



MISSOURI
ALUMNUS

MAY 1970

Ecology is a hot term...

at Ol' Mizzou, as well as on other campuses across the land. People everywhere are justifiably concerned about pollution, a concern that was expressed on the Columbia campus at an environmental teach-in.

Marine Captain David D. Bradley (BS Agr '66) pointed out a pertinent contradiction in all of this ecology talk on a visit to the campus last month to, we're happy to report, pay his alumni dues.

He was concerned about the "mundane maneuver of (students) walking on the grass . . . Perhaps my midwestern middleclass mind could more readily accept such behavior if the offenders were wild-eyed revolutionaries. But no, these offenders are clean-cut young men and frail little girls braving the chilly winds in their miniskirts.

"The most ridiculous sight to which I have been treated in a long while was a young man, eyes bright with idealism, green ecology button displayed proudly on his chest, striding purposefully across the quadrangle grass. While this lad talks a great game of clean water and unpolluted air, he is stamping out the grass that manufactures the oxygen that purifies the air.

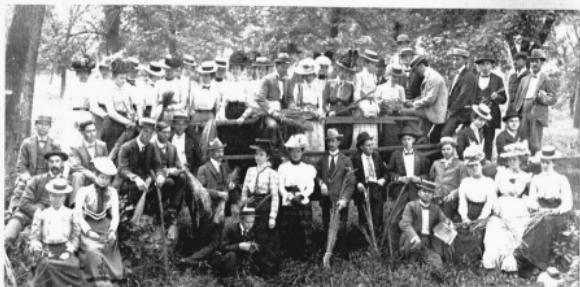
"Ecology my foot!" —S.S.

MISSOURI ALUMNUS

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College of Agriculture short courses long have been popular. The picture of a summer session was taken in 1901 on the southwest corner of the Red Campus.

YEAR OF THE AGGIE

By Cordell Tindall

The shouting, milling students greeted the special legislative committee from Jefferson City, then formed a protest parade which moved to the downtown district of Columbia. The demonstrators carried signs and posters, and one large picture of the administration building was edged in black crepe paper.

The date: June 1, 1886. The protest was prompted by the new catalog of the University, entitled "The Forty-fourth Catalogue of the Missouri Agricultural College and the University." Joining in the demonstration were academic, normal, law, medical and military students. The parade was made up of a threshing machine, a load of hay and students with pitchforks, hoes, shovels, spades, cowbells, and wheelbarrows.

This stormy scene indicates the attitude of students of other divisions of the University to the struggling new College of Agriculture. Perhaps this helps explain why ag students through the years have never quite integrated with the rest of the campus, holding themselves somewhat apart to enjoy their own activities.

Doubtless this has contributed to the *esprit de corps* of aggies, who are able to muster some 700-1000 loyal alumni each "Ag Day."

During the thirties ag students took special pride in their "White Campus" and trespassing on the green grass of that area brought prompt action with punishment to fit the seriousness of the crime — a dash down a paddle line that magically formed as the first notes of the "Whooeee" battle cry were sounded.

But the years have brought respectability to the students of agriculture. And so in this centennial year of the College, the historic occasion of its founding in 1870 is being observed with special seminars and quiet, modest activity.

This approach scarcely is in keeping with the stormy years that preceded establishment of the agricultural school, nor the frustrating first 25 years of its tenuous existence.

Missouri, by rights, should have made an earlier start in giving its agricultural students their own college training. Controversy delayed the start of the school.

The Morrill Act of 1862, signed by President Abraham Lincoln, provided grants of public land for the establishment of schools to teach agriculture and the mechanic arts and military science.

This was the basis for the system of land grant colleges across the nation which developed new concepts in education — training at a university level in applied sciences for the many in contrast to a liberal arts education for a favored few.

Later, the Hatch Act set up a plan by which agricultural experiment stations were established to provide research that could be applied on actual farms of the state. Thanks to this novel scheme, we Americans are blessed with a bounty of food at relatively low prices. But our agricultural school was far from being an immediate success.

Typically, a hassle developed over the location of the land grant college. Have you ever wondered why so many of our adversaries in the Big Eight have such names as Oklahoma State or Kansas State?

Had there been any degree of agreement on a new location, doubtless we would have a Missouri State University. Efforts were made to locate the proposed new school in Cole, St. Charles, Pettis, Franklin, Callaway, and Jackson counties.

The influential Missouri Horticultural Society, as well as the powerful State Board of Agriculture,

was of the opinion that the agricultural school should be a separate institution.

But the curators of the University, with support from Boone Countians, persisted and so the General Assembly was unable to reach any decision until January 1870. The vote to put the school at Columbia was 79 to 41 in the House, 19 to 10 in the Senate. One-fourth of the land grant funds (which amounted to more than \$300,000) was to go to establish a school of mines, later located at Rolla.

Boone County put up some \$30,000 and a 640-acre farm as insurance to get the school. The farm land was to be the exclusive property of the ag school for all time, an agreement since frequently ignored by University officials.

Just as the Indians have reoccupied Alcatraz, aggies may some day repossess the new multi-purpose auditorium. As aggies are wont to observe, it will hold a sight of hay!

Just about everybody, except farmers, were pretty excited about the prospects of the new school. But the great plans and promises failed to materialize. The first dean of the new school, George C. Swallow, was an imminent geologist but somewhat of a dreamer. He complained that it was mostly the fault of the University officials, but he was unable to get the school off the ground.

While claiming to have 100 students enrolled in agriculture, the truth boiled down to the fact they might have had one bona fide aggie. Swallow was invited to resume his career in geology in 1882.

Next, J. W. Sanborn was imported from New England. He has since been immortalized by Sanborn Field, oldest continuous research crops and soils farm west of the Mississippi. Remarkably, this valuable piece of real estate remains devoted to its original use.

Sanborn set up a two-year course and offered any farm boy with "common school education" the privilege of getting a college education. Later the liberal admission policy was almost the school's undoing, students from time immemorial have had the ability to recognize instantly a "snap" course.

Colman's Rural World, the farm magazine watchdog of agricultural activities in that day, commended Sanborn for his energy in getting the farm back to a state of respectability.

But some groups still were clamoring for separation of the ag school from the University, and these people were after Sanborn's scalp. Finally, the

The 1916 Farmers' Fair and Horse Show was held at old Rollins Field.

General Assembly voted to withhold any appropriation from the University until Sanborn was dismissed.

Literally, the last straw came when Sanborn's fine barn burned. Sanborn made a two-hour address to the General Assembly and attacked personally the president of the Board of Curators and some of its members. The position of curator has been under attack for some years, it would seem.

Anyway, Sanborn was forced out, and Edward E. Porter took over. He was another New England native, and his biggest asset was to win arguments by appearing to agree with his adversary. During his regime more progress was made, especially in establishing a true agricultural curriculum. But talk of separating the school from the University lingered. Porter died after serving six years as dean.

Next, a graduate of the University of Missouri, was asked to take over the helm of the college — Henry J. Waters. The school got three major buildings during his administration, Waters Hall, Whitten Hall, and the Dairy Building. At least the college was showing progress in delivering on the promises made so many years — of teaching the science of farming.

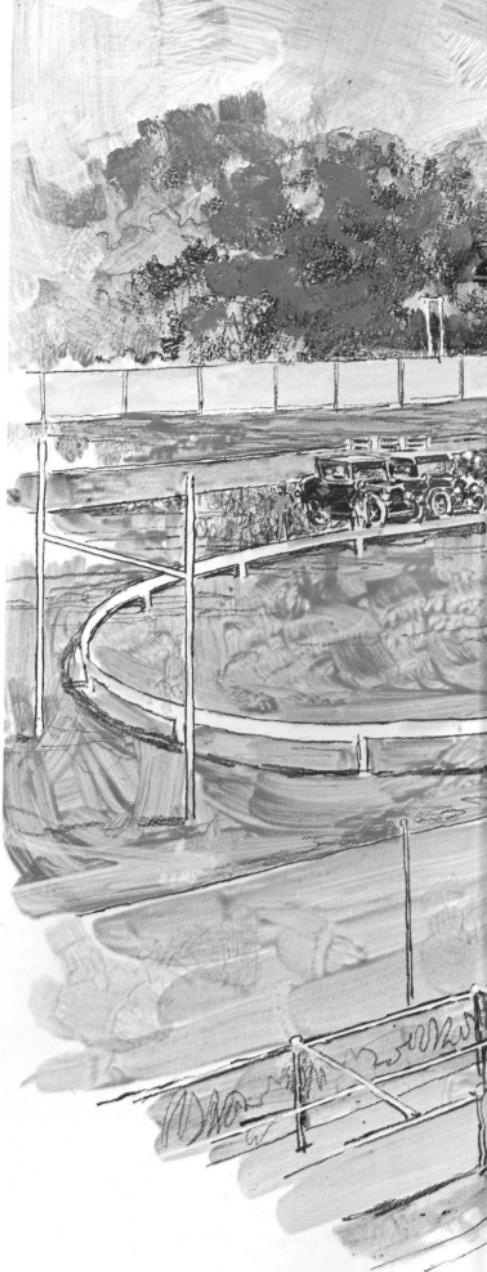
The Experiment Station was beginning to make its contributions, too. Dr. J. W. Connaway was a member of the team to develop an inoculation for preventing Texas fever. Later he was to gain fame for his hog cholera serum.

