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## Kenyon College Alumni Bulletin - September 1985

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# Kenyon

September 1985

College Alumni Bulletin

## Riding the Rails

*Bulletin travels six thousand miles  
on whistle stop adventure.*

*All aboard!*





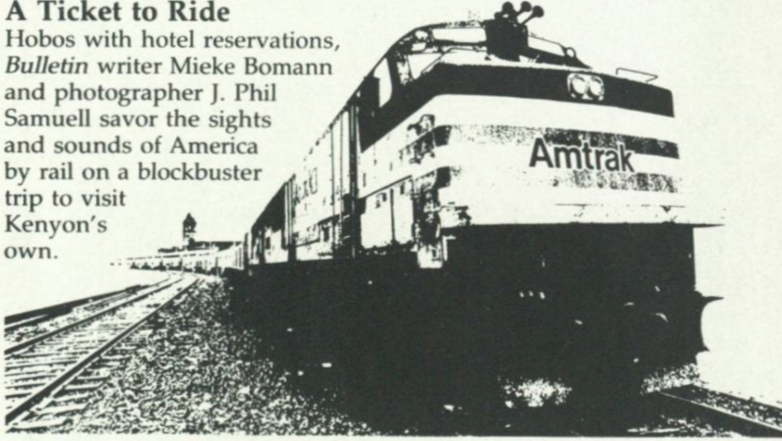
# Kenyon

College Alumni Bulletin

September 1985

Volume 9, Number 3

## Contents

- 1 Along Middle Path**  
E. L. Doctorow '52 has written a new book; the Gambier Folk Festival hits town soon; history professor looks at sex roles
- 6 From the Hill**  
There was a time when trains stopped in Gambier; they've stopped permanently now. By Thomas B. Greenslade '31
- 8 A Ticket to Ride**  
Hobos with hotel reservations, *Bulletin* writer Mieke Bomann and photographer J. Phil Samuell savor the sights and sounds of America by rail on a blockbuster trip to visit Kenyon's own.
- 
- 30 Recollections of a transportation hobbyist**  
An enterprising alumnus recalls his days as Kenyon's part-time rail ticket agent. By Arthur M. Cox Jr. '42
- 34 Almanac**  
Letters  
Admissions  
Alumni  
Development  
Public Affairs  
Book reviews  
Class notes  
Deaths
- 44 The Last Page**  
It wasn't always this way. An alumnus returns and greets the ladies. By P. F. Kluge '64

Cover: The Gambier train station as it looked in 1937. Photograph by the Kenyon Camera Club. Back cover photograph by J. Phil Samuell.

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# Along Middle Path

## E.L. Doctorow's new novel, *World's Fair*, finds its voice in the intricacies of childhood

E. L. Doctorow '52 H'76 was taking footsteps a bit small for his long frame. Lunging for a drop shot a few days before had left the tennis enthusiast stiff and feeling a tad geriatric. His half-serious request that no mention be made in the story of his aching back — "It'll ruin my image" — seemed comical coming from this best-selling novelist whose deft leaps into fiction are matched by few. Besides, he had returned the ill-fated shot.

He has just completed his sixth novel, *World's Fair*, which is scheduled for publication in November. It comes on the heels of *Lives of the Poets*, a collection of six short stories and a novella. Asked what he is currently working on he replies, "Give me a break," then "I think I deserve a break."

*World's Fair* is a bildungsroman, a novel of education, of growing up. "The presumption," says Doctorow, "is that a child lives an enormously complex moral life; it is a machine of perception [trying] to catch and catch up." The New York World's Fair of 1939 fits into the story, but it is principally a tale of childhood. Doctorow muses that there are always children in his books. (He has three of his own; Jennie, Caroline, and Sam Richard.)

Doctorow speaks frequently of the "voices" of literature and the fact that language precedes intention in the act of writing. "You need to find the voice before you do anything," he emphasizes. "You can't be calculating as a writer. First, you have to get rid of the critique." That comes from firsthand knowledge of a writer's need for criticism detoxification, to which he

submitted himself following a stint as senior editor at the New American Library and editor-in-chief at Dial Press, where his writers included Norman Mailer, James Baldwin, and Howard Fast.

"What you need to compose books is not what you need to edit them," he points out. "I had, in fact, to detrain myself." In 1969, he left his editing post to finish *The Book of Daniel*, a novel based on Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who were executed as spies in 1953. For Doctorow, the Rosenbergs were evidence of life's irony that children are witnesses to their parent's destruction by

social institutions.

Doctorow says he is fascinated by science and reads a lot about it. But when asked why, he says he isn't sure, which is consistent with his attitude toward the acclaimed Bronx High School of Science, which he attended. He once said he wasn't really sure just why he went there. After Kenyon, where he majored in philosophy, and a year of graduate study in English at Columbia University, Doctorow worked as a staff reader for Columbia Pictures, a job that inspired him to write his first novel, *Welcome to Hard Times*. "I had to

suffer one lousy western after another, and it occurred to me that I could lie about the West in a much more interesting way than any of these people were lying." His own western was subsequently made into a movie with Henry Fonda. (*Ragtime* and *The Book of Daniel* were scripted into film versions as well.)

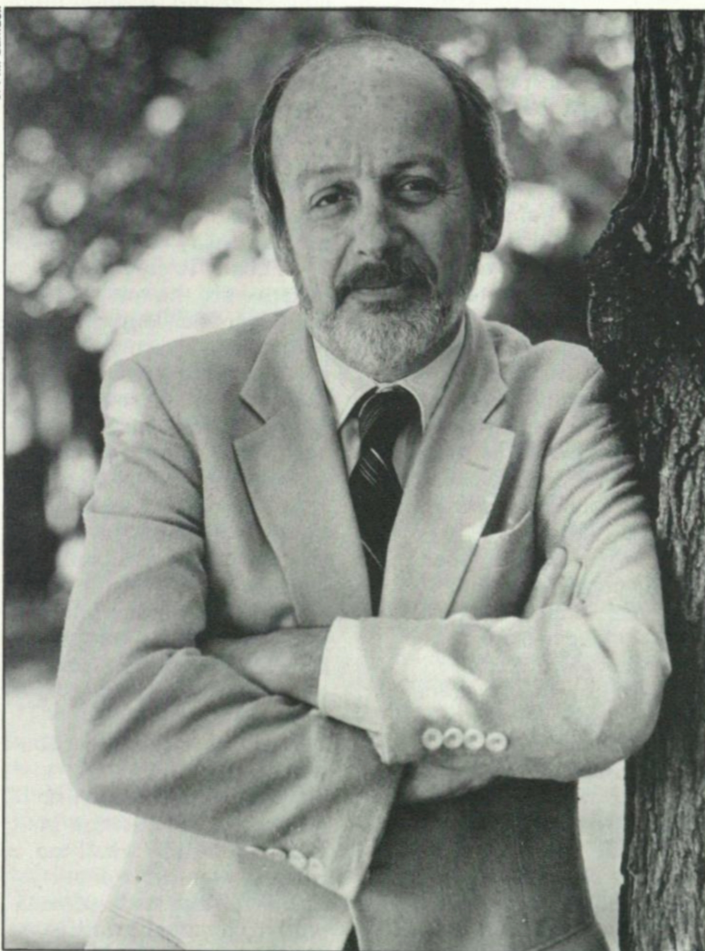
Doctorow has homes in New Rochelle, New York, and Sag Harbor, a community of artists and writers on Long Island that is warm and nurturing, he says. Still, the business of writing is a lonely one. "Every writer has this problem of needing people and needing to be alone, and no one ever works it out in an ideal way," he says.

His eyes are distant and a little tired. His back had mended sufficiently for the trip to Gambier, where he delivered the Commencement address. But it was patchwork, the result of a "very enthusiastic doctor," and some pills, and a private plane from Columbus to Knox County Airport, and two vodkas, which he downed with the surety of a newspaperman. But of course it is fiction, not journalism, that he knows so well. "Fiction writers are generalists. You know things as you need them." As a book is closed and finished, so too are Doctorow's mental files on atomic spies, gun-slingers, and Harry Houdini, he says.

If you mistake his blunt confessions, you may lose the truth behind this member of the class that lives in language and by its wits, as he once described artists of every kind.

"A book is done, and I don't know anything, anymore," he says. Here is an honest man; one who isn't plagued by learning just to know, but who is consumed with knowing what to write.  
— M.H.B.

J. Phil Samuel



Best-selling novelist E.L. Doctorow has recently completed his sixth novel.



## Gambier swings in summertime

Cole Porter might have written "I love Gambier in the summer, when it sizzles," had he gone to Kenyon rather than Paris in these hot months.

More than five thousand people come through the village between late May and early August, according to Lew Treleaven '41, in his tenth year directing the College's summer program. At any one time there are no less than eight programs that find their summer home in Gambier. Treleaven hastens to point out that the summer program is a lucrative addition to Kenyon's budget and an important public relations tool. He reports that under his direction, revenue from the program has increased to \$350,000 from \$44,000, helping to reduce the students' board bill and also making efficient use of available College facilities. "Kenyon has meant so much to me," Treleaven says, "that I'd like to make a million bucks for the College over the next three or four years."

Campus visitors range from an Episcopal church group to high school cheerleaders to the AFL-CIO, and activities include a wide variety of educational, musical, and sports programs.

Visitors who have never seen Gambier are captivated by our quaint native customs and colorful costume. Fruit peddlers and animals of all sorts roam the streets. People talk of "Friendship." There are parades and merriment. Maidens dance; young satyrs scratch the sod with cloven hoof. And everywhere the sound of music.

Professor of English Ron Sharp hosts a National Endowment for the Humanities program entitled "Aristotle to Keats: The Literature of Friendship." It brings to campus twenty-two secondary school teachers and administrators. Now in its second year, the seminar



*The amazing Tippy, atop Glenn and Rose Wolfe's Volkswagen, is always a crowd pleaser at Gambier's Fourth of July parade. It must be as one spectator put it, the only parade in the nation that if missed the first time round on Gaskin Avenue, can be caught moments later on Chase Avenue. The crowd was treated to a kazoo band, a mime reenactment of Washington crossing the Delaware, and various individual acts. Gambier's Guest of Honor was Dick Ralston '50, superintendent of buildings and grounds at Kenyon.*

reacquaints high school teachers with some of the classic texts and provides a time in which they can discuss literature, something Sharp says they are very willing to do. "They are all well-read and hungry to discuss the material," he says. "They're not worried about looking like intellectuals." They're friendly, too.

So are the members of the Teenage Institute, a program that has been at Kenyon for several years. "Hugs Not Drugs" is the motto of the institute, which educates more than seven hundred high school students in useful techniques for preventing substance abuse, techniques the participants take back to their high schools in the fall.

Vocal summer visitors are the "barbershoppers," who plant the proverbial "Wild Irish Roses" on every corner of the village. Red-heads are particularly ripe for a serenade. The work the members of the Johnny Appleseed Council do spills over from competitions and instruction sessions to the Pirate's Cove, the Village Inn, and anywhere the night

air cries out for tight harmony. They take requests, if you can pick out the melody or someone knows the lead. One enthusiastic singer set the tenor for the barbershop weekend when he said, "Barbershop isn't just singing, it's a way of life."

Equally lively but less talkative are the mimes, led in the summer-long program by Greg Goldston, who spent part of last year at the College as an artist-in-residence. There is walking against the Gambier wind, an imaginary tug-of-war across Chase Avenue, and the feared "shrinking elevator" that occasionally leaves a mime holding back walls onlookers can't quite see. Asked about how she liked the summer in Gambier, one mime, a graduate of the College said, "The expression was worth a thousand words."

The natives who stick around for the duration in Gambier usually aren't too restless. A number of students who stay each summer work in the deans' offices, the library, the Kenyon Inn, or at various other places in the community. As one local

put it, "I've never seen a place as social as Gambier in the summer." Dinner invitations, "marvelous parties," and croquet matches make Gambier a nice place to summer — as one student put it, "the Riviera of the Midwest."

— William Marchl '86

## Sports writer retires after 55 seasons

Isn't it wonderful that in the midst of terrifying politics, both public and private, there are people genuinely kind and with a good natured view of the world who soften the edges of spirits made ragged by repeated attack? Many are older than we are. Their soft, watery eyes already know what their ears might miss in whispered conversations. We learn, finally, from the shared details of their own and their children's lives that it is the storytelling of our daily activities that gives substance to the universal affair of living.

Ralph "Spiv" Harris, in his rich newspaper career,

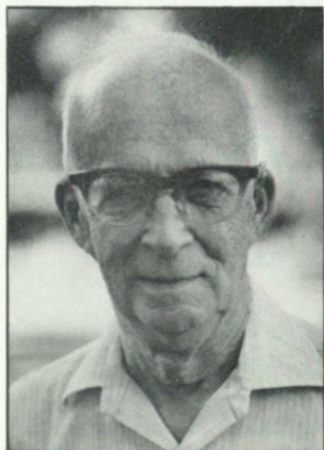


has chronicled many of life's aberrant chapters and profiled its extraordinary players. "I've heard a million little stories," he says of more than fifty years in one newsroom or another, and he can no doubt quote you the pledge of any coach to beat 'em next year since he started covering sports in 1930. Harris retired as Kenyon's sports information director at the end of June.

The clothes of the rough-playing, hard driving newsman are ill cut for Harris, who says, "I probably spilled more whiskey than most people ever drank." In fact, he swears that "aside from being half nuts," he has none of the quirks associated with an era of sensational news accounts. "My whole problem," he says, "is that I like people."

Harris was born in Mount Vernon in 1912. His father, George, worked for the railroad in town and was Knox County recorder for a time. His mother, Florence, was a native of Biddieford, England. Things were a lot different back then, Harris reminds us. Mount Vernon had two newspapers, the *Republican News* and the *Daily Banner*. His first job was with the *News*, as a general assignment reporter making \$10 a week. His original plan had been to go to Kenyon, but "we were pretty poor, and I had the opportunity to work, so I worked."

The *News* cut back on its staff, though, and Harris next got a job at the *Daily*



Spiv Harris

*Banner*. He started covering sports. Late in 1933 came the National Recovery Act, and his pay was boosted to \$18 a week. "I thought I was a millionaire," he says out of the corner of his mouth, the way he does many things that tickle him. Of course in those days, he adds, you could get a hamburger, a Coca-Cola, and a piece of pie for twenty-five cents.

The *Republican News* bought the *Banner* in 1935, and Harris once again was out of a job. So he went to work at Shellmar Products Company, a cellophane printing firm in Mount Vernon, now Ludlow Packaging. It was an office job, and "I never did know what the heck I was supposed to do," he recalls. But in 1936, he got another newspaper job, this time as general reporter at the *Mansfield News-Journal*, where he worked until March 1937. For fifty-four cents, Harris would take the train home to Mount Vernon on weekends.

He married — "Marriage is like a melon. Honey, do this, honey, do that" — and he and his wife Betty had eleven children. Nine of them are girls, whom Harris devilishly refers to as "my wife's daughters."

In 1937, Harris got an offer at the new Mount Vernon *Republican News-Daily Banner*. "It was better pay, \$23 a week, and I could live at home," he says. He settled in until 1974, when he retired as sports editor. For years, Harris wrote up the night's sports in the morning and covered a beat in the afternoon. He alternately covered school boards, hospitals, doctors, and undertakers. "One doctor's client's boasted of the biggest darned babies," he recalls. "The doctor must have weighed his thumb everytime he weighed a baby. Every child was an eleven- or twelve-pounder."

After a stint in public relations with the U.S. Trotting Association, Harris came to work in 1976 as sports information director at Kenyon. The job was billed as a part-time position. Heh.

Where there was a game, there was Harris.

Friends have honored him as a charter member of the Ohio Prep Sports Writers Hall of Fame; for his long service to sports writing United Press International in 1983 gave him a trophy. Harris in 1981 won Kenyon's William A. Long Award for his coverage of College athletics, which was nothing if not able.

And kind. That's what we have Harris to thank for most. He says he's never met a stranger. I do believe many a heart has been mended by his honest scorekeeping.

—M.H.B.

## Give us your tired technology

Maybe you did it with baseball cards. Two Hank Aarons for a Mickey Mantle. Or maybe with handyman specials: you'll mow your neighbor's lawn if she'll fix your dishwasher.

Individuals and corporations have long recognized the benefits of bartering, but now colleges, including Kenyon, are getting into the swing of reciprocal trading as they try to garner equipment for less, from firms seeking the most cost-effective method of recycling obsolete technology.

The Company/College Gifts-In-Kind Clearing House Inc. was established in 1982 to help private colleges and companies match their assets and needs. James W. Her-ring, founder of the nonprofit corporation, says after twenty-five years in business he was "well aware, as anybody would be, that there is an awful lot of inventory, capital goods, and equipment that becomes obsolete rather quickly in industry. I discovered the crux of the problem to be that no match existed between what a company wanted to get rid of and what a local college might need."

The premise behind the clearinghouse — located on the campus of Davidson

College in North Carolina — is that donations of surplus or out-of-date goods and services can be just as valuable a gift to a school as a cash gift, and just as appealing as a tax deduction for the donor.

Kenyon joined the network of fifty leading four-year colleges in January. (Only private, four-year institutions are eligible, as state laws prohibit public institutions from trading state property.) It is one of six Ohio colleges, including Denison, Wooster, Oberlin, Hiram, and Wilberforce, that have paid a \$1,500 annual membership and received 1,500 "points" to be used as bartering chips.

"Kenyon has already benefited from the program," says Robert Cowen, executive director of development for the College. It has received and is storing more than \$200,000 in donated chemistry equipment from ARCO Chemical Company, a division of ARCO Corporation. Some of the equipment has been selected by the science departments for immediate use; the rest will be listed in the clearinghouse's roster of available goods.

Local manufacturer Ariel Corporation of Mount Vernon has participated as well. The firm recently gave Kenyon two typewriters and two Qwip machines. Kenyon kept the two typewriters, Cowen says, but will pool the Qwip machines, garner additional "points," and be on the lookout for needed equipment from the network.

A list of what is currently available to member institutions is mailed to them daily.

In addition to the college-to-college trading system, the clearinghouse also barbers with an outside barter firm, Tradex. This widens the scope of usable gifts, Herring points out. Items not bartered among the colleges or Tradex are sold for cash, and the proceeds are shared by the donating college and the clearinghouse.

Interested alumni and others should contact Bob Cowen in the development office.



## October will leave imprint of folk music on Gambier

A native of the rolling hills of southern Ohio once remarked that listening to fiddlers pick out the old-timey tunes that had rambled from European, Native American, and Afro-American roots to the mountains of Appalachia was like no other pastime. "That music just makes my heart sing," he exclaimed. So too have the joyful noises of America's traditional musicians inspired the Gambier Folklore Society (GFS).

At the suggestion of folklorist Archie Green, who said Gambier would be the perfect place for a folk festival, the society was founded in the early 1970s by Professor of History Peter Rutkoff and former Assistant Professor of English Robert Cantwell. Now in its fourteenth year, the annual festival that from October 25 through 27 will draw Ohioans from far and wide is considered one of the best small-community, college-run folk festivals in America.

A three-day celebration of traditional music, arts, and crafts, the festival this year will feature the bluegrass music of the Johnson Mountain Boys; the Louisiana Cajun music of D. L. Menard and the Louisiana Aces; the Irish harp and piping music of Joe and Antoinette McKenna; and the barrel-house piano playing of Big Joe Duskin, from Cincinnati, among others.

Concerts are at 8 p.m. Friday and Saturday. Workshops of folk music and crafts run from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday. A community square dance to some of Ohio's finest fiddling takes place Saturday night, following the concert. And Sunday, two dozen of the nation's finest artisans will demonstrate their work, including weaving, blacksmithing, and musical instrument making. A special exhibit will honor central Ohio quilting, an activity in which Visiting Assistant Professor of Art Joyce Parr is involved.

It is the ballads, and the fiddle, banjo, and guitar melodies that had their beginnings on slave plantations and in minstrel shows in the mid-nineteenth century that are celebrated by the folk society. For the last five years the society's festival has been under the direction of Associate Professor of Sociology Howard Sacks, who says all GFS activities are attempts to integrate the cultural tradition of Knox County into the fabric of the Kenyon community, which comprises many people with urban heritages.

In August, the society will release the first record in a series it hopes will entice others to celebrate the music of Ohio's old-time fiddlers. "Seems Like Romance to Me: Traditional Fiddle Tunes from Ohio" is the result of a three-year project documenting country fiddlers in the state. Sacks and Ohio folklorist Jeff Goehring (both members of the Red Mules, a traditional string band that is receiving regional and national attention) received a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts and one from the Ohio Arts

Council-Ohio Humanities Council Joint Program to research the music.

The result, Sacks says, is a thoroughly enjoyable and informative musical companion. "So many documentary records are important as documents, but you'd never sit down and listen to them at dinner," he says. But "Seems Like Romance to Me" is a successful combination of sophisticated cultural documentation and just plain good music, he says. Moreover, the record is first and foremost a gift to "the community in which the music resides."

A booklet outlining the history of fiddling and including a biography of each of the musicians on the record will be enclosed with every album. The title is a tribute to Massillon, Ohio, fiddler Cecil Plum, who said that as a child community square dances, with the whirl of skirts and the caw of callers, "seemed like romance to me."

The society is working on a second record, a re-recording of old tapes of the Ross County Farmers, a traditional band that in the 1940s played live on radio in the south central Ohio city of Chillicothe.

Another effort of the

folklore society has been the *Dixie Banner*, a quarterly newsletter that shares the know-how of active folklorists with community members who might be interested but at a loss about where to look for traditional cultural activities. The four issues last year featured such diverse pieces as an interview with bluegrass great Bill Monroe and a conversation with Newark, Ohio, herbalist Minnie Gleckler on blackberry cordials and vinegar cures. The *Banner* has received a grant from the Ohio Arts Council and this year will be able to hire a student assistant.

Kenyon is one of the few colleges in the country that has continuing contact with the traditional folk community, Sacks says. "It used to be that all colleges had folk festivals. But they died out as the interest on the part of the students died. Ours was founded on a very different basis." Seventy-five percent of the audience for the festival has come from outside the Kenyon community, he says, which is why the festival has remained popular and viable.

Sacks' band, the Red Mules, has also contributed to an awakening of music lovers to the old-time string



The Red Mule String Band performed across America this summer. Members are, from left, Judy Sacks, Susie Colpetzer, Rick Goehring, Howard Sacks, and Jeff Goehring.



band sounds. Essentially a "revivalist" band — the members had little contact in their childhood with traditional culture but picked it up from records and performances — the Red Mules are still unique, Sack says. "Most revivalists never have any real contact with the tradition. But we now live in a rural community, we play at local square dances. Most people in Mount Vernon know us as musicians, rather than as Kenyon people.

"Increasingly, with the young people drawn to popular culture, it's people like us, coming into the tradition from outside who are carrying on the tradition."

Sacks offers three courses at Kenyon that are related to the traditional arts, and several of his students have gone on to work in related fields — Aldona Kamantauskas '83 works in the Archive of Folk Culture at the Library of Congress; Watson Fellowship recipient Paul Michel '79 studied folk music in the British Isles; and one junior this year will take folklore classes at George Washington University in Washington, D.C., while working as an intern at the National Council for the Traditional Arts. That group annually sponsors the National Folk Festival, now in its forty-seventh year, at the Cuyahoga Valley National Recreation Area near Peninsula, Ohio. It takes place September 20 through 22. Judy Sacks is the national publicity director for that festival.

Says Howard Sacks, "So many folklorists tend to see old-time music as dead. But there's a dynamic and wonderful tradition that's still going on. In some ways it's different than it was, but in others, it's exactly the same."

"Seems Like Romance to Me: Traditional Fiddle Tunes" is available for \$8 plus a \$1 mailing fee. Write to Howard Sacks, Gambier Folklore Society, Gambier, Ohio 43022. Subscriptions to the *Dixie Banner* may also be ordered through the society for \$6 annually.

