

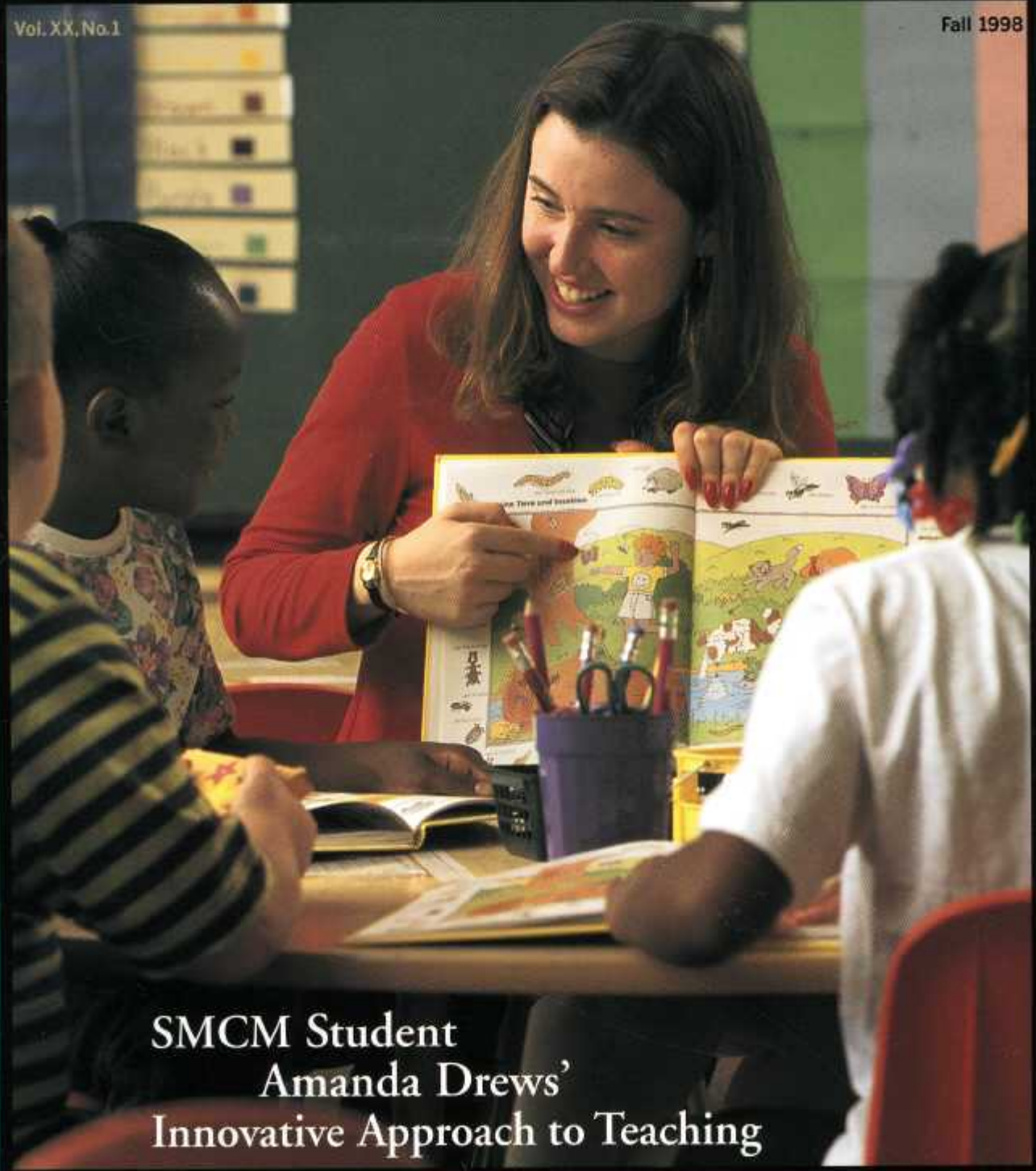


St. Mary's College of Maryland Magazine

THE MULBERRY TREE PAPERS

Vol. XX, No.1

Fall 1998



SMCM Student
Amanda Drews'
Innovative Approach to Teaching



EDITOR'S REMARKS

As a college history instructor in an earlier life, the fundamental concept I repeated to my students often enough to make them cringe was, "Change is good." Now, even though as the new editor of the Mulberry Tree Papers I'm working with an entirely different group of people, I find the motto still applies. But in history as in journalism, change, if it is to have a positive impact, must be carefully advanced, thoroughly planned, and always

approached with the needs of its audience in mind.

The purpose of a magazine such as this one is threefold. First, the magazine staff must keep interested parties apprised of the events and ideas that (1) issue from and (2) affect St. Mary's College. Second, we should help you fortify the pleasant experiences of your college years by making the connections you want to make with classmates, faculty, and friends. Third, like it or not, we are a public relations instrument for this fine College we all know so well. Keeping these three tasks in balance can be tricky business.

To make things more complicated, the business of alumni magazines is a competitive one. Nearly every institution of higher education publishes such a magazine, and the standards the industry exacts upon those of us in the business change as our culture changes. In order to represent our College to the best of our ability, we must be aware of changes within our trade, be selective in evaluating them, and keep up with the competition.

With all this in mind, I ask you, as readers and people who care about St. Mary's College and its magazine, to take a good look at this issue while remembering past issues, and think about what you see. In the section near the opening page of the "Alumni Connection," you'll find a "Reader Survey." Take the time to complete it and mail it in. We want your suggestions, and we need them if our efforts are to ensure that change is good. As is printed on the survey form, letters to the editor are also welcomed and can be addressed to me at the Office of College Relations, Calvert Hall, St. Mary's College of Maryland, St. Mary's City, MD 20686 or e-mailed to me at prdunlap@osprey.smcm.edu. I look forward to receiving your thoughts on the subject.

Patricia Riley Dunlap,
Editor

The Mulberry Tree Papers is published twice yearly by St. Mary's College of Maryland, a public honors college for the liberal arts. It is produced for alumni, faculty, staff, parents, graduating seniors, and friends of the College. The magazine is named for the famous mulberry tree under which the Calvert colonists signed a treaty of friendship with the Yaocomico people and on the trunk of which public notices were posted in the mid-1600s. The tree endured long into the nineteenth century and was once a popular meeting spot for students.

Photographs: Front & back covers and photos in *Saving the Children*, Doug Barber; Woodland Pomeroy '01; Aleck Loker; Amanda Drews; Tanya Saunders; College Archives; Rachel Early '49; J. Roy Guyther '37 Charlotte Hall; Maxine Snyder '45; Brice Maryman '99; Kate Mitchell '95; Paula Mitchell; Joann Boner Holland '46HS '48JC; Joanne Robinson.

The opinions expressed in The Mulberry Tree Papers are those of the individual authors and not necessarily those of the College. The editor reserves the right to edit all material.

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FALL 1998

Editor

Patricia Riley Dunlap

Managing Editor

Paula Mitchell

Alumni Editor

Paula Mitchell

Design

Nell Leclair Elder '77

Editorial Committee

Gretchen Bare

Patricia Riley Dunlap

Dirk Griffith '79

Anne Henderson Marum '62

Torre Meringolo

Paula Mitchell

Stacy Marbert Pruitt '88

Publisher

Office of Development,
St. Mary's College of
Maryland, St. Mary's City,
Maryland 20686

Vice President

Torre Meringolo

Director of Development

Dirk Griffith '79

Director of Alumni Relations

Anne Henderson Marum '62

Director of College Relations

Betty Clayton

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A Letter from President O'Brien



*Maggie O'Brien, president of
St. Mary's College of Maryland*

On a recent flight back to Washington, D.C., I had the pleasure of talking with a friend's son about college. He spoke knowledgeably about the schools he visited last summer before his senior year in high school. An excellent student, he decided not to commit himself as an early decision candidate to any one institution. My friend's son was an exceptional listener, too, and soon I divulged to him some of the adages by which I've learned to live. My confidant gave me reason to remember something that I hadn't considered for a while and for which I have him to thank. He reminded me why I became a teacher.

The reward of the teacher is captured by Amanda Drews '99, who is featured on the cover of this issue of *The Mulberry Tree Papers* surrounded by a passel of enraptured students. When she writes or talks about her innovative German class at Hollywood Elementary School, the world comes alive with the funny and fun. Her story on page 14 is vivid, with children falling out of chairs, teachers telling her, "They won't learn," and children proving they can. We know her young students catch her magic, a magic that happens in the classroom at Hollywood Elementary School under the spell of a St. Mary's student who wants to be a teacher. Like my friend's son, Mandy asked a million questions before she got to that classroom; I know so because I've heard some. And however she composes her life, I'll wager she'll engage many times more as she cuts a path of innovation and impact.

St. Mary's success as a teaching community happens because of students like Mandy, Tanya Saunders '98, whose article "Racism in Postrevolutionary Cuba" (page 34) also inspires awe and admiration, and Laura Henry '97 whose three-part article on the ecology of the College begins its final phase on page 40. These are the faces of the St. Mary's students of the nineties, and they are the reason we know for a fact that we are, in action, an honors college. Each of these three articles evolved from a St. Mary's College project, and each has a lesson to teach us. Thank you Mandy, Tanya, and Laura for making us all look so good.

College Announces First Endowed Lecture Series

CONTINUING ON A WAVE OF FIRSTS, the College announced in October its first endowed lecture series, named in honor of longtime board member **Andrew J. Goodpaster**. The Andrew J. Goodpaster Leadership and Honor Lecture Series, as it is formally titled, honors Goodpaster for his 12 years of exemplary service on the board of trustees. The series was announced with an inaugural lecture that featured Pulitzer Prize-winning author **David McCullough**. McCullough, well known as host of *The American Experience*, narrator of numerous PBS documentaries, and for his biography, *Truman*, spoke about history as a source of strength. The series will bring to campus renowned individuals who can speak to the principles demonstrated by General Goodpaster in his long career of public service: service to the country, leadership for a noble cause, and honor in the pursuit of high ideals. In the 1950s General Goodpaster served as a special assistant to the chief of staff of the supreme headquarters allied powers Europe. He served as defense liaison and President Eisenhower's staff secretary from 1954-61 during which time he was promoted from colonel to brigadier general. General Goodpaster concluded his service on the board of trustees in October.

Year-Long Amazing Grace Series Celebrates Latin American Culture

THE AMAZING GRACE PROGRAM was launched on October 1, beginning a year-long cultural series that celebrates the richness of Latin American culture. By showcasing the arts as a way of understanding culture, *Amazing Grace* organizers expect the series will provide a better appreciation for the value of studying Latin American culture. The artistic visions of Latin American spiritual leaders and artists provide participants the opportunity to appreciate

their own cultural identity, say the series planners. *Amazing Grace* features art exhibits, lectures, theater performances, and concerts. The success of the program, now at the halfway mark, was evident by the tremendous response to Nobel Peace Prize Laureate **Rigoberta Menchú Tum** who spoke on November 9. A group of College faculty, led by **Jorge Rogachevsky**, associate professor of Spanish and Latin American Studies, began planning the *Amazing Grace* series in 1996. Series events continue through the spring semester.

Renovations Completed on Kent Hall, Campus Center Work Underway

THE DIVISION OF HISTORY AND Social Science moved into new offices in the recently renovated Kent Hall. The 18-month reconstruction included a complete rebuilding of the interior, construction of a new facade on the building's south side, and restoration of an arched window that was bricked over in 1968. Kent Hall was built in 1941 and originally housed the gymnasium. In 1968 it was converted into a science building, housing the Division of Natural Science and Mathematics until the completion of Schaefer Hall, the new science building. Classes will begin to be held in Kent Hall this spring. Meanwhile, construction of the new campus center is well underway. Work has included the interior demolition of the old Charles Hall, utility relocation, and construction of the new portions of the center. As part of the project, the offices of the dean of student affairs and residence life have moved to a new location in Anne Arundel Hall. In addition, the newly installed pavilion is serving as the temporary student dining hall. The pavilion is located behind the townhouse crescent near the gymnasium. The campus center is expected to open in the year 2000.

President O'Brien Appointed to Commemorative Coin Design Committee

IN SEPTEMBER, ST. MARY'S COLLEGE President **Jane Margaret O'Brien** was appointed to a special committee that will help select the design of a commemorative coin honoring Maryland. O'Brien was appointed to the Maryland Commemorative Quarter Design Selection Committee by **Governor Parris N. Glendening**. The committee, made up of state and citizen leaders, will review design entries and recommend three to five finalists to be sent to the Governor who will have approval of the final design. The commemorative coin is made possible through the U.S. Mint's 50 State Commemorative Coin Program. The special coins will be issued in the order in which each state joined the Union. Maryland, the seventh state, will have its coin issued in 2000.

Appointments

SYBOL S. COOK, appointed acting director of continuing education in August 1998. Formerly the membership and development coordinator for the Calvert Marine Museum in Solomons, Md.

DAVID DEADERICK, appointed director of foundation and corporate relations in June 1998. Formerly the executive director of Three Oaks Center, of Lexington Park, Maryland, a transitional shelter for men.

BETTY CLAYTON, appointed director of college relations in June 1998. Formerly a strategic planner for the District of Columbia government and legislative financial analyst in Annapolis, Maryland.

PAT DUNLAP, appointed publications specialist/writer in the office of college relations in June 1998. Formerly an adjunct history instructor at several area colleges, she is also a former director of marketing and publications for two Washington-area companies.

—Stacy M. Pruitt

THE DODGE AWARDS

St. Mary's College of Maryland awards three Dodge Awards to faculty members. Each of the three awards is made every three years on a rotating basis. The first two were established in 1985, in honor of Dr. Homer L. Dodge for his distinguished career as an academician. One of these two recognizes excellence in teaching. The other honors outstanding service to the College.

The Excellence in Teaching Award is made only to members of the full-time teaching faculty. Consideration should be given to the effectiveness of a candidate's teaching, to a candidate's scholarship and preparation in subjects taught, to a candidate's application of that scholarship in the classroom, and to any other evidence of teaching excellence that may be adduced in a candidate's favor. Preference is given to a younger member of the teaching faculty – to someone in the first ten or twelve years of his or her teaching career whose career will be nur-

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE DODGE AWARDS

tured by the recognition and support the award will occasion.

The Outstanding Service Award is made to full-time faculty members and professional librarians. Consideration should be given to a candidate's efforts to improve substantially one or more aspects of the College, to enrich and enliven

College life, or to enhance the College's image and reputation in the external community.

The third of the three Dodge Awards is provided by Dr. Norton T. Dodge, trustee of the college from 1968 to 1980 and college economics professor from 1981 to 1990. It is presented to a faculty member who has demonstrated creative and scholarly achievement. Unlike similar awards, this one considers contributions not only in research and publication but in performance and creative activity in the arts. Particularly unique about all three awards is the fact that the awards committee is made up exclusively of faculty members who have received one of the three awards. –Editor

The 1998 Dodge Award for Outstanding Service was awarded to Carol Giesen. Dr. Giesen arrived at St. Mary's in 1980 and began immediately to engage herself in the life of this community. She hasn't let up in the last eighteen years. Besides the ongoing work of standing and ad-hoc committees, Carol has provided leadership to many faculty efforts. She chaired the Curriculum and the Library Committees, advised Psi Chi, the National Honorary Society in Psychology, served on the Faculty Senate, the Institutional Review Board, and on the College Evaluation committee several times. She is currently Head of the Human Development Division. One of her most important contributions was to see to the needs of re-entry students. Long before most of us recognized them, Carol served as adviser to these students

April 22, 1998

PRESENTATION SPEECH BY LARRY E. VOTE ACTING PROVOST

and sponsor of their association.

Carol's exceptional service to the College is matched by her contributions to the St. Mary's County community. For years she served on the board of directors of the St. Mary's Women's Center and the county Commission on Aging. The Business and Professional Women's Association named her Outstanding Woman in 1987 and the Commission on Women honored her twice for Distinguished Service and with its Women in History Award.

What is unique about Carol Giesen is that her scholarship and service

intersect. As a developmental psychologist her work has focused on the lives of women – on questions of competency, disability, aging, and abuse. She has used her training to help County women in workshops on assertiveness and self-esteem, training in communications, managing stress, and dealing with cancer. An obvious example of this yoking of scholarship and service is her University of Kentucky Press book on coal miners' wives in which she chronicled the social and economic pressures on these women and their manner of coping with harsh life circumstances. In so doing, she raises her readers' consciousness to the silent plight of these women and their extraordinary efforts in endurance.

Carol Giesen received this award not only for her exemplary service to the College and community and for

her ability to use her scholarship to illuminate the needs of others, but because of who she is. As her nominator wrote, "Carol Giesen is a person of great coherence, someone who knows herself, her place in the universe, her reason for being.

She is grounded, and this grounding has its basis in her deep interest for others, an interest that radiates as intense concern that they do the best that they can." All who know Carol are grateful for her presence among us. We are aware that she

elicits the best from each of us and from this community. For her service, and for being a person who calls each of us to act with magnanimity and generosity, I present Carol Giesen with the 1998 Homer Dodge Award for Outstanding Service. ✪

CAROL GIESEN'S ACCEPTANCE SPEECH

A few days ago, as I thought about the role of service in our community, it occurred to me that we often talk about the number of service activities that are a part of college governance, curriculum development, and so on. And, we also often talk about the potential that service activities have for intrusion into our course work and scholarly endeavors, but we seldom talk about how service to the college benefits the personal and professional development of the person who serves.

One of the several ways that service is of benefit to those who take part in service activities is that service, nearly always, requires an investment of energy and time to expanding and deepening our skills. Most service activities require us to change our perspective from our rather narrow disciplinary focus and to look beyond to a broader view of the College, the curriculum, the faculty, or to the potential conditions and problems that lie ahead – two years, five years, a decade, or more. We must learn to seek information in a new context and to put our minds into these new contexts so that we can understand the needs and problems of this complex community.

To serve its many needs, the community asks that we learn to be creative in solving problems, and it requires those who serve to learn to take on the risks of making reality of the creative ideas that have been advanced. It requires its members-in-service to learn to cope with sudden contingencies with some grace and to let go of the shadows of past difficulties as the community moves along in time. And, it requires us to learn to remember what was useful in the past in order to better serve the future. It cannot be denied that the observable products of service activities are of great benefit to the College community. It is less easily noticed that the work of producing them can be of great benefit to those whose professional and personal development is facilitated by the demands of service to the community.

Another benefit to people who serve is that service in our academic community provides an opportunity to learn to know our cohorts-in-service in a way that is not often possi-



ble in other circumstances. Whether the service task is of short duration or continues on, the type of work to be done and the degree of involvement that is required often minimizes competition and obscures the differences that can come with rank, and time, and personality. In the working interaction, our own and others' strengths, weaknesses, and wonderfully human idiosyncrasies are revealed.

A noted educator, Parker Palmer, who writes on integrity and identity in teaching says, "We teach as who we are," and these words are as true for service as they are for teaching – "we serve as who we are." Perhaps, it is because of that – in the process of service to the community, colleagues may become friends, friends who know us as who we are and who care for us anyway!

The last benefit I want to mention is that service to the College community is a way of using the power of individuality and of participation to create change in the community or to prevent change in the community. Regardless of whether the service task is related to curriculum, governance, admissions, or any other needed work in the community, the people who serve on our many committees, boards, coordinating groups, and so on are given the opportunity to make their ideas into reality and to shape the development of the College, sometimes in small ways and sometimes in large restructuring ways. It may seem, in regard to some service tasks, that the work is only a repetition of what has come before for many years. Yet, if one looks back over those many years, it's plain to see that development has come from the very small differences in process or content that have been advanced year by year by the people who serve the College.

There are other benefits to those who serve the College community and I want to mention, very briefly, just a few more. There is pride in seeing ideas come to life that make the community a better place. There is a sense of instrumentality and fulfillment in having been a part of the College's development. And, there is the deep warmth and pleasure of being recognized by friends and colleagues as I have been today. Thank you very much.

Six Inches Apart:

Dancing and Dating in the M. Adele France Years

By Janet Butler Haugaard

Material for this article comes from many sources. Most important is the 7-page questionnaire which so many alumnae filled out, along with snapshots and other items they have donated to our new archives. Dr. J. Roy Guyther, author of *Charlotte Hall School*, lent several pictures from his private collection and was also interviewed on audiotape. Most of the photographs from the mid-1940s were taken by Maxine Slyder '45 (who, as a student, developed them on the sly in her Calvert Hall closet!). Other sources were minutes of the board of trustees, Miss France's correspondence, student handbooks, the mimeographed student publication, *Signal News*, Fred Fausz's *Momument School of the People* — and audiotapes made by alumnae during the reunion weekends of 1997 and 1998.

If you never received a questionnaire, or if you would like to add some material on audiotape, please contact Janet Haugaard at 301-862-0411 (or 800-458-8341). We need everyone's help in recording St. Mary's history.



May Day ball at St. Mary's during World War II. Note receiving line in left background.

"Six inches apart, girls! Six inches apart!"

This was Miss Beatty, most visible of all the chaperones at a 1947 prom at St. Mary's. As she wove her solitary way through the dancing couples in the gymnasium (now Kent Hall), she wedged her 6" ruler between each girl and her handsomely uniformed escort from either Charlotte Hall or the Patuxent River Naval Base. Music from the prom died out over half a century ago, but Mary Naylor '48 can still picture that 6" ruler.

In Loco Parentis

The fall of 1947 was to be Miss France's final semester as head of St. Mary's, ending an unusually successful 25-year period as the educator who gradually eliminated the 9th and 10th grades, then developed the non-sectarian institution into a four-year program of 11th and 12th grades plus the first two years of college. Her quarter century at the helm (1923-1948) provides what Dirk Griffith, former head of alumni relations, calls "a cultural snapshot" of a way of life that disappeared forever in the 1960s: a time when a boarding institution acted as parent for the student ("in loco parentis"), assur-

ing fathers and mothers that their daughter would never, ever, be left alone with a young man. Good parents had cause to be careful, for birth control was not generally part of a teenage girl's education, "the pill" had not yet been invented, and pregnancy meant more than disgrace for a girl's family. Where today's term "single mom" portends little more than economic hardship, the older term "unwed mother" — usually uttered in a lowered tone of voice — pointed to a "moral" failure that precluded any future of social or educational opportunity.

Thus, it was the duty of a girls' boarding academy or college to protect its wards from problems that could arise from contact with young men. Mrs. Maddox, Miss France's predecessor, headed off any problems by simply not creating any social situations where boys and girls mixed: dating and dancing, as Virginia Reeves '25 remembered it, did not take place during Mrs. Maddox's tenure (1900-1923). Eleanor Loker '18 remembers that Seminary girls "never" went to Charlotte Hall or Leonard Hall, and young men were not permitted to call at the Seminary. However, this did not stop the girls from dreaming and getting ready for the men who would enter their lives in the not too far distant future. Mildred Spedden '14 wrote that the school often put on dances — "no male partners" — where they practised the waltz, the lancers (a complex 19th-century quadrille), and the Virginia reel. Bertha Moreland



The main gate at the military academy at Charlotte Hall.

'20 remembers that there was a period after dinner and before study hall when girls might practice dance steps while two others took turns at the piano.

But all this changed when M. Adele France took over in 1923. Fresh from graduate work in New York under Columbia's John Dewey, Miss France brought in, among other things, a better-educated faculty, a science lab, support for starting a student newspaper — and encouragement for girls to meet and socialize with the opposite sex. Unlike her predecessor who was married with five children, Miss France never married, but she liked to refer to St. Mary's as "a home style school" and to herself as "your school mother." Hers was a case in which "in loco parentis" was wed-

ded to a genuine affection for her charges, and half a century later most of her students remember their years at St. Mary's as some of the happiest in their lives — in spite of no interaction with the opposite sex on weekdays, in spite of rules that the girls be heavily chaperoned at Saturday evening dances, in spite of insistence that

they never be left alone with a date, even on a sun-filled Sunday afternoon.

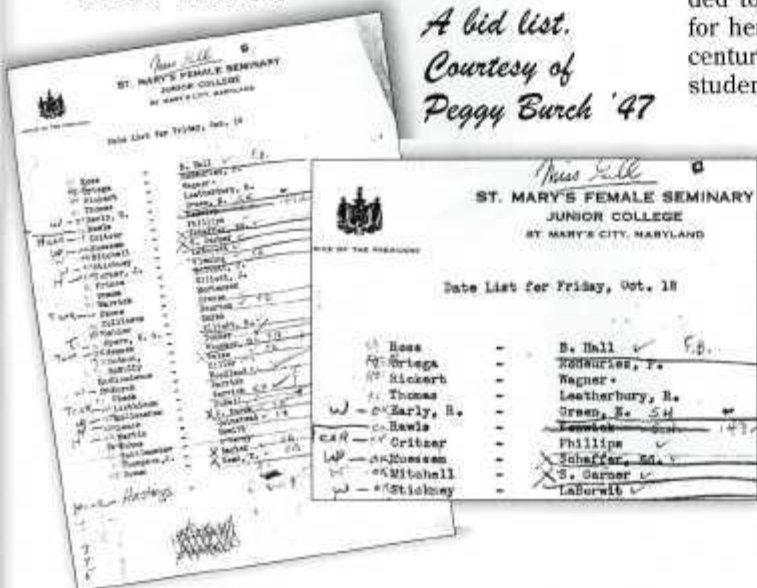
"May I Have This Dance?"

"I'm sorry," replied Mary Hammett '27, "but I don't know you, and I don't dance with people I don't know." A day student at St. Mary's, she had gone to a dance at the Cedar Point community hall, and although she was not bound by the same restrictions as the Seminary boarders, she governed herself according to the rules of the day: a young lady did not dance with strangers. But James Roach, unfazed by her rebuff, dashed around the dance floor until he found someone to make the proper introduction. "And we danced, and we danced," says Mary — who eventually became Mrs. James Roach.

There were to be no unknown — and therefore possibly dangerous — elements in a young girl's life. Throughout her 25-year tenure as school head, Miss France required that all male dates and visitors be introduced to her, either at the beginning of a Saturday evening dance or at the moment the young man came to call on Sunday afternoon. In fact, even with a chaperone in attendance, he could not call on a girl on Sunday or take her out for dinner or a drive unless the girl's parents had also sent written approval.