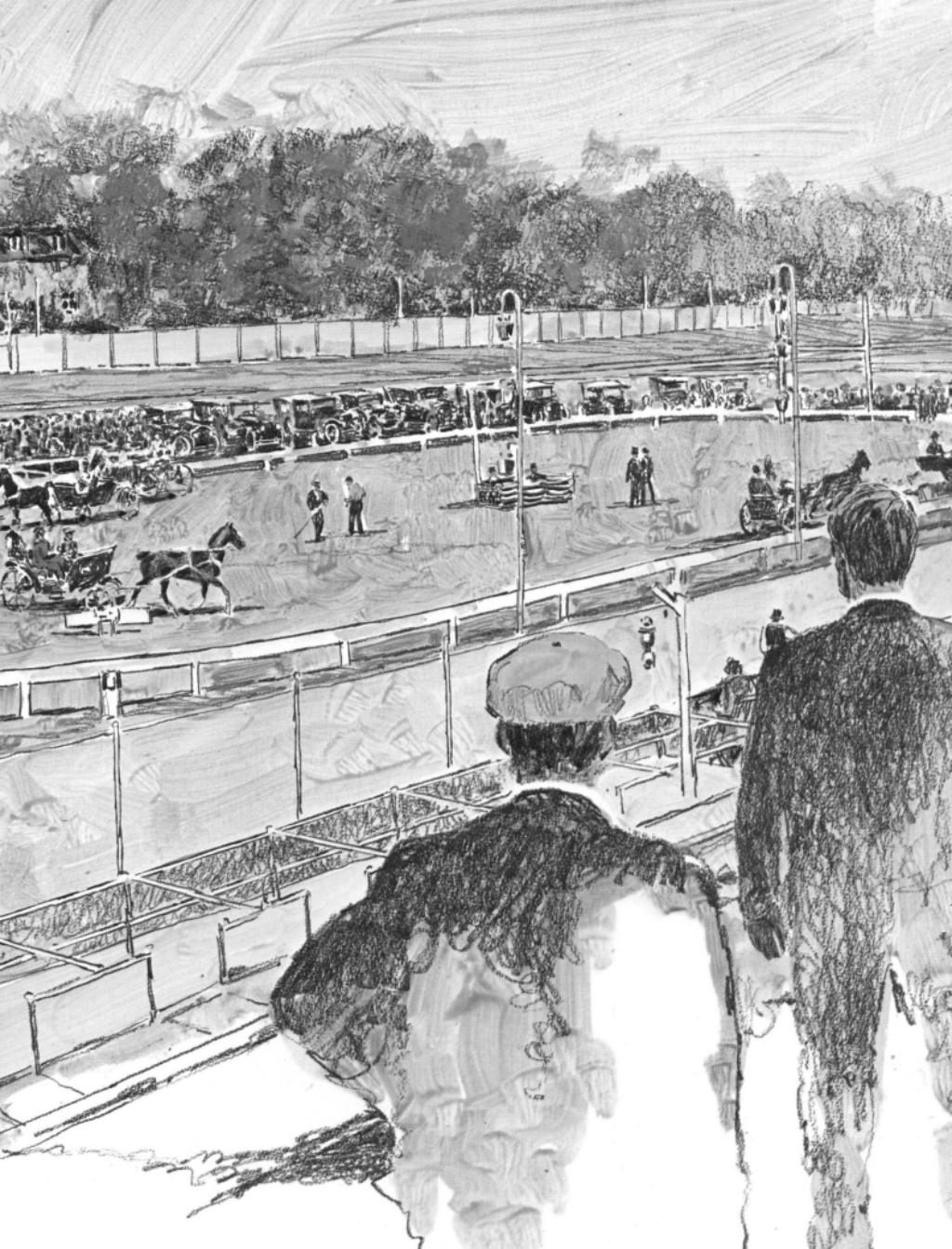
The station also promised to study reservoirs for irrigating crops, a project that just last year got another start at the Southwest Research Center at Mt. Vernon.

In 1909 Dean Waters resigned to go to Kansas State, and young F. B. Mumford took over. It was rumored that Waters went to Kansas State because it was a separate institution and offered more possibilities. Old controversies in academic circles die hard.

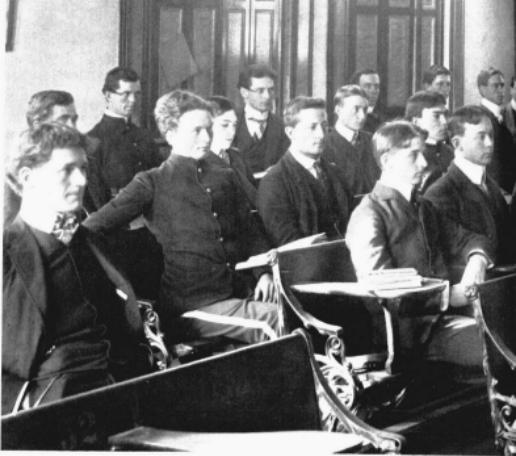
It is impossible to list here all of the accomplishments of all the deans. But most observers credit Mumford with putting the Missouri College of Agriculture "on the map." His was a long term, from 1909 to 1938, and he was in charge during the period when agriculture itself was making rapid progress.

Mumford was a stern, reserved but sincere man. He had little rapport with students, and he could never understand why his graduates did not choose





Dean F. B. Mumford, pictured teaching in the early 1900s, long was the guiding force of the College.



The proclamation at right announced the first Farmers' Fair. By 1920 pretty girls had been added.

PROCLAMATION!

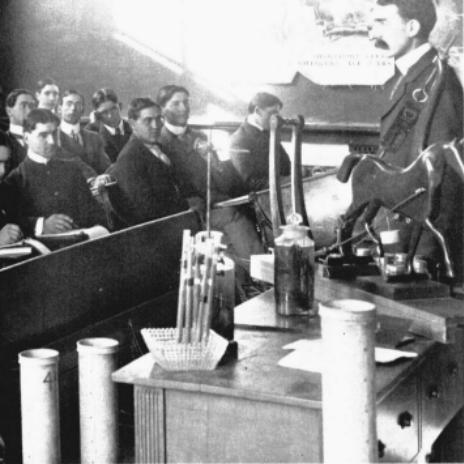
WHEREAS: The dark of the moon in March is the time at which every effort of the farmer is attended with the greatest of success; Potatoes planted at this time make the largest yield; Rail fences will not sink into the ground; Cattle de-horned will not bleed; Grafts are successful.

THEREFORE: One day during this magic period should be and hereby is, set apart as a holiday for the College of Agriculture.

This day falls upon Saturday the 11th day of March, 1905.

N. B.—Professors are excused from classes. Parade at the usual hour. Subscribe for the "Farmer." Yours Truly,





to return to the farm. Most of all, he was an able administrator and was skillful in selecting good men to surround him.

Outstanding in their fields were E. A. Trowbridge (animal husbandry), W. C. Etheridge, (field crops), W. A. Albrecht (soils), and M. F. Miller (soils), to name just a few. In the system that rewarded veteran department chairmen, Trowbridge and Miller were later elevated to the position of dean. But that system changed (alumnus John Longwell was "imported" from North Dakota), and nowadays the position of department chairman has been de-emphasized so that chairmen are "rotated," much as crops were in the good old days. In these times of budgets, federal and industry grants and everything in quadruplicate, the chairmanship is an administrative job. Not so in the days when department chairmen were out to win the respect of the farmers of the state. Each chairman had his personal following, who faithfully flocked to the campus for "Farmers Week" and other events.

In reviewing the accomplishments of the College of Agriculture, perhaps the greatest of all is the general acceptance by the men who till the soil of "book learning."

Specific accomplishments, such as the introduction of Korean lespedeza, a thrifty legume for not-so-fertile soil, can be listed. The work of Samuel Brody in basic metabolism was not so well understood by the man-on-the-farm, but this type of research brought worldwide recognition to the ag campus faculty. Today, for example, an agricultural chemist, Dr. Charles W. Gehrke, is on the team examining moon rock specimens, a signal honor.

