Marlboro College, A Memoir

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FOREWARD TO THE PROPOSED 2020 REPRINTS*

In the fall of 2019 I was invited by the College to write a forward for the second printing of *Marlboro College, A Memoir,* originally published in a very limited edition in 1999. This came as a surprise because the original document had been written simply as a typescript for the archives lest some fascinating bits about early years of the College be lost. Although it appeared in a strictly limited edition of sixty copies or so, it was never designed to be printed in the first place. This invitation came at an opportune time, however, for even as I wrote there were negotiations underway to merge Marlboro with Emerson College in Boston, Massachusetts, and move its operations to the city. Now this has indeed come to pass, the old Marlboro as we knew it is no more, for both its rural location and its independent governance structure, essential to the College we knew, can be no more. I wish any new avatar well but I mourn the loss of the old. The old was a Camelot (without a king, unless Roland be he), but we all know Camelots do not last in this world.

Yet the invitation was indeed opportune. It was thirty-eight years since I stepped down and twenty years since the first printing of the *Memoir.* These passing years have given me a new and different perspective with which to view and evaluate a past of which I was a part, so much a part that this had to be a memoir and not a history. What, I now ask myself, made Marlboro Marlboro?

Let me first make one point clear. I am sometimes given credit for the turn around in the fortunes of the College in the late 1950s. That is not true. In 1958 I was part of the turn around. The gifting of the Howland Farm in Dummerston, Vermont, in 1957 allowed the College to pay off past debts, provided the equity to borrow for its first new building (appropriately Howland House) and to add three new members to the faculty (myself included). I took it to be my job to preserve and nurture the strengths I found there, strengths present or in prospect which attracted me in the first place. Looking back, what strengths do I consider central?

Let me begin with the absolute personal and professional integrity which I found in the core faculty, the five "Giants in the Earth," as I came to call them: Roland Boyden, Audrey Gorton, Dick Judd, John MacArthur, and Blanche Moyse, master teachers every one of them who suffered through the 1950s, often either unpaid or not paid on time, and who stayed through to retirement years later. They were all idealists seeking a special kind of personal and professional life, though they might deny the idealism; Roland especially would bridle at the designation: he thought of himself as a pragmatist, but pragmatist to what vision? They were also primarily teachers rather than researchers (though some also did significant research) and loved living close to nature: outdoor intellectuals. Marlboro was not simply a job; it was a lifestyle. The work was not work so much as a form of fulfillment.

Although I perceived the integrity (and the quality) of the five, one of the elements that attracted me in the first place, I did not at first perceive the importance of the unique social and political culture they and the founding students had created. One at first seemingly insignificant factor was that everyone called everyone else by his or her first name. This had come about because the majority of the founding students were veterans who were not about to address anyone again as "Sir" or "Mr." or "Mrs." They found other ways of showing respect. There were only two exceptions: the appellation Mrs. for Katherine Paton, an elderly lady professor, much loved and much respected, because everyone recognized she was of another generation, and the appellation "Mr." as a subtle sign of disrespect for a kindly refugee agricultural chemist from the Hungarian revolution of 1956 who unfortunately, though a competent chemist, was an inept teacher. I don't believe he noticed the disrespect. Marlboro was an

intentional community, as close to collegial democracy as one finds in this world. Everyone, teacher, staff member, student, belonged to and had one equal vote in the College town meeting, which had final power over everything except academic and medical matters. More than once as president I was outvoted on issues, once by over a hundred votes. The atmosphere was collegial, important decisions made collectively, with no adversarial faculty union, as was becoming common in large universities, because in one sense the whole college was the union. The elected first selectperson, inevitably a student though not required to be by any regulation, was thereby considered a member of the senior staff and met with us in the weekly staff meeting every Monday morning. They took the responsibility seriously. Major policy decisions were made openly. The draft budget for the next academic year, for instance, was published and discussed in a winter community meeting open to all before it was submitted to the board of trustees for action in the spring. My proudest moment came one year when the faculty proposed that instead of eliminating a position or two as I had suggested during a year when the budget for the coming year needed to be cut, we all, professionals only (not secretaries, not maintenance workers), take a 5% cut across the board. That we did. It was an honor to be among such colleagues (see 1975-76, pp. 166-67).

The foundation of a sound academic culture was also present. Indeed, it was recognized that the faculty *was* the college. The board of trustees (the legal entity) and the administration existed to provide the elements necessary for the faculty to teach. This was made manifest when occasionally during the impoverished '50s the board met monthly with the faculty to make sure there was enough money to open for another month. Often the professors were not paid their full stipends, sometimes not at all. Everything depended on their loyalty. As I recall now, over $10,000 was still owed in back salaries when I arrived. By 1957-58 there were only a total of twenty-seven students and thirteen professors left, and that year both Roland Boyden and Dick Judd donated back their entire salaries! As I mention in the text, we paid salaries in those days by asking each employee how much he or she needed to survive the next year.

Central to the faculty were the curriculum and academic standards. At first these were virtually the entire focus of my attention. I had told Roland I might consider his offer to come if I could interfere more with the academic program than presidents were supposed to. In my mind that included chairing the faculty. I was so naïve I did not even know that in higher education presidents did not routinely chair their faculties! The model I had in mind was the faculty of over ninety at the Phillips Exeter Academy chaired by the principal as the principal teacher, *primus inter pares*. I shall never forget the look on Roland's face when I made my intention explicit. After a moment of shock, quickly recovering, he said, “Well, maybe we should chair the first year together.” (Typical of him.) We did, and that year by example I was given a fast course in how to chair! Years later Roland developed ulcers. I often wonder whether my first years at the College contributed. For all that, I always considered myself first of all a member of the faculty and only secondarily an administrator. As a result it was never “we/they” but always “we”. Alas, the tradition was dropped after my departure. There were no other academic presidents.

The purpose of the College, in a form first expressed in the 1959-60 catalogue, was to teach students to think. Marlboro thereby proclaimed itself a serious academic institution. Many objected to such a short statement (what did *thinking* mean?), but our serious intellectual purpose was either thus stated briefly or in a too lengthy explanation. For some we were considered an experimental college; we never thought of ourselves as one. Rather we were a radical college in the root meaning of the word (no pun intended): back to the roots of a liberal education in ancient Athens as adapted to modern

circumstances. In Athens it had meant the education suitable for the "free man" (*eleutheros)* as contrasted to the slave (*doulos*). In contemporary terms it means the education suitable for the free citizen (male or female)[1].

Along with being a radical college we had a tradition of paddling upstream, actions contrary to what was fashionable at the moment. At a time when colleges were dropping Greek and Latin, we established the Oxford Classics Fellowship. During the Vietnam War when requirements were being lightened, we instituted a stiff English writing requirement which had to be met before a student could go on Plan. This was in order that the Plan advisor/s could concentrate on substance and not spend excessive time on writing.

By 1958 the Comprehensive Examination, set at the sophomore level, was well established as the foundation of a Marlboro liberal education. What needed attention was the design of the last two years (see Appendix C). By the spring semester of 1959 we were discussing what became, by January of 1960, the Plan of Concentration. I say "what became" because the Plan as originally put before the faculty was too conventional. Indeed, in my time any new idea which was put before the faculty by the administration, if adopted (some were not), came out improved. We all had our own idiosyncratic idea of what the Plan should be. In my mind the original Plan proposal as submitted combined my experience with interdisciplinary study at Harvard (for me essentially ancient Greek history and literature, which also included philosophy and the language) with my experience at Oxford with the degree depending on summary examinations at the end instead of accumulated course credits. What resulted indeed was the possibility of all sorts of interdisciplinary study on or off campus with summary evaluations at the end, three kinds of evaluation: an undergraduate thesis (which in the arts could be one or more exhibitions or performances), a battery of written examinations (originally conceived as conventional three hour closed book written examinations), and an oral, sometimes lengthy, all three evaluated by at least two members of the Marlboro faculty and at least one outside examiner. The act, as finally voted by the faculty, became more like an enabling act. Instead of requiring exclusively three-hour, closed book written examinations, for instance, John MacArthur began experimenting with one week open laboratory examinations and others followed suit in ways appropriate to their fields. The orals, unlike Ph. D. orals, were not to reveal what the student did not know but what the student did know. Examining committees, usually consisting of three or maybe four examiners, sometimes stretched to five or even seven and the orals were often open. Underlying it all was the intent to engage students where they were intellectually at the moment, elevate their intellectual achievements, take them as far as they could go in the time remaining, and have them go beyond merely answering set questions in the discipline(s) to the point of formulating for themselves further questions to be answered.

Originally the Plan was designed to be for either one or two years. Later, when one year appeared too short, all became two year. The procedure was for a student with one or more faculty members as sponsors to submit a proposed Plan to the dean of faculty, who could make suggestions for improvement but could not totally refuse it without appeal. If the dean and/or the Plan sponsor or the student were not satisfied at any stage, the Plan could be appealed in person to the whole faculty, whose decision was final. The Plan, or if all parties agreed on suggested changes, the revised Plan, was then circulated in all faculty boxes for vetting by all members of the faculty and voted on two weeks hence at the next faculty meeting. In the early years most Plans were discussed, if briefly, at the faculty

1 See *Paideia: The Ideals of Greek Culture,* Gilbert Highet, Trans., vol.2, New York, Oxford U.P., 1943, pp 54-5

meetings before a vote was taken because we were feeling our way, but as we became more comfortable with what we were doing, appeals and debates became less and less frequent until they became rare. The dean, however, never had the last word, only the faculty. Although unique to each student (except for a rare joint Plan), a Plan was never simply independent study, and it was always subject to vetting in scheduled weekly tutorials or formal class participation. The concept of the Plan was massaged over the years but the Plan became the distinguishing feature of the curriculum. Only later did I recognize one important consequence of the Plan: we were encouraging our students not to graduate as round pegs to fit into round holes but to take the initiative and to create their careers whither their interests led them later if the appropriate career did not already exist.

One more principle – no, two related principles, mantras if you will -- personal to myself which guided me in the development of both faculty and staff. The most important lesson which I learned at Harvard was not learned in class. One day as a junior I walked into my tutor's study and asked, "Why is it, sir, that this university, which at the turn of the century [1900] had one of the best philosophy departments in the Western world, has such a terrible one now?" I cringe at the arrogance today, can hardly believe I said it, but instead of putting me in my place on the spot he replied, "Tom, don't you know that a first class person always appoints another first class person, a second class person a third class person?" After I had been appointed but before I had taken office, I went to see Dr. Lewis Perry, the renowned but by then retired principal of Phillips Exeter Academy who had overseen the introduction of the famous Harkness Plan and therewith the doubling of the faculty to over ninety. I asked him if he had any advice for me. "Get the best teachers you can find and leave them alone," he replied. As a result my administrative philosophy was to surround myself whenever possible with teachers and administrators more intelligent than I and not only leave them alone but listen to them (only also to know when not to listen).

Then there were the trustees, who knew their place: when and how to act, and when not to. The first chairman was Arthur Whittemore, a much respected member of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court who made sure every member of the board was heard and heard out. Once when we were starving for funds, he was ready to refuse an anonymous $10,000 donation, real money in those days. I had to convince him it could not have had anything to do with trying to influence him on a case before the court because it came from New Jersey. The founding board treasurer was Zee Persons, community minded president of a local bank who was convinced Brattleboro needed a college. During the 1950s he once walked up and down Main Street negotiating debts at under a hundred cents to the dollar. Later he was also founding board treasurer of Marlboro Music, as it is known today. The clerk of the works, who without remuneration oversaw the building of most of the campus, was retired MIT architectural engineer Whit Brown, whose son had been an early graduate. With the exception of the auditorium and the theater we built cost plus; only once did the cost exceed the estimate, and not by much. The architects complained they could not make money on us because Whit knew as much about construction as, if not more than. the carpenters, masons, and plumbers. (He also taught me that siting a building involved as much considering what future construction you were preempting as the advantage of the site for the building in hand,) The first board clerk was local attorney Paul Olson, who for years did legal work pro bono. He played a huge role in our development but he preferred to fly under the radar: the first three had important buildings named after them; only he did not. At one point the chairman of the board was the dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at Harvard; at the same time Zee Persons's successor as treasurer was the comptroller of Harvard. The trustee most concerned with our natural sciences was the president of the Carnegie Institution in Washington and scientific advisor to the president of the United States. The trustee most concerned with the library was

not only librarian of the Boston Athenaeum, one of the, if not the oldest, prestigious private library in the nation, but also known as the unofficial Dean of the American historical society movement. These and other trustees were not wealthy, but they understood what a first class college was all about and what their role as trustees was and was not. They did not have money but they had wisdom.

A word about the staff, especially as I first knew it. There was a bookkeeper/business manager, a native Vermonter named Howard Aplin. As we grew, he became the comptroller and hired another native Vermonter, Harry Evans, as business manager. And there was another Vermonter named Don Woodard, for years our one and only maintenance man. And finally a fourth Vermonter named Ramona Cutting, my secretary. As I believe I said in the text but let me repeat it here, Howard was a man of few words but absolute integrity. He was so meticulous in his hand bookkeeping that when each year I asked in the late spring for a forecast of how the budget would come out for the year, he would grumble (he hated the inexact skill of forecasting) but in a week or two he would come up with a forecast so accurate the trustees had trouble believing it. It turned out he went through every bill from the previous year, estimated what that bill would be in the current year, then adjusted for any new or omitted expenses. Once the New England Association sent us Carl Janke, comptroller of Harvard University, as a consultant to advise on whether we should change to machine bookkeeping as recommended by our auditors (computers were still in the future). When Carl, who had just computerized the Harvard books, advised us not to change at our tiny scale, I knew he was right for us and he ultimately became our board treasurer. Carl happened to have been one of the lead authors of the manual for university comptrollers, and eventually he tried to convince Howard there was a less time consuming, perfectly acceptable, way of keeping the books. Howard resisted. Finally after resisting for a few years, he gave in and began using the new system. Only when he retired did we discover that instead of simplifying his work as intended, we had complicated it: he had not trusted this newfangled way; he had been keeping double books, the new way and, in a lower drawer, the old way.

For years the only maintenance man, Don Woodard, worked long and hard to keep the grounds and buildings in shape. In his mind this was his campus. One commencement time, as a lark some students turned the old small administration building, later the admissions building, into a chapel by placing a to-scale steeple on top. I got the joke (on me) and thought it spectacularly witty and wanted the trustees and the commencement guests to see it, but Don came into my office red faced and livid: here he had worked so hard getting the campus to look its best for commencement and someone had put that "excrescence" on the administration building where everyone could see it! It wouldn't do to upset Don, so regretfully I had it taken down.

And then there was Ramona Cutting, the very first employee hired by Walter Hendricks to what was to become her first and only job; she worked through till retirement. When years later she asked him why he had hired her, for she had had no experience, he replied simply, "Because you used to keep chickens." She had a phenomenal memory, could tell me all about any trustee, faculty member, staff member, or student who had ever set foot on the campus. When she died without any family, she left her entire modest estate to the College. Ever since, those who leave a bequest are automatically members of the Ramona Cutting Society. How many colleges have a major classroom building (Dalrymple Hall) named after the carpenter who converted it from a barn and a bequest fund named after a secretary?

Why do I trouble to recount these stories in a foreword? Because what I would call Vermont integrity and commitment to the College was found right down through the staff, through Howard and Harry and

Don and Ramona. It was their College too. We had to live up to their standards too.

One last item which to some might seem a sidebar but which I believe was integral. In 1958, I found in place an active Council of Academic Advisors consisting of a number of prominent scholars and artists, either independent (e.g., one of the world's leading experts on Peter Paul Rubens) or professors from major academic institutions such as Harvard and Yale; one of the founders of the Great Books program at St. John's, Annapolis; the first scholarly editor and biographer of Emily Dickinson, and so on. All volunteers, each had some connection with southern Vermont or with someone associated with the College, and participated voluntarily. Each was asked to visit classes at least one day per academic year to familiarize himself or herself with our operations and to share wisdom in their discipline with members of our faculty. In August each year the dean of faculty and I met with them as a group for lunch, no agenda, no minutes, but a general topic for discussion pertinent at the time, such as "If we are to be a small, even tiny, college, which disciplines should we offer?" One answer: "It is not so important which disciplines you offer as that you offer different teaching styles." Worth pondering. Or, during the Vietnam War, "Do we suffer from grade inflation?" Answer: "Yes, but not so much as at our institutions." I found these discussions invaluable, among other reasons because they helped us to keep us in touch with what was going on in higher education nationally and to see Marlboro in perspective while raising our sights. Equally we found the advisors themselves invaluable either as outside examiners or as a route to finding just the right examiners. They kept us on our toes, reminded us of the academic standards we sought. Sometime during the '80s or '90s after I had left and Roland had retired, the Council was allowed to lapse: I am told no one knew quite what role it served. Was that lapse a canary in the coal mine?

When I came in 1958, my attention was all on academics, including standards. Zee Persons kept saying to me, "Marlboro is people." We were both right. I was blest ever to have been a part. Camelot. *Ave atque vale.*

TBR
President Emeritus
Revised, October 2020

* The proposed reprints, one hard bound and one electronic, were later cancelled without explanation.

PROLOGUE

I came to Marlboro by chance. During the academic year 1957-58, wishing to live in Vermont, I was seeking a position teaching English at a Vermont college. In the fall of 1957 I applied to Marlboro along with several other institutions, including Bennington, Middlebury, and the University of Vermont. I had been introduced to Marlboro a couple of years earlier when Zee Persons, who had given me a mortgage on my first home, a summer place in Townshend, had invited me to lunch one Saturday and told me about his college on the hill; the next year he asked me, along with I believe others such as Dave Lovejoy, to write him a letter about what we thought (see Appendix A). Neither he nor I had any idea how, or even that, I might fit into the picture, nor at that time did I think of actually joining the faculty, but Zee was always exploring possibilities and in the process had planted Marlboro in my mind. In any case, when I did apply in the fall of 1957, Roland Boyden as Dean and Acting President at the time explained that Marlboro was interested but for the moment needed a chemist and a philosopher more. Come back in a year. In my naive enthusiasm I replied that I planned to find a position that year, buy a house, and settle down in it for forty years! (Since then I have lived in nine houses, owned three of them.)

In March 1958, still without a position, I was returning from an interview at Bennington. The afternoon was warm, the snow melting. I was thirsty. When I swung around a bend I saw the sign for Town Hill Road, the back road to Marlboro town, and on impulse swung off thinking I would drive to Roland's house on the excuse of asking whether anything had changed; perhaps he would offer me a cup of tea or some refreshment. I did and he did. As we sat drinking the tea, I inquired whether anything had changed. Casually he replied that there was no opening except the presidency. A pregnant pause followed; I was supposed to say something. I asked, "Just what does that entail?" In his typical understated fashion he replied, "Not much." Another pregnant pause. (I later learned that he was desperate to shed the job of Acting President but couldn't find anyone to take it.) Finally I said, "Well, if I might interfere more with the academic side than presidents are supposed to these days, I might consider it." He phoned a colleague and his wife, both teachers, to come over and meet me. We sat and chatted.

In the event, I was asked to meet with some members of the Board at the Harvard Club in Boston. There, I was interviewed for an hour or so. I remember that at one point the members were discussing in my presence whether I knew what I was getting into, whether for my sake they should let me take the risk. I was only 30, had never held an administrative position, never taught in a college: I was the next to junior member of the sixteen member English Department at The Phillips Exeter Academy. In what now seems to me incredible assurance if indeed not arrogance, I interrupted and said that whether or not I took the risk was my decision; their decision was whether or not they wanted me. Perhaps faced with no alternative, they offered me the position. The offer was confirmed on April 19 at an official Board meeting in Marlboro.

Before going to the earlier meeting at the Harvard Club, I had considered what my response might be and even discussed it with a senior colleague whose judgment I trusted. I had never thought of myself as actually taking on a presidency, partly because I loved teaching, partly because I could not see myself leaving teaching to labor up the rungs of the administrative ladder. At the same time I had ideas about how education should operate and suddenly found myself challenged. Puzzling over what I should do, searching for an answer to my dilemma, one evening I even opened Thoreau's *Walden*, which I was reading at the time, and in a sort of *sortes* and half as a joke put my finger on the page to see what it said. I found, "If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now

put the foundations under them." I accepted. Ironically, within the next few weeks I was offered teaching positions at both Bennington and Middlebury, either of which I would have taken had the offer come in time because my desire was to teach, not to administer.

That's how it all came to be.