— M. H. B.

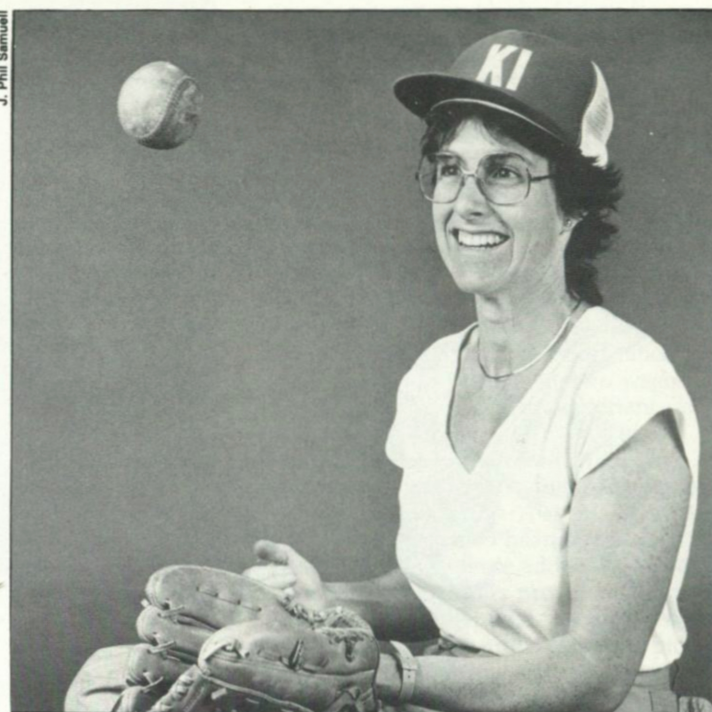
## Cadden to study sex roles

While still a student, Joan Cadden became interested in the history of life sciences in the Middle Ages. Now an associate professor of history at Kenyon, she has been awarded a generous fellowship by the George A. and Eliza Gardner Howard Foundation to pursue a project entitled "Medieval Scientific and Medical Views of Sex Difference." The awards of \$15,000 are given each year to six scholars for projects in four disciplines. Cadden was selected from a field of 111 applicants.

Cadden has also received a grant of \$30,000 from the National Science Foundation for related research in "Early Models of Role Differentiation." She will pursue the project during her sabbatical.

"About six years ago I started thinking about teaching a course that had something to do with women, and I formulated one called 'The History of Biological Ideas of Female and Male,'" Cadden says. From that course she decided to concentrate her research within the Middle Ages, "looking especially at reproduction and the ideas people had about the natural basis for sex differences." The project grew naturally out of work Cadden had done about nutrition and growth, two areas which, she says, along with reproduction form the basis of the medieval conception of life. "The more I looked into it, the more variety I found in the outlook. I had expected to find the way medieval scientists thought. It turns out there were several ways."

In her project, Cadden will focus on the period between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, a time when there were essentially two theories about sex differences, she says. One looked at the subjects "female" and "male" as "matter" and "soul." The other examined the parallels between the sexes. Add to this elements of popular culture and astrology and



Joan Cadden

you have an idea of how sex was viewed in the medieval world, she notes. "They saw the universe as integrated: they saw a connection between the stars and human biology, between biology and psychology. We do that, too. But we've had to reconstruct that connection."

In her teaching, Cadden reconstructs that connection — or "correspondence," as medievalists call it — offering courses in American medicine, science and literature, and women's studies. "I'm a historian of science, and that in itself is an alloy. I'm curious to see what other disciplines can bring to bear on my understanding of the world and on my students' understanding." She points out that in the women's studies course, the departments of history, biology, and philosophy have been represented, aided greatly by professors in other disciplines. Cadden finds that bringing together people from diverse areas allows a course to aim more at a "whole"; she notes that the imperative of an interdisciplinary course is to recognize, articulate, and explore the "multifarious ramifications" of an issue.

Cadden says that coming

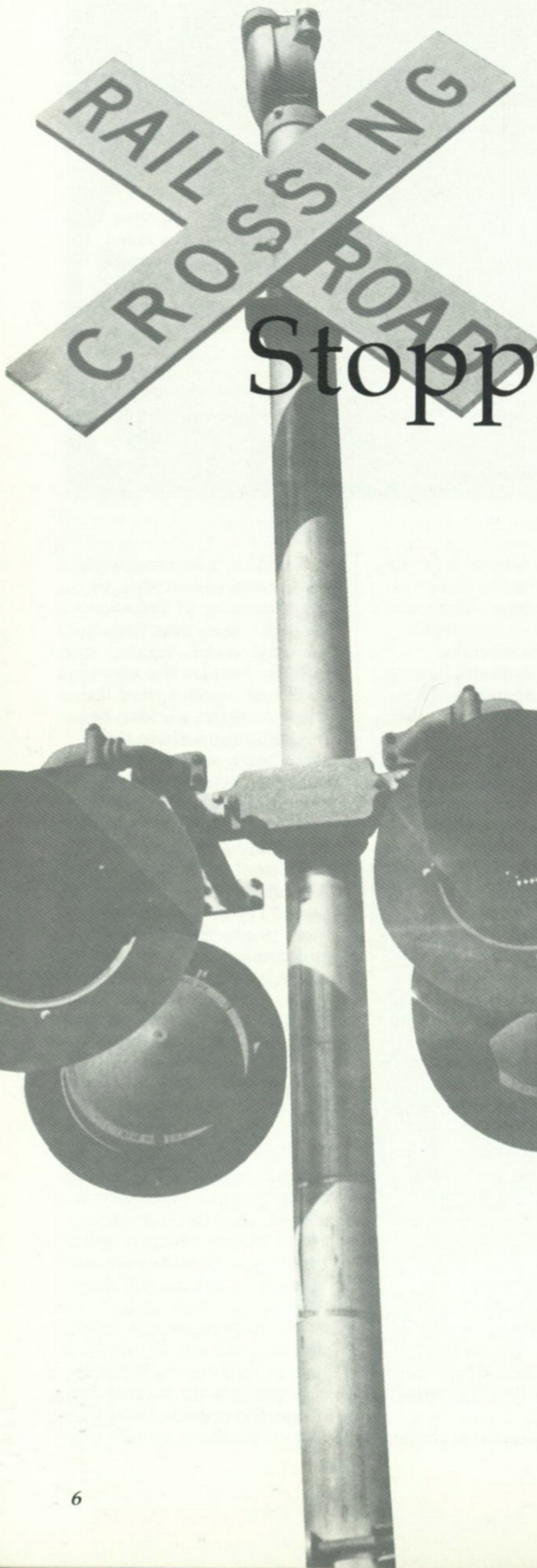
to Gambier, following stints at Harvard University and the University of Colorado, was a lot like going back to her alma mater, Vassar College. Besides the neo-Gothic architecture and the white cottages, Cadden says the institutions share the same "high seriousness" of purpose. Her concern for the Kenyon community is that it cherish diversity in its student body and faculty. A member of the Committee on Advising and Standards, she says, "The classroom has a more productive atmosphere and community life is enhanced if we all mix around in our roles a little bit."

Gambier, she finds, is also a place where children can grow up with a sense of independence difficult to find elsewhere. Three afternoons a week, Cadden helps coach her son's Little League baseball team. "If I specialize in anything, it's the 'mental game.' They don't think ahead of time about whether there's a runner on base, so when they get the ball they don't know what to do."

For historian Joan Cadden the fields of science, history, and baseball lie close together. It's the mental game that counts.

— W. M.





# The Trains Stopped in Gambier

by Thomas B. Greenslade '31

**W**hat began with bright promise and great ceremony more than a century ago ended almost unnoticed in June 1984 when a small group of workmen, traveling from east to west, took up the railroad tracks that ran below Gambier Hill.

The glorious era of rail travel through Gambier had begun with construction of a line between Cleveland and Columbus around 1870. The 1872-73 Kenyon College catalogue announced that "the Cleveland, Mt. Vernon and Columbus R.R. is now open from Cleveland to Mt. Vernon, and will probably be opened to Columbus by May 1873." In later years the line was operated by the Pennsylvania Railroad, which later became the Penn-Central, and during its last years it was operated by Conrail as a freight-only service.

Since Kenyon owned most of the land through which the new railroad would pass, the College gave a right-of-way through Gambier with the stipulation that all passenger trains stop in the village. (This agreement would be tested many times by students after passenger traffic had dwindled to almost nothing. As Judson Chase '46 wrote: "In 1942 nobody rode the train to Gambier — there was no local service, just through trains, mostly Pullmans. Fall Dance Weekend was the exception. Stranded in Columbus town, too late to work the Westerville pike, it seemed opportune to learn if there was any truth to the rumor that in exchange for College right-of-way, the railroad had agreed to stop on demand in Gambier. I rode from Columbus to Gambier in the vestibule of a Pullman, and to this day I do not know if stopping the midnight train at the College station was accommodation or compliance.")

In earlier days the train that left Columbus at midnight was known as the "Man-killer," a mistaken reference to the death of Stuart L. Pierson, who was run over by an unscheduled locomotive during a fraternity initiation in 1905.

The convenience of the new line through Gambier immediately made the railroad the popular way of getting to Kenyon. Running time on the southbound express was about two and a half hours — not bad considering there were ten





The Gambier depot was located on the north side of the tracks just east of Duff Street. The telegraph station for the village was in the station, and nearby was a small freight house.

stops on the way. The northbound express made it to Cleveland in just under six hours.

The *Standard of the Cross* of February 7, 1874, reported a meeting of the College's Board of Trustees: "It is the first meeting since the Cleveland and Mt. Vernon Railroad has been of any practical use, and it made all the travel and transits much more comfortable and sure. It is something also to find the railway station just below the quiet hill, whose natural beauties alone hide the buildings from the sight of travelers."

In the section on Kenyon's location in the College catalogue for 1872-73, the railroad distances are given in hours of travel. New York to Gambier is given as twenty-six hours, and Chicago to Gambier twenty-two hours. Curiously, the fares are given as "about 60 cents per hour."

The *Gambier Argus*, which began publication on June 20, 1874, published some interesting railroad items in its early issues. The timetable printed in each edition shows there was an express train running in each direction daily and an "accommodation" or local train running from Gann, just past Danville, to Columbus, passing through Gambier at 6:38 in the morning.

That fall in the *Argus* an excursion to Columbus was announced, with a roundtrip fare of \$1.50: "A prominent feature of the excursion will be a visit to the penitentiary, for which a charge of 25 cents is usually made (unless accompanied by a Sheriff) but on this occasion a free ticket will be presented to each passenger." The next issue of the *Argus* had this report: "The Excursion to Columbus on the Cleveland, Mt. Vernon and Columbus Railroad on Tuesday was a great success for the Company. We

were at the station when the train passed this point. There were eleven coaches on then, all full, with many standing up, unable to get seats. We understand five more coaches were put on in Mt. Vernon, and another engine, and before they got to Columbus the entire train was packed full. They did not leave Columbus until after dark, arriving at this point about 9 o'clock."

Along with the convenience of train travel came hazards. The *Argus* reported that on October 3, 1874, a young man had been run over and killed by a train in the Mount Vernon depot. And on two occasions, the paper noted, horses had been struck and killed by trains.

The popularity of train travel probably reached its peak between 1900 and 1910, just before the advent of the automobile. During this era four passenger trains a day, north and southbound, stopped at the attractive and substantial stone station in Gambier.

The tremendous expansion of rail lines in those days, coupled with a proliferation of electric, interurban trolley systems, provided a transportation network that made travel to and from Gambier very convenient for Kenyon students. For ten cents each way the students could take a train to Mount Vernon that left Gambier around noon and returned late in the afternoon.

The long trek up the Hill from the railroad station to the dormitories was always a hard pull for the students, especially if they were returning from a vacation and loaded down with luggage. During the most popular days of the railroad a tallyho, or roofed wagon fitted with benches, met the daytime trains and provided transportation to the dormitories. But there was usually no one to greet the student who arrived in the early

morning hours, and he had to trudge up the Hill, sometimes in below zero weather through deep snow.

Mail also traveled to and from Gambier by train and the service was excellent — a letter mailed in Gambier early in the day was delivered in Chicago the next morning. Within minutes after a mournful whistle heralded the approach of the morning train coming up through the Kokosing Valley — each railroad whistle had its own distinctive pitch — sacks of mail for letter-hungry students were brought up to the Gambier post office by W.C. Colwell in his horsedrawn wagon.

The railroad played an important part in the huge success of Kenyon's gala Centennial Celebration in 1924. Special Pullman cars were run from the East; three cars started from New York at six in the evening. A car from Philadelphia and one from Washington were added at Harrisburg, and the five cars proceeded from Orrville, Ohio, a "special." A typical fare was \$22.14 one-way from New York, plus \$6.38 for a Pullman lower berth. A memorable feature of the celebration was the arrival by train of Lord Kenyon, whom the entire student body welcomed at the station.

But just as the railroads had put an end to canal transportation after the first half of the nineteenth century, by the 1930s the rail systems were feeling the pinch of competition from cars, trucks, and buses. Passenger travel by train dwindled to almost nothing as buses, with their routes laid out on the rapidly expanding highway system, took over. Railway freight traffic did not diminish as quickly, but shippers in increasing numbers used trucks because of the ease of loading and unloading, the flexibility provided by highways, and the freedom from schedules.

According to *History of Knox County, 1876-1976*, the Pennsylvania Railroad halted its last two passenger trains through Gambier on December 15, 1950. (There is at least one railway buff in Mount Vernon who insists that the date should be 1957, but there is no documentation for this.)

Conrail continued to operate an ever-diminishing freight service for many years after the passenger trains stopped running, but by about 1970 the only traffic through Gambier was a lonely train consisting of a small diesel pulling two or three cars. These last trains, which hauled sand from a quarry near Millwood, could be seen rolling slowly through the valley at about 4:30 in the afternoon a couple of times a week.

Sometime in the spring of 1982 all operations ceased on the railroad through Gambier.

A glorious era at Kenyon had ended.

Thomas B. Greenslade '31 has been the College archivist since 1967. He is the author of *Kenyon College: Its Third Half Century*.



*It's about time.*

*It's about trains.*

*It's about life on America's plains.*

*It's called Riding the Rails.*

# A Ticket to Ride

Story by  
Mieke H. Bomann

Photographs by  
J. Phil Samuell



*Chef Milton Nelson steps outside for a breath of fresh air.*

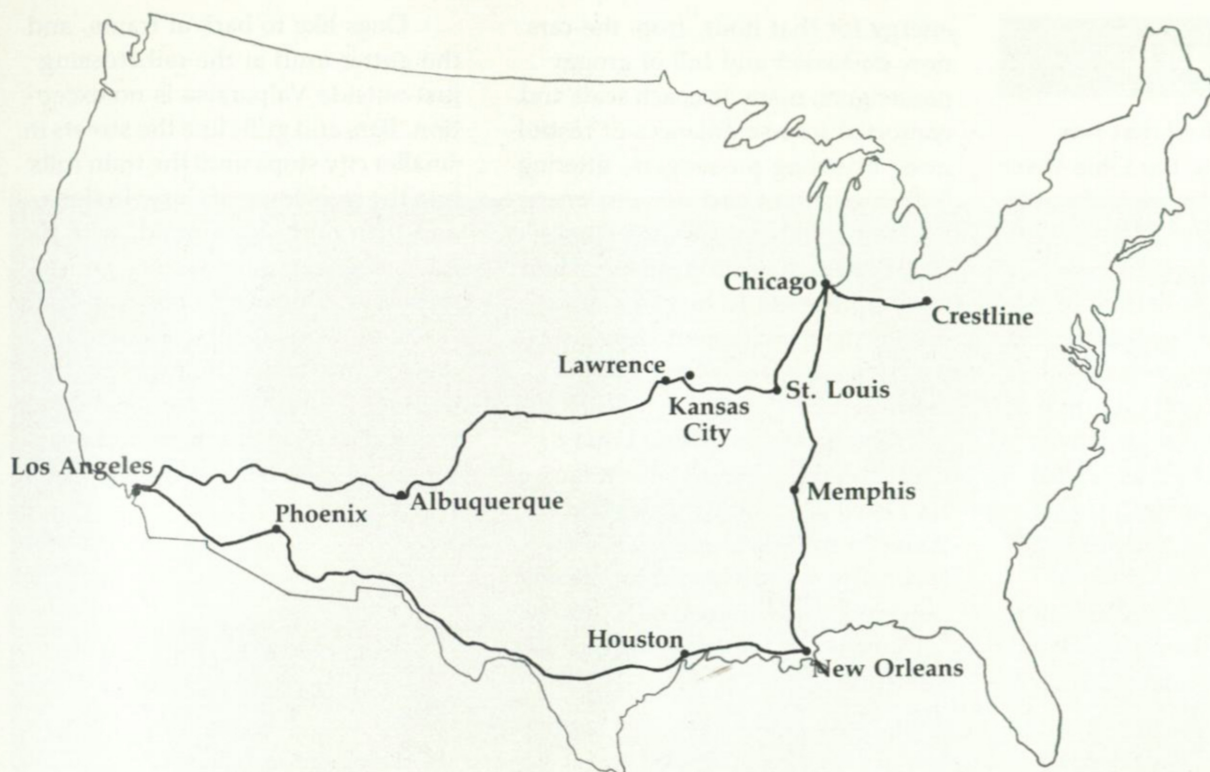
"Can you imagine America without trains?" the seventyish gentleman in the Phoenix depot queried his two female companions. It is a question that seems almost rhetorical in this nation developed with the guts and gusto of trains. But there is indeed a threat to Amtrak, the nation's passenger rail system, and according to one rail lobby spokesman, the 1986 federal budget will damage the system irreparably.

Anthony Perl, acting assistant director of the National Association of Railroad Passengers, says Congress lopped from Amtrak's operating budget between 10 and 12 percent in fiscal 1986. Equally as debilitating for the quasipublic corporation would be the proposed cutbacks in 1987 and 1988 that could take an additional 15 percent from the rail system's budget. The cuts will come out of service and maintenance operations, Perl says.

"We'll have later and dirtier trains," and when the system is investigated again, further cuts will be inevitable given the likelihood of increasingly poor performance. "They're not cuts that make sense," he says. "We'll be around next year, but we'll be handicapped."

Passenger train service has always been looked upon as the tail of the dog by railroad industrialists. The principle business of private rail operators was and still is the transport of freight. For most lines that at one time solicited passenger business, the income garnered was never more than 28 percent of total revenue.





For many, income from passenger service was far lower than that.

During the 1920s and 1930s, highways began to compete for travelers with the already marginal passenger rail venture, and unprofitable lines were cut from the rail schedules like black spots from a rotting fruit. The tremendous drain on the rail system of World War II military loads resulted in decrepit equipment. Trains began to gain a reputation as a crowded, unpleasant mode of travel. The automobile continued to gain in popularity, air carriers improved their speed and safety records, and when government began subsidizing the newer forms of transportation, labor costs and fuel prices for trains skyrocketed.

In 1970, Congress approved the Rail Passenger Service Act, and eight presidential appointees formed a board that began to organize a \$200 million public service corporation. The thirteen railroads covering twenty-three thousand miles that initially joined Amtrak bequeathed to it their tired equipment and facilities, but actual train operations continued to be performed by privately employed crews, under contract to Amtrak. They still are.

Three railroads — the Denver and Rio Grande Western, the Rock Island, and the Southern — continued to operate independent passenger lines for several years. But Rock Island went out of the passenger business in 1979; Amtrak assumed the operation of Southern's popular *Southern Crescent* in 1979 and

the D&RGW's scenic *Zephyr* route through the Colorado Rockies in 1983. Today, Amtrak is the only intercity rail passenger system in America. Four states — Maine, South Dakota, Oklahoma, and Hawaii — have no train service at all.

Amtrak this year anticipates its busiest summer ever. Whether people are scared that it might be their last chance to ride the rails, or whether increasing numbers of travelers with extra leisure time have decided to cruise the nation's landscape, Perl says Amtrak's anticipated revenue over projections will be used to make up for the cuts expected after the budget is adopted.

It is hard indeed to imagine an America without trains. Trains not only carry coal and chemicals and cars but people back to their homes. Railroad enthusiasts who will sell anything short of their dream to feel the pulse of that first engine car are quick to point to the histories of fortunes made and of culture delivered on these tracks of time. Western Europeans may boast — as Europeans will — of extraordinary elegance and services on board their rail cars, and they are generally accurate. However, Americans can point to their own distinctive rail tradition that hums with the melodies of a thousand nations.

The *Bulletin's* rail adventure was the concoction of a train-crazed photographer, for whom childhood is soldered to trains that pass through the river city of Portsmouth, Ohio, and a journalist



*Clouds float over the Texas range.*

with an "I'll go anywhere on anything — once" attitude. (Except back to New Jersey.) We traveled 5,872 train miles, made 91 stops, and visited several questionable motels. We managed twenty-one interviews with Kenyon alumni in as many days.

Piece of cake, some might say. What a junket, others have said. And in a way they are correct, but not because the tempo was slack or the effort half-baked. The trip was finally a lot of fun because of the generous character of all of the people we talked to. When we left, we had no idea what to expect. Naturally, we hoped for a few steaks on the sly, but mostly we prayed for good stories. And without exception, the lives of the individuals included in this issue — we are saving ten others for later College publications — are the very stuff of the yarns we'd hoped to unravel and spin again. Amtrak was the perfect host. Now be our guest. Tickets please!





The *Broadway Limited* that has wound its way along the Ohio River westward from Pittsburgh and north along the Beaver River Valley twists its anguine body through eastern Ohio and arrives in Crestline just past its 4:45 a.m. scheduled stop. In the rain. Crestline is a town of about six thousand, but it is a rail town of much larger stature. Train crews change here on the Pittsburgh to Chicago run, and the sleek tracks stretch out in slumber on slick rail beds.

As the *Limited* comes to a stop, attendants in fanciful red jackets and blue pants hop, with extraordinary

energy for that hour, from the cars now darkened and full of groggy passengers, many in coach seats and contorted into semblances of restfulness. Boarding passengers, tittering with excitement and nervous energy and banging their overstuffed valises, either head to the lounge car where it is appropriate to make noise or muffle their excitement and settle back for a few hours rest before sunrise.

The trip from central Ohio to Chicago is a straight shot. In fact, as Ira Fistell notes in his guidebook *America by Train*, engineer Jerry McCarthy set the record for steam powered trains on this route June 12, 1905, near Lima, Ohio — 125.5 miles per hour.



Amtrak's Superliner reaches ninety miles per hour in the stretch.

Say, Chicago to anyone with an urban ear and they hear *politics*. For this city is nothing if not a political, axe grinding jungle, a wild onion in the ennui of Illinois.

Indeed, politics in Chicago is a real "spectator sport," says **Steve Gittelson** '73. Now an articles editor for the magazine *Chicago*, Gittelson handles stories that deal with his first love, politics, and also with issues of the press and justice. It's a high pressure job in a city that demands a good read. "You're here to help the local community, but any editor worth his salt is also here to help local writers," he says.

Gittelson attended Kenyon for two and a half years and finished up his bachelor's degree in English at Northwestern University. He earned a master's degree in journalism from the University's Medill School of Journalism. He says magazines, rather than newspapers, have always captured his interest. "The advantage in a magazine is the room to deal with an issue in depth," he points out. "And I've never been one to chase fires or go to the morgue. I just don't look at life in that way."

He also points to the measure of freedom to write in a magazine. In newspapers, you have no sense of creating a narrative, and that's a very important part of good magazine writing, he says. Also, there is little room for style in a newspaper. At a magazine, he says, you are encouraged to be a stylist as well as being informative.