The natural conservatism of college faculty sometimes meant that the College opposed new ideas. A notable example is hybrid corn. Charles Helm,

a fiery crops expert who made many notable contributions (example: winter barley) vigorously opposed hybrids and faithfully defended his favorite open-pollinated variety, Midland Yellow Dent.

E. A. Trowbridge's enthusiasm for fine horseflesh somewhat blinded him to the economics of mechanical tractors; so he was busy setting up multiple-hitch demonstrations for draft horses until it was difficult to find enough horses for the hitches.

But such classic miscalculations can be forgiven for they are far outweighed by the practical, sound advice offered through the years.

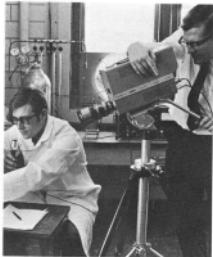
Under the leadership of J. W. Burch, a statewide Agricultural Extension Service was developed to take this technical information out in the state. Burch was a man to get a lot for his money, his devoted crop of dedicated workers took the crusade of improved farming techniques to the people. Keys to the program's success were on-the-farm demonstrations and local leaders. County agents showed the housewife how to cull the hens that did not lay, the corn grower how to pour on the fertilizer to boost yields and to correct the acidity of the soil with lime. Local leaders were trained for programs for women and for farm boys and girls (called 4-H Clubs).

This extension of university knowledge proved so successful that now the same principles are being applied to all divisions of the University, and the Extension agents represent all four campuses. This development has been viewed with some suspicion by aggies, who still are sensitive to any suggestion of dilution of the agricultural effort.

Today, the Missouri College of Agriculture stands proud and esteemed by the farm families of the state. Dean Elmer Kiehl recalls, with some envy, the days when Dean Mumford ran the College out of two file cabinet drawers. It's a complex college now, with a reorganized structure which takes in such subjects as atmospheric science and food technology as well as agronomy and livestock.

But "the College still is people," Dean Kiehl says, "and the College stands ready to serve the people." □

Long-time editor of the Missouri-Ruralist magazine, Cordell Tindall is a recognized authority on national agricultural trends and an interested observer of the College of Agriculture, from which he was graduated in 1936.



Personalized instruction, models of chemical compounds (right), and television and tape recording aids have improved quality of teaching.

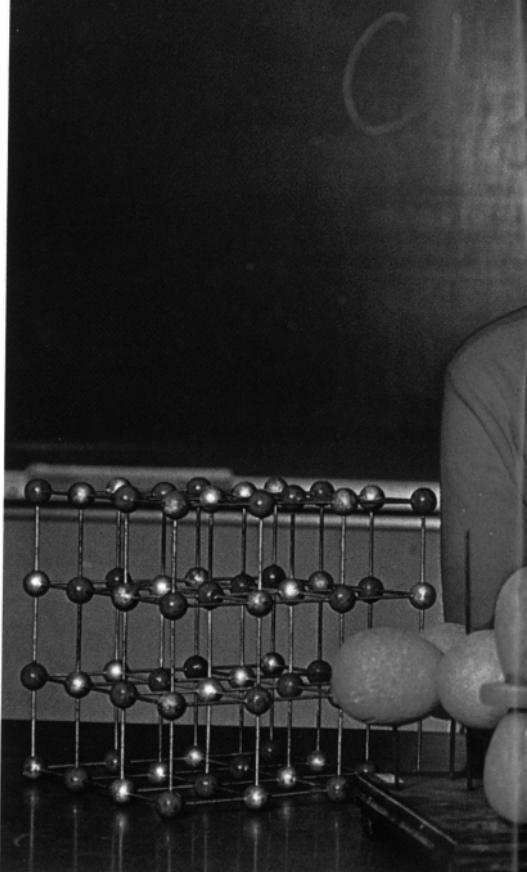
Chemistry's Still Not a Snap, But . . .

By Betty Brophy

A student taking a beginning chemistry course on the Columbia campus can no longer alibi for a poor grade by saying "the class is so large, I couldn't get any help." His only excuse this semester is that he didn't get around to visiting Room 306.

Room 306 (at Schlundt Hall, the chemistry department building) is just one important facet of a new program in chemistry using specially devised teaching aids.

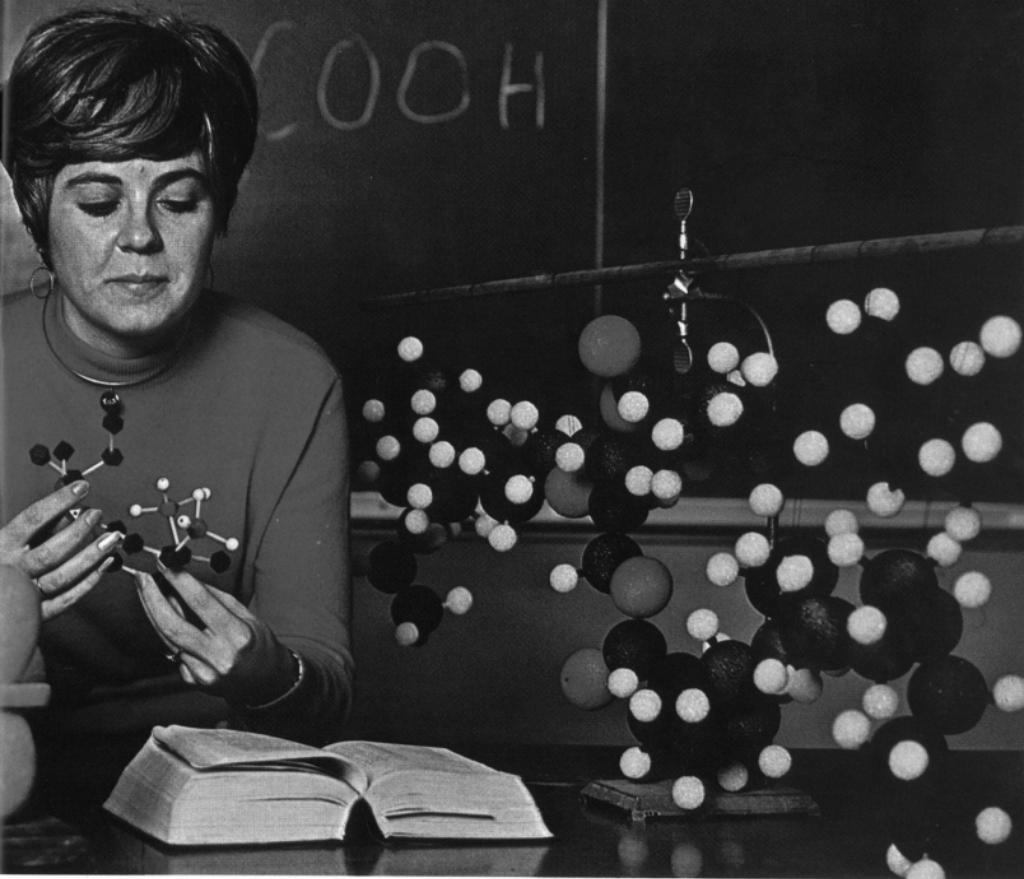
Dr. Henry Bent, 69-year-old dean emeritus of the graduate school and professor of chemistry, initiated the program along with Dr. John K. Garland, assistant professor, and with the aid and approval of department chairman, Dr. John C. Guyon. Although some of the ideas were put to practice as far back as two years ago, a University



grant for the improvement of undergraduate education this fall made most of the innovations possible.

Previously, students in introductory chemistry, chemistry for engineers, and general chemistry got through the courses with a textbook, a crowded lecture three times a week from a professor with whom he had only limited contact, and a lab held once a week with about 25 students and a graduate assistant.

They scribbled down every word verbatim from the lecture, often missing the most important points while writing the previous sentence. They strained to view an intricate experiment from 15 rows back, while the professor struggled with clumsy, oversized equipment in an attempt to enlarge the experiment. In lab, they often confounded the graduate



assistant with questions, while few ever approached the professor. Up to 10 per cent of the students received failing grades.

Now the student can listen to weekly lectures on tape at his leisure, adding to his notes. Experiments use small equipment enlarged by an overhead projector so that five inches become eight feet on the screen. Individual kits for building atom models are available, making it easy to visualize chemical changes and reactions. The professors hold extensive office hours, and taped copies of each lecture are placed in Room 306, where graduate students are stationed to answer questions.

Bent began making changes in the normal procedure when he held a training session for those graduate assistants before the fall semester, a re-

Dr. Charles Bickford, left, a retired commercial chemist, has designed equipment especially for classroom demonstrations. Dr. John K. Garland has added video tapes to supplement difficult material in his course, chemistry for engineers.