How did the girls meet the boys who invited them to dances? Almost as soon as she arrived at St. Mary's in 1923, Miss France made arrangements with two

*A bid list.
Courtesy of
Peggy Burch '47*





At the mid-winter ball at Charlotte Hall in 1927, dates from St. Mary's helped the cadets carry furniture out of the burning barracks.

Southern Maryland boys' schools—Charlotte Hall, and Leonard Hall—to have “mixers” at the beginning of each year, after which nature was to take its course. Alumnae remember these mixers clearly. The school providing the mixer asked for those interested to sign up, then the guest school supplied the names of an equal number of its own students. Both lists had to be approved by school administrators, who then decided how to match up the blind dates. On the appointed day, and at the appointed hour, a line of perhaps 30 boys faced a line of 30 girls in a large, empty room. “Our name was called out, and we met our blind date on the dance floor and then took him over to meet the chaperones,” recalls Eleanor Flowers '38. At some point a Paul Jones might be called to help mix things up (Helen Linthicum '43). Aside from a certain number of dances with his blind date, a boy could then approach whomever he wished for other dances, remembering to begin with “May I have this dance?” and conclude with a “Thank you.”

Dr. Roy Guyther, Charlotte Hall '37, remembers that shortly after those first-of-the-year mixers, letter-writing sprang up between the cadets and the Seminary girls — perhaps growing out of the requirement that they write thank-you notes after dances. The mail coming up from St. Mary's County to Charlotte Hall did not arrive till late in the afternoon, and if the school post office had closed by then, his classmates would beg him (a day student) to go to the village post

office and pick their mail up for them. Still, a student at either of the boys' schools could not invite a girl directly to the next dance: he had to submit his “bid” for her to Miss France or her designee, who would—as Betty Mace '44 explained it—call the girl into her office and ask her if she wished to accept or decline.

Almost all accepted. In the late 1920s, the junior college program had just been started, and this meant that 18- and 19-year-old college girls might be going to high school dances at Charlotte Hall and Leonard Hall. While the high school girls (juniors and seniors only) relished the opportunity to go, the junior college girls were not so sure. Nanon LeCompte '33, Sarah Kerbin '37, Anne Frazer '44, and Jarvis Claypoole '50 all agreed that the high school boys were “too young,” but Ruth Jones '44 took the long view when she wrote, “An invitation to a Charlotte Hall dance was an opportunity to leave the school — hide our pride for the evening, going with a *high school* student!”

The girls invited to the mid-winter ball in the Charlotte Hall gymnasium in January of 1927 got more excitement than they bargained for. The dance was well underway when fire broke out in the barracks and administration building, and the cadets formed a bucket brigade. When it became clear that the fire-fighting units from Waldorf and Washington could not arrive in time to put out the blaze, the students were given orders to save as much from the barracks as they could. Dressed in their winter-prom finery, Sadie Lore and

Mary Blair Lane (both class of 1927) helped carry furniture out of the burning building.

Probably each girl's dance card was still attached to her left wrist. Dance cards disappeared from social life around World War II, but since they guaranteed that everyone at a dance had a good time and met new people, one could argue that they were a high-water mark of modern civilization. Students at the host school filled out the dance cards, custom dictating that the first and last dance be given to one's date, and perhaps even the two dances on either side of the intermission. Filling out dance cards took place several days before the actual event, and during that time the girl (if the dance was at St. Mary's) filled up her program by getting together with her friends, trading almost all the dances by writing the names of her friends' escorts on each line. The card itself was a folded piece of white cardboard with a slender red cord that looped over the girl's left wrist, attached to which was the tiniest pencil imaginable for writing in names for the one or two dances deliberately left open. “Will you save the fourth dance for me?” an anxious male might ask at the outset of the evening.

Many alumnae agree with Elizabeth Chaney '30 that the Charlotte Hall dances were “wonderful!” “Basically, we were expected to be gentlemen,” comments Ernie Green (Charlotte Hall '49). The girls were treated well: at a May 1946 spring dance at Charlotte Hall all were presented with corsages when they arrived (*Signal News*, May 1946). Doris Brewster '46 wrote that the cadets were “handsome and snappy in their uniforms and up to the minute in manners.” (Or, in the slang of that time, “Hubba hubba!”)

Yet others felt special affection for Leonard Hall, among them Mary Blair Lane '27 and Margaret Hebb '29. Emily Carscaden '28 remembered enduring friendships with some of the St. Mary's County boys there — one of whom, William Aleck Loker, would one day become head of the trustees at St. Mary's Seminary.

“Would you save the fourth dance for me?”





With the furniture removed, this became the ballroom for dances at Charlotte Hall.

Bosoms, Bells, Buses, and Beguines

Miss France walked a fine line. Wanting her girls to meet men, she went out of her way not only to encourage dances in the 1920s and 30s but also to send her girls to dances at the Patuxent River Naval Base when it opened in 1942. But, on the other hand, she didn't want to invite trouble by having them look like seductresses, either. (In her correspondence with parents, one of her favorite words is "wholesome.") Throughout her 25-year tenure as head of St. Mary's, Miss France is reported to have inspected her students well before they ever got to the dance floor. Sue Gray '40 remembers that "before the dance, each girl was to visit Miss France. It was said to show her how pretty we looked, but I'm sure she checked for décolletage." Sue was right: nothing was to "show" — either because of a plunging neckline or an insufficiency of petticoats.

In some years the inspection took place a day or two before the dance, allowing each girl enough time to add a hook here or sew an adjustment there. Even so, Miss France or her designee inspected each girl that came down the main stairs of Calvert before boarding the Seminary bus or walking, always in a group, over to the music hall (now St. Mary's Hall) or the new gymnasium (Kent Hall). Betty Mace '44 remembered being sent back upstairs to add an additional petticoat, but because she didn't have one she simply let some time pass before re-appearing downstairs, this time passing inspection. Other girls were not so lucky. Miss

France was known to look critically at a girl's bodice, then grab the material on both sides and yank the dress upward a good two inches. Margaret Hebb '29 recalls an even more remarkable strategy: Miss France would decide the neckline was too low, disappear into her office, then emerge a minute later with a handful of tulle (netting). The swatches came in different colors, and Miss France

required the girl to choose one and insert it into the front of her ball gown, covering up any glimpse of décolletage.

And so the girls set off for the evening. Every rule, every restriction, even every privilege only served to provoke and therefore heighten the sexual excitement lying just under the surface. First, the girls had been allowed to descend Calvert Hall's central stairway in all their finery—a special privilege. If the dance was at St. Mary's, the men entered the dance hall through one door, the girls through another, not meeting until they were in the middle of "a well-lighted dance floor" (Kay Tenney '37). Introductions were then made to Miss France and a squadron of chaperones. The girls were conscious of their powers of sexual attraction (which Miss France had insisted they cover up), and there was a kind of delicious anxiety over the rumors that salt peter had been introduced into their food — or their dates' food — and it tamped down sexual arousal — or did it enhance it? No one knew for sure (but it was noted by Champ Fifer '31, Anne Tilghman '38, Anne Schwab '42, and Helene Brannock '47).

Adding to the excitement were the watchful eyes of the chaperones: Eppie Gill '28, Miss France's secretary, was reported by Ryntha Hyslop '39 to have had "eyes in the back of her head." An ordinary class-bell rang at both the begin-

*A swatch of tulle—
Miss France's weapon
against décolletage.*

ning and end of intermission, then again exactly at midnight to signal the end of the evening (Ginny Burnside '49). Each girl said good-night to her date in the middle of that well-lighted dance floor, then walked with her friends — and the chaperones — back to Calvert Hall. Anyone attempting to outsmart a chaperone in any way might pay a price: Adele Jones '29 recalls that a girl who spiked the punch at a junior-senior prom was promptly expelled. In the 1930s, Eugenia Walters '37 reports, it was unthinkable that anyone would risk leaving the music hall during intermission or even strolling out to the porch; Margaret Wolf '37 recalls that girls who tried to elude the



For dances at Charlotte Hall, cadets made up the band. Taken in the late 1940's.

chaperones felt "very nervous." But by the time Kent Hall was built (1941) and Navy men were invited to the dances, the girls were allowed to sit out intermission on the main steps of Kent, staying within the semi-circle of light from the open

gym doors and enduring the rays of the flashlight which Miss Johnson swept over them (Kay Davis '43).

The excitement must have been even greater on the trips up to Charlotte Hall. The hour-long journey on the Seminary bus transported the girls from a safe, familiar environment to that of a military academy. The ignominy of going to a dance on an old bus only heightened the tension: "The bus was an embarrassment to all — a gray vintage model — well identified as the St. Mary's bus," recall Mary Beth and Rachel Early (1949). Worse, it was loud, grinding its way up Southern Maryland's only state road, a narrow, gravel-and-oyster-shell strip that passed through Leonardtown on its way to Charlotte Hall. (The road would not be black-topped until the Navy arrived in 1942.)

Charlotte Hall provided its own chaperones, but at least one teacher went up on the bus with the girls, sitting immediately behind the driver, Mr. Wood. Watching the road ahead, perhaps chatting with him, the chaperone was oblivious to the flurry of activity behind her. Off came unwanted garments, down dropped some of the necklines, and scraps of tulle were stuffed into coat pockets (Rachel Early '49). Now the girls were ready for the evening, and as the bus lumbered through the Charlotte Hall gates, some must have been wondering already if they could get away with the one final indiscretion at the end of the evening.

In the meantime, they met their escorts in the middle of the dance floor and proceeded through the receiving line. Dr. Guyther (Charlotte Hall '37) recalls that, as at St. Mary's, no one was allowed to leave the building. Betty deLashmatt '41 wrote, "Occasionally a girl slipped outside the dance with her date for a few minutes, but it was risky. I

slipped out only once from a Charlotte Hall dance and was scared to death of getting caught." Not quite as frightened, evidently, was Marcie Prince '48: "Miss Beatty would escort us in, then take a chair right next to the *only* exit and watch us all night. However, I used to climb out the bathroom window (long evening dress and all) and meet Jamie, a cadet major, and walk around the grounds. He would lift me back in the bathroom window."

Musically, it was the age of swing, and the girls were ready to dance. Bunky Dashiell '38 remembers that Charlotte Hall boys could only do the "one-and-a-two step," but that didn't discourage the Seminary girls from learning each new dance as it came out. Even though they were allowed the privilege of going home only three or four times a year, and even though they were not allowed to have plug-in radios in their rooms (inadequate wiring), they knew all the latest tunes and dance steps. Miss France herself, according to Emily Carscaden '28, would bring a record back each time she had to make a trip to Baltimore, "and we played it till it was worn out." In Emily's day those 78 rpm records might have been "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," "Button Up Your Overcoat," and Jerome Kern's limpid "Why Do I Love You?" Louise Jones '33 wrote that one of the girls' daily treats was to go over to the music hall and practice dancing while Dolly Orangers '32 played the piano (possibly "Stormy Weather" or "It's Only a Paper Moon"). "We danced every evening after dinner," recalled Helen Boughton '35 — and over that 25-year period the steps they practiced would have been the Charleston, the shag, the waltz, the long-lived fox trot, the jitterbug, and, finally, the rumba (Charlotte Hall had several students from Latin America). By the 1940s there was a community radio in

the girls' sitting room on the main floor, and Kitty Clemson '42 and Helene Brannock '47 recall groups of girls listening to it both before and after dinner

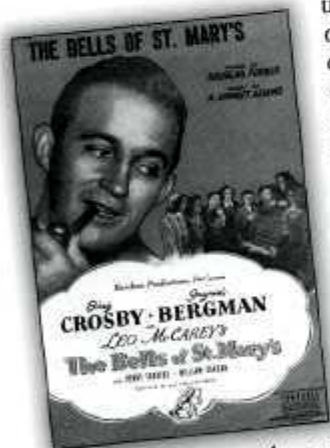
("Let's Remember Pearl Harbor," "I Got It Bad, an' That Ain't Good," "White Christmas," "Pistol-Packin' Mama," "The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe," "You Always Hurt the One You Love").

On the dance floor at Charlotte Hall, Champ Fifer '31 did the shag, but when she was caught cheek-dancing in a slow number, she was penalized by having one of her rare weekend privileges taken away from her. But who could not yield to dancing cheek-to-cheek when the music was Cole Porter's? In 1931 it would have been his haunting "What Is This Thing Called Love?" followed a year later by the sultry "Night and Day" ("There's an, oh, such a hungry yearning, burning inside of me . . ."). Miss France tightly governed her girls at dances, but sedition became increasingly attractive when presented in Cole Porter's seductive "Begin the Beguine" (Bay-GEEN).

The most dreaded tune of the evening was the last one, "The Bells [Belles] of St. Mary's." Published in 1917, it enjoyed renewed popularity in 1942 when it became the theme song for the Bing Crosby/Ingrid Bergman movie of the same name. Wherever the students went as a group, orchestras were instructed to play it on the stroke of midnight, and, like so many Cinderellas, the girls were required to leave the dance floor and board their bus for the return trip. This held true whether the dance was at Charlotte Hall or, later, at the Naval base. From the early 1940s on, it seems to have been possible for a cadet to snatch a kiss from a girl "behind the bus at Charlotte Hall" (Jacqueline Miller '41), but it fell to



Rachel Early '49 and her date (later, husband), Ernie Green, who had a way with chaperones.



The last song played was "The Bells of St. Mary's."

Ernie Green (who would later marry Rachel Early) to make it possible for every cadet to enjoy a forbidden moment alone with his date — and no longer six inches apart. As the orchestra struck up the final number, Ernie would present himself to the teacher-chaperone and ask her for the pleasure of a dance. Delighted, she would glide around the floor in his arms while he made animated conversation, not noticing that her girls were already slipping out to the bus with their dates. “Mr. Wood had usually parked it under a shady tree,” Ernie recalls, “just the right place for a good-night kiss.” Back on the dance floor, the music ended, and while the chaperone was collecting her coat, Ernie ran out to the bus and made his own good-night to Rachel. “Such a nice young man!” the chaperone would remark to Rachel the following day.



Jitterbugging at a St. Mary's dance during World War II

World War II

Suddenly, in 1943, there they were — hundreds of young men swarming into the newly built Patuxent Naval Air Station, then into its satellites at St. Inigoes, Piney Point, and Solomons Island. Inevitably, many found their way to Miss France's school, bringing with them the thin end of the wedge that would open up, gradually, the cultures of both St. Mary's County and St. Mary's Seminary-Junior College.

It is not surprising that the college girls were delighted, but Miss France's personal support is more than one would expect from a vigilant “school mother.” As she reassured one concerned father in January of 1943, “Our girls need entertainment, and so do the boys.” Later the same year she wrote to yet another parent that she had offered the gymnasium for a monthly USO dance, but “on the condition that I may regulate it and all must abide by my rules.” She did install a juke box in the recreation room in the gym basement, but it is not at all clear that USO dances actually took place at St. Mary's. But they cer-

tainly did at the naval bases at Patuxent River and Piney Point, and in her 1944 annual report to the trustees, Miss France took pride that her girls were enjoying themselves: *Though gas shortage prohibits much visiting, our girls have not been entirely isolated or lonely, thanks to the two Bases in our vicinity and to Charlotte Hall. Twice, a group of 30 girls and teachers have been invited to dinner, movies, and a dance at Piney Point. At the beginning of the year the whole school was invited to Patuxent River to a dance, and Charlotte Hall has had 2 or 3 dances. . . . no Saturday night or Sunday passes without a goodly number of “dates.” And now is the season for the landing barges from Solomons to carry on maneuvers in our vicinity — including landings and invitations to visit the barges. In fact, whatever the girls may say to the contrary, what with visits, dances, phone calls, and letters, there are few dull moments at the Seminary!*

Kay Davis '43 remembers that everyone was encouraged to go to Patuxent River when it opened and help out at the first mixer for the boys. Anne Frazier '44 and Frances Mulherin '45 agreed that a girl could go to dances at both Pax River and Piney Point “even if you

didn't know anyone there — the Navy sent buses.” Miss France, however, let the girls go only to the enlisted men's club since alcohol was not served there.

But no officers and no alcohol seemed not to matter. “We had a great time!” Andy Andrews '48 writes half a century later. By then the war was over, but St. Mary's girls (college age only) were still in demand as “hostesses” at the USO on Saturday nights. The *Signal News* for December 1946 reports that hostesses earned pins for every 50 hours' worth of work.

Teacher-chaperones, of course, accompanied the girls, and “they never let us out of their sight for one minute!” (Ginny Burnside '49). The girls played ping-pong, cards, and checkers with the sailors and went with them to the snack bar for sodas and sundaes. They learned how to boogie, and the *Signal News* for October of 1945 noted happily that “the stag line of over 100 men kept each girl busy.” Pat Anthony '48 wryly explains this post-war relationship with the naval base as “doing our wartime duty during peace time.”

Half a century later, one is surprised that the massive naval presence did not have more of an impact than it did on the high school-junior college. But the underlying premise of “in loco parentis” meant that while Miss France might slightly



St. Mary's girls at the 1947 holiday dance at Charlotte Hall. From left: Jean Dixon '49, Gerry Ricket '50, Vivian Gabler '48, Rachel Early '49.

modify the rules for dancing and dating, she became increasingly anxious about her parental responsibilities in the restless, wartime climate of a girls' school. In fact, her rules for dancing and dating changed little over her 25-year presidency, despite the war. Ever since the late 1920s it had been possible for a girl to entertain a male caller on Sunday afternoon, but as Emily Carscaden '28 explained it, the door to the first-floor reception room had to be left open, "and the teacher on duty walked up and down in the hall." Up until the time of the war, a girl could be taken out to Sunday noon dinner by her date, but she had to be accompanied by another couple and a teacher-chaperone (Jean Noble '34), and they could eat only at restaurants approved by the school. Marcie Prince '48 reports that "the poor date had to pay for the teacher, too!" In the 1940s one of these approved restaurants was Raley's in Ridge, and even farther south was Mrs. Beal's home-cooked meals ("Beal's Meals" the girls called them). A girl could also be taken on a Sunday afternoon drive, but she first had to return from her dinner out, sign in, then sign out again for the ride in an automobile which was not allowed to stop anywhere until it delivered her safely back to the Seminary at 5:00.

Perhaps the teacher-chaperone whom the girls requested most often was Miss Stickney ("She was a romantic!" says Jacqueline Miller '41). Kay Davis '43 recalls that when her University of Maryland date and another couple got permission to drive up to Leonardtown to go to a Saturday night movie, they drove in his "green Pontiac convertible with red leather seats and the four of us got in the car with Miss Stickney as chaperone — AND THE TOP DOWN!" Discreetly, Miss Stickney always sat several rows behind couples when at the movies.

How did Miss France make her small bow to changing times? During World War II, she let both the high school seniors and the junior college seniors take their dates into the Garden of Remembrance during intermission at big



Sunday afternoon dates from Charlotte Hall and the Patuxent River Naval Base.

dances. Of course, chaperones roamed everywhere, but Marcie Prince '48 and Ginny Burnside '49 both wrote that it was possible to slip behind a brick column "for a quick kiss or two." Miss France's second modification to her rules concerned the Sunday afternoon drives: a teacher-chaperone would no longer be necessary, but the car must contain at least two couples and, once again, it was not to stop anywhere along the route. Jarvis Claypoole '50 noted that now faculty cars could be spotted on Sunday afternoons, patrolling the lower county roads, making sure that no student car had stopped to park. If someone was caught, it would mean — at the very least — the curtailment of precious privileges.

Final Reflections

Privileges. In today's college world, there are no longer "privileges." They were part of a system of "in loco parentis" which lasted not only through Miss France's time but that of her successor as well, May Russell (1948-1969). Until the social tidal wave of the late 1960s and early 70s, parents were the consumers in the field of higher education: they paid the bill and sent their daughters off to colleges that would both educate and protect. Essential to that system was the school's authority to grant and withhold privileges and also to chaperone. St. Mary's student handbooks of those years explained that chaperoning was necessary "for safety, to prevent the students from being misjudged, and to safeguard

the good name of the Seminary students."

But after 1970, when President Ren Jackson and the trustees instituted — as did most colleges and universities — a "Student Bill of Rights," the contract between parent and school was transformed. At St. Mary's, the Bill specifically stated that "the college [no longer stood] in loco parentis for its members." The consumers were now students, not parents, and students were perceived as having "rights," among them the rights to govern themselves, to protest, and to evaluate their professors. The word "privilege" was swept from college publications. The only element that remained unchanged was the bill for tuition, room, and board: the parent continued to pay it.

The M. Adele France alumnae who have responded to the questionnaire and who are being taped as they return for Reunion Weekends are now in their seventies, eighties, and nineties. A good number have become mothers, grandmothers, and even great-grandmothers to successive generations of students. All of them have had a lifetime to reflect on changing social customs, particularly those between very young men and women.

They generally evaluate their St. Mary's experience as "strict," and allude to some youthful resentment. They enjoy recounting rare instances of rebellion that took place under cover of darkness: eluding chaperones, canoeing on the river at night, signalling in Morse code to naval craft out on the river, and sliding down the dormitory walls on knotted bedsheets. But in spite of the social restrictions of "in loco parentis," these alumnae are remarkably respectful of Miss France and affectionate toward the school. They perceive that the restrictions were not prompted by mean-spiritedness but by the concerns of the time. "Miss France wasn't just trying to be a popular president," says Betty Miles '47; "she took on the role, really, as parent."

Then, after a moment, she added, "Most of all — the part of our lives that we resented the most has become the most dear to us." ❀

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What did you do



READERS, Your assignment, if you choose to accept it, is to write a paragraph extolling the virtues of your favorite vacation spot in the continental United States. Send it to us along with your advice on how to make the best of that site (accommodations, tourist spots, restaurants, etc.). We plan to include your vacation suggestions in our spring issue so your fellow readers can take advantage of them. Since we want to give credit where credit is due, include your name and your city and state of residence. Please send your paragraph to Editor, Mulberry Tree Papers, Office of College Relations, St. Mary's College of Maryland, St. Mary's City, MD 20686, or prdunlap@osprey.smcm.edu no later than January 4, 1999.



on your Summer vacation?

Saving ^{the} Children

Foreign Languages for At-Risk Kids

"So you mean we're real authors now? Like library authors?" "Yes, you're the real thing! This book is going in the library for everyone to read." "How much do you think someone would pay for our book?" "Maybe a million dollars?" "Yeah, at least." "Maybe two million zillion." "Are we going to be famous, really famous?" "And rich?"

I had this conversation with fourteen second-graders at Hollywood Elementary School. They had just finished writing and illustrating a class book which would be given to the library after their "book reading" for classmates later that week. The book was a final project to culminate a three-week unit on the book *Brown Bear, What Do You See?* This sounds pretty typical for second grade, but there's a catch. These second grade students are all behind in reading. Many are the "problem kids" in their classes. But the book they wrote was written in German! They were part of a special enrichment program which allowed them to attend my German class twice a week. This book was our mid-semester project to show how far we'd come.

By Amanda Drews

The journey to get to this point was certainly a long one. It began a year before my authors ever met me for the first time. In that year I designed a formal Honors Project proposal, wrote the twelve-week German curriculum I would teach, and met with professors, principals, teachers, and curriculum specialists until I finally had everyone's permission and approval. The students I chose to participate were sec-





I had grand illusions of really getting through to some of these kids, but many days I felt as though I were babysitting.



and graders performing up to a year and a half below grade level in reading. They desperately needed some intervention. Many of them caused disruptions in their regular classrooms, so teachers were more than willing to give the children to me for two hours a week. I was told that I "wouldn't be able to do anything with them" or that "They aren't doing work anyway, so they might as well be somewhere else for a while." Many of the teachers thought that I wouldn't make it for two weeks with these kids, let alone actually teach them a foreign language. What they didn't know is that I'm not that easily dissuaded.

It had already been a tough road up until that point, full of unanswered phone calls, plans changed at the last minute, sudden unscheduled meetings. It had been difficult to get everyone on my side and to convince them to follow through with what they had agreed to do. When details at both Lexington Park and Hollywood Elementary Schools were finally taken care of a week before I was supposed to start teaching, I was convinced that nothing could stop me. I was right, as the teachers later saw, but I had no idea what I was walking into.

I was so excited about my first day of class. I had been planning for months and I was sure that everything would go smoothly. That self-assurance lasted for about three minutes, the time it took for five of my boys at Hollywood to start playing "gunmen" with their pencils as I walked my line of students down the hall. Suddenly, I had five children rolling on the ground, as gunmen apparently do, and I was already losing the rest of the students who stopped to watch. Suddenly it hit me.

This wouldn't be easy.

I taught German that day, but I'm still not sure if anyone learned more than hello and goodbye. They were too busy falling out of their chairs, a game they started when I outlawed "gunmen." And when I asked what they were doing on the floor, I repeatedly got the same wide-eyed, innocent answer. "I don't know what happened. I was just sitting in the chair, and then I fell!" I went home that night wondering if the more experienced teachers had been right.

The next three weeks were tougher than I had ever imagined they might be. I was reaching some children—I could feel it. But others acted as if I didn't exist, or worse, did their best to be disruptive. The addition of a teaching assistant at Hollywood helped somewhat. Jen Brooks, another soon-to-be teacher, knew no German but decided to come help with classroom management. I taught

her German as we went, and her extra set of hands became a lifesaver! With her help we made it through colors and numbers, and were starting on animals, but I was still getting discouraged. I had grand illusions of really getting through to some of these kids, but many days I felt as though I were babysitting. I would never give up...but if my program wasn't helping at all, was it worth pulling the students out of math or science?

As I wrestled with that question, my classroom management problems at Lexington Park were getting steadily worse. Two children had already been removed for violent and disruptive behavior. And two more were making every class a challenge. Worse than that, I wasn't sure that either of them really understood why they were there, and I didn't have much proof to show that they were learning.