David Halberstam, Tom Wolfe, Truman Capote, Norman Mailer. Those were the authors who were writing for

Dogs like to bark at trains, and the gutter mutt at the rail crossing just outside Valparaiso is no exception. Bars and grills line the streets in smaller city stops until the train rolls into the steel town of Gary, Indiana, and then on to Hammond, with its Lever Brothers soap factory and oil refineries. Outside flames leap from the tall towers as the conductor dances a soft shoe through the car corridors, reminding passengers to check the overhead racks and seats for all personal belongings. Chicago, next stop.

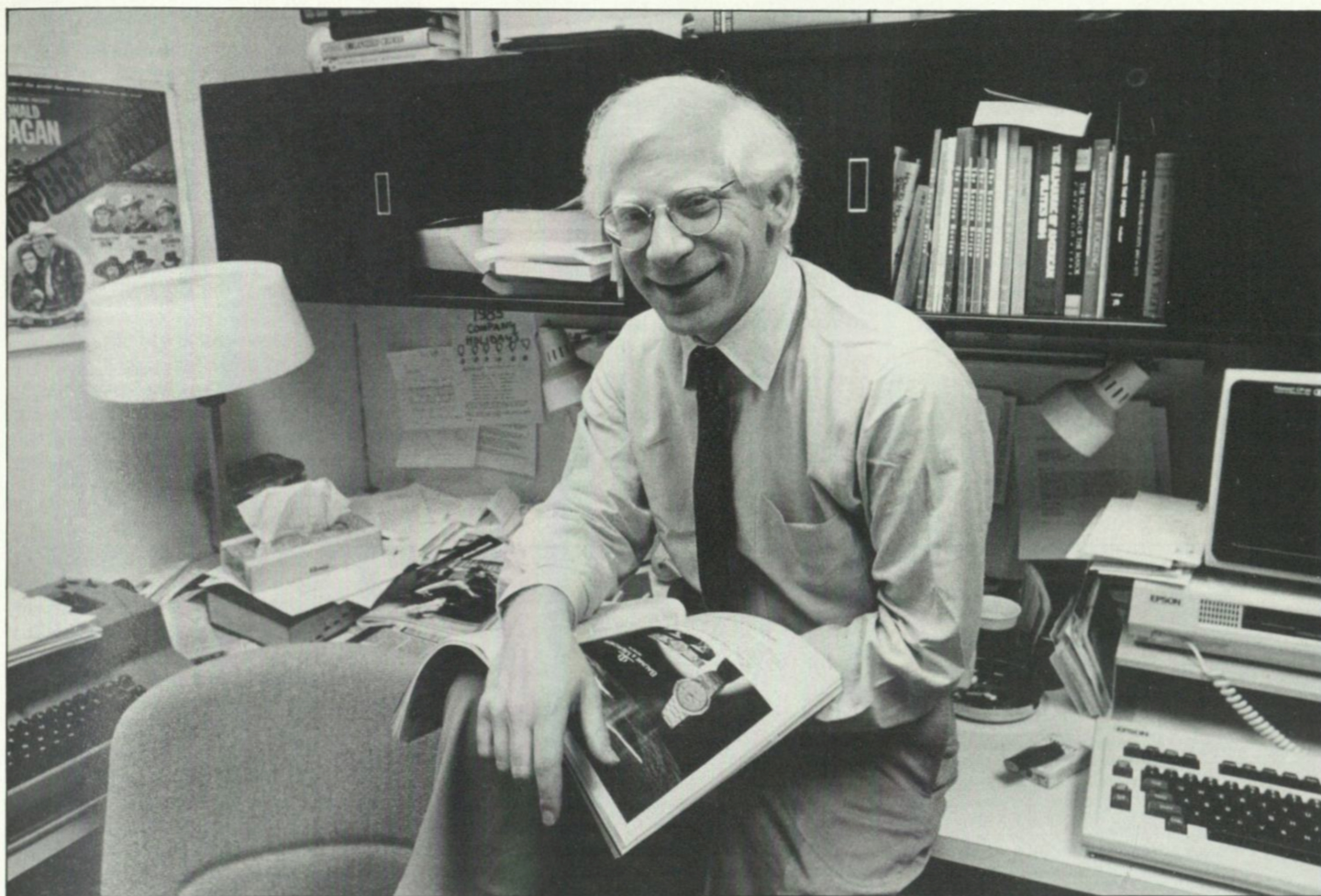
magazines when Gittelson was growing up. "Magazines," he remembers, "were where the new ideas were." Today, times are more lean in the magazine business, but the opportunity to attract the best is there nonetheless, he says. He points to *The New Yorker* — "the best publication" — as a combination of the best magazine writing, the most serious reporting, and the best movie criticism ("and those wonderful cartoons") and to the *Atlantic Monthly* ("It's a lot better now") for proof.

Scattered on the coffee table in Gittelson's office are the magazines *Baltimore*, *Inland Architect*, and *Planning*. Among the books that line his shelves are *Organized Crimes* and *Two Years in the Melting Pot*. There is really no rhyme nor reason to the selection, he says. "You read, as an editor, anything you can get your hands on. You're always looking for new ideas."

*Chicago* began as a program guide for the highly acclaimed fine arts radio station WFMT. Over the years, the guide took on the qualities of a full-scale city magazine, and today it boasts a circulation over two hundred thousand. Included in the monthly periodical are a comprehensive listing of local events and comments and opinions from writers on diverse topics. Then there are feature articles of local interest, the responsibility of Gittelson.

"Our core audience is the listings audience," Gittelson explains. "But the philosophy of the magazine is to offer a good mix of stories. What guides us in the selection process is that what we find interesting, we assume our readers will





Steve Gittelson

find interesting. But it has to be focused in this city, and it has to matter."

The assembly line through which a story progresses at *Chicago* before it reaches the light of the backroom photo equipment is arduous. Copy is due from writers — most of whom are freelancers — ten weeks before publication date. Gittelson says typically editors come into a story meeting with an idea. Recently, for example, they decided to do a piece on the Chicago juvenile court system. In this instance, there were two ex-*Chicago Sun-Times* reporters, whom the editors thought would be perfect to do the piece. They were hired. The reporters spent two-and-a-half months researching the system. Gittelson was their editor and periodically would meet with them, discussing barriers to research, problems with sources, and information gathered.

"I am there to help establish a sense of priorities," Gittelson says. "You're

continually providing a focus for them during research. My job isn't to impose my feelings on them or to let them bulldoze me."

Then comes the organization of the story — in this case, it was decided not to focus on several individual court cases, but to get quotes from people who had tales to tell of different aspects of the system. Finally, the manuscript is ready, and it comes in long — typical! — at nine thousand words. The original request was for seven thousand. "I'll cut it. Then I'll show them the changes." And *voilà*, the story, if still on the story list, will go to press.

Gittelson began at *Chicago* in 1976 as a researcher, then wrote for the publication for two years before he became articles editor. His editorial duties are time-consuming, and Gittelson says he has little time to write these days. The July 1982 issue of the magazine featured a story of his on former Chicago Housing

Authority boss Charlie Swibel. That kind of story is the meat and potatoes of Gittelson's journalistic feasting. But for right now, "I am a better editor than writer," he says. Besides, "Editing is not nearly as terrifying as the process of writing."

(As the *Bulletin* goes to press, Gittelson tells us he has accepted the job of senior editor at the magazine *Regardie's* in Washington, D.C. Beginning this month, he will write for and edit the publication, which plans in-depth coverage of the federal government and national politics.)





## Memphis, Tn.

It is, as the song goes, nighttime on the *City of New Orleans*. A postal clerk from Chicago is on her way to visit her mother in McComb, Mississippi. She has worked "up North" for ten years and makes good money, but she misses her family, which is still in the South. She is surprised that the vegetable lasagna is as good as it is, and between beans she outlines her plan to play cards in the lounge car way into the morning. "Even got my own deck," she says, expecting little trouble attracting players.

This train, which pulls out of Union Station at 6:45 p.m. sharp,

parallels the Mississippi River for much of its glide to New Orleans. The route, originally serviced at night by the *Panama Limited* when the great Canal was dug, runs alternately through rich farmland of compulsively angular design and irregular patches of stripmined coal in Illinois. The *City* jostles through low-lying swamp in western Kentucky and pulls on through cotton fields to Memphis, Tennessee, our next stop.

Memphis is renowned for cotton and music, but mostly for music. All kinds. Field hollers, honky tonk, urban and rural blues, Elvis Presley, and Memphis Minnie Douglas. Enterprising Beale Street musicians fashioned guitars out of cigar boxes,

and there were strings attached to porchesides.

And the city sings of healing. The healing that takes place at St. Jude Children's Research Hospital.



Engineer Joseph Espinoza pulls the whistle in his 3,000 horsepower diesel engine.

**T**om Callihan '69 offers the kind of handshake that has long been associated with extraordinary character. If a firm salutation is still so measured, it aptly points to this pathologist at St. Jude Children's Research Hospital as a resolute and intensely dedicated man of science.

Brochures on fresh frozen plasma fill the pockets of Callihan's lab coat as he graciously guides visitors around the research facility. St. Jude, founded in 1962 by entertainer Danny Thomas, is the world's largest childhood cancer research center. Its mission is to study and treat children and adolescents with catastrophic illnesses. Most of the kids who are treated here have some form of childhood cancer; many of the Black children have sickle cell anemia. Others suffer from malnutrition or muscle disorders. The hospital will care for any patient referred by a physician if the disease is under study.

Callihan came to St. Jude in 1979, following a two-year fellowship in blood diseases at the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland. He earned his medical degree at George Washington University, where he also spent his three-year medical residency. When Dr. Costan Berard, to whom Callihan reported at the National Institutes of Health (of which the Cancer Institute is part) accepted the position of chairman of the division of pathology at St. Jude, he asked Callihan to go with him to direct the facility's clinical laboratories.

Callihan and the physicians and technicians in his department are respon-



sible for examination of patients' specimens — including blood, bone marrow, and tissue. Subsequently, a diagnosis or classification of the disorder is made. The division holds a worldwide reputation for superior diagnostic accuracy, and it serves as a reference center for physicians everywhere.

Most of the patients at St. Jude only visit the hospital periodically to receive treatment. The hospital pioneered the concept that cancer patients need not be confined permanently for therapy. The average patient stay is only six days, and Callihan says there are only twenty or thirty children sleeping in the facility at any one time. But care is continuous and long term. There are 4,244 active patients. Last year, 393,483 lab tests were performed.

The facility is supported primarily through a national volunteer funding organization set up by Thomas. The hospital also receives federal grants and assistance from insurance and investments.

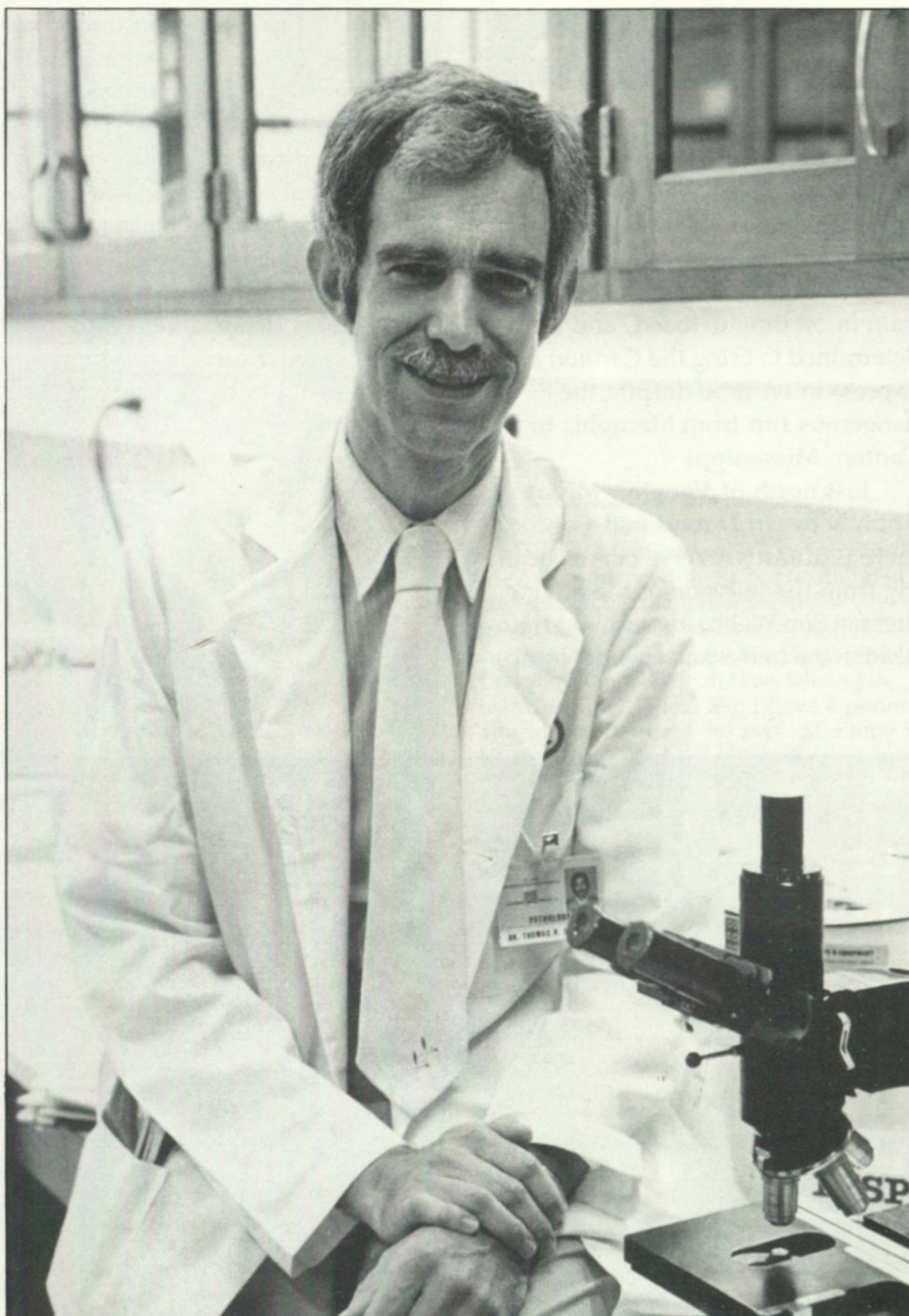
Most patients and their families stay in local motels when they come for treatment, both to cut down on costs and to avoid staph infections that can be so harmful to cancer patients with suppressed immune systems. Psychologically, too, this "hospital without walls" is better for the kids, Callihan says.

Metal plaques with the names of St. Jude youngsters who have died line many of the hospital's walls. This cannot be an easy place to work. Where in other hospitals waiting rooms are blocked with the metal walkers of senior citizens who have lived long and full lives, tiny children just a few years into life swing their feet from chairs in this waiting room. But St. Jude is also a haven for despairing parents and a source of hope for stricken children. The successes here have been many.

When St. Jude opened, less than 4 percent of children with lymphocytic leukemia — the most common form of childhood cancer — survived. Today, more than 50 percent are living in cancer-free remissions for five years or more. Hodgkins disease — cancer of the lymph glands, once considered uniformly fatal — is now 75 percent curable in its early stages for patients treated at St. Jude. Research into bone marrow transplants, viruses, and biochemistry is ongoing at the hospital. St. Jude is also involved in a national study of sickle cell disease, which affects one of every three Black Americans. More than six hundred Blacks, half of whom are children, from the Memphis area alone are being treated at St. Jude.

"The kids suffer so much," says Callihan. "And they are just great. They seem to develop a real tolerance."

When he first came to the facility,



Tom Callihan

Callihan says one of his dreams was to computerize the labs. Today, he points with pride to the terminals that can at a moment's notice call up the information that could lead to a quicker, more accurate diagnosis — and the best possible treatment. With the magnitude of the diseases that are treated at St. Jude, it is critically important that the lab work be done "quickly and expeditiously," Callihan notes.

Gazing through a microscope, Callihan points to the purple stained cells on the glass plate. "Almost every cell in this smear is abnormal," he says. The child to whom the sample belongs is having a relapse of leukemia. One of the

great breakthroughs in cancer research at St. Jude has been through studying the surface features of leukemic cells. It has been particularly helpful in choosing the proper drug treatment for patients, Callihan says.

A native of Mount Vernon, Ohio, Callihan says of Gambier, "It is hard to imagine that a five-mile difference can have such a tremendous impact on a person." He talks of a "very positive experience at Kenyon," but says a professor once called him a late bloomer. If only the flowers of more people would be as sweet in their dedication to a healthier future.



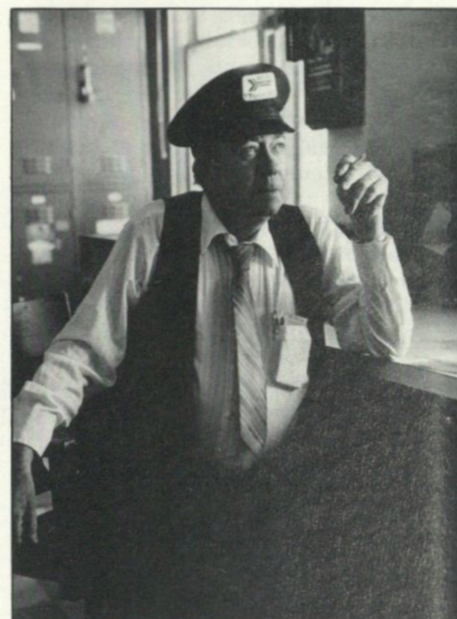


On April 29, 1900, Casey Jones pulled out of the Memphis train station on Poplar Avenue three hours late. Jones, the now-celebrated locomotive engineer, was not one to have his boasts of always bringing a train in on time defused, and he determined to bring the *Cannon Ball Express* in on time despite the dangerous run from Memphis to Canton, Mississippi.

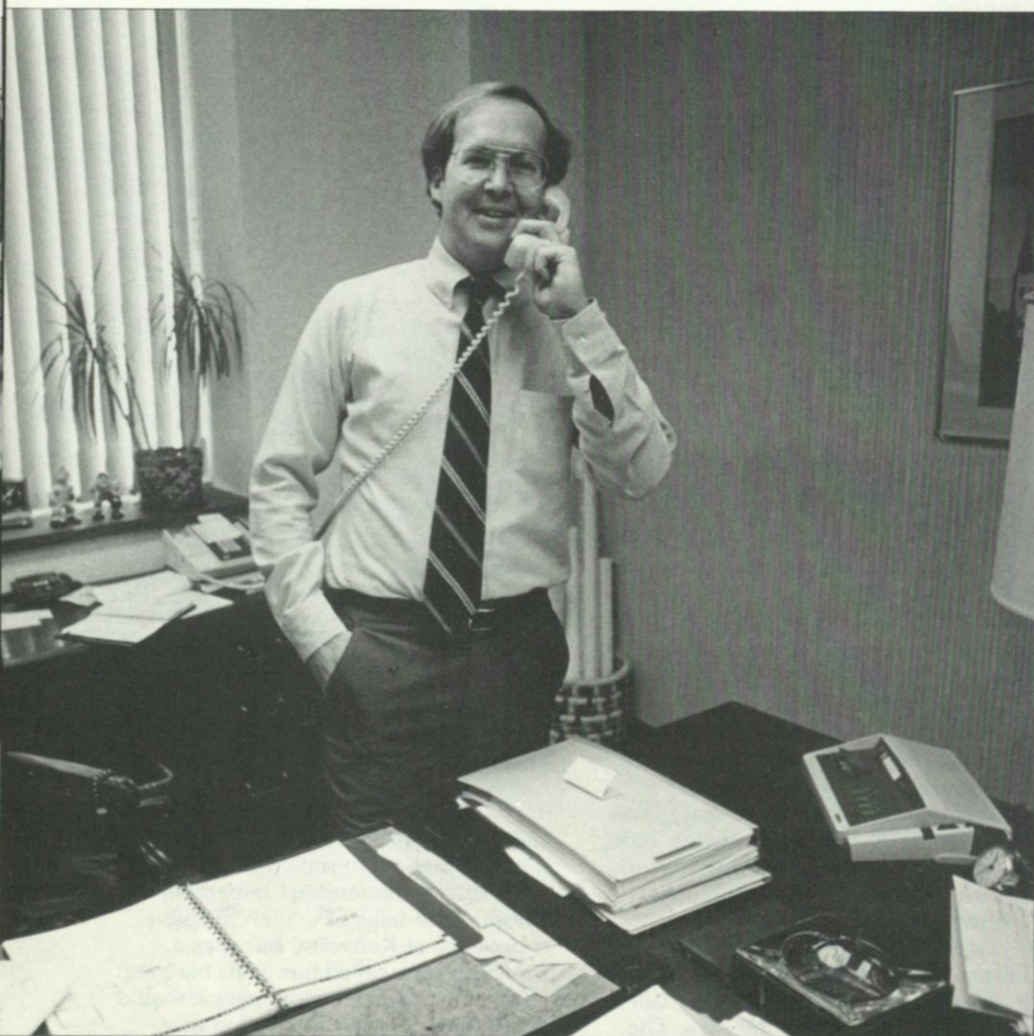
Just north of Vaughn, Mississippi, between Durant and Canton, there is a nasty reverse curve. Leaning from the left side of the engine, fireman Sim Webb saw a freight train dead in the tracks just ahead. "Jump,

Sim," Jones ordered, then threw on the brakes, reversed the engine, and died when his train, traveling at sixty miles per hour, crashed.

Down through the cotton fields of Mississippi and into the strawberry fields and bayous of Louisiana, the folk hero's memory lingers. Trees with few limbs and no leaves and swamps and rice paddies mark the way to New Orleans, a city that seems too old to be in America.



*Trainman Ed McBroom relaxes between trips.*



*Stewart Peck*

**I**n New Orleans, you either get down and party during Mardi Gras or you leave town. **Stewart Peck '74** and **Renee Brandt Peck '75** say that they still enjoy the celebration to the hilt, but soon, "It will be time to go to the Caribbean for the weekend."

Stewart is on the crewe of the float Bacchus; he threw forty gross of plastic beads at jubilant spectators last year. Dressed as the River Seine ("One year he was a red ant," Renee quips), Stewart says the annual week of gaiety and carnival is perfect for a guy like himself, who is basically "just a kid."

But this kid and Renee are at the same time "young and hungry," he says, and the two aggressively made headway into careers that make their life together a checkerboard of professional obligations, family ties — they have two young girls — and commitment to a ten-year marriage that is still going strong.

Renee sportingly climbs to the top of one of five presses that churn out more than two hundred thousand copies of the *Times-Picayune-States-Item*. Acting Foreman Roy Flores says, "I hope she doesn't get too acrobatic. It's a long way down."

But the climb for Renee, now assistant "Lifestyle" editor of the New Orleans daily, is a minor feat compared to other acts of gumption during an almost eight-year stint as reporter and editor. A native of DeRidder, Louisiana, Renee came to the Newhouse publication as food editor, quite a job in what many consider the food capital of the world.





Renee Peck

She had worked at the Historic New Orleans Collection during the 100th anniversary exhibit of the *States-Item*, then the afternoon newspaper. She got to know some of the people there and eventually was hired. It was a classic case of being at the right place at the right time and knowing the right people, she says.

A typical story took her to the annual Pineapple Cookoff in Hawaii, but she also put in time at the features desk on an air-to-sea rescue mission with the Coast Guard, spent a day on a shrimp boat, and virtually followed a kidney from donor to transplant. "I like the variety," she says. "When you do too much of one kind of story, you ache to

do another kind."

In many newsrooms, the feature writers are looked upon as the folks who write fluff. Most of Renee's work has been confined to inside pages, except for two stories. One, written while food editor, featured an exclusive interview with the illustrious chef of the Fairmont Hotel, who had been taken hostage by a disgruntled employee. This was no instance of oversalting the soup. (The chef was ultimately released.)

Another, more tragic situation found Renee covering the crash of a small airplane. "I spent the day watching them bring people back in body bags," she remembers. The hardest thing she ever

had to do was ask the relatives of the dead for comments.

