



THE MAGAZINE OF THE MU ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

MIZZOU

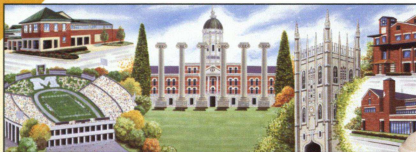
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MIZZOU

FEATURES

PORTRAITS OF WAR

Armed with a pistol and art supplies, alumnus Robert Greenhalgh sketched scenes of World War II as an enlisted man. By staff writer Kathleen Strand.

LIVE AT THE IMPROV

Homer's masterpieces the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* aren't the fine writing scholars always thought they were. But what are they? The answer explains everything from recipes to revolts. By associate editor Dale Smith.

TELLING LIFE'S STORY

Medical students learn the importance of listening to patients' stories as well as their heartbeats. By staff writer John Beahler.

WE STILL LAUGH ABOUT IT

At MIZZOU magazine's request, dozens of readers confess their funniest collegiate capers. Compiled by Class Notes editor Carol Hunter.

LISTENERS AT THE STILL POINT

Award-winning author Elizabeth Oness, a recent graduate, contributes this piece of fiction.

HOPES FOR HOOPS

Coach Quin Snyder outlines the upcoming season. By free-lance writer Jennifer Wilford.

South Slavic singers of tales are artistic descendants of Homer. Page 20.



Fiction writer Elizabeth Oness paints a troubled character. Page 36.



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MIZZOU magazine readers confess collegiate capers. Page 30.

ON THE COVER: Staff Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh was a combat artist for Yank magazine during World War II. Shown here sketching on Bougainville in the Solomon Islands in 1944, Greenhalgh is surrounded by soldiers from British Fiji. Page 16.

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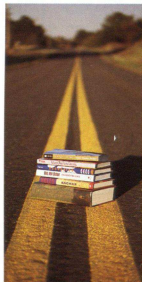


PHOTO BY STEVE MORSE

HAVE BOOK, WILL TRAVEL

AT THE PACE OF LIFE IN 2000, we take our stories on the road. I may wax nostalgic about settling in by the fire, hot chocolate in hand, with a good book, but life just isn't like that for me and my family. Take our vacation, for instance:

The setting was easy, highway driving through the Green Mountains of billboard-free Vermont. The season: summer. The space: a roomy, rented minivan. The entertainment: J.K. Rowling's *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*.

In between vacation stops at Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream Factory, a Norman Rockwell museum, the Vermont Teddy Bear Factory and the Orvis fly rod manufacturing plant, we read aloud as we traveled. The Worley family was so taken by the adventure of Rowling's young wizards that we spent a good part of our vacation with our noses in the 734-page book. The characters—many the same ages as our two sons—studied hard and played hard. Young Harry, the central character, had the formidable task of conquering three challenges during competitions with two rival schools of magic. He foiled fire-breathing dragons; he rescued a classmate from the depths of a lake; and he found the key to narrowly escape an early death. Although some critics pan Rowling's series as evil and dark, for us, during our trip, it was pure adventure.

Vacation or not, nothing's more relaxing or satisfying than reading or hearing a good story, so I'm pleased to devote this issue of MIZZOU to Storytelling. Get comfy; turn off the TV. In this issue you will find award-winning fiction by Elizabeth Oness, PhD '98, and gain insight into the lives of soldiers through illustrations sketched by alumnus Robert Greenhalgh when he served in World War II. Back on campus, professors teach medical students how to listen to their patients' stories. And with a new take on old masterpieces, researcher John Foley debunks the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as written masterpieces of literature. But most special are the stories contributed by you, dear readers. Several months ago, I invited you to tell me your funniest yarn from college. For this Storytelling issue, we've compiled your best tales, culled from 151 responses. Thanks to all who contributed. Enjoy.

—Karen Worley, BJ '73 ❁

EINSTEIN SAYS HELLO

I have been a postcard collector for 55 years, and I have three of the cards featured in "Past Posts" [Fall 2000] plus several more. I have 44 cards written by Harlow Shapley, famous astronomer who graduated from MU, plus 78 other family cards in my collection.

Here are excerpts from three cards written by Shapley: "Here is some news—I got a fellowship at Princeton for next year in astronomy," March 24, 1911. "I shall hear Einstein this afternoon," April 12, 1921. "Spoke last night on program with Helen Keller, et al," 1946.

CHARLYN HUBBARD
JOPLIN, MO.

CREDIT TO WHOM CREDIT IS DUE

I was excited to see your coverage of the new public artwork on Broadway ["Now That's a Bench," Fall 2000]. I agree that the artwork adds whimsy and spirit to downtown Columbia. However, I was disappointed that you did not report the mosaic benches and wrought-iron fence in front of First National Bank were designed and created by a Mizzou alumna, Mary Beth Llorens, M Ed '91, MA '95, PhD '98. She currently resides in Eugene, Ore., where she has a therapy practice and sculpture studio.

ANNETTE KUSGEN MCDANIEL
BS HES '96, MS '99
MADISON, WIS.

TELLING TALES

I received my Fall issue of MIZZOU yesterday and was delighted to see that the Winter issue will be devoted to Storytelling. I was an MU journalism graduate, class of 1942. After pursuing newspaper, wire service and public relations careers, I went into school library work with an MLS from Rutgers



UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES PHOTO

President Harry S. Truman delivered the commencement address at MU in 1950. Eleven years earlier, he delivered Joseph Bell from high tuition bills.

University. It was then a natural progression to storytelling, but my journalism background was invaluable in this.

Since retiring to Florida with my husband 22 years ago, we have been free-lance storytellers at libraries, schools, festivals and Elderhostels, and have taught adult classes in storytelling. I have continued with free-lance magazine writing related to storytelling. I just completed a book, after 25 years of research, to be marketed as a *Storytellers' Guide to Ireland* with the focus on the ancient myths and legends of the prehistory period.

My first job out of J-School was with the Missouri Historical Society. I used that experience to advantage with our Florida Humanities grant storytelling project, "A Storytelling History of Florida through Folktales and Legends."

BERT GRUBER MACCARRY, BJ '42
SANIBEL, FLA.

TRUMAN STOPPED THE BUCKS

The Fall 2000 articles "Road Trip" and "Amazing Tiger Tales" turned my head back to my years at Mizzou. When I enrolled in 1939 from Fort Wayne, Ind., my parents had been leveled by the Great Depression. Out-of-state tuition was impossible, but I had an uncle in Jefferson City, Mo., who offered me his home, and so I registered from there. But in the multitude of papers I filled out, I slipped and used my Indiana address and was hit with tuition I couldn't pay. I called my uncle in distress, and he told me to give him 48 hours. When I went back to the registrar, he examined me through the grillwork window, told me I had some pretty powerful friends, and showed me a telegram attesting to my Missouri lineage and suggesting that any courtesies would be appreciated. It was signed by Sen. Harry Truman, who fought in the same company with my uncle in World War I.

That friendship paid dividends again six years later. I was a member of the Missouri Flying Tigers, a group of Mizzou students who enlisted in the Navy Air Corps immediately after Pearl Harbor. When I came back to school in 1946 with a wife and child, Truman was president and invited Winston Churchill to visit Missouri. The result was the famous Iron Curtain speech, and I was privileged, again through my uncle, to serve on the honor guard that met the presidential train and thus had an opportunity to talk with both Truman and Churchill.

JOSEPH BELL, BJ '46
NEWPORT BEACH, CALIF.

HANGOUTS PAST AND PRESENT

Thank you for running occasional notes about off-campus hangouts, past and present. I have never seen this done in any other alumni magazine. I have fond memories of Columbia. When I go back, I stop in at the Heidelberg on South Ninth

Street, in the building where the Ever-Eat Cafe used to be. The inside is much fancier now (and more expensive) but the view out the front window toward the campus looks the same.

The Ever-Eat and the nearby Bengal Shop were favorite J-School hangouts. I can still hear the jukebox playing "Heartaches" and "Zip-a-dee-doo-dah."

ALBERT ANDREWS, MA '48
BEREA, OHIO

WRENCH ON A ROLL

Who IS that man? From the moment he rode past on his bicycle in his knickers with his whiskers and white mane of hair held down with a black web of net, past the long line of students waiting at the north door of the library to register, until

he was at his guard post inside that door, that was the question on every new student's lips. The buzz that erupted was as every old student answered the question and proceeded to relate the many stories and folklore that had built up around Jesse Wrench. Within two days everyone on campus knew who "Monkey" Wrench was.

I never had a class under Professor Wrench, but had several contacts with him in the early 1940s, principally through the Independent Men's Association for which I was secretary-treasurer one year and president the next. Wrench was the faculty adviser, and his advice was usually, "Do it." When he ceased promoting the organization, it died. I wore one of those original Tiger Claw jackets allocated to the IMA.

My favorite story concerns his problem

with hay fever. He arrived at his office one fall morning, sneezing and blowing his nose on strips torn from a roll of toilet paper under his arm. His secretary was horrified. "Professor Wrench, that isn't very dignified," she said. "Why don't you get a box of Kleenex?" Wrench, who never tried to be dignified, snorted, "Why should I pay 15 cents for a box of Kleenex when I can get a whole roll for a nickel?"

V.L. SCOTT, BS ChE '43
FREEPORT, TEXAS

CRYSTAL-CLEAR MOMENT

In my 76th year, I sometimes need a moment or two to remember my own name. But I have instant recall of the moment on Dec. 8, 1941, when Jesse Wrench stomped his leather boots into the classroom to deliver his day-after-Pearl-Harbor speech.

The essence was that as the bombs fell, our hopes, plans and dreams were pulverized, and each of us would become just a small part of one huge war. Some of the boys—and his steely eyes cut through us all—would be killed. No euphemisms such as "give his life for his country," just be killed. His words landed, each, like the clang of a gong.

Yes, Professor Wrench was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. When I tried describing him to friends back home, they put it down to tall tales. One of these friends referred to him as Professor Hairnet, which reminds me of something overlooked in your article ["Be as Young as They Are," Summer 2000]. The beret Wrench wore was for special occasions like the snake dance and the football games. Ordinary classroom couture was topped by a pink hairnet. Honest.

A lecturer in medieval history, Professor Wrench dressed the part. His knickers bloused over the black leather boots, and his colorful shirt sleeves billowed. Then the long, thin white hair

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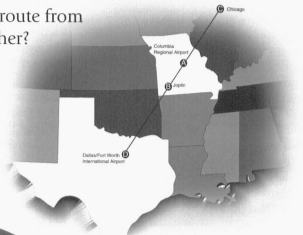
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M I Z Z O U M A I L

and the bristly white beard, and we seemed to be hearing about Charlemagne from one of his courtiers.

PEGGY REYNOLDS, ARTS '42
MERCER ISLAND, WASH.

CHURNING OUT THE CONES

I hand dipped many an ice cream cone at my dad's pharmacy in Liberty, Mo. In the Summer issue of MIZZOU, Marion Risk, BS Ag '49, revealed that he, Roy Sappington and Tony Smith "hand dipped 2,500 ice cream cones in two and a half hours, and they were not all single dips."

Assuming 40 percent of the cones had two dips of ice cream, that would total 3,500 dips. Using my business degree math, that is 1,400 dips per hour or 466 per man or one scoop per 7.7 seconds per man.

The ice cream must have been soft. Someone was bringing the gallon containers from the freezer, there were no arm-weary breaks, they didn't have time to talk to the girls from Stephens College, the customers had to know in advance what flavor they wanted, and from start to finish the transaction took less than 8 seconds.

Maybe the Aggies ought to have a required minor in math. I was an average business school student with a major in accounting, but my MU education has served me well.

JOHN PORTER, BS BA '47
SHREVEPORT, LA.

MIZZOU magazine welcomes your letters, which may be edited for length, clarity and style. Please include your daytime telephone number, address and degree/year. Address: 407 Donald W. Reynolds Alumni and Visitor Center, Columbia, MO 65211, phone (573) 882-7357, fax (573) 882-7290, e-mail: mizzou@missouri.edu.

Editor's note: Marion Risk and crew counted the empty cone boxes that afternoon to arrive at a total count of 2,500 served. The weather had turned warm after a cold spell, and the customers "just worked us to death," he recalls.

The young men kept things moving by holding up to five cones in one hand while dipping with the other. John Porter replies with a laugh, "My dad would have replaced me with one of those guys, and my labor was free!"



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A R O U N D T H E C O L U M N S

FRESHMEN EVERYWHERE

THE YEAR 2000 MAY NOT HAVE seen plagues of locusts or other millennial catastrophes, but MU experienced a phenomenal first: 4,226 incoming freshmen for fall semester.

This biggest-ever freshman class rings in a new era, topping last year's number by 294. In their lives, ATMs have always been around the corner, Toyotas and Hondas have always been made in the United States, and Congress has never stopped debating whether computers are invading Americans' privacy too much.

The new legion is a legendary class of scholars, with 30 percent more Bright Flight scholars than in 1999. The Bright Flight scholarship program awards \$2,000 renewable scholarships to Missouri students who score in the top 3 percent nationally on college entrance exams and who attend college in state. This year 674 students, or 16 percent of the freshman class, qualified for the scholarship.

This year's mean ACT score stands at 25.8, tying the highest score for an incoming MU class. The state average ACT score is 21.6, and the national average is 21.

STAR BRIGHT



How bright are current MU students? Of 18,058 undergraduates, here are some quality indicators:

MEAN ACT COMPOSITE SCORE	25.8
(state mean is 21.6; national mean is 21)	
NATIONAL MERIT SCHOLARS	121
BRIGHT FLIGHT SCHOLARS	2,474
CURATORS SCHOLARS	1,607



When the frosh take a break from the books and start looking for love, they'll find the ladies outnumbering the gentlemen again this year, with total student enrollment at 12,226 women and 11,054 men. That trend started in 1992, with 11,695 women 11,651 men. Men were ahead in 1993, but women regained the majority in 1994 and have held it every year since.

WRITE ON AND ON

A NEW CENTER FOR THE LITERARY Arts (CLA) unites three renowned writing programs across campus: creative writing, journalism and theatre. Under its umbrella, CLA consolidates existing programs such as the Playwrights Workshop, the Creative Writing Reading Series and MU Writers Archive, and also adds an interdiscipli-



BRIEFLY

James Sterling,

BJ '65, former president and publisher of three award-winning Missouri weekly newspapers, has been named the new Missouri Community Newspaper Management Chair, established cooperatively by the School of Journalism and the Missouri Press Association. Several Missouri community newspaper publishers, the state of Missouri and the Missouri Press Association funded this position. Sterling will work with the Missouri Press Association and others at the J-School to develop programs aimed at attracting young people into newspaper management careers and at improving the quality of community journalism. • Eight of the **top 10 scorers** on Missouri's Uniform CPA Examination in May 2000 were graduates of MU's School of Accountancy. • Total extramural **research funding has increased** to roughly \$113.5 million, up from \$101.9 million last year and way up from \$78 million three years ago. • The College of Human Environmental Sciences caps off its **centennial celebration** Feb. 17, 2001. For details about that and preceding events, contact Victoria Shahhan at (573) 882-6424 or shahanvi@missouri.edu. • A 30-foot diameter mosaic of a **Bengal tiger's face** will grace Lowry Mall next fall. Watercolorist Paul Jackson, MFA '92, of Columbia will serve as chief artist, teaching and directing art students who'll also work on the project. The mosaic will be a gift from Jackson as well as Linda and Joseph Warden, BS BA '67, of Jefferson City, Mo.



PHOTO BY ROH HILL

Freshmen Andrew Gulan, left, and Brandon Blom do more than their part as they carry MU's mascot, Truman, during the Tiger Walk through the Columns tradition Aug. 20. The two are part of the biggest freshman class in the history of MU.

gram, "when it's completed, the center will allow students in each discipline to explore courses in the other areas as part of their writing requirement." Before CLA's establishment, he says, the differing programs and genres tended to be confined to students in their own departments.

Students will no longer feel frustrated by perceived barriers between writing programs. Karen Holmberg, CLA's coordinator of special events and an English doctoral student, says that the center creates an environment where exploration is not only possible, but encouraged.

The multigenre experience also makes new grads more attractive to graduate school selection boards and publishers, Holmberg says. "They will be able to point to their far-ranging experience in the literary arts."

Interdisciplinary projects are a hallmark of CLA. One project in development will pair writers with fine arts students to revisit traditional book-making techniques. Another will chronicle Columbia's history by collecting and publishing the oral narratives of its citizens. Holmberg is excited about CLA's involvement with the community. "This is an opportunity to see how the literary arts can be a civic activity."

In 2000-01, CLA will hold several high-profile events, including campus visits by two-time Pulitzer Prize-winning author John Updike; essayist and novelist Susan Sontag; and playwright Tony Kushner. CLA's web site, web.missouri.edu/~cla, posts the dates and locations of its events.

nary, community-involvement spin.

As a result, CLA will provide MU students with a range of opportunities to explore their craft in areas including fiction, nonfiction, poetry, playwriting, screen-writing, oral narrative and literary translation.

"While still in the early stages of construction," says Director Sherod Santos, who also directs the creative writing pro-

PLAIN IS BEAUTIFUL

PHOTOGRAPHER OLIVER Schuchard is one of many artists who has been captured by the beauty of the Great Plains. Although his next book of photographs will be a tribute to plains landscapes, he wasn't always enthralled.

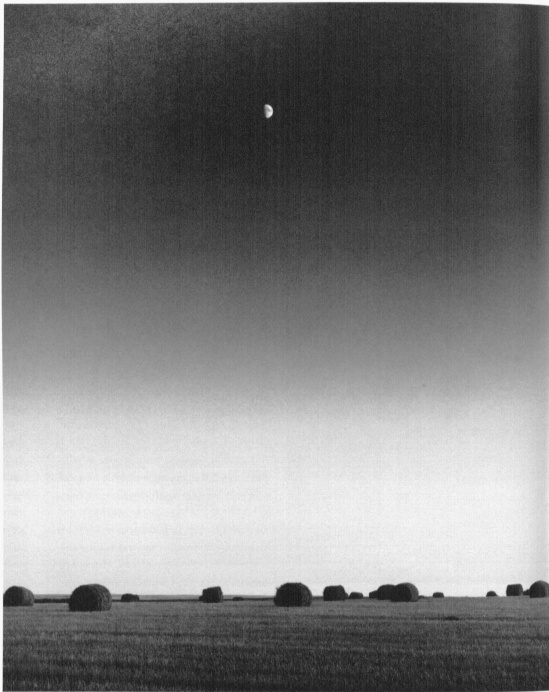
Every year for more than 30 years, Schuchard, a professor emeritus of art, drove from Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. Only in passing did he notice the prairie.

Fifteen years ago, though, his artistic sensibility set in. "There's a picture," he'd say to himself. "I'll come back and look at that later." Several more years passed before he stopped, looked and started making photographs.

Where he used to keep driving, now he kept on shooting. "One image seemed to beget another, once you begin to get into the rhythm of the plains landscape," Schuchard says. That 14-hour trip to Denver frequently stretched to five days.

Schuchard's images—covering Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota—show great diversity in landscapes: hilly pastures, sand hills, waves of grain, abandoned buildings, hidden lakes. The scale of the 'scape blows him away. "It's the gigantic expanse of sky and land," he says. "One has the perception that the land, and the bounty of the land, is endless."

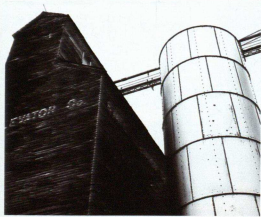
Schuchard attributes his vision of the plains in part to mentors including Ansel Adams, with whom he studied and later



PHOTOS COURTESY OF OLIVER SCHUCHARD

taught at workshops in Yosemite National Park. "He taught me the art of gentleness, the greatness and the significance of both large and small," Schuchard says. "That a

single mariposa bloom with a drop of water on it is as beautiful and important as Mount Whitney and its gigantic bullder fields and snowcaps."



Art Professor Emeritus Oliver Schuchard's dramatic black-and-white photographs of the Great Plains might surprise skeptics:

"People say 'There's nothing out there,' and there is nothing out there, as far as the obvious," Schuchard says. "But it's there, you just have to find it."

A WAY WITH WORDS

LISA RATHJE IS SEEING TO IT THAT Columbia school children aren't hobbled by poor reading skills. She is one of a handful of coordinators who has mobilized MU student volunteers to serve as classroom mentors for hundreds of at-risk elementary school students.

The program is called Way With Words, and it aims to give special attention to kids who are struggling with their reading—the kind of one-on-one attention that a regular classroom teacher does not always have time to provide.

Rathje works through the Volunteers in Service to America program to help recruit the nearly 150 MU students who participate in Way With Words. Although those volunteers make a difference in others' lives, she stresses that the program also makes a difference to the volunteers.

For too many college students, the grind of classes and studying "can get

them stuck with the emphasis on me, me, me," Rathje says. The small Iowa college where she did her undergraduate studies required her to work as a community volunteer. In the process, she made an important discovery, Rathje says. "It's really refreshing to look out on the world with a different perspective."

This fall she started working on her master's degree in Mizzou's English program, but there's one lesson she's already learned: "I'm definitely going to keep service in my life."

For Rathje and her corps of tutors, there are also the small victories they see each day. "It's neat to see kids actually excited about school," she says.

"It's such a thrill to go into class and have a kid come up and say, 'Hey, can I read to you today?' That's such a huge improvement from the beginning of the year when they do anything to keep from reading with you."

MOVING TREATMENTS FROM LAB TO PRACTICE

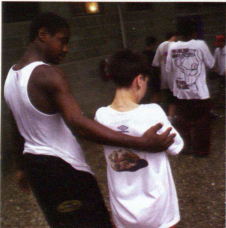
LAB TRIALS AND EXPERIMENTS ARE essential when developing new medical treatments, but it takes live patients to transform possibilities into common practice. Many people participate and benefit from taking part in more than 800 research studies going on at MU. A sample:

•In 1984, when physical therapist Marian Minor started asking people with arthritis to exercise under the watchful eye of a health-care provider, she was just out to determine whether it was safe. Now that exercise is an accepted way of managing arthritis, Minor's next step is to the local gymnasium. Her current study has 280 people with arthritis exercising on their own three times a week to weigh benefits and costs. Although final results

are not in, Minor has seen remarkable improvement in some participants, and they keep coming back. The retention rate is 80 percent.

•Can insulin-dependent diabetes be prevented with a pill? Research by endocrinologist David Gardner looks at family members of diabetics—a group at high risk of developing the disease. In the study, some family members take insulin injections, some take insulin tablets, and others are in a control group where they are monitored only. If the study finds that Type 1 diabetes can be prevented with insulin therapy, it could save more than \$7 billion a year in health-care costs.

•Although overcoming alcoholism often requires help from a treatment center or support group, nurse Deborah Finfgeld is investigating the few who conquer their addiction by themselves. One key to success is how well individuals are in control of other aspects of life, such as being able to pay the bills and get along with others. She intends to incorporate



COLUMBIA DAILY TADPOLE PHOTO BY ED PUELLER

At a camp for young people with diabetes, Derrick Williams encourages his friend Sean Michaelree as they head out to the soccer field. MU researchers are studying whether insulin therapy for those at high risk of getting diabetes could prevent it altogether.

strategies she learned from these persons into treatment plans that can help others.

TO MARKET, TO MARKET TO BUY A DEGREE

THE SMALL COMMERCIAL GARDEN Deanna Thies started as an award-winning FFA project at Glasgow (Mo.) Public Schools has yielded enough “green” to help put her through college. Thies sells her produce mainly at the Columbia Farmers Market, one of the largest in the state. Now a sophomore majoring in vocational agriculture, she uses proceeds from the five-acre garden, plus scholarships, to pay all college costs.

Although she hopes to specialize in greenhouse operations and nursery/landscape management as a teacher, Thies practices a broad base of business savvy day in and day out. For instance, she works hard to sell all her produce at Columbia’s competitive market. “We do rotational plantings, so we have some types of produce before and after the other vendors,” she says. “We also try to have a variety of sizes of produce. Some people want to buy the largest of something that they can get, and others want to buy the smallest.”

Despite her careful planning, some of Thies’ research and development happened by chance. She planted a variety pack of gourd seeds, but only a single type survived. After Thies dried and hung one of the gourds in front of her house, a woman stopped by and asked if she had any that were still green. The squash in question turned out to be a cucuzzi, and the passerby explained that many Asians cook with it. This past season, Thies took about 20 cucuzzi a week to market. She figures that she has to sell about 40 cucuzzi to buy a textbook.



PHOTO BY STEVE MORAN

Deanna Thies, near the melons above, operates her produce stand at the Columbia Farmers Market. Thies’ sister Jana, left, and mother Paula help keep those perishables moving.

THE BRAINIEST OF ALL

MU’S CHAPTER OF PHI BETA Kappa—the first of three in the state and the only at a public institution in Missouri—celebrates its 100th anniversary in 2001. Nationally known as the oldest and most prestigious undergraduate honors organization, Phi Beta Kappa recognizes liberal arts students who have achieved academic excellence.



The chapter now initiates approximately 70 students a year, with a total of 3,400 during the past century, many of whom have become influential, says Walter

Schroeder, assistant professor of geography and a 1956 Phi Beta Kappa inductee.

