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Cartoners (Lewis Hine, c. 1911). Source: Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division.
In 1911, the renowned Progressive photojournalist Lewis Hine turned his attention to sardine canning workers in Lubec, Maine. In this image he captures child workers who packed cans of sardines into paper cartons. Several of these workers were between 8 and 10 years old. “One fourteen year old girl,” he noted, “made $3 to $4 when she packed all day and in the evening.”

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Editor’s Notebook
Andrew C. Holman

This past May, Bridgewater Review associate editors Ellen Scheible and Brian Payne and I piled into a rental car for a six-hour drive to the once-leafy burgh of Binghamton, New York, for the annual three-day meeting of the University Research Magazines Association (URMA). We were on a mission to find, mingle among, and interrogate our peers. These are the people who edit and publish the magazines that many universities house, the ones that trumpet the fine scholarly work of their faculty members as well as the brick-and-mortar and curricular accomplishments being made on their respective campuses. There is a veritable sea of university publications out there, of several different genres—from literary journals to glossy alumni mags—and our curiosity about that world motivated us to look up and out. We convinced our advisor that we were most interested in tracking “best practices” in our field, but in truth, we were probably motivated more by finding out simply how we are doing. Where, in the universe of published smart talk, does BR fit? URMA would be our yardstick.

What makes Bridgewater Review uniquely positioned, however, is that there is no programmatic editorial intermediary between the voices of our scholars and teachers and the ears of our readers.

URMA users are nice people. The 60 or so of them in attendance were universally welcoming to the three of us. They seemed to know each other very well, and for good reason. Almost all of them we met are career, salaried, public-relations professionals who share common backgrounds in journalism and the common interests and challenges of publishing university magazines. They are a close-knit bunch whose in-conference tweets have been only marginally surpassed by their listserv posts in the months since the conference ended. But perhaps most striking was their near-universal ability to produce stunningly beautiful work, as even a cursory leafing through the pages of UNC Chapel Hill’s Endeavors, Indiana University’s Research & Creative Activity, or Oregon State’s Terra magazine would demonstrate.

There was a good deal for us to learn from the URMA users. And we did. Presentations on goal-setting, the uses and misuses of graphics, fact checking, audience reckoning, branding and other subjects pushed us to think about things to which we, academics in History and English, would never have had exposure in our regular routine as teachers and scholars. There were some awkward moments, too. When we arrived with a full, large box containing copies of our latest issues to share, I felt like the guest at a small family cookout who brings enough potato salad to feed an army. When I queried one doctorial presenter about his propensity for disguising argument as narrative truth, his response was a bit tetchy, and his colleagues ominously silent. Awkward, too, were the moments in casual conversation when URMA users forgot that Ellen, Brian and I were faculty members—at the end of the day, not really their kind. When asked what she believed her role to be with her
Bridgewater Review serves up another big bowl of mixed hash… a mélange of insights that come from us, from our own research, from our own pedagogical and scholarly lives, and in our own words.

university magazine, one URMAAn told me: “I am a sort of bridge. I take the confusing and complicated ideas that professors produce and turn them into prose that people in the real world can understand.” She manages the talent.

In one sense, our little upstate New York sojourn was something of a failure. We didn’t find our peers beyond the BSU campus, at least not as we expected. And we came to conclude, I think, that Bridgewater Review is an uncommon beast. Like other universities’ research magazines, BR is an avenue for the expression of our university’s intellectual life. That intellectual life comes in the form of research reports, viewpoint and opinion pieces, book and film reviews, and stories from the archive, the laboratory, the classroom and other places on and off campus.

Bridgewater Review is a dog’s breakfast. What makes it uniquely positioned, however, is that there is no programmatic editorial intermediary between the voices of our scholars and teachers and the ears of our readers. No spin. No bridge. No management. No interpretation is necessary. This is the genius of a magazine that was founded by Mike Kryzanek more than thirty years ago and shaped by his editorial colleagues throughout those years: Barbara Apstein, Bill Levin, Don Johnson and Charlie Angell. It is a testament to their foresight and drive that it remains with us today, very much with the same purpose and spirit that it had in 1982. In another way, perhaps, Ellen, Brian and I did accomplish our mission. And we returned from URMA feeling that, though there are many things that we could do to improve our magazine’s presentation, we mustn’t do anything to alter its essential thrust.

It’s awfully cliché to say that you can’t appreciate home until you’ve gone away. But we do, because we did. And that gives us some confidence to continue to steer the ship on its well-established course. In this issue, BR serves up another big bowl of mixed hash—about psychological measurement, viruses, material poverty and progress, scholarly identities, gun ownership and more—a mélange of insights that come from us, from our own research, from our own pedagogical and scholarly lives, and in our own words.
Measuring the Stuff of Thought: Psychology and its Discontents

Brendan J. Morse

The human brain ranks among the most complicated biological machines in the known universe. Trillions of wet-wired synaptic pathways carry electrical and chemical information at a paradoxically slow speed but with such massively distributed processing, we can function seamlessly in our environment. No computer has yet achieved this level of open, dynamic functioning and the brain-as-a-computer analogy is a misnomer on nearly all fronts. Renowned British science writer Arthur C. Clarke (1917-2008) once remarked that any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic, an apt description for the human brain and our state of understanding how it works.

Researchers who study the brain from basic neuroscience to applied psychology are striving for unambiguous measures of cognitive functions. Although the capability exists to listen to individual neurons and map the circuitry of the brain and its neurotransmitters, we still cannot make direct links between basic brain activity and the stuff of thoughts. We can classify how the constituent parts of the brain function, but something is missing between the neuro-activity and our conscious experience. This gap is known as the ambiguity of measurement and it lies at the heart of our understanding of our biological and experiential selves.

When studying cognition, we do not measure anything directly. There is no litmus, scale, or thermometer that measures psychological phenomena with anything near objectivity. Intelligence, depression, creativity, psychopathy, and a host of other
constructs that define the human experience are simply semantic shortcuts for characteristics that we can hold in our hands no more than we could a wisp of smoke. These phenomena are assumed to exist and cause variations in our thinking, feeling, and behavior. We can liken the study of psychological constructs to that of dark matter—we are reasonably certain it is there because we see its effects but it is not within our observable sphere.

A New Science, a New Discipline

In the 19th and early 20th centuries, the field of psychology had an academic identity crisis, and the heart of the matter quickly focused on how psychological phenomena were measured. Most psychological researchers at the time were located in philosophy departments. William James (1842-1910), the father of American experimental psychology, headed Harvard's philosophy department for lack of a more aptly suited post (and if you want to really needle Harvard philosophers, point out that the first Ph.D. conferred by the Harvard philosophy department was actually granted in psychology in 1887 to G. Stanley Hall [1844-1924], who studied under James’ direction).

In Germany, pioneering psychologist Wilhelm Wundt (1832-1920) felt that psychology should be the experimental arm of philosophy, but James was strongly opposed. His was a new science that required its own discipline on par with the established natural sciences. James argued that psychologists ask scientific questions and utilize scientific methods to answer those questions. At the time, nascent psychologists were primarily investigating psycho-physiological phenomena such as sensation, perception, and reaction times; mental-health researchers and pure cognitivists had yet to enter the fray. The exceptions to this general characterization of the field included individuals such as French scholars Théodore Simon (1872-1961) and Alfred Binet (1857-1911), who were engaged in measuring the mental capabilities of French schoolchildren, and Englishman Sir Francis Galton (1822-1911), who forwarded intelligence as a heritable trait and subsequently grandstanded for the eugenics movement. Regardless, for many psychologists in these years, the mind was still a mysterious entity. James himself was deeply interested in studying consciousness with the liberal use of nitrous oxide as an experimental catalyst (he served as his own subject). The important point was that their methods of experimentation were performed with scientific rigor.

In time, a group of physicists, speaking for many early 20th-century scholars, attempted an intellectual take-down of the new discipline based on the tenets of measurement and calculation. In the 1920s and 30s, British physicists such as J. Guild and N. R. Campbell (1880-1949) reasoned that any field of research that does not achieve fundamental measurement is not a science. This reasoning naturally stemmed from their position that physics was the science of measurement. Haughty debates at meetings of scientific academies ensued. All measurement can be generally defined as the application of a system of numbers to some phenomenon of interest—the intersection of

“Cognitive science is the creationism of psychology. It is an effort to reinstate that inner initiating, originating creative self or mind which, in a scientific analysis, simply does not exist.”
mathematics and reality. Fundamental measurement was held as the complete lack of ambiguity between the numbers used to describe a phenomenon and the phenomenon itself. For example, a physical property of an object such as height has fundamental measurement. There is no way to manipulate the physical reality of an object’s height by using different measurement methods. Additionally, the number zero holds a special meaning in fundamental measurement such that it implies that the object no longer exists (at least in our dimensional reality). Further, and perhaps most importantly, mathematical calculations can be performed with those numbers and the results can be readily interpreted. Stretching and squeezing the numbers themselves does not result in any ambiguity about the empirical nature of the object or phenomenon. For Guild, Campbell and others, psychology was measurement deficient and not worthy of scientific status. Ironically, fundamental measurement as the paragon of physics falls on its face in Niels Bohr’s strange quantum universe that defines our subatomic selves.

The new Connectome scanner…
can follow individual water molecules along a neural pathway and creates stunning three-dimensional spaghetti maps of the brain.

White Matter Fibers, HCP Dataset Red Corpus Callosum (Courtesy of Connectome Project, Institute for Neuroimaging and Informatics, Keck School of Medicine, University of Southern California).