Renee met Stewart at Kenyon, and they were married in 1975. He attended law school at Tulane University — graduating first in his class — and is currently a partner in the firm Lugenbuhl, Larzelere, and Ellefson, specializing in maritime law. "I feel like I have a phone attached to my ear," he says. Maritime law is a huge body of law and involves shipping, oil and gas drilling, and all of the ancillary services connected to those industries. Shipbuilding is one of the big manufacturing operations in the Gulf of Mexico, and Stewart says with the New Orleans economy in the doldrums, "My reputation is growing in marine bankruptcy."

With the high price of the dollar abroad, and the prices of crude oil slipping, drilling firms have cut back on exploration. The oversupply of huge tankers has rendered many of the shipping firms insolvent. People, including many Cajuns, who had been making a fortune on oil drilling services in the 1970s and who purchased costly equipment, now find themselves with undervalued hardware but loans and payments due on the original purchase price. Tankers are seized routinely. "The bottom has dropped out of the business," Stewart points out.

To make matters worse, the marine industry on the Mississippi River is in bad shape. So virtually nothing that floats is moving. Stewart says much of his time is devoted to devising refinancing arrangements and restructuring outstanding loans. Everything is handled in federal court.

Both Stewart and Renee were members of Phi Beta Kappa at Kenyon. They had two classes together at Kenyon — "I did better in both of them," Renee needles. Stewart is the first to agree. "Renee's the star," he says proudly. And she returns the compliment with a knowing smile. These two stars shine together.



The sun sets over the west bank of the Mississippi River near the Huey P. Long Bridge. The great waterway flows northeast at this junction. The westbound *Sunset Limited*, which will climb to 5,074 feet in Paisano, Texas, only to dip to 231 feet below sea level at Salton Sea, California, sets out across the Louisiana bayous with their bald cyprus trees crying out for a leafy toupee, water hyacinths, and moss-covered islands. The countryside is dotted with towns with French names, reminders of early settlers.

We travel on through Schriever, where the *Limited* makes its first

stop on the 2,022-mile trek to California. Nearby Bayou Teche provided not a few poets with a setting.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel  
and the loom are still busy;  
Maidens still wear their Norman  
caps and their kirtles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat  
Evangeline's story,  
While from its rocky caverns  
the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate  
answers the wail of the forest.

from William Wadsworth  
Longfellow's *Evangeline*

On we go through New Iberia, and Lake Charles, from rice fields to oil derricks. The train careens into Texas. Hello Houston. Is bigger really better?



Amtrak trains pass each other along the route.

**W**hen in 1966 Denzil Hollingsworth '70 was asked to sketch his career goals, the Kenyon freshman summed up his plans for the future this way: "I plan to make money."

Some things never change. It's fair to say that Hollingsworth has been true to his goals and then some. Seated behind an executive desk in a Houston high-rise, this go-getter (the mention of his name still whirls heads among Kenyon peers) is the picture of success. Indeed, it is difficult for the photographer to take a picture without making Hollingsworth look like a centerfold in *Gentleman's Quarterly* or some other magazine of high style: gray hair flecked in just the right places; immaculately tailored shirt so white you can see yourself in it; cushy leather shoes, black, that look so delicate he must change them before going outdoors.

Together with Geoffrey Enck '68 and Stuart Revo '68, Hollingsworth in 1974 "went to the desert" to find his fame and fortune. "Going to the desert" is standard lingo for those traveled in Middle Eastern ways; Hollingsworth went to Kuwait. That tiny, oil-rich kingdom that lies just below the ancient junction of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers proved itself the cradle of what has grown up to be the merchant banking firm of Chase Lord and Company, headquartered in Houston.

In the early days, Hollingsworth and friends called themselves international marketing representatives. "When we first went out, we were going to get a lot

of guys to put a lot money into real estate," Hollingsworth recalls. "But we found that [Arab investors] just didn't have that perspective then. In 1985, they do."

Starting out as the go-betweens for American companies looking for new markets, Hollingsworth and his partners worked for several large U.S. companies interested in expanding into overseas markets. The firms Herman Miller and Steelcase Company were two of their initial clients. "Our job involved gathering information, assisting in negotiations, and educating the Americans and the Kuwaitis about each other." Hollingsworth moved to Kuwait City in 1975 and for four years immersed himself in its culture, one substantially different from his own.

"A lot of things make sense when you know the tradition behind them," Hollingsworth notes. The move paid off. "Today, there are few people who can move around the way we do," he adds.

Chase Lord works primarily in attracting private and public sector capital in the Middle East for venture partnerships in this country. He explains that the opportunities once available to investors in the Kuwaiti marketplace are no longer there. A stock market crisis in 1982 precipitated a general deflation in real estate prices in Kuwait, leaving a lot of oil money but little opportunity for investment. The private sector began to look elsewhere, and with some experience in the London and Beirut markets, it was ripe for partnerships in America, Hollingsworth says.

"There is a window of opportunity.



We have lots of people we're good friends with, and there's an opportunity for U.S. developers, venture capitalists, and savings and loans to develop relationships with investor groups in the Middle East."

It sounds logical enough, but why Houston? After all, headlines splashed the boom-bust crisis of this city across newspapers in 1982, and recent estimates put empty office space at 27 percent. It doesn't seem like much of a market for developers. A *Houston Chronicle* story in early June said that in 1984, feeling the pinch of the continuing energy downturn, 257 real estate firms, or 25 percent of all such firms in Houston, filed for bankruptcy. Two years before, 124 or 23 percent of all the oil and gas companies in the city declared themselves insolvent. The energy plunge even took its toll at Ruth's Chris Steak House, where million dollar deals (and steaks) are commonplace. Lunches served dwindled from a daily average of one hundred during the boom to only fifty today.

But Hollingsworth didn't get to where he is by being pessimistic. "A lot of people think the market has bottomed out," he says. Like many oil analysts, Hollingsworth believes that energy conservation only postponed the country's next energy crisis, a feeding time for oil companies. By the 1990s or shortly thereafter, the crunch will come, they say, and another boom will hit Houston.

Like many cities, Houston is also nurturing its high technology industries, and Hollingsworth points to NASA's Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center at nearby Clear Lake as a source of "thousands of economic opportunities." The possibilities are endless, Hollingsworth says. "This town is full of people who say 'can do,' especially if you tell them they can't."

In addition to his reputation abroad, Hollingsworth apparently developed quite a reputation at Kenyon. Comments such as "Oh, he was the chief troublemaker" and "Ask him about the first time he kissed a girl" came from alumni

who ask to remain anonymous. For his part, Hollingsworth says innocently, "I don't know what they said about me. I just spent a lot of time organizing things."

These days, Hollingsworth is still trying to make things work, but now among neighbors in distant lands. "There are some real leaders of tomorrow's world who are going to come out of that little country, Kuwait," he says. "We want to make things better in the world. And we want to make money doing it."

Some things never change.



Denzil Hollingsworth





"The whistle blows and we are off, soon crossing the Brazos on a fine steel bridge and passing through mammoth sugar plantations, prairies, and stock ranges. A smoke in the smoking room, a game of whist, and to bed. Stranger, didst ever, after a day of weary toil, repose thy weary limbs more blissfully than on this luxurious coach? Didst ever compose thyself to slumber on downy beds of ease more wholly restful. There is a sense of complete happiness experienced in this triumph over circumstance that is experienced nowhere but in a Pullman Palace Sleeper of the *Sunset Limited*."

So reads an early brochure from the Southern Pacific Railroad, related by Arthur D. Dubin in his book *Some Classic Trains*.

Some of the geese have flown from the downy beds, and there is now in these cars an atmosphere of advanced industrial convenience. But a game of whist can still be had at a late hour in the lounge car, and there is something triumphant about this train that puts its journeyers to bed in Texas and wakes them up there, too.

Moving swiftly through southern New Mexico, the most heavily Spanish-influenced state in the country, the *Sunset Limited* next enters Arizona, where one seventh of the nation's Native Americans

live. Through Cochise, a hamlet named for the Apache chief who fought a bitter war against the Whites for ten years, the train moves on through the Casa Grande Ruins National Monument, with its ancient apartments. Saguro cacti grow as high as forty feet, developing extensive root systems that provide food and shelter for many desert creatures in this tough climate.

White settlers arriving in the Salt River Valley in south central Arizona found an extensive irrigation system abandoned by its Indian architects around A.D. 1300. Determined to do what had been done before, the new city was named Phoenix, and like the bird it would rise again and grow.



The Sunset Limited winds through the Southwest.

**I**t wasn't exactly the greeting she had expected. "Welcome to Nicaragua," the armed guard at the airport said. "We are in a state of military siege."

Jo Anne Mittelman '75 had just completed a master's degree in language development at Washington University in St. Louis. She hopped on a plane (without much research, she admits) with the intent of teaching English as a second language at the American School in Managua. She did stay for two years, despite that country's political difficulties, but the collapsing regime of Anastasio Somoza provided an educational climate altogether novel for the Shaker Heights, Ohio native.

"Somoza's mistress lived across the street from us," Mittelman remembers. "So it was kind of crazy."

Mittelman returned to the United States in the fall of 1979 and took a job as director of curriculum for Baldwin-Wallace College in Berea, Ohio. But one northern Ohio winter was more than enough for Mittelman, who had become acclimated to the tropics; shivering, she moved to Phoenix. After a short stint in sales at Impra, a medical instrumentation company, she joined the Quintel Corporation, where she is currently manager of international sales.

"I came out thinking that the growth potential would be good," she says. And she was right on the money.

A relatively new firm, Quintel originally incorporated in 1976 as Motorola Process Control Inc., a venture of the communications giant. It has since rocketed into a \$4 million position in the quality control instrument business. Its





*Jo Anne Mittelman*

primary product is moisture analyzers. The Computrac Max 50, the most sophisticated of the firm's machines, is used by a variety of chemical, pharmaceutical, and paper products manufacturers that need to know the exact moisture level in their products. Take, for example, the folks who make aspirin tablets. Their machines that press the tablets tolerate a very narrow range of moisture. If the aspirin powder falls outside of that range, the powder will either stick in the press or crumble when the machine compacts the powder into a pill. Quintel's clients include B.F. Goodrich, Colgate Palmolive, Del Monte, and the U.S. Forest Service.

Mittelman leads the layman through the firm's testing labs like a proud parent in the nursery. A Computrac analyzer, priced up to \$10,000, will measure the moisture content of any solid or semisolid material. It does that by first weighing the sample and then heating it up. The moisture is evaporated and the change in the weight of the substance is recorded as a percentage. Like any good product

these days, the machine automatically shuts itself off, thanks to a programmed microchip. And unlike other measuring methods that are very slow, Computrac machines provide answers in minutes.

In addition to being a lot quicker than any of their competitors, Computrac machines are a lot more accurate, Mittelman says. It's nice to be selling a product that's on the leading edge.

Mittelman spends about 60 percent of her time traveling the world for Quintel. She points to a map that hangs just behind her desk in the Tempe (a suburb of Phoenix) office. Red pins protrude from the hearts of various countries.

"My goal is to fill that map up with red pins," she says. The firm is solidly entrenched in the chemical and pharmaceutical markets of France, Germany, and England. Mittelman has been spending a lot of time in Puerto Rico and New Zealand, too, sewing up the "relationships" that are all-important in the competitive world of export sales. (Each Quintel salesperson, foreign and domes-

tic, is expected to get ten machines — testers — into the marketplace monthly. About 60 percent of those placements turn into sales.) This year, Mittelman hopes to open up additional markets in the Far East, Australia, and Mexico. Anticipating a year on the road, Mittelman says traveling is great "until you start losing your clothes."

She relishes a challenge. Her job requires a little electronic and chemical knowledge, and she has picked that up along the way. Quintel, which has an active research and development operation, looks forward to expanding its product line. It has just come out with the titrator, an analyzer that uses chemicals in the measuring process. The firm has grown from fourteen employees to forty in just eighteen months. "We're always looking for good salespeople," she underscores.

That, from one who knows.



Yuma, Arizona is alternately described as the "hottest, dreariest place" in the United States and "a popular winter resort with fishing on the Colorado River." The dunes of Yuma are said to be some of the most photographed in the world. Whatever the true state of affairs in this desert town twenty-five miles north of the Mexican border and two hundred miles from anything else, it shall remain a mystery to Amtrak passengers, who are ferried through the city at night.

In the early hours of the morning the *Sunset Limited* careens through Pamona, and the goddess of fruit

leaves her rich harvest in the dining car where strawberries garnish the cook's speciality, "Old Railroad French Toast." There are a couple of bacon strips that resemble railroad ties, alright.

At 7:35 a.m. the train pulls into Los Angeles' Union Station, the largest rail depot ever built in the United States. Described by one critic as evidence of the "stylistic current which swept the western and southern parts of the United States" in the post World War I era, the depot was inspired by the Spanish missions, and it is embellished with arcades, balconies, and belfries.

While it may seem that planners universally lacked imagination in naming train stations and, perhaps

in accommodation to rail workers, simply christened everything "Union Station," the depots named so were in fact rail junctions — unions of tracks — from which, in the case of Los Angeles, fifteen spurs kicked out from a series of connecting tunnels.

**L**iesel Friedrich '73 has literally "made the news" since she was thirteen. Involved in some sort of journalistic pursuit since her teenage days, Friedrich took headlines in a dozen newspapers when she and Denise Largent Petro '73 became the first female coeditors of the *Collegian* in 1971.

Since those heady days of cut and paste, Friedrich has earned herself an Emmy and a Peabody for television news stories she coproduced and reported. But after twenty years in journalism, Friedrich two months ago took a job as an associate in a commercial real estate firm and says she has never been happier. "I have," she says with distinct pleasure, "left 'The Business.'"

At least among members of her group of Kenyon alumnae, the "old girl network" really seems to work. Friedrich is working for Rudy Belton, who is the husband of Katherine Klinger Eisenberg Belton '72. Friedrich and Klinger were friends in College, and when she moved to Santa Monica two years ago, Friedrich reestablished that friendship. ("There are at least twelve women [in the classes of '72 and '73] that I keep in touch with," Friedrich says. Another classmate, Ellen-Jane Pader '72, will be teaching anthropology at the University of California at Los Angeles this fall. Pader introduced Friedrich to her current steady companion, Jim Lucas '73.)

Of her new job at D.R. Management, Friedrich says, "I am amazed at how well my [journalism] skills translate; the writing, the negotiating, the love of details." Typical of most successful news

hounds, she is "chronically curious."

It was certainly a love for the extraordinary that had Friedrich writing feature stories for the *New York Post* shortly after graduation and then serving as an associate producer of ABC's program "20/20." Following that, she did a stint as associate producer of NBC's "Prime Time Saturday." She was a film researcher and associate producer of several special news programs, and she won a Peabody for the documentary "She's Nobody's Baby: A History of American Women in the 20th Century." The program aired on Home Box Office. Her investigative piece on the defects of the Volkswagen Beetle garnered her an Emmy.

"I was one of those students who wrote the paper the night before it was due," she remembers. "I got usually an A- or a B+ and written on it was always, 'good style, no substance.' I was perfect for television," she says, half-seriously. For daily writing deadline pressure, Friedrich in 1981 took a job as news writer for CBS's local news in New York City. "But then I found I couldn't get out of it," she says of the daily reporting grind. A friend in Los Angeles was starting an hour news magazine, "BreakAway," and she took the job of associate editorial producer in August 1983. After five months, she became field producer of "Newscape," a daily syndicated consumer report. But "Newscape" collapsed because of poor ratings, and Friedrich was unemployed, cynical, and demoralized. "I had made a long-term commitment to serious news," and she says all she was seeing, or hearing, or reading were variations of television's



Liesel Friedrich

"Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous." She considered business school, but when Klinger said her husband wanted to expand his real estate business, Friedrich spoke with him and was hired. So far, she says, so good.

"I love it. I like the pace. I travel all the time — a week here, a week in Texas. I'm used to ricocheting around." In addition, the job involved looking for deals and hunting for real estate. "It's constant shopping, and I love shopping," she says. "I've always enjoyed the thrill of a bargain. It's good sport."

California is certainly a prime locale for sport, and aboard Lucas' thirty-four-foot sailboat in Marina Del Ray, Friedrich looks relaxed, if not completely trusting of her sea legs. A born and bred New Yorker and city resident for ten years after Kenyon, Friedrich says in energy she is still a New Yorker. "Professionally, you wouldn't want to get in my path," she underscores. But in her personal life, she isn't as "driven" as her East Coast peers, and she says, "Now, I can't believe people live in such filth and noise."

She speaks proudly of her days at



Kenyon and her camaraderie with fellow women of the Class of '73. "I was in Washington five years ago, and eight of us were there. Only 25 percent were married, no one had children. We've all gone off in interesting directions. We broke all sorts of traditions at Kenyon, and we have used that knowledge in all of our pursuits ever since."

Isn't that the truth. For in her own words, Friedrich is likely in any endeavor to "hold my nose and plunge right in."



Promptly at 8:10 p.m., the *Southwest Chief* departs Los Angeles' Union Station and begins its 2,242 mile journey through parched states that glow red like a sunburn on an impetuous tourist. The *Chief* follows a route that is far older than the railroad itself, an esplanade first carved by Native Americans, traveled by the Spanish Conquistadors, fur trappers, and wagon train caravans hauling supplies to western residents between Independence, Missouri, and Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Reservations for dinner are taken as the train speeds toward the

star-lit Mojave, and steaks, grilled to order, are a delicious accompaniment to the starved landscape. Midnight under the desert sky is a sight worth staying up for, and gazing from the unshaded window of a sleeping berth, it is as if you are the first and only person to watch the spectacle of the universe at play.

East of Gallup, New Mexico, a meeting place for the Navajo, Hopi, Zuni, Apache, and Acoma Indians, red cliffs stretch for an hour's ride. Legends speak of a wounded stag who ran through these hills, coloring them with his blood as he fled his hunter. Settlements that predate pueblos pop up in the spire-tipped rocks and then in contrast Army

bunkers, constructed to blend into the hillsides, appear just west of the Continental Divide. Water seems barely to flow here at all, east or west, and until the *Chief* crosses the path of the Rio Grand River, our throats are parched.

The *Chief* takes a bath in Albuquerque. Beneath the Sandia Mountains, where trees stand like pits on pink slices of fruit, we stop to talk to a member of the nuclear establishment that thrives in this testing ground of men, machines, and weapons.

**T**he Marines," says retired Lieutenant Commander **Jack Donaworth '57**, "are always saying they wish they had a 'hand grenuke.' Problem is, they can't find a Marine who can run from one fast enough."

The joke is one uttered in an off-the-cuff manner by a military insider, a man fluent in the language of nuclear weaponry and practiced in the games of war. Tanned, the picture of military fitness and of a sensibility that seems fine tuned and a bit tense, Donaworth is a field engineer for Sandia National Laboratories, the country's largest nuclear weapons research facility. Sandia is principally responsible for the arming, fusing, and firing systems of nuclear weapons; Los Alamos National Laboratory and the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory are two other defense facilities responsible for the weapons' explosive systems.

Donaworth is primarily a teacher, one of ten in the weapons training division of the lab who drill military personnel in stockpile maintenance. He also trains explosive disposal teams how to render safe a nuclear device if it is involved in an accident. A retired Navy attack pilot, Donaworth's area of expertise is bombs.

Most of the work that Sandia does for the government — the lab is operated by AT&T Technologies for the Department of Energy — is classified. Donaworth's office is, too, and so we don't go in it. Instead, we take a tour of the National Atomic Museum, where a

model of "Little Boy," the uranium bomb dropped on Hiroshima, and of "Fat Man," the plutonium bomb dropped on Nagasaki, are displayed. It is a mirage of blast power and capsules of unimaginable force, and Donaworth's patient description of the particulars of fission is ironically received like a great, blank cartridge.

The heat of Kirtland Air Force Base, where the lab is located, is dry and soft. Sandia itself does not do any manufacturing or assembling of weapons. That is all contracted out to private firms. But Kirtland, which was built to support Los Alamos, where scientists on the Manhattan Project designed and built the first atomic bombs, does handle nuclear weapons. Driving around this enormous defense area we are signaled to halt at an intersection by a heavily armed soldier. Donaworth says a convoy must be coming down the road, and five minutes or so later there indeed creeps toward us one gunner, then a truck carrying what looks like two huge sausages and a piano, then a second gunner and assorted military vehicles. Missiles, Donaworth says, Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles, probably being moved to a plane that will transport them to their appointed stockpiles.

Later, in the darkened coolness of the Officers' Club, Donaworth tells his own story. Following his Kenyon days, he joined the Navy — to fly. In October of 1958 he was on his way to Pensacola, Florida, and in 1960 he got his wings. He was an aircraft carrier attack pilot and flew from the USS *Forrestal* and the USS *Enterprise*. It is one of the most dangerous jobs you can draw in the service;



Conductor Nick Nardella readies for his run on the Superliner.



"You have to be a little bit crazy to do it," he admits.

Following his first tour of duty, in Okinawa, Donaworth left the Navy to take over his father's retail piano business in Cincinnati. But he missed the Navy life, so he rejoined as a flight instructor at the Navy Air Station in Meridian, Mississippi. He logged six thousand hours of flight time. Six of his son's first eight birthdays Donaworth spent at sea. His wife, Gail, has a story all her own to tell of those early years, and she says at first she tore her hair out in worry. But she soon realized that living in the shadow of Jack's airplane was unhealthy, and she traveled the world instead, meeting up with Jack whenever she could. She is currently office manager for an Albuquerque dentist and a trail blazer in flexible work schedules.

War is not unfamiliar to Donaworth, who flew combat missions from the Gulf of Tonkin over North and South Vietnam in 1972. It is the world's inability to communicate that leads to battle and

destruction, he says. "And because of that, since the beginning of man, we've had war. I don't think we get any smarter as we get older," he adds.

Still, Donaworth says he doesn't go to bed at night worried that someone is going to press "the button."

"That's trivia," he says. "It has not happened since we used the first two in anger, and I see no reason to worry about using them now. I'm not a warmonger," he says. "I'm all for arms control. No nukes on the face of the earth would be a nice goal to achieve.

"We've kind of backed ourselves into a corner with nuclear weapons," Donaworth opines. "I don't think we'll ever get the Soviet Union to get rid of theirs. So they are a necessary evil. And as long as we've got them, let's make sure they work."

Jack Donaworth did not let us in on any military secrets. But a day spent with him on the job was more telling than any classified document he might have had on his desk.



Jack Donaworth



The *Southwest Chief* does not stop at Santa Fe, the oldest city in the West. High in the mountains and founded by Spanish explorers, this cultural jewel surpassed only by New York and Paris in art sales is reached by transfer from Lamy. Archbishop Jean Baptiste Lamy served as the town's Roman Catholic missionary for forty years in the nineteenth century and is memorably described in Willa Cather's classic *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.

As the train beats its way through settlements with such evocative names as Canoncito and Glorietta and slices a trail through

juniper strewn hills, turquoise blooming sage, and Ponderosa Pine, there is a hint of changing climate. The pink light of the cliffs begins to melt, and past the Cimarron empire of trapper Lucien B. Maxwell and the nearby home of Kit Carson, the *Chief* dives into a tunnel and takes its next breath in Colorado.

We pick up speed between La Junta and Dodge City, Kansas; ninety miles per hour is the average clip through this passage. Sooner than we could imagine, we arrive.



A Santa Fe crew poses for the camera. From left, Fireman Leroy Wicks; Trainman Ed McBroom; Brakeman Jim Wiser; Engineer Joseph Espinoza; Conductor Don Coppoch.

Kansas does not usually bring to mind salt water, but there is, in this oil and agricultural state, a significant problem of drinking water contamination by salt. Ask **John Stamer '65**. A hydrologist with the U.S. Geological Survey in Lawrence, Kansas, Stamer has studied groundwater and surface water contamination in five states during the last fifteen years.

