HAVERFORD CREW: DEDICATION & PASSION

Inside:
Notes from Pakistan
Global Conference on Racial Intolerance
Notes from Pakistan
by Cynthia Berkowitz ’83
Sept. 11 prompts memories of time spent practicing primary care medicine in Afghan refugee camps.

Haverford Crew: Five Years of Dedication and Passion
Challenged to do more with less, Haverford rowers respond with spirit and grit.
Photos by H. Scott Heist

From Haverford to Durban:
The Complicated Symbolism of South Africa
by Noah Leavitt ’91
Observations on racism and social intolerance at a global conference.
I last saw Calvin Gooding ‘84 at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., several years ago on a Wednesday. Turns out he was dating an actress (whom he later married) who appeared in the play I was attending. Calvin was also working in New York in the financial sector. That figures, I thought. Calvin always knew how to take care of business while squeezing in as much enjoyment out of life as he could. And fun he was! Throughout college, I gave him lots of bops upside the head in payment for his jokes. I also remember his kindness when he tried to play matchmaker to me and my college boyfriend when we broke up. Most importantly, I remember how much I respected his integrity our freshman year, when he acted very honorably in a difficult public situation. Calvin was Calvin—a tangible example of the intangibles that make Haverford so impressive; where most students moved easily between different groups, he got along great with everyone. Though I only saw him every few years, I will miss him sorely. I suspect, however, that he got as much joy out of life as he could while he was here. I will hold that lesson, and his memory, close to my heart.

— Beverly Ortega Babers ‘84

Bob Poush ‘41 and I had a unique friendship. We went together through three schools in Oskaloosa, Iowa: grade, high, and college. The latter was then known as William Penn College after a reorganization in the 1930s. As history majors, we next proceeded on graduate scholarships to Haverford for the school year of 1940-41. After WWII, Bob had a stroke and was unable to accompany me to the University of Iowa for a doctoral degree. He did teach for several years at two Iowa high schools before his health forced him to retire. Despite his medical problem, he lived to 83.

— R. Bruce Harley ‘41

I have just read the two opposing views on the subject in the Fall 2001 edition of your magazine. While I agree with Eugene Sarver’s view, it also comes to my mind that it may be more than the fact that the “young Haverford reporters” are “apparently blind and deaf.” I note his class year is twenty years before the other commentator’s, and it reinforces my belief that the time gap reflects the inevitable influence the extremely liberal reputation Haverford has had upon the minds of the Haverford students.

I once wrote to a former Haverford College president asking to put me in touch with at least one professor that would be recognized by the faculty has had upon the minds of the Haverford students.

— Vincent S. Averna, Esq. ’56

Your article on cheating and the Honor Code awakened memories in me and caused me to reflect on the “Haverford experience.”

More years ago than I care to recall, in sixth grade, we had a tyrannical teacher. He bullied the entire class into confessing to “talking” during a math test, except for yours truly. He walked around screaming and raging like a character out of Poe; I was scared, but he wasn’t gonna break me. Anyway, without proof, he lowered my grade with the rest of the class and bragged that “Steve wanted to take algebra next year, but I made it so he can’t.” This contributed to my attitude toward school, cheating, and the legal system in general.

Haverford changed all that. When I first learned of the Honor Code, I was flabbergasted. Why, they made it so easy to get those prelaw grades! However, I never cheated and never bothered to ask why, ’til I read the article by Robert Boynton. Being trusted like that, I would’ve felt extremely sad for the people who trusted me. I had never looked at it from that plane before, beyond survival ethics. In the end, all of us only have our own word to rely on; we stand or fall on our own character. If you get an A or win a trial by false pretenses, you’re still left with nothing. The Reagan “win at any cost” decade obscured this truism, but it is still valid.

Down here in West Virginia, there are “lots of shady characters and lots of dirty deals,” as phrased in “Smuggler’s Blues.” Once you take cash under the table or mess around with a client’s wife, you’re selling part of yourself that you can’t get back. I’ve fallen back on what I learned at Haverford quite a few times.

— Steve Paragamian ’77

Occasionally I go to the Haverford website just to see what’s going on and check out news. I saw this section and thought it my opportunity to express my thanks.

On Sept. 11, I arrived early for work as usual and found myself caught up in the disaster on the 6th floor of 2 WTC. But this note is not about me, it is about how the Haverford community came to the side of my daughter, Deirdre. I don’t think she would have been able to continue on for the day without the support of her classmates, school staff, and professors. I had no doubt that the Haverford community would take care of my daughter. I was worried about her reaction to seeing my building collapse around me, but throughout the day, I kept telling myself that Haverford would watch out for her. Haverford did. I cannot imagine her being at another school and receiving the kind of care and compassion that Haverford gave her that day. Haverford has always “been there” for Deirdre when she needed help with class work or just someone to talk with.

It took several hours for my family to get word to her that I was indeed alive and would somehow get home to Bayonne from NYC. In that long timeframe, the comfort of knowing that my daughter would be safe allowed me to worry about my own safety. Thanks, Haverford… I never had doubts that you would do your job, and we will never forget.

— Dolores Hurley P’03
THE AMPLIFICATION OF POSITIVE DEVIANTS

by Tom Tritton, President

Nice turn of phrase, that, but truth be told, it's not original with me. I heard it first from Dudley Herschbach, a professor of chemistry (and Nobel laureate) at Harvard. It does not refer to the homonymous word deviance (that would certainly never apply at Haverford!); nor to positivity in the sense of "admitting of no question;" nor to amplifiers as commonly found, for example, in musical reproduction systems. Rather, the amplification of positive deviants emphasizes the key role that outliers play in advancing human progress (an outlier in this context is anything that stands outside the usual expectation). Herschbach's specific reference was to a major national study of research in the natural sciences at primarily undergraduate institutions (PUIs for the aficionado). The results were released last year in a thick volume titled Academic Excellence: The Sourcebook and discussed by presidents, provosts, and faculty members at a meeting of the 159 institutions who participated. Since I was active in this project, it seems worthwhile to offer a few impressions of the results.

You won't be surprised to learn that Haverford is a positive deviant from the norm. But first, some background. Five forward-looking private foundations that support the nation's scientific enterprise underwrote the study. Their goal was to assess the research climate at undergraduate institutions (the last such attempt having been done in 1985, eons ago in scientific progress). Wide-ranging data on faculty time allocations and areas in need of funding were collected. I'll offer a couple of observations to tweak your inquisitiveness: (1) science faculty members spend about 70 percent of their time on teaching and 20 percent on research (the rest on committees and other service activities); (2) both faculty members and administrators have very similar assessments (this in itself may be shocking to some!) of areas in need of funding, the top two of which are information technology and support for research personnel.

The environment for science is munificently assessed in the study, and here Haverford shines. The report concludes that there are a "very limited, very selective number of institutions that can be identified as exceptional." Would I be writing about this if Haverford weren't among these positive deviants? I probably shouldn't ask myself such questions in public, but objectivity would require me to report on the College's health, whatever the result. We are outstanding, of course, but other questions follow:

In what ways are we exceptional? Sample a few:

• How about research dollars per year won by faculty in intense national competition: we are second nationally (if you're keeping score, $64,530 per year per faculty member). This is all the more amazing when you consider that Haverford is one of the smallest of the institutions studied.

• Try research publications per faculty member over the last decade: third in the nation, with an average of 1.3 per year for each scientist. This is over twice the productivity of the study group as a whole, with the added bonus that many of the publications include student authors.

• And production of Ph.D.s? We don't award them at Haverford, but we do serve as the baccalaureate origin for many who earn this degree elsewhere. We are in the top 15 percent in this category (and all in this group far outperform the major research universities in producing graduates who go on to the Ph.D.).

There are a multitude of other measures in the study. To cope with this complexity, the data have been subjected to "cluster analysis," a complex statistical approach to find groups that are similar or dissimilar when simultaneously considering a large number of factors. Two models emerged from the analysis: the enrollment model and the research model. Happily, in each model Haverford sorts into a small group of schools that are truly excellent in their delivery of science outcomes.

Why do we care about these results? About one-quarter of Haverford students major in the sciences. They and their professors are greatly advantaged to study and work in the rich scientific environment created here. Moreover, whether one studies physics or philosophy, chemistry or classics, or any of our newer academic pathways, all students are destined to live in a technological world where an understanding of science is basic to effective citizenship. Thus, our ability to sustain a first-rate science environment at the College is a service to all our students, and to the larger society we also serve. Research and discovery are the essence of science so it is gratifying to know that our faculty have done so well in creating a place where such science can flourish.

What lies ahead? There are a host of interesting questions that emerge from the Academic Excellence study, but they are too numerous, and possibly too arcane, for this article. I will be addressing some of the follow-up ideas at an upcoming meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. I won't be promoting Haverford (well, at least not excessively so) but analyzing national trends and prospects. If any readers are interested in this subject, drop me a note and I'll send a copy of my remarks. Meanwhile, I hope you'll visit the campus and take a peek at the newly opened Marion E. Koshland Integrated Natural Sciences Center. There you will see positive deviation science in action and, if you're inquisitive enough to grab a student or professor, can count on some sparkling conversation on a really cool subject.
Thanks to all who participated in “Who are We?” on the back page of the Fall 2001 issue of the Haverford Alumni Magazine. There were a variety of guesses for the dark haired, bearded 'Ford in the foreground, but the general consensus, affirmed by Eric Feigelson ’75, David Hamilton ’79, Grant Phillips ’77, and Tim Manzone ’75, is David Hansell ’75. Other guesses for the alum in the foreground were Neal Grabell ’77 (Paul Perkal ’77), Eric Feigelson ’75 (Steve Pravdo ’72), and Doug Hott ’78 (Craig Sklar ’78). Mark Sadoff ’82 believes one of the alums in the middle of the photo to be Tim Cronister ’82. Josh Kadish ’73 identified Sam Rogers ’72 as the alum in the middle of the photo, and Craig Sklar ’78 ventured a guess that his classmates Don Sapatkin and Brian Shuman were in the photo.

In Nottinghamshire, England, a young man named George Fox had a vision of how the world might look if “an ocean of light” were to overcome “an ocean of darkness.” The result was the founding of the Religious Society of Friends in the Truth in 1652.

In three exhibitions, in 2002, Haverford College’s Special Collections will explore how various Quakers have tried to follow that truth — in social service, in exploring the natural world, in collecting, preserving, and interpreting human heritage.

**February through March 2002.** In celebration of Black History and Women’s History Months, the exhibit, “To See and Be Seen,” looks at how the Smiley family, with its deep Quaker roots and Haverford connections, lived out its conviction about racial justice through conferences on Native Americans, Filipinos, Puerto Ricans, and African Americans. The exhibit will also look at how those for whom the Smileys advocated viewed themselves through their own, and through their benefactors’, eyes.

