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**Hiestand, Emily**
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We welcome your inquiries about these itineraries and your suggestions for future destinations. Please contact Meg Goldberg Umlas by phone, 800-800-3466, or e-mail, alumtrav@bu.edu. Or write to: Meg Goldberg Umlas, Alumni Travel Program, Boston University, One Sherborn Street, Boston, MA 02215. You may visit www.bu.edu/alumni/travel.
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As I WALKED DOWN Commonwealth Avenue early the chilly October Saturday morning of Homecoming on my way to the annual Alumni Awards breakfast, I saw a couple bouncing along with what seemed, even from a distance, animated cheerfulness. When they stopped at Marsh Plaza to take photos, I decided they were tourists or parents visiting campus for perhaps the first or second time. They were still taking photos when I reached the plaza and realized to my surprise that they were Chris and Alice Barreca. Both had been student leaders; Chris was the BU News Man of the Year in 1952 and Alice received the same honor (really!) the next year. Their enthusiasm for BU has been unbroken since they graduated together in 1953, Chris from the School of Law and Alice from Sargent College. They have been wonderful alumni, supporting their schools and many other BU projects as well. They were among the first to get excited about our plans to build a boathouse and came forward with gifts honoring family members. When plans were announced for the Climbing Wall. (They and their extended family are great hikers and climbers; it is not that they are stressed out or encouraging the rest of us to be!)

The continuous commitment of Alice and Chris represents alumni interaction with the University at its finest. Both have served on the alumni association Executive Board and Chris was president from 1977 to 1979.

Chris and Alice had left Greenwich, Connecticut, at five a.m. that day to drive to the Alumni Awards ceremony. Chris, a longtime member of the Board of Trustees, won one of the awards in 1984 and Alice received Sargent College awards in 1978 and 1981. You can see why I borrowed their camera to take this picture: honored University leaders, still enthusiastic enough to get up early for this annual event, and happily pausing on their way to take pictures of the renovated Marsh Plaza.

More and more of BU's 250,000 alumni are helping the University achieve its goals and ensure the successful educational voyage of many generations of students to come. It is thanks to alumni like Chris and Alice and other supporters that the University is able to progress. By thanking them, I thank all of you who have also provided support in all different ways. If I could find a really wide-angle lens, I'd put you all in the picture. Enjoy the winter season.

Cordially,

Chris

Photograph by Christopher Reaske
Covered Bridge
I came across a copy of the Fall 2002 Bostonia by chance, and I have to tell you that the cover illustration of the composite view of colonial Boston and the Leonard Zakim Bridge is absolutely gorgeous. Wow! Thank you.
Mary DeSimone
Via the Web

A Site to Behold
I always watch for and enjoy Emily Hiestand's pieces and am grateful that you regularly include her work in your magazine. But I was so moved by her marvelous article “Promised Landscape” (Fall 2002) that I had to write, something I rarely do. It is the best piece I've read so far on this complex topic. And a great deal has been written.

The Boston Foundation cosponsored a series of community forums called Beyond the Big Dig, so we have been following the numerous op-ed pieces in local newspapers and have written about the topic in our various publications. Hiestand's article stands out because she is the first writer I can recall who actually went to the site of the Central Artery and used the experience of her encounter with this part of our city to inspire her writing. And who could be a better companion than Robert Campbell?

Her prose, as always, is beautiful and moving, and her photography is masterful. The opening photo is somehow humorous and touching at the same time (and I love the detail you used in your Table of Contents). All of the photos are just as powerful.

I look forward to seeing more pieces by Hiestand in future issues. Her craft and her vision add a great deal to Bostonia.

Barbara Hindley
Senior editor, Boston Foundation
Boston, Massachusetts

How smart of you to set Emily Hiestand loose on whatever her very observant eyes grab onto. Often she writes about places, moods, and people that are gems needing to be nurtured and preserved. But as a former editor of Emily's at the Globe Magazine (where I published her essays in the eighties) and as an avid reader of her work everywhere, I know — and suspect you do, too — that she too is a very luminous gem who needs the same care and appreciation.

Thank you for giving her the space and the support. It distinguishes your magazine.

Ande Zellman (SED'74)
Brookline, Massachusetts

Still as Sweet
Your obituary of Rose Ciccarello (Fall 2002) brought back fond memories of this very special person and mentor.

After dropping out of college and working at uninspiring jobs for a year, I

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BU Calendar of Events
For a continually updated listing of performing arts and exhibitions on campus, please call 617-353-3349 or visit www.bu.edu/cfa/calendar. To receive a printed College of Fine Arts events calendar, please call 617-353-3350 or sign up online at the above address.

For an updated listing of alumni events in your area, please visit www.bu.edu/alumni/events or call 800-800-3466.

A comprehensive listing of campus events is available at www.bu.edu/calendar.
Two Pillars of Friendship

In a medieval chapel outside Oxford, England, a metallic tapping disrupts the stillness of the nave. It is 1908. Kneeling beside a 500-year-old tomb, screwdriver in hand, is a young Thomas Edward Lawrence: small but surprisingly powerful, straw-blond hair unkempt, striking ice-blue eyes intent on his work as he removes a large engraved brass plate from the flagstone covering the grave. Towering over him, observing with apprehension while keeping a lookout for the churchwardens, is a tall, lanky Rhodes scholar from Kansas, Warren O. Ault.

These two members of Oxford’s Jesus College class of 1910 made numerous rubbings of brass plates adorning the tombs of prominent people. Each full-length image of the person interred beneath provided important information about medieval costumes and iconography. Because brasses were often recycled from tombs damaged by grave robbers, Lawrence removed the plates when he could get away with it to see if a more interesting image might be on the reverse side.

Lawrence’s powerful curiosity and fascination with the history and geography of the Holy Land later drew him to the Middle East, where he blended in among the Arabs, learning their languages and culture. During the First World War, he was a British intelligence officer and led Arab troops in an uprising against their Ottoman Turk rulers. The Turks were German allies, and Lawrence’s brilliant guerrilla campaigns in present-day Jordan, Egypt, and Israel diverted military resources from the western front. His repeated victories, most dramatically at Aqaba in July 1917, so stunning in contrast to the bloody stalemate in Europe’s trenches, made him famous in Britain and the United States and turned him into the iconic Lawrence of Arabia. He died in a motorcycle accident in England in 1935.

Ault, meanwhile, returned to America to earn a doctorate at Yale and then served on the Boston University faculty from 1913, when he was the sole member of the history department, until 1965, when he ceased working with
A Reader’s Place

THE WET NOSE of Mercado, a gentle “terrier-and-something-else” recently rescued from the streets of Puerto Rico, is the first thing that greets customers at Harvard Square’s Grolier Poetry Book Shop. Once visitors step further into the tiny Plympton Street shop, Mercado follows up by licking their hands or their sandaled toes.

“He reminds me of Jessie,” says Grolier owner Louisa Solano. Jessie, Mercado’s predecessor and a well-known fixture at the Grolier for fourteen years, died two weeks ago, and today is Mercado’s first day in the store. He seems right at home in the 404-square-foot space, undaunted by the floor-to-ceiling bookshelves and content to navigate along the worn carpet.

graduate students. He was very much the cornerstone of the department for decades, and was recognized for his scholarship on English medieval village life. His last piece, written when he was 92 and published posthumously, was a review in Book World of Malcolm Brown’s 1989 T.E. Lawrence: The Selected Letters (“There will eventually need to be a new volume of Lawrence letters by an editor with greater professional objectivity . . .”).

Briefly, though, the lives of Lawrence and Ault ran together at Jesus College, one of the most ancient and respected at Oxford. Ault was older by eighteen months. He had taken his undergraduate degree from Baker College in Kansas before being named a Rhodes scholar and going up to Oxford in the fall of 1909. “I was better acquainted with Lawrence than with any other student . . . I knew him for three years,” Ault wrote in Bostonia in 1931. “We were classmates, concentrating on the same field . . . We went to many of the same lectures and had the same tutor.”

That tutor was Reginald L. Poole, a distinguished and notably fastidious Oxford don. The only time Ault ever saw his mentor lose his composure was when Lawrence, his Oxford chum’s heroic accomplishment, rebuked him sharply: “You write in the style of a two-penny newspaper!” Outside, as they mounted their bicycles to leave, Lawrence shot Ault a grin and said, “I thought I would stir the old bag up a bit.”

Ault, who had worked on a farm in Kansas and had never slept in a heated room, arrived in Oxford with calloused hands. When word got around that he came from the American plains, some Oxford contemporaries expected an Indian. Ault’s unpollished frontier manner was not the thing in Oxford’s tight patrician social circles.

Ault remembered that Lawrence, too, was considered something of an “odd stick” at Oxford. “I think Lawrence sought me out partly out of the goodness of his heart, but I think also it was because neither one of us fitted at all into the Victorian class system then rigidly in place in England,” he wrote in a letter. “We were both of us outsiders, he because of his technically illegitimate birth and I because I was an American.”

“He was lonesome, and I was somewhat peculiar, and so he showed me a great deal of friendship,” Ault told The Tab newspaper in 1986.

“Lawrence took no part in social life in college,” Ault recalled in his Bostonia article. “He belonged to no clubs, he attended no teas”; most peculiar of all, he refrained completely from organized athletics. Ault noted that most of Lawrence’s biographers saw this aloof nature “as a sign of budding genius. I did not so remark it at the time; and even now I believe that his restraint was due largely to the fact that he lived at home and that he had insufficient means.” Ault and Lawrence therefore sought inexpensive entertainments, such as cycling around the countryside.

Ault also related how Lawrence “taught me how to make professional-class brass rubbings of the small brasses in the churches around Oxford.” One memorable engraving, the largest of those they did together, is the near-life-size image of an Archbishop of Dublin who died in 1455. Such a large monumental brass, this one found in the antechapel of New College, Oxford, was a rarity, so each made a rubbing while the other steadied the paper. Half a century later, while a professor at BU, Ault’s copy was displayed at his Newton home. Lawrence’s copy was lost long ago, but Ault’s is back in England: in 1971, when Jesus College bestowed on him an Honorary Fellowship, Ault presented the rubbing to his former school.

In 1987, at Ault’s 100th birthday party, a reporter from the Boston Herald asked if he had been surprised by his Oxford chum’s heroic accomplishments in the Middle East. “Yes,” the centenarian replied, “and I imagine he was, too.”

—Timothy Walker (GRS’90, ‘01)
showing through the narrow maze of boxes of books piled up on the floor.

Solano (CAS'66) bought the Grolier, one of only two all-poetry bookstores in the country, in 1974, after the death of longtime owner Gordon Cairnie the year before. She has been running it by herself ever since, taking only Sundays off — as well as four Mondays during the summer — and eschewing the thought of hiring anyone to give her a break. Also a writer, she put aside her own work to turn the store "from a poet's lair to a reader's place," getting rid of the couch that had seated e. e. cummings, T. S. Eliot, and Marianne Moore and doubling the height of the bookshelves. The store is seventy-five years old this year, and its financial situation is "always precarious," but Solano feels it is important to keep the store open, to prove that a poetry-only shop can exist as a commercial enterprise. "My accountant tells me to close up the store and write," she says. "All my accountants have told me that."

But she's never considered it. She first walked into the Grolier as a fifteen-year-old high school student and knew right then that she would own it one day. Years later, as she worked toward her bachelor's degree in English at BU at night, she chose temping over a full-time job. She didn't like the idea of working nine-to-five, or of having to "get along with people you may not like or didn't respect."

At the Grolier, it's clear that she and her customers respect one another, whether through a mutual love of poetry or of dogs. On a muggy October day, the young couple who drove her to the animal shelter to pick up Mercado return for a visit, cuddling with the dog as he gnaws on the clothesline attached to his collar. ("He's chewed through two leashes already," Solano says.) Later, a poetry student comes in looking for T. S. Eliot. Trying to decide between two volumes, he asks, "What's your return policy?"

"None."

He holds up the books and asks how much each costs. Solano gives him the prices without more than a glance at their covers, adding that he gets a 10 percent course discount, then raffles off the discounted prices. "When I started here, I didn't have a calculator," she explains, punching the student's credit card number into an old processor.

She takes pride in knowing that her shop is distinctly unlike the chain bookstores — "Tourists come in here to see what Harvard Square used to be," she says — and posts signs asking customers not to use their cell phones in the store and not to copy anything from the books. She can find any book in the shop without looking it up on a computer (although she does have one, as well as a Web site), and both she and her customers seem impervious to the disarray.

"I haven't ordered books in a while," she says, gazing up at the overflowing stacks, "but the customers don't seem to mind. They always find what they're looking for." — MR

Escaping Reality Television

LAST JULY, David Osborne and three companions were marooned on a remote island in Scotland's Outer Hebrides. A conventional rescue was out of the question, so they had to make do with a freight barge, twenty feet long and eight feet wide, and a tiny two-door Citroën 2CV, the French answer to the Volkswagen Beetle. A BBC film crew hovered nearby, cameras rolling. The task: use the little car to power the barge off the island.

Osborne, director of the CAS physics assembly shop, was one of forty-eight contestants selected for Escape from Experiment Island, a reality-television show that airs on the Learning Channel early in 2003. In the show, billed as Castaway meets Junkyard Wars, with a dash of MacGyver, two teams of strangers are dropped off on the Isle of Rhum. Each group has to use its collective ingenuity to build an escape craft that will carry them off the island.

Nearly 900 candidates in five American cities had been screened by casting directors. In June, one of their scouts wandered into the CAS physics department inquiring about possible candidates. "I told him, if there's one person who's the clear front-runner for a position like this, it's Dave Osborne," says David Perlman, director of the department. "The guy is an incredible problem-solver. He can build just about..."
anything from scratch, and he's got a knack for improvising.

Osborne is more modest about his skills. "I've never really done that much," he says. "I've worked with physicists most of my life." Translation: before taking charge of BU's assembly shop thirteen years ago, he designed and built the tools and machinery for high-energy physics experiments at MIT for three decades, often working closely with Nobel physicist Samuel Ting.

Raised on a farm in Norwell, Massachusetts, Osborne has been an outdoorsman since early on. He's wandered for weeks through Alaska's wilderness hunting with bow and arrow. He has the complexion of a sailor who's crossed the Atlantic several times. With the Coast Guard, he once spent eighteen months on a remote Aleutian island.

Nearly 200 people showed up for the show's Boston auditions. A few hours after his interview, Osborne received a call from a BBC producer asking where he might get hold of some zinc. "I told him that all the marine supply stores were closed for sure, but that I had some zinc in the shop," Osborne says. The producer wouldn't disclose his plans, but he didn't need to. "I knew exactly what he was going to do with the stuff," Osborne says. He pauses and shrugs, as if to say, end of story, problem solved. "They wanted to make the of ffruit battery for the next phase of testing."

Osborne and a dozen others converged on Boston Common for the second stage of tryouts. He was teamed with three strangers and given a box of items to complete five tasks. They sailed through the build-a-battery challenge, although their bulb didn't light up. "I complained bitterly about that," he says, "because I figured they gave us a bad bulb. But they didn't care. They were just watching us to see if we could organize ourselves and if we knew what we were doing."

Osborne apparently met both criteria. On July 20, he met up with seven fellow escapees and their BBC handlers at the Glasgow airport. They boarded a ferry in the town of Malaig, and an hour later came ashore on the Isle of Rhum, home to about twenty families. In the mist and rain, the heather-clad hills and rolling grasslands were strikingly beautiful, Osborne says. "I've never seen so many shades of green in my life."

The contestants were divided into two teams, Red and Blue, and their first challenge was navigational. With compass and azimuth, they set out to locate a series of clues that led to a key hidden somewhere on the island. From the start, Osborne's Team Blue was beset with cooperation problems. "It took us two days just to get organized," he says. "One person thought this was Survivor. By the third day everybody had figured out that it was about teamwork. The other team got that the first day."

Meanwhile, the producers tried to foment conflict. Each person was paired up with a tent-mate from the opposing team. "They wanted us to fight at night," Osborne says, "but it didn't work. We got on really well." While the BBC cooks provided good fare — no grubs — living conditions were rustic at best. Bathing amenities consisted of a wash bucket and a cold stream. "It was supposed to be a little like boot camp," he says. "But if you've been to boot camp, this wasn't even close."

The producers' machinations even backfired, and the contestants turned the tables on their handlers. It started with the dramatic arrival scene. They were directed to leap from an amphibious vehicle into the shallow water and slog up onto the beach. "It was cold that day, and we ended up doing that scene five times because the hosts couldn't get their lines right," Osborne says. "We decided to play a joke on the crew to get back at them." Osborne procured sewing needles and alligator clamps from some locals, and early one morning the two automotive experts in the cast rewired the producer's Land Rover so the horn blew every time she stepped on the brakes.

By the last day, the teams had given up the deviltry to focus on their escape crafts. They now had extra car parts, welding torches, and a complete metal shop at their disposal. At this point, Team Red was the leader, so it got the preferred kit, which included a tugboat propeller. Team Blue received an industrial wooden spool for coiling heavy cable. "As soon as I saw the spool, I knew what we'd have to do," Osborne says. "I could see it in my mind. If you didn't get the propeller, you were going to have to build a paddlewheel."

The showdown led to a dramatic finish, but Osborne's not saying who won. Stay tuned. — TS ♦

Letter to Ed

Recent Napa Valley snowfall — the first in a quarter-century — confounds Global Warmists, makes headlines, snowmen, evokes misspent youth and money. It's romantic, sad and funny.

In other fruit news, have made fresh OJ, and lemonade from neighborhood citrus trees, asked Adam's question: Can you eat these? Clandestine midnight picking patrols evoke misspent youth and money. It's romantic, sad and funny.

— Jonathan Kiefer (COM'96)
It Took a Heap o’ Something to Make a Dorm a Home

By Hope Green

As Boston University's appeal and enrollment expanded after World War II, so did the housing options for students. While rooming houses and a few converted row houses were sufficient through the early 1940s, by the end of the decade BU had purchased and converted hotels and apartment buildings. Not until 1959 was the first purpose-built residence opened.
When the Towers opened on Bay State Road in 1959, Bostonia noted: "A telephone in every two-girl room — who ever heard of such a luxury?" (A telephone outside every room was more like it.)

Wagner (SAR'53) lived for two years in a dormitory at 1955 Massachusetts Avenue. Terribly homesick one evening, she flagrantly broke curfew, sneaking out to take a bus with a friend and arriving at her parents' house in Lenox, Massachusetts, well after midnight. On her return to Cambridge she was grounded for a weekend.

But there were less brazen ways to flout the rules. "Sunday night supper was sort of a pickup, with peanut butter sandwiches," Wagner says. "I remember we used to take cans of sardines up to our rooms. After the lights went out at ten-thirty we used to open them — because we were hungry! We'd open them up in our beds, and we would try to get the little spines out of the sardines in the dark."

Wagner, who studied physical therapy, was one of BU's first female cheerleaders, and she later joined a sorority. "Gals at Sargent had been very reluctant to get involved with the big University," she says. "We decided we were going to take advantage of everything BU had to offer. The classes after us began to enter more into University life."

SARGENT'S CAMBRIDGE WOMEN

Back when Sargent College of Health and Rehabilitation Sciences was a women's college in Cambridge (it moved to the Charles River Campus in 1958), Nancy

BOSTONIA called a handful of alumni to ask them about their dorm experiences from the era of World War II to the turmoil of Vietnam.

COOPERATIVE LIVING — THE 1940S

In the early 1940s, women at BU's Harriet E. Richards Cooperative House were careful to draw the shades at sundown. After the bombing of Pearl Harbor, coastal cities had mandatory blackouts in case of an enemy attack. Even so, Marjorie Kettell felt secure in the cooperative residence for women, where she lived from 1943 to 1946.

In the four-story Victorian mansion at 191 Bay State Road, with green marble columns, frescoed walls, and views of the Esplanade, the twenty-four residents each paid just $32 a month for room and board. In exchange for the reduced rate, they shared housekeeping chores, an arrangement that continues at the house today.

"A lot of us who came from little rural towns walked into this gorgeous mansion and were really bowled over by its beauty," says Kettell (CAS'47, GRS'54, '64). "It was a delightful place; you'd come home from school — the College of Liberal Arts was up in Copley Square then — and one of the music students would be playing piano. We had a lot of classical music there; we put on pageants; we had dances. And of course those were the war years, so it wasn't easy to find men to dance with." Some lived at an MIT co-op house down the street; others were Army trainees taking courses at BU.

Daily cleaning and food-service chores were assigned on a rotating basis. A cook prepared the dinners, while the residents were in charge of making brown-bag lunches. "Meat and butter were being shipped overseas to our fighting forces," Kettell says. "We ate a lot of Spam." She recalls assembling twenty-four carrot-and-raisin sandwiches on a long table. When she was done she had to leave the kitchen spotless.

"Everything was very strict," she says. "The house mother was a Southern lady, and she ruled with an iron hand. If we lingered a moment in the front foyer with a boyfriend, she would be there telling us to come upstairs. If you were even a minute or two late, you got a demerit, and if you racked up ten demerits, you would be kicked out of the house.

"But looking back on it, it was a safe environment and a lot of us felt very secure there. We felt like a big family."
The food has improved since 1964, but there is something fundamentally unchanged about any dormitory lunch line.

**MYLES TO GO BEFORE SLEEP**

The former Myles Standish Hotel, wedged into the V where Beacon Street and Bay State Road meet, was converted to a dormitory for men in 1949. Graduate students and upperclassmen had the higher rooms with choice views of Kenmore Square and the Charles, while "lowly freshmen," as reported that year in *Bostonia*, occupied the bottom floors.

Donald Mahon (COM'54) knew the place intimately: to help pay for his room and board he performed odd jobs around the building. As a freshman he was an elevator man; at that time the elevators were still not automatic. He also emptied trash and cleaned the boilers, a dirty job that entailed scraping carbon and other gunk out of glass tubes with a large wire brush. Nights, he did homework in a basement control room, keeping watch over the plumbing and electricity.

Responsible though he was, Mahon couldn't resist joining about fifty Myles mates one night in a panty raid on a women's dorm. He was among a few culprits caught in the act and taken to the Back Bay police station. "I don't think they booked us," he says. "They just let us sit there for a couple of hours and think about what we did."

Myles once had a reputation for civil disobedience. In 1949, according to Kathleen Kilgore's *Transformations: A History of Boston University*, a rule requiring neckties at dinner was abolished after 500 men staged a walkout and marched to the less formal Student Union dining room. In 1966, poor cuisine led to a food riot. The messy protest, Kilgore writes, "involved flying pork chops, spinach, glasses, and crockery." But in the early 1950s, Mahon had no complaints. "I used to look forward to lunch on Saturdays," he remembers. "It was Boston baked beans, franks, and Boston brown bread. That was one of my favorite meals."

Jim Foley (CAS'65) recalls how everyone gathered in the dorm's television room and stayed up to watch JFK triumph in the 1960 presidential election.

On the whole, Foley liked the Myles Standish's hotel-style accommodations.

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**TIMELINE**

- **1920**: The Harriet E. Richards Cooperative House moves from 328 to 191 Bay State Road.
- **1920s and 1930s**: BU purchases several Bay State Road row houses for student housing.
- **1940**: The Harriet E. Richards Cooperative House moves from 328 to 191 Bay State Road.
- **1940**: Charlesgate Hall for women, a former hotel, opens at 531–535 Beacon Street. (The University sold the property in 1973.)
- **1947–49**: The Myles Standish Hotel, at 610 Beacon Street, is purchased and converted to a men's dorm.
“We had maid service, and the maids were all Irish,” he says. “There were two counselors, and they did bed checks to make sure nobody was there who shouldn’t be.” Five-room apartments at one end of the building were popularly known as the Cattle Cars. That’s where the football players lived. “They could do anything,” Foley says. “I’m sure they were drinking, but everybody looked the other way.”

The late 1960s and early 1970s brought basement rock bands and coed floors to Myles. “I don’t remember it as wild or crazy,” says Ann Seskin (CAS’72). “I do remember it as being a very good place to live in, and that we made friends with guys and socialized a lot with them — not dates, but just friends. In the single-sex dorms you either had a date or you didn’t go out. But things changed with the beginning of coed dorms.

“One night there was an evening of porn films with a coed audience. It was very educational, but I think it got shut down after one showing.”

SHELTON, BY THE RULES

Coed dorms were unheard of when BU trustee Judith Friedberg-Chessin (SED’59) was in school. She lived in Charlesgate Hall during her freshman year, then moved to Shelton Hall, a former Sheraton hotel. Friedberg-Chessin eventually became a house head, a house mother’s deputy of sorts who monitored her peers.

“Shelton had one annual visiting day, and for two hours the men were allowed to come up from the first-floor lobby,” says Friedberg-Chessin, president of the Boston University Alumni. “One of the things I had to do was make sure the doors were open. I had to go around holding a twelve-inch ruler between the door and the jamb!”

Curfews for women were strictly enforced, and so were dress codes. “We were required to wear skirts every day,” she says. “The only time you were able to wear pants outside was on Saturday for a football game, but you had to wear a full-length trench coat over it because the back Bay ladies would not stand for it. We dressed very properly.”

The Shelton’s rooftop restaurant became “the place to go dancing,” Friedberg-Chessin recalls. But food in the dining hall downstairs was abysmal. Typical menus featured corned-beef hash, overcooked vegetables, and heaps of mashed potatoes. Friedberg-Chessin was among the many students who violated the ban on hot plates in dorm rooms.

Within a decade the fare had improved somewhat, at least according to Kathy Harris (CFA’72), who lived at Shelton for two years. She says that the food was “pretty good as long as there was ketchup.” Harris moved in a day before the other students arrived. “I spent my first night by myself watching the ‘Drink Coca Cola’ sign and the Citgo sign flash in my window on the eighth floor,” she says. “I liked living in Shelton Hall because it was an older building and the rooms had character. George of the Jungle was a favorite on Saturday morning in the TV room, and starting in March, girls would sit on the roof with sun reflectors to get a tan.”

The Towers on Bay State Road opens as a women’s residence hall. Claffin, Sleeper, and Rich Halls open on West Campus.

1954
BU buys the Hotel Shelton (originally the Sheraton) at 91 Bay State Road and renames it Shelton Hall. It was originally for women.

1959
1960

1963–64

The Towers on Bay State Road opens as a women’s residence hall.
TIMES A'CHANGIN'
Charlesgate, Warren Towers, Audubon Court

Yet another converted hotel was Charlesgate Hall, near Kenmore Square, now a condominium complex. Sonia Mansfield Allan (COM'69, SED'70) remembers how the lights would dim if too many appliances were in use. To avoid blowing a fuse, women took their portable bonnet-style hair dryers to a special plug-in area in the basement. It became a social ritual for residents to dry their hair and gossip, polish their nails, or study while Peter, Paul, and Mary or the Mamas and the Papas harmonized on a radio.

Allan later moved to the newly opened Warren Towers at 700 Commonwealth Avenue, where she became a floor manager and sometimes filled in for the RAs. The high-rise had two towers for women and one for men, but the common areas were coed. Allan recalls informal socials held in a large function room with a piano and a magnificent carpet. There were multiple television-viewing areas that could hold twelve to fifteen people, with each television tuned to a different network. To change the channel, you just changed rooms.

An incinerator shaft was a convenient way to dump trash from any floor. Certain items were forbidden, such as pressurized hair spray cans, “but every now and again someone forgot,” says Allan, “and you'd hear this kaboom!”

The Vietnam War was on everyone’s mind. Carol Leary (CAS'69), another alumna of Warren Towers and a former resident assistant, remembers a debate in the dorm over a conscientious objector who took sanctuary in Marsh Chapel. Birth control and the women’s movement were other hot topics. “We spent hours in groups talking because it was a very intense period,” says Leary, now president of Bay Path College in western Massachusetts. “Late-night chats were an incredible part of the dorm experience.”