"Kansas is the sixth largest oil-producing state in the nation," Stamer explains. "There are sixteen thousand wells here, into which brine has been injected in the discovery process." For the last twenty or thirty years, brine disposal methods have been far from adequate, and in Wichita there is a brine front moving toward the city's aquifer. The front is moving at an alarming rate of two feet per day, he says, and it's one of the problems currently under investigation by the Survey's Kansas District.

Established about one hundred years ago, the Survey is best known for its topographical pursuits. "People always think of us as either making maps or running around with a pick, in the rocks," Stamer says with a smile. In fact, the agency is much more than that. Scientists conduct studies on the earth's faults for better earthquake information and examine the chemical elements in soil and rocks for their effects on public health. A recent partnership with NASA has resulted in the new discipline astrogeology, the study of the history of the Earth-Moon system.

The Survey is also the nation's principal center for water research and





John Stamer

data gathering, and each year it issues a summary on the status of one aspect of the nation's water system. This year, the report concentrated on ground water. Increasingly, the wells and underground aquifers that supply our drinking water are being contaminated by fertilizers and human and animal waste, summaries of the report said. Nitrates exceed drinking water standards in about 6 percent of any drinking water supplies, especially in farming states that depend heavily on the use of fertilizers, as Kansas does.

"In Kansas, the biggest problem is the reduction of groundwater levels in the western part of the state," which is semiarid, Stamer says. In some areas the levels are one hundred feet lower than they were just thirty years ago, due primarily to irrigation. "We're taking it out at a faster rate than Mother Nature intended," he says.

Stamer's personal interest and speciality is hazardous waste hydrology, including the effects and fate of pesticides in streams and lakes. Stamer got plenty of experience in water contamination during his tenure with the Survey in Pennsylvania from 1978 to 1981. There he was involved in study of the Schuylkill River, in the eastern portion of the state, which had the reputation of being the

"industrial cesspool of the Northeast." Years ago it had been used for coal shipping; more recently, the river was described as "too thick to navigate and too thin to cultivate."

Stamer also spent three years in Georgia, where he studied and wrote the paper "Erosion, Sediment Discharge, and Chemical Morphology in the Upper Chattahoochee River Basin." While the titles of his published works may seem a bit dense for the layman, Stamer insists, "If you do the work and don't publish it, it is of no use to anyone but yourself."

He came to his profession in a circuitous way. "Burnt out" after Kenyon, and referring to those days as "turbulent times," Stamer lasted just one year in medical school. Changing course, he went to graduate school in economics at Ohio State University but never wrote his doctoral thesis. He taught for a while at a reformatory in Lancaster, Ohio, then boxed all his books, moved to Florida, and "went fishing for six months." (One wonders if there's water in Stamer's veins. He came to Kenyon as a swimmer, "but after three F's and a D, I decided to hang up my jock strap." He graduated cum laude in economics.)

In 1970, he interviewed with the Survey and got a job as a hydrologic

technician. Following additional academic work in chemistry, he was promoted to hydrologist. "Fifteen years of running around the rivers of America" equaled a graduate degree, he says. But while "there's nothing like experience," Stamer says he is thinking about going back to school anyway.

Stamer is currently the project officer on a water quality study of two of the largest reservoirs in the state. Water flowing into the lake will be collected in order to determine the amount of pesticides carried by streams and the subsequent effect of chemicals on the reservoir.

Stamer is optimistic about citizen concern for water supplies. "The effects of the environmental movement of the 1970s still stand," he says. "Through my tour of the country and field work for fifteen years, I've seen that people care about the quality of the streams and rivers and are still willing to pay for it if they are given a chance."

The fact is, he points out, "One man's waste is another man's drinking water."





Okay. We admit it. We rented a car and drove — yes, drove — from Lawrence to Kansas City. We didn't want to do it, and it wasn't even a very nice car, but we had no choice in the matter. The *Chief* only runs once a day, and while our stop in Lawrence was pleasant, we'd overstocked on weak coffee in dim diners at 4 a.m.

It was just a short ride — honest. At least until we got to Kansas City and I realized that I'd booked rooms in the Holiday Inn in Kansas, rather than Missouri. I mean, that made sense to me, at the time. Fortunately, it's a matter of a moment from one

city to the other. Of course, it was a moment of great comedy for my partner. But he was born there. In one of 'em, anyway.

So many have complained of the flatness of this part of the country, but our experiences were carbonated. From the fields where one graduate measures the sensibilities of surface water to a city crowned with the splendor of Hallmark Center, Kansas offers to the thirsty many well-kept oases.



*Don McAlister, dispatcher, directs train traffic from a control station.*

In the heart of what used to be the center of the movie distribution industry in Kansas City, Missouri, Connell Typesetting Company is partially housed in explosion proof vaults that were built as safety precautions for the volatile films. Just on the other side of old projection rooms, in glorious bulk and stubbornness, sits a linotype machine whose lead fingers are still light enough to set type for special manuscripts and aficionados of old-style typesetting.

"We get calls from designers who want a certain Helvetica face cast in Europe," **John Connell '33** remarks. "It's an expensive operation, but this is what they want." And that's just what they get. For in Connell's mind, his business is a service, and more than that, he "can create practically anything."

He calls his secretary Charlie — "Her real name is Charlotte, but we branded her that a long time ago" — and the feel of that office familiarity is to a visitor like a scene from an old private eye story. But Connell's affection for the loyal in his shop is matched with a hankering for the untested, and top-of-the-line electronic typesetting equipment lines the walls of an adjacent workshop. "They tell me we buy all the gadgets that come out," Connell says with a grin.

Connell attended Kenyon for just one year, from 1929 to 1930. Then the Depression hit, and like many families, Connell's was strapped during those years. He later finished college at Baker University and began graduate studies in immunology at the University of Kansas. But in an explosion in his father's oil



fields years before, Connell had badly damaged his eyes; he was advised to forego the eyestrain involved in years of medical bookwork. Instead, he took correspondence courses in oil production engineering and went into the oil business with his father, one of the original discovery men in El Dorado.

Things were pretty rough in those days. "Dad was one who drilled more dry holes consecutively than any living man," and a venture into the cattle business proved disastrous. "We had bought heifers, but unbeknownst to the seller or to us, they had been bred." So Connell "took the last nickels out of the cookie jar," went to linotype school in Chicago, and set up his own business.

In 1929, "I didn't know a pica from a satellite," Connell says. Of his business today, he says with equal frankness, "I wouldn't take a million dollars for it." Connell is plainly a man who lives to work. Asked if he has plans to retire, he shakes his head emphatically. "I'll go out feet first," he says. "Some of my friends are retired, and they're walking 'round like they're ninety. Keeping occupied is the key."

Most of Connell's clients are advertising agencies and art studios. He sets type for such publications as *American Family Physician* and for the print advertise-

ments of DeKalb Agresearch and Maupintour Travel Agency. "The type face you select sells the product," Connell points out. "You don't use the same type for ready-to-wear clothes as you would for Caterpillar tractors."

The new, electronic technology of typesetting is "not as much fun" as the old hot lead methods, Connell says. "With the old technology you had to have craftsmen. We're losing that. And the buyers of typography don't appreciate typography as they used to." No matter what, though, "You're always working for the machinery manufacturer," he adds.

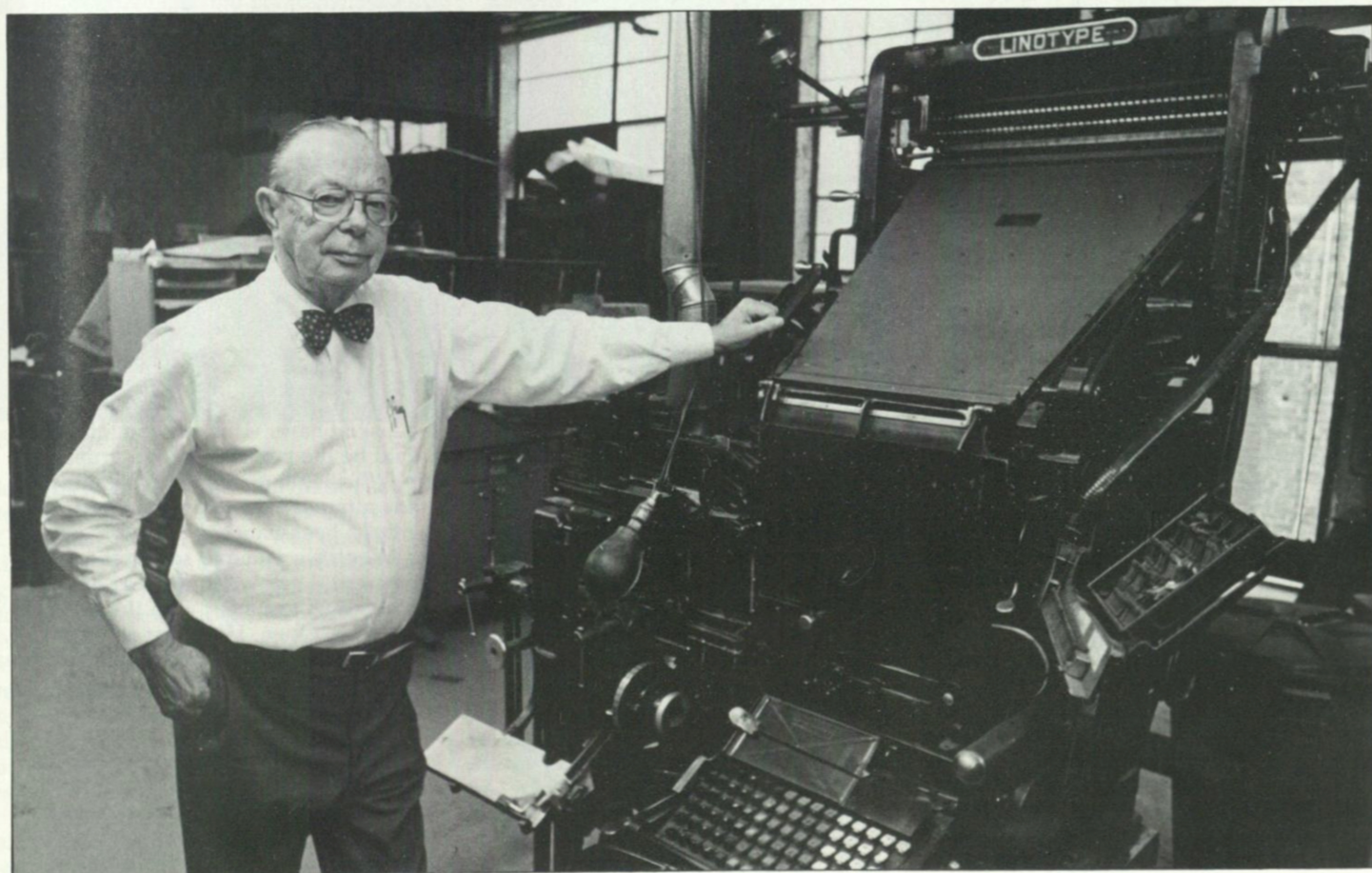
Still, there is a twinkle in his eye as he describes the facility with which his backshop associates key in and punch out type. "In the hot metal days, if we set a job and it didn't fit, we had to reset it by hand. It took about a day and a half," he recalls. "Now, all you have to do is press a button, and it's done for you in about twenty minutes."

While Connell has a good working knowledge of typesetting and says, "I'll never ask somebody to do something that I don't know how to do myself," he acknowledges that his forte is administration. "I can make more money sitting at my desk than I can in the back shop," he says. That was certainly the case in 1972,

when his business was picketed by union members unhappy with his firm's nonunion status. "We didn't turn a wheel for forty-five days," he recalls. A staunch defender of a person's right to run an operation the way he sees fit, Connell says, "I have enough Irish in me that nobody can tell me what I can't do." He refers to his early days in the oil fields, where "we never heard of unions or overtime."

There's still cattle in the family — son Martin owns the largest Red Angus ranch in the world, Connell says. And oil still flows through the Connell family veins. Now president of his father's firm, Saco Oil Company, Connell says the same Kansas fields are still producing the black gold that first sputtered in 1918. The oil business, says Connell, is much like the typesetting business. "It's up and down, feast or famine. If you hit, you hit. But if you miss, you miss."

Leaning up against the Linotype, a Nolan Remelter furnace parked to one side, Connell is a crack shot in the heart of the center of an ancient craft gone modern.



John Connell



Eastbound and hungry on the *St. Louis Mule*, travelers skirt the Missouri River between Kansas City and St. Louis. Kansas City is a well-kept secret, and the atmosphere of this clean-living town crowned by the enormous Hallmark Center (more about our Kenyon contact there in a later issue) is worth preserving. St. Louis, on the other hand, is a much talked about hussy.

Why go to the top of the famous arch, asked philosopher and writer Bill Gass '47, when all you will see is expanses of grey cement? There is a lot here of what has been used, and misused, and left to lay in the arms

of no one, but there is also a vital literary community here, and a history of diversity that should make a glimpse from the top of the heap worthwhile.

For a short time, the St. Louis train station was the largest in the world. Today it is being resettled with dreams that may make the downtown come alive again. Amtrak arrives and departs at a small terminal in lieu of its lofty birthright. We take a deep breath as we are about to finish up our travels and head for home.



Bartender Randolph David invites passengers down to his watering hole.

We're talking about a company man. Bob Legg '65 greets his visitors in white shorts emblazoned with "Budweiser" on the pant leg; stepping into the living room a miniature of the Budweiser Clydesdale eight-horse hitch with beer wagon celebrates the repeal of prohibition; and, naturally, Legg is sipping a Bud. But the *pièce de résistance* is in the basement, where amidst a roomful of beer clocks and mugs sits a refrigerator in, you guessed it, the shape of a beer can. Now, that Bud's for me!

In the fact book of the Anheuser-Busch Companies, brewers of Budweiser, Michelob, Busch, Natural Light, and LA beers, there is a picture of four men in suits and ties — a flavor panel. Twelve glasses of beer surround each one of them, and they look very serious about the task at hand. This, we thought, would be the perfect end to a grueling trip. Who better to visit for a cookout on a hot summer's day than the vice president of a beer giant?

When we called to set up the appointment, Legg welcomed our arrival but asked us to time it with the last hole of the U.S. Open. He is just as fanatic about golf now as he was in college, when as captain of the team he helped to win Kenyon's first golf championship in twenty years.

Legg describes his Kenyon experience as "very interesting. A couple of guys were tying themselves to trees in protest of the Vietnam War, and it was just the beginning of the drug culture." With the buildup of the war, Legg remembers that "it was inevitable that a





Bob Legg

lot of us were draft bait," and he applied to the Army and the Navy for Officer Candidate School. But he was turned down because of bad eyesight. Following graduation, he went to work as a reporter for Gannett newspapers in Rockland, New York. He had been active at WKCO — founding the sports department — and he really thought he wanted to get into broadcasting. The only way to do that, Legg found out, "was to thrash around in the boonies for \$40 or \$50 a week."

But the Army cut that aspiration short, and Legg was drafted after one year on the beat, in 1966. Just as he was set to ship off to the Mekong Delta as a

combat medic with the Ninth Infantry Division, Officer Candidate School relaxed its physical requirements, and Legg reapplied. "I had no problem with serving my country, but I wasn't very happy with the way President Johnson was running the war," he says.

Legg spent two years at Fort Knox in the Adjunct General Corps. Of his stint in the service, he says, "I realized how valuable education was. I was the only college graduate in a company of two hundred forty in basic training, and having been an English major with a great vocabulary — bless Gerrit Roelofs' heart — I knew I could parlay that into something better."

After he was discharged, he entered Columbia University's graduate school of business, where he earned a master's degree. Anheuser-Busch interviewed him, and in September 1970 he moved to St. Louis, corporate headquarters of the world's largest brewer. (Miller is next in line, followed by Stroh.) While the firm has eleven breweries scattered around the country, the St. Louis brewery is the firm's oldest and largest. It has an annual shipping capacity of 12.7 million barrels, about one-fifth of the firm's total beer sales in 1983. Anheuser-Busch is also the parent of the St. Louis Cardinals baseball team, and it has substantial interests in real estate and baked goods.

Legg stayed four years with the firm and then resigned, due to "a little immaturity and haste on my part." However, he returned in 1978, following jobs in insurance, uniform rentals, and an employment agency, and today says he has a better position than he would have had he stayed. As vice president and general manager of Anheuser-Busch Investment Capital Corporation, Legg selects people who are qualified to run beer distributorships but who lack capital. The firm shares equity positions with the distributors, and, Legg says, "The carrot is that eight to ten years down the road, they can organize a leveraged buyout."

It takes a substantial amount of capital to organize a distributorship, mainly because of expensive refrigerated warehouses and trucks. A large distributorship recently sold for about \$14 million; \$300,000 is the going rate for a smaller one, he says. But Anheuser-Busch owes its status in the marketplace to wholesalers, Legg says. "We found that to perpetuate our 'goodness,' we would help out a lot of great beer people who didn't have the capital."

Helping out people who have enjoyed one too many of a great beer is another personal and company interest, Legg points out. He keeps a breathalyzer in his house, and the firm four years ago sobered up to alcohol abuse among employees. One of the industry's traditional perks, drinking a few beers on the job, was eliminated. (Legg says he gained twenty-five pounds in the first three months he worked for the company!) But employees still get two free cases of beer a month.

And what the heck. Not much harm in another one with dinner — for those of us catching a train, anyway. As Legg's wife, Jane, shows us her daughter's baby dress that was fashioned of material with pictures of beer labels, we toss back another — Michelob "Classic Dark" is great — 'cause we've got the time. Oops. I mean, weekends are made for Michelob.

Cheers.



# Recollections of a Transportation Hobbyist

by Arthur M. Cox Jr. '42

"How's the 6-0-4? — Gambier."

During my four years on the Hill in the late thirties and early forties, I heard that phrase spoken many times.

But I may well have been the only student on campus who did. My era at Kenyon coincided with the final years of America's great transition from dependence upon railroads for intercity travel to reliance on the automobile.

Gambier in those years just before World War II was still relatively isolated. Some students had cars. Most did not. You could hitchhike to Mount Vernon to shop or catch a Saturday night movie at one of three theaters, but the campus population shrank little on weekends. When you arrived on campus as a freshman, you tended not to leave until a vacation period. And then a trip home or wherever entailed some planning if you were traveling any distance.

Kenyon's isolation in the pre-World War II era did not, of course, compare with that of the nineteenth century. Gambier and the College received what was undoubtedly their first major tie with the rest of the nation with construction of the railroad that ran from Cleveland to Akron and Columbus.

By the end of the 1930s, Gambier's substantial stone station, which once served as a major focal point for student and faculty travel, was largely an anachronism, serving more as a local freight office than a passenger station. But six daily passenger trains still plied the route, and student and faculty long-distance travel by rail was still significant. Hard-surfaced roads and state highways had simply changed the boarding points from the Gambier station, so easily reached even by foot, to Mansfield and Newark, which had fast, direct service to New York City, Chicago, and St. Louis, among others.

Despite its neglected status, the

Arthur M. Cox Jr. '42



*A steam engine pulls into the Gambier station.*

Gambier station was a major free-time attraction for me. As possibly Kenyon's first student dedicated to the emerging hobby of railroading, I soon came to know Gambier's kindly part-time station agent, George L. Armstrong, who seemed to appreciate my interest in his work and in the operation of the railroad.

A high-point of many a day for me was the afternoon arrival of the Akron-Columbus local. It consisted of a self-propelled, gasoline-electric motor car, with space for baggage in addition to rather Spartan passenger seating, pulling a combination mail and express car.

If I expressed curiosity about the punctuality of this diminutive, somewhat dingy, dark red train, George would sit down at his bay window desk, reach with his foot for a treadle-switch on the floor as he grasped the telephone, and extend

its telescopic mount close to his face. He would listen on the train dispatcher's wire for a moment to be certain that he would not interrupt the issuance of train orders or other essential communications. Then, depressing the treadle, he would ask:

"How's the 6-0-4? — Gambier."

Most of the time the answer was, "On time!" It was unusual for this little two-car train to be late. While it carried a volume of mail and express for many intermediate stations, its daily workload was relatively constant, and the schedule reflected long experience with meeting the demands of the traffic.

So dependable was this schedule that I would sometimes buy a Mount Vernon round-trip ticket from George and enjoy a scenic twelve-minute ride through the heart of the Kokosing River



"Train 615 was impressive. The porter-attended parlor seats were reserved and first class tickets were required."

Arthur M. Cox Jr. '42



Porters help board passengers and luggage on the 604 in Gambier bound for Columbus.

Valley to the Main Street Station. There was time — a little under an hour — for some quick shopping before boarding Train Number 615 back to Gambier.

Train 615 was impressive. En route from Columbus to Cleveland, it was hauled by one of the Pennsylvania Railroad's standard K-4 high-speed passenger locomotives and consisted of several "head-end" (mail and express) cars, a combination baggage and smoking car, a deluxe coach, and a combination parlor and broiler-cafe car. The porter-attended parlor seats were reserved and first-class tickets were required. This service was used primarily by business people. The parlor car was air-conditioned, and sometimes the deluxe coaches were, too.

But the running time for the 615 between Mount Vernon and Gambier

was the same as for the more austere 604: twelve minutes.

#### *A Service for Students and Faculty*

When I arrived on campus in the fall of 1939, it did not take me long to sense that among the students — and faculty, too — there was little knowledge of available long distance travel services. One of the books on my Middle Leonard desk — obviously not purchased through the College bookstore — was a nearly three-inch thick paperback entitled *The Official Guide of the Railways and Steam Navigation Lines of the United States, Puerto Rico, Canada, Mexico, and Cuba*. This fifteen-hundred-page volume listed the complete passenger schedules for every railroad, electric railway, and steamship line in North America. It also listed the schedules of many airlines,

which were just beginning to attract travelers at that time. Every ticket office had a copy.

Known among railroad people as "the bible," this monumental publication was issued monthly. With it, you could prepare travel plans anywhere on the continent, knowing that the schedules and equipment listings, as well as sleeping car accommodations and dining services, were completely accurate.

It wasn't long before students, and later even some members of the faculty, began coming to me for help in scheduling vacations or trips home. I discussed with George Armstrong the need to have on campus some means of making seat or sleeping car reservations, and we agreed that if his boss in Columbus approved, I would serve as the on-campus agent.



"On more than one occasion . . .  
this now-vanished single track railroad  
fairly bristled with 'Blue Ribbon' passenger trains."



*Servais Transit boasted "Seating to match the color of your outfit."*

At my first opportunity, I took the morning train to Columbus and met with the Pennsylvania Railroad's passenger agent, Harry B. Burchinall. He quickly accepted our proposition and provided me with the necessary passenger tariff books to price tickets to any point in the United States from Mansfield, Newark, Columbus, Akron, Cleveland, and several other cities. No compensation was involved, but it afforded me a great learning experience that continued until I graduated in 1942.

George would guide me as I sat at his ancient typewriter and filled in multiple-coupon interline tickets (some of them two or three feet long!) for students and faculty members headed for points as distant as Florida, Boston, or remote Upstate New York.

But I soon discovered that there was a missing link in my service. Most of my "clients" used the railroad gateways of Mansfield or Newark, and they were on their own to get to those towns. So I made contact with the operators of the bus station in Mount Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Clark, who accommodated me with current schedules of the three lines that served Mount Vernon, and was able to purchase tickets through them. (Both Mansfield and Newark were served with

a number of runs daily from Mount Vernon by Fairlick Stages and the Mount Vernon-Newark Coach Lines. Greyhound provided service to Columbus, Cleveland, and other cities.)

#### *"The Flying Fuzzbutt"*

The travel gap between Gambier and Mount Vernon was filled in the fall of 1938 when, in conjunction with some of my Middle Leonard classmates, we purchased an elderly but well-preserved, four-door Willys-Knight sedan for scheduled afternoon service to Mount Vernon and back.