CHAPTER ONE - WALTER HENDRICKS AND THE EARLY YEARS

Marlboro College was founded by Walter Hendricks. It was incorporated in December, 1946, and opened in the fall of 1947. Once a student of Robert Frost at Amherst, Walter had been a professor of English at the Illinois Institute of Technology and then, when there were not enough troop ships to ferry the soldiers back to the States all at once after the Second World War, he had become Chairman of the Humanities Division at G.I. University in Biarritz. He thought he could do better and set out to found a college based on President Garfield's saying about Mark Hopkins: "Give me a log but, with only a simple bench, Mark Hopkins on one end and I on the other, and you may have all the buildings, apparatus and libraries without him." He decided to found it on his summer place in Marlboro, Vermont, in the mountains west of Brattleboro and the Connecticut River.

Walter found support for his dream in his summer neighbor Arthur E. Whittemore, a Boston lawyer and later justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court. Arthur had a cabin beside South Pond in Marlboro. In the idea of governing the college in non-academic, non-medical matters through a college town meeting open to all - to professors, staff, and students - Arthur saw a way of introducing students to the importance and workings of democracy, of helping to make students more conscious of their civic responsibilities. Arthur became the first Chairman of the Board.

Walter found further support in Henry Z. Persons, or Zee, who was the President of a local bank, the Brattleboro Trust Company as it then was (now the First Vermont Bank and Trust Company). Zee saw in the college an opportunity to help the community through access to higher education for students, and for the general public, access to plays and concerts and lectures. Zee became the first Treasurer of the Board.

In addition, Walter, who wrote poetry himself, brought on the Board his former teacher at Amherst Robert Frost along with writers Dorothy Canfield Fisher, who lived in Arlington, Vermont; Dorothy Thompson, who had a place in Barnard; and the Amherst professor George Whicher, known for his work on Emily Dickinson. Zee Persons later brought on Rudolf (Rudi) Serkin. Like Serkin, Frost, Fisher, and Thompson were celebrity trustees, lending their names to the young institution without attending meetings or playing an active role in trustee decisions, but Whicher did play an active role for a few years. Other original trustees, some active, some not, included local vocational consultant Arthur Baldwin, the first Secretary; W. Nelson Bump, New England Vice President of American Airlines; Ellsworth Bunker, President of National Sugar Refining Company and later Ambassador extraordinaire (see p.197); Arthur Cole, Managing Director of the Photo-Engravers Board of Trade; Daniel Catton Rich, Director of the Art Institute of Chicago; C. Rufus Rorem, Executive Secretary of the Hospital Council of Philadelphia; Roger Browne Tyler, Boston attorney; and William Mason Wilson, Vice President of Cooley Incorporated. Within a very few years John Hooper, editor of the local paper, prominent Brattleboro attorney Osmer Fitts, and Osmer's partner Paul Olson were added. Bump, Bunker, Tyler, and Olson remained on the Board for many years, though Bunker was unable to attend meetings because of his duties abroad.

The group bought up two small farms adjoining Walter's own summer property on Potash Hill in Marlboro, Vermont - we used to say, with only slight exaggeration, on the top of a mountain at the end of a road - and set about turning them into college buildings. (An early alumnus later told me of working in a

gas station down in Brattleboro during one summer. A convertible with a beautiful blonde drew up and they fell into conversation. She learned he went to a Marlboro College and asked where that was. He replied, "It's located to the west of here on the top of a mountain on the edge of a bluff and operated on the same principle.") One farmhouse became the first dormitory, and a year or two later, when the college became coeducational, the first men's dormitory; it's now the main administration building. The second collapsed before it could be renovated. Walter's own farmhouse, later named after him Hendricks House, became the first women's dormitory. The cowbarn became the dining hall. The haybarn was rebuilt in 1950 as the main classroom building by Luke Dalrymple, a local carpenter and jack of all trades, and then named after him Dalrymple Hall. The small barn, which ultimately became the admissions building but when I came in 1958 was still used as the main office building, had been the home for small stock; Mr. Cerretani, the former owner, once walked into my little corner office there and said, "This is where I used to keep my pigs." (Was there fate in that? A few years before, my wife and I had lived in the basement of a village bakery in Germany where the warm and friendly baker had once kept pigs and chickens; he had converted it for us.) Another small barn became the first science building and later the first music building; it now houses the Apple Tree lecture room.

It took time to remodel. I understand the Board did not intend to open as early as the next fall, 1947, but suddenly discovered that Walter had begun accepting students. It was no surprise, then, that physical work on the buildings and grounds became part of the curriculum, if not quite the academic curriculum, in the early years. Faced with overcrowding in established colleges and armed with the GI Bill, seven instructors and 56 students showed up that first semester; the enrollment had swelled to a peak of 101 by September, 1949 before it began to shrink.

You have noted by now that I refer to Walter Hendricks, Arthur Whittemore, and Zee Persons by their given names: since most of those first students were veterans who could not or would not find places in traditional colleges, and many of them were sick of addressing their officers as "Sir", a tradition was soon formed of addressing everyone by his or her given name, including trustees. I knew of only two exceptions after I arrived. The first was Katharine Paton, a septuagenarian who had married a professor at the Hartford Theological Seminary much older than she, and after his death, already well into her sixties, had begun work on her own doctorate. Crippled early in life by polio, she was an heroic figure, well into her seventies limping, one might better say marching, up the icy hill to class in Dalrymple Hall helped only by her ski pole. Much respected and beloved, she came from an earlier generation; the students showed their awareness of this by always referring to her formally as Mrs. Paton (or more informally among themselves as K.D.P.). The other was an inept teacher, an agricultural research chemist who had escaped from Hungary in the unsuccessful Hungarian Revolution of 1956. He found it difficult to adapt to the independent ways of American undergraduates, difficult indeed to teach. The students responded by always referring to him as “Mr.”. Coming from a more formal European background, he may not even have been aware of the distinction. I hope not: he was a nice man.

For three years the enrollment held up and a tradition of informal but demanding teaching was established. Then, as the supply of veterans began to dwindle and openings to occur in more established colleges, it began to fall off. Other problems began to surface. A promoter and a good, even master teacher - I never heard his most inveterate opponents deny this - Walter was not a good administrator. It was said he made promises he could not keep, mismanaged the funds, made disparaging personal remarks about some of the teachers which were considered offensive, and did not fall entirely into the spirit of democracy which he himself had instituted as a founding element in the college. He accused Roland

Boyden and at least one student of being Communists. In 1951 the discontent came to a head when he also accused Ingeborg (Ing) Lorenz, the local post mistress, of being a Communist and tried to have her appointment withdrawn. This was a serious charge during the early McCarthy years: the accusation even caused Washington to send up an investigating board. The faculty, students, and members of the Board flew to her assistance - the charge was ridiculous: the point was made that among other things she was a staunch Episcopalian - and she managed to keep her position. Walter, however, was not forgiven; it was the last straw. With near unanimous support from the college community - indeed, in the view of some the parting was "engineered" by the faculty - the Board met and dismissed Walter from the presidency. This was a drastic step because it meant that he also lost his summer property, which he had deeded over to the college, but it was felt there was no alternative if the college were to continue.

The Board tried to find a compromise, tried to help Walter somehow to ease the blow. He refused to cooperate. Marlboro Town is some ten miles west of Brattleboro in the mountains. Walter went ten miles north of Brattleboro to Putney, accompanied by John Hooper and perhaps a few other trustees including Robert Frost, who once more lent his name[1]. There in December, 1951, he founded Windham College, named after the county. Alas, problems plagued him there too. In 1964 the faculty and students took to the streets, the protests even appearing on national television, and Walter again had to leave, only this time he had been wise enough to keep in his own name many of the houses bought for college use; thereafter he received rent for them. Undaunted, he moved to Brattleboro itself and later in 1964 tried to found a third college, this named Mark Hopkins. He did collect a few students and operated for a few years, but when he could not keep State certification under the newer, stricter rules, nor gain regional accreditation, this time the college itself failed. Walter was an idealist, a promoter who meant well but could not put foundations under his dreams.

Ironically, although Walter was never able to realize his dreams himself, the dreams were realized. When he died in 1979, I was asked, along with several others, to speak briefly at his memorial service. I quoted from his first catalogue and pointed out that Marlboro College in 1979 did in fact fit that description:

> At Marlboro the teacher-student relationship is a personal one and a mutual one, the student and teacher occupying common ground. Classes are small and informal, and the ratio of instructors to students is favorable. The aim is instruction appropriate to the individual student, and inspiration and guidance of the student's own creative effort, rather than the mere communication of knowledge.
>
> A common purpose of Marlboro's founders was the strengthening of education for citizenship. To support this aim Marlboro stresses the importance of taking part in community organizations and living, as preparation for later participation in local, national, and world affairs. A community government has been established, modeled as far as appropriate on the New England town meeting.

1I tried to obtain a list of the original Windham trustees but the Reference and Research Division of the State General Services Center which holds the Windham archives does not seem to have the Board minutes!

> Students, faculty, and other members of the Marlboro community share equally in the government. All matters, other than the strictly academic, are regulated by the meeting. In this way it is expected that precedents will be set and non-academic standards maintained in a liberal and democratic fashion. Above all, it is hoped that students will form the habit of taking part, learn the strengths and weaknesses of the democratic process, and appreciate their own responsibility for its success.

Dave Lovejoy, an American colonial historian on the faculty who was popular with and respected by his colleagues, became President when Walter left but himself had to leave after two years because he could not afford to support his family on the tiny Marlboro salaries. Remaining a friend to the college, and later becoming a friend to me, he went on to become a full professor at the University of Wisconsin[2]. He was followed in 1953 by Paul Zens, a sociologist from the faculty known for a sense of humor which helped over many a difficult time, but in 1957 he too left, he and his wife both beginning to be plagued by the medical problems which ultimately followed them to the southwest.

Thus it was that Roland Boyden, the Dean, was made Acting President for 1957-58. In 1947 he had been the first person appointed to the faculty, though through a dispute with Walter he had left for two years and returned only after Walter's departure. It has been said, and I believe absolutely correctly, that Marlboro survived the lean years of 1951-58 through the personal faith the faculty and students had in Roland Boyden and the personal faith the Board and others had in Arthur Whittemore; they were both men of great integrity and pragmatic idealism. And the years really were lean: between 1951 and 1958 the total enrollment averaged 36 students and reached a low of 24 in the fall of 1953. In the spring of 1957-58 the total enrollment stood at 27; there were thirteen teachers and the total annual faculty budget was under $15,000 net (because many contributed back part of their salaries - two, a little better off than others, even contributed back their entire salaries). Years later I was challenged on this statement by a foundation. I went back to the books and added up the salaries myself; indeed they came to $14,9++!

Some have tried to attribute to me the turn-around which actually began in 1957-58 before I arrived. I was not responsible; I was part of it. Others deserve the credit, especially Arthur and Zee and Roland. In that year Weston Howland, a businessman from outside Boston whose son had graduated from Marlboro, gave the College his farm and prize dairy herd in nearby Dummerston, Vermont. The College ultimately realized ca. $110,000 from the sale. This was enough to pay off the remainder of the debts - many had already been negotiated on less than one hundred cents on the dollar - and even to settle the back salaries owed current and former faculty members. It also permitted the expansion of the faculty from thirteen to sixteen, including the chemist, the philosopher, and myself. We opened in the fall of 1958 with 50 students (an almost 100% increase!) and the tide coming in.

This is the early history as I was given to understand it.

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2 Ironically and fortuitously, he and his wife retired to Stonesfield, England, the village next to Combe, near Oxford, where my family and I had spent a very happy sabbatical in 1969-70. In 1994 we exchanged houses with them for the month of July.

CHAPTER TWO - SETTING THE COURSE: 1958-1960

The Board made my appointment in April, 1958. Later in the semester I was invited to the spring dance, preceded by a dinner at Dick Judd's house. Warned that the dance, though called formal, was really informal, calling for suit and tie but not black tie, I arrived at the Judds' suitably dressed to find Dick in a tuxedo: fearing that I might not have been informed, he dressed to make sure I would not feel isolated and embarrassed. Such was my introduction to the simple courtesy which I was to find around me. The dance itself was fine, small but friendly: since there were only 27 students that spring and most of the faculty was still young, it was as much a community as a student dance and projected a tone which has remained to this day. Lesson number one.

1958 June Board Meeting

Then in June I went up to graduation. First was the commencement Board meeting, which I was invited to attend along with members of the Council of Academic Advisors. Several minutes before the meeting was to begin, I walked up to Dalrymple Hall, where it was to be held, and as I entered found before me the Chairman[3] washing out the sink in the men's room and the Treasurer swabbing out the toilet. Laughing, I said, "What is this, a put-up job?" Lesson number two.

A major item for consideration at the meeting itself was the plans for the first new building projected for the campus, a 20, later 28, bed student dormitory made possible by the Howland gift and designed by Roland's architect brother Linc Boyden. The plans were circulated around the table to murmurs of approval and excitement, for this was an important first step in the history of the College. Now, it was always Arthur Whittemore's custom as Chairman to go around the table before adjournment and ask each person present whether he or she had anything else to say on any matter whatsoever. (Arthur was solicitous that everyone feel involved.) I remember clearly Arthur's getting around to David Riesman, visiting as a member of the Council of Academic Advisors, and David startling the meeting by asking in almost accusatory tones whether Marlboro College was in the 19th or the 20th century! He then went on vigorously to protest the false colonial facade which the architect had proposed for what was essentially a flat roofed contemporary building. He won the day. The false facade was removed and a simple, more honest board and batten sheathing substituted. Not yet in office, I remained silent, but inside I was applauding heartily, not that I thought the design would thereby be made aesthetically pleasing, but at least it would be honest. Lesson number three.

1959 Commencement

Next came the commencement exercises themselves, held simply in the dining hall. The few gowned figures of the platform party and of the seven or eight member chorus in the front of the room looked a bit out of place, as much because they were so few as because of the contrast between the rustic pine hall and the formal academic garb. Out of place, that is, until the chorus rose to sing the “Gloria” from Schubert’s Mass. I sat bolt upright. This was no hick college glee club; this was real music. I had been brought up on the Boston Symphony, was used to musical high standards. At that time I knew little about Blanche and Louis Moyse, about the great musical tradition which was even then growing in southern

3 As I write, the Chairman is a woman, Lillian Farber, who is reported to have said upon assuming the office that she did not want to be called a piece of furniture, so "Chairman" I shall continue to use.

Vermont. I knew nothing of Blanche's passion for Bach and of course her later national reputation as his interpreter. It did not take me long to be inaugurated. The quality I had sensed in the people I had already met, such as Zee Persons and Arthur Whittemore and Dick Judd and Roland Boyden, clearly permeated the atmosphere. My job would not be to bring ideals and high standards but to nourish and shape what was there. Lesson number four.

House Hunting

Immediately my wife and I began house hunting. At that time the College had no President's house. Our summer place in Townshend was being taken by the State for one of the new dams on the West River; the site is now under water off the boat loading slip. It would have been too distant anyway. There was nothing to be had in Marlboro, however, and even a search of nearby towns was not successful until we looked in Guilford. We found a late 18th century farmhouse on top of a hill between Guilford Center and West Guilford which we both liked very much. There were two problems, however: accessibility and distance, for it was on top of a steep hill 15-20 minutes away over the back roads in the summer months and 25-30 minutes via Route 9 during snow season. We were reassured on accessibility when I discovered that our two neighbors were in their eighties and managed with a Jeep. But distance? I phoned Roland in Tamworth, New Hampshire, where he spent his summers. I explained the problem, there was a pause, and then Roland said in typical fashion, "Well, Tom, I would buy it. Experience has shown that at Marlboro it's better for the President to live too far than too near." It proved to be a good decision. I had time in the mornings to gear up for work, and in the evenings to decompress before I reached home. With the exception of 1963-64 when I lived in Roland's house while he was on sabbatical and after I had sold this first Guilford house, I have lived in Guilford ever since, though I have moved twice.

Annual Meeting of the Board, 1958

Then came the August Board meeting, the annual meeting. Because the Marlboro Music School and Festival had the use of the campus for the summer, it was held in the living room of Katharine Paton's house on South Road leading to the college. This was to be my first official involvement. In the preceding days, having read Roland's "A Program for the Development of Marlboro College" submitted to the Board in August the previous year (Appendix B), I had carefully written out what I wanted to say, and during the meeting I was given an opportunity to say it. The full text, over five single spaced typewritten pages, will be found in Appendix C, but part of the first section, on the curriculum, and the last paragraph, on administration ("admin": a Latin word for group suffering, as I recently heard it defined), set our course for the next two decades:

> A college exists to train the mind. An undergraduate liberal arts college exists to train the whole mind, not specifically in order that a graduate may be professionally trained in one field, but in order that his mind may have the breadth, the manoeuverability to act wisely in the whole context of human life. In a sense, any liberal education has philosophical implications, for it examines the question of what man is, of what life is in all its many manifestations. With a background of such a general understanding, a man is able to act wisely in his chosen field, for he is able to see his particular problem in the context of the general problem.

Marlboro is such an undergraduate liberal arts college. It exists, therefore, to train the whole mind. Its instrument is the curriculum, its field of operation the undergraduate life of the college. Although man is more than mind, the college exists for the special purpose of training the mind. Therefore studies must come first at Marlboro. The social life, such as the town meetings and dances, is important, but it is subsidiary to the academic program. Thus as president my first responsibility is to develop with Roland and the faculty the best possible academic policy. Everything else is secondary to this, must be judged in terms of how much it contributes to our main purpose. Fortunately the academic program as developed by Roland and the faculty is already fundamentally sound. Our task, then, is not to invent something new, but to develop and refine something which already exists. After talking with Roland, who is immediately concerned with such things, I believe that in the near future the faculty, Roland, and I will be progressing along these lines:

1) Tightening the present general education program...

2) Developing a program of concentration for the good students, particularly those who plan to go on to graduate school...

3) Examining the possibility of creating two degrees, a pass and an honors degree, the first in general for those who will not go on to graduate school and wish to continue general education, the second in general for those who will go on and would benefit from an increased load, stricter standards...

Perhaps this is the place to insert a pointed remark about what we are not trying to do. In my opinion our main objective now is not to be accredited, not to assume all the apparel of respectability, but to educate. Ideally the two should work together, but you know from what Paul Zens said in June that actually the two are not the same, any more than the respectable people in a town are always the virtuous. Do not mistake me. I am not against accreditation; I am merely opposed to accreditation as an immediate end. When we are accredited, and I am hopeful that we shall be within a reasonable time, it will be incidental to the achievement of our more important objective.

# # #

One more subject before I fall silent. You may have noticed that this statement has been divided into three parts: curriculum, finances, and promotion. These parts correspond closely to the present administrative

> organization in the college: Dean, Business Manager, and Administrative Assistant [responsible for recruitment and admissions - TBR]. This organization, it seems to me, should be adequate, and I hope very much to keep it this same size as the college grows. Other executive positions, such as alumni secretary and librarian, would not involve membership in the executive committee. American education is cursed with too much administration. As a nation we are in danger of forgetting that the purpose of colleges is to educate, that the core of any college is the teaching faculty. In my opinion, it is better for a college to be too lightly than too heavily administered. We are likely better to succeed if we adhere to simplicity of administration as well as to simplicity of philosophy and simplicity of planning.

The thrust of my remarks was that the Marlboro curriculum in 1958 included a good first two or three years of introductory courses and general education culminating in the Comprehensive Examination, about which I shall have more to say later, but that it lacked an adequate climax in the last year or two: the so-called concentration, even when it focused on a special topic, was not in sufficient depth. I spoke with the blind confidence of youth and innocence, though perhaps my instincts were sound. I remember being encouraged by Zee's remark which broke the silence which followed, "I believe we have a captain on the bridge at last." A captain, perhaps, but a very naive one. Had I known then what I know now, I question whether I would have had the courage to take the job. I was like a man walking through a mine field ignorant that it was there, perhaps his very innocence protecting him. Looking back, I consider it a marvel that I survived.

