SWARTHMORE

College Bulletin

November 1996

FIRST YEAR – FINAL YEARS

Aspects of Youth and Age

PHOTOS BY DENG-JENG LEE

Josephine's Gates, representing the "exuberance of summer," were installed at the entrance of the Dean Bond Rose Garden early this fall. A gift of Al Muscari, a member of the Scott Arboretum, the gates are in memory of his wife, Josephine, whose love of roses and lilies (inset) are reflected in the stainless steel and copper creation. The gates were designed by Greg Leavitt of Glen Riddle, Pa., who is working to make a second set for the opposite Rose Garden entrance. Alfred's Gates, an abstraction of beech woods in winter, are scheduled to be installed this month.

SWARTHMORE
COLLEGE BULLETIN • NOVEMBER 1996

Aspects of Youth and Age

Cover: *Nadia Murray '00 holds a treasured picture of herself and her mother, who died when Nadia was 15. It's one of many "things from home" brought by first-year students. Photograph by Eleftherios Kostans. Story on page 10.*

ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

Carrie Griffin '99 has written about her first year at college.

SAM ERICKSON '88

Kay Yellig '30 is a resident of Kendal at Longwood.

Editor: Jeffrey Lott • **Assistant Editor:** Nancy Lehman '87
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It's a wonderful thing to look at life from the high ground of middle age. As I approach 50, I think back to my freshman year in college with a knowing smile, remembering my own journey to independence (and Middlebury, Vt.) some 30 autumns ago. And I look forward 20 years to a time when, freed of the daily burdens of career and accomplishment, I might once again have the opportunity to redefine myself and fulfill a few more youthful dreams.

This issue of the *Bulletin* explores the bookends of adulthood—college and retirement. Some see these two periods as our halcyon days, when our freedom is at its zenith; yet for many they are also days of intense introspection, and sometimes of great struggle. In our teens and 20s, we strive to learn who we are and how we might live in the world. Later, as life creeps or crashes to its inevitable conclusion, we have a chance to look back at who we have become. If the journey itself is what really matters (which I think it is), then our consciousness about that journey—our contemplation, self-awareness, and expression—is what matters most.

PARLOR TALK

Maybe if I play my cards right, I'll get to be a freshman again.

For those of us who work on campus, Swarthmore's students provide a renewable window into what it means to be young. Their intellectual curiosity, their questions both naive and profound, and their search for the truth about themselves and the world give the the College its raison d'être. And Swarthmore alumni—especially those over 65—constantly help us understand what it means to live a complete life. I often find myself reading this magazine's class notes as I would an autobiography, working from back to front through grad schools, loves, careers, kids, retirement, illness, loss, and death—the sweep of life in 32 pages of 9-point type.

One person on the *Bulletin* staff has made me keenly aware of how I might try to live the rest of my life. Bob Wood, our 82-year-old graphic designer, is incredibly creative and alive at a time when others have left their careers behind. His busy life at Kendal at Longwood, and his never-stale approach to the marriage of words and images that makes a magazine, are an inspiration. Bob "thinks young"—almost like a freshman—but his designs are informed by decades of experience. It's a perfect combination for the work he continues to do so well.

Perhaps you remember your freshman year with fondness, perhaps with pain. Perhaps you look forward to old age (or are living it) with equanimity, accepting the passage of time as you accept the quiet rhythm of your heartbeat. Perhaps not. For me the prospect of growing old is particularly enticing. Maybe if I play my cards right, I'll get to be a freshman again.

—*J.L.*

LET

"Comprehensive and lucid"

To the Editor:

For years as I shared articles from the *Bulletin* with friends, I have said the *Swarthmore College Bulletin* is the best college alumni magazine in the world. The August issue does much to solidify that opinion. "Busted Policy" and the beautiful cover supporting this article is truly outstanding.

I am a physician with 30 years' experience in the substance abuse field with most of my activity in recent years in drug-law reform. Your article said what I have been trying to communicate but in a much more comprehensive and lucid manner. The comments about drug education—really the absence of any meaningful drug education—are particularly important.

One thing not mentioned in the article, but hopefully covered in the book [*Drug War Politics*, University of California Press, 1996] is the complication to reform produced by the widespread use of forfeiture of "criminal property." The $600 million per year in forfeiture accruing to law enforcement (mostly local) units in this country accounts to a great degree for their opposition to any diminution in the drug war. I commend Swarthmore for the courage to feature this article so prominently.

BILL WENNER '47
Volcano, Hawaii

Drug crisis traced to '60s permissiveness

To the Editor:

The argument to recast the drug war as a health care crisis is flawed in its fundamental assumptions and directly contradicts our American culture. The argument depends on an ersatz parallel between the consequences of federal prohibition of alcohol and the alleged consequences of the prohibition of hard drugs. It is a parallel that does not stand up to scrutiny and that leads to solutions that cannot succeed.

The sociological reactions to Prohibition, both societal and criminal, were immediate. And with good reason: Alcohol has been part of social ritual across virtually all cultures in all ages, and free societies have been able to accommodate its

popular use and thrive. Prohibition was an unjustified abridgement of American freedom and responsibility. It was entirely consonant with the American psyche to rebel against it.

The current pathologies of the drug war, by comparison, took several decades to develop—again, with good reason: No civilized society in history has ever survived the popular recreational use of hard drugs. When our government instituted prohibitions against hard drugs, Americans accepted the sanctions as perfectly reasonable and no abridgement of their rights as responsible citizens. The current pathologies of the drug war are properly traced not to the prohibitions of the '20s, but to the counterculture revolution of the '60s when radical individualism redefined personal liberty as personal license.

A more appropriate parallel for our drug crisis—and a better predictor for the outcome of the legalization–health care approach—is the history of the other major social crisis that arose from that Pandora's box. Sexual promiscuity, like recreational drug use, was promoted as a perfectly legitimate personal choice, a putative "right" by virtue of not affecting anyone else. For the next couple of decades, it was glorified by the media and defended by the civil libertarians. Legal and societal sanctions against immoral sexual behaviors atrophied, and within a generation the pathologies became manifest: rampant disease; exploding rates of divorce, illegitimacy, and abortion; increased crime and poverty. Sexual promiscuity was then defined as a critical health care problem, and the

Please turn to page 30

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POSTINGS

If you're coming to Swarthmore anytime soon, don't forget your hard hat, your flannel shirt, and your work boots. You'll need them.

It seems like the College has been under construction forever. That's because, for me, it has been.

On a visit to the campus as a prospective student, I thought I had stumbled across the long-lost Garden of Eden. It was beautiful, fertile, and, most of all, quiet.

Things soon changed.

When I arrived at Swarthmore in 1993, construction workers seemed to be randomly excavating different areas all around campus. I remember my fellow freshmen joking that the deep pit that suddenly appeared one day outside of Willets was to be a mass grave for all those pass/fail first-years who didn't pass. We learned later that they were just working on the steam pipes.

I thought I had found the Garden of Eden. Things soon changed.

During my sophomore year they knocked down the old Parrish Annex. Some fiendish seniors, I heard, got in trouble for throwing rocks at the windows of the empty building the night before it was to be demolished. They never let us have any fun.

Two years later, after months of mud and beeping backhoes, Kohlberg Hall was finally finished. It's a beautiful building, and who can complain about the air-conditioned coffee bar? So hip!

I'm a senior now, and they are gutting and refurbishing Trotter Hall. It looks this fall like a bomb hit it. Once I saw a hapless engineering student on his way to Hicks who was so befuddled by the bright orange plastic fencing that now decorates the campus that he was almost reduced to tears. Don't laugh. Engineers, you must remember, are under a lot of pressure and don't deal well with abstract ideas like bright orange plastic fencing. Other students are still searching for the History and Political Science departments.

Most Swarthmore students, including myself, are tired of waking at 7 o'clock in the morning to the sounds of dump trucks and jackhammers, of being forced off the path by bulldozers and concrete mixers, and of having to remove the gravel and other construction byproducts that collect in our shoes.

One of my friends tells me that she feels cheated out of the promised Swarthmore experience because of the construction. She has never known the silent, pristine beauty that is pictured in all the Swarthmore brochures. She has also never been able to walk dreamily across campus examining the skyward wonderment of the trees. She's too afraid of accidentally falling into a ditch.

Josh, a biology major on my hall in Wharton, wonders if one year of freedom from digging and grinding and drilling would be too much to ask. Of course, it's too late for him—he's destined for medical school next year.

Now the word on the street is that the powers that be are thinking about a new dormitory. I figure that will take at least three more years—one to choose and prepare the site, one to construct it, and a third to remove and replace the controversial shrubbery that everyone hates. Another rumor promises a new student center, complete with a Subway and a Taco Bell. I'm rooting for an ice rink and a new discothèque while they're at it.

Is it ungrateful for us to complain about construction that is only intended to improve the quality of our lives?

After the big housing crunch this fall, you'd be hard pressed to find a freshman who would complain about the potential inconvenience of building a new dormitory. But for those of us who have finally made it to singles in Parrish and Wharton, a silent spring day seems an important yet unattainable wish.

Of course, once the construction is finished, we wouldn't mind if the workers left behind those snack carts and portapotties; they're awfully convenient when you're late to an 8:30 class.

—*Katie Menzer*

Menzer is a senior English major from Dallas, Texas, whose columns have appeared regularly in The Phoenix.

Emeritus Board Chairman Eugene Lang '38 receives Presidential Medal of Freedom

Eugene M. Lang '38, emeritus chairman of the Board of Managers, was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom during ceremonies at the White House on Sept. 9. The highest civilian honor given by the U.S. government, the medal is presented only by the president to those persons he deems to have made especially meritorious contributions to the security or national interests of the United States, to world peace, or to cultural or other significant public or private endeavors.

Lang, who has served on the College's Board since 1971 and as chairman from 1982 to 1988, was honored as the founder of the "I Have a Dream" (IHAD) Foundation. He was among 11 recipients this year.

In making the presentation, President Clinton said: "In 1981 he made a simple promise to pay the college tuition of every student from his East Harlem alma mater who graduated from high school and wanted to go to college. We are all beneficiaries of Eugene Lang's innovative vision, and it is a great tribute to him that since 1981 other philanthropists, many state governments, and now, I hope, our national government, have joined him in trying to guarantee the dream of a college education to all people."

IHAD currently supports 150 projects in 57 cities nationwide. More than 200 sponsors have helped more than 12,000 disadvantaged students with academic support and guidance from elementary school through their high school years. Many of these students have completed their college educations.

President Alfred H. Bloom echoed Clinton's remarks at the September meeting of the Board of Managers. "No one has benefited more from your innovative vision than the Swarthmore community; for no others have you opened more enduring opportunities; and no one is more proud of what you have accomplished," Bloom said to Lang. "We are deeply honored to have you as such a close friend and deeply moved that the values at the core of this institution, which you determinedly translate into reality through your accomplishments, have received national and historic recognition."

In 1980 Lang established the Eugene M. Lang Opportunity Grants, each year giving as many as five entering Swarthmore students grants for need-based financial aid plus additional support for community service and social change projects. There are currently 25 Lang scholars enrolled.

Among the 11 recipients of the 1996 awards were civil rights pioneer Rosa Parks; former congressman Morris K. Udall of Arizona; former White House press secretary James Brady; and Millard Fuller, founder of Habitat for Humanity. Past recipients have included Walter Cronkite, Bob Hope, Marjory Stoneman Douglas, Dr. Jonas Salk, Averell Harriman, Barbara Jordan, and Muhammad Anwar el-Sadat.

WHITE HOUSE PHOTO

President Bill Clinton congratulates Eugene M. Lang '38, recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom, during ceremonies at the White House in September. Lang is the second Swarthmore graduate to receive the Medal of Freedom. James A. Michener '29 was honored in 1977 by President Gerald Ford.

Class of 2000 the biggest—and most diverse—ever

The largest class ever to enter the College—411 first-year students—arrived this fall, bringing the College's total enrollment to 1,437. Because the Class of 1997 is also large, with 339 members, campus space is at a premium.

The biggest challenge has been housing. New rooms were created from lounges in Dana and Hallowell and an air-conditioned mobile home was parked behind the two residence halls to provide a common lounge area and study rooms. Former administrative offices on the second floor of Parrish were converted to dorm rooms, and the College exercised leases for Strath Haven Condominiums and converted a house along Field House Lane for student use. "It took some major juggling," said Myrt Westphal, director of residential life, "but in the end everyone who requested housing got it."