Measurement and Meaning
Definitions about what makes a science aside, these criticisms of psychology and measurement were true during the earliest volleys of this debate and they remain true today. Numbers that are used in any measurement context exist along a continuum of ambiguity, and psychology dabbles in the deep, murky end of that spectrum. No one has ever physically held intelligence or happiness, either in their living states or post-mortem. Some general conclusions can be drawn about differences in the depth and density of the grooves and fissures between the brains of, say, Einstein or Yo-Yo Ma and the masses, but these do not give us objective ways of measuring individual differences in a meaningful (or practical) way. Ours is a science of probabilities. We use a wide array of measurement “instruments” from self-report surveys (How much do you agree/disagree with the following statements?) to timed perceptual or logic tests to high-tech imaging and then draw conclusions about what most people would do, most of the time, under a certain set of conditions. It is hardly a recipe for objectivity.

This lack of objectivity gave way in the middle part of the 20th century to the dominance of behaviorism. Well-known researchers such as Americans John Watson (1878–1958) and B. F. Skinner (1904–1990) envisioned and promoted a science sterilized to overt, quantifiable behaviors, eschewing the “black box” of the mind and its invisible properties. These middle ages of psychology elevated the primacy of the scientific method above what its proponents saw as superfluous assumptions. In his last public address at the Boston convention of the American Psychological Association in 1990, Skinner accepted a lifetime contribution award and took the podium to opine that there is no room, or need, for the mind and self in a scientific account of behavior. “Cognitive science is the
creationism of psychology,” he stated. “It is an effort to reinstate that inner initiating, originating creative self or mind which, in a scientific analysis, simply does not exist.” In this statement, the mechanisms of thought and the ambiguity of measurement inherent in its understanding were denounced by perhaps the most famous living psychologist at the time in his inimitable, pithy oratorical style.

No matter how far our technology advances, we may not be able to measure and comprehend the ephemeral path from neurotransmission to thinking, feeling, and behavior.

However, this ambiguity has spawned further inquiry. Researchers in the field of psychometrics have been steadily working to define the mathematical and logical properties of psychological constructs and the instruments that are used to measure those constructs. Psychometricians work as theorists and statisticians who attempt to define a mathematical representation of everything from decision-making to anxiety. Although technologies such as functional magnetic resonance imaging (fMRI) and positron emission tomography (PET) have given us glimpses into the activity in the brain while participants in the lab are doing everything from math exercises to having an amorous encounter with their lovers, they have still not brought us much closer to having an objective, unambiguous assessment of math ability or attraction. In fact, a recent spate of articles in Perspectives on Psychological Science, a leading experimental psychology journal, point out that many statistical results attributed to brain scanning research had serious flaws, some the result of mathematical impossibilities. These results escaped peer-review scrutiny because of the over-generalized assumptions that have become commonplace with regard to the mathematical properties of our measurements and the quantitative skills of many researchers. Nonetheless, there are still promising waves of excitement and innovation in the measurement of psychological phenomena. The new Connectome scanner at Massachusetts General Hospital can follow individual water molecules along a neural pathway and creates stunning three-dimensional spaghetti maps of the brain. Further, President Obama’s April 2013 announcement of the Brain Initiative promises to infuse much needed resources into exactly this type of research. In these efforts, it is important to keep in mind that purely objective measurement is the wrong way to define science. Working along the ambiguity of measurement spectrum is a driver of innovation and discovery about what makes us sentient beings.

Brendan J. Morse is Assistant Professor in the Department of Psychology.
“Rosas” by Juan Torres

Julia (Yulia) V. Stakhnevich

In the past twenty years or so my family has accumulated an eclectic collection of paintings, prints, masks, books, and albums. Last year we agreed that it was time to make some difficult decisions as to what to keep and what to get rid of: it was time to be more selective. We looked and talked, and made compromises. However, there was one piece, a print bought in Mexico, that I felt ambivalent about. Through the years, it became so commonplace in our house that we hardly noticed it.

The piece in question is a print by Juan Torres, a contemporary artist from the Mexican state of Michoacán. Now in his 60s, Torres has exhibited many individual shows in Mexico and abroad and was deeply influenced by his teacher, a legendary Mexican muralist, Alfredo Zalce (1908-2003). Born in Morelia, the capital of Michoacán, Torres built his artist quarters 30 miles away in the countryside town of Capula. He combines several styles in his art, but one of the stronger elements in his work comes from the costumbrista style, a style based on realism that incorporates folkloric elements and draws inspiration from indigenous peoples and their cultures. Artists working in this style focus on depicting scenes from the lives of common people. For Torres, inspiration comes from Michoacán, its history, geography, customs, and rituals.

I met Torres and bought the print during my first summer in Mexico in 2003. I stayed in the city of Guanajuato for three months working on a research project in sociolinguistics. In the middle of my stay, my husband came for a visit, and we embarked on a two-week journey through northwestern and central Mexico.

Travelling by public buses from Guanajuato, we went to Guadalajara, then to Morelia and Patzcuaro, finally reversing direction and going all the way to the northwestern city of Zacatecas. The last leg of the trip to Zacatecas was a ten-hour bus ride, punctuated by frequent stops by the federal police (los federales), automatic weapons in full view, searching for illegal emigrants and drug mules going from the southern states to the US border. Our Mexican friends in Guanajuato, an older couple, Anita and Lalo, from whom I was renting a room, had warned us that these stops sometimes evolve into false accusations leading to opportunities to demand morditas (bribes), something we were lucky not to experience first-hand.

One time, we got close: at 3:00 in the morning, a contingent of federales hailed our bus to the side of the road. Two police officers boarded the bus and, after looking at everyone’s papers, came back to our seats and asked my husband to follow them off of the bus. “We need to search your luggage.” Not looking either of us in the face, they muttered the directions to follow them outside. “But I’ll have to go with him, too, and he doesn’t speak Spanish, and we’ll miss our next connection,” I stood up from my seat, sweat running down my spine even though the AC was blowing in my face. Suddenly, one of them looked straight at me: “Your accent sounds strange. Where are you from, really?” “Moscow, Russia,” I replied, hoping that somehow it would make a difference. “La gringa rusa,” smirked the cop. “She is too far from home,” said the other, shoving my husband’s passport into my hands. And that was that; our brush with danger was over.

I still don’t know what changed their minds: was it the fact that I was Russian or that I wasn’t American? Or that they recognized me as both? Or that I wasn’t silent? I’ll never know, but the memory of being awoken by men in uniforms with huge guns pointed at me in the aisle of a dark bus has lingered to this day.

Is this the feeling that I associate with “Rosas”? Maybe it is part of the story. What comes immediately to mind when I look at “Rosas,” though, is the delight that I felt standing at the zócalo in Morelia, gazing at its majestic cathedral and the surrounding colonial buildings, constructed in the seventeenth century out of local pink-colored quarry stone. What a gorgeous city! In 1991, Morelia was declared a UNESCO World Heritage site for its well-preserved historical center that has...
We learned that the young woman in the print was the artist’s daughter who at the time was mourning the loss of her baby.
locals who kindly pointed us in the direction of la casa y taller del Maestro, we were finally standing in front of a huge gate with Capula’s biggest house behind it. Known as el Panteon in the neighborhood, the house was surrounded by a beautiful garden with original sculptures by Torres. It also had a chapel that was finally standing in front of a huge gate with Capula’s biggest house behind it. Known as el Panteon in the neighborhood, the house was surrounded by a beautiful garden with original sculptures by Torres. It also had a chapel.

After a brief chat, we went around and Maestro showed us his work and talked about it. The conversation started in English, but soon switched to Spanish. We admired the catrinas in the studio: much more elaborate than the ones at Capula’s center, most of them were about a foot high, with intricate adornments of feathers, shells, and glittery baubles. Although quite taken with them, I decided not to buy one when we learned that Torres no longer made them; instead, they were constructed by his wife and students. Because I really wanted something that was by Torres himself, we switched to looking at his paintings and prints. The paintings were handsome, but beyond our budget. But the prints were both portable and affordable: a combination we couldn’t refuse.

After flipping through many prints, I was drawn to a portrait of a young woman. A silkscreen over laid paper, 18 by 23.5 inches, the print was numbered 4 out of 50, signed and dated “Juan Torres, 2000.” Its background was made to look like shabby wallpaper with stencil bright red roses. In the foreground was an image of a female nude with long, dark, flowing hair and a luscious scarlet mouth. The woman’s body had a semi-translucent quality: the texture and design of the wallpaper were still slightly visible through her image, giving her a ghost-like presence. The piece was entitled “Rosas” and was printed in Torres’ studio in Capula. I was attracted to its melancholic mood, the otherworldly protagonist, and the juxtaposition of muted tones against the reds of the roses and the girl’s mouth.

The more I looked at the image, the more endearing it seemed to me. Soon I realized that it had a Russian connection: the wallpaper as the background for the portrait reminded me of the books that futurist Russian artists and poets produced in the 1910-1920s: these crudely made books on wallpaper were the artists’ challenge to the status quo as represented by the bourgeois tradition of fine book-making and printing. Born out of revolt, the wallpaper books became a necessity when shortages engulfed all spheres of life after the Revolution of 1917, and artistic supplies were nowhere to be found.

