineyard that is modeled after a village harvest festival is not, it turns out, only about style.
Our alumni share some of their specialties

Recipes

Grilled bread salad

1 large loaf ciabatta bread, about 2 days old, sliced
3 red peppers
1 med. red onion
1 pint sungold tomatoes (or other cherry tomatoes)
1/4 c. capers
1/4 c. fresh, chopped basil
simple balsamic vinaigrette dressing
1/2 pound baby arugula
3 oz. feta cheese

Brush the bread with olive oil and garlic and grill until golden crisp on both sides. Roughly cut or tear the slices into bite-sized pieces.

Char peppers on all sides on the grill or under a broiler, place them in a bag to cool, then remove the charred skin and seeds and slice the flesh into narrow strips. Coarsely chop onion. Slice a pint of sungold tomatoes (or other cherry tomatoes).

Toss the above with capers, basil, and vinaigrette. (Sprinkle on the vinegar, correct the seasoning, then add extra virgin olive oil until the ingredients are well marinated but not soggy.) The above mixture should sit for an hour or so.

Before serving, gently mix in the greens and feta. Serve in a broad, shallow bowl or platter, for a summer lunch or to accompany grilled meat.

Pumpkin chocolate chip muffins

4 eggs
2/3 c. sugar
1 c oil
16 oz. can solid pumpkin
2 tsp cinnamon
2 c. flour
2 tsp baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp baking soda
12 oz. chocolate chips

Beat until fluffy: eggs, sugar, oil, pumpkin and cinnamon. Add and mix flour baking powder, salt and baking soda. Stir in chocolate chips. Grease pans or use baking cups. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes (25 minutes for large muffins.) Makes 1 1/2 dozen or 1 dozen.

Kinnikinnick Farm

Hurd Family Farm
**Summer quinoa with fruit and nuts**

- 3 tbs. raisins or dried cranberries
- 2 tbs. dried apricots, thinly sliced
- 1 cup red or white quinoa, rinsed well
- Kosher salt
- 1 large lemon
- 3 tbs. extra-virgin olive oil
- 1/4 tsp. ground coriander
- 1/4 tsp. ground cumin
- 1/4 tsp. sweet paprika
- 2 medium firm-ripe avocados (6 to 7 oz each), pitted, peeled, and cut into 1/2-inch chunks
- 2 medium scallions, white & light green parts only, thinly sliced
- 2 to 3 tbs. coarsely-chopped toasted almonds
- Freshly ground black pepper

In a medium bowl, soak the raisins and apricots in hot water for 5 minutes. Drain and set aside.

In a 2-quart saucepan, bring 2 cups of water, the quinoa, and the 1/2 tsp. salt to a boil over high heat. Cover, reduce the heat to medium-low, and simmer until the water is absorbed and the quinoa is translucent and tender, 10 to 15 minutes. (The outer germ rings of the grain will remain chewy and white. Some germ rings may separate from the grain and will look like white squiggles.) Immediately fluff the quinoa with a fork and turn it out into a baking sheet to cool to room temperature.

Finely grate the zest from the lemon and then squeeze 1 tbs. juice. In a small bowl, whisk the lemon zest and juice with the olive oil, coriander, cumin, paprika, and 1/4 tsp. salt. In a large bowl, toss the vinaigrette with the quinoa, raisins, apricots, avocado, scallions, and almonds. Season to taste with salt and pepper and serve with a chilled glass of Barrel Oak Winery 2009 Chardonnay Reserve.

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**Italian cooking greens**

Basic preparation technique for Italian cooking greens (Bietina, Cavolo Nero, Minestra Nera, Spigarello). Swiss Chard will also do. Once you try this basic preparation, you may never do greens another way again.

Use greens with a little tooth remaining in the leaf, not “cooked to death.” This results in a glistening mound on the plate without a watery puddle.

Set a large pot of salted water on to boil.

Wash the greens well in a sink of cold water and drain in a colander.

Remove the fibrous stems (grasp the stem in one hand and pull the leaf away).

Roughly slice the leaves into 1/2” ribbons (this step is not essential unless the greens are going to be mixed right away with pasta or rice).

Blanch the greens very briefly and cool them quickly in a sink filled with cold water.