**April through September 2002.** The next exhibit, “Vaux Rhymes with Fox,” allows us to glimpse the energies of a family that used its Quaker heritage as a compass, guiding them through photography and science, botany and business, and the collection and preservation of “things Quaker.”

**October 2002 through January 2003.** “Shh...Backstage at the Library” investigates how Quaker materials (rare and not-so-rare) demonstrate the many hands and imaginations involved in preserving a cultural heritage. By implication, this exhibition also shows the energy involved in collecting, protecting, and interpreting any heritage.
Elaine Hansen Named President of Bates

Elaine T. Hansen, Provost and professor of English at Haverford, has been appointed as the seventh president of Bates College in Lewiston, Maine.

On Jan. 26, 2002, the Bates College Board of Trustees voted to elect Hansen to the post effective July 1, 2002. The Board decision followed a unanimous recommendation of Bates’ 16-member presidential search committee. The recommendation came after an intensive 12-month search process. Hansen succeeds Donald W. Harward, who has served as president since 1989.

“Dr. Hansen is first and foremost an educator who, throughout a distinguished career, has demonstrated her deep understanding and commitment to liberal arts education and the important role it plays in our society,” says Burton M. Harris, Esq., Bates Class of 1959, chair of Bates’ Board of Trustees.

Hansen earned her A.B. at Mount Holyoke College, her M.A. at the University of Minnesota, and her Ph.D. at the University of Washington. Before coming to Haverford in 1980, she was an associate editor of the Middle English Dictionary at the University of Michigan and taught at Hamilton College. She has taught a wide variety of courses in Middle English literature and in contemporary women’s writing and feminist theory, as well as introductory linguistics and first-year writing seminars. She has served as chair of the English department and as coordinator of the Haverford/Bryn Mawr Concentration in Feminist and Gender Studies. She was also awarded the Lindback Teaching Prize.

“Elaine Hansen is uniformly admired and respected at Haverford,” says Thomas R. Tritton, president of the College. “We will miss her immensely but wish her all the best at Bates. Elaine is smart, yet welcoming of diverse viewpoints; elegant, yet approachable; decisive, yet fair. While she will have many ideas of what she wants to accomplish, building and sustaining Bates’ academic excellence will undoubtedly be her highest priority.”

Hansen will receive an honorary degree during Haverford College’s commencement exercises on Sunday, May 19, 2002 (see p.56).

Julio de Paula Co-Authors Leading Textbook

Haverford College professor of chemistry Julio de Paula is co-author of the most recent edition of Physical Chemistry (Oxford University Press, England, and W.H. Freeman & Company, United States), the world’s leading textbook in its field.

Now in its seventh edition, Physical Chemistry was among the first chemistry textbooks to stress understanding above memorization of facts and formulas. Translated into 15 languages, the text is used by students studying chemistry, biochemistry, and chemical engineering. One of the most important changes in the new edition, explains de Paula, is the introduction of an interdisciplinary approach to the study of physical chemistry. The textbook now includes examples and concepts drawn from biochemistry, environmental science, materials science, chemical engineering, and astrophysics.

De Paula and his co-author, Peter Atkins, a chemistry professor at Oxford, also wrote a CD-ROM titled Explorations in Physical Chemistry, which they describe as a “living textbook” of physical chemistry. Using widely available mathematical software, it allows students to run or design their own computer simulations of physical, chemical, and biochemical phenomena, thereby providing them with insight into the mathematics used to explain molecular behavior.

Jerry Gollub Elected Fellow of AAAS

Haverford College physicist Jerry Gollub has been elected Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS), the world’s largest federation of scientists, which conducts programs in science policy, science education, and international scientific cooperation, and which publishes Science, the prestigious peer-reviewed journal.

Gollub, the John and Barbara Bush Professor in the Natural Sciences at Haverford, was selected for his “enlightening experiments on nonlinear systems and pattern formation in matter that flows and for his efforts on behalf of excellence in science education.” He was honored, along with other AAAS 2002 Fellows, during ceremonies on Feb. 16, 2002, in Boston.
1. Khalil Thompson ’04 leads a tour by Barclay.

2. Bill Astifan speaking about the arboretum by the Magill library.

3. Tom Tritton and Paul Smith, Professor of History, addressing parents.

4. Students and their families gather outside of Lloyd.

5. Richard Lederer ’59 giving a talk in Chase Auditorium.
Passing through the gates of Haverford College, it is virtually impossible to overlook the campus’s natural, subtle beauty. Flowers grace the stone Lancaster Avenue entrance to the College, and a slight breeze ruffles the leaves of the many trees lining College Lane. A sun-dappled bench underneath a European larch (Larix decidua) beckons those seeking a shady respite outside of Hall building, and nearby children play on the “climbing tree” (an Osage-Orange or Maclura pomifera, circa 1835), which fell early in the 20th century and has continued to grow in its fallen state.

Getting Acquainted

As a freshman, I remember receiving (among the seemingly thousands of papers in my mailbox) a note from the Campus Arboretum Association informing me that members of my class would get free house plants. “How sweet!” I thought, and went off to the Dining Center to collect my plant and become a member of the Association. I chose the Christmas cactus, one of the least needy plants (requiring only water once a week or two). It survived that first semester, but I am sad to report that there is no Christmas cactus sitting on my windowsill at the moment. I soon learned that the Campus Arboretum Association does quite a bit more than hand out free plants to freshmen.

The Campus Arboretum Association is a fairly recent organization, but its purpose dates back to the beginnings of Haverford College. A group of Philadelphia and New York Quakers purchased Haverford’s 198.5 acres in 1831 and founded the College two years later. In 1834, they hired William Carvill, an English gardener, to convert the farmland into a college campus. In the early 1900s, a group of individuals concerned about the state of Haverford’s natural beauty formed the Campus Club under the leadership of Edward Woolman, Class of 1893. Seventy years later, John A. Silver ’25, saw the need for a new organization to carry on the work of the former Campus Club and, in 1974, the Campus Arboretum Association was started.

The Arboretum staff is charged with the momentous task of keeping Haverford looking beautiful, maintaining the flora and fauna that has existed here for decades, and knowing when it is time to try something new. The College is the proud home to many beautiful and historical specimens, including the Pennsylvania State Champion Hinoki false-cypress (Chamaecyparis

Natural History: This Dutch elm was a seedling of a diseased elm removed in 1976. After years of care under the supervision of Grounds Manager Carmen Ianieri, the tree was planted last fall and now graces Founders Green, in front of Ryan Gymnasium.
obtuse), the loblolly pine (Pinus taeda), and the Pennsylvania State Co-Champion flowering dogwood (Cornus florida). In Japan, since ancient times, the Hinoki false-cypress has been considered of great religious significance and the most beautiful of trees. It often is placed near Shinto temples. The loblolly pine is a rare mature specimen since the plant is not usually found in Pennsylvania. The flowering dogwood was a favorite of both George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. Washington planted a circle of dogwoods with a redbud in the middle near the south garden of his Mount Vernon home, and Jefferson planted a dogwood on the west side of his home at Monticello.

The Hinoki false-cypress and the flowering dogwood are not the only trees on campus with a bit of fame in their history. The cedar of Lebanon (Cedrus libani), a native of Asia Minor, was the largest known tree in biblical times. From humble beginnings in the woods of Tennessee, the yellowwood (Cladrastis lutea) was brought to the gardens of Versailles and the Tuileries of Paris in 1796 by Andre Michaux, royal botanist to the King of France. In the 1930s and after, many American elms (Ulmus Americana) succumbed to Dutch elm disease, but Haverford is lucky enough to have five healthy American elms on campus. One of the five is a descendant of the Penn Treaty elm and the last of a group of seven planted on Barclay Beach in 1915.

The bur oak (Quercus macrocarpa) found at the entrance to Magill Library is one of the oldest trees on campus. Its twin resides across Founders Green in front of Barclay. These two trees appear on William Carvill’s original campus plan, circa 1835. The Magill bur oak was planted in the 1835 outside the original Alumni Hall, but its placement raised some concerns when construction on Magill was scheduled to begin in 1967. By then, the tree had reached grand proportions. Fortunately, builders Harbeson, Hough, Livingston, and Larson were careful to include survival of the bur oak in their plans. They built the entrance ramp to Magill specifically around this tree, thus promoting both handicapped access to the library as well as preservation of nature.

The Arboretum staff and Association strives to include alumni, students, and community members in programs that include excursions to nearby gardens and arboreta, Campus Beautification Projects, and the planting of a tree each year dedicated to that year’s freshman class. But the Campus Arboretum staff’s efforts to “continue the tradition of campus beautification” are truly fruitful each and every time a campus community member simply enjoys Haverford’s bucolic beauty.

And what are my personal favorite spots on campus, you might ask? The first would most certainly be the Mary Newlin Smith-Ruth Magill memorial gardens found through the Carvill Arch behind Magill Library. But perhaps my most favorite spot on campus is in front of the scarlet oak (Quercus coccinea), on Founders Green where a touching dedication reads, “To Blake, who, like destiny’s branches pushing skyward, will pierce the cross-winds of life’s currents. – Dad.”

— Maya Severns ’04

For more information on how to become a member of the Campus Arboretum, please contact the Arboretum office at: (610) 896-1101, or visit their website: www.haverford.edu/Arboretum/home.htm
Even on weekends, when Carmen Ianieri leaves his Bryn Mawr house in the morning to buy a newspaper, he finds himself turning his car onto College Lane almost involuntarily.

“After April 8,” he says, “it will be strange not to come to work anymore. I’ll probably show up here anyway.”

April 8 marks the end of Ianieri’s 45 years with Haverford’s grounds and physical plant crew. On October 29, 1956, the recent arrival from Italy first set foot on campus, speaking not one word of English; now, he will finally retire after spending the last 14 years as grounds manager.

He’ll have a quiet life. He’ll take his granddaughter fishing, and spend time in his prized vegetable garden. He’ll travel, perhaps back to the small farming village of his birth. It’s time to relax, he says.

He’ll miss the College, the people who have become like his second family, and coming to work in the morning—especially in spring, he remarks, when the daffodils bloom and his beloved trees sprout their dazzling green leaves. And he’ll still come back to visit (though he promises, “I won’t be a nuisance”) and take his family for picnics on the lush expanses of lawn that he has helped to water and cut and beautify all of these years.

“It’s a part of me,” he says. “There’s not a piece of ground here I didn’t have something to do with.”