Far from the world of Russian futurists, Torres said that he chose the wallpaper background because he wanted to explore the ghost-like quality that it added to this image: the embossed texture of the wallpaper seeps through the image, adding the eerie effect and evoking a strong feeling of melancholia and decay that touches everything: youth, beauty, innocence. From our conversation with Torres, we learned that the young woman in the print was the artist’s daughter who at the time was mourning the loss of her baby. Torres also said that he had been fascinated with death and that it had been one of the key motifs in his art.

In a way, this was also a catrina, but instead of a jolly skull lampooning death, this image was about the impermanence—the loss, and the grief we experience in life.

Now, years later, what am I to do with “Rosas”? It is true that some of the objects that we invite into our living spaces have a short shelf life: at first, topics of conversation, they lose their novelty and stay somewhere in the periphery of our vision, kept, but forgotten. I don’t want to lie and claim that “Rosas” is my favorite. It isn’t, and it won’t be, but examining it carefully after looking at it and not seeing it for many years has triggered the memories that were nearly erased: the excitement of my first trip to Mexico, the ill-fortuned bus ride to Zacatecas, the surprises of Morelia and Capula, Juan Torres, catrinas. Beautiful and somber, its subject matter inspires melancholia and connects me to my past. Beyond the artist’s intention, it has acquired a sentimental value and a life of its own, entangled in mine, and that’s why I am keeping it.
Poverty in the Prosperous Years: The Working Poor of the 1920s and Today

Brian Payne

Perhaps the only thing predictable about modern American market capitalism is its radical boom-bust cycle of growth and decline. A whole history of the United States could be structured around it: expansion, recession, expansion again. Historically, our economy’s recessions have been linked to financial crises known as “panics,” which subsequently created periods of unemployment and poverty for great numbers of American workers. There were panics in 1819, 1837, 1857, 1873, 1901 and 1907. There was a recession in 1920–21, a Great Depression throughout the 1930s, a recession in 1982 and, of course, the house market fallout of 2008. And this is just the short list. Historians spend a lot of time debating the differences among panics, recessions and depression, and why or when any one individual downturn existed.

In the end, all of these debates describe a dichotomy between good years and bad years that paper over or obfuscate what it was really like to live through such economic upheaval. Historians of American capitalism tend to focus on the most obvious swings of economic boom and bust: how good the good times got, and in the bad times, conversely, how far poverty and want reached into American society. In doing so, they see only segmented pictures of the long and complex history.
of the working poor in America. Good years were often as difficult as bad years for the working poor. Take, for example, the supposed “roaring” decade of the 1920s, which historians now see as an awfully problematic decade that played a considerable part in shaping the tragedy of the 1930s. In that ostensibly prosperous decade, long periods of unemployment and underemployment combined with the increasing control of large corporations in shaping the nature of work left many working Americans totally unprepared for the 1930s. In modern American history, economic upswings have never even come close to eradicating poverty, though they have done much to hide it. A rising tide never floats all boats. So, what does poverty look like during the “good years”?

**Imagining the Working Poor in History**

Reliable unemployment figures are hard to come by for any period in American history before 1930. When we try to access the impacts that micro and macroeconomic trends had on people’s real, lived experiences historians often turn to price indexes, consumption rates, or inflation figures. The resulting picture is seldom clear and historians are forced to make broad generalizations about individuals’ lives from some rather sweeping and all-inclusive data. Nothing can turn a reader off like complex statistics, and data about anonymous masses often leaves us perplexed. Perhaps Harry can’t keep stirred up over six million.” This conundrum remains as problematic for historians of the 1920s and 1930s today as it was for Hopkins and the New Dealers. To capture the story of working poor, a historian has to weave a narrative that combines empathy for individuals into an understanding of the broader context in which they lived and worked. What follows is a picture of one such group, Maine canneries workers in the not-so-Roaring Twenties, an age when systemic poverty persisted amidst national prosperity. The processed food industry was one of the fastest-growing industries in

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*Seasonal Cannery Workers’ Company Housing (Photograph by Lewis Hine, c. 1911). Source: Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division.*
the late-nineteenth century, and it was subsequently one of the biggest busts of
the 1920s. By combining a close examination of individual families with the
general economic data of those working in a food industry during the 1920s,
with the general economic data of that industry, along with the larger socio-
political context, a historian might be able to expose the links between the six
and the six million.

The Tinkers’ Tale

By July of 1922 the Maine sardine-packing season was well underway, and
the Tinker family was hard at work. Three of its men, Edward, Henry, and
Charles, all worked as general laborers in the Columbian Canning Company
in the port town of Lubec. They worked an average of 53 hours a week
for an average pay of $8.36 a week. Along with the men, there were six
Tinker women working, either packing herring fish into sardine cans or sardine
cans into shipping crates. The women earned an average of $3.68 a week. In
total, the Tinker extended-family unit, a family unit of nine workers, averaged
a weekly pay of $47.19 for the month of July 1922. Working in the sardine
industry was a seasonal occupation. The busy months were from June to
September. By law the fishing season did not even begin until April 15 and
the plants had to close down by the end of October. Occasionally, local families
like the Tinkers could get some extra cash during the off-season working in the coal yards, cutting and hauling wood, or storing extra cases of sar-
dines in their own basements and charging rent to the company. A sample set of
the weekly payrolls yielded an average of $32.37 per week for the Tinkers
family (see Figure 1). In 1924, a sample set of one week’s pay per month yielded
an average of $43.57 and an average per worker weekly pay of $9.92. The
year 1924 proved to be the best year for the Tinker family. In 1926, right
in the midst of the great boom of the 1920s, the sample set of one week’s pay
per month yielded an average of just $29.33, or $5.68 per worker. Although
the extended family’s weekly income appeared to have risen again in 1928
to an average of $45.67, a closer look actually discloses real trouble for the
Tinkers. In order to address the decline in total family income in 1926–1927,
the Tinkers put more family members to work. Although their total
extended-family income rose between 1926 and 1928 from $29.33 to $45.67,
the average weekly pay per worker remained nearly constant; $5.68 per
week in 1926 and $5.78 in 1928.

Placing the Tinker family working unit within the larger context of labor at the Columbian Canning Company is essential to determine if they represent
a norm or an exception. By analyzing the data from the company’s pay
ledger a historian can roughly estimate an individual’s weekly pay. To make
the analysis manageable, averages were taken for one week per month for every
other year between 1922 and 1930. In 1922, at the very end of the reces-
sion, male general laborers earned on average $12.08 per week during the season, or about $10.07 a week averaged out over the entire year. Female
laborers in the packinghouses earned on average $1.09 a week during the season, or about $0.18 averaged out over the entire year. By 1926, in the midst of this
purported boom era, the average male general laborer saw his average weekly pay drop to $9.02 per week during the season. Female laborers, on the other
hand, saw a general increase in seasonal pay by 1926, up to $7.86 per week.
In 1928, well into an era of economic growth, male general laborers saw their
weekly wages increase beyond the 1922 level to an average of $14.11. Yet,
once again, it was the female packing laborers who saw the largest growth

The Tinker extended-family unit, a family unit of nine workers, averaged a weekly pay of $47.19
for the month of July 1922.

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<th>Average Weekly Pay Per Worker</th>
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<td>$29.33</td>
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since the 1922 recession level, to $8.07. This trend towards an equalization of wages between the sexes continued as the company increased its reliance on cheaper, less skilled, (and therefore often female) labor (see Figure 2). By 1930, men earned on average $5.89 a week in season while women earned $5.47.

If one were to average the male and female wage rates over time, a picture consistent with the reality of the Tinker family is revealed. In 1922, the average weekly wage during the season for all workers was $4.75. In 1924 it rose to $7.33, and by 1928 it topped out at $12.72 (see Figure 3). Yet, at the same time, that season was getting shorter. If the weekly wages are averaged out across a 12-month period, the average wages increased much more slowly; from $3.48 in 1922 to only $4.84 in 1928; much closer to the averages that the Tinkers saw—$3.60 in 1922 and $5.78 in 1928. This reflects the general decline in work opportunity. The average weekly man-hours for male general labor dropped from 1488.1 in 1922 to 927.38 in 1924. The general downward slide continued in 1926 to 413.22 and in 1928 to 474.97 (see Figure 4). By the first full year of the Great Depression average weekly man-hours dropped to 153.74.

By parsing the numbers this way we come to a conclusion similar to that which we reached when we looked closely at the Tinker family. Wages only increased with an increase in working effort. While the Tinker family had to put more hands to work to reach the same family income, individual workers had to put in more hours during shorter periods of intensity to make up for longer periods without work at the Columbian Canning Company. Thus, for both the individual and the family working unit, work got more intensive as the 1920s wore on. Yet, as their work became more intensive, their rewards for that work became less.

### The Working Poor Today

So, what does the story of the Tinkers, a family of working poor in a time of supposed prosperity tell us? How can we come to terms with endemic poverty during periods of economic recovery in America? Stepping back from the historical record and looking more broadly, more contemporarily, Unemployment still stands at 7.3% and recent studies show that the top 1% of wealthy Americans owns 39% of the world’s wealth, a high not reached since 1929.