"Students rarely put more effort into a class than their teachers do."

finement of a program developed by Garland in 1968. The assistants saw films on classroom interaction and methods to influence people in general. They practiced speaking in the language lab, listening to their own tapes and criticizing themselves. Later, the tapes were switched and they criticized one another. Bent included himself in the process and found the criticism was constructive and "not particularly kind."

Practice discussion groups were also held. Each graduate student had three questions prepared: "one good student question, one completely foolish question, and one far too advanced for the course," Bent explained. The assistants had to practice thinking on their feet and dealing with every conceivable type of question. The session was videotaped and later viewed and criticized by the participants.

"Of course there are no controls for this," Bent commented. "We don't know what they would have been like without the training session, but we feel it had to help."

A variety of benefits have resulted from the new set-up. Now that the lectures are taped, students can listen to them throughout the week at the Arts and Science language laboratory and Room 306. Hearing the lectures again is of special advantage to students who are poor note-takers, students who must miss a lecture, and foreign students. All the students profit from the relaxed atmosphere and so does the professor. "Students no longer feel the compulsion to write everything down. For the first time, I find myself looking at faces instead of just the tops of heads," Bent noted.

Short, four-minute films precede lab periods, demonstrating laboratory techniques. These films save time for the lab instructor since they effectively demonstrate techniques in experiments that would have to be repeated by the instructor for many small groups of students.

One of the keys to carrying out the new procedures efficiently is Dr. Charles Bickford, a lecture demonstrator. Bickford, 67, has a doctorate in chemistry from Harvard and worked as a commercial chemist for Squibb Pharmaceutical Laboratories until his retirement. However, not wishing to retire from chemistry entirely, he came to the Columbia campus, where he works part-time setting up and removing

laboratory equipment used by lecturers, taping lectures, maintaining equipment, and designing and building new equipment especially for the classroom demonstrations.

Although Bickford's background far exceeds the qualifications for the job, he lessens the burden for the other professors appreciably. "We just tell him what experiment we're going to do, and he knows exactly how to set it up," says Bent. "We never have to worry about it." Having to instruct less qualified help would take away valuable time the instructors can use to answer student questions.

Since some courses involved are not for chemistry majors, they have often been difficult for many of the students, most of whom come from the Schools of Nursing and Home Economics, and the College of Agriculture, where basic chemistry is required. The courses are designed to cover "just the big ideas in the entire field of chemistry." A weekly quiz is not meant to be added punishment, but is a measure by which the student can see where he stands. Posting of exam answers an hour after the test is completed is a popular idea with students who like to see their mistakes while the material is fresh in their minds.

Potential engineers (other than chemical) take John Garland's course, which varies from the other courses in its offering of some of the basics of thermodynamics.

In addition to the teaching aids, used in Bent's class, Garland prepares video tapes which are shown during what was formerly a recitation hour. Half the group has a live discussion and half has the video tapes as part of the trial program.

During the recitation period, the students see a video tape prepared by Garland and the University's Instructional Television department (ITV), which is a supplement to the material being studied. Graduate assistants are present to answer questions, and Garland feels the new system has boosted the image of the graduate student.

"Instead of trying to feel his way through the material hoping to tell the students something helpful, the student comes to him when he knows what he wants. The grad assistant becomes the one who helps you when you're in trouble."

A written guide accompanies the tapes, which

many students say is an excellent way to remind them what they should be studying and help them see how much they know.

The introduction of video taping adds a new dimension for the professor as well as the student. "It's almost impossible for an experienced teacher who knows how to present material in a class to know how to effectively present material on tape," Garland explains.

For one thing, there's no place for the pause, a common lecture technique. "The student needs a slow, carefully-enunciated presentation. He favors clarity at the expense of variety."

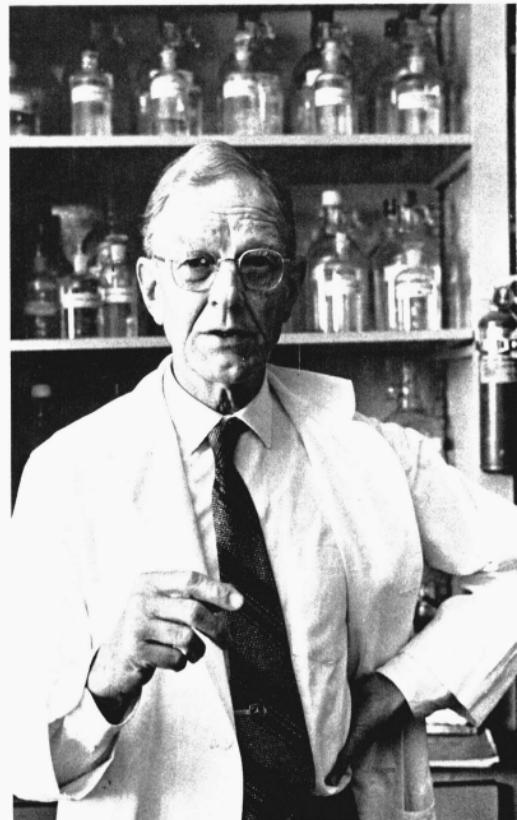
The well-produced tapes are hardly dull. The lecturer himself is only shown for about four of the 30 minutes. Materials and actual writing are pictured, and a split-screen technique is used to present two shots simultaneously.

Garland, who is leaving at the end of the summer to teach at Washington State University, does his best to see that the students are getting the most out of the sessions. Each week he gives a short quiz, and then asks the students questions about the presentations. Their replies are sometimes surprising. He was planning on alternating tapes of himself alone with those including an audience who asked him specific, pre-planned questions. The students found that audiences were not to their liking, so the idea was eliminated.

A more extensive questionnaire was also prepared by Garland, investigating what teaching aids the students liked best and how often they were being used. He found that the students were most pleased with the personal attention they received. Listening to the tapes was helpful to those who wanted to improve their notes, although the majority of the students found visual aids much more appealing than strictly audio devices.

Although the measure for success of the new program is rather amorphous, Garland predicts that one-third of his class will raise their grade one letter this semester. "The top and bottom grades will be affected very little by the new system," according to Garland. The top students will always overcome all obstacles no matter what, and nothing will make the lowest students try." But the D-C-B students have shown marked improvement and interest.

As Dr. Bent puts it, "Students rarely put more effort into a class than their teachers do." □



Dr. Henry Bent, dean emeritus of the Graduate School and veteran professor of chemistry, helped initiate new program.



HOWARD RUSK

NEW YORK'S DR. WARMTH

By Tuckerman Stadler

Called by many the father of modern rehabilitation medicine, this Missouri alumnus has won world-wide fame for his work as a physician — and as a human being.

Someone has to tell The Howard Rusk Story and he won't call it "What Makes Rusty Run," but that conveys the idea. It could rank with the almost legendary accounts of Truman, Twain, and Benton, of Missourians who conquered the world. Onetime *Kansas City Star* reporter Berton Roueche, a widely respected medical journalist, might write it most skillfully. Applied social scientist-historian Orin Lehman of New York has done a close study of Dr. Rusk's first 44 years; now the same must be done for the rest of his career, when he gave up a Missouri practice for a world-wide one.

The more you learn about Howard Rusk, the less conclusive you can be about him. You go to his hometown of Brookfield, where several people you meet still remember him as Rusty Rusk, but you find some of them know less about him than many New Yorkers. A gas station operator told me I ought to see his brother. I called the one Rusk listed in the phone book and no one was home. Later I told Dr. Rusk, "Tried to talk to your brother in Brookfield." He replied, "That's funny; I don't have a brother." The man in the phone book is a cousin.

Dr. Rusk's humor is the characteristic several people have pointed to as a key to his "winning many victories." He was brought up by very loving parents, who were possibly just a bit over solicitous because they had lost a baby before Howard was born. Not that all coddled kids will be spirited and likable, but Rusk has always appeared to have a sense of confidence and security that many who have known him say has resulted in almost total generosity. A phase of this is his humor, and in his anecdotes it is more often "he" than "the other guy" who is the goat.

Dr. Rusk himself is too busy to try and help one find this key, this "x" in the Rusk formula. He's been putting off a major New York publisher who's been trying to get an autobiography out of him. *Reader's Digest* reportedly wants another article about him (he was embarrassed by the title of an earlier one called "Dr. Live-Again"). But he's running around raising millions for the American-Korean Foundation, of which he is chairman, or the World Rehabilitation Fund (many call him the father of rehabilitation medicine in its modern status) or writing his weekly article on medical affairs for the *New York Times*, or acquainting himself with the latest medical controversy, or locating

a "rehab" patient in a new job, or helping a western university find a dean of medicine, or — just sit near his desk in the (New York) Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine a few minutes, and you'll get a small sample.