This operation was set up with some of the hallmarks of a regular bus line. We "published" a daily schedule on the bulletin board of Peirce Hall, and there was an assigned driver for each day of the week. According to his relative driving skill, each driver had a "Your driver is . . ." nameplate on colored cardboard stock. Green was for skilled drivers, yellow for average ones, and red for those whose ability at the wheel was questionable. Passengers, who rode free, were picked up at Middle Path and Wiggin Street in Gambier and at the traditional hitchhiking corner of Gay and Gambier streets in Mount Vernon.

The vehicle quickly became known

as "The Flying Fuzzbutt." This name was taken from the popular appellation of that era for freshmen, and the service was an entirely freshman venture.

"Flying Fuzzie" service was interrupted for several days in the dead of winter in 1938-39. Driving back from Mount Vernon on an unscheduled movie trip, my passengers and I decided to venture across an "unblazed" trail. Instead of using Ohio 229, the customary route, we opted for an unpaved (and then unnamed) county road, known today as Yauger Road. All went reasonably well until we attempted the final ascent before the road intersected Ohio 308. With a full load of passengers, our faithful Willys began spinning its wheels in increasingly deep mud and we came to a halt on the steepest part of the grade, wheels sunk in mud to the axles. No amount of pushing or pulling would move it another inch. We finally abandoned the vehicle in the middle of the road and completed our journey on foot.

The next morning I got in touch with a local contract trucker, Floyd Vernon, and we set out together to rescue the "Fuzzie." But a cold front had intervened and, alas, the "Fuzzie" was frozen solidly into the roadway. We feared that Floyd's truck might rip the body right off the wheels, so we just left it there.

Several days later, with the help of a thaw, a rescue was finally effected and regular service was restored.

#### *Foreshadows of War*

Increasingly apparent to all of us returning to the Hill in the fall of 1941 was the inevitability of U.S. involvement in World War II. When the threat of gasoline and tire rationing became evident, I realized that despite service on the Pennsylvania Railroad, Kenyon was threatened with increased isolation.

I approached President Gordon Chalmers with the idea of getting a shuttle bus service between Mount Vernon and Gambier. His reply was, "By all means, see what you can do!"

We approached Roger Servais, one of Mount Vernon's school bus operators, who ran his fleet out of a small garage on Mechanic Street. He agreed to undertake the operation in a spare, small school bus that needed new seats for adults.

I managed to draft the necessary tariff and obtained other papers required



## COACHES ON ALL TRAINS

READ DOWN

**BETWEEN SHARON, NEW CASTLE,  
COLUMBUS AND CINCINNATI**

For additional local stops see table 9.

33



# Almanac

## Letters

### Thinking man thanks Roelofs

It was a great delight to receive the May 1985 issue of the *Bulletin* thanks to the essay "6 August 1945" by Professor Roelofs. It is in the finest tradition of the *Bulletin* that goes back in my memory to the essays by Denham Sutcliffe, Bruce Haywood, Roelofs himself, and others. They distinguished the *Bulletin* from the formula alumni magazines of many other institutions.

I do hope this makes a return to that tradition, which has been weak of late, of the thinking man's (and now woman's also) essay in the *Bulletin*.

James W. Montgomery Jr. '57  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

### Issue eases clerical heartburn

A note of thanks and appreciation herewith from a Kenyon parent for the fine May 1985 issue of the *Bulletin*. Actually there have been lots of fine issues, and we always look forward to reading this magazine; but this one was unique for its theme of "Matters of the Soul" and the closely related (and very relevant to this time) article by Professor Roelofs on "6 August 1945," which was a beautifully written sermon in itself.

In my work as a hospital chaplain and in my life as a clergy wife, I tend at times to get "ecclesiastical indigestion" at the thought of one more article on clergy or call to ministry. With this as my initial attitude I was delightfully surprised to discover the fresh approach your writer took in presenting each one of these religion scholars in his or her own particular and unique place and with his or her own special gifts and history. Thank you for opening up new horizons and broadening the ones we already have. Our family look forward to continued good reading with you.

Letetia H. Brown (Mrs. Ervin) P'86  
Detroit, Michigan

## Admissions

### Kushan praised for decades of service

Dean of Admissions John D. Kushan was honored in April with the Life Membership Award of the Ohio Association of Admissions Counselors (OACAC). The award is given annually to two individuals who have had a minimum of ten years service with an OACAC member institution and who have played a significant role in the organization.

In the citation, it was noted that Kushan is "as knowledgeable as anyone in the field of college admissions," and he was praised as "a mentor to countless young people in the admissions profession."

Kushan, who came to Kenyon in 1958, became director of admissions in 1967. He was named to his current position in 1983.

## Alumni

### Kindbom will handle campus events

Jane Kindbom has been named to the newly created position of coordinator of campus events at Kenyon. She will handle arrangements for such special activities as the Kenyon Today program, Homecoming, campus functions of the Parents Advisory Council, Commencement, and Reunion Weekend.

Kindbom attended Western Michigan University and Ohio State University and held administrative positions at both. Most recently, she was a teaching assistant at the Gambier Cooperative Nursery School. "I am very excited about my new job," she says. "It's staggering to see how it all works in the alumni office, and it's really great to be a part of it."

Kindbom, who is a native of Ann Arbor, Michigan, has two sons, Kevin, age six, and Kyle, age three. She has lived in Gambier for two and a half years. Of her appointment, Director of Alumni Affairs Jefferson D. Robinson III '49 says, "I am delighted that Jane came to us with her skills. She is a superb organizer and will help to fashion campus events into the celebrations we all look forward to."

Kindbom says she enjoys crafts, and she has exhibited her work in fiber arts at fairs around the state.



Jane Kindbom

### Directory questionnaires to be mailed

Work on Kenyon's new alumni directory is well under way. Soon all alumni will receive a brief questionnaire, with a follow-up request to be sent one month later. The prompt return or your questionnaire is essential so that the information in the director will be current and complete.

Alumni will then be contacted directly by the Harris Publishing Company to verify information to be listed in the directory and to see whether they wish to purchase a copy. Alumni with current addresses who have not responded to the questionnaire, and who are not reached by telephone by the Harris representatives, will appear in the directory with the information provided by alumni records.

Watch for your questionnaire and be sure to return it promptly!

### Five elected to Alumni Council

The results of last spring's alumni ballot have given the following alumni three-year terms on the Alumni Council: Willard R. Bell Jr. '50, Carol E. Eyler '73, Robert W. Macdonald Sr. '35, and William H. Schneebeck '50. Those elected to serve three-year terms as alumni trustees are: Philip J. Harter '64 and Thomas R. Sant '65.

Willard Bell, a resident of Solon, Ohio, is group vice president and assistant to the president of the Metal Source Corporation. Carol Eyler, who lives in Harrisonburg, Virginia, is acquisitions librarian at James Madison University. "Scotty" Macdonald is a retired lawyer, arbitrator, and Lake Forest College professor who lives in Lake Forest, Illinois. Bill Schneebeck, a resident of Cincinnati, is president of the Schneebeck Company and the Springer Educational Foundation.

Both new alumni trustees are attorneys. Phil Harter, who lives in Washington, D.C., is in private practice. Tom Sant resides in Columbus, Ohio, where he is a partner in the firm of Porter, Wright, Morris, and Arthur.

## Development

### Klesner assists annual funds

Kimberlee A. Klesner has been appointed assistant director of annual funds at Kenyon. Klesner, 26, comes to the College from the Harvard Business School, where she was a development officer since 1982.

Klesner received a master's degree in business administration from the University of Dallas in Irving, Texas, and a bachelor's degree in French and business from Central College in Pella, Iowa.



Her husband, Joseph, recently joined Kenyon's political science department as an assistant professor. He will be teaching comparative politics, among other courses, beginning this fall.

Klesner will be responsible for fundraising among the College's younger classes, beginning with the Class of 1975. She will also be working with the leadership of the Parents Fund.



Kimberlee Klesner

## Public Affairs

### Garrison heads sports information

Laurie Garrison has joined the staff of Kenyon's Office of Public Affairs as sports information director. Her responsibilities in the position include media relations, publications for athletic events and recruiting, and coordination of the activities of the Kenyon Athletic Association.

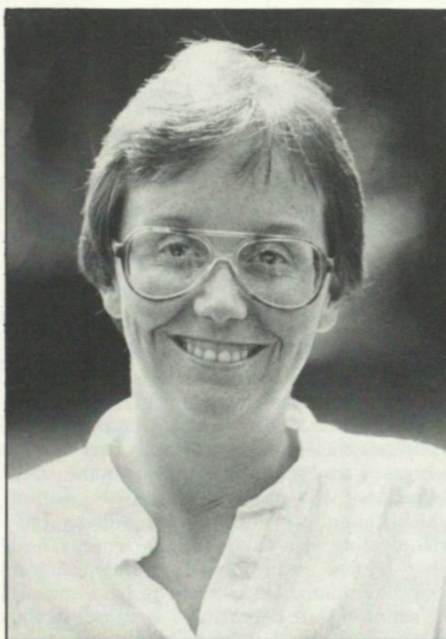
Garrison comes to Kenyon after having been assistant information director during the past year in the office of the North Coast Athletic Conference (NCAC), of which Kenyon is a founding member. She has also served as assistant managing editor of publications for the National Association of Collegiate Directors of Athletics.

"Laurie Garrison has all the strengths we were searching for in our first full-time sports information director," said Director of Public Affairs Tom Stamp '73 in announcing the appointment. "She is a fine writer and a true small-college sports enthusiast. Her work in the NCAC office has given her a head start in working with the Ohio sports media."

Garrison is a graduate of Bowling Green State University and holds a master's degree in sports administration from Kent State University. While a student at Bowling Green, she was a four-year letter winner in softball and a member of the 1982 squad which competed in

the National Collegiate Athletic Association regional finals.

A native of Hudson, Ohio, Garrison is an avid racquetball player, and she remains an active participant in softball as well.



Laurie Garrison

## Books

### The Old Forest

Peter Taylor '40, probably the best short story writer at work today, has published another splendid collection of his fiction in *The Old Forest*. Out of the fourteen stories, thirteen are superb, and the one small failure becomes somehow endearing in the midst of its stronger companions.

Taylor writes of Southern family life during the thirties and forties, but there is nothing merely domestic or merely regional about his writing. He deals with the relations of kinfolk to each other, the behavior of people living or working in the same house, responsible for agreeable cohabitation and mindful of the courtesies and disciplines required. There are many quiet heroes and heroines here; they accept their world as it is, and the decorum they must practice forms a sort of cornerstone of good society, good cities, good governments, of civilization itself. They make do with the deficiencies at hand. No one portrays so profoundly the curiosities and complexities of human behavior as does Taylor. He keeps turning up revelations, shocks, little perplexities, and the reader, when done, knows that these people are real. There are no happy endings.

The prose style, of course, is immediately recognizable, as unique as Cary Grant's face or Franklin Roosevelt's voice. After reading an initial paragraph (in the *New Yorker*, say) one can delightfully identify the work of the master. The perfect likeness of Peter Taylor's fiction to Fred Astaire's brilliant, subtle dancing keeps occurring to me. Each is a remarkable performer: strong, controlled, precise, delicate — and immensely entertaining.

## Habitations of the Word

William Gass '47 has recently collected into book form a dozen essays (previously published periodically) under the interesting title *Habitations of the Word*. The essays cover a variety of subjects and speculations, from commentary on a specific Ford Madox Ford novel and on Emerson as essayist, to remarks about some of the great common nouns such as life, death, art, experience, truth, self, love, and consciousness. The big concept words (or dwellers in word houses, perhaps) are demonstrated with plenty of analogous particulars from his wide reading, and with copious translations into physical metaphors. His ideas, then, become accessible in a kind of body language, become tangible in physical actions. The prose style is rapid, informal, vivid, occasionally sloppy, often quite persuasive. *Habitations of the Word*, then, is an enjoyable read, and surely it is a close account of the notions of a fascinating mind.

Book reviews are by Helen Forman. All books are available through the Kenyon College Bookstore.

## Class Notes

**'21 65th Reunion**  
Mr. George I. Zollinger  
1135 16th Street, N.W.  
The University Club  
Washington, D.C. 20036

George Zollinger was the sole representative of the oldest class present at the 157th Commencement. Howard Allen '24 and Don Ellwood '24 were next. Howie remarked, "How did we get here so fast?"

**'24 Reverend Donald C. Ellwood**  
285 Ridge Road  
Wethersfield, Connecticut 06109

Don Ellwood was initiated into Lambda Chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity as an honorary member during the 1985 Commencement-Reunion Weekend. Don's grandfather, the Reverend Walter Scott 1859, helped build a log cabin that was the first lodge for Kenyon's DKE chapter and, according to the "Kenyon Book" by President William B. Bodine, was the first fraternity lodge in the United States. John Drake '24, late college physician and beloved surgeon of Mount Vernon, was also an honorary member of Lambda Chapter.

**'34 Mr. John B. Tritsch**  
547 Old Plantation Road  
Jekyll Island, Georgia 31520

Rudolph Nunnemacher was named volunteer of the year by the Council for Advancement and Support of Education for his dedication to the Bermuda Biological Station (BBS) for Research, Inc., a small, independent marine research laboratory. Rudi's active involvement as a BBS volunteer began when he joined the station's board of trustees in 1970 after the first of his several visits to Bermuda with students of Clark University. A distinguished biologist and teacher, respected and



beloved by three generations of students, Rudi became an honorary alumnus at Clark during this year's commencement.

**'35** **Mr. Benjamin Park**  
50 Coe Road, Apt. 236  
Clearwater, Florida 33516

**Al Braddock** was under the weather and could not attend the reunion this past May. **Scotty Macdonald** served as class agent in Al's stead. **Ben Park** was elected during the reunion weekend as the new agent for the Class of '35.

**'40** **Mr. James D. Young**  
P.O. Box 243  
Hickory, Pennsylvania 15340

**Lawrence Bell** and **Hook Lytel '39** formed an ad hoc Alumni Committee of Mexico when in Acapulco. In Puerto Vallarta they picked up **Bob Foster '33**. "A reunion was held by all."

**'41** **45th Reunion**  
**Mr. Thomas H. Monaghan**  
90 North Columbia Avenue  
Columbus, Ohio 43209

**Thomas R. Huff** writes, "In March '82 I had heart surgery to implant a prosthetic mitral valve. It's a dandy. I'm still engaged in general dentistry and enjoying a full life."

**'49** **Dr. Bernard S. Hoyt**  
400 Washington Boulevard  
Grove City, Pennsylvania 16127

**James Goldsborough** is a retired teacher whose son, **Maris West Goldsborough**, is a Marine. **Thomas Ryan** was elected chairman of the board of trustees of LaRoche College in Pittsburgh. He is the first person in the College's twenty-one-year history to serve twice in this position; he is LaRoche's immediate past vice chairman and has been a member of the board for fifteen years.

**'50** **Mr. Louis S. Whitaker**  
Principio Recess  
Route 1, Box 338  
Wheeling, West Virginia 26003

**William E. Strasser** has been appointed executive vice president and western division manager for the Riht Mortgage Corporation of Charlotte, North Carolina. **Fred J. Holdridge** writes, "In January I took the Concorde to Paris and spent sixteen days in Russia (Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev). I went by train to Sofia in a car with no one else on it (and no one else allowed on it), with no food for eighteen hours. I had the wrong visa in Bulgaria and had to fly out fast — to Istanbul and Israel. Russia (not fun, but very interesting) was warmer than the States last January. Istanbul was exotic, Israel beautiful and rewarding."

**'51** **35th Reunion**  
**Mr. Edward E. Karkow**  
35 Running Fox Road  
Glen Arm, Maryland 21057

**Roger Whiteman**, who is still practicing law in Philadelphia, was elected president of

the Old Eagle School in Strafford, Pennsylvania. He also reports that he won the 1984 York County bocce tournament. **John Martin** writes, "I continue to stay in touch with the College as a psychologist member of the Medical Advisory Committee. This a brief but meaningful and edifying experience. It lacks only some contact with old classmates."

**'55** **Mr. Allen K. Gibbs**  
25 Tennyson Road  
Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts  
02181

**Cameron Sanders** writes, "I am in Essex, Connecticut, where we are for this academic year, which I am spending as a visiting fellow at the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies in the field of international conservation. (I am combining this with the School's master's degree program. Hearing that in his recent Kenyon phonathon call, Joe Ryan commented that it was always well known I'd be a student somewhere longer than anybody else.) Yale was interested in some of my experience as a foreign service officer in the state department and abroad (since 1963), during which I spent a lot of time in multilateral affairs, dealing with environmental, energy, and other 'global' issues, most recently nuclear nonproliferation. I was sorry to have missed the reunion, but Betsy and I were out of the country visiting a daughter who is doing a year of archaeology in Greece."

**'58** **Mr. Robert S. Price**  
1034 West Upsal Street  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19119

**Sheldon Fisher's** son Andy, a freshman at Yale, recently found out what we all know: a Kenyon person will go out of the way to help another, especially a Lord (or Lady). Andy has had to be hospitalized twice this year, and each time Kenyon graduates came to his aid. **Dr. Jim Niederman '46** (a Kenyon trustee) and **Dr. Jan Ehrenwerth '69** went beyond the call of duty to make sure Andy was well taken care of, and they served as proxy fathers during his illnesses.

**'59** **Mr. Robert B. Palmer**  
c/o Burns  
309 West 91st Street, Apt. 1  
New York, New York 10024

**Bob Palmer** fulfilled a dream of sixteen years with a one week visit to Lhasa, Tibet, where he delivered three lectures on library management at the University of Tibet. "I managed at dawn to witness the Tibetan 'sky-burial' in which five corpses were filleted, cut, and smashed into small pieces for the awaiting vultures. The fun-loving Tibetan people and the impressive monasteries leave more lasting impressions. The four-and-a-half-hour bus trip from the airport to Lhasa was unforgettable: no road, just construction, dust, and streams for the bus to ford. The five-mile-plus altitude creates upper respiratory problems. But for all the hardships, the trip was well worth it. Greetings from the 'Roof of the World!'"

**'61** **25th Reunion**  
**Mr. Patterson H. Travis**  
1515 Gone Away Court  
Wheaton, Illinois 60187

**H. G. Peter Wallach**, professor of political science at Central Connecticut State University, has written for a book entitled *West German Politics in the Mid-Eighties* for Praeger Publishers. Peter, who contributed a chapter on political economics, has been an official observer of West German elections at the invitation of the Federal Republic. He was invited to present his research concerning the recruitment of judges in the United States and West Germany before the 1983 congress of the International Political Science Association in Brazil.

**'62** **Mr. James G. Carr**  
4525 Wedgewood Court  
Toledo, OH 43615

The Reverend **Donald Langlois** became rector of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church in Danville, Illinois, on July 1.

**'63** **Mr. David A. Golnik**  
6809 Mayfield Road  
Mayfield Heights, Ohio 44124

**Steven Fischman** has been elected to the board of directors of the New England Television Corporation, the parent company of WNEV-TV, Boston. He has been with the Boston law firm of Goulston and Storrs since 1968 and has been one of its senior partners since 1976. **John Gerlach's** book, *Toward the End: Closure and Structure in the American Short Story*, has recently been published by the University of Alabama Press in both hardback and softcover. John is currently teaching English at Cleveland State University. **William Ketterer** received an award from the National Institutes of Health (NIH) for exceptional service in dealing with "misconduct in science." As a senior attorney with the Department of Health and Human Services at NIH, Bill serves as legal advisor on grant policies. Bill and his wife, Ann, have three children and live in Silver Spring, Maryland.

**'66** **20th Reunion**  
**Mr. John J. Buckley**  
St. Anthony's Hospital  
P.O. Box 950  
Amarillo, Texas 79176

**Richard S. Kochmann** is a registered investment adviser with the newly opened office of R. J. Sherr and Company, a management consulting and financial planning firm in Phoenix, Arizona.

**'67** **Mr. Lawrence C. Schmidlapp**  
538 Centre Island  
Oyster Bay, NY 11771

**Richard Schubart** and **Caren Nelson Schubart** had a son, **Nelson Richard**, on April 18. They have two daughters, **Darcy** and **Lindsey**. The Schubarts continue to live in Exeter, New Hampshire, where Rich teaches history at Phillips Exeter Academy. Their address is Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire 03833; in the summer it is 36 Ocean Boulevard, Little Boars Head, North Hampton, New Hampshire 03862. **Mark L. Gardner** received his Ph.D. in economics at Georgia State University in March. **George Kaitsa** is director of information systems and data processing for the Industrial Commission of Ohio, Division of Safety and Hygiene.





*Hika* celebrates its Fiftieth Anniversary in 1985. For the fall issue, a special anthology will commemorate the first half-century of Kenyon's journal of arts and letters, with selections of some of the best works it has published in the last fifty years. A double issue of *Hika* — featuring interviews with visiting writers as well as student poetry, fiction, and critical essays — will appear in the spring.

As an introductory offer, and for a limited time, each subscription to *Hika* will include last year's issues, containing interviews with Robert Hass and Galway Kinnell, poetry by T. R. Hummer and Sheila Jordan, and personal essays by Anne Wright.

**Subscription rate:** \$10 for 2 issues.

Correspondence (especially from *Hika* alumni) is welcomed and may be directed, along with the subscription form on the back of this notice and your check or money order, to:

*Hika*  
Box B  
Gambier, Ohio 43022

Editors: William Marchl '86  
Geoffrey Schmidt '86

## The Kenyon Collegian

Established 1856

The staff of the *Collegian* believes that the quality of a Kenyon newspaper should reflect the quality of a Kenyon education. For this reason, the staff plans this year to incorporate several journalistic and technical innovations and to utilize the talents of aspiring journalists and other writers at Kenyon. The staff plans one eight-page issue each month featuring in in-depth treatment of a political or social issue from a perspective that is uniquely Kenyon's. The staff also plans photo essays and photo contests.

This year's experienced and enthusiastic staff represents all classes at the College and therefore offers a variety of perspectives on the Kenyon experience. By subscribing to the *Collegian*, you can continue to follow and participate in actions and decisions that affect life on the Hill.

**Subscription rate:** \$20 for 25 issues. All subscribers will receive any back issues that exist.

Please fill out the back of this notice, clip it, and mail it along with your check or money order to:

*The Kenyon Collegian*  
Kenyon College  
Student Affairs Center  
Gambier, Ohio 43022-9623

Editor-in-Chief: Jennifer Russell '86  
Business Manager: Hugh Pollock '86

## Kenyon Athletic Association Membership Solicitation

All alumni athletes, parents, and friends of athletics at Kenyon are invited to join the Kenyon Athletic Association (KAA). The association's goal is to assist and support the total athletic program at the College — intercollegiate, intramural, recreational, and instructional — and to promote its positive reputation. Your assistance is needed to maintain and enhance the excellence of the program offered at Kenyon to scholar-athletes.

Please join KAA by filling out the back of this notice and mailing it, along with your dues to: KAA, Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio 43022.

— Yes, I am interested in becoming a KAA member. I'd like to volunteer for:

- Membership
- Recruiting
- Fund-raising
- Hall of Fame
- Awards and recognition
- Newsletter

### Annual dues

- \$5 Graduates of 1-5 years
- \$15 Other alumni, parents, friends
- \$10 Faculty and staff members

## The Kenyon Journal

Our goal is simple: to offer to the Kenyon community a forum for the expression of its views and creativity. We intend to publish a paper that is wholly committed to capturing, with vigorous intellectual integrity, diverse perspectives on both our immediate and global worlds. To achieve this, we will be drawing on a community rich with creative and intellectual resources.

Won't you help us by subscribing now? Thank you.