Among MU’s prominent Phi Beta Kappas are astronomer Harlow Shapley, AB ’10, MA ’11, *Nova* producer Linda Joan Garmon, AB, AB ’78, MA ’80, and honorary members Mark Twain, former Gov. David Francis, Thomas Hart Benton and Harry S. Truman. Sixteen buildings on campus are named after members—though not all were inducted through MU’s chapter—including Jesse Hall, Brady Commons and Ellis Library.

At a time when students nationwide often fail to respond to an invitation to join Phi Beta Kappa, MU’s chapter fares well, with an 80 percent to 90 percent acceptance rate. Career plans for those inductees have changed over the years.

“When I was a student, 70 percent of members went on to become professors,” Schroeder says. “Now 10 percent to 15 percent do this. They’re more likely to go into medicine, law or business.”

Putting Up with People We Don't Like

By Diane White, *Boston Globe Staff*

MOST OF US ARE COMPELLED, daily or at least occasionally, to be in the company of people we dislike, even hate. Relatives. Co-workers. Roommates. Friends of friends. Assorted others. Jon Hess is the first person to make a study of how we manage to do it.

"I thought it was amazing that no one has studied this before," Hess said from his office at the University of Missouri-Columbia, where he is an assistant professor of communication. "I searched the entire literature of relational maintenance, and I couldn't find anything on the subject."

Relational maintenance. It's Hess' area of expertise. Most of the research in the field, he said, has been on intimacy and friendship and maintaining good relationships.

"But what about people we don't like?" he said. "There are a certain number of relationships that we have to maintain whether we like it or not. Getting along with people you like is easy. Getting along with people you don't like is more difficult. I was surprised by the amount of stress people said they feel in these relationships."

Hess surveyed 185 students, ranging in age from 17 to 50, only one of whom claimed she couldn't think of anybody in her life she didn't like. He compiled more than 30 "distancing behaviors," which his subjects said they practice to maintain relationships with people they dislike.

He calls them "distancing behaviors" rather than "techniques" or "tricks" because he didn't want to address the question of whether the behaviors were intentional or instinctual. He may pursue that subject in the future.

Looking at some of Hess' results, it occurred to me that he could have reached many of the same conclusions by watching Regis and Kathie Lee for a week or two. But I suppose that wouldn't have passed academic muster at the journal *Human Communication Research*, in which his paper,

"Nonvoluntary Relationships With Disliked Partners," was published in summer 2000.

The following are some of the most frequently mentioned ways his subjects avoid interacting with those they don't like:

- Engaging in an activity while with the disliked person.
- Interacting with the person only in a group.
- Lying about personal matters to avoid intimacy.
- Avoiding asking or answering personal questions.
- Humoring or tolerating the person.
- Speeding up interactions.
- Ignoring the person.
- Avoiding joking and light conversation.
- "Zoning out," i.e., not paying attention to the person.

Hess denied that his interest in this subject has anything to do with his own relationships. Was he telling me a lie to avoid questions about his personal life? He doesn't know me well enough to hate me. But if he did know me, could I deduce from his response that he didn't like me?

"That gets tricky," Hess said.

Insecure people might be supersensitive to what they erroneously perceive as subtle signals that they're not liked, whereas someone who's genuinely disliked might be the sort of person who's impervious to even the most obvious clues.

Hess said there are many reasons people might distance themselves that don't indicate they dislike you. They could be tired or not feeling well. They could be shy or preoccupied. Or they might be maintaining a professional distance.

"If somebody's being distant, you can't be sure they don't like you," Hess said. "But it could well be a clue."

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BOP TILL YOU DROP

PUT ON YOUR BLUE SUEDE SHOES AND twist the night away. For the past five years, MU's Dance Marathon committee has hosted a 24-hour fall event to raise money for the University's Children's Hospital. Last year, roughly 250 students rocked Rothwell Gymnasium on their way to raising \$14,000.

"It's grown every year in attendance and in money donated," says Adrienne Barber, a senior majoring in communication, who co-directed this year's marathon Nov. 11-12. The money, which goes to the hospital via the national nonprofit group Children's Miracle Network, is earmarked for developing the hospital's comprehensive cancer center.

Dance Marathoners do much more than cut a rug. Activities include

stepshows, performances by the Golden Girls and concerts. All the commotion creates a bit of a circus atmosphere, which gets a further boost from the many students who come in costume.

Part of the gym is set up for kids who benefit from Children's Miracle Network. They join students in activities, and their parents share stories of how the charity has helped them.

One of the kids, Angelo, wasn't able to attend the 1999 event. He

was in the hospital undergoing treatment, so, his family attended in his stead. Barber looked forward to his return this year, though. "He's great. Everyone knows Angelo and his family. They're the life of the marathon."

'BRITTLE' BUILDINGS, SOLID HISTORY

WHAT DO PEANUT BRITTLE, Darwin's theory of evolution and the dream homes of three MU professors have in common? The answers are on Westmount Avenue in Columbia, just a few blocks from campus.

The houses just off Stewart Road look



MU's troupe of Dance Marathoners two-step for a good cause. Donations from the annual event go toward a new cancer center at the University's Children's Hospital.

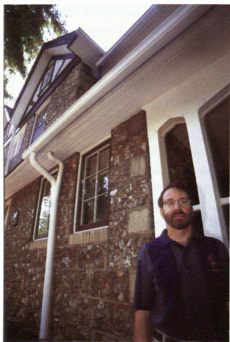


PHOTO BY STEVE MORSE

Jeff Chinn, a consultant to governments, says his historic home at 504 Westmount Ave. still draws a lot of attention.

different from other local abodes but resemble each other. They were built in 1906 by professors Winterton Curtis, a zoologist known for his role in the Scopes Monkey Trial; E.R. Hedrick, a mathematician; and M.S. Wildman, an economist. The houses are constructed of homemade concrete blocks finished with a veneer of rock from local creeks. The look led to their being dubbed "peanut brittle" houses.

The professors tried to keep construction costs down by acting as their own foremen, hiring individual workers instead of contracting the job. Curtis' confidence waxed and waned during construction; he wrote in an unpublished



PHOTO BY JASON COOK

memoir: "We thought we would show these contractors, who had bid so high on our houses, what college professors could do in a case like this. Had we but known!" They wound up spending double their budget.

The results, though, were distinctive houses that the builders enjoyed and that have maintained ties to MU faculty through the years. Retired biochemistry Professor Edward Pickett later bought one of the homes for the same reasons the owners built it: size, location and price. Pickett didn't know his home's history when he moved in, but was educated about it by a neighbor, Winterton Curtis himself. Curtis lived in his home until his death, 60 years after the house was built. Jeff Chinn, former vice provost of instruction, now owns Curtis' house.

LAW SCHOOL LURES E-COMMERCE EXPERT

BUSINESSES TRADING ON THE Internet sometimes face a slippery legal slope. Cyberspace, it seems, needs its own rules of governance. That's what new law faculty recruit Patricia Fry helped accomplish when she chaired the drafting committee for the Uniform Electronic Transaction Act. The legislation has since been enacted by 22 states.

Fry is an acknowledged expert in electronic commerce, which she says soon will be central to most people's existence. She and Pamela Smith join faculty from business, engineering, law, journalism and textile arts in establishing the Center for the Digital Globe. "The center is an interdisciplinary project that will place Mizzou at the forefront of research and service to electronic commerce," Fry says.

Other new law faculty members are John Lande, Richard Reuben and Jennifer Robbenolt. "It's been a banner year for us," says Assistant Dean Bob Bailey. "We've brought some exceptional people on board."

BALL CLUB NABS TALENT

ALTHOUGH BASKETBALL OFTEN rewards height, women's coach Cindy Stein cares about a different dimension: depth. "We've signed six very quality players. These kids are all going to be playing. They're that talented," Stein says. "They'll do a lot to add to our depth." Which is what the team lacked when Stein took over in 1998, coming from Emporia State University in Kansas.

So, her first task was recruiting. She found MU to be an easy sell to athletes looking for a good education. "Last season we did real well in the classroom, and we did real well on the court. I think

that's a good combination."

Stein's squad had a winning record last year (18-12), which ended on a tough 89-88 loss to Arkansas in overtime in the second round of the Women's National Invitational Tournament in Fayetteville, Ark. "Some things just didn't go our way, whether it was a rebound that bounced over our head or a loose ball we just didn't quite get to," Stein says. "We were one play short of winning the ball game."

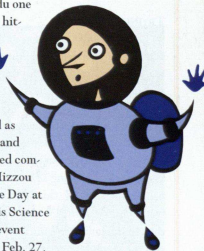
Mizzou will have plenty of chances to prove itself, as the season includes games against the some of the highest-ranked teams in the nation, such as Texas Tech and Iowa State.

For a schedule of games, see www.muttigers.com, then choose women's basketball.

KIDS' SPACE ODYSSEY

JUNIOR HIGH SCIENCE TEACHERS ALL over Missouri are making www.mizzoumagic.missouri.edu one of the most hit-upon sites at MU. The

home page was created as a fun-filled and fact-crammed companion to Mizzou Magic Space Day at the St. Louis Science Center, an event planned for Feb. 27. *Mizzou Magic* is MU's science magazine for middle grades. Planners for Space Day expect that up to 1,000 students will come to hear the guest speaker, astronaut Linda Godwin, MS '76, PhD '80, and to visit hands-on exhibits related to space.



SO CLOSE

SILVER, USUALLY MALLEABLE, CAN BE a very hard metal. Especially to an Olympian. Sammie Henson, BS '95, wanted to prove he was the best in the world in his wrestling match at the Olympics in Sydney. His golden opportunity was wrestled away from him by Namig Abdullayev of Azerbaijan. Henson had beaten Abdullayev two years ago in the World Championship match. Although winning second place in the Olympics is an incredible accomplishment, the silver medal hung heavy around Henson's neck.

At MU in 1991-92, Henson was the first Tiger freshman to receive All-America honors and the first freshman to win a Big Eight Conference title. He set the record for technical fall victories in a season with 11, a record that still stands. He was dismissed from the team for rule violations after his first season. He then went on to wrestle at Clemson, but returned to MU to earn his degree.

TRYING TIMES

Several of MU's current and former athletes had good showings at the Olympic Trials, but missed the mark of making it to Sydney. Here's a roundup starting with track:

Hundredths of a second were all that kept MU runners Ashley Wysong and Derrick Peterson from advancing in the trials. Senior Wysong's time in the 800-meter was 2:04.97, third in her heat. "It was a photo finish," Wysong says. Only the top two advanced to the semifinals, and the second-place finisher had a time of 2:04.90.

Peterson, in his last event as an MU athlete, got even closer. He placed fifth in the semifinals, missing the fourth place needed to qualify for the next round in the 800-meter by one-hundredth of a sec-

ond. He was only a tenth of a second away from first place.

•Senior Michelle Moran had to go to the Olympic Trials cold after a back injury prevented her from training for about five weeks prior to the trials. During her heptathlon trial, she felt a pain in her leg and dropped out of the trials rather than risk further injury.

•Freshman shot-putter Christian Cantwell reached the trials, but did not make the final round.

•Sophomore

Kerry Hills placed 13th in the finals of the 3,000-meter steeplechase.

Other track athletes at the trials were:

•Ray Hughes, BS '98, and Ryan Pirtle, BS FW '00, placed 25th and 26th in the prelims of the 3,000-meter steeplechase.

•Rebecca Wilmes, BS Ed '97, placed 25th in the prelims of the 1,500 meters.

•Darin File, BS BA '00, placed ninth in the javelin.

MAKING A SPLASH

Four MU swimmers tested the Olympic waters. Two of them were the first from MU to make it to the U.S. Olympic Trials during Coach Brian



Heptathlete Michelle Moran was among the MU athletes at the Olympic Trials last summer.

Hoffer's seven-year tenure, though others have been to trials in other countries, including two this year. All are returning to the squad:

•Senior Mike Cervenka had a great year, marking the first time he qualified for the U.S. Nationals, and a conference time that qualified him for the Olympic Trials. He competed in the 200-meter freestyle, but didn't advance to the finals.

•Sophomore Leslie Hoh competed in the 200-meter and 400-meter individual medleys but wasn't able to advance.

•Senior Aaron Lo made it to the top 16 at the Canadian Olympic Trials in the 50-meter freestyle.

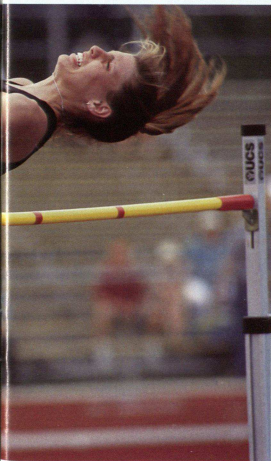


PHOTO BY ROY HILL

*Sophomore Matt Ferrarelli placed fourth in the 400-meter individual medley, and fourth in the 200-meter individual medley in the British Olympic Trials.

CHEERING SECTION

Biochemistry Professor Bill Folk traveled to Sydney to watch daughter Torrey compete on the U.S. eight-person rowing team. Torrey, a graduate of Hickman High School in Columbia, took up rowing at Rice University and transferred to the University of Wisconsin. She joined the national team in 1997, and has earned two silver medals in World Cup championships. She and her teammates made it to the final round and finished sixth.

BATS CRACK ON THE CAPE

RYAN STEGALL SPENT THE SUMMER break living near the beach, rent-free, without a job. Sounds like an easy life? Not if you spend almost every day on a baseball field, competing against some of the best college athletes in the country. Stegall, a junior, spent last summer playing for the Harwich Mariners of the Cape Cod (Mass.) Baseball League. Each year a limited number of college players are recruited by the league, which has helped cultivate current major leaguers Nomar Garciaparra, Darin Erstad and Jeff Bagwell.

Stegall caught the attention of Cape Cod league managers after his freshman year in 1999, when he led the Tigers with 12 home runs. His sophomore year, Stegall hit .352 for the season and was named a third-team All-American at shortstop. After that, Harwich General Manager Mike DeAnzeris called Stegall and offered him a spot on the roster.

Although he was not one of the marquee players coming into the summer, Stegall quickly carved out a place for himself. When several Harwich players went down with injuries, Stegall stepped into a regular spot at third base. He played in 40 of the team's 44 games, and led Harwich in RBIs and doubles. His season batting average of .252 was among the team's leaders. "Every time you go up, you're up against a top guy," Stegall says. "There aren't any bad pitchers there."

Instead of using college-style aluminum bats, the Cape Cod league specifies the less-forgiving wooden bats used by pros. "You have to be such a better hitter," Stegall says. "On a wooden bat, you have to hit the ball with the sweet spot to get a hit." One ball Stegall definitely got ahold of was the home run he blasted in the league's All-Star game—a solo shot that

earned him the team's Most Valuable Player award.

In addition to the on-field experience, Stegall came away with an appreciation for the homespun feel of the Cape Cod League. Each team is heavily supported by local residents, who must collect more than \$150,000 in donations, refreshment sales and raffle tickets to fund their team's season. "It's amazing how much the towns put into it," Stegall says. "You go to the gas station, and people ask you about the last game."

Although college baseball players are used to seeing few fans in the stands, hundreds of people regularly attend Cape Cod games, crowding the small high school fields that host the teams. Some of the ballparks aren't equipped with lights; games are often called on account of darkness or fog. Through it all, Stegall earned praise for his grace off the field and his skill on it. "He played his butt off," DeAnzeris says. "He showed that he could play here."



PHOTO BY JIM VOLK

Tiger Ryan Stegall spent his vacation playing baseball with a league in Cape Cod.



PORTRAITS OF WAR

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF ROBERT GREENHALGH. ILLUSTRATIONS COURTESY OF THE ARMY ART COLLECTION, U.S. ARMY CENTER OF MILITARY HISTORY

BY KATHLEEN STRAND

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ROBERT GREENHALGH

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ARTISTS AT WAR. IT SEEMS A PARADOX.

Yet for centuries, painters and sketch artists have bucked this counterintuitive notion and documented the nobility, cruelty, boredom and trauma of war. Prominent artists from the 18th and 19th centuries—Francisco de Goya, Eugene

Delacroix, Honore Daumier—have been moved to paint the nature of conflicts on canvas. In the United States, the tradition of combat art runs from the Revolutionary War through Desert Storm. Staff Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, BJ '37, was one of approximately 100 U.S. servicemen and

ARMED WITH A PISTOL AND ART SUPPLIES,
STAFF SGT. ROBERT GREENHALGH
SKETCHES SCENES OF WORLD WAR II.



Often by candlelight, combat artist Robert Greenhalgh sketched the day's events from memory. He drew "airdales" preparing bombers for a mission over Wake Island in *On the Flight Deck*, left. In *Sunday Service*, above, a Marine unit listens to a sermon en route to Guam.

civilians who served as combat artists during World War II. Artists from the Navy, Army, Marines, *Life* magazine and Abbott Laboratories painted and drew 12,000 images that told their stories to peers and the American public.

In the age of photography, why send

any other image makers into combat? A *New York Times* story from 1943 praises combat art as "an intimate, personal, penetratingly perceptive touch ... that would have been missing were the camera exclusively relied upon."

Photojournalists may disagree with the

Times, but consider Brig. Gen. Robert L. Denig's more logistical explanation. "The combat photographer must snap his picture of an action as it happens, sometimes so fast he is unable to adjust his camera in time," says Denig, who directed public relations for the U.S. Marine Corps dur-



WHILE STATIONED AT CAMP WOLTERS, TEXAS, ROBERT GREENHALGH'S OFF-DUTY WATERCOLOR PAINTINGS EARNED HIM AN ILLUSTRATOR'S POSITION WITH "YANK" MAGAZINE.

ing World War II. "If conditions are not good, the action is never recorded—and the picture is never made.

"The artist, on the other hand, with his photographic eye, can take part in the action, and then paint any moment of it from memory at his leisure. The painter can provide his own lighting; he can give a picture any degree of intensity he desires. He can reconstruct a scene from whatever angle he considers most dramatic, centering attention wherever he wishes."

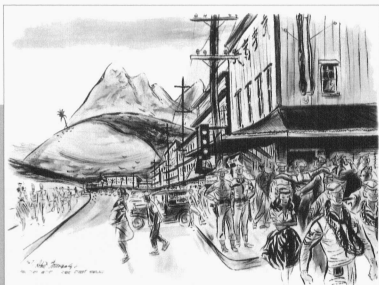
Greenhalgh, who now lives in New

City, N.Y., was just beginning his career as a free-lance illustrator for the *Chicago Tribune* and *Coronet* magazine when he was drafted into the Army in 1941. He dutifully reported to an infantry camp in Texas, and trained for 18 months, eventually becoming a drill instructor. The Army wasn't concerned with his artistic ability, Greenhalgh says. "They made truck drivers out of cooks and cooks out of truck drivers."

When off duty, though, he was an artist. In 1942, he sent some watercolor paintings of Army camp life to an editor

he met while free-lancing for *Coronet* magazine. After those images were published, Secretary of War Henry Stimson ordered him to join the staff of the newly formed *Yank* magazine in New York City. Officers produced the daily newspaper *Stars and Stripes*, but *Yank*, with a readership of 2.6 million, was by and for enlisted men in all branches of military service. "Uncle Sam understood the great need for the voice of the ordinary men in the military to be heard," Greenhalgh says.

Yank's crew included writers, editors,



Greenhalgh's sketches weren't intended to glorify generals or presidents. Instead, they depicted everyday scenes of military life: loading docks, R and R stops, mission control and jungle patrol. Greenhalgh was one of several veterans featured in "They Drove Fire," a PBS documentary on World War II combat artists. Director Brian Lanker says, "What struck me about Greenhalgh was his sensitivity. He was compelled to tell stories ... to sum up what war really is."

illustrators and photographers from the country's most prestigious publications, including *The New York Times*, the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *Boston Globe*. Some were recruited for the magazine and others, like Greenhalgh, were culled from training camps and outposts. Their charge was to express the essence and spirit of war.

"There was no special training for our assignment," Greenhalgh says. He was assigned to give an artistic rendering of what he saw, and he also drew heavily upon his days at the J-School. "I thought of myself as a reporter, asking myself, 'What's the central idea of the thing? What's the lead?' I even wrote quotes on the margins of my drawings, which were sometimes published as a letter from the artist."

Armed with a helmet, a .45-caliber pistol that he'd used only occasionally during target practice, and an array of art supplies, Greenhalgh and his writing partner, Barrett McGurn, former *New York Herald Tribune* foreign correspon-

dent, covered the Central and South Pacific for a year and a half. The pair had free rein to choose stories and locations, joining GIs, sailors and Marines on Guam and Green Island, and on board a carrier bombing Wake Island. They were on Bougainville in the Solomon Islands, where McGurn was wounded, as the 37th Infantry Division defeated the Japanese at the perimeter. Sometimes, they retreated to the press hut at Camp Crocodile on Guadalcanal to write and illustrate their stories.

Greenhalgh worked from memory, sketching the humorous, heart-wrenching and heinous scenes of everyday military life: jubilant servicemen spending their R and R on River Street in Honolulu; three Marines scanning the jungle for a sniper in Guam; a weeping soldier removing the rifle belt from a dead soldier; a unit of Marines passing solemn onlookers as it headed to the front line.

Most servicemen didn't pay much attention to the duo, Greenhalgh says. "They didn't know what we were doing,

but it gave them a good feeling. Many thought, 'They sent an artist here; we must be something!'" Others figured that Greenhalgh and McGurn had quite a racket going, and they said so.

Those skeptics weren't the only ones to question his role. "I thought about it a lot," Greenhalgh confesses. "I thought about it all the time. What am I doing being an artist out here?" In time, Greenhalgh resolved his turmoil by recognizing the importance of bearing witness to history. "Anyone who was out there was at risk," he says. "We were in harm's way. We landed on Guam and survived attacks by the Japanese. Isn't that enough? I wasn't necessarily brave—I was scared to death—but we were out there." *

Thanks to Renée Klish, BJ '70, curator of art at the U.S. Army Center of Military History in Washington, D.C., for her assistance in gathering the illustrations for this story.



Live at the

HOMER'S MASTERPIECES THE "ILIAD" AND "ODYSSEY" AREN'T THE FINE WRITING THAT SCHOLARS ALWAYS THOUGHT THEY WERE. BUT WHAT ARE THEY? THE ANSWER EXPLAINS EVERYTHING FROM RECIPES TO REVOLTS.

Someone once said that people who hadn't read Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were like those who'd never visited the ocean—there's a great thing on Earth they hadn't seen. Everyone agrees that the heroic tales of gods and men not only entertained ancient Greeks, but also taught them politics, geography, morals, metallurgy, history and shipbuilding. They contain inspiration for modern governments. Mostly, though, we marvel at how they've reigned over the world of letters in the West for nearly 3,000 years.

But if you haven't read Homer's poems, not to worry. They weren't meant to be read; they were meant to be heard, says John Foley, Curators' Professor of English and classical studies. Many of those students who have read Homer—even the poets who translated the epics to test their mettle—haven't really "seen the great thing" either. At least not on its own terms. Recent breakthroughs by Foley and others have shown that a work like the *Odyssey* is not great poetry at all in our usual sense. Instead, it's a variety of folksong, complete with stock melodies and characters, repetitions and formulaic ways of speaking that most people would recognize from ballads.

That special way of speaking used by ancient Greek "folksingers" is their "register"—a kind of special language for telling in verse the great stories of a people. We're not talking about performers like Pete Seeger, who typically memorize their material. The singers of Homer's work used the register's handy cache of plot and character to recompose their book-length stories on the spot during each performance.

The *Odyssey*'s basic plot has endured: Hero

Odysseus goes to war, outlasts a long imprisonment and has several fantastic adventures with one-eyed giants, sea monsters and a visit to Hades during his long return home. When he finally reaches Ithaca after 20 years, locals have long presumed his death. He travels in disguise and finds a crew of suitors vying for his wife's hand in marriage. During the interminable waiting for her hero-husband, clever Penelope weaves and unweaves a

PICK A FAVORITE POET AND TRY TO IMAGINE HER OR HIM COMPOSING BOOK-LENGTH VERSE ON THE FLY WHILE PLAYING AN INSTRUMENT AND SINGING ABOVE THE DIN OF A BUNCH OF OPINIONATED AND POSSIBLY DRUNKEN REVELERS.

tapestry to stall the suitors in hopes Odysseus will return to save her.

Foley has heard variations on that plot play out during his fieldwork, which has taken him to the noisy, working-class taverns of the former Yugoslavia. There, from the lips of traditional singers—liv-

This 45 RPM record from the mid-1970s captures a performance of "The Wedding of Mititch the Standard-Bearer" by the guslar Rade Jamina. Jamina is bowing the one-stringed lutelike gusle as he sings. His epic tradition dates at least to the eighth century.



Improv

BY DALE SMITH

ing Homers—epic songs very much like the *Odyssey* still resound, especially throughout the Islamic sacred month of Ramadan. “Audiences in current living traditions are not nearly so well-behaved as we would suppose an audience for poetry should be,” Foley says. “They don’t sit there quietly and approvingly clap when the poet is through. They stir around, get up and leave, talk to one another, shout out alternate lines, make quite a bit of noise, criticize the singer if they don’t agree with what he’s doing or if they don’t think he’s very good. In general they co-create the performance along with the bard.”