Besides this, he's running the large institute itself and says, "I often tell people who are touring the building that I don't care if they look at anything but the patients' faces, that there are more severely disabled people in this than in any comparable building in the world, and yet it's a happy place!" It's true: the lame-legged receptionist, the elevator man jesting with little patients, the secretaries — all discharge sparks of electric friendliness (so rare in New York!) and somehow you figure the power supply has to be right there at the sixth floor desk of Howard Rusk himself.

Thus, the kindness that Michael Yost Rusk and Augusta Shipp Rusk somehow infused in their gangling youngster, among the most popular in his class in Brookfield and later at Ol' Mizzou, is the quality that is seen coming forth a thousand-fold daily in Howard Rusk's numberless works.

The 68-year-old receptionist at the hospital, Sadie Hersch, had once been told she'd never walk again. "I thank the Lord every day for what he's done," she said, unaware that I was writing an article about Dr. Rusk. I found the same thing among scores of staffers and volunteers as I toured the hospital. A little boy nearly knocked me over, driving a mock-up of a car Dr. Rusk had built some years ago, a bit reminiscent of the old Ford Franklin Roosevelt drove after his polio. In the patients and their warm-hearted nurses, attendants and doctors, as in all the rehab hospitals in Viet Nam, around the U.S. and throughout the world (set up along lines Dr. Rusk suggested and President Roosevelt began implementing) that ingredient is there — kindness!

Eugene (Jack) Taylor, a onetime educator from Kansas, has been his close associate in all his activities since the Second World War. What does he consider Rusk's unique quality to be? "Kindness."

As you sit outside his office, you see some of the products of this enormous selflessness. There are inscribed photographs from members of Congress, foreign diplomats, military leaders, shahs, presidents of nations; and honorary degrees and awards by the dozen. But what Howard Rusk appreciates most are the several hundred dolls, in



Dr. and Mrs. Rusk have been active in American-Korean Foundation since 1953.

Close associate in most of Rusk's activities has been Eugene (Jack) Taylor.



Children always occupy a special place for workers in rehabilitation medicine.

costumes of every region of the world, the gifts of his former students. Also among them are two ceramic hands, the cast of a famous pianist who says he would have lost the use of at least one hand, but for the care of Dr. Rusk and his inspired team of healers.

Rusk's daughter, Martha Sutphen, says his humor and creativity have been inherited by her two brothers, one a doctor, the other the founder of a public relations firm. But Mrs. Sutphen thinks his most remarkable trait is "an ability to relax in fantastically tense moments, like in a taxi tied up in Manhattan traffic. He can sit back and absorb and learn and he *listens* to you! He sees things from the other person's viewpoint, asks just the right questions, seems to know what you're thinking about." Mrs. Sutphen attributes this to her father's having "an inner peace, an inner sense of where he is going and what he's going to do." She notes that his orderliness is evident in his closets and desk and everything in his life. "He doesn't let himself get emotional," she says, quickly adding, "but he is very sentimental, particularly about his family."

Dr. Rusk credits his wife, Gladys Houx Rusk (originally from Marshall, Missouri) with inspiring many of his accomplishments in the years since he began dating her on the Columbia campus. He sought her advice when he came to the crossroads of his career, after the War, and wondered whether to leave a lucrative practice in St. Louis for a big gamble in an untried field in New York. In a family conference on the big question, Gladys Rusk said, "Whatever you want, you must do," and that's when Dr. Rusk said goodbye to an agreeable life of horses, gardening, and many good friends in Missouri.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Mrs. "Hap" Arnold (wife of the air corps commander), and Bernard Baruch were among those who had seen how the amazing internist from Jefferson Barracks had set up programs to make the recuperative period also educational for wounded pilots and others. Dr. Donald Covalt, who set up Veterans Administration hospitals nationwide, on the pattern Rusk had laid out for 250 installations in the U.S. and abroad, marvels at the simplicity of Rusk's concept, which he wrote out for President Roosevelt on a single typewritten page in 1943. That started it all. Two years later, when New York beckoned, Baruch, Bernard Gimbel, and Mrs. Roosevelt were among those who en-

couraged Rusk to raise the 2½- to 3-million dollars then needed to open up an entire new field of civilian medicine.

His ability to "sell" an idea and some plain old intelligence are also notable in Rusk's rare make-up. The late Dr. Dudley Conley, who gave him his start in medicine at the Boone County Hospital ("He let me hustle bed pans and hold retractors," says Rusk) used to recall that as a student in Conley's classroom, Rusk always seemed to be looking out the window and paying no attention, but when exam time came along, he wrote "the most brilliant answers I ever got."

Rusk's salesmanship, together with that of his boyhood friend, Wes McAfee (later head of Union Electric in St. Louis) became apparent at about age 17. The two went into the blue grass seed business so successfully in Linn County that they found a big company from St. Joseph had taken over all their customers and suppliers the following summer. Next they occupied themselves with a life insurance project that was a bit less successful and next, not even waiting for vacation, they took time off from school and campaigned in every corner of the county to elect Rusk's father county clerk, replacing a 16-year incumbent, after the elder Rusk had had business reverses and the boys felt he should have the comparative security of a courthouse job. Later, in his medical fraternity at the University of Pennsylvania (after completing the then two-year Missouri medical school), Rusk directed dining room operations and handled the daily marketing, delivering the groceries personally in a little red wagon. He also had another job or two and gave blood every six weeks to save enough money to marry Gladys, yet maintained one of the high grade averages in his class. Penn later wanted him to return as vice president of the university for medical affairs.

Dr. Rusk's philosophy is perhaps summed up in two little homilies from two very different sources. He often remembers a favorite saying of the minister of the Episcopal church the Russks attend at Elmsford, N. Y., the Rev. Walter McNeely: "A person can't really succeed until he gets himself off his hands." The other came from a town n'er-do-well in Brookfield, who used to comment, "A man oughta shoot a little crap ever' day of his life. You might be walkin' around lucky as hell and never know it." □

THE COLLEGE OF CULTURE



Photographed by Paul Bower





The College of Culture is not made of stone, nor is it staffed by University faculty. But it does offer a diversity of events to a diverse campus population. Take, for example, the period from March 15 to April 15 when students, faculty, and local citizens enjoyed a typical month's exhibits, musical and theater programs. In addition to the events in the

The University Theatre produced, left, "Winnie-the-Pooh and the Honey Tree," for Columbia children. Below, nine-member "Blood, Sweat, and Tears" group played to a full house, while, at right, a poetry reading by William Stafford had a smaller crowd.



photographs, there were an International Night of cultural variety, student concerts and recitals, plus other programs at Christian and Stephens Colleges. Most University events are sponsored and supported by Student Activities, aided by departments and student government divisions.



A great majority of such programs are free to those who attend because of an allocation of nearly \$211,000 per year from the student activity fees. Without this income the variety and number

of events would not be possible. Even with these funds, major, more costly bookings have a charge. "Blood, Sweat and Tears," for example, cost \$17,500 plus expenses. By charging \$4 per ticket, Student Activities broke even. Most "name" concerts cost \$10,000 to book. Attendance ranged from 4500 for "Blood, Etc." to fewer than 50 for some events,

Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," directed by Professor Sam Smiley, was presented as a play within a play by the University Theatre.



Former University student Don Cooper was on tour with "Blood, Sweat and Tears," above. Nationally known country-western entertainers Homer and Jethro, below, performed in April.





After concert, harpist Aristid von Wurtzler happily explains intricacies of his art to an enthusiastic crowd of students.



Collegium Musicum performs four concerts a year and is comprised of faculty, Columbia musicians and students such as James Mendenhall.



A Pablo Picasso exhibition of paintings was brought to the Brady Commons by Student Activities. Admission was free.

The multiple award-winning Broadway hit, "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead," was presented in Jesse, following "Hamlet," which appeared the previous evening.





Student Bonnie Clark studies the sculpture, "Landscape," one of the art pieces displayed at the art department's annual Faculty Exhibition. Work of 17 faculty members made up the show.



The Residence Dance Company of Stephens College, performed ballet (above) and other ethnic and modern dance programs. The final University series concert of the year featured Hans Richter-Haaser, shown at right, internationally known pianist.