As part of the literature unit on *Brown Bear, What Do You See*, we read a

"I found the project to have many different layers of value.

First was the inherent value of exposure to another language. [It] gave these students a sense of being 'special,' different, and valuable. Second . . . was their appreciation for being 'experts' about a subject in the classroom. . . . The excitement followed them home since several parents commented about their level of interest in anything German. The use of the different instructional modalities allowed students to find their own particular learning style. . . . I noted an increased willingness to try new things and to accept a challenge. . . . This German language experience enhanced individual self-esteem. . . . I saw real success for my students, and I would be happy to see a program like this for all students."

- Anne Woodley, second grade teacher, Hollywood Elementary School



German translation of the book, and the students read aloud from the story, translating it into English. They drew pictures of their favorite character, then used those pictures to retell the story. After two weeks of work, we were ready to begin writing our class book which would be a book similar to Eric Carle's *Brown Bear*. To begin the process, my students needed to learn new animal words to be used as characters in the book. I put them to work with a partner and a German-English picture dictionary and asked them to make a list of animals. I didn't expect Stacey, one of the two students I was worried about, to get very far. I just hoped she wouldn't disrupt the people around her. She had a habit of keeping others from working. I walked around to check on students, and stopped in amazement a few feet from Stacey's desk. She had a dictionary in each hand, and was searching busily. Quietly, I stood

beside her and watched. She looked up, startled, and appeared scared when I asked what she was doing. She had decided to get a Webster's Dictionary off the shelf so that she could spell all her English words correctly as she made her list. She had been cross-referencing between the two books to perfect her list. My heart jumped! This was the breakthrough I had been waiting for. Stacey didn't join the rest of our activities. After reassuring her that she wasn't in trouble for taking the book off

the shelf, I left her writing intently. She kept going even when everyone else stopped to play Uno in German. She wrote silently and seriously, finally presenting me with a meticulously written and correctly spelled list of animals. I was amazed. For the first time, my tears in the car on the way home that afternoon were from relief rather than frustration. We were finally getting somewhere.

From that point on, Stacey was working with me, not against me. There were still rough spots, but with some encouragement Stacey often completed her work beautifully, without disturbing the other students. It took only a few quiet words from me to help her get back on task. And when she worked, she was amazing!

If Stacey had been the only child I had seen a change in, this project would still have been worthwhile. But there were more. She was simply the beginning, a sign that I was somehow getting through

to these kids. The breakthroughs came at strange times and in unexpected ways, but they were there. These moments of light at the end of the tunnel kept me coming back for more.

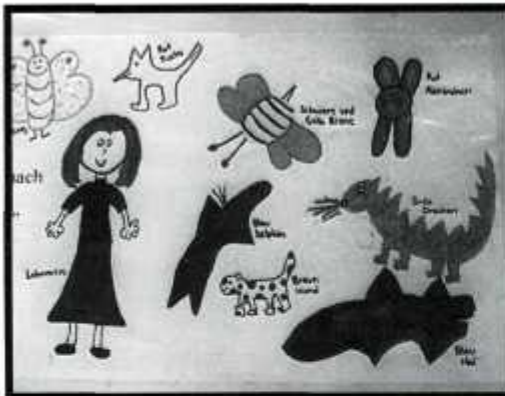
My next big breakthrough came not in the form of a child, but a teacher. I had felt uncomfortable about the way the teachers at Hollywood accepted my project. Many seemed so doubtful. I wondered if they were seeing any positive changes in their students, some newness that might change their minds about my work. My answer to that came one day about six weeks into my curriculum. As I was cleaning up my classroom area after school, one of the second grade teachers came by to talk. She apologized for having doubted my ability to work with these children, and told me about the magnificent changes she had seen in her three students who were part of my project. They were more attentive, better behaved, and more involved in school. One was much more focused than before, and all three were anxious to come to German class. Her words warmed and encouraged me, and I saw those children in a new light.

Over the course of the next several weeks, more teachers let me know that they were amazed by the changes they were seeing in my kids, and they admitted that maybe I was on to something. These encouraging words got me through some rough times, and kept me focused on my goal. I would make a difference in the lives of these children.

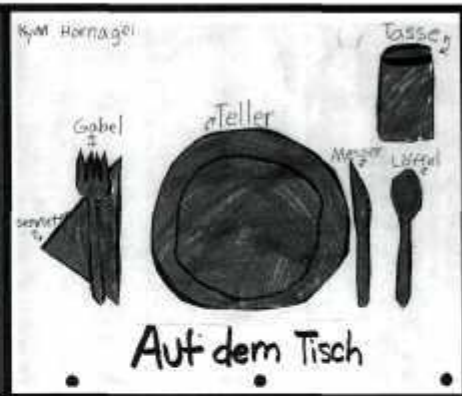
As my authors at both schools finished their class books, we readied for "public" book readings where the students could share their new language. This would be a wonderful and rare opportunity. Many of these students were used to only being noticed when they got in trouble. I heard over and over again, from my students' mouths, that they are the "stupid ones", "the dumb ones." They were sure that everyone already knew that. But I was giving them the chance to be special, to share something that none of the other students would be familiar with. And they were so excited!

"You mean the principal is really

"Students would come back from a session with Miss Drews and eagerly share what they had learned that day. The other students not involved in the group enjoyed listening and trying to learn the new language as well. By the end of German instruction my students were able to read, write, and speak German. . . . It is apparent to me that offering foreign language as an optional course for elementary students would only serve to improve the students' awareness of language and reading fundamentals." - Kelly Dobson, second grade teacher, Lexington Park Elementary School



The children could,
and did, write letters.
They just needed some-
one to believe in them
so that they could
believe in themselves.



going to come hear us read?" "What if we mess up?" "Do you think we should tell her what everything means before we start?" "Does she know German?" "And we get cupcakes afterwards, too." "Does the principal get one?"

It's the day before the book reading. We are rehearsing in the gazebo at Hollywood, having students practice reading in funny voices to make things seem less serious. They are not phased at all by their upcoming performance. I am nervous enough for all of us. When I introduced my students the next day, I would be presenting seven weeks of class time, months of planning, tears, laughter, frustration, hope—all these overwhelming elements, plus fourteen second graders and a big book that they have written and illustrated in a foreign language. Could life get more nerve wracking?

I shouldn't have asked. The morning of our presentation I received a phone call from the teacher whose class we would be reading to. Her son was sick, so she would not be in school that day. Not to worry, the substitute would take care of everything. Right. Suddenly visions of screaming children in an out of control classroom overwhelmed me. Was this a good idea? When I walked into the school building, another surprise awaited me. A curriculum specialist from the central office would be accompanying the principal and one of my professors to the book reading. Gulp. Was it too late to cancel? It was, and an hour later my students put on a wonderful performance in an almost silent classroom. Were they perfect? No. But they shone, and the pride in their eyes

brought tears to mine. I don't think the kids even noticed. They were too excited about the cupcakes.

The book reading changed the way the kids saw themselves, or so I thought. For a while things went really well, and I felt as though almost all the students were advancing. I reveled at what I saw as new found confidence in themselves. As I introduced the Pen-Pal Project, the culminating event for the year, I was so excited. I expected the kids to be psyched, knowing the way they look up to older students. I had arranged for a German class at my former high school to write letters to each of my students. I prepped the high school students, telling them which vocabulary words my students knew. When the letters came in a big envelope, I brought the package to school, talking enthusiastically

about its contents. The students wanted to open the letters right then, until they heard exactly what the project involved. Each student would read the German letter written by their pen pal, then they would respond with a letter in German. From a teacher's viewpoint, this was ideal. These students would be using their new language and their writing skills in a genuine way. And who would have thought that these "non-readers" would be reading and writing conversational German?

"Miss Drews, I can't do this." "Me neither." "We really have to write in German? I don't know how to write in German." My enthusiastic spiel came to a screeching halt. "What do you mean you can't do this? We've been reading and writing German all spring." "But not for real. We didn't do it for real." Their lack of confidence in





One by one, they began to follow my directions, underlining all the words that they already knew the meanings of. Lo and behold, they were reading German!



themselves shocked me. I had seen them shut down earlier in the semester, afraid to try. But now, after all their success?

I moved on, handing out their letters and lots of encouragement. At first, they stared blankly at the colored pieces of paper. But one by one, they began to follow my directions, underlining all the words that they already knew the meaning of. Lo and behold, they were reading German! After the initial problems, things went really well. The students amazed themselves as they shared information about their pen pal with the class. Then, when it was time to write our letters back, the promise of stickers to decorate the finished letters sent many children writing furiously. Armed with sentence strips and picture dictionaries, they wrote one-page letters, responding to their pen pals' questions and asking questions of their own. The final products were beautifully decorated, fairly well written letters which we grandly sent back to the high school in Frederick. The children could, and did, write letters. They just needed someone to believe in them so that they could believe in themselves.

As our pen pal project drew to a close, I prepared to say goodbye to my students, not sure I was ready to let go. We had come so far together. I never realized how far, though, until the parent and teacher feedback forms started pouring in. Over and over again parents thanked me for the opportunities I had given their children. They mentioned all the German words their kids had taught family members and friends, and remarked that their child finally enjoyed school. The teachers reported that my students were more

focused, better behaved, and more enthusiastic. The majority of the parents said that they would allow their child to participate if the program were offered again, although some didn't like the fact that their child missed instruction in other subject areas. As the positive feedback continued, I began to realize the impact my program had on not only these children, but their families and teachers, too. Many people saw these students in a new light, as achievers and readers rather than trouble-makers. Several teachers said that my work changed the way that they look at "problem students" in their classroom. That was an effect I had never imagined.

Four months later, as the other words of praise have melded together into a sense of contentment at having made a difference, one parent's words still ring in my head. Her child's teacher had been very unsupportive of my project. She said that I could have Matt in my class, but that I wouldn't be able to do anything with him anyway. When she saw Matt's pen pal letter, the teacher didn't believe that Matt had really written it. She couldn't imagine that this child she had given up on could learn. But Matt's mom knew better. Her note to me summed up the experience more realistically than I ever could. "I am so impressed with what Matt has learned. He translated most of the letter written in German by a high school student! ...He is so proud of himself! I thought it was going to be a problem for him learning to pronounce words in German vs. English. He said 'I just do it, Mom! I don't get confused.' He was right—Thank you!"

Matt, like so many of the other stu-

dents who weren't being reached by the basic curriculum and instructional methods, "just did it." They read and wrote a foreign language while reinforcing reading and math skills in their native language. They increased their confidence, developed much needed faith in their abilities, and learned about the people of another country. These experiences enriched their lives in ways the pre- and post-tests of my experiment will never show. By December I will know the effect of my program on the reading and math test scores of my German students. I already have accurate results to document the second language proficiency the students gained. But in the end, nothing will have mattered more to these students than the fact that they were finally able to "just do it." It is my hope that teachers who have "difficult students" will think about Stacey, Matt, and my other students, and that they will take the initiative to start similar programs at other schools across the country. As more educators realize that not all students are traditional learners, programs such as this could be the next step in reaching the children whom we consider "unreachable." This project reached out to twenty-four students. Let that be only the beginning.✿

**Students' names have been changed*

Amanda Drews has been invited to present her project in March to the National Council of Teachers of English whose 1999 Cincinnati conference theme is "Freeing Children Through Language."

BARRISTERS, BRIGANDS & BRENTS

The HISTORY Three hundred and fifty years ago, Mistress Margaret Brent appeared before the Maryland legislature and demanded the right to vote. Who was this Englishwoman, and how could someone thought of at that time as a middle-aged "spinster" have had the nerve to take such a bold step? Unfortunately, Margaret Brent is hardly recognized in England or America for the great adventurer, attorney, and champion of human rights that she was. Aside from a brief mention on a Virginia historical marker, and a plaque in Maryland's first capital, little recognition has been given this great woman. Her brothers' descendants, however, are distributed all over America. The Brents were among the earliest settlers in Westmoreland, Stafford, and Lancaster County. During this 350th anniversary year of Westmoreland County, which also happens to be the 350th anniversary of her petition for the vote, it is time that she receive the honor and recognition she deserves. My wife and I have attempted to add some substance to the history of this courageous woman by documentary research and travel to the place of her childhood—the beautiful Cotswold Hills of England.

To understand Margaret Brent, we need to revisit 17th-century England to examine how she would have been brought up. Margaret, one of the eldest of thirteen children, was born in 1601 to Richard and Elizabeth Brent, Roman Catholics of Larke Stoke Manor in Gloucestershire (now Warwickshire). The Brents are descended from Odo de Brent, one of William the Conqueror's knights, who settled at Cossington in Somerset. By the 15th century, the Brents had accumulated significant property, and Robert, younger son of the Lord and Lady of Cossington, set out for Gloucestershire to make his fortune. He arrived at Larke Stoke about 1487 and married Margery, daughter of George Colchester, Lord of Stoke and Admington. Catherine Greville, daughter of Fulke and Elizabeth Willoughby Greville, was Margaret Brent's grandmother. Elizabeth Willoughby was perhaps the wealthiest heiress of her day.



MARGARET BRENT *of* OLDE ST. MARIE'S CITY

By Aleck Loker

During Margaret's youth, the Brents were overtly Church of England members, but when she was nineteen, the family reverted to Roman Catholicism. Three of Margaret's sisters entered the convent at Cambrai, in France, and Margaret and her sister Mary apparently took vows of celibacy—perhaps in a secret Roman Catholic order of nuns. Margaret's independence and strength of character and her evident education indicate she probably attended a Continental school.

By the 1630s, the Brents' fortunes had begun to dwindle due to the fines and penalties incurred as a result of their recusancy (refusal to swear an oath of supremacy of the king over the pope). They were clearly the poor cousins of some of the wealthiest and most important English aristocrats. That situation, coupled with the prospect of intensifying religious persecution, led Margaret and her sister Mary as well as her brothers Giles and Fulke to take the bold step of emigrating to Lord Baltimore's new colony in Maryland. Baltimore, also a Roman Catholic and a Brent cousin, had founded the colony after the first voyage in 1634. Margaret and her siblings settled there in 1638 after she secured Lord Baltimore's written guarantee of her right to land in Maryland. On her arrival, she and Mary established their home, "Sister's Freehold," on the first grant of land made in the new capital. They lived independently among all the men in the colony, rejecting all offers of marriage—a most unusual situation.

Problems soon erupted in the colony. In February, 1645, Captain Richard Ingle, sailing on the aptly named Reformation, attacked the colony and seized the capital. Giles Brent and two Jesuit chaplains were taken prisoner and returned to England for trial. They were subsequently freed and Giles returned to America. The governor of the colony, Lord Baltimore's brother, Leonard Calvert, fled to Virginia. The colonists suffered greatly at the hands of the rebels. Cattle and tobacco were stolen, homes were burned. Margaret Brent remained, and the situation stabilized. Calvert returned two years later with a rag-tag militia. He had promised the militiamen plunder if they

met armed resistance; otherwise, he would pay them for their service. Calvert regained the colony peacefully in 1647, but by summer he was dead. On his death bed, he appointed Margaret as his executor with the statement, "Take all and pay all." He left behind a colony in chaos with serious political tensions, a militia made up of brigands bent on taking their pay by plunder, and two orphaned children in England.

When Margaret assumed the responsibilities for Calvert's estate, the court also made her Baltimore's representative through a power-of-attorney that the deceased governor held. Immediately, Margaret had to deal with the militia crisis. She had two courses of action: pay the soldiers from Calvert's assets, or arrange for a general levy to be imposed on colonists. On January 21, 1648, Margaret Brent attended the General Assembly and demanded "voice and vote," probably to have a tax imposed to pay the militia. Her demand was based on being a freewoman land owner and Baltimore's attorney. Acting Governor Thomas Greene refused her demand and she protested vociferously, but to no avail. Undaunted, she used her legal skills to maintain the Calvert assets and paid the militia with some of Baltimore's livestock and property. Her actions ensured that the struggling Maryland colony avoided further depredations.

By about 1650, the Brents had moved to Virginia and become wealthy planters, eventually owning over 10,000 acres along the Potomac River. Margaret Brent died there in 1670. This great pioneer left behind no children to carry on her spirit. However, her spirit of independence and her strength of character germinated in America. Others came after her, clamoring for equality. Nearly 300 years later, women finally received the vote in the United States. Margaret Brent, a coura-

geous and highly successful English settler in America, was first and foremost a champion of human rights and a very active litigant on behalf of others.

The Quest Last April, my wife and I set out to find Lark Stoke Manor and to visit the village where some of Margaret's relatives are buried. Ilmington, a charming village at the northern edge of the Cotswolds (referred to with good reason as the "Heart of England"), is perhaps ten miles south of Stratford-upon-Avon, best known for its most famous resident, William Shakespeare. Margaret Brent was sixteen when Shakespeare died. We engaged local tour guide Tony Wooten to help us find Lark Stoke Manor. Neither Mr. Wooten nor any other person we interviewed in the area knew of Lark Stoke Manor or Margaret Brent—except for the owners of The Myrtles Bed and Breakfast. Mr. Wooten was familiar with St. Mary's the Virgin Church in Ilmington and showed Mrs. Loker the distinctive carvings in that charming Norman church while I photographed the Brent memorial plaque in the north transept. The church guidebook contains the following references:

Of other mural tablets of historical interest in the church, the oldest is on the east wall of the north transept to the members of the Brent family, the founder having migrated (from Somerset) dur-



Margaret Brent's house in England

ing the Wars of the Roses, under the assumed name of *Buston*. Another member of the family, *Giles Brent*, migrated to the American colonies in 1648. Many families now living in the U.S.A. claim their descent from him.

Alas, Margaret is unknown in her home parish. Leaving the church, we drove along a narrow lane until we reached the entrance to Lark Stoke Manor. The Jacobean manor house and grounds appear well maintained by the current owner. The property is not open to the public. The area seems little changed from when Margaret lived there. Ilmington is even more evocative of the past, with its small village charm unspoiled by commercial development.

The next stop was Chipping Campden, the enchanting market town where the Greville and Hicks families of wool merchants left their mark in the magnificent St. James Church. One of the most important and impressive brasses in the

church is that of William Greville (Grevel), supposedly the largest in Gloucestershire. William Greville was an ancestor of Baron Brooke and an ancestor of Margaret.

The pilgrimage concluded with a trip to Warwick to see The Collegiate Church of St. Mary where Margaret's cousin Baron Brooke is buried. The Greville mausoleum is dominated by a two-storey black marble monument commissioned by Baron Brooke. The building incorporates elements of an earlier, 12th-century church. A plaque in the nave lists Margaret Brent's ancestor, Robert Brent, LL.D., as a prebendary in 1500. No trip to Warwick is complete without a visit to Warwick Castle, one of the most magnificently restored and appointed castles in England. Warwick Castle, bought from King James I and restored at great expense by Sir Fulke Greville, is the site of the incarceration of the Brents. Margaret's father paid heavily for his

public profession of the Roman Catholic faith. Two-thirds of Lark Stoke Manor was sequestered by 1644 because of Richard Brent's part in the English Civil War. In August of 1644, Sir Richard allowed Royalists to fortify his home at Lark Stoke. The house was ultimately overrun by Parliamentary forces and Brent was imprisoned at Warwick Castle.

There is still much to be discovered about Margaret Brent's life and her connections to the Calverts. Her education, her possible secret religious vows, the details of the sequestration of Brent property, the Brents' role in the English Civil War, and finally the true relationship between Leonard Calvert and the Brents (he may have married Margaret's youngest sister) need to be documented. Hopefully, English historians and researchers will become enthusiastic about this great woman who was a credit to England as well as one of the truly great pioneers in America. ♣

MARGARET, WE REMEMBER YE

I suspect that if Margaret Brent had been a man, her story would have gone down in history right alongside Nathaniel Bacon's and Thomas Paine's. Like them, she recognized the need for political reform when she saw it and demanded just that. And like them, she was a leader.

Three and one half centuries ago, Margaret Brent, an unmarried Roman Catholic female property owner, approached the colonial Maryland legislature and demanded her right to vote. St. Mary's College has spent much of the 1998 fall semester celebrating her accomplishments and honoring her memory, in this, the 350th anniversary of her enfranchisement appeal.

These special events not only honor the memory of Margaret Brent but help to place her experience within the context of the seventeenth-century Atlantic world. In addition, we here at the College feel it's important to explore the meaning of global feminism and human rights at the cusp of the twenty-first century. The events listed below were jointly sponsored by St. Mary's College of Maryland and Historic St. Mary's City. -Editor

♣ GLOBAL FEMINISM IN THE 21ST CENTURY

In September, a lecture by Patricia Ireland, president of the National Organization of Women, was introduced with remarks by Frances Hughes Glendening, First Lady of Maryland.

♣ MUSIC OF THE TIME OF MARGARET BRENT

A sampler of music from the 17th-century courts and taverns played on period instruments for strings, trumpet, bassoon, harpsichord, and voices was presented in St. Mary's Hall. Henry Miller (HSMC) introduced

the concert and provided the social context of the time of Margaret Brent. Artists included Jeffrey Silberschlag, Carolyn Surrick, Jeanne Fryberger Vote, Deborah Greitzer, Pamela Lassell, Barbara Hollinshead, and Larry Edward Vote.

♣ THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL MARGARET BRENT LECTURE

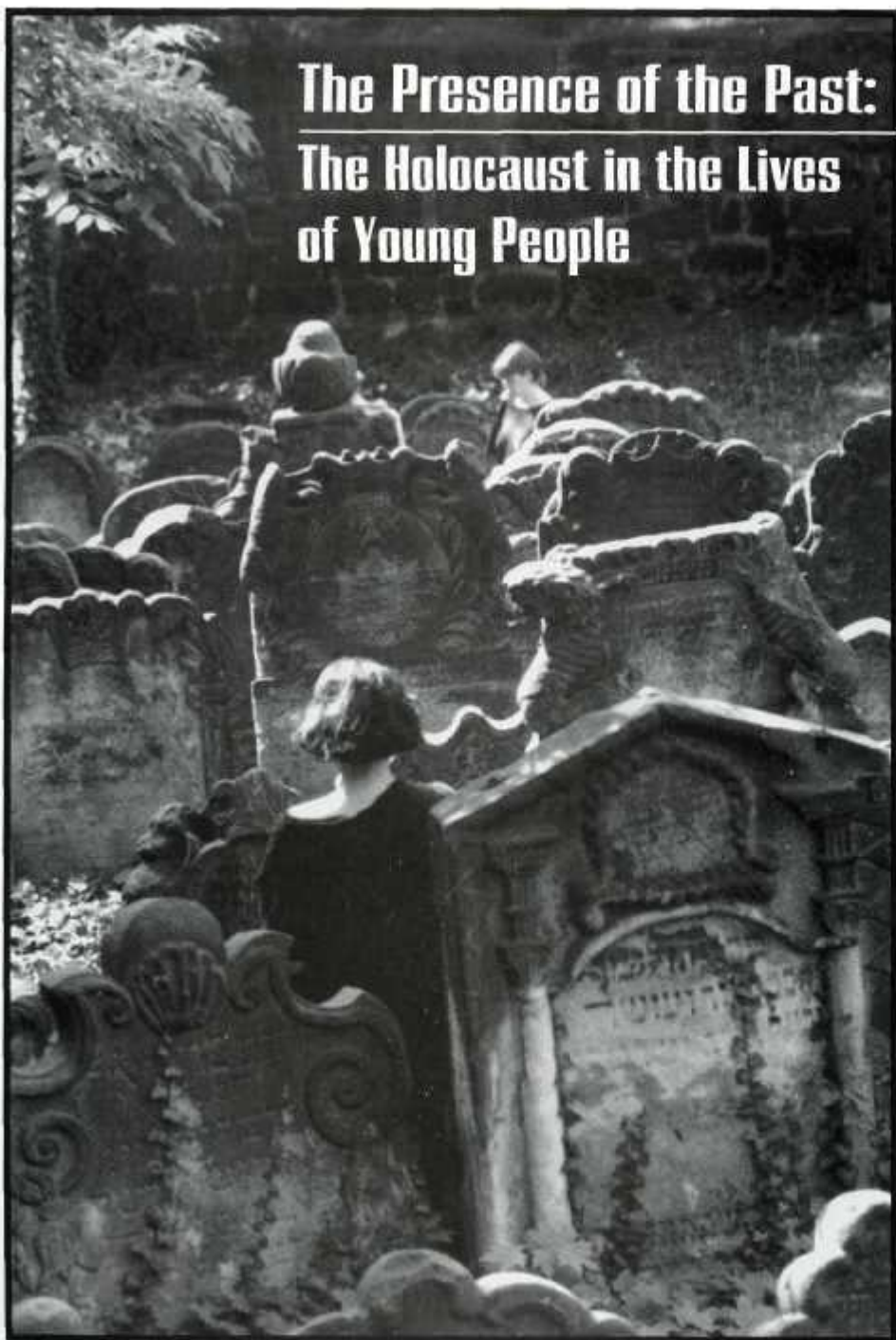
On November 9, Rigoberta Menchú Tum, 1992 Nobel Peace Prize Laureate and promoter of human rights, peace, and the rights of indigenous people, spoke on "Women and Social Change."

The Presence of the Past: The Holocaust in the Lives of Young People

By Björn Krondorfer

Berlin, Cracow, Auschwitz: Professor Krondorfer's International Summer Program on the Holocaust brings together students from American and German universities for one month of study and personal reflection. For the first two weeks, students live and study at St. Mary's with at least one trip into Washington, D. C. The second half of the month is spent in Berlin, Cracow, and Auschwitz.

The core of the program is the extensive encounter between 20 Jewish and non-Jewish participants from Germany and the United States. Students reflect intellectually, morally, and personally on their roles as "third generation" in understanding the history and significance of the Holocaust. Björn Krondorfer's article puts the summer program into the overall context of remembering the Holocaust in different national and religious communities.



Student in Jewish cemetery in Halberstadt, Germany

Soon we will celebrate not only the end of an old century but the beginning of a new millennium. We wish, perhaps, that some events of the past would quietly fall into oblivion, be erased from collective memory for a fresh start. Surely, the Holocaust would be such an event: the systematic attempt of Nazi Germany to annihilate Jewish people and Jewish culture revealed modernity's darkest side and sobered the

Enlightenment's belief in the steady progress of humanity toward moral improvement.

