Inukshuks: Symbols of Survival

Inukshuk is an Inuit word meaning “in the shape of a man.” These exclusively Canadian stone structures have been used by nomadic Inuit as landmarks for over ten thousand years. Also used to direct caribou to waiting hunters, these sentinels of the north have played a vital role in the Inuit’s very existence and survival.

During his years of exploring and living off the land with Inuit families in the Canadian arctic, Kirkby became obsessed with sketching and painting these unique Canadian structures which have survived the ravages of time and weather.

In a poetic and realistic style, Kirkby has translated to canvas the impressive strength and majesty of the Inshuks amid the immensity and splendor of the Canadian north.

At this juncture in Canadian history the Inukshuks portrayed in Kirkby’s paintings offer an enduring symbol of survival in which we can find renewed hope and a fresh perspective of Canada.

Ken Kirkby

Ken Kirkby was born on September 1, 1940 in London, England. His family moved to Spain in 1945 and then one year later to Portugal where Kirkby spent his formative years.

Kirkby moved to Canada in 1958 and almost immediately made his way north. During a five-year period he lived with various groups of Inuit and travelled Canada’s far north extensively, recording the landscape, the people and the conditions in a vast collection of drawings. During this time Kirkby discovered the awe inspiring stone structures known as “Inukshuks.”

On returning from the Arctic, Kirkby took up residence in Vancouver and began translating his many sketches into magnificent oil paintings. His crowning achievement is a massive work titled “Isumataq.” Measuring 152 feet long by 12 feet high “Isumataq” is the largest portrait on canvas ever painted. This strikingly beautiful creation was unveiled in the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa, on March 30, 1992.

Today Kirkby’s paintings are recognized internationally and are displayed in public and private collections around the globe.
In the 1997-1998 academic year the Bridgewater State College Canadian Studies Program will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary. Since its inception, the Canadian Studies Program has grown into one of the most respected in the country providing a range of activities including conferences, lectures, cultural events, field trips and educational outreach. Under the direction of Dr. Anthony Cicerone, the Canadian Studies Program offers an interdisciplinary course each year which gives a broad overview of our neighbor to the North. Currently, the Canadian Studies Program is attracting new interest as both students and faculty devote their attention to enhancing the understanding of Canada and developing closer national and regional ties. In recognition of twenty-five years of Canadian Studies the Bridgewater Review is highlighting the work of noted Canadians. In this issue, the Honorable Kurt Jensen's photos of Labrador and the artistry of Ken Kirkby and Ingrid Wogrinetz are featured. Congratulations to Dr. Cicerone and the Canadian Studies Program.
EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

So You Want to be a Leader

He pays too high a price
For knowledge and for fame,
Who sells his sinews to be wise,
His teeth and bones to buy a name,
And crawls through life a paralytic
To earn the praise of bard and critic

Were it not better done,
To dine and sleep through forty years;
Be loved by few; be feared by none;
Laugh life away, have wine for tears;
And take the mortal leap undaunted,
Content that all we asked was granted?

But Fate will not permit
The seed of gods to die,
Nor suffer sense to win from wit
Its guerdon in the sky,
Nor let us hide, what'er our pleasure,
The world's light underneath a measure

Go then, sad youth, and shine,
Go, sacrifice to Fame;
Put youth, joy, health upon the shrine,
And life to fan the flame;
Being for seeming bravely barter,
And die to Fame a happy martyr.

from “Fame”
Ralph Waldo Emerson

As a student of politics I have always had a fascination with leaders. Because politics is at its core an exercise in power, those men and women in government have an enormous opportunity to make the decisions and distribute the resources that affect the lives of every citizen. Assuming a leadership position is thus not only a heady experience, it is an awesome responsibility.

These days we Americans seem fixated on our leaders, not so much as decision-makers and administrators, but rather as interesting people whose personal lives seem more important than their public lives. There appears to be little interest in how our government works and how we get the policies that influence our lives, but there is a seemingly endless interest in what our leaders do behind closed doors at night.

Because of this obsession with leaders as National Enquirer figures rather than decision-makers and administrators, we constantly pick apart the human frailties of our elected officials and long for that ideal leader who is a mix of superman (superwoman), Mother Teresa and God. Finding no such person, we complain that our politicians are crooks and sinners and two-faced liars who are not worthy to lead us. For too many of us there are no great men and women in politics, only ambitious, media-hungry phonies who con us into voting for them.

What is sad about this current exercise of downgrading leaders and leadership is that there are many men and women in public life who are serious about serving their country and enhancing the life of their fellow citizens. Despite the fact that politics is a rough game that requires a thick skin and a willingness to give up a private life, public life still attracts people whose sole interest is in improving their town or state or nation. Cynicism about the motivations of politicians is at an all time high, but most political leaders in this country are not in it for the money or the fame, but rather because of a burning desire to do some good.

It is not necessary that we love our political leaders, but it is important for the country that we have an appreciation of what it is that presidents and senators and governors and mayors do. These leaders are hired by the people to say yes and no to hundreds if not thousands of public policy initiatives from leash laws for dogs and cats to sending a convicted murderer to death in the electric chair. By saying yes and no political leaders are not only making decisions that most people would not like to make themselves, they are also setting priorities about what we value and how we should look at the future.

Whether most of us would like to admit it, being a political leader is a tough job, the most important job in a civilized society. Take away the political leader and what we have is unrestricted self-interest and Thomas Hobbes' vision of man as leading a life characterized as solitary, nasty, brutish and short.

It is interesting to note that political leaders have one of the few occupations where their popularity and contributions are better examined years after they have left the public spotlight. Some of our best presidents - Lincoln, Franklin Roosevelt, Thomas Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt - were the objects of ceaseless criticism and political opposition, only years later to enter the pantheon of greatness.

There is much debate in America about whether our democracy is in retreat. Voting abstention, public apathy, disrespect for authority and lack of confidence in governing institutions are signs that we are in trouble. But there is no more disturbing sign of democracy's travail than our sad excitement over trashing our leaders, especially when we wouldn't touch that job with a ten foot pole.

Michael Kryzanek
Editor
What first brought Dickens to the United States? What was it that especially drew him to New England? Why did he enjoy this part of the young country more than any other? And how does his relationship with Massachusetts continue?

Dickens travelled to America twice. He first came in 1842 when, at the height of his youthful popularity, he and his wife ventured across the Atlantic in the midst of winter to explore the new democracy of which he had such great expectations. Like many a first-time visitor to a new country, Dickens did not really appreciate what he was taking on, as is suggested by his initial plan to hire “a carriage, a baggage tender...a negro boy and a saddle horse” with which he would trek from Columbia, South Carolina “through the wilds of Kentucky and Tennessee, across the Allegheny Mountains, and so on until we should strike the lakes and get to Canada.” Fortunately, and especially given the faint grasp of local geography this passage suggests, he was dissuaded. Instead, he spent the little more than four months he passed in the country travelling mostly in the northeast and midwest.

There he found much that he admired but also a great deal which surprised and disappointed him. The vigor and friendliness of Americans appealed to his own generous nature, while their willingness to embrace social experimentation drew his enthusiastic interest. At the same time, he was appalled by what, to European eyes, seemed the brash vulgarity of American manners—spitting was a source of particular disgust—and horrified that a democracy founded on egalitarian principles continued to tolerate slavery. To these larger affronts was added a sense of more personal injury, since Dickens was much affected by the absence of international copyright laws, an omission which had led to his work being pirated and published in America without any payment to him whatsoever. Unable to restrain himself from comment upon this inequity and the broader limitations of American culture and society, Dickens did not entirely endear himself to his host country and he went considerably further to antagonize it by the unflattering portraits which followed in his travel book, *American Notes* (1842), and, especially, in the novel which soon followed it, *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843-4).

For, drawing upon his own recent journey, Dickens sends the novel’s eponymous hero across the ocean to seek his fortune in America and, in the course of describing Martin’s social and spiritual journeying, he offers a sav-
age indictment of the worst features of the new world. Upon arriving in New York, for instance, Martin is greeted by a press that would do credit to more modern tabloids:

"Here's this morning's New York Sewer!" cried one. "Here's this morning's New York Stabber! Here's the New York Family Spy! Here's the New York Private Listener! Here's the New York Peeper! Here's the New York Plunderer! Here's the New York Keyhole Reporter! Here's the New York Rowdy Journal! Here's all the New York papers! Here's full particulars of the patriotic locofoco movement yesterday, in which the whigs was so chawed up; and the last Alabama gouging case; and the interesting Arkansas duel with Bowie knives. . . ."

Later in his travels Martin will come across a certain Hannibal Chollop, "a splendid sample of our native raw material," as one of his compatriots describes him, and who is ironically eulogized as an example of the ignoble savagery this new society has thrown up: "he is a true-born child of this free hemisphere! Verdant as the mountains of our country; bright and flowing as our mineral Licks; unspiled by withering conventionalities as air our broad and boundless Perearers! Rough he may be. So air our Barrs. Wild he may be. So air our Buffalers. But he is a child of Natur', and a child of Freedom; and his boastful answer to the Despot and the Tyrant is, that his bright home is in the Settin Sun."

Despite the disappointment and difficulties of this first relationship with America, Dickens had gained much from the visit: he became consciously aware of his own national identity, his intrinsic Englishness, in a way that only exposure to the foreign can ensure; he came to understand the distance between idealized visions of the unknown and the actual realities of social experiment; and, perhaps most of all, he gained a number of close friends through whom he would gradually temper and enrich his sense of America.

However, it would be more than a quarter of a century before Dickens would return to America and when he did so it would be during the last years of his life and as a rather different figure from the young writer of 1842. During the 1860's Dickens added a new career to the many he had already pursued: he became a public reader of his own work, thus following himself in the roles of reporter, actor, the atrical impresario, newspaper and magazine editor, amateur hypnotic therapist, and, of course, greatest novelist of the age. With a flair for recycling his productions which seems prophetically modern, Dickens realized that, by giving public readings, he could generate new income without having to actually write original material and so, having overcome his very unmodern scruples about the social propriety of such behavior, launched himself anew. His success was immediate and extraordinary. As "the greatest reader of the greatest writer of the age," he found himself in enormous demand—and enormously profitable. Yet the appeal of reading was far from solely financial, for through the act of publically reproducing and sharing his work, Dickens discovered that he could forge afresh, and nightly renew, that sympathy with his readers which was not only their greatest delight but also his own.

Having plied his new craft to such good effect in Britain, Dickens soon received pressing invitations to bring his readings to America. For he had, as John Forster, his friend and first biographer describes, become the most popular writer in the country. His novels and tales were crowding the shelves of all the dealers in books in all the cities in the Union. In every house, in every car, on every steamboat, in every theatre of America, the characters, the fancies, the phraseology of Dickens were become familiar beyond those of any other writer of books.

Nor was Dickens himself loath to renew his acquaintance with the United States, or to profit by so doing. And yet, given the marked physical decline which the 1860's brought to a still young but prematurely aged man, the decision to undertake a transatlantic voyage and five months of winter travel and performance was no light one. But take it Dickens did, and he returned to Boston in November 1867 to begin a visit during which he read almost without respite up until his departure for home from New York the following May. All in all, the tour was wildly successful: Dickens was met with universal adulation and he confirmed in his audiences the impression that
Charles Eliot Norton, a man not given to hyperbole, glowingly described:

No one thinks first of Dickens as a writer. He is at once, through his books, a friend... He is the greatest magician of our time. His wand is a book, but his power is in his own heart. It is a rare piece of good fortune for us that we are the contemporaries of this benevolent genius.