Dining services were also a bit strained as school opened, with shortages of napkins and silverware until additional supplies were brought in.

Not only is the Class of 2000 large, but it is also the most diverse ever. Nearly 40 percent of the Class of 2000 describe themselves as being members of a racial minority: 10.9 percent identify themselves as African American, 13.5 percent as Latino/a, 9.9 percent as Asian American, and 4.4 percent as biracial or multiracial. It is the first time that more than 10 percent of the entering class are African Americans, reaching a commitment made by the College in 1969.

Members of the class represent 43 states, the District of Columbia, and 24 foreign countries, and come from a pool of 4,001 applicants.

Engineering is the most popular prospective major among the new first-year students who indicated their intended courses of study. Next in popularity were biology, English literature, history, political science, and psychology, although a large number remain undecided.

The class also comes with outstanding credentials. Of the 253 who come from high schools that measure class rank, 62 were valedictorians and salutatorians, and 81 percent were in the top 10 percent of their class.

DENG-JENG LEE

Rebuilding phase underway in gutted Trotter Hall

A monumental wooden staircase to be known as the Tarble Atrium will occupy this space in the heart of a renovated Trotter Hall when the 125-year-old structure reopens next fall. The building's architectural centerpiece will have spacious landings at each level that will serve as student lounges with seating and computer hook-ups—all lit by the skylight in the former Clair Wilcox Room. Offices, classrooms, and seminar rooms for the departments of Classics, History, and Political Science will have windows facing the Rose Garden.

Howard Hughes Medical Institute awards $1.2 million for biology research

The College has received a $1.2 million grant from the Howard Hughes Medical Institute (HHMI) to support new opportunities in biology research for Swarthmore students as well as students and teachers from local high schools.

One of 52 colleges and universities to receive Hughes grants this year, Swarthmore will use the funds to renovate and equip a new evolutionary biology laboratory, update psychobiology facilities and a physical chemistry lab, fund a new faculty position in evolutionary biology, and expand the number of Swarthmore students involved in research.

In addition the College will use the four-year grant to expand support for summer research by students and teachers from local high schools and academic counseling for high school students.

Although the Howard Hughes grant is by far the largest received by the College in the last several months, it is by no means the only one. Among other members of the faculty and staff, grants were awarded to:

John Gaustad, astronomy, $48,559 from the National Science Foundation in support of his project "A Wide Angle H-alpha Survey of the Southern Hemisphere."

Carl Grossman and **Tom Donnelly**, physics, $24,951 from the National Science Foundation for equipment to create intermediate and advanced physics laboratories in ultrafast phenomena.

Longley

Nat Longley, physics, $30,790 from the National Science Foundation to support macro neutrino physics.

Lisa Meeden, computer science, $28,879 from the National Science Foundation for a robot-based laboratory for teaching artificial intelligence.

Frank Moscatelli, physics, $3,500 from the American Physical Society to support undergraduate research.

Neilda Mott, Chester/Swarthmore College Community Coalition: $3,000 from the Allen Hilles Fund to support the Chester Boys' Choir; $3,500 from the 1957 Charity Trust to support the violence prevention program; $2,000 from Women's Way to support "Creating a Village Program" for residents of the William Penn Housing Development; $3,000 from the Presser Foundation and $5,000 from the Thomas and Mary Williams Shoemaker Fund to support the summer learning institute; $3,000 from the Douty Foundation to support the Education Through Sports program; and $3,000 from the Boeing Employees Good Neighbor Fund.

Mott

Elizabeth Vallen, biology, $110,520 from the National Institutes of Health/National Institute of General Medical Sciences for support of "GL Cyclins and the regulation of DNA replication."

DENG-JENG LEE

WSRN hits the air waves with new equipment

Happy at last are members of WSRN radio station's staff. With installation last semester of a state-of-the-art console, air personalities can now concentrate on programming rather than "being preoccupied with wondering whether or not the equipment is going to work," says Charlie Mayer '98 (pictured right), the station's chief engineer. A measure of how bad the '80s vintage equipment was, Mayer said, was that "people had to put more energy into pushing buttons to start the CDs and cassettes than thinking about their shows." Other members of the station's crew pictured are (l to r) Rob Carmichael '96, rock director; Jessica Howington '98, treasurer; and Jon Evans '96, programming director.

Will technology change the way we think about human biodiversity?

By Michael Speirs, lecturer in anthropology

The Swedish naturalist Linnaeus established man's place in nature in 1754 when he conferred the name *Homo sapiens* upon our species. Yet Linnaeus neglected to define the naked ape as he had the other animals and plants. Instead he merely exhorted the new species of featherless biped to "know thyself."

In recent years two research projects have permitted us to make unprecedented strides in fulfilling the Linnaean dictum. The Visible Human Project has reduced the corporeal remains of two human beings to binary code that is already available on videodisk, CD-ROM, and the World Wide Web. And the Human Genome Project is mapping each of the genes on the human chromosomes and sequencing all three billion base pairs of the human genetic code.

The first Visible Human was Joseph Paul Jernigan, a 39-year-old Texan convicted of murder and executed by lethal injection in August 1993. His body was frozen to minus 160 degrees Fahrenheit and imaged from head to toe using the same magnetic resonance and computed tomography equipment used in medical diagnosis. The body was then microtomed into 1,878 slices, each one millimeter thick, which were photographed and digitized. By late 1994 Jernigan had been reincarnated by the National Library of Medicine as a 15 gigabyte data base. Just over a year later, this cyber-Adam was granted his Eve as the library released a 40 gigabyte record of the body of an unidentified 59-year-old Maryland woman who had succumbed to a heart attack.

DENG-JENG LEE

Michael Speirs teaches human evolution and prehistoric archaeology at Swarthmore and human anatomy at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School.

It is quite likely that in coming years, these Visible Humans will not only replace many of the traditional didactic tools of anatomy, such as printed atlases and dissectors, in training first-year medical students, but may also come to replace cadaver dissection entirely as medical schools emphasize computer-assisted learning and surgical planning.

Meanwhile the Human Genome Project, a collaborative international effort underway since 1990, is being touted as the key to the future success of molecular medicine and gene therapy. Proponents claim that the project will revolutionize our understanding of how our bodies work, and some have even suggested that its results will answer the question, What makes us human?

As a biological anthropologist and an anatomist, I am hesitant to celebrate unreservedly the impending triumphs of these projects. Some of my colleagues and I fear that we run the risk of falling prey to a "new essentialism" in our study of humanity as, dazzled by new technologies, we become increasingly reliant upon them in defining ourselves as Linnaeus encouraged us to do.

From my perspective the planners of both projects have failed to ask the same simple but profound questions: "Whose genome or body are we going to reconstruct? What are the consequences of presenting a single individual's body or a single composite genome as typical of all *Homo sapiens*?" Given the suggestion that the Genome Project will reveal the core of our humanity, and considering that Visible Human data is already being used in both medical education and biomedical experimentation, I believe that these questions are of more than purely academic concern.

Too little thought has been given to the fact that humans constitute a polytypic, polymorphic species. These terms simply mean that populations of *Homo sapiens*, despite the unifying elements of reproductive biology, culture and language, are heterogeneous in appearance and genetic constitution. While we are, in fact, surprisingly homogeneous at the genetic level, the differences in gene frequencies that do exist between populations are the products of the evolutionary process tempered by historical contingency and deserve investigation for the light they may shed on such processes as adaptation and migration. Similarly there is much of obvious clinical significance to be learned by medical students from the fact that the range of normal structural variation in many of the organ systems of the human body is surprisingly great.

If the results of the Visible Human and Genome projects become the normative standards by which we think of our biological selves, we run the risk of minimizing the significance of the very variability that has been celebrated by at least one anthropologist as "our species' wealth." As early as 1991, a number of prominent anthropologists and molecular biologists began to express deep reservations about the lack of attention paid by the Human Genome Project to genetic polymorphism. They launched the Human Genome Diversity Project, which is attempting to systematically sample and "immortalize" the DNA of individuals from over 500 unique human populations, most of which are perceived as threatened by either the encroachment of the industrialized world or the assimilationist imperatives of regional national movements.

By failing to both define *Homo sapiens* and identify a type specimen to exemplify the morphological traits that characterized the new species, Linnaeus inadvertently did us a great favor, setting the stage for an exciting 250-year journey of self-discovery. While it would be easy for us to turn to the virtual Joseph Paul Jernigan as the quintessential man, or to accept the DNA sequences that currently fill the pages of scientific journals as the template of humanity, we must not forsake the biocultural approach pioneered by postwar American anthropology in the investigation and celebration of both the organic and social factors that make each individual a unique and most promising primate.

STEVEN GOLDBLATT '67

(Mostly) done with mirrors

When visiting physicist Tom Donnelly (left) joined the faculty last year, he teamed up with Professor Frank Moscatelli (right) to continue research that may someday lead to the building of an X-ray laser. Although their research won't produce a working X-ray laser, they're determining which physical systems are optimal for its realization. X-ray lasers are widely useful in the sciences. They can be used to create microscopes with 100 times the resolving power of instruments that operate with visible light, giving unprecedented accuracy in the study of living biological specimens. The professors, aided by four students, conducted research over the summer and will continue to use the lab in undergraduate education and research.

DENG-JENG LEE

Nobel Peace Prize laureate visits

Oscar Arias Sanchez, former president of Costa Rica and winner of the 1987 Nobel Peace Prize, met informally with students and faculty and spoke on the development of Third World countries during a one-day visit to campus in September. As president, Arias was the leader of the only country in the world without an army. Focusing instead on education, housing, health care, and development, Costa Rica has achieved a literacy rate of almost 95 percent. Following a luncheon in the Intercultural Center, Arias talked with (l to r) Rafael Hinojosa '00, Andrea Carballo '97, and Joan Friedman, instructor in Spanish.

Simone Smith, Grenoble program founder, dies

Simone Voisin Smith, professor emerita of French and a decorated member of the French Resistance during World War II, died at her home in Swarthmore on September 28 following a long illness.

A member of the faculty for 26 years until her retirement in 1990, Professor Smith taught 16th- and 17th-century French literature as well as French. In 1972 she organized and founded the College's exchange program in Grenoble.

Professor Smith began her studies at the University of Grenoble until the war interrupted her studies. As she and her family helped protect Jews, she was wounded and left for dead. She was later awarded the Croix de Guerre and the Medaille de la Résistance.

When the war ended, Professor Smith studied at Columbia University and taught at the Baldwin School and Germantown Friends School before joining the Swarthmore faculty.

Bloom and Friends visit North Korea

President Alfred H. Bloom (below right) joined Quaker educational leaders this summer on a visit to the Democratic People's Republic of Korea (North Korea) to learn about the country's educational system and to discuss expanding exchanges between Korean and American institutions. The trip, sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC), was a follow-up to last November's visit by three North Korean diplomats to the College and other U.S. sites and part of decades-long efforts by the AFSC to ease tensions in the region. With President Bloom were (l to r): Edward Reed, Quaker International Affairs Representative in Northeast Asia; Kay Edstene, executive director of the Friends Committee on Education; an unnamed North Korean guide; and Donald McNemar, president of Guilford College.

New concentrations ... The College has added two new areas of study this fall: Francophone Studies and Latin American Studies. Citing the difference between the francophone cultures of Haiti and Quebec, Provost Jennie Keith said Francophone Studies is unusual because "the rationale is intellectual, not geographic. At the core are questions about the influence of language and the colonial experience on cultural identity." Latin American Studies, she said, "responds to a tremendous interest among students and faculty members about the role these countries play in our own future." The new program has resulted in part from the strengthening of Swarthmore's study abroad programs and the relationships built over the years between leading academics in Latin America, some of whom will be coming to the College to visit and teach, and our own faculty. With the latest reform in the Honors Program, students can now take both concentrations as minors.

Do-si-do ... In a perennial dance that involves Swarthmore, Amherst, and Williams, Swarthmore edged out the latter schools to be named the top liberal arts college in this year's *U.S. News and World Report* rankings. Haverford slipped from fifth place last year to sixth and Bryn Mawr came in at 10th, down from ninth last year. Swarthmore was also ranked ninth among the nation's engineering programs at schools that do not offer engineering doctorates.