The unleashing of unprecedented genocidal violence was made possible by putting modern technology and a bureaucratic apparatus into the service of a nation state ruled by an ideology of racial superiority. What started in the early years of Hitler's dictatorship as domestic terror (Dachau, the first concentration camp, opened in March 1933 and held primarily political opponents) evolved into a systematic genocidal campaign after the beginning of World War II. In literally thousands of camps that dotted the European map, so-called inferior and undesirable people labored, starved, suffered, and died. The abyss of this system of terror was reached when the six extermination camps started their hideous operations after 1941. They were designed by German architects and engineers for the sole purpose of mass killings of primarily Jews as well as Gypsies, Soviet POWs, and the Polish intelligentsia. Auschwitz was civilization's anus mundi, the name seared into our collective conscience and consciousness.

Today, there is a tremendous cultural productivity with which individuals, religious communities, and nations are trying to come to terms with this traumatic past. Documentaries and movies are produced; each year dozens of new books are published; and museums are built, most notably the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C. Educational centers and memorials are maintained at the actual sites in Europe (in former camps, at the sites of burned down synagogues, or in places like the Wannsee Villa in Berlin, where the Nazis decided the Final Solution). Historians examine details of this time; religious leaders evoke the Holocaust as a paradigm of evil; politicians refer to it in order to judge the severity of current genocidal situations; psychologists look at the long-lasting effects of this cataclysmic event on new generations; and artists have responded to the human suffering

Björn Krondorfer, assistant professor of religious studies, continues our series, "A Professor's Perspective," a series in which we invite a faculty member to discuss an issue or point of view important to him or her.

Born and raised in Frankfurt, West Germany, Prof. Krondorfer studied at the universities of Frankfurt and Göttingen, then went to Temple University in Philadelphia for both his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees. He has taught at St. Mary's since 1992.

Professor Krondorfer has edited scholarly works, currently serves on the editorial board of *Living Text: The Journal of Contemporary Midrash*, and had his own study, *Remembrance and Reconciliation: Encounters Between Young Jews and Germans*, published by Yale University Press in 1995. He has facilitated several summer programs on the Holocaust for students from American and German universities.



through their paintings, poems, sculptures, plays, and choreographies. Such wide-ranging efforts in documenting, researching, preserving, explaining, teaching, and creatively responding to the Holocaust signal the growing awareness that this traumatic period is being recognized as a distinctive mark of the twentieth century.

What is less visible to the public is how the Holocaust continues to affect people born after 1945, the so-called second and third generations. Therapists and scholars have used the term intergenerational or transgenerational transmission to describe how the history and memory of the Holocaust (or Shoah in Hebrew) have been passed on from parents to children and to the children's children. The assumption here is that severe traumatization of whole communities and nations is being transmitted from one generation to the next, both on individual and social levels. Certain behavioral, emotional, and moral patterns are not only passed on within families but are also reproduced by political self-representations of religious and national communities. The silencing of the past in German families, for example, has corresponded to a decades-long avoidance of the Shoah in the public arena of post-war German society; or, to use another example, the experience of utter victimization in Jewish families coincided with the public articu-

lation of strong security needs for the state of Israel.

It is easy to understand that children born into families of Jewish survivors have felt severely the pain and the burden of the past. But, as we shall see, the intergenerational transmission of the Holocaust trauma has also impacted other groups, whether these are the grandchildren of survivors (the so-called third generation), German non-Jewish post-war generations, or even young people who are not directly connected to families of survivors or perpetrators but who have been profoundly touched by the horrors of the Holocaust through their cultural upbringing and moral sensitivity.

Poisoned Hearts

"If you could lick my heart, it would poison you," a survivor stated during an interview in "Shoah," Claude Lanzmann's excellent, nine-hour long documentary on Jewish Holocaust survivors. No wonder that children of survivors often experienced their childhood differently from their peers. Already in the 1960s, psychologists and psychiatrists observed certain symptoms that occurred among many survivors: like anger, chronic depression, feelings of guilt. Besides attending to the cure of physical wounds and illnesses, initial diagnostic reports about the so-called survivor syndrome stressed the mental

and emotional dysfunctions among survivors. Eventually their studies expanded to include children of survivors: therapists and scholars observed that the world views, behaviors, and emotional well-being of these children were shaped by their parents' traumatization.

In recent years, the psychopathological emphasis of these studies has come under criticism, for it unnecessarily pathologized the victims and ignored the fact that many survivor families and their children had adjusted well to their cultural surroundings. Hillel Klein, a psychiatrist treating survivors in Israel, suggested that we "no longer speak of the transmission of psychopathology from one generation to the next, but rather of the transmission of common motifs, mythologies, issues, sensitivities within families and between generations." Klein's suggestion indicated a shift in thinking about the intergenerational transmission. Rather than defining the traumatization in mere medical terms, it was now seen as a cultural legacy, thus softening the psychologizing gaze on survivors and their families without denying the strong impact the Holocaust continued to have on subsequent generations.

Moving our attention to non-Jewish German families after the war, one is struck by the absence of a therapeutic diagnosis and treatment of perpetrator families. No analogous syndrome, like a perpetrator syndrome, has been articulated. Whereas Holocaust survivors wanted and needed medical and therapeutic attention in the aftermath of their ordeals, perpetrators and bystanders seemed to be able to reenter a civilian life without psychological damage. The perpetrators never sought help—perhaps understandably so: they may have feared legal repercussions. But more importantly, receiving therapeutic help would have meant to step forward and admit to their wrongdoings, crimes, and guilt, the very thing they tried to repress.



Students in front of the old synagogue in Cracow, Poland

The absence of a perpetrator syndrome neither implies its non-existence nor that families of perpetrators and bystanders could not have benefitted from psychotherapeutic help. What it points to is that, for several decades, post-war German society as a whole chose a different path to dealing with National Socialism and the Holocaust: silence, avoidance, and, in some cases, outright denial. Even the psychotherapeutic profession itself failed to make the intergenerational transmission of the Holocaust trauma part of their diagnosis when individual Germans stepped into their offices. Sammy Speier, an Israeli-born psychoanalyst working in Germany, wrote: "Psychoanalytic practices in Germany are full of patients who are the children of the persecutors, accomplices, witnesses, and bystanders; this state of affairs is, however, collectively denied."

But the silence of the first generation did not leave the children of German families unaffected. Suspicion and mistrust grew between parents and children: if nobody admitted his or her involvement in the Nazi crimes, everybody could have been a perpetrator; if everyone was silent, anyone could have been a Nazi criminal—even one's father or grandmother.

We find a graphic example of this generational conflict in Niklas Frank's book *In the Shadow of the Reich*, published in 1987. Niklas, by then already a man in his 50s, struggles to come to terms with his father,

Hans Frank, the Nazi governor general of occupied Poland. In the concluding paragraph, Niklas indulges in an angry fantasy about God's arm reaching down from heaven, plunging into his father's throat, and pulling him inside out. "You are turned upside down and inside out now, hanging head downward. Your heart is beating in my face. And I open my mouth and bite into it, into your heart, I take bite after bite . . ."

There may be no other image that more vividly and revoltingly captures the legacy left by the Holocaust

among German perpetrator families. The poison is passed on to the children.

In the Shadow of the Reich is an extreme example. But new studies about German family systems have confirmed that various symptoms related to the Nazi regime, World War II, and the Holocaust have been and still are intergenerationally transmitted. Feelings of guilt and anger, for example, are prevalent among children and grandchildren of perpetrator families. These emotional states, however, are usually not acknowledged as being rooted in the past. Only since the mid-1980s have growing numbers of second- and third-generation Germans begun to confront and examine the impact of the past on their lives.

The increased willingness among post-war German generations to probe their German identity, family history, and their assumptions about Jews can be traced to a combination of factors. First, there is a general relaxation around the taboo of mentioning Juden (Jews) in public discourse. Second, key cultural key experiences jolted the nation out of its denial and complacency: for example the showing of the Hollywood series "Holocaust" and Spielberg's "Schindler's List"; President Reagan's and Chancellor's Kohl visit of a German military cemetery in Bitburg; or the recent, favorable reception among younger people of Goldhagen's thesis on the involvement of ordinary Germans in the Holocaust.

In American Jewish families, the third generation may grow up with stories about the horrendous suffering and heroic endurance of Jews, without being able to imagine the European landscape and political context within which the Holocaust occurred.

Third, there has been a growing willingness among those who were children during the Nazi regime to talk about their experiences. And finally, an ever-increasing number of Germans have been exposed to Jewish culture within Germany, Israel, and the United States.

Meeting the "Other"

In the mid-1980s, another phenomenon occurred: people of different religious and national backgrounds started to meet in order to reflect together how the Holocaust had burdened their lives and their relationships. Unbeknownst to each other, several of these small, experimental projects evolved simultaneously in the United States, Germany, and Israel. The groups thematized the difficulty of relating to each other as Jews and Germans born after the Holocaust and, more specifically, as descendants of Jewish victims, survivors and refugees and of German perpetrators, bystanders, and opportunists (including people, far fewer

in number, who identify themselves as descendants of Jewish partisans and resistance fighters, or as members of the German resistance). In light of Auschwitz, was it possible to examine together a history that seemed to fix group identities into categories of us and them, victims and victimizers? Would the participants have the courage to admit and overcome biases and prejudices with which they had grown up? Would they be able to share feelings of animosity, anger, and guilt, but also of friendship and love? Would they be able to trust each other? Would it be possible for young Jews to trust Germans without "betraying" their grand/parents' suffering, or for young Germans to relate to Jews without being called *Nestbeschmutzer* (soiling one's own nest) by their friends and families? Would it be desirable for children and grandchildren of survivors and perpetrators to mourn together, or to articulate a common vision for the future?

These and similar questions motivated individuals to participate in intensely per-

sonal projects that emphasized experiential and biographical learning. Participants talked about their upbringing, their families, their social networks, their fears and hopes. Some groups remained conversational and cognitive in character; others experimented within therapeutic or artistic settings.

Shortly after I came to the United States from Germany as a twenty-four-year-old student, who had never consciously met a Jewish person in Europe, I also got involved in a project on the relations between Jews and Germans. As a group of six artistically inclined Jewish Americans and non-Jewish Germans, we committed ourselves to exploring together the impact of the Holocaust on our lives through modern dance and experimental drama. We eventually founded The Jewish-German Dance Theatre in Philadelphia and created a performance piece that combined historical and biographical material into a mosaic of short images, stories, and dances. This performance was shown both in the United States (frequently enabling Jewish survivors in the audience to meet young Germans for the first time) and in Germany, then still divided into East and West. Many of the young Germans who came to see our performance had never met Jewish people before; some of the older Germans had not seen Jews since the 1940s.

A distinctive feature of The Jewish German Dance Theatre was our willingness to present a profound personal encounter to the public in form of an artistic performance. But we were not unique in our desire to get

Björn Krondorfer (below) in a performance of *The Jewish-German Dance Theatre*, and with Lisa Green (right)





Students of the *International Summer Program on the Holocaust* on the steps of the Capitol, Washington, D.C.

together as young Jews and Germans in order to address a legacy that seemed to divide us. As we later found out (when the company had already disbanded), other groups had also started to explore similar issues. Israeli psychologist Dan Bar-On, for example, facilitated closed group meetings between children of Jewish survivors and children of high Nazi functionaries; in the Boston area, a pair of American and German therapists offered supervised dialogues between American Jews and non-Jewish Germans (the people later decided to continue as leaderless groups under the names of *One-by-One* and *Face-to-Face*). A German pastor set up a similar meeting with the Anti-Defamation League in New York; in Oakland, Armand Volkas, himself a child of Jewish resistance fighters, started to offer drama therapeutic workshops on the legacy of the Holocaust for Jews, Germans, and other concerned people. What these and other groups had in common was their search for responding to a historic trauma of which they were descendants, and their desire to no longer remain blind to the experiences and perspectives of the respective "other."

International Summer Programs

Today, when younger generations learn about the Holocaust, they are no longer in the midst of the shock, horror, disbelief, and denial with which the world reacted in the immediate aftermath of the Shoah. Young people—and this is especially true for Jews and Germans—grow up in a world in which the Holocaust has attained various levels of symbolic, metaphoric, and politicized meanings. As I was able to observe when working with groups of American and German students (many of them of Jewish and Christian backgrounds), the Holocaust has profoundly influenced their identity and their views on morality, history, and the world at large. But the students are often little aware of the degree to which they are identified with their communities' images, attitudes, biases, and fictionalizations. For many, the "Jew" or the "German," for example, are not real people but fictive images who occupy a certain place in the historical unfolding of the Holocaust and its aftermath.

To break through these fictionalizations and to get a more realistic view of each other, I became involved in setting up and

facilitating summer programs on the Holocaust for groups of American and German students. For one month, a group of twenty students from both countries lived and studied together, first meeting in the United States, then traveling to Berlin and to the extermination camp of Auschwitz, Poland. Open to any students who, in a competitive application process, could demonstrate their sincere interest in the subject, the final group usually consisted of about half of the American group coming from Jewish backgrounds, with the other half identifying as reli-

giously unaffiliated or Christian. Among the German participants, there was an equal number coming from former East and West Germany, including a few who had a Jewish parent or grandparent, or were children of immigrants (like a young Muslim woman from Afghanistan).

After the successful completion of the first program in 1989, the programs were repeated in 1991, 1993, and 1995 under the auspices of the Philadelphia Interfaith Council on the Holocaust and the Protestant Academy of Berlin-Brandenburg. In the future, St. Mary's College will be the American host of the international summer program on the Holocaust, with the first student group hopefully meeting in 1999. Facilitated by Christian Staffa from Berlin and myself, these programs do not only aim at studying the Holocaust historically but at getting students to reflect and discuss their identities and relationships in light of the past. In four weeks, students listen to survivors, visit the Holocaust museum in Washington, discuss films about anti-Semitism, engage in role playing and group dynamic processes, spend a Sabbath weekend with survivor families, argue about the different burdens for children of survivors and of perpetrators,

As I was able to observe when working with groups of American and German students (many of them of Jewish and Christian backgrounds), the Holocaust has profoundly influenced their identity and their views on morality, history, and the world at large.

attend Jewish services in Berlin, examine the Holocaust memorial debate in Germany, and visit Auschwitz for three days—to name just a few of the highlights.

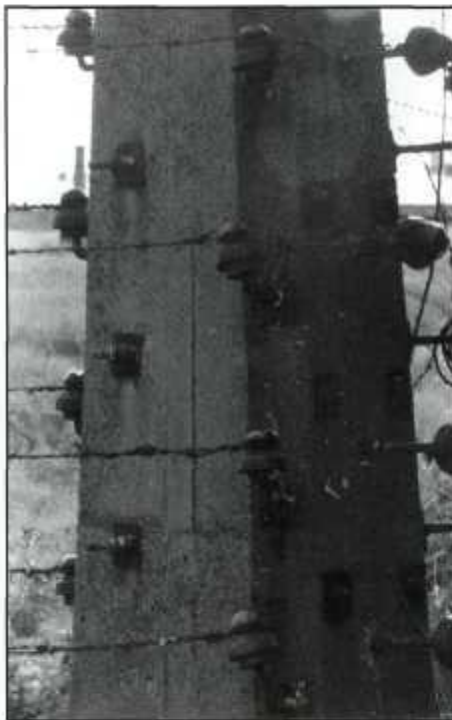
In the past, participating students realized that they were far more emotionally invested in the history and memory of the Holocaust than they had previously realized. They discovered that their different cultural, national, and religious backgrounds influenced how they interpreted the Shoah, how they judged contemporary events in relation to this past, or how they wanted to commemorate the Holocaust. The most passionate discussions usually emerged when the students had difficulties in accepting other perspectives because they were emotionally attached to their own intellectual positions.

A simple example may illustrate this point: for many of the participating Jewish American students, the Holocaust refers specifically to the Nazi attempt at annihilating European Jews. For many young Germans, on the other hand, the term "Holocaust" has a broader meaning and includes, minimally, the persecution of Jews, Gypsies and homosexuals, as well as euthanasia victims, Poles, Soviet POWs, and political prisoners. "Holocaust" can also be understood as applying to Hiroshima and recent genocides. Such usage does not automatically imply that young Germans are in denial of or indifferent to the fate of Jews. Rather, they do not wish to establish hierarchies among different victim groups, fearing that such hierarchization would continue the Nazi mentality of categorizing humans.

Initially students react defensively when stumbling upon such differences. It is difficult to concede that cultural assumptions may have influenced what they considered to be historical truth. Depending on the degree of intellectual and emotional indignation, Germans may

dismiss the Jewish perspective as "narrow-minded," and Jews may denounce the German position as "insensitive" and "anti-Jewish." Ultimately, however, the students reach a point during the four weeks of living together that allows them to develop an understanding and toleration of other perspectives—even if they disagree with them.

It is relatively easy to acknowledge definitional and political differences, as



Electric barbed wire fence,
Auschwitz-Birkenau, Poland

in the case above. The stakes are far higher, for example, when sharing how the Holocaust has been conveyed in one's family. In German family memories, for instance, it is the absence of stories about the persecution and killing of Jews that informs the third generation, thus perpetuating the invisibility of Jews

even in post-war Germany, long after they have been driven away, deported, or murdered by the Nazis. This cultural blindness may result in the belief that one's own family is innocent, thus strengthening family cohesion, but it can also feed the anxious suspicion that one's family is hiding secrets, thus destroying intimate and trusting relationships between the generations.

Many of the German participants in the summer programs also did not notice the absence of Jews in their family narratives until it was pointed out to them by their American peers. For young Germans, to acknowledge this blindness is socially embarrassing. If they had previously believed that they did not repeat the mistakes of their grand/parents and had successfully broken through the legacy of silence, they now discovered that they were part of this legacy.

However, social embarrassment, if facilitated well, can turn into a valuable experience. "One thing we may need to learn," a German participant said during one of the programs, "is to distrust the stories that circulate in our families." This student acknowledged that one of the legacies of the Holocaust for young Germans is a continuous mistrust toward the parent and grandparent generations. But his statement also indicates that he, like other third-generation Germans, is willing to examine family history, regardless of the emotional challenge this task poses. What if he would find what he always feared? What if young Germans discover within their close family circle an adamant member of the Nazi party, or even a war criminal? In the case of the student who articulated the generational distrust so well, family history had taken a strange twist: growing up in East Germany, he had learned as a child that his grandfather had died in the concentration camp of

Buchenwald. He proudly presented this story in school to demonstrate his anti-fascist past. His father later told him that his grandfather had actually died in Buchenwald in 1948, three years after the liberation of the camps. By then, Buchenwald was already in the hands of the Soviets who were imprisoning people suspected of a Nazi past.

In American Jewish families, the third generation may grow up with stories about the horrendous suffering and heroic endurance of Jews, without being able to imagine the European landscape and political context within which the

Become a Sponsor

The International Summer Program on the Holocaust is planned for the summer of 1999. Students from St. Mary's College and other American colleges and universities will be invited to participate. St. Mary's College supports this vital program and hopes to sponsor it with the assistance of its alumni and friends.

The participation cost for students is approximately \$4,000 each. We are offering sponsorships for \$1,000. Sponsors will be invited to join the group for a reception and an opportunity to meet the participants. They will also receive copies of the final publication produced as a result of this project. If you would like to become a sponsor, please send your remittance to:

Torre Meringolo
Vice President for Development
St. Mary's College of Maryland
St. Mary's City, MD 20686

Holocaust occurred. The Holocaust can thus turn into a nightmarish landscape of tremendous proportions, filled with personifications of good and evil, and devoid of the gray shades that characterize human interactions. In the summer programs we repeatedly observed that young American Jews, after befriending Germans, reacted with a diffuse sense of anger and helplessness. Some felt threatened by the fading of the figure of the evil German, which seemed to hold together their moral universe. They could no longer direct their anger indiscriminately against all Germans. As a result, they either specified who they were angry against (e.g. Nazi Germans) or decried, somewhat helplessly, the human condition in general. This reevaluation of their views made them uncomfortable at times, but in the end it helped them to clarify an understanding of the Holocaust germane to their situation.

Auschwitz-Birkenau

When visiting the extermination camp of Auschwitz-Birkenau in Poland with our summer students, I found that the cultural differences in responding to this place were striking. For Jewish students, it was important to touch the earth, the cold wires, the wooden bunk beds. They tried to imagine, almost physically, the horrors that had taken place there. They mourned the loss of their people, sometimes of known family members who perished here. Many of the non-Jewish American students supported them in their grief; some began to question the silence of their churches or the American decision not to bomb the railroad tracks to Auschwitz. Many of the German students, on the other hand, experienced Auschwitz-Birkenau ambivalently, not knowing with whom to identify. Should they grieve for the victims, and support their American friends? If so, wouldn't they avoid the possibility that one of their family members might have been a camp guard? Should they identify with their German forefathers, and thus imagine the perpetrators? If so, how would they keep a distance to such identifications? Struggling

with feelings that seemed to pull them into different directions, they frequently came across as emotionally less expressive than their American peers.

Surface appearances can betray profound inner struggles. I remember a German student whose grandfather, as she had shared with the group earlier, had joined the SS, the elite military unit of the Nazis, also responsible for organizing and executing the mass killings of Jews. When we walked with the students into Auschwitz-Birkenau, prepared to guide the students through the vast landscape of what once was the largest Nazi extermination camp, this German student approached me and asked whether we could start at the top of the main watchtower. Earlier, my co-facilitator Christian Staffa and I had decided to take the group through the main gate directly to the selection ramp, where the trains had unloaded their "human cargo." There, Jewish families were rushed out of the dark cattle cars, whipped, yelled at, lined up, "selected," ordered to go to the left or the right, ordered to undress to take a shower, and. . . The few who were not immediately gassed but selected for slave labor had to learn quickly the internal camp routine, if they wanted to stay alive. From all the accounts we have today, we know that arriving in Auschwitz-Birkenau was a completely disorienting experience. Hence, as facilitators of the student group we wanted to convey part of this disorienting feeling and have the students discover the camp piece by piece.

I explained to the young German woman that, as a group, we did not want to start at the watch tower, and assured her that there would later be time to explore the camp by herself. She got very upset and continued to insist that the whole group climb up the tower. When we denied her request again, her frustration and anger brought her close to tears.

In the evening, the entire group engaged in a passionate discussion of this episode. The German student explained that she wanted everyone on the tower so that they could see the whole camp stretched out in front of them. She wanted to know whether she

The view from the tower would have given me the opportunity to try to put myself into the shoes of an SS man and to get an idea of what kind of power one would enjoy when—in the truest sense of the word—one was above others, in a superior position.

and others would suddenly feel a temptation for power and perhaps understand what had motivated Nazi Germans. The American students showed little understanding and sympathy for her position; some Germans supported her, others did not. The group did not solve the problem that night. But people became aware of how much one's cultural background influences one's emotional attachment to and intellectual assessment of history.

In an essay written about a year later, the student explained again why she was disappointed at the missed opportunity to include a brief visit to the watchtower. I am quoting from her statement at length because it reflects the heartfelt struggle of a young German woman trying to make sense of the burden her grandfather left her with.

"The view of the watchtower conveyed the perspective of the perpetrator. Looking down from above, the camp appears infinitely larger and at the same time easily manageable. The view from the bird's eye makes it possible to recognize the camp as a center for cruelty, embedded in an otherwise peaceful and civil environment. At the same time—and this is essential to me—the view from the tower would have given me the opportunity to try to put myself into the shoes of an SS man and to get an idea of what kind of power one would enjoy when—in the truest sense of the word—one was above others, in a superior position.

"I became afraid of my own feelings when contemplating the temptation inherent in such a position of superiority. My previous certainty that, if called upon, I would fight against a national-socialist terror regime began to crumble. Would I have been among the bystanders as millions of other Germans in the 'Third Reich'? Would I have perhaps found myself among the active defenders and participants of the terror system—perhaps only to get a taste of the power over

"My attempt to understand the thoughts and feelings of the SS men should not be construed as me trying to exonerate the perpetrators. What I want to convey is the idea that every person has the potential to become a perpetrator."

What will the Future bring?

For students of these summer programs it is often frustrating to return to a public that is largely unprepared for the new critical awareness they bring back to their communities, families, and friends. They again must confront old rhetoric, fictionalized images, and claims and counterclaims over the correct way of remembering the past. During occasional reunions, our summer students voiced these frustrations but also talked about their numerous attempts at reaching out to the public to share their experiences when encountering the "other."

Like the students, other people who have participated in intensely interpersonal processes have been met with disapproval by those who have wanted to keep the perspective of the "other" at bay in order to secure internal group cohesion. To support each other against such criticism, people started to create networks and to speak in public. In January of 1997, for example, the first publicly held conference in Germany between descendants of victims and of perpetrators took place in Berlin. There, serious questions were openly debated among panelists, workshop leaders, and the four hundred conference participants.

Given the massive scale of the Holocaust, was it too early to sit in the same room as descendants of victims, perpetrators,



View from selection ramp to watchtower, Auschwitz-Birkenau

others? Or would I have been strong enough to oppose the totalitarian regime? I am not able to say for sure.

accomplices, bystanders, and witnesses? Do young Germans and Jews seek reconciliation on the back of the victims? Do they engage in a cheap rhetoric of "healing" that covers up the horrendous reality of Auschwitz? Do they inadvertently contribute to the general tendency of wanting to forget the Holocaust?

Among those who had experienced the work accomplished in those encounter projects, a consensus seemed to emerge: to them, the willingness to engage in working together through the past was far more important than providing definitive answers.