Nor could Dickens himself be unhappy with the success of a tour that saw him carry home the then enormous profit of $100,000. Yet he paid a high price for his success, often being so ill that he was barely able to perform, and there seems little doubt that the exertions of the trip hastened his death two years later at the age of only fifty-eight.

Many of these readings took place in New England, and one that was given in southeastern Massachusetts typifies much of the tour. On March 27, 1868 Dickens read to over eight hundred people at Liberty Hall in New Bedford. Although little has been subsequently published about this visit, the local press of the day provides a rich record. Dickens travelled down from Boston on the train via Taunton, put up at a local hotel, and, promptly at eight o'clock, began a two-hour presentation in Liberty Hall. His program was one he gave frequently—A Christmas Carol and the trial scene from The Pickwick Papers—and he gave it to an audience which had paid the then princely price of $2 a head in an age when theatre tickets ran to fifty or seventy-five cents. In its review the following day, the New Bedford Evening Standard offers an unusually detailed critique of the performance. After noting that Dickens began almost inaudibly and with some affectation in his pronunciation and manner, the reviewer describes his warming to the work and his developing style as

easy and harmonious with itself, without being dull or monotonous. His liveliness of manner even went into the most pathetic and thrilling portions of the text, the allusions to Tiny Tim in the presence of the Spirit of Christmas in the Future, and the interview of Scrooge with his clerk the morning after Christmas—without marring proprieties; it lent additional snap to the spiteful drinking of Scrooge's health by Bob Cratchit's wife; and it made Mr. Dickens's special forte of oddity and raciness in description more exceedingly Dickensy than his admirers even had a comprehension of.

How successful the performance actually was remains unclear: two days later, Dickens wrote of it to his daughter "I read with my utmost force and vigor." But both the Standard and the New Bedford Mercury comment on the audience's muted response and, though the latter politely concludes that "They are fortunate who have seen and heard Mr. Dickens," we are left to wonder whether the Victorian superstar was entirely able to overcome the difficulties of travelling through the snow, wretched health, and an audience which turned out to be the smallest and least remunerative of his tour.

However, even if circumstances may have conspired to bring less than his best out of Dickens on this one evening, the general success of his visit is not in question, and it not only undid any lingering rancor from his 1842 stay but cemented the affection felt for him in America. Moreover, on this side, too, the visit did much to correct some of his earlier misunderstandings and confirmed to him that the new democracy did, indeed, have much to offer a visitor from the old world. What was it, though, in particular which appealed to him? And what, precisely, was it about New England which gave him his happiest associations with America?

On both his visits Dickens first set foot on land in Boston, and it was this most European of American cities that did much to encharm him. Putting up at the Tremont Hotel in 1842, Dickens immediately discovered, as has many a traveller before and since, that the two nations are indeed divided by a common language. For, in endeavoring to order his dinner, he learned that "right away" was not an exclamation but a question, not a phrase of agreement but an inquiry as to timing, and it took the efforts of two waiters to ensure that the famous author received his food then and there rather than at some unascertained future point. Notwithstanding this initial linguistic confusion, Dickens soon enjoyed "a capital dinner" and then went out to discover a city of brilliantly painted white houses, intensely colored brickwork, signs, and even railings, and with a central core (the area around Beacon Hill and the Common) which charmed him to perfection. As he came to know Boston better, he began to liken it to Edinburgh, that so-called "Athens of the North," his wife's native town and the home of many of his Scottish friends. Boston, where he found a similar blend of friendship and intellectual delight, naturally assumed a similar place in his affections, even if, on his return in 1868, he would comment, again as have so many later visitors, on his shock at learning that "the cost of living is enormous."

While the city itself charmed him, even more important were the friends he made there and across the river in Cambridge. For many of Dickens's closest friendships came to be with Americans, and most of these Americans were from Massachusetts: John Quincy Adams, Emerson, and Longfellow, for example, or publisher James Fields and his wife Annie. These friends, themselves at the heart of America's extraordinarily rich cultural and intellectual life in the middle decades of the nineteenth century, became defining parts of Dickens's sense of the best of America, and it is a measure of how closely attached to them he became that two of the most insightful comments upon him originate with this group. Emerson, first, who after watching one of the public readings in 1868, confirmed what their toll must have been: "I am afraid he has too much talent for his genius; and it is a fearful locomotive to which he is bound and can never be free from it nor set at rest." And then there is a poignant observation by Annie Fields, Dickens's Boston hostess during the second visit, who noted what a "wonderful flow of the spirits Charles Dickens has for such a sad man." Such observations are not to be made by casual acquaintances, and it is surely a strong indication of how close Dickens

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grew to this country and its people that these comments should have been made by his American friends.

But if the private side of American life was one source of the country's appeal to Dickens, another inspiration lay in its public institutions and their representation of the new democracy at work. With entirely characteristic energy, he speedily followed his arrival in 1842 with a whirlwind tour of the new society. Walking through South Boston, he visited the Perkins Institute for the Blind, the Boylston School, and then the State Hospital for the Insane. He subsequently moved on by train to visit both Worcester and Lowell, observing American industrial life and taking a special interest in the paternalistic ordering of the Lowell community. What he saw intrigued and impressed him to such an extent that, even in the often critical pages of American Notes, he was able to write:

Above all, I sincerely believe that the public institutions and charities of this capital of Massachusetts are as nearly perfect, as the most considerate wisdom, benevolence, and humanity, can make them. I never in my life was more affected by the contemplation of happiness...than in my visits to these establishments.

Readers in the age of Mike Barnicle and less happy renditions of the Commonwealth's public life might wonder which state of Massachusetts Dickens had seen... Nevertheless, his enthusiasm for the public world clearly matched that he felt for the private, and the two come together most clearly in Dickens's response to his favorite part of Massachusetts—Cambridge and the society around Harvard. For, in writing of America's oldest university, he defined for himself and his readers what it was in the country's liberal arts tradition that most deeply mirrored its democratic ideals:

Whatever the defects of American universities may be, they disseminate no prejudices; rear no bigots; dig up the buried ashes of no old superstitions; never interpose between the people and their improvement; exclude no man because of his religious opinions; above all, in their whole course of study and instruction, recognise a world, and a broad one too, lying beyond the college walls.

Despite confusions over language and geography, despite his first disappointment with American manners, despite his horror at the worst excesses of the still rawly new democracy, Dickens was, finally, very much at home in a country which in so many ways embodied his own central values. Professor Michael Slater has perhaps best expressed the nature of a relationship which, if often ambivalent, was none the less profound. For Dickens, Professor Slater writes,

was a natural American and therefore had the same love/hate relationship with America as he had with the country of his birth. In his touchy pride, his ruthless energy, his unwavering belief in the rewards of industry, his rejection of the past, and his faith in the future Dickens was very much an American.

At Bridgewater State College we, too, are fortunate in being able to share in this relationship between Charles Dickens and America. To borrow from my opening quotation, we too have been the beneficiaries of "boundless generosity." In our case, it is that of the late President Maxwell, who bequeathed his own library to the college. As a result, a superb collection of first and early editions of Dickens, memorabilia, and a fine array of twentieth century scholarship on Dickens and the Victorian period as a whole is available to us. Housed in the Maxwell Library's Special Collections room and under the care of Ms. Mabell Bates, this is one of the hidden treasures of the college and of particular interest to all lovers of literature. Happily, through recent donations by the class of '46, the collection will continue to grow and become more accessible to future students of Dickens. As a result, we will all be able to at least try and satisfy that insatiable appetite for the Inimitable Boz which Leonardo Cattermole, one of his early illustrators, defines so wonderfully and thereby catches the spirit in Dickens which continues to draw readers in Massachusetts, and throughout the world, to him:

Who could tell a story like he did? rivetting the attention from start to finish, holding his audience magnetically, selecting his subtle tools of narrative and using them always in the right place with effect, carrying his audience entirely with him by means of that power he had of building his story without lumber or extraneous non-important matter, feeding his listeners without sating them, leaving them always like his own Oliver, wanting "more!"
SEARCHING FOR MY ANCESTORS

Pauline Harrington

Six months ago I decided to go in search of my Swedish ancestors. Not sledding over frozen tundra to some far corner of Sweden but to archives to find out who they were and where they came from. Although it would be fun to visit small villages, go to stave churches where they had been christened, married and buried, and discover the life these early relatives had lived centuries ago, I had to settle for long hours in libraries trying to find that crucial clue to my past. Maybe from them I have inherited my interest in livestock and Scandinavian knitting.

At first I had all sorts of romanticized ideas of searching for my past and where it might lead me. Well, the reality has been quite different. This article is the story of my search which is still far from being complete. There have been times of frustration and downright boredom but also moments of excitement and a feeling of achievement. Most of my time has been spent looking at microfilms in large government buildings or in small family history centers, not the picturesque visits to tranquil cemeteries and family farms. The steps I have taken in this quest are unique to my particular set of circumstances, so I do not intend to supply the definitive way to do an ancestor search, but only to give some basic information on resources available and above all, to encourage others to do the same.

The only things I knew about my Swedish ancestry were that my father's parents emigrated from Sweden as children and somewhere in the United States met and then married. Family history and ancestry were not topics of conversation at home. My paternal grandparents had been proud to become Americans. As I was to later learn, they had worked hard to become homeowners and send their children to college, thus seemingly to make a choice to concentrate on integrating into American society rather than preserving ties with the past.

In order to start my search, however, I needed some names and dates. I knew that my father, Charles Olson, was born in 1900 in Cleveland, Ohio, and that he had an uncle, Carl Fiske, who settled in Barrington, Rhode Island, some time after World War II. These two facts were all I had but they have proved to be good enough.

I first went to the National Archives in Washington, D.C. The purpose of the Archives is to collect all documents which relate to an individual and his/her contact with the Federal government. Thus within this typically large government office building covering the block on Pennsylvania Avenue between 7th and 9th Avenues is a wealth of information. The Federal census has been compiled every ten years since 1790 and the records, with some notable gaps, are available on microfilm. Federal legislation requires that 72 years pass before the release of census data to the public so that data after 1920 is not available. Our westward expansion is documented with copies of all Federal land transfers and homestead applications. The latter can be useful in genealogical work as they often contain the nationality of the immigrant applicant and sometimes the date of arrival and port of arrival. Other useful information ranges from naturalization records of Federal courts, military personnel records and pension information beginning with revolutionary war veterans and passenger arrival lists since 1820 at most major ports.