**Subscription rate:** \$10 for 6 issues.

Please fill out the back of this notice, clip it, and mail it, along with your check or money order, to:

*The Kenyon Journal*  
Kenyon College  
Student Affairs Center  
Gambier, Ohio 43022-9623

Editors-in-Chief: Tod Brokaw '86  
Meghan Loomis '86





# The Kenyon Collegian

Established  
1856

To subscribe to the *Collegian*, just complete this form and mail it, along with your check or money order for \$20 for 25 issues, to:

*The Kenyon Collegian*  
Kenyon College  
Student Affairs Center  
Gambier, Ohio 43022-9623

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip code \_\_\_\_\_



To subscribe to the *Hika*, just complete this form and mail it, along with your check or money order for \$10, to:

*Hika*  
Box B  
Gambier, Ohio 43022

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip code \_\_\_\_\_

# The Kenyon Journal

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Student Affairs Center  
Gambier, Ohio 43022-9623

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip code \_\_\_\_\_

## Kenyon Athletic Association Membership Solicitation

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

If an alumnus or alumna,  
please list sport(s) played \_\_\_\_\_

Amount of dues enclosed \_\_\_\_\_



'68

**Mr. Howard B. Edelstein**  
48 Lyman Circle  
Shaker Heights, Ohio 44122

**John Sinks** is now chief of the Division of Management Information Systems at the Bureau of Labor Statistics. **Terrence Parmelee**, president and chief executive officer of Mel-drum and Fewsmith Advertising in Cleveland, recently took part in the renaissance of Playhouse Square when his firm moved its offices to the top four floors of Playhouse Square Plaza. **John Sutcliffe** is teaching undergraduate English at Louisiana State University, where he has been for six years. He and his wife have six children. **Merrill O. Burns** has been promoted to executive vice president in the banking and international sector of Manufacturers Hanover Trust. He is the officer-in-charge of the Global Financial Institutions division.

'69

**Mr. Brackett B. Denniston**  
20 Old Seabury Point Lane  
Duxbury, Massachusetts 02332

**Peter Dickson** is currently on a rotational assignment from the Central Intelligence Agency. He is serving as a senior intelligence advisor in nuclear proliferation issues in the Bureau of Oceans and International Environmental and Scientific Affairs.

'70

**Mr. Richard J. Brean**  
5700 Fifth Avenue  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15232

**George Lagassa** and his wife have a baby girl, Catherine Beach, born September 17, 1984. **John Flanzer** is director of broadcasting at WNIN-Channel 9 in Evansville, Indiana. He is in charge of daily programming, production, and engineering management. **Bob Boruchowitz** recently completed six years as public defender director in Seattle, Washington; he has been with the office for nearly eleven years. Bob is serving his second term as chairperson of the Washington State Bar Association's criminal law section.

'71

**15th Reunion**  
**Mr. Jeffrey A. Oppenheim**  
320 East 57th Street, Apt. 8-C  
New York, New York 10022

**Robert Butz**, who received his Ph.D. from Duke University, has been promoted to clinical research scientist II at the Burroughs Wellcome Company, where he has been working since 1974. **Paul Kahn** has joined the staff at the Institute for Research in Information and Scholarship at Brown University. He is part of a support group in the "Scholar's Workstation" project, which will develop and deploy a new desktop computer workstation throughout the University's departments. **Thomas Southworth** and his wife, Mary, have moved to East-hampton, Massachusetts, where they will both be joining the faculty of the Williston-Northampton School. Tom will be an assistant in the admissions department as well as doing some teaching; Mary will be in the English department. They join other Kenyon alumni **Raymond Brown '59**, **Tom Andrew '74**, and **Richard Danforth '81** on the faculty. **Joseph Mick** passed the Massachusetts Bar and is working for the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission as a securities compliance examiner.

'72

**Mr. Perry R. Thompson**  
254 Claremont  
Elmhurst, Illinois 60126

**Kathryn (Eisenberg) Klinger**, president of Georgette Klinger, Inc., has published *Kathryn Klinger's First Book of Beauty* (Simon and Schuster).

'73

**Mr. Jackson Y. Au**  
11 Hooper Street  
East Northport, New York 11731

**Deacon Ritterbush**, who was known as Sally when she was at Kenyon, is a candidate for a Ph.D. in political science at the East West Center in Honolulu, Hawaii. **Cathy Carter Godshall**, a specialist in general business practice and estate planning, has been tapped by Buckingham, Doolittle, and Burroughs of Akron as a principal of the firm. Cathy is a member of the boards of United Cerebral Palsy and the Junior League of Akron. **Scott Univer** and **Karen Mesberg '75** announce the arrival of a baby girl, Ariel, on June 6.

'74

**Mr. William Kozy**  
165 Conestoga Trail  
Sparta, New Jersey 07871

**Michael Mann** has moved to Morgantown, West Virginia, where he is a lead systems analyst with the state's universities and colleges computer network. Kenyon acquaintances are encouraged to visit him in his new home. **Elizabeth Lowengard** is "still the same Liz — organizing and fighting back." She reports that raising her son Benjamin keeps her running and laughing. "Rich friends can send contributions, made payable to the 'All Peoples Congress'; others can make my day with a call or a visit in Baltimore anytime (301-366-7018)!" **Martha Schulman** and her husband, Arnie Stolbergare, are thrilled to announce the birth of their son Joshua Allen, now almost a year old. "Motherhood and marriage are even more fun than I anticipated." Martha is a psychologist at the Virginia Medical Center in Richmond. Her husband is an associate professor of psychology at Virginia Commonwealth University. Arnie says hello to **Howard Gantman '73**, who went to grade school with him in Youngstown, Ohio.

'75

**Mr. Stuart Wegener**  
5702 South Blackstone Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois 60637

**Robert Michael Berchman** has received an appointment as a Mellon Fellow and assistant professor at the Center for Advanced Studies of the University of Virginia for the years 1985-87. He will continue his research on Jewish and Christian stoicism in late antiquity. This research builds upon his recently published work *From Philo to Origen: Middle Platonism in Transition* and will result in a work on this topic to be published by the University of Virginia Press. He has also been appointed as a National Endowment for the Humanities Fellow for 1986-88 as a member of a research group to meet under the aegis of the Program in Judaic Studies at Brown University on "Theories of the Outsider in Judaism, Christianity, the Graeco-Roman Legal Traditions, and the Philosophical Schools." Bob previously taught at Brown University and is pres-

ently an assistant professor of religious studies at Michigan State University. **Lenny Felder** is the coauthor of the Random House book *The Achilles Syndrome: Transforming Your Weaknesses into Strengths*, which is now available in bookstores. **Karen Mesberg** and **Scott Univer '73** had a baby girl, Ariel, on June 6. **Tracy Moss** married Daniel Fleischmann in Oak Park, Illinois, in November 1984. Tracy, who has completed her third year of pediatrics residency at the University of Illinois, graduated from the medical school of the Autonomous University in Guadalajara. Daniel graduated from Southwest Baptist University and is preparing for the ministry. **Phil Soltanoff** is keeping himself busy in Upstate New York as a member of the Capital Repertory Company and as a guest artist-in-residence at Skidmore College. He can be seen in the "B" movie *Sudden Death*. **Adrienne Gantman Krinsky** has finished her training in dentistry and will be moving to Tampa, Florida, with her husband and her son, Benjamin, to enter private practice. **Jean Amabile** married Patrick Mattimore in November 1983. Jean has a law practice in San Francisco and is expecting her first child in September. **Michael Brande** says he is happily married and residing in Edison, New Jersey, working for a bank, and contributing to a local newspaper. Tom and **Susie Curry O'Gara** are a "tandem couple" for the state department, working in foreign service in Madrid. Tom has been recommended for an officer's position in the budget and fiscal department, while Susie works in the security section. They look forward to a lot of traveling. Their new address is P.O. Box 30, American Embassy-Madrid, APO New York 09285.

'76

**10th Reunion**  
**Mr. Steven James Alex**  
12900 Lake Avenue, Apt. 1806  
Lakewood, Ohio 44107

On February 9, **Danna Bortz Breen** and her husband had a delightful son, Kellen O'Connell Brien, who weighed in at 6 lb. 10 oz. "A good little Irish boy! He has a jogging suit and is getting his first pair of Nikes to prepare for his christening at the end of June. This gala will include the First Annual Kellen Breen Foot and Relay Races. In this exciting competition each person carries a watermelon in a receiving blanket, and each participant receives a t-shirt with Kellen Breen's handprint on it." Danna also reports that **Buffy** and **Michael Hasley** will make the move to the Bay Area in California and are planning to live in Oakland. "What a good year for us!" **Howard A. Jones** has joined the faculty of the School of Fine Arts at Washington University in St. Louis. He is in printmaking. He and his wife have a daughter, Sara, who is two and a half years old. **Gillian Teweles**, a freelance writer in New York, spent the summer on assignment in Europe. **Rabbi Charles P. Rabinowitz** received post-rabbinical ordination as dayan after two further years of study at his seminary in September, and he has been appointed to the Executive Council of the Commission on Synagogue Relations, Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. "Besides looking for a new pulpit, everything else is going great!" Charles reports that **Steve Grant** got married in February. **Ben Tolles** is still in Nepal teaching English, mathematics, science, and geography in the eastern part of the country. He will be there through this year. **Amy Dennis** married Bret



E. Russell of Chicago in June. Amy is an assistant vice president of Marine Midland Bank in New York; her husband, a graduate of the University of California at San Diego and the Wharton School, is a vice president of Dillon Read and Company. **Jonathan Cram** is working in the office of Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis. He enjoys living in Boston, especially on those warm summer nights in Fenway Park. **Robert Baldwin** has a tenure-track position in art history at Connecticut College in New London, Connecticut. **Victoria Curry** has been living in sunny Atlanta for two years with her husband, Jeff, a financial consultant. She is currently finishing a master's degree in information management at Emory University and working as an information broker performing on-line research in business and marketing. Victoria and Jeff try to get to the South Carolina coast or North Georgia mountains whenever possible.

**'77** Ms. Nina P. Freedman  
25 Central Park West, Apt. 3-F  
New York, New York 10023

**Susan Woog Wagner** has an eleven-month-old baby boy named Josh. She works as a freelance photographer. **Susan Barker Forsling** and her husband, Mark, are thrilled to announce the birth of their son, Bradley Waldemar Forsling, born in Atlanta, Georgia, on March 17 and weighing in at 8 lbs. 7 oz. **John J. Bogasky II** is engaged to be married to Shelly Wolfe on September 28 in Baltimore, Maryland. Shelly and John recently bought a house in Silver Spring, Maryland. **Eric Mueller '75** and **Jan Lenkoski-Mueller** are the parents of Hallie Mueller, born in October 1984 — and yes, she has red hair! Since graduating from a joint degree program in law and political science at Yale University in 1982, **Michael A. Swiger** has been practicing law with the firm of Shaw, Pittman, Potts, and Trowbridge in Washington, D.C. He and his wife, Suzanne, are proud to announce the birth of their son, Adam Michael, on December 24, 1983. Michael hates to disappoint old Kenyon friends, but feels obliged to report that Adam was not born wearing a tank top and gym shorts. He'd be glad to hear from former classmates living in the Washington area and would be especially happy to find out whatever became of **Tom Birch**. **Brian McDonald** is building houses in Phoenix, Arizona. **Timothy Barber** graduated cum laude from Wake Forest University School of Law in May. **Dave Loeb** reports that he celebrated a "milestone birthday" with some of the old ALO crew, imported by his wife, **Carol Shields Loeb '79**. **Dave McClave** flew in from Florida, **Corky Young** drove in (from the other side of town), and **Sam Chen** arrived in Rochester "on Eastman Kodak's nickel." (Sam started a new job as a research chemist at Eastman Kodak in April.) "With much effort two large pizzas were eventually consumed, along with appropriate quantities of beer accompanied by many toasts to the old days in Gambier."

**'78** Mr. Peter J. Bianchi  
474 Beacon Street, Apt. 3B  
Boston, Massachusetts 02115

Having exhausted Sewanee's computer courses (six) and spent a year doing part-time work for that university's data processing operations, **Robert Lundin** will be off shortly to

find a data-processing job "in an arts institution of some sort." He has been "testing his foot" as a writer and has written technical copy as well as a two-act farce. He is working on a three-act comedy. "Wish me luck!" **Craig Barakacs** has been promoted to regional director of industrial training for the western division of DeVry Industrial Training in Denver. **Susan Gottfried-Christian** has been promoted to head of production services in Eisaman, Johns, and Laws Advertising in Houston. She and her husband, Tom, have bought an old house and are busy restoring and redecorating. They would like to hear from any Kenyon people in or passing through Houston.

**'79** Ms. Mary Anne Gorman  
924 Scovel  
Wooster, Ohio 44691

**Peter B. Frechie** is pleased to announce his marriage to Jill Robin Mernick on June 16. After a honeymoon in Italy, he started surgical residency at Metropolitan Hospital in Philadelphia, having completed a rotating internship at Doctor's Hospital in Columbus. On March 12, **Wade Newman** gave a poetry reading with Dick Allen at the Medicine Show Theater in New York City as part of a month-long festival that Wade coordinated. He has poems forthcoming in the *Mid-American Review* and *Confrontation*. **Betty Boatwright** is engaged to Robert J. Crawley, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and the Wharton School who is with Paine Webber capital markets. Betty is a subsidiary rights associate at St. Martin's Press, in charge of selling first and second serial rights to magazines. She is also attending Fordham University's Graduate School of Business. She lives at 333 East 79th Street, Apt. 7X, New York, New York 10021. **Evan Chang** writes that he is working in Altamonte Springs, Florida, and considering returning to school to pursue a master's degree in political science. **Roger O'Neill** writes from Boulder, Colorado: "I am a post-doctoral researcher in carbohydrate biochemistry at the University of Colorado at Boulder, but will be moving with the lab to Athens, Georgia, this fall to stay until I finish my three-year postdoctoral program." **Constance Plattenburg McCaslin** will be moving to Washington, D.C., and then abroad with her husband John's foreign service appointment. "We're both excited about the opportunities. While John studies foreign economies, I hope to continue freelance writing." She reports having had a great "Hoboken Weekend" at **John Halpern's** wedding with **Perry Degener**, **Andy Johnston**, **Mark Thomay**, and **Rob Gunther-Mohr**. **David Grodsky** is "struggling under cover in the corporate maze. I love working in television — after all, the medium is the message."

**'80** Ms. Cheryl Ririe-Kurz  
410 West Briar  
Chicago, Illinois 60657

**Mark O'Connell** has been named vice president of marketing for MultiService Corporation, a financial and software company in the trucking and airline industry. After graduating from Kenyon, **Sallie Cosgrove** says, "I never quite got around to moving away from Ohio." She has since received a master's degree in animal nutrition and is only two short (?) years away from receiving a degree in veterinary

medicine from the Ohio State University. "I've not forgotten my liberal arts background, though!" **Sallie** both edits and writes for *The Speculum*, the veterinary school's alumni magazine. She is not the lone Kenyonite there; **Sallie** is a classmate of **Angie Lingl '82** and lives next door to **Katherine Geyer '81**. **Brian P. Reilly** has been a health insurance underwriter at Guardian Life Insurance Company in New York City for the past one and a half years. He is sharing an apartment with **Toby Burwell** in Hoboken, New Jersey. **Brian** sends special hellos to **Phil Bousquet**, **Todd Friedlander**, **Steve Rapp**, and **Kate Main Rapp '81**. **James H. Bates** writes, "I am in the midst of the high voltage life of an ophthalmology resident in Akron, Ohio. For those who are concerned, I am avoiding any association with professional bowling. Finally, it has been a pleasure to befriend **David Sweet '74** of Akron City Hospital, with whom I share reminiscences of Kenyon and a mutual distaste for bowling (I think)." **Mary Boutselis** has moved to Kenai, Alaska, after four years of graduate school in Los Angeles at U.S.C. The excuse she used for such a move was that she needed to do an internship in clinical psychology. "As it happens, I love my work in rural psychology and have fallen much in love with this state. People really do live in log homes, mush dogs, and fly a lot. But there are also apartment complexes and running water — in many places." **Mary** plans to stay when her internship is up in September. Right now she spends much of her free time cross country skiing, snow camping, canoeing, and doing anything else that gets her into the mountains. She has also been carrying on a Kenyon tradition in the last frontier — competitive swimming. The master's swimming team she organized competed in their first meet in Anchorage in the last week of March. "Should anyone from Kenyon be traveling up in this direction, drop me a line (406 South Forest Drive, Kenai, Alaska 99611) or call (907-283-7501 or 907-283-7962)." **John C. Porter II**, "after being incognito for two years in Yugoslavia and Dallas, Texas, working for Westinghouse Broadcasting and Cable," recently spent two weekends in a row with Kenyon friends. "Mick Fendig's wedding included **Alex Gordevitch '79**, **Sue Fulton Talbott '79**, **Phyllis Rifkin-Russell '79** and her husband, **Steve '79**, **Leslie Hough**, and **Craig Huff**. Home in Mobile, Alabama, I hooked up with 'sons of rednecks' **Joe Cutchin** and his wife, **Anne Fleming Cutchin**, **Karen Patronite**, and **Ed 'Cheetah' Chitwood '82**. We all spent a lost weekend at the New Orleans Jazz Festival. The Soul of Studio 114 lives on!" **James Freedman** is joining the Washington, D.C., branch of **Finley, Kumble, Wagner, Heine, Underberg, Manley, and Casey**, specializing in commercial construction finance. **Douglas Ames** is working as a field service technician for Copiers Plus Services in the area from Hartford to Boston. **Mary Ames** is office manager-librarian-paralegal at the law firm of **Gidley, Lovegreen, and Sarli** in Providence, Rhode Island. **Roderick** and **Lisa Marrano O'Connor** are thrilled at the birth of their first child, **Meredith Cartier**, on March 18. **Rich Snowden** has been in real estate development for several years, specializing in historically certified and environmentally sensitive properties. **Rich** is also director of his local historical society, community association and a nonprofit real estate trust. Occasionally he sees Kenyon people in Philadelphia, including **Cathy Hazlett '81**,



## Schott will head volunteer programs

Lisa Dowd Schott '80 has been appointed director of volunteer programs in Kenyon's Office of Alumni Affairs. Her responsibilities will include coordinating activities for regional alumni associations, supporting the Parents Advisory Council, guiding the leadership of the Student-Alumni Association, and coordinating the work of Alumni Council committees.

Schott, a Cleveland native, comes back to the College from the Howard Dittrick Museum of Historical Medicine. There she performed the duties of collections manager, organizing exhibits, giving tours and classes for children, and recording gifts to the museum.

Prior to her tenure there, Schott worked for Peoples and Cultures, a nonprofit organization that gave tours of ethnic communities in Cleveland. "I loved that job and was using the same kinds of skills that I will be using at Kenyon," Schott says. She added that she had been looking for a job with more challenge and responsibility, both of which the alumni affairs position provides in abundance.

Following her graduation from Kenyon, Schott attended Case West-



Lisa Schott

ern Reserve University, where she received a master's degree in history and museum studies.

Of her arrival, Director of Alumni Affairs Jefferson D. Robinson III '49 says, "Lisa has just the skills we were looking for. The newly created position will forge all of the College's volunteers into a focused, organized endeavor. We welcome her back into the community."

Hewitt Heiserman '82, and his cousin Ned Lee '83. "Another cousin, Ted Wood, I am happy to report, starts his freshman year in the fall. The Class of 1989 makes me feel somewhat aged."

**'81 5th Reunion**  
Ms. Catherine Hazlett  
132 Conestoga Road, Apt. 1A  
Wayne, Pennsylvania 19087

Jim Goodwin writes that he often sees Alex Newton '80, who is married and has a beautiful baby daughter named Candace. Jim is threatening to take Mason Tolman '82 out of his will if he does not hear from him soon. The Reverend John Bauerschmidt was ordained an Episcopal priest at All Saints' Church in Worcester, Massachusetts, where he previously was a curate. John will marry Caroline Pearce '84 in January 1986 in New York City. Randy and Page Frantz are living in Cary, North Carolina, where Randy has completed his first year of veterinary school at North Carolina State University. Page is working in a "very active" art gallery in Durham. Gregory Sesler is practicing law in Erie, Pennsylvania. He married Elizabeth McQueen in July in Canton, Ohio. Suzanne Wilson works for L.S. Ayres, a major department store in Indiana and Ohio. She will marry Tom Crable ("a fellow runner") in September. Maggie Calkins and Paula Ivory will be among the wedding party. Mark Dailey married Roni

Vail, a graduate of Miami University, on April 6 in Gambier. The couple will live in Phoenix, New York, where Mark is employed by the Westreco Research Division of Nestle Company. Mary Louise Keady and Laurence P. O'Connell '80 are engaged. Mary Louise is an instructor at Northeastern University. Laurence is senior editor in the publishing group of Digital Equipment Corporation in Bedford, Massachusetts.

**'82 Mr. James G. Allen**  
1400 North Meade Street, #303  
Arlington, Virginia 22209

James C. Fleming is now a graduate student at Kent State University, working on his master's degree in special education. Louise Mooney is living in Detroit and working as an assistant editor of *Contemporary Authors*, a reference series published by Gale Research Company. Laurie Brown is in a master's degree program in social work at Bryn Mawr College, from which she plans to graduate in 1986. She moved from New Jersey to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to be closer to school. Ellen Gillespie Purdy and Phil Purdy '75 are pleased to announce the birth of their son, Dustin Branch, on March 2. Joseph A. Grimes III has moved to Norwalk in southern Connecticut because of his recent promotion from credit manager of the South Central Zone in the Manufactured Housing Department to manager of productivity and development. He'd like to hear from

any Kenyonites in the area. Lisa Holden has been a litigation paralegal in Philadelphia for almost two years and will soon attend the graduate school of social work at Bryn Mawr College. David Pumphrey held a "Detroit Grand Prix Party" this June. In attendance were: Jeff "Frisco" King '80, David Neel '80, Bob Antila, Jamie Black, Barry Cahill, Ned Kyle, Brent Clark '83, David Holeman '83, and John Stanforth '84. Angie Lingl, who recently finished her second year of veterinary school at Ohio State in Columbus, had a surprise party for her fiancé Todd Farrell, joined by Mike Mizenko '81, Laura Chase, Tammy Martin, and Karin Moorma. Kristin Hay recently graduated from the Ohio State University College of Law. After vacation in Italy and on Fire Island, she will join the firm of Baker and Hostetler as an associate in the Columbus office. She reports having seen Anne Himmelright, Norman Kenyon, Doug Lingafelter, Dale West, Karen Anderson '83, Bill Davis '83, and Leslie Spencer '83. Kristin's new address is 1437B Cliff Court, Columbus, Ohio 43204. Peter Harvey will be married in September to Sarah M. Larkin of Middlebury, Connecticut. The couple will live in Stonington, Connecticut, where Peter works for Tradewind Marine building yacht marinas "with a unique product called Pontona." Celia Sedwick received her M.F.A. in scenery and costume design from Southern Methodist University. She is currently working in Dallas for its Shakespeare festival and beginning to work in film and television as a stylist, "an unknown but exciting profession." Celia is living at 5849 Oram, Apt. 11, Dallas, Texas 75206; she hopes to hear from fellow classmates in the area. Bill Goidell left New York City for a trip through Luxembourg, Germany, Vienna, Athens, and the Greek islands on his way to Cairo, eventually departing for the Sudan, Kenya ("not Kenyon"), and other countries in Africa. John Schenk joined the commercial-industrial-investment division of West Shell Realty in Cincinnati. Alyssa Salomon is saying adieu to department store special events, sweepstakes, and Santaland management to move to Chicago where she will enter the University of Chicago's M.B.A. program. She lives at 1642 East 56th Street, Apartment 918, Chicago, Illinois 60637. Sue Weil received her master's degree in medical illustration from Case Western Reserve University. Karla Reese Ware finished her master's degree in art history last December at Case. She writes "While touring the Watteau exhibit at the National Gallery I ran into three Kenyon friends, Kirsten Holm, Dru Johnston, and Emily Nicholson. Small world, isn't it?" Robert W. Dickerman and Beth Crawford Dickerman '83 are living in Savoy, Illinois, while they both attend the University of Illinois. Bob received his master's degree from Rutgers in 1984 and is working on a Ph.D. in reproductive physiology; Beth has finished her first year in law school. They share their apartment with two cats. Timothy Carlson graduated from the Claude W. Pettit School of Law at Ohio Northern University.