(A note on blanching: A pasta pot with a lift-out strainer/steamer is great for this, because you can quickly process a large volume of greens in small batches, while keeping the water at or near the boil.)

Form the drained greens into tennis-ball sized mounds between your hands or on a clean kitchen towel and squeeze out the excess moisture. You may wrap and store the balls of greens for a day or two in the refrigerator until you are ready to use them.

When you are ready, you can chop the balls of greens and use them in any number of ways.

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**Our favorite ways to enjoy cooking greens:**

- Simply sautéed with butter or with garlic and olive oil
- In pasta, with garlic, sautéed onions, and pancetta
- Added to a skillet of sausages and pan-roasted potatoes
- Added to lentil soup five minutes before serving
- Mixed into a skillet of quick-cooking couscous, with currants and toasted pine nuts
- With chickpeas, in a spicy tomato sauce
In April, 1971, less than a year after graduating from Wooster with a major in geology and a #60 in the first draft lottery, I was fortunate to become an ensign in the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration Commissioned Officer Corps, which fulfilled my military obligation — thereby avoiding the opportunity to, as Jim Roche, my senior I.S. adviser, put it, ‘take sediment samples in the Mekong Delta.’

About a year later, while serving as a deck officer aboard the NOAA ship *Surveyor*, which was conducting geophysical surveying off the coasts of Oregon and Washington, and after struggling to stay awake reading textbooks that would prepare me for graduate study, I picked up *Malabar Farm* by Louis Bromfield. That changed everything.

Bromfield, a Pulitzer Prize-winning author and Hollywood screenwriter, had bought four worn-out farms near his native Mansfield, Ohio, and restored them to a high level of productivity. I was hooked. I decided I didn’t want to look back, on my 80th birthday, and say, ‘I wish I’d tried farming.’

So for most of the last 35 years, my wife, Donna, and I have been farming — sometimes part-time, sometimes full-time — always hovering on the line between positive and negative cash flow (and as sustainably as possible).

In 1976, after finishing my three-year commitment in NOAA and a year of forestry courses at the University of Michigan while Donna finished her doctorate in linguistics, we were able to acquire a 50-acre farm near Chautauqua Institution in western New York. It came with a small amount of equipment and a whole lot of invaluable advice and help from the former owner and a neighboring farmer. Over the next nine years, using commonly accepted organic practices (without synthetic fertilizers, herbicides, pesticides, etc.) we grew vegetables, raised dairy goats, fed out hogs, and made maple syrup, while working various odd jobs. We sold produce, baked goods, syrup, and goat milk fudge at the farmers’ market at Chautauqua and sold hogs to a buyer for Hatfield and Smithfield packers.

In 1985, after finally understanding that we weren’t being very sustainable if we weren’t making enough profit to sustain ourselves,
I took a job for a year and a half as herdsman on a 100-cow dairy farm. I missed the customer contact but enjoyed the fact that I received a paycheck and didn’t have to pay for maintenance and repairs even when I was the one who tried to run a telephone pole through a forage chopper. This was followed by a year and a half managing a farm program at a group of summer camps in Vermont and about a year on a nearby horse farm. Although I gained valuable farming knowledge and experience, it was becoming clear that the maintenance costs of our own kids (Dan, 9, and Rachel, 5) exceeded those of goat kids. So Donna took a teaching position in southwestern Pennsylvania.

Five years later, we were able to buy a 110-acre “farm.” Two acres were tillable bottomland and 108 acres were steep, beautiful, wooded, and only marginally farmable. The first few years we found no consistently good outlets for direct marketing but over the last six to nine years, good farmers’ markets have developed, and we’ve sold vegetables, eggs from free-range hens, and over 40 different pork products from pigs raised outdoors. We sold at markets in Waynesburg and Washington, Pa., and Morgantown, W.Va. We’ve tried to raise our animals, including our dairy goats, as sustainably as possible, but a lack of pasture has necessitated buying in most of the animal feed.

While the growth of our sales at farmers’ markets has improved our sustainability in a financial sense, rising feed prices have countered that somewhat. And while buying in hay (and importing fertility) might improve the sustainability of our operation, the effect is most likely the opposite on those farms which produce the hay.