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**Figure 2: Seasonal Weekly Wages by Sex**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Male</th>
<th>Female</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1922</td>
<td>$12.08</td>
<td>$1.09</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1924</td>
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<td>$7.86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1928</td>
<td>$14.11</td>
<td>$8.07</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1930</td>
<td>$5.89</td>
<td>$5.47</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Figure 3: Overall Weekly Wages**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Seasonal</th>
<th>Annual</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1922</td>
<td>$4.75</td>
<td>$3.48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1924</td>
<td>$7.33</td>
<td>$5.68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1926</td>
<td>$6.42</td>
<td>$0.97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1928</td>
<td>$12.72</td>
<td>$4.84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1930</td>
<td>$5.12</td>
<td>$1.88</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Figure 4: Average Weekly Man-Hours**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Hours</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1922</td>
<td>1488.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1924</td>
<td>927.38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1926</td>
<td>413.22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1928</td>
<td>474.97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1930</td>
<td>153.74</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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Today, in terms of the working poor and wealth inequality, the United States is basically back to where it stood in the 1920s

programs such as the Troubled Asset Relief Program (TARP). Although the president’s economic advisor, Gene Sperling, argued that the American taxpayers actually saw a net profit of $28 billion from TARP and that the whole of President Obama’s economic recovery plan worked, it would be difficult to come to that conclusion if we were to focus on the working poor. Unemployment still stands at 7.3% and recent studies show that the top 1% of wealthy Americans owns 39% of the world’s wealth, a high not reached since 1929. A recent University of California—Berkeley study shows that during the “recovery” since the 2008 recession, 95% of the income gains went to the top 1%. In fact, median household income has dropped by $4,000 since 2000, while average costs of basic goods such as milk and gasoline have increased. According to a Brookings Institute study, during the 1920s the top 1% also saw massive income gains—increases of about 75%—while the incomes of average laborers remained nearly constant. What is more, today’s proposed solutions to ameliorate the plight of the working poor with minimum wage increases face doubtful success at both the federal and state levels. Recently, District of Columbia Mayor Vincent Gray vetoed the “living wage” bill fearing that Wal-Mart would respond by abandoning three of its six stores there. Wal-Mart spokesman Steven Restivo claimed that the wage increase would hinder job growth.

How hard is the working poor working? In September of 2005 the Urban Institute showed that 59% of low-income families had at least one member working at least full-time, with only 19% of low-income families having at least one member working less than half time. Only 11% of these families had no working members. In 2004, a study produced by the Annie E. Casey Foundation showed that low-income families increasingly turned to family-based working units, just as the Tinkers did in the 1920s, with the majority of low-income families collectively working at least 2,500 hours a year, or 48 hours a week with no off weeks, but still failing to make a living family wage. In sum, the vast majority of low-income families, 70%, are classified as either engaged in “high-work” or “moderate-work” levels.

As we look back over the recession recovery from 2008 to 2012 it is difficult for a historian not to think about the recession recovery of 1923–1929. Similar patterns of concentrated wealth and intensive work habits emerged in both periods. Today, in terms of the working poor and wealth inequality, the United States is basically back to where it stood in the 1920s, which, as historians continue to show, wasn’t all that “roaring.” The history of the Tinker family reminds us that the working poor did not experience booms and busts in the way that much of the history of capitalism suggests. When a family lives and works at or below subsistence levels, they are unable to hedge against looming disaster. The result is chronic, generational poverty, a sad measure of continuity in an age of dynamic progress.
Anonymous Among Us: Images from a New England Potter’s Field

Karen Callan

What began as a trip to a Taunton cemetery to photograph some intriguing grave markers grew into a two-year-plus endeavor that continues to draw me back for yet another look, and yet another round of photos.

From the street, the site appears to be populated by row after row of neatly aligned, rusted markers, all the same size and design, almost lollypop-like in their shape. On approach, rows of a second style of marker—round, flat and flush with the ground—are as prominent and as uniform. Viewed up close, however, each is unique, having suffered the ravages of time and the New England weather. They’re broken and cracked and some, barely visible, overgrown with plants and grass. But, what they all have in common is that none bears a name, only numbers.

The site, part of Mayflower Hill Cemetery, is a potter’s field, also known as a pauper’s cemetery. In the Taunton Cemetery Department’s record books, the location is labeled the “free grounds.” In use from 1862-1962, this part of the cemetery is the final resting place for many of the region’s less fortunate of all ages and backgrounds: city residents and immigrants; stillborn babies, young children, and the elderly; domestics, laborers, and transients; as well as a large number of patients from Taunton State Hospital. Among those buried here is one of Massachusetts most notorious serial killers, Jane Toppan, who confessed to killing 31 people and, after her 1901 arrest, spent the rest of her life in the hospital.

According to the cemetery department’s well-preserved record books, the number of markers at the free grounds is 1,015, but the number of deceased buried beneath them is much higher. Many plots hold multiple bodies, often several young children and babies. In some locations, babies were buried with unrelated adults to make the best use of the spaces. Over time, some individuals were removed to other cemeteries and their empty plots filled with the newly deceased. In a few cases, the original markers have been replaced with more traditional headstones bearing the names of those once buried unidentified underneath.

After reading page after page of death listings in the record books, I began connecting the numbered markers in my photos with the names on the pages. Like those buried in other parts of the cemetery beneath traditional headstones bearing their names, each person in the free grounds had a story. They had families and friends. They worked hard and sought better lives. They battled debilitating illnesses, both mental and physical, and parents mourned babies and young children for whom they had hopes and dreams.

Just as the memories of how people of this era lived and died are fading, so, too, are their grave markers. Over time each has developed distinct characteristics, which I’ve come to see as symbolic of the individuality of those buried beneath.

The photographs that follow are portraits of a sort in which I’ve tried to capture that sense of individuality before both our memories of the less fortunate of earlier days and the physical remnants commemorating them are gone forever.

A Box of Paradoxes: 
The Fascinating World of Viruses

Boriana Marintcheva

Tiny. Deadly. Fascinating. And useful. Viruses have been all around us for thousands of years and have had tremendous impacts on human society, regardless of how well we understood them. When the word virus is mentioned, it is hard for us to imagine anything positive. After all, viruses get their name from the Latin word for poison, which fits them perfectly when we picture the devastating diseases they cause in humans, animals and plants.

When the widespread use of computers came into being and self-replicating programs became a fact of our technological lives, the term virus gained a new meaning, and not a positive one. Not that long ago, the internet brought to us the idea of viral videos. Today, we can describe as viral not only meningitis but also anything caught on video that is funny, crazy, amazing or spectacular. Now, thanks to YouTube, we are starting to believe that viruses can be associated with something other than poison or disaster. In truth, scientists have known that for a long time.

What are viruses?

Viruses are tiny non-living agents with very complicated lives. Sir Peter Medawar (1915–87), a Nobel laureate and the father of organ transplantation, once described viruses figuratively as “a piece of bad news wrapped in a protein.” Viruses are built from nucleic acid packed in protective protein coat (a capsid) and some are wrapped in an additional layer of lipids and proteins (an envelope). Viral capsids can be viewed as architectural masterpieces assembled with minimal numbers of building protein blocks. For example, the capsid of the Polio virus (Figure 1) is built from only three types of proteins elegantly assembling a robust icosahedral structure.

A virus is a box of paradoxes. Viruses are considered non-living agents due to their complete dependence on a host cell, however being “dead” does not prevent them from causing disease or executing various life styles. Lytic viruses are direct killers. They infect their host, propagate and literally explode the cell allowing their progeny to be released and infect again. Latent viruses tend to exist quietly in their hosts for a long time, occasionally producing bursts of new viruses. Herpes Simplex Virus Type 1 (HSV–1), the causative agent of cold sores, is a good example how lytic and latent life styles work together. Most people in the world are infected with HSV–1 early in life. The infection manifests itself as a cold sore, which is practically a bunch of blisters full with viruses. While the immune system is generally effective in taking care of the viruses circulating in the body, some viruses become permanent residents of the dorsal root ganglia (an anatomically distinct section of our spinal nerves) and establish dormancy or latent infection. When the body is experiencing high levels of stress (caused by a big deadline, intense UV exposure on the beach or a severe cold, for example) the virus reactivates and travels back to the lip, where it executes lytic infection resulting in a new cold sore. Science settles the “dead-or-alive” paradox by classifying viruses as infectious non-living agents and studies them in the context of the evolution and taxonomy principles applicable for living creatures.

Figure 1. Model of a Polio Virus Capsid
Another paradox is the huge dispropor-
tion between the amount of genetic
information encoded by viruses and
the magnitude of complexity viruses
govern. Physically, viruses are very
small, measurable on the nanometer
(nm) scale. The Flu virus measures
80–120 nm in diameter; in other words,
about 1,000 Flu viruses placed side-
by-side would fit along the diameter of
a single human hair (Figure 2). Most
viral particles can be observed only
with an electron microscope (though
recently the conventional wisdom of all
viruses being too small to be seen with
a light microscope was “cracked” by
the discovery of a novel class of giant
viruses called Mimiviruses).

Amazingly, viruses are able to execute
productive infection—and of course
make us sick—with very limited
genetic information. The Flu virus,
for example, contains only 15,000
nucleotides (building blocks of nucleic
acids carrying the genetic blueprint).

By comparison, the human blueprint is
3,200,000,000 nucleotides or approxi-
mately 200,000 times longer. Needless
to say, viruses have to be super-efficient
in their quest to invade host cells and
propagate. One can easily compare
them to very creative and resourceful
spies that manage to highjack cellular
components, introduce switches in the
cell physiology and force the host to
produce viral building blocks instead
of normal cellular parts and molecules.

Among their most fascinating tricks is
their ability to have their genetic code
read in multiple ways, thus increas-
ing significantly the meanings of their
limited-sized blueprint. One can think
about this phenomenon as an exercise in
generation—like counting how
many three-digit numbers one can
draw out of a phone number, for exam-
ple BSU’s switchboard: 5085311000.