The Trustees: Arthur Whittemore

Let me pause here to speak briefly about the trustees. From the beginning Marlboro had been extremely fortunate in its Board, a wise Board. Much of the reason can be traced to Arthur Whittemore, whom I have already mentioned as the founding Chairman. His personality and integrity gave a certain tone to proceedings. Arthur was a lawyer, later a respected member of the Supreme Judicial Court in Massachusetts, who was much interested in the rule of law and the role of the private citizen in governance. This showed itself in little ways: for instance, as I have already mentioned, at the end of every Board meeting he would go around the table asking each trustee whether he or she had anything further to say; he wanted to insure that everyone was heard out. It was no accident that for many years he served as Moderator of the annual town meeting in his home town of Hingham, Massachusetts. He was also an idealist - proper for Marlboro, which has always lived on idealism - who was a strong supporter of civil rights, showed considerable interest in international affairs, and from the beginning was a supporter of the United Nations. Early in my tenure Roland taught me an important truth: if I wanted to tap Arthur's judicious common sense, I should approach him in Boston. I would drive down for the day, meet him at the court, and lunch with him at the Union Club. If, on the other hand, I wished to tap his idealism, I should approach him when he came up to his cabin on South Pond in Marlboro, usually on a weekend or during the summer when the court was not in session. I would go over for a relaxed lunch beside a window overlooking the woods and in the distance the College. Finally, and in a way central to all the rest, was his massive, and unmistakable, integrity, recognized and respected by all. I remember once our receiving an anonymous gift of stock worth about $10,000 at a time when the College was desperate for money. (When was it not?) An injudicious comment by someone led Arthur to wonder whether the gift

might be an indirect and subtle attempt to influence him on the Court; he was persuaded to allow us to accept the gift only when we pointed out that the gift came from Red Bank, New Jersey, whence a year or two earlier we had received a similar gift, and had nothing whatsoever to do with any legal case in Massachusetts.

Zee Persons

The founding Treasurer Zee Persons, at that time President of the Brattleboro Trust Company, now the First Vermont Bank and Trust Company, was a colorful character. I have often described him as Falstaffian in his humor, in his zest for life, but he was no coward and, like Arthur, was a man of great integrity. He was one of two men on the Board during my tenure who were extraordinary "people brokers," that is, put emphasis on people, not money or things or reputation, and had a knack of putting people together with constructive results. It was he who gave Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin a mortgage when they first came to Vermont and were unknown locally. It was he who suggested they move to the College campus when they decided to found a summer music school. Rudi Serkin used to enjoy Zee's quip: "The Marlboro Music School and Festival was founded by Adolf Busch on the violin, Rudolf Serkin on the piano, Marcel Moyse on the flute, and Zee Persons on the cash register." As I have already mentioned, it was he, not knowing what might someday come of it, who in the summer of 1956 introduced me to Marlboro College and Arthur Whittemore when as a young secondary school teacher on vacation and holding a mortgage with Zee's bank I was working as a laborer on the new Woolworth building in Brattleboro. For several days he came to the building site on Main Street during the lunch hour and watched us work. One day he invited me to Saturday lunch at the country club and told me about Marlboro. Later he brought Arthur up to the summer home my wife and I then had in Townshend; it was early fall and I was plowing the vegetable garden in a light rain. They walked over to the cub tractor, and Arthur and I were introduced. At that time there was no sense of whether or how I might someday fit in; Zee was operating on instinct.

Zee used to have his desk on the floor inside the main entrance of the bank so he could talk with customers as they entered. He knew banking, had been a bank inspector for Jesse Jones in the 1930s, but his genius was in judging people and making loans on character more than collateral. Typically, one day when he was not happy with the way he saw a visitor received in the office at the College, he called me outside onto the lawn - the office then was in a small building, later the Admissions Building, with as yet hardly any partitions. He told me a story concerning the time his father had started him out as the manager of a one teller rural bank in upstate New York. He had instructed the teller to call him any time she had a problem with a customer. One day he was annoyed to look up and see her in an altercation with an elderly woman. He walked up and said, "Madam, may I help you?"

"Oh dear yes. You see, I came to visit my friend, who is ill and bedridden, and I have lost my return ticket. I do not have an account in your bank, but I wondered whether you might cash a small check so I can get home."

"How much do you need?"

"Five dollars will be enough."

"Cash a check for $10," he instructed the teller. On her next visit the woman brought the largest deposit

the little bank had ever received. She said, "I have been wondering where to put my money and now I know."

I have already said that Zee had helped found the College and become its first Board Treasurer, serving in that capacity until 1967, because he wanted to do something for the town. He was very civic minded. One day he and I were driving to Boston via Hinsdale, New Hampshire. As we drove through the main street, he interrupted our conversation to say, "Tom, I want you to look around you. This town could have been like Brattleboro, but the owners of the mills took the money out; in Brattleboro the owners put the money back in." He used to say, "Marlboro was founded on devotion; Windham College was founded on promotion."

Zee also had courage, the courage born of faith and ideals. When the College was floundering in the early 50s and could not pay its bills, he, the President of the bank, walked up and down Main Street negotiating the debts on less than one hundred cents on the dollar. Yet his ideals did not prevent him from seeing the practical. Aware that the public's opinion of an institution may be influenced as much by the state of its rest rooms as its literature, he gave money to have new and modern bathrooms installed at the entrance to the dining hall. Later, when we designed the new auditorium, to be built in two sections over two years, we overlooked the fact that the rest rooms were in the section to be built the second year. Zee was among the first to recognize this. Without asking anyone, he rented portable toilets for the summer and promptly, typically irreverently, named them "Persons' Pisseries." (Later the auditorium was named after him and his wife.)

Finally, his famous sense of humor. Let me select just one anecdote from the many, many. After our annual October Board meeting, it was customary for the Trustees and their spouses to dine with the student leaders and with members of the Administration and their spouses. One year we were eating in the Beer Cellar of the Silver Skates (now Marlboro North) - Trustees, students, and administrators mixed around small tables in the large room. Zee's table was next to mine, and all evening it rang with laughter. Suddenly there was an explosion which silenced the entire room. Knowing what must have been the source, I rose and said, "O.K., Zee, you've got to tell that one to the rest of us." Delighted, Zee arose and said, "Down in Vernon there's an old people's home where probably I ought to be. One morning Abby was sitting in her wheelchair in front of her room sunning herself. She was talking with her friend Amy and reading the paper when she suddenly asked, 'Amy, what's streaking?'

'I don't know,' replied Amy, 'but I think it has something to do with taking off your clothes and running.'

'That sounds like a great idea,' said Abbie, and had Amy roll her into her room.

In the lunch room, Mabel and Martha were sitting just inside the door when the door opened and Amy on the run pushed Abbie in her wheelchair through the startled diners and out the back. 'What was that?' asked Mabel.

'I don't rightly know,' replied Martha, 'but I think it was Abbie.'

'Well what was she wearing?'

'I don't know that either, but whatever it was, it sure needs pressing.'

That's enough for here to give the flavor of the man, but I have left a more complete and personal memoir on Zee in the College archives. He was perhaps the most colorful man I have ever known.

Whit Brown

The third major force when I joined the College was H. Whittemore Brown, an architectural engineer from Concord, Massachusetts whose son Chris had graduated from Marlboro in 1952. That summer of 1958 when the College was just embarking on that first new building, Howland House, Whit became chairman of the Building Committee and over the years virtually spent his retirement building the College as we know it today. If I remember correctly, only the Campus Center, a new arts building, and the art gallery attached to the auditorium were designed and built after his death in 1981. Whit saved us thousands and thousands of dollars, in part because years before as a young, new architect he had asked and been given permission to work from the foundation up with the builders on a new house: he learned how carpenters and masons and electricians and others - he called them the mechanics - thought. They knew it and they respected him. To the dismay of our architects in that day of few regulations, he would institute changes in the middle of construction in order to save money; as an architect himself he could get away with it. As a result, we dared build all but the auditorium, and perhaps the theater, cost-plus. If I remember correctly, only once did a building come in over estimate; usually it came in under. He dedicated much of his retirement to acting as clerk-of-the-works on our buildings, time and again standing on the construction site in his hip boots observing and commenting: often the builders would consult him on a problem.

Whit also taught me cardinal principles of designing a campus. Whenever you locate a building, first think about what you are precluding in the future if you use that spot. Also consider not just the buildings themselves but the spaces among them, how they relate to each other. Finally, the more time you spend on planning, the more time and headaches, and therefore money, you save in the long run.

Whit once told me an interesting story. He was trying to understand what I meant by liberal education, with my emphasis on the orientation of learning (see Appendix D). Beginning to understand, he said that during the First World War he had been an architectural student at MIT. In a course on bridge building the professor would give the students a bridge to design. They would go home and compute the stresses. Then he went over to France with the American forces. At the end of the War there were not enough transports to get them all back at once (shades of Walter Hendricks and the Second World War). While he was waiting, he received permission from his commanding officer to attend the leading French engineering school, the Ecole des Ponts et Chaussees, which in 1747 was the first to be founded in Western Europe. There at the end of his lecture, the man most responsible for rebuilding the French railway bridges after the War would pull down a map and say, "The railway must cross the river here. Design a bridge." The students would go home, think first what kind of bridge would best meet the needs, and then and only then compute the stresses. Implicit in their work was the underlying question, "What is a bridge?"

Whit used to confess that he was not strong on aesthetics, therefore called himself an architectural engineer, not an architect, but he made the Marlboro College campus possible because of his knowledge and his dedication. Architects respected him, even though they were uneasy working with him because their fees depended on a percentage of cost, and costs on buildings he oversaw were always minimal.

Paul Olson

I have said that Arthur, Zee, and Whit were the big three at the time I joined the College; they were highly visible in crucial leadership positions. But there was a fourth who has been too much overlooked and whose quiet service to Marlboro, and to many other area educational and artistic organizations, has never been adequately recognized: Paul Olson. A partner in the leading Brattleboro law firm Fitts and Olson, Paul joined the Board shortly after it was organized. It was only part of his service to society. He served on the Board of the Music School for over 40 years, acting as clerk for part of that time, and as clerk of the Brattleboro Music Center for 33 years! He also served as Chairman of the Board of the independent Putney School. He did more than serve as clerk and chair. He steered the institutions through the waters of Vermont law, to a great extent *pro bono publico*, without fanfare, without asking for public recognition. It is just because he was so self-effacing that he never received the recognition he deserved, but he belongs right up there with the leaders. When I first knew Paul, he was unmarried and had his mother living with him, but after she died he married Dorothy Oshlag, and the two of them became influential in the artistic life of the area.

There was real strength in the Board as I first knew it, but it was tired after almost a decade struggling to keep the College alive. It was indeed searching for a captain to the ship. As I look back, I suspect that it gave me more latitude than is normal because it was happy to have someone with youthful energy, albeit also youthful innocence, lead the way. As it turned out, it worked for both of us: knowing my ignorance, I consulted often with individual members and the Board as a whole; in turn it gave me the advice and support, and the freedom of action, I needed. Of course at the time of that August meeting I was hardly aware of any of this.

The Council of Academic Advisors

Marlboro was and remains a very small college in a relatively remote area. Although we wanted to go our own way, not copy the convention, we also did not wish to be out of touch with higher education in general. During the 1950s the College had established a council consisting of prominent professors from major colleges and universities and even leading preparatory schools. Among the first were Scott Buchanan, with Stringfellow Barr creator of the Great Books program at St. John's Annapolis; Kenneth Murdock, Francis Lee Higginson Professor of English at Harvard; Thomas Johnson of the Lawrenceville School, later author of the definitive edition of Emily Dickinson's poems and a major Dickinson biography; and David Riesman, one of the most renowned sociologists in the nation, co-author of *The Lonely Crowd*, and at the time at the University of Chicago but later at Harvard - David, who had a summer place in Brattleboro, became known as the leading student of American higher education. David was still serving on the Council when I left the College. The Council met only once a year over an extended luncheon, usually in early August. The topics were general, the goal to apprize us at the College of what was going on elsewhere and apprize the Advisors of what was happening at the College - over the years they helped spread the word. No minutes of the meetings were kept; the tone was informal. I often found some offhand remark the most valuable of the meeting. Once, when the topic was what subjects should be offered in so small a college as Marlboro where clearly we could not offer everything larger liberal arts colleges could, David Riesman observed that it was not so important which subjects were offered as that different teaching styles were present. From time to time the Advisors were asked to visit the campus during term, observe classes, talk with teachers and students, and give us their impressions.

Some Advisors later served as outside examiners: Tom Johnson, for instance, served as an outside examiner for one of my students who did her thesis on Dickinson. There is no question in my mind that at least in my time the Council was invaluable. I do not know when it was abandoned, or why.

* * *

1958 – 1959 At last came September and the opening of College. At that time my office, in fact all the offices, were in the small building opposite the parking lot which later became the admissions building. There were no partitions and only one floor. If I wished to have a private conversation with a faculty member, or anyone for that matter, we had to take a walk and everyone knew that we were holding a private conversation.

Howard Aplin

I sat along the middle of the south wall by the road. Howard Aplin sat to my left. At that time as Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager he was responsible for both the books and the plant. When I had visited in the spring, I had not met him but he had sent over for my inspection a copy of the chart of accounts. I was so ignorant of bookkeeping at that time I didn't even know what a chart of accounts was (I soon learned)! But I needn't have worried with Howard on the other side of a bookcase, working silently away except that every once in a while a remark of dry humor would flow over the books and crack us all up: Howard was a real old Yankee from Putney who had been called in at the beginning of the decade to put the books right after the careless bookkeeping of the early years. (He never did find the original books, which Hendricks had taken with him.) He used to keep accounts to the penny, virtually refused to do much projecting. If in the spring I asked him to project how we would come out at the end of June, the end of our fiscal year, he would go back and examine every bill we had paid the previous year in the same period and base his projection on his comparison. As a result his projections were always incredibly accurate, to the wonder of the trustees (with only slight exaggeration, we used to say "to the penny if not to the mill"). His Yankee integrity was massive: he simply would not do something which he thought in any way questionable, even if the Comptroller of Harvard University, later one of our trustees, assured him it was fine. Once when on advice of that Comptroller we changed bookkeeping methods to make life easier for him, but changed to a method he thought too lax, he kept <u>two</u> sets of books, the new one to satisfy the Board and his old one secretly to satisfy himself. Only years later did we discover our attempt to make life easier for him had only doubled his load! He never wore a green eyeshade with his shirt sleeves held back with rubber bands, but he was the type. We all loved him.

Future Size

One initiative which we undertook immediately was to explore how large the College would have to be to be viable: the underlying premise was that we wished to remain as small as possible. As I have already mentioned, projections were something Howard did not like to do, perhaps because it was so laborious for him, but he did them well. We did not try to project the course of the economy. We said, "Let's see how large we would have to be to break even with the kind of College we now have at present charges and costs; we'll assume that we shall offset inflation by increased charges. Then we can play with the resultant figures: increased faculty pay, financial aid, higher tuition, and so on." We also assumed that any increased dormitory space created would pay

for itself from room rents over a reasonable number of years. Knowingly we did not factor in the cost of building or maintaining non-revenue producing buildings such as a library or theater or science building; these would require a separate calculation later when we had a clearer idea of what would be needed. Howard loyally labored away, meticulously, with paper and pencil and came to the conclusion that we would have a chance to break even at 150 resident students and perhaps 25 non-resident. With that information we decided to grow to 175 students and then see what the next step might be.

Ramona Cutting

To my right in the office sat Ramona Cutting, for many years the one and only secretary. Like Howard, Ramona had come originally from Putney. When she became the first person hired by Hendricks in 1947, she had been very young with virtually no secretarial experience and had wondered why he had chosen her above others more experienced. A few years later when she inquired, he had replied simply, "Because you had kept goats": she fit the picture of the kind of rural college Walter had in mind (though I am sure the image did not go so far as to equate students with goats!). Ramona was slow, and during times of extreme pressure such as the week before a trustees meeting, she used to develop migraine headaches, but she was methodical, incredibly loyal (after a marriage which was annulled, Marlboro became her life for her lifetime, even after her retirement), and she never forgot anything. I could ask her about some student who had been on campus for just a semester years earlier and she could tell me all about him or her: she was a walking alumni register. She lived with her mother and maiden aunt, then just with her aunt after her mother died, then alone after her aunt died. Her one yearly amusement was to take a trip to New York to see an old friend and former faculty member who was very good to her. Her desk was cluttered with "I love New York" coffee mugs and ash trays, though I don't believe she would have chosen to live in New York or leave Vermont in any permanent way. After she retired to a little house on Lexington Avenue in Brattleboro and I had left the College and was living in Burlington or Europe, my wife and I used to take her to breakfast whenever we came back on holiday. When she died at 77 in 1992, she left $60,000, her entire estate, to the College. The funds were used to endow a scholarship fund for Vermont students appropriately named after her. Quite appropriately, those who place Marlboro in their wills or otherwise include Marlboro in their estate planning are made members of what is called the Ramona M. Cutting Society. How many colleges have a main classroom building named after the carpenter who oversaw its renovation and a society of major donors named after a secretary (and dormitories named by the students - but that comes later)?

Registration Day, 1958

That first registration day - Presidents are excess baggage at the time of registration - I sat back and watched the students march into the little administration building, be directed over to Howard, and leave with their sheets and towels. What an interesting, mixed lot it was. I remember one girl who struck me as unpromising. In the years to come that same girl took some of my literature courses and did decent but not distinguished work. Finally when she came up to be voted a degree and showed a B+ for her senior thesis on Thomas Hardy, I was astonished. I asked Dick Judd, her supervisor, how in the world she had managed to do that. "Simple," said Dick. She wrote it seven times."

The Faculty: Dick Judd

Dick Judd had come to Marlboro in 1950 and, as that anecdote shows, became one of our master teachers even before he finished his doctorate on the influence of the New Deal in Vermont under the liberal Republican governors, George Aiken, later U.S. Senator, and Ernest Gibson, later a Federal judge. Dick was a strong believer in small town democracy, in the town meeting form of government, in local leadership in local schools, but he was anything but a mushy liberal. He loved to take the other side of an argument, pour cold water both on far out idealistic proposals and on any form of tyranny. For years head of the local school board, he brought back one of our best graduates who had gone on in education, Bruce Cole, '59, to become principal of the elementary school (a huge success for years) and enriched the curriculum by using volunteer members of the community, including faculty members and faculty spouses, to teach subjects such as French which so small a school could not otherwise easily afford. He was instrumental in implementing Marlboro's participation in the Educational Resources Project, a foundation funded program involving several colleges. It had been initially designed by President Pitkin of Goddard College to place undergraduate liberal arts students in local rural schools, on the one hand to strengthen the education in these schools, on the other to interest the students in teaching as a career. This fitted neatly with and expanded what Marlboro had already begun, for it already had volunteer teachers or resource persons in the local Marlboro school. When later a supplementary grant was received by the consortium to buy "teaching machines" for the schools - the originators had such things as language labs and audio-visual equipment in mind - typical was the decision of his group to buy books to form the nucleus of school libraries: the book was the original teaching machine basic to others, and most of these schools had little or no libraries.

Dick was also the originator of what Tim Little,'65, one of his finest students and later himself a senior member of the faculty, came to name "the interrupted lecture". Dick gave heavy or double courses in American Studies, covering art and music and literature as well as intellectual, social, and cultural history. He gave long reading assignments and expected his students to complete them. He began his lectures in traditional fashion, but if the students did not interrupt him with questions by ten minutes into the lecture, he would pause and begin asking them fierce questions. In self-defence the students soon learned to ask their own questions: that was the point. Over the years Dick sent many students on to leading graduate schools; many became teachers themselves.

Roland Boyden

There were sixteen of us on the faculty that first year, and fifty students. Perhaps because I had in mind the form of the Exeter faculty meetings, where the Principal presided, I simply assumed it would be my responsibility to chair the faculty meetings. It never occurred to me that such a practice was not normal in colleges. Roland Boyden, who had been chairing the meetings as Dean and then Acting President, said nothing but sat beside me and in effect we co-chaired the meetings that first year while I found my feet. As I look back, he must have had to bite his tongue any number of times. Later he developed ulcers. Since he was a man who kept his emotions in, I wonder whether my innocence that first year didn't contribute, yet he never said a thing, never undercut me, always gave me advice when I asked for it but never forced advice on me.

Roland was a great man and a great teacher. He had been the first member appointed to the faculty and the first Dean. How to sum him up? He was an idealist who would deny being one. He considered himself a pragmatist. Once upon returning from a sabbatical leave he gave a lecture on Lord Halifax, the great English seventeenth century statesman known as the Trimmer for his ability to keep the ship of state afloat by trimming the sails during and after the English Civil War; part way through the lecture it dawned on me that Roland, consciously or unconsciously, was talking about himself: he had been the great Trimmer at Marlboro during those lean years. But Trimmers must have ideals beneath their pragmatism: the ideals of the enterprise. He was the finest chair of any meeting I have ever witnessed, served virtually until his death as the moderator of the annual Town Meetings in Marlboro village. Once that first year when we were co-chairing a special faculty meeting, I watched him go into the meeting with a goal in mind which I knew the majority of the faculty did not share. Just by asking the right question at the right moment, calling on the right person at the right moment, never making a substantive comment himself, two and a half hours later he emerged with the result he wanted! I knew the rules of a democratic meeting, but it was Roland who taught me the tactics, among them always to get the other side to speak first if at all possible, and to work for a consensus on the action to be taken but not to insist on everyone agreeing on the reasons for taking it.