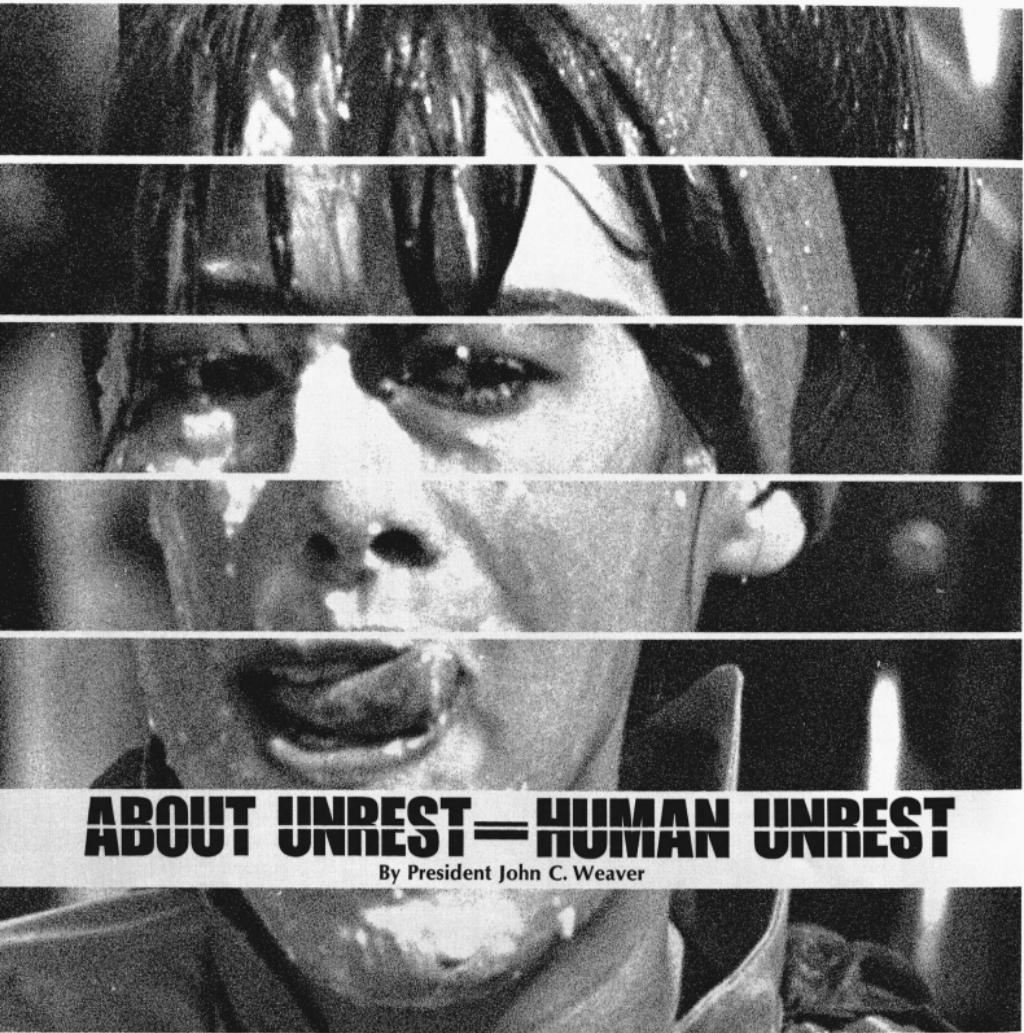
The nuns' story of their persecution during the French Revolution was the subject of the music department opera, "Dialogues of the Carmelites," which ran four nights.



but large attendance is not necessarily the goal; catering to the diverse interests of 21,000 students is. Many small colleges and universities can't offer the great variety

of culture available in Columbia. But such programs add to the scholarly atmosphere necessary in a top-notch university.





ABOUT UNREST—HUMAN UNREST

By President John C. Weaver

The disenchantment of youth. Student Unrest.

The apology for or the castigation of young people, dissent, disruption, and destruction.

All have consumed so much press footage and provoked so much vituperative talk on the part of so many people over so many months and years, that one hesitates to once again consider the subject. How can it be but that one faces the almost certain fate of miring down in the treacherous swamp, where, up to their armpits in noisy confusion and irrational emotion, many shout and few are listening. Seldom has so much been said to the profit of such limited understanding.

In truth, I'm not sure that there is any more fundamental unrest, unhappiness, disillusionment, or even noisemaking and violence, among the young than among the middle aged and old. I know at least as many adults who are fed up to the teeth with the way things have come on to be, as I do young people — and I seem to hear a good bit from both quarters. As I see it, the sooner everyone stops wasting his energy yelling across imagined gaps between the generations, and starts imaginatively and constructively to do something positive about the world, the sooner we're going to get on with progress.

No one of any age, if he has any sensitivity whatever to the nature of the troubled world around him, is spared the stretch-tension pains of a rack powered by the irresistible forces of onrushing change, and pulling against the heavy anchor weights of status-quo conservatism that will not yield to (if they will even recognize) the inevitabilities of change. By no simple reason of his years does anyone have a corner on difficulty or problems needing solution. We all, be we 10, 18, 45 or 70, cope with instant trouble, sudden realizations of inadequacy, hopeless sensations of futility, irritating curtailments of personal freedom.

No one could deny that our day is fraught with confounding vexation and frustration — with downright frightening potentials for many brands of disaster. Former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, John Gardner, does not exaggerate the gravity of our plight when he observes that: "We're not only in trouble as a nation; we're in trouble as a species. Man is in trouble, and if you are not filled with foreboding, you don't understand your time."

All of us, young or old, are a part of the same human race, and the race doesn't look or feel any easier near its end than closer to its beginning. We have, I believe, given enormous overemphasis to the particularized and supposedly separated problems of youth. Our real problems aren't *youth* problems; they're *human* problems.

Our schools have not become unruly so much because they are centers of concentration of young people, as because they are reliable mirrors of a whole society, young and adult, that has become unruly. Students aren't feisty or violent just because they are young or just because they are on a

Editor's note — University presidents get called on for a variety of speeches in a variety of places. Last month at a YMCA anniversary dinner in St. Louis, President Weaver was asked to discuss unrest among young people. Since this is a subject of special interest to alumni, we asked him to adapt his address for the readers of the Missouri Alumnus.

campus. Their sometimes disheartening behavior patterns simply reflect the feisty violence of their elders, in the ghettos, in the cabins of hijacked planes, in the rice paddies of Viet Nam. If youth seems all out for drugs and sex and every undisciplined right to freedom, what can you say about the irresponsible, free-wheeling, bawdy social environment adults have thrown around them?

The *Wall Street Journal* asked editorially: "Whose theology culminates in the death of God? Whose artistic advice culminates in pornography? Whose moral advice culminates in 'anything goes' . . . ? Whose children sack the universities?"

I have no brief for the destructive disarray created by some of youth in some places and at some times. I want only to make the very basic point that each of us, one by one, is by whatever location in the ongoing chronology of life, a player in a common *human* drama — a drama in which no one, simply by reason of his membership in an age group, merits either special understanding and sympathy or special blame and condemnation.

Some time ago the distinguished Harvard philosophy professor, Ralph Barton Perry, unlimbered himself of some thoughts on youth, and age, and gen-



eration gaps, to his classmates at a reunion. ". . . Every form and every stage of life," he said, "has its own gifts and its own pride. There is a pride of youth, and I would not have it one whit abated. But there is also a pride of age, which is ours if we will only affirm it. Let us leave off apologizing . . ."

Let's quit apologizing for the old.

Let us leave off apologizing for the older generation, and let us also leave off the indiscriminate, irritable condemnation of the younger generation. It's as old hat as every age and era since the dawn of recorded history anyway. What is needed is neither despair nor retaliation; what is, in fact, needed is meaningful *involvement* between the generations.

In a land-grant state university such as the University of Missouri, involvement is the very name of the game. Because of the very nature of its mission, the University functions in terms of involvement — involvement of the older with the younger, of the younger with the older, of each with one another. Our "bag," if you will, is mutual *inter-involvement*, through relevant, problem-oriented, practical, yet humane and humanized, and always individualized, educational experience.

If there is any group in our society that worries me even more than the small, but too often de-

structive extremists of both right and left, it's the great "silent majority." Being silent no one knows to what they are committed, of what they are aware, by what they are moved — if, indeed, they are not too timorous or too short on vitality to really give their loyalty or allegiance to anything.

Fearful of participation, apathetic and unaroused about taking aim on a better future, this great mass of the citizenry leans, not pulls, on the oars that could move us forward.

Could not one fairly ask the citizen of the silent center: "Are you a human *being*, or a human *becoming*? Are you satisfied with sideline cheering, or jeering, or are you in fact alive, ready and willing to become constructively involved in the game?

The "silent majority" is getting restive — and less silent.

There's no doubt but what the so-called "silent majority" has been getting restive and less silent. Folks on a broad scale have been getting just frustrated and mad enough that their mounting wails and curses have become clearly audible in the land. In fact as John Gardner put it, "Beyond the fractious few, beyond even the considerable group of sympathizers, is the large number of people who have no fixed views but are running a chronic low fever of antagonism toward their institutions, their



fellowmen and life in general. They provide a climate in which disorder spreads."