I was told by the very helpful and patient archivists to begin with the census data for 1920 because it is the most recent and might have the most information. Since the census is organized by county or town, the big question is how to find a person amid all the data. I was assured that there were going to be a lot of Olsons in Ohio in 1920. Fortunately the Archives is a part of the Federal government which seems to be well organized. The first thing to do is to "Soundex" a name. This is a process by which certain letters of the alphabet are given numerical values so that every name is reduced to a code beginning with the first letter and followed by three numbers. The code for Olson is O425, so I went to roll O425 for Ohio and started looking. The Soundex lists families by head of household. Since minor children are listed under their parent, I had to find my grandfather. Not knowing his name, I began the...
tedious process of scrolling through the microfilm looking for a family card which listed a Charles Olson born in 1900. Naturally, I had to get to almost the very end of the listings before I got lucky. (I have found that my family members are usually at the end of any list they are on!) The soundex card listed Charles Olson as the son of Carl G. Olson, age 49, born in Sweden, a naturalized citizen who owned his own home in Cleveland. The card also listed his wife, Alma, and mother-in-law, Sophie Fiske, both from Sweden. I knew I had the right family.

Soundex cards contain references to the volume, sheet and line of the town where the family lives. Therefore I got the microfilm for the Cleveland census and found the data for my father's family.

Census data told me that my grandfather had emigrated in 1889 from Sweden, became a naturalized citizen in 1891, owned his own home, worked in a mill, married his wife in 1898 and had two children, Irene, born in 1899, and Charles, born in 1900. My grandmother and her mother emigrated from Sweden in 1882 and also became citizens in 1891. While the place of birth for my grandparents was listed as Sweden, it was no more specific than that. I had acquired more information on my family but not what I wanted, where did they come from in Sweden.

The archivists suggested that I look at the passenger lists for the years of emigration. If I could find the part of Sweden from which my family came or even the port from which they left, I might be able to trace back to find their home by using the information available through the Mormon church, which has gathered world-wide material relating to family history. Thus started one of the most frustrating yet interesting parts of this whole project.

The National Archives has passenger lists of vessels entering the major American ports from 1800 to the mid 1950's. The lists are not complete and are not necessarily inclusive for the periods which they cover. If you are lucky, your ancestors will have emigrated at a time when an index was compiled for the lists. I was not lucky. I assumed that Carl Olson entered the country from the port of New York. This was purely a guess but I was told by the archivists that it was a good one since he probably went to the midwest, thus eliminating the southern and Pacific ports. New York has an index for country, last residence, intended destination, the location of the compartment occupied on board and date and cause of death if the individual died on route.

After looking at the manifests of over a thousand boats, there are some general observations to be made. A significant number of the lists are illegible due to poor copying and damaged originals, both of which are often combined with impossible handwriting. (If they had only had a computer, or at least a typewriter!) After a while I got to recognize the different handwriting of the clerks and was relieved when I got a good one. Every ship's list had to be examined name by name. Some boats contained passengers from mostly one country, but even though they were Irish or Italian, it was possible that they contained an emigrating deck hand from another country.

Passengers who traveled in first class cabins received more detailed and favorable description. The men were mostly listed by their profession as a doctor, lawyer, businessman, while women, married and unmarried, were described as 'lady'. If, however, they were not in first class but in the lower berths a man was most often just a 'laborer' regardless of whether he was a carpenter or bricklayer. A woman who had the misfortune to be unmarried was generally classified as 'spinster'.

Looking for a Carl Olson from Sweden is like looking for a John Smith in the United States. Swedes generally follow a 'patronymic' naming system whereby a child's last name identifies him or her as the son or daughter of the father, using the latter's first name. Hence, I was looking for a Carl who was the son of Olof, two of the more common Swedish names. (A daughter would have the name Oldotter - daughter of Olaf.)

I started looking at the microfilm lists of the ships arriving on January 1, 1888 and so far have covered those arriving on August 10, 1888. A passenger list might contain the name of the individual, his/her age, sex, 'calling' or occupation, relation to traveling companions, his/her
As the microfilm rolled on, I came across dozens of Carl Olsons but not the right one. Some were too old, others too young, some going to Montana or other places where I did not think my grandfather had ever been. It was not terribly comforting to be told that the lists were not always accurate, ages could be approximate and destination was often not exact as the individual might not really know or never get to where he or she intended. I did find one Carl Olson of the right age and going to Minnesota where there is some family connection but, alas, he died before the ship docked. This line of inquiry is obviously incomplete and I may have to keep going through the lists until December 31, 1888 unless I can get information in another manner.

The search for information on my grandmother has been more successful. Rather than look through passenger lists again, I decided to find out what I could about her brother, Uncle Carl who lived in Barrington. I spent a day in the town library looking through almost ten years of the Barrington Journal. At last I found his obituary, which contained useful information, describing his place of birth as Varmland, Sweden where he had emigrated in 1882.

I thought I had finally found what I wanted. Sadly, I had not. Speaking to a Swedish friend, I found that Varmland is a province of Sweden, so saying one comes from Varmland is similar to saying one comes from New England.

At that point I decided to investigate the information contained in the Mormon Family History Library. The Mormon Church has spent large sums of money to establish what is reputed to be the largest collection of family history data in the world. The impetus for this collection is founded in the Mormon theology. When I first went to a Family History Library, I found a booklet entitled Why Family History? With a belief in the unity of the family and “that we are all spirit children of God, the Eternal Father” the Church has utilized its resources to enable all to locate their family, both past and present. The identification of the extended family will enable those living to work to join those now dead through vicarious baptism and thus be united in resurrection. As the Mormons state, “if through the sealing power of the holy priesthood of God it is possible to have husbands, wives, and children sealed together, would we not also desire to be sealed to our fathers and mothers and so continue until all members of our families have been sealed? Since we eventually come to a point of common ancestry, we must have great concern for all persons. All men and women who are or ever were born on this earth may receive such blessings if they are willing to accept them.”

It is thanks to this resource that I have been able to locate the birthplace of my grandmother. The amount of material available through the Family History Library is massive and it seems to enlarge every time I try a new line of investigation. At the time I was working at the Archives, I was talking to one of the researchers who was tracing his family and I asked him if he had used the Mormon materials. He said that he had not as it just seemed too overwhelming; there was so much information available. I found it hard to believe that any place would have a larger collection of paperwork than the government and that it could intimidate a Federal bureaucrat. But he was right, they do have more; but I view it as exciting rather than intimidating.

The Mormon church has collected records around the world relating to individuals and their family life. The material is truly international and each country presents its unique problems. Once collected, the original documents are transferred to microfilm or microfiche which are stored at the main center in Salt Lake City, Utah. A computer data base is also being established for recently researched families. Throughout the world there are smaller Family History Libraries. At most of these the public
may have access to the microfiche indices and thus order the microfilms for viewing at the local library. I used the library located in Foxboro as it was the most convenient.

As the Mormon collection is vast and is constantly growing, the libraries sell booklets, for a very small fee, detailing the information that is available for each state in the United States and each foreign country and instructions on how to access it. Also listed is a bibliography of other sources of information, which are available but not contained in the Mormon collection, such as books on genealogy. I bought the material on Sweden and Ohio, studied it and decided how to proceed.

For Sweden there is a wide range of material available, much of it going back to the seventeenth century and some even earlier. Among the materials collected are records of school attendance, the probate of estates giving information on heirs and the location of property, military and pension lists, guild lists of occupations, vital statistics collected by the government including emigration and passenger lists, and parish church records. As the government in most cases did not begin to collect vital records until the middle of the nineteenth century, parish records may be the only ones available. The Lutheran Church was recognized as the state church of Sweden in the early sixteenth century and started records of parish activities soon after. In the eighteenth century the local parish also collected records for the 'dissenter' faiths such as Catholics, Jews and other Protestant religions, a practice which lasted until 1920 when they were allowed to keep their own records.

In addition to records of births, marriages, baptisms and deaths, the church also aided the government in keeping records of a civil nature. Thus each parish compiled a yearly list of those within the parish who moved to another country, the emigration lists. These were the records that helped me locate my grandmother’s family.

Emigration lists are compiled by parishes within a province. Since I knew that my great uncle came from Varmland, I sent to Salt Lake City for the microfilm of the Varmland emigration lists for 1882. Each parish lists every individual who emigrated during the year. Line by line I looked to see if there was a family named Fiske with two children named Carl and Alma and a mother named Sophie. I do not read Swedish but that turned out to not be a problem as there was another woman at the library who had been working on her Swedish project for over a year and was most helpful. The Library also has booklets with useful genealogical terminology in a variety of languages.

At the end of the Varmland list is the report of the parish of Svanskog. In 1882 Jan Frederick and Sophie Fiske emigrated to the United States with their children Carl, Anna and Alma. They were also accompanied by Jan's parents, Andars and Kristina. I had finally come to the end of my search for my grandmother.

I still have my grandfather to work on. I am currently going through the material in the Mormon library which has been collected from Ohio to see if somewhere there is a document that lists the parish or province of Carl Olson. The Ohio documents include cemetery records, federal and state census records, state compiled vital statistics, church records, many court records, property records, military records, naturalization and citizenship records and even some newspaper obituaries. So far I have gone through the naturalization petitions for Cleveland in 1891. No luck. Not only did I not find him but the petitions only give the country of emigration. I am currently waiting to get the records of marriages in the Cleveland area for 1898. I hope my grandparents were married in Cleveland and that these records are more complete. If they are not I will keep looking and maybe go back to those long and tedious passenger lists.

I have had fun with this project and have developed a real mission to see it to a successful conclusion. As soon as this occurs, I am looking forward to going to Sweden and visiting the homes of my grandparents.

If I were to start over again, I would begin with the Mormon Family History Library. The information is all available through them; the only disadvantage is that it must be ordered and this takes time and a modest amount of money. Contrary to the fears of the researcher in the Archives, it is not intimidating. There is an abundance of material that is well organized, there are many books to guide you and above all there is a friendly staff, knowledgeable and very patient with beginners!
Robert Frost: Bridgewater State Teacher's College, 1959

William J. Murphy

I love poetry for the fun of it, and because it is an antidote to the helter skelter of my everyday life. I turn off the scary and limited TV news and pick up my page-worn, cover-taped Untermeeyer anthology of poetry. I am looking for a new poem. Well, new to me, at any rate. More and more these days I find that poetry is a necessary addition (antidote?) to the everyday prose that I am asked to read, the popular magazines, the newspapers or "information" in countless formats that is "required" reading in my professional life. I am not expected to read poetry for my profession, nor am I an expert about the poetry I read. Poetry-as-a-hobby is the work I love to add to my normal workload. I dredge up from my college days the limited skills of scansion I learned then and find that counting the stresses of a line is a great deal more fun than looking at a line of stock market information.

I travel to a local "poetry slam" to relax after a hard day of listening to people present ideas in classes and at meetings. Professionally I am both a teacher and a faculty union leader, and, though I have not studied the issue systematically, I can fairly reliably report that in these positions I do not normally hear ideas delivered in poetic form. It is hard to imagine that centuries ago poetry was an important means for dealing with everyday affairs. Poetry lost its value because it's effectiveness was questioned. I've spent enough time in classrooms and meetings to question the effectiveness of our normal ways of presenting our ideas. Yes, imagine those responsible for the next faculty meeting speaking poetically to make their points, and imagine teachers teaching social studies in the poetic form.

I appreciate poetry because it gives me a chance to connect with my past experiences. Having developed a career in this careerist oriented society, I use the knowledge that I know best to do what I do to make a living. Because of this I have forgotten lots of knowledge that was important to me. Poetry is there to provide me the means to recall subjects that established my early world view. When the poetry is of high quality then I recall the past with inspiration. Robert Frost said, "poetry makes you remember what you didn't know you knew." Is there a better reason to love poetry?