Colleges and universities in the late 1960s started to relax housing policies that stipulated how and when the sexes could mingle. BU implemented more lenient parietal hours, which allowed men and women to visit one another on Sunday afternoons. Then some dorms went coed. One was Audubon Court, a South Campus apartment complex, where Patricia Dumas (CAS'72) met her husband, Alexander (CAS'73).

“We had the time of our lives,” she says. “Our rooms had balconies overlooking Park Drive, where we would sometimes just sit, or sometimes they were the scene of snowball and fruit fights.”

One day the tenants took it upon themselves to renovate the utility rooms in the back of the building. “We made a room for my roomie back there,” Patricia Dumas says. “A few guys helped get the old sink out and threw it down the back fire escape.” The sink made a deafening crash as it hit the dumpster, but “thankfully, the RA was stoned.”

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1965
Warren Towers opens at 700 Commonwealth Avenue.

1976
BU purchases an apartment building at 512 Beacon Street and reopens it as Danielsen Hall.

1970

2000
The first residence hall of the John Hancock Student Village opens on Buick Street.
Early in their careers, four BU researchers explore the mysteries of science — from evolution in the rain forest to the mapping of distant galaxies, from the behavior of cells in blood vessels to the neurology of speech.
In the lush rain forests of Ecuador, Australia, and Sri Lanka, Christopher Schneider is upending a long-standing theory about how new species form.

BY TIM STODDARD

Christopher Schneider is dodging thick vegetation on a trail in Ecuador when he pauses and turns to face the television producer and cameraman close on his heels. “You just can’t help but be awestruck that there are so many kinds of things here,” he says. “There are twelve species of primates and a hundred species of frogs right here in this little area. Why is there such diversity?”

That simple question is at the heart of Schneider’s research, and it is a central theme in the first episode of the seven-part PBS *Evolution* series, which aired in the fall of 2001. The film crew followed Schneider, a College of Arts and Sciences assistant professor of biology, into the rain forest to portray the kind of fieldwork that Charles Darwin might have done, but with a modern twist. Schneider is trying to understand the mechanisms that create biological diversity, and his work is helping to upend a long-standing belief in evolutionary biology about how new species form.

Since the 1940s, the dominant view has been that geographic barriers are essential to species formation. The theory goes that when a population of animals or plants is divided by a natural barrier such as a lava flow or a river, the two groups slowly accumulate changes in their DNA that will separate them into new species. When Ernst Mayr, one of the leading biologists of the twentieth century, first outlined this idea in 1942, he noted that natural selection would have to act differently on each group for them to diverge. In other words, there would have to be different ecological conditions on either side of the
barrier — a scarcity or abundance of a certain food, say, or different predators — that would select for new traits in the isolated groups.

Since then, however, natural selection has dropped from the equation. Many biologists have assumed that geographic isolation alone is enough to create new species. Three years ago, Schneider joined other biologists in challenging that view. He showed in an influential paper that geographic isolation on its own does not create new species.

The evidence came from the humble *Carlia rubrigularis*, a common skink — a type of lizard — in the wet tropics of Australia. As a postdoc, Schneider was curious about how skinks had been affected by mountains that had separated two regions of rain forest for millions of years. A herpetologist by training, Schneider and a colleague, Thomas Smith, began catching skinks on either side of the barrier and at the ecotone, the transition area at the edge of the dense rain forest. They found that despite being separated for millions of years, the rain forest skinks on either side of the barrier were virtually identical to one another, while the ecotone skinks were diverging from their neighbors just inside the forest, mostly because they faced different predators.

"That was a surprise, for me certainly and for a lot of biologists who grew up during my time," Schneider says, "because it suggests that geographic isolation alone essentially does nothing."

The renewed emphasis on natural selection is gaining ground with a small but expanding group of biologists. "I think we passed a turning point four years ago, and that Chris's article was an important piece in this passage," says David Wake, a professor of biology at the University of California, Berkeley, who was Schneider's Ph.D. advisor.

With a $2.6 million grant from the National Science Foundation, Schneider is now extending his ecotone work to a broader range of species in Africa, Australia, and Ecuador. In the three-year study, Schneider heads a team of researchers looking at populations of birds, bats, lizards, and rats living in ecological transition zones. By measuring the body shapes and sizes of individuals along an ecological gradient, they hope to define the role of ecotones, with their differing predators and environmental conditions, in making new species.

That information has implications for conservation. Schneider is combining the team's findings with satellite imagery to identify landforms likely to be species factories. "That all comes into play when you're planning reserves, where you're trying to capture the diversity that exists along with the processes that sustain it," he says. The problem with many existing reserves is that their boundaries fall along the edges of rain forest, excluding the ecotones where natural selection is producing new species. "If you look at Africa, all the reserves are in rain forests or they're in savannas. There isn't a single one that captures the transition. Our message to conservation organizations is that it's fine to protect these organisms where they are, but let's also try to get these transitions that allow for some of the evolutionary dynamism."

Schneider has focused on nitty-gritty details in Australia and Ecuador, but he's also traveled far afield on other projects, from Guadeloupe to Sri Lanka. "Chris is extraordinary in that the world is his stage," Wake says. "I've never had a student who's worked in so many places and been able to capture so much in the way of biodiversity."

**FALLING INTO BIOLOGY**

**AS AN UNDERGRADUATE** at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon, Schneider found that the intellectual and physical rigors of field biology were a good fit for him. He clearly recalls the point when he knew that he wanted to become a biologist. On a field trip to the high desert in eastern Oregon one morning, he was following his professor, Don MacKenzie, through a foggy clearing when a young magpie flew out of its nest, apparently on its first flight, and crashed into MacKenzie's chest. "Don caught it and turned around with this big smile and simply said, 'I get paid for this,'" Schneider says. "I knew then that this was what I wanted to do."

There may have been inklings earlier. Growing up in rural Nebraska, Schneider had many formative outdoor experiences. "I don't know any herpetologist who didn't start out as a five-year-old catching frogs and snakes and bringing them home," he says. "I think many scientists like myself had time to ourselves in childhood. Field biologists are often loners, and I think it's important to have that time as a kid to just be out, walking and thinking and seeing the natural world."

For Schneider, time alone in nature often transcends the academic questions that drew him into the field. "Darwin said that going into the rain forest for the first time was like entering a cathedral. Every time I go out into nature it's a religious experience. That's the reason I'm a biologist. It's an emotional thing. If I'm in a place that's relatively pristine, I'm always awestruck when I realize that life is one and the same. It doesn't necessarily address a creator or anything else. It's just the idea that all of life is derived from this single event. And there's this enormous diversity of things that have come around."
After certain medical procedures, smooth muscle cells migrate in blood vessels to places they shouldn't be, often leading to more surgery. Joyce Wong wants to know how it happens.

BY CYNTHIA K. BUCCINI

EARLY ON November 22, 2000, chest pains sent Vice President-elect Dick Cheney to a Washington, D.C., hospital, where he learned that one of his coronary arteries was blocked. Doctors performed an angioplasty, inflating a tiny balloon to widen the vessel and then inserting a mesh tube, or stent, to keep the artery open and allow blood to flow more easily. It's a procedure that hundreds of thousands of Americans with clogged arteries undergo each year.

But angioplasty itself can cause problems. "Simply by doing that procedure, you're causing an injury," says Joyce Wong, the Clare Boothe Luce Assistant Professor of Biomedical Engineering at the College of Engineering. "We're looking at different strategies to prevent this from occurring."

The walls of human blood vessels consist of layers of cells, including endothelial cells, which form the inner lining, and smooth muscle cells, which are part of the next layer and are responsible for contracting the vessel. When the endothelial cells are damaged by procedures like angioplasty or bypass surgery, the smooth muscle cells begin to divide, grow, and migrate to the inside wall of
the blood vessel, where they build up with other kinds of cells and form scar tissue. "The cells think that there's an injury and that they'll have to close it off, just like healing a wound," Wong says. The proliferating cells can start to clog the blood vessel again, a process called restenosis, requiring a new angioplasty. Indeed, Cheney was back in the hospital for another operation in March 2001 because the artery opened in November was blocked again.

"What we're trying to understand is what factors govern the movement of the smooth muscle cells," Wong says, "because normally, they wouldn't divide. They would just sit there happily and contract. But there is some switch that occurs." The smooth muscle cells must first attach to some kind of surface in order to migrate, she says, in this case a scaffold of proteins such as collagen, elastin, and fibronectin, which are also found in blood vessel walls and which provide structural support. If she can identify the peptides — the section of the proteins — where smooth muscle cells attach, then she can find ways to prevent these cells from binding.

Wong is re-creating this protein scaffold in the lab, using hydrogels, synthetic gelatin-like substances. "You can use hydrogels as model systems to understand how smooth muscle cells migrate," she says. Hydrogels can also be molded into thin coatings or three-dimensional shapes — tubes, for instance, that look and act like blood vessels. "The goal is to understand how these smooth muscle cells behave on these different substrata," Wong says, "and once you understand that, you can come up with some design criteria to manipulate the cell behavior."

The research may lead to stents coated with a hydrogel that blocks smooth muscle cells from attaching, thereby preventing restenosis. A hydrogel with a similar blocking ability could be used to make a graft to repair the injured artery. "What you'd love to do," Wong says, "is to have the endothelial cells come back again and for the smooth muscle cells to go back where they belong."

**IMPROVING THE QUALITY OF LIFE**

A native of suburban Detroit, Wong comes from a family of scientists: both her parents have Ph.D.s in physical chemistry, and her sister is an obstetrician and gynecologist. As a child, Wong had a talent for math, and decided on a career in engineering or science. She also realized that she wanted to become a teacher. "I like explaining things to people," she says.

She received both a bachelor's degree and a Ph.D. in materials science and engineering at MIT and completed her postdoctoral work at the University of California, Santa Barbara, in 1997. In 1998, she joined the BU faculty as a Clare Boothe Luce Assistant Professor. Administered by the Henry Luce Foundation, the Clare Boothe Luce Program encourages women to study and teach engineering and science and funds scholarships, fellowships, and assistant and associate professorships. Last year Wong was invited to participate in the National Academy of Engineering's seventh annual Frontiers in Engineering Symposium, which brings together 100 of the nation's outstanding young engineers from industry, academia, and government.

But angioplasty itself can cause problems. "Simply by doing that procedure, you're causing an injury." — Joyce Wong

Wong, who lives with her husband and three-year-old daughter, says she prefers academia to industry because of the interaction with students. "I think we always learn from students," she says. "And there's a lot of satisfaction in mentoring them and watching them grow."

Wong and her students are also working on a second approach to preventing restenosis: pinpointing the problem blood vessel so drugs can be delivered to the injured site. "The biggest challenge is targeting one area of the blood vessel and not everywhere else," she says. "It turns out that blood vessels in different parts of your body are slightly different, depending on what organ they're next to. They have what I like to think of as addresses that are unique to that region. The address is in the form of a one-of-a-kind molecular marker on the outside of the blood vessel. Researchers are just starting to figure out how a blood vessel around the kidneys looks different from those around the heart or liver, she says, "so if you can design a drug carrier that has the homing target to that address, then you can go to only that area."

Wong's interest in biomedically related problems dates back to her own graduate school days. "The idea of being able to apply engineering to biology and medicine just seemed very appealing," she says. "That's the most rewarding thing. You're actually improving the quality of life in people."
Frank Guenther is mapping the neural pathways that keep us talking and listening.

BY TAYLOR MCNEIL

The gift of gab, among the many ordinary abilities we humans take for granted, seems upon closer inspection almost miraculous. How is it that we are able to make sounds that convey information, and at the same time take in sounds and make sense of them? It's not something that most people think about often, but Frank Guenther does.

An associate professor of cognitive and neural systems in the College of Arts and Sciences, Guenther (GRS'93) is building neural models of how we learn to speak, how we understand others when they speak, and how the two are inextricably linked. Consider this: you look at a video of a person saying a word, and a voice dubbed over it says a different word. What you hear is not either word, but something else. “You can’t stop yourself from doing it, even if you know it, unless you close your eyes,” says Guenther. “If you close your eyes, suddenly you hear just the regular sound.” Why? Well, it seems that neural connections are activated when a visual speech-is-coming signal triggers a reaction in our brains. “We and others have shown that even when there’s no sound,” he says, “just watching a speaker activates a couple of the areas in the visual cortex and then the auditory cortex.” (The auditory cortex is the part of the brain located near the ears on both sides of the head, and the visual cortex is at the center of the back of the head.)

Figuring out what areas of the brain are activated by speech production and perception — and how they are all connected — may eventually lead to a cure for people who are unable to talk or understand speech because of stroke or other brain damage. “What we hope to do in the long run is determine the immediate deficits of a stroke..."
As in most scientific research, progress most often comes not from sudden insight, but from a slow accumulation of knowledge through hypothesis and testing. Take this question: what happens in our brains when we learn a new sound? In a recent experiment, Guenther and his graduate assistants used functional magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) to measure neural activity in the auditory cortical area of the brain of volunteers listening to good and not-so-good examples of the "ee" sound. What they found was "less activation of the auditory cortical areas with the good 'ee' and more with the poor 'ee' sound," meaning that the brain spends more neural energy processing ambiguous sounds than processing clear sounds within a given category. The learning process, Guenther says, "actually causes your auditory cortex representation of the sounds within the category to shrink," meaning that there are fewer cells devoted to that sound. "At the same time you get a bigger representation in the auditory cortex of the boundaries of the sound when it's not so clear."

Guenther then developed a neural network model that accounted for these results, and used it to explain why native Japanese speakers have difficulty distinguishing between the English "R" and "L. "English speakers have many auditory cortical cells dedicated to the boundary between the two sound categories, thanks to hearing them from infancy," he says. "But Japanese has only one sound that falls in the part of acoustical space occupied by English 'R' and 'L', and this sound is centered near the English 'R-L' boundary. When Japanese speakers learn this sound growing up, their auditory cortex representation of the sound shrinks, meaning that they have few cells devoted to the part of acoustical space corresponding to the English 'R-L' boundary." The result, according to the model: for the Japanese speaker, the sounds "R" and "L" go into the same category, and there are "too few cells to distinguish the sounds from each other."

News of the finding, announced at the Acoustical Society of America meeting in July, earned a write-up in Scientific American, but it's only one aspect of Guenther's work. He's also refining a detailed model of speech production that tries to mimic the brain's interaction with the complex structure of muscles that go into the seemingly simple act of talking. Collaborating with researchers at MIT, he's working on a very detailed physiological model of tongue and jaw movements.

Like the rest of his research, there are more questions than answers, and that's the way Guenther likes it. He trained as an engineer at the University of Missouri and at Princeton, and then designed computer chips for Raytheon. But after a couple of years, he knew it wasn't the life for him. "I wasn't that interested in the problems," he says. "I wanted to do something different, to go into a cognitive science. The brain is the basis of all behavior, so if you want to understand behavior, you need to understand how the brain works." He landed at the CAS department of neural and cognitive systems, got his Ph.D., and stayed on to teach and do research. "It's much more creative to come up with answers when there aren't any answers — unlike my days as an engineer. You have to formulate a guess and test it to see if it is correct. That appeals much more to me."

Creativity helps when it comes to devising methods to discern the intricate inner workings of the human brain. Functional MRI pictures help researchers understand which areas of the brain are activated by given tasks, such as memorizing new sounds, but not in what order. So they use another technique, "where you have what looks like a hair dryer cap that goes over your head and has these extremely sensitive magnetic sensors on it," Guenther explains. "It measures the magnetic field coming off cells in your brain as they fire," providing a time line of activations of the different regions of the brain, which are correlated with functional MRI findings.

And does Guenther ever think, as he's talking, about what's going on in his head? "You definitely think about your everyday behavior and how it is being controlled by your brain. It's kind of a maddening thing," he says. "The more you understand how you work, the more you feel like an automaton in some respects. But the system is so complex that even if we fully understood it all, it wouldn't demystify the human as an extraordinary entity. Still, it is kind of disconcerting every time you talk to think, hmmm, I'm basically just responding like a dumb machine — somebody says something to me and this automatic canned response comes out. It makes it hard to act naturally with people." Then he adds with a chuckle, "You try to avoid too much introspection."
Most of us take gravity for granted. Tereasa Brainerd uses it to see things in the universe that are invisible through a telescope.

BY Tim Stoddard

Nothing but empty space seems to separate the Milky Way from its nearest galactic neighbor, Andromeda, over two million light years away. But now some astronomers say that the Milky Way and Andromeda may actually brush up against each other in the darkness of space. The galactic mingling isn’t visible, because the overlapping edges are halos of dark matter that extend far out beyond the spiraling disks of stars. Astronomers have long known that over 90 percent of the matter in the universe is dark, neither emitting nor reflecting light. Keeping track of dark matter with light-gathering telescopes is difficult for obvious reasons. But six years ago Tereasa Brainerd, a CAS associate professor of astronomy, developed a technique to observe the shape and reach of dark matter halos indirectly.

Brainerd has helped establish the emerging field of astronomy that deals with what’s called gravitational lensing, the bending of light by gravity. Einstein’s general theory of relativity says that gravity bends light just as an ordinary glass lens does. In 1919, astronomers confirmed this during a solar eclipse when they observed that the sun’s gravity bent light from distant stars. In some cases, extremely massive objects can bend light so much that astronomers see strong gravitational lensing, which creates multiple images of the same star.
As a postdoctoral fellow at the California Institute of Technology in 1992, Brainerd and her mentor, Roger Blandford, provided the first evidence of a more subtle, but perhaps more important phenomenon called weak gravitational lensing. “Weak lensing started out as an idea in the late 1980s by some very prescient astronomers, and it lay dormant for over a decade,” Brainerd says. Their idea was that all the mass in the universe between the earth and distant galaxies could create a weak gravitational lens. The effect wouldn’t create multiple images of the same star, but it would distort the image, bending the light just enough to make circular objects appear as ovals. In the 1980s, astrophysicist Tony Tyson tried to detect weak lensing in a region of the heavens where virtually every dot of light is a galaxy. If the nearby galaxies were not acting as gravitational lenses, then the background galaxies should be oriented randomly with respect to the foreground ones. If weak lensing were happening, then the background galaxies should be very slightly distorted.

Tyson couldn’t see the effect, but when Brainerd arrived at Cal Tech, Blandford urged her to repeat the experiment with better data. “For almost two years, he kept bugging me to do this, and I kept saying, ‘Roger, this is silly. It’s too small a signal. We’ll never see it.’” Then in 1994, with only three months left before she was to start her teaching position at BU, she and fellow postdoc Ian Smail dropped everything they were doing for two weeks to appease their mentor. “We thought that we’d just do the analysis and prove to Roger that he was completely insane,” she says.

To their surprise, and Blandford’s gratification, they did in fact find evidence of weak lensing. They published their results in a 1996 paper that has helped establish weak lensing as a tool for other kinds of observations. “This was indeed a great paper,” says Yannick Mellier of the Institut d’Astrophysique de Paris. “The physics is very well explained, the results are important, and it offers the first reliable results in galaxy-to-galaxy lensing.” That finding was a turning point in her career, Brainerd says; it piqued her interest in how weak lensing can be applied to a basic understanding of the universe.

One application involves mapping the distribution of dark matter in the universe. Although you can’t see dark matter directly because it doesn’t emit or reflect light, it does have mass, and thus it bends light rays. Since it’s not directly visible, astronomers must infer its presence, and gravitational lensing turns out to be a valuable tool for doing that.

Brainerd and her colleagues have studied the distortion pattern of weak gravitational lensing to measure the extent and shapes of dark matter halos of galaxies that reach out beyond their visible boundaries. Brainerd doesn’t spend long nights in observatories, but instead works with the voluminous data collected by the Hubble Space Telescope and by colleagues. In typical spiral galaxies, they’ve found that the halos extend to distances two to four times the visible radius of the galaxy. Now Brainerd is interested in using this technique to calculate how light is distributed compared to the mass of the universe. “This is a Holy Grail for cosmology,” she says, “to figure out how the clustering pattern of galaxies in the universe differs from the clustering of mass.”

Brainerd traces the origins of her interest in astronomy to high school. Her family moved to Canada from central Michigan when she was six, and she lived in various provinces until she returned to the United States for graduate school at Ohio State. As a teenager, she attended a series of public lectures by astronomers at the University of Western Ontario, where her father was a psychology professor. “My dad dragged me off to some,” she says, “so I got to see some really interesting, well-done talks on the science of the universe. I was also a kid who really followed the Voyager program, which is now ancient history to my undergraduates, and I always had fairly good math and science skills, so it was a natural thing to try out.”

THE MUSIC VS. THE SPHERES
Physics became her forte in high school, but outside of the classroom, Brainerd was also becoming a talented oboist in several orchestras. When she started her first year at the University of Alberta, she put the physical sciences on hold and enrolled in the music program, with an eye to a degree in oboe performance. After a year, she began to have doubts about a career in music and spent the next year in a physics program at the University of Edmonton, hoping it would help her decide between music and physics. “I came to the conclusion that I wasn’t going to be as good a performance musician as I really wanted to be,” she says. “But I knew that I could probably be a good astronomer. And as much as I loved the music, and I do miss the performing, it wasn’t intellectually challenging enough for me. And I was getting more than enough challenge out of physics.”

The next challenge that Brainerd may soon take on in her research is the current hot topic in astrophysics: the apparent accelerating expansion of the universe. Weak gravitational lensing could help determine if it’s real or not, another Holy Grail for cosmologists.
With fifty years of compositions and decades of teaching to his credit, Samuel Adler is a member of the senior class of American composers. He met with Bostonia to talk about his less celebrated, but no less colorful, junior years.

BY MICHAEL B. SHAVELSON

Samuel Adler is ready to come clean. Sitting in his monastic faculty studio at the Juilliard School of Music, the composer, conductor, and music teacher leans close. “I have to tell you something,” he says. “I will confess. I was expelled from Boston University. Three times.”

Dressed in brown tweed, the seventy-five-year-old Adler (CFA’48) doesn’t look like a troublemaker. He is one of the country’s most prolific composers, with more than 400 published works in every musical mode and a handful of new commissions in draft. He studied with Piston and Hindemith at Harvard, Copland and Koussievitzky at Tanglewood. He has a wallful of honorary doctorates. He taught composition for thirty years at the Eastman School of Music and chaired its composition department, and wrote the leading textbook on orchestration. His liturgical music is frequently played at synagogue and church services around the world. So how on earth did he get kicked out of BU?

“BU has a very good music school today,” says Adler. “It prepares students exceptionally well. When I first got to Boston University in 1946, it didn’t. In those days we had a music faculty that was less than good. That changed while I was there because the G.I.s were coming back in droves and they were serious. We started to get a serious theory faculty.”

On the other hand, he is still exuberant about his non-music classes. “I had a wonderful humanities education,” he says. “Since I didn’t have to take the preparatory music courses, I was able to take philosophy, French, English, and my favorite, history. There were some great teach-
ers, such as Dr. Mervyn Bailey in German. Even though German was my mother tongue, I left Germany when I was ten, so I had the vocabulary of a ten-year old.”

Adler says some of his music classes were fantastic (a word he enjoys), particularly those with Lucia Saylor Hersey and Robert King (CFA’36), who was a master of brass music and a music publisher. But Adler butted horns with some members of the faculty.

MAKING MUSIC AND TROUBLE

“Jacobus Langendoen, a cellist with the Boston Symphony, was a wonderful musician,” says Adler. “But even though he wasn’t really interested in conducting, he conducted the BU orchestra. And James Houghton, the choral conductor, was interested only in doing one big work every semester — the Messiah or Elijah. All very well, but it was boring.”

Adler and many of his classmates worried that they weren’t getting any serious orchestral experience, so they organized the Intercollegiate Symphony Orchestra with players from the New England Conservatory, Tufts, and MIT. “We played only music by living composers,” says Adler. “We rehearsed every Monday for four hours. He let two of us conduct, one from the conservatory and me, and we would do one work like Don Juan all night long. It was a great experience.”

A little too great for the school’s administration. The Intercollegiate was making the official BU orchestra ring hollow. “After four months of success after success, the dean, Kenneth Kelley, called me in,” says Adler. “Sam, if you don’t give up this orchestra I’m going to expel you.” Adler argued that the BU musicians were all still playing in the BU orchestra as well (Adler was assistant concertmaster), but the dean said he would not tolerate the competition. Adler said he wanted to continue the Intercollegiate. “OK,” said Kelley, “then don’t come back to school.”

All the players of the regular BU orchestra boycotted the next rehearsal. “If Sam gets expelled, we’re all staying away from the orchestra,” they told Kelley. “We have always been loyal; he has always been loyal; what’s the story?” Adler was reinstated after three days. The following year Arthur Fiedler replaced Langendoen as the conductor of the BU orchestra — probably to Langendoen’s relief.

Adler next established a small choral group to concentrate on little-performed early music and contemporary works. “Another call from the dean. ‘Sam I told you last time I don’t want you to do this sort of thing.’ Same thing happened.”

HUGO: NO GO

Adler completed his B.A. in two and a half years. Barely.

Hugo Norden was a fixture at CFA for decades, teaching counterpoint and theory. He also composed and was an editor at one of Boston’s music publishing firms. “Norden was a very decent man,” begins Adler, who considered him a poor teacher partly “because he wanted us to write in the style of Mendelssohn — only.”

“Norden once took a piece by a classmate of mine and played it for his wife. She said, ‘You know, Hugo, it’s very funny: your students all sound like Mendelssohn.’” Adler knew he needed a change and a challenge, so he applied to Harvard, which then had an important and dynamic graduate music department under the direction of composer Walter Piston. Unfortunately, says Adler, “Norden could not stand Piston, so I kept my plans from him.”

When Norden did find out, he threatened Adler: “I’m going to flunk you so that you won’t get in.”

“I’m already in,” Adler protested. “You can’t flunk me.”

“Yes, I can,” said Norden.

“He gave me an F,” says Adler. “I couldn’t leave BU flunking my main subject. So Norden said, ‘OK, Adler, you will write a symphony for strings, a part-song for male chorus, a prelude and fugue for organ, and three other pieces. And — they all have to be in the style of Mendelssohn.’ I had six weeks. I almost had a heart attack, but I did it.”

Two and a half years, two and a half expulsions.

CANTUS FIRMUS

Samuel Adler was born in Mannheim, Germany, and grew up in the house where Mozart wooed his future wife, Constanza. Adler’s father, Hugo Chaim Adler, was the Oberkantor of Mannheim’s liberal synagogue, composer of liturgical music, and founder in 1927 of the World Jewish Music Center in Jerusalem. (“In case anything ever happened, the music would be safe.”) “My childhood centered on the synagogue and on the major and minor Jewish festivals,” recalls Adler with visible fondness. “My sister and I would even play at holding elaborate services.”

Adler contrasts the warmth of his home with the deterioration of Germany in the late 1930s. “My parents did their best to keep the worst from us, but there was only so much they could do. Of course we were all afraid.”

On the night of November 10, 1938, the family was
awakened by the sound of an explosion. "It was the chapel in the Jewish cemetery being blown up. We turned on the radio and heard that there was going to be an Aktion."

It was Kristallnacht. Nazi thugs destroyed thousands of Jewish businesses and more than 100 synagogues, including Mannheim’s. Jews were beaten and killed, and some 26,000 sent to concentration camps. Adler’s father was taken briefly to Sachsenhausen.

," says Adler. "Hindemith would speak without notes for four hours straight and never repeat himself. It was the most incredible performance that you can imagine. The man's knowledge was breathtaking."

**UNCLE SAMUEL'S ORCHESTRA**

The day Adler graduated from Harvard in 1950 he got his draft notification in the mail. The Korean War had just begun and East-West tensions appeared ready to snap in Europe. Adler was sent to Germany with the U.S. Army of Occupation. "I went back to Germany as a very paranoid young man," he says. "My family had left in the worst circumstances in 1939, and here I was a conquering American soldier as part of a show of strength."