Meanwhile, those South Slavic bards are working hard singing as well as playing the one-stringed *gusle* (goose-leh) half an hour or more at a stretch unamplified over the chatter of two dozen men. The verb “to sing” in Serbo-Croatian is *turati* (tour-ah-tee), which means to drive out or impel. “So, you’re driving this song out of you,” Foley says. “You’re not in any sense being lyric or precious. This is a physical activity done with great gusto. It’s almost shouting, and it’s done very fast while playing the instrument.” Pick a favorite poet and try to imagine her or him composing book-length verse on the fly while playing an instrument and singing above the din of a bunch of opinionated and possibly drunken revelers. If producing art under those conditions seems impossible, you have some idea of the register’s power and why an oral poetry tradition just has to be dif-

ferent from a literary one.

Based on findings from this living language laboratory in Yugoslavia, as well as research on texts, Foley has sometimes irritated, sometimes intrigued students and scholars alike by debunking several longstanding ideas about Homer. Most of the misunderstandings stem from assumptions that literate people automatically make about poems that “live” in texts. For instance, the literati assumed for centuries that Homer was a genius author; but more likely, he was a preliterate and possibly itinerant bard, who traded in stories handed down for 700 years or so by word of mouth. The literati “ventilated the senses” with the Homeric aesthetic; but now it looks like the *Odyssey* was part of a much larger tradition that accomplished a lot of practical work. The literati’s solitary readers savored original stories through the eye, though now it seems clear that Homer’s work was meant for the ears of clan-sized crowds who already knew the stories. As a singer of tales in an oral tradition, Homer—rather than naming a single person—amounts to a shorthand name for that tradition.

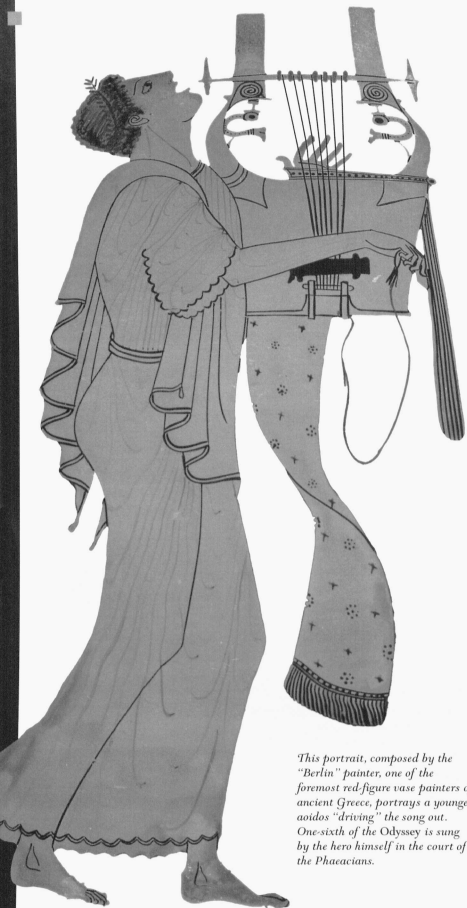
Foley’s breakthrough has been to witness Homer away from the literati by describing the oral dimension of the art—the poetic register—with scientific rigor more often associated with physics than the humanities. In contrast to scholars who make an observation and go hunting for evidence to support it, Foley has created the theory that

defines his field. Medievalist Mark Amodio of Vassar College says Foley’s profound insights have revolutionized the field of oral theory. Scholars all over the world now use the criteria Foley has developed in studying how oral poets structure their work and how these traditional works impart meaning. Using his own eyes, ears and computer analyses, he has described the oral-poetic reg-

This Greek epic singer (aoidos) fingers the kithara with his right hand and uses a plectrum with his left hand. Although Homer’s tradition stems from at least the 12th century B.C., it was first written down no earlier than the late eighth century B.C. Since scholars can’t do fieldwork in ancient Greece, the living South Slavic tradition is the best window on Homer.



STATUERE AVTIKENSAMBLINGEN I EN
GOTTOTERK MUSEUMEN
AR 2416.



This portrait, composed by the "Berlin" painter, one of the foremost red-figure vase painters of ancient Greece, portrays a younger aoidos "driving" the song out. One-sixth of the Odyssey is sung by the hero himself in the court of the Phaeacians.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, FLETCHER FUNDS, 1956. (56.171.18) PHOTOGRAPH © 1999 THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

ister not only for Ancient Greek, but also for Old English (older than 1,000 years) and modern Serbo-Croatian. Foley's habit of working across traditions has made his scholarship all the more substantial, and many colleagues have followed his lead.

The implications of breathing the "orality" back into Homer and other works include strictly artistic concerns but also go deeply into cultures past and present. From the tens of thousands of languages that likely have existed on Earth, only about 80 full-fledged literatures ever developed. Writing didn't exist until December of humankind's "year" on Earth, followed much later by paperback books on New Year's Eve. All of the world's cultures, even the handful with literatures, began the same way: word of mouth. It's hard to grasp for those of us making a living punching PCs in North America and Europe, but most of our planet's peoples still use various oral traditions—from recipes and legal codes to genealogies and epic stories—as their main modes for communicating. Understanding Homer as part of an oral tradition goes so far as to help explain the mesmerizing power exercised by politicians like the late Marshal Tito, who rose to office after leading the Yugoslavian resistance against the Nazis. His funeral notices were filled with heroic descriptions taken directly from the South Slavic oral epics.

THE HOMERIC REGISTER WASN'T the street language of archaic Greece. In fact, it was really only good for one thing: telling heroic stories. Ancient Greeks would not have used the register while buying a loaf of bread, any more than you'd pick up a prescription at the pharmacy with, "Ho there, stout apothecary, I pray thee, make haste and fetch now that balm!" For centuries,

bards learned the register's words, scenes and story plots by listening to the songs and through lots of practice. They kept what fit the verse meter as long as it had the right ring to it. Like any language, the register is so complex and large that no single person could have assembled it. To have composed the stories in his own words from firsthand experience, Homer would have had to live a minimum of 500 years all over Greece—sometimes in two places at once—and would have had to speak two major dialects and some minor ones as well. Same goes for South Slavic, whose hardic register mixes dialects and keeps alive words that are otherwise long-obsolete, Foley says. “The dialect of Serbia, ekavski, and the dialect of Croatia, ijekavski, will stand side by side in the same line of verse. Of course, outside the register, outside the special performance stage, never, never, never.”

Some small recurrent pieces of the Homeric register, such as a phrase like “green fear,” are packed with big meanings, but only in the oral tradition. Since no ancient Greeks left a glossary behind, Foley has learned to tease the orality from texts with a kind of linguistic archaeology. It turns out that the phrase has a supernatural connotation. For instance, one of the 10 times “green fear” occurs in the epics is when Odysseus watches the shades gather in Hades to drink sheep’s blood before they can speak to him. The literati struggled with the translation, Foley says. “Some said ‘pale fear’ because we have the metaphor that someone is pale with fear. It’s a nice equivalent at a

**MOST OF OUR PLANET'S
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MODES FOR COMMUNICATING.**

poetic level, but that’s not what it means in Homer. If you look at all the instances of green fear in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and ask yourself the question, ‘Is there anything else going on here besides the color green and the noun fear?’ what you find out is that it always means fear that derives from a supernatural source. Now, how does that come about? Is there anything about green that is supernatural? No. Anything in fear that is supernatural? No. But when you use them together, ‘green fear’ takes on a special supernatural meaning in the tradition.”

Just as good politicians can improvise a

stump speech from well-rehearsed and often-used sound bites, the register repeats itself. One-third of the *Odyssey*’s language is verbatim repetition of formulaic words and phrases, including nametags like swift-footed Achilles and Earthshaker-Poseidon. Those ready-made units were crucial to singers who composed while playing the gusle, and that’s what the other breakthrough in Homeric studies was about back in the 1920s. A young scholar named Milman Parry figured out that, in Homer’s six-foot lines, each nametag’s metrical makeup consigned it to one and only one particular slot. The verbs slip into complementary metrical slots. Singers had plenty of these mix-and-match formulas handy to get even a stubborn character like much-suffering divine Odysseus to ponder something, trick a goddess, sit down, walk through a house, get ready to speak, poke out a monster’s eye, and much more. With just the 27 nouns and 24 verbs that Parry studied for his dissertation, a singer could get 648 combinations of “X does Y.” That gave singers exponential power to tell well-known stories by arranging and

Holding a ceremonial instrument that’s more for exhibition than for accompaniment, and clothed in festival garb, Obren Miritch poses for his performance of a song about the hero Senjanin Ivo.





rearranging the formulas. Foley outlines all this in the sixth of his 14 books, *The Theory of Oral Composition*, which was published in Chinese this year, spreading the basics of his field to a huge new population. He

notes how critics complained that the mechanical-sounding theory reduced traditional singers to linguistic robots just stringing together clichés. Surely that couldn't account for Homer's memorable work. But before Parry's ideas could play out, he died of a gunshot wound to the head in 1935.

Roughly 40 years later, a mere hiccup in Homeric studies, the oral-art part started coming together for Foley, who was fascinated by how the Homeric register worked so systematically. His insight wasn't about the minutiae of words and phrases, though, but at the level of whole scenes. He remembers the precise moment in graduate school. It was dinnertime, not his own, but one of many feast scenes he'd found in translating the *Odyssey* from Greek to English. Up to that point, feasts had been predictably full of good manners and high hopes for better times to come. In this one, though, the hero stops at an island on his long trip home, where "Polyphemus, the Cyclops, is eating Odysseus' men, and none too politely," Foley says. "But I noticed that he's eating them with some of the same lines and phrases used in all of the conventional feast scenes."

Here are the stock lines that end all

The tradition of epic songs was almost certainly a male-dominated art, but women had musical modes of their own. All of these musical traditions, including this woman playing a double pipe, were passed on from person to person without notation or text.

WOMAN PLAYING THE DOUBLE FLUTE, ATRE BLACK-FIGURE
PHEGE BY THE THEBES PAINTER, C. 500-480 B.C.,
PITRER, MET. MUSEUM OF ART AND ARCHAEOL. CIVILIZ. MEMORIAL,
FIND 61.1

other Homeric feasts:

"They put their hands to the good things that lay ready before them.

But when they had cast off the desire for eating and drinking. . . ." they get down to business.

And here's what Odysseus says when Polyphemus goes cannibal:

"But springing up, he put his hands to my companions. . . .

But when he had filled his great belly, eating man-meat and drinking unmixed milk, . . ."

Seeing the similarities, Foley says, "The question then arose about whether the poet was so enslaved by the formulaic language that he had only one way to get people to eat stuff," or whether the tradition allowed the poet license to bend hopeful-feast formulas to the ironic purpose of cannibalizing the hero's men. "I tended toward the latter possibility,"

Foley says.

If all this sounds like highfalutin literary analysis, it's just the opposite. Back in Homer's time, everybody from kings and queens to farmers and slaves grew up hearing the stories. Everybody would have been in on the joke. When Polyphemus became fossilized in text, the literati started reading right over this brand of oral art. They put any odd-sounding moments down to Homer's "nodding" on the job. In fact, Foley says, it was the literati that was nodding.

Homer was busy crafting the stories, sure enough, using some time-honored plans that work just as well as formulas recognizable in the latest romantic comedy: Guy and girl (1) are smitten with each other, (2) hit hard times, break up and, (3) get back together in the end. A romantic comedy's quality is judged not primarily by the novelty of the plot, but rather by the art of the execution: The audience must laugh and cry and then

laugh again in all the right places. The problem with studying Homer's plots is that only a pair survives—the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—and they are so different that they cannot be directly compared like all the instances of feasts or boy-meets-girl. That's partly why, since the 1930s, scholars including Foley have traveled a long way to see the living epic tradition in the former Yugoslavia. It's a rare thing for a classicist to do fieldwork, but it's been the only way to understand how the plots themselves key the register.

All over Yugoslavia, singers recreate a staple *Odyssey*-type plot: Hero called away to war is taken captive; while a captive, he hears of devastation at home; he makes his way back; he finds suitors flocking around his wife; and he eventually meets her again. It seems all very heroic and manly. The nuts and bolts are so consistent that scholars dubbed it a Return Song and went on their way. Foley was fascinated by the ending, though, which varies in tantalizing ways. Sometimes the wife has been faithful, and the homecoming is a happy one. Other times, she lays a trap for the returning hero and murders him. That kind of variety of suspense never shows up in *When Harry*

IN TIMES OF CRISIS, ORAL TRADITION BENDS AND ADAPTS. USUALLY, IT WILL PROVIDE SOME AID TO THE SOCIETY.

Met Sally or in Homer's *Odyssey*. What's more, in these heroic and manly tales told to men in taverns, the whole thing turns on the wife. Will she be faith-

ful or not? In the *Odyssey*, wife Penelope is more than faithful—she cleverly fends off suitors for decades with ruse after ruse until Odysseus returns for her. But when the tradition lived 3,000 years ago, the Greek Return Song wife may well have been as mercurial as the mythic Yugoslavian wives.

THAT MYTHIC GRIP ON THE IMAGINATION can have down-to-earth results, such as the rise to power of Marshal Tito, who led the Yugoslavian resistance against Hitler and then ruled Yugoslavia for 35 years after World War II. In times of crisis, Foley says, oral tradition bends and adapts. "Usually, it will provide some aid to the society. This is a mode that we don't have."

When Foley visited the former Yugoslavia in the 1980s, the Nazis' genocidal campaign there was still apparent. Tito had led a guerilla-style force, whose reputation soon grew. "These resistance fighters developed a kind of legendary heroic reputation, which was memorialized in songs patterned on narrative epics," Foley says. "It's almost as if you had a ready-made mold for heroic achievement, and into that you poured a new substance, and that new substance was no longer the leg-

endary heroes of the 14th, 15th, 16th centuries. Instead, it was Tito and these folks right up close we were hearing about in the newspapers because people's sons and fathers were involved with them, and they were fighting the heroic battle against this oppressor's force. Those 'partisan songs' became a tradition in their own right. Once you got them in place—and that tradition is part of people's identity—then the leader has immense political cachet." Tito was like Eisenhower coming back from D-Day, but multiplied by powers of 10, because Tito was the principal heroic leader named in the songs. "So he comes out of that with an identity matching the greatest heroes in pan-Yugoslavian history, and he rides it right into political office. The tradition does things that no single person could accomplish, and no one work could accomplish, because of its continuities."

Oral traditions all over the world, like the Tito songs, aren't "just a bunch of pleasant ditties put in an anthology somewhere so people can ventilate their senses," Foley says. "Oral traditions can show us just how fundamental a role poetry can play in shaping and maintaining cultures." 🌟



Starting in the 19th century, competitions for the title of folk singer (narodni guslar) were vehicles for oral traditional singers to become prominent in mass society. As the label shows, this selection of stories by Blagoje Tepavčević was recorded at Radio-TV Belgrade.

Telling Life's

STORY BY
JOHN BEAHLER
PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS
BY ROB HILL

MEDICAL STUDENTS LEARN THE IMPORTANCE OF
LISTENING TO PATIENTS' STORIES AS
WELL AS THEIR HEARTBEATS.

SOME RECENT MEDICAL ADVANCES ARE almost beyond imagining. Doctors routinely perform heart surgeries on premature babies barely bigger than a human hand. Marvelous electronic machines probe deep into human tissue with magnetic pulses to search out the tiniest tumors. Scientists are cracking the genetic code to build lifesaving drugs that harness our bodies' own healing power.

But in many ways, medicine is still humbled by death and disease. There never will be an easy way for a physician to tell a patient that nothing will stop the cancer in his organs. Or to explain to relatives that a family member's life will soon end. Or for a doctor to ponder in her own mind how much more pain an accident victim should bear before treatment is withdrawn.

Decisions like those can be the most difficult because there are no hard-and-fast answers, no textbook solutions. They're the sort of enduring dilemmas that sometimes make the practice of medicine an unfathomable riddle.

That's because treating a medical ail-

ment isn't always as simple as unplugging a clogged artery or zapping a disease-causing bug with antibiotics. There's a dimension of medicine that goes beyond microbes and molecules. Knowing how a person's life story interacts with his disease can be a diagnostic tool just as important as a blood pressure reading or a white cell count.

"Medicine uses all kinds of scientific conclusions," says Bill Bondeson, Curators' Professor of philosophy, "but it applies them to the complexities and lives of particular patients. That's why medicine is an art, not a science."

For more than 20 years, Bondeson has taught a course in medical ethics to future physicians at MU's School of Medicine. Philosophy is a discipline of logic, but it also can be a tool—perhaps not to answer, but to unravel moral questions.

Bondeson teaches medical students that life is a narrative and a series of promises to other people. To take on a role as a physician or teacher also means taking on certain responsibilities. To understand their patients, he explains, they

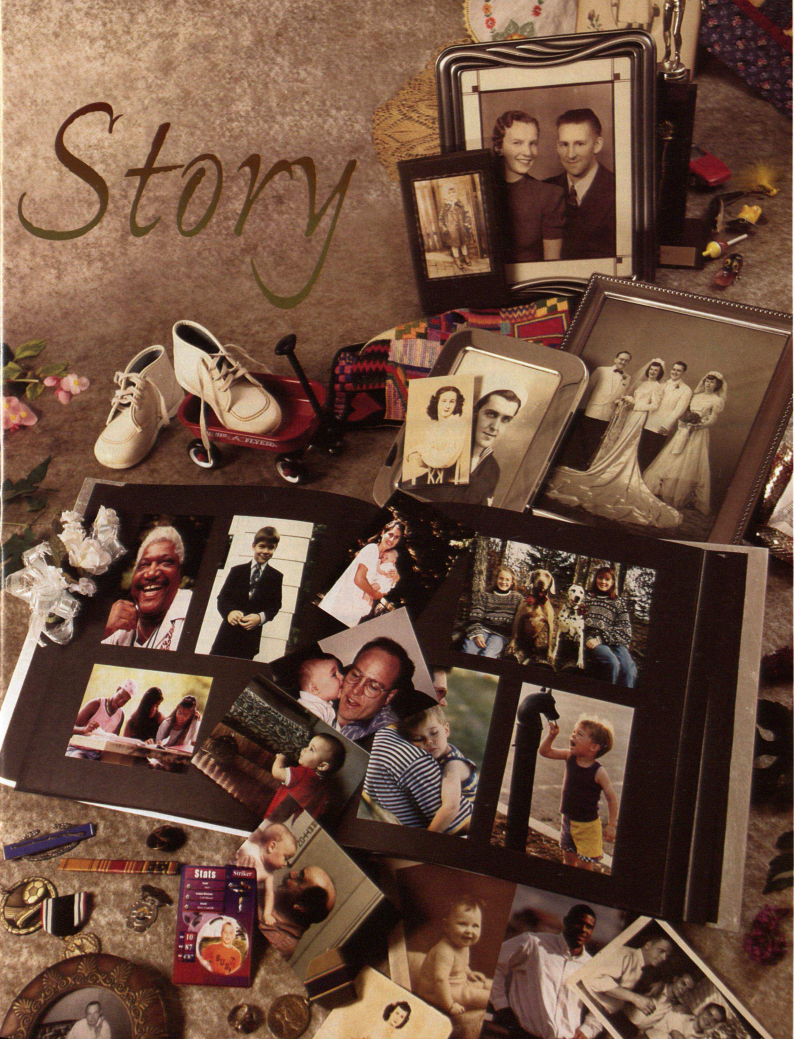
must understand the story of their lives and how disease fits into that story. And to treat their patients with dignity and sensitivity, doctors must understand that story. Disease means different things to different people.

Bondeson gives his medical students this advice: Try to understand the meaning of an illness or a problem in the life of this patient. "It didn't occur on its own. It didn't occur in the abstract. It occurred in the context of a life story."

One person might view his disease as a logical consequence of a lifetime of heavy smoking or drinking. Another might view his body as a machine, with rusting cogwheels gradually wearing out. Still another might see pain and disease as an obstacle that God is using to test his faith.

"There's not a single answer to any particular problem for any patient," Bondeson says. "Folks refuse treatment sometimes, or they modify it, and sometimes they just plain don't do what they're supposed to do." Usually there's a reason, a kind of story behind it. "So if you're going to treat them with respect

Story



and with the dignity they deserve, then I think you have to find out what that story is. And of course you have to find out what, for any given patient, amounts to being healed. Again, that's not the same answer for everybody. How you treat somebody depends on how they look at those questions."

It's especially important, Bondeson says, when people are deciding how to bring their lives to an end, a time when they put together the pieces of their past and try to write the final chapter of that story. He uses his own beliefs as an example:

"If I were to become terminally ill, and if I were in unrelievable pain and suffering. If I felt that my promises and commitments to other people were coming to an end. If I had the permission of those who are close to me and who'd be taking care of me. Given all that—and that's a very complicated set of conditions—I would be in favor of asking someone to help me bring my life to an end.

"Just because I'm terminally ill doesn't

mean I ought to do it. And I shouldn't do it without a lot of thought, but when my story has come to an end, when my promises have been made and kept, then I think I can say it's time for me to bring all this to a halt.

"But if someone really believes religiously that their pain and suffering is there as some kind of test, or some hurdle to jump over, and they want to keep on going, it's very hard to say no to that kind of request.

"I do believe people think of their lives as having beginnings, middles and ends—not unlike a play in three acts, and there is a final act," Bondeson says. "I think that when your story is done, when your commitments and your connections to other folks are on the decline or slowly vanishing, then I think it's time to think about withholding treatment or withdrawing it. But that's a patient's decision; it shouldn't be anybody else's."

However, there are other stages—or acts—in a person's life than the final curtain call, where understanding the life

story is important, Bondeson says.

"Anytime you have a medical procedure or a surgery done, it's fair to ask, 'How will I be different if this is done? How much of what I've lost because of a disease do I want to get back? How much of the help a physician offers me really fits into my own life story?'"

An active and athletic person who delights in playing a set of tennis or a round of golf might be likely to opt for the temporary discomfort and long rehabilitation of hip replacement surgery. Conversely, someone whose life story has focused on playing it safe and taking it easy might be less willing to take that step.

Sometimes, another person makes that choice for the patient—a parent or another family member. Parents might refuse medical treatment for their child because of religious convictions, for instance.

"Some people may not want to get completely cured," Bondeson says. "So at any age, even the choice of treatments fits into a life story."

And sometimes, a physician's role can be to help patients understand their own life stories—to help them see their lives as a journey.

In her many years as a pediatrician at the University, Eleanor Shaheen Braddock has helped patients and their families cope with illness and death. After she retired, Braddock, MS '78, continued that role in a new way. Guided by her strong religious faith, she embarked on a rigorous clinical pastoral education program to become a hospital chaplain. "It is an extension of what I was doing, but now I am looking at spiritual issues." As a chaplain, Braddock now works with patients in mid-Missouri hospitals. She often is involved in those end-of-life decisions.

Her new role can be every bit as impor-



tant as the life-nurturing skills she practiced as a physician, Braddock says. "When you're told you have cancer, when you're told you no longer can walk, that's the biological impact, but it doesn't take care of the psychological, spiritual or social impacts to a patient."

One of the things chaplains do is listen to life stories of patients they visit, Braddock says. "Our bottom line is to learn who they are as persons. Listening to people's stories helps validate them and affirm them. Some of the patients I visit are depressed, thinking they haven't accomplished much in their lives. Some feel that they have unfinished business. By telling their stories, these patients can reflect on their lives, what their hopes and dreams were in other years."

As both a physician and a chaplain, Braddock has been involved in many gatherings when family and friends come to say a last farewell. She assures them that tears are all right. Sometimes they'll sing songs—hymns from the past. And sometimes, she says, that last visit can be a way to let a dying family member know that he doesn't have to fight so hard, that he has permission to let go, and that the family will be OK.

"Life is a journey. We come from the womb, from these genes. I think it's an exciting journey, and I think sometimes we waste a lot of the journey by not recognizing our self-worth, by not seeing the dignity of another person and pulling worth from it. We need to make our journey hopeful.

"In encouraging them to tell their story, you give them respect, you give them dignity. When you tell your story you realize that somebody worthwhile existed in this body."

Coming to terms with one's own life story sometimes can help a person make tough decisions about medical treatment. Bondeson works with physicians, patients

"IN ENCOURAGING
[PATIENTS] TO TELL
THEIR STORY, YOU
GIVE THEM RESPECT,
YOU GIVE THEM
DIGNITY."

and their families to sort out some of the most difficult issues that people can face.

He remembers one case in which a desperately ill patient had given his daughter a durable power of attorney—the authority to make medical decisions for him if he wasn't able to. Other family members objected to the daughter's sole authority for life-and-death decisions.

Although well intentioned, the family's objections ran counter to the father's expressed wishes, Bondeson says. "He wanted his daughter to make this decision. That's what we had right there on the chart in front of us. He wanted to end his life under her control, and we better respect that kind of request.

"What we try to help the family figure out—if you can't talk to the patients themselves—is 'What do you think grandma or grandpa would want? What basic information could we get that would help us figure out what she or he would like to have done?' Because you want to respect patients' wishes, they have a right to decide what happens to themselves. I think we all have a right to say what counts as our story."