Greene County, where we live, produces more coal than any other county in Pennsylvania. Our place is scheduled to be undermined in late summer or fall using long wall mining, which will almost certainly cause much of our bottomland to drop several feet and become swampy and therefore unfit for growing vegetables. (Except maybe watercress? Or rice?).

So we are in the process of moving to a new farm near Lake Erie, 12 miles from Chautauqua Institution and less than five miles as the crow flies northwest of our first farm.

A perfect storm of coal mining and shale gas development in the Marcellus shale (and the effect on this area is in many ways storm-like) has enabled us to buy 100 acres with a house, barns, 16 acres of grapes, 60 of fenced pasture/hay ground, 20 of woods with some sugar maples.

Our goal is to increase the quality of our products and the quality of the land. We want to be regenerative—to improve the resource base by building topsoil, reducing or eliminating erosion, and increasing water supply and quality.

To accomplish this, we take as a guide the following from Sir Albert Howard’s *An Agricultural Testament*: “The main characteristic of Nature’s farming can therefore be summed up in a few words. Mother earth never attempts to farm without livestock; she always raises mixed crops; great pains are taken to preserve the soil and to prevent erosion; the mixed vegetable and animal wastes are converted into humus; there is no waste; the processes of growth and the processes of decay balance one another; ample provision is made to maintain large reserves of fertility; the greatest care is taken to store the rainfall; both plants and animals are left to protect themselves against disease.”

Our focus will be to graze cattle, sheep, and goats, probably using a technique called “mob grazing” (also known as “ultra high stock density”). Mob grazing mimics the natural processes which created the deep, fertile soils of the original prairies of the central U.S—namely large herds of herbivores bunched together and kept on the move by predators. This can be done with electric fence by confining the herd/flock to a small area but moving them at least once every day. Some research indicates that mob grazing can remove a fair amount of CO2 from the atmosphere and sequester the carbon to the soil.

We also plan to continue raising hogs and a flock of laying hens. We will pasture them to a greater extent than we’ve done in the past, and we want to grow feed to replace commercial corn and soy feed (much of which is now genetically engineered).

We’ll continue growing vegetables but move towards organic no-till. As much as I love plowing, it tends to burn up the organic matter and have a negative effect on soil structure. We’ll also have the space to rotate our vegetable plots with pasture and hay to rebuild the soil.

The grapes have been grown with a low spray program but we hope to move to organic methods.

Finally, we plan to again take up my favorite late winter/early spring activity—maple sugaring—which may not have an effect on sustaining the land, but it sustains me.

We hope that the name of our new road—“Hardscrabble”—doesn’t prove prophetic.”

Mike Eisenstat ’70 shows off a kid to a young neighbor. This summer, he moved from Toboggan Hill Farm in Greene County Pennsylvania to a new farm (above left) near Lake Erie.
The following is an excerpt from a new manuscript by L. Gordon Tait, professor of religious studies at the College from 1956-91, and an ordained Presbyterian minister. The 12-chapter manuscript, titled, *Personal Reflections on the History of Religion at The College of Wooster*, is full of wit, wisdom, and attitude.
have not combed the files, but I feel certain I can say that from the 1870s until 1969-70, there was daily chapel at The College of Wooster, early on five days a week, later on just four. Men and women sat separately in the Memorial Chapel until 1964 when mixed seating was permitted. Student monitors took attendance; too many cuts meant fines! The faculty stared down at the students from the choir loft, senior professors seated in the front rows, juniors to the rear.

To this day, Professor Emeritus Gordon Collins tells the story of his first chapel. In all innocence, he came early and entered the choir loft and sat down in the first row. Professor Richard Gore was already seated at the organ, gave Collins a stern look, and without a word and with a wave of his hand banished him to the back row. From then on, Gordon knew where his place was.

When I went to my first chapel, like a good boy, I sat in the back row, and after it was over, I had one big question: Was this really chapel? There was the opening hymn, of course, but where were the other elements—prayer(s), Bible reading, a short meditation? I soon concluded that though the event bore the title of Chapel, it was, more truthfully, an assembly bringing together students, faculty, and second-floor Galpin administrators. It was less about nurturing my soul, and more about nurturing my mind and the cause of community enhancement.

On the rare occasions when the trustees might be present, I noticed that scripture and prayer were quietly added and President Lowry usually spoke. Was it his way of telling them, “We really do Chapel here”?