Those who hear the word “retirement” and expect a stooped, wizened old man with calloused hands and dirt-smudged fingernails would be surprised. In fact, Carmen Ianieri is a broad-shouldered, vital man who looks as if he could easily spend the next 45 years planting even more trees around the campus and points beyond. Those majestic trees that comprise Haverford’s acclaimed arboretum owe much of their splendor to Ianieri’s tireless dedication and rescue efforts. “You preserve trees, you don’t cut them,” he says in a matter-of-fact tone, as if this is a common tenet of life. It’s not surprising, though, that a farm boy who spent his childhood pruning olive and fruit trees would feel himself as much a part of the campus’ big oaks and elms as their own roots.

Ianieri was born in Abruzzi, Italy, a village in the Old Country town of Casoli, a village he describes as “hilly, but workable...you could still use tractors and mules and ox.” One of seven children—six brothers and a sister—and the oldest of the brothers, Ianieri learned at an early age how to till the ground to plant wheat, corn, potatoes, vegetables, and numerous other crops, and how to care for his family’s trees. His father was his greatest teacher: “When we were doing the olive trees, he would give me a branch close to the ground to prune.” Ianieri learned how to prune olive trees every two years to keep them from growing into bushes and ruining the olives; how to press the olives into oil; how to trim and care for the grape vines; how to grow flax, process it, and weave it to make linen; how to cut hay; how to tend to the farm’s vast menagerie of cows, chickens, sheep and assorted other animals; and even how to build a house with bricks and mortar. All of this was accomplished with a minimum of machinery, and a maximum of hand work and simple tools like scythes and sickles.
Ianieri remembers the day he realized his country was in the midst of a world war. It was the summer of 1943, he was about seven years old, and he saw bomber planes flying in formation over his farm. “Almost every day,” he says, “at one o’clock in the afternoon, they’d fly over the house.” One time, a German fighter plane hit an American bomber, and Ianieri’s family stood taut with fear as they watched the plane circle the sky above them, struggling to land. “We all got scared… we thought it was after us, that is was trying to shoot us.” The plane landed on a hill that was a safe distance from the farm, but still within Ianieri’s line of vision. He watched it explode. “That was a close call,” he says.

In November of 1943, the German army occupied Abruzzi and forced everyone in Ianieri’s neighborhood to leave their homes. “They told us we had two hours to pack up whatever we wanted to take, and they were going to take us up north,” he says. “So we packed up this little wagon we had. There were four of us at the time…and my mother was pregnant.” The family traveled 50 miles north of their farm and spent a week and a half with a generous family that took them in. “After the war, we became like family with these people,” Ianieri remembers. “We would visit them all the time. They took care of us for so many days.”

Later, the Germans came through the village again, but Ianieri’s father had made up his mind that he wouldn’t leave his home a second time. “He created a little scam for the Germans,” says Ianieri. “The night before they came, he told my mother to make bread. My mother said, ‘What do you mean, make bread? We have to leave tomorrow!’ My father just said, ‘Make bread tonight.’”

In the morning, the family heated up the brick oven just as the Germans arrived, and Ianieri’s father asked for an hour to cook some bread, so his family would have something to eat while they were gone. The German soldiers, unaware that the bread had already been made, agreed to give them the allotted hour to finish the baking. But when the time came to leave, instead of following the caravan of neighbors north, the Ianieri family headed south. “The Germans didn’t notice until we were heading up a hill,” Ianieri says. “Then they started to shoot at us. We were lucky—none of us got hit.”

The family stayed with an uncle for a week. They knew they couldn’t go back to their house right away; it was customary for the German soldiers to ransack the village’s newly vacated homes, searching for money and gold. “Our house was pretty much destroyed,” says Ianieri. “They used our kitchen as a slaughterhouse. They killed our animals…there was dried blood everywhere.”

Even liberation, when it finally came, was not without peril. “The night before the English came and took over the area, the English bomb almost hit our house. Right by the front door. If it had hit the house we all would have been killed.” At another point, Ianieri was almost hit with shrapnel when a bomb exploded in the air near the house. “Right beside me, so close it almost touched my arm, was a big piece of metal. Any closer, and I would have been split in half.”

It took three years for the family to recuperate from the war. There wasn’t much food left, though they had saved two cows and enough chickens to begin raising a new breed. Their sheep had scattered but, in true nursery-rhyme fashion, came home as soon as the family returned to the farm. The land had been made hard and intractable from tanks riding roughshod over it. Several bridges had been blown up, so there was no way to cross the nearby rivers to get what they needed from other towns.

“Wartime was not a very comfortable time,” says Ianieri. The farm had been irrevocably altered. Italy’s economy was in a downward spiral. It seemed like the best of all possible times to take advantage of the prosperity and opportunity that beckoned from across the Atlantic.

“If I had stayed another year in Italy,” Ianieri reflects, “I might never have come here.”

Though the economy soon turned itself around, Ianieri’s father still wanted to carve out a life for his family in the United States. He contacted his brother in Wilmington, Del., to begin the necessary paperwork, which took four years to complete. Finally, in June of 1956, Ianieri and his father came to Bryn Mawr to live with relatives and search for work. His mother and brothers arrived in 1958; his sister didn’t cross the ocean until 1966.

Ianieri’s extensive experience working on the farm helped propel him into a job with a local landscaping business; four months later, a friend of his uncle’s, a Haverford employee, admired his work and recommended him for a job at the school. Ianieri spoke no English when he started working at the College, but he saw this as an advantage: “When you can’t speak English you can’t talk, so I just worked.” He took his visual cues from his co-workers. “I would watch what the other guy was doing,” he says. “If he grabbed a rake, then I grabbed a rake.”

A cousin of Ianieri’s, a student at Villanova, gathered Ianieri, his father, and other cousins at his house a few nights a week to teach them English. “I had paid a dollar, so this guy would make seven dollars a night,” Ianieri says. “And then, there was this
guy I worked for, his name was Perry McDaniel but his nickname was ‘Bobo,’ and I used to bother him all the time. I would grab a shovel and ask him what it was, so I could learn. I would gesture to the fans, the tools, and do the same thing. And after a month a half, I could communicate with this guy.”

Ianieri didn’t get his citizenship until 1966. At the time, it couldn’t be obtained until the person seeking citizenship had been in the country for five years. So, in 1961, Ianieri went to the Philadelphia courthouse, fully prepared to pass the required exam. “But, I got this old miserable guy, and he just threw me off,” he says. “I wasn’t relaxed. All I had to do was write down ‘My house is green,’ and I got so nervous, I took the book and gave it back to him and yelled, ‘You write that! I don’t need citizenship, I’m going back to Italy.’” Five years later, Ianieri was still in Bryn Mawr and realizing that he couldn’t apply for a hunting license without citizenship. Swallowing his pride, he headed back to the courthouse, where he was greeted with the sight of his former interviewer in one of the offices, oblivious to Ianieri’s presence. “I told the lady at the front, ’Look, you can give me anybody you want, but don’t give me that man,’” he laughs. He was paired with an amiable college student and passed with flying colors.

Time passed. Ianieri and his wife, Joan, welcomed five children and settled into their Bryn Mawr home, where they still live today. And the groundskeeper, who had originally intended to stay at Haverford only for the winter of 1956, became an invaluable part of the College community, as familiar and beloved as Founders Hall itself.

Ianieri’s responsibilities over the past 45 years have been varied. He’s kept the fields for the athletic department, performed plumbing and other maintenance duties, substituted as a night watchman when members of the security staff were unable to come to work. And, of course, he’s watched over the trees as if they were his children…even before the arboretum department was created, the trees have been essential parts of the campus and of Ianieri’s job. He notes with pride that he has had a hand in planting every one of the trees along College Lane, and nearly every tree on campus has benefited from his skill. He’s pruned them, sprayed them, planted them, and saved them.

In 1976, an American elm stricken with Dutch elm disease had to be cut down. After its removal, Ianieri discovered five seedlings left behind. He and then-groundskeeper Tom Porreca planted the seedlings in Haverford’s nursery, where they grew for 25 years. Just recently, Ianieri planted the specimen elm in the center of campus, in front of Ryan Gymnasium (see p. 7). Presently, it’s more twig than tree, stretching towards the sky in slow motion. But it’s a remarkable testament to Ianieri’s love and respect for all plant life, not just at Haverford, but everywhere.

Ianieri’s dedication, to all aspects of his work, has awed his colleagues. Grounds supervisor Eric Larson remembers his boss’ role in the blizzard of 1996, which dumped more than 30 inches of snow across the Philadelphia area within a two-day period. “Carmen was out in the bitter cold, with pneumonia, on a backhoe—the only tool capable of moving that much snow, with no cab, no wind curtains and barely a windshield. He was out here for hours and hours, into the night, early in the morning, doing whatever had to be done. Because he’s on salary, he wasn’t paid overtime for that.” Larson will always remember the sight of Ianieri getting off the backhoe and shaking the snow from his coat collar. “This was the prototypical Carmen: capable, hard-working, going the extra mile, not concerned so much with his own comfort, seemingly oblivious to the elements.”

“He is absolutely convinced of his responsibility to duty,” says Floss Genser, arboretum manager from 1979-1996. “He never stops working.”

During the almost five decades Ianieri has worked at Haverford he has, naturally, been witness to many changes, among them 10 new buildings, an increase in student population from 400 to 1,100, the admittance of women, and about 700 new additions to the faculty and staff. The tools of his job have changed as well. “When I got here, for instance, we had one lawnmower we pulled with a tractor to cut the big field. I used to trim around the trees with a hand mower. Now, we have so much equipment here we don’t know what to do with it. But that’s progress, and that’s good.”

And despite all the changes, “basically the College is still the College.”

In 1963 Ianieri was sick for one year, with tuberculosis. The illness resulted in a lengthy hospitalization and a long absence from Haverford. He had used up all of his sick days, and after that, there was no money coming into the house. The College paid half his salary, and sent food to his house for his wife and children.

“At that point, I knew I was going to work for Haverford College for a long time,” he says. “You feel like you’re in a family, like they really care about you here. It’s going to be hard to forget that.”

The College could say the same about Carmen Ianieri.
Greetings,

These have been difficult months for so many of us. The terrorism of Sept. 11, coupled with the war in Afghanistan has touched us all, whether we or our loved ones were directly involved or not. As many of you know, the Haverford community lost several friends on Sept. 11. These included alumni and a parent of a current student.

Out of this tragedy some good has come, however. The College responded quickly to meet the psychological, physical, and educational needs of students and others on campus. A plenary-like session was held in the Field House to allow people to express what they were thinking and feeling. A Meeting for Worship was held as well, allowing community members to connect with the College’s Quaker heritage in these troubling times.