But it costs ... *Money* magazine ranked Swarthmore 90th among the top 100 schools in "Your Best College Buys Now" (last year the College didn't break the top 100). On the other hand, Swarthmore did place eighth—behind schools like Yale and Johns Hopkins—as "costly but worth it."

And pride goeth before a fall ... It's clear, reports one College administrator, that our initiatives in sharpening Swarthmore's national profile are paying off in major ways. Overheard off campus was the news that "Swarthmore is the No. 1 arts and crafts college in the country."

First Year

Braving the first year of college wasn't easy for Carrie Griffin '99. So she wrote a book about it.

By Carrie Griffin '99
Photographs by Eleftherios Kostans

Editor's Note

One of my favorite times each year comes just before Labor Day, the day the new class arrives. The fresh young faces, the nervous parents lugging piles of belongings up the stairs, the tentative teenage greetings ("Where're you from?"), and the endless naive questions ("Is this Parrish Hall?")—all bring the campus alive after the quiet peace of summer.

Carrie Griffin came to Swarthmore a year ago, an 18-year-old student like any other. Away from home and friends, thrust into an unfamiliar academic and social milieu, the first-year students (they call themselves both that and "freshmen") are starting a personal journey unlike any they have experienced. Griffin experienced all those things, but in addition to coping with her first year of college, she wrote a book about it. With support from the Psychology Department, she sent questionnaires to 350 students at a dozen colleges and universities, then interviewed many of them. She also wrote of her own odyssey, creating a story of rare candor for a person so young. The result was *Braving the First Year of College: Freshmen Discuss the Transitions, Changes, and Personal Growth*, a 200-page manuscript completed last summer.

Though Griffin's intended audience is the 17- or 18-year-old about to go to college, we thought her book's autobiographical passages would give *Bulletin* readers an extraordinary insight into the world of young people as they struggle with separation and loneliness, try out new ways of looking at and engaging the world, and ultimately gain new knowledge of themselves and their capabilities.

—Jeffrey Lott

This is my first book. It feels strange to even say that I'm writing a book. It's scary to be alone with the computer and the sound of the click-clacking keys. I have no idea what font to use, how long this should be, or when it will be finished.

College. It is fun. It is work. It is an emotional roller-coaster. It can be the most thrilling experience for the average 17- or 18-year-old.

My book is a collection of voices—not only mine, but those of students from places like Penn, Loyola, Swarthmore, Penn State, and many other schools. We are the voices of authority, for this is our experience. This is what is now for us. Come along with us on the journey. While there is no one universal freshman experience, in our different and varied interests, we are the 'typical' college students of the '90s. No one else can provide a picture as candid as ours.

Hey, Mr. Postman

It came on a Saturday afternoon. I cannot recall what I had been doing. I remember only the clang of the screen door as my father went out and trudged toward the mailbox. I heard the mailbox close and my father return to our foyer. He shuffled through the mail, sorted it into piles of "Mom," "Dad," "Socks" (my parents' childhood nickname for me) and tossed a pile in my direction. There it was: SWARTHMORE COLLEGE, OFFICE OF RESIDENTIAL LIFE.

I don't know why, but I wanted to leave the thick manila envelope on the coffee table and escape the house. It's not like it had to be opened that day. That was my rationale at least. By opening it, I was acknowledging that I was leaving for college in less than a month.

Don't get me wrong. I had waited my entire high school career to go to college. I knew it would be so much better than the four years I had spent at my snobby suburban Baltimore parochial school, where the biggest issues rocking the educational landscape were skirt length, PDAs (public displays of affection—quite a no-no in our dean's eyes), and BMW or jeep color. I had envisioned college as a place where I would find people like me—people not embarrassed to admit that they occasionally enjoyed a class, people who were not fearful of being themselves.

High school was not that—so why did I find myself clinging so desperately to the one thing that I had loathed so much for four years? The best four years of my

life were ahead of me. Right?

My father was staring at me from across the room. He looked as puzzled at my lack of action as I was hesitant to open the envelope. I looked again at the garnet-colored return address—"Swarthmore College." This was the place I had chosen. Yes, there was my name on the envelope. OK, let's go for it.

I remember tossing the inconsequential papers (dormitory descriptions, meal plan, placement testing) onto the floor and searching for the One Paper.

There it was ... Carrie Griffin ... Class of 1999 ... e-mail: cgriffi1 ... Room: Hallowell 033.... I felt like I was reading my fate—a fate that had been decided by a woman unknown to me, a dean by the name of Myrt Westphal. She had looked at my roommate questionnaire, consulted the gods, and decided that my roommate would be ...

I frantically rifled through the pile of 'inconsequential' papers on the floor. With a sigh of relief, I found the page that was supposed to accompany the rooming sheet. "Hmmm ... Monica Butler,* Class of 1999." Consulting the accompanying address directory, I discovered that my future rooming partner was from Syracuse, New York, a place I had never been. I had no friends named Monica. I knew nothing about this girl (excuse my lack of political correctness) except her street address and middle name, Ann. That was enough for one day.

The idea of living with another person for a year was frankly frightening to me. I was accustomed to the privacy and the privileges accompanying my only-child status. I had shared a room during camp and summer programs, but the extent of my 'cohabitation' had been a month at the most. I did not know what I should realistically expect from a college roommate, or what it would take for me to be a good roommate myself.

We had lunch, and I called my best friend Michelle and told her the news. She wanted to know everything, but the everything I knew was somewhat limited. How much is there left to say when you know a name and an address? Let's picture a 'Monica' from Syracuse. What does she look like? Does she have an accent? Does she have bizarre habits?

I was soon to find out. The phone rang, and my

**The names of students in this article have been changed.*

Things From Home

The Bulletin *asked members of this year's freshman class—the Class of 2000—to tell us what they had brought to Swarthmore that was of personal significance to them. The photographs accompanying this article show first-year students and their "things from home."*

Carrie Griffin, *author of this article (and now a wise old sophomore), chose to wear her father's Vietnam War dogtags for her portrait.*

mother jumped to answer it. With a bewildered look, she handed the telephone to me.

"It's not Michelle or Tiffiney," she whispered. Michelle and Tiffiney were my best friends from high school. Naturally, I was a bit apprehensive when I took the phone from my mother. While I got calls that summer from other friends, I could tell that this one was a bit different.

"Hello? Carrie? This is Monica. We are going to be roommates."

"Hi! Yes, we are. I got the papers today."

"Me too."

Orientation/Disorientation

"For some reason I never realized that all the freshmen were in the same situation as me. It isn't like everyone but you is comfortable and settled in after the first week."

—Steven, Swarthmore College

The morning of August 29, 1995, my family borrowed a minivan from my cousin, and we loaded it with all of the essentials for my voyage into adulthood: clothes, linens, books, toiletries, medicine, lamps, furniture, and my sentimental objects—stuffed animals, letters from friends, yearbooks. In essence, junk from my past. Somehow, I felt more at ease leaving home if I could take most of home with me.

As I packed my things, I became misty-eyed at the most trivial things—movie stubs, gum wrappers, used pencils. Each object seemed to link me inextricably to my parents, my friends, my home, my past. I recall our last meal, my last trip to the bathroom, the last phone call to Michelle. I remember turning out the light in my bedroom and feeling like I was going to burst into tears.

The drive to Swarthmore was not a pleasant one. As the van turned off of my street, I looked back to see my dog wagging her tail. I kept my eyes on her until I could no longer see the familiar blue house with the neatly tended garden. I was miserable.

I knew that I would be at Swarthmore in two hours. I knew that when I got there, I would have to unpack, meet my new roommate, and mingle. I knew that my parents would leave sometime that afternoon and I would see them in a few months. I knew the timetable of events for the next week of orientation. I knew all of these things, but the fear of the unknown hovered over me and sank my heart.

We arrived. I was nervous. Forgive the drama, but there was no way to escape now. Like it or not, I was a freshman in college.

From the outside, my dormitory looked like a gray concrete slab. Ironically, I had stayed in Hallowell as a prospective student, so the twisting hallways and cement-block walls were slightly familiar to me. I was placed on a newly renovated hall of 12 people. I scanned the numbers above the doors until I found Room 033. My roommate had not yet arrived. For some reason, this fact consoled me. I could take some time and unpack my things without being pushed into meeting new people and having new experiences.

I remember my first night on campus. After playing those often annoying let's-get-to-know-each-other games that always have to do with alliteration and vegetables, we were all tired. Two strangers were heading in the same direction as I was, so we walked together. One male companion, who later became a very good friend, turned to me and confessed that he did not know if he could find his way back to his dorm, and then before I could chuckle and offer some assistance, he admitted that he missed his family already. In the hum of the crickets and the rustle of the trees, somehow we all felt comfortable discussing with each other how we were feeling.

Laura Pyle *misses her horse, Sebastian, who stayed behind in Franklin, Va. One of Sebastian's old horseshoes hangs over her desk and reminds her "of him and of all the rides we had together. I hope it will bring me luck here. I'm sure I could use some extra."*

Lance Langdon: *"The day before I left for Swarthmore, I filled a bottle with beach sand. It reminds me of California sunshine, beautiful waves, and ever-elusive girls. Barefoot walks on the moonlit beach, smoky bonfires, my best friend's '67 Mustang—part of all of that is here with me."*

Loneliness

"I remember calling my mom around Halloween and completely breaking down and crying hysterically because I had no one to go to dinner with. It just seemed indicative of all the loneliness and isolation I felt at the time."

—Jane, University of Pennsylvania

Freshman orientation meant loneliness. Yes, I was meeting people all of the time, but you reach a point where you just want to see something or someone familiar, when you want to go to the dining hall and sit at the same table for two meals in a row, or walk across campus and have someone remember that your name is Carrie—not Courtney or Corey or Connie.

It was one of the last days of orientation when, along with the other freshmen on my hall, I was going out for the evening to take part in a Swarthmore tradition. For many years, each incoming class had been shown the film *The Graduate*. As we entered the campus cinema, it was packed, and we got separated. By the time we had found each other again, there was nowhere for us all to sit. Tired and lonely, I decided to leave the film, and as the lights started to dim in the theater, I entered the darkness of the September night.

I walked past the woods on the way to my dorm, and I stopped and sat on a bench hidden in the amphitheater. I had never felt so alone. For some reason, it had all hit me that night. More than anything, I wondered what I was doing here at Swarthmore, why had I chosen to come to a school where I knew no one. It was depressing and frightening to question what it all meant. What my place in the world was in relation to others. Whether or not I could ever be happy at college.

As I opened the door to Hallowell, I found three people in the lounge for my floor. They were debating the relationship between values and a religious belief system—whether a person could be ethical without buying into formal religion. I grabbed a chair and listened. Eventually, we all introduced ourselves, and I joined the conversation. An hour later they decided to go to The Jumping Cow, the coffee shop at the Swarthmore train station, and they invited me to join them. Though I was still feeling alone, I was much more calm, rational, and content with my present situation. I decided to decline the offer, but not because I wanted to wallow in my own misery. Instead, I wanted to call some friends from home and let them know that I was OK. In fact, I was more than OK.

It's essential to understand the difference between the loneliness experienced by college freshmen and the tendency, as the weeks pass, to yearn for time alone. Loneliness can be destructive. The search for personal time and space, however, has been one of the most wonderful transitions to occur to me as a person. Solitude allows me to refocus my perspective and to rekindle my energy. I loved my nighttime psychology class in part because of the walk home. At 10 or 11 at night, the air was fresh, the campus dimly lit, and my step was light. Not being surrounded by the voices of the day helped me listen to my own voice. I remember being amazed at the beautiful stars and the wonder of my journey as a human being.

John Leary *brought "around 15" pictures of the girlfriend he left behind in Rockville, Md. "It's what many people experience leaving home and going to college."*

Carving a Path in the Academic Wilderness

"Expectations of college: Fantasy: girls, girls, girls, girls, parties, fun. Did I mention girls? Reality: College is work. It's as simple as that. If you are a freshman and think, 'Yeah, dude, I'm going to party every night!', think again."