Physicians face the same sort of perplexing questions. At what point may a

doctor unplug the ventilator that could keep a comatose—but brain-dead—patient breathing? "There are ways to keep people going forever and ever, and we're getting better at it daily," Bondeson says. Those wonderful medicines and technologies can have downsides.

"People often say that if we make decisions to take patients off life support, or if we put them on, then we're 'playing God.' Well, playing God is the most empty concept in all of medicine. Most days I don't have a clue as to what it means, though people trot it out all the time.

"Some people will say, 'Well if we keep a patient going, that's playing God.' All right, maybe it is. And if we take them off the support, that's playing God. It sounds like any time you're making a decision about yourself, you're playing God. And at that point the concept becomes empty; you really haven't said anything.

"In a certain sense, we may not create our stories, but surely by our choices we make that story unfold in one way or another. By our personal choices, by our professional choices, we write that story for ourselves."

Bondeson points to the growing number of people who are writing living wills—legal documents that detail the limits of medical care that person would like to receive if he or she is incapacitated. "The reason why I think people want to sign living wills is that they want more and more to be their own author of the final chapter in their story. Often what they worry about is somebody else writing that final chapter for them, and they don't want that to happen.

"People want to control what those last days or months are like; they don't want to spend their last six weeks on the planet as a prisoner of medical technology. If that isn't deciding the final chapter of your life and the final chapter of that story, I don't know what is." ❀

We Still Laugh About It

CONFESSIONS OF COLLEGIATE CAPERS

Five months ago, we asked for your funniest tales from your student days for this special Storytelling issue. Since then, our office mail delivery has been highly entertaining, with accounts of poignant freshman innocence, romantic angst, carefully orchestrated pranks, housekeeping disasters and social blunders.

Sincere thanks to all who wrote. We received 151 epistles ranging in length from a few lines to 17 single-spaced pages, and covering a span of six decades and three generations. But no matter the circumstances—whether you came to Mizzou in wartime or peacetime, in times of poverty or plenty—your sense of humor prevailed. We read each story and selected our favorites to publish here. Because of the tremendous response, we saved some for future issues, and others appear on our web site at www.mizzou.com.

COMPILED BY CAROL HUNTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEBORAH ZEMKE

CATALOGS ARE EVEN CHEAPER

It was mid-Depression 1935, when my roommate was shown by the owner of the house where we rented a room how to fold toilet paper so that he wouldn't use so much of the paper per sitting.

JOHN E. LANDFRIED, BS CHE '38
ROCKWALL, TEXAS

UNEASY RIDERS

Notices could be found on a campus bulletin board offering rides, at a low price, by car owners. Before Thanksgiving, Ruthie and I, who both lived in Read Hall, the women's dorm, decided to pay surprise visits to our homes in St. Louis. I cannot remember when we found out that the bargain ride (\$10 or \$15?) was to be in a roadster with a rumble seat. Green as we were, that would not have influenced us. As soon as the car got up to highway speed, about 45 mph, the surprise was on us! Our driver had provided a small, thin blanket. We sat as low as possible and curled up like two insects. We had to hold on to the sides, bumping and swerving our way into the wild blue yonder. The flapping blanket never was tucked in. Cold blasts of air were sharper as we drove eastward. That nonstop trip was the longest experienced till then, and now. I can still feel the blanket-whipping wind. Eventually we were delivered to our respective homes. I returned to Columbia by Greyhound

bus. Gradually, I learned to make informed choices in life outside of the classroom. I loved every bit of it, on and off campus.

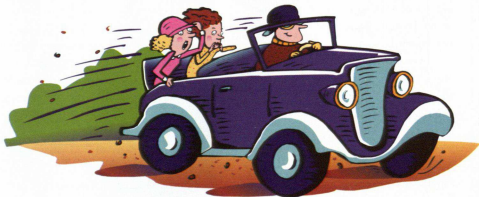
ANNA TREPTS TIBBE, AB '38
ST. LOUIS

I LANDED IN FRONT OF THE

A PENNY EARNED

One of the ways I worked my way through J-School was selling subscriptions to *The New York Times*. Business was slack one month, and I received a check for 6 cents. Needless to say, that incident was written up in a school publication. Now, I'm a retired journalist and author of *When Giants Ruled*, my first book, published in 1999 when I was 82.

HY TURNER, MA '40
CLEARWATER, FLA.



BIG MUDDY, NEW BUDDY

In my senior year, I had just gotten my other pair of pants out of the cleaners and I was heading for class on White Campus. The day before, we had a light snow, and the streets were a mess. Around the corner came a big Buick that sprayed me from top to bottom with all that dirty slush. The driver was a city slicker from St. Louis, who, in my view, had no business in the College of Agriculture in the first place. My clean pants were a mess. Jump ahead about four years. On Guam, I was driving my Jeep during a heavy downpour at night on a back road of muddy red clay. Suddenly, I passed a person trudging along the side of the road. Yes, I had sprayed him from top to bottom with that awful red clay mud. I backed up and apologized, and asked the poor fellow to get in out of the rain. He looked very familiar, and I asked, "Did you attend the University of Missouri?"

"Yes, I did," he replied.

"Did you, by chance, drive a Buick?"

PICTURE WINDOWS AND WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS.

"As a matter of fact, I did," he responded.

Then I said, "Let me tell you something, mister."

We had a big laugh over such a rare coincidence.

JOHN WHITE, BS AG '40
SAN DIEGO

GAME HUNTERS

I don't know how it's done now, but back in 1941-42 the referee signaled the end of the first half at MU basketball games by standing at midcourt and firing a loud bang in the air with a starter's pistol. Another engineering student and I thought this a waste of ammunition and were determined to do something about it. So, with a frozen duck, a shopping bag filled with duck feathers and plenty of string threaded through the overhead steel girders, we lifted the package to center court prior to the game and waited in the top row. Everything went as planned. The halftime came. The referee lifted his pistol and fired. A tug on the string dumped a dead duck and a multitude of feathers on center court, and the crowd cheered in proper appreciation of an engineering feat well done.

DONALD L. BRUTON, BS ME '44, JD '49
LAS CRUCES, N.M.

SNEAKY SALAMI

In 1943, most of us were hungry half the time. My mother, concerned I wasn't eating, was sending me a large salami weekly, which my roommates at 511 Hitt St. would devour in no time. So, I tied a string on the end of the salami and hung it out the side window and would stealthily pull it in for occasional sandwiches. It worked!

LEON A. GOLFIN, BS CHE '44
ST. LOUIS

FRAGRANT DELIVERY

Bob Partridge, BS Ag '38, DS '85, and I were hired by the ag college to clean out the horse barn. We loaded the manure spreader and started out to spread it on a field. We had to go through town along sorority row, and the machine kicked in gear; we spread manure for two blocks along that street. This was in 1933.

C. W. AUFRANC, BS AG '46
DEARBORN, MO.

WE BOTH PROMISED NOT TO TURN THE DIAL TO THE HOT WAX POSITION.

INDECENT INQUIRY

After an introduction to an attractive coed in the library, I was interested to know whether she was planning to enroll in a course during the intercession. Much to my embarrassment, I said, "Are you going to attend the intercourse session?"
LORIN W. ROBERTS, AB '48, MA '50, PHD '52
MOSCOW, IDAHO



OUTSTANDING CREDIT

After World War II, I returned to MU and enrolled in journalism school. After becoming editor of the school magazine and elected to Sigma Delta, the dean kicked me out because I hadn't taken his prerequisite course. I went to New York, launched my career and three years later was asked to come back and speak at Journalism Week.

MORT WALKER, AB '48, CREATOR OF *BEETLE BAILEY*
STAMFORD, CONN.

LOVESICK

At the beginning of my first term at Mizzou, there was a flu epidemic. It was so rampant that they had to use buildings around the Quadrangle for hospitals. On one side of the hall were the girls, and across the hall the boys. It didn't take long to feel better, and the coeds were throwing notes across the hall, setting up future dates. We drove Dr. Trimble crazy!

INES BARBERA SAINZ, ARTS '49
VERO BEACH, FLA.

SECRET RECIPE

In my junior year at MU, I was in the College of Home Economics and had to spend one-half of one semester in Home Management House, where you learned to run a house. One time my partner in cooking class and I were preparing a meal where we each invited a guest. My partner invited her boyfriend, and I invited my brother. I remember we prepared the meal for 66 cents—we had to keep our meals to less than \$1 a day. We had chocolate pudding, and one of us accidentally used salt for sugar. It was awful, but we made our guests eat it as we didn't want the teacher to find out. Surprisingly the guys ate it and didn't complain. Money was short, and a meal was a meal.

ELIZABETH SLAUGHTER LEATHERMAN, BS HE '50
BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.

LIVING OFF THE FAT OF THE LAND

I enrolled in September 1946. I had no money, only the promise of the GI Bill. I was able to borrow for books and housing at the barracks near the stadium. Still, I had no money for food, laundry and other essentials. I went to work at the Student Union kitchen, which solved the food problem since I could load up every day, including all the ice cream I wanted. For miscella-

SURPRISINGLY THE GUYS ATE IT AND DIDN'T COMPLAIN.

neous cash I collected grease from the hamburger grill. It amounted to 40 pounds a week and could be sold for 10 cents a pound at the local grocery. That was enough for me to squeeze by. This lasted from September 1946 until the paperwork cleared in February 1947. At that time, I received an income from the GI Bill and married my bride. We're still married 53 years later, and she's prettier now than when we married.

WARREN TALBOT, BS ME '50
VISTA, CALIF.

I ONCE TOOK SACRIFICED LAB RABBITS HOME TO BUTCHER AND FREEZE FOR



ON A SOUR NOTE

In the spring of 1948, my brother Bob and I were in a barbershop quartet with Hugh "Bub" Welch and Wayne Steigman. Our group, The Four Roses, was invited to sing on a music program originating from the Stephens College radio station. Also appearing on the show was a chorus of Stephens College girls, accompanied by an organ. The program was to be recorded and played publicly the next night. As we waited in the studio, the production manager indicated the organist would sound the note to start our song, but we emphasized that the organ would be distracting, since barbershop singers use a pitch pipe.

After the Stephens group performed, the announcer said in his melodious voice, "And now, under the auspices of Bob Gall, we are pleased to present The Four Roses Barbershop Quartet." With that, the organist hit a note as Bub blew the note on the pitch pipe. With the sound of the organ reverberating through the studio, I began to sing but was off key—terribly so! We started again, with the same result. The Stephens girls began to giggle, and then the dumb organist hit another note. Bob irritably growled, "Sound the damn pitch pipe!" With Bub sounding the pitch pipe in one ear and Wayne humming notes in the other, I was momentarily tone-deaf and so mortified I could hardly utter a sound. Finally, the studio manager suggested starting a new recording record (tapes were not yet in use).

With a clean record on the turntable and the laughter from the Stephens girls having died down and the organist finally mute, we started anew and sang one of our best performances. We told all of our friends to be sure to listen to the show. The next evening, we sat in Wayne's car to listen with pride to our performance. As the announcer completed his introduction, there was brief silence, followed by a single note from an organ,

the faint sound of a pitch pipe,
a few bars of the worse-off-
key singing imaginable, titters

of laughter, a growling voice of "Sound the damn pitch pipe," and simultaneous humming and pitch pipe noises. Then there was a click and silence, indicating the radio station had realized its mistake, but too late.

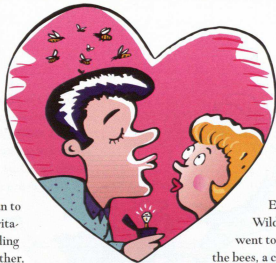
Two years later I was a charter member of the first Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America Chapter in Columbia, and my brother was ultimately that organization's international president. But that spring night at the Columbia radio station will never be forgotten.

BILL GALL, BS BA '51
DALLAS

ROMANTIC ACT

Eight of us lived in one of the World War II barracks above Rollins Field in the 1949-50 school year. One of the eight, as I recall, had the hots for a woman in a play on campus, *The Winslow Boy*, and he decided to try out for the play to get to know her. He was a hit in the play and spent the next 50 years of his life entertaining theater and movie fans. His name: George C. Scott.

JACK DRAKE, BS BA '55
PHOENIX, ARIZ.



CUPID'S ARROW STINGS

When we were engaged, I dressed up to go to St. Louis to pick up Elsie's ring. I put on Wildroot cream and then went to the apary to feed the bees, a class assignment.

Once there, the bees swarmed my head for the Wildroot cream. It was indeed an unforgettable experience, and we still laugh about it.

EDWIN I. ARMITAGE, BS AG '56
CINCINNATI

PREGNANT PAUSE

My sweetheart and I married in our sophomore year and attended Mizzou together. During our senior year, I discovered that I was pregnant. I had hoped to keep my pregnancy a secret. But when I sneezed in class and a button popped off my skirt and hit the blackboard near the instructor's head, I knew it was time for maternity wear.

LINDA ALLBRITTEN, AB '63
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.

COLD CROONERS

While playing in Marching Mizzou in the 1966 season in the last game of the year, the KU game was so cold all the brass valves froze and we sang the entire halftime show! Now that was cold!

RICHARD E. MONTGOMERY, BS Ed '67
INDEPENDENCE, MO.

PEOPLE LOOKED AT ME STRANGELY AND EVEN LAUGHED.

EXPERIMENTING IN THE KITCHEN

As a second-year medical student who was in a persistent state of poverty, I once took sacrificed lab rabbits home to butcher and freeze for family sustenance, for which I was dubbed an "Eagle Scout" in our senior year yearbook. There were about 20 large rabbits, whose butchering took me into the wee a.m. hours!

RONALD E. KEENEY, MD '68
RALEIGH, N.C.



MAJOR MESS

I was drum major of Marching Mizzou in '68 (Gator Bowl season) and '69 (Orange Bowl). The '69 K-State game was in Columbia and was very cold. After our halftime show, the band lined up for hot chocolate in the end zone, and I was the last in line, with my back to the field momentarily. K-State passed deep in the end zone, and I was suddenly tackled by the Mizzou defender, sending me crashing into the hot chocolate urn and covering my white drum major's uniform with hot chocolate, to the delight of the crowd. The game was a thriller, but I spent the rest of the second half at the Med Center receiving two stitches in my head. (My football injury that my dad bragged about.)

BOB DAVIDSON, BS BA '70
JACKSON, MISS.

COULDN'T THEY AFFORD CLOTHES BACK THEN?

UNDIGNIFIED DIGNITARY

In fall '71, I attended my first Mizzou basketball game at Brewer Fieldhouse. Arriving early, I sat in the center of the wooden bleachers just under the mezzanine, not knowing these were alumni seats. At game time, a guard told me to move. With the alumni section now packed, I decided to crawl over the railing to the mezzanine seats. Tripping on the railing, I fell on a well-dressed man. His folding chair collapsed, and we both fell to the floor with me on top. Suddenly two state troopers grabbed me and carried me off, but not before I saw the poor man was Gov. Warren E. Hearnes. Yep, I was the only Mizzou student to wrestle a governor to the ground. Typical freshman klutz. Luckily, there were no arrests.

REID BRONSON, BS BA '75
PLANO, TEXAS

FOWL FRIENDS

In my first month at Missouri, I boarded at the home of the first female J-School graduate, Mary Paxton Keeley, who has since died. She met me at the door carrying a candy-cane striped cane topped with a Donald Duck head, and spent the first hour showing me her duck collection. Then she said, "I hate ducks. A Japanese student gave me my first one, and now I can't get people to give me anything else."

P.D. WEDDINGTON, MA '77
WALNUT CREEK, CALIF.

I SNEEZED IN CLASS

PALTRY PASTRIES

My future wife, JoAnn, and I began to date in 1972.

She and three of her best friends lived in Schurz Hall. We, including their boyfriends, often did many things together, but money was not readily available. Once, around midnight, we decided to walk in the snow from the dorm to the Columbia Donut Co. on Broadway. This was a relatively new experience, as the female dorms (no coed dorms during this time!) had just been forced to do away with curfew hours. After an enchanting, romantic stroll, we arrived at our destination. Our friends ordered hot chocolate and fresh, hot doughnuts, and then it was our turn. Between JoAnn and me, we had only 5 cents. This was enough for five doughnut holes. The young fellow across the counter made a sarcastic remark about the big spender. After five doughnut holes, the last shared between us, we strolled back to the dorm, content and in love.

TURF MARTIN, ARTS '78
VIENNA, AUSTRIA

CARCASS WASH

In the fall of 1982, following a rather rainy Engineering Society picnic, my friend Jill Mauchenheimer Schlumberger, BS HE '86, and I desired a more exciting activity and proceeded out in the rain to the baseball diamond. Here we spent the next half-hour or so running around the muddy diamond and sliding into the bases. By the time we finished, we were covered from head to toe in mud. Now the dilemma was: how to get cleaned up? Towels on the car seats enabled our transportation, and the drive back to campus took us by a hand-spray car wash. Before we began dropping quarters into the slot, we both promised not to turn the dial to the hot wax position.

LEE MATTHEWS, BS ME '83
TROY, MICH.

KEEP THE CHANGE

In the spring of 1981, there had been a number of news reports of a national penny shortage. At the time, there was a snack bar run by fellow students in the Bingham Group. One evening, I posted signs over all of Hatch and Schurz halls stating residents must pay for purchases that evening in pennies due to the shortage. The snack bar workers refused to serve me for weeks as they had to spend hours after the 11:30 p.m. closing counting thousands of pennies.

DAVID A. JOHNSTON, BS BA '81, JD '84
COLUMBIA

AND A BUTTON POPPED OFF MY SKIRT AND HIT THE BLACKBOARD. . .

SNOW ANGELS

One cold, snowy day when classes were canceled, my fraternity brothers and I were helping push cars up the slick street in front of our house, which also happened to be right in front of the cafeteria picture windows (Laws/Lathrop/Jones) where 3,000 girls ate lunch every day. I was hit by a sliding car, bounced over the hood, landed in front of the picture windows and knocked unconscious. More than 200 girls came out to see if I was OK, and when I came to and saw this I shouted, "My God! I've died and gone to heaven."

TIMOTHY KOVACICH, BS ME '81
ST. LOUIS

OVEREXPOSED

As an incoming freshman in 1978, I wanted to make sure I had my share of Mizzou clothing to wear everywhere. I noticed some great white shorts at the former Missouri Bookstore with rows of black-and-gold "MIZZOU" and paw prints printed on the shorts repeatedly. I purchased them and started wearing them with T-shirts on warm days. I wondered why some people looked at me strangely and even laughed at me. Finally, a male friend approached me and asked if I knew what kind of shorts I was wearing. I hadn't realized, until I took a closer look, that I had bought men's boxer shorts!

MARGARET ANGELOS BOORAS, BJ '82
LAKE CHARLES, LA.

THE NAKED TRUTH

During a visit from my parents we toured the Museum of Art and Archaeology. There was a couple there with three small boys. The parents told their sons all about the plaster cast statues—whom they represented, etc. One of the boys listened intently, and while looking up at the nude statue of Apollo, asked as only a 4-year-old can: "Couldn't they afford clothes back then?"

SPRING MCGRAW BRADLEY, AB '95
NEOSHO, MO. ☼

TELL US YOUR STORY

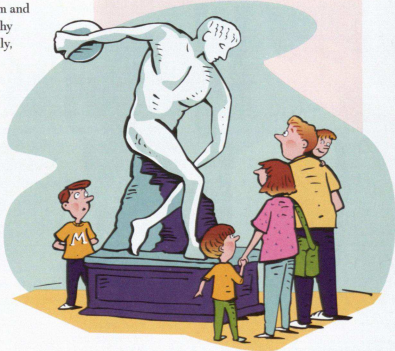
Every life has a story. Tell us yours.

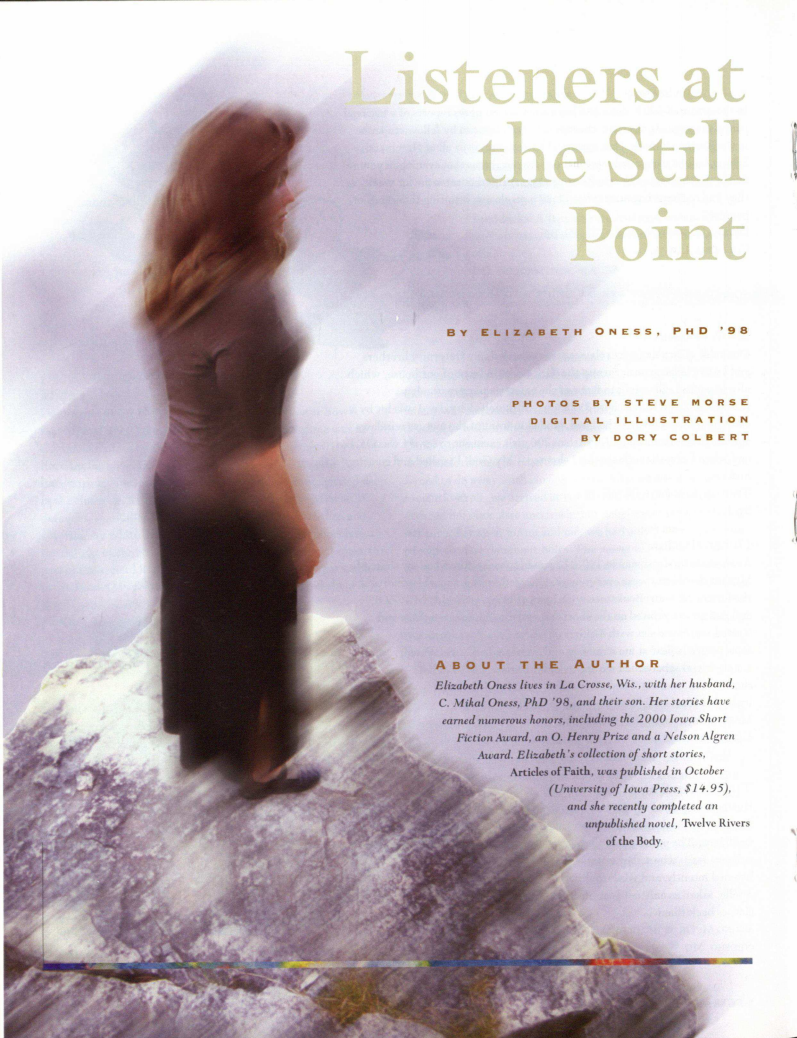
Since graduating, have you overcome an obstacle to reach a dream? Are you in the midst of a challenging situation that has changed your life? Have you experienced an epiphany that led you to transform your priorities? Write to us:

Life Stories

407 Reynolds Alumni Center

Columbia, MO 65211





Listeners at the Still Point

BY ELIZABETH ONESS, PHD '98

PHOTOS BY STEVE MORSE
DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION
BY DORY COLBERT

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Elizabeth Oness lives in La Crosse, Wis., with her husband, C. Mikal Oness, PhD '98, and their son. Her stories have earned numerous honors, including the 2000 Iowa Short Fiction Award, an O. Henry Prize and a Nelson Algren Award. Elizabeth's collection of short stories, *Articles of Faith*, was published in October (University of Iowa Press, \$14.95), and she recently completed an unpublished novel, *Twelve Rivers of the Body*.*

Frangoise stood in front of her mother's picture window, tracing Toronto's skyline with her finger. The skyscrapers around the Lakeshore, usually bright, metallic, were discolored by a pale scrim of heat. She slid her finger up against the tower's slender tip; even its spire didn't pierce the atmosphere.

"I don't see why I need to ask Richard's permission. I just want to get out of this city in August," Francoise made her voice low, reasonable. She knew what her mother was afraid of; she wanted to make her say it, to name it out loud.

Diane was stretched out on the sofa, studying a cookbook filled with glossy photographs. She held a place with one finger and flipped back and forth between the pictures. Swaddled in the sofa's round arms and scalloped back, she seemed to be resting in a bulky vanilla cloud.

"But it's so remote there, what will you do?"

"I'll bring some charcoals and some paints," Francoise said.

"We'll discuss it with Richard on Tuesday," Diane said. She had used the same tone when Francoise was five, when her father was still with them.

"You rely on him for everything."

"Francoise, that's not true."

Francoise twisted a strand of hair around her finger. Richard had become a foreign and annoying fixture in her life; like a scratch on a pair of glasses, his presence imposed itself on her vision like a tiny distracting fleck. She could be running errands, or listening to music, when one of his comments, quiet as a raised eyebrow, flitted through her thoughts. From the beginning he wanted her to call him Richard, instead of Dr. Abrams, as if this familiarity would encourage her to be more talkative, less cool. Diane consulted with him too, but she and Francoise never saw him together. Francoise often thought about Richard and her mother in their concerned collusion; it was as if, for a few hours a week, her mother had hired a substitute husband.

"You could come with me. It would be a break for both of us," Francoise suggested.

"I have too much to do before this shoot. I have to find half a dozen things." Diane marked a place in her book. She worked as a photostylist, and she moved through the world leaving elegant gestures in her wake: flowers in the bedroom, leftovers served in special dishes, matching placemats, cloth napkins. She was not merely fastidious; she had a way of pulling unusual things together and making them fit, a desire to make what might be whimsical, whole. She had stumbled on this metier after her husband left. Disappeared in fact, a few postcards from the western provinces, then nothing. Francoise remembered her mother sitting in the evenings over the checkbook, touching the calculator keys with a pencil eraser. The light from a small desk lamp shone on her hair. Francoise had believed that she did this over and over because the figures, if pursued, might come out differently. Diane had eventually talked her way into a job in advertising, and in a decade of generous budgets, she had become sought out. Her taste, people said, was impeccable.