The College also responded to the needs of alums. After receiving calls and e-mails from many alumni, the College quickly set up living-room listening sessions in several cities to allow Haverfordians to come together to discuss the events of Sept. 11. As the President of the Alumni Association, I was particularly pleased to see that these events did not only attract the “regulars” — those alums who frequently attend alumni events — but also alums who had been out of touch with the College and/or the alumni community. In difficult times people are often pulled to a community where they feel safe; I am so glad that the Haverford community can be that place for so many.

The Alumni Association Executive Committee (AAEC) plans a busy year ahead. We will be focusing on Regional Societies, ways in which the Multicultural Committee can bring together students and alums of color, ways in which alums can form relationships with students, and Career Development Office services for alums. As always, we welcome input from you. Feel free to contact me, or any member of the AAEC, with your suggestions. Staff in the Alumni Office (610-896-1004) will be happy to put you in touch with us.

Sincerely,

Eva Osterberg Ash ’88
Eva.ash@esc.edu
(631) 261-5048

Alumni Association Executive Committee

President
Eva Osterberg Ash ’88

Vice President
Robert Eisinger ’87

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Sarah Willie ’86
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Multicultural

If you would like to nominate an alumnus/a for the Alumni Association Executive Committee, please contact the Alumni Office at (610) 896-1004.
Haverford College

*ALUMNI WEEKEND*

**MAY 31 - JUNE 2**

**RECOGNIZING THOSE WHO LEAD & SERVE**

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Alumni, family, and friends may make credit card gifts (Visa, MasterCard, and American Express) to the College via a secure site. From www.haverford.edu, click on the Alumni button to find the link for The Haverford Fund, then scroll down to the Online Giving Form. For more information contact Director of Annual Giving, Emily Davis, at (610) 896-1129 or edavis@haverford.edu.

**ADDRESS UPDATES**

Please keep Haverford updated with your current home and work information. Your friends and classmates may be looking for you! You may contact us in numerous ways: log-on to the alumni pages of www.haverford.edu and select “address updates”; send e-mail to devrec@haverford.edu; or call the Advancement Services Office at (610) 896-1134. Thank you!

**AAEC’S CLASS OF 1997 CHALLENGE**

In an effort to encourage annual giving participation by the members of the class of 1997 at their 5th Reunion (Alumni Weekend, May 31 – June 2), The Alumni Executive Committee promises to contribute at least $50 for every member of the Class who makes a gift to the Haverford Fund this year (by June 30, 2002).


John Whitehead will match any increased gift (any amount above last year’s gifts) to the Haverford Fund made this fiscal year (July ’01 - June ’02). Our youngest alums are the key to raising total alumni participation. Thank you for your support.

**Haverford College**

*WINTER 2002*
It is Sept. 15 and I am holding my head in my hands, trying to understand the source of the hatred that could lead to the death of 3,000 innocent and unsuspecting human beings in less than an hour. I have slept with the television on all night since the terrorist attacks occurred, hoping to receive some explanation that would reassure me that this was an anomaly, that it would never happen again.

Photos courtesy of Cynthia Berkowitz.
As I struggle to grasp recent events, I look back to my experience in the part of the world where the plan for these attacks was conceived. In 1990, as a fourth-year medical student, I was granted an externship in human rights by the Center for the Study of Society and Medicine at Columbia University College of Physicians & Surgeons. I was sent to the Northwest Frontier Province (NWFP) of Pakistan with two male classmates where we practiced primary care medicine in Afghan refugee camps managed by the International Rescue Committee (IRC). To my sponsors who enthusiastically assigned me, despite my gentle protests, to placement in a sex-segregated culture, I was an interesting experiment. I journeyed off with trepidation, not anticipating the depth with which I would penetrate a truly foreign world.

After three plane rides and a few days of travel, I landed in Peshawar, the capitol city of the NWFP and the urban hub of the refugee crisis. Peshawar was strikingly different from any large city I had ever seen. The roads were covered with dirt and pebbles. They were shared by small, dingy cars of makes unknown to me and mule-drawn carts. Small packs of goats journeyed through the congestion. At the sides of the roads were cinderblock buildings, many consisting only of open cells. These were filled with stacks of various goods – groceries, Afghan carpets (the only kind of carpet in town, superior to their Pakistani counterparts), household goods, and jewelry. The sound of Muslim prayers soon wafted through the air and would do so five times a day. My IRC hosts drove me through these dusty streets to a middle-class neighborhood filled with lovely stucco homes surrounded by protective walls. When we reached my new home, a guard opened the gate for us.

My first task was to obtain proper Muslim garb. Western dress on a woman would be tolerated in the more modern cities of Karachi and Islamabad but could provoke an unfortunate incident on the streets of Peshawar. I needed shalwar kameez topped with a large chaddar. The shalwar are baggy pants that obscure the form of the legs. The kameez is a knee-length dress that covers the form of the back end and the arms. The chaddar is a large shawl that is draped over the head and shoulders to cover the hair and the form of the bust. The fabrics on my new outfit were brightly colored but the coverage provided paralleled that of a nun’s habit. For many of the Muslim women around me, the coverage went further. The women in purdah hid their faces from the view of unrelated men, often by wearing a burqa, a large circular piece of brightly colored fabric worn over the head like a ghost costume, having a mesh screen through which the woman could view the world.

A few days later, I was taken to the border town of Hongu, where I would live on weekdays while working in the refugee camps. The IRC van traveled over roads that had been cut into mountainsides by the British. The drop-off at the road’s edge was sudden and steep. Below us, I could see the rusting carcasses of buses that had traveled too close. We journeyed through tribal areas in which people lived out of reach of the national government. The marketplaces of the tribes were filled with piles of sacks of opium, the main commodity of these poor groups.

In Hongu, I came to know Afghan and Pakistani people from different social strata. First, there were my patients, the poor peasants who lived in the camps. Second, there were the IRC employees, mostly male Afghan physicians and assistants except for a few Pakistani female physicians.
The poor peasants of the refugee camps lived in simple clay-and-stone huts that blanketed the valleys all around us. As refugees, they had some benefits they had never known in Afghanistan, including latrines and vaccinations. Food was in sufficient supply although water was not.

I served the women and children in the Basic Health Unit. Women flocked to see the Western doctor; they believed I had powers and medicines that could endow them with great strength and well-being. While waiting for me, they squatted in long lines on the floor, covered in their burqas and chaddars. An Afghan man supervised the situation, wandering among them and prodding them with a stick to keep them in their proper place on line. The women often held bare-bottomed babies. I never saw the women engaging with the children in a playful way. I never saw any form of toy in the hands of a child. The layers of clothes, accented with handcrafted tapestries, had a clammy coating of grime on them. (The water supply was inadequate to allow bathing or washing of clothes.) When a woman stepped up to my chair, she would lift her veil and begin to complain of vague, multifocal hoogigie (pains). Although I knew I could not fulfill their hopes for greater well-being, I did provide vitamins to all visitors. These were highly valued.

As a clinician in this setting, there was usually little I could do to intervene in medical problems. The formulary contained an odd array of medications. There were antihypertensives to treat elevated blood pressure, but no remedy for the ubiquitous skin sores. I could give some iodine to treat the common enlarged thyroid glands or prescribe an antibiotic for an ear-ache. A program for tuberculosis screening and treatment was provided by the World Health Organization. We rarely helped women obtain oral contraceptives in secrecy. Mostly, I could observe. I saw illnesses that were nonexistent in the West. I saw 6-year-olds with congenital heart disease; their Western counterparts would have had surgery in early childhood. I saw children with polio; they had been vaccinated but their vaccines were improperly refrigerated during transport.

The IRC employees had a higher living standard and often spoke English. These people, many of them doctors, became good friends who introduced me to their homes and shared their private thoughts with me. As a woman, I enjoyed special privileges. Unlike my male classmates, I could join the gather-
ings of women. Unlike my new female friends, I was invited to
the gatherings of men because they understood that I was not
restricted by the laws of their culture. The result was a double-
dose of exceptional hospitality.

The typical cinderblock home of an Afghan refugee living
in the city consisted of a series of two or three rooms and a wall
encircling a small courtyard. The rooms opened onto the court-
yard where the food was cooked. These rooms contained nar-
row flat pillows along their perimeter. The floors were
typically covered with beautiful hand woven carpets. There
were windows looking out into the courtyard but these were
always covered by curtains so the female relatives could cook in
the courtyard without being viewed by male visitors within
the rooms.

When invited to a feast, my male classmates and I were first
delayed at the door while the women in the courtyard ran for
cover. We were then escorted into a room. As a Western
woman, I was the only female in the group. I would be greeted
by my fellow physicians but their male relatives would turn their
backs to me. This was a show of respect for my modesty and an
expression of their awkwardness in my unusual presence at the
party. A large plastic sheet would be spread across the floor.
Soon it would be covered by countless platters of food, spread
out in lovely arrangements and dispersed on as many plates as
possible to create the impression of abundance. The arduous
task of eating it all then began. The main course of special feasts
was typically ashouk, the Afghan version of stuffed pasta. They
stuffed their small, handmade pasta pillows with chopped scal-
lions and potatoes and covered the dish in meat sauce. The
appropriate response to this tremendous hospitality was nonstop
eating. Whenever I would pause to catch my breath, I was
immediately asked, “It does not please you? Do you not feel
well?” After the feast, I had the special privilege denied to my
male classmates of joining the women of the family in the next
room for their separate feast. They were a bit weary after mak-
ing ravioli from scratch but thrilled to meet me.

Between the large feasts, I passed many quiet hours with my
new girlfriends. I was especially close to a Pakistani physician, a
woman in her twenties named Mina. Although her abilities, not
her gender, had determined her career choice, gender otherwise
constrained every moment of her life. When her brother was
available to supervise, we would take a trip to the marketplace
together. After some deliberation, her father once permitted his
physician daughter to go out with me under the guardianship
of my driver.

When no man was supervising, we hung out together in
her bedroom. There I learned about her impending marriage.
I once asked Mina if she had met her fiancé in medical school.
No, she had never met him at all. He had come to her home
for an engagement party but the future spouses were kept in
separate rooms during the event. She had been given a photo
of him and this became her only means of knowing him. With
a grim expression that exuded mild terror, she slowly handed
the photo to me. In my effort to be positive I said, “He looks
nice.”

“He’s fat,” she responded.