Roland could say much in few words. On one occasion when asked by a trustee why college members were not looked down upon by the locals as much as were the musicians at the Music School in the summer, he said, "We are year round summer people."

He was also a fine scholar. Around 1960 he was called to a conference in New York City on the development of the English corporation, the only professor from a small college at the conference, the rest coming from major research universities. He had written his dissertation at Harvard on the development of the corporation between 1660, the end of the English Civil War and the Protectorate, and 1720. The burden was that everything which has since developed in the practice of the modern corporation was at least implicit by 1720.

And finally, he was another master teacher, was recognized as such by both colleagues and students. His technique was to conduct one class session, let's say on medieval agriculture, another on medieval warfare, another on medieval trade, then expect the students to integrate them all into a view of the period. In the great fun debates which used to take place in the 1960s between the Herodoteans and the Thucydideans as to which was the greater historian, Roland was the leading proponent of the Herodoteans, I at least one of the leading proponents of the Thucydideans. His argument, stated over-simply, was that Herodotus did not shape and thereby falsify his material but reported accurately what he heard or observed, whether or not what he heard was true; Thucydides shaped the Peloponnesean War artistically into the form of a Greek tragedy. When we later introduced the Plan of Concentration (see below), a faculty debate arose as to whether we should allow a certain student to do a Plan on Ethiopia. I felt so strongly about the issue I surrendered the chair to Roland and argued passionately for about five minutes that we must not permit this particular Plan because we had an understanding that no one could undertake a Plan unless there were someone on the faculty competent in the field, and we had no African, to say nothing about Ethiopian, specialist. As I finished with a flourish, there was a moment's silence and then, very quietly, so quietly he could hardly be heard at the other end of the room, Roland said, "I am." Of course in a technical sense I was correct; his field was English and modern European

history, but no one, *no one*, including myself, was going to challenge him. His student, whose record up till then had been mediocre, graduated with an A- on his Plan (his outside examiner came from the State Department), went on to a doctorate in sociology, and still later served briefly on our Board.

New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools

It must have been that fall or the following fall that I attended for the first time the annual meeting of our potential accrediting association, the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools as it was then known, in Boston. Because of an ice storm I could not get my car off my Guilford hill and instead had to drive our old surplus World War II Jeep with its tattered canvas roof. I remember thinking as I drove up to the Statler Hotel amidst all the Mercedes and Lincolns of the other presidents that my conveyance was at least an honest symbol of the state of Marlboro College. I really learned to drive that Jeep after the first snowfall that autumn: I set out for the College the short way over the mountain by Dick Judd's to see what it could do. When I did not show up for an hour, the College sent out Maintenance Supervisor Don Woodard with the plow. He met me near Dick's, still upright and still moving but having explored most every gear and every ditch along the way.

Don Woodard

Maintenance Supervisor Don Woodard was an institution in himself. He joined the College in February, 1949, and for fifteen years was the only maintenance person on the staff. He took care of both buildings and grounds in the style of the old Vermont handyman. He was the first person I met the first time I visited the campus: my wife and I had driven up to look at the College one late summer day after Zee had told me about it and when I was considering applying for a teaching job. The Music School was no longer in session. We parked by the flagpole and were standing in the road (there was no traffic in those days) when Don wandered down with his small, fat, friendly dog Babe - Babe was always with him - to check out these strangers. He sat on the stone wall in front of Mather House and we chatted. Somehow he belonged there; he gave the College a certain Vermont flavor. Typically independent, he hardly needed direction and took great if quiet pride in his work. And he worked alone, did everything, until finally in 1964 we hired his first colleague, a painter, and soon after that others. I never recall seeing him with a friend. As far as I could determine, his only relaxation was playing golf on his rare days off and during his vacations. When he finally retired in November of 1985, after, I believe, the longest service of any member of the staff to this day, he retired over the mountains to Bennington and went on playing golf. So far as I know, he is still playing.

The Plan of Concentration

The major policy issue on the faculty that first year was the proposed new curriculum, which kept the Comprehensive Examination but revised the concentration or major. Following my remarks to the Board the previous August, I introduced the proposal early in the second semester. I had in mind something of a combination of my experiences at Harvard and at Oxford: the Harvard combination of academic fields in my own concentration (Ancient Greek History and Literature, including art and philosophy), and the Oxford utter concentration on one discipline however broad (in my case English language and literature) without distribution requirements. I shall discuss the Plan in detail later. Suffice it to say here that the original proposal in my mind required

a one or two year concentration in a topic which might be restricted to one discipline (literature or history, biology or chemistry) or be a combination of disciplines (history and literature, biology and chemistry), the relevance of each to the other being demonstrable to the faculty. Although the proposal sounds radical, it was really conservative in its original form: in addition to a thesis, I had in mind conventional three hour closed book examinations and an oral at the end, much like those at Oxford, but my colleagues soon made creative use of what in effect they considered enabling legislation. For example, John MacArthur soon announced a one-month open laboratory examination for one of his seniors, and soon I and others were making use of mixtures of open book and closed book examinations of one sort or another.

In all the long debates leading to the passage of the Plan in the spring of 1960 - it was announced to the public in the April, 1960 newsletter - the concept was much improved and the ground set for its eventual evolution to the point that the Plan became the touchstone of a Marlboro education, but by that time it had ceased to become my plan; it had become our Plan. I suspect that if it were possible to recreate our state of mind at the time, we would find that no two of us voted for the Plan for the same reasons, but each found within it something appropriate to his or her teaching. In the process, mostly unconsciously, I learned a great deal about process, about building consensus. Looking back, I credit Roland's quiet guiding hand throughout. Yes, it had been my idea, but how inadequate that original germ had been. We came out of it all a faculty and a faculty we remained, despite periods of tension, throughout my years at Marlboro. Indeed, in those years the on-again off-again tension which inevitably arises not only between the administration and the faculty but within the faculty itself was a creative and collegial one. I know that I never ceased to think of myself as primarily a teacher, as a first among equals, and I believe I was treated that way.

The Alumni

Was it during that first year, or the next, that I attended a small alumni gathering in an apartment in New York City, my first such gathering? I remember washing dishes after the meal and asking the alumnus who was drying next to me what his fondest memory of the College was. He paused, looked off into space for a minute, and replied,"I lived in Eames House [a converted farmhouse on Route 9 three miles from the College, pressed into service because of lack of space on campus - as I write, it is an inn and restaurant known as the Tamarack House]. During hunting season I used to get up before dawn, hunt on the way to campus, leave my rifle outside the dining room door, eat breakfast, go to class, and hunt on the way home." Reminds me of the story Tim Little told me years later: he was sleeping in his room on the ground floor of Mather House, then still a men's dormitory, when he was awakened by a hunter sitting on his window sill firing off into the dense fog! Fortunately he was firing down the hill in the direction of the playing field. That was when we began posting the grounds.

The Inauguration

We deliberately did not hold a separate inauguration that first year. In the first place it would have been expensive and our resources were scant; in the second place it would have been pretentious: an unaccredited little college of 50 students? Instead we invited other colleges in the state to send delegates to the 1959 commencement, where I delivered remarks longer than became my custom. They were my first public statements on the liberal arts, argued that an institution of liberal

learning should contain within its deliberations attitudes found not only in the arts and humanities but in the natural and social sciences, that each had something to contribute to our understanding of life. I recall my new friend Morris Mitchell, founder and director of the idiosyncratic Putney Graduate School of Education and though a native southerner a long time defender of racial equality, coming up to me afterwards with a big smile on his face and his hand outstretched. As he shook mine vigorously, he said, "That was fine, Tom. Matthew Arnold would have been proud of you." It was a barbed comment, since he had little use for Matthew Arnold, looked upon his views as elitist and antiquated; ironically I took it as a compliment nonetheless, since I considered myself a philosophical descendant of Arnold.

* * *

1959 – 1960 We opened the second year with 56 students, a small growth but much of our growth was hidden down in the roots. We were strengthening the faculty, refinancing our mortgage, designing buildings, striving to improve our relations with our summer tenant, the Marlboro Music School and Festival, and working to improve our image.

Public Relations

In those first two years we began quietly to work on changing the image of the College. The first step was to establish a newsletter; we didn't have the funds to publish a proper alumni magazine. To project the personal intimacy of the College, it began as a personal letter from me to all alumni and supporters and was designed to inform people. If we expected others to support us, then they needed to know what we were doing. Crudely put, if we expected to milk the cow, we had first to feed it. An effort was made not to use color adjectives and adverbs, indeed few adjectives and adverbs altogether, but to understate even while quietly underlining our serious intellectual purpose. Simply a recitation of what we were doing was intended to make the point. Over the years, until we finally gave up the newsletter in 1978 as having outlived its usefulness and substituted the alumni magazine *Potash Hill*, I imperceptibly assumed a persona like a personal essayist. I even began to build up a relationship with the readers, such as the time I spoke of "hibernating for the summer": several readers promptly taught me the word "aestivate." Sixteen years after leaving Marlboro, I am still in touch with some of the parents and friends through Christmas cards. Toward the end, however, it began to be a burden - it became difficult not to repeat myself, or at least not to repeat the formulas - yet for years it served its purpose well.

The catalogue was more deliberately designed. We approached the noted book designer Bob Dothard, who lived on a back road in Guilford. For several years until his death he virtually contributed his skills on our behalf. We told him we wanted a book which looked as though it were designed for the literate, was meant to be read. The emphasis was not to be on pretty pictures, though photographs we did indeed use. The paper was to be of good quality, the type face distinguished. In short, the book was to be in keeping with the sentence in the introduction, famous or infamous depending on one's point of view, which was deliberately invented to contrast the centrality of Marlboro's intellectual purpose with the all-things-to-all-people objectives found in too many college catalogues of that time (or this): "The objective of the college is to teach students to think." From the beginning many wished to elaborate on this, but I held the line on the

argument that one either stated the purpose briefly or in a hundred page treatise, and of these I preferred the former. I also believed that most of the elaborations were implicit in the sentence anyway: what does it mean really to think? Perhaps the definition should develop over time. We also placed the faculty roster up front to emphasize that in a real sense a college is the faculty; the rest of the rosters - trustees, administration, the student body - came at the end.

Bob's resultant design, first published in the 1960-61 book, was to last until with the 1974 book we changed the size and went to illustrated covers, initially those of Frank Stout's summer and winter paintings of Dalrymple. On one pleasant occasion in the mid-1960s I attended an annual meeting of the Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges (CASC) where some experts were brought in to advise the college presidents in attendance on the design of their catalogues. Bob's catalogue that year was held up as a model to be followed. He also designed our annual appeals, which we strove to make literary and academic, stressing faculty, students, and curriculum. We felt the need to make clear that Marlboro was not the bohemian, artsy-craftsy, self-indulgent, social experiment of the local popular imagination but a serious academic institution.

Progress

As I read over the trustee minutes and the newsletters for those first couple of years, I am struck by how every step in a college still under 60 students was always forward, however little the step. There was the construction of Howland House, the 20 student dormitory, the first new building on the campus, which was begun in the summer of 1958 and ready by the spring of 1959. There was the appointment of George Conley to the faculty and his engagement to design a second, 13 student dormitory, later known as Happy Valley, which was begun in the summer of 1960 and finished by late the following winter for some $35,000(!). There was the reorganization of our finances, particularly the change of mortgage[4] from the Vermont National and Savings Bank, which at that point was delighted to surrender its vulnerable loan, to the Vermont Bank and Trust Company, Zee's bank before he retired which then became our bank for over 30 years. There was the establishment under Beverley "Bunny" White of an active Theater Workshop putting on classical plays, in 1959-60 by Chekhov, O'Casey, Pirandello, Shaw, Strindberg - the beginning of a long tradition which came to rival our music. (We had one disadvantage turned into an advantage: on the top of a mountain at the end of a road, we had to create our own artistic and intellectual culture if we were to have one). There was the improved relations with the Marlboro Music School and Festival (more about that later). And finally there was the graduation of our 100th student, Tsuyoshi Amemiya of Tokyo, Japan, in June, 1960.

The 100th Graduate: Tsuyoshi Amemiya

A word about Tsuyoshi Amemiya. In the spring of 1959, my first spring, we received a letter from a Japanese student, a third generation Protestant Christian who had studied in a Japanese Christian college and written his thesis on the American poet Whittier. He wished to come to the United

4The Board minutes of February 19, 1960, indicate that the first mortgage at the Vermont National and Savings Bank (now simply the Vermont National Bank)at that time was $13,000. Other loans included a note for $55,000 from the Vermont Bank and Trust Company (now the First Vermont Bank and Trust Company).

States to further his training in English, chose New England because of Whittier, and wrote a number of colleges in New England whose names he found in the U.S. Information Agency library in Tokyo. Dick Judd tells me Tsuyoshi particularly chose Marlboro from among the New England colleges because it was in the Green Mountains, and Green Mountains, in Japanese, was the name of his native village. At that time we not only had no international students, we were unaccredited. When our Admission Director, Dick Eldridge, brought this letter to my attention, I replied with my innocence showing, "Let's take him. We need an international student. We'll find someone to fund him." (At that time Japan was still recovering from the War and poor.) Well, through state Senator Gannett we did locate enough money from the Crosby and Dunham Foundations in Brattleboro to help with the ship fare, but that was all - at the time. However, Tsuyoshi came, was given senior status because of his Japanese B.A., and put us all to shame by his industry. He graduated with a solid degree in June, 1960. (He later told me that none of the other colleges to which he had written had responded to his letter.)

Tsuyoshi had hoped to go on to graduate school. We had to explain to him that we were unaccredited and had no money to support him in graduate school, but the Lord was watching. Tsuyoshi was working as a waiter in the local Silver Skates, then located in Marlboro village in the little red cottage across from the Whetstone Inn. One evening a patron summoned the owner and asked who the Japanese waiter was. The owner explained. Tsuyoshi was called over and introduced. It turned out that the patron was Walter Beinecke, then of the Sperry & Hutchinson (Green Stamp) company, and that he and Tsuyoshi had a common contact in Tokyo. Walter hired Tsuyoshi upon graduation and gave him a company scholarship to Columbia Teachers College, where Tsuyoshi won an award for the best English by an international student. On the way home a couple of years later Tsuyoshi stopped off in Oxford for a summer program, then returned to his Japanese college, where he eventually became a full professor of the English language and a generous benefactor to Marlboro. When my wife and I stopped off in Japan on our way back from China in 1991 and again in 1994, he and another Japanese alumnus, his former student Tsutomu Tanaka, put us up in a grand Tokyo hotel and refused to allow us to pay for anything.

There is even more to the story. Years after Tsuyoshi graduated, Walter Beinecke gave the college the key capital gift which made it possible for us to begin construction on the Brown Science Building, and still later he sent a daughter and a granddaughter to Marlboro. Even later the daughter served on our Board.

All this was wonderful, a marvel, but there is something which is even more pleasing. In late years, Tsuyoshi has personally founded programs first in the Philippines and then in Thailand which bring Japanese student volunteers during their vacations to help the local people. They work in rural Catholic parishes. He believes it is important that young people in a rich and developed nation such as Japan should understand how a large part of the world lives, that they recognize their responsibilities to their neighbors, especially after the exploitation of the thirties and forties, and he also wants in some small way to apologize for the suffering caused by the Japanese during World War II. How appropriate that our 100th graduate was Tsuyoshi. And how appropriate that in 1998, as part of our 50th anniversary celebrations, we held a special convocation and awarded Tsuyoshi an honorary degree as exemplifying what a liberal arts graduate should be.

And so we were under way with a revised curriculum, our first new buildings, and a growing enrollment. The Howland gift had primed the pump, but what really made our success possible were the people who formed the nucleus of what became a fine Board and an outstanding faculty.

CHAPTER THREE - THE PACE QUICKENS: 1960-65

As I reflect on the years between the development of the Plan of Concentration in the spring of 1960 to our accreditation in 1965, it seems to me that these were the most intense and productive years during my tenure. Everything was happening at once, from enrollment growth to further curriculum development to expansion of the faculty to growth of the Board of Trustees to an explosion of the plant: a sudden release of pent-up energy.

First Plan of Concentration

1960 – 1961 The Plans of Concentration began in the fall of 1960. Our first, a two year plan - at that time one had an option of one or two years - was undertaken by Bob "Crutch" Larrivee,'62. The first year he undertook background work with John MacArthur in advanced mathematics, quantum mechanics, theoretical physics, and atomic and nuclear physics. This ultimately led in the second year to work in the relatively new field of nuclear magnetic resonance. Bob had an interesting background. Originally he had worked as a radio operator aboard ship. With few opportunities to spend his income at sea, he invested in the stock market - wisely, as it turned out - and made quite a bit of money. He decided to use it to obtain a college education. The amusing story is told of his being questioned about the equipment necessary for such a Plan. The College had little equipment and even less money. "Don't worry," he said, "I'll buy my own." Summers he went back to sea, and after he graduated he alternated between periods at sea and periods on land, eventually in his own cabin which he built in the woods of Marlboro town. Occasionally he would go somewhere and undertake further study, musicology once if I remember correctly.

The Natural Sciences: The MacArthurs

It was appropriate that the first two year Plan was undertaken by one of John MacArthur's students. John was a physicist, a graduate of RPI, a third master teacher like Roland and Dick, who after I took office in 1958 returned from a year's leave at MIT at far less than MIT had offered him to stay. I asked him why. He replied, "Because I want to teach physics as one of the liberal arts." He did not mean "about" physics. His students worked diligently in the lab. He meant, I believe, treating physics as more than a technology, a plugging in of formulas, rather as an intellectual enterprise involving ideas. Once years later when the science faculty was making a presentation to the Board at a trustee meeting, Caryl Haskins, President of the Carnegie Institution in Washington and on our Board in part because he had been impressed by John, asked him without warning what he had done in his last elementary physics lab. John paused a moment to remember and then said, "I walked in and said, 'Today let's measure the size of an atom.'" Then he waited for the students to tell him how. (I'm sure he must have given them some guidance, but he would not give them the answer: basically he was asking them to think this out for themselves on the principles already learned.) They finally decided to take a pan of water and place in it one drop of an oil diluted by a known fraction so that the spread-out oil puddle would not be too big. The oil molecule had one end which was naturally attracted to water so that the molecules stood on that end when spread out as film. When the oil film finished spreading out, they knew the thickness would be the length of the molecule. Their plan was then to measure the thickness and divide by the number of atoms in that particular oil; however, they did not know the number of atoms in a molecule of that oil. At that moment, by chance our chemist Bob Hawthorne walked by the open

lab door and John called him in. They told him what they were doing and asked him about the number of atoms. He told them but added, "It won't work." "Why?" Because the atoms were not stacked evenly one on top of the other. Bob then gave an impromptu blackboard lecture on the angles of the atoms in a molecule of that oil, whereupon the students measured the thickness, allowed for the angles, and made their calculation, crudely for sure. John was teaching them how a scientist thinks, to think like scientists.

John was recognized as a master teacher by the Sloan Foundation, which in later years twice gave grants to Marlboro because a physicist of his stature would teach at so small a college. He was also a fine scholar. Once when I returned from a meeting on grantsmanship, I was standing next to him in the lunch line and said, "They stressed that foundations give for original research, but I expect there's not much original research you could do here with our limited facilities." He responded, "If you can get me a tape recorder and some wire I can do some original research." I did and he did: he strung a wire up some trees by his home and recorded one of the dawn choruses, recognized by most of us simply as static on our radios. He was in a better position to do this than many in major universities because he lived on a mountain side with little or no local interference. In a couple of years he published a paper on the origins of this particular noise. At the same time a scientist in the USSR published a paper coming to a different conclusion. Later I asked John whether the differences had been resolved. He said yes: they had worked it out that they were both right under different conditions. Once after a year's sabbatical which he spent doing research at the University of Arizona Lunar and Planetary Laboratory, he gave a lecture in which he demonstrated how he had discovered a star. While he was measuring the infrared spectrum, he could make observation match theory only by hypothesizing a known star was in fact a double star, a faint one orbiting the other.