One can start with the first digit and
read 508 531 100, or one can start with
the second digit and read 085 311 000,
and so on. Similarly, one can begin to
read viruses’ genetic information at
different positions and derive multiple
meanings of the limited size of their
nucleic acid.

Scientists have the daunting task of
studying and understanding how
viruses work. Extensive knowledge
about pathogenic viruses offers better
ideas about how to combat them and
how to protect ourselves from viral
infections. Surprisingly, despite the
huge expansion of virology as a science,
we have developed very few antiviral
drugs and not many antiviral vaccines.

One big reason for the apparent para-
dox is the constant tug of war virus
versus host. Many clinically important
viruses such as the Flu and HIV mutate
very quickly, thus making therapeutics
largely ineffective unless the infection is
diagnosed early when the host and his
or her drug team have a greater chance
to win the tug of war. Cold viruses are
tough to combat simply because they
are very diverse group. It is simply not
feasible to develop vaccines or drugs
against each of the several hundred
known viruses that cause the common
cold. That said, science and medicine
have triumphed against some of the
world’s most deadly viruses, eradicating
Smallpox and creating effective vac-
cines against Polio and Rabies.

**Viruses as Scientific Tools**

Scientists have taken advantage of the
spying approaches of viruses to study
the intricacies of cellular function.

Since cellular structure and physiology
are very complex, it is hard to under-
stand how human cells are working.
The presentation of viruses allows
researchers to compare the differences
between infected and uninfected cells
and to eventually reconstitute cellular
pathways. Viruses also have proved
themselves as invaluable resources for

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tools to propel science. For example, major advancements are being made today in the area of personalized medicine due to the increasing capabilities for sequencing. Sequencing is nothing more than determining the specifics of one’s genetic blueprint (or DNA), which allows for forecasting probabilities of certain diseases, and evaluating the probability that drugs will be effective. The sequencing of the human genome was done with the help of a highly specialized enzyme found in bacteriophage T7. Bacteriophages are bacterial viruses that are widely spread in nature and contribute to our quality of life on daily basis. The term bacteriophage literally means bacteria eater and presents an accurate description of most bacterial viruses in nature which simply explode bacteria day and night. Bacteriophages are calculated to be the most abundant entity on Earth, accounting for most of the roughly $10^{31}$ or 100 billion trillion viruses on Earth. Bacteriophages are most abundant in the ocean, marine sediments, soils and sewage and play a critical role for the recycling of the biomass on the planet. Viruses are responsible for exploding approximately 20 per cent of the ocean biomass on daily basis, thus ensuring sufficient material to support the growth of bacteria, archaea and algae, many of which are needed for oxygen production and thus life on the planet. Viruses are the main force behind the rapid destruction of algae blooms known as red tides (Figure 3), which often disturb the ecological balance of the ocean and are harmful for marine life.

After bacteriophages were discovered by British bacteriologist Frederick Twort in 1915, they were soon considered a possible means to combat bacterial infections, especially ones associated with hard-to-heal wounds or burns. Scientists envisioned that bacteriophage stocks would be grown in a laboratory and applied to wounds as a wash. The viruses would attack the wound resident bacteria and explode them, thus breaking the course of the stubborn infection. The approach is known as bacteriophage therapy or phage therapy. In 1928, antibiotics were discovered and as a result the phage therapy idea was overtaken by the promise of these wonder drugs. But phage therapy was never completely forgotten. Ironically, today we live in the era of antibiotic resistant bacteria and phage therapy strategy is gaining new ground. Currently, there are U.S. Food and Drug Administration-approved protocols to treat meat and produce with phage in order to eliminate food spoilage and poisoning mediated by bacteria. Phage sprays are considered as a possible approach to control unwanted infections in hospital settings, and viral lytic enzymes are patented as components of toothpaste fighting plaque. Scientists are using viruses to deliver molecules in cells and starting to understand oncolytic viruses that selectively attack and kill cancer cells. The application of knowledge about viruses is far-reaching and often surprising. For example, the production of cheese and other dairy products has been revolutionized by understanding which viruses infect the bacteria carrying out the fermentation processes that convert milk into cheese. This knowledge allows scientists to genetically engineer bacterial strains no longer prone to viral infection, thus ensuring highly controllable and efficient fermentation processes.

Scientists are using viruses to deliver molecules in cells and starting to understand oncolytic viruses that selectively attack and kill cancer cells.

Figure 3. Red Tide
Tulipomania

The “tulipomania” story is a favorite tale that reveals the unexpected connections of viruses to everyday life. In the early seventeenth century, Dutch gardeners developed spectacular bicolor tulips called “breaking tulips” whose flowers appeared as flares of red and white in patterns that hardly ever repeated themselves. Society was so mesmerized by the beautiful flowers that artists were including them in still life paintings (Figure 4) or as decoration on music instruments. These tulips became so popular in the Netherlands that the prices of their bulbs skyrocketed. Between 1634 and 1637, wealthy Dutch gardeners were reportedly willing to spend up to 10,000 florins—the price of a house with a garden in a good location in Amsterdam—to acquire just a single bulb. To their great dismay, the admired tulips became sick only a few years after planting and eventually died. Not much later, gardeners experimenting with tulips found out that when a breaking tulip bulb is grafted onto a bulb of unicolor tulip, the flare-like appearance of the flowers could be “transferred.” But the discovery came too late. In 1637, sellers of the precious bulbs greatly outnumbered interested buyers and the market “bubble” collapsed. More than 300 years later, a virus called the Tulip Breaking Virus (TBV) was isolated and the scientific explanation of the phenomenon became apparent. The uniquely flared tulip patterns were actually a product of a viral infection that resulted in the loss of color (i.e. appearance of white stripes) in the infected parts of the plant. As larger and larger proportions of the plant became affected, the plants started getting sick and eventually died. If you happen to have striped bicolor tulips in your garden for many years in a row and they never get sick, you are probably not buying the sick-tulip story above. And you should not, because it is not applicable to your plants. Years later, long after tulipomania was over, scientists discovered a genetic mutation that produces healthy, truly bicolor tulips that display the same pattern of stripes generation after generation. Today, commercially available tulip bulbs are screened to be virus-free and molecular biology approaches are used to engineer plants resistant to viral infection. Interestingly, a similar story is currently unfolding among orchid breeders and collectors.

The tulipomania story is fascinating, and not only to biologists. Depending on one’s inclinations, it can be read as telling tale about history, art, economics or human nature. For me, it is a great example how science works. Most scientific discoveries start with a simple observation followed by a bumpy journey of inquiry and experimentation which years later could bring some understanding of the original observation and propel science and technology forward. As with many things in life, so it goes with our quest to understand the nature and uses of viruses: both the journey and final destination are invaluable.

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VIEWPOINT
The Making of a Gun Owner – Massachusetts Style

Jack Murphy

In early 2006, at the invitation of my brother, and with a general interest in familiarizing myself with personal and home protection options, I began an introduction to the world of firearms. I was completely unaware of the strong feelings I would encounter from extremists on both sides of the argument. Should I own a gun? Should I explore and educate myself on this issue? My family and closest relations are dramatically split on the matter, left and right,

Democrats and Republicans. What’s more, my wife, 10 siblings, two children, 23 nieces and nephews and numerous friends and acquaintances all seemed to have stronger beliefs—both pro and con—than I do. At the risk of alienating at least half of my family and friends, I marched ahead into discussions about the Second Amendment and the virtue of gun ownership in America.

As it turned out, neither side had a monopoly on reason, and too few of them worried about letting facts get in the way of their feelings. I met as many louts and know-nothings on each side, both willing to pigeonhole and excoriating when their seriously held beliefs were challenged. What follows is my attempt to come to grips with this divisive quintessentially American issue and the one question that tests our ability to live and let live.

The FNG

My brother Jim’s invitation to “come by my club and I’ll give you an introduction to some of the basics” was both typical and generous. My surprise was that he was able to bring with him everything I might be interested in: handguns (both semiautomatics and revolvers), shotguns, rifles, ammunition, safety equipment and more. He did this without any special permission or proof that I was not an “undesirable,” say, emotionally unstable, or a convicted felon. I was unaware of how deeply involved my brother was in his sport. Regardless, he was able to escort me about the grounds, unchallenged, while he educated me in the use of guns. The welcoming atmosphere and nonchalance of other well-armed members and visitors surprised me, as did the character of several members. I was somewhat relieved by Jim’s contention that “an armed society is a polite society,” one of many aphorisms that I came to find equally amusing and frightening as my education proceeded. More than once, when my new colleagues in the gun community became heated in discussions over the question of the right to bear arms, someone would trot out the line: “I’d rather be judged by twelve than buried by six.”

The Hook Takes

After my introduction, I found it hard to get my mind off just how much fun it had been. Breaking clays with a shotgun, punching paper targets with various pistols and clanging hundred yard iron targets with a rifle. It all hung around the edge of my daydreaming time while I trudged through my workdays in a slowly dying business (book selling) to unenthusiastic customers (college students). It was fun to be pursuing a hobby with people who were enthusiastic, if not especially cautious.

At this point, I really was still holding myself at arm’s length, hesitant to fully embrace much of what the clubs had to offer. I did, however, apply for a license to carry with my local police department and take a full safety course with a certified instructor. My original plan to simply have a weapon in my home for self-defense was quickly becoming a jumping-off point.

When applying, my new friends had convinced me to request a full license-to-carry/large-capacity (LTC) with no restrictions. Because I did not know then what other aspects of gun ownership might come to interest me, I agreed. Nearly six months went by before I was notified of approval by my local police department and directed to come to the station to collect my LTC.