Mina’s engagement had been arranged in the traditional
manner, after the eligible young man had expressed an interest
in her to his parents. The parents, agreeing to the choice, then
came to Mina’s parents to propose the marriage. A bargaining
session ensued in which her parents held out until sufficient
jewels and money were promised as wedding gifts. A few
young men had sent their parents to bid for Mina but her
father never discussed her wishes in the matter with her. She
revealed her true passion for one suitor, rejected because he had
excessive responsibility as the eldest son in his family, only to
her Western confidant. If her preference for any one man
became known, no other man would ever desire her.
Mina’s family was immensely curious about sexual relations in my culture. Her father one day asked me, “Is it true that in your country the lady and the lad can walk together before they are married and the parents can do nothing about it?”

“Yes.”

“And is it true that in your country the lady and the lad can live together before they are married and the parents can do nothing about it?” To this man, there was little difference between the two activities. A slippery slope connected one to the other.

To the traditional Muslims, sexual desire is a natural, undeniable force that needs no facilitation, only careful supervision. Women are regarded as naturally alluring, not in need of revealing clothes. They must be covered and guarded to prevent men from acting on irrepressible desire. Unlike most Western cultures, where repression is a mental process that hides the full extent of sexual motives in everyday interactions between men and women, in this Muslim culture, sexual motives were consciously acknowledged and constrained by social customs. I once explained to a few Afghan men that in our Western culture, there are nuns and priests who never marry because their primary devotion is to God. This news produced stunned gasps of disbelief and pressing questions. “How can that be? Do they not have a heart?”

“Maybe the nuns have sex with the priests.”

“Maybe they have just a little bit of sex. Maybe they just kiss.”

As I grew closer to my new friends, our private conversations turned to the tragedy in their lives. Everyone had a story of losing a family member to Soviet brutality. My friend Sadia told me with a numb expression of how she lost two brothers, each arrested and never heard from again. Her youngest brother disappeared the day after he graduated as valedictorian of his engineering school class.

The Afghan people had a fierce resistance to the invading force that sought to destroy their traditional way of life. In response, their religious leaders concluded that atrocities had been dealt to them because they had not adhered to Islamic law with sufficient rigor. The powerful, armed members of their society enforced a new level of strict compliance with religious customs. More modern-thinking physicians whose female relatives once walked the streets with their faces exposed now hid their wives and sisters as they entertained visitors. Women veiled their faces not in accordance with their religious beliefs but out of fear of violence if they did not comply with the new standard. Stories spread fear through Peshawar. An Afghan physician was murdered during my visit. He had sinned by opening his clinic on a religious holiday. My friends sometimes mentioned the ominous presence in Peshawar of Hekmatyar, the warlord of the Hezeb-e-Islami party, an extremist group.

As I became closer to my new Afghan and Pakistani friends, I was struck at once by my human connection with them and the alienness of their culture. The differences in our beliefs, our science, our sexuality, our wealth, and our experience of war were gaping. It was not by serving them but by serving with them that a deep connection grew through the differences. I was first invited to work at the side of Afghans and Pakistanis. Then I was invited into their homes, and from there into their affections, and ultimately into their private thoughts. After I worked side by side with my new friends, what was alien became human.

Now that our people have entered this traditional Muslim world to root out terrorists and reshape politics, we must struggle to understand, struggle to make that human connection that comes so naturally when people work together.

Cynthia Berkowitz ‘83 is a child psychiatrist at the Walker Home and School in Needham, Mass. She can be reached for comment and discussion at cberkowitz@walkerschool.org.
Last year, I discovered that my grandfather’s grandfather (my great-great grandfather) attended Haverford College in the late 1880s. While shuffling through some old books, my mother found a genealogical reference in one of my grandfather’s bibles describing his mother’s father, Edmund Coleman Lewis. She immediately sent it to me from my grandparents’ home in North Carolina.

With this information, I visited the Special Collections wing of Haverford College’s Magill Library. There, I explained my situation to the helpful librarians and they were delighted to aid me in uncovering more information about my relative. First, we searched through the matriculation records for that year and soon found his name and information. The records revealed that Edmund entered Haverford College in 1883 and left at the close of his junior year. (Later we would find out that it was common for students to only stay for short periods of time at College.) In this case, Edmund left Haverford to pursue a business in the cotton trade from 1886-88. He then became a mechanical engineer and later a salesman. It indicated he was born in Philadelphia on February 24th, 1868, therefore making him only 15 years old when he entered Haverford College.

The next piece of information came from the Catalogue of the Offices and Students of Haverford College for the Academic Year 1883-84. Each year, this small booklet listed all of the students enrolled in Haverford College, their relative areas of study, and other information such as an academic calendar, the terms of admission, and a program of recitations. For example, candidates for admission to the freshman class were examined in classics (Latin and Greek syntax, grammar, Virgil, Cæsar, Cicero, and Xenophon), mathematics (the metric system, algebra, quadratic equations, and geometry), English (spelling, grammar, and writing proficiency), drawing (freehand drawing), physics, and botany. There were no standardized tests with which the College could assess student aptitude, as all admissions were handled through a process of on-campus examinations taken in Founders. In addition, “each candidate must forward, together with his application, a certificate of good moral character from his last teacher; and students from other colleges must present certificates of honorable dismission in good standing.” Admissions office? No such thing. All applications were sent to the President of the College, Thomas Chase, LL.D.

It is hard to imagine life on this enormous campus with only a few buildings and just under one hundred students. Don’t forget, they did not even have electricity. The Catalogue reads, “The price of Board and Tuition (together with fuel, lights, and all necessary furniture and service), is $425.00 per annum, payable to the Prefect, one half at the beginning, and one half at the middle of the College year. Washing is charged at the rate of 75 cents per dozen. There is a telegraph office and an Adams Express office at the College Station, and there is a US Money-order office at Bryn Mawr, Montgomery Co., Pa, one mile from the College.”

Edmund studied in the Scientific Sec-
tion at Haverford and was a classmate with such familiar Haverford names as Henry Warrington Stokes, Frederic Heap Strawbridge, Harold Ellis Yarnall, Alfred Chase, and P. Hollingsworth Morris.

Next, I was able to convince the librarians to give me access to Edmund’s actual grades. They dusted off the original leather-bound grade books from 1883-1886 and I squinted to decipher the handwritten academic record of my great-great grandfather. It was an incredible feeling to discover that four generations before me, a relative studied on these same grounds and lived in Barclay, the dorm in which I now live.

The final piece of information, and the most valuable, was the two photographs we discovered. One is a class photo taken on the side of Barclay facing the duck pond and the other is a photo of the 1887 football team, of which Edmund was a member. Interestingly, in both photos Edmund is one of the tallest students, just as my grandfather was 6 feet tall and I am 6 feet, 2 inches. He also closely resembles my grandfather, as they both have very thin faces and squinty eyes. The similarities were staggering.

Finally, after searching through boxes and boxes of records, I sat back and took a moment to absorb all of this information. I smiled, thinking to myself, “How did we ever not know of a relative from Haverford College!”

Unfortunately, my grandfather passed away last year, but not before I was able to visit him and give him the satisfaction of knowing that both his grandson and his grandfather attended Haverford College, separated by one hundred and fifteen years.

Ramsey Haig ’02 is majoring in Comparative Literature with a minor in Spanish. He plans to pursue a career as an editor.
Hours after the tragedy struck in New York, Washington, and Pennsylvania on Sept. 11, Paul Mundell ’82 was giving a lecture at Lackland Air Force Base on a topic that had gained a sudden urgency – how the military could use the tools of statistical genetics to breed better dogs. The conference, which began the previous day, was sponsored by the Department of Defense in an attempt to help their nascent working-dog breeding program meet the rising demands of military and civilian agencies such as the Federal Aviation Administration for these highly trained dogs. Just how acute that need is has been made clear by the events of that horrific day and the weeks that followed the attacks.

“For some tasks,” says Mundell, “such as locating concealed explosives or narcotics, we just can’t compete with the amazing abilities of dogs.” And Mundell, who is the National Director for Canine Programs at an organization called Canine Companions for Independence (CCI), knows the extent of canine abilities as do few others.

In his job at CCI, a nonprofit that places service dogs and other assistance dogs with men, women, and children with disabilities, Mundell directs a breeding, socializing, and training program that produces some 600 puppies a year. “My kids,” jokes Mundell, “think I have the greatest job in the world – that people give me money to spend my days playing with puppies.” Mundell certainly does find the job engrossing, just in ways somewhat different than his daughter Kate, 11, and son Paul, 8, might imagine. With a client waiting list averaging more than two years, the challenge he faces at CCI is to increase the number of dogs that are available for placement, a project that involves both increasing the number of dogs as well as the proportion of dogs that are able to be successfully placed.

“Unfortunately, between 50 and 70 percent of the dogs bred for working roles at agencies such as CCI ultimately fail,” Mundell says. “While some do not pass for medical conditions, the majority fails for behavioral reasons. Because the dogs need to work and be comfortable in a wide variety of environments, from urban to rural, and our clients are physically unable to control or restrain the dogs...
except by voice, the spectrum of acceptable behavior the dogs are allowed to demonstrate is extremely narrow. This makes behavior, how it is assessed, and how it may be affected through breeding and environmental manipulation the central focus of my job.”

All of which is fine with Mundell, since that is why he began working with dogs in the first place.

After Haverford, Mundell attended graduate school at the University of Heidelberg in Germany, where he studied philosophy. Although it had been his intention to finish graduate school and pursue a career in philosophy, his plans took a sharp turn that coincided with the arrival of a German shepherd puppy named Troll.

“After we had been in Germany a couple of years, my wife Betsy (BMC ’82) decided we needed a dog. We purchased a handsome little pup whose parents were working farm dogs. At the time, I didn’t understand the distinction between working and nonworking lines, nor was I aware of the active breeding and Schutzhund training network that exists in Germany. However, shortly after Troll arrived, a neighbor took me to one of these clubs and I was pretty much instantly hooked.” Before long, Mundell found himself spending less time at the university and more time out in the fields and woods surrounding Heidelberg, training dogs.

Upon his return from Germany, Mundell began working for CCI as a dog trainer and instructor at the newly established regional training center in Farmingdale, Long Island, NY. It was there that Mundell was first exposed to the idea of training service dogs, primarily Labrador and golden retrievers, to assist people who have physical disabilities. The dogs are taught such tasks as switching lights on and off, opening and closing drawers and doors, and pulling wheelchairs.

“These dogs do things that you and I do every day without thought, but for which a person with a disability needs to ask for help. The increased independence that these dogs allow people is really amazing.” In addition to service dogs, CCI also places assistance dogs with deaf people. These dogs are trained to alert their owners when a significant sound occurs, and to indicate its source. Examples of such sounds are doorbells, telephones, and, for new parents, the sound of a baby’s cry.