—Johnny, Anne Arundel Community College

I entered Swarthmore presuming I would be a biology major in the premed program. Feeling like you have a sense of direction and purpose is alluring but it can often turn into a false hope. Once I got to college and found a place in the classroom, I realized that I was interested in a wide variety of things, from Asian religions to the psychoanalysis of popular culture to Southern African politics. What I also realized was that courses like chemistry and biology, which I had expected to be the source of my greatest success and pleasure, left me cold and lifeless. Yet I still continued to trudge along on the premed track through my second semester.

Meanwhile, as I fell asleep reading my biology textbook, I found myself excited by other things. In order to meet my primary distribution requirements in the humanities and social sciences, I took a wide range of classes, from multicultural political science to interpretation theory to Hindu religion to Chinese history. By the end of my second semester, I could happily respond to the question, "So, what are you majoring in?" with a "Well, I was supposed to be premed. I'm not going to do it anymore. I honestly don't know. I like a lot of things. I have time to figure it out."

In biology and chemistry I felt hopelessly lost. I sought out the tutoring clinics. I formed study groups. I highlighted. I recopied my notes. I even tried to make science jokes. In all areas, I seemed to fail. Wasn't I doing all of the right things? Wasn't I trying? I had to admit to myself that I had been fooling myself with my high school rationalizations that my best effort would always yield success. I had to realize that I would not always be even remotely successful at what I tried.

Despite my frantic behavior at times, I never once avoided an assignment or turned one in past a deadline. And for the most part, neither did my friends. On the whole we all seemed well-equipped to churn out the work and maintain a normal, enjoyable life. In fact, I found myself more productive when I journeyed to the library with friends, or set aside time to work, but still made plans to meet friends for an evening of entertainment after the sweat and labor. I realized that in the wilderness of academics, balance is a priority.

Special Issues: Diversity, Struggle, and Change

"Definitely the most dramatic change, for the better, was that I was introduced to so many different lifestyles, backgrounds, and cultures during my first year.

—Jacinda, Smith College

For some people, coming into a diverse college community can be an enlightening experience. In my conservative Catholic high school, I had very little experience with homosexuality, gender issues, and other cultures. I would like to think that I have always had a sensitivity to different experiences, but college put the casual words to the test, and I reveled in placing faces with causes, concerns, movements, and efforts. It was incredibly empowering and enlightening in my own growth process.

While no one interviewed for my book directly addressed his or her answers to the topic of race and ethnicity, it was a reccurring theme in the interviews. Some students of color marveled at how they had gone from predominantly white suburban environments into the increasingly diverse environment of college, finding friends not only across the racial lines, but also among people of similar backgrounds.

Freshmen questioning their sexuality, or coming to the conclusion that they are homosexual, bisexual, or even heterosexual, often find the college atmosphere conducive to such exploration.

In speaking with several friends from my high school years, and even more people for this book, I realized that college is an apt time for women, especially, to be challenging stereotypes and positions created and perpetuated by the media, society, and culture. While many women continue to clear paths in nontraditional fields, such as the sciences, there is a movement toward also celebrating more traditional choices, like studies in the humanities or social sciences, as valid options and instruments of feminism and equality.

So often, when one speaks of diversity, it is viewed merely in terms of race or sexuality or any of the other factors mentioned, leaving out a group composing 10 percent of the population—the physically challenged. The issues facing the handicapped have always been of special concern to me because I was born with an orthopedic condition called Larsen's Syndrome. It was not expected that I would live, and when I did, the doctors held little hope that I would walk.

With hard work and struggle, I made it out of a wheelchair. I also surpassed the intellectual expectations and generalizations cast upon me by the public school system. Today, I consider myself to be fiercely independent. I often forget that I am a member of the physically challenged population. The only remnants of my 38 operations are a few scars and the leg braces that I wear

Attending college, as could be expected, came with its own set of new challenges. Socially, I was entering an environment in which I did not know anyone. Would there be questions? I had dealt with worse than questions in the past—stares, comments, prejudice. While I saw myself as being somehow beyond being labeled as physically handicapped, was I independent enough to take care of my own needs?

In my whole first year at Swarthmore, I only remember three or four people asking me about my disability. It was never an issue, and for one of the first times in my life, I felt I was surrounded by people of a like mind, people who saw me and loved me for who I am, who did not categorize me, who did not exclude me from activities because of ignorance surrounding what I could or couldn't do. I was free to be myself, to party, to dance, to laugh, to flirt, to cry.

Eva Allen's *red clogs are part of her Scandinavian heritage. "They remind me of Hans Christian Andersen's story of the little girl who couldn't take off her beautiful red dancing shoes. I couldn't leave home without them." Allen is from Portland, Ore.*

Samira Mehta's *best friend in Woodbridge, Conn. gave her a handmade quilt. "It made the dorm room look like my room immediately. It reminds me of her love when I feel lost and alone in this sea of people."*

Chris Fanjul *of Stockton, N.J. explains: "My grandfather gave me this quarter, and I wore it all through high school in the hope that it would bring me luck and wisdom. Now I wear it here, and I've had an amazing time so far."*

Lessons in Independence and Growth

"It is a beautiful thing to have the liberty to make your own choices, although I often feel that because my choices no longer have the validation of a third party, they are more significant and daunting."

—Sarah, Swarthmore College

College is a time of change. The change stems from the newfound independence. Gone are the limitations, curfews, suggestions, and replacing authority figures are the voices of new friends and of the self.

College offers a blank tablet. The super jock of the local high school has the freedom to pursue his virtuoso violin talents. The formerly awkward, nerdy girl can become the diva of the parties. The rigid standards and expectations of what constituted social acceptance and favor within the high school clique are replaced by a vast spectrum of ideas and styles.

I attempted to sample as much as I could during my freshman year. I learned how to knit by joining the campus knitting club—the Knitwits. I discovered the gross injustices committed against indigenous peoples by being involved with Amnesty International. I learned of the plight of the homeless through Empty the Shelters. I tutored children in a housing project. I interned with the Chester-Swarthmore Coalition. I joined a Student Council committee that worked with faculty and staff members on revising equal opportunity procedures and sexual harassment policies. I attended a World Wide Web publishing seminar. I listened to everyone from Nobel laureates to human rights activists speak on campus. I attended a Dave Matthews concert. I journeyed into Philadelphia for doses of art, culture, and adventure. I grew intellectually, emotionally, and socially—by leaps and bounds. I began to ask myself what I wanted out of life.

Both independence and growth were intoxicating. Each day held something new, and I was growing increasingly confident that I could deal with each situation—without my parents, without my friends from home, just alone, all by myself.

Going "Home" Again

"I don't enjoy going home that much anymore. I usually think I really want to go home and when I get there, I wonder why I wanted to return. So much baggage comes with being home. I have changed so much since I left that I feel like I am on leave from my life when I go home."

—Veronica, Swarthmore College

It was Monday evening, May 13. My exams had ended the Friday before, and I had decided to stay a few extra days on campus to get my things together and say goodbye to friends. My roommate and I decided to go into Philly to have dinner at an Italian restaurant where there was a good jazz band. As we shared a pizza, all of the memories came back to me, and I was overtaken by a tremendous sense of bittersweet happiness. I had survived my freshman year. I had done even better than that—I had enjoyed it.

When we returned to Swarthmore that night, my room was eerily empty. Where my posters and pictures had hung was now a blank white wall. Books didn't litter the floor. My few clothes were in boxes. (My parents had carted away everything else the weekend before, leaving me with the bare essentials. They had promised to return for me on Tuesday.)

I called my best friend, Tina. I told her, as tears began to well up in my eyes, that I didn't want to go home. I wanted to stay. I wanted us all to stay. She laughed at me because I had been so eager only a few days before to leave campus and begin summer. Now I sounded like I would have to be dragged from my room.

It wasn't until the end of my first week at home, after I had spent days sleeping late and wandering around the house in my pajamas, that I realized how much had changed. The problem was, things at home hadn't changed at all. Things I had romanticized or had forgotten while I was at Swarthmore, like the early bedtime of my parents and their familiar jokes and routines, returned to me with full force. I became increasingly unhappy because I felt like I had changed so much, yet everything outside of my little world had stayed the same.

Sometime during my third week at home, I realized that I needed to do something, anything, to change my summer situation. I called Swarthmore and asked about the possibility of moving back to campus for the summer. I was told that there was one room available. My next challenge was to find a job. After calling and e-mailing several contacts, I found a job for a month with Byllye Avery, the founder of the National Black Women's Health Project, who lives in Swarthmore. I had worked with her during second semester at a housing project in Chester, and I was excited about the opportunity to help her again.

If someone would have asked me in September or even October where I wanted to be during the summer of 1996, I would have told them, most definitely, at my house. But when I returned home, I realized that I did not know where my home was any longer. It was my parent's home, and the place where I had grown up, but coming into adulthood meant that my home was now portable. So I decided to return to Swarthmore, throw myself into my book and my work, and call a stuffy, sweltering dorm room home for a month. College had taught me that wherever I am, I can make my home. Suddenly the process of packing my things and moving out had lost its sadness and nostalgia. It was now just an exercise in freedom and adventure. I was ready for both. ■

Carrie Griffin is planning a special major that would combine sociology/anthropology with psychology. She is searching for a publisher for her book.

Final Years

We can't prevent ourselves or our loved ones from growing old, but we can learn to embrace the inevitable with grace, love, and common sense.

By Marcia Ringel

Photographs by Sam Erickson '88

With each Commencement a subtle but inexorable change occurs in the pages of this magazine. Alumni don't notice it at first, but as the years go by and more classes graduate, they find their Class Notes slipping in reverse toward the staples that bind the *Bulletin* together. This steadfast annual march toward the status of Oldest Living Class joins thousands of life's reminders that Swarthmore alumni must, as chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

In this issue of the *Bulletin*, we look at a number of perspectives on aging, beginning with the sad but rewarding struggle of Candace Watt '59 to obtain care for her progressively fragile mother.

We then take a look at what it's like to grow old in the town of Swarthmore—and in societies around the world—through the research of Jennie Keith, College provost and professor of anthropology. Keith reveals her international findings and her personal take on aging and the elderly, a major focus of her studies for many years. In addition we learn about the work of Maria Gleaton Cattell '56, who has studied old age in both the United States and Africa.

The emerging legal specialty of providing services for the aging is the focus of part three. Attorneys Harry S. Margolis '77 of Boston and Armond D. Budish '74 of Cleveland are leaders in this important field and have written extensively about the legal concerns of the elderly.

A final section takes us to Kendal at Longwood, one of the nation's most respected continuing-care retirement communities. We introduce you to a few of the many Swarthmore alumni who live there and learn more about the innovative community from Lloyd Lewis '49, the pioneering former executive director of Kendal and its nearby twin, Crosslands.

As her mother's health failed, Candace Watt '59 maintained a difficult balance in a generational role reversal.

"A good old age" is something we all desire. We can't prevent ourselves or our loved ones from growing old. But we can learn to embrace the inevitable, to grapple with it on our own terms for as long as possible, and to live consciously in the world instead of retiring from it. The purpose of this article is to help us do that.

Marcia Ringel's profile of Dr. Bennett Lorber '64 appeared in the August 1995 Bulletin. *She recently became eligible for membership in the AARP.*

Eleven years ago Cyrena Watt, age 81, fell and broke her wrist. That small fracture was the catalyst for major changes in her life—and her daughter's.

Candace Watt '59 quickly discovered that parenting a parent demands immense reserves of energy, ingenuity, and tact. She had to learn about institutional care for the elderly and how to preserve her mother's finances and her dignity—all the while holding down a full-time job. Her story is by no means unique.

Since her husband's death in 1977, Cyrena Watt had lived alone quite comfortably in the Connecticut house where the family had lived since 1945. "She loved New Haven and was very rooted there," Candace said. She kept a part-time job selling greeting cards and stationery on commission, driving to customers' homes. But when her arm healed, Cyrena—by then very hard of hearing—retired her driver's license. Now she needed help.

Candace's sister, Rebecca, lives in a Denver suburb. Candace and her husband, Marvin Cohen, live in New York City, where Candace is paperback editor for book publisher W.W. Norton, her employer since 1961. Although the Watt sisters conferred regularly and made many decisions together—as a nurse, Rebecca had especially useful knowledge about drugs—Candace was the obvious choice to assist their mother in person.