The question is, when will these victims of the "low chronic fever of antagonism" care enough to engage themselves positively with human progress rather than complaint — engage themselves in some manner, just *any* manner, no matter how small the dimension of the effort? When it comes to motivating concern and active involvement, the "silent majority" has plenty of room for improvement.

The nation is being tested.

As John Gardner so wisely observed: "Our salvation will never be handed to us. If we are lucky, we will be given a chance to earn it

"The years immediately ahead will test this nation as seriously as any we have known in our history. We have plenty of debaters, blamers, provocateurs. We don't have plenty of problem-solvers. A relevant call to action would address itself to that complacent lump of Americans who fatten on the yield of this society but never bestir themselves to solve its problems, to powerful men who rest complacently with outworn institutions, and to Americans still uncommitted to the values we profess to cherish as a people."

It's the confounding complexity, the massive size of our human problems that can drive us to a state of "silent" inactivity. It's hard to find a

personal handhold on the outsized, if not positively cosmic, jobs to be accomplished. We can bog down in the trivia of our lives — become introspective, discouraged, and self protectively uninvolved. Ours does, indeed, easily become a state of *human being* instead of *being a human becoming*.

Some years ago, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the great interdenominational minister of the Riverside Church in New York, told about a tired father, just home from work, sitting in his chair reading the evening paper. His small daughter was bombarding him with a barrage of questions. Finally in desperation for a bit of peace and quiet, he tore off the back page of the paper on which was printed a large colored map of the world. He tore it up in small pieces and handed it to the girl as a jigsaw puzzle. In almost no time she had it all put together. In astonishment he said, "How did you do it so quickly?" "Oh, it was easy, Daddy. You see there was a man on the other side, and when I got the man put together, the world was all right."

To help make young people whole.

At the end this is education's final mission: to aid the cause of putting young men and women together — to, as John Dickey of Dartmouth once put it, help make young people "whole, in both competence and conscience." □

The Fastest Tiger



Track Coach Tom Botts goes over practice times with premier sprinter Mel Gray.



By Doug Grow

There's a worn white plywood sign that hangs over the dirt track at Brewer Field House. It's been hanging there about as long as the Field House has existed. It shows its age.

The sign, once painted white is chipped and a little crooked, but it still serves its purpose — to show Missouri Tiger track records. Most of the names on that sign are old and forgotten and those names, lettered in black paint, are beginning to chip too. Except one name that appears again and again in fresh paint and more frequently than any other name on the sign — Mel Gray.

Missouri Track Records: Mel Gray, :06.0, 60-yard dash. Mel Gray, 24-5 3/4, indoor long jump. Mel Gray, :09.2, 100-yard dash (.9.1 wind-aided). Mel Gray, :20.8, 220-yard dash. Late last month he became only the third man in history to complete a Texas-Kansas-Drake grand slam in the 100 by winning the event at all three relays.

And that's only part of the Mel Gray story. Pick up the football record book. It looks like Gray's biography. Most yards received in a season, Mel Gray, 705. Most yards received in one game, Mel Gray, 171. Most passes caught in one game, Mel Gray, 6. Most touchdowns in one game, Mel Gray, 3. Most touchdown passes caught in one season, Mel Gray, 9. Longest touchdown reception, Mel Gray, 75 yards. And he's going to be back next season.

Little has been written about Mel. And you get the feeling that's the way he'd like to keep it. Sitting in the Student Commons with him, Mel preferred listening to the juke box over answering questions. "Who's that, Sam Cook?"

"No, the Fifth Dimension," his fiancee Brenda Lyle informed him.

Mel smiled easily. He's smiled a lot since coming to the Columbia campus. And that's quite a switch from the first impression the Tiger sprinter had of the Midwest.

Mel was born and raised in California. He probably would have stayed there had a football coach from Fort Scott Junior College not heard of him. Charles Cowdrey, now an assistant at Missouri, kept hearing reports about Mel's football exploits. He went to Los Angeles to see if they were true. They were.

"I guess he was impressed," Mel said. "I didn't even talk to him after the game. He talked to my mother, then to me. He wanted me to go back with

him right away. I didn't, but my mother and I decided it would be best if I gave it a try."

So a few weeks later Mel was on a plane bound for Kansas City. The coach was waiting. "We just sat in the airport waiting for some other dudes he'd recruited. When they got there we all went to Fort Scott. I didn't even look at the place that night. We were all tired.

"The next morning the coach was waiting for us to get up. Then, he took us around town — it was a place about as big as the Union (Memorial Student Union). It didn't take five-minutes to drive past the stadium and see the whole town. I didn't like it, but I didn't have enough money to get home. I called my mother, but she told me to stick it out a year."

But fortunately for Missouri athletics, Mel decided to give the Midwest a second chance. Under the urging of football coach Dan Devine, he entered the University at Columbia. And with him came a new era in Tiger football and track history.

"I came here to play football. If I would have wanted just track, I would have gone to San Jose or someplace like that." But when Devine offered Gray a scholarship it was with the understanding the new recruit could participate in track, instead of spring football.

"Man, spring is track season. Football's a fall sport," Gray says with a laugh. So while his football teammates work out on the bleak practice fields across Route K from Memorial Stadium, Gray sprints on the Stadium's red cinder track. He did drop over now and then to field a few punts and snare some passes, however.

"Track doesn't really excite me like football does. I probably don't really work as hard as I should in track." Tiger track coach Tom Botts must wonder what Gray would do if he did devote himself fully to track. Before the first meet of the indoor season, Gray worked out twice. The night of the meet he warmed up casually, then, the crack of the gun sounded the beginning of the 60-yard dash. Six and a tenth seconds later, Gray had broken the tape and a Field House record.

Later in the season, Gray was placed in long jump competition. He worked out only once on that event. Then, that's right, he broke the Missouri indoor record with a leap of 24-5 3/4.

"I guess speed is a natural thing. When I ran in junior high I never won. I transferred to an-



Mel, above, shows effects of hard race. At right, he relaxes with fiancee Brenda Lyle, of Kansas City.



other school and I wasn't even going to go out, but all my friends did and I had nothing to do. So, I went out too. My sophomore year I ran ten flat (in the 100-yard dash), then I ran :09.6 as a junior, then I finally ran a :09.4 my senior year. I just got stronger and faster."

And faster. In fact, Mel was fast enough to have gone to the Olympic Games in 1968, but . . . "I would have missed the first part of football practice." He repeated, "I'm here for football."

Football has given Mel his biggest thrill in athletics. It's the same thrill many Tiger fans have — the 69-21 win over Kansas. His biggest letdown? That's similar to most Missouri fans, too. The Orange Bowl.

During the week prior to that game Penn State coach Joe Paterno and his players had a basic subject. Mel Gray. "We've never faced a player with the speed and moves he has," Paterno said repeatedly. But Gray didn't catch a pass. There was, however, one fleeting moment when Missouri fans thought Missouri and Gray would catch Penn State. Racing down the center of the field was No. 21. It was a familiar sight. Gray, three steps ahead of the closest defender. But the pass that would have been a sure touchdown and probable tie was overthrown by inches. "Another half step," Gray said after the game. He was talking to reporters, looking at the dressing room ceiling. He was the last man to leave the dressing room. The usually stoic Gray, was near tears.

Track is a lonelier sport than football. That's especially true for Gray. "There's no one to work out with." That's understandable — no one can keep up with the Tiger sprinter.

"You're supposed to do a lot of things in track I'm really not too fond of doing. Like the day of the meet, we're supposed to eat dry toast and honey. Man, I can't take that. I go out and have a steak. I just tell the coach I can't run on that kind of stuff."

Mel measures speed by the amount of tapes broken and records set. That's why he's disappointed with his race at East Lansing, Michigan that closed the indoor season. The meet was the NCAA Indoor Track and Field Championship, an event Gray had been looking forward to the entire season. It now ranks with the Orange Bowl as one of the few disappointing moments in Gray's athletic career.

"I just ran a slow race. It was the worst race I'd

run all season. I sure thought my time was faster than it was though (Gray ran a :06.2). Then when I heard that Herb Washington ran a :05.9 (tying the world record) I was sure my time must have been better. I was just a step or two behind, but there's not much you can do about it once the judge reads your time."

Two of Mel's friends, Eddie Glosson and John Brown (Missouri football players) sat in the next booth. They were shaking their heads in disbelief.

"What's the matter with you two?" Gray asked.

"You ever heard him talk so much?" Brown asked Glosson.

"No."

Brenda added unanimity to their opinions. "Believe me, I've never heard him so talkative either."