The idea of reading, reciting and writing poetry for the love of it appears to be more popular than ever. Poet and poetry writer Donald Hall reports that all indications are that poetry is in excellent shape. For Hall, the idea that poetry is dying is a big lie. He even titled a recent published book Death to the Death of Poetry in which he writes eloquently why he doesn't "accept the big lie." Hall points out that more than a thousand poetry books appear in this country each year and that more people read poetry now than ever did before. Poetry readings, he states, picked up in the late 1950s, avalanched in the 1960s, and continue unabated in the 1990s. Poetry journals are published and subscribed to in larger numbers than ever. Hall is an enthusiast for quality poetry that intends artistic excellence. His supporting evidence for the strength of poetry doesn't include support for anything less than the "diverse, intelligent, beautiful, moving work that should endure."

Bridgewater welcomed America's most beloved poet, Robert Frost, to her campus on December 1, 1959. Mr. Frost lectured and "Said" many of his poems to an admiring audience that filled Horace Mann Auditorium to overflowing. Truly, a highlight in this year.
Hall points out that the public is confused by the sheer volume of poetry and by some partisanship in the world of criticism for specific poets. There are relatively few national journals to keep up with the volume of poems being produced, and there is a need to discriminate among the good and bad ones. And the "either this poet or that one is the correct one for the day" syndrome leads to partisanship at the expense of the overall well being of poetry. However, there is ample evidence to show that poetry is still strong in America, and that these problems are having limited effect.

For Hall, the poetry readings with "rows of listeners" make him feel wonderful. He states, "In the 1990s the American climate for poetry is infinitely more generous. In the mail, in the row of listeners, even in the store down the road, I find generous response. I find it in magazines and in rows of listeners, even in the magazines and in rows of listeners in Pocatello and Akron, in Florence, South Carolina, and in Quartz Mountain, Oklahoma."

The first poetry reading I ever went to was given by Robert Frost at Bridgewater State Teachers College on December 1, 1959. I was a seventeen year old freshman. The great poet-philosopher, at that time 85 years old, traveled from his home in Cambridge to speak to the college community. The college made attendance compulsory for both students and faculty, but this meant little to those of us who looked forward to hearing this cultural icon whose poetry and ideas were known throughout the world. Here, for me, was a chance to see the person responsible for some of the most creative poetry written in the first half of the century. The first Frost poetry that I remember encountering was in the high school literature class where my final grade depended on my interpretation of "The Death of the Hired Man." Frost wrote that "Home is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in." I took it seriously then, and I still do.

I understood that Frost was a great poet. But I also knew that he was a noted commentator on the subject of baseball. He had written a significant baseball piece in Sports Illustrated which, three years earlier, was the basis for my tenth grade social studies report on the history of baseball. His capacity to write on baseball and to be a great poet increased my appreciation of the man to great heights. (I have read since that when he was 12 it was his dream was to become a professional baseball player).

Appearing before me that day was this gentle man who at 85 was traveling and working with endurance and enthusiasm.

Frost advised:

*Such a fine pullet ought to go All coiffured to a winter show, And be exhibited, and win.
The answer is this one has been-And come with all her honors home. Her golden leg, her coral comb, Her fluff of plumage, white as chalk Her style, were all the fancy's talk.*

What I knew about poetry in general, and the poetry of Frost in particular, was acquired through the required formal learning exercises of my schooling. Like many other students, any favorable attitude on my part toward poetry had more to do with appreciation of the rhymes found in nursery rhymes, music lyrics and the poems that were known by everyone such as "Casey at the Bat." Sadly, the idea of poetry appreciation for me was probably eliminated by forced, formal learning of poetry. As well, the growing popularity of television had its bad effect. The lack of poetry appreciation wasn't missed by Frost that day in December. He stated, "Never force a child to like poetry. Too many teachers tell their students they should or must like poetry." His advice offered to me, the future teacher, was profound and never forgotten.

What I didn't know about the life of Frost that day would, of course, fill the eventual volumes of biographies written since his death in 1963. Now available is the knowledge that the themes in his poetry were rooted in Frost's family relationships. Frost lived with the tragic early loss of children to illness, depression in several family members, and sickness that nagged him throughout his life. For some critics, Frost's use of these themes in his poetry was alarming to the extent that earlier in 1959, at his 85th birthday party, he was referred to by Lionel Trilling as a "terrifying" poet. Trilling observed that Frost's radical work "is not carried out by
reassurance, nor by the affirmation of old virtues and pieties. It is carried out by the representation of the terrible actualities of life in a new way. I think of Robert Frost as a terrifying poet. Call him, if it makes things any easier, a tragic poet" (quoted in Robert Frost by Jeffrey Meyer, 1996).

I doubt that anyone in the audience that day thought Frost was in any way terrifying. I remember that I didn’t. Perhaps, Trilling’s serious critique of Frost a few months before was one reason why at Bridgewater he said what he did about the intentions of his critics. He remarked, “that in one of his poems he mentioned the hemlock and some critics went on to deeply analyze its meaning and reached the conclusion that it must refer to the poison hemlock juice by which Socrates met his death.” Laughingly, Frost commented that he meant only the simple hemlock shrub that grows in the field of New Hampshire where he spent much of his early life.

In March of 1959 Frost was quoted in the Boston press as predicting that the next president of the United States would come from Boston and that his name would be Kennedy. Never would I have imagined that he would be the first poet to read a poem at a presidential inauguration when he read “The Gift Outright” in honor of John F. Kennedy. When asked by Kennedy to participate in the inauguration, Frost replied by telegram:

“IF YOU CAN BEAR AT YOUR AGE THE HONOR OF BEING MADE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, I OUGHT TO BE ABLE AT MY AGE TO BEAR THE HONOR OF TAKING SOME PART IN YOUR INAUGURATION. I MAY NOT BE EQUAL TO IT BUT I CAN ACCEPT IT FOR MY CAUSE--THE ARTS, POETRY, NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME TAKEN INTO THE AFFAIRS OF STATESMEN”

As for a man and his contributions and awards, here was the only person to have been awarded four Pulitzer honors (1924--New Hampshire; 1931--Collected Poems; 1937--A Further Range;1943--April). And more awards were to come including a Congressional Gold Medal presented by President Kennedy in 1962, (it had been originally been awarded to him by President Eisenhower). In return he gave Kennedy a copy of In the Clearing, a volume published the next day when he was 88 years old.

The poetry “said” by Frost that day meant much to the country, partly because of its creativity, but also because of the familiarity of his themes. Frost’s poems were conversational in style, and focused on the natural and the pastoral. They were poems about the practical the difficult aspects of life. Frost had the ability to discuss life’s difficulties while at the same time showing us the beauty of nature. This aesthetic of Frost left an impression that continues to affect me.

My appreciation of humanity’s connection with nature can be attributed in no small way to Frost reciting “Birches.” I think we all can agree with the line from the poem that states, “Earth’s the right place for love.” Frost’s poetry that day, and much of what I’ve read since, has showed me the possibility of the grand design for all things great and small. For example, in “Design,” Frost questions whether design is what makes the best of apparent chaos in nature.

**Design**

_I found a dimpled spider, fat and white,_  
_On a white heal-all, holding up a moth_  
_Like a white piece of rigid satin cloth-._  
_Assorted characters of death and blight_  
_Mixed ready to begin the morning right,_  
_Like the ingredients of a witches broth-._  
_A snow-drop spider, a flower like a froth,_  
_And dead wings carried like a paper kite._  
_What had the flower to do with being white,_  
_The wayside blue and innocent heal-all?_  
_What brought the kindred spider to that height,_  
_Then steered the white moth thither in the night?_  
_What but design of darkness to appall?_  
_If design govern in a thing so small._

That day in 1959 Frost questioned the renaming of the college (enacted earlier in that fall) when the state legislature caused the word “Teacher” to be dropped from the title “Bridgewater State Teachers College.” Frost remarked “it was as though we were ashamed of the word teacher.” Maybe here was Frost living up to his alleged contrariness. His poetry raised contradictions. The lines in his “Mending Wall” -- “Something there is that doesn’t love a wall” and “good fences make good neighbors” raise the perennial conflict of old and new ways.
Mending Wall

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it
And spills the upper boulders in the sun,
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
The work of hunters is another thing;
I have come after them and made repair
Where they have left not one stone on a stone,
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,
No one has seen them made or heard them made;
But as spring mending-time we find them there.
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;
And on a day we meet to walk the line
And set the wall between us once again.
We keep the wall between us as we go.
To each the boulders have fallen to each.
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls
We have to use a spell to make them balance:
"Stay where you are until our backs are turned!"
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.
Oh, just another outdoor game,
One on a side. It comes to little more:
There where it is we do not need the wall:
He is all pine and I am apple orchard.
My apple trees will never get across
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.
He only says, "Good fences make good neighbors."
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
If I could put a notion in his head:
"Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it
Where there are cows? But there are no cows.
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offense.
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That wants it down." I could say "Elves" to him,
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
He said it for himself. I see him there,
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.
He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.
He will not go behind his father's saying,
And he likes having thought of it so well
He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors."

Like Frost, I have spent a good part of my life working in education. I think my experiences with education have been more rewarding than what seems to be the case for Frost. His biographers have described numerous occasions when Frost and formal education didn’t connect positively. He wrote and said good and bad things about schools. I think the poem “What Fifty Said” states an educational philosophy that gives meaning to the role of teachers—those younger and those older.

The chance to see the best while being a college freshman nearly forty years ago helped establish my continuous connection to poetry. The special occasion of listening to a great poet read his poetry had an inspirational value that helped me think there was more to life than I could have imagined. An awesome thought perhaps, but one that all college freshmen deserve.

William J. Murphy
is Professor of Special Education
Bad Man Going Down

You can’t recall the name of the cancer that’s killing you.

It sounds something like “crayfish” or “cryogenic,”
like something slowly putrefying,
a familiar odor carried on the wind,
the decayed gestures of a thousand mornings before the mirror.

It sounds like the names of the wives you’ve abandoned,
the riffled snapshots of the children you’ve forgotten,
the pounds of your discarded plastic gurgling down the streams.

It sounds like the name of an executioner who wants you to live forever--
lost in coma--
or paraplegic with a pencil in your mouth,
slowly muscling a board through noontime intersections.

It sounds like a portable final solution, insoluble
and complete as the morning light that strikes the top of your dresser,

like the infinite ticking of a summer sunset
when you’re dying for darkness and some well-earned rest.

Phil Tabakow
NEWFOUNDLAND – Land of Contradiction

Kurt Jensen

Newfoundland is a land of exaggerated weather where towering icebergs float by the harbour capital of St. John’s in the springtime. Mist and rolling fog shrouds much of the island in summer. Bitter winds and raging snow are typical of winter. Forbidding as the weather can be, there is little to compare with Newfoundland when the sun breaks through the clouds and burns off the lingering mist and fog. Home to some of the most unique scenery in North America, this is a land of contradictions where nature in the raw begins at the outskirts of the towns and cities.