The January conference was followed a year later by a professional network meeting. No longer limited to Jews and Germans, thirty-five representatives of projects and organizations addressing the aftermath of the Holocaust gathered for three days in Berlin to introduce and discuss their work. About a dozen countries were represented. Participants from the Netherlands, for example, talked about self-help groups for people with Dutch mothers and (mostly unknown) German soldier fathers; or for Dutch children whose parents had collaborated with the Nazi Germans. Discriminated against by their countrymen, these "children" (today adults) needed to find ways to support each other. They remain shunned in their country because their existence is a reminder of the fact that the Netherlands was not only a "victim nation" but also harbored its own Nazi sympathizers who collaborated with the German occupation force.

Other groups at the network meeting presented their educational outreach efforts, like the Boston-based organization Facing History and Ourselves, or Yad Vashem, the Israeli Holocaust museum. A woman from Lithuania talked about her struggle to keep the memory of Jews alive in a country where hardly any Jews are left. German representatives of the Sinti and Roma (Gypsies) talked about

how their communities cope with the aftermath of the Holocaust. Christian Staffa and I represented encounter programs geared towards students of the "third generation." And therapists from Israel, Austria, England, the United States, Germany, and the Czech Republic were present to speak about their work with descendants of the Holocaust. Not surprisingly, this latest gathering recon-

eration to the next, we may be faced with a serious decision: do we want these memories to define us in such a way that we wish to remain separated as people of different religious, national, and cultural backgrounds? Do we need to cling to group identities that remain distrustful of others? Or do we want to find ways to listen to each other, and thus begin the work of closing the divide left by massive traumatization in the past?

If we agree, as I hope, that history and the memories thereof should strengthen our ability to trust the "other" rather than reinforce ideological divisions, I suggest that we provide spaces where students from different backgrounds can get together to reflect on themselves in light of the past. The summer program on the Holocaust is such a space, where students can listen to each other with a good sense of caution but without hostility; where they remember together without assuming that they share the same histories and memories; where they learn to articulate their fears and

mistrust of each other without destroying relationships; where they can respect differences and weaknesses without becoming defensive; and where they can envision a common future without imposing their world views on others.

Perhaps, for all of this to happen, the Holocaust is still too close to many of us, the time not yet ripe. Yet, I think that searching for responses to the history and memory of the Holocaust is not a nostalgic task but a necessity for the future. As we have seen, young people in various countries have begun this task. They may represent one of the sparks which the Jewish tradition calls *tikkun*, the repairing of the world. ♣



Auschwitz-Birkenau

firming that the past is still present, that it continues to impact far more lives than hitherto acknowledged.

As we move into the next millennium, we cannot afford to blind ourselves to the forces of history. Yugoslavia is but one example of the volatile nature of memory. If we ignore or underestimate the power that lies in the transgenerational transmission of conflict and traumatization, memory can easily be turned into ethnocentric politics. Injurious memory—because it can be such a defining moment in who we are—is always in danger of being exploited for nationalistic loyalties and ethno-religious group identities, calling upon people to shed blood over artificially created, ideological divisions.

As we learn about the memories, stories, and values passed on from one gen-

For more information, please contact Björn Krondorfer, Department of Philosophy and Religious Studies, 301-862-0219 (ext. 4219).

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GOVERNOR'S CUP

From DAWN to DUSK

How much fun can a yacht race be?

On August 1, St. Mary's College answered that question with a boisterous celebration of the silver anniversary of one of the East Coast's most celebrated yacht races – our own Governor's Cup. Born of a dream shared by two students and a recent grad, Pete Sarelas and Russell Baker, '75, and Dale Rausch, '71, the 70-mile course from Annapolis to St. Mary's City was established in 1973.

Its accolades are as numerous as the nearly 200 boats that made the down-river run this year. *Yacht Racing and Cruising* magazine (now *Sailing World*) called the Gov Cup (as it's fondly nicknamed) one of the top ten post-race parties in the sailing world. The *Annapolis Capital* blessed it as "the grande dame of the local yacht racing scene . . . [no race] surpasses the Governor's Cup in drawing power." *Yachting* magazine has long followed the race as a major sailing event. In

1985, it called the Governor's Cup "the race that goes somewhere," and declared, "The race down the Bay, with its variable weather and currents, is an interesting one, and the enjoyable ambiance at the end of it provides a happy finale. The combination has made this . . . a Bay Classic."

Among the Gov Cup's long-time heroes is the Beigel family of Annapolis. Phil sailed in his first Governor's Cup with his family as the crew. Daughter Barbara (now



25TH ANNIVERSARY



Vosbury) is an SMCM graduate and a fundamental part of the Cup's planning each year. Because of the occasion, College President O'Brien appointed an honorary planning committee under the co-chairmanship of Trustee Teddy Turner and Foundation Board Member Bobby Waldschmidt to make special arrangements.

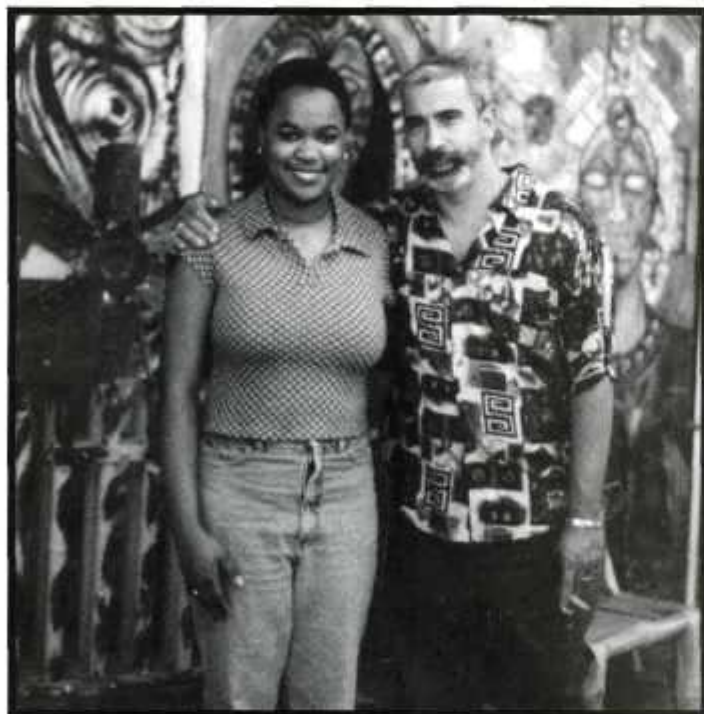
Construction and grounds improvements around the waterfront and the hope of drawing even more people than usual necessitated a relocation to the

Admissions Green on Fisher Road, high above the bay. From there, the crowd enjoyed bluegrass, reggae, and rock music, an abundance of food and beverages, a silent auction of a historic collection of Governor's Cup posters, and daylong festivities ending with a catered dinner, music by the Chesapeake Chamber Orchestra, dancing, and fireworks. Twenty-five years down and several hundred to go.



AT FIDEL'S DOORSTEP

BY TANYA SAUNDERS



Tanya and Afro-Cuban painter, Practices Santaria.

I AWOKE SUDDENLY TO SCREAMS AND MACHINE GUNFIRE. Startled, I jumped from my bed, prepared for a mad dash toward the door. Before running for my life, I decided to take a quick glance to see where the shouts were coming from. There on the hotel television screen was Fidel Castro sometime after his revolution, shouting passionately at a large audience of black people who roared in response with relentless vigor. With an audible sigh I fell onto the bed. What a way to awake for my first day in Cuba.

I rolled silently out of the bed and walked over to the shutters hiding the window. "So this is communism," I thought. "Humph!" I mumbled as I stood up and changed the channel to VHL. I actually had done it. I had arrived in Havana alone, with the names of possible contacts my professors had given me, hoping that their unsuspecting hosts had not moved in the last five years. With a smile, I thought about why I had chosen to research racism in Cuba as the topic for my senior project.

I can still remember my uncle explaining racism to me after some of my first childhood experiences with it. I remember listening in shock as teachers told me about their fears of black men, and I remember hearing people mumble "nigger" as I walked by. The most disquieting thing about these situations is that they occurred in the 1990s, during my middle and high school years, not during the segregation era with which many people associate racism.

When I spoke to my uncle about these experiences, he tried to comfort me with stories about the accomplishments of Fidel Castro. Castro was someone he greatly respected because he "stood up" to the United States and, according to my uncle, he helped to end discrimination against blacks in Cuba. For him, Cuba was the place to be for all people of color because Cuba was a "black man's country run by a black man." Yes, my uncle is a bit radical in his thinking, but his concepts of Cuba, I feel, were reflections of a question that has crossed the minds of many African Americans. The question: is there any country outside of Africa where blacks enjoy the privileges of full citizenship and social acceptance? Because of the opportunity afforded me by my St. Mary's Project, I had come to Havana to study the

Cuban national conviction that their nation is a raceless society.

I glanced at my clock. I was late. I knew that my driver was probably sitting outside in the hot sun, since unauthorized Cubans are not allowed into tourist places. I rushed to get dressed. Dashing from the elevator into the air-conditioned lobby, I was relieved to see my driver reclining in an armchair under a fan. "Vamos!" I shouted. When I reached the door, one of the bellmen grabbed my arm and asked me, in Spanish, what I was doing in the hotel. "What?!" I shouted purposely in English while moving towards



"Mr. Imperialist, we have absolutely no fear of you!"

the door. "She's a foreigner," another bellman whispered in Spanish, and immediately the first man released my arm.

On our way to meet my first contact, Marcos, the driver, looked at me, smiled, and then remarked, "You know you look very Cuban." Good, I thought, it should make my research all the more interesting. We arrived at the Fernando Ortiz Foundation to meet a noted ethnographer of Afro-Cuban Studies. While we waited for this illustrious individual to arrive, my driver and I sat and chatted with a secretary.

During the conversation about "Afro-Cuban Culture," I had a hard time understanding the secretary's accent. She noticed my dilemma and remarked, "Oh you see how we slur our words. That's a trait left from the Africans. Cubans speak horrible Spanish because of the blacks." They commenced to tell me who to watch out for. I was advised to avoid people who practiced Santeria, Orisha, and other "African religions" because they were witches and would put a spell on me. Of course, most of the people who practice these religions are black. When the ethnographer appeared, I realized for the first time that I was the only black person among the four of us. Since Cuba's black population is as high as 70%-80%, I assumed most of the people I would be meeting would be black like me. It wasn't turning out that way. So far, most of the people at the hotel, employees and guests, were white or extremely light-skinned blacks.

During our lunch break, I walked around the area surrounding the hotel. On my return trip, I stopped to speak with a tall dark-skinned young man who was

BECAUSE OF THE OPPORTUNITY afforded me by my St. Mary's Project, I had come to Havana to study the Cuban national conviction that their nation is a raceless society.

about 18 years old. We stood for a moment chatting until I felt comfortable enough to ask him if he felt that Cuban society was racist. He laughed, and began telling me stories about his experiences with police harassment and detention for no reason at all.

Engulfed in conversation, I had not realized we were standing near the entrance of the hotel until the bellman, a short stocky bi-racial guy, asked my guest to leave the area. Furious that he would interrupt me I asked him why. "Because I don't like his kind," he said. Immediately I assumed he was racist, and I confronted him. He laughed, put his arm around me and said, "My dear, there are no races here in Cuba; only good people and bad people." Maybe I had jumped to conclusions. The boy could have been some hustler looking for sympathy, I thought as I passed Marcos who was sitting under a fan waiting for me. I looked outside to see the young man who had been left standing in the hot sun near the hotel door. He was walking away.

That afternoon I had a rare opportunity to attend an informal conference on racism in Cuba. Most of the attendees were black. I sat in amazement watching a light-skinned black woman comment on how Cuba was not racist like the "capitalist United States." "Since the communist government came to power everyone had been treated equally and racism disappeared!" she bellowed. According to her, only a few prejudiced people remained. A black playwright, however, saw the black situation differently. He commented that blacks were not being taught about all of the famous black Cubans in history. He stated that every time he produced a play or wrote something related to Afro-Cuban culture, he was harassed, called a racist, and accused of attempting to divide the country. He explained that, if a white person

wanted to write about Afro-Cubans, he was praised and encouraged to do so. Yet, black Cubans were not encouraged along these lines. Immediately I thought of the white ethnographer whom I had met earlier. I was beginning to see a pattern.

On the way to the hotel I thought about the lighter woman's comment. In analyzing what she had said, I tried to distinguish between a racist society and a prejudiced one. A racist society divides its people between a dominant group and a subordinate group based on their races. In a racist society, the dominant race uses political and economic power to oppress the others. Racial superiority is used to justify this type of discrimination. In a prejudiced society, discrimination is more of a private concern that is limited to interaction between individuals. In such a society, there is no dominant political and economic entity that uses racist ideology to oppress its subordinates. For example, statistically, a larger percentage

Che Guevara in Havana Plaza, Plaza of the Revolution, across from José Martí statue.



of blacks in Cuba own land, enjoy dependable health care, benefit from extensive job opportunities, and have a higher rate of literacy than blacks in any other country in the world. The government neither protects nor supports any group whose ideology and membership is based on race. In fact, such practices are outlawed. Yet, the daily reality was far less idealistic. I realized that, for my

thinking, "I am normally not allowed in here but since a tourist asked me in...you cannot stop me from entering."

After buying her dinner, and chatting a bit, I bluntly told her that I could not believe how racist Cuban society was, and that blacks in Cuba suffered the same plight as blacks in the United States. "No," she said, "blacks here are different than blacks there." Realizing

lation where racism was based on white cultural and political superiority, lighter skin became important, not the "purenness of blood." There has been so much intermarriage among races throughout Cuban history; it has become difficult to separate whites from blacks based on lineage. Instead, Cubans began to distinguish between the races by separating those who physically appear the whitest from those who physically appear the darkest. When taking into consideration the obvious influence of African culture on Cuba and the extensive racial intermarriage that has taken place over the centuries, it becomes difficult to ignore the African heritage of Cuban culture. Thus white (or rather lighter) Cubans have begun to embrace their African heritage, as black Cubans have done throughout history.

When whites began embracing their African heritage, they were selective in their choices. "Good" (or favored) aspects of African culture became accepted, while aspects considered negative were rejected. Some of the aspects of African influence which Cubans

consider positive are music, dance, cuisine, and art. Some of the African influences they have rejected are speech patterns, religions of African origin such as Santeria, Orisha, and dark skin as well as other African physical features.

The professor and I began discussing Cuban history as it affected white perceptions of blacks. For example, during the early colonial period, many colonizing slaveholders dreamed of creating large, sugar-producing, slave-driven plantation societies in the New World. Santo Domingo (Haiti) was the dream colony until the late eighteenth century when the 200,000-person slave labor force revolted against the 20,000 whites on the island. The Haitian Revolution frightened whites throughout the Americas. Those who lived in societies with large black populations, such as Cuba, feared a black revolution in their colonies.

Another factor is that as Cubans began to embrace their African heritage and to distinguish themselves from other



Statue of José Martí, Spanish-descent Cuban national hero. Died in second war of independence against Spain, 1895.

thesis, I would have to address the differences between racism and prejudice.

When the cab stopped in front of the hotel, I realized I was late for my next contact, a renowned professor from the University of Havana. When I walked through the doors I smiled at the bellman who had grabbed my arm earlier. I was hoping to see a woman sitting under the same fan in the lobby that Marcos had positioned himself under, but the lobby was empty. Walking to the reception desk, I glanced outside and noticed a well-dressed, dark-skinned black woman just outside the doors but looking in. She was hoping to see me. I waited a few minutes to see if she would come in. She did not. "So this is a raceless society." I whispered to myself as I went outside to meet my guest.

I invited her into the hotel to have lunch. As she walked though the hotel doors past the bellmen, I watched as her facial expression and body language changed. She looked at the doormen as if she were

that I probably seemed like I was a Pan-Africanist to her, I replied, "No, I know there is obviously a cultural difference, but in terms of history both groups were slaves and both continue to suffer the effects of racism in their countries." "No," she said again, "it is still different." After a long and interesting discussion, I began to realize that, like many other Americans, I had misjudged the situation among Cuban blacks in terms of racism and their society. Even though I had come to understand that racism was different in Cuba, until the professor and I had addressed that difference at some length, I had not internalized it.

Cuba's population has included an extremely large number of blacks throughout its history. That's still true today. According to the 1997 CIA World Fact Book, 69% of Cuba's population is made up of people of color. That includes 57% who are bi-racial, 11% black, and 1% Chinese.

In a country like Cuba, which was a European colony with a large black popu-

I COULD NOT BELIEVE HOW RACIST

Cuban society was, and that blacks in Cuba suffered the same plight as blacks in the United States.

colonists, they compared themselves to other slave-holding countries. Because so many Cubans were bi-racial, they began to view their society as truly integrated. Despite complaints from blacks that they were being treated unfairly, white Cubans were proud that, although segregation was commonly practiced, it had never been legally established. They came to believe that the Cuban Wars of Independence, in which blacks and whites fought side by side against Spain, had ended racism in their country. Yet, blacks in white squadrons were expected to serve white soldiers at dinnertime, while predominately black squadrons were routinely under-supplied with everything from food to weapons. As a result, blacks fought with machetes while whites were armed with firearms. The first constitution of the Cuban Republic (1902) made racism illegal. As a result, whites accused blacks who complained of ill treatment of racism since, in their eyes, racism was no longer a part of Cuban society.

One important turning point in Cuban history was the 1912 black massacre. An armed march had been organized by a leading black political party to protest the treatment of blacks and their near-lack of representation in government. Whites believed that the long feared black revolution had come. A violent repression of the marchers ensued, spreading to include other blacks in the area. The violence was accompanied with a widespread anti-black political slander so demeaning that blacks were frightened into silence. Speaking out against racism became a powerful social stigma. When Fidel Castro came to power, he acknowledged previous racist practices but blamed it on capitalism.

After Cuba became a

communist country which granted its people an equal distribution of work, homes, and health care, the Revolutionary Party began to claim that Castro's rule had solved the race problem. Thereafter, speaking out against racism was the equivalent of sedition. Since criticism of the government was unacceptable under the communist regime, dissenters were routinely harassed.

In essence the lighter skinned woman was right. Cuba is not racist like the United States. In the United States, anyone with an iota of black genes in their lineage is considered black and, therefore, subject to racial discrimination. European culture dominates because of the smaller black population. However, people can actively oppose racism without fear of certain social and government retaliation.

In Cuba, racism is manifested differently. Cubans do not reject those with "black blood," because it is so common, but they do reject those with particularly African features. Although blacks in Cuba own more property, have better health care than other black populations, and enjoy a higher literacy rate, Cuba is not free of racism. Blacks are proportionally worse off than whites in Cuba in terms of health care and wealth. One



Photographs, above and below: views of apartments outside Hotel V

example of a racist practice involves the tourist industry. Because its employees are paid in dollars instead of the devalued Cuban currency, it is the most lucrative in Cuba. The vast majority of those working in the industry are white. Many call this practice "dollar-apartheid."

In tackling the challenge of my St. Mary's Project I came to the conclusion that, yes, Cuban society is afflicted with racism. Therefore, while it may appear that Cuba "is an African nation," blacks there have to deal with racism in much the same way as they do within our country. However, the way that Cubans express racism is as different from racist manifestations in the United States as is its distinct culture and heritage. ♣

FALL SPORTS PREVIEW



FIELD HOCKEY

At first glance, last year's 3-12 record may indicate that the St. Mary's field hockey team had a disappointing season. However, six of those losses were by a single goal, and three of those were overtime losses. First-year head coach **Laura Biggs '92** thinks that the program is definitely headed in the right direction. "This program is just in its fifth year," says Biggs. "We are still in the early stages of trying to build a foundation, but the program will grow."

Two players who were big keys to the Seahawks' attack in 1997 return this year: sophomore **Sue Welsh** and senior **Lynn Maciolek**.

The Seahawks will also look to senior **Nairem Moran**, a second team All-CAC selection in 1997, to lead the team this season. Moran has started every game on defense for St. Mary's for the past two seasons and will most likely be the team's top defensive presence again this year.

Biggs is uncertain as to who will play in goal for the Seahawks this season but feels that the leading candidates right now are sophomore **Tarn Puvapiromquan** and freshman **Nichole Downs**. Biggs feels that this may be the most important position on the team this year.

"We want to be .500, both overall and in the conference," Biggs says of the upcoming season. "It will be very tough in the CAC, but that is where we would like to be."

MEN'S SOCCER

In 1997, the men's soccer team put together a 9-7 campaign, a six and a half game improvement over the previous season, and second-year head coach **Eric Wagner** is hoping that that type of improvement continues in 1998. "We want to build on what we did last year," says Wagner. "We have two all-confer-

ence players returning, as well as nine of 11 starters, so this is a year for our program to take a giant step forward."

Wagner feels that the key to this year's team could be the defense. "We need to continue to limit our opponents' chances," says Wagner.

"We need to be more creative on offense this year and have a variety of options to score from," says Wagner. "We need to be more balanced in our attack. If we are less reliant on a couple of players to do all of the scoring, it will be harder for other teams to mark us out of games."

Wagner cites depth as the team's primary strength this year. "We have 17 new players and 13 players returning from last year's team," he says.

WOMEN'S SOCCER

To many people, a 10-7 overall record and a trip to the conference semifinals would probably constitute a good season. However, St. Mary's women's soccer coach **Mike Sweeney** is not about to let his team be satisfied with last year's results. "We want to improve on last year," says Sweeney, who is now in his 15th season as the head women's soccer coach at St. Mary's. "Of our seven losses, we felt we were only beaten once. We had a lot of one-goal games that could have gone either way. This year, our goal is to come out on top in those close games."

Senior co-captains **Jessica Romano** and **Christie Valentine**, who were both first team All-Capital Athletic Conference selections in 1997, will be joined by senior **Tara Jensen** to give the Seahawks one of the strongest midfields in the conference.

Besides the midfield, Sweeney expects the team to look very different from last season's squad. Nowhere will the new faces be more evident than up front, where Sweeney expects **Melissa**

Erwin, a sophomore transfer from Northern Virginia Community College, and freshman **Aubrey Banig** to be the team's top two forwards. Even with two new forwards likely to be starting, Sweeney intends to make offense the focal point of this year's team. "Last year we had trouble finishing, which cost us some of those close games," says Sweeney. "This year we are going to try to be more aggressive with our attack and take some risks."

In the back, the Seahawks will probably have a different look this year as well. Junior **Yvonne Heffernan**, who was a second team All-CAC selection last year after tying for the team lead with eight goals, returns to anchor the defense.

VOLLEYBALL

Following three consecutive 20-win seasons, the St. Mary's volleyball team finished the 1997 season with a 13-17 overall record. First-year head coach **Bryan Snyder** feels that this year's team can get the program back on the winning track. "There is a lot of talent on this team," says Snyder. "We can easily be a 20-win team, but more importantly, we want to be competitive in every one of our matches."

Going into the season, Snyder feels that defense is the team's top priority. "We definitely need to improve our defense," says Snyder.

Snyder feels that the offense needs to be more efficient in 1998 for the team to be successful. "Last year, the team had too many attack errors (541) and too low of an attack percentage (.166)," says Snyder. "This year, I think if we utilize all of our weapons to keep the other teams off balance, and react smarter to bad situations, we can get the errors down to around 400 and the attack percentage over .200, which is where we need to be."—**BRIAN SNYDER**

FALL 1998 . . . A LOOK BACK



Rigoberta Menchú Tum, 1992 Nobel Peace Prize Laureate, spoke on "Women and Social Changes".



David McCullough, renowned historian and author, inaugurated The Andrew J. Goodpaster Leadership and Honor Lecture with "History as a Source of Strength."



Patricia Ireland addressed "Global Feminism in the 21st Century."

CAMPUS RENOVATION



Kent Hall, once a gymnasium, is now brand new faculty offices and classrooms.



Charles Hall begins its growing pains. Construction will double its size and greatly enhance its facilities.



The "Pavilion," temporary headquarters of the Campus Center, dining hall, and several offices until Charles Hall reopens in January 2000.



The Waterfront—the College's natural wonder—as it begins renovation.

TOWNHOUSE POND: *Good Ecological Management*

IN 1997, LAURA HENRY WROTE A 90-PAGE PAPER, "EXPLAINING ST. MARY'S: AN ECOLOGICAL TOUR GUIDE TO THE CAMPUS." IN THE TWO PAST ISSUES OF THE MULBERRY TREE PAPERS WE PRESENTED, IN ABRIDGED FORM, HER STUDIES OF ST. JOHN'S POND AND THE WATERFRONT. IN THIS ISSUE WE ARE HAPPY TO PRESENT THE THIRD AND FINAL PART OF HER STUDY, FOCUSING THIS TIME ON THE AREA AROUND THE TWO TOWNHOUSE COMPLEXES.



A view of Townhouse Pond in 1998.

BY LAURA HENRY '97

DURING OUR THIRD AND FINAL TOUR OF THE COLLEGE, we will walk around the north area of the campus, where all the most recent construction has taken place. These buildings include Townhouse Green (1986), Townhouse Crescent (1994), and the science building (Schaefer Hall, 1994). The start of our tour is across the road from Daugherty-Palmer Commons (DPC) at the northeastern corner of the pond, which has no name other than some variation of "Townhouse Pond."

When the Townhouse Green area was built, its drainage pond was also put in. It collects the runoff water from the surrounding land area where all the above-named buildings rest. Later, when the science building and the newer set of townhouses were built, the demand on the pond increased. In fact, it had to be dredged to deepen it, enlarging its capacity and ensuring that the drainage pipes actually flowed into the pond.

At this point we need a review of the water cycle to understand the role of the drainage pond. The water cycle is the path that water travels in its various forms as it moves continuously from the earth to the atmosphere and back again. Since this is a loop, a definitive starting place does not exist, so we will randomly start in the atmosphere. There is always a supply of water vapor in the sky. Under the right conditions, it condenses and precipitates as rain, snow, sleet, or hail. In Southern Maryland, rain is the most common. Once it reaches the surface of the earth, many different paths are possible. First, it can fall onto land or into a body of water. From either of these places, it can evaporate again rapidly, or stay for a longer period of time, depending on other atmospheric conditions. Water that happens to reside on land usually percolates deeper into the soil, until it reaches an impenetrable rock layer. At this bedrock, the water can then collect, forming a water table, or it can move in

whatever direction the bedrock slopes. Eventually, the water may find a permeable area in the rock layer and join the aquifer that exists underneath this layer. Aquifers are where we get most of our drinking water, as wells penetrate into this supply of fresh water. If the water never reaches this "recharge area," it may make its way to a large body of water, like the St. Mary's River, fed by underground sources. Rivers then all dump into oceans, at which point the only other place water can go is back into the atmosphere. As we begin to better understand this cycle, we also understand the importance of keeping this groundwater, our source of fresh water, clean.