Speakers included, of course, students, faculty, the occasional administrator, important outsiders, and—a few times a month—President Lowry. Even in the mid-sixties, he could count on a robust student audience, while other speakers and programs lost listeners and swelled the ranks at the Shack. Favorite faculty speakers included Aileen Dunham, “Mose” Hole, Hans Jenny, Myron Peyton, Bill Craig, and Win Logan. (I recall a hilarious Logan act, miming a student getting ready to study. The Chapel rocked!)

And there were the visiting speakers, some with impressive credentials. I was never uptight about Chapel; I usually went and took the speaker and program in stride. Which means I was never annoyed—always amused by the hijinks that interrupted the daily round: the alarm clocks suddenly jingling behind the organ pipes; all the hymnbooks disappearing for days; the creativity and hilarity of the senior Chapels (a woman student was once carried down the center aisle in a bathtub); Professor Gore abruptly shutting down the organ and sliding off the bench after the first verse if he didn’t like the hymn, leaving us with our mouths wide open and most of us laughing; and Will Lange’s “Night Climbers.” (See the last issue of Wooster, Spring 2011.)

Then there was the day in Chapel when Dean Taeusch’s
dignity took a royal beating. While reading the announce-
ments, he informed us in all innocence that the modern
dancer, G.[ypsy] R.[ose] Lee, would be giving a performance
in the Canton Palace Theater on such and such a date.
Laughter erupted and he looked up in puzzled surprise.
The 20-minute routine was the same day in and day out: the
program began with everyone singing a hymn from the
Presbyterian hymnal in the pews, the dean reading announce-
ments of campus meetings and events from a stack of cards (no
electronic messages in those days), the introduction of the speak-
er, the 15-minute speech or program, applause, and dismissal.
I don’t ever recall a poor President Lowry chapel talk. For
that matter, most people used superlatives in describing his bac-
calaureate and convocation addresses. He might have been doing
the College’s business off-campus most of the time since his last
talk, but when he did return and spoke in Chapel, he made it
obvious that he knew what was happening on campus. His
sources, whoever they were, never let him down. Whatever issue
he addressed or whatever report he brought back to the campus,
he could somehow, usually with a bit of humor, make it applica-
table to those of us who stayed at home. He never scolded, never
moralized, was unfailingly optimistic.
There always had been criticism of the chapel requirement;
in the 1960s there was more of it and it took a darker tone. It
was the attendance requirement and the accompanying fines
that got under the student skin, not so much the speakers and
the programs.
In October 1964, the Voice published a reminder from
Associate Dean F. W. Cropp that there were chapel attendance
regulations to be obeyed: “1. Each student is allowed 18 chapel
cuts per semester. 2. Fines are $5.00 for the 19th chapel cut
and 50 cents for each succeeding cut.” He also spelled out the
punishment for attendance “chiseling,” that is, signing in with
one’s monitor and then slipping out the door to head for the
Shack or elsewhere.
A year earlier, Colin MacKinnon ’64, tongue in cheek,
bragged to the readers of the Voice about his chapel cuts, report-
ing that his chapel bill the previous year was a mere $21 dollars.
For that small amount, he got a lot in return.
He concluded that it was “money well spent.” By 1968, the
issue had heated up. Let Tom Fitzpatrick ’72 explain: He wrote
a long, undated letter to President Drushal, probably in 1968-
69, declaring he would go only to those chapels that would
interest him. Then he explained, “The Chapel requirement is,
in my opinion, the most representative example of an archaic
educational policy at Wooster.” He surely spoke for many.
Indeed, all the protests against Wooster rules and traditions
that dominated student life in the 1960s seemed to coalesce
around required chapel.
In 1970, a new proposal drawn up by the Educational
Policy Committee quickly gained support (800 students’ signa-
tures) and was approved by the faculty in September 1970.
The key provision was that “one morning hour will be reserved
each week for convocations, lectures, and campus events.” The
key attendance requirement was that there wasn’t one!
“Attendance is expected.”
Daily Chapel, which had been such a fixture at the College
since 1870, had been on life support for several years and was
now quite dead.

Gordon Tait welcomes feedback and greetings at gtait@wooster.edu.
Another excerpt from the manuscript may be found in this magazine
on pg. 65.
A Wooster Moment

By Matt Dilyard

The tiny Tootsie Roll, given to seniors as they hand in their Independent Studies, takes on mammoth significance. Some students even have theirs bronzed.