Newfoundland is also where the New World began. Norse settlers first came at the end of the first millennium. Their Vinland settlement at L’Anse-aux-Meadows probably did not last many years. Centuries later, in 1497, came John Cabot in the service of an English king. Since that time, Newfoundland has been home to intrepid visitors seeking unspoiled nature and untrammeled wilderness.

About 75 miles south of St. John’s, at Cape St. Mary’s, is found the second largest gannet colony in North America. A short walk from the light house at the Cape is Bird Rock. One approaches across flat grassy stretch of public grazing land punctuated by wandering sheep. The pastoral scene changes dramatically as a spectacular view of the bluffs unfold. Soaring on the thermal uplifts, huge golden-headed gannets with six-foot wing spans fill the air below the bluffs. Murres, razor-bills and kittiwakes are also deafening as one gets nearer. And the smell is...well...overwhelming.

The bird sanctuary, including a nearby interpretation centre, is open year-round. Only the bird colony’s isolation controls excessive intrusion by man.

Across St. Mary’s Bay but several hours by car through pristine scenery interspersed by beautiful, isolated coastal villages and points of land lies Avalon Wilderness Reserve, home to 5800 woodland caribou. Driving along the road past Peter’s River one often encounters small wandering herds of caribou. Less traveled areas are more apt to guarantee sightings. In the spring, the females remain the isolated calving grounds while males and younger animals head south. There are no trees and the ground, mostly barren rock, is covered with lichen and caribou moss, among the staples of the inhabitants.
Near the southernmost tip of Newfoundland is Cape Pine with its lighthouse built in 1851 to warn sailors of shoals and other dangers. Some 300 feet above water, one can hear below the haunting sound of a buoy anchored some distance offshore. A hallow system attached to the buoy's long anchor cable rises and falls, creating a plaintive wail which calls across the water.

Not far from the lighthouse is a colony of puffins nesting on the rugged bluffs. Walking along the cliffs in the late afternoon, one sees a wall of fog lazily approaching the coast. Within minutes, the landscape changes from sunshine to a misty light gray. Before long, the puffins on the rocky cliffs have faded and visibility shrinks to 10-15 yards. As the day draws to an end, the fog becomes all pervading and envelopes the path to the lighthouse. Only an intermittent flash of light from the towering lighthouse and the wail from the buoy provide a sense of direction.
Night Flight From Denver

That's no country for the thin-skinned, however inured to dark-of-night escapes. When wind rushes upslope, the small flakes fly, and the sun, that boon companion, bruises an exit through the clouds. Once I stepped out and found myself floating above the front range in a sea of hail. But true west has run dry of characters and flooded east long ago abandoned all orientation.

Flying over,
the barometric changes still transform us.
Settle where we will,
    winter follows,
bearing the cargo cult of our ambitions,
and the grounded heart
    waves its bouquet of losses.

Phil Tabakow

Phil Tabakow joined the English Department in the Fall, 1996 as an Assistant Professor. He studied creative writing and completed his Ph.D. in English at the University of Denver.
For Professor Susan Holton of the Speech Communication and Theater Arts Department the job description of a Bridgewater State faculty member is more than just the responsibility to teach students about a specific academic discipline. Although Susan teaches a range of Communications courses on rhetoric, organization and conflict management, she has built a stellar reputation at Bridgewater as one of the most active members of the faculty in the areas of instructional improvement and campus quality of life.

Susan was the founding force behind the Massachusetts Faculty Development Council, which since 1986 has brought together both public and private college instructors and administrators interested in improving the art of teaching in our state colleges and universities. Susan’s involvement with the Massachusetts Faculty Development Council grew out of her work on the Bridgewater campus where she started the Committee on Teaching Quality in 1984. The Committee recognized the need to encourage faculty to hone their teaching skills and be open to new methods and technologies in the classroom. Over the years Susan has brought both to the campus and to statewide conferences noted speakers who have informed faculty about the latest research on improving teaching.

Susan’s concern with improving teaching on college campuses is now matched by her interest in strengthening the learning and living environment at Bridgewater. Susan is co-chair, with Vice President of Student Affairs, Lynn Willett, of the Campus Climate Action Group. The Group’s mission is to promote appreciation of differences on campus and to create a positive environment for all students. Susan is especially concerned that Bridgewater create a true campus community where students of color, homosexuals and the disabled are welcome and treated with respect. Under Susan’s guidance the Campus Climate Action Group has developed a number of programs and initiatives to sensitize the student body to differences and to create an atmosphere of caring.

Besides her very active involvement in the areas of teaching improvement and campus climate, Susan has found time to edit a new book, Conflict Management in Higher Education. Using her professional interest in conflict management, Susan has created a book that is getting wide circulation in the academic community, primarily because higher education in the United States has increasingly become the focal point for a range of societal conflicts involving such issues as collective bargaining, student rights, and town-college relations. Susan has attracted a number of well known experts on conflict in higher education and has written a number of chapters herself, including the final prescriptive section dealing with possible solutions to the problems facing academe.

Susan’s involvement with conflict management in higher education has made her a popular speaker at conferences around the country and has led to a second book, Mending the Cracks in the Ivory Tower, a more specific discussion of strategies to remedy the problems facing higher education in the United States. The second book should be published in the Fall of 1997. But that does not end Susan’s scholarly commitment. She is already working on a third book which will profile leaders in higher education and describe how these leaders successfully faced challenges in their institution. Again the emphasis will be on the role of conflict management as a key to advancing institutions of higher learning during times of crisis.

Susan Holton is one of the best examples at Bridgewater of a faculty member who just can’t sit still. She is forever moving forward, taking on new responsibilities and conquering new challenges. It is a certainty that in the coming years Susan Holton will be making further contributions to the Bridgewater campus, contributions that strengthen the reputation of the college as an institution that cares about teaching and students.
Jean Prendergast is Bridgewater State’s resident math guru. As Coordinator of the Math Lab, Jean is responsible for helping incoming students become more competent in their math skills. Every academic year Jean sees more than five hundred students enter the Math Lab hoping to overcome their deficiencies and fears in algebra and pre-calculus.

Since assuming the position of Coordinator in 1982, Jean has become part teacher, part adviser, part cheerleader and part advocate for mathematics. With a staff of three instructors and numerous student assistants, Jean patiently guides students through the FS 102 course, Freshman Skills in Mathematics, a no credit class designed to prepare freshmen to succeed in the regular credit courses in math. Students who take the FS 102 course have not passed the placement test given at their entry into Bridgewater State and are required to seek the services of the Math Lab. At present 20% of the freshman class will seek the services of the Math Lab.

While Jean expresses concern over the high level of math deficiency among incoming freshmen, she points with pride to the excellent success rate of the Lab - in two months of rigorous study and tutoring in the Lab, most of the students pass the first test and move on to the mainstream math courses. Jean’s reward for the hard work of her team is the smiling faces of the students who pass the test and leave the Lab with a sense of accomplishment. While they may have come in as math “phobics,” they leave with greater confidence and self-esteem.

Jean’s leadership of the Math Lab has made her an activist for improving the teaching of math at the high school and college level. She is a director of the Mathematics and Computer Science Collaborative at Bridgewater State (MACS), which regularly brings teachers to the college to discuss strategies for strengthening math curriculums and developing better teaching methods. In March, 200 teachers from all over the state will come to the college to attend a series of workshops sponsored by MACS. Jean is also excited about the 11th annual MACSFEST which will be held June 4, 1997 at Bridgewater. MACSFEST is a larger gathering of mathematics and computer science instructors who will hear speakers, attend workshops and visit displays by publishers and technology companies. This year the theme of MACSFEST is “Mathematics and Your Career.”

Despite the problems associated with math phobia and general lack of interest in studying math while in high school, Jean retains a sense of optimism and confidence. In Jean’s view, real progress is being made to develop basic math skills among incoming freshmen. However, Jean is concerned over a recent policy established by the Board of Higher Education in Massachusetts that states that no more than 10% of the student body in a state college can be enrolled in a developmental class. The policy, which goes into effect in September of 1997, will, in Jean’s view, set up many freshmen to fail mainstream math courses and heighten the possibility of their failing out of college. After seeing the thousands of success stories that pass through the doors of the Math Lab over the years, Jean fears that too many students, who just need a little help in math, will not get remedial assistance.

But because Jean is a caring advocate for math at Bridgewater, it is a certainty that she and her Math Lab colleagues will continue to get freshmen “over the math hump” and into the mainstream. As Jean readily states, the rewards of seeing freshmen fighting their fears of algebra and pre-calculus are what teaching is all about.
Center for the Advancement of Research and Teaching: EXPERIENTIAL LEARNING

by Barbara Apstein

"Only in education, never in the life of the farmer, sailor, merchant, physician or laboratory experimenter, does knowledge mean primarily a store of information aloof from doing." John Dewey

Writing a half century ago, philosopher and educator John Dewey identified a serious weakness of traditional schooling. Listening passively while a teacher lectures, studying textbooks in order to acquire "a store of information" is not, for many students, the best way to learn. When knowledge is divorced from any practical application, students are deprived of the involvement and satisfaction that comes from "doing."

Professor Sylvia Keyes of Bridgewater's Department of Management Science and Aviation Science discovered early in her teaching career that textbook concepts become a lot more meaningful when they are taught in conjunction with practical applications. Because she takes this idea very seriously, Professor Keyes incorporates work experiences into all her upper-level marketing courses. Courses in Marketing Research, Marketing and Sales Promotion, Sales Management and Industrial Marketing all include experiential programs, originating from the classroom and monitored at all stages by a faculty member. Students in Marketing Research, for example, have completed over 100 projects. They have conducted focus groups for a coffee company, a cablevision station and a major manufacturer, as well as doing taste tests for a beverage company. They have designed questionnaires and conducted in-depth interviews for several transportation agencies, a nursing home, a veterinarian, retail and wholesale jewelers, a major supermarket, libraries and several museums. By participating in such projects as these, the students learn team work and experience first-hand the steps in the research process: how to conduct exploratory research, design questionnaires, computerize questions and enter data, perform statistical tests, write reports and make oral presentations.

In the spring of 1993, Professor Keyes was awarded a CART grant to assess the value of such experiential classes by conducting a survey of Bridgewater alumni, the organizations for whom they had completed projects and faculty in other colleges and universities. The responses were consistently positive, with Management Science graduates strongly recommending that students in the upper-level marketing courses continue to work with clients and sponsors.

In the spring of 1991, the Brockton Area Transit Authority approached Professor Keyes with the idea of doing an economic impact study. Professor Keyes sought the expertise of Professor Margaret Landman of the Economics Department, and the two decided to create an interdisciplinary project involving students from Professor Keyes' Principles of Marketing and Industrial Marketing classes and Professor Landman's Principles of Economics and Money and Banking classes. Ultimately, the project took two years to complete and involved students from several different classes.

The purpose of the study was to assess the impact of public transit on the City of Brockton and the nine surrounding towns and cities in its jurisdiction. Three months before the start of the semester, Professors Keyes and Landman met with the Brockton Area Transit Authority Administrator, Ray Ledoux, to outline the scope of the project and plans to implement it.