"A lot of our soldiers acted like absolute pigs," he says. "None of them knew German. The first thing was they went to a bar, got drunk, and met a young lady and went with her and that was it. So they knew us only as drunks and rapists, that's it. I thought, I would love to have the chance to show these people who we were."

The Seventh Army, commanded by Patton during the war, was stationed in the town of Baumholder, in the Saar Valley, when Adler arrived in September 1951. "The American soldiers called it the armpit of the world," he says. "There were 20,000 American soldiers and 6,000 French troops in a town of 2,700. You can imagine what happened the first time a pass was issued — the town was destroyed."

To smooth relations with the locals, the base commander suggested that Adler ask one of the townspeople to play piano for an on-base chorus during rehearsals. The idea was to get the civilians to mingle with cultivated G.I.s. "I went into town to the home of the organist of the Catholic church," says Adler. "When her family saw me in my uniform through the window, they pulled down the shutters, scared to death. I called to them not to worry and they recognized my accent: 'Oh, he's from Mannheim.' So they let me in."

Adler and the organist combined forces on base and not long after formed a civic choir, "which got the Catholics and the Protestants talking for the first time since the Thirty Years War. We sung some Schubert songs and the first week we had twenty-six people show up. The second week we had over a hundred."

Adler proposed a Christmas concert for the soldiers that would feature the chorus performing Handel's Messiah. "A group called the Pfalz Orchestra asked me to conduct just about then," he says. "Instead of taking a fee, I asked them to be our orchestra at the Messiah."

"We had sold-out concerts on Christmas and the day
after Christmas. Unbeknown to us, the German news services reported it, and in the German papers the day after there was a headline: BUCHENWALD AND DRESDEN ARE FORGOTTEN.

“Well, the Seventh Army went collectively berserk. The news stories had all been terrible for us, then suddenly this headline. Headquarters called and said, ‘What the hell is going on in this hellhole down there?’ The head of European Command called me and said, ‘Sam, we have to have another concert next week.’ I said, ‘I can’t do that. We don’t have an orchestra.’ He agreed to give me until Easter.”

The Easter concert used a different German orchestra and featured an American Army piano quartet. “It was fantastic,” says Adler, who went to his superiors with a new idea. “Look, America has the greatest culture, and these people think we have none. I’d like to organize a G.I. symphony orchestra. Players from the New York Philharmonic, the Boston Symphony, and other orchestras are being drafted. Why should they go to Korea or dig ditches when they could be playing?”

Adler launched the Seventh Army Orchestra in July 1952. “It became the thing of the American experience in Germany,” he says. “The orchestra traveled all over Europe, and I went back to take them to the World’s Fair in ’57.” Adler returned to civilian life at the end of 1952, and the orchestra lasted until 1962 under various directors. “We just had our fiftieth reunion in Lancaster, New Hampshire. It was fantastic: 150 people.”

A REAL COMPOSER

SAM ADLER IS one fast man. He composes fast, gets to the point fast, and walks fast; it’s a job to keep up with him as he dashes out of Juilliard, stopping for just a moment to greet students along the way. To them and thousands of other music majors over the years, Adler the professor is a master of the orchestral palette and the author of The Study of Orchestration. Crossing the plaza at Lincoln Center toward Avery Fisher Hall and the Metropolitan Opera House, Adler the composer continues a story about Aaron Copland, the late dean of American composers, with whom Adler wanted to study at Tanglewood during graduate school.

“I sent five pieces to him,” Adler says. “After three weeks he sent them back with a letter. ‘Dear Mr. Adler, Thank you very much, but I’m not interested in teaching you, I’m not interested in your music.’ I was in tears.”

Irving Fine intervened with Copland, who agreed to meet Adler. “Copland took me to the Harvard Club in New York,” he says. “We had a wonderful lunch, and I felt terrific. Then we went into a huge room, and he walked over to the piano. He played a C-major chord. He said, ‘What’s that, Sam?’ I said, ‘It’s a C-major chord.’”

“I’m not trying to find out if you have perfect pitch. I want to know what it is.’ He played the chord again. I said, ‘I’m sorry, Mr. Copland. It’s C major.'”

“Copland looked at me. ‘But do you love it?’ he said. ‘That’s what’s wrong with your music: you have to love every note. Every note. I’ll take you as a student, but you’re going to regret it because I’m going to be tough.’ And he was.”

Adler studied with Copland for two summers. Before he reported for his army duty in 1950 he asked Copland for a letter of recommendation. “Sam, I like you,” he said, “and I hope things will go well with you. But I’m not sure that you’re going to be one of our best. When you get out of the service — and hopefully you will — I will either write you a letter or, if I think I can’t, I won’t.”

Returning from his army service, Adler established himself as music director of the largest synagogue in Dallas and began dedicating himself to composition. By the middle of the decade, his growing catalogue of symphonies, chamber music, songs, band pieces, and television work was being performed widely. Copland came to Dallas in 1959 to conduct the Dallas Symphony and to be a guest at North Texas University, where Adler was working as a professor.

“I drove Copland from Dallas to Denver,” says Adler, “and in the middle of the ride he said, ‘Sam, I have something for you.’ He took out an envelope and handed it to me. He said, ‘Now I can give you that letter. You’ve become a real composer.’”

“It was the most beautiful letter you can imagine.”
For Shannon O'Brien —
A Number of Firsts, but . . .

BY MARK LECCESE

By nine o'clock on election night, everyone gathered in the ballroom of the Sheraton Boston knew the battle had been lost. Shannon O'Brien (LAW '88) would not be the next governor of Massachusetts. The early returns were devastating. With 25 percent of the vote counted, Democrat O'Brien trailed Republican Mitt Romney by ten percentage points.

Two banks of spotlights sharply illuminated the forty-foot-long stage, empty except for a podium. Fifty feet across the ballroom, eight television cameras were trained on the area. Hundreds of O'Brien supporters, purple and yellow "O'Brien for Governor" stickers on their shirts, milled quietly, watching the election returns on soundless television sets.

At a little after ten-thirty, many of the state's top Democrats — including U.S. Senator John Kerry, Boston Mayor Thomas Menino, and U.S. Representative Barney Frank — began to gather with O'Brien's family and friends. The television crews peered into their cameras and the crowd edged forward.

At ten-forty-five, the sound system blared the 1970s disco hit "Ain't No Stopping Us Now." No one seemed to notice the irony. O'Brien, in a black suit, made her way to the podium, hugging everyone she could reach along the way. Her running mate, candidate for lieutenant governor Chris Gabrielli, introduced her by saying, "Well, it didn't quite work out the way we wanted it to, but let me ask you: aren't we proud of Shannon O'Brien?" The crowd roared. Gabrielli made his thank-yous, paused, then delivered his closing line: "We have not seen the last of Shannon O'Brien!"

That seems certain. Only forty-three, O'Brien has risen rapidly through the ranks of state politics to become the first woman in Massachusetts to win a major party nomination for governor. She beat three other candidates in a difficult Democratic primary, but lost the election to Romney, the president of the Salt Lake Organizing Committee for last winter's Olympics, by about 90,000 of the more than two million votes cast.

As a legislator, O'Brien wrote the law increasing criminal penalties for child abuse and neglect. When she took over the treasurer's office in 1998, it was in the midst of scandal; employees of her predecessor had embezzled nearly $10 million from an unclaimed money fund. O'Brien tightened control over the fund, aggressively refinanced the state's debt, saving about $500 million, and forced public disclosure of a $2 billion cost overrun on Boston's enormous Central Artery project.

State treasurer for the past four years, she is the fourth generation of her family to serve in Massachusetts government. Her great-grandfather Michael T. O'Brien, who ran the family funeral home in Easthampton, Massachusetts, was elected to the state legislature in 1930.

O'Brien is the oldest of five children. She got her bachelor's degree in 1981 from Yale, where she was captain of the women's varsity soccer team in her senior year. After graduating from the School of Law in 1985, she was working for a large Boston law firm when her father, who has been at the State House in various administrative and elected positions since before she was born, phoned to tell her the state representative's seat from Easthampton, a small city at the foot of the Berkshire Mountains, was open. He asked if she wanted to run. She said it sounded interesting — and her father promptly called the local newspapers and announced her candidacy. She was elected to the Massachusetts legislature the next year, at the age of twenty-seven.

After six years in the House, O'Brien was elected to the State Senate in 1992, and ran unsuccessfully for state treasurer against the Republican incumbent in 1994. She took a job as vice president for external affairs at a healthcare company, and ran again for treasurer in 1998. This

Mark Leccese, a former Massachusetts State House bureau chief for Community Newspaper Company, is a lecturer at the College of Communication's journalism department.
time she won, becoming the first woman to hold that office.

The campaign against Romney, the son of the late George Romney, a former governor of Michigan, was hard-fought and sometimes nasty. Three weeks before the election, both candidates addressed the American Association of Retired Persons at Boston’s Faneuil Hall. With a sea of white hair in front of her and a bank of television cameras at the back of the hall, O’Brien spoke forcefully but never sounded strident. Calling herself “a fiscally responsible Democrat,” the polished campaigner told the seniors she had “the experience and the understanding to get the job done.” On election day, O’Brien carried voters sixty-five and older by eight percentage points.

It wasn’t enough. On election night the numbers were telling the story as she and her disappointed supporters waited under the hot lights for the television stations to switch to live coverage of her concession speech.

O’Brien stepped to the microphone, looked out over the crowd, and said, “The thing I’m going to miss most in this campaign is meeting all these people and having them say, ‘You know, you look so much better in person.’”

Her press aides had just handed reporters two pages entitled “Remarks by Shannon P. O’Brien, November 5, 2002,” and smiling at the crowd, she began speaking, barely looking down at her copy. When she came to the part where she thanked her husband, Emmet Hayes, a former state legislator, she leaned over and kissed him — and turning back to the microphone, said, “That’s the best it’s been in five months.”

The crowd laughed loud and long. “I always get in trouble,” O’Brien said sheepishly, “when I loop away from the text.” She finished by saying, “This stage isn’t big enough to hold all those who have earned a spot up here. But I know who you are, and I will never forget what you have done for me.”

She left to cheers, and the crowd began to thin out and head for the exits. On television sets around the ballroom, Romney was giving his victory speech at a hotel a few blocks away. No one turned up the sound.

Abruptly, the spotlights snapped off. Before midnight on election day, the show had ended. The radiance that had lit Shannon O’Brien was gone. For now.
Hard-working members of Boston's forest recently spotted in the Charles River Campus environs.
In my youth, city trees were tended by tree wardens (were the trees potential escapees?), and the words *urban* and *forest* signified opposite realms. Not until the early 1990s did I hear the two words yoked. An arborist advising me about replacing a dying street tree said, “I suggest a silver linden; it does very well in the urban forest.” Instantly as I heard the phrase, I felt a small revolution beginning in my head, one of those thrilling turns in perception by which the familiar is seen anew.

The urban forest. Not a clump of trees here, a grove there, a lone maple by the Laundromat, but a green aggregate, a living presence interwoven with the built world. The forest has an astounding effect on a city’s well-being. In addition to purveying color, form, and filtered light, urban trees absorb pollution, muffle noise, boost property values, sequester carbon, prevent flooding, and generate oxygen. Screening buildings against wind, they lower heating costs by 20 percent; shading in summer, they reduce air-conditioning bills up to 50 percent. Nationally, existing shade trees provide the energy equivalent of eight 100-megawatt power plants, and a more robust tree-planting program would significantly reduce our oil dependency.

“There is no doubt,” says Curtis Woodcock, chairman of BU’s department of geography, “that urban forests provide powerful economic benefits. Just as important,” he adds, “the urban forest gives us city-dwellers a connection to the patterns and rhythms and cycles of nature—a connection to life.”

*Emily Hiestand (GRS’88) is a writer and visual artist whose recent publications include “Real Places,” an essay on infrastructure for *The Atlantic Monthly*, and “The Polar Bear Club,” the introductory essay for *Urban Nature* (Milkweed Press).*
Seeking a Path to Toleration
Adam Seligman’s Realistic Appeal to Multiple Moral Values

BY DAVID J. CRAIG

On a warm afternoon earlier this year 100 miles north of the most hotly contested real estate in the world, Israeli Jewish and Muslim scholars met with foreign guests to discuss ways to promote peace using lessons from scripture. Terrorists were attacking Israel almost daily, but participants at the Nazareth meeting conversed with an ease that seemed to defy their surroundings and differing backgrounds. When it was time for afternoon prayers, no one even suggested that the groups take turns praying or use separate rooms.

Instead, the Muslims simply went to one side of the room and the Jews went to the other. “We could hear them praying in Arabic and they could hear us praying in Hebrew, and it was an amazing feeling,” says Adam Seligman, a CAS professor of religion and a research associate at BU’s Institute for the Study of Economic Culture. “Many people ended up crying. There we were, as different as could be in some ways, and yet we could accomplish all sorts of things together and respect one another deeply, substantively.”

For Seligman, the moment embodies much of his hope for BU’s Toleration Project, which he directs and which organized the Nazareth meeting. The project encourages religious educators to shape compassionate attitudes toward people of other faiths by appealing to lessons from their own. Seligman’s philosophy is simple but unusual: easing disdain between religious groups requires striking the right moral tone, not just preaching secular pluralism. “You can’t argue Jeffersonian democracy to Orthodox rabbis or to Muslim ulemas because it’s a language they don’t speak,” says Seligman. “The West may think liberalism holds an answer, but it’s not an answer for a majority of people in the world.”

Answers, Seligman says, are better found in progressive interpretations of the Torah, which tend to stress that Abraham’s Covenant with God obligates only Jews, and in the Koran, where a central theme is reconciling a monotheistic belief in Allah with the fact that people follow many paths to truth.

So for the past two years, Jews and Muslims from the Galilee have been meeting in Jerusalem regularly as part of the Toleration Project to compile religious teachings that demonstrate their tradition’s attitude toward other faiths. Participants aren’t expected to accept anyone else’s beliefs, Seligman says, and “touchy-feely dialogue” isn’t on the agenda. The Jews and Muslims share an immediate goal: to create a ninety-page curricula handbook of suggestions on how to teach tolerance in their high schools. Sitting across from one another at small conference tables, they discuss relevant readings and together hash out what works and what doesn’t.

In Berlin, also as part of the Toleration Project, teachers at religious and secular schools are working on a curricula handbook for their city, where tensions between native Germans and Muslim immigrants run high. And religious educators in Sarajevo are compiling a similar handbook pertaining to Eastern Christianity, Catholicism, Judaism, and Islam.

The curricula handbooks will instruct teachers not to build classroom lessons around individual scriptural passages, but to wrest broad themes of humility and non-violence from sacred texts and other writings. “For every passage you find about being accepting, you’ll find plenty about destroying infidels,” says Seligman. “We’re going beyond quotations to get at an orientation, a way of living.”

In Islam, that way of living may best be exemplified by Sufism, an ancient form of mysticism that accepts the notion that there are many ways to reach God, says Seligman, who hopes Jewish schools will teach about Islam, and Muslim schools about Judaism. Sufism is gaining popularity around the world, particularly among politically liberal Muslims. The Jerusalem handbook will also recommend the writings of thirteenth-century Rabbi Menahem ha’Meiri, of Provence, who argued that laws that set apart Jews from idolaters in ancient times did not apply to civilized, monotheistic Gentiles in his own day.

“A serious issue in Jewish rabbinic thought has always been that you can violate the Sabbath to save the life of a Jew, but not of a Gentile,” says Seligman. “We want that presented as a total misunderstanding of an injunction originally observed in an environment of idolatry. Reading ha’Meiri will teach students that the idea of not violating the Sabbath to save the life...”
of a Gentile no longer applies.”

Yet the Koran is full of bloody battles between Muhammad’s followers and their foes, and that complicates attempts to find a consistent message about how to regard other religions.

“Judaism also is difficult, because like Islam, it stresses the collectivist aspect of belief,” says Seligman, who was raised in Brooklyn and lived on an Israeli kibbutz during the 1970s. “It’s not like Christianity, especially Protestantism, where the locus of salvation is the individual conscience. The Covenant, the rebuilding of the Temple on the Mount, the vision of David when he went to Jerusalem, this is a collective vision of redemption, and it makes the religion essentially political.”

The Toleration Project will help schools in Israel, Germany, and Bosnia reshape their curricula within three years on a trial basis using suggestions from the handbooks, says Seligman, provided the project secures necessary funding. Currently, it is supported by the Pew Charitable Trust, through the Institute for the Study of Economic Culture. Government officials in Israel, Germany, and Bosnia are cooperating with the curricula project, Seligman says.

The real challenge, of course, is selling teachers and parents on the radical idea — and it is radical. A Jewish teacher who attends every meeting in Jerusalem hasn’t told his school colleagues because he is afraid of their reaction. Some Muslims who attended the Nazareth meeting were physically assaulted as they returned to their nearby homes.

Indeed, observers wonder how schools will be persuaded to adopt the Toleration Project’s perspective in that kind of environment. David Gordis, president and professor of rabbinics at Hebrew College in Newton, Massachusetts, considers the project “a good, worthwhile experiment,” but suspects that it is preaching to the choir.

“The question I would pose is, do the moderate and tolerant people that the project is working with have the clout to get other schools involved?” he says. “Extremism has reasserted itself in religious traditions all over the world in the last twenty years, so I think the Toleration Project faces serious obstacles in its implementation.”

Seligman, however, insists that when religion and politics become entangled, as they are in the Middle East and Bosnia, appealing to moral values is the only realistic way to promote peace. “Everybody in the Middle East knows that religion has to be part of a solution,” he says. “A solution predicated on a secular or market rationality isn’t going to hold, as indeed the Oslo Accord did not. It’s not as if people working toward a solution need to agree politically: the people we’re working with don’t agree politically at all. Some of them are the opposite of what we would consider Western liberals.

“Our isn’t a quick fix,” he continues. “We’re trying to reach young people, and that’s a long-term strategy.”

As evidence of Palestinian interest in finding religious arguments for peace, Seligman points to the formation of the Prophetic Tradition Helpers Association, a group of Israeli Muslims who oppose Islamic militancy. PTHA is the first Muslim group to publicly criticize terrorism on strictly religious grounds, the Jerusalem Post reported on July 2, as opposed to claiming, for instance, that suicide bombings are wrong strategically because they undermine Palestinian political aspirations.

“It’s not easy to find people who think this way,” Seligman says. “Suicide bombers aren’t going to be enrolling in our classes. But I was in Bosnia recently celebrating the publication of a book of lectures from one of our conferences, and in a coffee shop I saw two Muslim women sitting covered head-to-toe in traditional dress and wearing veils, each taking the wrapping off of our book and beginning to read it. And when I see something like that — yeah, I have hope.”
Back to Home Base — and to Basics

As president of Regis College, Mary Jane England (MED'64) is making bold changes without losing sight of the college's traditional mission.

BY MIDGE RAYMOND

WHEN MARY JANE ENGLAND was appointed president of Regis College, the move felt in many ways like coming home.

"It's a very comfortable place for me and I think for the sisters as well," says England (MED'64), a child psychiatrist active in health and public policy, who received her bachelor's degree from the women's Catholic college in Weston, Massachusetts, in 1959. "I was educated from first grade to college by the Sisters of St. Joseph, so there's a lot of trust."

Trust was crucial when England returned to campus in July of 2001. The first lay president of the college, founded seventy-five years ago by the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Boston, England faced a host of challenging issues that needed immediate attention.

"I realized we were in a terrible financial situation," she says. "They needed someone to bring management and leadership skills to the presidency."

Among her first tasks was to bring together faculty, staff, and students, whose input she believed was integral to the decision-making process, so that together they could determine how to reduce the college's expenses and best meet future needs. Changes required laying off faculty and staff and eliminating several less-popular majors.

The college also established continuing education and accelerated-degree programs. England's background enabled her to bring to the position not only an entrepreneurial outlook and an understanding of finance, but also a commitment to the institution. "They really weren't looking for an expert in higher education," she says, "although I had had some experience in higher ed. They were looking for someone who loved the school and agreed with the mission, which is to educate women."

"We have to be able to give women the kind of support they need — day-care programs, support at home — so that they can rise to their full potential." — Mary Jane England

Under England's leadership, the college has initiated an accelerated degree program that allows students to earn a bachelor's degree in three years and a combined bachelor's and master's degree in four. It is also focusing on continuing education, which appeals to working professionals in the Boston area. "We asked some local companies what their biggest need was," she explains. "They

...
Mary Jane England said that during the boom of the nineties, they recruited kids to leave college and come help them out with their computers and manage their new programs. So now they have staff who have been in the business ten, fifteen years but don’t have a bachelor’s degree. In response, Regis now offers its Advantage Program, which allows returning students to finish their education. “Just to give you an idea,” England says, “one of our classes has two CEOs, a treasurer of a company, and someone senior in real estate. It’s very exciting.”

WOMEN’S WORK

Amid recent changes, educating women remains a priority for Regis and for England, who has been devoted to women’s issues since her own school years. She entered medical school planning to be an obstetrician and gynecologist so she could help women through “things that were bothering them and were difficult for them,” she says. “And the further I got along, the more I realized it wasn’t a surgical issue. It was much more a psychological issue — for instance, depression. Depression falls disproportionately more often on women than on men. And they were not being cared for very well. So going into psychiatry was more and more something I wanted to do.”

Because adolescence is “such a critical time in development,” England says, she focused on child psychiatry, working with both boys and girls. Eventually her career path broadened. Inspired by her father, a Boston police officer, and her mother, a nurse at Mass General Hospital — “both what I call public servants” — England took her career from medicine to the public sector to higher education. In the 1970s she was the associate commissioner of the Massachusetts Department of Mental Health and Mental Retardation before becoming the first commissioner of the Department of Social Services. Then, after four years as associate dean of Harvard’s Kennedy School of Government, England developed mental health policy and programs at Prudential Insurance Company and later became president of the Washington Business Group on Health, a nonprofit national health policy and research organization.

SOLID FOUNDATION

Regis sends more than two-thirds of its graduates into the helping professions. As young women prepare to serve their communities, England wants to ensure that they also leave campus with a strong foundation for keeping their own lives on track. “Society needs to understand that women have many functions,” she says, “and to be able to juggle raising their families and caring for their households, as well as holding major jobs, is very stressful. We have to be able to give women the kind of support they need — day-care programs, support at home — so that they can rise to their full potential.”

Among the many draws of returning to Regis was the chance for England to work closely with students. “The opportunity to get to know these young women and to see them grow and prosper and be prepared for work is one of the things that I feel strongly about here at Regis,” she says. She emphasizes the importance for women of having “a place where they can grow and learn to speak for themselves,” which she believes is inherent in a women’s college, but which she feels is also prized at BU’s School of Medicine. “I went from an all-women’s school to a medical school that valued women,” she says. “The kind of values I learned at BU were very much in line with what I learned at Regis. It all kind of floats together.”

Mary Jane England  Photograph by Fred Sway
An Ocean in Utero

An insider tip to forward-looking geography buffs: the world’s five oceans are about to be joined by a newcomer in Papua New Guinea. The due date for the baby ocean is several million years off, but in geologic time, the proto-ocean is well into its third trimester. Geoff Abers, an associate professor of earth sciences in the College of Arts and Sciences, recently led a team of geologists to the D’Entrecasteaux islands of Papua New Guinea to perform a kind of geological ultrasound on the future birthplace of this ocean, and the results have revealed an important discovery about how oceans form.

Geologists have long known that ocean basins form when continental crust rips apart. Close inspection of rock features at the earth's surface has yielded several theories to explain how this extension occurs in the crust. Abers likes to demonstrate the process with a wad of Silly Putty. “If you pull it slowly, it has time to flow, and you can stretch it a long way before it breaks.” He pulls the gray ball with each hand, and it oozes apart into a long line. He then rolls it back up and demonstrates the alternative. “If you pull it fast, it’ll snap.”

The lingering question, however, is what pulls the crust apart? Most researchers believe that it’s the large-scale motion of plate tectonics. But until now, it’s been unclear how the mantle, the semimolten layer underlying the crust, is involved. Is it just a passive surface underlying the action, or does it actively participate in the process? Abers’s team has found that the mantle is integrally involved in pulling the two pieces of crust apart.

With a grant from the National Science Foundation, the team set up nineteen seismometers on a group of islands that straddle the Woodlark Rift, a series of newly discovered faults that run east to west along the boundary where the Solomon Sea plate and the Australian plate are pulling apart at about four centimeters a year, the fastest such extension rate on the planet. Unlike the San Andreas fault in California, the Woodlark is not a conspicuous scar running continuously across the landscape. It stops and starts, appearing on the D’Entrecasteaux islands and on the seafloor between them.

The seismometers recorded small earthquakes along the Woodlark for a year, and Abers and his doctoral student Aaron Ferris (GRS’05) analyzed the data back at BU. The results, reported in the August 22 issue of the journal Nature, show that the Woodlark could unleash large, potentially catastrophic earthquakes. This was a surprise, Abers says, because many researchers had thought that Woodlark-like faults are mushy, with the two sides slipping past each other relatively easily. “People have written some famous papers saying that it’s impossible to...”
have earthquakes on these kinds of faults for various mechanical reasons," Abers says. "But it turns out that the Woodlark is one of the most seismically active rifts in the world. People feel earthquakes there all the time, but they're not listed in any of the catalogues because they're not very well recorded."

The seismic waves from the earthquakes also gave Abers's team a rare look at the deep structures of the Woodlark. The speed and direction of seismic waves carry information about the nature of the rocks they travel through. Like obstetricians reading an ultrasound, Abers's team used this information to look at the anatomy of the crust and the mantle underneath the fault. The results reveal that both the crust and the mantle beneath the Woodlark are thinning out, like the ball of Silly Putty being stretched. This is important, because it shows for the first time that ocean formation isn't purely a crustal phenomenon, but that forces in the mantle are driving a larger process. If the mantle pulls the crust fast enough, the pieces may snap and continue to spread apart to form an ocean basin.

More study of the Woodlark Rift is needed, Abers says, but the isolated region is a tough place to do fieldwork. "It's a beautiful spot, but it's at the end of the supply line and there's not much infrastructure down there," he says. No roads connect the Milne Bay Province to the rest of the country, and the weekly supply ship goes only to the capital in Port Moresby. "We were stuck once waiting for two weeks for a bag of seventy-five-cent electrical parts," he says. The team originally planned to fly the heavy seismometers to the different islands, but many of the airstrips became overgrown and were abandoned by the time the project started. Instead, they island-hopped in a motorboat, sleeping on deck and forgoing showers for two weeks. "We ate a lot of fish and roots boiled in coconut milk," Abers says. "You learn to love Spam." —Tim Stoddard
School of Medicine Receives $12 Million for New Cardiovascular Proteomics Center

**After the Human Genome Project** produced a virtual blueprint of the human body by identifying its approximately 30,000 genes, biomedical researchers began to closely examine the proteins encoded by those genes to do specific tasks. Proteomics — the study of the structure and function of the human body’s some 200,000 proteins — is now a hot area of biomedical research and the focus of an increasing number of studies at BU’s School of Medicine.

In October MED received a $12 million, seven-year contract from the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute of the National Institutes of Health to create the Cardiovascular Proteomics Center. As part of the contract, about fifty researchers from ten BU laboratories will participate in projects that could yield new diagnostic tests, medications, and other treatments for illnesses such as heart disease, arteriosclerosis, and sickle cell anemia.

“Unraveling the complex functions of proteins offers the greatest promise for improving the lives of millions of people,” says Aram Chobanian, dean of MED and Medical Campus provost. “The characterizing of the human genome has provided us with new tools to explore human biology. However, understanding the intricacies of body functions and disease processes will ultimately depend on in-depth knowledge of proteins, most of which are very poorly characterized, and which interact in a complex manner to control cellular activity.”

The Cardiovascular Proteomics Center will develop technologies and conduct basic research on the effect of oxidant stress on proteins crucial to the function of cardiovascular cells. Oxidant stress is the process by which a free radical — an oxygen molecule that has either gained or lost an electron — steals an electron from a protein so that all of its own are paired. The resulting damage to proteins, a basic part of aging, is believed to be hastened by factors such as cigarette smoke, air pollutants, and sun exposure.