Recognizing this need, the State of Maryland requires a certain level of stormwater and runoff water management during and after major building projects. Infiltration is the general name for one of these practices. There are two purposes of an infiltration pond. One is the collection of sediment: flowing water always carries some sediment, or small particles of soil or rock. In areas that have been damaged by construction or some natural form of erosion, flowing water often contains a greater amount of sediment. This higher concentration of sediment can lead to problems for aquatic organisms, such as the blockage of sunlight. A collection pond allows sediments in runoff to settle before the water moves on to its next stage of the water cycle.

A collection pond that incorporates infiltration removes sediments and pollutants by another method as well. The pond, in a sense, "filters" the runoff water before allowing it to return to the water table or a nearby body of water. The townhouse pond allows for the natural infiltration of water through the six- to eight-foot layer of earth between the bottom of the pond and the water table itself. It also has a built-in filtering system that uses a variety of materials, such as rocks of different sizes, to facilitate the filtering process. A drain at the bottom of the pond directs the water through this supplementary filtering system. Unfortunately, the pond is not working up to par. Many times during heavy rains, the pond overflows at its southern end and

trickles down the hill to the river. This direct flow to the river is exactly what the pond is supposed to avoid.

But there are benefits to the pond: simply stated, it is beautiful. It mirrors what's going on in the sky above it. At night, the lights from the townhouses lining it reflect from the surface and turn the campus into a romantic European village, if you use your imagination. The pond attracts a variety of wildlife that graces us with its presence everyday. Herring gulls (*Larus argentatus*) can be found here almost year-round, as can a multitude of mallards (*Anas platyrhynchos*). These ducks like to nest in any underbrush they can find around the pond. A popular location is the pyracantha (*Pyracantha* sp.), the large, twisted bush located in the small triangle of landscaping between the sidewalk lining the pond and the road. Some days snowy or great egrets (*Egretta thula* and *Casmerodius albus*) or great blue herons (*Ardea herodias*) can be seen wading in the shallows, searching for frogs to eat. The frogs that survive join in chorus on spring and summer nights. Killdeer (*Charadrius vociferous*) enjoy the water's edge immensely, screeching to each other as they scurry about on the gravel. Large patches of narrow-leaved cattails (*Typha angustifolia*) adorn the edges of the pond. At the end closest to the river grow several weeping willows (*Salix babylonica*). They were not planted by the College, but were encouraged to grow there once they established themselves. They are not very stable, as their roots are embedded in rather slippery ground. Notice that one of them is being supported by several metal poles. It fell over once in a storm and could not stand on its own afterwards. Groundskeeping workers do what they can to help the trees survive.

Interestingly, the townhouse pond is a focal point for the myriad values shown towards the campus's natural environment. There was a fairly large outcry when the pond was dredged without any apparent thought given to the animals, like frogs and birds, that were living there. Rumors circulated that the pond needed to be dredged on a regular basis for years to come. Such rumors came from people



Interestingly, although the killdeer is included as a shore-bird, it can be found all over the U.S., sometimes far from water. It is a very distinctive bird because of a number of factors, including its loud call, which supposedly sounds like "killdeer." They also have a recognizable flight pattern with short wing flaps. The dark neck stripes and the reddish rump also denote killdeer characteristics. These birds, found year-round at St. Mary's, build their nests in the spring right on the ground. When a predator threatens their nests, they feign injury, like a broken wing, to draw the predator away.

who were unaware of the workings of the pond and yet concerned about their immediate environment. On the other hand, after many weekends, especially those with large parties occurring at the townhouses, the edges of the pond are usually littered with bottles and cans.

Who knows what else can be found in the muck at the bottom? Probably several frisbees lost by dedicated frisbee golfers, just another form of wildlife. Unfortunately, the waste left by the human wildlife does not decompose quite as easily as the waste left by birds and frogs. Frisbees never decompose!

Now that you have the background about the townhouse pond, we can begin walking about the area of its drainage. Look out for the drainage grates and ditches in this area that feed water to the

native species. In the 1970's when landscaping first became popular in the country and at SMCM, designers liked to use exotic and exciting species of ornamental plants. Since then, the popular attitude has changed a bit. Realizing that native plants grow where they do because they are naturally adapted to their environment, landscapers began to use plants that would flourish naturally rather than continue struggling to support exotic species. This philosophy is more environmentally sound for other reasons as well. There

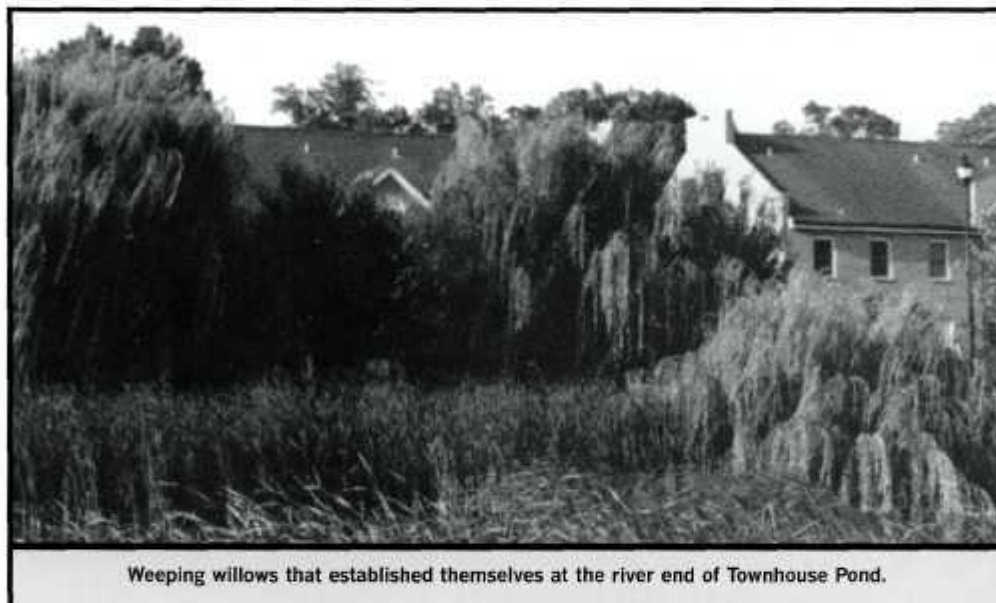
broader geographical region limited only by the borders of United States. Some are species that have been "created" from natural species. They have been genetically bred for certain characteristics, perhaps, and are quite different from the original plant. Some of our native species include azaleas, rhododendrons, and dogwoods. Non-native species come from all over, sometimes indicating their origins by their names.

At St. Mary's can be found English boxwoods and Japanese maples.

Although many of these species of ornamental plants may be well-adapted to their natural environments, some have quite a challenge adapting to their cultural environments. Many suffer from what Head of Grounds, Susan Carter, calls "cultural damage." We will see many examples of plants that are mistreated somehow by the human beings with whom they share their homes, or are planted in the wrong places, or suffer a multitude of other trials.

Walking along beside the pond we are walking behind the townhouse blocks named Homer Dodge, Geneva Boone, and Eleanor Harrington. Behind the first block in the grassy lawn area are planted trees such as crabapples (*Malus* sp., native). Many of the ornamental trees on campus were started from grafts. These crabapples were probably grafted from other fruit trees like pears. Grafting is done by implanting a cutting from the desired tree into a shoot from a rooted tree that may be more hardy than the desired tree. The implanted cutting lives from the existent structure of the shoot and eventually "takes over" and the desired tree replaces the shoot with its own structure. As you walk about campus, look for ornamental trees with knots or hooks at the trees' bases; chances are, they were grafted. In the case of these crabapples, if you look closely, you may be able to see shoots of the old, original tree coming up around the present tree; they look nothing like the crabapple.

Also behind these townhouses are a variety of shrubs and groundcovers such



Weeping willows that established themselves at the river end of Townhouse Pond.

pond. Follow first the road between the pond and the townhouses, paying attention to the interesting ornamental plants around the buildings. This is an excellent point at which to explain some of the philosophy of the landscaping at St. Mary's.

First and foremost, the most important requirement demanded for the appearance of the campus is that it be "aesthetically pleasing." The problem with this phrase is the difficulty in defining it, though generally, neatness is one of the primary qualities. Second, the campus has an almost quaint look that the College strives to maintain. In the specific arena of landscaping, the townhouse and Schaefer Hall area of the campus represents much of the modern philosophy of the planting done here. Many of the species used are

have been countless instances of species introduced to this continent that, instead of struggling to survive, flourish so much that they outcompete native species. An example of this happened with the well-known kudzu in the South, the viny plant that can be found suffocating virtually every tree along southern roadsides. The kudzu was brought from Asia to help control erosion. Yet it makes more sense to landscape with species that are native to the area. This is not to say that all exotic species have been eradicated from the St. Mary's campus. This is not the case. And it is also not to say that all of the so-called "native" species can be found in the woods surrounding the campus. Rather, depending on the extent of "nativeness," these are species that have their origins in a

as a crape myrtles (*Lagerstroemia indica*, non-native), forsythia (*Forsythia* sp., native), juniper (*Juniperus* sp., native), and cranberry cotoneaster (*Cotoneaster Apiculata*, non-native). The large hollies that are attempting to hide the voltage transformer behind Boone are Nelly Stevens hollies (*Ilex* sp). Some of these are native, like the juniper, while some are not, like the crape myrtle.

Here we can see some of our first examples of cultural damage. These are some very subtle cases that take a trained eye to discover. For instance, some of the crape myrtles planted on the porches of the townhouses have a strange gray soot on their bark. This is commonly referred to as "powdery mildew," and it is there partly because the bushes are planted in a space enclosed by brick walls and receive no air circulation. Other crape myrtles we'll see later planted in wide-open spaces don't suffer from this mold.

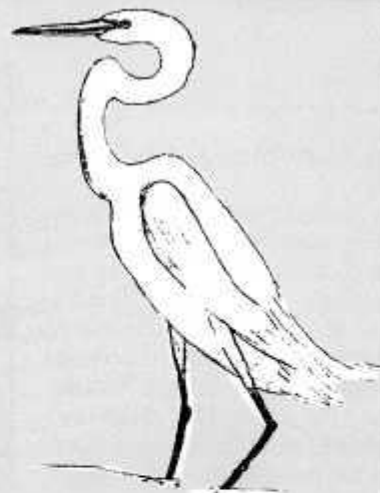
As we walk between the townhouses and into the Green itself, you'll notice some other intriguing shrubs planted around and in front of the buildings. These include azaleas (*Rhododendron* sp., native), euonymous (*Euonymus* sp., native), cotoneasters (*Cotoneaster apiculata*, non-native), mugo pines (*Pinus mugo*, non-native), Japanese hollies (*Ilex crenata*, non-native), inkberries (*Ilex glabra*, native), heavenly bamboo (*Nandina domestica*, non-native), boxwoods (*Buxus sempervirens*, native), and many others. Most of them are evergreen because the idea is to have ornamental plants that are ornamental year-round. Some of them have truly beautiful foliage, such as the multi-colored heavenly bamboo, a non-native dwarf bamboo. Watch out for the cranberry cotoneasters. Some have gotten quite large. If there are branches with tiny dark green leaves and red berries or white flowers reaching out onto the path to grab you, they're cotoneasters. They are an attractive plant, but difficult to keep under control. In front of the Trueschler townhouses are several English boxwoods that are over 20 years old. They were donated to the College by a woman who didn't want them in her yard any-

more, despite the fact that such old shrubs are fairly valuable plants.

Check out some of these bushes closely and see if you can discover uncharacteristic yellow or brown branches, or funny growths on some of the stems. If you're lucky, you may see galls, which are simply large growths on the plants caused by invasive bacteria or fungi. Some of the yellow foliage may be attributed to dog urine. Furry pets are not permitted on campus, but visitors find their way here frequently. Some plants get fairly heavy doses of beer poured onto them occasionally and do not fare well from such a treatment. Some of the small, scrawny plants appear in such a form simply because they are either getting too much or not enough sun. For instance, azaleas like shade, which becomes apparent when comparing plants that get full sunlight with those that get only partial sun. Another difficulty faced by some plants is the soil type. These are fairly neutral soils here at the townhouses, and shrubs such as rhododendrons like acidic soils. And yet there is an occasional rhododendron planted in front of the townhouses.

Another interesting detail to be on the watch for is plant parasitism. Look closely at the stems and undersides of leaves. White spots could be egg cases of spider mites; if they appear in regular lines along a stem, they may be scales. Shake a branch over a piece of white paper and see what kinds of items you can find falling onto it. These tiny creatures occupy a largely unnoticed world. Sometimes their entire universe is the bush on which they live. Although they seem so tiny, if left to their will, they can wreak havoc on the foliage that the College works so hard to maintain. Fortunately, creative ways for dealing with insect pests are used on this campus.

Now, in the 1990s, St. Mary's uses a method called Integrated Pest Management (IPM) to fight bugs. IPM focuses on use of biological controls rather than pesticides. In the natural world, there exist predators that love to eat the tiny insects that inhabit our shrubs, and IPM makes use of these natural predators. One praying mantis can



Two egrets are found on campus, and are distinguished by two things: their size, and their leg and bills colors. Great egrets have yellow bills and black legs and feet, whereas snowy egrets have black bills, black legs and yellow feet. Additionally, while the great can be found here year-round, the snowy only makes occasional appearances during the winter. They both wade in the shallow fresh or salt waters, fishing as they go.

clean up several square yards of bugs. But care must be taken with these mantises: they're territorial and will fight to the death. Another favorite predator is the attractive lady bug, or ladybird beetle. Even bagworms, whose interesting egg cases can be found hanging off a variety of trees and bushes and sides of build-

ings, are controlled by predators.

Besides natural predators, there are other ingenious ways to eradicate insect pests. One surprisingly effective method is the use of oil. Spraying a fine mist of horticultural oil or insecticidal soap onto the foliage, making sure to cover the upper and undersides of the leaves, will suffocate many of the bugs without harming the plants if the layer is not too thick. Thanks to IPM, the only chemical used on insects at St. Mary's is malathion, which kills mosquitoes. These pests don't prey on plants but on mammals, like us. It's an interesting coincidence that the insects that require chemicals to kill them are the ones that bother humans directly!

Chemicals are more commonly used as fertilizers and herbicides. Fertilizers containing nitrogen and phosphorus are regularly applied to the lawns. These are the two primary limiting nutrients, which basically means that plants require them in fairly large amounts. Maintaining an aesthetic appearance on campus means that weeds are not tolerated. Weed control requires the largest proportion of chemicals on campus. Non-specific weed killers like Roundup are depended on most heavily. Fortunately, Roundup is designed to stay where it is sprayed, meaning that it breaks down before it is drained away by water. There are more specific herbicides used on campus as well. For instance, some attack only broad-leaved weeds. In general, grounds-keeping tries to do as much weeding by hand as possible.

Focusing again on Townhouse Green, you'll see a couple of different varieties of trees. The four tall pine trees clustered towards the end of the row in the middle of the Green are loblolly pines (*Pinus taeda*), situated there before the townhouses were built. Loblolly pines are common in St. Mary's County. Notice their characteristic long needles in bunches of three. They are a common coastal coniferous tree in the South that some-



Common in St. Mary's County, loblolly pines can reach a height of 100 feet and a diameter of 5 feet.

times reach a height of 100 feet and a diameter of 5 feet. These are certainly the most majestic trees here on Townhouse Green.

Some of the other trees have not had quite enough time to grow to majesty, although they have that possibility. The trees planted in rows in front of the four blocks of houses farthest from DPC are willow oaks (*Quercus Phellos*). The ones in front of Maggie and Homer Dodge are Kwansan cherries, an ornamental species that is usually trimmed to stay relatively small. These were planted when this set of townhouses was built in 1986 and have been neatly pruned ever since. Returning to the willow oaks, there is a point of interest with these trees. Southern Maryland has a fairly mild climate. Everyone, people and trees alike, tends to expect more rain than snow in the winters. However, on occasion, a severe storm can catch the unsuspecting by surprise. This happened in the winter of 1994, and the willow oaks here bear the scars to testify to the occurrence. The best example of this ice-storm damage can be seen on one of the trees in front of Morsell; it has a black scar running

along the trunk. Fortunately, the scarring was far from fatal, and eventually the new growth of the tree will almost completely cover it. However, the mark of the storm will always be with the tree. If someone cuts it down fifty years from now and happens to look closely at the rings, she will be able to see the tree's history, including its encounter with the harsh weather of 1994, evident in the form of a dark or discolored band.

Stand and take a last look at Townhouse Green before we move on. This is one of the best views of the river from campus. The little building trying to hide in the hollow is a pump station. All of the College's wastewater pauses there before it is routed through Townhouse Green and then up Mattapany Road to the Pine Hill Treatment Center, run by the St. Mary's County Metropolitan Commission. At the treatment center, the waste water is treated in a trickling filter system. The sludge goes through a series of settling tanks, decomposing organisms, and chemical treatments. Finally, it is pumped into the Chesapeake Bay about two miles out from the Patuxent Naval Base.

Did you notice the drainage grates hiding in the grass in strategic locations around Townhouse Green? They tend to be at the lower spots in the gentle slope of the ground to catch the runoff water, directing the water to the drainage pond by underground pipes. Even with these grates, Townhouse Green sometimes becomes a big, muddy mess during rainy times.

Let's proceed to the other side of the Green, behind the Maggie Dodge, Morsell, and Trueschler row. Beyond the back doors of these houses, the landscaping stops abruptly. In fact, it would be rather difficult for anything to be grown or built here because of the very steep drop-off and the tidal marsh at the bottom of the slope. This is a good place to mention the soil types that we have been seeing. According to the United States Department of Agriculture's Soil Survey, most of the soils on the campus are

Depending on whether or not the trees, mostly oaks, are dense with leaves, you may have a clear view down to the marsh. This is actually Fisherman's Creek, turning into more of a marsh farther upstream, and a popular spot for a trip with a kayak or canoe. If the occupant of such a vessel is very observant, perhaps he or she will find the beaver dams located much farther upstream.

"Sassafras" soils. When this survey was conducted in 1978, the Soil Conservation Service, a branch of the USDA, classified these soils and labeled them with the names of the place at which that type was first found. The soils were classified according to characteristics such as origin and water drainage as well as steepness of slopes. It was intended to be a guide for planning soil use, specifically for agriculture, but feasibly for construction as well.

To return to this campus, Sassafras soils are, very generally, good for farming because erosion is not severe and drainage is good. Sassafras is characterized by a brown, sandy loam on the surface layer of soil. But while it is common on the campus, other soils are found, too. For instance, the slope you are standing in front of now is composed of soils from the Evesboro-Westphalia complex, identified as having 20-45% slopes that have the potential for severe erosion. They are informed from old marine deposits of sand, and the surface soil is generally a dark gray loamy sand. It's not good for agriculture because it tends to be shallow and stony. Therefore, areas of this soil type are usually wooded, just like this one. In fact, here is our first encounter with a hint of what the environment of the campus may have looked like before it was cleared for farming and then used to house a college campus.

Depending on whether or not the trees, mostly oaks, are dense with leaves, you may have a clear view down to the marsh. This is actually Fisherman's Creek, turning into more of a marsh further upstream, and a popular spot for a trip with a kayak or canoe. If the occupant of such a vessel is very observant, perhaps he or she will find the beaver dams located much farther upstream.

Following the road behind the townhouses soon brings us to the main campus road again. Before crossing it, stop in front of Daughtery-Palmer Commons briefly to observe a very interesting example of cultural damage. To the right and left of the large double doors, at the corners of the wings of the building, are two Kwansan cherries. If you look closely at the trunks of these trees, especially

the side facing the wall, you'll notice quite a difference. The tree to the right has crumbly bark and generally doesn't look very healthy when compared to the tree at the left, which is strong and sturdy in appearance. How could this be? Well, perhaps you also noticed that the tree at the right is planted just five feet away from a vent. This vent is from the laundry room, and pours out hot air from the dryers all winter long. The tree is in the direct line of hot air. Obviously, this is a less than ideal situation!

Now cross the road and enter the area of Townhouse Crescent, composed of the Northern and Southern Crescents. These townhouses, built in 1993, were landscaped with even more native species than the older ones. In the front are planted such trees as sweet gum (*Liquidambar*

The view from behind the townhouses, looking down into Fisherman Creek.





The black scar running the length of this willow oak in front of Morsell Townhouse resulted from ice-storm damage in the memorable February of 1994.

styraciflua, native), white ash (*Fraxinus pennsylvanica*, native), Kousa dogwood (*Cornus kousa*, which actually is not a native dogwood species), and crape myrtles (*Lagerstroemia indica*, non-native) of all different flowering colors. Going through the archway that divides the two halves of the Crescent you'll see fragrant sumac (*Rhus Aromatica*, native) on either side of the sidewalk. Planted in the back porch areas of the townhouses is quite a show of odd-looking plants, including heavenly bamboo (*Nandina domestica*, non-native), northern bayberry (*Myrica pennsylvanica*, native) oakleaf hydrangea (*Hydrangea quercifolia*, non-native), and leatherleaf mahonia (*Mahonia bealei*, non-native).

These townhouses afford an excellent view of the St. Mary's athletic field. This is one area that doesn't get any special treatment for the sake of environmental quality. Its sole purpose is as a quality

field on which to play soccer in the fall and lacrosse in the spring. For these purposes, two different grasses with two different growing seasons are used. In the fall, Bermuda grass is planted, providing a soft, consistent green on which to play. The Bermuda grass dies over the winter and Rye grass takes its place for the spring lacrosse season. Over the summer, the Rye grass is killed with chemicals, and fresh new Bermuda grass is planted to be ready for the return of students in the fall. This and the baseball field behind it are the only fields that receive this much attention. Runoff used to drain directly into the river, but now it goes to the pond.

At some point, you can cross through the commuter parking lot between Townhouse Crescent and Schaefer Hall. Although some people complain about the gravel in this lot, it actually has many benefits. Some believe it is more aesthetically pleasing than blacktop, and it certainly forces people to drive slowly. And perhaps most importantly, it reduces polluted runoff and sedimentation by forcing the water to be slowly filtered through the gravel before reaching the water table or the drains to the drainage pond. There is a drainage ditch running between the road and the lot that directs all collected runoff into the pond.

The location of the huge science building used to be a parking lot. I was interested to learn that the construction of this building (finished in late 1993), which I automatically assumed would have caused more environmental damage, theoretically reduced the amount of runoff from the area by about 40%. This reduction is due to the fact that parking lots usually cause some of the largest amounts of runoff pollution anywhere, and thanks to the careful management of construction and the drainage pond, the current use of this chunk of land is less damaging in terms of runoff than its previous use.

Entering the vicinity of Schaefer Hall, we are entering our first truly high maintenance area, other than the athletic field. Susan Carter divides the campus into high, medium, and low maintenance areas, depending on factors such as visibility and relative age of existence. Since the science building is especially new and also

receives much visibility, it is a high maintenance area. The ornamental plants and lawns around it require a lot of attention.

In our survey of this building, we'll first go through the archway that divides the natural science and physical science wings. There are some interesting ways in which the structural features of the science building interact with its environment. For instance, there is a "wet lab" in the basement of the natural science wing. Furnished with several large research tanks, the room has water from the St. Mary's River piped directly into it! The water, after being cycled through tanks and pipes, is eventually expelled into the waste water system. Water from drains in other labs undergoes chemical treatment before being sent on as waste water. This is to detoxify the water. On the outside of the building are the impressive chimneys. As well as serving ornamental purposes, the ventilation hoods in the laboratories expel their air here. Finally, you may have noticed the splash blocks around the base of the walls. These create about a foot-wide extension of bricks that catch runoff from the roof and reduce the impact of large drops on the ground, thereby diminishing erosion.

Before we look at some of the plants found here, look first at the unmistakable water tower, otherwise known as the "giant flashlight" or "great saltshaker in the sky." This is the closest we'll come to it on this tour, although it's visible from many spots on campus. This structure, which some consider an eyesore but others deem an irreplaceable attribute of the College, marks the location of one of the three wells that supply the campus. The other large one is very close, at the south end of the gymnasium, the building to the east of Schaefer Hall, and the third is a small one way over on the other side of campus. This third one may soon be replaced by another well in yet a different location. These wells are about 200 feet deep, drilling into an aquifer that has its recharge area north of campus, near Leonardtown. Since the College entirely controls its own water supply, perhaps you'll agree with me that we had better take good care of it!

Finally, let us focus again briefly on the

There are some interesting ways in which the structural features of the science building interact with its environment. For instance, there is a "wet lab" in the basement of the natural science wing. Furnished with several large research tanks, the room has water from the St. Mary's River piped directly into it!

immediate surroundings of Schaefer Hall. This will be our last stop in the Townhouse Pond circuit. We are still standing just on the other side of the arch from the townhouses. Planted here in the courtyard are the apparently omnipresent crape myrtles. There are some more English boxwoods (this seems to be one of the most common non-native species, probably because of its popularity). Perhaps you've noticed the virtual wind tunnel created by the archway. The boxwoods don't fare well in this intense wind and so don't look very hardy. On the other hand, the hedge row in front of the physical science wing looks great. These are inkberries (*Ilex glabra*), a native shrub that you actually can find growing in wet areas in these parts. Perhaps their health — as opposed to the struggles of the boxwoods — is another testament to the wisdom of trusting native species.

In some of the corners of the pathways are planted China Girl hollies. These are of the popular line of ornamental hollies called Blue hollies (*Ilex meserveae*, native), a patented species. The woman who "designed" them originally received a royalty every time a nursery propagated new plants of this species!