With more than 100 students participating in the project, a significant amount of planning and organizing was necessary. Schedules needed to be arranged and leadership positions assigned; classes had to be divided into appropriate teams and committees. The Brockton Area Transit project was the major focus of the courses, providing examples to illustrate the concepts explained in the textbooks.

Students in both classes conducted in-depth interviews with bus passengers, asking open-ended questions to elicit information on their use of the bus system, particularly as a mode of access to local businesses. How often did they use the bus system to get to the bank? To buy clothing and food? On the basis of the preliminary information gathered during these interviews, the students designed a questionnaire. After determining the correct sample size for the amount of reliability desired, they pre-tested the questionnaire with 10% of the sample. Once the results were judged to be satisfactory, the Industrial Marketing students entered the data into a computer system, and, once the final document had been approved by Transit Administrator Ray Ledoux, had copies of the final questionnaire printed. They completed 744 face-to-face interviews at the central bus depot in Brockton and a variety of stops, including several supermarkets, two malls and two hospitals. Students enrolled in Directed Studies validated over 10% of the completed interviews, certifying that everything had been done correctly, with Professors Keyes and Landman double-checking the interviews.

Members of the Industrial Marketing class, meeting in a networked classroom in the Moakley Center, were responsible for data entry and for preparing frequency tables and cross tabulations. This class also was in charge of collecting data from agencies, vendors, and businesses that have an impact on the Transit Authority's community, as well as from Transit Authority employees themselves.

In March of 1994 President Tinsley, Carl Pitaro, then Mayor of Brockton, and Ray Ledoux hosted a major conference where Professors Keyes and Landman presented their findings. The audience included the Board of Directors of the Transit Authority, executives from federal and state transportation offices, legislators who provided some funding for the project, businesses that permitted interviewing at their locations, ad-
ministrators and faculty from the College and the students from the Industrial Marketing and Money and Banking classes who had provided so much of the research and implementation.

So successful was the Brockton Transit study that President Tinsley asked Professors Keyes and Landman to embark on a second project: a study of the impact of Bridgewater State College on the local community through its spending, employment, banking and volunteerism. Over 300 students enrolled in Management Science and Economics classes participated in the study. They conducted over 1,600 interviews with administrators, faculty, librarians, staff members, fellow students and visitors to the campus. The study, completed in September 1995, concluded that estimated annual spending by the College, along with its employees, students and visitors, in the Bridgewater area (which includes the Town of Bridgewater, ten proximate cities and towns and the Buzzards Bay area), is over $60 million. The College is a major source of employment: over 2,500 jobs are held either by BSC employees or by men and women whose work is related to the demand for goods and services which the College creates. In addition, the study revealed that 38% of College employees and 31% of the students volunteer their own time to numerous, diverse charitable organizations located in the Bridgewater area, contributing an estimated 570,000 hours each year.

Professor Keyes’ sales classes also include an experiential learning component. The Sales Promotion classes of 1994 and 1995 participated in the SGRO General Motors Marketing Internships. Two groups of students worked through the entire promotion process, including research, advertising, sales, and presenting all-campus events in behalf of Walter Earl Chevrolet. In addition to raising prizes for the event, each team collected enough donations to give sizable contributions to the United Way and to DARE (Drug Abuse Resistance Education).

The Sales Management course culminates in a “national sales conference,” during which students serve a banquet and describe their team work during the semester. Sales sponsors such as the Boston Museum of Fine Arts Industrial Division, Greater Attleboro Transit Authority, Plymouth County Development Council, Cablevision Industries, the American Red Cross, Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, Digital Service Center and many others attend the end-of-semester event. All clients and sponsors make donations to the Bridgewater State College Chapter of the American Marketing Association. This money subsidizes student members’ trips to regional and international conferences.

Another of Professor Keyes’ projects involved student members of the American Marketing Association working in partnership with Ocean Spray Cranberries, Inc. and the Massachusetts Environmental Trust. Professor Keyes was asked to lend her expertise to an effort to determine the pricing point for, and the likelihood of public acceptance of a new Massachusetts license plate. All parties, including the advertising agency that had designed the right whale license plate with the slogan “Preserve the Trust,” met with Professor Keyes and her students in the Davis Alumni House. Professor Keyes and the students designed and pre-tested a questionnaire, offered it for modification to the parties involved, and then began to interview. Ocean Spray, Shaw’s Supermarkets and the Foxboro Company allowed Professor Keyes and the students to conduct interviews in their plants. Now, when these students see a car with a whale license plate, they have a visual reminder of their work. In addition, this project was recognized at the International Collegiate Conference held in New Orleans, where Bridgewater won awards for the best educational exhibits in both 1995 and 1996.

While large companies such as Ocean Spray and the Foxboro Company are able to provide students with well defined projects which require working in teams, Professor Keyes’ classes also work for many small businesses and non-profit organizations. Projects are currently underway in the Sales class for such diverse clients as the American Red Cross, the Bridgewater Bandits (a local hockey team), the Bridgewater Foundation, Cablevision, the Digital Service Center at Moakley, Sullivan Tire, and the Ridder Country Club in Whitman.

These and other clients have expressed their appreciation for the students’ work by making donations to the local chapter of the American Marketing Association. The largest donation recorded so far was made by the Bristol County Savings Bank in recognition of a research project completed by a team of five in the spring of 1996.

Professor Keyes has found that all these organizations seem to enjoy working with young people. The students, in turn, gain opportunities to see organizational life from the inside and to build their resumes. Most importantly, they learn to work in a hierarchy, while at the same time being exposed to team building. As a result, they are ready to step into work force positions in which the participative approach and empowerment are expected. Recent Bridgewater graduates whose current employment developed out of their experiential courses include Sonia Arruda (’95) and Patrick Connolly (’96). As a result of her participation in the General Motors Marketing Internship, Sonia was recruited by SGRO Promo, the company which sponsors the Internship on many college campuses. Patrick is currently employed by Sullivan Tire, where he reports to Bill Patterson, another Bridgewater alumnus.
Fulbright Fellowship Semester of Dr. Leatitia Wirht-Beek at Bridgewater State College Fall, 1996

William C. Levin

People who teach and conduct research for a living must constantly renew their opportunities for learning. Academics know that it may make for a soft life to always teach the same texts, conduct the same sorts of research and speak to the same people, but it is death on the life of the mind, and, inevitably the career. The Fulbright Visiting Scholar program is one of the best ways of broadening and changing the intellectual surroundings of academics from around the world.

During the fall semester of 1996 Bridgewater State College was host to visiting Fulbright Fellow Dr. Leatitia Wirht-Beek, a lecturer and researcher in sociology at the University of Suriname. Dr. Wirht-Beek's residency at the college provided the mix of learning and teaching that is the aim of Fulbright fellowships. There is such a rich variety of scholars taking part in the Fulbright program that each of their stories deserves individual telling.

Suriname is a small country (population just over 400,000) on the northeast, Caribbean-Atlantic coast of South America, tucked between Guyana on its east, French Guiana on its west and Brazil to the south. It was a Dutch colony which was given partial independence between the end of World War II and 1975. Suriname's multi-ethnic population includes Blacks (locally called Creoles, a term rooted in French-Caribbean racial history, and referring to a mix of French and any of a number of African slave trade populations), East Indians, Chinese, Indonesians and a strong, remaining, Dutch influence. Dutch is the official language, although English study is required after the seventh grade, and the native Surinamese is the language of the street. Given its geography, there is also good advantage to speaking Spanish and Portuguese. Dr. Wirht-Beek's career and interests reflect the complex mix of forces at work in the development of such a country.

After WWII the Dutch began preparing Suriname for its eventual independence by granting the people partial independence and creating a national planning office staffed by Surinamese. After gaining its full independence, Suriname's first elected government was still heavily influenced by its recent colonial past. It was conservative by the standards of a country generally, and of Creoles and females in higher education specifically. During this time she was developing her research skills. Three years after leaving this position (in 1984), she would use what she learned in government service to earn a graduate degree in sociology.

In this position Dr. Wirht-Beek was in charge of the data base on relations between Suriname and the Netherlands. She and a small staff responded to daily requests from government offices for educational, cultural and economic data used in the planning process. She was, therefore, in an excellent position to study how the planning process worked and did not work in a developing country as her new government conducted relations with the Dutch government and her South American neighbors. At the same time she was developing her research skills. Three years after leaving this position (in 1984), she would use what she learned in government service to earn a graduate degree in sociology.

After this first job in government, Dr. Wirht-Beek took a high school teaching job for its superior pay and security. (This is another clear difference between Suriname and the United States worth noting.) For two years she taught sociology and conducted research, (not normally a part of an American high school teacher's job) mostly in the area of school enrollment. For example, she tracked the school enrollment rates of the various Surinamese ethnic groups, documenting the strong increase in the late 1980's of East Indians in the educational system generally, and of Creoles and females in higher education specifically. During this time she also prepared to do the graduate study that would lead her to her present university position.

Dr. Wirht-Beek's 1987 Doctoral Dissertation, a study of the creation, operation and fate of her country's planning office, drew on her four years of service in government. Examination of the operation of the planning office in Suriname left her with a strong belief in its importance in a developing country. She ar-
guessed that such an office could only do its job if it were placed very highly in the government structure. This was because the design of new societies is a multi-disciplinary task, touching on every area of social and governmental life including education, the economy, transportation, health and so on. Subordinating a planning office to the influence of various government departments would not only limit its access to information, but also subject it to the narrower interests of various departments.

Since completing her doctoral degree, Dr. Wirht-Beek worked again in government as a staff member of the Social Planning Division of the National Planning Office. There she was responsible for reviewing proposals for development projects in the areas of education, health, housing and social services, with a special focus on women's and population issues. One example of the kind of project proposal she reviewed was a request for funding (from the Dutch) for construction of a rural school in a previously unserved area of the rain forest. Dr. Wirht-Beek would be called on to evaluate the need for the new school and the feasibility of its successful operation in light of issues such as transportation, teacher availability, impact on the local economy and culture and so on. In addition her office generated a number of the own ideas for development projects. She also continued to conduct the research that had become a critical thread running through her career. In this case, she focused on differing rates of employment among Surinamese women and men, and on the effects of ethnic group membership on male and female economic well-being.

In 1993 she moved to a position as a full-time researcher at the University of Suriname, continuing her studies of gender (with an examination of government policies toward women in her country) and education (with a study of education among ethnic groups such as the native Amerindians in the Surinamese rain forest areas). After adding some lecturing to her responsibilities at the university, Dr. Wirht-Brown was asked to serve as chair of the Department of Sociology, a position to which she will return after completion of her semester abroad at Bridgewater.

According to Dr. Wirht-Beek the Fulbright semester she has spent in the United States has accomplished for her and for Bridgewater State College just what was intended in its guidelines.
CAUGHT IN THE INTERNET

William C. Levin

We educators think a good deal about whether we are teaching the right things in the right way, and we try to imagine how and what we will be required to teach in the future. To tell the truth, some of the discussion we have on topics like these can get pretty dry. So I was more than slightly pleased when recently I found myself smack in the middle of a lively illustration of how our ideas of literacy are likely to change in the near, near future.