“It’s generally recognized that cardiovascular risk factors such as cholesterol, diabetes, and smoking cause cardiovascular cells to act abnormally, at least in part by increasing oxidant stress,” says Richard Cohen, a MED professor of medicine and pathology, director of the school’s Vascular Biology Unit, and co–principal investigator of the NHLBI contract. “But we want to know how certain proteins are involved in that process, which is a key to understanding exactly what’s happening to the cardiovascular cells.”

— David J. Craig

BU’s Special Collections is now the world’s leading repository of the works of W. Somerset Maugham (1874–1965) with the addition of the Loren and Frances Rothschild Maugham Collection to its considerable existing archive. Loren Rothschild began his collection of Maugham material with his wife, Frances, after reading Of Human Bondage. Maugham’s plays were a staple of the London stage for some thirty years.

Manuscripts, photographs, correspondence, and memorabilia from the Rothschild collection are part of a major exhibition at Special Collections, fifth floor, Mugar Memorial Library, 77/ Commonwealth Avenue. This photograph of Maugham was taken by Carl Van Vechten on May 26, 1934.
Amodeo Wins 2003 University Scholar/Teacher of the Year Award

Maryann Amodeo
Photograph by Kalman Zabarsky

Patience, care, hope. The traits typically associated with social work have a place in any successful clinician’s tool bag. But the popular image of the softhearted caseworker does not do justice to the profession, according to Maryann Amodeo.

“The stereotype of the social worker as a pleasant, supportive, and always positive person is offensive to me because social workers also have to be very intelligent and very tough to be effective,” says Amodeo, a School of Social Work professor and associate dean for academic affairs. “They face extremely complex interpersonal situations and need to be able to articulate the nuances of human behavior, to decisively give a client uncomfortable feedback, and to carefully measure the pros and cons of adopting certain treatments. That takes a sophisticated thinker.”

After fifteen years treating drug and alcohol problems, ten of them at Boston Medical Center, and another sixteen in the classroom at SSW, Amodeo knows what it takes to be a successful social worker. And she looks to develop those qualities in her students with the same tenacity that characterized her clinical work. She considers herself, above all, a tough teacher.

For her dedication to training future social workers as well as her research in the area of substance abuse, Amodeo received the 2003 University Scholar/Teacher of the Year Award, sponsored by the United Methodist Church. BU Chancellor John Silber presented the award, which carries a $2,000 prize, at BU’s new faculty orientation in September.

“I have high expectations of students, both in the classroom and in terms of their assignments,” Amodeo says. “What guides me is that I always imagine my students as professional practitioners in a few years. I’m constantly thinking about all the responsibilities they’re going to have for clients and how they’re going to have to make sound decisions about people’s lives.”

One of the most important skills Amodeo strives to develop in her students is the ability to consider a range of treatment options for any client. “A social worker who is rigid and has only one way of responding to a difficult situation is worrisome,” she says. Social workers also have to be “straightshooters,” she adds. “They have to let clients know how their behavior is affecting themselves and the people around them. But they also have to be supportive enough so that clients will show themselves fully.” — DJC

BU to Lead in Creating Space Weather Forecasting Model

A massive solar eruption more than thirty times the diameter of the earth blasted away from the sun on July 1. Luckily, the “belch,” which was photographed by a satellite and widely reported in the media, wasn’t aimed at our planet. But sometimes this type of activity bombards the space near earth with energetic particles and other radiation, disturbing its magnetosphere and disrupting everything from astronauts’ space walks to the functioning of telecommunications satellites and power grids.

Because we grow more reliant on technology in space — and more susceptible to disruptions from space weather — the National Science Foundation has made forecasting these solar storms a priority. It recently named BU to lead the new Center for Integrated Space Weather Modeling (CISM), a $20 million, multi-institutional NSF Science and Technology Center charged with creating a physics-based computer model capable of providing advance warning of potentially harmful space weather events.

“Within this goal,” says W. Jeffrey Hughes, a College of Arts and Sciences astronomy professor and director of the new center, “we will not only do new science, but we will also build a robust and operationally useful forecasting tool for both civilian and military space weather forecasters.”

With the establishment of space weather models, scientists will be better able to tell when power companies should isolate vulnerable parts of their grid system, when global positioning system users should switch to alternate navigation systems, when satellites should be shut down, and when astronauts should move to safer quarters.

— Brian Fitzgerald
Former Zambian President Is First Leader in Balfour African Residency Program

Former Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda took office, so to speak, this fall as BU's first Balfour African President-in-Residence. The residency program, part of the mission of the African Presidential Archives and Research Center (APARC) to educate Americans about contemporary African policy issues, enables former heads of state of African democracies to live and work at BU for a year. It is funded by a grant from the Balfour Foundation. Kaunda was Zambia’s first president, serving from 1964 until 1991, when he stepped aside after allowing a multiparty democratic election, which he lost to Frederick Chiluba.

During his visit, Kaunda will lecture periodically at BU and travel around the United States, meeting with business leaders and government officials to discuss Zambia’s economy and government as well as the push toward democracy in other African nations.

“That students and faculty at Boston University and members of the larger community are going to have access to somebody of the stature and historical significance of President Kaunda for a full year is just incredible,” says Charles Stith, APARC director and former U.S. ambassador to Tanzania. “He is a living embodiment of Africa’s past struggle against colonization, and his commitment to democracy and free market reform makes him a symbol of Africa’s present and future challenge to live with globalization.”

Kaunda, seventy-eight, became president of Zambia when the nation gained independence from Britain in 1964. During his twenty-seven years in power, he played important diplomatic roles in the independence struggles of Zimbabwe, Namibia, Mozambique, and Angola. Recently, he has emerged as a leader in the fight against AIDS in Africa, seeking assistance from abroad and launching a philanthropic organization to help children orphaned by the disease.

Stith hopes the Balfour residency program will help further the cause of democracy in Africa by demonstrating to current heads of state there the contributions they can make as statesmen after leaving office gracefully. “We at the center do hope that in some small way we can influence the debate going on in Africa around democratization and free market reform,” says Stith, who earlier this year traveled to five African countries to brief leaders on the project. “We don’t intend to oversell our ability to do that, but there is a great deal of enthusiasm about the residency program, both in Africa and around the world.” — DJC

WBUR, the NPR station at Boston University, celebrated the thirty-fifth anniversary of President Lyndon Johnson’s signing of the Public Radio Act with a gala on October 17. Among the honored guests were Johnson’s younger daughter, University trustee Luci Baines Johnson, and veteran broadcast journalist Walter Cronkite.

Photograph courtesy of WBUR.
William Phillips — Literary Influence Peddler

William Phillips, cofounder and longtime editor-in-chief of Partisan Review, died in Manhattan on September 12. He was ninety-four. His magazine, a beacon of avant-garde culture and a political forum for the anti-Communist left, has been published at Boston University since 1978.

On the occasion of the 1996 two-volume edition of the best from Partisan Review over a period of sixty years, Bostonia characterized the quarterly as "of such originality and distinction that describing it puts one at peril of setting off a minefield of clichés. Nor need one attempt a litany of the Nobelers and Pulitzers who wrote for that little magazine. Name the world's best writers who were productive from 1937 to date and you'll find an extraordinarily high percentage of them appeared in PR's pages, many for the first time."

Partisan Review came to BU as a result of Special Collections director Howard Gotlieb's correspondence with Phillips about the possibility of acquiring his papers. It was then that Gotlieb heard from Phillips about his difficulties at Rutgers — how, he asked Gotlieb, would BU like to give a home to his papers, and to Phillips and the magazine as well? Gotlieb brought the proposal to President John Silber, who gave it a green light, and the rest is cultural history of an especially distinguished flavor. It is a measure of Phillips's impact on literary and political journalism for over six decades that his New York Times obituary ran to almost a full page.

During his tenure at BU Phillips taught courses on intellectual and cultural history, but where his impact registered most widely was in the nine international conferences and symposia he brought to BU. Further, the effects of these prestigious discussions were enhanced internationally by Partisan Review's subsequent publication of them. Bostonia recently asked three of Phillips's colleagues and contributors to comment on the influence of the man and the magazine.

Rosanna Warren, BU's Emma Ann MacLachlan Metcalf Professor of the Humanities, says, "Partisan Review, under the direction of William Phillips — and now his colleagues — keeps the aesthetic and political conscience of the United States on alert. The magazine takes vigorous and often unfashionable stands, from its articulation of the principles of the anti-Stalinist left in the late forties to more recent engagements in questions of the Cold War and the so-called culture wars. And one can count on Partisan to represent what is truly vital in the arts."

Commentary's editor-at-large, Norman Podhoretz (Hon. '95), is equally unequivocal in his response on the man himself. "No editor in our time has had a greater influence on American intellectual and cultural life than William Phillips," he says.

And from Nobel Laureate Saul Bellow, a University Professors program professor and a regular contributor who was first published by PR in the thirties: "Partisan Review for a long time was the outstanding avant-garde publication in the United States. Other publications that followed were nourished by Partisan Review in making their contributions based on the work of Bill Phillips." — Jerrold Hickey

Chancellor John Silber talks with Elie Wiesel and Aharon Appelfeld (from left). Appelfeld, an acclaimed Israeli author, who like Wiesel is a Holocaust survivor, was the featured speaker at the official dedication of the BU Elie Wiesel Center for Judaic Studies in October. The center was established two decades ago and under its new name will continue to coordinate and support the courses and academic programs relating to Jewish studies. Wiesel (Hon. '74), the 1986 Nobel laureate for peace, BU's Andrew W. Mellon Professor in the Humanities, and a UNI professor of philosophy and religion, has taught at the University since 1976. Photograph by Fred Sway.
Christmas with a Kick

by Jean Hennelly Keith

Audiences have watched in amazement every Christmas season since 1933 as wooden soldiers dance in precision formation and fall like dominoes into one another's arms on New York City's Radio City Music Hall stage. "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," starring the world-famous Rockettes, is one of the two numbers in the Radio City Christmas show that have remained virtually unchanged for seventy years, says Howard Kohns, Radio City executive producer. The other is "The Living Nativity," with camels, donkeys, sheep, and a horse. But even though the traditional scenes are still crowd-pleasers, contemporary and humorous numbers have been added to the Radio City Christmas Spectacular over the past decade for family appeal. New this year is the opening 3-D film, "a big visual element to start off boldly, with an 'ooh' and an 'aah,'" says Kohns (CFA '78). Anticipated attendance at the number-one live show in America this season is 1.2 million.

The theme is still "giving, getting together, and celebrating," he says, but today's audiences also see Santa rocking and rolling and reindeer dancing with antlers aglow — not just in Manhattan, but also in theaters around the country and beyond. In the early nineties, Kohns says, "we realized we were landlocked, if you will, by the calendar." In 1994, producers took the show to the growing entertainment center of Branson, Missouri, and drew huge audiences. So Branson became the anchor site for the national Christmas Across America shows. Fans "drive 500 miles and see multiple shows," he says. "And we thought, if we can make it in Branson, we can make it work in Detroit and Chicago." National venues from Myrtle Beach to Los Angeles and even one in Mexico City have been so successful that other markets are continually being tested — this year Dallas, Phoenix, Indianapolis, and Minneapolis.

To maintain Rockettes-standard dancing in the national productions, about 250 veterans of the renowned troupe now living around the country train other dancers, creating what Kohns refers to as a "natural pipeline for talent." In addition to dancing ability, complete with eye-high kicks, for the hallmark wooden soldiers number dancers need intense discipline and great upper-body strength to guide and "cover off" in the falling line.

Kohns never envisioned producing shows with the Rockettes. After earning an M.F.A. in directing at BU and teaching briefly, he returned to his native New York to pursue a career in directing. It was 1980, and "the theaters were dark," he says. Working at a smorgasbord of jobs from house manager to scenery builder and struggling to "hustle and connect," he was offered a fill-in stage manager position for eight weeks on the Rockettes show I Got Hooked. "I wanted to do plays, literature, the real theater," says Kohns, "not musical theater and certainly not working with those wacky Rockettes." He took the gig, though, and "got hooked — the Rockettes were amazing."

He liked working at Radio City, especially the "tremendous family atmosphere," but he still wanted to direct, so for ten years his relationship with the theater was informal. He stage-managed a variety of projects from movies to concerts. Accepting an offer to try his hand at producing, he gradually found his niche and has been at Radio City for twenty years, producing for the past nine seasons. He knows the theater from backstage forward. "I have a strong and intimate knowledge of how it actually works and what we're capable of," he says. "I used to know all the names of the animals in 'The Living Nativity.'"
At the Young Alumni Gala on October 19, Nancy Canavan Anderson (CAS’97, SED’97;’98), an elementary school mathematics specialist, and Rocco DiSpirito (SHA’90), a chef and restaurant owner, received 2002 Young Alumni Council Awards for their professional achievements and support of Boston University.

Anderson has taught mathematics in the Chelsea Public Schools through Project Challenge, a federally funded program to increase the achievement of mathematically talented urban youth. In accepting her award, she praised her Chelsea students — whose average math scores on the California Achievement Test rose twenty points to the ninety-first percentile nationally under her tutelage — for learning that “hard work pays off.”

Hard work is also paying off for DiSpirito, who has risen from slicing pizza in his Queens neighborhood pizzeria as a kid to becoming the celebrity chef-owner of Union Pacific, a French-Asian restaurant in Manhattan. Rated one of the country’s best new chefs by Food and Wine, DiSpirito hosts Melting Pot: Mediterranean on the Food Network and is a frequent guest on David Letterman’s Late Show.

— Jean Hennelly Keith

All Photographs by BU Photo Services
ALUMNI AWARDS

Presentation of Alumni Awards for professional, civic, and University leadership is a BU Homecoming tradition. At a breakfast ceremony on Saturday, October 19, the Boston University Alumni (BUA) honored six graduates.

Maxwell V. Blum School of Management, 1948

A U.S. Army enlistee, Maxwell Blum was wounded at the Battle of the Bulge. After graduating from the School of Management, he founded Maxwell Shoe Company, which began as a closeout wholesaler and moved into the design and manufacture of women's and children's shoes. He named an early line for himself, but with characteristic unassuming humor — nicknamed "Mutzie," he called the line Moosies Tootsies. The several other lines currently marketed by the company include Sam & Libby, Dockers Khakis Footwear for Women, and Anne Klein 2. Retired since 1998, Blum serves on the Maxwell Shoe Company board of directors and devotes much time and energy to philanthropy.

Wendy J. Chamberlin School of Education, 1971

In her twenty-seven-year career as a foreign service officer with the Department of State, Wendy Chamberlin has been posted to Zaire (now Congo), Malaysia, Morocco, Laos, and Pakistan. Among her positions have been political-military officer for Israel and Arab-Israeli affairs in the Near East Bureau, director for counterterrorism with the National Security Council, and U.S. ambassador to the Lao People's Democratic Republic. She became U.S. ambassador to the Islamic Republic of Pakistan in 2001 and resigned in June 2002. President Bush has nominated her as assistant administrator of the Asia and Near East Bureau of the Agency for International Development. "She's already doing the job," Chancellor John Silber said at a reception honoring the award winners. "Congress just doesn't know it yet."

Peter J. Deckers School of Medicine, 1966

Peter Deckers was on the School of Medicine surgery faculty and on the surgical staff at Boston City Hospital and University Hospital from 1974 to 1984. Since 1984, he has been Murray-Heilig Professor of Surgery at the University of Connecticut School of Medicine, where he is now dean. He is executive vice president for the Physician Practice Organization of the Health System and for health affairs of the entire Health Center. His cancer research has been supported by several grants every year since 1974. Deckers was 1990-91 president of MED’s Alumni Association.

Accepting the Alumni Award, he named many of his BU teachers. "I didn’t know they were giants in medicine," he said. "They didn’t act like giants in medicine at the time. But they defined American medicine."
Ernesto M. Muller  
*Goldman School of Dental Medicine, 1961*

Friends and classmates Ernesto Muller (second from left) and SDM Professor Emeritus Morris Ruben (SDM'61) with their wives, Vera Muller (left) and Eleanor Ruben.

**Ernesto Muller** was a member of the dental faculty at the Universidad Central de Venezuela from 1962 to 1995 and then founder and director of the Dental Implant Center at the Universidad Santa María in Caracas and the residency in implantology and headed the oral diagnosis and periodontology department at the Centro de Especialidades Odontológicas in Caracas. He has taught at Nova Southeastern University College of Dental Medicine and Autonomous University of Nuevo Leon School of Dentistry in Mexico as well as the Goldman School of Dental Medicine. He is founder of six Venezuelan, Pan-American, and international professional dental societies.

Muller is a member of the Board of Visitors at SDM and a former president of the BU Alumni Association of Venezuela. Presenting the award, BUA President Judie Friedberg-Chessin (SED'59) praised his work “recruiting outstanding students to the University, two of them your own children”: Vivian Deborah Muller (SMG'86) and Enrique Daniel Muller, a first-year student at the Goldman School.

**Bill O'Reilly**  
*College of Communication, 1975*

**Bill O'Reilly** worked in television news around the country before going to New York, where he was an anchor, CBS news correspondent, and then correspondent on ABC's *World News Tonight*. He next joined the nationally syndicated *Inside Edition* and three weeks later replaced David Frost as anchor. He is now host and anchor of *The O'Reilly Factor* on Fox News, the most popular cable news program in the country since 2000.

Before she presented the award, Friedberg-Chessin listed words sometimes used in describing O'Reilly: arrogant, bombastic, contentious. “When I heard those words,” Silber said later in the program, “I thought at first they were about me.”

**Marcy Syms**  
*College of Communication, 1975*

**Marcy Syms (right) receives the Alumni Award from BUA President Judie Friedberg-Chessin (SED'59) (left) and BU Trustee Esther A. H. Hopkins (CAS'47), a former BUA president and Alumni Award winner.**

**Marcy Syms** worked in broadcasting production for three years before joining Syms Corporation, a chain of off-price designer and name-brand clothing stores founded by her father, Sy Syms, in 1958. She became president in 1983 and fifteen years later succeeded her father as CEO. Beginning with a single store in New York City, Syms is now a public corporation with forty-two stores in sixteen states, over $250 million in annual sales, and more than 2,000 employees.

Syms has established the Marcy Syms and Foundation of Women Executives in Public Relations Scholarship Fund, which will award scholarships annually to women from the New York City area in COM's Master of Science in public relations program. At the award ceremony, she presented the first scholarship to graduate student Victoria Neville. ✪
Because our space is limited, class notes are edited to include as many as possible. Notes should be sent to Class Notes, Boston University, One Sherborn Street, Boston, MA 02215, or submitted on the Web at www.bu.edu/alumni/classnotes. We also offer to forward letters; send them, along with identifying information on the alum, to Alumni Records at the address above.

Stefanie E. Graves (GSM'88), Passageways, the Melah, 15" x 22.5"., watercolor. Stefanie and her husband, David Lucht, will have a joint exhibition, Closing the Distance: A Bridge to Understanding, at the Center for Faith and Life at Luther College in Decorah, Iowa, from February 5 to March 21. The exhibition was at the Kreutzman Gallery at Concordia University in River Forest, Illinois, in November and December.

1920s–1960s

DOROTHY REIKOFF (BLL'29) of St. Louis, Mo., is 91 years old and informs us that she is still very much alive. "Marrying took me to the Midwest," she writes. She says hello to her classmates.

TIMOTHY L. CURRAN (MED'79) of Avon, Conn., and his wife, Mary, celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on Aug. 8. He turned 89 on Sept. 21. He and his wife winter in Stuart, Fla. Timothy writes, "We continue to enjoy good health and recall old friends, with whom we gather at family and social events."

GEORGE GREENFIELD (LAW'82) of Chestnut Hill, Mass., works for Wolf, Greenfield & Saks, a 75-year-old Boston law firm that protects the intellectual property — patents, trademarks, and trade secrets — of such clients as Tootsie Roll and Burton Snowboards. George has worked with many successful startup companies in New England and several universities and medical institutions. He is 75 years old and still practices full-time. Fellow alum EDWARD GATES (LAW'84) is managing partner of the firm. Visit the firm’s Web site at www.wolfgreenfield.com.

EUGENE DEFEELICE (MED'60) of Albany, N.Y., is a clinical professor of medicine at Robert Wood Johnson Medical School. He has written seven books and contributed to many medical and scientific publications. He has been listed in Who's Who in Medicine and Healthcare and Who's Who in the World. Read his work on the Web at www.webspawner.com/users/webhealthdoc and www.dreamwater.net/health/webbreastdoc.

PAUL ADAMS (SMG'79, GSM'80) of Montague, N.J., author of Fail Proof Your Business and the weekly syndicated column "Business Sense," appeared on Brian Jud's weekly television show, The Book Authority, to discuss his views on writing and being published. "I have been in business, and I enjoy writing about it," Paul writes. E-mail him at xpaul@pikeonline.net.

WILLIS OVERTON (CAS'60, GRS'62) of Washington Crossing, Pa., was elected to the Wall of Honor at Norwalk High School in Connecticut. One of five distinguished graduates of Norwalk High to receive the honor this year, Willis is a psychology professor at Temple University, where he teaches developmental and clinical psychology.

CAROL DELANEY (CAS'62) of Stanford, Calif., is an associate professor of cultural and social anthropology at Stanford University. Her book Abraham on Trial: The Social Legacy of Biblical Myth was a finalist for the National Jewish Book Award. She is now working on a book for Blackwell Publishers entitled Investigating Culture: An Experiential Introduction to Anthropology, based on a popular freshman seminar class she teaches. Carol also coedited and contributed to Naturalizing Power: Essays in Feminist Cultural Analysis, and wrote The Seed and the Soil: Gender and Cosmology in Turkish Village Society.

J. BRIAN ATWOOD (CAS'64, DGE'62) of Edina, Minn., is dean of the Hubert H. Humphrey Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Minnesota. He led the U.S. Agency for International Development from 1993 to 1999 and also established the investment management firm Citizens International in Boston.

OLIVE LESUEUR (CAS'66, MET'83) of Dorchester, Mass., was elected president of the College Club, the oldest resident college club for women in the United States. The late Elsbeth Melville Percy (CAS'35), the dean of women at BU for many years, was a past president of the club. Olive is senior operations research analyst at the Volpe National Transportation Systems Center in Cambridge, Mass.

BILLY FARIS (SMG'68) of Norman, Okla., operates a division of the wholesale distribution market for HVAC at International Environmental, which allows him to advance his work with indoor air quality and ultraviolet light. He lives with his wife, his daughter, who is a conservation biology major, and his son, a high school freshman who is learning to fly an airplane. Bill looks forward to hear-
ing from any classmates and alumni who will be in the area. E-mail him at bfaris@iec-olive.com.

*Virginia Helm (CAS’68) of Stevens Point, Wis., is the provost and vice chancellor of Western Illinois University. During her 27 years at WIU, she has received the Affirmative Action Director’s Award and the Faculty Excellence Award. Her husband, Thomas, is a professor of religious studies at St. ElizabetHs Medical College in New York. Her daughter, Becky Tucker, attends Clark University.

Gregory Stone (CAS70, ‘92) of Northampton, Mass., sculpted a bronze statue of Anne Frank for the Idaho Anne Frank Human Rights Memorial, which was unveiled this summer in Boise, Idaho. The life-size statue depicts Frank standing on a chair as she looks out a window, holding her diary behind her back. “There’s a sadness to it that reminds me of all ages,” Gregory says of the sculpture. The Idaho Human Rights Education Center commissioned the statue after a national search. Gregory will also create a larger version of Frank’s diary, which will be part of the memorial.

*Stephen Rothchild (SMG’68) of St. Louis, Mo., was named the 2003 Million Dollar Round Table secretary, and will become president in 2006. Over the past 27 years, Stephen has held many leadership positions with the organization. A financial professional, he has offices in St. Louis and Naples, Fla. He and his wife, Debbie, have been married for 30 years and have a daughter, Denny Grace, 25, and a son, Stephen, Jr., 23.

Phyllis Pastea (SED’70, ’76) of Wellesley, Mass., showed her watercolors in an exhibition at the Framingham Public Library in Framingham, Mass., in September. E-mail Phyllis at PPhastea@att.com.

1970s

Amy Cohn (GRS’70, ’76) of White Plains, N.Y., was head of design and construction at the New York Botanical Garden in the Bronx for 12 years until recently joining Levien and Company in New York. Her daughter, Becky Tucker, attends Clark University.

Gregory Stone (CAS70, ‘92) of Northampton, Mass., sculpted a bronze statue of Anne Frank for the Idaho Anne Frank Human Rights Memorial, which was unveiled this summer in Boise, Idaho. The life-size statue depicts Frank standing on a chair as she looks out a window, holding her diary behind her back. “There’s a sadness to it that reminds me of all ages,” Gregory says of the sculpture. The Idaho Human Rights Education Center commissioned the statue after a national search. Gregory will also create a larger version of Frank’s diary, which will be part of the memorial.

*Leo Sandy (SED’72, ’89) of New Hampton, N.H., was promoted to professor of education at Plymouth State College in Plymouth, N.H. Contact him at lionast@cyberportal.net.

Kevin Kelley (SMG’72) of Norwell, Mass., president and chief executive officer of Lexington Insurance Company, was named to the board of trustees of St. ElizabetHs Medical Center in Boston. He lives with his wife and three daughters.

*Vicki Warda Barsh (CAS’73, SSW’77, DGE’79) of Toronto, Ontario, is attending the Adler School of Professional Psychology part-time to earn a master’s in counseling psychology. “If you remember me from SSW, CLA, or DGE,” she writes, “or if you’re a grad student now at Adler, please e-mail me at vickibarsh@hotmail.com.”

Paul Borowick (CAS’74) of Bowie, Md., a retired naval officer and weapons specialist, graduated from the George Washington University Law School and is starting anew as a patent attorney. Write to him at lawcatlaw@hotmail.com.

Arthur Carakatsane (CAS’74) of Lynnfield, Mass., is a trial attorney practicing in Middleton, Mass. He has been selected chairperson of the Massachusetts Bar Association’s 2003 Mock Trial Committee. He is a member of the Massachusetts, Essex County, Greater Lynn, and Middleton Bar Associations. He regularly teaches continuing legal education and college courses. Contact Arthur at acarakatsane@lawalum.suffolk.edu.

Abby Winkler Crowley (SED’76) of Greenbelt, Md., was appointed to the board of education of Prince George’s County public schools by Governor Paris Glendening last June. She is the director of professional development at the Kennedy Institute in Washington, D.C. Abby lives with her husband, two sons, and a Labrador retriever. She

* Member of a Reunion 2003 class

All those letters, all those schools

Here’s a handy list of schools and colleges, with most earlier names indented.

CAS — College of Arts and Sciences
CLA — College of Liberal Arts
CFA — College of Fine Arts
SEA — School for the Arts
SFAA — School of Fine and Applied Arts
CGS — College of General Studies
CBS — College of Basic Studies
COM — College of Communication
SFC — School of Public Communication
SPRC — School of Public Relations and Communications
DGE — General Education (now closed)
CGE — College of General Education
GC — General College
ENG — College of Engineering
CIT — College of Industrial Technology
GRS — Graduate School of Arts and Sciences
GSM — Graduate School of Arts and Sciences
MFA — College of Fine and Applied Arts
MFA — College of Fine and Applied Arts
SMG — School of Management
SMM — School of Dental Medicine
SGD — School of Graduate Dentistry
SED — School of Education
SHA — School of Hospitality Administration
SDM — School of Dental Medicine
SGD — School of Graduate Dentistry
SRE — School for Religious Education (now closed)
SSW — School of Social Work
SMT — School of Theology
UNI — The University Professors
Preparation Kids for Life

A TYPICAL DAY for Stuart Siegel starts early at Children’s Hospital in Los Angeles and often ends late, with a fundraiser for services that help seriously ill children. For Siegel, director of the hospital’s Center for Cancer and Blood Diseases, the long days have become so commonplace that a Los Angeles Times profile describes him as a “part-time doctor, part-time fundraiser — although some say he works around the clock at both.” Siegel chuckles at the description. The hours are tough, he says, but rewarding. “I’m in pediatrics partly because I love kids,” he says. “I just love being with them. I get a lot of energy from kids. Even when they’re sick, they have such incredible reserve and rebound. It really puts life into perspective.”