Standing in this courtyard, looking toward the older dormitories, you will see a pyramidal hill surrounded by a gravel walk. Rumor has it that the planner chose to create a hill here rather than leaving a flat lawn — in order to discourage students from walking over it. Many still do, but no dirt paths have been worn into the grass as they have been in other places, such as the flat lawn right beside the science building to your left. Groundskeeping has to continually replant grass in these bare areas. One may wonder why the College does not simply install a sidewalk where students like to walk. When I posed this ques-

tion to Susan Carter, she pointed out that in this location specifically, the layout of the landscaping is in a regular, square pattern and an angled sidewalk would be out of place. Notice the beautiful sycamore (*Platanus occidentalis*)



A foot-wide extension of bricks catches runoff from the roof of the science building, reducing erosion around the base.

beside the architecturally designed hill.

Before heading back toward the townhouse pond, we must first take a stroll through what I like to think of as the science building garden, at the south end of the natural science wing. The garden is enclosed by the building on one side and a brick wall on the other side. I won't list all the species here for you, but take time to sit on the benches, especially in the spring when so many things are in bloom, and

look at all of the interesting organisms. One that I find most fascinating is the vine climbing on the brick wall: Virginia creeper. Look at how steadfastly it clings to the wall. There are southern magnolias (*Magnolia grandifolia*) with thick, evergreen leaves and huge white flowers, and forsythia bushes whose yellow flowers are some of the first you'll see in the spring. Butterfly bushes, with their long, spiky flowers, attract many more insects than just butterflies. Although they aren't native, they are generally considered an asset. Along the path towards the front of the building grow Higgins cherries, which were planted with the intention of growing up to form an arbor over the path.

Finally, our last stretch before returning to our starting place is along the front of Schaefer Hall. Strangely, this area is frequently wet, perhaps due to the large amounts of runoff from the sloping roof during rainfall that collects in this slightly depressed area. Some of the plants here don't like the constant wet. In this yard we can also see the top of a red cylinder protruding from the ground. This is the top of the oil tank. Almost every building on campus has its own oil tank for heating. Although most of the buildings are on the same electrical line, the science building and Townhouse Crescent share a separate line. On top of that, the science building has an emergency generator that kicks in when the power goes out. This is imperative for the experiments that may be running constantly inside the building.

As we return to the drainage pond, think about all the inputs this body of water has. This final part of the campus tour has given a background on how the College manages its own landscaped ecology, including ornamental plants and runoff drainage. Clearly, ecological management is at its best here. ♣

T R A V E L A B R O A D

BY PAULA MITCHELL

CATHEDRALS & CONCERTS



St. Mary's College of Maryland Chamber Orchestra and Singers are recognized by College choir director and acting provost Larry Vote, during their concert at Casale Monferrato in Turin.

SMCM ITALIAN HOLIDAY

WHEN THE PLANE LANDS AND YOU ENTER THE AIRPORT, you think it looks like any mid-size airport in the U.S., until you see the customs line and the cambio. When you step outside the airport, you think it could be any terminal parking lot in the U.S., until you notice that the majority of the vehicles parked there are Fiats. When you travel down the highway outside the city, you think it looks like any highway in the U.S., until you notice the red-tiled roofs, the rice fields, the olive groves, and the vineyards bordered with cypress trees. Then, you really know and believe that this is Italy and you are really here!

Two motor coaches swayed and lurched down Italian highways carrying SMCM students, faculty, parents, alumni, and friends on a 12-day holiday to Milan, Turin, Florence, Venice, and Stresa. The St. Mary's College Chamber Orchestra, Chamber Singers, and faculty and guest artists embarked on a spring concert tour which included concerts in the Teatro Municipale at Casale Monferrato and the Tempio Valdese in Turin and at the Serate Musicali and the Conservatorio Giuseppe Verdi in Milan. Wherever they performed, SMCM artists were enthusiastically received and applauded by knowledgeable and enthusiastic Italian audiences.

But the trip was not all work for students and musicians. Much of the same opportunities for sightseeing and touring afforded to alumni, parents, and friends



An afternoon in Verona allowed time for touring the Roman arena, the home of the Capulets, and the open air market.

accompanying the tour were available to students as well. Side trips to see and enjoy the beautiful Italian countryside and culture abounded. Visits to the cathedrals of San Guadenzio in Novarra whose cupola soars to almost 700 feet, the monastery of Sacra di San Michele outside Turin, the cathedrals of Santa Maria del Fiore and Santa Croce in Florence, the Doge's Palace and the Cathedral of San Marco in Venice, and the leaning Tower of Pisa were tangible evidence of the wonders of medieval and Renaissance architecture and engineering. These architectural wonders were adorned with the works of the masters, Giotto, Fra Angelico, Titian, and so many more. In Florence, the cradle of the Renaissance, many from both groups were able to tour the Uffizi Museum and the Academia dell'Arte to behold Botticelli's Venus and Michaelangelo's David.

The most dramatic moments occurred as members of the tour crept on ski lifts and gondolas across the crevices of the Italian Alps to lunch on the French side of Monte Bianco. In the windless quiet, the peaks of the Alps provided a wondrous backdrop for contemplation, photos, and even romance as Andy Glendenning '97 offered his proposal of marriage and an engagement ring to his fiancée, Laura Seevers '98.

For believers and non-believers alike, the public viewing of the Holy Shroud of Turin was a moving highlight of the tour. At the intersection of the nave and transept of the Turin Cathedral, the venerable and venerated relic was hung for the first time in 20 years. The SMCM tour group was fortunate to obtain tickets and so joined thousands of pilgrims jamming the city streets to make their way to this historic site. And as the shroud has done for hundreds of years, a debate was stirred in the group about its authenticity.

For St. Mary's students, alumni, and friends, the magic and wonder of these ancient cities were a wonderful introduction to the musical culture of some of Italy's finest cities. The lure to return is strong, but the lure to explore farther may be stronger. St. Mary's College of Maryland's Office of Alumni Relations sponsors alumni travel programs annually. Its programs are advertised to all SMCM alumni, parents, and friends. For details on travel planned for spring 1999, call Anne Marum at 800-458-8341 or at 301-862-0280. ☼



Henriette and Herb Avram pose on the ancient walls outside the Sacra di San Michele in the foothills of the Alps.



Dorothy "Sonya" Grube, SMCM president Maggie O'Brien, and Teresa Wren pause before the next course is served at La Certosa.



Larry Vote with students Colleen Carey '98, and Crista Linn '01, in the Piazza San Carlo in Turin.



Laura Seevers '98 and Andy Glendenning '97 take to the dance floor at La Certosa, a restaurant and music hall owned by the nearby Dominican monastery.



In Venice, Gay Wood (left) tries to find a seat next to her husband, Jim '61JC while Dallas Dean '60JC and Arnold Toller settle in for the afternoon gondola ride.



The dome of San Guadenzia in Novarra. San Guadenzia was the focal point of an anniversary celebration. Construction on the original portion of the cathedral was begun in 398 A.D.

SMCM ITALIAN HOLIDAY



Dallas Plugge Dean '60JC and Arnold Toller admire the view from their balcony at the Regina Palace Hotel in Stresa.



Sightseeing in the hills overlooking Florence was part of the itinerary for student musicians and singers. From left are Susan Payne '98, Jason Jones '00, Crista Linn '01, Malcolm Sturdevant '02, Nicole Ches '01, and Nate Masopust '01.



Kate Mitchell '95, Andy Glendinning '97, and Laura SeEVERS '98 wait to go into the farewell dinner on the final night of the holiday tour.



Tour manager, Cinzia Posenti, and Suzanne Payne exchange addresses at the farewell dinner.



Kate Mitchell '95 and Jim Wood '61JC at Alguille du Midi, a stop on the cable car route to the French side of Monte Bianco in the Italian Alps.



On the last night of the Italian tour, alumni, parents, and friends gathered to preserve a lasting memory of a magical 12 days. Seated at the front are Teresa Wren and Dorothy "Sonya" Grube. First row, from left are Andy Glendinning '97, Laura SeEVERS '98, Gay Wood, Jim Wood '61JC, and Suzanne Gardiner. Seated behind Gay and Jim Wood are Henriette and Herb Avram and to the far right, Doris Zitzewitz. Second row, from left are Betty Barry, Winifred Sherman '88, Betty Knight, and tour manager Cinzia Posenti. Third row, from left are Fritz Plugge, Dallas Plugge Dean '60JC, Arnold Toller, and coach driver Antonio. Back row, from left are Bill Gardiner, Suzanne Payne, and Kate Mitchell '95. Missing from the photo are Torre Meringolo and Paula Mitchell.



Dorothy "Sonya" Grube makes a point to Torre Meringolo, vice president for development. Singing and dancing followed the dinner at La Certosa outside Florence. The evening's festivities were shared with tourists from Australia and Brazil.

ALUMNI CONNECTION
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REUNION WEEKEND 1998



From the class of 1993 are Gabriel Hodge, winner of the 1998 Reunion Weekend logo contest, seated with his wife, Lisa Chaney Hodge '93, Karen Frankenberg Lipovsky '93 and her husband, John Lipovsky.



Classmates and friends gather for the Saturday night banquet. Seated, from left are Terry Snyder '72 and his wife, Jan Josselyn Snyder '72, Bill Baker '72 and Dennis Basler '72. Standing are Richard Huff and his wife, Carolyn Leo Huff '72 and Harry Rector '67JC.



Above: Diane Hosmer '80 enjoys the evening after the Saturday night banquet with her son, William Hardy (left) and her friend, Howard Colligan. Below: Denise Canter '85 and Laura Simon Knipschild '84. Bottom: Peg Duchesne '77 and Wes Cook '78 take shelter on the Cobb House porch during the Saturday cocktail party.



left: Alumni Council member, Carol Kurtz '68JC attacks steamed crabs with gusto. Right: Sharing a light moment and a table at the Saturday night banquet are (standing, from left) Nancy Hayden '75, Nancy Bassford Yannayon '75, Tom Cary, (seated, from left) George Aud '91, Casey Page '97, and Sue Slingland '93.



Left: Nora Britch and Paul Matthai '74 enjoy good pickin's at the Saturday crab feast. Top right: Penny Jenkins (left) and Anna Yates, staff members in the SMCM Office of Development, volunteer their smiles and time to welcome alumni during Reunion Weekend '98. Bottom right: Nancy Yannayon '75 and her guest, Tom Cary, relax and enjoy the steamed blue crabs served at the Saturday crab feast.





Left: Rich Wagner, SMCM campus store manager, entertained alumni with their favorite tunes from the past during the Friday night dinner.
Right: Classmates from the class of 1978 gather to enjoy the crabs and each other's company. From left are John McGrath '78, Steve Whorl '78, Leanne Whorl '78, George Watkins '78, and Wes Cook '78.



Left: Dallas Kirk Gantt '76, Bob Gott '78, and Patti Gott '77 are serious about their lunch at the annual crab feast.
Right: Professor Michael Glaser and Anne Furstenau Walker '83 share a laugh at the annual crab feast.



Above: Jim Meunier '95 is the lead singer of 'Round Midnight, a local band featuring SMCM alumni Carl Reichelt '81 and Dan Dawson '80.
Below: Linda Hopkins '73 dancin' and singin' to the music of 'Round Midnight at the Saturday night dance.



Left: Dallas Plugge Dean '60JC enjoys a quiet moment during the annual reunion crab feast.
Right: (Seated, from left) Dick Holland and Babs Ross Ryan '48JC. Standing, from left: Peg Fowler Carter '48JC, Bob Carter, Joann Boner Holland '48JC, Ray Ryan, Dick Hughes, and Jo Nicodemus Hughes '48JC.



Mary Wheatman Body '79, Margaret Hanlon '78, and Catherine Borjeson Parman '78 reunite for the weekend's festivities.



Classmates Susan Davis Butler '73, Bob "Crunchrat" Thornton '73, and Susan's husband, Dave, pose for pictures at the Saturday night banquet.



40's

The junior college class of 1948 celebrated its 50th anniversary reunion this past June during St. Mary's annual reunion weekend. Special thanks go to **Joann Boner Holland** and **Babs Ross Ryan** for spearheading the celebration and coordinating class activities with the SMCM Office of Alumni Relations. As a wrap-up to the celebration, Joann submitted these notes for all her classmates, but especially for those who were not able to attend the June festivities.

Francis. He retired from the Air Force after 26 years of service. He and his wife live in Brookshire, Texas near the Houston area. They have four children, seven grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. Since retirement Bill has been working as a construction supervisor.

While **Jane Pitchford Nicholson** was not able to join us for reunion, she writes from her home in Bivalve, Md. on the Eastern Shore. She and Jim have four daughters and five grandchildren – one is a grandson, the longed-for boy.

After twenty-eight years as an educator in the Cecil County Public Schools, **Libby Davis Keefer** has retired and is living in Elkton, Md. Recently widowed, she spends her time volunteering for the local library and serving as a docent for the Mount Harmon Plantation.

From Jamestown, New York, **Renate Hoke Bob** sends greetings to her classmates. She was sorry that she was not able to attend reunion

weekend. A long-planned trip to Sweden and Switzerland was scheduled for that time.

Elaine Leach Kuhl and her husband, Dick, live in Waynesville, North Carolina – deep in the heart of the Smokies. Elaine has just completed her third year as an AmeriCorps Vista volunteer. She is now working part-time as a Vista volunteer leader and part-time as a summer youth employment-training counselor. Their four children are scattered across the U.S. from Illinois to California.

Marcie Prince Campbell and husband, Ken, divide their time between the western mountains in Little Orleans, Md.

and the surf of Ft. Myers, Florida. They enjoy traveling, especially on Elderhostel trips. The Campbells have two sons, a daughter, and eight grandchildren.

Jackie Johnson Ryan lives in Satellite Beach, Florida. She lost her husband in September and has been very involved in getting affairs settled and learning to use the computer. She has even gone back to try her hand at watercolors. Jackie sends her best wishes to all her classmates.

Betty Lou Robinson Plyer also lost her husband recently. She has been busy with her son's wedding and moving into a new apartment community in Bradenton, Florida. She had planned to attend reunion, but rain and a leaky roof interfered.

Pat Anthony Blake and **Walt** have both retired from the teaching profession. Pat and Walt enjoy cruising now and then and find great delight in their four children and seven grandchildren.

Betty Critzer Ricketts has been widowed for several years. She lives in Silver Spring, Md., but travels infrequently due to chronic pain.

Anne Smith Burrow and her husband, Alan, live in North Balwyn, Victoria, Australia. She and Alan take care of her 96-year-old mother and dote on their King Charles spaniel, Cory.

Doris Thompson Ward has retired as clerical supervisor for Orange County, California after twenty years of service. In 1996 she returned to Maryland to attend her 50th high school reunion at Margaret Brent High School in Helen, Md. Since her retirement Doris has enjoyed her free time traveling, working as a volunteer in her community, crafting, and walking.

After having raised five sons, **Mary Wessells Butler** lives in Deltona, Florida. She flew to Virginia Beach and from there boated to St. Mary's with Bill and Betty Baldwin Kennedy. The "late Miss Baldwin" lived up to her name, but all

50-YEAR ANNIVERSARY FOR CLASS OF '48



The Class of 1948 was recognized at the Saturday night banquet. Front row, seated, from left: Mary Jane Shepard Macaulay, Dorothy Niedfiedt Murphree '47JC, Dick Kuhl, and Elaine Leach Kuhl. Back row, standing, from left: Betty Baldwin Kennedy, Bill Kennedy, Mary B. Wessells Butler, and Maria Andrews Murray.

Mary Jane Shepard Macaulay has attended her third consecutive reunion weekend. She has two daughters and five grandchildren. One of her granddaughters is giving St. Mary's a serious look as one of her top college choices.

Gloria Cawood Lancaster lives in Washington, D.C., where she works for the Library of Congress. Gloria has four children. One of her daughters still lives in St. Mary's County, so Gloria has enjoyed "going home" when she can. Special thanks go to Gloria for her research in locating "lost" alumnus **Frank King**.

As for Frank, he is now known as Bill since his given name is William

three made it safely to St. Mary's to enjoy the reunion.

Betty Baldwin Kennedy and husband, Bill live in Virginia where "Baldy" has a very busy career in real estate. Betty and Bill were married in 1996 by the Sea of Galilee and after our reunion were leaving for a trip to Russia. Betty swims for a Masters swim team in Florida, and in 1995 she, as well as two other St. Mary's alumnae, swam their way to medals in their respective events.

Babs Ross Ryan and Ray have been enjoying their retirement years. They have moved from Springfield, Ohio to their new home in Wilmington, North Carolina. They have two daughters and three grandchildren. Their time is now filled with the theater, bridge, gardening, and dancing.



In early August classmates from the 40's era met for lunch in Frederick, Md. Back row: Cathy Matthews Morgan '47JC, Peg Fowler Carter '48JC, B.J. Howard Jasper '47JC, Dot Niedfeldt Murphree '47JC, Hellen Smith Randolph '45HS. Front row: Maria Andrews Murray '48JC, Jeanne Mobberly Langenbeck '45HS, and Joann Boner Holland '48JC.

Architects after thirty-one years of service. While she loved her job, she loves retirement more! Andy is working out twice a week, volunteers at a local soup kitchen, and reads. And as she says, "shades of Miss North!"

Vivian Gabler Aldridge and husband, David, left their Frederick, Md. home last fall when David retired from his law practice. They are living in Solomons in Calvert County - right on the banks of the Patuxent River. Their children, grandchildren, and their activities in Asbury Village keep them very busy.

Joy Wench Wood and Roger have retired to Sunset Beach, North Carolina from their home in New Jersey where Roger owned and operated a landscaping

and home maintenance business. Joy taught children with special needs at the Hembold School. Joy and Roger have a son living in New Jersey and a daughter and granddaughter living near them.

Dorothy Barionak Settle and Jim live in St. Mary's City. Dot is retired from the education field and Jim from a career in insurance. They are busy with community activities in the St.

Mary's Garden Club, the yacht club, and the shrine.

Bette Ward Backes and her husband, John, split their time between Connecticut and Florida. They have two sons. After her family, Bette's chief pleasure is riding her horse.

Bob and Peg Fowler Carter live in Ellicott City, and enjoy antiquing, traveling, bridge, and volunteering in club and community activities. Following Reunion Weekend '98, the Carters celebrated their 47th wedding

anniversary. In addition to their two sons, one in New Jersey and the other in South Carolina, they have six grandsons.

Roseanne McNulty LaMoy lives in Mechanicsville, Md. After leaving St. Mary's, Roseanne attended the University of Maryland and Washington College. She has continued her voice training, and it is reported that her notes have broken chandeliers in Florida and stained glass church windows in Maryland.

Jo Boner Holland and her husband, Dick, live in Ellicott City. Dick continues to sing with the Baltimore Symphony Chorus and is its president. Jo still plays tennis, gardens, reads, and tries to keep up with family and friends.



Marguerite Reaney Tugman '31 HS and her sister, Jane Reaney Linton '33HS, live in Virginia Beach, Va.

Jo Nicodemus Hughes and Dick have been married for 49 years and currently live in Richmond, Virginia. They travel extensively and their last trip was spent touring Thailand. When at home, they enjoy gardening and swimming as well as joyous time with their three children, five grandchildren, and great-grandchild.

Marie Andrews Murray is the mother of a son and daughter and the grandmother of Matthew 11 and Andrew 7. Andy retired from the American Institute of



The junior college class of 1958 poses for a new class picture. From the left are Barbara Bowers, Patricia Kveseth Schwaebe, Suzanne Lussier-Jones, and Mary Ellen Howard.

The Hollands have six children and five grandchildren.

Joann is attempting to find lost classmates. If anyone can help her find the following classmates, please call the Alumni Relations Office at (800) 458-8341. Lost are **Milly Martin Courdull, Polly Denson Goldsmith, Elizabeth Young Keate, Eva Lee Park Stevens, and Mary Clare Roberts (Sib)**

— 50's —

Carol Ridgeway Deane '52HS writes that she has a new grandson, Dustin Deane, born December 20, 1997.

Barbara Lyon Gilbert '59JC recently enjoyed a reunion with classmates **Marion Pilkerton, Dotty Payne, and Missie Lou Dougherty**. Her husband, Albert, has recently retired and they are enjoying their beach house near Solomons. The Gilberts have two children and four grandchildren.

— 60's —

Sally Mason Day '60JC was honored in May as one of the Great One Hundred Nurses. The Texas Nurse's Association made the selection for excellence in the art and science of nursing. Sally has been active in hospice nursing for the past 15 years and has been the executive director of two different hospice programs. She is currently employed by



John Marum '63JC and his harem from the junior college class of 1963. Front row, from left: Dinah Blanding King, John, Barbara Kimmelshue Kearns. Second row, from left: Sue Pritcher Potter, Melissa Mitchell Shuping, Valerie Vignola Campbell, and Ruth Kelly Tweedy. Back row, from left: Sondra Marsh Mroz and Mary Grace Dunavent.

Family Hospice, Ltd., Dallas, Texas as education/program development specialist responsible for staff and community education for 20 field offices in Texas, New Mexico, and Oklahoma. Sally and her husband, Douglas, have three daughters and eight grandchildren.

Phyllis Nagel Ward '63JC runs the Gloucester House, a bed and breakfast establishment located in Annapolis.

Alumni Council member **Francine Galiano Hughes '66JC** reports proudly that her son, Michael, graduated in May from St. Mary's while her daughter, Carrie, just completed her freshman year at SMCM. Michael has been accepted into the University of Maryland School of Law for the fall 1998 semester.

Jennifer Cross Graham '67JC is the grandmother of Conner, 2 and Colton, 3 months. Last spring her son earned his degree in veterinary medicine.

— 70's —

Bill Malone '72 and his wife, Holly, live in Dover, Delaware where Bill is community relations manager for the area office of Comcast Cablevision.

Barbara Springer Yingling '72 writes to report that she spent three weeks last summer as a teacher consultant to the National Geographic Summer Geography Workshop.

Wayne M. Davis '73 of W. M. Davis, Inc. was the 1998 recipient of the St. Mary's County Chamber of Commerce, Businessman of the Year award.

Denise Fultz '74 works as a member services representative for the American Compensation Association in Scottsdale, Arizona. She has furthered her education and has become a certified compensation professional and certified benefits professional in the human resources field.



Classmates from 1975, 1977, and 1978 gather for a reunion picture. Back row, from left: Paul LeBuffe '77, Donny Hammett '75, and Gary Peterson '77. In the front row, standing are Penny Folts LeBuffe '78, Jeanne Norton Hammett '77, Jean Loskarn Peterson '77, and Peg Duchesne '77.

Diane Hawkins Bailey '75 writes that she and her husband, Commander Donald C. Bailey, are living in Interlachen, Florida. Diane has enrolled in the University of North Florida and is pursuing a master's degree.

Charles Weschler '76 is an FBI contracting officer and lives in Damascus with his wife, Janet, and two sons, Stan, 19 and Charlie, Jr., 18. In September 1997, Charles was ordained a deacon in his church.

John Knipp '76 and **Jackie Armstrong Knipp '75** live in Catonsville, Md. where John is very active in the community. He serves on the board of directors for the YMCA, coaches softball for the local recreation league, and serves as a member of the Catonsville Chamber of Commerce. John is the regional vice president of Commercial and Farmers Bank and Jackie is an art teacher at the Gilman Lower School in Roland Park. She was recently awarded the Broddus

Hubbard Award for excellence in teaching.

Kathleen Watkins Desautels '77 is doing pediatric research in HIV at the National Institute of Health in Bethesda.

R. Harold Jones '77 was recently appointed chair of the certification panel of the Society of Wetland Scientists. The program reviews and certifies professional wetland scientists internationally.

After trying his hand at many different careers, **Merlin Taylor '78** started working as an apprentice in psychiatric technology, a branch of nursing. He worked with patients who suffered multiple handicaps, including his own grandfather who had suffered a series of strokes. Working with his grandfather sparked an interest in communicative disorders and led to a master's degree in speech and language pathology. In 1993 he entered the University of Memphis to earn a Ph.D. Having successfully defended his dissertation, "Ethnicity as a Speech Signal Intelligibility Factor," Merlin is now a faculty member in the Department of Communicative Disorders at the University of Mississippi. Merlin stated that all he learned in philosophical inquiry and theater at St. Mary's have served him well. He sends his thanks to Dr. Henry Rosemont and to all his St. Mary's mentors.

Art major **Beth Payne Nowell '78** currently serves as marketing director for the Houses at Hopkins. She recently worked on a very special project there. She writes, "It is with great delight, that twenty-one years after graduation from St. Mary's College, I find myself anticipating the opening of "The Baltimore Realists," a traveling exhibition of twenty-six realist painters trained in the tradition of the old Flemish masters, that features the works of two of my paint-

HALL OF FAME



Four SMCM alumni were inducted into the College's Hall of Fame in ceremonies held on the campus, May 1, 1998. From left, they are Tammy Gage Butler '88, Donnee Gray '76, Michael Lord '80, and Mark Arrildt '79.

ing professors, Tom Rowe and Earl Hoffman. The impact of studying with these two men has carried with me to this day. I hold fond memories of my experience at St. Mary's and am excited to be involved with a project that illuminates the tremendous talent that is represented by the faculty members of St. Mary's College."

Cannoli and other sweet delights baked at Vaccaro's Pasticceria in Baltimore are featured in the September issue of *Southern Living Magazine*. **Nick Vaccarro '78** is carrying on the family business established by his father in 1956. Under Nick's guidance, Vaccarro's has expanded from Baltimore to four other locations in Maryland and Virginia.

Christine Pound Green '78 was named Soccer Mom of the Year by the Baltimore Spirit soccer team. Christine was nominated by her 10-year old son. John-Graham wrote a winning essay about his Mom, stating, "My Mom was there when we needed her and even when we didn't. Even if we don't win a prize my mother has already kicked enough goals in my heart for a 1st place gold medal." Christine and John-Graham were awarded

a trip to Paris to watch the World Cup soccer championship in June.