This inflatable version, carried by exuberant senior Katrina Weaver, is a permanent resident at the Office of the Registrar.
A call for Asbury sermons

Two members of the Class of ’66 are beginning a collaboration to collect, edit, and publish Wooster sermons given by the Rev. Beverly Asbury. Those sermons addressed social and ethical issues of the mid-1960s and still speak to us today.

Moved by the sermons’ content and style, many of us avidly collected the printed versions that were available following the service at the chapel entrance. Accordingly, Rev. Asbury’s influence extended well beyond the time and space of Wooster Sunday mornings.

Rev. Asbury this year moved to Albuquerque, which is where we crossed paths and had dinner with him and his wife, and our idea was born. We picture publishing a calendar cycle of sermons—52 of them—as a Festschrift that celebrates the Wooster life of this influential person and reflects on the ideas and history to which Wooster and Rev. Asbury made noteworthy contributions.

The College’s Special Collections has a few Beverly Asbury sermons. But we need many more. If you have copies of Rev. Asbury’s sermons, please send scanned copies or photocopies via e-mail or snail mail to either of us. We will acknowledge all contributions, sources, and comments in the published work.

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Reflections on Rev. Asbury

The following is an excerpt from Personal Reflections on the History of Religion, by L. Gordon Tait, professor of religious studies at the College from 1956-91, and an ordained Presbyterian minister. For an additional excerpt, go to pg. 36.

The Rev. Beverly Asbury arrived at the College in 1962, a handsome, suave graduate of Yale Divinity School, and in short order proceeded to thoroughly shake up both congregation and College. From 1962 to 1966, he became a kind of “College conscience,” reminding us that the Christian faith was a challenge as well as a comfort, that traditional theologies needed to be re-examined, that faith without works was a sham. He was hardly a breath of fresh air—more like a raging thunderstorm.

One could probably do no better than select Bev’s sermon of Sept. 13, 1964, titled “Poisoning the Student Mind,” as an example of his homiletical impact. The sermon was a plea to re-examine our beliefs, even to the point where campus preachers like himself might be accused of “poisoning the student mind.” (That was actually a charge leveled by conservatives against the nationwide liberal Student Christian Movement.) Declared Bev:

We must face the fact that students of all generations raise questions of religion and seek new and more relevant beliefs by which to live. In this generation, particularly, with its rapid scientific and technological change, its urbanization, automation, and industrialization, its population explosion—there are even greater arguments for the revision of outworn dogmas.

What is missing from that sermon but not from other sermons and chapel talks was Bev’s call to action on behalf of civil rights. Bev was one of the important figures on the campus in the Wooster area leading vigils and marches protesting racial prejudice and discrimination. He set an example by going to Mississippi to join hands with the Black SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) and inspiring others of us to go, too.

Beverly knew very well he was challenging and even alienating some students, professors, and church members, so he began the practice of being available after the Sunday service in the front of Memorial Chapel to hear comments pro and con (usually more con than pro) and have a discussion about his sermon. On one of his more “controversial” Sundays, he estimated that about 100 students stayed after the service for the discussion.

What did President Lowry think of Bev and his influences? In public, he supported the preacher; after all, he was truly engaging the students and making religion very relevant. In private, he must have had moments when he wished Bev would turn down the volume, for Bev couldn’t help being a factor in the change taking place in the 1960s—change that Howard Lowry tried to resist.

To measure the impact that Bev had, the records show there were officially 442 members of Westminster in 1960; by 1964, the figure had swelled to 532.
In Closing

SWANS ON TJÖRNIN POND
By Eryn Killian '12

Tjörnin pond, located in a park in Reykjavik, is across the street from the dormitory where I stayed at the University of Iceland. Beginning in early November, the pond froze, and every day I watched kids, adults, and resident ducks and geese sliding and walking across it. One unusually sunny December day, the ice on top melted and the still water became a perfect mirror. Across the water you can see the National Gallery (the building with three arches), and in the distance, the gray steeple of Hallgrímskirkja, the largest building in the city.

Eryn Killian, an English major, is one of approximately 145 students who studied off campus in 2010-2011.