The center, one of the nation’s largest programs for pediatric cancer and blood diseases, conducts research, cares for 4,000 to 5,000 children and adolescents, and each year sees almost 1,000 new patients. Despite his administrative duties, Siegel (CAS’67; MED’67) still treats patients. “I made a decision a long time ago that I would never give up seeing patients,” he says. “I’m not on service in the hospital as much as I used to be, but I have a pretty big patient population because I’ve been here for thirty years — and because these kids are now mostly surviving.”

That wasn’t the case when Siegel was a medical student. In the late 1960s, only 10 percent of children with cancer survived. “You basically were in the business of preparing kids and their families for death,” he says. More than three decades later, the survival rate is higher than 75 percent, and “now we’re in the business primarily of preparing kids and their families for life.”

Helping children and adolescents return to a normal life as quickly as possible is key to their future psychological health, Siegel says. The center’s comprehensive treatment program includes not only medical care, but also psychosocial support. One example of this support is the school integration program, which prepares patients, as well as their peers, teachers, and families, for their return to school after treatment. On their first day back in class, the children spend an hour talking about their cancer, allaying fears about the disease and often earning respect from other youngsters.

“Of the things I learned early on was that the treatment umbrella extends beyond the hospital and the doctor’s office to the home, to the school, and to other areas,” Siegel says. With that philosophy in mind, he led the effort to develop the Los Angeles Ronald McDonald House, a temporary home for families of seriously ill children who are receiving treatment at the hospital. The facility opened in 1980. Later, he worked to establish Camp Ronald McDonald for Good Times in Idyllwild, where he volunteers as the camp physician for a week in the summer and for a long weekend in the winter. “Some of these kids have never been to the country,” he says. “To see them running around, doing the kinds of things they thought they couldn’t do, and feeling normal is fantastic.” Today, Siegel is president of Ronald McDonald House Charities of Southern California, which owns the camp and runs three Ronald McDonald Houses in the Los Angeles area. He also cofounded Padres Contra el Cancer (Parents Against Cancer), a nonprofit organization that helps Latino children with cancer and their families.

As a result of these and other charitable works, Siegel received a National Caring Award for 2001 from the Caring Institute, a Washington, D.C.-based nonprofit organization. “I was brought up in a home where charity was an important part of one’s life,” says Siegel, who has been volunteering since he was a high school student in central New Jersey. “It was just what you did.”

Siegel is often asked if he finds his specialty particularly depressing. “On the contrary,” he says, pointing to the advances that have taken place since he was a medical student: “That’s amazing. That’s not an experience that many people have had.” Still, he acknowledges that some days are difficult. “Kids are still dying,” he says. “Cancer is still the number-one killer of kids outside the neonatal period. But it’s killing many fewer than it used to. For every bad day we have, there are a lot of days where we see patients coming back off treatment, back to their normal lives, some of them married with kids. We even have a few grandchildren. So, you can imagine that makes up for some of the bad days.” — Cynthia K. Buccini
would love to hear from her SED classmates at acrowley@comcast.net.

Joel Seltzer (CAS'75) of Union, N.J., argued his third case before the New Jersey Supreme Court in September. He specializes in trial and appellate advocacy. Joel invites classmates and friends to e-mail him at seltzer@comcast.net.

Elizabeth Blacher (SMG'76, '80) of Medfield, Mass., was promoted to senior vice president of cash management operations at Citizens Bank. She joined the company in 2000 as a senior project manager.

Stephen Burgard (COM'76) of Boston, Mass., has been appointed director of Northeastern University's School of Journalism. He writes, "I anticipate moving the program forward while addressing the media challenges of this 21st century." Stephen is a former member of the Los Angeles Times editorial board.

Sean Coffey (LAW'76) of Providence, R.I., joined the real estate and environmental groups of the law firm Burns & Levinson as a partner in the Providence office. He lives with his wife and two sons.

Gary Fishman (COM'76) of New York, N.Y., has been named group managing director of Publicis Dialog. Prior to working at Publicis, Gary was managing director of the Hudson Stone Group, a New York investor relations consulting firm. E-mail him at garyfishman@publicis-usa.com.

James Shalek (LAW'78) of Purchase, N.Y., will lead a group of seven patent litigators at the New York office of Proskauer Rose. He has over 20 years of experience in intellectual property litigation and other matters in the federal courts, the International Trade Commission, and the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office.

1980s

Salah Melek (ENG'80) of Annaba, Algeria, is a general manager of Ferrovial, a railway manufacturing company. He would be happy to receive any BU visitors in Algeria. Classmates can e-mail him at salmele2002@yahoo.com.

Tom Hall (CEI'80) of Baltimore, Md., is a faculty member at Goucher College and recently completed his 20th season as music director of the Baltimore Choral Arts Society. Recently he conducted Handel's Israel in Egypt with the Berkshire Choral Festival in Canberbury, England. He also conducted Handel's Messiah with the Santa Fe Symphony and the Mozart Club Chorus and Orchestra in Winston-Salem, N.C., in November.

Elisa Mulvaney Welch (CFA'83) of San Mateo, Calif., is the managing editor of the musical instrument magazine Strings.

Eric Fischer (LAW'82) of Boston, Mass., was elected a partner at Goodwin Procter, one of the nation's leading law firms. He is a member of the firm's financial services practice.

Joanne Luciano (MGT'82, GRS'96) of Belmont, Mass., holds a joint appointment at Harvard Medical School and Massachusetts General Hospital, where she conducts cognitive and neural systems research. She also provides computer consulting services to private companies.

George Fenton (ENG'83) of Bel Air, Md., is a principal research scientist with Battelle Memorial Institute in Bel Air. He, his wife, Lisa, and their son, Greme, recently moved from New Mexico to their new East Coast home. He writes: "I look forward to taking my son to his first BU hockey game this winter. My regards to my old friends in engineering, at Myles Standish, and on BU's ultimate team." Write to him at astrop@earthlink.net.

Brenda Bouffard Foster (ENG'83, '99) of Rollinsford, N.H., recently left her manufacturing engineering job at Textron after 17 years to stay home with her three children: Mary, 10, Katherine, 6, and Christopher, 4. She now works part-time in the sports department of a local newspaper, which "unfortunately covers UNH hockey," she writes. Write to Brenda at mbmkc@urgentmail.com.

David Stone (COM'83, GGS'83) of New Rochelle, N.Y., is married, with two children, and has his own legal practice specializing in construction litigation. He writes, "I would love to hear from Ellette. I hope the 20 years that have passed have been good ones." E-mail David at davidsto@erols.com.

Sandor Dorsainvil (CAS'84, SAR'85) of Natick, Mass., was interviewed by Byron David at davidsto@erols.com.

Jeffrey F. Katz (CAS'84) of Merrick, N.Y., is deputy director of site engineering for New York City's Department of Design and Construction. He is also chief engineer of the Friendship Engine and Hose Fire Company in Merrick. He earned EMT certification from the state of New York in 2001. Jeffrey and his wife, Roberta, have been married since 1995 and have two children, ages three and one. E-mail Jeffrey at Jeffreyrk@aol.com.

Carol McKinley (SSW'83) of York, Pa., is the executive director of Normandy Ridge Senior Living Community. Carol and her husband of 15 years, Steve, have three children: Emily, 13; Christopher, 12; and David, 7.

Howard B. Haas (LAW'83) of Philadelphia, Pa., is the founder and chairman of the Committee to Save the Samerich, Philadelphia's last movie palace, built in 1925. You can support the cause by signing the petition at www.savesameric.org. E-mail Howard at HowardBHaas@aol.com.

Kim King (COM'80) of Melrose, Mass., was appointed marketing director of the undergraduate program at Babson College in Wellesley, Mass. She is responsible for student recruitment marketing, institutional rankings, and marketing research.

Melissa Maxwell (CFA'83) of New York, N.Y., appeared in the film Never Again, starring Jill Clayburgh and Jeffrey Tambor, which played at the Angelika Film Center in New York City.

John Near (CEI'83) of Elsah, Ill., recently edited his 11th volume of the organ symphonies of Charles-Marie Widor in Recent Researches in the Music of the Nineteenth and Early Twentieth Centuries for A-R Editions. It contains the first publication of Widor's 1882 Symphonie pour orgue et orchestre, opus 42bis. The piece was premiered by the Philadelphia Orchestra on July 2 at the National Convention of the American Guild of Organists. E-mail John at jmp@prin.edu.

Debra Arter (GRS'86) of Damariscotta.
The Ties That Bind

More than forty years ago, a group of young women matriculated at Boston University. The bonds they formed were strong; they've proved it, getting together every year since 1959, writes Doreen Abramson Cohen.

In the Fall of 1957, I was one of eight young women who joined an enthusiastic, somewhat anxious group of incoming Boston University freshmen. Little did we know that our lives would intertwine for the next forty-five years and come full circle in 1999.

Joyce Eskind and I began our friendship in junior high school. We chose Boston University to begin our dream of teaching, but decided not to room together so that we could meet new friends. Joyce roomed with Renee Brody, Harriet Gordon, and Abbie Green. My roommates were Betty Shakerdge, Carol Matzkin, and Joanne Woltman.

The friendships blossomed over freshman and sophomore years. There were meals at Jack and Marion's, a fire in Charlesgate Hall, peanut butter crackers getting us through finals, missing eight o'clock classes, borrowing one another's clothes, freshman waitressings, unmentionable dorm meals, the fraternity toilet paper party, and pretending to go to dances outside of BU, carrying our prom dresses over our arms, so that we could stay out past curfew. We spent holidays with one another's families, double-dated, and studied together. But most of all, we became friends.

Joyce, Renee, Harriet, Joanne, and Carol graduated from BU in 1961. I returned to New Jersey and graduated from Fairleigh Dickinson University. Betty returned to New York and later graduated from school in Canada, and Abbie returned to New York and graduated from NYU. Years passed, but friendships continued through weddings, births, other special events, and many visits. However, it was a reunion in 1999, when we all got together for the first time in many decades in Colorado, where Renee lived, that magically transported us back to 1957 — fresh- men again, living together, laughing, and renewing what brought us together in the first place.

So we started a tradition. Our second reunion was in New York City in 2000, the third in Boston, with special visits to Charlesgate and Shelton Halls. Next we met in San Francisco, Harriet's home. It was a bittersweet reunion for our courageous Harriet, who is battling cancer and has become our role model. We all now look forward to our fifth reunion, in Toronto, Betty's home. In the meantime, we keep up-to-date with e-mail, phone calls, snail mail, and visits. We know that we are lucky to have found our friendships and maintained them over the years and miles. Who knows where our reunions will take us as the twenty-first century continues to unfold?

At one of their informal Class of '61 reunions, this time in New York in June 2000: (back row, from left) Doreen Abramson Cohen, Abbie Green Lovingier, Joyce Eskind Stein, Betty Shakerdge Filer, and Renee Brody Brilliant; (front row, from left) Carol Matzkin Kaufman, Joanne Woltman Tuck, and Harriet Gordon Korn.

Maine, did an illustration of Boston's new Leonard P. Zakim Bridge, the widest cable-stayed bridge in the world, which is featured on a holiday card benefiting the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute. This is the sixth year Debra's work has been selected for the institute's holiday card program. To order cards, visit www.dana-farber.org.

HEIDI KREEV POWELL (SMG'S68) of Corvallis, Ore., co-owns Powell Construction, a home-building and remodeling company. Heidi writes that she and her husband, Tom, enjoy traveling, water skiing, and gardening. They have two children, ages 10 and 7. E-mail Heidi at heidipowell@proaxis.com.

JIM SALADINO (CAS'S66) of Manorville, N.Y., has left New York's Suffolk County District Attorney's Office after 10 years of service and is now a partner in the Riverhead, N.Y., law firm of Saladino & Hartill. Jim and Mary Hartill, his partner and wife, have a two-year-old daughter, Mary Catherine. When he wrote, he said that the "legal team" was expecting a second child in the fall.

DAVID WEINBERGER (LAW'S86) of New York, N.Y., has joined the real estate department of the law firm Proskauer Rose. Prior to joining the practice, David worked at Sidley Austin Brown & Wood, assisting clients with commercial real estate ventures and representing such clients as Wachovia Bank and Merrill Lynch.

ARVIN CHAUDHARY (ENG'S78) of Napa, Calif., is the project manager for the redevelopment of Mare Island Naval Shipyard. He writes, "I would like to hear from JEFF SABLE (ENG'S78), JEFF MILBURN (ENG'S78), DEBBIE ELSEA (ENG'S78, GSM'S8), or anyone who may be coming through Napa Valley wine country." E-mail him at arvin@napanet.net.

RALPH CORSETTI (CAS'S73, MED'S1) of New Orleans, La., joined the Tulane School of
Medicine as an associate professor of surgery. An oncologic surgeon, Ralph will conduct clinical research in such areas as laparoscopic, thoracoscopic, and lung surgeries.

**Lawrence Strauss (CFAS'85)** of Worcester, Mass., had an exhibition of his oil paintings, entitled *Idol*, at the Prints and the Potter Gallery in Worcester in September. "I was trying to make a relationship between my lifelong interest in our culture's idealized images and the ancient practice of making human-form idols," he writes. E-mail him at lawrence@straussandstrauss.com.

**Richard Klein (CAS'88, GRS'88)** of Atlanta, Ga., joined the faculty of Clemson University in South Carolina, where he is researching supply chain management and intermediation in electronic markets. He lives with his son, Elijah. E-mail him at rklein@clemson.edu.

**Jeff Lincoln (ENG'88)** of Jacksonville, Fla., writes, "I recently returned from deployment in coinjs@cbsiwi.navy.mil."

**Sonia Aage (CAS'88)** of Needham, Mass., was promoted to senior vice president of strategic communications at ML Strategies, of strategic communications at ML Strategies, a consulting firm specializing in crisis communications. She is the proud new mother of Jenna Kate, born in January 2002.

**Sonia Agee (CAS'89)** of San Jose, Calif., joined the San Jose–based law firm Hoge, Fenton, Jones & Appel as a senior associate in its corporate law group. Sonia assists businesses and individuals with estate planning. She is a member of the Santa Clara Bar Association and the Santa Clara County Estate Planning Council.

**Peter Barr (GRS'89, '97)** of Adrian, Mich., contributed to the recently released book *The Built Surface, Volume 2* (Ashgate Press), a collection of essays examining how architecture has influenced art. Peter is an associate professor of art history at Siena Heights University in Adrian, Mich.

**Bonnie Cohen Bernal (CAS'89)** of Madison, Conn., and her husband, Ron, announce the arrival of their twins, Alexia Rose and Andrew Dalton, born June 17. The twins join two-year-old big brother Chad. Contact Bonnie at bonnie.bernal@worldnet.att.net.

**Mark Miller (SMG'89, LAW'92)** of Revere, Mass., and his wife, Sharon, are proud to announce the birth of their first son, Jack Samuel, on August 9. In January, Mark changed jobs within the Massachusetts Division of Medical Assistance, leaving his position as assistant general counsel to become director of the health insurance identification and purchase department.

**Luoyong Wang (CFAS'89)** of Jackson Heights, N.Y., recently finished the science fiction film *Avatar* and his first Chinese-English television series, *Through the Golden Gate*. Luoyong is now in China shooting the Chinese television series *Shanghai Undercover*. He writes, "I often meet people here in China who either studied at BU years ago or considered going to BU. It feels so good to be home and also to be a BU graduate."

## 1990s

**Silvia Bianchi (COM'90)** of Brussels, Belgium, works in the conference division of the Council of the European Union. She organizes European summits as well as other intergovernmental conferences. Silvia would love to hear from former COM classmates at silvia.bianchi@consilium.eu.int.

**Robert Deutsch (CAS'90) and Derekerry (COM'91)** of Alston, Mass., recently formed HumorWorks DRG and purchased the assets of *Editorial Humor*, a satirical newspaper that, they write, showcases "the best editorial cartoons from around the world." They promise to "keep the free copies coming to the GUS!" E-mail them with cartoons, articles, or comments at robert@edhumor.com or derek@edhumor.com.

**John Ellis (CAS'90, GRS'88)** was promoted to major in the U.S. Army in December 2001. Last June he completed a dual master's at Ohio State University and is now stationed in Stuttgart, Germany, on a three-year tour, his fourth German tour with the Army. John would love to hear from BU classmates at ellijsjohn@hotbmail.com.

**Jeffrey Fontana (GRS'90, '98)** of Austin, Tex., has joined the art department of Austin College as assistant professor of art history. He has been a visiting professor at Florida State University, Vassar College, and Colgate University.

**Dorothy Greg Jensen (ENG'90)** of Alameda, Calif., and her husband, John, welcomed their son, Robert Theodore, on August 10. Dorothy would like to hear from everyone at jensen_dorothy@speakeasy.net.

**Michele Ronnick (GRS'90)** of Detroit, Mich., is an associate professor of classics at Wayne State University. She recently deter-

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* Member of a Reunion 2003 class

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**Barbara van Buskirk (COM'82), A Puzzled Heart, 18" x 24", monotype. Barbara will have an exhibition of new monotypes from February 21 to March 29 at the New Grounds Print Workshop, 382 Central Avenue, S.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico. The opening reception is February 21, 5 to 9 p.m. For more information, call 505-238-8952.*
JENNIFER TROWE-DONATELLI (COM'95, CGS'98) of Huntington, N.Y., married attorney Jason Donateili in 2000. Their son, Nicholas Biagio, was born May 14. Jennifer worked for 11 years as a television producer for the Today show and Dateline NBC. She also created and produced her own show for Fox called Pet News. Jennifer has received several Cable ACE awards for her newsmagazine pieces. "Tri-Deltas and KYLA GROGAN (COM'95), e-mail me!" she writes. Contact her at jennifertrowe@yahoo.com.

DAVID ESPIG (CAS'92) of London, England, recently married Laura Jane Healy Migozzi in southern France. After a relaxing honeymoon in Cyprus, they are now “back to reality,” he writes. David is the marketing manager of Pfizer in the UK. He looks forward to news from his classmates at david.espig@pfizer.com.

KAMELO O. S. GABRIEL (CAS'89, CGS'90) of Decatur, Ga., graduated from the University of Georgia in August with a doctorate in

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A Letter from the President of the Boston University Alumni (BUA)

Meet the BUA Executive Board

As president of the Boston University Alumni Association I need lots of help, and I get it from a terrific Executive Board. This is not just any board, but the best anyone could ask for — productive, supportive, good friends with a cohesiveness I have seen on no other board I have had the good fortune to work on. They have accomplished much in the past year to make the BUA succeed and are set to surpass their efforts this year. I'll tell you a little about who they are and what they do for the BUA.

JOHN CONNERY (CAS'69), vice president for annual giving, has been on the board for several years and is always looking for ways to improve our annual giving. When you receive a letter from John, please respond with a gift. MICHÈLE FREIDUS (SED'72), vice president for undergraduate mentoring, is our New Jersey connection. She has a wonderful program going for summer internships for current students. If you can help her out with a placement, please let us know. GERALD ISEDA (GSM'89), vice president for clubs, is our new West Coast connection, but makes it to Boston for a good number of our meetings. He works with the individual domestic clubs throughout the country and hopes to add more. HELEN KAMPION (SMG'78, GSM'86), vice president of marketing and public relations, is also our secretary at meetings. Helen is working on several very exciting projects. KENNETH OLSON (COM'89, GSM'02), vice president at large and one of our younger members, has been with the BUA for quite some time. He has completed a number of projects and is now working with Helen. ARTHUR PEARLMAN (SMG'67), vice president of community, has been on the BUA board almost as long as I have. He is a Boston attorney and helps keep us on the right course. He also works on community projects in the University area. ANDREW ROSS (SMG'76), vice president of giving for the tri-state area, is a New Yorker who is new to the BUA and works with John Connery. RONNI SCHNELL (SDM'81), vice president for graduate schools, has been with us for a number of years and has helped to bridge the gap between the undergraduate and graduate schools and programs. KEITH TAVARES (CGS'88, CAS'92), vice president for student and young alumni clubs, represents our beginning, because he works with our youngest population. He brings to this job much enthusiasm and has run many successful events. ED WESTERMAN (CGS'66, COM'68) is vice president for the organizations attached to the undergraduate schools and colleges. He has been with the BUA many years and is my right hand, always there when I need him. JOE WILLIAMS (SMG'76), vice president for special constituencies, lives in New Orleans, but does get around. He has worked with admissions this year to increase our minority populations and on other projects as well. I still do the summer send-off program. We had twenty-three across the country this year. I love doing them because it keeps me in touch with our future alumni. As you can see, we have branched out in every direction and will continue to do so. But we couldn't do what we do without the help of the Alumni Relations staff, particularly Meg Goldbeg Umlas and Fausta Iaconelli. I sure am one lucky president!

Sincerely,

JUDIE FRIEDBERG-CHESSIN (SED'59)
NORMAN ALLEN (CAS'87) of Arlington, Va., recently received the Charles MacArthur Award for Best New Play for In the Garden, which premiered at Virginia's Signature Theatre in 2001. He is the recipient of a Regional Emmy Award for documentary writing and the Helen Hayes Award for Best Play for Nijinsky's Last Dance. Upcoming productions of his work include Melville Slept Here at Park Square Theatre in St. Paul, Nijinsky's Last Dance in Budapest, Coffee with Richelieu at the Olney Theatre in Maryland, and In the Garden at the New Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco.

SUSAN BUZZELLI (COM'00) of Washington, D.C., recently won a Beginning Professional Journalism Award from the Fullbright Commission. In August, she left for Dresden, Germany, to study entrepreneurship and intern with a German news organization. Contact her at snbuzzelli@yahoo.com.

JEE WON PARK (COM'97) of New York, N.Y., received a James Beard Award of Excellence for Best National Cooking Segment in May. She is the producer of "Chef on a Shoestring" as well as other lifestyle segments on The Early Show. Jee Won was planning to be married in November to Scott Pactor, and one of her bridesmaids was MELISSA FLEMING (CAS'97). She would love to hear from roommates and COM friends at JPA@dsnews.com.

ROBERTA HERSHBERG (SED'58) of York Beach, Maine, was the recipient of the 2002 Presentation Academy Tower Award in the arts and communication category. She was recognized for her accomplishments as a former executive director of the Louisville International Cultural Center and for acting as a role model for students in Kentucky.

DONNA ROSSETTI-BAILEY (CFA'74) of Rockaway, N.J., named director. Anna Maria was inducted into the Texas Women's Hall of Fame in 2000 for her professional leadership and was named honorary mayor of San Antonio, Tex., in 2002.

Cynthia Maurice (CFA'63, '65), Somerville Construction Winter, 42" x 30", charcoal and pastel. Cynthia received an artists grant from the Massachusetts Cultural Council for 2002 in the drawings/prints/artists books category.
Freedom of the Press 101

Newscasts in Albania, as in many other post-Communist countries, include lots of talking heads, little depth, and information spoon-fed by the government. "Incredibly boring," says College of Communication alumna Stephani Shelton, and not exactly objective. Shelton, a freelance radio and television news reporter and producer, is working to change the way journalists in places like Albania and Serbia cover the news by teaching basic investigative reporting skills. "I feel that a free press is a cornerstone of democracy, or anything pretending it's a democracy," she says. "Without it, you will never have freedom."

Last April, Shelton spent two weeks in Tirana, where she taught television reporting and production techniques to Albanian journalists, part of an anticorruption program established by Management Systems International, a nongovernmental organization based in Washington, D.C. "Albania is a very small, very poor country," she says. "It was the most isolated of all the Communist countries. Corruption exists at every level. To get your driver's license, you have to pay something to the examiner; if you want a telephone, you pay the line installer." Through a State Department grant, MSI had created a service offering free legal advice to Albanians who believe they are victims of corruption. "This group felt it would be a lot more powerful if it could somehow expose some of these corruption stories on television," Shelton says.

She and the American journalist who accompanied her stressed the importance of reporting facts and keeping opinion out of the story. The Albanians, she says, were eager to learn and caught on quickly. With the help of two other nongovernmental organizations, World Learning and IREX, and using case files provided by MSI, the reporters wrote, shot, and edited stories for a program similar in format to 60 Minutes. The program, which hadn't aired by the time Bostonia went to press, is called Hapur, meaning "open" in Albanian. "The idea," Shelton says, "is to give Albanians access to information and services without having to bribe someone to get them, and to make them feel there is a place that is open to their complaints." Often, the reporters didn't uncover clear-cut cases of corruption. "If you cannot pinpoint the source of corruption or wrongdoing," she told them, "then all you can do is present both sides of the story and leave it."

Formerly a full-time radio and sometime television news correspondent for CBS and reporter for Financial News Network (now CNBC), Shelton has been a freelance television reporter and producer since the early 1990s. She has long had an interest in post-Communist Eastern and Central Europe. In 1998 she traveled to Serbia with a public television producer and a Rutgers University professor to conduct workshops for independent journalists, part of a program run by the State Department. She has done the same for Bosnian and Polish reporters who have come to the United States for training.

Shelton, who freelances from her home in New Jersey for the Wall Street Journal Radio Network and owns a production company, hopes to return to Albania to offer journalists more training in camera and other production techniques. "Even in countries with a relatively free press, people are jailed or fined all the time — even killed," she says. "I think we owe it to them." — Cynthia K. Buccini

Counseling psychology. Kamieka began a fellowship at Emory University School of Medicine in September. Contact her at kgabriel@coe.uga.edu.

Keith Gottfried (LAW '92, GSM '95) of San Jose, Calif., accompanied U.S. Commerce Secretary Donald L. Evans on a business development mission to Mexico City and Monterrey, Mexico, last June in an effort to strengthen economic relations between Mexico and the United States. Keith is the senior vice president of law and corporate affairs, general counsel, and chief legal officer of Borland Software Corporation.

Christophe Moerman (SHA '92, GSM '94) of West Chester, Ohio, was promoted to manager of Procter & Gamble Global Client Service at ACNielsen BASES. He and his wife, Anastasia Damianidou, a senior analyst at Sara Lee, recently moved to West Chester with their dog and cat. E-mail him at Christophe.Moerman@BASES.com.

William Mullin (COM '92) of New York, N.Y., is the director of systems and multimedia at the New York City Partnership, an organization helping to rebuild small businesses in downtown New York after September 11.
He also writes, performs stand-up comedy, and produces the Santa Fe Comedy Festival. Visit www.williammuin.com. 

**DAVID SMITH** (SMG'92, CGS'90) of Williamsville, N.Y., and his wife, Michele, were expecting their first child in September when he wrote. David is a new Cadillac Oldsmobile GMC truck dealer in Lockport, N.Y. Contact him at davidcad@adelphia.net.

**HEATHER CLARK ALLRED** (SAR'93, '94) of Tampa, Fla., and her husband, Bill, relocated to Florida after "many fun years in Chicago," she writes. E-mail Heather at heatherandbill2000@yahoo.com.

**JOHN BRADY** (SED'79, '82) of Quincy, Mass., recently completed his M.B.A. at Babson College and has been appointed vice president for business development at First Marblehead Corporation. He also is the president and executive board chairman of the nonprofit Massachusetts Boys' State Foundation.

**ALYSSA KNOBEL** (COM'93, CGS'91) of Highland Park, Ill., was promoted to business development director at Buster Creative, Inc., a creative agency in Chicago. Alyssa started at the agency in 2000 as business development manager.