Lee Langston-Harrison '79 is curator of the James Monroe Museum and Memorial Library at Montpelier in Fredericksburg, Va. She has just completed her first book, *A Presidential Legacy, The Monroe Collection*.

Navy Lt. Edward A. Reedy '79 recently graduated from the Uniformed Services University of Health Sciences in Bethesda, Md. The University was established by Congress in 1972 as a tuition-free school under the Department of Defense. It

is the nation's only uniformed medical school and prepares students for worldwide duty as career physicians in the armed forces and the U.S. Public Health Service. In August Lt. Reedy reported to his new duty station at the National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, Md.

80's

After selling her sportswear design business, **Suzanne Oakes Tiedman '80** entered the Naropa Institute to pursue studies in transpersonal counseling psychology. Suzie, a human development major at SMCM, writes that Naropa



From left, Mary Seng, Anne Furstenau Walker, and Helene Ryan Chambers joined other classmates from the class of 1983 to celebrate their 15-year anniversary.

GOVERNOR'S CUP SEND-OFF CRUISE
Annapolis, Maryland • July 31, 1998

Sponsored by the Howard County/Annapolis Alumni Chapter



Alumni Council member
 Fran Galiano Hughes '66JC.



Lisa Wood DeRamus '81 with her husband, Jim, and friend Ron Mehalko.



Front Row: Donny Bryan '73, Cathy Bryan, and Massie Rausch. Back Row: Ken Bryan '74, Lauren Spicer, and Dale Rausch '71. As a student, Dale Rausch was one of the organizers of the first Governor's Cup Yacht Race.



Carolyn Crouch '76
 enjoying the cruise.



Eugenia Walters '35HS, '37JC, and SMCM president Maggie O'Brien enjoy a light moment during the Governor's Cup Send-Off Cruise.



Deb Hyman '98 with her parents, Rick and Dotty Hyman.



Eileen Smith O'Connell '66JC and Jim Wood '61JC renewing old friendships.



John MacLean '75, Rich Fortwengler '73, Leslie Friel Herbert '75, Karen Lycling Smallwood '76 and her friend, Jan Robinson, and Susan Kary Owings '74 aboard the "Providence."

Institute is a liberal arts college that blends the East's spiritual, inward-looking approach to education with the more practical, scholastic traditions of the West. She credits SMCM professor, Henry Rosemont, with planting the seed of Eastern thought and with teaching her to step outside her own personal worldview. Naropa's religious studies department is quite familiar with Dr. Rosemont's writings and work in Chinese thought and philosophy. She was awarded an M.A. from Naropa Institute in May 1998. Suzie and her husband, Craig Tiedman, a sportswear designer, live in Boulder, Colorado.

Robin Jenkins '81 and her husband, **Eric Kuhl '82**, live in Upper Marlboro, Md. with their two children, Henry, 5 and Franky, 3. Eric works with the Environmental Protection Agency and Robin is an economist in the Department of History and Social Science at the College.

Don C. Freeman '82 writes to report that he biked from Seattle, Washington to Washington, D.C. as part of a nation-wide fundraiser for the American Lung Association.

Karen McMullen Pape '82 and husband, **Tom '84**, live in Kearneysville, West Virginia with their children, Ian, 14 and Brenna, 12. Tom is an environmental engineer for John J. McMullen and Associates. Karen is teaching science and language arts at The Jefferson School, a private special ed school for emotionally disturbed adolescents and is working towards a master's degree in special education. She is also the co-founder of a therapeutic riding program in Jefferson County.

Gemma Warwick Wilson '83 works as a c-print captionist at Catonsville Community College. She is excited about her new position working with real-time captioning, a program paid for by Rochester Institute of Technology. It is the first program of its kind in Maryland.

TWO ALUMNI SCHOLARSHIPS AWARDED FOR 1998-1999 ACADEMIC YEAR

The Scholarship Committee of the SMCM Alumni Council has awarded two alumni scholarships. Recipients for the 1998-1999 academic year are freshman Kristen Arrildt and senior physics major, Michael S. Murrow.

Cheryl Weaver Hammond '83 is a happy, stay-at-home mom for Craig, 7 and Genna, 2. Cheryl and her husband, Brent, live in Richmond, Va.

Beth Ward '84 is now associate director of foundation relations at Hampshire College in Amherst, Massachusetts. Beth writes that Hampshire is a small, innovative liberal arts college and reminds her very much of St. Mary's.

Beth Ann Kirkley Kennedy '85 writes that she and her husband, Jim, and their children Erin and Ethan live in a 160-year-old farmhouse on an island in the Chesapeake Bay. She is the activities coordinator for an adult daycare program in Cambridge.

David W. Riegel '86 and his wife, **Catherine Phipps Riegel '86**, are living in Ruxton, Md. with their daughter, Emma, 4 and son, Cameron, 2. Dave is a project manager for Riparius Construction in Timonium and Cacky has her own horse-riding business.

In August, **Laurie M. Ryan '86** completed a Ph.D. program in psychology at Louisiana State University. She is currently working as a postdoctoral fellow in clinical neuropsychology at Thomas Jefferson University in Philadelphia.

Cathy Ference Albo '87 is living in Falls Church, Va. with her husband, Steve, and two children, Quinn and River. Cathy is a fundraiser for a private elementary school in Washington, D.C.

90's

Jessica Cox-Jones '91 has earned an M.B.A. in marketing from Marymount University of Virginia. She is currently working as an assistant director of marketing for a local food distributor.

After honeymooning in Paris, **Jennifer Pulos Collis '92** and **Daniel Collis '92** are making their home in San Jose, California. Daniel is the MIS manager at Internet Image in Fremont and Jennifer is a product-marketing engineer at Advanced Micro Devices in Sunnyvale.

Michael S. Murrow.

Michael first came to St. Mary's College as a camper at the St. Mary's Center for the Gifted and Talented. He later returned to the



Senior physics major Michael Murrow and his wife, Peggy Loyd Murrow '92, on their wedding day, October 14, 1995.

Center as a camp counselor. Michael says, "I fell in love with the campus and the people and I have wanted to attend St. Mary's ever since. All through the years that I worked, between high school graduation in 1981 and starting at St. Mary's in 1995, I have never lost my desire to attend St. Mary's. When I was finally able to go back to school, I never even considered another school."

Before coming to St. Mary's, Michael was a career paramedic and worked in the beach resort areas of Delaware and Maryland. As a nationally registered paramedic, Michael volunteers with the St. Mary's County Advanced Life Support Unit and still teaches advanced cardiac life support, pediatric advanced cardiac life support, CPR, and first aid for various hospitals throughout Maryland.

As a physics major, Michael has served as a teaching assistant at SMCM for college physics and basic physics. He spent this past summer designing electronic test equipment for the biology department. One of the instruments he designed will measure the amount of light transmittance of a leaf regardless of ambient light conditions. The other, computer test equipment, will monitor the salinity in any of several salt-water tanks and automatically take steps to stabilize it.

Michael and his wife, **Peggy Loyd Murrow '92**, live in Lexington Park. Peggy is a third grade teacher for the St. Mary's County public schools.

Kristen Arrildt

Freshman Kirsten Arrildt has always known about St. Mary's College of Maryland. It's a family thing. Her parents are alumni **Mark Arrildt '79**, 1998 inductee in the St. Mary's College Athletic Hall of Fame, and **Susanna Twigg '79**. In addition to her mother and father, Kristen's grandmother, **Mary Fairbank Twigg**, is a St. Mary's alumna from the junior college class of 1944.

In a recent letter written to the Scholarship Committee, Kristen writes,



Freshman Kristen Arrildt of Baltimore dreams of becoming a teacher.

"Beyond the obvious things such as the gorgeous campus and the escape from urban society, for me St. Mary's will provide a wealth of activities and opportunities. There is an air of respect between the faculty and students alike.

I feel as though, at St. Mary's, I won't be a face in the crowd; I will be heard; I can make a difference."

Kristen is working towards her dream of becoming a teacher and one day being able to provide to her students the same guidance and support that she was given by her highly respected and admired teachers. In addition to her schedule of classes for the fall semester, Kristen is a member of the SMCM field hockey team. Her plans for the spring semester include involvement in the theater department and in the women's lacrosse program. •

Applications for the St. Mary's College of Maryland Alumni Scholarship for the 1999-2000 academic year will be accepted after January 1, 1999. Scholarships are available to the relatives of St. Mary's Female Seminary alumnae, alumni of St. Mary's Junior College, and alumni of St. Mary's College of Maryland. Applicants must be accepted to St. Mary's College of Maryland and demonstrate financial need. For information and to receive an application for the next academic year, contact the Office of Alumni Relations at 800-458-8341, 301-862-0280, or by e-mail at pamitchell@osprey.smcm.edu.



George Aud '91, Sue Slingland '93, and Andy Kipe '94 wowed the Calvert Hall Society audience at a special musical recital during Reunion Weekend '98. This past year, the three SMCM music majors have been performing in various locations throughout the state of Maryland. Their program included a collection of favorite opera arias, a Gershwin set, and Broadway pieces.

After being admitted to the Maryland State Bar in June 1998, **Kimberly Tremel '92** is currently working for the office of the State's Attorney for Anne Arundel County.

Holly D. Stewart '92 has been named communications manager of VF Corporation in Greensboro, North Carolina. She is responsible for coordinating internal and corporate communications. VF Corporation is the world's largest publicly owned apparel company and its principal brands include Lee, Wrangler, Vanity Fair, Healtex, Jantzen, and JanSport. Holly and her husband live in Greensboro where she is currently spearheading the coordination and formation of the SMCM North Carolina Alumni Chapter.

Brett Cloyd '93 recently completed degree requirements for an M.L.S. at the University of Iowa. Brett has been named assistant professor of library science at Grinnell College in Iowa.

Jennifer L. Dearolf '96, a recent graduate of UNC-Wilmington, has had her master's thesis, "Preccial development of axial locomotor muscles in bottlenose dolphins (*Tursiops truncatus*)," submitted to the *Journal of Morphology*. In July she began doctoral work at Cornell University, studying with Dr. John Hermanson. ♣

FRESHMAN SEND-OFF PICNIC Pfefferkorn Farm

Friendship, Maryland • August 16, 1998

*Sponsored by the Baltimore County Alumni Chapter
and the Howard County/Annapolis Alumni Chapter*



FRESHMAN SEND-OFF PICNIC Rock Creek Regional Park

Derwood, Maryland • August 9, 1998

Sponsored by the Metropolitan Alumni Chapter



Freshmen Becky Porter '02 and her roommate, Aubrey Banig '02, meet for the first time.



Incoming freshmen and their parents get acquainted.



Alumni attending the Freshman Send-Off Picnic at Rock Creek Regional Park are, left to right: Paul '92 and Rebecca Pfefferkorn Dongarra '93, whose catering company, Dionysius Kitchen, provided the picnic lunch; Michelle Larson Stevens '91, president of the Metropolitan Alumni Chapter and her husband, Doug Stevens '91; Donna West '76; Dirk Griffith '79, SMCM director of development; Michelle Springer Campbell '91; Andy Fraser '90; Tom Kingston '86, Alumni Council president; and Jennifer Sizemore '92.

MARRIAGES

Beth Burrick '90 to Steven M. Whidden on June 18, 1994.

Jennifer C. Fleck '93 to **Shawn W. Martin '94** on June 21, 1997.

Melissa K. Harren '90 to **Forrest C. Fisanich '91** on July 26, 1997.

Carleen Treppe '96 to **Douglas J. Fisher '95** on August 23, 1997.

Jennifer L. Pulos '92 to **Daniel E. Collis** on April 25, 1998.

Jennifer Larsson '93 to **Michael Santini '87** on June 28, 1998.

BIRTHS

A son, Alexander Hilton Whidden, born on January 20, 1997 to **Beth Burick Whidden '90** and Steven Whidden.

A son, Kyle Lucas O'Donnell, born on June 6, 1997 to **Emma Cash O'Donnell '79** and **James O'Donnell '79**.

A daughter, Grace Madelyn Lee, born on April 3, 1998 to **Christine Hohn Lee '90** and Derek Lee.

A son, Luke Patterson Quinn, born on April 19, 1998 to **Lynne Hall Quinn '83** and **Scott Quinn '82**.



A daughter, Katherine Ayres Griffith born on April 25, 1998 to **Dirk Griffith '79** and Emily Griffith.

Proud dad, SMCM development director, Dirk Griffith '79 holds his newborn daughter Katherine "Katie" Ayres Griffith.

IN MEMORIAM

Frances Elizabeth Nicols '17HS died on May 1, 1998. Miss Nicols was a charter member of the St. Mary's College of Maryland Alumni Association and remained active in the Alumni Association and the Baltimore Alumni Chapter for more than 50 years. During those years, she held various offices. Known as a stickler for accuracy, Miss Nicols spent two weeks of her vacation each year at St. Mary's. With alumnae Lucy Spedden '16 and Lib Harryman '19 she pored through files, updating records and correcting errors. She even went so far as to visit cemeteries to verify birth and death information of former classmates.

Upon graduation from high school, Miss Nicols went to work for Mercantile Safe Deposit and Trust Company. She was an employee there until her retirement in 1964. For most of her adult life, Miss Nicols lived just a few blocks from Memorial Stadium. She was avid Orioles fan and could discuss the fine points of managerial strategy and Brook Robinson's brilliance at third base. She loved opera and flowers and reveled in discussing city, state, and national politics.

Rosalie Jones Insley '25 died at her home on August 14, 1998. A former teacher in St. Mary's county schools, Ms. Insley taught in the "Little Red Schoolhouse" in Charlotte Hall, now designated a historic preservaton site. She is survived by two daughters and three sons: Norma Dawson, Dianne Tavera, Preston E. Insley, Harold D. Insley, and Donald W. Insley.

Margaret "Peggy" Clark Wetherill '27 died July 2, 1998 in Tryon, North Carolina. She is survived by her daughters, Elizabeth Wetherill McMeel '50HS, Margaret Wetherill Clark '51HS, and Ann Wetherill '59HS. Peggy spent eight wonderful years at

the then St. Mary's Female Seminary. Because of her poor eyesight, Peggy did not receive any formal education until her arrival at St.



Margaret "Peggy" Clark Wetherill '27

Mary's. Under the tutelage of the headmistress, Mrs. Maddox, Peggy was able to place second in her class. Peggy regularly attended reunion weekend and regaled younger alumni with her stories of the good things and good times she experienced at St. Mary's. In her capacity as a former president of the Washington, D.C. Alumni Chapter, Peggy recruited many students for the Seminary and then later for the College.

Emily Carscaden Brown '28 died on June 29, 1998. A registered nurse, she spent many volunteer hours in service to the Greater Baltimore Medical Center. She is survived by her husband, James R. Brown, Jr., and two sons, James R. Brown III and John F. Brown.

Betty Mace Mason '44JC died on March 1, 1998. She is survived by her husband, Hugh, and five children.

Jarvis Claypoole Orr '48HS '50JC died on September 2, 1998. She was an antique collector and highly respected for her knowledge of antique silver. She is survived by four daughters: Elizabeth King, Lydia Orr Redding '82, Kitson Orr Roger '89, and Kendall Kuhlmeiy.

Charles Robert "Bobby" Wood '77 died on August 16, 1998. At the time of his death, he was vice president of Community Bank of Tri-County. Bobby is survived by his wife, Debra Willenborg Wood; his parents, Charles and Carolyn Wood; a sister, Janice A. Wood; and a brother, Wayne Wood. •

ALUMNI COUNCIL SEATS FIVE NEW MEMBERS

The St. Mary's College of Maryland Alumni Council seated five new members at its quarterly meeting held on September 19 in Annapolis. Seated for the 1998-1999 term are Council members Margaret Ann "Peg" Duchesne '77, Mathew T. Gulick '98, Eileen Smith O'Connell '66JC, Catherine "Kate" O'Brien Shoup '91, George W. Watkins '78, and David A. Weiskopf '93.

Margaret Ann "Peg" Duchesne '77 is a legal secretary for the law firm of Akin, Gump, Strauss, Hauer & Feld, LLP in Washington, D.C. While Peg lives in Calverton, Md., her parents have a home on Breton Bay, so her ties with St. Mary's are still very strong. A psychology/human development major while at SMCM, Peg participated in the canoe/kayak club, intramural sports, varsity volleyball, and basketball. Peg also served as a resident assistant with the Residence Life Office; was a contributing editor for the school newspaper, the former *Empath*; and was contributing columnist for a former St. Mary's County newspaper, *The Beacon*. Peg's current interests include photography and travel. She is a member of the National Guard Association and holds the rank of captain. She enlisted in 1980 and was commissioned in 1986. Peg also holds membership in the National Association of Legal Secretaries and the D.C. Legal Secretaries Association and is a member of the contemporary choir at her parish church. Peg is a charter member and an active member of the Metropolitan Alumni Chapter.

A resident of Ellicott City, Md., **Mathew T. Gulick '98** graduated from SMCM with a B.A. in biology. While attending SMCM, Mat was involved with the New-Student Orientation Program; was a member of the College Judicial Board; and worked as an admissions tour guide. He has served as vice president of the Student Government Association and worked with various SGA committees. Mat is a development associate with the Bonner Group in Alexandria, Va. His immediate plans include continuing in the fundraising field for at least one or two years before pursuing a graduate degree. Eventually, he would like a career in higher education administration. Mat enjoys reading and exercising.

Eileen Smith O'Connell '66 JC, lives in Millersville and works for US Airways as a flight attendant. Eileen earned a B. Ed. degree, graduated with high honors from the University of Hawaii in 1975, and completed a post-graduate summer study-abroad program that same year. Eileen has followed various career paths. She has been a teacher in the state of Maryland and a coordinator of cooperative education for Hawaii Pacific College in Honolulu. She has also worked as a convention planner's administrator for Levi Strauss & Co. and for Mary Kay Cosmetics. Her last 12 years have been spent as an employee of US Airways. She is a member of the Association of Flight Attendants and the Fellowship of Christian Airline Personnel. Eileen has been involved with Toastmasters, was president of two Toastmasters clubs, and received the Toastmasters Speaker of the Year Award. She is also an active member of the Spa Aquatic Swim Center and of the Howard County/ Annapolis Alumni Chapter. Her special interests are being with her extended family, jogging, swimming, reading, writing, Bible study, and travel. As a student at SMCM, Eileen was the Samadra (thespian club) treasurer, a cheerleader, freshman class officer, a member of the SMC choir, and Academics Anonymous.

Catherine "Kate" O'Brien Shoup is a 1991 biology major from SMCM. She received an M.S. from the University of Maryland at College Park in 1994 in conservation biology and sustainable development. Kate is married to Mark Shoup '90 and lives in Bowie, Md. She is a member of the Society for Conservation Biology and the United States Tennis Association. She has worked as a private consultant in conservation biology for the World Wildlife Fund, TNC, and the World Bank. She also served as a research assistant with

the Biodiversity Support Program at WWF and, most recently, as project manager with WWF. Kate will be pursuing a master's of education degree at UMCP, starting in July. As a student at SMCM, Kate participated in swimming, ultimate frisbee, intramural volleyball, and the biology club. Last year, Kate organized the first swim team reunion which was a great success. In her spare time, Kate enjoys gardening and is a member of the Bowie/Crofton Garden Club. Her other interests include tennis, horseback riding, swimming, boxing, traveling, scuba diving, and snorkeling. Kate is also a member of the Citizens for Responsible Growth Coalition, a board member of the Palisades Home Owners Association, and the Bowie Dog Park Association.

George W. Watkins is a member of the class of 1978 and holds a B.S. in political science. George is president of his own CPA firm in Waldorf, Md., a company he began in 1993. He is a member of the American Institute of CPA, the Maryland Association of CPA, and the Kiwanis Club of Charles County. He enjoys golf, softball, and scuba diving. When George was a student at SMCM, he participated in lacrosse and football. He has one child, Jessica Ellen, 18.

David A. Weiskopf '93 is an attorney in Lexington Park, Md. He is a member of the American, Maryland, and St. Mary's County Bar Associations. David played rugby at SMCM. He enjoys reading and all things historical. He is currently interviewing to become a member of the Historic Preservation Committee. David helps plan rugby alumni events and was instrumental in getting rugby alumni together for a reunion last year. He is currently working on starting an alumni club for lawyers who are SMCM grads. A kick-off dinner is being planned in Annapolis this winter. ♣

ADVANCED DEGREES

Merlin L. Taylor, Jr., '78, Ph.D. in speech-language therapy from the University of Memphis, January 1998.

Suzanne Oakes Tiedman '80, M.A. in transpersonal psychology from Naropa Institute, May 1998.

Kimberly Tremel '92, J.D. cum laude from the University of Baltimore School of Law, December 1997.

Christopher T. DeLisi '94, J.D. cum laude from the Dickinson School of Law, Penn State University, June 1998.

Jennifer L. Dearolf '96, M.S. in marine biology from the University of North Carolina at Wilmington, June 1998.



WEB DIRECTORY SERVICE IS NOW AVAILABLE ON THE ALUMNI HOME PAGE

Due to the efforts of alumni **Andy Fraser '90** and **Kurt Jackson '83**, the SMCM alumni home page offers up-to-date information about upcoming alumni events, alumni privileges, and alumni chapters. New to the home page this year is a dynamic alumni directory to help alumni find classmates and friends. The self-subscribed directory now serves over 500 entries and has been expanded to include address and major. Directory information can be searched by any field. In addition, current directory information can be updated on-line.

Find a friend. Tell a friend. Browse the SMCM Alumni On-Line Directory at www.smcm.edu/Alumni. Questions or concerns may be directed to **Andy Fraser '90** at 301-774-5598 or by e-mail to afraser@sandglass.com.

DON'T FORGET CLASS NOTES!

Keep up with what your classmates are doing and let them keep up with you. Please mail your class notes to Paula Mitchell, Office of Alumni Relations, St. Mary's College of Maryland, St. Mary's City, MD 20686 or fax them to her at 301-862-0919 or e-mail pamitchell@osprey.smcm.edu. Visit the alumni home page at <http://www.smcm.edu>.

ALUMNI COUNCIL DIRECTORY 1998-1999

PRESIDENT

Mr. Thomas "T.K." H. Kingston '86

VICE PRESIDENT

Mrs. Donna L. West '76

TREASURER

Mr. Francis "Bud" W. Stringer '61JC

SECRETARY

Mrs. Francine Galiano Hughes '66JC

President, Baltimore Alumni Chapter
Mr. Pat O'Brien '86

President,
Anne Arundel/Howard County Alumni Chapter
Ms. Susan Kary Owings '74

President, Black Alumni Chapter
Mr. Jesse J. Price '92

President, Metro Area Alumni Chapter
Mrs. Michelle Larson Stevens '91

President, Southern Maryland Chapter
Maureen V. Auld '81

President, N.C. Chapter
Holly Stewart '92

MEMBERS

Mrs. Mary Alice Waesche Benson '50JC
Mr. Donny Bryan '73
Mrs. Jeanne Zitzer Bullen '86
Mrs. Virginia Burnside Cox '49JC
Ms. Peg Duchesne '77
Mr. Andrew S. Fraser '90
Mr. Mathew T. Gulick '98
Mr. James C. Harvey, Jr. '83
Ms. Carol Ann Kurtz '68JC
Ms. Eileen O'Connell '66JC
Mr. Brian A. Porto '92
Ms. Kate Shoup '91
Mr. Terry Snyder '72

THE LAST PAGE



The Maryland Commission for Celebration 2000 gathers with assorted state mascots.

Commissioned by Governor Parris Glendening, the group has been tasked with planning a state-wide celebration of the millennium. (Left to right) Commission Co-Chair and Former Governor **William Donald Schaefer**; Speaker of the House, **Cas Taylor**; Commission Co-Chair and SMCM President **Jane Margaret O'Brien**; Chief Executive of Montgomery County **Doug Duncan**; Lieutenant Governor **Kathleen Kennedy Townsend**; Delegate **Howard P. Rawlings**.

In the spring '99 issue



*"Elaine Moses, A Very Special
St. Mary's College Student"*



*Theodora
Anderson,
a St. Mary's
Female
Seminary
student in
the early
1850's*

*"What Was a Female Seminary?
The Culture that Created a College"*



"Ross, a Scarecrow for the '90s"

DATES TO REMEMBER, SPRING '99

JANUARY 18 (*Monday*) Classes Begin

MARCH 15 - 21 Spring Recess

APRIL 21 (*Wednesday*) Awards Convocation

MAY 3 - 6 Exams

MAY 15 (*Saturday*) Commencement

IMPORTANT PHONE NUMBERS

College Switchboard	301-862-0200
College Web Site	http://www.smcm.edu
Alumni Office	301-862-0280 or 800-458-8341
Office of Development	301-862-0282
College Relations	301-862-0380

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

SOUTHERN MARYLAND

Maureen Auld '81
301-737-7871

ANNAPOLIS

Susan Kary Owings '74
410-222-1179 (work)

BALTIMORE

Pat O'Brien '86
410-833-0820

WASHINGTON, D.C. AREA

Michelle Larson Stevens '91
301-716-2562 (home)

BLACK ALUMNI

Jesse Price '92
202-225-1510 (work)

NORTH CAROLINA

Holly Stewart '92
336-547-7806 (home)

Remember?

Song fests in the stairwell ☺ pioneering liberal arts education for women • the smoking lounge . . . even if you didn't • white gloves and hats • nightly vespers • the "first boys" living on campus ☺ St. Mary's bell • the fire of '24 • chaperones and curfews • *The Empath* • sailboats on the river • peacocks and pea hens • the Garden of Remembrance ☺ St. John's birthday "pondings" • late nights at the library • IBA • *The Point News* • co-ed dorms • The Saints • Maryland's first Public Honors College • The Seahawks ☺ Phi Beta Kappa • waiting anxiously for your grades . . . the tension builds . . . Am I going to make it?

Success!



Now's the time

THE ANNUAL FUND

Development Office
St. Mary's College of Maryland
St Mary's City, Maryland 20686
1-800-458-8341

An envelope is inserted for your convenience.