In truth, not John alone but the MacArthur family as a group established the natural sciences at Marlboro. In 1948 his father retired from the Biology Department at the University of Toronto, where he had chaired the genetics division, to teach biology at Marlboro. When he died in 1950, his wife Olive took over until she in turn retired from full-time teaching in 1964. When John began teaching the physics in 1948, he was still doing his doctoral work at RPI. His younger brother Robert entered Marlboro as a freshman when the College opened in 1947, graduated in 1951 with the first four year class, and did his M.A. work in mathematics at Brown University. Because Marlboro was not yet accredited and Brown had never heard of the college, it is said the Brown Mathematics Department sent up a special examination they used for scholarship applicants. When Robert did better than anyone had done before, they sent someone up to see what Marlboro was teaching: they found that Robert was at times teaching his teacher. He went on to do his Ph.D. work in biology at Yale, spent a year on a post-graduate fellowship at Oxford, then taught first at the University of Pennsylvania and then Princeton, holding the leading chair in biology at Princeton at the time of his premature death from cancer in 1972. He was the principal developer of mathematical ecology, which was brought to the attention of the world in the book he wrote with entomologist E.O. Wilson of Harvard, *The Theory of Island Biogeography*; ecology had been a subject taught at Marlboro from the beginning, long before it became fashionable. (When I arrived in 1958 I had had to ask the meaning of the word, which I had found in the catalogue.)

Still later, other first rate scientists such as the chemist John Hayes, the biologist Bob Engel, and

the mathematician Joe Mazur (see below) were attracted to the area for the same reason: if first class persons do not always have the authority to appoint other first class persons, they do attract them. The geneticist Dick Lewontin, when he moved from the University of Chicago to Harvard, settled in Marlboro and to this day commutes to Cambridge, attracted initially by the MacArthurs. The amusing story is told of the time State biologists and Fish and Game technicians met with the trustees of the Whittemore-Paton Trust, which owned most of the land bordering South Pond, over plans to poison the excess golden shiner population in the pond in order to make room for more game fish. They found themselves confronted not by local fishermen but by two of the leading ecologists in the nation, MacArthur and Lewontin, who had by far the best of the argument. (In the end the State did not carry out their plan because even after going down forty feet, they could not find the necessary bedrock on which to base a dam for the outlet). But I get ahead of myself. My first few years the natural sciences department was only John, his mother Olive, the Hungarian chemist and later Bob Hawthirne, and the foresters Halsey Hicks and Buck Turner.

Enrollment

In that same third year, 1960-61, the enrollment growth began to accelerate. It rose to 66, 10 more than the previous year. The students came from 14 states, equally from private and public schools and from New England and outside New England. In addition, we still had an adult education program in downtown Brattleboro offering ten-week, non-credit courses in astronomy, Greek drama, music, and Spanish to some 76 part-time students. Such courses provided a little extra pocket money for severely underpaid teachers, but as the College grew in later years, they were given up for lack of faculty time.

African-American Students at Marlboro

That was the same year we took a student from Livingstone College, an African Methodist Zionist Episcopal (AMZE) college in Salisbury, North Carolina, for his junior year. He was part of a program established by Berta Hamilton, a Quaker lady and Scot who had retired to Brookline, Vermont. She had taught anthropology for many years at a small college in upstate New York. Wanting to contribute to the Black liberation movement, in her retirement she had established an office at Livingstone to find opportunities outside the conventional curriculum for Livingstone students. One of her programs was placing students for their junior year not in foreign countries, which for most would have been too much of a stretch as well as too expensive, but in northern predominantly white institutions such as the University of Toronto and Marlboro.

Vaughan was a sociology major. His father was in jail. As the eldest of a large family, Vaughan was the hope of his mother and siblings. Because we did not have sociology at that time, he studied primarily under anthropologist Paul Riesman, a former student of mine at Exeter and son of the Harvard sociologist David Riesman, a Brattleboro summer resident and, as already mentioned, long a member of our Council of Academic Advisors. Paul had graduated the year before from Harvard and was spending a year with us as a teaching fellow before going on to his doctorate at the Sorbonne (and later a successful teaching career at Carleton until his tragically early and unexpected death). Outwardly Vaughan seemed to have adjusted well, to be happy, even happy-go-lucky, and to be doing well in his courses. He was also a fine basketball player and played on our pick-up team, which was active in the industrial league downtown. Early one morning, however, our maintenance man Don Woodard (indeed, the entire maintenance staff in those years

and an institution in himself) knocked on my door (by that time we had partitioned our offices and added a second floor). He asked whether he could come in. This was not only the first time he had ever made such a request but the only time in my 23 years: we usually conversed out on the grounds wherever we happened to meet. Of course I invited him in.

He entered, shut the door quietly, and sat down. Don lived in an apartment in Hendricks House, used then as a men's dormitory. He began, "I don't want you to do anything. I think it best you don't, but I thought you ought to know. Last night the boys had a basketball game downtown [in the industrial league]. They came back in good spirits and had a few beers. I could hear them in Vaughan's room through the partition. Vaughan went to bed, but after a while he began shouting and cursing the White race and pounding his head against the wall. I went in and tried to calm him down, and his best friend [who was White] came in too. After a while he did become quiet and lay down to go back to sleep. We left. After about half an hour he started in again. Again we went in and after a while succeeded in quieting him down for a second time. This time he didn't start in again. We don't know what the problem was but I thought you ought to know." I thanked Don, and he left.

That noon I was sitting at the lunch table after most at the table had left, by chance chatting with Vaughan's best friend about nothing much at all. Vaughan drifted over without interrupting and waited until there was a pause in the conversation, then said to his friend, "That was a bad dream I had last night, wasn't it?" Without any undue intonation his friend replied, "Yes, Vaughan, it sure was." That was all. Neither had any idea I knew what they were talking about. Later I learned that the mid-term grades had come out the day before and for the first time in his life Vaughan had received less than an A in his major: a B- in anthropology. He apparently thought it had to be the result of prejudice. In fact it was a surprisingly high grade for someone entering a new school and facing a new way of teaching: the faculty had been impressed. Still later I learned that at first Vaughan, who had always been taught through text books, had resisted Paul's insistence that the students read only primary sources, though that often meant in translation; Paul told the students they could look up the anthropological jargon in a text book at the end of the year and learn the terms in short order. In the end Vaughan became so converted to this technique that it was reported he told his professors at Livingstone the next year that they were teaching all wrong. Naturally this did not endear him to them, and when he graduated they did not send him on at college expense for his M.A., as Livingstone was doing at that time to upgrade its faculty bit by bit. First they would treat a promising graduate to the Masters, then to a stint of teaching at Livingstone, then if all continued well, to a doctorate followed by a tenure track appointment. Cast adrift, Vaughan disappeared from sight. Later I was told he committed suicide in Pittsburgh, even later that he was still alive. I don't know what the truth is.

The experience did help teach me, however, the difficulties and risks involved, particularly for the student, in efforts to assist minorities. The lesson was furthered the next year when we took a young woman in the same program. She was majoring in chemistry, hoped to become a lab technician. Although her grades were good, she left after one semester. Troubled, I inquired and learned from her that she was quite happy with the courses but found the social environment more than she could take. In brief, these were the years in which White middle class students, who made up the majority at Marlboro, were beginning to reject the middle class values of their parents, and here she was fighting to enter the middle class, fighting for just those values rejected all around her.

Livingstone College

In 1963 I was invited to spend a few days lecturing at Livingstone during the Marlboro spring vacation. I stayed at the president's house. There was a meeting of a trustee committee on campus that week. The members ate at the President's house. The first two evenings grace was said before dinner and then we ate in relative silence with only polite conversation. The third evening I was startled to be asked to say the grace, after which the trustees present opened up: what were the brothers saying in Atlanta, in Miami, in Selma? Apparently they had decided I could be trusted. The discussion, criss-crossing up and down the south, reviewed reports on the marches and sit-ins and voter registration drives. When they reached Jackson, Mississippi, I recall someone saying, "One of our people is going to be killed there sooner or later." That was the spring Medgar Evers was shot.

I was impressed with what Livingstone was doing to improve itself. I visited classes, talked with teachers, sat in the coffee shop and talked with students. One young Black teacher I particularly remember was teaching a class in English literature, struggling with students for whom English poets did not seem highly relevant (the most popular academic fields appeared to be the social sciences). After class she and I fell into conversation. I asked what the subject of her master's thesis had been: the English eighteenth century poet William Cowper. When she discovered that Cowper happened to be a minor favorite of mine too, she brightened up and we had a fine exchange. She gave me hope. In contrast, later I visited a freshman English class led by a retired White professor from Indiana. I was appalled. He was teaching as though it were 1890, running drily through a grammar drill which put most of the class (and myself) to sleep. Then he made a mistake. With about ten minutes to go, he said, "Would you like to take over the class for a bit?" I did something of which I should be ashamed, but I am only ashamed that I am not ashamed: I deliberately humiliated him. I asked for a volunteer. Immediately the class perked up, wondering what was coming. A young woman finally mustered up the necessary courage. I asked her to walk around in front of the class, and then I asked the class to try to capture her unique walk in one word, a verb. We had a great time. When the bell rang, one of the students stood up in the back of the room and said, "Thank you, sir. That was the most interesting class we have had all year." I went back to the President fuming and said, "Fire that man." I hope I am not often so self-righteous, but I was right.

During my visit, I gave a public lecture on the liberal arts. When I returned to Vermont, I ran into Morris Mitchell, who as I have mentioned had grown up in the South and though white had fought for equal rights for Blacks years before any national movement began. At that time he was President of the Putney Graduate School of Teacher Education, a very small group of students, almost disciples, who worked with him in Putney during the fall, then took a trip south, via cold water flats in Harlem, to see for themselves what conditions were like. In the spring they returned to write their theses. Before I had set out for Livingstone, he had briefed me on what I might find. Upon my return I told him about the lecture. He looked at me sadly and shook his head: "Oh Tom, we spend decades trying to reform education in these colleges [presumably to make it relevant and practical for the students] and you go down and try to undo it all with fancy talk about the liberal arts!" Morris was the one who had twitted me on my "Matthew Arnold" inauguration address (p.22). Though our goals and interests were different, I liked Morris: what he was doing was important, and he challenged one's thinking. And he put his life where his mouth was. After he died, his school died too - in the form he had established, it could not exist without him - or rather it was bought by Antioch and turned into the Antioch-Putney Graduate School, later after it

moved to New Hampshire Antioch New England.

I forget exactly when, but sometime during those years we had another young Black woman, a freshman, this time from Cambridge, Massachusetts. She left after a year. A few years later she came back to visit, and for the first time she and I had a good talk. She explained that for her the problem had been living in the countryside. She was a city girl, generally found the country boring and intimidating. The first night on campus, on the other hand, she had stayed up almost till dawn just looking at the night sky: she had never really seen the stars: in the city they were misted over by the street lights.

Indeed, we never did well in attracting minorities, especially Blacks. The two biggest problems were lack of money - we could give few if any full scholarships to anyone - and perhaps even more significant, the lack of a supportive Black community in Vermont. Even now, in the mid-1990s, Vermont has less the 2% minorities, all minorities (Hispanics, Blacks, Indians, Southeast Asians), with the result that a Black student had and still has not only to face the pressures of higher education and living in the country but swimming in a White world. Intimidating indeed, and we never solved the problem. I do believe there was little or no racial (or religious) prejudice at Marlboro. It would have run against the strong democratic and egalitarian atmosphere. I recall one Black alumna years later, now a professor at a major eastern university, telling me that she had transferred from Syracuse to Marlboro during those years because at Syracuse she was under constant pressure, as she put it, to be a professional Black and she just wanted to study English literature.

The Time Article and Javed Chaudhri

In November of this year, I was in Boston on one of my regular monthly trips and having tea with my mother prior to returning when the telephone rang. It was a correspondent with *Time* magazine who wanted to interview me about Marlboro; the College office had suggested he try me in Boston. I am not good at interviews, rarely come up with the appropriate one liner, especially when I am taken off guard, but I blundered through the exchange somehow. To my amazement, the December 5th issue of Time had a piece on fifty good colleges often overlooked by the public, the point being that everyone did not have to go to the most prestigious, and Marlboro, surely the only as yet unaccredited college in the group, was not merely included, it was featured! We were given the closing paragraph:

> Even headier are the big dreams at Vermont's tiny Marlboro College, founded in 1946 on three old farms in the Green Mountains. "We don't fit any stereotype," says President Thomas Ragle, 32, who came to teach and became president instead. Ragle is looking for the "creative intellectual, who may or may not score high on college boards." Not even accredited yet, Marlboro makes every student take a two-day, 16-hour comprehensive exam covering all fields. Flunkers may try again, but must pass to graduate. Also required: a rigorous research project so independently pursued that a student might even go off to Europe for a year to finish it. In such matters Ragle is an experimenter off on his own, but he speaks for all 50 colleges when he says: "We feel the only excuse we have for existing is quality, and we're shooting for the sky."

Corny, even embarrassing now, but suddenly, if only briefly, we were highly visible both in the

States and abroad. Our applications doubled, including a number from abroad. At that time we had no money for international students, but since we had had success with Tsuyoshi Amemiya (see page 24) - how great he was we were not to know for a few years - we decided to choose as best we could the strongest of the international applicants and give him or her a full scholarship. The choice fell on Javed Chaudhri of Pakistan, who had attended an English language school in his own province. We learned later how he obtained his exit visa and passport. At that time the Pakistani government was not in favor of its nationals receiving a Western education and rarely gave out the necessary papers. Javed knew this; he also knew what to do: every morning he arrived early at whatever local office issued the necessary paper, settled himself comfortably in a chair with a newspaper, and remained all day until the office closed. He did this day after day after day until the officers were tired of seeing him and issued the papers to get rid of him.

Javed entered in the fall of 1961 with the class of 1965. He was a good student and graduated with High Honors. His Plan was entitled *The Arab Renaissance: The Impact of the West and the Emergence of the Arabs*; his outside examiner was John Nevins of the United States Information Agency who had served in several Middle Eastern nations and was later to become our librarian (see p.88). Later Javed returned to Pakistan hoping to join the foreign service or perhaps the civil service, but he found that the government did not want the answers which Javed considered objectively correct, only certain answers which followed the government line, so he went into the business world instead, where he did quite well. His son Tariq entered Marlboro in 1992 and graduated with the class of 1996; his twins Tahir and Taimur entered with the class of 2002.

There are two amusing sequels to the *Time* story. A few weeks later I was painting a room in my house one Saturday afternoon when a spot program sponsored by Newsweek came over the radio. It was on fifty worthy but not well known colleges, the same fifty! I was quoted, the same quote! *Newsweek* and *Time* were independently operated? There was no attribution. And for years I puzzled over how we were chosen for that article. Sometime in the 1970s I was in New York visiting an editor - of Harpers, if I remember correctly - when the subject came up. The editor recalled that he had been the editor in charge of that article, but alas he could not recall why we had been chosen. Who could it have been who suggested Marlboro?

The Comprehensive Examination

Having launched the Plan of Concentration, we now turned our attention to the Comprehensive Examination. For several years it had been a two consecutive day, sixteen hour examination (eight each day) divided among our four areas, the Arts, Humanities, Natural Sciences, and Social Sciences. In the spring of 1961 all this was changed by removing the Arts from the written part, evaluating them separately during the previous week in appropriate ways, and evaluating the other three areas through written examinations in one fourteen hour day. Foreign languages were no longer separately examined. The faculty looked upon these changes as experimental, anticipating further adjustments might be necessary in the future.

A word about the Examination, Marlboro's traditional rite of passage. It had always been under attack. It had been instituted in the 1950s as a test of general knowledge in response to the argument that a college education, even a liberal arts education, had become too narrow. One of the legendary questions on the first examination had been "Name the Great Lakes." A major instigator (and author of that question) had been the forester Halsey Hicks, himself a specialist but

earlier the product of a good liberal arts education at Haverford. Theoretically the questions were set at a level the faculty believed a sophomore should be able to answer. In fact it was more often passed in the junior year, sometimes even in the senior, rarely in the freshman. Students could take it any year, and as often as necessary to pass, usually more than once. Some even returned a year or more after they had completed all other requirements and finally passed it. Typically, for instance, in 1961-1962 only ten out of forty-seven who took the examination passed; four others were given a conditional pass. Opponents argued that it put too much weight on one set of examinations, that a student could be crippled by a bad day or by unfair questions, that it penalized those who froze on examinations, and so on. Eventually, several years later, it was abolished, though more, I suspect, because it overburdened the faculty as the College grew than for other substantive reasons. On the one hand I have to admit the justice of some of the criticisms; on the other I also have to note that, during my tenure at least, I never knew a student to fail to graduate because of the Comprehensive who in my subjective opinion should have passed: it screened out those who were not together and ready. Somehow it was also a test of maturity. That was the only way I could explain those who had failed it while in residence being able to come back a year or two later and pass without having studied formally in the meantime,.

The Board of Trustees: Walter Whitehill

Behind the scenes in the early 1960s, something was happening of great importance to the future of the College: the rejuvenation of the Board. It began with the arrival of Walter Whitehill in 1960. I had approached my Exeter roommate, a banker in Boston, with an invitation to become a trustee. Since he was already deeply involved in local Boston art and historical organizations, however, he declined, instead introduced me to Walter, then the Librarian of the Boston Athenaeum and formerly Senior Tutor in Lowell House at Harvard. Founded in 1809, the Athenaeum is one of the leading private libraries in the United States. Walter had been a Spanish historian, but when the arrival of the Spanish Civil War made research on location difficult or impossible, he had remade himself into an American colonial historian, interested particularly in our early history, most of all in local Boston and Massachusetts history. Later he became the doyen of the historical society movement, writing what became the bible of the movement. More important for us, however, was that he, like Zee, was a people broker: he had a genius for bringing people together, fitting people to roles which suited them. I shall explain shortly how he strengthened the Board with appropriate trustees who served for years in critical positions. He himself rose to be Vice Chairman of the Board and, even more importantly, Chairman of the Library Committee when we came to design and construct the new building.

There is a nice story about the library dedication. It took place at the spring trustee meeting in 1965, after lunch as I recall. It was May Day, or close to it, and being the 60s the students were down on the athletic field celebrating the new season of fertility with an adaptation of an old earth ritual authentically designed by the anthropologist. Among the participants were a dragon (two, or was it three, students under a dragon costume) and a student bagpiper. As Walter's friend and fellow trustee the poet David McCord was delivering the eulogy at the north end of the room, extolling Walter's virtues and his contributions to the world of letters, I glanced around and could find no Walter. At last I found him at the south end of the room looking out the window with evident delight as the dragon, followed by a parade of students, came dancing up the library hill behind the piper. That was far more interesting than eulogies.

In the end Walter was happy with the library, but there was a moment when he almost gave up.

He protested against the original design, which seemed too modern for his taste, and had to be sat down by Whit Brown on a park bench in the Boston Common and convinced that the design made sense and would look fine: Walter was rather traditional in architectural tastes. Later when he was being driven up to see the building for the first time, he kept saying to the colleague driving, "What if I don't like it? What if I don't like it?" He did like it, or if he didn't he never let on, and he allowed the literature room to be dedicated to him. Over the door stands the inscription

The Walter Muir Whitehill Book Room

and under his photograph on the wall around a corner is the following:

There is no way of foreseeing or recording the
effect of bringing the right book to the right
mind at the right time.

Walter had a good sense of fun. At one time there were members of the Board who disapproved of beards (Zee unexpectedly one of these) at a time when beards were becoming more common among students and some faculty members. Walter, a rather Dickensian character with his mustache and colorful waistcoats, deliberately grew a beard, a handsome, well trimmed beard. At a high society function, I believe an art opening in the National Gallery (or was it the Corcoran?), he was approached by a society editor of the Washington Post and asked about his beard. Walter replied somewhat as follows: "I serve on the Board of a little college in Vermont and some of my colleagues are unhappy about beards, so I grew one to show them how handsome they could be." There we were on the society page of the Post, under a photograph of Walter and his handsome beard!

As I mentioned, Walter became the doyen of the historical society movement. As a result there is a room in the New Harmony, Indiana, inn dedicated to Walter and his wife by Jane Owen of Houston, Texas, who had restored New Harmony. It reads

Walter Muir Whitehill and his wife Jane
Scholar and librarian
he put pen to paper
preserved a city and
Jane preserves Walter

Because Jane Whitehill, who died aged 94 in 1996, was a direct descendent of Thomas Jefferson, and because Walter was deeply interested in preservation, he served as a trustee of Monticello as well as many other historic sites. After Walter died in 1978, Jane herself succeeded Walter on our Board and served two full terms before becoming Honorary in 1990. Already partially crippled by arthritis, she would loyally drive up to the meetings through all kinds of weather and add her wisdom to the debates.