First Purchases

To get started with my home protection project, I took others’ advice and made my first purchase a .22 pistol. With it, I learned the basics of physically running
a gun: sight acquisition, trigger control, and so much more. Being academic by nature, much of this was just pure enjoyment for me. The ballistics, physics, history and development all appealed to me without reservation.

Six months of firing this gun regularly in the woods near my home helped me ready to buy something with more appropriate stopping power in the event of a home break-in or a situation that called for self-defense. During this time, I was visiting a local gun club for Saturday- and Sunday-morning trap shooting. The group couldn’t have been more welcoming. They were well represented across the age spectrum (including among them the young, the middle aged, and the elderly) but there were only a few women and even fewer minorities. They were uniformly helpful in offering to lend me weapons, ammo and advice. No one ever once asked me for any documentation to be handling anything or anything concerning identification. And when, once in a while, someone offered too much advice on technique, stance or grip, there was always someone else to laughingly offer a correction: “just shoot the fucking thing!”

As much fun as this was, I was easily convinced that I “owed myself” a shotgun, which was accomplished very easily with the help of a little more advice from my friends and some introductions to local gun shops. There was no heavy sales pitch from any of the dealers and each was willing to act as an intermediary when I found the best deals available through websites out-of-state. Massachusetts dealers were, without exception, diligent in following license requirements, selling only approved weapons only and always checking my license.

**Joining a Club – The Golden Handshake**

To the uninitiated, the clutter of rules, regulations, laws and licensing (both state and federal) is very intimidating. They all seem to be designed to prevent you from purchasing or owning a firearm. The rules concerning storage, carry and even what you may own are cumbersome and mysterious. Once among a group of enthusiasts, however, you soon learn the ropes. You discover that, given a clean background check, the main obstacles to gun ownership seem to be only patience and money. Even in a state as restrictive as Massachusetts, I have had no problem joining a club.

**To the uninitiated, the clutter of rules, regulations, laws and licensing (both state and federal) is very intimidating.**

Concerning identification. And when, once in a while, someone offered too much advice on technique, stance or grip, there was always someone else to laughingly offer a correction: “just shoot the fucking thing!”

My experience of becoming a gun owner has shed new light for me in several unexpected ways. First, it exposed me to more anger and strong opinions than I expected. It’s a very divisive issue and I’ve become cautious about discussing it. Secondly, I have been very surprised by the lax attitude from law enforcement in enforcing compliance on gun-control issues. Neither criminals nor law-abiding citizens seem to have any problems gaining access to a remarkable array of weapons. Finally, it seems clear that a solution to the question of who can get guns and how must be pursued. We can’t do that if we can’t discuss it.

Many of my new friends will find my words here a sell-out, perhaps, but I agree with the many voices calling for mandatory background checks as well as the restriction of some weapons. Still, I also think that we, as individuals, all need to be more aware of and responsible for our own personal safety. 

Jack Murphy was Manager of the Bridgewater State College Bookstore for more than 20 years. Now retired, he is employed at BSU as a parking lot attendant.
Although we often think of sabbatical leave as a time for rest, in our world it is also a time for academic work. The benefit of a sabbatical, in addition to being a hiatus from teaching, is that it is a time to reflect and work on scholarly endeavors. In spring semester 2013, knowing that I would have a full semester without teaching responsibilities, I anticipated having time to collaborate with one of my colleagues, a recently retired school leader, Lenesa Leana, to co-author a book on school leadership entitled Healthy Schools: The Hidden Components of Teaching and Learning. My sabbatical affected me in unanticipated ways, professionally and emotionally. And, as I discovered, the time to reflect revealed to me a good deal about who I am.

Rather than write a book alone, as I had done in the past, I felt that if there was someone else to whom I was responsible, I would meet deadlines and accomplish more in the one-semester sabbatical than if I worked alone. Also, I felt that the book I wanted to write would be much richer with me pairing up with someone who had practiced school leadership longer than I did.

So I began to prepare for the sabbatical the summer before the academic year 2012–2013 by researching the topic of school leadership. My colleague and I decided to focus on the one aspect of school leadership which we felt impacted school improvement, Standard 2.0 of the Interstate Leadership Licensure Consortium standards. It reads: “An education leader promotes the success of every student by advocating, nurturing, and sustaining a school culture and instructional program conducive to student learning and staff professional growth” (ISLLC, 2008). The rationale for selecting this standard—nurturing and sustaining professional culture—emerged from our shared experiences in schools. We have seen the significant impact of healthy school cultures on the professional growth of our teachers and students, and on the parent body. When members of a school community are surrounded by a culture of excellence and care, they feel safe and are both more open to collaboration and more willing to take creative risks in their learning. Our book, we thought, would include vignettes drawn from actual school leadership experiences which pertain to Standard 2.0.

Since I had experience in preparing book proposals, I spent the entire summer of 2012 drafting the proposal, which included the following components: subject matter, scope and intended purpose of our manuscript; the anticipated manuscript length and intended readership; a detailed Table of Contents, including brief chapter summaries; and two sample chapters. Our proposal was immediately accepted in the fall of 2012 by a well-reputed publisher of K-12 and higher education topics, Rowman & Littlefield. Since I was not on sabbatical in the fall of 2012 and my co-author had just retired, she spent that semester writing vignettes based upon school leadership experiences. In between my teaching and Writing Across the Curriculum Assistant Coordinator responsibilities at Bridgewater State, I helped revise the vignettes and guide the research for our book. The vignette and the research go hand in hand.

I had intended to begin my writing as soon as the fall semester ended, which was the beginning of my sabbatical. I packed my Publication Manual of the American Psychological Association (APA), my research articles, and everything I would need to write the book and headed for our family home in southwestern Vermont. I had every
intention of doing what one of my colleagues in the Secondary Education and Professional Programs Department (SEPP) said he did on his sabbatical: write six hours daily.

Then it snowed in Vermont on December 23, 2012. And then the holidays were upon us. And then the children and grandchildren arrived. And then they left and the house was a mess and the laundry piled up and our fallen beside him in the snow. His eyes, stones, lay in the snow. Even his trunk had melted, giving him a look of a snowman with only one hip. I laughed. And when I remembered how he was constructed, my eyes filled with tears.

My construction management team had departed from the mountains of Vermont. I was alone—alone on my sabbatical. Just what I had wanted. I was supposed to be alone, alone to write a book on school leadership. But being alone made me think about what was missing: my treasures, my mountain pals, my nature lovers, my explorers, my discoverers, my admirers and my inquisitors. The holidays were over. My grandchildren went home. It was time to get to work again on the book. I wanted to do that. I had planned for that. I even told my husband not to come to Vermont too often to be with me as I needed time to think, reflect and write.

I decided to use self-talk as a mechanism to motivate me. “You can do it …you can do it … you can do it. Just like the ‘Little Engine That Could.’” You can sit for six hours daily all alone during your sabbatical and write, write, write. So I began another month of solid reading, revising, researching, emailing and telephoning my co-author, who, after thirteen years as a school head in Massachusetts, had moved with her husband to Minnesota to be near her own grandchildren.

Some days, I would sit and stare at the cupboards were bare. They ate all of our food! And to think I had been to the grocery store almost every day for a period of two weeks. I had no time to think, let alone write! But I would not let myself be deterred by all of this. So I sat down and wrote and wrote, read and read, reflected and reflected some more. I began to spend four hours daily on my book project. People called me to ski, to snowshoe, to walk, and to go to exercise classes. I said no to all of them. I was there to write. My husband came to spend time with me and I just sat at the computer.

One day, at the end of January, after an intense three-week period of solid writing, I looked at my new iPhone and saw the photo of my smiling four-month-old granddaughter. She seemed to be looking intensely at me, understanding the depth of my love for her. I looked out the window and saw the snowman that my grandchildren and I had built together during their visit. The snowman was bent sideways, his head had melted and his twig arms had blown path and tiny toddler-made boot prints. And I felt a cramp of nostalgia in my stomach. That cramp triggered a tear in my eye.

Later that day, I snowshoed up the mountain, looking at the various animal tracks, paw prints left in the

The benefit of a sabbatical, in addition to being a hiatus from teaching, is that it is a time to reflect and work on scholarly endeavors.

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November 2013

This is how I will remember my sabbatical: time spent alone in the mountains of Vermont, my thoughts pendulating between the two most powerful touchstones of my identity. I am a scholar. And I am a grandparent.

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TEACHING NOTE
One in a Million: From Bridgewater State to the National Mall

Jodie Drapal Koretski

On June 8, 2013 a powerful and breathtaking art installation of more than one million hand-made bones transformed the National Mall in Washington, DC into a representation of a mass grave. The grave signified the millions of people who lost their lives through acts of genocide. The installation, One Million Bones, was the product of a three-year-long international social arts awareness project focused on raising public consciousness and pressing for U.S. policy change with respect to ongoing genocides around the world. The art-based effort, orchestrated by Naomi Natale, a social practice artist, and co-founder of Art of Revolution, used education, hands-on art making, and large-scale public installations as a means to inform the public of the atrocities of war and genocide and to engage citizens in the process of change.

As one of the event volunteers and project administrators, I witnessed the magnitude of “voice” expressed through installation art; how laying each bone on the grass from the Capitol to the final mass bone display sprawled across the Mall articulated sorrow, outrage and a call for action. The One Million Bones project was artfully designed to engage the audience on a personal level. Participating in the ceremony—by making or laying a bone, or walking through the massive display—prompted all of us to pause and reflect on its significance. This form of civic engagement resonated deeply and connected its participants with the human condition.