"I'm going out for a bit." Francoise turned away from the window. The wide brightness was oppressive; the apartment seemed too close to the humid sky.

In the lobby she paused to light a cigarette. She didn't smoke in front of her mother; it would be interpreted as a sign of anxiety. She started downtown, glancing at herself in store windows as she passed by. She had inherited her mother's coloring—olive skin, light brown hair, a thick tangle falling halfway down her back. The contrived wildness made her angular face seem almost delicate. She did not think of herself as pretty; she had a small square chin, a once-broken nose, deepset hazel eyes. An envious friend once said she would have made a beautiful young man. A birthmark splashed her right cheek-

bone. It was almost the length of her thumb, a soft brown comma running down into her cheek. When she was little, her father had explained that everyone had some tiny imperfection; he said God had smudged her with his thumb because she was so pretty.

In the heat the wide sidewalk seemed soft under her sneakers, like the thick rugs in Richard's office. He had been recommended to Diane almost six years ago, after Francoise was expelled from University. She had always been moody—temperamental, Diane had called it, almost proudly; but in the springtime of her sophomore year Francoise had slipped over an invisible border, invisible because most of the time, really, she felt fine. After the "incident," as Diane referred to it, they had pressed Francoise to talk about it, and she had never adequately been able to explain how the pressure of thinking about something so many different ways, the containment of so many perspectives, built up inside her head until it all became colors and shapes, hard and bright, intersecting, until it was all too much, and the thoughts inside her head went white, like chalk-line drawings against a dark blue board. It happened so quickly, and then the world outside snapped back, bright and unreal, its focus too sharp, like coming out of a movie in daytime. Richard made notes of what she said and multiplied them, spinning her words into something apart from her, until she didn't want to talk to him at all. It was talking about it—being forced to put into words what wasn't meant to be voiced, that had blown things out of proportion. Shortly after her twenty-fourth birthday, Richard and her mother agreed she must take medication. Francoise hated the way it made her feel—drowsy, muffled, as if her thoughts were wrapped in cotton. The pills seemed to prevent the buildup of pressure, but they also blunted the ends of her perception, as if the subtle shadings in a palette had been removed, and what remained was plain and bright, mediocre. Painting, even drawing, seemed to require too much energy. She couldn't imagine going through her life feeling so sleepy and vague.

At her appointment on Tuesday, Francoise waited until almost forty minutes had passed before she made her case for going on vacation.

"It's my uncle's summer house; he's a priest in Quebec. Every year he sends us cards at Christmas and Easter, and offers us the cottage for a few weeks. My mother won't even consider it."

"Why is that?"

"He's my father's brother."

"Why do you think he offers it?"

Francoise paused for a moment; she looked out at the white light beyond the Venetian blinds.

"I think, maybe, he feels bad about my father leaving. It's a way of making up, well, he can't make it up, but..." she didn't want to sound anxious. She lowered her voice,

tried to sound encouraging. "He's sent us pictures, it looks lovely, a little place on Tancook Island."

"Where's that?"

"It's off the south coast of Nova Scotia."

"Why do you want to go?"

"I'd like to get out of this awful heat, have a change of scene. I could do some sketching, bring some watercolors. It would be quiet, it would be good for me."

Richard tapped out his pipe. She waited for him to begin a line of questioning about her father and her uncle, but he refilled his pipe,

slowly tamped it down, and lit it. As he lit his pipe, she closed her eyes and imagined that instead of his inevitable brown suit and argyle socks, he was wearing loose, white clothes, sitting cross-legged on a rug in front of her, a high white turban over his dark hair. He would look at her with compassion, let her out of this stifling city. The antique clock on his cabinet ticked, ticked her back into the August heat. She wanted to smash it.

"I'm feeling good these days, I'll take my medicine," she said. The phrase echoed in her head, *take my medicine*, as if it were a punishment, as if it were her fault that voices talked to her, as if she wanted them.

The air conditioner grew loud in the silence.

"I don't see any reason why you shouldn't," Richard smiled. "I think this heat is awful myself."

Francoise rewarded him with a smile. He set down his pipe and smiled back at her; his teeth were small, his smile genuine in the defenseless way of men. She tried not to rush out the door.

On the way home she bought a fresh sketchpad.

"Richard says I can go!" Francoise shouted as she bounced in the door. Diane sat on the living room floor, surrounded by swatches of fabric, linen napkins, and lacquered chopsticks. The room was still. Francoise closed the door behind her gently.

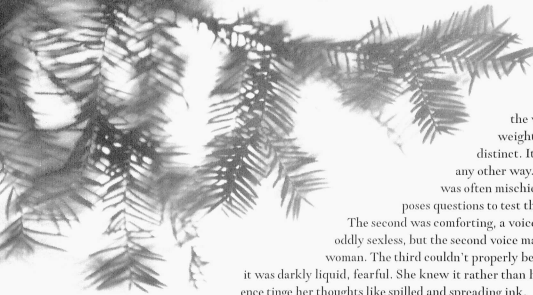
"What are you working on?" Francoise asked.

"I'm doing an ad for a Japanese restaurant downtown." Diane shook out a batik napkin and set a small bamboo tray against it. She stared at them for a moment, then looked up at Francoise. "So he really thinks it's all right?"

Francoise looked down at the arrangement on the carpet.

"Yes, he really does think it's all right." She heard the edge of irritation in her voice, and turned away and walked toward her bedroom. She hated how her mother relied on Richard to decide whether her thoughts were in or out of bounds. The idea of lines, of neat delineation, seemed to comfort Diane, who tried to hide the fact that she watched Francoise with a poised anxiety, as if every mood might stress a fracture that could shift and split without warning. Her mother saw everything as a sign of going up or coming down, but that wasn't it at all. Sometimes Francoise felt as if she were shifting sideways, picking up speed, and often the feeling receded. But there were other times when her thoughts came quickly, moving her into new alcoves in her mind that opened out, one onto the other, like a long series of hidden rooms. She was arriving at her secret self, a place still and perfect. She saw images of what she would paint: fantastic cities floating in blue, surrounded by moats and canals, linked by turning bridges. She wanted to show how every angle was true, how every captured image had a rare and different color.

Last year she had found a stack of books hidden in Diane's nightstand. She read them while Diane was at work and saw how her mother screened everything through a new vocabulary. The books were highlighted with a thick marker, and Francoise felt a sting of recognition at certain sections marked with clear yellow. But some passages had nothing to do with her at all, and she felt angry that her mother was clutching at books, categorizing her according to theories. She understood her mother was frightened, and words and theories were something Diane could grasp. No one else could hear the voices. Mostly the medication kept them quiet, but the medicine also made her cottonmouthed and listless. Every time she took her pills, she felt she was being unfaithful to herself in a small but significant way, like smoking a cigarette when she was trying to quit. Francoise had tried to tell Diane how seldom the voices came, but her mother had looked nervous and changed the subject.



Richard had probably told Diane the less said the better.

He had told Francoise not to name the voices, that it would give them weight. But each of the three voices was distinct. It was impossible to think of them any other way. The first voice, high and playful, was often mischievous, like a knowing child who poses questions to test the boundaries of adult patience.

The second was comforting, a voice of good counsel. All of them were oddly sexless, but the second voice made her think of a wise, older woman. The third couldn't properly be called a voice, it didn't speak, but it was darkly liquid, fearful. She knew it rather than heard it, felt its apprehensive presence tinge her thoughts like spilled and spreading ink.

They began her freshman year at University, layering her anxiety about school with questions of their own. Little questions and phrases. She heard them. Like whispered fragments in an empty room. She told herself they weren't real. Hearing voices was what happened to crazy people. Sometimes they were dormant for months at a time; often she was sure it had all been a phase, half-imagined. They might never come back.

Through the plane window, Lake Ontario dropped away below her. Toronto was left behind, dulled by a filmy wave of heat. She had expected to feel pleasure at her escape from the city, but her medication made her feel both lethargic and bored. She'd been all right without it. This week would be her test. She would see for herself. She settled back in her seat and wondered about her uncle. He had been so courteously persistent in offering the cottage; he must feel sorry for them. Her only memory was of a man with black-framed glasses and flowing dark robes. As a child she hadn't believed he was actually her father's brother; his collar made him seem a kind of foreigner. The only time she saw a resemblance was when they laughed. A few simple words towards the end of a meal made them roar, slap the table, and Francoise remembered her mother smiling too, and then she herself would start to laugh without knowing why, and she felt a buoyant light fill her and ripple out across the room. But even then, her uncle had a busy parish in Quebec. Why had he bought a house in Nova Scotia? When she wrote to ask him about staying there, he answered quickly, saying how delighted he'd be to have her use it. A neighbor had the key and would be expecting her.

Finally she would do some painting. Already Francoise felt it, like the tingle before a headache. When she was small, Diane had bragged about her drawing ability; as Francoise grew older, her art teachers commented on her feel for line and color. Now, Diane saw her painting as an omen of trouble. Rather than upset her mother and risk further containment, Francoise had left her colors alone.

She looked out the window as the plane began its descent into Halifax. They circled over a bright splattering of lakes, dark pine forests split by slim roads. At the car rental counter she studied a map while the agent checked her credit card. The ferry for Tancook Island left from Chester, an easy hour's drive.

Chester was a quiet little town with white clapboard houses and neatly tended hedges. Francoise parked the car and walked past a few bed-and-breakfasts, a bakery, and several shops that sold handmade tourist gifts: gingham pot holders and hand-sewn children's toys. A banner announcing Race Week in September stretched across Main Street, and posters with a pen-and-ink drawing of a sloop were mounted in shop windows. It had

been so long since she'd been anywhere unfamiliar. She sensed herself as a presence in the little town. The air felt clear, cooler, it was good to find her way around. At the drugstore she picked up a schedule for the ferry and asked where she could buy groceries. Her uncle had written that she should buy food in Chester; the island market sold only canned food and dry goods. She walked down the wharf lugging her bag and her groceries. The harbor, ringed with dark pines and few old warehouses, was quiet; a forest of pale masts stood out against the trees. From the boats, the sound of a small radio and fragments of conversation floated through the air. She stopped and shifted the bag of groceries to her other arm. At the end of the dock, a bearded man in a blue uniform coat and old jeans issued tickets and guided people onto the boat. She paid him fifty cents and saw that he noted her, a stranger, as he told her to watch her step.

Inside the boat, the passengers sat in clusters on molded plastic benches. She sat down near three white-haired ladies, two of them gently teasing a third about her youthful figure. The slender one smiled, tapped her knee with her hand, "oh go with you now, I don't," she protested. They nodded at Francoise and smiled. She arranged her bags on the bench and went up on deck.

On the dock, two men fastened cables to a large refrigerator box. The winch creaked when they signaled for the box to be lifted, and it tilted awkwardly into the air, swaying toward the boat. Other supplies were piled on the dock—kerosene, mail, a pale blue armchair covered in plastic.

When the motors shifted and the boat started to pull away, she walked around the prow of the boat and looked out toward the ocean. Out in the harbor, a few white sails moved lazily in the distance. In sunny late afternoon the water was deep blue, like new paint mixed with only a single drop of water. She turned to look back toward the dock and stood still for a few minutes, feeling the sun on her face, the cool air. Then she went inside and rummaged through her bag, feeling for the vial that contained her prescription. Cupping the container in her palm, she walked back up to the deck. As they picked up speed, she leaned over the rail and stared down into the water, pale green and white where the boat cut it. She knew what was inside her head and what was outside it. That was the important thing. You didn't go through your whole life being fine, and then all of a sudden go crazy. Everyone had contradictory impulses. It was just that in her, these disparate urges had coalesced into distinct voices. The medication had been a mistake from the start; it dulled everything inside her, made her feel quiet, unconnected to the world. She opened her hand and watched a pale yellow dot fall into the water, then she tipped the container over and a scattering of dots fell into the spray.

When she looked up, a red-faced man was staring at her. She blushed and looked away. From the deck where he stood, he couldn't have seen the flight of tiny pills, but her thoughts seemed loud, as if they'd been spoken. She hoped she hadn't been moving her lips in thought. When the ferry cut its engines and eased into the dock, he seemed to disappear.

The land surrounding the harbor was studded with bright houses: turquoise, raspberry, she'd never seen houses painted such colors. Her uncle had sent pictures of his cottage so she could find it—there were no house numbers on the island; there was only one road. She pulled the photos out of her bag. He'd told her to turn left at the end of the jetty and walk about a quarter of a mile. He'd drawn a little map that showed the road running along the south shore of the island, splitting into a fork on the east side; one branch leading to the market, the other to a beach. The road didn't even make a complete loop; the island's north side was rocky beachfront. She picked up her packages and started down the tarmac. To the south, behind the houses and lawns, the ocean stretched in a vast gray breadth.

Inland, the countryside was forested, slightly hilly; cornflowers, black-eyed Susans and tiny scarlet-petaled stars were bright and distinct against the cloudy afternoon.

Her arms were getting tired; she had sweated through her T-shirt. She approached a gray clapboard house with a wide deck that matched the photos. She set down her bags and groceries on the porch and went across the road to get the key. She barely had time to knock. A round-faced woman, in a plastic apron that said Bar B-Q, came to the door.

"Hello, dear. Father Austin told us you'd be coming. You're a painter, he says," she smiled at Francoise, curious. "I turned on the furnace so you'd have hot water and some heat at night." She turned back toward the kitchen and yelled, "Harmon, fetch the key, will you?"

A boy wearing an Iron Maiden T-shirt appeared behind her. He pushed the key at Francoise shyly, staring at a point beyond her shoulder. She thanked them and walked back across the road. Her belongings and groceries sitting on the porch seemed vibrant, out of place next to the shuttered windows and weathered gray paint.

She let herself into the house. When she shut the door behind her, the sound of the ocean was cut off, and the silence inside the house seemed tangible, like the opening shot of an old movie that slowly reveals a room before the sound starts. The living room was furnished with comfortable arm chairs, a pale gray sofa, white ceramic lamps on pale wood tables. It wasn't rustic, or masculine as she had expected. There were no photos or pictures—only a few old paperbacks, probably left by another visitor, scattered on bookshelves by the television. A large mirror hung on one wall. She hadn't realized how much she'd hoped for some image of her father among her uncle's things. She moved from room to room; in the bedrooms she opened every dresser drawer: each was neatly lined with shelf paper, clean and unoccupied. She found a package of tissues, a Tom Clancy novel, not one photo or scrap of handwritten paper. The absence of sound was palpable; she felt as if she were moving underwater. She turned on the refrigerator and its hum rippled the silence.

She sat down in the living room. It was light, uncluttered, a perfect place to work if she had to paint indoors. The pleasant anonymity of the room depressed her. She lit a cigarette. Her mother wouldn't talk about it, but

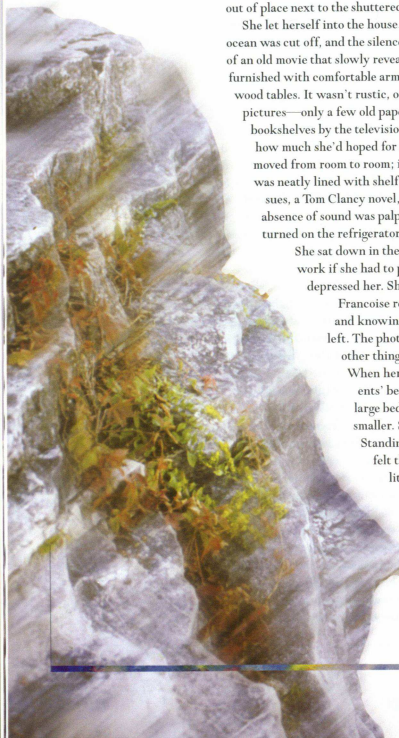
Francoise remembered, distinctly, coming home from school one day and knowing the house was different, knowing that her father had left. The photos were gone, that was the first thing she recognized; other things were missing too, but she couldn't say what they were.

When her mother went to take a shower, she walked into her parents' bedroom, looking for what he might have left behind. The large bed was made, but the room seemed diminished, somehow smaller. She went and stood in her father's side of the closet.

Standing amidst his suits, she smelled their dark, leather smell, felt the scratchy wool and linen against her cheeks. She made a little space for herself on the low shelf that usually held his shoes, and she leaned against the back of the closet,

looking up at the dark suits, the empty arms reaching down to her like the soft arms of ghosts.

The following day she felt lighter, more clear. She wondered how long it would take for the medication to work itself out of her system. She walked, she napped, and felt reminded of what it was like to be alone,



to do as she pleased. If she could stay here and paint, without taking her medicine, and the voices did not come, then it meant she was all right. It was foolish to spend her whole life taking a drug to keep them away.

She felt shy, at first, about choosing a place to paint. Every person on the island—there were only forty or fifty inhabitants—seemed aware of her arrival. The first time, she set up an easel in the front yard. The day was light and clear; the long grass blew around the boundary fences and the trees seemed to sway and settle as if breathing. She looked out over the road and the few widely spaced houses beyond, their grassy backyards running off to a low cliff drop, and spreading beyond, the broad expanse of ocean reflecting blue. She felt apprehensive as she took out her paints. She had brought watercolors because they were easier to carry. After so long, what if nothing she did pleased her? But looking out over the lush grass and the sea, the tiny, scarlet flowers clustered by the fence, the colors invited her, and she wanted to put their brightness into something of her own making. She dampened her brush and paused for a moment over the paints. When she finally touched her brush to the paper she felt a ripple of connection: paint, water, paper, dipping her brush the way her small hand had reached for holy water in church; her father teaching her to cross herself: Father, Son, Holy Ghost. She swept a wash of blue against the paper and felt the breeze washing over her.

That night she felt festive. She sauteed scallops in butter in a heavy black pan. The shopkeeper in Chester had teased her, saying that she could have gotten them for pennies on the island. The thick rounds of fish grew firm in the heat and she drank a glass of wine with her dinner and thought how good it was to be coming back into herself. After dinner she sat and smoked. She tried to read one of the paperbacks that someone had left, but the book didn't occupy her and she stretched out on the sofa and thought about how glad she was to be away, how everyone had made too much of just one incident, something that was really mostly a temper tantrum on her part.

Late in April, her sophomore year at University, she had gone to the art studio to decide which paintings to submit for her final portfolio. It was late in the afternoon, the light on the granite buildings fading from blue to gray. She had pulled out a stack of watercolors and set them on an empty table in the middle of the studio. Moving slowly through the stack, she had studied each painting, then slid it over to a separate pile. Her earliest work was on the bottom, and as she came to paintings she had half-forgotten, they seemed almost unfamiliar. She had thought of each one as a separate piece, but reviewing them together, she saw, for the first time, how they revealed her. It was like seeing a friend with her siblings for the first time: the shadow or impulse of a gesture somehow arose from the same place. Most of the paintings were imaginary cityscapes. Fantastic buildings floated above the ground or hovered in odd juxtapositions. Tiny figures walked through doors turned sideways. The colors—orange, magenta, deep blue—were bold, or at least that was what she'd intended, but now they seemed garish, like clown faces gone evil.

The daylight in the studio had faded; shadows settled in the tiled corners. She moved to turn on the lights, then stopped. She didn't want to see anything else. It disturbed her, how her paintings revealed the bright and shifting pressure slowly building up, the kaleidoscopic garishness inside her. Then the first voice, a high whispy laughter, seemed a beating glimmer in her ear. The voice had flickered at the edge of her consciousness for months. She thought of it as playful, a daring part of herself. As she lit a cigarette, she saw herself touching a match to the corner of a painting. *Touch it. Just touch it.* The first voice was always light, urging her to touch, to try. *Touch it. Go on.* The whimsy of the idea pleased her. Then the second voice, a voice that often soothed her or encouraged

her, the voice she almost desired, said *yes, go on*, steady and comforting, as if she were taking care of something disagreeable, but necessary.

She pulled a painting from the stack and struck a match. The light flared up from her fingers and she watched the black line move down the match stem, ahead of the flame. She held it. Then she lit another, and carefully lowering her hand, she touched it to the corner of the painting. It wouldn't catch at first, so she struck another match and held it to the paper until a small orange flame moved slowly across the corner in an uneven, widening line. She touched another match to a reluctant stretch of paper and the painting flared up, drowning the colors into sheets of dark ash. Then she did another and another.

Later she tried to explain that she didn't feel commanded; she wasn't doing anything in spite of herself, but when she finally revealed the voices, her mother's reaction frightened her more than what she'd done.

The next day she decided to look for a different spot to paint. She had already followed the road to the east where it forked: one way led to a ramshackle market with a rusty gas pump outside, the other to a little school house. Walking down the road in the other direction, she passed small houses with vegetable gardens and clothes hanging out to dry. The pavement ended at the edge of a large field; tire tracks continued through the long grass to a weathered house set on the edge of the cliffs. A wooden sign read Private Road. The house looked empty, so she skirted the sign and walked around the edge of the field to the rocky shore.

A metal sign, courtesy of Tancook Island Public Safety, warned that the rocks were dangerous. A broken cable stretched below the sign like an interrupted thought. High steps of mottled rock rose up to scrub pines on the ridge. She watched the water. The tide was going out. She climbed up onto the first step of rocks, walked down toward the island's tip and pulled herself onto a higher step, then she sat down and looked out over the ocean. The whitened sky was opaque: a day that wouldn't go dark but wouldn't get sunny. The wind was damp in her hair and she clapped the grit off her palms; she felt happy. In the wind she sometimes heard something faintly, faraway, like voices behind a closed door. She tried not to worry about them. They were like a migraine, she told herself; if she feared them too much she might bring them on. But the faint sibilance was distracting, like a conversation she could only hear a part of. It made her sad in a way too, because a quiet part of her wanted to know what the voices would tell her. After all, the voices were a part of her, and sometimes she felt they might tell her some true thing about herself, something she couldn't get at any other way.

She turned and headed back. There seemed to be a faint path along the ridge, and before reaching the tarmac road, it angled off to the north. When the path merged with an old dirt road heading into the forest, she turned and followed it until it became grassy tire tracks and finally dwindled to a narrow path in the long grass. The morning was quiet. Moving inland she heard the light rustling of leaves, the intermittent cries of birds. The path led into a forest of slender poplars and elms. The forest was young, full of light, and here the path seemed no more than a deer trail. The forest opened onto a clearing. At the far side she saw the edge of a pine forest, but there was something strange about it. As she walked closer, she saw that the trees were loaded with feathery, pale green moss that hung like heavy nets of tangled hair. The moss dangled over the pine branches in clumps and, in spite of the heat, the moss reminded her of pale green snow, a scene from a fantastic picture book. She touched the moss, tough and wiry against her fingers. She would come back and paint this.

She followed the path to an old fire circle and realized that she had come out at the north side of the island. Carefully she walked over and saw she was high over the ocean, at the edge of cliffs that dropped down to a broad rocky shelf, and down again to large black boulders resting like huge, dark animals in the water.

She sat down a safe distance from the edge, and looked out over the water and the boulders. Had her uncle ever come here? She tried again to conjure up some picture of him, and then, distinct and clear as a bird call, the second voice said:

He's coming.

She didn't move. She felt surprised that she wasn't upset by hearing the voice again. Its clarity was undeniable; it felt strange to hear it outdoors. She looked out over the water. It unnerved her to hear the voice without any sense of directionality.

"My uncle?"

No. This voice was the patient one. In the pause she felt a sense of expectation; there was something she was supposed to understand.

"My father?" She hadn't known she was going to say it, but as she spoke, she had the sudden feeling that everything made sense. Her uncle must have known, all along, where her father was. This place was for them to see each other. She felt a sense of almost unbearable excitement. It was perfect. And suddenly she felt the presence of the third voice. She knew what it thought. Its presence urged caution; it seeped, large and dark, below the other voices.

"I know," she whispered. "He'll be nervous about seeing me. It will probably be a little strange at first."

She picked herself up off the grass. She imagined the full ashtrays at the house, the breakfast dishes left unwashed. She had to go and get ready. She hurried back, past the forest with its pale, heavy moss, past the clearing and into the trees. She would bring her father here. She would show this to him. She ran down the trail toward her uncle's house.

When she got inside, she was breathing hard. She closed the door; the thick silence seemed to absorb her. She stood for a moment. She had doubted the voices, but maybe this was what they'd been for all along.

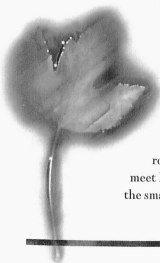
Francoise took a deep breath and moved to the kitchen sink to begin washing up. She would take the ferry to Chester to get some more groceries so she could make him a nice dinner. She swirled soap onto a dish and wondered if she should go down to the pier for the next ferry's arrival.

She went into the bedroom to brush out her hair. Her cheeks were red. Her hair floated from the brush. And then she heard the high whispy giggle, the first voice, amused at her excitement. It didn't say anything, but she heard its small laughter in the corner. She clenched her hair brush, annoyed.

It'll be fun. The voice giggled like a girl at a slumber party.