Mundell later served as regional director of the training center before moving, in 1995, to CCI’s national headquarters in Santa Rosa, Calif. Currently, in addition to overseeing all aspects of the agency’s canine program, Mundell spends much of his time involved in research. One project involves the development of behavior, specifically the age at which certain traits become stable and remain relatively constant throughout the remainder of the dog’s life. While many dog owners and breeders are familiar with the temperament tests administered to puppies at seven or eight weeks of age, unfortunately, Mundell says, “except for puppies with extreme, and rare, temperaments, the tests have no predictive validity at all. We hope in a couple of years to have a much better idea of how the development of behavior proceeds, at least in the breeds with which we work.” Toward that end, Mundell recently received a grant from the American Kennel Club’s Canine Health Foundation to study patterns of cortisol secretion and metabolism as markers for behavioral tendencies such as fearfulness.

Mundell hopes that through such research he will be able not only to help those whom CCI serves, but also dogs and their owners in general. “By knowing when and how to intervene in a puppy’s development to forestall the appearance of fearful and aggressive behavior, and how to better guide breeding decisions, perhaps we can make the relationships between owners and their dogs more enjoyable and, ultimately, reduce the number of animals surrendered to shelters each year.”

Mundell credits Haverford with preparing him well for the challenges he now faces at CCI. “By emphasizing coursework outside of and unrelated to the major, Haverford ensures that students are grounded in what are very different sorts of knowledge.”
“There’s a crew team here?”

Though those words have been heard less often in recent years, for the founding members of Haverford’s small-but-dedicated crew team, that phrase only prompted the rowers to push harder. The team is now growing and becomes more competitive every year, but it was only recently that Haverford became part of one of the oldest collegiate sports in the country.
“Being a club sport doesn’t mean y...
Haverford Crew was founded in 1998, after no small amount of work and determination by Virginie Ladisch ’00 and Dave Mintzer ’00, both of whom had rowed in high school. After a year of preparations, the team moved into Bachelor’s Barge Club on Philadelphia’s historic Boathouse Row. Ladisch recalls that the team “started off with a small group of 14 rowers, the majority of whom had no prior rowing experience, but [had] a dedication that kept them getting up in time for 6 a.m. practices.”

Under the coaching of former U.S. National Team member Margaret Gordon, the team competed on the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia and practiced mornings before class in the spring and evenings in the fall. Though the team now has moved to year-round afternoon practices, the rowers remain on the water until it begins to freeze and head back to the river in the beginning of March. They spend the winter months working out on campus, following an intense conditioning program. Though the team has found training at Haverford a challenge without the use of ergometers, or specialized rowing machines, it has recently acquired two and hopes to get more soon. Training for rowers includes many hours on the “erg,” (as it’s known), weight lifting, long runs in the cold months, and endless body circuits of crunches, squats, and push-ups.

Though they are dedicated athletes, the rowers are also members of a club and, as such, do not receive the funding of a varsity sport. They have worked tirelessly for the past five years on fundraising efforts. Crew is an expensive sport, with its boathouse leases, boat rentals, regatta fees, and coaching salary. As John David Bridges ’02, the club’s captain and student assistant coach this season, has put it: “Being a club sport doesn’t mean you do less. It means you do more.” The team has raised money through t-shirt sales, bake sales, and renting their hard-earned muscles to the community for various jobs in a fundraiser called Rent-a-Rower.
Your biggest challenge isn’t someone else. It’s the ache and the burning in your legs, and the voice inside you
Also crucial to the success of the team has been the extremely generous support of parents and alumni, most notably Dorothy and Alan Hume ’49, who have in past years donated four- and eight-man shells. Without their generosity, the team would not exist today. Even with fundraising and donations, however, every student pays a participation fee both semesters, an unfortunate but not uncommon trait of many large club sports.

Prominent members of Philadelphia’s rowing community have also been helpful to the team, such as Bryn Mawr head coach Carol Bower and Jack St. Clair, the women’s head coach at Villanova. In the fall of 2001, Haverford Crew moved to a new space in the temporary Villanova boathouse on the Upper Schuykill in Conshohocken. Villanova is building a new boathouse just down the road from its current location; Haverford hopes to be a tenant in the new, multi-million-dollar facility.

Also in the fall of 2001, Haverford was very excited to hire a new crew coach, Valeria Gospodinov. A native of Bulgaria and a former national team member, Coach Gospodinov took the gold in the women’s eight in the 1985 Junior World Championships, medalled in several European and regional championships, and was a member of Bulgaria’s 1988 Olympic team. She and her husband Slaven have one daughter, Siyan, and live in Clifton Heights, Pa.

Under the direction of its new coach, the Haverford College Crew Team found new (and long-awaited) improvement on the water this past fall. Due to logistical problems, the team did not begin practicing on the water until late in the season, but a women’s varsity four entered the Head of the Schuylkill Regatta and that boat, as well as a men’s four and novice women’s eight, entered the Philadelphia Frostbite and Bill Braxton Memorial Regattas in November. At the Frostbite, the women’s eight was placed into the first (and fastest) heat and was beaten by the other five boats. The novice men experienced a similar disappointment, but the varsity women finished second in their event. Coach Gospodinov had these words for the team at

Clockwise from lower left: John David Bridges ’02 readies a shell; the men’s four in action; waiting and reading come naturally to HC rowers; working out in the boathouse; the women’s eight on the river.
the end of the day: “You can get a medal, you have worked hard for it. Now, you have to want it bad enough.”

With that in mind, the Braxton turned out to be a much better day than the Frostbite. The novice women finished fourth in their heat—this after about three weeks of total water time. The varsity women held on strong and managed a third place finish in much tougher competition than the previous day. The novice men’s four were the comeback kids, finishing third in their heat as well.

At the end of the fall season, it turned out that three times Haverford boats had finished one place away from medalling (regattas do not always give awards for first, second, and third places). Though it was a disappointment, the team left the river with a renewed commitment and competitive drive it had never seen before. “Next time,” said Bridges, “we’re not going home without a medal.”

The simple fact that Haverford, as one of the smaller Division III schools, even has a crew team is remarkable. The new passion on the team that came alive this past fall is reflected in a quote the team has shared over the years, and which has become the unofficial motto for a team that has endured much adversity to achieve its current success. Looking forward to bringing home a gold soon for the scarlet and black, the team keeps this thought in mind:

Your biggest challenge isn’t someone else. It’s the ache in your lungs and the burning in your legs, and the voice inside you that yells “can’t.” But you don’t listen. You just push harder. And then you hear the voice whisper “can.” And you discover that the person you thought you were is no match for the one you really are.

— Anonymous

More information on Haverford Crew can be found on the web at http://students.haverford.edu/crew/
I stepped off the plane in Cape Town, en route to Durban, on a gray, drizzly late-August morning, more than a bit drowsy after surviving one of the longest nonstop flights in the world. Not surprisingly, I questioned whether the man greeting some of my fellow passengers was Nobel Laureate Desmond Tutu, retired Archbishop and the charismatic and controversial chairperson of South Africa’s Truth and Reconciliation Commission. Tutu also coined the phrase “rainbow nation” to describe his beloved country’s tremendous demographic spectrum. My eyes and ears were not deceiving me, however, since I had seen Tutu’s daughter on my flight.

Last summer, Noah Leavitt ’91 served as a delegate to the United Nations World Conference against Racism, Racial Discrimination, Xenophobia and Related Intolerance in Durban, South Africa. Noah can be reached at nsleavitt@hotmail.com
Photos courtesy of Noah Leavitt.
Still in a daze, but marveling at this encounter, I wandered outside into the early Cape Town morning. The airport faces Table Mountain, an immense 4,000-foot mesa that forms the backdrop for the world’s most perfectly situated city, where a tiny rainbow was struggling to emerge through the clouds. As I stood there, the rainbow slowly disappeared. Watching this, I mused over the fact that rainbows are only possible from a combination of sun and storm, peace and conflict. Because of their Biblical association, we tend to attribute only positive qualities to rainbows, but this misses their origin as the resolution of great climatic confrontation.

The longer I was in Durban, the more everything became like that rainbow, a complex semiotic to be deconstructed time and time again. Nothing straightforward. Nothing clear.

The Memories

Although my Haverford life was filled with excitement, among my most treasured days were those protesting apartheid with my classmates. To us, pre-1990 South Africa was one of the clearest forms of societal evil in the world. When the white government finally agreed to transfer political power to the black majority, we danced in victory, feeling that our signs, our questions on the Comment Board, our endless refrains of “Free Nelson Mandela,” had tilted this regime thousands of miles away. Haverford tried to impress on us that individual actors can and should make a difference in world events, and the end of apartheid seemed to validate the lessons of those long, long discussions of “community responsibility.”

The Setting

South Africa was, therefore, a particularly meaningful location to have a global conference addressing issues of discrimination based on different types of racial and social categorization. After sponsoring one of the most repressive forms of legal segregation of any country in the modern world, South Africa experienced a peaceful revolution, culminating with its first democratically elected government in 1994. Since then, the country has come to symbolize the possibility of radical social restructuring without accompanying carnage. And, while life in South Africa is hardly free from racial problems, the country does inspire those who say, “We can change this unjust situation peacefully!”

While he did not single-handedly bring about the changes, much of the credit for this transformation is given to Nelson Mandela, who has consistently maintained that people from different races and backgrounds need to work together to create a more just society. The same is not necessarily true, however, for Mandela’s successor, President Thabo Mbeki, whom some have criticized for abandoning a multiracial perspective, and replacing it with a more monochromatic vision for the country and the region.

Indeed, while South Africa has made a democratic transition, it has not made an economic one. It is estimated that national unemployment is around 35 percent. Crime, both property theft and more violent types, is at high levels. HIV/AIDS infection rates are among the highest in the world. Furthermore, between 95 and 97 percent of the country’s capital is controlled by whites, which is only 2 or 3
percent below the percentage 10 years ago. The close relationship between race and economic status is at its most extreme in the new South Africa.

The Background

The World Conference Against Racism (WCAR) — the third attempt at a global meeting on this topic — had been in the planning stages for nearly four years. A number of preparatory meetings had occurred around the globe in order to draft documents and solicit input from leaders of political and civil society. During these sessions, it became clear that the major issues of contention in Durban would be those of reparations for slavery and colonialism, as well as strong opposition to the Israeli government’s treatment of the Palestinians. The aloofness of the United States was also shaping up to be a major topic for criticism.

WCAR itself consisted of two distinct, yet related events. The first was a preliminary meeting of non-governmental organizations (NGOs). This session, which took place in Durban’s municipal cricket stadium, lasted for five days, during which representatives of global civil society drafted a document with which to lobby national representatives during the governmental sessions. The second event was the official U.N. Conference, which lasted for seven days, and took place at the International Conference Center and adjoining Hilton Hotel, which became United Nations territory for the duration of the Conference. I participated in both events, as well as the myriad discussions, meetings, panels, and controversies that accompanied the official discussions.