Jeanne and I had flown to San Francisco to visit her daughter, Kelly. Before we left I had been reading one of those novels that won't be left behind. It was the kind of book you must keep with you at all times in case you get a few free minutes to read, and it doesn't matter where. (Specifically, this was the fifth in the series of eighteen historical novels by Patrick O'Brian detailing the seafaring careers of two great friends. Jack Aubrey is "famously" at home on the deck of his square-rigged ship, but all at sea on land, while Stephen Maturin is a brilliant naturalist, physician and spy, but the most hopeless of fools with women.) I had about four hours of uninterrupted reading on the flight out while Jeanne was sleeping, mostly. For the remainder of the visit I read in units measured in minutes. San Francisco and the company were wonderful, but a book is a book, and if you are careful, you can both visit and read without being rude. For example, if everyone else in the group is shopping in a fancy department store, it is legal to sit in one of those idiot chairs that are scattered around (usually outside fitting rooms) and read until everyone is finished looking for stuff to buy. In fact, it is clever to do this in expensive stores since you get to read while at the same time you save money by not purchasing anything for yourself.

So, there I was, mixing pleasure with pleasure when the time-warp hit. Kelly works in the computer world there, writing news stories for the industry magazine MacWeek about developments in the field of computer graphics software. (Don't be concerned if this confuses you. It merely means you are in the best of positions to appreciate the confusion I was about to face.) In short, she knows how computers work. She also saw me sneaking "reads" (a word in my family for the compulsive behavior I've described), and asked about the book. All I did was show her the cover, and before I was able to mark my book with a San Francisco bus transfer slip, Kelly had powered up her snazzy home computer and we were on the internet. Swaths of garish color flashed and competed for our attention. "Use Me!", screamed the Yahoo people. "I'll find it faster," begs another internet service. "Search for - Patrick O'Brian," (hit 'Enter') and, Paboom!, we're in. Seconds later the screen is filled with information about Patrick O'Brian. Websites focusing on the details of his life and work scrolled on and on. There were pictures of the man and lengthy quotes from a speaking tour he had just made across the United States. Do you want to see a site where a fan (a deeply devoted one, apparently) has drawn detailed maps of numerous naval battles described in O'Brian's novels? Click here and scroll down. Hmmm. Stop there. When I read The Mauritius Command I couldn't figure out how Jack Aubrey was able to land troops on the beach with the wind coming from that direction. I had imagined the island upside down in my mind's eye. I started to get the idea. Ask, and it shall be yours. Futtocks are the pieces of timber that are fastened together...
to form the ribs of large ships. A gibbett is an upright post with a projecting arm from which the bodies of criminals are hung after execution. To scrag is to wring someone’s neck.

While reading the novels I came across these words and, not wishing to stop to look them up (even if I had been able to find a dictionary of nineteenth century nautical terms), I filled in the best meaning for them I could imagine, and rushed on. I even managed to finish The Mauritius Command without a decent understanding of how the direction of the wind and tide made the action possible, not to mention where the bloody islands were in relation to one another. Now I was given the chance to tap into a community of people of indeterminate size who shared with me an affection for (or commercial interest in) Patrick O’Brian’s novels.

I was, of course, fascinated. I had used the internet before, but until that moment I had not seen such a compelling illustration of the likely impact of this technology on education in the future. Even if we want to do so, it will be impossible to deny the internet a place in our educational plans. This was clear from the speed, the flash and power of the relatively simple internet search Kelly had done for me. In addition, Kelly assured me that the technology is in its infancy, and that when the internet finally gets its act together, it will be really fast and efficient. Then serious work, like reliable data and information searches, will be routinely available.

Of course, the internet does have its problems. Think of the internet as the world’s biggest library. It contains information from all over the world, any amount of which is almost instantly available upon request. However, this particular library still has no procedure for deciding what will be allowed on its shelves. Anyone can submit work for inclusion, and in the great unrefined democracy of the institution, a single request for information can yield any level of information. There are polished commercial ads for products (toys to torture machines), services (poems written to manuscripts typed and put on computer disks), ideas (novels and data bases) and visuals (pictures and film clips). There are also inarticulate and wacky political and moral diatribes by individuals whose access to the internet is only limited by their knowledge of its mechanics. Actually, democracy might be the wrong word for the net, since no one really runs the thing. Perhaps anarchy would be better.

I am certain the internet will be a part of our educational future, but I am also certain that the role it will play is still up in the air. I am old enough to remember that in its early days television was predicted to be a great boon to education. It never was, and it still is not. It is a commercial and entertainment tool. If we do not act aggressively to shape this new technology, it will be of even less use in education than television has been.

Access to information is the great dividing line for the social classes in this society, and literacy is its conveyance. If you can’t read well, your prospects for earning a good living and for controlling the circumstances of your everyday life (such as knowing how to take care of your money, read contracts you must sign, and make decisions about medical care) are dim. The ability to read, once a gift given only to our more advantaged citizens, is now more widely available through the institution of our (largely) universal system of education. Kelly has been reading since she was three, went to top schools and now is also fluent in the emerging technologies of literacy that will apparently be the repositories of our information tomorrow. She is in a good position. But what will we do to assure that introduction of this new complex and expensive technology will not further limit access to information to a smaller and smaller segment of our society?

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MEDALISTS
by Barbara Apstein

What was your time?" asked my son when I broke the news that I had been awarded a silver medal. The answer, in this case, was "twenty-five years." Clearly, I had not set a new record for the marathon.

At the beginning of the fall semester, President Adrian Tinsley announced her intention of honoring those faculty, librarians and administrators who had completed 25 or more years of service to the College. She commissioned Professor John Heller of the Art Department to design silver medallions, which were completed just in time for Fall Convocation. Professor Heller's design shows the Boyden Hall bell tower on one side and, engraved on the reverse side, the name of the recipient and the starting date of employment at Bridgewater.

My colleagues and I -- ninety-one of us all together, representing almost half the faculty -- discovered that we had mixed feelings about our medals. Naturally, we appreciated the President's thoughtfulness. We remembered years when, for many people, the words "state employee" seemed to connote laziness and mediocrity, years when we were exhorted to "increase productivity," as if the College were another kind of factory, while at the same time our budget was being cut. The policies which governed our professional lives had sometimes been created by men and women who didn't know us and who had never come to campus to see our work. So naturally we were happy to have our efforts recognized.

But that number: "Twenty five or more years" -- can it really have been that long? "I don't feel that old," one of my colleagues commented. And yet, undeniably, we were all a bit grayer and more wrinkled, and most of us a bit weightier, than we had been when we began our teaching careers at Bridgewater. As we lined up alphabetically, adjusting our academic robes and hoods, waiting for the academic procession into Horace Mann auditorium to begin, we exchanged sardonic jokes. We were to ascend the steps onto the stage one by one; President Tinsley would place the medals around our necks and shake our hands. We would then walk across the stage, shake hands with Board of Trustees Chairman Eugene Durgin, descend the steps, and return to our seats in the auditorium. We noticed two husky students stationed at the foot of the stairs leading from the stage. Had they been there to catch us if we stumbled? Apparently, they had. Suppose we served the College for another five years? Would we receive colorful square stickers like those the Registry mails out for license plate renewals? We joked about forms of recognition we might have found more practical than the silver medals: assigned parking spaces, books, cash.

Once the Convocation ceremony began, however, the joking ceased. Looking around at our colleagues prompted reflections on the professional lives we had shared: with some, committee work; with others, discussions of research interests, of students, of campus politics. We had congratulated many of these colleagues on marriages and the birth of children. We had admired baby pictures, bought Girl Scout cookies, listened to descriptions of dance recitals and to accounts of goals and home runs. We had also, inevitably, shared stories of illness and loss.

The Convocation guest speaker, Dr. Franklin Wilbur of the class of 1969, told of the Bridgewater teachers who had made a difference in his life, men and women whom many of us had known. Then, senior class President Purvang Patel thanked a number of his professors, some of them in the audience, not only for offering help and encouragement, but also for setting high academic standards. President Tinsley quoted the words of the plaque at the entrance to Boyden Hall, inscribed to Arthur Clarke Boyden and Albert Gardner Boyden, who between them served the College for more than eighty years: "they gave their minds and their hearts and their lives to this school."

Twenty five years ago, many of the medalists were only a few years older than the students we taught. Some of us remember being overwhelmed, the first few times we entered the classroom, with the sudden conviction that we didn't know any more than the students did, that we had nothing to teach them -- and that they would quickly expose us as frauds. During those early years we were occasionally mistaken for undergraduates; we were asked to show our I.D.'s in the rathskeller and the library. Fresh from graduate school, we were eager to share our new knowledge with our classes. Our intellectual excitement would be infectious, we believed; the
students, too, would be fired with enthusiasm for the study of literature, or mathematics, or chemistry.

We've learned a lot since then -- and we're still learning. Our tenure at Bridgewater coincided with a period of enormous change, both in our fields of study and in American society as a whole. We haven't had the luxury of becoming smug and complacent in the certainty of our accumulated superior wisdom. Even before the PC's began to appear in our offices, we knew that computers were going to be important -- and we'd discovered that our Ph.D's gave us no advantage whatever in learning how to use them. We were starting from scratch, just like everybody else. We stared uncomprehendingly at the cryptic messages -- "bad command;" "user authorization failure" -- which occasionally, inexplicably, appeared on our screens. We signed up for workshops offered by Information Services, and re-lived the student experience of confusion and of hope that it would all make sense after a while. We called the Help Desk and listened attentively while patient young people "walked us through" e-mail or helped us find our accessories window. Did they laugh after they put down the phone? Did they have a contest to determine which professor had come up with the stupidest question of the day? Finally, though, we learned to talk with confidence about "on-line" and "databases," modems and CD-ROMs, "http" and "html."

After the Convocation ceremony had ended, we filed out of the auditorium. It was a perfect fall day: the leaves were just beginning to change colors and the white Boyden Hall cupola stood out crisply against a bright blue sky. We greeted our students, friends and colleagues, shook hands, and inspected the medals. Like the speaker in Robert Frost's famous poem, we thought about the road, or several roads, not taken. There were other professions we might have followed, other places we might have chosen to teach. But at that moment, standing in the sunshine of that late September day, everyone seemed contented at having taken the road that led to Bridgewater.
exhaustion, even enervation, at the alleged ethical lapses. Despite the prodigious efforts to separate fiction from fact and reveal to us the inner workings of politics, they have rendered scandal and skullduggery dull, dull, dull, or as my students would say BOOORRING. No longer the age of the last hurrah, we have entered the era of the last harrumph.

Primary Colors: A Novel of Politics offers a perfect case in point. Published anonymously last spring by "Machiavelliana, Inc." this Roman a clef became an instant best-seller and subject of unending speculation about its author's identity. The novel's characters, readily associated with their real-life counterparts, posed no problem, but not until late summer did Newsweek's Joe Klein, after considerable lying and deception, own up to authorship, thereby, perhaps unintentionally, illustrating that life does imitate art. Having read the novel, I can pretty well understand what motivated Klein's anonymity, my students omitting names from their essays so as to sidestep responsibility, but since Klein's reported earnings from Primary Colors approached six million dollars, I suspect he can bear up under any criticism I might make of his prose style. Primary Colors follows the primary campaign of a small, southern state governor, Jack Stanton, with a prodigious appetite for doughnuts, dames, and destiny. Sound familiar? Henry Burton, the narrator and a young, black political operative, joins the campaign as a trouble-shooter and spends most of his time suppressing brush fires that his candidate's inflated appetites ignite. He pretty nearly succeeds, though the novel concludes with presidency pursuit and paternity suit still equally likely. Stanton even seduces Burton: "He was truly needy. And now he truly needed me" to remain with him.