**'83 Mr. Edward Spodick**  
P.O. Box 955  
Gambier, Ohio 43022

Anne Brenner has recently been promoted to director of operations at Turner Subscrip-



tions. Her hard work and perseverance have paid off! **Kevin Williams** and **Jody Proto** are both in Germany studying and taking advantage of the strong American dollar. The elusive **Seppy Basili** was recently seen in New York, having returned from his sojourn in London. **Martha Land's** fashion sense is being capitalized on at French Connections, a successful boutique in Manhattan where she is assistant store manager. **Karen Rockwell** is working as a paralegal in Cleveland, Ohio. **Julie Entzeroth** is attending graduate school in health administration at Duke University. **Timmons Roberts** reports being "Mr. Science" to some sixty tenth, eleventh, and twelfth graders at the Park School outside of Baltimore, Maryland. He's playing his guitar and "big time" ultimate frisbee, and he recently moved to 713 Field Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21211. He spent the summer in Vermont. **Robert Olney** is a fundraiser for the environmental group Greenpeace. **Pamela Slotsky** has completed training as a Montessori teacher for three-to-six-year-olds in Schenectady, New York. She reports that **Jennifer Schancupp** is living in Meriden, Connecticut, and working for the United Way; **Mary Sexsmith** is now with Kodak; and **Wayne Tompkins** is studying at the University of Rochester. **Nicholas Valldejuli** is teaching Spanish and German at Culver Military Academy in Indiana.

**'84** **Mr. Jonathan Edward Tazewell**  
2106 Spring Street  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103

**Robert K. Mullarkey** is living and working in New York City developing a sales program for AFC Computer Services and is playing rugby for the New York Athletic Club. **Kathy Sanborn** is presently working in the anthropology department of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City as a curatorial assistant and is "loving every minute of it." She would love to hear from visitors to the city. **Bill Troyer** is presently working in the vice chancellor's office at the University of Illinois at Chicago and enjoying political work in the village of Oak Park. He is thinking of attending graduate school in the near future and looking forward to visiting Kenyon as an alumnus. He is seeking a "viable" job first, though. **Jeff Kovach** is writing in the editorial section of the *National Enquirer* magazine, based in Los Angeles, California, and would welcome any visitors in the area. **Joseph Caperna** began his studies at Case Western Reserve Medical School in August. **Linda Slanec** is a graduate student in the neuroscience program at the University of California, San Diego, and recently received a National Science Foundation Predoctoral Fellowship. **Linda Mays** is in restaurant management with Chi Chi's restaurant. She is the bar manager. Linda was recently transferred from Boston, Massachusetts, to LaCrosse, Wisconsin, where a new Chi Chi's just opened. **Brad Remick** is "still stuck in Villanova University (yes, the one with the basketball team) School of Law" and is "anxiously awaiting first-year finals." **Amy McKune** is going to attend the Cooperstown Graduate Program in History Museum Studies this fall. Currently, she is working on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. "I would love to see any Kenyon alumni who find themselves at the Canyon." **Julia Allan** is living in Somerville, Massachusetts, with **Jean Olin** and **Anne Noonan**. Julia is

working as a substitute teacher, and Jean is working at Houghton Mifflin Publishing Company. **Edward A. Jay** is currently involved in a partnership with a close friend from home. "The company is called Intellect Controls Group, and our service is education," says Ed. He is in close contact with **Bill Sondheim '83**, **Will Rogers**, and **Larry Kass '85**. He reported they planned "to meet for our annual Kentucky Derby Reunion in Louisville, Kentucky, on May 3-5." **Susie Miller** has been busy with Kenyon admissions and hopes to send some good Baltimoreans out to Gambier. The Acceptees' Luncheon was attended by **Jack Turnbull '70**, **Tom Bruggman '75**, **Ellen Turner '80**, **Andy Cohen '81**, **Peri Heyssel**, **Mary Salmon**, **Tom Turgeon**, and **John Ward**! **Susie** has also been busy getting ready to change jobs. She'll be teaching history and coaching field hockey and lacrosse at the Severn School, Severna Park, Maryland. "I miss Kenyon and wish the Class of '85 good luck!" **Ted Sandberg** is working for Rite-Aid Corporation, managing their "Heaven" store on Wisconsin Avenue in Georgetown. He is "hanging out with other Kenyonites here in D.C., including **Andy Bunn**, **Maria Ehrlich**, **Patty Henry**, **Chris Otto**, **Glen Schroeder**, **Jenny Siegenthaler**, **Tory Smith**, **Liza Winans**, and others." **Jeff Pannebaker** recently completed his second quarter of graduate study in business. "If all goes as planned, I will graduate from Ohio State's business school in June 1986 with an emphasis in accounting and finance." He plans to work to become a C.P.A. after graduation. Last, but not least, Jeff reports his marriage in June 1984, which **Gilbert Storey** and **Frank Vinnelli '85** attended as members of the wedding party. **Peter Loomis** is working for Eli Lilly and Company as a territorial sales manager and living "in beautiful Toledo!" **Stephen Benoit** works in Norwood, Massachusetts, for EIC Laboratories as a staff scientist doing research on electrochromic displays and sensors. **Todd Allen** is alive and well and living in Cleveland, continuing work as a legal assistant for a firm currently preparing oral arguments before the Ohio Supreme Court. **Melissa Siders** is in the Peace Corps in the African nation of Senegal. **Mark Marrano** has been assigned to Presidio of Monterey, California, after completing Air Force basic training. **Caroline Pearce** will marry the **Reverend John Bauerschmidt '81** on January 4, 1986, in Christ and St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, New York City. Caroline works as an assistant kindergarten teacher at the Episcopal School in New York City.

**'85** **Ms. Deborah A. Johnson**  
9884 West Pleasant Home Road  
West Salem, Ohio 44287

**Sarah Tappen** is the new registrar at the Museum of the City of New York. **Kelly Smith** has joined the staff of Preferred Insurance Services in Sylvania, Ohio.

## Deaths

**Austin McElroy 1909 H'64** on June 26 in Columbus, Ohio. He was ninety-six.

Austin's long association with Kenyon began in 1905. While a student, he was a member of Psi Upsilon. In 1907 he joined what is now the McElroy-Minister Company, an insurance firm established in 1875. At his retire-

ment, Austin was chairman of the company of which he was co-owner since 1921. Appointed a trustee of the College in 1950, Austin served on the board under presidents Chalmers and Lund and as an emeritus trustee under presidents Caples and Jordan. An important benefactor and supporter of Kenyon, Austin was awarded an honorary doctor of laws at Commencement in 1964. A Columbus civic leader, he was a trustee of both Children's Hospital and Grant Hospital. Over a number of years, he served the Community Chest in various positions, including trustee and vice president. Austin was president of Forty-Four-Fifty East Broad, Inc., and a director of the Midland Mutual Life Insurance Company. He was a member of the First Congregational Church.

Austin is survived by his daughter, Ann Follansbee; grandchildren George McElroy '64, Candace Bahrenberg, Austin McElroy '69, and Mark, David, Austin, and Peter Follansbee; six great-grandchildren; and stepdaughters Mrs. Newton Armstrong, Mrs. Frederik Barends, Mrs. John Howe, Mrs. Samuel Keene, and Mrs. David Miller.

**Arthur Fernando Billow 1922** on March 27 in Akron, Ohio. He was eighty-six.

At Kenyon, Arthur was a member of Beta Theta Pi and played basketball. He participated in Infantry ROTC in 1918-19. Arthur was treasurer of the Billow Company until 1953 when he became its president. A past president of the Ohio Embalmers Association, he was also former senior warden of the Church of Our Saviour in Akron and past master of Loyalty Lodge 645 F.&A.M. He was a life member of Yusef Khan Grotto and a charter member of Tadmor Shrine, as well as a member of the American Legion, Akron Consistory, Akron Rotary Club, and the Blue Coats of Akron.

Arthur is survived by his wife, Bettie Tether, to whom he was married September 11, 1920; two children, Barbara Ault and Charles; seven grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren.

**Albert Ely Champney 1926** on March 12 in North Palm Beach, Florida, after a lengthy illness. He was eighty.

Al attended Kenyon, graduated from the University of Michigan, and received his juris doctor from that university's law school in 1931. He was admitted to practice as attorney and counselor before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1937. He served in World War II, achieving the rank of lieutenant colonel and receiving the Legion of Merit. A member of the Michigan State Bar for fifty-four years, Al served thirty-four years as director of the Wayne County Bureau of Taxation (1932-66). He served on numerous study commissions formed by legislators, governors, and mayors; he assisted in the preparation of recommendations which were the basis for rewriting Michigan's laws on property assessment and tax procedure. He was president of the Michigan State Association of Supervisors, president of the International Association of Assessing Officers, a member of the Michigan State Planning Commission, a member of Governor Frank Murphy's Tax Study Commission, and a member of Governor Romney's Committee on Senior Citizen Tax Relief. He conducted classes and seminars at the universities of Michigan, Minnesota, Maryland, Virginia, and Connecticut. He served for forty-five years on the board of directors of the Beurmann-Mar-



shall Corporation of Lansing, Michigan.

Al is survived by his wife, Marguerite, of North Palm Beach; his son, Albert E. Champney of Sao Paulo, Brazil; his daughter, Carol J. Kuzmick of Heidelberg, Germany; and his grandson, Jeffrey L. Watterworth, who attends Michigan State University.

**The Reverend Canon Marcus B. Hitchcock B'29** on January 13 in Eugene, Oregon. He was seventy-nine.

Marcus graduated from the University of Alabama and Bexley Hall, where he was a member of the bridge team. During the 1950s he was a vice president of the Bexley Society. Marcus was civilian chaplain at Casper Army Air Base, 1942-46, and served on the Civilian Disaster Committee of Casper, Wyoming, 1942-45. He was a member of various Episcopal diocesan committees, serving on the Deputy Provincial Synod of Washington, the Deputy Provincial Synod of the Northwest, and the Council of Advice. He served as rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Casper, Wyoming, before being installed at the Cathedral of St. Matthew's as canon. Marcus later served as rector of All Saint's Episcopal in Richland, Washington, holding positions as the secretary of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Spokane and chairman of the Board of Examining Chaplains.

Marcus is survived by his wife, Rowena Stillman, and three sons, Marcus, John, and Robert.

**D. Bruce Mansfield '30 H'71** on March 7 in Akron, Ohio. He was seventy-five.

A former trustee of the College, Bruce graduated magna cum laude and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. As a student, he was a member of Phi Kappa Sigma. Bruce received a bachelor of laws degree from Duke University, where he edited the *Duke Bar Journal*, and he was later appointed a Sterling Fellow at Yale Law School. He earned the doctor of juridical science in 1935 as a Sterling Fellow at Yale and was elected to The Order of the Coif. Bruce taught at Temple Law School before serving as senior attorney with the Securities and Exchange Commission. After teaching for one year at the School of Jurisprudence at the University of California at Berkeley, he returned to Ohio to join the Canton law firm of Amerman, Mills, Mills, Jones, and Mansfield. Bruce later joined the Ohio Edison Company as general counsel. Two years later he was elected an officer; he became executive vice president in 1959 and director in 1960. In 1964 Bruce was elected president of Ohio Edison and chairman of the board; in 1967 he became president of Pennsylvania Power. In 1975 the Bruce Mansfield Plant was inaugurated in Shippingport, Pennsylvania. It is one of the largest coal-fired power plants in operation and one of the most environmentally efficient.

Bruce is survived by his wife, Louise; four children, Alexander, Jane Holt, Louise Tucker, and Muriel; and seven grandchildren.

**The Reverend William X Smith '30 B'32** on March 7 in Philadelphia. He was seventy-six.

Bill majored in English and the Greek and French languages and graduated summa cum laude and a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He was a member of the choir, assistant editor of the *Collegian*, and a student assistant to the departments of Mathematics and Psychology.

He earned a bachelor of divinity degree in 1932 from Bexley Hall, where he was an instructor in Greek and editor of the *Bexley Journal*. Bill was ordained in 1933 and served parishes in Cleveland, Ohio, Laredo, Texas, and Philadelphia before becoming rector of St. Mary Church in Philadelphia where he remained for sixteen years. For two years he was Episcopal chaplain at the University of Pennsylvania. Bill also served as vicar of St. Luke's Church, Edystone, Pennsylvania, and since his retirement in 1973 was assistant at Christ Church, Media, Pennsylvania. In 1978 he was special guest preacher at Westminster Abbey.

Bill is survived by his wife, Alice Perkins, and son, Richard. Memorial contributions may be sent to the organ fund at St. James Episcopal Church, 210 Concord Road, Green Ridge, Pennsylvania 19014.

**Robert Ainslie Bell 1932** in Washington Island, Wisconsin. He was seventy-five.

While at Kenyon, Robert was a member of Alpha Delta Phi. He worked for Inland Steel and later in a sales position at Republic Steel before starting Bell Realty.

Robert is survived by his wife, Florence Tideman; two daughters, Charlotte Strasser and Lorna Cornell; and five grandchildren.

**Fred Silsby Howard 1932** on March 12 in Cleveland Heights, Ohio. He was seventy-five.

While at Kenyon, Fred was a member of the basketball team and Alpha Delta Phi. He left Kenyon to work for his family-owned business, Crane-Howard Lithograph Company in Cleveland, Ohio. At his retirement in 1979, Fred was the firm's vice president. He was also an officer in the Crane-Howard Building Company. During World War II, Fred served in the Navy for thirty-three months, six of which were spent in the South Pacific.

In 1950, Fred married Mary Exley Cave Presson, then associate editor of *Reader's Digest*, who survives him.

**Sidney Crowell Chase '33** in South Yarmouth, Massachusetts.

While at Kenyon, Sidney was a member of Sigma Pi. An accountant and tax consultant, he was a member of the Massachusetts Association of Public Accountants and the National Society of Public Accountants. He was the former Hyannis town auditor, chairman of the Red Cross Blood Drive, chairman of the finance committee of Hyannis Federated Church, and past president of the Republican's Club. He was married in 1937 to the former Dorothy Tribe and later divorced.

Sidney is survived by his children, Edward III '62, Judith, Saunie, Sidney, Pamela, and Stephen.

**David Ulrey McDowell '40 H'73** on April 8 as a result of injuries sustained in a motor vehicle accident in Monteagle, Tennessee. He was sixty-seven.

An English major at Kenyon, David graduated magna cum laude and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. A staff member of *Hika* and a brother of Phi Kappa Sigma, he played football, tennis, and baseball. Following graduation he taught English at the College for two years and was secretary of the *Kenyon Review*. He served four years in the U.S. Army and studied for two years at the Sorbonne after his discharge. While in Paris he joined the publishing house New Directions and served as an

editor of *Transition*. David was an executive editor at Random House before leaving to establish his own firm, McDowell, Obolensky, where his first list included the Pulitzer Prize-winning *A Death in the Family* by James Agee. He resigned from the company in 1960 and later went on to work for Crown Publishers. At his death, David was working on a biography of Agee, a project for which he had been awarded a research fellowship from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

David is survived by two sons, Alan and Brian; two daughters, Beverly and Claire Friedenbergh; and a sister, Margaret Nicolson.

**Francis Downing Paulson 1940.**

While at Kenyon, Francis was a member of Delta Tau Delta and a psychology major. His interests included photography and aviation. A past secretary of the Marine Trades Association of Ohio, Francis was president of Interlake Marine Sales, Inc., in Lakewood, Ohio. A Mason, Knight Templar, and Shriner, he was also a member of the Cleveland Yachting Club and the Cleveland Power Squadron. Francis enjoyed sail yacht racing and was a member of the Mercedes-Benz Club of America.

**Robert Ellis Johnson '43** in 1983 in San Diego, California.

A graduate of Lehman High School in Canton, Ohio, Bob took his Kenyon degree in 1947, after serving in the Navy from 1941 through 1946. He was a member of Alpha Delta Phi. Bob worked in radio as chief announcer for WCMW, Canton, as news editor with WTAM, Cleveland, and as program director at WKBY in Muskegon, Michigan. He was an amateur radio operator as well. After leaving radio, Bob was president of Robert E. Johnson, Inc., a manufacturer's representative firm.

Bob is survived by his wife, Priscilla, and four children, Melinda, Jeffrey, Amy, and Karen.

**Richard A. May 1943** on January 30 in Palos Verdes Estates, California. He was sixty-six.

While at Kenyon, Richard was a member of Beta Theta Pi. He was an employee of Thompson Products, managing their plant in Roanoke, Virginia, before working for TRW Systems as manager of numerical control operations. He later worked as a manager in spacecraft manufacturing for the firm.

Richard was preceded in death by his wife, Nancy. He is survived by three children, Richard, Sally, and Barbara.

**Nathan Cummings H'74** this past winter in New York City. He was eighty-eight.

Cummings, renowned art collector and founder of Consolidated Foods, donated Waddell's sculpture *Dance Mother* to Kenyon and in 1982 financed its restoration. The sculpture sits in the garden at Cromwell Cottage. Cummings, whose collection of impressionist art is one of the largest in the country, sat on the board of directors of numerous corporations, including General Dynamics. A noted philanthropist, his gifts included the eleven-story Cummings Life Science Center at the University of Chicago.

Cummings is survived by his daughter, Beatrice Mayer, a Kenyon trustee, and his grandson, Robert Mayer '71.



KCAB



mirrors where pictures of high-school flames were plastered (in my day isolated Kenyon undergrads turned women into foreign correspondents). I see the hallway telephone, scratched and carved, the receiver worn smooth by generations of sweaty palms, and I recall wondering how to signal my hardworking parents long-distance that their scholarship boy was flirting with a four-point average but not getting laid: Mom, Pop, this isn't like *The Student Prince*!! And in the dormitory lounge another discovery awaits, for this is the last place, anywhere, that I stayed up all night to work — "throwing an all-nighter." I remember the forlorn companionability of many other all-nighter devotees, stalking the halls for bullshit, card games, and stashed food, because everyone knew that throwing all-nighters, simply staying awake, was ample sacrifice. You didn't actually have to study. Knowledge, past 2:00 a.m., came by osmosis.

I walk into the College commons, Peirce Hall, wondering how it is that stone and wood and disinfectant give a building a smell as distinctive as a fingerprint. Dining tables and stained-glass windows and paintings of College presidents and benefactors, a whole gallery of them, are unchanged, and so are my memories of the comely wife of the man who ran the food service, making her way toward the kitchen, strutting her stuff, undressed by half a thousand eyes, imaginarily gang-raped among the veal cutlets and the Jell-O molds. And lunch! After twenty years I still can't say "lunch" with a straight face, for at the Kenyon of my era, "lunch" wasn't food; it was vomit, copiously disgorged on spring and fall dance weekends. A lunch was *thrown, blown,*

*arched, festooned, or garlanded,* depending on its trajectory and target. And what about the end of dance weekend, down at the railroad trestle at the foot of the hill? Like a dog returning to mark a special tree, I jog past the trestle, remembering how dance-weekend diehards assembled there — the drunk, the dateless, the bird-dogged dregs — to drink "milk punch" (booze, milk, and sugar) and elect the "asshole of the year." It's a prize that we all, one way or another, richly deserved (the valuable lesson of four years among men-only is that everybody, sooner or later, is an asshole).

I have spent several days wondering which of my classmates will appear at what amounts to a memorial service for a place that no longer exists. When I'm handed the list of returning alumni, suspense yields to disappointment. More than a hundred of us graduated; about two dozen have returned.

When what there is of us assembles for a group picture, I feel like a veteran of a far-off war, lost and probably not worth fighting in the first place. That evening we gather for a reception and a small dinner (mystery meat, of course: College food services are forever). My companions are not the eccentrics I have wondered about. For the most part, they are students-I-sort-of-knew, whom time has turned into doctors, dentists, lawyers, businessmen. The exception is a classmate, a fellow English major, who returned to teach at Kenyon. In him, enthusiasm for today's coed college mingles with nostalgia for the all-male place that exhilarated and embittered everyone who knew it. ("When they brought in the girls they said they were worried about the impact on standards,"

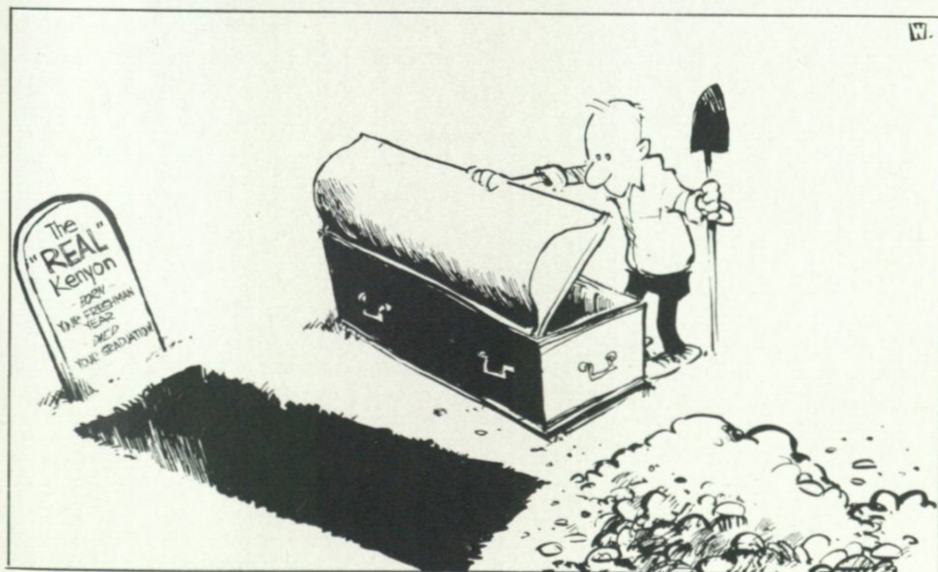
he tells me. "They were right. It was like bringing in the Pittsburgh Steelers.")

As we take turns with after-dinner speeches, it seems everyone can name one or more classmates who have no nostalgia for Kenyon, no desire to return, no interest in donations, phonathons, recruitments, or reunions. And even those who've come have mixed feelings. "This was a liberal arts gulag." "The all-male college is dead as a dodo." "You couldn't not have mixed feelings." "After Kenyon, I never ate Jell-O again, not an inch of it!" But there is also a funny loyalty to the place we shared. It's as if we had all been shipwrecked on the same island. In retrospect, the island looks good. It keeps us talking, drinking, singing . . . like alumni . . . until, around 2:00 a.m., the idea of the all-male college is transformed from painful anachronism to ahead-of-its-time experiment — gutsy, noble, well worth the cost.

My last morning I head toward a local graveyard, light-headed and buoyant. Kenyon College was the last place I stayed up all night to read a book, and the last place I believed that the work I did would be fairly measured and marked, and the last place that good talk, by itself, wherever I found it, was the making of my day. It was the last place I passionately cared about people's opinions of my work. Would I have been as open, as vulnerable, as eager, if I had fallen in love?

I walk toward a grave at the corner of the cemetery, recalling the bearing, the syntax, the style of the man, a Kenyon English professor, who is buried there. I remember his handwriting on my papers, a careful, slanting script that seemed to have formed itself to fit into the margins of the American novels he taught. His books belong to the English department now, and the day before, I had leafed through his much marked-up *Moby-Dick*. "Ishmael accepts life on its own terms," he reminded himself at the start of one chapter. "Contrast Ahab." Now he is part of the College that was. He never got to teach girls. I never got to sit next to them. We both missed out. Yet my memories of him are uncluttered, vivid, pure. I'm glad we had that kind of time, and for the moment, I can find nothing to resent.

*P.F. Kluge '64 is the author of Season for War. He lives in New York City. This article first appeared in the May 1985 issue of Gentleman's Quarterly.*



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# Kenyon

Gambier, Ohio 43022

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