"Shut up," Francoise said. "I don't need you now." She bent over and started brushing from the nape of her neck. She felt herself shaking. *I'll bet he's very handsome.* The voice came from the corner, teasing her.

"Shut up!" Francoise shouted. She straightened up and stared at herself in the mirror. The mark on her cheek accentuated her eyes. "You have to be quiet when he comes," she said softly, pleading to the mirror. She used the hairbrush to sweep her hair back. She would go now, and meet him. She would watch from the road for the ferry's approach, watch for the small darkness on the horizon to come to her and take its shape. ❀



Hopes for Hoops

STORY BY JENNIFER WILFORD
PHOTO BY ROB HILL

IF BASKETBALL COACH QUIN SNYDER has peered into his proverbial crystal ball, he's not hinting at what he sees about the upcoming season. "I don't believe in predictions, in that they ground you," says Snyder, who enters his second year at the helm. "It puts certain parameters on you and ... I don't believe so much in focusing on the end result as much as pushing toward it." Although Snyder won't say much about goals, he wants MU to improve on its NCAA Tournament record after being bounced in the first round by North Carolina.

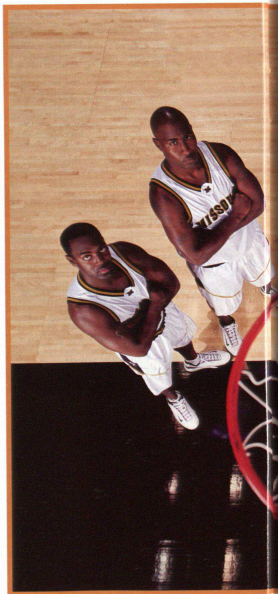
With last year's 18-13 season under his belt, Snyder enters the new schedule with a clearer sense of his personnel. The players have a better idea about Snyder's attacking defense and up-tempo offense. Plenty of questions remain, too.

The 2000-01 Missouri Tigers will be without guard Keyon Dooling, who skipped his final two seasons at MU for the NBA draft. Orlando picked Dooling at No. 10 in the first round and then traded him to the Los Angeles Clippers, where last season's associate head coach, John Hammond, also landed. Dooling, a second-team All-Big 12 selection as a sophomore, was the Tigers' leading scorer, averaging 15.3 points per game. He also provided leadership and was a fine fit for

Snyder's style of offense.

But with four starters returning—guards Brian Grawer (senior) and Clarence Gilbert (junior), forward Kareem Rush (sophomore) and forward/center Tajudeen Soyoye (senior)—the cupboard is not exactly empty. Rush could be one of the most exciting players to watch this year, after a breakout rookie season, which included his being named the conference's co-freshman of the year. Snyder will look to Grawer, Gilbert and senior forward Johnnie Parker to help fill the leadership void left by Dooling. Gilbert, a third-team all-conference selection last year, will have to become more vocal this year, Snyder says, beyond his lead-by-example style. Grawer, described by Snyder as "amazingly committed," was in the gym shooting 500 (yes, he counts them) shots a day for an estimated total of 45,000 shots this summer. Grawer also competed abroad as a Big 12 All-Star to hone his dribbling, a skill that'll be all the more important without Dooling.

Part of the season's success could hinge on what Snyder calls an "x factor," an incoming class including three nationally recruited freshmen—guards Rickey Paulding and Wesley Stokes and center Arthur Johnson. Any of these players



could have immediate impact. A fourth player is perhaps the best: Travon Bryant, a McDonald's All-American. This fall, Bryant achieved a test score high enough to make him eligible to play as soon as the fall semester ends.

Snyder says, "We're still discovering who we are as a team, particularly with the new players." He hopes the newbies will fill some important spots, including the post area where the Tigers had a hard time last year against teams with strong interior play. This is where the 6-foot-9-inch Johnson might be able to step in. "He has a lot of offensive skills, and while it sounds simplistic, he has a great pivot



Even with Keyon Dooling off to the NBA, the team has experience on the floor. From left are guard Clarence Gilbert, forward Johnnie Parker, forward/center Tajudeen Soyoye, forward Kareem Rush and guard Brian Grawer.

that allows him to make a lot of moves off the basket," Snyder says. "He is an instinctive rebounder, and he has great hands, which is such a gift for an inside player."

The freshmen will see action in a competitive schedule, packing in tough conference games with what Grawer affectionately calls the "Big 10 road trip." This five-day stretch includes away games at Iowa and Indiana plus the annual Braggan' Rights contest against Illinois played in

St. Louis. To pile on the pressure, the Tigers will be nationally televised against DePaul and Virginia.

Beyond every coach's obvious aim of making the best possible team from freshmen and veterans, Snyder holds a longer-term goal dearer than any preseason prognostication. "My focus is on simply creating excellence in our organization," by developing players on the court and in the classroom, Snyder says. "You can benchmark the tournament, the Sweet 16 or the

Final Four or the Big 12 championship, but I would like people to look at our program and be unbelievably proud of what we are doing both on and off the floor." ❁

About the Author: Jennifer Kuester Wilford, BJ '93, has written about MU sports for The Kansas City Star and the Columbia Daily Tribune. She now works at the School of Journalism as its assistant director of career services and undergraduate recruitment.

DATE OPPONENT TIME

NOV. 12	AAU TEAM	2 P.M.
NOV. 14	LINCOLN UNIVERSITY	7 P.M.
NOV. 17	SAVANNAH STATE (MSN)	8 P.M.
NOV. 25	GREAT ALASKA SHOOTOUT (ESPN)	TBA
DEC. 2	TEXAS-PAN AMERICAN (MSN)	1 P.M.
DEC. 6	DEPAUL (ESPN)	8 P.M.
DEC. 9	ST. LOUIS (MSN)	1 P.M.
DEC. 16	IOWA (ESPN)	6 P.M.
DEC. 18	INDIANA (ESPN2)	6 P.M.
DEC. 21	ILLINOIS (ESPN)	8 P.M.
DEC. 30	STETSON (MSN)	1 P.M.
JAN. 2	COASTAL CAROLINA (MSN)	7 P.M.
JAN. 6	NEBRASKA* (MSN)	6 P.M.
JAN. 10	COLORADO* (MSN)	8 P.M.
JAN. 13	IOWA STATE* (ESPN-PLUS)	3 P.M.
JAN. 16	KANSAS STATE* (MSN)	7 P.M.
JAN. 20	VIRGINIA (ABC)	NOON
JAN. 24	NEBRASKA*	7 P.M.
JAN. 27	TEXAS TECH* (ESPN-PLUS)	12:45 P.M.
JAN. 29	KANSAS* (ESPN)	8 P.M.
FEB. 3	OKLAHOMA STATE* (ESPN-PLUS)	3 P.M.
FEB. 7	KANSAS STATE* (MSN)	7 P.M.
FEB. 11	IOWA STATE* (ABC)	2:30 P.M.
FEB. 14	COLORADO* (MSN)	7 P.M.
FEB. 17	TEXAS A&M* (ESPN-PLUS)	12:45 P.M.
FEB. 19	OKLAHOMA* (ESPN)	8 P.M.
FEB. 24	BAYLOR* (ESPN-PLUS)	3 P.M.
FEB. 26	TEXAS* (ESPN)	8 P.M.
MARCH 4	KANSAS* (CBS)	1 P.M.
MARCH 8	BIG 12 TOURNAMENT (ESPN-PLUS)	TBA

HOME GAMES IN BOLD

*DENOTES BIG 12 CONFERENCE GAME

ALL TIMES CENTRAL

LIKE FATHER, LIKE DAUGHTER

KAT SHIRK CONTINUED TWO FAMILY traditions when she started college this fall. Her grandfather, father and various other relatives are Mizzou alumni, and like her parents, Kat plans to be a newspaper journalist. Dad Steven Shirk, BJ '72, is a managing editor of *The Kansas City Star*, where her mother, Joyce, is a copy editor. Joyce, however, is a graduate of rival KU. "I might have to taunt her a little bit at Homecoming," Kat said with a smile early in the fall semester, anticipating the Tiger-Jayhawk contest.

The Shirks live in Overland Park, Kan., but Kat qualified for resident fees as an Alumni Excellence Award recipient. The award pays out-of-state tuition plus \$1,500 annually to top students who are non-Missouri residents and whose parent or parents graduated from MU. With the Alumni Excellence Award and other scholarships, Kat's costs at Mizzou are lower than they would have been had she attended college in her home state.

A young woman with many interests, Kat is pursuing a double major in journalism and religious studies, and someday hopes to attend seminary. In high school, she was editor of the student newspaper, company manager of the theater program, and a member of the swim team and the volleyball team. She revels in the intellectual challenge at Mizzou, particularly courses in the Honors College. "There's so much to learn here," she says. "I'm expanding my mind so much."

Another highlight for Kat is belonging to a Freshman Interest Group (FIG) called Journalism Scholars, which is open to National Merit Semifinalists and Finalists interested in journalism careers. FIG members live in the same residence hall and take several classes together. "It's really become my family away from home," she says of her FIG. "I don't know what we would do without each other's support."



Kat Shirk, shown here with parents Joyce and Steven of Overland Park, Kan., plans to be a second-generation journalist and a third-generation Mizzou graduate. An Alumni Excellence Award allows the Kansas resident to pay in-state fees.

DOES YOUR CHILD QUALIFY FOR THIS SCHOLARSHIP?

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT THE Alumni Excellence Award, call the Financial Aid office at (573) 882-7506. Non-Missouri residents qualify if they meet these criteria:

- biological or adoptive parent graduated from MU;
- graduate in the top 15 percent of high-school class;
- have a composite ACT score of at least

27 or combined SAT score of at least 1200; and

- enroll at MU their first semester after high school.

FOR MEMBERS ONLY

MEMBER CALENDAR

CONGRATULATIONS TO THESE MEMBERS whose photos are featured in the 2001 Member Calendar: James Devaney, an engineering student from Hallsville, Mo.; Ken Flottman, AB '85, of Biloxi, Miss.; David Frech, AB '64, of Columbia; Tim Lyons, BS BA '81, of Manchester, Mo.; David Roloff, BES '78, MA '85, of Columbia; Anthony Scantlen, BJ '49, MA '52, of St. Charles, Ill.; Julia Scheerer, AB '78, of Durham, N.C.; John Scherr, BS ChE '95, of St. Louis; and Chris Toebben, a psychology student from Jefferson City, Mo.

Each member household will receive one free calendar. Additional copies are available for \$5 each.

ENTER A FAVORITE PHOTO

USE THE ENTRY FORM ENCLOSED WITH your calendar to submit your favorite campus photos for the 2002 edition, which will have a botanical garden theme in honor of MU's status as a botanic garden and member of the American Association of Botanic Gardens and Aboretia. All four seasons will be represented in the calendar, and consideration will be given to horizontal photos that best represent the botanical garden theme.

DISCOUNTS ADD UP

CHECK OUT THE REDESIGNED WEB SITE at www.mizzou.com for a list of discounts offered to MU Alumni Association members nationwide. New participants in the discount program are Arbonne International Skincare and Adams Walls of Books. Arbonne Inter-

national Skincare offers association members 10 percent off nonsale items, and free facial and skin-care consultation. Adams Walls of Books offers members a 10 percent discount on all items.

STAY CONNECTED

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS ARE COMING soon. In addition to the many benefits that you receive from membership, your dues also support scholarships, faculty incentive grants and individual schools. Watch the mail for your renewal notice.

TRACK THE TAIL

CONGRATULATIONS TO THESE WINNERS who found Truman's tail on Page 57 of the Fall issue: Christine Mann Dyess, AB '79, of Boulder, Colo.; H. Bailey Gallison Sr., AB '48, of La Jolla, Calif.; Candice Hobbs Stanley, BS Ed '92, of Rolla, Mo.; and Robert Zale, BJ '50, of Charlotte, N.C.

When you find Truman's missing tail in this issue of MIZZOU, mail or e-mail us the message "I found Truman's tail on Page ____" to Truman's Tail, 123 Reynolds Alumni Center, Columbia, MO 65211. Be sure to include your name, address and student ID#/class years. We'll conduct a random drawing from all the entries received before Jan. 5 for a gift membership, MU logo merchandise, game tickets and more.

HOW TO JOIN

MEMBERSHIP IN THE MU ALUMNI Association is available to alumni, students, faculty, staff, parents, friends and any MU enthusiast. Call 1-800-372-MUAA today.

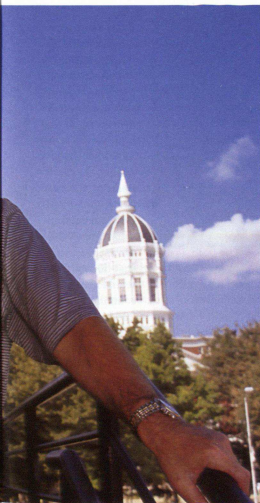


PHOTO BY STEVE MORSE

MISSION STATEMENT

The MU Alumni Association proudly supports the best interests and traditions of Missouri's flagship university and its alumni worldwide. Lifelong relationships are the foundation of our support. The relationships are enhanced through advocacy, communication and volunteerism.

TRIPPOINTS GAINS MOMENTUM

JUST MONTHS AFTER GRADUATING FROM college, Jeanine Johnson has compiled an impressive résumé: She landed a job with Microsoft Corp., the worldwide leader in computer software; she is establishing a scholarship for Mizzou students; and she is founder and president of TriPoints, an organization for members and allies of MU's gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender (GLBT) community.

Johnson launched TriPoints last year while a senior in the College of Engineering, where she was a double major in computer science and computer engineering. "The emotional stress of college can be difficult, especially if you come from a different background than most of your peers," she says. TriPoints provides social support, a professional network and a voice for GLBT students and alumni.

The organization's goals are to increase awareness of past and present GLBT members at MU; to establish a GLBT professional network for career advancement, advice and opportunities; to host social engagements that encourage communication and civic and community service; to assist GLBT students and their allies in accomplishing their educational objectives; and to provide a supportive network for furthering the equality of GLBT persons.

In particular, TriPoints members favor including sexual orientation as one of the protected categories in the University's official nondiscrimination statement. The current nondiscrimination policy, approved by the University of Missouri System Board of Curators on Jan. 29, 1999, calls for fair and respectful treatment of all individuals, "regardless of their status," but does not specifically mention sexual orientation or other characteristics. "We're trying to show why it would be worthwhile to get the

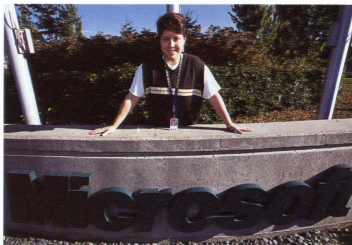


PHOTO BY ANTHONY BOLANTE

A software design engineer at Microsoft Corp., Jeanine Johnson, BS, BS CoE '00, is president of TriPoints, an organization serving MU's gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender community.

University's nondiscrimination policy to be more inclusive," Johnson says, noting that her employer provides benefits to domestic partners.

TriPoints publishes a quarterly newsletter and plans to offer a mentoring program in which alumni assist students whose career interests are similar to their own. The group hopes to have a reunion in April in conjunction with the Catalyst Awards, a program of the campus GLBT Resource Center honoring exceptional commitment to the GLBT community.

Johnson is a member of the MU Alumni Association's diversity committee, which works to ensure that alumni events are accessible and inclusive of all constituencies. In starting TriPoints, Johnson sought assistance from the alumni association, which provided mailing addresses for potential members and put her in touch with other interested persons. The Student Life office also helped in the effort, which resulted in 15 founding members.

As an alumna, Johnson actively supports Mizzou. She returned to campus in September to recruit future employees for

Microsoft, where she is a software design engineer who creates programs to test products before they are shipped to customers. She made her first \$1,000 donation toward the Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, Transgender and Ally Scholarship Fund on Nov. 16, the earliest date that her employer would match the contribution. By 2004, she expects

the scholarship to be fully funded at \$10,000.

"I wanted to show that the GLBT community could donate as easily as anyone else, and I know students can benefit from the help," says Johnson, a Curators Scholar who also received ROTC and Leadership scholarships. The scholarship established by Johnson will be open to all students in good standing, with recipients selected on the basis of an essay about their ambitions and goals.

AFFINITY GROUPS VARY

THE MU ALUMNI ASSOCIATION SUPPORTS a wide variety of groups that wish to gather in the name of Mizzou. Their affinity to the University is through their involvement in a particular organization while attending MU. Examples of such groups are TriPoints, Marching Mizzou Alumni and the Black Alumni Organization.

There is no additional charge for MUAA members to join these affinity groups. For more information, call the MU Alumni Association at 1-800-372-MUAA or locally 882-6611.

CHAPTER NEWS

COOKING IN TOPEKA

THE NEW KANSAS AREA TIGERS CHAPTER in Topeka held a family cookout and its first fund-raiser on July 29 at the Lake Sherwood Clubhouse. Members and guests enjoyed a delicious lunch and an afternoon of sharing Tiger memories. An autographed basketball and football, as well as other MU items and general merchandise, were sold in a silent auction that raised more than \$600.

COLE GIVES SCOOP ON MU

THE COLE COUNTY CHAPTER HOSTED ITS first Off to Mizzou ice cream social on June 19 for the county's incoming freshmen and their parents at McClung Park in Jefferson City, Mo. Stuart Palonsky, director of the Honors College, spoke to the group as the chapter's board members dipped ice cream for nearly 50 guests.

On Aug. 31, the chapter's annual barbecue fed nearly 400 alumni and friends at Memorial Park. Featured guests were Mike Alden, athletic director; Mike Kelly, the "voice of the Tigers," and Chris Gervino, BJ '88, KOMU-TV sports anchor. The group enjoyed the sounds of

the Over the Hill Band at this annual scholarship fund-raiser.

TIGERS PROWL IN OHIO

THE NORTHEAST OHIO CHAPTER HOSTED the first out-of-state Tigers for Tigers event at the Cleveland Zoo on Aug. 20. Alumni of all ages came to hear Mike Baltz, director of Mizzou Tigers for Tigers, speak at the picnic about the program's efforts to preserve tigers in the wild. The group then spent the afternoon touring the zoo.

FUN "FORE" D.C.

THE WASHINGTON, D.C., CHAPTER'S annual picnic and golf tournament has become a must-do event for area alumni. Fort McNair again was the site on June 25 for an afternoon of golf and a cookout enjoyed by more than 75 people.

WATCHING IN THE WEST

THE LA/ORANGE COUNTY CHAPTER TUNA in the Sept. 16 contest between Mizzou and No. 24 Michigan State. The Tigers led at the half but lost 13-10.

FALL PICNIC IN BUCHANAN

THE BUCHANAN COUNTY CHAPTER PICNIC on Sept. 6 featured guest speaker Sarah Reesman, AB '86, associate athletic director at MU.

ACTIVE GROUPS REWARDED

A NEW RECOGNITION PROGRAM REWARDS chapters with money for scholarships and activities when they meet certain requirements. Announced at Leaders' Weekend, the Columns Recognition Program is based on the association's six Guideposts to Excellence: discovery, diversity, pride, respect, responsibility and tradition.

For a brochure that details the requirements for Foundation Chapters, Columns Chapters and Capstone Chapters, call 1-800-372-MUAA or locally 882-6611.

ALUMNI VOLUNTEER

GOOD FOR THE SOUL

By Wally Pfeffer, BGS '89

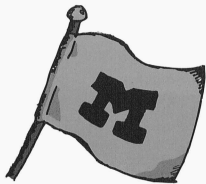
LET ME SHARE WITH YOU WHY I AND 1,000 others volunteer, in the hope that you will join in the cause.

We volunteer because of pride and tradition. As alumni we take pride in our Columns, our Phi Beta Kappa scholars and the memories of Mizzou athletic victories. As the traditions of old move into the realm of legend, we embrace the traditions of current and future generations of students as they bring new chapters to the Mizzou experience.

I believe we volunteer because of diversity and respect. For many of us, our first exposure to a variety of experiences and people came at Mizzou. We respect this diversity as an opportunity to grow beyond ourselves. We respect all alumni as valued individuals who bring time, talent, treasure and wisdom to our association and our University.

I believe we volunteer because of discovery and responsibility. Our world is ever changing due to advancements in science, technology and social trends. Our responsibility is to use these discoveries to keep alumni connected and help them become informed advocates for MU.

We volunteer because of all these things—and because it's fun! Yes, it can be hard work, but at the same time volunteering for MU can fill the soul. With your help, we can improve on this remarkable place and inspiring experience. Come join us! Wally Pfeffer, a member of the Boone County Chapter, is active in the Arts and Science Alumni Organization.



Celebrate MU's 162nd birthday at a Founders' Day reception from 4:30 to 6 p.m. Thursday, Feb. 8, in Reynolds Alumni and Visitor Center.



**FACULTY AND ALUMNI
RECEIVE RECOGNITION**

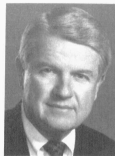
OUTSTANDING FACULTY MEMBERS AND leaders in the fields of art, business, consulting, higher education, journalism, nuclear engineering and veterinary medicine were honored by the MU Alumni Association at the 33rd annual Faculty-Alumni Awards Banquet Oct. 6 at the Reynolds Alumni Center. Since 1968, Faculty-Alumni Award winners have been selected for accomplishments in their professional lives and service to the University. The program focuses attention not only on these outstanding people and their accomplishments, but also on the vital relationship between faculty and alumni in promoting the best interests of the University.

To nominate a candidate for the 2001 Faculty-Alumni Awards program, write or call Carrie Lanham, 123 Reynolds Alumni and Visitor Center, Columbia, MO 65211, (573) 882-4366 or 1-800-372-6822. The deadline for nominations is Feb. 2. The 2001 banquet will be held on Oct. 26.



**Michael Braude,
BS BA '57**

Retired as president and CEO of the Kansas City Board of Trade, resides in Shawnee Mission, Kan.



Harry M. Cornell Jr., BS BA '50, of Joplin, Mo., received the Distinguished Service Award, the association's highest honor for an individual. The award recognizes outstanding service that, through sustained efforts and support, has added to MU's excellence. Cornell is chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Leggett & Platt Inc., the leading producer of components for bedding and furniture. With Leggett & Platt, Cornell and his wife, Ann, donated \$3 million toward the new College of Business building, to be named in their honor, and toward a professorship.



Charles E. Timberlake, professor of history, received the Distinguished Faculty Award, the highest honor the association grants to a faculty member. The award recognizes sustained efforts in teaching, research and service that have added to MU's excellence. Timberlake has improved understanding between Americans and Russians while elevating MU's reputation in Russian studies and Russian history. He has visited Russia more than 30 times and will spend most of this academic year in Russia completing a major study of Communist religious and economics policies toward the Russian village from 1917 to 1927.



Pamela Benoit
Professor and chair
of communication



**Robert L. Blake
Jr.**
Professor of family
and community
medicine



**Thelbert E.
Childers Jr.,
BS Ag '65,
DVM '67**

Retired veterinarian, resides in Dallas



**Irvin W.
Cockriel**

Professor and associate dean of education

A S S O C I A T I O N N E W S



Mark A. Fine

Professor and chair of human development and family studies



Kee W. Groshong, BS BA '64

Vice chancellor for administrative services at MU, resides in Columbia



Hildegarde Heymann

Professor and unit leader of food science



Gary A. Hughes, BS EE, MS '74, PhD '81

Supervising engineer, independent safety group, at AmerenUE's Callaway Nuclear Plant, resides in Rocheport, Mo.



Sidney Larson, AB '49, MA '50

Artist and professor at Columbia College, resides in Columbia



Daryl R. Moen

Professor of journalism



Cecil P. Moore

Professor of veterinary ophthalmology, professor and chair of veterinary medicine and surgery, director of the Veterinary Medicine Teaching Hospital



Robert A. Priddy, BJ '63

News director of the Missouri radio network, resides in Jefferson City, Mo.



Gus T. Ridgel, MA '51, DS '96

Retired as the vice president for finance and administration and professor of business and economics at Kentucky State University, resides in Frankfort, Ky.



James L. Russell, BS Ag '60, MS '67

President of Missouri Agricultural Industries Council in Jefferson City, Mo.



Robert J. Trulasko, BS BA '40

Chief executive officer of True Manufacturing Co., resides in St. Louis



Roger M. Vasey, BS BA '58

Special adviser to the chairman and executive vice president, Merrill Lynch & Co., and president of the Merrill Lynch Scholarship Builder Foundation, resides in Greenwich, Conn.

BOUNTIFUL HARVEST

ALUMNI VOLUNTEERS GLEANED KNOWLEDGE and reaped the rewards of dedicated service at Leaders' Weekend Sept. 14 through 16 in Columbia. The annual event is sponsored by the MU Alumni Association to provide education, renewal and recognition for its volunteers.

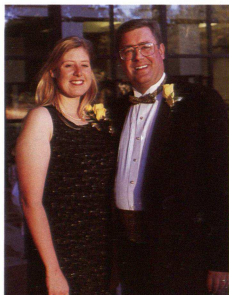
The theme "Cultivate the Spirit of Mizzou" was reflected in training seminars attended by 103 leaders.