Peter Elder

As needs arose on the Board, Walter began to direct us to acquaintances who could meet our needs. The first of these, the very next year (1961), was Peter Elder, Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at Harvard. He had been a brilliant and popular Latin teacher at

Harvard and while on leave from 1958-60 had served as Commissioner of Higher Education in Washington. I remember years earlier when I was an undergraduate concentrating in Ancient Greek History and Literature entering a classroom for an examination. The preceding examination had been one on Latin, and Peter had been invigilating it. The students crowded around him as he collected their papers, and it was obvious that he was popular with them despite the examination. I remember being impressed and asking who he was. During his later eighteen year tenure as Dean (1953-71), the Graduate School grew exponentially, a growth which he considered his greatest achievement: he argued that what Harvard could best contribute to the nation, given its faculty, was a graduate education high in quality. At the same time he thoroughly understood and supported what we were trying to do at the undergraduate level. When Arthur resigned from the chairmanship but not the Board in 1967, Peter succeeded him and served as Chairman for two critical years. His wit and Latinate quips amused the Board. At one point there was a debate over whether to build a dormitory[5] in the midst of an old apple grove. Some trees would necessarily be destroyed. This made many people unhappy, trustees, teachers, and students alike, but there seemed no reasonable alternative. At the decisive meeting, Zee stood at the window with his back to the debate until the vote to proceed had been taken, whereupon he waved to a ready bulldozer operator none of us knew was there, and with a roar the excavation began. Ever after, Peter called Zee a "dendrocide," an appellation which ever delighted Zee for its deliberate pomposity. Peter's greatest moment, however, came during "The Glorious Revolution of 1969", but that story deserves a chapter in itself and must be saved for later (see Chapter Five).

David McCord

Another brought on the Board in 1961 through Walter's influence was the light verse poet David McCord, whose inexhaustible supply of quips, anecdotes, and apt quotations from brother authors augmented the tradition established by Zee of keeping even the most serious debates from becoming too serious. Was it Zee or was it David who at the dinner following a February meeting when the books had actually been balanced for once noted the consomme soup and quipped that it was nice to find the red ink in the soup instead of on the page? It does not matter who. David had a way with words. It was he who in a speech before the New England Society of New York coined what became their motto: "New England is the authorized version of America." When in 1963 we gave an honorary degree to Louis Zahner, an eminent retired secondary school teacher of English, David noted that the honorand was known as Zu and our Treasurer as Zee. Virtually on the spot he composed the following little rhyme:

Who's Zu <u>or</u> Who's Zee

Zu Zahner is our honorary Doc;
Zee Persons tries to keep us out of hock.

Sez Zee to Zu
"We'll honor you."

"You'll honor me?"
Sez Zu to Zee.

5 For years I thought it was later named "Happy Valley" by the students because it was on a hill, but Hilly van Loon tells me it got the name because a student stole a sign in New Hampshire from an inn called Happy Valley (he returned it).

"An L.H.D.?"

"Just tea for two:
That's me, that's you,"
Sez Zee, sez Zu.

David made substantive contributions, but none was more important than the mood he helped generate and the balanced perspective which resulted. May all boards be blessed with such a person. I do not recall having seen a comment on the importance of appropriate humor in board discussions, but the older I grow the more I recognize its vital role.

Maurice Pechet

There was yet another of Walter's acquaintances who came aboard. In 1962 I had gone to consult a physician on the Board, a neighbor and friend in Guilford, about the sexual revolution then just gaining headway. Friction between the mores of students and of society in general was increasing to the point that at the urging of the Board I was nudged into making a strong statement at the August, 1962, meeting that "the College will not countenance fornication under the auspices of the College," as first reported in the minutes. It is amusing now to note that at the November meeting the minute was corrected to read, "...in respect of the controversy regarding parietal rules, the President made a firm statement which was satisfactory to the trustees." Nevertheless my physician friend had panicked. Through his overreaction I could see that he was beginning to complicate matters, though I did not then know the whole story. I heard, much later, that behind my back he had written a letter to the other trustees saying he thought Tom couldn't handle this problem and the trustees should find another President. (We managed to remain friends nonetheless.) I went to Walter in his office at the Athenaeum and sought his wisdom about what to do. He leaned back in his chair and contemplated the ceiling for a minute, then said, "Let's ask Maurice Pechet to join the Board." "Who is Maurice Pechet?" "He is a physician at Harvard who succeeded me as Senior Tutor in Lowell House. He is very sensible and he understands students." Through Walter's good offices Maurice joined us at the February, 1963, meeting of the Board, held at that time in the Colonial Society on Beacon Hill; Maurice was holding a brown paper bag full of fine wine for the customary dinner after the meeting, the first evidence of his generosity and fellowship. In August the other physician resigned from the Board.

For almost twenty years thereafter, until I retired from the College, Maurice became for me a major source of wisdom not only about students, how they thought and how they behaved, but about how to handle human situations - a source not only for me, but for the Board as a whole. When a couple of members of the Marlboro College Board were added to the Music School Board, Maurice was one of them, and he became as important a resource for them as for us. Indeed, he mediated between the two Boards, smoothing out relationships which sometimes became rocky, or threatened to become so. He became the Chairman of the Nominating Committee, serving in that capacity until 1993.

As I write he is still a trustee, over 35 years now, the longest tenure of anyone except Paul Olson. Yet during all these years he has managed a private practice in internal medicine, served actively as a tutor in Lowell House, for one stretch succeeding Walter Whitehill as Senior Tutor, and run an international research laboratory in biochemistry located behind MIT and sponsored by MIT, Harvard, and the Massachusetts General Hospital. He explained to me that because physicians

feel like second class citizens in a university laboratory and professors feel like second class citizens in a hospital laboratory, it made sense to design neutral space where both could feel at home. He himself was a distinguished researcher. He had come to Harvard in the 1940s to study for his doctorate. He worked in the then new field of nuclear magnetic resonance, kept on working after his professor had gone off to war. When the professor returned, he looked at what Maurice had done, told him that if he had been present he would not have allowed Maurice to do it because it could not be done, but in his absence Maurice had done it!

Maurice tells an amusing story about his original trip to Harvard from his home in western Canada. He went to the local train station to check his trunk to Cambridge. The agent told him he could not check his trunk to Cambridge because there was no station there; he would have to check it to Boston. Thinking the agent was trying to take him for a fool, he insisted on Cambridge. After much searching, the agent did indeed find a station listed for Cambridge and the trunk was checked. When the train made a special stop at Cambridge, the local agent could not believe it: no passenger had disembarked there for many years.

Parietal Hours

It was the issue of parietal hours which originally brought Maurice onto the Board. In the early 1960s, like other colleges and universities throughout the country, Marlboro was facing the sexual revolution. When I attended college in the 1940s, there were strict regulations concerning when, and often where, male and female students could visit one another. If I recall correctly, men could not visit women in their rooms but only in the dormitory common rooms, and in many colleges there were even hours by which women had to be back in their dormitories. In a double standard, there were no regulations that women could not visit men in their rooms, only hours by which women had to be out of the dormitories. By the early '60s, it was clear things were changing, but no one knew exactly what the changes would be, or what they meant. Looking back, we can see that the changes in parietal hours were part of much larger changes in the society as a whole: among others the coming of the 18 year-old voting age nationally, the lowering of the drinking age in many states, and the growing view that colleges were no longer required to be *in loco parentis*.

Founded largely by veterans who were older than traditional undergraduates and resented being treated as children, Marlboro was socially liberal (if academically conservative). Both philosophically and pragmatically I was socially conservative: I did not believe in extramarital sex, and I feared that if we relaxed too much, Marlboro would become a haven for those who did not attend college primarily for academic purposes but for the freedoms, including alcohol and sex. I had allies on the Board and a few among my colleagues on the faculty; many others of my colleagues seemed not to care greatly one way or another. During the '60s, therefore, parietal hours changed form slowly, from supposedly strict hours after which visitors of the opposite sex had to be out of the dormitory - I say supposedly because enforcement depended on Town Meeting (and therefore largely on student enforcement) - to an arrangement that, as one put it, members of the opposite sex were not to be there to brush their teeth the following morning. At one point, having failed to get the Town Meeting to mandate parietal hours - I lost my motion by almost 100 votes - and still trying desperately to stave off their abolition altogether, I made the imposition of some parietal hours a matter of a vote of confidence on the faculty. I won the vote in a reluctant faculty, but the Town Meeting responded in typical, and really quite shrewd fashion: in a politely worded motion it deplored the action of the faculty, and said, fine, the faculty has mandated the establishment of parietal hours; let the faculty enforce them! Of course the faculty

could not [see page 85].

The final step was taken quietly while I was on a year's sabbatical at the end of the decade: with the exception of one dormitory restricted to men and one to women, all dormitories were made coeducational. The real problem for us became then to support those who wished to resist peer pressure in sexual matters and who needed help in doing so. The issues then became cleaner, and we could be more consistent in carrying out our traditional dictum that the best way to help college students to become adult was to treat them as adults, which meant permitting them to face the consequences of their actions.

In the process, I learned that abolishing parietal hours did not lead to unbridled promiscuity. The students still had a clear idea in their own minds of what promiscuity was: if one was sleeping consistently with the same partner, one was not promiscuous; if one slept around, one was and was treated much as people in the general society were treated who acted in that way. And there was one positive consequence to reactionary resistance: we did not become branded in the eyes of the public as a promiscuous college, though some eyebrows were raised and we were certainly considered liberal. As a result, unlike a certain other Vermont college, we did not become a magnet for students concerned more with the freedoms of college social life than the discipline of academic studies. In the end I learned something else from all this: in my annual meeting with our psychological counselor, a member of the medical staff, I learned that the contrast between our traditionally liberal social environment and our rigorous, disciplined curriculum caused problems for many students - and probably still does. Facing these problems, on the other hand, with help if necessary, could be made educational: in our working lives, people must discipline their social lives if they are to be productive. It was perhaps this attitude on our part as much as anything else which kept hard drugs from becoming a major threat at Marlboro, though worry we did. Concerned about amphetamines, which were then just making their appearance in colleges, I remember going to see Maurice Pechet one spring,. He pulled out an article in a medical journal, I believe *The New England Journal of Medicine*, which stated in effect that "speed kills". "Serious undergraduates are shrewder than you think, Tom. Word of this will spread by fall and the threat will diminish." He was exactly right. Although we had to remain alert, marijuana remained our major drug problem.

The Board of Trustees (con.)

I get ahead of myself. In 1962, the same year Maurice was elected to the Board, David McCord in his turn brought on Caryl Haskins, Director of the Carnegie Institution in Washington, D.C., one of the leading private organizations in the nation supporting research in the natural sciences. Caryl was a cheerful, modest man. He agreed to come on the Board in the end because he was so impressed by John MacArthur. I have already told the story of his asking John what he had done in his last elementary physics lab session (see p.26). Caryl's presence gave public stature to our science program. He was a fine entomologist. David told me that Caryl was asked to address the 50th reunion of his class at Yale as the most eminent in the class. Hardly anyone present had known him as a student, he had been so modest and dedicated to his work. His specialty was ants. He once told of a group of Australian amateur zoologists on a vacation hike across the outback, collecting specimens as they went. One ant they could not identify. They took it to the university and asked the zoologist there. It turned out to be an ant thought extinct thousands if not millions of years ago. As soon as word got out, ant specialists from around the world converged on Australia, including Caryl. They traced and retraced the route of the party, without success. Years

later I asked Caryl whether other specimens had ever been found. He said they had, in another part of Australia; scientists speculated that the ants lived deep underground and that the first one had wandered to the surface one evening, perhaps attracted by the warmth and light of the campfire.

But Caryl was more than a scientist. He was more than an adept politician, as all administrators must be. He was a statesman of science. Once when we were lunching in Washington he said that the United States made a mistake in sending representatives to the Soviet Union who were well educated only in the humanities (which he himself properly respected). Instead we should send people literate in the sciences as well because although our education was strong in the humanities, Soviet education was strong in the sciences. For that reason they respected, therefore could talk more freely to, others with the same background. He did not speak from a narrow perspective: he was one of the most literate men I have known, wrote some of the finest modern English prose I have read.

The one addition of Walter Whitehill to the Board, therefore, resulted in the addition shortly thereafter of Peter Elder, Maurice Pechet, and David McCord. David's appointment in turn resulted in the addition of Caryl Haskins. All these made major contributions to the College over the years.

Charles Crosby

There was another important addition to the Board in the same year Walter joined (1960): Charles Crosby. Caring for the funds was one thing, finding them was another. Early in my tenure I hunted through the donor cards and found that a Charles Crosby in New York City had given some funds personally and been responsible for others from a small foundation associated with a commodities brokerage firm for which he worked. I met him at the end of one of my most interesting days on the road. In the morning I sat on top of a vegetable bin in the Washington Market in New York talking to a contact made for me by trustee Bill Bump. Later I went to see a man who was the head of a small foundation - it turned out not to be a funding foundation - by the name of Alfred "Pappy" Gross who had his office in a space no larger than a broom closet in one of the oldest settlement houses in New York (see page 59), and finished the day dining with Charles Crosby in the Manhattan House on the upper east side. Charlie was an enthusiast, took me to the roof and waxed eloquent about the city spread out below us as the Constantinople of the modern world. A native of Brattleboro, he had attended Dartmouth College and the Harvard Business School because his elder brother, after the failure of the family business during the crash, had declined to attend college himself in order to look after his sisters and support his younger brother's education. A bachelor, Charlie remained devoted to both his siblings and their families on the one hand and to Brattleboro on the other. In time he came to seize upon Marlboro as a major contact with his native area, not only gave money generously but served for several years as the Chair of the Development Committee and then in 1968 as Treasurer until his untimely death in an automobile accident in 1971. As Chair of our Development Committee, he set us on the road to raising the funds necessary for the survival and expansion of the College. It was through his efforts that his friend Ed Schrader of Goldman, Sachs, after whom Schrader House is named, gave generously. It was through his efforts that the Robert Sterling Clark Foundation made some gifts, including one to the new library building. His own little Crosby Foundation in Brattleboro, on whose board I myself have now served many years, gave during his lifetime and still gives generously. Later, when we wanted to honor him for his generosity, he declined and instead asked

us to name the new library building after Howard and Amy Rice, the relatives who had helped raise him after the early death of his parents.

I recall once Charlie in his New York apartment pulling out an old photograph of his primary school class in Brattleboro and running off the subsequent careers of most of his classmates. The point was that few of them escaped the confines of family and class despite their mingling in the classroom and making friends there across the spectrum of social classes: one boy was the brightest in his group but ended up as a truck driver; another ran a local gas station; Charlie himself, in the middle of the class, had gone to college because it had been in the tradition of his family, and so on. He spoke with feeling and concern, wished to share his good fortune with others, saw Marlboro and his little foundation as ways to do it.

The Alumni

An alumni census published in 1960 with 83 responses revealed that 23% had gone into teaching or educational administration, 12% into some form of government service, 10% into scientific professions such as engineering, chemistry, and medical technology, and 8% into some form of media, including publishing. The rest served variously as housewives, lawyers, clergymen, brokers, students and so on. One trend was already apparent, however: few if any went into large corporations or financial centers. Although eventually many became entrepreneurs, almost all who did were in small enterprises. For years the largest single occupation was to be education. Many others went into social services and the arts. We could be and were proud of their activities, but it was also apparent that few would make the kind of income which could later support the College. In that respect we were like the many nineteenth century denominational colleges which turned out clergymen, another group with only modest resources. Our support would have to continue to come, as it did, from parents and friends, including trustees, and from foundations.

Zimmerman Field

And support continued to come in unexpected ways. I have never been one for formal dances, but New Year's Eve 1960 I attended a charity ball in Brattleboro. Sometime after midnight, Irving Zimmerman, a Brattleboro businessman whose daughter Barbara was a Marlboro undergraduate, came somewhat unsteadily up to me and said, "Tom, what does the College need this year?" By that hour I was half asleep, but I managed to size Irving up - what might he be good for? - and said, "An athletic field." At that time the faculty and students were playing their annual touch football game on the hillside pasture below the administration parking lot, with one end playing considerably downhill from the other. (I continue to have visions of forester Halsey Hicks clearing all obstructions, human and other, from before him as we charged aslant across the grass hummocks.) Irving asked, "How much would it cost?" I had no idea but after a moment's hesitation, perhaps I should say "calculation" more of his resources than of the cost, guessed $3,000. "Fine," he said, "I'll give it to you." After a few days not having heard from him and concerned about the delicacy of the matter - how should I raise it again with him - I telephoned without explaining to his secretary the reason for the call. She put me through, and he came on laughing: "It's all right, Tom, I remember." The result was Zimmerman Field, 140 yards long and 60 yards wide, bulldozed out of the hill above what was to become Persons Auditorium and below what was to become the Whittemore Theater. Somewhat to my amazement it cost just about

$3,000.

Honorary M.A.: Ernest Dodge

That year also we began a custom of awarding honorary M.A.'s to people who had achieved a great deal without ever having taken a college degree. Somehow an M.A. seemed to be more noteworthy than an honorary LL.D., which was given out nationally by the car load every commencement. To receive the first we chose Ernest Stanley Dodge, who entered the service of the Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts directly from high school and rose to become its director in 1950. Later we awarded similar degrees to the great graphic artists Rudolph Ruzicka (fall 1961) and Samuel Chamberlain (fall 1968); Dodge and Ruzicka were nominated by Walter Whitehill.

The Faculty

The faculty continued to grow. In 1960 Charles Grailcourt, once years before a tutor at Oxford, joined us in economics and Huddee Herrick in English (writing). A word about Huddee. She was what would have been called in 18th century England "an original". Daughter of a painter, she was a poet and short story writer. In addition to classes in English, she taught creative writing, for which she became best known. To many she became a second mother. A lark rather than an owl, her charisma was such that her 6:00 a.m. creative writing course was fully subscribed. Tragically, still in her middle years, in 1973 she suffered a massive stroke, lost the ability to walk, to write, and to talk clearly. Permanently hospitalized, she took up painting, which had been part of her childhood and which she had practised as an avocation. With her left hand she began turning out a painting or more a day, several of which adorn my walls, colorful, childlike pictures with definite personalities. She finally died in a Brattleboro nursing home in 1996.

Plant Additions: Happy Valley

In the spring of 1961 the new dormitory designed by first year faculty member George Conley opened. George was a fascinating character. He had won the Prix de Rome. A brilliant designer, he often came under heavy criticism for his lack of engineering sense. As a junior architect in Stebbins's office in Boston he had produced the original design for the lovely festival hall in Berlin which looked from the outside like a resting butterfly, but he disowned responsibility for the design because a masonry curtain wall had been built inside which interrupted the view of the roof from below. He rejected the argument that the wall was structurally necessary, saying that engineers could have come up with a better solution which did not destroy the concept. (Years later the building collapsed nonetheless.) His design for Happy Valley at Marlboro was also ingenious. He took the traditional New England "salt-box", whose ancestors in England he had spent a summer sketching a few year before, spread the roof a bit, enlarged the window areas, and experimented with interior space: he kept one storey under the eaves to the east and west, dropped the floor four feet in the center to permit two stories, with a split level effect, under the ridge, and placed the storage room, boiler room, and bathroom in the half basement. The result was a contemporary building which evolved not from the ranch houses of the southwest or the massive shapes of the

cities, but from the New England countryside. Incidentally the residents of the building, who were responsible for cleaning it, initiated a practice which became wide-spread on campus: they forbad the wearing of shoes in the building, went around in stocking feet. This later came into prominence with the opening of the library in 1965; the local paper, the Brattleboro Reformer, even ran a large photograph of the shoes lined up on the library stair landing.

The S.S. Marlboro

Unfortunately George did not long remain on the faculty. He stayed the one year, during the summer of 1961 designed and personally built the first art building, which became known as the S.S. Marlboro, and at the beginning of the 1961-62 academic year resigned as he sat in my car at Lou's Amoco station in West Brattleboro. He found too much pressure and frustration in the schedules required by teaching. It was a sudden but amicable separation. In one year he had set a design pattern which we then tried to follow by engaging as architects Ashley and Meyer, with whom he had once worked in the same master architect's office in Boston and with whom we hoped, in vain, he might continue to work. Unfortunately, as Whit Brown had predicted, unlike Happy Valley the S.S. Marlboro became a failed experiment: George had built it on huge piers, fine for a drier climate, but the piers were not embedded into the underlying bedrock, rather placed on top, and slowly over the years the building began to move and heave with the frost as gravel was gradually washed between pier and rock. Thus the name S.S. Marlboro, which true to its name eventually "sank": the College had to pull it down and construct another arts building in its place.