City officials estimated that 13,000 people came for the sessions, putting an incredible strain on the local service industry. More than 15 heads of state, as well as hundreds of high-ranking governmental and non-governmental leaders were on the schedule. This fact, in addition to a sharp awareness of riots in Seattle, Prague, Davos, and Genoa, created a demand for high-level security measures. Police were brought in from all around the country and delegates had to obtain numerous passes to access different areas of the Conference.

Moreover, there were many rumors that security agents, especially intelligence agents, were being brought in to infiltrate some of the NGOs. There were reports of disinformation campaigns, as well as of CIA agents participating in Conference events.

The goal of the Durban meeting, as is generally the case for United Nations conferences, was to end with a document that reflected the will of the participating countries on the pertinent issues. This document would comprise a set of international standards or guidelines for states’ practices in the specified areas. Because the United Nations does not have strong enforcement powers, it relies on the agreement of states to be bound by their obligations. This reality leads the U.N. system in general, and these conferences in particular, to be grounded in a very Haverford-esque type model of group process. Countries that hold different viewpoints on a topic share information with each other, and try to lobby one another using moral and intellectual persuasion. The countries then meet in plenary sessions (although without the paper airplanes we used to throw in Founders…) and try to find consensus on the given issue or the language. Depending on the type of document that emerges from the
process, the final product might have a certain degree of international legal value as well.

Ominously, the deaths of two important South African anti-apartheid figures lurked in the background of the World Conference. Donald Woods, a white newspaper editor and courageous critic of apartheid, passed away days before the beginning of the NGO event. Woods was known in part for his close friendship with Steven Biko, the radical black leader murdered by the South African police in 1978. Woods, who was forced into exile, was regarded as one of the individuals who most effectively alerted and informed the world about the vicious realities of apartheid. The second death was that of Govan Mbeki, the father of South Africa’s president, and one of the leaders of the African National Congress in its formative days. Mbeki was a prisoner with Nelson Mandela on Robben Island and was responsible for educating the younger generation about the historical and philosophical tenets of the party. The passing of these two men seemed to cry out for a new generation of leaders of anti-racism politics.

The NGO Event

Many of the participants in the NGO meetings were people who have been victims of racial and ethnic mistreatment and violence, and now seek recognition and voice for themselves: Dalits; Roma; Travelers; Falun Gong; and indigenous peoples, to name a few. These groups, as well as the many that were not able to afford to attend the Conference, comprise an emerging global civil society, and were the main players at the NGO forum. Perhaps the one success of the NGO meeting was that it promoted a higher profile for victimized groups who did not have much recognition on the international stage.

That being said, however, there was little that could pass for “civil” interaction at the NGO event. The opening session of the NGO conference seemed to open a floodgate for the pent-up anger and hostility that had been simmering throughout the several-year-long planning process. The quest for vengeance was everywhere, and the spirit of engaged debate was almost entirely absent from the meeting.

I felt under assault during the Conference. This was doubtless related to my status as a white Jewish man from the United States, which put me in the minority no matter how you looked at it. Ironically, I felt under attack because of my race, religion, gender, and nationality at a world gathering devoted to combating prejudice on these very aspects of identity.

There were not many white male delegates, making me visible and vulnerable, and I walked around on eggshells. I sensed that I was getting bumped into a little more frequently, or told to ‘get out of the way’ a little more aggressively, than people who were not white. I noticed that delegates either totally ignored me when I was part of a working group or a discussion circle, or disagreed with whatever I said more rapidly and loudly than they did with others.

In addition, the United States came under continuous assault throughout the session, being blamed for nearly every imaginable injury suffered by any of the thousands of delegates or their affiliated constituencies. Moreover, the U.S.
withdrawal was interpreted as a way of ignoring the problems of the rest of the world, and President Bush and Secretary of State Powell were the objects of endless condemnation, creating a situation where American delegates were treated with contempt until they proved how anti-U.S. government they were.

Most frightening to me, personally, was the violently anti-Semitic and even more violently anti-Israel climate of the Conference. I felt that my very safety was at risk. The NGO forum was completely dominated by anti-Israel and pro-Palestinian activity, whether in the form of marches, chants, flag-waving and signs, not to mention the endless shouting matches between Palestinians and their supporters and the small Jewish caucus. Although I did not witness any physical altercations, on numerous occasions security forces had to take control of a meeting or an information table.

As a ‘grand finale,’ at the close of the NGO meeting, in a highly controversial and poorly attended session, the voting members approved a document that some observers have called “the most anti-Semitic international agreement since the Second World War.” One point that has been absent from most of the international press since the release of this document is how closely and accurately this statement captured the feelings driving the NGO session. This was true for the official session as well — while those discussions were couched in much more diplomatic and watered-down language, the feelings behind the drafting were very similar to those in the NGO session.

Anti-Israel forces succeeded at controlling the agenda of the Conference to the detriment of all other groups present. Specifically, pro-Palestinian delegates deliberately adopted the moral and rhetorical symbolism of the anti-apartheid struggle, equating Palestinians with black South Africans and Israel with the white apartheid government. While it is certainly true that the current Israeli government shares some of the blame for the violent impasse in that part of the world, a simple equation of Israel with the apartheid state in South Africa does not do justice to the factual, historical differences between them. Yet, in Durban, to utter any word in support of Israel was seen as wishing for the old days of white rule.

The United Nations Event

The goal of the official World Conference was to adopt two texts, a Statement of Purpose, which described the extent of racism and racial discrimination around the world, and a Program of Action, which outlined ways to combat these forms of treatment. Most of the participants were government bureaucrats who took worked long days in slow-moving sessions to craft words that would most accurately represent their countries’ particular interests in the issue. The process was tedious, as debates about whether to use the words “and” or “as well as” in listing forms of discrimination.

Much of the Conference was dominated by discussion about the role of the United States, both before and after the withdrawal. As the world’s only “superpower,” every decision of the United States government, rightly or wrongly, is sub-
ject to endless analysis and critique. Interestingly, the United States announced its withdrawal at about the same time that the American NGOs were planning to meet with the delegation (U.S. NGOs comprised nearly a quarter of the total registration list for the NGO event and were visible everywhere at the U.N. session, at one point considering a “take-over” of the now-empty seats from the official and departed U.S. delegation) for a briefing. This led to a chaotic meeting about the best way to respond to the situation, which after about two hours resulted in a march to the International Convention Centre, under a full moon, chanting, “Stop U.S. racism, all over the world,” and “The people united will never be defeated.” This march was composed of leaders of the most prestigious and high-profile civil- and human-rights activists in the United States today.

The Questions

Another interesting incident marked my arrival in South Africa. As if bumping into Archbishop Tutu wasn’t enough, my seatmate on the short trip from Cape Town to Durban threw up on me. I gave her a few towelettes I had from my earlier flight and called the flight attendant. Normally, this unsavory detail would not make it into a story about race relations. However, when it occurred, I had been reading a book by the director of Amnesty International USA about promoting international human rights as something that is in our own self-interest. In it, the author relates a story from a Milan Kundera novel where one of the characters sees a man in Wenceslaus Square vomiting, and says to the sick man, “I know just what you mean.” Kundera used this incident to illustrate the possibilities of human empathy, and the

Pro-Palestinian rhetoric dominated the conference.
ability to be touched at your very core by another person’s experience of the world. Living in the United States, I had often thought, and hoped — maybe from my Haverford days — that increased dialogue could lead to greater understanding, appreciation, tolerance and a shared pursuit of the social good. To me, the Kundera story was about making meaningful connections when difficult situations arise.

My two weeks in Durban, however, opened my eyes to a more complicated and more ambiguous reading of the Kundera tale. For most of the delegates, the Conference was about a different notion of getting along, drawing on a much wider historical context to inform what is necessary for different peoples and different groups to live in a society. In this paradigm, race relations are not only about empathy, but also about equalizing a given social situation based on a “long view” of the particular moment. It is about looking at hundreds of years of an economic system that relied, and thrived, in large part, based on violent, forced and uncompensated labor from people against their will. Possible remedies for this state of affairs might be the overthrow of a political system or a government, and some of it might be from deriving resources comparable to what had been taken.

Indeed, in international civil society, the voices calling for reparations for slavery and colonialism, in the form of some kind of compensation, whether individually or societally, are becoming louder and better organized. At the meeting of American NGOs that was supposed to be met by the U.S. delegation, a group calling itself ‘The Durban 400’ staged an action in which they demanded massive economic compensation for slavery, chanting, “What do we want? Reparations! How are we going to get it? The hard way! What’s coming?... War!”

**The War**

Less than a week and a half after the delegates left Durban, as the world watched in shock and horror at the carnage in New York, Washington, and Pennsylvania, I had the sickening feeling that the World Conference against Racism, Racial Discrimination, Xenophobia and Related Intolerance had been a harbinger of the attacks.

For most Americans, the terrorist assault was our first exposure to the violent anti-American/anti-Israel hatred held by a sizeable part of the non-European world. However, for those who had participated in the racism conference, the feelings behind the attacks were depressingly familiar. Indeed, the political and religious forces that motivated the terrorists had been on display for two weeks in Durban. My notes written shortly after the Conference ended — about a week before the madness began — show that the mood of destruction was everywhere. There was almost no discussion about how to find ways of living together. No smiling. No dialogue.
I believe that despite the wasted opportunities in Durban, South Africa continues to provide a challenging, yet hopeful, symbol for what it will take for us to survive as one world in our own precarious millennium.

The details of the Conference speak for themselves. Countless banners equating George Bush and Ariel Sharon with Adolf Hitler flew in the cricket stadium. Chants decrying Israel’s “holocaust” on the Palestinians filled our ears. Muslim organizations distributed copies of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion, an infamous piece of violent anti-Semitic propaganda. The only joy that I saw in nearly two weeks was after midnight at the final NGO plenary, attended by maybe 75 of the 6,000 delegates, when the vote was passed to include language in the final document calling for the effective delegitimation and destruction of the State of Israel.

Sadly, strangely, horrifyingly, a potentially ground-breaking gathering of “the vanguard of a new global civil society,” in the words of President Mbeki’s opening speech, had turned into a cauldron of hatred and loathing. In Durban, delegates competed against one another — in the most violent, apocalyptic terms — to express their disdain for these two countries, and the values of tolerance and democracy each represents. The rage I heard at the Conference toward the United States and Israel was nearly word-for-word the rage that was heard in conjunction with the Sept. 11 attacks.