Individuals and chapters were honored at the awards banquet Sept. 15, attended by 183 persons. For sustained, outstanding volunteer service, the Tiger Pride Award went to Wally Pfeiffer, BGS '89, of Columbia, a senior service and sales representative for Mutual of Omaha Cos. A member of the Boone County Chapter and of the Jefferson Club, he serves on the MU political action committee and is a board member of both the Friends of the Libraries and the College of Arts and Science Alumni Organization.

Amy Pyle, AB '93, of Kansas City, Mo., a senior account manager with Three Wide LLC, received the Mizzou G.O.L.D. Award. The award is given to a person who graduated during the past 10 years, is a member of the association and has exhibited outstanding volunteer service to the association or its affiliates.

As membership chair of the Kansas City Chapter, Pyle developed a referral program for recruiting new members. Pyle founded the chapter's social committee and organized trips to away games. She also developed programs to encourage a more diverse group of alumni to participate in chapter activities.

For providing quality activities and exemplary membership development, the 2000 Jerry Johnson Honor Chapter of the Year award went to the Buchanan County Chapter. Receiving 2000 Honor Status for their outstanding support of MU Alumni Association programs were the following 32 chapters and organizations:



The MU Alumni Association honored Amy Pyle and Wally Pfeiffer at Leaders' Weekend.

Adair County Chapter
 Bates County Mizzou Club
 Boone County Chapter
 Buchanan County Chapter
 Callaway County Chapter
 Cass County Chapter
 Chicago Alumni Chapter
 Cole County Chapter
 Dallas/Fort Worth Mizzou Tigers
 Greater Ozarks Chapter
 Greater Peoria Chapter
 Kansas City Chapter
 Laeclde County Chapter
 Memphis/Mid-South Chapter
 Metro Atlanta Chapter
 Miller County Chapter
 Ozarks Black and Gold Chapter
 Rocky Mountain Tigers
 San Antonio Chapter
 St. Charles Chapter
 St. Louis Chapter
 Webster County Chapter
 Valley of the Sun Chapter
 Washington, D.C., Chapter
 Ag Alumni Organization
 Arts and Science Alumni Organization

Human Environmental Sciences Alumni Organization
 Social Work Alumni Organization
 Health Related Professions Alumni Organization
 Medical Alumni Organization
 Nursing Alumni Organization
 Veterinary Medicine Alumni Organization

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

THE MU ALUMNI ASSOCIATION IS ACCEPTING nominations from alumni who are interested in serving the University as leaders of the association. Nominations are being accepted for vice president, secretary and treasurer as well as district and regional directors. All nominees must be dues-paying members who have displayed volunteer leadership in the association at some level. Nominations must be postmarked by March 1, 2001.

For an application, call 1-800-372-MUAA, or call nominating committee Chair Melodie Powell, AB '77, JD '81, at (816) 822-8602.

ALUMNI CONNECTION

NOVEMBER

- 25 Tourin' Tigers Rome Escapade trip
- 28 Kansas City Chapter happy hour, Harpo's

DECEMBER

- 19 Kansas City Chapter happy hour, Harpo's

FEBRUARY

- 8 Founders' Day Reception, 4:30 p.m., Reynolds Alumni Center
- 17 Human Environmental Sciences Centennial Celebration Dinner, Columbia

APRIL

- 1-3 50 Year and Gold Medal Reunions, Columbia
- 20 MU Alumni Association national board meeting, Columbia

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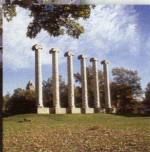
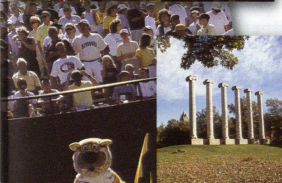
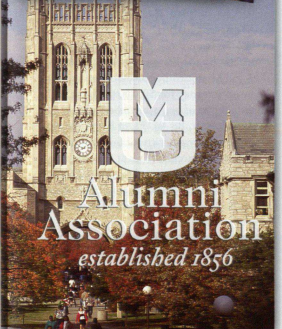
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established 1856



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C L A S S N O T E S

THE TWENTIES AND THIRTIES

•**Joseph Crane**, BS Ed '23, of Chico, Calif., celebrated his 101st birthday.

•**Norman Childers**, BS Ag '33, MA '34, of Gainesville, Fla., reports that at age 90, he is the oldest professor teaching at the University of Florida. A horticulturalist, he developed a diet that eliminates nightshade plants, such as potatoes and peppers, to control arthritis.

•**Dorothy Heckmann Shrader**, BJ '35, BS Ed '47, and husband •**William Shrader**, BS Ag '35, MA '41, of Hermann, Mo., celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary. Dorothy published her third book of a series on Missouri River history this fall, and William is a professor emeritus of agronomy at Iowa State University.

THE FORTIES

•**John White**, BS Ag '40, of San Diego, a retired Marine Corps colonel, maintains perfect attendance at his Optimist Club meetings and enjoys wood-carving.

•**Lloyd Miller**, BS Ag '41, of St. Joseph, Mo., received the Distinguished Realtor Award and the People's Choice Award from the St. Joseph Regional Association of Realtors.

•**Merilyn Bailey Rodecker**, BS Ed '47, and husband •**Charles Rodecker**, BJ '49, MA '50, of Oceanside, Calif., celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Merilyn is a retired secondary-education teacher, and Charles is a professor emeritus at San Bernardino Valley College.

•**Betty Paterson Miller**, Educ '49, and husband •**LeRoy Miller**, AB '43, BS

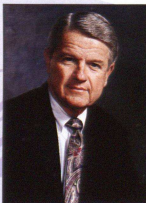
Med '45, of Columbia have fond and vivid memories of the 1950 MU-KU game. The Millers cheered the Tigers to victory on a cold, snowy day and then welcomed their first child, •**David**, AB '73, MD '77, who was born hours after the game on Nov. 24.

THE FIFTIES

•**Tom Coghill**, JD '50, of Phoenix, Ariz., has been recognized as a senior counselor by the bar associations of Illinois and Missouri, because he has been a licensed attorney for 50 years. He is the author of *Cavaliers*, a historical novel.

•**Joe Hanan**, BS Ag '52, of Fort Collins, Colo., professor emeritus of horticulture and landscape architecture at Colorado State University, received the 2000 Alex Laurie Award for Research and Education from the Society of American Florists.

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Leggett & Platt, Incorporated salutes **Harry M. Cornell, Jr.** and MU for honoring him with the MU Alumni Association's Distinguished Service Award

Mr. Cornell, your friends and partners congratulate you on this well-deserved honor!

C L A S S N O T E S

LLOYD ELMORE, BS Ed '55, M Ed '62, OF BELLEVILLE, ILL., RECALLS PLAYING MIZZOU BASKETBALL WITH A GUY NAMED **NORM STEWART**. AS **LLOYD** TELLS IT, HIS JOB WAS TRYING TO COVER UP FOR **NORM'S** "INABILITY TO PLAY DEFENSE."

•**Troy Smith**, BS Ag '53, M Ed '59, and wife **Jean** of Willow Springs, Mo., celebrated their 53rd wedding anniversary.

•**Lloyd Elmore**, BS Ed '55, M Ed '62, retired athletic director of Belleville (Ill.) East High School, was inducted into the Illinois Athletic Directors Association Hall of Fame. He and wife •**Mary Englehart Elmore**, BSN '57, received the 1998 Outstanding Citizen Award for their work in Belleville.

•**Paul Schramm**, AB '55, JD '58, a partner in the Clayton, Mo., law firm of Edwards, Singer, Schramm, Watkins & Spoeneman LLP, was included in the 2001 edition of *Marquis Who's Who in American Law* and in the Martindale-Hubbell Register of Preeminent Lawyers.

•**Evelyn Gatson Evans**, BS Ed '57, of Naegdoches, Texas, retired from teaching high school English and journalism. Her husband, •**Orlynn Evans**, BS Ed '58, retired from Stephen F. Austin University, where he was a faculty member in computer science.

•**Donald Hiatte**, BS CIE '58, of New Bloomfield, Mo., president of Hiatte Engineering Consultants, was inducted into the inaugural Missouri Society of Professional Engineers' Hall of Fame.

•**Maxine Foster Samuels**, BS Ed

'59, M Ed '65, EdSp '80, PhD '99, of Columbia is a vision consultant at Delmar Cobble State School for the Severely Handicapped.

THE SIXTIES

•**Jack Briggs**, BJ '61, of Cameron, Mo., manager of business development for N.W. Electric Power Cooperative, was selected as Affiliate Member of the Year and received a President's Award from the Missouri Economic Developers Council. The Briggs family has had four generations at the J-School: the late **Sen. Frank Briggs**, BJ '15; the late **Tom Briggs**, Journ '39; **Ruth Briggs Bratek**, BJ '45, MA '64, of Columbia, associate professor emerita of journalism at MU; **Jack Briggs**, BJ '61; and **Jeff Briggs**, BJ '85, of Jefferson City, Mo., who works in the

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University of Missouri-Columbia

MARKETING DIVERSITY

HIS INDUSTRY has made the monumental move from mass marketing to niche marketing, says Ty Christian, AB '77, but the pace has been more like a tectonic plate than a race. Christian is the award-winning president and CEO of the Orlando, Fla.-based YP&B/Christian, the diversity marketing arm of leading travel and leisure marketing agency Yesawich, Pepperdine & Brown.

In his 25-year career, Christian has spent countless marketing meetings persuading prospective clients to zoom in on niche audiences: If you want to reach certain groups—African Americans, teen-agers, women, gays and lesbians, for example—it works best to deliver sales messages geared specifically toward them. The simple-sounding idea somehow takes some getting used to. “Clients have to get over their personal bias first,” Christian says. But finally, “They realized, ‘There’s money in those hills!’ Companies like McDonald’s, Coke, GM and Ford—they recognize the value of niche marketing in its ability to drive sales. Nike and Coke know that they wouldn’t be in business if it weren’t for black teen-agers.”

Christian’s missionary zeal finally has been recognized by peers: He has won the 2000 Distinguished Marketing Person of the Year award, which is given

public relations department of the Missouri Department of Transportation.

Elmer Richards, BJ '61, of Hillsboro, Mo., ended his 32-year career with

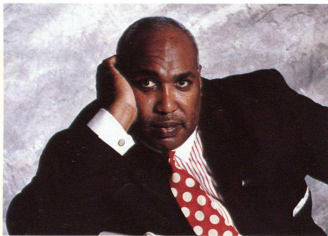


PHOTO COURTESY OF TY CHRISTIAN

Niche marketing whiz Ty Christian—also a former MU football player—creates campaigns for clients such as Best Western International, Domino’s Pizza and the City of Jacksonville (Fla.).

by the Public Relations, Advertising and Marketing Excellence awards committee.

The award is for overall achievement, and 1999 offers yet another instance of his gift. Christian was preparing to launch the Missouri Division of Tourism’s \$1 million campaign aimed at attracting more African-American travelers. By using focus groups to test Missouri’s campaign called “Where the Rivers Run,” he discovered that it didn’t appeal to African Americans. So, Christian’s agency created a new come-on, “Missouri’s Got a Little Sumthin’ Sumthin’ For You,” which highlights a variety of offerings. Result? Follow-up research showed that 87 percent of its audience considered Missouri as a travel destination.

It’s clear that Christian has found his own niche in diversity marketing. “Giving a campaign life,” he says, “that’s what I love.”—*Kathleen Strand*

Ralston Purina Co. in November 2000. He most recently was vice president of corporate communications.

Kenneth Meuser, BJ '62, of

Winnetka, Ill., was elected to a three-year term on the board of directors of the Union League Club of Chicago. He is president of Kenneth G. Meuser Associates, a communications and public affairs consulting firm.

John Thornton, MS '63, of Independence, Mo., retired from Bayer Corp.’s agriculture division after 36 years. He most recently was director of product registrations and regulatory affairs.

Dee Wampler, BS BA '63, JD '65, of Springfield, Mo., wrote a book, *The Trial of Christ: A Twenty-First Century Lawyer Defends Jesus*, published by Winepress, which explains the law of Rome and early Jerusalem.

David “Scoop” Peery, BJ '64, sold the *Smithville* (Mo.) *Lake Herald* newspaper, of which he was publisher.

John Buesseler, MS '65, of Lubbock, Texas, was named as founding dean and vice president for health affairs and health sciences emeritus upon his retirement from Texas Tech University.

Dick Steward, MA '65, PhD '69, of Jefferson City, Mo., published a book with University of Missouri Press, *Duels and the Roots of Violence in Missouri*.

Jerry Hosmer, BS Ed '66, senior high science chairman at Poplar Bluff (Mo.) R-1 School District, earned a master’s degree in education from Southwest Baptist University.

Dalton Wright, BS BA '66, president and owner of *The Lebanon* (Mo.) *Daily Record*, was named as the Missouri Press Association’s Newspaper Hall of Fame.

Russell Smith II, BJ '67, MA '71, Missouri division president of May’s Drug Warehouse in Joplin, Mo., was inducted into Ozarks Public Television’s Hall of Fame.

Barbara Jaye Wilson, Arts '67, of New York City published a mystery novel with Avon, *Hatful of Homicide*.

R.C. Ebert, BS Ag '68, DVM '70, a veterinarian at Pleasant Hill (Mo.) Animal

C L A S S N O T E S

Clinic, completed a two-year continuing education program on the swine industry at the University of Illinois.

Bill Hopkins, AB '68, of Marble Hill, Mo., a senior regulatory law judge of the Missouri Public Service Commission, completed two courses at The National Judicial College in Reno, Nev. They were *Managing the Complex Civil Case* and *Administrative Law: Fair Hearing*.

•**Clyde Lear**, MA '68, of Jefferson City, Mo., president of Learfield Communications, received the Distinguished Eagle Scout Award for service to scouting and community.

•**Mike Marcotte**, BS Ed '68, is an attorney in private practice in Lee's Summit, Mo.

Annabeth Taylor Surbaugh, BS HE '68, of Overland Park, Kan., is chairman of the Johnson County, Kan., board of commissioners. She owns and operates *Yours, And Then Some*, a residential interior design company.

Linda Bloodworth-Thomason, AB '69, of North Hollywood, Calif., a television producer, received a Missourian Award from the American Heart Association. The award honors individuals who were born in Missouri and have made contributions in civics, business, the arts and politics.

THE SEVENTIES

Walter Bargan, AB '70, M Ed '90, of Ashland, Mo., wrote a poem, "The Believer," which was published in the Spring/Summer 2000 issue of *Hayden's Ferry Review*, Arizona State University's literary magazine.

Julie Mowry Houston, BS Ed '72, is the audit and business advisory services human resources director for the Houston office of PricewaterhouseCoopers.

•**Steven Marcus**, BS Ed '72, of Miami is president and chief executive officer of Health Foundation of South Florida, which provides community-

based, not-for-profit health-care activities.

Judith Lueckenotte Ross, AB '72, of Woodbridge, Conn., owns and operates a day-care center.

TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH, EDWARD WARD, BJ '73,

JD '76, OF ST. LOUIS CLIMBED THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN AFRICA, MOUNT KILIMANJARO IN TANZANIA. "I RECOMMEND IT TO ANYONE TURNING 50 THAT THINKS GOING TO FLORIDA WITH THE KIDS HAS BEEN GETTING PRETTY BORING LATELY," HE SAYS.

•**Richard Gimpelson**, MD '73, of Chesterfield, Mo., a member of the board of trustees for the American Association

of Gynecologic Laparoscopists, published a book chapter on "Hysteroscopic Treatment of the Patient with Intra-cavitary Pathology" in *Obstetrics and Gynecology Clinics of North America*. He is researching two types of contraceptive methods and a new method of endometrial ablation.

David Brune, BS Ag '74, MS '75, PhD '78, professor of agricultural and biological engineering at Clemson University in South Carolina, has been appointed to the Charles Carter Newman Endowed Chair of Natural Resources Engineering at Clemson.

Kathy Murphy Ortinau, BS Ed '74, of Des Peres, Mo., received Parkway School District's Pillar of Parkway Award for volunteer service. She has served on many school and district committees, and



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Tiger Columns

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helped with campaigns and bond issues.

Barbara Neuner Paynter, BJ '75, of Akron, Ohio, was promoted to vice president at Edward Howard & Co. public relations counsel.

•**Duke Pointer**, BS CIE '76, of Hollis,

N.H., is president, CEO and partner in Fletcher Granite Co.

Jeff Rude, BJ '76, of Flossmoor, Ill., won first place and third place awards in a writing competition sponsored by Golf Writers Association of America. He is

Golfweek magazine's senior editor and lead writer covering the PGA Tour.

Gail Schererer Smallwood, BJ '76, of Dallas, Pa., is associate director of public relations and publications for Wyoming Seminary College Preparatory School.

•**James Fleming**, AB '77, of New York City was a faculty fellow in ethics at Harvard University's Center for Ethics and the Professions during the 1999-2000 school year. He is a professor of law at Fordham University, where his specialty is constitutional law. He holds a JD from Harvard and a PhD in politics from Princeton University.

Bud Bender, MA '78, MS '79, of Kalamazoo, Mich., was promoted to vice president for development at Western Michigan University.

William Buie, BJ '78, of Stamford, Conn., is executive vice president of marketing at OneChem Ltd., the chemical industry's first operational application service provider.

•**Frank Sallee**, BS BA '78, JD '84, and **Nancy Norton**, JD '84, announce the formation of the Sallee Law Firm in Kansas City, Mo., specializing in representing plaintiffs in business disputes.

Michael Bahorich, BS '79, of Houston is executive vice president, exploration and production technology, at Apache Corp.

Bonnie Fitterling Braun, PhD '79, of Laurel, Md., is the 2000 Chalkley-Fenn Public Policy Visiting Scholar for the American Association of Family and Consumer Sciences.

•**Mark Roberts**, AB, BJ '79, MS '90, of San Francisco is a senior architect in information security services for Charles Schwab & Co. brokerage firm.

THE EIGHTIES

•**Marilyn Cummins**, BS Ag '80, of Columbia is coordinator of the agricultural journalism program at MU.

•**David Pulliam**, BS Ag, M Ed '80, is

Merrill Lynch

— salutes —

Roger M. Vasey

and the

University of Missouri-Columbia

for honoring him with the Faculty-Alumni Award.

Mr. Vasey has been an ardent supporter of the University, and over the past 30 years has been an unwavering champion of improving the quality of life and educational opportunities for inner-city youth.

Roger Vasey embodies Merrill Lynch's core principle of Responsible Citizenship through his ongoing work with Merrill Lynch's landmark ScholarshipBuilder® program, and through various leadership and scholarship programs for at-risk adolescents, which are sponsored by the Vasey Foundation.

Congratulations, Roger, for your dedication to hands-on philanthropy and your outstanding service to Merrill Lynch as Executive Vice President and member of the Executive Management Committee.



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C L A S S N O T E S

developing a junior high agriculture program and expanding high school agriculture course offerings at Schuyler R-1 in Queen City, Mo.

•**Denise Redding Falco**, BS Ed '81, M Ed '83, of Columbia teaches kindergarten at Fairview Elementary School.

•**Dan Kolditz**, BS Ag '81, and wife Karen of Wildwood, Mo., announce the birth of Jessica Marie on July 12. Dan is senior associate general counsel at Anheuser-Busch Cos.

•**Scott Woelfel**, BJ '81, of Atlanta is president and editor-in-chief of CNN Interactive.

•**R.E. Burnett**, AB '82, PhD '93, is an associate professor of science and technology policy in the College of Integrated Science and Technology at James Madison University in Harrisonburg, Va.

•**Thomas Myles**, Engr '82, is associate professor and director of the Division of Maternal-Fetal Medicine at Texas Tech University in Amarillo, Texas.

•**David Baumert**, DVM '84, of Liberal, Kan., is Foundation Farms Health Services veterinarian for Dekalb Choice Genetics, a swine genetics firm.

•**James Hirsch**, BJ '84, of Boston wrote *Hurricane: The Miraculous Journey of Rubin Carter*, published by Houghton Mifflin, an authorized biography about the former boxer wrongfully accused of triple homicide. The book is a *New York Times* best seller.

•**David Marcou**, BJ '84, of La Crosse, Wis., edited a history of his hometown. *Spirit of La Crosse: An American River City Remembers and Looks Ahead* contains chapters from 37 contributors, 24 of

whom are Marcou's students at Western Wisconsin Technical College, where he teaches writing and photography.

•**Tom Guenther**, BS ChE '85, of Overland Park, Kan., is returning from China after a two-year assignment as manager of the Beijing office for Black & Veatch International.

•**Paul Savage**, BS Ag '85, and wife Jeanne of St. Louis announce the birth of son Carson Grey on April 4.

•**Linda Banister**, MM '86, was promoted to professor of music at Augusta (Ga.) State University.

•**Eugene Murkison**, PhD '86, of Statesboro, Ga., is a professor of global and strategic management at Georgia Southern University and continues to consult and conduct applied research on management, motivation and leadership

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A BEAD ON THE DESIGN BUSINESS

AS MUCH CREATIVITY AS IT TAKES to conceive designs that might sell in high-fashion markets, it takes just as strong a practical bent to transform those ideas into marketable products. Christiana Lapetina-Johnson has come by both traits naturally.

Lapetina-Johnson, BS HE '83, quickly credits her creative side to genetics. Her father, who died when she was 12, owned Pete's Flower Shop in the Italian district of Kansas City, Mo., and she vividly recalls his beautiful floral arrangements. Her mother always has been a quilter, and she even made clothes for her daughter's Barbie dolls. "I guess I always had a hands-on approach to design," Lapetina-Johnson says.

When it comes to the hard-work part, Lapetina-Johnson will have to accept some of the credit herself. She started working in retail clothing sales when she was 16 years old. After graduating from MU with a home economics degree in clothing and textiles, she moved to California. There she held a variety of jobs in the clothing business, including sales, customer service, buying, and even working for a newspaper on the fashion beat. She didn't work as a designer,

though, because entry-level jobs didn't pay enough to make a living in California.

In 1989, Fashion Destinations gave her a break as a designer. It was a one-shot deal, where she had to go to India for four-and-a-half weeks and come back with marketable merchandise. On that trip she discovered her niche of designing with beads. Although she rose in the company after that, a recession bankrupted the firm five years later.

She then started her own business called Christiana in her garage in 1994. It took about nine months for her to get her first beaded handbag sample out. "The slow growth was really better than having a rapid expansion, because it gave me time to learn things," she says. "I was doing everything myself then, all the packing, all the ordering, everything."

That first year in business, Lapetina-Johnson shipped about 3,000 products. This year she expects to sell roughly 250,000. The strength of the business is in its accessory line of handbags, which typically sell for \$100 to \$240. She also has a line of home furnishings—lamps, picture frames, etc.—and a new clothing line.

The skills learned from the early days are valuable to her today. She understands the jobs of the 20 people who work in her office, because she has done



PHOTO COURTESY OF CHRISTIANA LAPETINA-JOHNSON

Christiana Lapetina-Johnson started her handbag and home furnishing business in a garage shop. Her designs can now be found in high-fashion markets around the world.

all of those jobs herself. Lapetina-Johnson has maintained links to manufacturers overseas. This year's manufacturing expanded from one to four shops in India as well as a new one in China.

Sales in 1999 were \$2.8 million. By July 2000 they were already \$7.5 million, with the holiday season yet to come. Lapetina-Johnson's merchandise is sold at stores like Neiman Marcus, Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor and Macy's. She expects to have at least \$2 million in international sales this year, primarily from London, Paris and Hong Kong.—Fred Koenig

in Eastern Europe.

Clayton Scharff, BS CoE, BS EE '86, is president and chief operating officer of Sachs Electric Co. in Chesterfield, Mo.

Gary Silberg, BS Acc '86, of Chicago has been admitted into partnership of KMPG LLP, a professional services firm.

Daniel Wetzel, BS BA '86, of Chesterfield, Mo., has been admitted to the partnership of Deloitte & Touche

LLP, a professional services firm.

Lynn Limback, BS BA '87, MBA '92, of Columbia, a mortgage loan officer at Boone County National Bank, graduated from the Southwestern Graduate School of Banking.

Jennifer Thompson Dulny, BS BA '88, and husband David of Shawnee, Kan., announce the birth of Amanda Nicole on Oct. 20, 1999.

Tanja Dunbar Heinen, BJ '88, of

Roeland Park, Kan., is national development division director at the National Kidney Foundation.

Clark Hodges, AB '88, is director of emergency services for the Ventura County (Calif.) Chapter of the American Red Cross.

John "Stinger" Hohlen, BS '88, of Chesterfield, Mo., is a software engineer for Bridge Information Systems.

Rick Johnson, BJ '88, of St. Louis is

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director of marketing for Concordia Publishing House.

•**Kelly Gumper Sullivan**, BS HE '88, of Florissant, Mo., is manager of market research for The Desco Group and Desco Commercial.

•**Dana Wisdom Hellebusch**, BSN '89, is a nurse diabetes educator at St. John's Mercy Hospital in Washington, Mo.

•**Ann Perry**, BS Ed '89, and husband Stuart Beard of St. Louis announce the birth of Nicole Ann on May 11. A teacher at Pattonville High School in Maryland Heights, Mo., Ann received a 1999 Presidential Award for Excellence in Mathematics and Science Teaching.

THE NINETIES AND 2000S

•**Mitchell Bowles**, BJ '90, of Lincoln, Neb., is associate media director at Ayres Advertising/Marketing.