"The College Chapel"

1960-61 was also the year we added the second floor and the partitions to the administration building. Privacy at last. (That was also the year Mr. Cerretani, who used to own the building, walked brusquely into my office, looked around, said, "That's where I used to keep my pigs," and walked out). That was also the year of the steeple. A few days before commencement, I drove up into the parking lot as usual, got out of my car, and walked head down in thought up the steps to my office. A few minutes later a student entered and asked me to come outside a minute. Overnight some students[6], with the guidance of George Conley, had constructed a dummy steeple, perfectly to scale, and erected it on top of the administration building so it looked like a small country church. Like the building, the steeple was in (country) Greek Revival style. Expectantly, peering from around curtains in the windows of Mather House, still a men's dormitory, they had waited for my reaction only to be disappointed by my failure to look up. I was delighted by the steeple, felt badly that I had disappointed them: that was the kind of ingenious student prank, symbolism and all, which deserved recognition. To their delight in turn, I instructed that it be left up for commencement. Alas, Don Woodard came to see me later in the morning very upset: he had spent weeks cleaning up the campus in preparation for commencement, and here the students had erected that excrescence prominently in view on the administration building and spoiled his efforts. To placate loyal Don, who took pride in his work and in the College, and who in some respects (like the cook) was more important than any President, I had to yield and ask that it be

6A 1981 *Potash Hill* identifies them as Sumner Bennett,'61, Bob Gleason '61, John Borden,'62, Ed Larrabee,'62, Roger Foley,'63, Piet van Loon,'63, & faculty advisor Buck Turner.

taken down. I understand there is a photograph of it in the archives.

A New Concert Hall?

It was after the last Music School concert in August of 1961 that Rudi Serkin stalked out of the steamy hot dining hall, where up till then all the concerts had been held, and told Zee Persons that he would not play another concert in that building. "What do you want?" Zee asked. Rudi replied, "A hall like my barn in Guilford [where he practised]." Thus began the scramble to have a new concert hall ready by the next season, a hall which could be used for indoor athletics during the winter. Fortuitously a $5,000 bequest from Zee's late wife Dorothy, who had died the year before, was already at hand for the initial planning. Soon a barn-like building was indeed designed, but the ridge kept getting higher and higher for acoustical reasons until it reached 40 feet; no colonial barn ever had a ridge like that. Four great arches were prefabricated in Wisconsin over the winter. On May 1 the construction crew began installing the footings. One day the trucks arrived with the arches. The next day they were erected by a huge crane. The following day it seemed as though 50 carpenters crawled over the top laying the roof, their hammers sounding like machine guns. Then the sheathing was added along the sides. By July 4, the deadline, the main hall was complete for an initial cost of $60,000; the ultimate cost, with the addition of the entrance section the next year, came to about $85,000!

In recognition of Dorothy Persons' bequest, of her interest in both the College and the Music School, even more of Zee's long labors on behalf of both, the building was named the Dorothy G. and Henry Z. Persons Auditorium. A bust of Zee was later placed on a stump in the lobby. During the winter it was placed in the library for safe keeping. A mushroom grew out of the stump that first winter, which Zee thought entirely proper and symbolic. When we dedicated the building at commencement in 1963, I said it was wonderful to be dedicating a building which had been designed primarily for chamber music but might someday be used for indoor athletics!

* * *

Howland House Wings

1961 – 1962 Anticipating 80 students in the fall and short of dormitory space even with Happy Valley, over the summer of 1961 we built the two small wings on Howland House, wings which had been contemplated in the original design, bringing its capacity to 28. Just in time. The following September we had not 80 but 88 students and were off and running. Indeed, for the first time in our history we had to turn away a few acceptable students for lack of space.

The Observatory

As plans for the auditorium and another new men's dormitory were being developed, John Borden '62 designed and the students built an astronomical observatory on the hill above Zimmerman Field as part of his Plan of Concentration. It was to be "equipped at first with a 48" focal length, low power, wide field refractor, primarily for photographic work and such visual studies as comet seeking." Cleverly, for this purpose John MacArthur found a high altitude camera lens, mounted it, and inverted it to look at the heavens instead of the earth. Later a smaller diameter Questar was

installed for visual work with planets, double stars, and so forth. As the spring 1962 Newsletter commented, this minor project of the old style represented an ideal marriage between the sciences and art, in this instance architecture. Several years later as a graduate, though a designer rather than an architect *per se*, John Borden was to design the married student housing unit behind the auditorium. The observatory was ultimately named after John MacArthur when he retired from full-time teaching in 1987.

Second Plan of Concentration

In the 1961-62 academic year Malcolm "Orv" Wright, '62, undertook the second Plan of Concentration, this one on Italian hill towns and modern architecture under Dick Judd. He spent the summer and fall in Italy photographing Italian hill towns, then returned for the spring semester to write his thesis. I well remember the public lecture associated with his examinations which he gave the community. The topic was cubism. He took his slides of the hill towns and projected them on the screen upside down or sideways so that we could see shapes but shapes not immediately recognizable as buildings. He made his point. Orv went on to study pottery at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., then apprenticed himself for 3 years to Japanese potters who worked in a Korean tradition using a wood fired kiln. (A normal apprenticeship had been 14 years but was at that time down to 7-10; a special arrangement was made because of Orv's work at the Corcoran.) Then Orv returned to Marlboro in 1970, joined the faculty, built himself a house and studio and Korean clay kiln in the woods off Ames Hill, and founded the College pottery program, a program still thriving 18 years after Orv left it in 1980 because his own business had become so successful. It hadn't struck me before, but both the first two Plan students, one a scientist and one an artist, returned to Marlboro town and built houses in the local woods.

South Road

The College itself was (and still is) "in the local woods". When it first opened in 1947, I was told, the main road from the village, South Road, had grass growing in the middle. By the late 50s it was paved, if at times in somewhat undulating fashion, but it remained narrow, especially in the last half mile after the bend. This was especially unsatisfactory during summer weekends, when literally hundreds of cars would be driven to the Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon concerts of the Marlboro Music School and Festival, all within a brief period of time. In 1961 the Town offered to improve the road if the College would throw in $1,000, which the Trustees voted to do with little debate. I recall, however, standing at the foot of the last hill, by the Christie cottage, with the state engineer and officials from the Town discussing how the widening should proceed. The Reverend Ralph Christie, whom I had not previously met, came out and became visibly upset when he learned that his favorite boulder, diagionally across the road from his summer cottage, would have to be dynamited. He told how he had bought the cottage years ago as a rural summer retreat far from the world, only to have first a college, then a summer music festival, grow up as neighbors. The traffic and noise began. Now we were going to destroy yet another of his favorite objects. I, and I expect the others too, felt badly, but there was no turning back then.

The Math/Language Requirement

In 1961-62 we continued our reworking of the curriculum. In addition to the Plan of Concentration and the Comprehensive Examination, we added a joint math/language requirement: either math through calculus or a foreign language through the second year of college. Students who opted for the math requirement had to show in addition a foreign language through the first year of college (second year of school); those who opted for the language requirement had to show three years of school mathematics or the equivalent. The theory behind these requirements was that not all students are equally adept on the mathematical and the linguistic side, but they should be exposed to both and show strength in at least one. Many years later, much to my regret, these requirements were abandoned, largely because of the pressure the growing number of students was exerting on the small math and language faculties. I still maintain that such requirements are appropriate, even important.

Mizufune

That was also the year in which the Japanese artist Rokushu Mizufune joined us as a visiting professor. There is an entertaining story about Mizufune's appointment. Late one afternoon in the spring of 1961 I was sitting in my office - the staff had gone home - when a woman I had never seen before peeked through the door and asked whether I was the President. I conceded I was and invited her in. She explained she was a Buddhist and an artist and lived in the Amherst area, where her husband taught. She began to tell me of a great Japanese painter and sculptor by the name of Mizufune. She had arranged for Mizufune to be invited to the University of Massachusetts for a year, but at the last minute the invitation had had to be canceled because the legislature in its wisdom had cut back the budget. She was desperate to get him over. Could Marlboro appoint him so he could get his visa? He could live with her in Northampton. We would have to pay him only a nominal stipend. As she spoke I wondered what I was dealing with, but I had learned that at Marlboro, if indeed not everywhere, it was well to listen to even the odd proposal. She explained that Mizufune had won the grand prize for sculpture in the national show in Tokyo so many years in succession that he had been forbidden to exhibit further and was placed on the jury. He wanted to come to America to study Western print making, then return to Japan to teach his countrymen, and by lending his reputation to make print making a respected form of art. This surprised me, since I had thought Japanese print making, which had a fine reputation in the West, would already have been a major art form, but she explained that at the moment to be a sculptor in Japan was to be a major artist but to be a print maker was to be nothing. Then she showed me some photographs of his work. I am certainly not an art critic, especially of contemporary art, but for the first time I sat up and took what she was saying seriously: they looked pretty good to me. I explained I was going to New York shortly and would discuss the matter with the Japan Society: perhaps they would help us with the necessary funds (and tell me what we were dealing with). When I walked into the Society the next week and explained my mission, they said, "Are you talking about THE Mizufune?"

That settled it. We found $1,000 and arranged for him to teach one afternoon a week at Marlboro; the Putney School also found some money and had him there another afternoon. The students loved him. Because he could not speak much English, he taught by demonstration and by doing little dances when he liked a print, the longer the dance the more he liked it. Each of his own prints had at least one bird in it, often hidden. At an exhibition at Dartmouth later in the year, I heard a visitor ask why. At first he did not understand, but when he did he started to do

one of his little dances, flapping his arms like a bird and saying, "Me bird, me bird." One day he was taken by his hostess to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston to see the oriental collection. As he walked into the exhibition room, there facing him in pride of place was a new acquisition: one of his prints for which the museum had sent to Japan. They had had no idea he was in this country. He added a great deal to the College that year.

Benefits for Faculty and Staff

At last the College finances seemed strong enough for the Board to begin addressing the need for an improved benefits program for faculty and staff. A committee was formed to study the issues involved. The result in the spring and summer of 1962 were major medical and retirement programs, including paying up retirement program benefits for those already in the employ of the College back to the time of their original appointment. The sums involved were not too great to afford because the salaries traditionally had been low and the contributions were based on a percentage of the salary. It was an important and symbolic step, however: we were growing up. I find in the minutes of the February 16, 1962 Board meeting that $40,000 were added to faculty and staff budgets for the following year, including $5,000 to cover benefits. This sounds like a small amount today, but seen in the light of a salary budget under $15,000 net (!) for the entire faculty of thirteen in '57-'58, it represented a considerable step.

Two other important initiatives began in that winter of 1962: at that same February Board meeting, the President was authorized to organize and appoint a special committee on student health to be made up of trustees, faculty members, and consultants; another special committee on tenure consisting of trustees only was appointed by the Chairman. This latter was confusing, because the special committee, which later became known as the Nominating Committee, was at that time also known as the Committee on Trustees' Tenure. Between the lines one can read increasing confidence in the future of the College. Those were heady days.

Allen Bibby

In April T.F. Allen Bibby, Zee's stepson who had been introduced to the Board at the February meeting as my new Administrative Assistant, took on the additional duties of Clerk of the Corporation. He held this position in exemplary fashion for some nine years, long after he had left the saff in 1965, until he joined the Board as a trustee in 1971 when Zee retired to the newly created position of Honorary Trustee. After one six year term, he too became an Honorary Trustee, a status he holds to this day, a stretch altogether of over 35 years.

The Great Sign Controversy

The spring of 1962 brought the Great Sign Controversy, as it was called in the August Newsletter. As the Newsletter proceeded:

> It seems someone (I keep looking over my shoulder) not only ordered a sign, but suggested it be placed in the middle of everything (including, apparently, the view and the local whiffle ball court - i.e., the front lawn). The sign was erected about 3:30 one fine spring day. About 3:32 there was a march on the office. By 5:00 a

petition had been signed by a large proportion of the population suggesting that 1) it be moved (to about five suggested locations), 2) it be destroyed altogether, 3) it be left where it was (two or three brave souls). A unique petition. The next morning the sign was still there - upside down

I thought of leaving it like that, a sign of compromise, of democracy at work, of what is right in the world, but decided the trustees might interpret it as a sign of distress (finally found someone over my shoulder). The next week it was moved, by the movers of the petition with the blessings of us, to the foot of the hill by the new auditorium, and there she flew, busily a-day, a tribute to folk wisdom (which, of course, was wise).

Katharine Paton

Commencement 1962 saw the retirement of Katharine Paton. In her 80s, Katherine had been a very special member of the faculty from its earliest years. As I have already mentioned, the widow of a former professor at the Hartford Theological Seminary much her senior, she had begun work on her doctorate after his death when she was already in her sixties and had completed all the course work before giving it up. She was a fiery Quaker, than which I maintain there is nothing fierier: she was a formidable if lovable opponent on matters of principle. She joined the Marlboro faculty in 1954 and "taught about religion," as she used to insist, correcting me publicly once when I made the mistake of introducing her as our teacher of religion: "Everyone teaches religion," she snapped; "I teach about religion." She was a good teacher, demanding - no nonsense with her - but open minded. In the cloak room by the dining hall I remember once meeting a student staring off into space. I asked him what the problem was. It turned out he was struggling with the contrast between what he was learning in biology and the story of the creation in *Genesis;* he later became a minister. She was also much beloved by students and teachers alike.

* * *

1962 – We opened in the fall of 1962 with 97 students. In the December Newsletter we published an interesting table:

1963

	'57-'58	'58-'59	'59-'60	'60-'61	'61-'62	'62-'63
1. # Students*	29	50	56	65	88	97
2. # Teachers*	13	15	18	18	21	20
3. Faculty Salaries+	21,227	34,457	46,177	49,916	65,183	83,220
4. Faculty Benefits+	498	987	1,326	1,516	2,160	7,089

	'57-58	'58-'59	'59-'60	'60-61	'61-'62	'62-63
5. Operating Expense	84,480	115,835	140,175	160,131	202,747	269,064
6. Annual Op. Deficit#	32,756	26,746	31,647	24,894	24,756	32,158
7. Book Value of Plant*	135,867	140,185	238,646	243,507	304,359	453,275

* full and part-time, September
+ gross
# budgeted before gifts

Faculty: Ted Wendell

That fall one of Robert MacArthur's students at the University of Pennsylvania, Ken Crowell, joined Robert's mother Olive in biology; Bunny White left to return to the Putney School and was replaced by Alan Thompson in theater; and Ted Wendell joined us in mathematics. Therein lies a tale. In the summer of 1962 we were desperate for a mathematics teacher. Roland wrote his friend, the chairman of the Harvard Mathematics Department, and he recommended Ted, who was finishing his degree that summer and looking for a position. He came up for an interview. He was pleasant, but I was not overwhelmed at our first meeting. He had only a bachelor's degree, had a mild handshake, and was modest in demeanor. We took him nonetheless. When he arrived in September just before the students, Whit Brown in his hip boots was, typically, down in a ditch struggling with a pipe for the new dormitory. Ted came along wearing coat and tie and carrying two suitcases on his way to his apartment in Howland House. Ted took in the situation at a glance, put down the suitcases, and climbed into the ditch to help. That was an emblem of what was to come. Whit came into my office mightily impressed with our new math teacher, and Ted went on to become one of our finest and most popular teachers and administrators. His rapport with the students (and his faculty colleagues) was excellent, and when he left in 1965 for a year to earn a masters degree at the University of Washington, our annual cross-country touring race was named the Ted Wendell Cup, a name it carries to this day. He returned and eventually became Dean of Students before he left again in 1969 to take up a career in finance. Still later he became an ideal trustee because he understood the College from the inside as well as the outside. Finally, in 1997, he became Chairman of the Board! What I had overlooked at that first interview was that Ted had been captain of the Harvard soccer team when that team had been among the best, if not the best, in the nation. His teammates had not elected him because of his modest smile and his mild handshake! (Recently I had reason to shake his hand again and was interested to find a grip of iron.) Ted, a born leader with a rare talent for friendship, has left and is leaving an indelible mark on the College.

Schrader House

The new 18 student dormitory was ready that fall, the second part of a unit composed of two detached living units and a joint common room. Later it was named Schrader House after a friend of Charlie Crosby and a generous donor to the College, so named not by the students, who had named, or perhaps I should rather say nicknamed, the first section Happy Valley, but by the Board. Over the years to come the students named all the rest of our dormitories, a unique and rather quaint tradition which has been left undisturbed over the years: as much as anything else it points to the fact that generally we did not receive capital gifts for these buildings but paid for them through our mortgage from the income they generated. Capital for us was never easy to find.

Charles Merrill

At the same time we were beginning the planning of the new library, launched with a $15,000 planning grant from the Merrill Foundation, which was to help us many times over the coming years. Charles Merrill, President of the Foundation and son of the founder, had become interested in our academic program. In the summer of 1962 I had been introduced by a distant relative of mine to Charles, son of the Merrill of Merrill Lynch and half-brother of the poet James Merrill. He came up one day by arrangement and we went over the campus together. I remember sitting on the stone wall in front of Mather House, looking down the valley and discussing education with him. He had been - still is - an original. Later he told me that when he turned 21 and came into his sizable inheritance, he had tried to decline it. The lawyers took him into another room and explained that he had a social responsibility to accept the money and use it well. Throughout his life he has used it well by giving it away or supporting causes in which he is personally active.

The first thing he did was to go out to St. Louis and found the Thomas Jefferson School with Robin McCoy, a strict secondary boarding school with no nonsense academics. Later he returned to the East and founded the Commonwealth School, a day school on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston. He explained that all the good independent secondary schools in the Boston area were in the suburbs; he wanted something in the city. If the majority of the students were sons and daughters of professionals, of lawyers and doctors and professors at MIT and other area universities, he quickly complemented them with the largest number of minority students, mostly Blacks, of any independent secondary school in New England. At one time during the height of the Civil Rights Movement in the South, he accepted the Chairmanship of the Board at Morehouse College in Atlanta, but accepted it only on the condition that he be the last white Chairman, that he be succeeded by a Black. At one meeting the Board was held hostage by armed Black students. Charles told me it was all he could do to keep the members from overreacting, to persuade them to wait it out. This they finally did successfully without any violence. In 1965 he joined our Board. At our meetings he was usually silent. When he did speak he spoke so softly we had to strain to hear, but I soon learned that he was well worth listening to: he spoke with the wisdom of idealism leavened by understanding and experience. Frequently I consulted him over lunch in Boston, particularly over student attitudes: his leadership of a secondary school taught him what students were thinking in those difficult years. Through him we received periodic substantial gifts from the Merrill Foundation until it went out of business, as the will of Charles's father had stipulated, but as he explained, he had to balance his "radical" grants with the more

conservative grants favored by his colleagues, thus had to ration what we and his other interests received. He was an important and loyal contributor through difficult years and became a personal friend.

Community Court

During these years the more informal aspects of campus governance needed to be overhauled to meet the requirements of a larger community. There had always been a campus Community Court of sorts to deal with issues which came under the purview of the College Town Meeting. In 1962-63, the system was expanded and revised to include a jury chosen from the full membership of the community (i.e., including faculty, staff, and students) to decide guilt or innocence and a Court of three faculty members and two students to decide the penalty, if any. The members of the Court were elected by the Town Meeting from a slate submitted by the President after consultation with the Deans and the selectpersons. An appeal procedure to the faculty, administrative officers, and elected student leaders sitting together as a senate (a sizeable group) was also instituted. The senate could not overturn a Court decision, only endorse the judgment or remit the case to the Court for reconsideration: the Court retained final jurisdiction. The offenses for which a student might be expelled were explicitly spelled out.

The Academic Advising System

The academic advising system was also overhauled, not for the first, or the last, time. (My career was spent in four American academic institutions; none was ever satisfied with its advising system - and I expect never will be.) In essence the revised system contemplated active advising during the first year, by which was meant that the burden fell on the academic advisor to seek out the weaknesses of entering students and guide them toward overcoming them. Thereafter the burden lay on the student to seek advice and take responsibility for his or her own education.

The Washington's Birthday Race

1962-63 was also the year that cross country skiing came officially to the College. The Washington's Birthday race, a citizens' race which included both serious racers and tourers, ran through the main campus. Eventually this race became too big and had to be moved elsewhere, but it sparked interest in the sport until it became a fixture on campus symbolized by the institution of the Ted Wendell Cup in 1965.