Frequently she visited Cyrena for the weekend or left work at noon and took the two-hour train trip to New

Haven for her mother's doctor appointments. She cooked, cleaned, drove her mother to the grocery store, and assumed the care and maintenance of an old house. As Cyrena's eyesight dimmed, Candace paid the bills and did other paperwork.

The burden grew heavy. "I was anxious about her all the time, jumping whenever the telephone rang," Candace said. "I would drop everything and go up." She and Rebecca "kept track of a list of medications a mile long," fending off possible drug interactions and persuading the doctor to raise some dosages more slowly. Twice the local mom-and-pop pharmacy supplied the wrong-strength nitroglycerin patch for Cyrena's angina.

Leaving the family home

Isolation intensified the depression that had begun after Cyrena's husband died, and she began to express anxiety about living alone. Through the Yale housing service, Candace offered a large sunny bedroom and kitchen privileges at her mother's house to a graduate student in exchange for low rent and minimal household help. Three such tenants in five years "found Mother critical and demanding," Candace recalled. "And she complained about all of them."

Cyrena wasn't eating properly. Her eyesight and emphysema worsened along with her hearing. The time had come to seek alternative living arrangements. This conclusion was echoed by a multidisciplinary team at the Adler Geriatric Clinic at Yale–New Haven Hospital. "Having an objective evaluation enabled us all to avoid any blame or guilt for her neediness or for my becoming overwhelmed," Candace said. Thus began five years of "wading through bureaucracy and red tape to obtain the care you want for your loved one."

After rejecting many retirement communities (too much independence) and nursing homes (too little), Candace and Rebecca found St. Paul's Church Home, an assisted-living facility in a large, pleasant New Haven house. Its stated goal was "to care for older women—keeping each individual's independence alive, while relieving her of drudgery."

The house had to be sold. A "soft and genteel real estate agent that Mother liked" handled the details, Candace said. ("Lovely manners were very high on Mother's list.") Nevertheless, Candace said, "The tension was so high when we sold the house that it took months to get over it." For financial advice they consulted an elder-law attorney recommended by the Adler Geriatric Clinic.

When Candace Watt moved her late mother to an assisted-living facility, she recalls, "My mother asked me thoughtfully, 'Is this for the summer or is this for good?' She nodded silently at the answer."

Unfortunately St. Paul's couldn't keep up with Cyrena's growing needs. "She could not have lived there," Candace said, "if I hadn't been available to take her to appointments, buy what she needed, do her bills, order her medications, and fill her pill minders." So she continued her trips to New Haven and wondered about the future.

The miasma of Medicaid

Four years later St. Paul's announced it would soon close, largely for financial reasons. Candace Watt suddenly had new assignments: Find a nursing home and sign her mother up for Medicaid—within two months.

"I felt guilty as a middle-class per-

son transferring money to get Mother on Medicaid," Candace said. To qualify for Medicaid, a recipient's funds must be "spent down" (or given away) years before Medicaid is invoked. The key is to outlast the "lookback period," which varies from state to state and can be changed at any time by law. Providentially, Cyrena had transferred her assets to her daughters when the house was sold; the lookback period for them was three years.

"We had paid St. Paul's Home a total of $120,000 in monthly fees. She would have been wiped out if we hadn't transferred her money. I felt resentful that our entire family funds were expected to go to this." Candace worries about a friend who is facing the same problem but "doesn't dare bring it up with her parents."

All along Cyrena had been fairly staunch. "She was the most amazing combination of narcissistic and heroic," Candace said; she complained about small things while taking major changes in stride. But "it depressed her to transfer the money. She asked, 'I don't have any money now, do I?'"

"What the elderly hate the most," Candace said, "is powerlessness."

Learning and complying with the rules is overwhelming. "There is too big a disconnect between Medicare and Medicaid," Candace said. "You either have to bankrupt yourself or turn cartwheels to protect your money. I'm glad we had the competence, devotion, and will to do it."

After it was clear that Cyrena needed to be in a nursing home, Candace began the labor-intensive application process at seven different facilities. "You have to phrase your answers correctly," Candace said. "I wouldn't wish on anybody navigating through those waters." One requirement: For Medicaid you need all bank account statements for the previous 36 months, a bill or canceled check for all withdrawals of $500 or more, and an "explanation" for deposits of the same size. Cyrena's doctor also had to be prodded to fill out a separate lengthy medical questionnaire for each different home. Particularly crucial was the Patient Review Instrument (PRI), an official assessment by a registered nurse of the extent of care a proposed resident will need.

The family consulted a New York elder-law attorney referred by the one in New Haven. "The fact that one needs a lawyer to apply for Medicaid gives you some idea of how tricky it is," Candace said. At the same time she had the painful task of selecting her mother's funeral home because that cost, if prepaid, can be exempted from the spend-down.

"Mother was bored and tired" when these arrangements were discussed, Candace said. "She expressed a passing regret that she couldn't have the funeral in our church in New Haven."

Finally a bed was found at the Jewish Home and Hospital for Aged in the Bronx, N.Y., a 30-minute subway ride from Candace's Manhattan office. The fees, fortunately covered by Medicaid, were almost $100,000 a year.

For Candace, Saturday and Sunday visits were OK. But lunchtime visits on weekdays were short and not sweet. "It was awful because I couldn't stay," Candace said. "I had to take off my work hat and put on my 'mother' hat. I didn't like it." Still, "Mother knew she was lucky," since few people on her floor received regular family visits. "She wrote lots of touching notes to me."

A peaceful passing

Despite her sadness Cyrena consistently complied with her daughters' decisions. When aged parents "refuse to think about something, you have to let them alone," Candace said. "It's very hard.

"Toward the end," Candace continued, "Mother said to other people that she actively wanted to die. Older people hope they will pass away quietly and not be trouble to anybody."

Cyrena Martin Lyman Watt died on Jan. 21, 1996, three months before her 90th birthday.

She had signed a living will nearly 20 years before and appointed Candace and Rebecca her health care proxies when she moved into the Jewish Home. "I admired her for being so willing to discuss these issues," Candace said. "It was a blessing to me to know when she was dying that I was doing what she wanted, sitting by her, holding her hand, and finally letting her go, not wondering in great distress whether I was doing the right thing."

Is it

Our culture sets people up for failure in old age, says anthropologist Jennie Keith, who has studied the elderly in diverse societies.

One way to view the position of the elderly in the United States is from an anthropologist's perspective. One pioneer in the cross-cultural study of aging—who is also working to improve the lives of the elderly in North America—is Swarthmore Provost and Centennial Professor of Anthropology Jennie Keith.

Keith was the lead author among seven anthropologists who researched and wrote *The Aging Experience: Diversity and Commonality Across Cultures*, published in 1994. The research, called Project AGE (Age, Generation, and Experience), was supported by a grant of more than a million dollars from the National Institute on Aging, and, in Keith's case, a Lang Faculty Fellowship. It resulted in the most comprehensive, detailed worldwide analysis of aging ever published.

The investigators studied societies on four continents: the !Kung and Herero in Botswana; the villages of Clifden and Blessington in Ireland; four economically diverse Hong Kong neighborhoods; and closer to home, Momence, Ill., and Swarthmore, Pa. Two goals, the book states, were "to discover the mechanisms through which attributes of different settings shaped pathways to well-being in old age" and "to reconnect the experiences of older people's daily lives with the characteristics—such as social class, resources, stability, and culture—of the settings in which they live."

According to Keith, for the !Kung of Botswana, a sign of vitality in old age is the "complaint discourse," in which one is expected and entitled to complain: Aged parents make concerted efforts to shame their adult children

better getting old in Botswana?

into fulfilling an understood obligation to support them. Yet older people in the U.S. retain rugged independence, resisting help from adult children even when they sorely need it.

In Swarthmore, residents over age 60 constitute a quarter of the non-student population, the highest proportion among the societies studied. What Keith found ironic is that Swarthmore is "a wonderful place to be an old person" as long as you have the capacity to live out your life as desired.

"People in the upper middle class work hard for most of their lives to be independent," she continued. Then suddenly they can't drive and everything changes. (Keith notes that among the Herero in Botswana, the continued ability to ride a donkey has comparable importance.) "If you live in Swarthmore and can't drive," Keith observed, "you are dependent on other people," especially because the town has no taxi service.

"These problems reveal our culture's values and how we set people up for failure in old age," Keith added. "If you follow our society's rules, your benefits are maximized when you are 50 but won't serve you so well when you are 80. In other societies, they will serve you well all the way through—or even better when you are old."

Breaking lifelong ties

As in many similar suburbs across the United States, older people living in private homes in Swarthmore are frustrated when they can no longer install a lightbulb in a ceiling fixture and become frightened when they hear about a friend who fell down or had a stroke and wasn't found for days. At

Please turn to next page

In suburbs like Swarthmore, there's a "threshold at which people have to decide, Should I stay or should I go?" says College provost—and leading anthropologist of aging—Jennie Keith. She's working to make suburbia more hospitable to the elderly.

Just "sit and eat"

That's the optimal lifestyle among the elderly in rural Kenya, finds Maria Cattell '56.

Another Swarthmorean who studies old age is Maria Gleaton Cattell '56, Ph.D., a self-styled "late bloomer" who earned master's and doctoral degrees in anthropology from Bryn Mawr College in the 1980s.

Most of Cattell's field research has taken place in Kenya and South Africa. She also carried out an 18-month community study in the Philadelphia neighborhood of Olney. Among her more intriguingly titled articles are "'Nowadays It Isn't Easy to Advise the Young': Grandmothers and Granddaughters Among the Abaluyia of Kenya" and "Praise the Lord and Say No to Men: Older Samia Women Empowering Themselves," both of which appeared in the *Journal of Cross-Cultural Gerontology*.

Cattell's 1994 book, *Old Age in Global Perspective*, examines cross-cultural and cross-national data to compare aging worldwide. From one society to another, the book notes, definitions of "young" and "old" vary greatly, as do behavioral expectations at different ages. In fact age itself doesn't necessarily count for much; the passage of time may be counted with markers other than years. Among the Samia of Kenya, a society on which Cattell has focused much of her research, many older people don't know or care how old they are. The old are defined as "those who have cleared many granaries"—that is, eaten the harvests of many seasons. An optimal lifestyle among the Samia is to "sit and eat," meaning to sit by the fire and eat food prepared by relatives.

Continued from page 21

some point they think about moving away to be near a child or to enter a retirement community.

"It's bizarre in cross-cultural terms to think of it as taking a risk to stay where you have lived for 35 years," Keith said. For "a good old age," Keith said, "it's enormously important to be in a place where you have a personal history." However, Keith acknowledges that this may be very difficult to do. "The next best strategy," she says, "is to join a group of peers that can provide a new basis for personal identity and social participation."

"The British health care system, in spite of its financial problems, allows people to stay home and be part of a community," Keith said. In Ireland, the elderly receive health care services at home; "relatives can be involved with you without taking care of you." In the United States, however, health care is oriented to technology for acute care rather than to preventive and maintenance care for the chronic conditions that typically beset the elderly. "It's a totally different orientation," she said. "There are 15 MRI machines within 12 miles of Swarthmore, more than in all of Botswana."

While Keith thinks globally, she has acted locally, working with a new task force on senior citizens organized by a borough council member to address these issues for residents of Swarthmore. The group "cuts across ages and backgrounds to explore what it will take to help people stay," she said. Some wishes have been granted. An optometrist has come to town, for example, and "there's a place to have a cup of coffee and a dish of ice cream. But there's still no taxi." Keith's own wish list includes apartment houses with a resident younger person who is paid to respond to health issues and generally "notice if they don't appear." The task force is also exploring intergenerational housing in Swarthmore, perhaps including students from the College.

Overall, however, Keith believes, American society places its older citizens in a distinctly untouchable category. "The deep mystery for an anthropologist," she said, "is how we can separate the elderly personally, residentially, and through public policy from our own futures."

Planning on

Growing old is complicated, not only physically and emotionally, but legally. In the past 30 years, the intricacies of health care, housing, and personal finance have led to a new legal specialty. Harry S. Margolis '77 and Armond D. Budish '74, both with law degrees from NYU, practiced other forms of law for a while, but were drawn to the emerging specialty of elder law about a decade ago. Both write copiously on the subject, one to fellow specialists and the other primarily to consumers. They also teach lawyers and health professionals about the legal protections available to the poor and middle-class elderly.