Primary Colors is the classic insider novel of who's in, who's out, who's up, who's down, who's hot, who's not. Gossip, rumor, innuendo, lies, and evasions are the currency of political discourse. This, we're told, is politics, not the art of the possible but the technique of the permissible. Commentators have made a commonplace of the observation that politics no longer offers issues and ideas but scandal and celebrity. Conditions have become such that the scandal need not even be interesting. Where's Fannie Fox or the Tidal Basin? Where's Marilyn Monroe singing Happy Birthday to JFK in a voice that left no doubt? Quo vadis scandal? Though we profess to tolerate almost every manifestation of private behavior, we cry foul the instant a public person inches across the never precisely delineated line separating private from public. Klein, by implying that most private political behavior is scurrilous—every candidate in his novel seems to possess a dark secret—doesn't advance our understanding of the problem. He, somewhat arrogantly I think, tries to locate Primary Colors within the tradition of American political fiction originated by Robert Penn Warren's All the King's Men. Klein's narrator Henry Burton echoes Warren's Jack Burden; Klein's candidate Jack Stanton recalls Warren's Judge Stanton, revealed as Jack Burden's father. No one ever doubted that Warren fathered All the King's Men, though he consistently denied any iden-
tification between his Willie Stark and the Kingfish Huey Long. Klein denied authorship but highlighted the political identifications. Like children, novels prosper knowing their parentage. Klein has delivered us a bastard.

James Stewart’s Bloodsport: The President and his Adversaries purports to offer an even-handed and detailed examination of Vincent Foster’s death, the Whitewater land deal, the White House travel office affair, and the Administration’s efforts to control and contain the press frenzy. Stewart claims that Hillary Clinton’s friend Susan Thomases first approached him about compiling a book—with White House cooperation—that would present an impartial account of the Clintons’ by then tangled affairs. Ultimately, the Clintons backed off, but Stewart went forward regardless. One’s a bit uncertain about what motivated Stewart’s ‘this is a story that’s gotta be told’ enthusiasm; suffice it to say that the reader undertaking his labyrinthine book ought to retain services of a CPA to help with the savings and loan, real estate wheeling and dealing. With no such assistance I concluded from reading Bloodsport that Bill Clinton (and America) would be better off today if he’d never met James McDougal: that Susan McDougal would definitely be better off if she had never met, let alone married, James McDougal; that Bill and Hillary Clinton, not the first, certainly not the last, made a bad real-estate investment; that Hillary Clinton proved her intelligence by pulling out of the feedlot commodities trading which earned her $100K over a year’s time; that Hillary Clinton proved I’m truly not sure what by failing to close out the couple’s Whitewater holdings; that the President and First Lady, for some reason, thought they retained some small measure of personal privacy and ignored David Gergen’s good advice to release all the Whitewater documents to the press, and then when the media circus started, ignored Bernard Nussbaum’s advice to avoid a special prosecutor; that too many Arkansans in the national administration invite comparisons by over-sophisticated journalists to Dogpatch; that Vincent Foster committed suicide.

Bob Woodward brought down a president twenty-five years ago with Deep Throat and All the President’s Men. He’s been going strong ever since and has written The Choice to show the insides and outs of the 1994-96 primary campaigns. The reader enters the candidates’ smoke-filled rooms and heads. “Ego, therefore I run” would appear the motto for most politicians caught in the Woodward headlights. The sub-text of The Choice, an all too obvious one, tells us there’s really no choice at all. I personally don’t agree and think that the recently concluded election offered voters a candidate, Bill Clinton, who understood the public’s disenchantment with big visions and presented a scaled down array of programs that might just be achievable in a (dare we hope?) bipartisan congress. Who knows? Clinton will soon return home from Asia to face the questions, the accusations, the intimations that he doesn’t really stand for anything. He surely can be forgiven for thinking “re-election is the best revenge.”

Charles Angell is Professor of English.
Robert Fitzgibbons and Raymond ZuWallack have proven to be an ideal publishing team. The combination of Bob Fitzgibbons' disciplined organizational skills and Ray ZuWallack's innovative approach to learning have led to a book that is certain to have an impact in the classroom and among students.

This fall the fruits of their collaboration, an edited volume entitled *Encounters in Education: A Book of Readings*, will be published by Harcourt Brace. Their book is designed to be used in introductory education courses and is being marketed with the confidence that Fitzgibbons and ZuWallack have hit upon a teaching tool that is a "can't miss."

*Encounters in Education* is a twelve chapter book of readings which combines introductory essays written by Bob and Ray with the latest in articles and newspaper stories that tackle the key issues in the field of education. The readings range from bilingual and multicultural education to inclusion and tracking of students to gender, race and religion in the classroom.

Fitzgibbons and ZuWallack have made sure that the articles and stories chosen not only present all sides of these difficult and controversial issues of education, but also that they are written in a readable style. Bob and Ray are quick to criticize the traditional education texts for not presenting these key dilemmas of the discipline in a manner that is accessible to a wider audience. *Encounters in Education* seeks to put an end to that problem.

Developing a book of readings has been a labor of love for Fitzgibbons and ZuWallack but it has not been without its frustrations. Bob and Ray spent hundreds of hours debating how each chapter would be organized around a particular issue. Fairness and balance was a consideration, but there was always the underlying concern that the articles and stories be interesting, substantive, and where necessary provocative. Bob and Ray wanted to make sure that their readers would come away with a clear understanding of these critical issues in education, but at the same time never become bored or disappointed.

Once the articles were chosen the painstaking work of gaining permission from the scores of authors began. Bob Fitzgibbons spent the equivalent of weeks on the phone, at the fax machine and on the internet concluding negotiations for the rights to use the words and ideas of noted experts and commentators such as Diane Ravitch, Lynn Cheney, Albert Shanker, George Will and Mike Barnicle. Most of the contacts were successful, but Bob Fitzgibbons admits that he faced numerous roadblocks and frustrating deadends as some authors never returned calls or made the permission negotiations difficult.

But those problems are now history as *Encounters in Education* is in the process of being published. The release date for the book is August of 1997. What is even more exciting for Fitzgibbons and ZuWallack is that they are now poised to begin a second book of readings tentatively called, *Encounters in Education Psychology*, which as the title suggests, will follow a similar format of highlighting the key issues in the area of educational psychology.

Bob and Ray have become so excited about the need to present the basic courses in education through a timely book of readings that they see the beginnings of a long series of "Encounter" books. Harcourt Brace joins them in their enthusiasm and so a great publishing partnership is in the making. It is safe to say that Fitzgibbons and ZuWallack will soon become household names in the field of educational publishing.
Leonid Heretz

Professor Lee Heretz of the History Department is a scholar who is determined to present the past from a different perspective. Heretz, a student of Russian and Eastern European history, uses a non-traditional approach of documenting events in that region by accenting the influence of traditional culture and religion as expressed in popular beliefs, legends and rumors.

Heretz feels that too often historians have not placed enough emphasis on exploring events such as the Russian revolution and World War I through the cultural lens of the peasantry. Instead, historians have examined the past from a modern elite perspective while ignoring the thoughts, lifestyles and the beliefs of the common people. Heretz's work, which is a kind of "counter history," is designed to explain historical events by investigating the way in which the peasants perceived important changes occurring around them.

Heretz is particularly interested in the role played by religious beliefs in forming the world view of Russian and Eastern European peasants. In his research Heretz found that at the beginning of the twentieth century the Russian peasantry was essentially 'Medieval' in culture -- its beliefs, way of life and work were suffused with traditional religious meaning. In addition, the peasant worldview had a strong tendency toward dualism -- the perception of conflict between good and evil, the spirit and the flesh, God and the devil. In this context, the traditional peasantry viewed itself and the Tsar as being on God's side, while the nobility and educated people were viewed as agents of evil.

Though very alien to us at present, this 'holistic' traditional culture and worldview gave sense and order to the peasants' lives.

As Heretz stresses, that world view was shattered by World War I when peasants were taken out of their villages to fight in battles miles from their farms. The war ended the harmony of rural life, displaced millions of peasants and ended the monarchies along with the prominence of traditional religion. What replaced the old system was new idea systems such as Bolshevism and National Socialism, which competed with religion for the hearts and minds of the peasant class.

Heretz is currently working on a book-length manuscript which will further elaborate his peasant-based study of the critical World War I period. He, however, is actively involved in a number of other research projects centered in Slavic Europe. Heretz recently delivered a paper at the prestigious Kosciusco Foundation in New York on the 20th Century Polish writer Josef Wittlin. Heretz believes that Wittlin's most recognized novel, Salt of the Earth, is one of the best works of fiction about World War I. The novel, which describes the impact of the war on a peasant, provides the reader with keen observations of the mentality of men in war and reinforces Heretz's belief that much can be learned about important events from a peasant perspective.

Professor Heretz's ambitious research schedule also includes a forthcoming conference presentation on the continued vitality of the Russian language in the newly-independent Ukraine and Belarus. Heretz places this question in the context of the relationship between modern, urban life -- where Russian predominates -- and the traditional countryside -- where Ukrainian and Belorussian are spoken.

A conversation with Professor Lee Heretz is an enlightening and enlivening journey through the past. His belief that historical events must also be told from the view of the peasants places him in the front ranks of scholars who approach the past with new methods of inquiry and a new commitment to write history in a different manner.
Ingrid was born into an artistic family and literally surrounded by art all her life. She acquired a love of Quebec and Ontario scenery at an early age, which prompted her to study watercolour at the Ottawa School of Art and continue her studies at the Schneider School of Fine Art using oil and pastel as her medium.

Time and time again Ingrid has captured the time­less serenity of an aged farm house, a secluded lake amidst rolling hills or a sugar shack hidden in a forest of maples. These are scenes she cherishes and tries to preserve through her paintings.

As the world rushes forward, Ingrid Wogrinetz hopes these scenes will never disappear. Ingrid's work is found in many private collections throughout Canada, Europe and the U.S.A.

Ingrid est née dans une famille d'artistes et a toujours vécu dans un milieu artistique. Elle a aimé les passages du Québec et de l'Ontario dès son plus jeune âge, ce qui l'a poussé à étudier l'aquarelle à l'École d'Art d'Ottawa. Elle continue ses études à l'école de Fine Art Schneider en utilisant l'huile et le pastel comme moyens d'expression.

A plusieurs reprises, Ingrid a capturé la tranquillité éternelle d'une vieille ferme, d'un lac isolé s'étendant entre des collines ou d'une cabane à sucre dans une forêt d'érables. Ce sont des scènes qu'elle aime et tente de conserver dans ses tableaux.

Alors que le monde avance à grands bonds, Ingrid Wogrinetz espère ces scènes ne disparaîtront jamais. On trouve les œuvres d'Ingrid dans nombreuses collections à travers le Canada, l'Europe et les États-Unis.