My involvement with the One Million Bones project started in 2010 when I was a committee member with the National Service Learning Conference.
(NSLC), an annual gathering of the National Youth Leadership Council that brings together teachers, researchers, policy-makers, youth leaders and others committed to promoting service learning as a way of teaching. The fledgling One Million Bones effort was proposed to the committee as a possible lead project among on-site service learning activities for the 2011 NSLC meeting Atlanta, Georgia. Shortly after researching the organization and talking with its founder (Natale), it dawned on me that the project would not only be a great opportunity for the many students and teachers attending the conference, but would also be a fascinating service learning activity in my “Citizenship and Community Leadership” course at Bridgewater State. One Million Bones became the centerpiece of my course and for the next three years I utilized the project as the central case demonstrating course content and the integration between political participation concepts, community leadership, and engagement practices with a real-world example.

The One Million Bones service learning project required students to demonstrate their knowledge through a series of assignments (reflection papers, journal article reviews, exams, and group projects) and to apply newly acquired skills by creating methods of engagement for others in the campus community. Some student groups introduced their colleagues to One Million Bones by hosting clay bone-making events and mini-fundraisers where BSU students could sponsor bones for the national display. Other student groups informed and engaged fellow citizens through community education efforts via social media, distributing brochures, and poster board displays. Still other student groups encouraged fellow students to voice their concerns regarding genocide and to share their commitment through text-based polling, white-board declarations, Facebook communications, and signing petitions. The service learning project went beyond the borders of BSU. Students created engagement materials and replicated bone-making activities at Showcase Exhibits and workshops at two NSLC conferences, inspiring others to participate in the movement as well.

The spring 2013 semester was the last class to engage with the project before the installation in Washington, DC. During their final presentation at the BSU Sustainability Conference, students informed participants about current genocides, shared basic civic-participation methods, and encouraged attendees to “Be one in a million!” by making a bone for the installation. Alongside the conference attendees, the students created the final boxes of bones from BSU that would eventually join the million others from around the world to be included in the national art display.

During the summer of 2013, I was deeply honored to be an active member of the One Million Bones art installation team in Washington, DC and privileged to lay the bones created by our students and others as part of the visual statement and collective voice against genocide. In the past three years, the project has deepened my commitment to citizen participation and to educating others about civic engagement. As a result of my interaction with the One Million Bones project, I value the partnership of installation arts in communicating political voice and respect its stunning power. In addition, the project has underscored for me the benefits of service learning in the classroom as both an illustration of course concepts in action and as a mechanism for inspiring student engagement.

Service learning transforms the learning experience not only for the students, but for instructors as well. It would be straightforward for me to teach the content of my courses in American Government and Public and Nonprofit Administration in a text-based, standard method. A structuralist by nature, I delight in explaining the machinery of government and how we interface with it. But by adding the layer of service learning, my students and I engage creatively in interplay with community organizations, experts in the field, and course concepts. We begin to engage with the material on higher level of critical thinking. My students and I explore the issues together, gather information and research on the topic, and discover how we as citizens can make a difference. In many ways this dynamic learning environment replicates life in communities beyond campus where citizens engage issues that affect them and then seek answers and means to enact real social change. As an instructor, the incorporation of the service learning method keeps me current, engaged, involved, and inspires me to continue my lifelong learning. “Tell me and I will forget,” a Chinese proverb instructs us. “Show me and I may remember. Involve me and I will understand.” One Million Bones has demonstrated that truth clearly to me and to my students.
n spring 2013, Bridgewater State welcomed home one of its most distinguished graduates, Dr. Francis T. (Frank) Cullen, Distinguished Research Professor at the University of Cincinnati. A leading scholar of criminology and criminal justice in the U.S., Cullen is among the most prolific in his field, having published more than 300 scholarly works; he is perhaps the most widely cited authority in the field. He has the rare distinction of having served as President of both the American Society of Criminology and the Academy of Criminal Justice Sciences.

I arrived at Bridgewater in 1968, an Irish-Catholic city kid from Boston. I intended to be a high school history teacher and coach, and I had applied to Bridgewater and to Harvard. As one friend said to me: “Oh, that means that Harvard was your back-up school!”

I had grown up in Dorchester and in St. Gregory’s parish, where the good Sisters of Notre Dame taught me to diagram sentences and to feel guilty about, as going to college—was far beyond my classmates’ grasp. I suspect that this realization made me sensitive to how context matters and shaped intimately how I would come to view the world as an academic.

I attended Bridgewater largely because that is where my brother (three years my senior) had chosen to go to college. Today, John holds the rank of Professor and the Huber Chair of Entrepreneurial Studies in the Department of Management at Washington State University. Growing up, he was an ideal brother. Whereas most older siblings strive for perfection, he set the bar very low for me as I followed behind him. When the nuns at St. Gregory’s said “you are nothing like your brother,” they meant it as a compliment! In his first semester at BSC, he earned a 1.6 GPA. He needed a 2.0 to stay in school and to avoid the draft and a likely trip to Vietnam. The next term he earned a 2.4 and barely got his 2.0 cumulative average.

So, when I first stepped onto the Bridgewater campus, I was just hoping to earn a 2.0, to stay in college, and to not get drafted. I remember to this day that in my first semester, I was tracked into an honors class in western civilization. It was taught by Dr. Stephanie Husek, who was an expert in Russian history and, I concluded, hated communists... She was short, but put the fear of god—actually the fear of her—into us. She smoked unfiltered Camels and called on us randomly. When she asked a question, I would slink down in my seat behind Ron Petrin, now a history professor at Oklahoma State University, who knew all the answers. I would pray not to be called upon.

But I survived Dr. Husek’s class and the rigorous training it gave to us. I thought I was on my way to study history in my career. At that time, I also enrolled in my first psychology and sociology
courses. I had not taken a social science course in high school (they did not exist at Boston English or most other schools back then), and I was stunned to discover how fascinating these fields were. I loved to analyze and understand human conduct, but whereas history mostly studied the behavior of dead people, the social sciences studied the behavior of living people. This was thrilling to me. Early on in my time at Bridgewater, I found an exciting intellectual atmosphere.

These initial memories and the prospect of my invited address today prompts me to revisit my days at BSc more carefully and to assess how they impacted my life experiences and trajectory. This exercise brings me back 45 years but, strangely, many vivid mental images, deeply felt emotions, and important connections are easily evoked. Four “lessons” came to mind in the course of my reflections.

Lesson #1: I was lucky
I did not get into Harvard
When I entered Bridgewater—at age 17—the college did not seem to be much larger than my high school. But it provided me with a place that was accepting and that became my home. It was not, as the University of Cincinnati is, huge and impersonal but intimate and friendly. It was what I needed at that time in my life.

In particular, it was an environment where the professors were able to give us a lot of attention; they would shape my life in incalculable ways. It also was a place where I could make close friends. I was able to grow personally, arriving on campus with black glasses and short hair (which would make me fashionable today!) and leaving with longish hair, a beard, and horned-rimmed glasses...

Bridgewater also gave me the opportunity to play varsity sports, which I would not have been possible at a larger university. I was a member of the first BSC varsity hockey team. I proudly accepted the nickname of “Gump”—after Lorne “Gump” Worsley, a goaltender for the Montreal Canadiens. Gump had short hair and was a tad plump, an apt description of me in my freshman year. Thus, the name seemed to fit and I trumpeted its use. Gump is still how my classmates would know me today.

Hockey was my first love, but it was gradually replaced by tennis. I “made” the tennis team—as the #15 and final member—only because nobody was cut. Yet my tennis and hockey fortunes went in opposite directions. I was soon consigned to permanent back-up goalie status (a status well deserved), but I rose to play #3 singles in tennis by my senior year. This opportunity to develop my skills made tennis a life-long sport for me. Soon after my daughter Jordan was born, she grabbed my little finger. I moved it upward two or three times, saying: “backhand, backhand”! ... My point is that Bridgewater influenced my life in many ways. I hope that students in attendance today are so fortunate.

Early on in my time at Bridgewater, I found an exciting intellectual atmosphere.

Lesson #2: Faculty matter
I eventually made my way into psychology as a major and sociology as a minor. My fellow students and I were among the first to major in what, back then, were new fields, added to the curriculum as BSC started its transformation from a “normal” (or teacher’s) college to a comprehensive university...

I can still recall how various professors impacted my life. I must start with Professor James Scroggs who, unbeknownst to him, changed my career plans. It was during finals week, and I was studying for his examination. At that time, there were tennis courts in back of the student center that my dorm room in Scott Hall looked onto. It was 10 in the morning, and I glanced out the window. Alas, there on the tennis court was Professor Scroggs. At that point, I said to myself: “That’s the kind of job I want, where you can play tennis at 10 in the morning on a weekday! And my goal of being a college professor was cemented. But Professor Scroggs taught me other things as well. He believed that professors should not merely lecture from textbooks but invent and teach their own ideas. He also assigned a book on the brain, which advanced a view—commonplace today but uncommon then—that human behavior may be controlled by brain processes beyond our conscious mind. In short, he taught me the value of thinking outside the box.
Professor Louis Schippers was the George Clooney of Bridgewater—handsome to a fault. But I recall that I had never heard a professor lecture in such a melodic way. He taught me the power of words and the importance of how they are communicated.