What elder-law attorneys do

A specialist in elder law can help people resolve "a panoply of legal issues" that attend aging, according to Margolis, an attorney with ElderLaw Services, a four-attorney practice in Boston. Among these are dealing with complex federal programs, such as Medicare and Medicaid; areas in which family members' involvement increases over time (guardianship, planning for incapacity, living wills, durable powers of attorney); finding long-term care; obtaining and paying for a decent place to live; fighting the denial of legal rights; and age discrimination on the job. Decisions about nursing homes, Margolis said, constitute the largest share of elder law because of their powerful impact on individuals and their families.

The need for institutional long-term care is exploding for the fastest-growing part of the population, those 85 and older. Although more and more women are working outside the home, most care is still provided by family members, Margolis said. Middle-class families once were able to pay for nursing home care, he observed; "but now 75 to 80 percent of the population can't afford it." Ironically, he noted, Medicaid will subsidize long-term care in a nursing home but not in a person's own home.

Forethought is essential, yet rare. Although the services of a specialist in elder law should be sought early, Margolis said, "by the time clients get to us, it's often too late. They usually come to us in a crisis situation," such as when a parent or spouse has been diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease and the family is "facing $5,000 a month in fees," Margolis said.

The lawyer meets with the family to "look at their finances and explain that they won't be bankrupted," Margolis said. "There's a lot of protection in the law for spouses of nursing home residents." Since the fine points

Armond Budish '74

Two Swarthmore alumni are spearheading a new area of law that focuses on the needs of the elderly.

Harry Margolis '77

aging? Start today.

vary by state, it's important to hire a lawyer who practices in the state involved. Elder law practitioners can help locate appropriate care, coordinate private and public resources to pay for it, and make sure the person's legal rights are respected.

Margolis' interest in elder law stemmed from doing pro bono work for Greater Boston Elderly Legal Services while working at a large Boston law firm. For seven years he has been the editor of *The ElderLaw Report*, a monthly newsletter for lawyers published by Little, Brown, which also publishes Margolis' book *The ElderLaw Forms Manual*. Sold nationally and partially revised and updated twice a year, the manual offers sample letters to clients and forms for wills, trusts, powers of attorney, directives, and marketing matters. "Just about every elder lawyer gets Harry's manual," said Armond Budish. Margolis is currently adapting the book into computer software.

Margolis wishes more people would learn about aging issues before they need them. He considers the most important estate-planning instrument to be "a good durable power of attorney." For this, he urges, hire an expert; "Don't just pick up a form at a stationery store." And "Do it today."

Telling the world about Medicaid

At Swarthmore Armond Budish majored in political science and served as president of the Student Council. After law school he "went home to Cleveland," where he was a corporate litigator and trial attorney. A personal experience led him to another path. "My grandmother was in a nursing home and lost everything," he said. "Medicaid law would have protected her, had I and other members of the family known about it." The ordeal led to Budish's first book, *Avoiding the Medicaid Trap: How to Beat the Catastrophic Costs of Nursing Home Care* (Henry Holt, 1989, revised 1995; Avon paperback, 1996).

As the book led to talk show appearances, Budish found himself becoming a national spokesperson on elder-law issues. In the past few years, he estimates, he has done hundreds of radio and television interviews. In 1993 he founded the elder-law practice Budish & Solomon with two other attorneys. A second book, co-authored with his wife, Amy, followed in 1994: *Golden Opportunities: Hundreds of Money-Making, Money-Saving Gems for Anyone Over 50* explains "500 things seniors should know," Budish said, about Medicare, Medicaid, tax and pension laws, COBRA, and other points of interest.

Professionally, the switch to elder law was "significant, but one I do not regret at all," Budish said. "By nature I'm much happier as a problem solver. I'm utilizing laws created for people—not utilizing loopholes. It's very satisfying because I'm helping people protect themselves, their finances, and their families. Everything I write about elder issues draws a tremendous response."

While the IRS and Social Security dispense excellent materials and provide toll-free information hot lines, Budish said; "Medicare has less and Medicaid has nothing."

Of even greater concern, Budish said, is "the mood in an unsympathetic Congress to balance the budget on the backs of the elderly poor and middle class. These are the people who are going to get creamed." He disapproves of Medicaid block grants to states, of allowing states to set their own standards for nursing homes, and of abolishing the federal prohibition on adult children's having to pay nursing home fees for their parents. "Adult children have so many problems of their own," Budish said.

Budish's outspoken criticisms have angered Ohio politicians. Several years ago a governor's commission there proposed legislation to strip the license of any attorney who told people how to protect their money under Medicaid. That proposed law, Budish later learned, was unofficially dubbed "the Budish Bill." It did not pass.

Finding good advice

The National Academy of Elder Law Attorneys, a nonprofit professional association, was founded in 1988 to provide and advocate for high-quality legal services to the elderly. The group has about 3,000 members in 50 states. The American Bar Association approved NAELA as the sole provider of elder-law certification programs for attorneys. Harry Margolis is a fellow of NAELA and Armond Budish is a member.

A series of free booklets called "Law and Aging" discusses estate planning and probate, health care decisions, Medicare, Medicaid, trusts, age discrimination, and related issues. A free pamphlet titled "Questions and Answers When Looking for an Elder Law Attorney" is available from NAELA for a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Personal referrals are not provided, but the group sells a state-by-state registry of some 400 elder-law attorneys, with their specialties indicated, for $25. Professionals who work with the elderly may obtain a copy free.

The NAELA suggests that potential clients request a referral from any attorney they know and trust. Other agencies to approach include the local chapter of the Alzheimer's Association or the American Association of Retired Persons (AARP) or the social service department of a nearby hospital or nursing home. Margolis advises asking for referrals from hospital discharge workers, insurance brokers, financial planners, and especially friends in the same state.

Resources: National Academy of Elder Law Attorneys, 1604 N. Country Club Road, Tucson AZ 85716, (520) 881-4005, fax: (520) 325-7925, e-mail: info@naela.com. Internet users can download free information, including the "Law and Aging" series, from the group's Website (http://www.naela.com/elderlaw).

Retirement as reunion

In retirement communities like Kendal/Crosslands, many Swarthmoreans have found security, stimulation, and a chance to help each other enjoy life.

Dave '47 and Rosemary Accola Hewitt '46 moved to Kendal in 1995. "Sometimes things are a little too perfect here," he observes.

Few Americans plan living arrangements for their later and final years until those years are upon them. Tradition and inclination demand unlimited independence, yet it often becomes impossible for an elderly person or couple to live alone.

One relatively new—and increasingly popular solution—is to move to a continuing-care retirement community. For an entry fee and monthly fees, CCRCs offer incrementally independent living combined with meals, housekeeping services, and health care, including long-term nursing care. Planning is essential; the finest communities have long waiting lists.

The Quaker-pioneered Kendal and Crosslands communities in Kennett Square, Pa., and their growing number of cousins around the country are widely acknowledged to be the cream of the CCRCs. Lloyd W. Lewis '49, now president of U.S. Retirement Communities of Newtown Square, Pa., was Kendal's first executive director and remains a pioneer in the development of innovative communities like Kendal, which now governs itself. In fact self-government prevails in the best CCRCs. Kendal and Crosslands residents belong to some 70 committees, attend board meetings, and help make decisions on everything from lighting design to major policy.

The original community, Kendal at Longwood, could pass for Old Home Week at Swarthmore. Many residents are College alumni, including Kendal board chairman Alan Hunt '51 and John Nason, former president of Swarthmore and Carleton, who lives at Crosslands. "A lot of people here think there's too much talk about Swarthmore College," laughed Kendal resident E. Wayne Frazer '38.

People who move to Kendal/Crosslands start in garden apartments. Subsequent living quarters accommodate the accelerating physical limitations of old age. Anyone who becomes unable to maintain full independence moves to adjacent quarters in which augmented services are provided. A third setting offers full-time nursing care to those who require it. The environment, however, is strictly noninstitutional: Nurses and other staff do not wear uniforms, and residents live in private rooms containing their per-

sonal furniture and favorite belongings. "The day we opened Kendal," said Lewis, "we told our staff that our first task—our constant task—is to deinstitutionalize it."

An advantage for elderly couples is that a spouse who needs more intensive care remains nearby in an assisted-living facility while the healthier partner maintains his or her previous living arrangements. Widows, widowers, and the unmarried know they won't have to make a drastic lifestyle decision if they become too frail to live alone. And in either case, their children are spared potentially catastrophic expense for long-term care, an important issue for many CCRC residents.

Lunch at Kendal

One sunny day last June, five enthusiastic Swarthmoreans gathered around a table in Kendal's airy dining room to talk about their home—which in its concentration of intellectuals and professors serves almost as a post-retirement Swarthmore.

"Coming to Kendal was an epiphany—like getting married or having a baby," said Bob Wood, Oberlin '37, who has designed the *Bulletin* since 1971 (see "Parlor Talk," page 2). Wood's graphic arts contributions could be seen everywhere. Outside the dining room, an easel supported Wood's delightful three-dimensional announcement of an upcoming screening of "Harvey." His photographs grace the lobby, and he recently designed a new history of Kendal authored by Ruth Malone, former Swarthmore PR director.

"I'm enjoying life more at 77 than I did at 50," asserted Richard B. (Brad) Angell '40, who taught philosophy at Wayne State University and is the author of *Reasoning and Logic*. "When I retired, I said I was taking a 20-year sabbatical. I'm seven years into it now. Sometimes my thinking is a little sharper than it used to be—except for remembering names."

Katherine (Kay) Smedley Yellig '30 loved retirement after teaching history at Miss Porter's School. "Life was a ball," she said. But her difficulties in vital matters such as getting to the library brought concern. In addition, she said, "Not knowing what's ahead" regarding illness made moving to a CCRC attractive. She particularly enjoys "the stimulus of being with other people."

According to Lloyd Lewis, retired teachers constitute the largest single group in CCRCs. "It is like a college campus," said David L. Hewitt '47, a retired actuary whose specialties included retirement plans. "Yeah, but when we went to college, tuition was 300 bucks a year," joked Wood. It's true that moving to Kendal/Crosslands is not for the impoverished.

Residents tend to refer to their pre-Kendal existence as "in our other lives," largely meaning their work lives, said Frazer, who worked in international sales for Scott Paper before becoming an importer and collector of Japanese art. "I always feel we're kind of spoiled here. We have good friends and are taken care of. I think very few people want to leave."

Permanently, that is. Many residents travel on vacations and to visit relatives. "Sometimes things are a little too perfect here. I like to get out where things are dirty again," said Hewitt, whose wife, Rosemary (Accola) '46, was "off campus" and could not attend our lunch.

"I feel strongly that [the elderly] are treated too well," Angell said. Subsidized public transportation, for example, should be available to the needy elderly only, not everyone past a certain age, Hewitt agreed. Such self-denial inspired one member of the group to point out that Kendal/Crosslands contains "more Democrats than the average in Chester County."

The major advantage of living in a CCRC, all concurred, is peace of mind about the future. "We know it's downhill from here—that we are going to die here," Angell said. (That's a philosophy professor speaking.) "Every year we lose 25 or 30 people. It's very sad, but we have a great sense of community coming together. We have a sense of coping with all of this, so it's really quite natural." The infirmities of old age are taken in stride as well. "We understand when people begin to forget things," Angell continued. "It's taken with a sense of humor."

With their Kendal fees, "Those who are healthy are paying for those who are sick," Hewitt said. "I hope to be paying for the care of others for a very long time."

Beyond Shuffleboard

A postprandial walk around the tree-lined Kendal campus revealed extensive facilities for recreation and mental enrichment. The library contains about 12,000 books. Trips and programs are trumpeted on bulletin boards and in a monthly newsletter—all organized by the residents themselves. Unlike many retirement communities, Kendal does not have a paid social or activities staff. Upcoming events included discussions on such nongeezerish topics as capital punishment, the Cézanne exhibit at the Philadelphia Museum of Art (with slide show), and the problems of Chinese living abroad. Kay Yellig remarked, "A friend of mine said, 'This isn't a retirement community—it's a think tank!'"