**TOBIAS LEDERBERG** (LAW'93) of Providence, R.I., joined the corporate and real estate groups of the law firm Burns & Levinson in its Providence office. He lives with his wife, Michele, and their three children, Risa, 7, Eli, 4, and Oren, 1.

**ANTHONY LONG** (ENG'93, '94) of San Diego, Calif., is an engineer for the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard and is assigned to the sub base at Point Loma. He enjoys sailing his 40-foot sloop, Njord Han; he sailed around Catalina Island this fall. Contact him at ionger@psns.navy.mil.

**SUSANNE DARMORY** (COM'94) of London, England, married Frank Thomas Amato III on May 18 at the New York Botanical Garden. Among the 20 BU alums attending the wedding were Suzanne's mother, **MARSHA DARMORY** (SMG'79), and **TRANG NGUYEN** (COM'94).

**J. FERNANDO CORREDOR** (SMG'94) of San Francisco, Calif., founded Minesweepers, a charity that raises money to clear landmines around the world. Also involved are **TIM KETTER** (CAS'92) and **ROSETTE CATALDO** (SMG'93). Minesweepers held its first marathon on June 3, with the goal of collecting $28,000 to clear a minefield in Vietnam. The organization is looking for more runners and corporate sponsors. Contact Fernando at fernando@hellooodtimes.com or visit the organization's Web site at www.una-sf.org.

**YOUNG-JAE HAN** recently became the head of the Boston University Korean Alumni Association. He must be getting used to being in charge. Just a couple of years ago, he was named chairman of DPI Company, Ltd., a publicly held paint and coatings company in Korea.

Han (GSM'79) has been at DPI his entire career, starting out in the corporate planning department after receiving his M.B.A. from Boston University and working his way up the company ladder. He is now in charge of a company, with affiliated businesses ranging from automotive coatings to information technology, that has annual sales of about $450 million, making it, he says, the second-ranked paint manufacturer in Korea in terms of sales. In his business, research and development are essential, and DPI has some thirty researchers on staff developing new products, including "environmentally friendly products such as water-based paints," he says from his office in Anyang-si. Competition is tough, as big multinational paint firms move manufacturing to low-cost China, but Han confidently plans his own international expansion for DPI.

He also has plans for the BUKAA, as it's known. Han says he hopes that Korean alumni will become even more involved with the association's activities and that the association will forge closer ties with the University. Han already has a couple of key supporters: his sister, **Bong J. Choi** (SED'79), and brother-in-law, **Yong-Kwon Choi** (SMG'79), also attended BU. "They recommended to me that I come to study in Boston," he says, by way of explaining how he made the trek from Korea to the United States for graduate study in business.

And Boston is still in his blood: Han sent his son to a boarding school near Boston, and he's visited several times.

* Painting a Bright Career

Young-Jae Han (GSM'79)

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* Member of a Reunion 2003 class.
A Different Kind of Actor

TALK ABOUT AN UNDERDOG. Before Michael Chiklis, star of the cable-TV cop series The Shield, was nominated for a 2002 Emmy for Best Lead Actor in a Drama Series, most television viewers had never heard of his show. Liane Hanson of National Public Radio read a who's who of Emmy nominees, and proceeded to put Chiklis on the "who's that?" list. The Vegas line on Chiklis to win was ten to one. Even Chiklis himself, who is no longer instantly recognizable from his former lead in The Commish — thanks to his shaven head and newly buffed body — didn't think he had a shot against the likes of Kiefer Sutherland and Martin Sheen. When his name was read from the list of nominees at the awards show, Chiklis gave the camera a little wink. "That was me trying to tell my oldest daughter at home that I would be okay," he says. "I was convinced that we didn't have a hope to win, so I wanted her to know that I was fine."

So you can imagine the delight — and shock — Chiklis felt when he was presented with his golden statuette. "What the

award does," he says, "is renew and restore my drive, my hope, my faith in the industry. It is both elating and humbling at once."

Chiklis (CFA'86) isn't the only one excited about his win. The award is validation for the show itself, which received rave reviews from critics, but garnered press when a number of sponsors pulled their ads, expressing concern over the show's graphic scenes of sex and violence. Chiklis plays Detective Vic Mackey, a rogue cop leading an elite strike team that doesn't have problems breaking the very laws it supposedly enforces. As Mackey says, "Good cop and bad cop left. I'm a different kind of cop."

The negative press hasn't bothered Chiklis, who finds his show in good company. "That harkens to some of the great shows over the last thirty years of television," Chiklis says in his raspy voice. "Advertisers weren't thrilled about All in the Family, NYPD Blue, or Hill Street Blues — shows that were ground-breaking at the time — because of their content or the nature of the show's honesty."

So far, the Emmy hasn't changed Chiklis's life. The day after the awards show, he drove his daughter to school and stopped by her third-grade class to show off the statuette. "No matter how late my wife and I go to sleep, the kids still are up at six-thirty, and we're serving up the Cocoa-Puffs. My daughter's class had written a beautiful card to me the day before the Emmys that says, 'You are a winner. To us you are the best actor of all time.' It's signed by all of her classmates, which was beautiful to me, and I wanted to reciprocate and bring it in to them."

The Emmy now sits on his fireplace mantel so visitors can see it. "Personally," Chiklis says, "I want to put it in a bullet-proof glass case, and bolt it to the ground in front of my house so everyone can see it as they drive by, but I can't, so the mantel will have to suffice." — Jenny Brown

Emmy-winning Michael Chiklis plays a "different kind of cop" in FX's The Shield. Photograph courtesy of FX Network, copyright 2002
JENNIFER FALCONE KELLY (COM'94, CGS'95) of Quincy, Mass., married Tyler Kelly in August. Their son, Jacob, is two years old. David is still working for MetLife Auto & Home, and Karen is a public school teacher. E-mail him at david_hammar@hotmail.com.

MARY JURGENSEN (CAS'94) of Quincy, Mass., is a domestic relations associate at the Boston law firm Prince, Lobel, Glovsky & Tye. Mary graduated from Suffolk University Law School in 2000, and she recently completed a one-year clerkship with the justices of the Massachusetts Probate and Family Court.

“I would love to hear from old friends from Mugar Library,” she writes, “especially Jennie.” Contact her at mjurgensen@plgt.com.

JENNIFER FALCONE KELLY (COM'94, CGS'95) of Providence, R.I., and his wife, Karen, announce the birth of their daughter, Minna Rose, on August 9. Their son, Jacob, is two years old. David is still working for MetLife Auto & Home, and Karen is a public school teacher. E-mail him at david_hammar@hotmail.com.

AMY PRENNER (COM'94) of Los Angeles, Calif., is now senior publicist for Wheel of Fortune. She has worked in syndicated television for the past three years, on such programs as Extra, Hot Ticket, and Rendez-Vous. “I’d love to catch up with my old buddies,” Amy writes. E-mail her at amy_prenner@spe.sony.com.

CATHY REIDY (CFA'94) of Seattle, Wash., defended her master’s thesis in hydrology in October. She will be moving to Sweden with her fiancé to conduct research at Umea University for two years. “I have been playing the piano with my two-year-old nephew now and again,” she writes, “but that’s the extent of it.” In the past five years, she has been in touch with STACY KWAK (CFA'94), TIDO JANSSN (CFA'94), T. C. WAUGH (CFA'95), and ANNE METTE JURGENSEN BONTAITES (COM'93, CGS'93) and NICK BONTAITES (CFA'95) of San Francisco, Calif., are the proud parents of Catherine Hanne, born October 9, 2001. Write to them at annemette_bontaites@yahoo.com or nickbontaites@yahoo.com.

MICHAEL DIPIERRO (CAS'95) of Long Beach, N.Y., and his fiancée have planned an October 2003 wedding. Michael is the operations manager for a financial services software company in New York. He writes that he keeps in touch with many BU friends. E-mail him at michael@automatedfinancial.com.

NANCY LI (CAS'95) and JEFFREY ATWOOD (ENG'94) of Orange, Conn., were married on April 13. MARIISA LIN (SAR'95) was the maid of honor, and HEIDI KRASSNER WILLETTE (CAS'94, CGS'92), MITZI SHIMIZU (CAS'94), and KARIN SRIKIPANDAN (CGS'95) were bridesmaids. Also in attendance were MATTHIAS DEHAAN (CAS'95), MANOS DIAKOMAKIS (CAS'93), MICHAEL DIPIERRO (CAS'95), COURTNEY LOWRANCE (CAS'93), JERRY NEEFF (CAS'92, LAW'95, CGS'97), and FIONA SHINKFIELD (CAS'97). Nancy and Jeffrey write that they are enjoying married life. Contact them at n1206@columbia.edu.

GEORGE MANTIS (ENG'90) of Ogden, Utah, recently completed graduate studies at the Georgia Institute of Technology. On August 23, he received his Ph.D. in aerospace engineering. George lives with his wife, Stephanie, and is a design engineer for the system studies group of ATK Thiokol Propulsion, a rocket motor developer. Contact him at helicontwist@netscape.net.

Erich McLaughlin (CAS'93) of San Francisco, Calif., joined the law firm Allen Matkins Leck Gamble & Mallory, where he focuses on environmental matters. He is a member of the Contra Costa and San Francisco bar associations, as well as the California state bar.

KRISILA BENSON (CAS'94), MELANIE THIBODEAU (CFA'94), and SHAWN VERGES (CFA'97), and wants to know, “What are y’all up to?” E-mail her at cathreyidy@yahoo.com.

LAUREL THOMAS SCHREIBER (CAS'94, SED'94) of Pittsburgh, Pa., and her husband, Luke, welcomed their daughter, Madeleine Rose, into the world on July 31. “We’re dealing with the sleep deprivation as well as can be expected — reminds me of all-nighters back at BU!” Laurel writes. Friends can e-mail her at laurelschreiber@hotmail.com.

Anne Mette Jurgenesen Bontaites (COM'93, CGS'93) and Nick Bontaites (CFA'95) of San Francisco, Calif., are the proud parents of Catherine Hanne, born October 9, 2001. Write to them at annemette_bontaites@yahoo.com or nickbontaites@yahoo.com.

Michael DiPierro (CAS'95) of Long Beach, N.Y., and his fiancée have planned an October 2003 wedding. Michael is the operations manager for a financial services software company in New York. He writes that he keeps in touch with many BU friends. E-mail him at michael@automatedfinancial.com.

Nancy Li (CAS'95) and Jeffrey Atwood (ENG'94) of Orange, Conn., were married on April 13. Marisa Lin (SAR'95) was the maid of honor, and Heidi Krassner Willette (CAS'94, CGS'92), Mitzi Shimizu (CAS'94), and Karin Srisilpand (CGS'95) were bridesmaids. Also in attendance were Matthias DeHaan (CAS'95), Manos Diakomakis (CAS'93), Michael DiPierro (CAS'95), Courtney Lowrance (CAS'93), Jerry Neeff (CAS'92, LAW'95, CGS'97), and Fiona Shinkfield (CAS'97). Nancy and Jeffrey write that they are enjoying married life. Contact them at n1206@columbia.edu.
Diamond Anniversaries

Andy Whigham (COM'97) and Mike Brown (CAS'96) ran into each other two years ago on opening day at Fenway Park. It was an appropriate place for their impromptu reunion: they had played Terrier baseball together. Outside of classwork, “baseball was pretty much our whole college experience,” Brown says. “Since we practiced year-round, we naturally became some of one another’s closest friends.” Still, they had lost touch with most of their teammates. Wouldn’t a baseball reunion be fun? They contacted the friends they could, and friends of friends, asking for addresses, and searched the Internet for others, looking also for players who had come before them. “It was sort of amazing,” Brown recalls. “We kept finding people. There was a lot of enthusiasm for a reunion.” The Terrier baseball team had traditionally held a fall Red/White intrasquad scrimmage. Years after the last such scrimmage, the tradition was revived in September of 2001, with over thirty-five alumni taking part in the first annual reunion. The second annual reunion was this past Columbus Day weekend. About forty alumni attended a Saturday night banquet, where stories of the old days were rehashed; the more hardy of the group braved rain and cold for the Red/White game the next day.

There’s a Terrier Baseball Alumni Association board now, and a Web site (at www.terrierbaseball.com, of course), with news and photos. The roster of located alumni has 400 names and continues to grow.

Terrier baseball was discontinued in 1995, “which is still obviously a hard thing for most of us to swallow,” Brown says. Now it’s back as a club sport, and while the association focuses on reconnecting old teammates, he says, there will always be interest in the present team and the possibility of program renewal. The Web site informs association members about the team, with a roster and schedule information, and some alums are helping as volunteer coaches.

Plans are under way for the third reunion, on October 11 and 12, 2003, and the search for alumni continues. “Besides players from all the years,” Brown says, “we would enjoy hearing from others who have been connected to our program over the years.”

— Natalie Jacobson McCracken

At the 2002 Terrier Baseball reunion: (front row, from left) Dan Barrett (SAR’96), Bobby DeMayo (ENG’92), Chris Augiero (SED’94,’95), Frank McManus (COM’97), Mark Lewis (CGS’96, COM’98), Anthony DiLeo (SAR’98), and Scott Gray (CAS’98); (back row, from left) Andy Whigham (COM’97), Mike Greaney (SED’98), A.J. Schultz (CAS’00), Mike Anselmo (CGS’94, CAS’96), Brian Milstein CauJJi (CGS’94, MET’97), Brendan Burke (COM’95), Greg Claffey (ENG’99), and Mike Brown (CAS’96).
Johanna Grab Southern (CAS'95) of Greenwich, Conn., supervises financial reporting for XL Global Services, a division of the insurance company XL Capital. She previously worked with PricewaterhouseCoopers in its Boston and New York offices. She writes that she and her “best friend and childhood sweetheart,” Christopher, celebrated their first wedding anniversary in September. Johanna would love to hear from friends at jodies@southern.vt.edu.

Jeffrey Elan Rosner of Cary, N.C., is finishing his last year in the University of Wisconsin’s master of fine arts acting program. Mitchell has been a teaching assistant in the program and has acted in several university productions. E-mail him at mruile@students.wisc.edu.

Habib Paracha (SMG’00) of Karachi, Pakistan, has taken over as CEO of AOL Pakistan, one of the country’s largest and fastest growing Internet service providers. Habib would love to hear from college friends at h@sol.com.pk.

Richard Park (CAS’00) of Chicago, III., is an analyst for GE Capital, focusing on corporate acquisition and risk management. Since graduation, he writes, “It has been a wild ride, living in New York, Korea, and now Chicago.” Richard would like to hear from classmates and old friends at richardpark@sol.com.

2000s

Cecilia J. Macri (CAS’00) of Salem, Mass., a Navy Reserve ensign, recently completed an officer indoctrination course, which included studies of naval history and military law and focused on the application of civilian professions within the Navy.

Mitchell Mullen (MET’00) of Madison, Wis., is finishing his last year in the University of Wisconsin’s master of fine arts acting program. Mitchell has been a teaching assistant in the program and has acted in several university productions. E-mail him at mmullen@students.wisc.edu.

2000s
Turkey, is an account executive at Leo Burnett Advertising Agency in Istanbul, working on the company’s McDonald’s and Coca-Cola accounts. She has been searching for friends’ numbers: “Olivier, Christo, Victoire, where are you guys?” Contact Ilkay at kedikiz7@hotmail.com.

Sara Kliston (COM’04) of Plantation, Fla., was promoted to associate producer for the reality dating show *Shipmates*. In between seasons, she is an editor for Don King Productions. She writes, “I’d love to hear from everybody!” Reach her at sarakliston@hotmail.com.

Corey Ringhisen (ENG’01) of Charleston, S.C., is a bioenvironmental engineer at Charleston Air Force Base. His recent projects include overseeing the final testing of a new corrosion control facility, environmental compliance strategy development and sampling, and wartime readiness development. Contact him at corey.ringhisen@charleston.af.mil.

Terri Tenenbaum Rosen (COM’01) and Josh Rosen (ENG’03) of Allston, Mass., were married on August 11 in Washington, D.C.

Lesley Smith (SMG’02), a Navy ensign, returned to San Diego aboard the destroyer U.S.S. *Elliott* after a six-month deployment to the North Arabian Sea to support the U.S. war on terrorism. Lesley is the ship’s electrical and public affairs officer.

Nuno Alves (ENG’02) of Cambridge, Mass., is a computer and electrical engineer at Fractal Antenna Systems, Inc. He also is a computer consultant for Wavelet Technologies. Write to him at nunoalves@hotpop.com.

Justin Kutticherry (ENG’02) of Weston, Mass., interned at Rational Software as a quality assurance engineer last summer.

In Memoriam

Dorothy E. Weston (LAW’24), Harwich, Mass.
Virginia Schmedes (SAR’29), York Beach, Maine
Margaret R. Bryning (CAS’28), Alexandria, Va.
HeLEN A. Dushane (SAR’38), Whittier, Calif.
Ellice Alta Schofield (PAL’28), Hartford, Conn.
E. Irving Whyatt (PAL’28), Saint Paul, Minn.
Rita L. PitcoFF (CAS’29), Salem, Mass.
Albert J. Plummer (CAS’29, GR’30, MED’49), Morristown, N.J.
Evelyn Davitch (SED’35), Canton, Mass.
HeLEN Glover (CAS’35), Eliot, Maine
Mary M. Ober (CAS’31, GR’32), Elyria, Ohio
URVAN E. Wills (STH’37), Weston, W. Va.
Marguerite R. Ford (STH’32, SRE’33), Chatham, Mass.
Anne H. Gray (CAS’34, SED’43), Northborough, Mass.
Eunice E. Wicke (CAS’32), Columbus, Ohio
Jane B. Barrie (CAS’33), Kittery Point, Maine
Edward H. Gluckler (SMG’33), Stuart, Fla.
Gordon A. Shaw (LAW’34), Upton, Mass.
Nell E. Chamberlin (SAR’37), Hinesburg, Vt.
Gilbert I. Fitzgerald (SMG’36, GSR’39), Newport, R.I.
Louise A. Lund (SED’36), Concord, Mass.
Joseph Henry Albrecht (SMG’36), Elyria, Ohio
Grace Cosgwell (SED’36, 39), Newark, Ohio
James A. McGravey (SMG’36), North Andover, Mass.
Joseph Segal (SMG’36), Newtonville, Mass.

Sam Goldstein (GRS’35), Amityville, N.Y.
Eva B. Hudson (PH’31), Fort Myers, Fla.
John A. Mheros (CAS’37, LAW’36), Houston, Tex.
Dorothy Ricker (SAR’37), Lexington, Mass.
WiLa O. Thompson (CFA’37, GRS’41), Sun City, Ariz.
Robert C. Gribson (SED’38), Canton, Mass.
George H. Huban (SMG’38, COM’38), Athens, Ga.
Kendall W. Reynolds (CFA’38), Bridport, Fla.
Muriel Card (CAS’39), Madeira Beach, Fla.
Arthur J. Giovannelli (SED’39, ’37, ’54), Keene, N.H.
Keith C. Kanaga (GRS’39, STH’40), San Bernardino, Calif.
Margaret A. Maher (PAL’39), Auburn, Mass.
Constance H. Mascarello (SED’39), Lexington, Mass.
Frederick B. Jones (GRS’40, STH’41), Granville, N.Y.
Helena Robert D. Wilder (CFA’40), Ponte Vedra, Fla.
Victor Leo Zonts (SMG’40), Wallingford, Conn.
Concetta B. Brucato (CFA’42), Milford, Mass.
Dorothy F. Gedem (PAL’41), Stoughton, Mass.
Eunice Hewett (SED’41), Arlington Heights, Ill.
Verna L. Moberg (SAR’41, ’43), West Yarmouth, Mass.
Dorothy W. Moss (CFA’42), Westport, Conn.
Matthew W. Oppenheim (SMG’41), Tucson, Ariz.
Eoin A. Thompson (SED’45), South Harpswell, Maine
William E. Toottel (LAW’45), Boynton Beach, Fla.

Lilly A. Faney (SMG’42), Marblehead, Mass.
Richard T. Gagnon (SMG’42), Derry, N.H.
Richard H. Germain (SMG’42), Portland, Conn.
Robert T. Glidden (GRS’42), Riverside, Calif.
Mary F. Kutz (SED’43, SSW’44), Izmir, Turkey
Mary Strauss (SSW’44), Peabody, Mass.
Ruth E. Curtis (SSW’45), Northampton, Mass.
James R. Duncan (STH’45, ’49), Bernardston, Mass.
Thelma H. McDonnell (SED’43), White River Junction, Vt.
Barbara R. Plimley (SAR’44), Santa Barbara, Calif.
Germaine Young (PAL’45), Needham, Mass.
Hyten K. Howell (CAS’44, GSR’49), Chatham, Mass.
Bernard Joseph Buonanno (SED’45), Warwick, R.I.
Virginia L. Stockford (PAL’45), South Yarmouth, Mass.
Beatrice Stone (SSW’45), New Bedford, Mass.
Catherine E. Gillmartin (SED’46), Brantree, Mass.
Jane C. Curry (PAL’47), South Hamilton, Mass.
Laura E. Holloway (SED’47), Suffield, Conn.
Grace E. A. Russo (CAS’47), Rome, Italy
Seymour Salett (SMG’47), Westwood, Mass.
Mary F. Wadden (SED’47), Medford, Mass.
Herbert A. Walls (SED’47), Loma Linda, Calif.
Lawrence F. Almond (STH’48), East Providence, R.I.
Alice P. Brerode (CFA’48), Hawthorne, Calif.
Vincent W. DeCain (SMG’48), Saugus, Mass.
Corrections

In the fall issue of Bostonia, we mistakenly listed two people in the “In Memoriam” section.

Alan D. Kaplan (LAW’66) quickly called after the issue came out to let us know he is alive and well and practicing law in New York.

Also, that issue listed Edwin S. Nelmes (CAS’29) as deceased, when he should have been his wife, Helen Richardson Nelmes (CAS’29), who died on May 19, 2001.

And in the summer 2002 issue of Bostonia, we incorrectly listed Doris H. Blankenburg (SAR’39) of Asheville, N.C., as deceased. She had written to Alumni Records about the death of her classmate, Alice Porter Wightman (CAS’29), and was accidently marked as deceased herself.

We sincerely apologize to these alumni and their families and friends for the mistakes.

KATHRYN L. FABIAN (CAS’48, SED’55), Taunton, Mass.
FREDERICK E. FREISE (SED’48), Scarborough, Maine
ANGELIQUE GEORGALOS (CAS’48), Tyngsboro, Mass.
EVELYN O. GILPATRICK (GSM’46), Daytona Beach, Fla.
NATHAN GOLDBERG (CAS’48, GSM’49), Summit, N.J.
CAROLYN W. HARDY (SED’48), Rockport, Mass.
ROBERT I. HERMASON (SMG’49), Emmaus, Calif.
THOMAS J. McGRAH (SED’48), Princeton, N.J.
Marilyn Buckle Ordway (CAS’48), Chey Chase, Md.
ROBERT T. SMART (CAS’48, GRS’49), West Newbury, Mass.
WARREN F. WATERS (LAW’46), Palm Harbor, Fla.
ANGELO ANASTASIO (DGE’49), Bellingham, Wash.
DANIEL A. BRADSHAW (SED’49), Portland, Maine
FREDERICK T. BURNS (LAW’49), Longmeadow, Mass.
ROBERT H. CHILSON (GSM’49), Southport, Maine
ANTHONY B. DI LUNA (SED’49, SED’50), Brevard, N.C.
ROBERT LESTER REYNOLDS (GRS’49, SED’50), Amherst, N.H.

HELEN SUNDT (BA’50), Houston, Tex.
FANNIE F. WILLIAMS (SED’49), Phoenix, Ariz.
PHILIP G. BATEMAN (COM’50), Danvers, Mass.
JOHN SAYWARD BATES (SED’50), Groton, Conn.
MAURICE A. BOVA (COM’50), Methuen, Mass.
ROY James DAIVSON (SED’50, DGE’48), Jackson, Miss.
CAESAR FASZIOLI (LAW’50), Clearwater, Fla.
ROBERT C. HECKMAN (CAS’50, SED’53, DGE’48), Pomona, Calif.
BETTY GRANT HINKE (BA’50), Santee, S.C.
ROLAND W. JUNKINS (CAS’50, STH’54), Deerfield, Mass.
HAROLD LEE McCORMICK (SMG’30, DGE’48), Ellsworth, Maine
VINCENT M. MURRAY (CAS’50, DGE’48), White Horse Beach, Mass.
EDWIN A. NELSON (LAW’50), Boca Raton, Fla.
JAMES F. O’DONNELL (SMG’50), Worcester, Mass.
GEORGE H. RICHEY (SMG’50), Edgewood, N.M.
UGO J. SAN ANTONIO (COM’50), Methuen, Mass.
VIRGINIA SCANLON (SED’50), Lynn, Mass.
CARL S. STRICKLIN (SMG’30, GSM’53), Westwood, Mass.
NORMAN T. THERIAULT (LAW’50), Fort Myers, Fla.
ROBERT D. TRENTINI (SMG’30), Salem, Conn.
JOHN W. VELLEY (LAW’50), Sanford, Maine
EDWARD E. DONNER (STH’53), San Jacinto, Calif.

DOROTHY HAFFY (SAR’51), Johnson City, Tenn.
WILLARD E. JOHNSON (SMG’51), Petersburg, R.I.
ESTHER LASKER-DON (COM’51), Saratoga, Fla.
PAUL F. LEHAN (LAW’51), Brockton, Mass.
JAMES E. NESWORTHY (GRS’51), Natick, Mass.
DANIEL J. O’BRIEN (SAR’51), Quartz Hill, Calif.
EDWARD J. PRISBY (SED’51), Danvers, Mass.
HARVEY A. SCARNTON (SMG’51), Geneseo, N.Y.
OLGA STONE (CEA’41, SED’57), Marlborough, Mass.
ABRAHAM WALDH (CEA’34, SED’60), Seekonk, Mass.
SYDNEY S. SARGOON (CAS’52), Marblehead, Mass.
JEAN F. FRANCOIS (BA’52), Boston, Mass.
STEPHEN F. LIXON (SED’52), Norwood, Mass.
DEAN P. MORRISON (STH’52), Southport, Maine
MILDRED PEABODY (SED’52), Goshen, Maine
EUGENE LEONARD SHAPIRO (SMG’52), Andover, Mass.
AGNES JEANNETTE BAPTIST (SOM’53), Muskegon, Mich.
ISAAC H. BURNE (STH’53, SED’50), New Orleans, La.
LEON E. GASSER (SMG’53, GSM’57), Chestnut Hill, Mass.
CHRISTIE C. HAYDEN (COM’53), Hollbrook, Mass.
DANIEL I. LENNOX (SOM’53), Malden, Mass.
JOHN E. LEWIS (MED’53), Sandwich, Mass.
WILLIAM S. MACDONALD (SED’53, SED’59), North Brookfield, Mass.
ROBERT E. MEAD (COM’53), Belmont, Mass.
AGNES J. ORCICHO (CAS’55), Dunbar, Mass.
MARJORIE JANE BLANK (SOM’54), Hyannis, Mass.
FRANCIS A. CASTLES (SED’54), Falmouth, Mass.
ROBERT QUINN KITTREIDGE (SMG’54), Green Valley, Ariz.
ALBERT E. LAK (CCS’42), Norwood, Mass.
KENNETH E. MUNSEY (CEA’54), Wiscasset, Maine
PAUL G. RADENMACHER (STH’54), Salt Lake City, Utah.
JOHN PHILIP BAKER (CAS’55), Bovina Center, N.Y.
DONALD BERTRAND HILTON (CAS’55), Worcester, Mass.
MILDRED M. TENCAY (SED’59), Winchendon, Mass.
SYLVIA M. BECKWITH (SOM’56), Cambridge, Mass.
SHAUN M. DELANY (DGE’63), Bloomfield, N.J.
ALFRED H. FRAZIER (STH’56, GRS’63), Salem, Va.
CATHERINE LEWIS (SED’56, SED’64), Uxbridge, Mass.
JOHN A. MCCOMB (SED’56, SED’59), Sunset Beach, N.C.
TIMOTHY J. NOONAN (SMG’56), Wilmington, Del.
MILTON B. TESSEL (CAS’56, DGE’54), Newton, Mass.
JOHN CHARLES COLEMAN (SMG’57), Broadview Heights, Ohio
CLARA E. FUND (CEA’57), Suffield, Conn.
DAVID F. HOLST (CCS’57), White River Junction, Vt.
JOHN W. WELCH (CAS’57), Holden, Mass.
JAMES A. WILSHIRE (CEA’57), New London, N.H.