Then there was Professor Herbert Greenwald, who may have had the most profound influence on me. He was a remarkable social psychologist with a theory of conflict resolution. He also taught a course on Experimental Social Psychology. It was in his course that I conducted my first research study that, in 1975, appeared in the Journal of Educational Research. He supplied me with a passion for using research to discover the intricacies of human conduct.

And, though others could be mentioned, I will end with Professor Morgan C. Brown, who would always greet me by asking, “What’s the situation Mr. Cullen?” Dr. Brown was my first African-American professor. In the late 1960s and early 1970s, a tumultuous time in our lives and in the United States, the call for social justice was often present in his lectures. But first and foremost, Dr. Brown was a rigorous scholar, a product of the Ohio State University. He taught me the value of giving lectures replete with content. He taught me that knowledge, not mere ideology, was the bedrock of a scholarly life.

At the time, I am not sure that I knew that my professors were influencing me in these ways. But on reflection, I can see how they left indelible impressions on me that I have not forgotten to this day.

**Lesson #3: Bridgewater helped to establish the intellectual foundation of my career**

When asked about my criminological perspective, I often describe it in the following way, “I am liberal, but not stupid” (to which one colleague once responded: “Well, you are half right!”). By liberal, I mean that I have a firm belief in social justice. In part, this orientation comes from the Sisters of Notre Dame who preached concern for the poor and Catholic charity. In part, it comes from growing up as an Irish city kid and having friends and relatives who lived through the Depression and had little. In part, my concern for social justice also comes from my high school experiences that allowed me to realize that many of my classmates faced restricted opportunities. And in part it comes from being at Bridgewater at the height of the Sixties when we were concerned about the denial of rights and equal opportunity—when we marched in hopes of creating a better society. To me, individual choice always seemed bounded by context—context beyond a person’s control at times.

As I have hinted, Bridgewater affected not only my heart but also my mind. I drew from my experiences an inclination to believe in science and in data. The “not stupid” part comes from my firmly held view that science matters. In my academic career, I have been one of the foremost advocates of evidence-based policy and practice in corrections. This is the *Moneyball* approach—basing decisions not on biased gut feelings but on statistical data. Indeed, ignoring evidence can cause all sorts of bad things—from failing to win a pennant for nearly 90 years (e.g. the Red Sox) to subjecting offenders to ineffective programs that leave their criminality untouched and needlessly endanger public safety (e.g., placing wayward juveniles in “boot camps”). Put another way, my message is as follows: never be afraid of the truth, even if it is a touch inconvenient.

**Lesson #4: Bridgewater can be a stepping stone to your dream.**

I remember being in Maxwell Library … about 41 years ago. I was holding my acceptance letter from Columbia University into its Sociology and Education program. My hands were trembling; I could not imagine that I had been admitted. I would attend Columbia, where I somehow ended up studying under a famous criminologist (Richard Cloward) and moving into criminology as my field of study. When I left BSC, my hope was to return to Bridgewater to teach and be the tennis coach! This particular dream was not realized. But the general hope to be a college professor, to be a scholar, and to have a happy life were within my reach. And Bridgewater did much to make this “dream” happen. As in any good home, it was a place where I developed the skills and values that guided the personal and professional decisions that allowed me to lead a good life. Coming home—and remembering Bridgewater in the process—has been an enriching experience.

[Bridgewater] was a place where I developed the skills and values that guided the personal and professional decisions that allowed me to lead a good life.
BOOK REVIEW
Harry Potter Revisited and Reconstituted

Michael Kryzanek


Robert Galbraith may not be a household name as an author of murder mysteries, but J.K. Rowling is certainly a highly recognizable name as the immensely popular and wealthy writer of the Harry Potter series. Well, as it turns out, Robert Galbraith is J.K. Rowling and the Harry Potter author has morphed into an adult novelist who has published her first work, *The Cuckoo’s Calling*. *The Cuckoo’s Calling* is best described as a mystery novel in the mold of writers such as Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler and Mickey Spillane, with a little bit of Agatha Christie mixed in. This means a mystery in which there are a whole host of possible murder suspects, a slow but deliberate route toward the naming of the villain, and little in the way of slam-bam violence. If you are looking for a novel that keeps you at the edge of your seat with daring escapes and unexpected twists and turn, *The Cuckoo’s Calling* is not for you.

Instead, Rowling’s first attempt at moving away from the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry is to follow her detective protagonist Cormoran Strike as he investigates what appears to be a suicide of one of England’s most celebrated fashion models, Lula Landry. Cormoran Strike is a battered and disheveled veteran of the Afghanistan war who has a near bankrupt private eye agency in London. Cormoran’s main identifying characteristic is his prosthetic leg that came as a result of a landmine explosion during his tour of duty.

While being hunted by creditors and barely able to keep up his office or himself, Strike is approached by John Bristow, the grieving brother of the departed Lula Landry. Lula is an African-British orphan adopted by the Bristow family, a moderately affluent family in which most members have come to terms with the police conclusion of suicide. John Bristow does not believe the report and shows up at Strike’s office to enlist his services to find out the truth of Lula’s demise. As the story unfolds, Rowling moves through a litany of characters/suspects as Strike begins to piece together the puzzle of just how Lula Landry died. As is the case with all Rowling’s Harry Potter books, the author is the master of precise detail and vivid description, and she uses these talents to create clever dialogue as Strike interrogates, usually in a quiet but always astute manner, something akin to American actor Peter Falk who popularized the 1980s television detective series Columbo. Like the grumpy and sartorially deficient Colombo, Strike is a bear of a man and a mess, but he is no fool as he often catches his subject off guard and then uses the information from the interview to piece together the life and death of Lula Landry.

*The Cuckoo’s Calling* has run into what can best be described as lukewarm praise.
As Cormoran Strike moves ever slowly toward his villain, he becomes immersed in the world of high fashion and high-fashion models, not a bad gig for a guy who sleeps in his office and showers in a community center. What Rowling has done masterfully is juxtapose the grungy world of the private eye on the verge of insolvency with the over-the-top lifestyle of the rich and famous. It becomes fairly obvious early on in the mystery that Rowling is intent on portraying the fashion industry with its hangers on and its wealthy patrons in a dismal light as they party all night in the most fashionable night spots and then crash in a friend’s apartment with barely enough money to buy breakfast the next morning. Strike may have his financial problems, but most of the high-enders are portrayed as either despicable louts or semi-permanent members of a fashion entourage.

Although the Harry Potter series of J.K. Rowling has been highly praised for its intricate plot lines and memorable characters, *The Cuckoo’s Calling* has run into what can best be described as lukewarm praise. Rowling’s first attempt at adult mystery writing gets bogged down in “over characterization” – the pacing is far too slow, the descriptions of the suspects suffer from unnecessary complexity, and the conclusion, once everything is revealed, ends much too abruptly with the reader seeking more precision on how Strike came to solve this tragic mystery. The villain and Strike duke it out in the final pages but the presentation of the minute details of Lula Landry’s death, not her suicide, is unconvincing and strains credibility. Strike may be a genius investigator but the clues that come together at the end leave the reader with the impression that Strike figured out a puzzle that wasn’t much of a puzzle.

There is certainly going to be a second Cormoran Strike mystery novel since *The Cuckoo’s Calling* is selling well and the name of J.K. Rowling will continue to bring out interested readers. As developed by Rowling, private detective Strike is such an interesting “bloke” who knows how to get to the core of a murder that readers will be drawn to his character and relish the complicated trail that he follows to find the truth. Rowling will have to bring more excitement and page-turning action to the next Cormoran Strike mystery and reduce the lengthy descriptions of the suspects and the details of the deadly deed so as to get to the heart of the crime. Rowling’s rival in these one-man mystery novels, Dan Brown, (with his symbologist detective, Philip Langdon), has the paradigm down pat and guaranteed movie rights. Rowling might just have to convince readers that Cormoran Strike is far more a “man-of-action” detective than Dan Brown’s protagonist if this mystery series is to flourish and yield multiple imprints.

Michael Kryzanek is Executive Director of the Minnock Center for International Engagement and Founding Editor of Bridgewater Review.
Prospective Workers (Lewis Hine, c. 1911). Source: Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division.
In this photograph, muckraking photojournalist Hine points to the issue of generational poverty. The woman and her two children were members of the Goodell family living in Eastport, Maine.

Call for Submissions

*Bridgewater Review* invites submissions from full- and part-time faculty and librarians for publication. *Bridgewater Review* is published twice yearly by the faculty and librarians of Bridgewater State University. It provides a forum for campus-wide conversations pertaining to research, teaching and creative expression, as well as a showcase for faculty art. Articles in all disciplines and genres are welcome and encouraged, including scholarship about research interests and trends, scholarship about teaching and learning, creative writing and short reviews of other publications.

Articles should be 1700-2200 words in length, though shorter articles will also be considered. Creative writing can be submitted at lengths briefer than 2200 words. Those wishing to submit are asked to consult the *Bridgewater Review* submission guidelines (available from the Editor). In keeping with the founding spirit of our faculty magazine, the editors are equally interested in unfinished pieces of writing that may need assistance with revision and in polished pieces that are publication ready. All submissions will be reviewed, but there is no guarantee that submitted work will be published.

*Bridgewater Review* also welcomes Letters to the Editor with the hope that *BR* may become a locus for community discussion at Bridgewater State University.

Submissions should be sent electronically to:
Andrew Holman
Editor,
*Bridgewater Review*
bridgewater.review@bridgew.edu

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