•**Kevin Morey**, BS Ag, BS Acc '90, of Lee's Summit, Mo., is a senior manager with Baird, Kurtz & Dobson, certified public accountants.

•**Anne Flynn Wear**, AB, BJ '90, and husband Brian of High Point, N.C., announce the birth of Justin Thomas on June 15. Anne is a senior account executive at Quixote Group LLC: Marketing and Public Relations.

•**Robert Beemel**, BS CoE, BS EE '91, of Imperial, Mo., a network systems engineer for Lucent Technologies Inc., was selected as the Young Engineer of the Year by the Missouri Society of Professional Engineers.

•**Tanya Stitt Heath**, BJ '91, of Columbia is the marketing specialist for MU Extension.

•**Claire House**, BJ '91, of Washington, D.C., was a reporter on an editorial team from Government Computer News/State & Local that won a 2000 Jesse H. Neal National Business Journalism Award for best subject-related series. She now works for America Online.

•**Ralf Humbert**, BS BA '91, and wife

•**Tiffany Trump-Humbert**, AB, BS BA '93, of Edmond, Okla., own a travel agency, Trump Travel, specializing in European travel and wine tours. Ralf also is employed by Ernest & Julio Gallo.

•**Mike Jones**, Engr '91, of University City, Mo., the St. Louis Rams linebacker who made the game-saving tackle in Super Bowl XXXIV, published with Concordia Publishing House *Making the Play: The Inspirational Story of Mike Jones* as told to Jim Thomas.

•**Todd Natenberg**, BJ '91, of Highland Park, Ill., is president of Solution Selling Seminars, a Chicago-based company providing sales training. He recently returned from a two-month spiritual journal to Israel, where he volunteered on a kibbutz.

•**Jack Oliver**, AB '91, JD '98, of Cape Girardeau, Mo., served as national financial director for the George W. Bush presidential campaign.

•**Jerry Thomason**, PhD '91, is vice president for development at Hannibal (Mo.) Regional Hospital and president of New Era Healthcare Foundation.

•**Whitney Strait Womack**, AB '91, MA '93, of Fairfield, Ohio, completed her PhD in English at Purdue University in 1999 and is an assistant professor of English at Miami University of Ohio.

•**Rebecca Fitzgerald Lipscomb**, MA '92, and husband Bert of Birmingham, Ala., announce the birth of John Alexander on March 31. Rebecca is promotion copy chief for Oxmoor House.

•**Derek Rudman**, AB '92, JD '95, of Chesterfield, Mo., and **Timothy Smith**, BS BA '93, of St. Louis opened a law firm specializing in personal injury, workers compensation and criminal law defense. Smith was inducted into 100 Black Men of St. Louis Inc., a local chapter of 100 Black Men of America, an organization designed to improve the quality of life for African Americans and other minorities.

•**Dennis Barnes**, AB '93, was selected

RUNNING THE SHOW BEHIND THE SCENE

DURING THE SHOW, YOU'RE IN charge of stage props and set drops. If anybody looks your way, something's wrong. Welcome to production manager Ken Pogin's world.

Last year about this time, Pogin, AB, AB '97, sat with a headset in MU's Jesse Auditorium balcony. It was a technical rehearsal two days before his company, the Minnesota Ballet, would perform the *Nutcracker*, and Pogin already was feeling the weight. This was supposed to be a chance to shine for old friends and professors. It'd been just five semesters since he left MU, where he worked the light boards and sound boards a couple of buildings away at Rhynsburg Theatre.

But his victory tour was becoming the hardest trip yet. On the previous Sunday, Pogin found that the U-Haul truck he'd reserved months in advance had lost its ability to brake, delaying him and the *Nutcracker* set a day in Duluth, Minn. The smaller replacement truck wasn't much better; it lacked shocks and struts. He lurched into Columbia Tuesday night and spent the next day teaching the local crew the show's ropes on the fly.

Now, as they were beginning to test the dropping of the dream-sequence's Christmas tree, a thunderclap echoed through the house; the great tree slam-

med clumsily into place. From the stage, executive director Allen Fields' eyes darted to the balcony. "Ke-en!" he shouted. The tree was suddenly Pogin's problem—and required an equally sudden solution. "It's not like, 'Well, tomorrow we can do this,' " Pogin says. "No, you have to do it now." In every idiosyncratic theater, every night.

"It has to be seamless," agrees Fields, who interviewed Pogin in 1997 at a restaurant halfway between Duluth and Minneapolis, Pogin's hometown. He thought Pogin looked too young; he worried that people wouldn't take orders from such a fresh face. But Pogin took him out to his car and showed off everything he'd done, from costume designs to drafts of lighting schemes. "I think he was an over-achiever and still is," Fields says.

Come Friday night, as most of Jesse's 1,800 orange seats were turned a holiday red and green with parents and kids, Pogin displayed his craft through his



He came to MU because it offered a technical degree in theater. Now, before every Minnesota Ballet show, production manager Ken Pogin looks out at the audience, smiles and offers, "Let's make some magic."

seeming absence. Just 48 hours earlier, he'd led the crew in finding the Christmas tree's snag (a loose electric cable), and the scare was resolved. This time, when the big tree came down, there was no *kaboom*. A couple of minor problems cropped up, but things you wouldn't catch: The fireplace was taken off early, causing Pogin, perched inside the dark balcony pit, to scream into his headset, "I did not say 'Go!'" But by the end, all the families' wonderment at the magic on stage had lifted him, as it always seems to do. And when Tchaikovsky's final note pounded off Jesse's walls, Pogin threw his fist in the air.

His reward? The crowd went nuts.

—Shawn Donnelly

as the Ernst & Young 2000 Emerging Entrepreneur of the Year for St. Louis. Barnes' company, Marketing Direct, offers direct-marketing services to clients nationwide.

•**Dennis Bond Jr.**, BS '93, of O'Fallon, Mo., opened a restaurant, Bonds' of Chesterfield Valley, in November 1999. Family members who own and operate the restaurant include Dennis' parents, •**Denny Bond**, AB '66, BS Ed '68, M Ed '69, and •**Alison**

Shafer Bond, BS Ed '69, of Innsbrook, Mo., and sister **Rebecca Bond**, AB '95, of Washington, D.C.

•**William Claassen**, MA '93, of Columbia wrote a book, *Alone in Community: Journeys into Monastic Life Around the World*, published by Forest of Peace.

•**Scott Kickbusch**, BS '93, and wife Rebecca Selpien of South Elgin, Ill., announce the birth of Kathryn Alexandria on June 13. Scott is employed

by the Wauconda (Ill.) Park District.

•**Gretchen Pirch Qualls**, BS Ed '93, and husband •**Karl Qualls**, AB, AB '93, of Carlisle, Pa., announce the birth of son Hayden Rhinely in May. Karl teaches history at Dickinson College.

•**Michelle Peve Rush**, BS Ed '93, and husband •**Tim Rush**, BS BA '93, of Lee's Summit, Mo., announce the birth of Jacob Alan on Aug. 15.

•**Kerri Giffin Sedlacek**, BJ '93, and husband Matthew of La Grange, Ill.,

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announce the birth of Christopher Matthew on May 21.

Greg Ashley, BS ME '94, is employed in the business development section of Murphy Company Mechanical Contractors and Engineers in St. Louis.

Richard Glejzer, PhD '94, of Naperville, Ill., assistant professor of English at North Central College, won the \$1,000 Dissinger Prize for faculty scholarship.

Matthew Murray, BS HES '94, of Little Rock, Ark., is a claims supervisor for Shelter Insurance.

Chris Nease, AB '94, of Bellaire, Texas, handles product liability cases for Shook, Hardy & Bacon in Houston.

Sue Turnquist, PhD '94, of Harrisburg, Mo., designed a quilt that won second place in a Museum of American Quilters Society contest.

Kevin Worley, BJ '94, of Kansas City, Mo., is a senior account executive at Fleishman-Hillard International Communications.

Sara Grier Buck, BJ '95, is a public relations senior account manager for Valentine Radford in Kansas City, Mo.

Trinity Trump Davis, BS Ed '95, and husband Jeff of Quincy, Ill., announce the birth of Sadie Elizabeth on July 20, 1999.

Cynthia Mitchell McClintock, BS HES '95, of Arnold, Mo., joined the St.

Louis office of Hellmuth, Obata & Kassabaum Inc. in the interiors group.

Shannon Wright Morgan, AB '95, M Ed '97, of Kansas City, Mo., is a law student at the University of Missouri-Kansas City.

Jenny Henry Rice, BS BA '95, and husband Mac of Columbia announce the birth of Mackenzie Paige on June 5.

Troy Scheer, BJ '95, and wife Nancy of Lewisville, Texas, own Trance Production Group Inc., which provides advertising services including image development, audio and video production, and web site design.

Candace Wakefield, AB '95, is specializing in pediatric dentistry at Howard University in Washington, D.C.

Ken Lauher, BS '96, of New York City created GeniusCam Inc., a how-to video streaming Internet company located in New York and California.

Jeff Berney, BS BA, BJ '97, is a copywriter with Radtke Tomberlin & Nanos, an advertising firm in Leawood, Kan.

David Buerck, BHS '97, and wife **Sarah Carrico Buerck**, BS Ed '97, of Farmington, Mo., announce the birth of Ethan Ross on June 21.

Jason Mudd, BJ '98, of Jacksonville, Fla., is director of public relations for the Florida Sports Awards, a not-for-profit organization that honors professional athletes, teams and coaches in Florida while raising funds for youth charities.

Shane Creech, BS CIE '99, is an engineer intern in the transportation group of The Larkin Group Inc.

Lauren Robinson Hickey, BJ '99, of Olathe, Kan., is an assistant account executive at GlynnDeVins Advertising and Marketing Services.

Tabatha Wilson Jeter, BS '99, is an account coordinator for Malcolm Marketing Communications in Racine, Wis.

Barry Odum, BS '99, is a counselor, football coach and track coach at Ada (Okla.) High School. His wife, **Tritia**

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Trump Odom, BS Ed '99, teaches computer skills at Ada Junior High School.

TAMMY CLOUTIER, BJ '99, AND DAVE IHLENFELD, BJ '99, TOURED EUROPE IN OSCAR MAYER'S 27-FOOT-LONG WIENERMOBILE LAST SPRING. IN THEIR JOBS AS COMPANY HOTDOGGRERS, CLOUTIER AND IHLENFELD DELIVERED A 21 "BUN" SALUTE TO U.S. TROOPS AND FAMILIES OVERSEAS.

Matthew Potter, JD '99, joined the Clayton, Mo., law firm of Behr, McCarter & Potter PC as an associate.

•**Kelly Carlson**, BS '00, of Jefferson City, Mo., is affiliate relations coordinator for the Brownfield Network, a division of Learfield Communications Inc.

•**Chern Yeh Kwok**, BJ '00, is a business news reporter for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

FACULTY DEATHS

Walter Brown, M Ed '43, EdD '54,



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former professor of industrial arts, July 13 at age 82 in Tempe, Ariz.

Richard Klepac, PhD '70, former professor of theatre, June 13 at age 60 in Holts Summit, Mo.

Herbert Lionberger, M Ed '41, PhD '50, professor emeritus of rural sociology, July 22 at age 88 in Laurie, Mo.

Fred Lucas, former chairman of the pathology department, July 2 at age 78 in Baton Rouge, La. Memorials may be sent to the Fred V. Lucas, MD, Medical Education Fund, 306 Reynolds Alumni Center, Columbia, MO 65211.

Alfred Novak, former professor of biology, July 30 at age 85 in Kansas City, Mo.

Jack Wallin, professor emeritus of plant pathology, June 16 at age 84 in Ames, Iowa.

Virginia Watts, former faculty member in nursing, Aug. 2 at age 92 in Overland Park, Kan.

DEATHS

William Randall, AB '31, of Independence, Mo., July 7 at age 90. He was a U.S. representative. Memorials may be sent to the MU Chapter of Phi Kappa Psi Scholarship Fund, c/o John Gillis, 1201 Walnut, Suite 2200, Kansas City, MO 64106.

Floyd Barnett, AB '32, BS Med '33, of Floris, Mo., June 22 at age 90. He practiced medicine in Paris for 61 years.

John Dickerson, BS Ag '33, MA '37, of Salisbury, Mo., May 29, 1999, at age 90. He was a farmer, a land appraiser and an insurance agent.

John Baldrige, BJ '35, of Chariton, Iowa, May 16 at age 86. He was a newspaper editor and publisher.

Robert Sutton, MA '35, PhD '50, of Lakeland, Fla., July 1 at age 86. He was a professor of education at Ohio State University.

Howard Harness, BS Ag '37, of Bowling Green, Mo., Aug. 7 at age 86. A

C L A S S N O T E S

member of Alpha Gamma Rho, he was captain of the MU wrestling team. He raised shorthorn cattle.

Donald Chisholm, JD '38, of Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 14 at age 82. He was an attorney and served as trustee or director of many foundations.

Peter Heinze, MA '38, of Mitchellville, Md., June 13 at age 90. A specialist in plant science, he served farmers in the Department of Agriculture's Agricultural Research Service.

Mary Lou Martin Kellett, AB '38, of Kansas City, Mo., June 13 at age 83. A member of Kappa Alpha Theta, she was a secretary.

Virginia Robinson Marcotte, AB, BS Ed '38, of Ironton, Mo., June 3 at age 84. A member of Chi Omega, she was a teacher and a homemaker.

Preston McDaniel, BS Ag '39, of Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 29 at age 83. A member of FarmHouse, he was a financial planner.

George Olcott, BJ '39, of France April 27 at age 83. He worked with publications in Japan and England.

Robert Thomann, BJ '39, of Webster Groves, Mo., May 3 at age 84. He was an advertising executive.

James Johnson, Educ '41, of Kaneohe, Hawaii, July 27 at age 81. A member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, he was on the MU track team. He was a retired

Marine colonel and was director of physical plant at Hawaii Pacific University.

Margaret Pate Palmer, BS Ed '41, of Bradenton, Fla., July 8 at age 81. A member of Alpha Phi, she was a teacher.

Clara "Clu" Mering Taylor, BJ '41, of Prairie Village, Kan., July 5 at age 81. A member of Delta Gamma, she was a bookkeeper.

Donald Fuhrman, BS Med '42, of Leawood, Kan., June 28 at age 87. He was a dermatologist.

Noel Wood, BS ChE '42, of Houston April 21 at age 69. A member of Phi Delta Theta, he was president of Noel V. Wood Associates.

Lee Bowman, BS BA '48, of Sikeston, Mo., March 29 at age 76. A member of Phi Delta Theta, he was an MU football player. He was a civic leader who volunteered on MU committees.

Bernard Gill, BS Ag '48, of Kansas City, Mo., July 24 at age 78. He was a member of United Professional Horseman's Association.

Jack Hill, BS Ag '49, MS '50, of Pleasant Hill, Mo., Aug. 25 at age 74. He was a research director and consultant in the poultry industry.

William Schumacher, BS EE '49, of Hershey, Pa., June 25 at age 76. He was a fiber optics division manager for AMP Inc.

Russell Nichols, BS Ed '50, M Ed '60, of Highland, Ill., July 25 at age 79.

He was an educator.

Paul McKee, M Ed '51, of Jefferson City, Mo., Feb. 26 at age 83.

William Schwartz, MA '51, of Orlando, Fla., July 23 at age 73. He was a pioneer in the field of laser technology.

Everett Hancock, BS Ed '52, of Columbia April 26 at age 86. He was a Baptist minister and a teacher.

Edmund Cooper, BS BA '56, of Columbia June 13 at age 65. A member of Beta Theta Pi, he owned Cooper Travel Service.

Robert Flittner, BSF '56, of Tulsa, Okla., Aug. 7 at age 69. He was a regional manager for International Paper Co.

Leonard Donelson, BS Ag '57, of Westminster, Colo., June 25 at age 70.

Gene Miller, BS Ag '57, MS '62, PhD '74, of St. Augustine, Fla., July 18 at age 70. He was an agricultural economist for the USDA.

Bob Harris, BS BA '58, of Houston June 7 at age 67. He was an accountant.

Gov. Mel Carnahan, JD '59, of Jefferson City, Mo., Oct. 16 at age 66. See Page 72.

Paul Coverdell, BJ '61, of Atlanta July 18 at age 61. He was a U.S. senator.

Duane Voltmer, BS Ed '61, M Ed '63, EdSp '85, of Rock Port, Mo., June 26 at age 63. He was an educator.

Marjorie Schierbaum Roberts, M Ed '67, of Columbia May 22, 1999, at age

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C L A S S N O T E S

81. She was a teacher.

Charles Buck IV, MA '69, of San Jose, Calif., May 24 at age 56.

John Heater, BS Ed '70, JD '73, of St. Louis July 26, 1999, at age 50.

Richard VanMeter, BS ME '70, of Leawood, Kan., Aug. 21 at age 53. He was employed with Burns and McDonnell.

A. Stephen Weithman Jr., AB '74, MS '75, PhD '78, of Columbia July 13 at age 47. He was fisheries research supervisor with the Missouri Department of Conservation.

John Golson, BS '75, of Prairie Village, Kan., June 12 at age 47. A member of Phi Delta Theta, he was vice president of KLT Gas Inc.

Randy Sissel, BJ '75, of St. Louis July 29 at age 47. He played baseball at MU and was a communications manager for Anheuser-Busch Cos.

James Fuchs Sr., BS Ed '76, of Overland Park, Kan., June 19 at age 47. He worked for American Family Insurance.

Roger "Randy" Carnahan, JD '80, of Rolla, Mo., Oct. 16 at age 44. He was an attorney, a business consultant, a farmer and a political adviser to his father, the late Gov. Mel Carnahan. See Page 72.

Carla Weitzel, MA '84, of Columbia July 4 at age 47. She was an

activist, a kickboxing instructor, a writer and a director of radio drama.

Kristine Cooper, BS Ed '90, of Odessa, Mo., Aug. 23 at age 32. She was an elementary teacher.

Laurie Bostedo, BJ '92, of Chesterfield, Mo., May 23 at age 31. She was employed with Mary Kay Cosmetics.

Lavonda Mitchell, BHS '93, of Rocheport, Mo., June 24 at age 39. She was a respiratory therapist.

WEDDINGS

•**Gail Meyer**, BS Ag '81, and Gerd Kohl of Virginia Beach, Va., March 25. They have taken the last name of Kohlmeier.

•**John "Stinger" Hohlen**, BS '88, and Karen Stolte of Chesterfield, Mo., May 27.

•**Joseph Ahart**, AB '89, and Amy Johnson of Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 18.

•**Keith Politte**, BS Acc '91, and Jennifer Johnson of Chesterfield, Mo., June 17.

•**Shannon Ingersoll**, BS HES '93, and •**Bryce Stanley**, BS Acc '93, of Acworth, Ga., March 11.

•**Shannon Wright**, AB '95, M Ed '97, and Chad Morgan of Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 1, 1998.

•**Emily Baer**, BJ '96, and Thomas

Lischer of Omaha, Neb., July 29.

•**Courtney Gibbons**, BHS '96, and Kevin Wells of West Memphis, Ark., July 22.

•**Andrew Davis**, BS BA '98, and Amanda Blackwell of Houston May 27.

•**Tritia Trump**, BS Ed '99, and **Barry Odom**, BS '99, of Ada, Okla., July 3.

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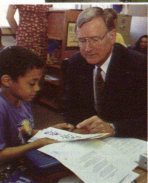
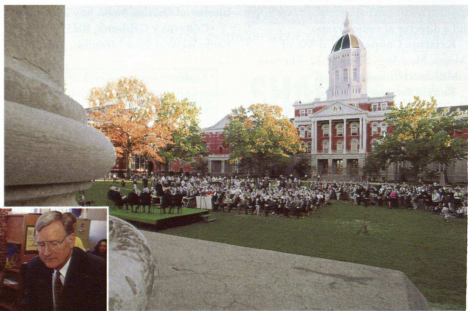


PHOTO BY NANCY O'CONNOR AND ROB HILL

"Gov. Carnahan believed in the young people of this state and championed education on every level," said Chancellor Richard L. Wallace at an Oct. 19 memorial, above, on Francis Quadrangle. Left, Carnahan visits with Justin Perry at Columbia's Ridgeway Elementary in 1997.

GOV. MEL CARNAHAN 1934-2000

TRIBUTES AT STATE FUNERAL

"Every morning Dad would get up early and light the fire. . . . And without fail, before he walked out the door in the morning to go to work, he'd say, 'Don't let the fire go out.' I am here today to say Dad, we promise, we won't let the fire go out."—*Daughter Robin Carnahan*
 "He was a leader like Harry Truman. He spoke the plain truth and thought there was no greater calling than public service."—*President Bill Clinton*

EDUCATION

Bachelor's degree, George Washington University, 1954; law degree, MU, 1959. Order of the Coif and *Law Review*

MILITARY SERVICE

U.S. Air Force, 1954-56

PUBLIC SERVICE

Missouri state representative, 1963-67; state treasurer, 1981-85; lieutenant governor, 1989-93; governor, 1993-2000

MISSOURI'S TRUE SON

MISSOURI GOV. MEL CARNAHAN, JD '59, was remembered during a memorial service on Francis Quadrangle Oct. 19 as a respected leader who was a strong supporter of children and education. Nine speakers eulogized the governor, including Secretary of State Bekki Cook, AB '72, JD '75. "He felt privileged to serve the average man and woman of Missouri," she said. During the service, the bell in Switzler Hall, MU's oldest classroom building, rang in Carnahan's memory.

Some 10,000 mourners, including President Bill Clinton and Vice President Al Gore, attended Carnahan's official state funeral on Oct. 20 in Jefferson City, Mo.

Carnahan, 66, died with his 44-year-old son, Roger "Randy" Carnahan, JD '80, and senior aide Chris Sifford, 37, in an Oct. 16 plane crash while en route to a

U.S. Senate campaign rally in New Madrid, Mo. Randy, the pilot, reported instrument problems shortly before the Cessna 335 went down in rainy weather in Jefferson County south of St. Louis.

In the aftermath of the tragedy, friends and family shared memories of a governor whose concern for others was genuine. When the oldest Carnahan children, Randy and Russ, went to Mizzou, the boys found housing with a Columbia couple who were empty nesters. "Mel, Jean and all four kids drove up in the station wagon to see if the Purdy home would be a pleasant place to live," recalls Allan Purdy, BS Ag '38, MA '39. The answer was resoundingly affirmative. During a span of 15 years, all four Carnahan children, and their daughter-in-law, Debra, JD '86, roomed with Allan and Vivian Purdy while attending MU or studying for the Missouri bar exam.

A warm friendship developed between the two families. The governor telephoned the Purdys in June to express his regrets at missing their 55th anniversary celebration because of his campaign schedule. "He could have asked a secretary to call, but he just picked up the phone," Allan said.

Glen Haddock, a fellow member of First Baptist Church in Rolla, Mo., remembers the governor as a man with strong convictions and good insights who was on a first-name basis with townsfolk.

Survivors include wife Jean; three children, Russ, BS PA '79, JD '83, Robin and Tom, JD '95; and two grandsons.

Lt. Gov. Roger Wilson, M Ed '86, was sworn in as Missouri's 52nd governor after Carnahan's death. Wilson, who will serve until Jan. 8, 2001, is the sixth MU alumnus to hold Missouri's highest office.—*Carol Hunter*



Members of the BBSA Executive Board include front row, from left: Desiree Mitchell, Vanessa Mitchell, Lakeecia Thomas, Dannielle Cauley and Candyce McNeely. Back row, from left: Ratesha White, Angela Hewitt and Shiraz Qalbani.

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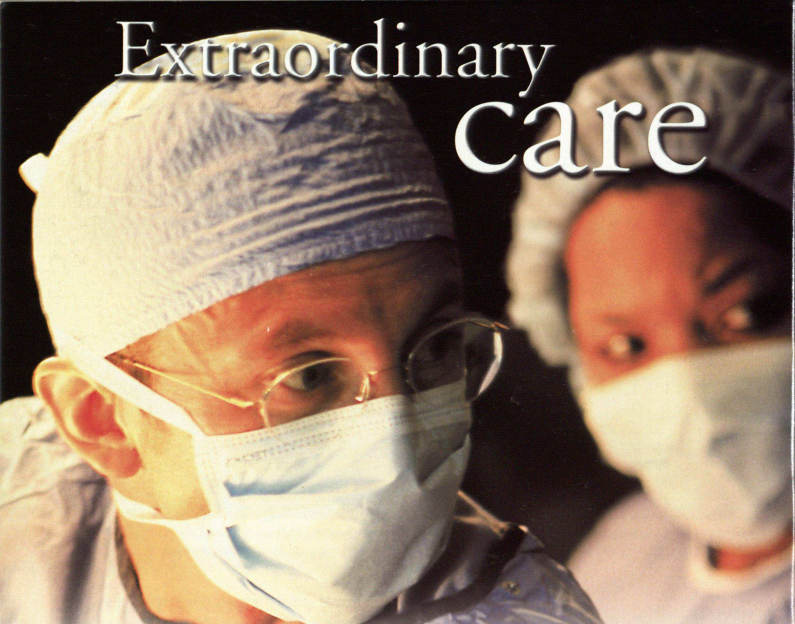
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