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Faculty Obituaries

ANTHONY C. CAMPBELL (STH’69), 69, STH professor of homiletics and preacher-in-residence, on September 27. Born in Anderson, South Carolina, and raised in Detroit, Campbell was the son of celebrated Baptist minister Steven C. Campbell. The elder Campbell, a leader of the National Baptist Convention, was known as “Dynamo,” a nickname that could also have been applied to his son.

The young Campbell traveled with his father across North America, Europe, and the Middle East, hearing the great Baptist preachers of the world, a group he was later to join. After attending Morehouse College, Campbell graduated from Howard University and earned his graduate degree from the School of Theology.

JULIAN T. STONE (MET’77), Palm Harbor, Fla. 
NANCY L. DOW (SED’78), Rocky Hill, Conn.
WILLIAM SEGAL (SPH’78, SED’79), Margate, Fla.
ARIBO TAVARES (CAS’78), Los Angeles, Calif.
ROBERT L. BIBLO (SPH’80), Kansas City, Mo.
ROBERT E. CUSICK (SED’80), Rollingwood, Mass.
ALINE B. SHADER (SED’80), Newton, Mass.
THOMAS P. NECHELES (SPH’81), Newton, Mass.
KIRK R. PHILLIPS (CAS’81), Austin, Tex.
WILLIAM T. HEILAUER (SMG’82), Milford, Conn.
LUIS DALEY VINCENT (LAW’82), Boston, Mass.
BARBARA A. DONG (SAR’83), Palo Alto, Calif.
JAMES W. HUCK (SMG’83), Hilton Head Island, S.C.
LIONEL W. STEWART (CAS’84), North Attleboro, Mass.
NEELA P. JOSHI (SPP’84), Bolton, Mass.
J. H. HONG (GRS’86), Bethlehem, Pa.
KATE CROMWELL MOORE (SAR’87), Auburndale, Mass.
PHER LEVENSON SIMMONS (COM’87), Pittsburgh, Pa.
HIROSHI SHIYAMA (CAS’88), Englewood Cliffs, N.J.
JAMES N. BURKE (GSM’92), New York, N.Y.
JONATHAN WINN (MET’93), Norwalk, Conn.
BRUCE W. JACKSON (SED’94), West Roxbury, Mass.
JACQUELINE DANIELLE MORTZ (CEF’96), San Francisco, Calif.
Campbell's career personified ecumenism. He was the pastor of Congregational and Methodist as well as Baptist congregations (including his father's), a canon of the Episcopal Cathedral of San Diego, and a chaplain at St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire. Internationally, he preached at Westminster Abbey and was a regular visiting preacher and scholar at Lincoln College, Oxford, and he a preached in twenty-six other countries on four continents. In the secular world he held positions with 3M, Union Carbide, and a variety of government agencies, including the Job Corps and the Massachusetts Office for Children.

At BU, Campbell is remembered for his work in rejuvenating the tradition of prophetic preaching. For more than a dozen years, he directed the summer services at Marsh Chapel, preaching and bringing in renowned guest preachers.

“When I first came to Boston,” BU Chancellor John Silber says, “I heard about this extraordinary preacher at the Eliot Congregational Church in Roxbury. I went to see whether he could possibly be as good as people said he was, and found out that he was better. I returned with my family Sunday after Sunday.

“Tony Campbell’s untimely death is a tragic loss,” says Silber. “His work was not done. He was deeply engaged at the time of his death in creating a great series of international conferences on the ministries of the brothers Wesley.”

Geoffrey Hill, a University Professors program professor and a close friend of Campbell's, says, “He imparted knowledge, as he received knowledge, with immense energy and concentration. Taking a well-justified pleasure and pride in his wide, ever-growing fame as one of the greatest contemporary preachers of the Word, he was nevertheless at once proud and humble. Ever vigilant, he worked with dedicated practicality where that was needed, with an astonishing intuitive grasp when intuition was called for.”

Prathia Hall, 63, STH professor, on August 12. In the 1990s she led the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee's civil rights activities in Alabama and Georgia. Hall became an ordained American Baptist minister and received a master's and a Ph.D. from Princeton Theological Seminary. Since 1978, she had been pastor of Mount Sharon Baptist Church in Philadelphia.

Hall also taught ethics and religion courses and was dean of the African-American ministries department at United Theological Seminary in Dayton, Ohio, from 1989 to 1998. In 2000, she assumed the title of Martin Luther King, Jr., Professor in Social Ethics at STH, teaching courses in female theology, ethics, and church history.

John Jablonski, 77, professor emeritus at the College of General Studies, on July 4. He was born in Pittsburgh and received a doctorate in biology from the University of Wisconsin. He wrote numerous articles in scientific and creativity journals; his groundbreaking research in tobacco was cited in scientific journals into the 1990s. His later research was on the types of intelligence.

Part of the first faculty at the College of General Studies, Jablonski loved the student and collegial contact of that college's program. It was at CGS that his ministry and counseling began. After teaching there for more than twenty years, he acknowledged that he was called to be a minister and attended STH.

He was a student minister in Sharon, Massachusetts, an intern in Malden, Massachusetts, and a minister in Marblehead, Massachusetts, and Freeport, New York, before formally retiring in 1993. He was living in New York City at the time of his death.

Jablonski worked in the Creative Education Foundation and taught with the Creative Problem Solving Institute for more than forty years. His son, Christopher Holton-Jablonski (CAS'99) is now studying for the Unitarian Universalist ministry.

Meyer Reinhold, 93, CAS professor emeritus of classical studies, on July 1. Born in Brooklyn, New York, Reinhold graduated from City College in 1929 and from Columbia University a few years later with master's and doctoral degrees.

He served on the faculties of Brooklyn College, Columbia University, Southern Illinois University, and the University of Missouri before becoming a CAS professor in 1980. Reinhold was the codirector emeritus of the Institute for the Classical Tradition.

He published twenty-three books and numerous articles and book reviews.

Edward Spatz, 74, professor and chairman of the neurological surgery department at the School of Medicine, on August 31. He earned his bachelor's and M.D. degrees from the University of Pittsburgh and did his residency in Pittsburgh and Boston hospitals.

In 1965 he became an associate professor of neurological surgery at MED and five years later was named a clinical professor and chair of the neurological surgery department.

Spatz was chief of neurosurgery at Boston Medical Center and taught neurology at Harvard Medical School.

James Thomson, Jr., 70, COM and CAS professor emeritus of journalism, history, and international relations, on August 11. Born in Princeton, New Jersey, Thomson spent much of his childhood in Nanking, China, where his father was a science professor and his mother an educational missionary.

He came back to the United States to attend Lawrenceville School and after graduation took a year off to return to China in 1948. That pivotal year in the country's civil war convinced him that engagement, not isolation, was in the best interests of the United States, a view considered radical for decades.

Thomson attended Yale, where he was chairman of the Yale Daily News, graduating in 1953. He earned a Ph.D. in East Asian studies from Harvard and was an Asian policy analyst in the administrations of John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson. Critical of U.S. military escalation in Southeast Asia, he left in 1966, and served in the State Department and the National Security Council until 1967. The following year The Atlantic published his indictment of U.S. policy, entitled "How Could Vietnam Happen?" He won an Overseas Press Club award for the piece, which is included in several anthologies used in college courses worldwide.

Thomson coanchored coverage of Richard Nixon's 1972 trip to China for ABC News, for which the team won an Emmy.

From 1972 to 1984, Thomson was curator of the Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard. He then joined BU with a joint appointment in history, international relations, and journalism. He retired in 1997.

Former student Andrew Cohen (COM'88, LAW'91), a legal analyst for CBS News, remembers Thomson as "able to translate to a new generation of students the lessons he learned earlier in his life, not just growing up in Pearl Buck-era China but also from his days at the Johnson White House, where he was a dove."

Thomson wrote While China Faced West: American Reformers in Nationalist China (1969) and coauthored Sentimental Imperialists: The American Experience in East Asia (1981); he also wrote numerous articles.
There's not much left from this 19th-century scene that would be familiar today, although the Cities Service sign (Citgo's predecessor) gives us a clue. The little bridge and gatehouse mark the point where the Fens meets the Charles, a block east of Myles Standish Hall. The structures are still there, but completely obscured by the 1965 Bowker (Charlestown) Overpass and Storrow Drive. Photograph courtesy of the Massachusetts State Archives

BY MICHAEL B. SHAVELSON

**Inventing the Charles River,** by Karl Haglund (MIT Press, 2002, 446 pages, $49.95)

**October 20, 1908,** was the day Boston turned its back alley into its front yard. Until then — fifty years of Back Bay landfill and riverbank improvement notwithstanding — the Charles River from Watertown to Boston Harbor was a tidal mudflat, filled and emptied twice a day. And it was filled with plenty more than seawater: the Charles was “a cesspool of the worst kind” according to an 1849 report from the Boston aldermen. Patrician houses turned their backsides to the water, which ran thick with sewage and muck from the slaughterhouses and glue factories upstream. Cambridge native Richard Henry Dana, author of *Two Years Before the Mast,* described the site of the future Esplanade in the 1870s as “a contemptible scavenger's street, thirty feet wide, backing up against the unmentionable parts of private houses.”

At low tide, according to an 1878 Boston Board of Health map, “large areas have been at once, and frequently, enveloped in an atmosphere of stench so strong as to arouse the sleeping, terrify the weak, and nauseate and exasperate nearly everybody.... It visits the rich and poor alike.”

Building a dam across the Charles to cover the mudflats permanently was to be the solution ultimately adopted. A temporary wooden dam, with guillotine-like shutoff gates hanging open, was built in early 1908 across the mouth of the river where the Museum of Science stands today. On a signal that day in October, a team of workmen with axes sprinted across the dam, cutting the ropes that held each of the eighty-two gates open. Within seven seconds, all had fallen into place, closing off the river from Boston Harbor. Crews at once began to backfill the dam as part of the construction of the canal lock, a new sewage conduit, and Charlesbank Park. Damming the Charles turned the basin into a freshwater lake.

Karl Haglund's *Inventing the Charles River* flows slowly from the earliest colonial maps and records to the not-quite-closed case of the Big Dig's Scheme Z. He also reminds us that the Charles doesn't end at Science Park, but only after “the lost half mile.” That last gasp of the river passes Charlestown and the Suffolk County Jail, flows beneath railroad bridges and I-93, and joins the harbor after the New Charles River Dam near the Fleet Center. This stretch of water and land is begging for a second chance. The book swells with Haglund's excellent research and hundreds of illuminating maps, photographs, and plans. There is tremendous detail about engineering and legislation, but unfortunately a few loose ends don't get tied up.

As the book's title promises, and as Haglund's account of the dam suggests, the relationship of the river and its neighbors is a story of radical reimagining. Haglund colors that landscape, mostly in the words of planners and politicians, who often speak of the benefits the great unwashed would receive through this or that park plan. He tells us that the Charles we know — that most picturesque vista of Boston and Cambridge — “...is a complete transformation of a now obliterated natural landscape....” Beyond the mere look
ESSAYS & REVIEWS

of the once-marsky river, there was its very size, originally several times bigger than today's basin. Before bridges, ferries, and landfill, a resident of colonial Boston had to think twice about a ride to Cambridge. "The trip from Boston to Cambridge, across Boston Neck and then skirting the marshes on the south side of the bay, was eight miles."

Haglund, who works for the Metropolitan District Commission (MDC) as project manager for the New Charles River Basin, argues that perhaps more even than the filling of the Back Bay, the great transformation of the Charles began when city and state leaders started to think of the river as "a single, great public space," leading the city of Cambridge and the predecessor of the MDC to acquire the two riverbanks, parcel by parcel, in the 1890s. Seawalls were erected and parks were built, although not yet along the whole length of the Boston and Cambridge banks. The dam and the construction of the Esplanade in the 1930s completed the embrace of the river. But within a generation, the gash of Storrow Drive pushed it farther away.

Because his book is about invention, Haglund goes slightly inland to explain, for example, how Frederick Law Olmsted's Emerald Necklace not only connected to the Charles literally (where the Fens joins the river near BU's eastern edge), but also how Olmsted, the creator of New York's Central Park, conceived of nature in the city as something to be perfected or created. Haglund also talks about unadopted plans and proposals. What may come as news to many readers is the degree to which some nineteenth-century residents, many of them academics, were distressed by the landfill's elimination of marshland and the wildlife that lived there, and the degree to which plans for the river were debated hotly and mostly intelligently. Some of the discussions in newspaper columns and in public hearings could be cut and pasted into today's arguments over what to do with the leavings of the Big Dig.

One of the most regretted decisions concerning the Charles was on the fate of the Esplanade, made possible by Helen Storrow's donation of $1 million. "The issue was lively and divisive," writes Haglund, "the most protracted and public fight since the advent of auto traffic." Drafts for a highway along the Charles went back to the 1920s, but the plan for the Esplanade approved by the legislature in 1929 "provided that no portion of the new park should be used for roadway construction . . . ." The Storrow Memorial Embankment was opened in 1935, giving direct access from Back Bay and the West End to the park along the river. When a movement to build a river highway re-emerged in the late 1940s, a group of Boston residents organized the Storrow Memorial Embankment Protective Association. Among its members were Arthur Fiedler and BU President Daniel Marsh.

The Storrow Drive bill was defeated in the legislature by just eight votes in 1948. "But the defeat was short-lived," writes Haglund. "Two weeks later, the doors of the house chamber were locked. Then the house provided for the required three readings of the bill by adjourning twice and then reconvening. The roadway was passed by one vote."

Boston University's history is of course linked to the fortunes of the river. Early in the twentieth century, the Boston & Albany railroad yards and the remains of industrial Allston helped keep land cheap along Commonwealth Avenue west of Kenmore Square. Few saw the river or even a river view as much of a plus, although it looked good to BU President Lemuel Murlin, who was responsible for the purchase of the initial fifteen acres of land for a Charles River campus in 1920. In the first assault on the protocampus a few years later, the MDC took over a strip of that land at the riverbank. (BU sued the MDC and eventually won $390,000.) The construction of Storrow Drive was a further blow. The third was the Mass Turnpike Extension in the 1960s.

Although BU's Charles River Campus was violated north and south, it could have been a lot worse. Haglund leaves us sighing with relief when he shows us what some transportation planners had in mind. Canceled by Governor Frank Sargent's highway moratorium in 1970, the Inner Belt highway would have plowed through Roxbury and Brookline, leapt over the BU Bridge, and then steamrolled its way through Cambridge and Charlestown. And the original plan for the
Pike Extension would have added eight acres of landfill just west of CFA.

There had even been a proposal in the 1890s to construct a dam where the BU Bridge was later built. Another planner foresaw replacing its predecessor with a new Charlesmouth Bridge, which would have crossed the river where Marsh Chapel now stands. Boston history buffs and urban studies enthusiasts should find an inch of space on their bookshelves for inventing the Charles River — maybe between Walter Muir Whitehill’s Boston: A Topographical History and Max Hall’s The Charles: The People’s River. Haglund gives us a fascinating tour of our own backyard.

Ghosts from the Future

by Christopher Martin

Shakespeare’s Tragic Skepticism, by Millicent Bell (Yale University Press, 2002, 283 pages, $26)

Millicent Bell is the only scholar I know whose grasp exceeds her reach — literally. A few years ago I glanced down one of the aisles of BU’s Mugar Memorial Library to spot her climbing the stacks, sneakers providing dubious toehold on the fourth shelf from the floor. She’d begun her ascent when the available stepstool failed to put a Shakespeare book she wanted from the top shelf within arm’s length of her small frame. “Get down from there, Millie,” I said, fetching the text, “before you end up in traction.” This moment — which marks my only contribution to the work under review — captures the dynamism that Bell has retained well beyond her 1990 retirement from the CAS English department, where we’d been colleagues.

It also characterizes the intrepidity that she brings to this project. A distinguished Americanist, best known for her fine work on Henry James, Bell has seen fit in her emerita career to take on Shakespeare, reconfiguring the great tragedies in the challenging context of Renaissance skepticism. What we get is a lucid tour of Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, and Macbeth, with an interesting excursion on Julius Caesar and Antony and Cleopatra, the Roman plays framing the set. Bell’s application not only sheds critical light on these particular works, but opens up “skepticism” as a useful interpretive concept for her general and scholarly audience: no mean feat, given the vagueness into which the term has drifted in modern contexts. Along the way, her discussions unobtrusively and cogently illustrate the significance of matters to which few non-specialist readers have paid much heed, issues ranging from “metatheatrical” concerns to the importance of textual variants.

Shakespeare’s preoccupation with skepticism is not altogether news, of course. Critical treatments of Hamlet have, in one fashion or another, largely hinged on assessments of the protagonist’s almost paralytic incapacity to believe, a disorientation that extends even further in the starker, quasi-nihilistic vision of King Lear. But if Bell’s succinct presentation of how deeply the problem of knowledge inflects these two plays breaks no substantially fresh ground, the approach enables some remarkable insights and unexpected turns. She observes, for instance, that in Hamlet Shakespeare succeeds “in representing a condition of mind that cannot either dismiss or dispense with models no longer congenial or inescapable.” Equally felicitous is her reference to Lear’s poor Tom as “a sort of ghost from the future who once knew more about Elizabethan great houses than we will ever learn from Edgar.”

Skepticism informs Othello and Macbeth — traditionally regarded as tragedies of jealousy and ambition, respectively — in far less evident ways, and it is here that the novelty of Bell’s argument most impresses. As she observes pointedly, the sexual jealousy that bedevils Othello grounds an “epistemological crisis” that looms much larger in the play, since “jealousy is so unsure of the meaning of what it sees that faith in reality itself is threatened.” In light of this, she makes a bold but persuasive case that “[n]o other of Shakespeare’s plays — not even Hamlet — is so focused on the problem of knowledge.” Likewise, Bell’s remarkable emphasis on the pattern of dismemberment that haunts Macbeth takes us deeply into the tragic core of the title character. For her, Macbeth’s “murderous disloyalty is a disloyalty of the body to the mind, a cleaving apart of the murdering hand from the eye of consciousness that might include conscience or pity.” The approach accounts for the problematic inconsistencies displayed by so many of the characters, while reintegrating the basic

Christopher Martin is a CAS associate professor of English. He specializes in the literature of the English and continental Renaissance.
The Road Taken in the Making of a Critic

BY STEVE DYKES


In 1994, critic Sven Birkerts published an essay in the literary journal Agni, published at BU, called “Biography and the Dissolving Self.” It is about the increasing popularity of biographies during an age in which, he says, technology fragments the culture and plays havoc with a reader’s sense of self. While historical figures — traditionally the subject of biographies — “loom larger and larger, their lives appearing more purposeful or tragic or grand, our own lives seem to be losing mass and dissolving into even more nebulous bunches of pixels,” he writes. “How will the lives of our present, which have lost the heft and distinction of lives, get written? And, if written, who will want to read them?”

Eight years later, one answer is that they will get written as memoirs, some looming smaller and smaller, neither especially tragic nor especially grand, but the best still answering the reader’s need for biographical “coherence and meaning.” The biographer, Birkerts continues, “almost occupationally views his subject as living under the aspect of a singular destiny, with everything around him contributing to press his experience into its intended shape.” Today’s most skilled memoirists accomplish this. Magisterial thousand-page biographies appear each year, but memoirs sell and are read. Who reads and writes them? Everyone and everyone’s uncle, cousin, and canine (a 1990 bestseller allegedly was dictated by the elder Bush’s dog), it seems.

Birkerts joins the pack with My Sky Blue Trades (a lyrical phrase from Dylan Thomas’s “Fern Hill”), which resonates with the yearnings of literati and seekers of all stripes who came of age in the 1960s. Among those of us who grew up toiling at low-paying bookstore jobs in the eighties, a literary essay with a certain “heft and distinction” was deemed “svetian,” after this bookseller turned essayist. Literature, as opposed to commercialism, was our “cause” and Birkerts one of its champions. Reading, “the special charge around books,” is the sustaining motif of his memoir — the capacity of serious fiction and poetry to console, center, and make sense of life. Throughout his first twenty-seven years, he tells us here, the force and beauty of literature fortified him and pulled him through.

Growing up the son of Latvian immigrants in a Detroit suburb, young Birkerts considered himself an outsider. What he wanted was to be one of the all-American Hardy Boys. The exploits of the Hardy brothers, heroes of a series that gave him “a complete and ongoing world . . . of danger and intrigue,” were far more exciting and attractive than the tasks around the house and yard set by his demanding father, the architect Gunnar Birkerts. His mother immersed herself in books, held like a secret, never shared, never discussed with anyone.

Later Jack London saved him from a dull school year by inspiring a possible vocation: writer-adventurer. In the late sixties, it was Jack Kerouac, then the existentialists, Henry Miller and others, who extricated him from the
The Visible Man

BY TODD HEARON


JOHN CANADAY SWIMS into the sky of contemporary American poetry with this first book, trailing clouds of academic glory — the Academy of American Poets, that is, which last year gave Canaday the Walt Whitman Award. The book charts Canaday's travels in the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, where he lived for a year while (among other things) tutoring the children of the royal family, and his return to his native New England. Many of the poems point to being “visible,” then, in this added sense: a foreigner, his self-styled Holy Land-roving figure swerving between poetic “ambassador of sorts,” albeit penned in tourist class, and “post-imperial nail” in metaphorical Bermuda shorts. Throughout, Canaday exhibits both a developing concern with writing — this time a success — Book and biographical enthusiasts will identify with both strands — the galvanizing encounter with a great teacher and the courage necessary to alter one's settled course at a crucial moment.

Birkerts went east again, this time to Boston (“This is where the vectors converged; this is where it made sense to become a writer”). The move yielded more bookstore jobs, another relationship, and a suspenseful, ultimately unsuccessful, four-month stab at writing a novella — yet another nadir. Then he discovered the literary work of Robert Musil, which inspired a foray into essay writing — this time a success.

Driving across state to a teaching job twenty years later, a midlife professional with a wife and two children, he answered an inner prompting, “I came to understand that something was being offered to me, extended, and that accepting it would have everything to do with writing, the solitary motion of it, as well as the sense-making demons it releases into the blood,” he writes. Now editor of Agni, with this book Birkerts has banished the shadow life and become, as well as a critic, a memoirist of substance.
Perhaps it is natural that Canaday, finding himself in a cultural divide, instinctively reaches for metaphor — which Aristotle called an intuitive perception of the similarity in dissimilars — making imaginative bridges for himself in a landscape dissimilar to anything he’s ever known. The book veritably traffics in metaphors, often consciously about metaphor-making. Consider:

And then the Six Days War spun
Fortune’s wheel
until its axle split.

The metaphor
is mine, of course — an effort to
bring home
the fat of their loss in a few lean
words.

(“A True Story”)

But life is hardly ever like a poem,
until we dress our dingy,
 commonplace
experience in the exotic rags
of metaphor.

(“Imposters”)

The poems are often in allusive play
with literary tradition. In the title
poem, the poet steps out, lisping in
Keatsian numbers:

One morning, when I fancied all
the world,
from dewy sward to thorny spray,
lay furled
before me, needing only proper
words
said reverendly to bare its pithy imards,
I walked into the desert, looking for
the choicest of great Nature’s
metaphors.

White space, then the bald: “The cupboard was bare.” Bareness, however, becomes a boon to Canaday; in the desert places of his poems it registers a literary, even spiritual, ideal:

The scent of summer honeysuckle
blinds us to an everlasting emptiness
that mortal hunger only echoes. Praise
God for the deserts, famines,
droughts with which
he seasons us when we wax fat.
And bless
these vacant words as well. Inhabit
them.

(“A Fast of God’s Choosing”)

Those lines might have been spoken
by Cotton Mather himself, or Jonathan
Edwards for that matter. Canaday has
gone a great distance to rediscover New
England Calvinism. Or to return to
Aristotle, perhaps it is the intuitive
perception of similarity in cultures only
ostensibly dissimilar.

Thus the typical Canaday poem
unfolds: It is: 1. narrative, erected upon
a scaffold of iambic pentameter (with
refreshing exceptions — the ghazal, a
Persian verse-form; some free verse);
2. rangy in diction, from vernacular to
occult (“scram. No dice. / I’d hardly
started feeding my own hunger / for
the Orphic”), laced with Arabic terms
(no fear a dossary waits at book’s end);
3. self-conscious linguistically, allusive
as to literary tradition (“I’m no trans-
parent eyeball: I see with / my eyes, not
through them — pace Ralph and Bill”
—that’s Emerson and Blake); 4. thick,
at times almost clotted, with metaphor.

This last feature seems at odds with
Canaday’s desired poetics of bareness,
of desiccation. Yeats wanted a poem
“as cold / And passionate as the dawn”;
Canaday hankers after “a style / as clear
and reticent as dust” (“In Situ”). Yet
witness these lines from “The Empty
Quarter”:

The sun lowers its bucket,
though my body is the only well
for miles.
A dropped stone calls back from
the bottom
with the voice of a starving locust:
Make it
your wish, babibi, and the rain will
walk
over the dry hills of your eyes on
fingertips
as the poppies weave themselves
into a robe
to mantle the broad shoulders of
the desert.

Nothing empty about that. Even when
Canaday denies a figurative dimension
to the landscape in the book’s title
poem — “The cupboard was bare”—
metaphors swell to the surface, bob-
bobbing visibly, as in the lines immedi-
ately following:

Each rock bobbed passively on the
literal
swell of sunlight; each pebble and
every grain of sand
being

none-other-than

The world, “none-other-than itself,”
is here revealed — made visible — as
something else entirely as we see rock
and implicit cork bobbing in meta-
phorical tandem, as the “literal swell”
of sunlight swells into a sea. The light
of metaphor casts a shadow past the
thing, granting it figurative depth; that
double-self, both like and not, is the
shadow-play of poetry. Canaday is to
be applauded for his serious play; it’s
no mean feat to hold two cultures, dis-
parate as loaves and fishes, in one net
(metaphorical or otherwise). At his
best, his net — the “invisible world” of
words — holds up to us fresh visions
of our world.
ALUMNI BOOKS

Richard A. Bamforth (SED'82) and Charles Bamforth. Iron Jaw: A Skipper Tells His Story. Dorrance Publishing. Charles N. Bamforth (1895-1975) spent sixty years in maritime and naval service. This compilation of his logs, diaries, and letters edited by his sons reflects the Depression, two World Wars, and the Cold War, as well as his loneliness and the conflicting pulls of family and the sea.

— Natalie Jacobson McCracken

Lisa Liberty Becker (SED'95). Net Prospect: The Courting Process of Women's College Basketball Recruiting. Wish Publishing. There's less dirt to be dished about recruiting for women's college basketball than for men's because there's less money involved. Still, many of the coaches, athletes, and parents Becker talked with for this book said that for financial as well as other reasons, they had been as honest as they could be during the recruiting process: that is, not entirely.

Her book, primarily for high school athletes and their parents, details opportunities, dangers, and national recruiting rules too complex for even experienced recruiters to master fully.