Residents have a chorus, a literary magazine, and yes, a needlework club. A new computer room brings in the next century. Well-appointed work-

Lloyd Lewis '49 was the first executive director at Kendal. "We told our staff that our first task—our constant task—is to deinstitutionalize it." Now president of U.S. Retirement Communities Inc. in Newtown, Pa., Lewis is developing new continuing-care communities across the country.

shops cultivate painting, woodworking, ceramics, and weaving at any level of expertise. The handy fix lamps and chairs for a fee that's donated to the multi-million-dollar Reserve Fund for anonymous residents—about 18 to 30 at any given time—who need financial assistance to remain at Kendal.

The Reserve Fund can also cover such amenities as a subscription to the Philadelphia Orchestra that some can't afford. "We're talking not about just getting by but quality of life," Lloyd Lewis said. "In close to 20 years, we have never turned down a request for financial aid. Most often, I've had to talk people into accepting it." The Reserve Fund has been boosted over the years with bequests of every size. One resident left $250,000 to the fund in his will.

The Kendal Philosophy

When Kendal was getting started, the nearest medical school that taught geriatrics was at the University of Edinburgh, Lewis recalled: "Lack of training was the reason for such poor care in nursing homes in America."

Lewis realized he would have to get involved in medical and nursing training to obtain a qualified staff. He initiated a consortium including the Bryn Mawr School of Social Work, Widener University, and Thomas Jefferson University Medical School.

It worked. "We got it started and heightened consciousness about the needs of the aging," Lewis said. Geriatrics has become an accepted subspecialty. But still, he asserts that "the United States is an ageist society. Even in medical schools that have fellowships for gerontology, many young doctors choose other fields."

The difference at Kendal/Crosslands is a matter of philosophy, and the byword is respect. For example, physical disability doth not a pariah make. Allowing wheelchairs in the dining room "was innovative—can you believe it?" Lewis said. Excluding the wheelchair-bound because they might "depress" others (a practice that's common in many retirement communities) is "a total violation of civil rights," Lewis asserted. "It ought to be aggressively banned by the federal government."

Children, noise, mess, and all are welcome as well. The idea is to embrace daily life in all its unkemptness rather than to exchange it for a sedate, boring old age. Employees' children at the on-site day care center are often invited to participate in celebrations with residents.

More revolutionary is Kendal/Crosslands' complete absence of physical restraints. Restraints are "most often used for the convenience of the staff," Lewis said. When you use restraints, "You stop trying to find out what is wrong.

"If you restrain someone who is confused," Lewis continued, "he will try to escape. I'd try to get away too. I

Top: *Wayne Frazer '38 still enjoys the Asian art he once made his career. Residents refer to their pre-Kendal days as "our other lives," says Frazer.*

Right: *"When I retired I said I was taking a 20-year sabbatical," said former Wayne State University philosophy professor Brad Angell '40. Angell holds a glass sphere that illustrates a non-Euclidian mathematical (and philosophical) idea—that right angles do not necessarily meet at 90 degrees.*

might also try to slug you."

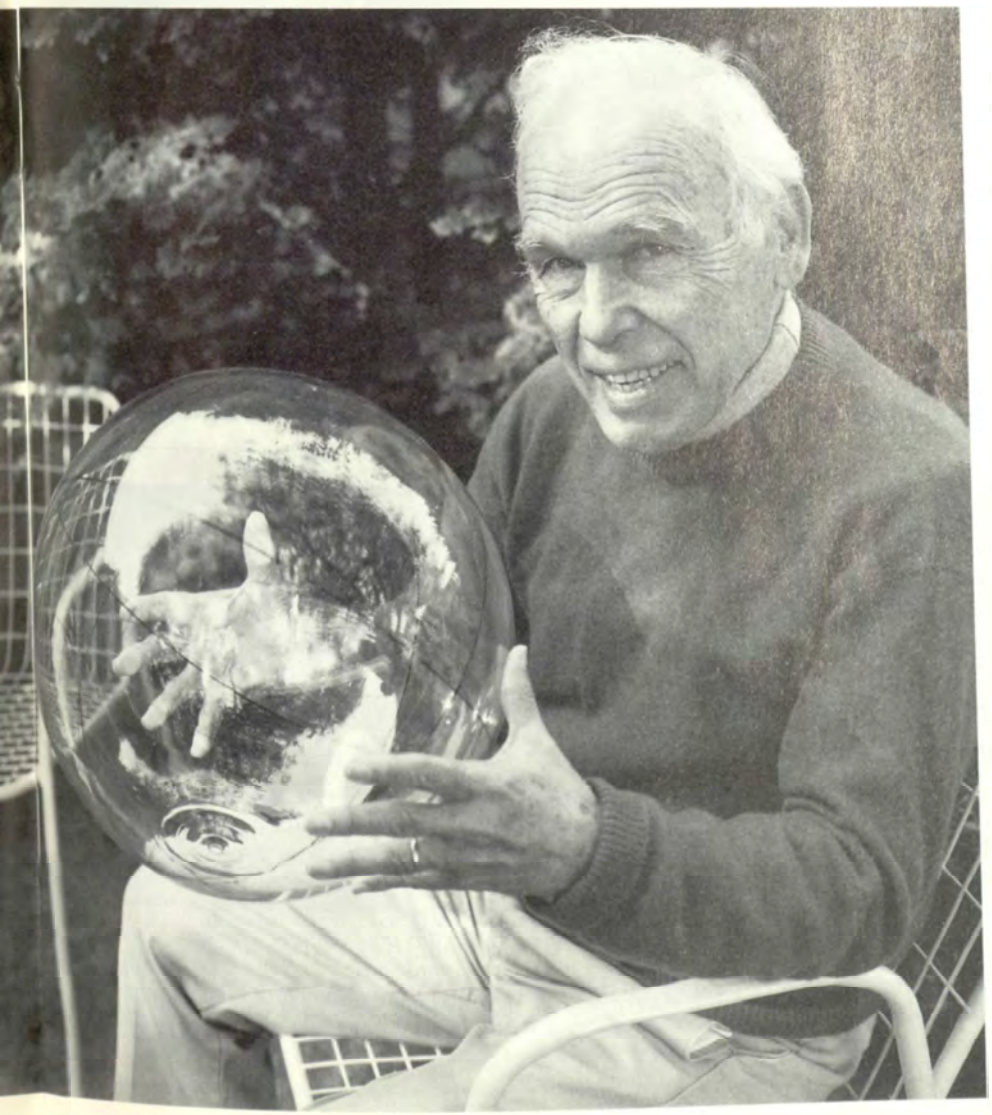
So when Jill Blakeslee indicated her refusal to work in a place that used restraints at a job interview, Lewis said, "I hired her as our first head nurse and canceled all the other interviews." In 1973 Kendal operated the only nursing home in America that banned restraints.

Thanks in part to an alarm on the door, "We never lost anybody and nobody ever got killed," Lewis said, despite the community's location on busy U.S. Route 1. If a forgetful resident tends to wander, watchful observers make sure the roamer is steered home. "Even though we're elderly, we're not denied the chance to look out for other people," Kay Yellig said. "That's encouraged all the time."

"One day we may be in that stage," Hewitt added. "Meanwhile, we're glad to share our lives with them."

Is Kendal the Fountain of Youth? It might seem so. Actuaries and other administrators told Lewis to expect a six percent annual turnover and accompanying new entry fees. During the first year, however, only two people died and one apartment opened up. In the most popular apartment setup, with one bedroom and a den, nobody died for five years. "I said I wanted to live in one myself," Lewis said.

It's not unusual for children of residents or former residents to sign up by age 50, Lewis said: "Age 55 is certainly past the time when someone should be on the list." At Kendal, the waiting list is "well over 10 years." Then the phone call comes and the fun begins. ■



Quaker leadership

Kendal and Crosslands are featured—not for the first time—among "The 20 Best Continuing Care Retirement Communities," an annual survey in the November issue of *New Choices: Living Even Better After 50.* "Kendal is a leader," applauded author Elinor Craig, who has researched and reported all the surveys.

"They're a stellar corporation," she told the *Bulletin*. "Quakers have led the entire movement on respect for the elderly." In her article Craig states: "The same standards of excellence that have given Kendal at Longwood and Crosslands their national reputation can be found at the newer Kendal communities in Hanover, New Hampshire; Ithaca, New York; and Oberlin, Ohio."

Jon Robert Steinberg '65, finance editor of *New Choices*, agrees. "In many ways, these communities are the standard that everyone else follows," he said. No other top-notch continuing-care retirement community belongs to a "family" of similar communities, he said; "It takes a lot of energy and resources and excellent management. Somehow, others haven't even wanted to try."

Steinberg attributes part of the group's success to residents' "common intellectual background." In fact, "the proportion of professionals at CCRCs in general is very high," he noted. "You have to be more sophisticated than the average person to recognize what kind of community you're getting into."

Kendal communities "have shown leadership in helping other communities change and move in a more progressive way to enhance residents' lifestyle," Craig said. Kendal communities attend to residents' physical, social, and spiritual needs in a highly personal way rather than foisting "paternalistic attitudes" on them, she continued. "They have the utmost regard for each and every resident."

On a visit to Kendal/Crosslands in September 1995, Steinberg found residents "alert, intelligent, and physically fit. If I can be like that in 30 years," he said, "I will be doing well."

SWARTHMORE HAPPENINGS

Recent Events

Garnet Sages: Members attended Fall Weekend events on campus in October. Elinor Jones Clapp '46, Supreme Sage, introduced a luncheon program featuring Michael Cothren, professor of art history, and Sabrina Moyle '96, who has begun her career as an arts administrator.

New York: A group of Swarthmoreans, coordinated by Talya Gubbay '88, participated in "New York Cares" day in October, helping to paint, sweep, and clean up the city. Everyone relaxed later at a party for all volunteers. At the end of the month, Suzanne Kazenoff '90 and Julia Stock '95 organized an informal social at an Irish pub. Lillian Kraemer '61 hosted a gathering in November where "The State of the Art World" was discussed by prominent art professionals Jim Long '71, Harriet Shorr '60, and Robert Storr '72.

Philadelphia: Bill Rieser '50, a board member of the James A. Michener Art Museum in Doylestown, arranged a tour in November of the museum and its new Mari Sabusawa Michener Wing. Alumni and parents also heard John Toner '73 describe Closely Watched Films Inc., which presents art films in Doylestown.

SPRING 1997 EVENTS

Black Alumni Weekend/ Alumni Council Spring Meeting
March 21–23

Coolfont Weekend, W.Va.
April 4–6

Parents Weekend
April 18–20

Alumni Weekend
June 6–8

Alumni College Abroad, Ireland
June 10–18

San Francisco: Alumni had dinner in November with writer, director, and actor Kevin Di Pirro '88 at a restaurant-gallery and then watched his acclaimed one-man show "From Shite to Shannon." Sohail Bengali '79 planned the festive evening.

Upcoming Events

New York: On Thursday, Dec. 5, Swarthmoreans in New York City will join alumni from the University of Chicago, Stanford, MIT, and Reed College for a buffet dinner, followed by a Festival Chamber Music Society concert. They're invited to a champagne reception with the musicians afterward. Jim DiFalco '82 is in charge of arrangements. In the planning stage are a concert by Peter Schickele '57 and a performance by the Pig Iron Theater Company, a troupe of Swarthmore alumni and students.

And on Saturday, Dec. 7: **New York** Swarthmoreans will encounter "Sharps, Flats, and Accidentals" when the Flying Karamazov Brothers display their juggling and musical madness. Alice Merwin, mother of Amanda '92, is organizing the event.

Seattle: On Friday, Dec. 6, Seattle alumni, parents, and friends will see an exciting slide show by Menno Van Wyk '67, about his adventurous climb up Mount Kilimanjaro in Tanzania. Menno will be joined by Peter Blomquist from CARE and other members of the expedition. Deb Read '87 is coordinating the program, which will take place at the new REI flagship store.