Mel leaned back, checked his Orange Bowl souvenir watch and smiled.

He has reason to relax and smile. The combination football player and sprinter will mean a small fortune following his 1971 graduation. John Carlos, Olympic gold medal winner, last played football when he was in junior high. He's asking the Philadelphia Eagles for \$1 million to sign a professional football contract.

"We were working out together in Hawaii before a meet. We were just throwing a football around; he couldn't hold on to it. I've told him, if he gets a million, I'm getting two," Mel said.

Carlos won't get \$1 million and Gray won't come close to \$2 million, but he's already received letters from the Miami Dolphins and the Dallas Cowboys. Rumors are abundant that Gray will be a high first-round draft choice.

Brenda, from Kansas City, will graduate from the University in June. She's not sure about a career in pro football for the man she'll marry in August. "What can I say? Well, yes, I want Mel to play professional football, because I know that's what he wants."

Mel looked at his watch again. His free hour of the day was nearly over. It was time for classes, then workouts, then studies. Gray had entered the University intending to major in behavioral sciences. He switched to recreation this year. "I needed the time."

Mel's always concerned with time. But he's different than most. He's worried about tenths of seconds, not minutes. That's the difference between first and last. □

commentary

Keller Gets Moon Dust For Campus Experiments

April 6 brought quite an unusual registered package to Dr. Walter D. Keller, professor of geology on the Columbia campus. Inside was the first of two vials of super-fine moon dust for use in experiments designed to investigate the weathering effects of the earth's atmosphere on lunar materials.

The Board of Curators has accepted a NASA grant that includes the samples, as well as funds to carry out the research for which Dr. Keller will be principal investigator.

The moon dust is part of the contingency sample shoveled from the Ocean of Storms immediately after the landing of Apollo 12 in order to preserve some lunar material in the event a quick departure had been necessitated.

The dust, which resembles, on a more finely-grained scale, the black sand found on beaches on the big island of Hawaii, was exhibited for three hours on April 11 in the Geology building.

Since the moon lacks sufficient gravitational pull to hold water vapor and atmospheric gases, the moon rocks have not been exposed to weathering as it occurs here. Dr. Keller believes that this may be the greatest single difference between the earth and lunar surfaces.

"Since the sample is of an extremely powdery variety, we will be able to eliminate grinding the material which would have involved the possibility of contamination by the earth's atmosphere," Dr. Keller said.

The dust will be dissolved in distilled water and acids representative of the soil.

After an appropriate time, the solutions will be X-rayed, and analyzed to see what differences were caused by the weathering process.

Work on the project, conducted by Dr. Keller and Dr. Wen Hsing Huang, post-doctoral fellow in geology, will take approximately six months.

Elder Aids Pigeon Control

Control of pigeon populations this year in metropolitan areas will be possible as a result of studies by Dr. William H. Elder, professor of zoology on the Columbia campus.

His research, begun in 1960, has led to marketing through G. D. Searle and Company of Ornitol, a chemosterilant that controls pest pigeons without harming the birds. As one of the few University patents, sale of the compound will return royalties to the University.

The non-poisonous chemical works by inhibiting egg laying. The product has been cleared by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and sufficient quantities have been manufactured to meet requirements of the 1970 pigeon mating season which runs from February through April.

According to Searle's research, at least 150 U. S. cities have serious problems because of pigeons, and that in many instances, fatal diseases are traceable to pigeons as carriers.

The U. S. Air Force and aviation arms of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps have expressed interest in the product because of the danger to planes flying from bases where there are sizeable pigeon populations.

Tests in Bangor, Maine, between 1967 and 1969 reduced the pigeon population from between 2000 and 2500 birds to approximately 300.

Chapman Co-Authors Bill To Save Historical Data

A University of Missouri-Columbia faculty member is co-author of recently introduced federal legislation designed to save threatened historical and archaeological data.

The bill, in the form of an amendment to a 1960 law, was written by Dr. Carl Chapman, AB '39, professor of anthropology and director of archaeological research activities at the University, and Dr. Charles R. McGimsey II, of the University of Arkansas. It was recently introduced into both the Senate and the House of Representatives.

The bill is an attempt to save historical and archaeological data which might be destroyed by land alterations in any federally assisted or licensed activity. A federal agency whose operations endanger archaeological data would be authorized to spend funds for the data's recovery, protection and preservation. Presently, agencies can do this only in cases of dam construction.

The archaeologists are most concerned with the loss of Indian "mounds" in southeast Missouri and northeast Arkansas due to "land forming," a technique of grading land for irrigation which includes leveling mounds. Federal authorities estimate that, at the present pace, all levelable land in the area will be leveled in the next 25 years — completely destroying the mound sites.

Moniteau Fund Successful

A scholarship fund to aid University of Missouri-Columbia students from Moniteau County has completed its first decade in strong financial condition with a record of having provided assistance to 11 students from that Central Missouri county.

The fund was established in 1960

by Bailey K. Howard, president of Field Enterprises, Inc. of Chicago. He is a native of Jamestown, Mo.

A recent check for \$20,000 enabled the fund easily to surpass the \$50,000 goal envisioned for it in 1965. At that time Howard said Field Enterprises Charitable Corporation, of which he is president, planned to contribute \$50,000 over a five-year period.

Graduate School Evaluated

The U.S. Office of Education has taken a look at graduate education at the University of Missouri-Columbia and rated it good to excellent.

A review board rated the graduate school on its quality and on the contribution it can make in the geographic region. The board gave no rating below 4 (good). Two No. 5 ratings (excellent) helped bring up the average.

Dr. John C. Murdock, dean of the Graduate School, said he was particularly gratified by the rating of "excellent" given for recent progress in the expansion and strengthening of the doctoral programs and for support of graduate students.

Ratings of "good" were given on present and prospective quality, on doctoral students' success in completing work for Ph.D.'s in five or less years, on adequacy of resources for maintaining good doctoral programs, on faculty improvement policies and practices, on soundness of planning, on commitment to doctoral programs and on whether the quality of the Graduate School is such that its doctoral programs can be expected to be of good quality.

In the face of general nationwide reductions in federally financed fellowships, Associate Dean John E. Bauman Jr., has revealed that National Science Foundation fellowship allocations for next year have been

increased more than 20 per cent and that the Columbia campus has advanced in a year from third to second in the nation in the number of Educational Professions Development Act fellowships awarded.

Art Collection Is Expanded

The Museum of Art and Archaeology at the University of Missouri-Columbia was expanded greatly during 1969, according to Mrs. Jane C. Biers, assistant curator of ancient art.

Although the works received were varied, the greatest expansion was in the field of 20th century art.

Sixteen paintings were donated by Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Small of New York, including a Modigliani oil, "Polish Boy."

They also donated an oil painting by Maria Helena Vieira da Silva, an important Portuguese-French artist of the early 20th century, and a watercolor by Bernard Buffet, a French expressionist.

Other prints of the 16th, 17th, and 18th century were purchased to balance the collection.

Library Acquires Rare Bible

A rare, 16th century Plantin Polyglot (multilingual) Bible was recently acquired by the library.

The eight-volume Bible, donated by the Friends of the Library organization, is "a remarkable work of high renaissance theological scholarship and an important monument in the art of printing," according to Dr. Helmut Lehmann-Haupt, rare book scholar who became professor of library science at Columbia last year.

"The Bible was printed in Antwerp between 1569 and 1573 by Christopher Plantin, the greatest renaissance scholar-printer of the Netherlands," Lehmann - Haupt pointed out.

MISSOURI ALUMNUS

The Voice of the Alumni Association of the University of Missouri-Columbia

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Probably no alumnus of Ol' Mizzou has won wider acclaim — and thanks — than this physician for his work in rehabilitation medicine.

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This country's unruly students, says President John C. Weaver, are reliable mirrors of a society, young and adult, that has become unruly.

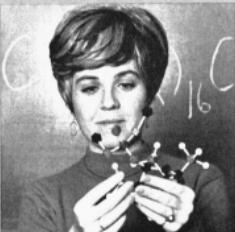
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THE COVER: Aristed von Wurtzler, one of the world's most acclaimed concert harpists, was one of dozens of cultural happenings on and around the Columbia campus the month from March 15 to April 15. There was something for everyone. See "The College of Culture," beginning on page 16.

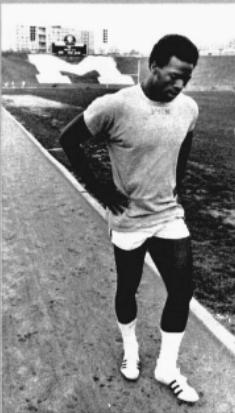
Aggie 2



Chemistry 8



Weaver 22



Gray 26