— NJM


Art Corriveau (COM'85, CAS'85). Housewrights. Penguin Books. Housewrights, itinerant carpenters and housebuilders who traveled from town to town throughout New England from the eighteenth to the early twentieth centuries, built homes for families but were homeless themselves, living out of their workshop caravans. In this absorbing novel, one such camp wagon stops at the home of the Willards in Cabot Fields, Vermont, around 1900. Eight-year-old Lily Willard befriends nine-year-old Oren and Ian Pritchard, identical twin sons of the housewright contracted by Mr. Willard to build a model home out of a pattern book. The three children become close, and when the house is completed and the Pritchards are ready to depart, Oren vows to return someday and marry Lily.

Now a housewright, Oren does return and proposes to Lily, the town librarian. No sooner are they married than Ian returns from the Great War, shell-shocked and speechless. The young couple retrieve Ian from a Boston hospital and bring him home to recover. The three are happy together, building their new home, contracting work, making syrup from boiling sugar maple sap, and reveling in the seasons: "The vermillion of sumac, the sulfur of pond water, the tang of horse leather, the bickering of crows, the hiss of pine sap onto the forest floor. Her strongest memories were of summer. She met the twins in summertime."

But their idyllic life changes after they scandalize the small farming community by waltzing together at a barn dance. Corriveau's sepia-toned seasons and a hard, vanished way of life are substantially felt, and finely evoked.

— Steve Dykes

Elizabeth A. De Wolfe (GRS'96). Shaking the Faith: Women, Family, and Mary Marshall Dwyer's Anti-Shaker Campaign, 1815-1867. Palgrave/Macmillan. More than a century after its height and now reduced to a tiny community in Maine, American Shakerism has achieved a hazily romantic image mixing communal living, idealism, hard work, and strikingly handsome, simple furniture and crafts. The Shakers expected few to accept their principles (realistically for future generations, since celibacy was included), and in fact more than half of those who tried the faith abandoned it, often several times, occasionally joining the passionate anti-Shaker efforts of strangers who feared Shakerism as strange and un-Christian, possibly a cult that deluded potential converts and then trapped them.

Among the most visible of Shaker apostates was Mary Marshall Dwyer, who left the Enfield, New Hampshire, community in 1815. When the elders and her husband kept her from taking her children (who were legally indentured to the community), she launched a half-century barrage of anti-Shaker speeches, broadsides, newspaper artic—

Correction

The review in the fall Bostonia of Betrayal: The Crisis in the Catholic Church, by the Boston Globe Spotlight Team, omitted the school and year of one author and made an error in another name. Michael Rezendes is a 1978 graduate of CAS. The editor of the Spotlight Team is Walter V. Robinson.
cles, pamphlets, books, and petitions to the New Hampshire legislature, occasioning wide debate, mob action, and an amendment to the divorce law that finally permitted women to gain independence from husbands from whom they were long separated. De Wolfe begins with thanks to the GRS American and New England Studies

Mysterious Business

LINDA BARNES

The Big Dig. St. Martin's Minotaur. Carollta Carlyle has her hands full. The six-foot redhead, a former cop and currently underemployed private eye, takes a job working undercover at Big Dig construction sites, looking for corrupt contractors. Actually, she's no longer a redhead; she's a little less recognizable as a brunette, doing office work in the Horgan Construction trailer. Then a worker ends up dead: was it an industrial accident or something more sinister? And then there's the missing person case she's picked up almost by accident, with the client holding back critical information. Soon, there's more than enough to keep her busy — and in trouble.

Carollta is a descendant of the hard-boiled PIs of yore: wisecracking and tough (she has the bullet wound from a previous case to prove it). Typical of many current mystery series, you don't get just a whodunit, you also get slyly educated, in this case about the machinations behind the biggest construction project in America.

Tension mounts as Carollta moves closer to the truth in both her cases, which become greater than the sum of the two. This is the eighth outing for Carollta, and with investigative skills like those evidenced here, more cases are clearly on the horizon.

— Taylor McNeil

PHILIP R. CRAIG

(CAS'57) and William G. Tapply. First Light. Scribner. Mystery writer veterans Craig and Tapply unleash their veteran sleuths, J.W. Jackson and Brady Coyne, respectively, to track down a missing woman and settle another woman's estate on Martha's Vineyard. They alternate their late-summer, first-person storytelling.

For J.W. and Brady, detection is secondary to the Derby, a mid-September fishing contest that celebrates the returning bluefish and extends the tourist season. "The Derby was to normal fishing what the Daytona was to driving to Harry's for your Sunday Globe." The best fishing is at daybreak — first light — and afterward day jobs can begin. A near-murder leads both sleuths to a perilous nocturnal confrontation with a surprising killer.

Vineyard Enigma. Scribner. Craig follows the missing-woman saga with a story that concerns an emotionally absent wife and the world of international art smuggling. Zee Jackson, the wife of sleuth J.W., seems suddenly and oddly distant from her husband and children. She lights up when she meets Mhamsima, a mysterious man who engages her husband to help find two rare eagle carvings stolen from Zimbabwe and now possibly on the Vineyard. J.W. no sooner begins his investigation than an island art dealer is murdered, and he is introduced by degrees to the skulduggery of those involved in smuggling art.

Between discoveries, fishing is accomplished, fine seafood is consumed (the two seaside mysteries yield five fathomable recipes), and a tree house — much requested in the previous book by the Jackson kids — is constructed, opening up new perspectives, and presumably, more Vineyard adventures.

— SD

ROBERT B. PARKER

(GRS'57, '71). Shrink Wrap. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Sunny Randall, Parker's girl detective (the phrase is descriptive, rather than blatantly non-p.c.), is hired as driver and security escort for the book tour of a best-selling romance novelist who is terrified — justifiably, it develops — of her most recent ex-husband, the shrink whose sinister career Sunny discovers and then wraps up. Prefigured by Spenser, she is witty, compassionate, a Bostonian, intelligent, and deeply committed to her dog, to somebody to whom she is not quite married, and to protecting the defenseless. She is not, however, quite so intrepid. Significant to the action are two questions: can she defeat evil-doers despite her determination to refuse male assistance? (No.) And more subtly and sweepingly, how much male domination do women really want? (Sometimes more than is sensible or even safe.) — NJM
Program and the BU Women's Guild for support of this study of nineteenth-century religion, the twin reactions of ignorance and hate, gender roles, and one sad, strong-minded, vocal woman. — NJM

ARTHUR DIMOND (COM'67). Blurred Images. Dry Bones Press. After becoming a fugitive in the 1960s following the death of a policeman at an antiwar rally, Jeffrey Stevenson begins a new life on the run under a new name. But his past inevitably beckons, starting with the death of his mother, and he confronts his fate and that of his family members with pain and moments of grace. — TM

BARRY PATRICK FITZSIMMONS (COM'83). Life Askew: An Urban Fable. iStBooks. When the specialty-foods store where he works is gobbled up by a multinational corporation, a lowly, lonely cashier on the overnight shift finds love and upward mobility.

HOLLY HOBBIE (CFA'67). Toot & Puddle: Top of the World. Little, Brown. It's another adventure for the two little pigs, as Toot disappears yet again on a voyage. Contrary to his usual homebody tendencies, Puddle sets off in pursuit, by foot, train, plane, and bicycle, and runs Toot down in Coucou Poche in Provence. The way home turns out to be via Nepal, thanks to the inspiration of a travel poster. Nothing like a little jaunt up a mountain, Toot might say. Hobbie is in other ways as well settled in to make himself a part of the community.

Those were hard times for Midwest farmers and the Wettach farm never really succeeded; in 1935 Wettach became a county supervisor for the Farm Security Administration. That broadened his opportunity to photograph his favorite topic, Iowa farm families, primarily with the used 5 x 7 Graflex he'd bought and taught himself to operate — no small feat since it was heavy, required a good deal of adjusting for each photo (partly by guesswork: light meters were not yet available), and would have had, at best, a separate flashgun, requiring a tripod or some assistance. Once his home acquired electricity, he began developing his film in the only bathroom. He'd been selling occasional photographs for some time; by the early forties he was freelancing regularly for Wallace's Farmer (Henry Wallace, third-generation editor at the family firm, had by then left to become FDR's secretary of agriculture), Iowa Homestead, and elsewhere.

Wettach had included only a little information with the negatives. With assiduous research and a good deal of luck, Loveless found many names and stories to illuminate Iowa farm life. In
clearly having fun with these piggies, and the large format of the book highlights her artistry with watercolors. The book shouldn’t be limited to the usual picture book set; it’s an art book too. — TM

HA JIN
(GRS’94). The Crazed. Pantheon. Jin’s fiction is not simply set in modern China, where he lived until 1985; it’s specifically about life there, with an immediacy that nonfiction seldom provides. Written in English, it conveys authority and flavor not least because the prose can be awkward and not quite idiomatic (“He gestured me to sit down”). The result, purposeful or not, is effective, rather like movie actors using accents to indicate their characters are speaking another language.

The protagonist of Waiting, winner of the 1999 National Book Award, is a doctor who passively endures a chaste two-decade engagement, as dictated by his superiors, while Party rules and village politics prevent his divorce. He, his beloved, and the other doctors and nurses who populate Waiting are among the privileged, living in dingy single-sex housing provided for them, eating in dining halls, and behaving like fifties teenagers from nice American families, sometimes obstreperous but never significantly disobedient, never questioning the system.

Published three years later, The Crazed presents a more complex picture of the relationship between the

her handsome big book of 105 nearly full-page black-and-white photographs with chapter essays and succinct captions, even the names capture bits of the past — for instance, Geraldine, James, LaVerne, and Phyllis Middleswart in their household garden, in a photograph published in Wallace’s Farmer along with readers’ pickle recipes. — NJM

Helping to sow oats, young Robert Triska guides the horses in a slow walk while his father, George, keeps the end-gate seeder filled. 1944.


Bringing a wagonload of grain to the threshing machine.
educated elite and the system. When Professor of Literature Yang is felled by a severe stroke, his family is too busy to provide the hospital nursing required: his daughter is in Beijing, cramming for medical school entrance exams, and his wife is part of a veterinary team in Tibet. So Yang’s prospective son-in-law, Jian Wan, and another student are assigned by the literature department’s Party secretary to tend to him. Jian Wan reveres his professor, but finds afternoons at the hospital an intrusion, preventing even his customary midday nap. Like his fiancee and friends, he has been immersed in studying, not as preparation to serve the nation nor because of interest in the field, not even as classwork, but for qualifying tests (the most crucial, whatever the area, will be in Chinese politics) leading to careers that promise shabby privileges within a system he, at least, never questions.

But it is 1989; in Beijing, student unrest is brewing, unrest that readers know will lead to the bloody protest in Tiananmen Square. Sitting by Yang’s hospital bed in provincial Shanning, Jian Wan listens to his mentor’s delirious ravings about the Cultural Revolution, current politics, corruption, love, and personal freedom. Is it delirium? — NJM

Sheri Koones

Patricia Lakin
(SED’95). Snow Day! Illustrated by Scott Nash. Dial. Can anything be as delightful for little kids as waking up to snow blanketing the ground? Snow Day! captures all that excitement in such a simple and direct way that it had my two-and-a-half year old rapt while I read it to him. And it’s easy to see why: Pam, Sam, Will, and Jill wake to the white stuff, head out to play after bundling up in all those layers, and start the fun. Then a momentary downer: it’s a school day. So, why not call in a snow day to the television station? The illustrations of the characters, who happen to be fun-loving crocodiles, are light and a bit retro, a perfect fit for the text, which besides being a cute little kid picture book can double as a first reader for the kindergarten set.

Clarence the Copy Cat. Illustrated by John Mander. Doubleday. Life’s tough for Clarence, a cat who on principle will not harm other living creatures — for example, mice. And that means being called a lazy bum by Tom of Ye Olde General Store and owners of other establishments, and thus no place to call home. But then Mr. Spanner takes him in at the library, and all is peace and contentment until, you guessed it, a mouse shows up. It’s a fun story, and as with all good picture books, flows well when being read aloud to little ones. The illustrations complement the text nicely, exaggerated just about as much as the story. — TM

Marc Stephen Marlow
(COM’95). Lightning Has Struck: A Diary of Life Without Dad. PublishAmerica. Marlow was twenty-six when his father died, and this is his diary of the next six months. He intends it not as a guide — everybody mourns differently, he says — but to show particularly those in their mid-teens to mid-thirties what he experienced and how he survived. Forthcoming, The Journey of the Smiling Poet, impressions in verse of four periods of his life from youthful hopefulness through his father’s death to the joy of having found love. Marlow publishes under the name Max Power.

Susan Seligson
(COM’80). Going with the Grain: A Wandering Bread Lover Takes a Bite Out of Life. Simon & Schuster. “Bread tells the most essential human stories,” Seligson says in the introduction of her travelogue, which takes us across the United States to Europe and the Middle East in search of the secrets baked within bread. In these essays, Seligson looks beyond the simple mixture of flour and water to see “bread as a reflection of people’s varied beliefs, daily lives, and blood memories.” She writes, “Bread captivates me for many reasons. But most of all I love bread because I never tire of traveling to new places to learn how people nourish their bodies and spirits, how they rejoice, mourn, and manage in the face of adversity. Native bread can teach us these things and more.”

Her quest takes her to the medinas of Morocco, to the deserts of Jordan,
and to the streets of India. She encounters snobby artisans selling loaves for $18 each and a grandmotherly Southern woman who creates biscuits so good that people will drive four hours for breakfast. She investigates the mass appeal of Wonder Bread (and woe to the person who accidentally refers to a Wonder Bread bakery as a “factory”) and spends an afternoon with an army technician who is developing field-worthy bread with a lifespan of years.

Seligson’s savory prose serves up not just images, but also scents and tastes. The heady aroma of fermenting yeast, the steamy, bubbly, salty dough of the Bedouins, the mingling fragrances in an Irish kitchen leap off the page, leaving the reader with an irresistible urge to run to the nearest bakery.

The essays, though, reveal more than just the cultural importance of bread. The pages are filled with Seligson herself, never afraid to offer an opinion, whether it’s about the food, the people, or the customs she encounters. Her wit and charm flavor her writing, taking us beyond the kitchens and cafes.

Ultimately, Seligson’s journey satisfyingly reinforces what she’s always suspected: “It is best expressed in Arabic — aysh. For in that language the words ‘bread’ and ‘life’ are the same.”

— Jenny Brown

Greg Sharon (COM’99) and Adam Sharon. The Cheech and Chong Bible. Brown Stane Books. Governed, if that’s the word, by a spirit of playful anarchy reminiscent of Abbott & Costello (as well as by copious amounts of marijuana), the comedy team of Cheech and Chong was a surprisingly successful reminder in the disco-addled seventies that there was still much addlement to be had in the aftermath, or secondhand smoke, of the sixties. The book rolls together the straight and not-so-straight dope about the duo in the form of a biography, a movie trivia section, and a glossary. — Ryan Asmussen


John Yunker (COM’95). Beyond Borders: Web Globalization Strategies. New Riders. Need a textbook to take your Web site from local to global? This is probably the best place to start, although Yunker makes it clear that to succeed you need to do additional homework. There’s a lot to think about: choosing your market, deciding whether to outsource, creating multilingual content, translating, and calculating return on investment, among many other things. Case studies bring the discussion down to earth, the misses just as instructive as the hits. — TM

Walter Santucci (COM’87). Detroit Illharmonic Symphony. Lenox Avenue. Some CDs are easy to categorize, others nearly impossible. This hip-hop, classical, house, ethnic, pop, jazz, and soul goulash is all over the road, yet somehow coheres. Santucci (“cool wait” in the credits) plays cello and bass.

Mark Stepakoff (LAW’84). Amateur Hour. Worth the price of admission alone on this CD is “Singer-Songwriter Hell,” a clever and funny takeoff on the folk music scene. That’s typical of the humor in several of the other songs, such as “Mall Cop,” and in the country music parodies. Yet Stepakoff can play it straight too, recounting a comforting first relationship in the title track. ♦

ALUMNI RECORDINGS
BY TAYLOR MCNEIL

Michael P. Cahill (ENG’87), Everett B. Pendleton (SMG’87). The Amazing Mudshark. 3. The Amazing Mudshark plays rock’ n’ roll — straightforward guitar, bass, and drums — and does it quite well. With Pendleton on lead vocals and guitar and Cahill on percussion, the band is tight. Based in Rhode Island, the Amazing Mudshark gigs regularly in the Northeast and it shows in their crisp playing.

Jenny Reynolds (CGS’90, CAS’92). Bet on the Wind. Pretty Okay. Is there room for yet one more singer-songwriter in this world? If it’s Jenny Reynolds, I’d say yes. She writes intelligently emotional songs, her music is melodic and catchy, and her voice is rich and compelling. She plays acoustic guitar, and with her talented backing band, rocks out when the mood suits her, and still can be meditatively quiet, as on the heartbreakingly beautiful “Bet on the Wind.”

Mark Stepakoff (LAW’84). Amateur Hour. Worth the price of admission alone on this CD is “Singer-Songwriter Hell,” a clever and funny takeoff on the folk music scene. That’s typical of the humor in several of the other songs, such as “Mall Cop,” and in the country music parodies. Yet Stepakoff can play it straight too, recounting a comforting first relationship in the title track. ♦
LETTERS

Letters continued from page 3

found myself sitting across from Ciccarelli, trying to gain admittance to CLA. She looked at my application and records, and remarked, "We haven’t exactly been sitting here with our fingers crossed, hoping you would apply, Mr. Geller."

My hopes somewhat dashed, I asked if there was any way I could get into BU. After staring at me for what seemed like hours, she said, "Yes. Take four courses, approved by me, at Metropolitan College next semester. If you get a 3.2 or better, I will accept you full-time at CLA for next fall."

At the end of the semester, I brought her a 3.8, and she responded, "I knew you could do it if you tried. You will receive an acceptance letter shortly. I expect you to continue trying."

I last saw her at my graduation, in the summer of 1969. True to her legend, she had resolved a last-minute problem with a professor that could have prevented me from graduating at the time. I hugged her and thanked her over and over.

Keelin Geller (CAS’69)
Sharon, Massachusetts

Middle East Matters
Thanks to Uri Ra’anan for his review of Michael Oren’s book Six Days of War (“Essays and Reviews,” Fall 2002). It is refreshing to read accurate information about the Middle East, especially concerning U.N. Resolution 242. Ra’anan appropriately points out that 242 did not call for Israel to withdraw from all of the territories, which we so often lead to believe by much of the media and many public figures. Rather, 242 called for Israeli withdrawal to boundaries to be negotiated, since only armistice lines, not recognized boundaries, had previously existed. Furthermore, the phrase in 242, "secure and recognized boundaries," acknowledged that the lines of demarcation couldn’t be defended against hostile neighbors, which had frequently attacked Israel across these lines. However, contrast this straightforward explanation in Bostonia with much of the daily fare provided by another BU entity, radio station WBUR, which provides unbalanced, anti-Israel coverage from NPR and the BBC and on The Connection.

Myron Kaplan (ENG’63)
Milton, Massachusetts

Opening a Can of Crabmeat
As a trustee of the Damariscotta River Association, a conservation land trust in midcoast Maine, I can tell you we were all interested in your article on horseshoe crabs (“Explorations,” Fall 2002). We began a program this year of tracking with attached devices that send out a directional signal some of these ancient animals that spawn each year in our Great Salt Bay. We hope to learn where they spend the winter, as the bay is quite shallow and much of it freezes hard enough to support smelt-fishing shanties. We have been counting crabs in May and June for two years, and this past spring began measuring them and determining their sex. We think that this may be an ancient, isolated population.

But it appears you got caught up in the same misinformation that was printed in Yankee magazine regarding the drawing of horseshoe crab blood. If you have ever handled one of these crabs, and if you have studied the vacant exoskeletons after they molt, you would know they do not have forty ounces of blood! I doubt if even the largest females, found in the warmer waters of the major spawning areas on the mid-Atlantic coast, have a total of twelve ounces.

By the way, our method of counting them is to lay out a 100-meter transect, marked off in 10-meter divisions, in basically the same place each year, then wade along the edge of the shore, using a one-meter stick to count those inside. The crew following picks them up, checks sex, and measures their maximum width, then tosses them out far enough so as not to pick one up twice. The work is begun thirty minutes before the predicted high tide, during periods of spring (maximum) tides in each of those heavy spawning months. These locations in the bay and river are spawning areas mentioned in a study done twenty-five years ago.

Keep up the good work with Bostonia, but check your facts. You can’t always believe what you read elsewhere.

David Bailey (CGE’96, COM’98)
Newcastle, Maine

Transatlantic Tribute
I have been reading Bostonia with great interest and was struck by the beauty of Brett Baker’s painting Aedicule in the full issue. It is so enchanting to see artists still working in oil. For the subtlety of the painting to shine through on the printed page was marvelous.

Anne-Lucie Norton (CAS’72)
London, England

Note to Readers
Bostonia welcomes readers’ reactions and encourages expressions of opinion — pro and con. Letters should be brief and may be edited for purposes of space and clarity. Correspondence should include writer’s full name and address. Write to Bostonia, 10 Lenox Street, Brookline, MA 02446, fax to 617-353-6488, or e-mail to bostonia@bu.edu.
I was nervous — too nervous."

Bellowing from the upper balcony, a gallery god welcomed the rookie of all rookies: "You'll be sorry!"


The Canadiens peppered Aiken with warmup shots, and he remembers barely feeling the pucks bouncing off him.

"By then," he says, "I was pretty much numb."

And about to be a lot number.

Four shots eluded Aiken in his first seven minutes and nineteen seconds. Bucyk countered a Montreal goal by adding another just before period's end to stretch Boston's lead to 6-1.

"I was disgusted with myself," Aiken says, "because I knew I could play a lot better and was competent enough to play in that company."

As the teams skated off at intermission, Montreal defenseman Tom Johnson placed an encouraging glove on Aiken's shoulder. "Hang in there," he said. "You'll be okay."

And when he returned for the third period, he was, settling down to make eight saves while allowing a single goal in the 7-3 Bruins victory.

In his thirty-three-minute, forty-five-second NHL career, Aiken made twelve saves and permitted six goals. "A .667 average is pretty good for a shooter, but not for a goaltender," says Aiken. "So I was down in the dumps afterwards — the last guy out of the locker room. My dad was waiting, and he was very sensitive about everything. It's only a few miles from the Garden to Arlington, but it was a long ride home."

A CLEVERLY ORCHESTRATED MOVE

STAR GOALIE of Arlington (Massachusetts) High School's 1949 state hockey champions, Aiken was appointed to West Point in 1950. Army coach Jack Riley rated him as the Cadets' best goalie ever, and the sophomore showed why one night when he made "fifty or sixty" saves during a 4-0 loss to a BU sextet headed for the NCAA tourney.

When BU coach Harry Cleverly congratulated him on his performance, Aiken confided that he would probably be leaving West Point to marry his high school sweetheart, which was against cadet rules.

If he did, Cleverly said, he'd be welcome at BU.

Aiken became a Terrier that fall. But he had to sit out the standard year required of transferring athletes by the NCAA.

That's when the Bruins stepped in with their job offer. He continued with Boston even after becoming eligible to guard BU's nets as a senior. He was skating on thin ice around NCAA rules, "but no coaches complained," he recalls, adding with a grin, "perhaps because BU was so bad anyway."

Terrier hockey had plunged to its lowest ebb the year Aiken sat out, after an academic sweep decimated both the varsity and frosh sextets. Overnight, BU went from three Frozen Four appearances in four years to 4-15-1 in the 1953-54 season.

After Aiken reported for BU duty the next fall, the Terriers fared even worse, winning only four (including one over his old Army mates), while losing nineteen.

Aiken survived the avalanche of pucks that season, but left school four courses short of graduation. Some of his West Point courses were not accepted toward his major, and when an opportunity came along to work with the Air Force as a civilian mathematician and engineer, he took it, and remained until retiring in 1987 as chief of software development for air defense systems at Hanscom Air Force Base in Bedford, Massachusetts.

"I had intended to go back and finish up the BU degree, but between the job, the Bruins, and starting a family, I never got to it," says Aiken, who continued as the Bruins' spare netminder through the mid-sixties, when NHL teams went to a two-goalie system.

Not long after Aiken's NHL debut — and finale — he received a letter from Canadiens general manager Frank Selke. It contained a check for $100 (Canadian, then worth $107 U.S.) and an invitation to Aiken and his wife for an all-expense-paid trip to Montreal.

"No matter what the results were," Selke wrote graciously, "we admired your courage and keen desire to help us win."

"We never made the trip," Aiken says, "and unfortunately I cashed the check. It would have been a nice keepsake. But I kept the letter — my only memento from my experience of a lifetime."

George Sullivan (CGS'53, COM'55,'76), a longtime Boston sportswriter, was an associate professor of journalism at COM. His twelfth book will be published in the spring.
Nearly 14,000 fans at Boston Garden heard John Aiken being called up to the National Hockey League in March 1958. “Your attention please,” announced Frank Fallon urgently, interrupting John Kiley’s organ music. “John Aiken, report to the Montreal Canadiens locker room. Immediately.”

Seated in the second row with his father, Jud, the twenty-six-year-old Terrier alum hurried to the locker room to replace the injured Jacques Plante, arguably the greatest goalie of all time.

Aiken thus became not only the first of fifty-one BU athletes to play in the NHL, but also hockey’s Walter Mitty: a spectator putting on skates and goalie’s pads to face the potent offense of the 1958 Boston Bruins.

“I’ve bumped into so many people who claim they were there that night,” says the retired mathematician at his home in Billerica, Massachusetts. “And each one says the same thing: Johnny Aiken? Hey, I remember you. I was at the Garden the night you made an ass of yourself.”

Aiken skated a curious route to his date with destiny that March night.

Those were the days when NHL teams usually carried but one goalie, and hired a spare to mind the other net during practices and attend home games as a replacement if either team’s goalie were injured and unable to continue. The Bruins paid Aiken $25 a game to be at the ready.

Which he was — well, almost — when, early in the second period, Montreal’s Doug Harvey, the NHL’s best defenseman, cross-checked Bruin Vic Stasiuk in front of the goal, driving him heavily into Plante, who cracked his skull and back on the crossbar and was carried from the ice with what the Boston Globe reported as a “brain concussion and possible spinal injury.” (Plante went on to play for many more years.)

“Then it hit me,” Aiken recalls. “I didn’t have my equipment. The Bruins practiced at both the Garden and the Boston Arena. I also was playing semipro with the Arlington Arcadians, so depending on my schedule, I sometimes kept my equipment in my car. While I headed for the dressing room, my father ran out of the Garden, down Causeway Street, and onto Nashua, where we had parked. And he sprinted back carrying all the heavy pads and gear.”

Aiken looked around the locker room and saw the Hockey Hall of Fame come to life. Maurice and Henri Richard, Jean Beliveau. Doug Harvey. Bernie “Boom Boom” Geoffrion. Dickie Moore. Tom Johnson. Coach Toe Blake was hollering at his first-place “Flying Frenchmen” — in French, of course. “I didn’t understand the words,” Aiken says with a laugh, “but I certainly got the idea.”

When his equipment arrived, Aiken dressed hurriedly. “I don’t recall anyone talking to me,” he says. “Everyone was concerned about Plante, who was waiting for the ambulance.”

When the Canadiens marched single-file down the runway to the Garden ice to resume play, leading the parade was John Aiken.

“When I reached the gate and looked up, it felt unreal,” Aiken recalls. “I saw that sellout crowd looking down, buzzing and yelling. I couldn’t breathe. And when I hit the ice, I asked myself, what am I doing here? Continued on page 75
REFLECTIONS ON A LEGACY

Ebenezer Sunanda with his wife, Rosa, at their home in Brookline, Massachusetts.

My contribution of a charitable gift annuity to Boston University is a way for me to help students with financial need. Students at both the School of Theology and the School of Education will benefit from this gift. It gives me enormous pleasure to give back, since I was helped when I was a student.

My wife and I are retired. With this gift, we receive the benefit of an added source of solid income, as well as the many tax advantages. We are glad to join with many other alumni to help those who are less fortunate to attend Boston University and flourish.

— EBENEZER SUNANDA (STH'68, GRS'69, SED'73)

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