Swarthmore alumni and students living in Turkey *were invited to join traveling alumni and parents at a festive reception in Istanbul in July. Among them were (l to r) Emel Erturer Anil '66 (mother of Ela Anil '99), Elenor G. Reid '67, Sertac Yeltekin '91 and his wife, Paola Russi, Onat Negiz '97, and Sinan Turhan '94.*

During their Far East *trip this past summer, President Alfred H. Bloom and his wife, Peggi, made a stop in Hong Kong in July. Joining the Blooms for dinner were (l to r) Bruce Han '86, Margaret Huang '87, and Min Lee '00.* *See page 9 for more about the president's trip to Asia.*

Tri-college Coolfont Weekend to explore dynamics of unemployment in America

The seventh annual Coolfont Weekend will expand into a Tri-College gathering in 1997. On April 4–6, alumni from Haverford and Bryn Mawr colleges will join Swarthmore alumni, parents, and friends for a weekend of lively discussion and fellowship at the scenic Coolfont Resort and Conference Center, owned by Sam Ashelman '37, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains of West Virginia.

Pryor

A distinguished trio representing each of the colleges will be featured in the programs. They include Fred Pryor, professor of economics at Swarthmore; David Schaffer '79, assistant professor of economics at Haverford.; and a representative of the Bryn Mawr College community to be announced.

Shaffer

They will discuss "Who's Not Working and Why: New Perspectives on the U.S. Labor Force." Pryor and Schaffer are co-authors of a new book on this subject. Among the timely issues they'll explore are the nation's growing wage gap, business cycles, and traditional vs. untraditional unemployment.

As a Sunday morning bonus, Professor Pryor will describe challenges facing citizens and governments in the former Soviet empire in their transition from communist economies to a free-market system. He'll also explain the work he has been doing in the past year with Ukraine as a member of the Soros International Economic Advisory Group.

Along with provocative discussions, Coolfont Weekend participants can enjoy some of the best bird-watching in the East, fine hiking, great food, golf, indoor swimming, aerobics, and just taking it easy. The resort also includes a popular spa. To receive a brochure, please contact the Alumni Relations Office at (610) 328-8402, fax (610) 328-7796, or e-mail: alumni@swarthmore.edu.

Alumni News in Brief

Laurels available ... Alumni are invited to make nominations for the 1997 Shane Award, named for the late Joseph B. Shane '25, who served Swarthmore as vice president for two decades. The award is presented at Alumni Weekend to an alum who has contributed outstanding service to the College. Please send nominations, preferably of graduates who will celebrate reunions in June 1997, to the Alumni Relations Office by Friday, Jan. 17.

Speech! Speech! There are several events each year where the College features thoughtful and articulate alumni as speakers. If you know a fellow graduate who is doing interesting work and could talk about it engagingly in public, the Alumni Relations Office would be happy to hear from you. You may remain anonymous if you wish!

The Crum Regatta doesn't count ... Did you belong to a crew club when you were at Swarthmore (or try to start one)? Do you know anyone in the Philadelphia area who has connections to such a club? Seth Garber '99 and other students are interested in starting a Swarthmore Crew Club. If you're able to provide assistance, please call Seth at (610) 690-5664 or e-mail him at sgarber1@swarthmore.edu.

ALUMNI COUNCIL

For the first time, Swarthmore's Alumni Council conducted its fall meeting in conjunction with the College's annual Volunteer Leadership Weekend on Sept. 20–22. More than 140 alumni came to campus, including the Council, admissions interviewers, reunion chairs, class agents, members of the new Publications Advisory Council, and other College volunteers. The presence of so many individuals willing to volunteer their time to Swarthmore underscores the loyalty that the College has enjoyed for so many years.

DENG-JENG LEE

Alan Symonette '76
President,
Alumni Association

I'd like to inform you of an exciting new project that the Alumni Council is developing. One of the basic Quaker traditions at Swarthmore is community service. Many of us as students contributed time for service to the communities around Swarthmore. And many of us have continued in this tradition well after graduation. The Alumni Council is creating an award to recognize such dedicated service.

Each year the award will recognize an individual who exemplifies this tradition by being engaged in committed and dedicated service to their home community. It is intended that this individual be honored for "hands-on" service, not board membership or monetary contributions. The award will be presented at Alumni Collection on Alumni Weekend. Ideally the recipient will be a member of one of that year's reunion classes, to ensure that they will be planning to be on campus, and their classmates can be present as well.

If you would like to propose alumni for this new award, please contact the Alumni Relations Office for a nomination form. It is our hope that you will take the time to nominate one or more deserving Swarthmoreans who represent our tradition of service.

Fry Finance

How the College played a part in launching the fast food industry—and profited handsomely from it.

By Jeffrey Lott

The year was 1961. JFK was president. Yuri Gagarin became the first man to orbit the earth. Freedom Riders risked their lives to end segregation in the South. *West Side Story* won the Academy Award for Best Picture.

And an obscure Chicago salesman named Ray Kroc borrowed $100,000 from Swarthmore College to help him gain full control of the fledgling McDonalds Corporation.

How Swarthmore got in the burger business is the subject of this story—a business legend that deserves to be retold. We are indebted to John Love's fascinating book *McDonalds: Behind the Arches* (Bantam, 1986) for the substance of the tale.

Kroc, a once-struggling salesman of everything from Florida real estate to milk shake mixers, died a billionaire in 1984. He neither conceived the drive-in, take-out restaurant nor invented the cooking and service system that became the standard of the industry, but he had the vision to market and franchise the successes of Dick and Mac McDonald, whose San Bernadino, Calif., hamburger stand had pioneered "fast food."

Kroc was 52 when he contracted in 1954 with the McDonald brothers to become the exclusive franchiser of their name and system. The first franchises sold for $950 (you need a minimum of $75,000 today), and by 1960 the McDonalds had opened 228 stores, a modest but respectable number in a competitive business that included start-ups like Bob's Big Boy, Burger King, Burger Chef, and A&W—not to mention long-established national chains like White Tower and Howard Johnson's. Under the contract the McDonald brothers got 0.5 percent of sales, or $189,000 in 1960 on sales of $37.8 million. (The same percentage of sales in 1995 would have netted $150 million.)

For the first seven years of the agreement, Kroc didn't draw a penny of salary, but determinedly put together a new approach to franchising. McDonalds sold only single stores, not regional territories, ensuring that the company could control the opening of every new outlet. Kroc also set and enforced quality and service standards that were unknown in the industry, from speed of service to the moisture content of french fries to the famous promise of a 100-percent beef hamburger.

Most importantly Kroc decided that his company would make money only on a percentage of sales, not by forcing outlets to buy food, equipment, or supplies from a central source. His idea was that individual franchisees had to prosper for the McDonalds Corporation to make money, and he committed the corporation's resources to improving the product, training the franchisees, and promoting the idea that fast food could actually be good food.

Then there was the real estate—and that's where Swarthmore comes in. You didn't think the College would invest in Big Macs® and fries, did you?

In 1960 Kroc's corporation had turned a paltry profit of $77,000, less than half of what was paid to the brothers in California. But the company's net worth had jumped from $24,000 in 1958 to $16 million in 1960, mostly as a result of Kroc's "extremely silent partner," a financial wizard named Harry Sonneborn. Sonneborn had hit on a way of building assets that was virtually independent of the "millions sold" slogan touted by Kroc's marketing people. He proposed buying the ground under the stores and leasing it to the operators. Sonneborn, no burger evangelist like Kroc, "viewed the food service business as a vehicle for making money in real estate."

McDonalds was at the leading edge of the suburban boom of the '50s and '60s, and Sonneborn began to acquire valuable property by using franchisees' security deposits as downpayments and charging store owners "rent" that financed the company's purchase of the land. The minimum monthly fee was a 20- to 40-percent markup of McDonalds' cost, and additional fees were charged if sales went over a certain figure. Since many McDonalds franchises were instant moneymakers, Sonneborn not only covered the company's "investment," he began to generate land-office profits that were basically independent of burger sales. "His idea is what really made McDonalds rich," said Kroc some years later.

But back to 1961: While Roger Maris was smacking 61 home runs and everyone was watching *Gunsmoke*, Ray Kroc decided he had to buy out the McDonald brothers. Dick and Mac insisted on a cash deal of $2.7 million, and Kroc was strapped. While the company's assets were growing, it had already incurred a debt of $1.5 million from two Boston insurance companies that had exacted 22 percent of McDonalds stock.

Coke or Pepsi?

Swarthmore College's endowment has grown from $29 million in 1961 to $640 million as of Sept. 30, 1996. In addition to large investments in mutual funds, consumer stocks like McDonalds are an important part of the College's portfolio. Below are the top six stock holdings as of Sept. 30. The list makes it clear that while McDonalds serves only Coke, Swarthmore has yet to decide.

Equity	Shares	Mkt.Value
Intel Corp.	101,900	$9,725,081
McDonalds Corp.	193,900	9,186,013
Fed. Nat'l Mtg. Assoc.	242,000	8,439,750
Pepsico Inc.	296,700	8,381,775
Amer. Int'l Group Inc.	82,250	8,286,688
Coca Cola Co.	106,300	8,155,263

McDonalds stock is the second largest equity in the College's $640 million endowment.

So Ray Kroc and Harry Sonneborn went looking for money—big money. Through his Boston investors (who couldn't cough up another dime), Sonneborn met the late John Bristol, a legendary investment counselor whose accounts included Princeton University's then-$100 million endowment, plus the funds of such other private schools as Howard University, Colby College, and Swarthmore.

John Love's book tells it best:

"Bristol was fascinated by Sonneborn's concept of mixing real estate with hamburgers. 'Harry was very impressive to an investment man,' Bristol observes. 'He got across the idea that McDonalds was building substantial value in real estate and that the franchisee was on the hook to lease property ... for a much longer period than it would take McDonalds to pay off its real estate purchases.' ... Sonneborn had been searching for old-line Eastern money for more than three years, and in John Bristol he found it in spades. Here was the type of money that had been earning interest for at least a half-century, and Bristol was about to introduce it to the world of fast food."

All that remained was for Bristol to convince his conservative clients. It wasn't easy, but he sweetened the deal by insisting on a bonus plan as part of the loan. In addition to six percent interest, the investors would get 0.5 percent of McDonalds' sales (the same amount Kroc was paying to the brothers) for an additional period equal to the time it took McDonalds to pay off the $2.7 million loan. Thus if the loan were paid off in eight years (which was Bristol's estimate), McDonalds would pay the sales bonus for another eight years.

Kroc and Sonneborn thought they had the perfect deal. They didn't have to give up any more stock, the bonus payments were no worse than they were paying to the brothers, and they would own the whole Happy Meal,® toy and all. But there was one more hurdle.

A committee of Bristol's clients balked at lending money to an upstart food service company. Sonneborn flew overnight to New York to try to salvage the loan. Bristol, it is said, bought him a shave and a new suit before introducing him to the skeptical endowment managers. "We are not basically in the food business. We are in the real estate business," argued Sonneborn.

Somehow it worked. Princeton put up $1 million and 11 other clients split the rest. Bristol predicted that McDonalds might eventually have 1,500 units nationwide, but his estimate was far below the actual performance of the company. McDonalds paid off the loan in five and a half years, and Bristol's clients eventually realized $14 million from the loan.

Four years later, Swarthmore invested in McDonalds common stock when it first went public in 1965. A $2,250 (100 share) investment in the company in that year is worth nearly $1.7 million today.

It's been said that the Quakers came to Pennsylvania to do good, and they did very well indeed. Like many old jokes, this one is based on truth. Swarthmore College's investment strategy has also done very well. According to Charles Mott of Bristol & Co., one of Swarthmore's current endowment fund advisers, the McDonalds investment is an example of the long view taken by the College's money managers. "It's a great symbol of the culture of stewardship of the endowment," he says, "a culture that's been constant through time—a recognition of the need to grow the assets to enhance the educational program. It was a risk, but though things change suddenly, sometimes wildly, Swarthmore's approach has been consistent."

Thirty-five years after Harry Sonneborn convinced John Bristol to buy into the burger business, McDonalds stock is the second largest equity, after Intel Corporation, in the College's $640 million endowment. And financially as well as academically, Swarthmore remains in the top rank of colleges and universities, not only in terms of endowment per student (sixth in the country in 1995), but in terms of total return on investment, which has averaged more than 13 percent over the past 10 years—third among 95 schools. And if a new Ray Kroc comes to call, you can bet the College just might listen. ■