As a student at Haverford, I had the good fortune of getting into Bob Butman’s final year of “The Interpretation of Life in Western Literature.” The dominant theme of the course was the vital role of kindness in creating a functioning social system, because, he always warned us, when kindness disappeared, great evils were sure to follow. For Professor Butman, this was the single most important lesson to be learned from the literature of more than two thousand years and many different cultures. Unkindness only leads to more unkindness, and violence to more violence, barring the intervention of a once-in-a-lifetime leader like Nelson Mandela.

Durban was premised on a completely different view of the world. Instead of kindness and tolerance, the Conference played to those who demanded vengeance and compensation as the solution for age-old problems. In Durban, kindness was a different form of colonialism, tolerance a luxury for those in power who had built their societies on the backs of others. In this framework, the only solution was to eliminate those who had wronged you.

As I left Durban, I hoped that one lesson from South Africa might be the necessity of having a “partner in dialogue” — an F.W. de Klerk for every Nelson Mandela. Indeed, it took the combination of international pressure as well as domestic agitation to bring about widespread social change in South Africa. President de Klerk had the courage and wisdom to respond to this pressure by holding increasingly higher levels of dialogue with leaders of the black majority. The World Conference ignored this important historical point, and instead represented an angrier, more violent vision of how to create the future.

In one of Professor Butman’s favorite works, Njal’s Saga, a thousand-year-old Icelandic epic, clans battle with each other for generations until all sides are almost completely decimated. Finally, one or two men realize that they simply do not have enough followers left to continue their fight. Is this the world that we are all, terrifyingly, blindly, moving toward? Or is there a way that we can rebuild from this series of immense tragedies to reach a new understanding of what it means to share the same planet? I believe that despite the wasted opportunities in Durban, South Africa, continues to provide a challenging, yet hopeful, symbol for what it will take for us to survive as one world in our own precarious millennium.
Donald and I live about a mile north of the former World Trade Center along the western edge of Manhattan. From here, there had been a beautiful vista culminating in two slender towers. Now, looking south, there is an evident hole in the skyline. On the morning of Sept. 11, our upstairs neighbor Kathy stood next to us among the bewildered onlookers. Her daughter and their Czech exchange student were presumably in first-period classes—right in the financial district. Kathy and I headed downtown.

Inside Stuyvesant High School, 3,000 students were rushing to homeroom so that teachers could account for and evacuate them. Both girls were safe; however, the four of us managed to get only a few paces from the school when the North Tower began to collapse three blocks away. Looking up, flying glass and smoke seemed to hover overhead as I grabbed the girls’ backpacks. We ran until it was evident that the wind would blow the thick cloud of debris east (over Brooklyn) instead of north (toward us). Strangely, the crowds of people around us were orderly and calm. Had I overreacted by running? Or was this simply the face of disbelief?

Once home, Donald and I walked over to St. Vincent’s Medical Center on Seventh Avenue. I want to say everyone was walking around in shock, but that was not at all the case. So many people were thinking clearly, talking to each other, asking questions, figuring out what could be done, what we could all do. I realized that the hospital was a magnet for people looking for a purpose, wanting to do something positive and concrete. What could I do to help?

Eighteen hours later I found my niche at the Chelsea Pier’s Relief Center. We began as an auxiliary triage unit and registration site for all sorts of trained professionals: iron welders, demolition crews, social workers. Without any technical expertise, I started my first day moving boxes. Literally tons of supplies were donated to the relief effort, and it was a full job accepting and organizing provisions to await shipment downtown. Gradually I began to help with break- fast and lunch, and soon I had earned the title Food Coordinator. I wore my yellow nametag with pride.

As other relief centers opened, we discontinued the triage and registration and focused on distributing clothing, supplies, and food. We also organized housing; served as a transportation hub; provided grief counseling and massage therapy; maintained security; compiled data about victims and their families; and hosted communication with other centers. We did everything possible to support the work being done downtown—either by supplying pickaxes and saline or by offering warm socks, clean toothbrushes, and a receptive ear.

From Wednesday through Sunday, we ran a well-oiled machine. Our protocol was firm, our resources were established, and our mission was clearly defined—all this from a group of civilians with no training in disaster relief. I was one of several coordinators in charge of a specific department: food. I managed all perishable and non-perishable donations; coordinated shipments to ground zero; maintained food safety guidelines; and secured hot meals for everyone at our site. Many of the hungry workers were volunteers like me. The rest belonged to search & rescue crews, firefighter units, ambulance fleets, police squads and victims’ families. Workers from ground zero could bathe and change clothes before eating, and we even had places for them to sleep.

The rate of activity at any moment was virtually overwhelming. The work required perpetual vigilance, anticipation, and flexibility. A steady tide of eager bodies pledged manual labor. Restaurants offered meals. Nurses and counselors somehow arrived from Connecticut, Arkansas, and Florida. One woman wheeled in a shopping cart full of arroz con pollo she and her neighbors had prepared. She watched as the food was loaded directly onto a flatbed truck headed for ground zero. A young man covered in dust and working without sleep insisted he hadn’t done enough. Meanwhile, we served 600 meals a day around the clock, and we dispatched an additional 300 meals a day to ground zero. We even coordinated directly with police boats making deliveries to the Financial District’s North Cove.

There were volunteers of all kinds working side by side: a Sri Lankan family with young children working alongside an elderly Caucasian woman sorting donations of clothes and food; Ph.D. candidates helping construction workers direct traffic; and Spanish-speakers next to immigrants from Eastern Europe signing up additional volunteers. It was New York diversity at its best and most reassuring. Everyone wanted to pitch in.

Twice I went to ground zero myself. Once was a fluky trip to distribute cold drinks and snacks to security personnel along the emergency route. The other trip began as a delivery of ice and Sterno to now-isolated Stuyvesant High School. The building had become a pivotal relief center, and when we arrived late on Saturday, we found an industrial kitchen and a pressing need for hot food. Luckily, the woman with whom I arrived was a professional chef. Overnight, we produced over 400 servings of chicken Parmesan, vast of garlic spinach, trays of peach cobbler, and (seemingly) the largest quantity of chicken vegetable soup ever made. The rescue workers consumed everything. Scrambling to find survivors, they did not notice it was 4 a.m. Serving those meals was one of the most gratifying experiences of the week.

Back in Chelsea, we prepared to close the relief center by Sunday evening. Other relief centers would pick up the work we had begun, and government agencies were taking over. As we packed, volunteers began to ask about each other’s “real” lives. I explained to disbeliefing eyebrows that I was an architect. But somehow, my work as Food Coordinator seemed more real to me than any floor plan or plumbing diagram. Why was the volunteer work not real life?

These days, the reminders are subtler. Across the street from my building, dedicated fans continue to cheer emergency vehicles as they move in and out of ground zero. At night, the downtown scene is illuminated like a movie set. You can still see smoke rising west of the Financial District, and when the wind shifts we have another visceral reminder.

Going back to my “real” job was agonizing. Sitting at my desk drawing lines on the computer seemed like such an insignificant act. Each ambulance siren I heard from the window was like a call to arms. How much Gatorade can we spare? Are there enough volunteers to distribute the hot food? How many firefighters will show up at midnight for dinner? How could I sit and draw lines on the computer knowing that there was still work to be done? Logically, I reasoned, the federal and local officials had things under control. And surely, there are others to take over where we left off: my Aunt Joanna flew in from California as a mental health volunteer, and those cheerleaders are still outside my window. The other day I made them some hot chocolate and realized that even a cup of cocoa has a legitimate place in the cycle of giving and receiving—anything to keep alive that overwhelming spirit of community that is our strongest asset.

—Daniel Smith ’95
Commencement 2002

Commencement ceremonies for the Class of 2002 will be held on the weekend of May 18, 2002.

**Saturday, May 18:**

8:30 p.m.
A forum with the Honorary Degree Recipients (see list below) in Marshall Auditorium.

9:30 p.m.
A reception for graduates and their guests in the Dining Center.

**Sunday, May 19:**

8:30 a.m.
A special Meeting for Worship for members of the faculty, the graduating class, and their families and friends in the Haverford Friends Meeting House, Buck Lane.

10:00 a.m.
Commencement ceremonies, with awarding of degrees and responses by Honorary Degree Recipients, in front of Roberts Hall. (In case of rain, in the Alumni field House.)

11:30 a.m.
A reception for members of the graduating class, their families, friends, and invited guests on Founders Green.

No tickets are required for any of these events.

**2002 Haverford College Honorary Degree Recipients**

Bill Cosby is an actor and entertainer, a four-time Emmy Award winner, eight-time Grammy Award winner, and author of four books. He is well known for his commitment to education, demonstrating with his actions that the best assurance for a satisfying and rewarding life is learning and knowledge. “The brilliant thing Cosby did was to put race and economic issues on the back burner so we could see a black family dealing with all the things black people deal with the same as all other people.”

— Henry Louis Gates Jr., W.E.B. Du Bois Professor of the Humanities, Chair of Afro-American Studies; Director of the W.E.B. Du Bois Institute for Afro-American Research

Elaine Tuttle Hansen is professor of English and Provost at Haverford College, a position she has held since 1995. She was an assistant professor of English at Hamilton College before joining the Haverford English department in 1980. She has published four books, including: *Mother without Child: Contemporary Fiction and the Crisis of Motherhood*, *Chaucer and Fictions of Gender*, *The Solomon Complex: Reading Wisdom in Old English Poetry*. She will be President of Bates College beginning in July 2002.

Helen Rodriguez-Trias will be awarded an honorary degree posthumously. Unfortunately, Dr. Rodriguez-Trias, the Co-Director of the Pacific Institute for Women’s Health, died in December of cancer after President Tritton had informed her of the Haverford honorary degree. She was a pediatrician and consultant on broad-based health policy with particular attention on access to care and integration of all aspects of reproductive health in programs serving women. The emphasis of her work was the development of viable and effective programs to serve those who are limited in access: members of minority communities, the uninsured, and low-income persons. Dr. Rodriguez-Trias held teaching positions at both Columbia and Albert Einstein College of Medicine.

Edward F. Snyder served as Legislative Secretary for the Friends Committee on National Legislation in Washington, D.C., for six years and as Executive Secretary from January 1962 to March 1990. Forgoing a lucrative legal career (J.D. from Yale in 1951) he devoted his life to supporting peace and justice throughout the world. He has testified before numerous Senate and House congressional committees, always drawing the connection between Quaker beliefs and political education and action. He edited the influential *FCNL Washington Newsletter*, and his articles have appeared in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, *Friends Journal*, and *Quaker Life*.
HAVERFORD CREW: DEDICATION & PASSION

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