Plant Additions: Women's Dorm, Presser Building, Perrine Workshop

Plans also began that spring for a new women's dormitory, later to be named by the students Half-Way House ostensibly because it was the first of two which were later to be joined (thus the name All-the-Way House for the second half). I remember there arose a big issue over the necessary destruction of an apple tree on the site (dendrocides at work again). The issue was finally settled when first we pointed out (correctly) that the tree was half rotten and dying, and second we promised to plant in its place a new tree beside the new building. Such incidents, serious and

lively at the time, gave spice to our lives. That winter we also received a grant from the Presser Foundation in Philadelphia for an additional small music building near the old one. This was a good example of the Music School's presence on the campus helping the College. The School, which needed more practice space and especially a permanent location for its library, had connections with the Presser Foundation, which otherwise would probably never have heard of us. The building has been mutually beneficial to School and College to this day.

Finally, a student committee under the leadership of Tuck Willis, '63, drew up plans for what became the Perrine Workshop, named after Ed Perrine, '63, a cabinet maker and sculptor who had been killed in a motorcycle accident on Woodford Mountain in November only two months after he arrived. Over the summer students worked on it, not for academic credit but for the pleasure of working with their hands. Initially designed for non-curricular woodworking, it led fairly soon to the addition of a degree program in woodworking design, one of the very few to be found in a liberal arts college. Under Gib Taylor, who joined the faculty in 1968, this program has turned out many craftsmen who have gone on to distinguished professional careers in the field. At first hesitant about such programs, I came to see them as important constituents in our curriculum because I came to recognize that some able students need hands-on courses, need to learn theory from doing more than from reading. For us theater and woodworking played this role in the arts and humanities, and forestry in the natural sciences. (Geology would have served the same purpose but we never developed a program.) The program lasted until Gib's retirement in 1998.

Accreditation

The issue of regional accreditation was raised at the Board level for the first time in the April meeting of 1963. Part of the minute is worth quoting here because it reflects our attitude toward accreditation from the beginning:

> Accreditation has not been a specific objective of the College because the College has always pursued standards in excess of the minimum required by the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools [as it was known at that time], and we have felt it important not to endanger these higher goals by undue or premature concern with accreditation. However, with an expected enrollment of 100 students next Fall and a new library in sight, we may now be close to satisfying the Association's requirements...

In fact, about that time we resigned from the Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges (CASC), of which we were a charter member, because the whole thrust of the group was on the one hand to gain accreditation as soon as possible and on the other to grow larger in order to be able to do so. We did not wish the organization ill at all because its goals were clearly reputable, but their priorities were different from ours. We believed that accreditation was not a goal in itself but a natural outcome if we achieved our academic and related goals. A full discussion of accreditation followed at the August meeting and work on the required self-study began immediately thereafter with a target date for the required visit by the Association of sometime after the completion of the new library.

Esther Raushenbush

The previous autumn an important step had been taken by the Board. At the December 7th meeting, Esther Raushenbush was elected our first woman trustee on the slate which also included Maurice Pechet and Caryl Haskins. At this same April meeting she took her seat. For many years Dean of Sarah Lawrence College, at that time Director of its Center for Continuing Education and later Acting President, she was brought on initially because she was the newly elected "Chairman" of our Council of Academic Advisors, a group which many of us believed should be represented on the Board. It seems incredible now that it took so long, since not only had Marlboro gone coeducational in 1948, its second year, with one non-resident woman student, but until the pressure of affirmative action made it difficult for us to attract female faculty members because of our low salaries, we had a larger representation of women on the faculty than most colleges of the period. I am sorry to say there was some opposition from some of our finest but conservative trustees. We outflanked them, however, and Esther came on nonetheless. By her fine combination of wit and wisdom and charm, she had completely won over the opposition by the end of her first meeting and thereby opened the way for others to follow. Indeed, from the very beginning she was an important member. Her long experience in a small liberal arts college proved invaluable. And several years later after Esther had died, out of friendship for her Lillian Farber joined our Board and in time became Chairman.

The Degree "With Distinction"

At the 1963 commencement we awarded the last two, of six, degrees with distinction, the only honor we noted on the degree at that time and a very difficult honor to win. The six were Robert MacArthur,'51 (brother of physicist John MacArthur), Arthur "Pat" Whittemore,'52 (son of Chairman Arthur Whittemore), Bernard W. Brooks,'52, Sidney "Jerry" Clifford,'59, and the last two, Emily Eldridge Edmunds,'63, and Michel Moyse,'63. Thereafter we awarded the more common degrees with Honors, High Honors, and Highest Honors. It must have been about that time that we decided, after considerable reflection, to continue using English rather than Latin in both the honors designations and the inscriptions on the diplomas. Much as I believed (and believe still) in recognizing our roots in the tradition - more so, indeed, than most of my colleagues and certainly the students - I too came to believe that it would be a bit pretentious for us to begin printing our diplomas in Latin.

Music School Lease

In part because of the final completion of the new auditorium with its increased facilities for the Music School, that summer saw the beginning of the first long term renegotiation of the lease between the College and the School. A fuller discussion of our relationship will be found on page 140.

The Library

By this time work on the plans for the new library were gathering speed. They had begun in August, 1962, with authorization for the new library committee, chaired by Walter Whitehill, to use the $15,000 grant from the Merrill Foundation to begin plans for a building not to exceed

$80,000, "including stacks and sprinkler system". By December the budget had increased to $150,000, with no further mention of a sprinkler system: along the way somewhere it was determined that water presented as serious a threat to the collection as fire, and a sensitive detector system was substituted. In June, 1963, the Board decided in favor of the ultimate hilltop site over the architects' original preference, opposed by the Student Architectural Committee, of the Blacksmith Shop site further down the hill. In the process, some long range planning of the sort Whit Brown favored was maturing: the architects contemplated a lower campus composed of the dining hall and the administration buildings and an upper campus composed of the main classroom building (Dalrymple Hall), the library, and eventually the science building. Around these on the side hills were to fan out the dormitories and student service buildings such as the Blacksmith Shop, which over the years served such varied functions, for instance, as store, rehearsal site for plays, classroom for Huddee's creative writing courses, and headquarters for the outdoor program. In the same area many years later came the Campus Center. Outside of these developed the arts area below the road, grouped near the original music building, and the auditorium and theater across the brook to the east. Still outside these to the east, though not part of the original concept, grew up the cottages and the married student housing, facilities developed to accommodate older students who did not wish to live "on campus" in dormitories but were happy to live in the woods within walking distance. True to Whit's philosophy, we tried to consider what we were precluding in the future each time we sited a new building even as we also considered how it fit into the overall concept, though that concept was never put on paper or acted upon officially.

Even as the plans for the library were advancing, Halfway House, the new women's dormitory, was abuilding and ready for occupancy that September.

New Board Member: Louise Hunt

That year Louise Hunt, a law partner of Senator Ribicoff in Hartford, Connecticut, was elected to the Board as the second woman to serve, and thereby hangs a tale. The first meeting she attended was in October. It was a foggy morning, and she arrived late. She walked into the meeting room laughing. It seems that coming up the mountain on Route 9 through the dense fog, she was not sure she was on the right track. She stopped in at the country store on Route 9 known then, and for several of us always, as Gibbsey's, though it has since been known as Whitney's and Craft's and most recently by the more impersonal name of the Sweet Briar Country Store. Mr. Gibbs or Gibbsey was a real old Vermonter. When Louise walked in, he was stacking oil cans on the shelf. She stood there while he seemed to pay her no attention; finally, conscious that she would be late, she cleared her throat. When he still paid no attention and continued stacking, she finally said, "Excuse me, but I'm late to a trustees meeting at Marlboro College. Am I on the right road?" Without saying a word, Gibbsey slammed down the next can, walked over, grabbed her by the elbow, led her outside, pointed up the road through the fog, and said, "You go up here about a mile [he must have been thinking country mile] and most people would tell you to turn left but I tell you to go straight ahead because the road bears right at that point. Drive through Marlboro village and keep on a couple of miles until the road bears right. Then you go down a hill and up a hill and down a hill and up a hill and if you keep goin' you'll drive right into Tom Ragle's office. Want I should call him and tell him you're comin'?" Some years later, I believe during President Carter's term and before Sandra Day O'Connor was appointed the first woman to the Supreme

Court, Louise was actively considered for a seat.

Howard Aplin and Harry Evans

At the 1963 August meeting Howard Aplin was officially named Comptroller as well as Assistant Treasurer, and Harry Evans, who had been brought in by Howard as his assistant, was named Business Manager. The non-academic administrative team which was to guide the College through much of the rest of its plant development was now in place, and a team it was. For one thing they liked and respected one another. I leaned heavily on Howard and Harry, and they never once disappointed me. Totally dedicated to their jobs, they made them their own with complete integrity. Underpaid as we all were, they understood the situation and were down-to-earth practical. Harry had been local plant manager for the Cummer Company, a division of Stirling Drugs. Though offered a position when it moved, he had not wanted to leave his native Vermont. Harry could run the show when Howard was ill or on vacation, and Howard up till then had always run the plant. They were an ideal pair.

There is one anecdote I must insert here. Like Howard, Harry was a real Vermonter. One year he went bear hunting. It began to rain an icy, autumn rain. He took shelter on one side of a large, low evergreen. After a few minutes the rain let up. At that moment he had a strange feeling in the back of his neck that he was being observed. He turned around. Precisely at that moment a bear which had taken shelter on the other side of the tree also turned around. For a few seconds they stared into each other's eyes, then the bear took off in one direction and Harry in the other!

* * *

The Classics Fellowship

1963 -- 1964

In the fall of 1963 began the Classics Fellowship, which has since become a Marlboro institution. I believed, and I had Roland's support, that in a college which purported to believe in the humanities, the roots of Western culture should be represented by an appointment on the faculty. To some extent this was already true: Katharine Paton taught courses in the Bible and there were courses in Greek and Roman, especially Greek, civilization. But I believed that it should be possible for students to read classical authors in the original, to study Greek and Latin; it would also be healthy to have on campus someone who could represent these civilizations in general discussions. We found further support among several other colleagues. I went to Ernie Brooks, then head of the Old Dominion Foundation, and laid before him a proposal for a $20,000 five-year grant to bring over annually a recently graduated Oxford classicist as a teaching fellow. The English classical tradition was stronger than the American, the graduates at the bachelor level further along than ours (when they entered the university as freshmen they were already expected to be able to translate English verse into Greek verse), and perhaps the best of them might enjoy a year in the States on a very modest stipend ($4,000 a year plus room and board). The design called for the Fellow to teach Greek and Latin as needed, and in alternate years Greek and Roman history. I asked Sir Maurice Bowra, Warden of my own college Wadham, to help us. The proposal was accepted and in 1963 we brought over the first.

He was Nicholas C.F. Barber, who had just gone down (i.e., graduated) from Wadham with a First in Greats. Nicholas was a fine choice. He had been Senior Prefect in his school, then won a scholarship to Wadham and done brilliantly there, including the presidency of the Junior Common Room (i.e., President of the student body). He made an instant and immense impression on Marlboro. The quality of his intellect was obvious and attracted many of our best students, making the ancient civilization courses popular from the beginning. Though a rugby player, he played a mean game of soccer (the informal teams at Marlboro included faculty and staff, even family members). He added to the oratory in College Town Meetings - with Tim Little emerging as First Selectman (it was not yet First Selectperson) this was one of the finest hours for the Town Meeting - yet he could party with the best of them. He had a lovely sense of fun. Once at a conference on general education at Goddard College, he interjected that he wondered about all this talk of general education. At Oxford students of the classics studied only Greek and Latin Greats and ended with a splendid education. His comments caused consternation and some lively discussion, but he had carefully neglected to mention that Greats included not only the Greek and Latin languages and literature, but history, art history, and both ancient and modern philosophy, indeed a survey of ancient civilization and a touch of modern. He could also charm: in the spring he talked his way into a private box at the Republican convention which nominated Senator Goldwater. Only after he had returned to England did I learn how important he had been to the future of the Fellowship. Sometime later a colleague confessed that he and others had had doubts in the beginning, had visualized an anaemic, stoop shouldered mole with wire rimmed glasses; instead they found a six foot, vigorous, athletic all-rounder who was wonderful company.

And Nicholas later fulfilled his promise. There was a shipping firm in Liverpool which for over a century whenever it needed a management trainee had gone to Oxford to employ someone with a

first in Greats. Greats had nothing to do with the world of modern shipping, but it was the best intellectual training around; the firm could teach shipping. Nicholas had been tapped by the firm before he won our fellowship, but with admirable foresight the managers gave him a year's leave of absence before he had even reported to them in the belief a year in the States would broaden his horizons. When he returned a year later, they placed him in the Liverpool office for a bit, then sent him first to Japan, then to Hong Kong for a tour of duty, at one point even sent him to Columbia University to study business. He rose to be head of the firm, eventually took it out of shipping entirely because shipping was no longer profitable in Britain and turned it into a worldwide conglomerate which included a range of activities from air freight to environmental protection, then fought off a take-over bid by a New Zealander. He once took my wife and me to dinner in Beijing while visiting his Chinese operations. In 1992 he returned to address Marlboro's President's Circle, formed of the leading supporters of the College, on the future of the Common Market. Now retired from business, he is Chairman of the British Museum and at Marlboro's request Chairman of the Board of Huron University, our sister college in London. I have often considered his career to be the perfect justification for a liberal education, based on the training of the mind to think, and on both historical and philosophical breadth of view.

Nicholas was followed by Geoffrey Fallows, who had followed exactly the same path: Senior Prefect at the same school, a classics scholarship at Wadham, President of the Junior Common Room, and then Marlboro. He and Nicholas were close friends though different personalities. Nicholas was imposing and friendly; Geoffrey was warm and friendly. Nicholas shone in public forums; Geoffrey was quieter though he acted in the theater group's plays. He went on to become a schoolmaster in England and eventually a headmaster; he also serves on the Huron Board. With Fellows such as these, by the end of the second year the Fellowship was so entrenched that we carried it on with our own funds after the grant expired. Years later, when it seemed that it would be necessary to cut a position from the faculty for budgetary reasons and I feared that the Fellowship might be the first to go because no one who hoped for senior membership would be affected, the suggestion was never made by the faculty: the Fellowship was considered too important, not only or even primarily for the academic discipline it represented, but for the quality of intellect it brought with each appointment and the fresh air on a faculty where turnover was slow.

After three years of Fellows from Wadham alone, however, we managed to open the Fellowship to the entire University. At the same time Sir Maurice turned the selection over to George Forrest, then tutor in ancient history at Wadham but later Wickham Professor of Greek History at New College. George asked a colleague and Geoffrey Fallows to join him in the selection process each year. One year, on sabbatical in Oxford, I joined them. (That was 1970, the year we had a reunion for former Fellows in the Senior Common Rooms at Wadham.) When over the lunch hour I suggested to Geoffrey that he and I take a minute to explore Blackwell's, the famous Oxford bookshop, fatal to us bibliophiles, Geoffrey sheepishly confessed that his wife allowed him to come up to Oxford and join the selection panel only if he promised not to enter Blackwell's: one year he had spent their vacation money in Blackwell's over the lunch hour!

Eventually the Fellowship was made renewable for a second year if the Fellow and we agreed. It is gratifying that the majority of them, though only a minority later became professional classicists, chose the second year, and to my knowledge none was ever refused that reappointment. When

we held the 50th Anniversary Alumni Weekend in August, 1996, former Fellows were invited. Thirteen of the eligible 22 Classics Fellows came, ten flying in from England! I cannot list them all here, but they have been and are a fine addition to the College.

One anecdote I must add. There came the year, 1968-69, Professor Forrest went to Yale as a visiting professor. He had never seen Marlboro. I drove him up one cold winter day when the snow was deep on the ground. As we parked by the Admissions Building, overlooking the meadow sloping to the south, an abominable snowman emerged over the bank. It was the current Fellow, Richard Ashton, looking most unclassical: he had been tobogganing below us. Earlier I had asked Richard to put on some tea for us while I showed George the campus. When we arrived at Richard's apartment, the tea was laid out neatly before us, but there was a moment of silence after we sat down. Then Richard said, "Would you prefer some home brew, George?" I drank the tea alone.

One tradition begun with Geoffrey I much liked, but I believe it has lapsed in recent years. At the first faculty meeting of the year Geoffrey inserted into the minutes, at the request of the faculty, a tribute to Nicholas in Latin. Thereafter each fellow for several years entered in Latin or Greek such a tribute to his or her predecessor, though each had to translate it for most of our colleagues.

Willene Clark

There was another important addition this year: Willene Clark joined the faculty. Ultimately this proved to be one of our most unusual, and productive, appointments. Willene came to us with a B.A. from the University of Pennsylvania and an M.A. from Columbia, both in music history, but she had studied art history both in this country and abroad throughout her training. At the time she was also working on a Ph.D. in music history at Yale, a degree she received in 1965. Our intent was to augment our music program led by the Blanche and Louis Moyse, but from the beginning she taught courses in art history as well. By 1969, however, she found she enjoyed teaching art more than music and with our blessing spent her first sabbatical as a post-doc at Yale studying art history. Within two years she had made the entire shift to art. In the middle of her career, then, she had accomplished the difficult feat of changing disciplines and had become exclusively an art historian despite no formal degree in the field. A conscientious and popular teacher, by the time of her retirement in 1997 she had produced many professionals in the art world. Not only that, but over the years she had become known first nationally and then internationally for her work on medieval manuscript illumination; on the side she started and for a while oversaw the project of cataloguing all the late 19th and early 20th century stained glass in the nation. Her first book, which gained her international recognition, was entitled *Medieval Book of Birds*; her second, the *Book of Beasts: The Second Family Bestiary*, is under contract in England and approaching completion as I write. A full and productive teaching career hardly impeded her scholarship at all.

I cannot refrain from recounting an amusing anecdote about her. On what must have been her second sabbatical she taught for a semester at a large state university in the West. One of her assignments was to teach the introductory art history course. After a short period a group of students came to her and complained about the textbook. At first she was puzzled because at the time there were only two textbooks, both good, used almost everywhere in the nation. Then she

discovered that the problem was the students had to read it!

The Monday Evening Lecture Series

That same September, 1963, began the Monday evening lecture series, funded by a $6,000 grant, again from the Old Dominion Foundation. It contemplated a scholarly series in which approximately half the lectures were to be given by outside lecturers and half by members of our own faculty, each paid the same $200. Part of the design was to bring outside scholars to the campus on a regular basis to keep our sights high; part was to challenge ourselves to present work at the same level. The first in the series was delivered by Professor S. Lane Faison of Williams College on Baroque Art in Germany and Austria. It was his lecture, illustrated with colored slides from two projectors, which first clarified for me the difference between the baroque and the rococo: my own art history course in college had presented only black and white slides from one projector. Years later when for six years I lived in the rococo Schloss Leopoldskron in Salzburg, I silently thanked Professor Faison.

One other lecture that year is etched permanently in my mind. The eminent literary critic Stanley Edgar Hyman from neighboring Bennington College lectured in November on "The Critic's Credentials". A large, overweight man who found it difficult to walk the 200 feet from Howland House to the dining room - I drove him down - he requested a desk and a chair from which to speak. He gave, I thought, a fine lecture in which he made the point that a work of literature may be approached from many academic disciplines: biography, history, philosophy, psychology, sociology and so on. No critic can master them all but must master more than one and be flexible, using the tools appropriate for a given work of art. Unexceptionable, or so I thought. At the beginning of the question period, he explained that he would be happy to clarify anything but he was not prepared to debate. To my surprise the question period then became quite heated if indeed not hostile and vicious. I was bewildered. I had never seen a guest treated that way. After the question period, I had to rescue him from a pack of students and teachers who surrounded him cowering behind his desk. Like the police before a celebrity I led him and his wife Shirley Jackson through the throng and out the dining room door, where, sensing their need to recuperate, I suggested they come up to Roland Boyden's house, where I was living that year during Roland's sabbatical, for a drink. They gratefully accepted. As he sat sipping whiskey in Roland's capacious study, he shook his head and said, "I have lectured all over the place, and even at West Point I never faced such an aggressive audience as here." I could not enlighten him. As I listened to my colleagues and the students the next week, however, I discovered the cause. They thought that he had taken too magisterial an air, lecturing there behind his desk, and his attitude during the question period had been resented as Prussian, the professor who always knew best. This told me something which perhaps I already knew about Marlboro people - no one at Marlboro was ever the unchallengeable expert - but it also told me something about Hyman: his desk behind which he could sit was as much a defence against the public as a convenience for an overweight man. Most unlike his own aggressive criticism, which was perhaps a front for a very insecure man, he was timid! (For all that, he was still a good critic.)

The series, I should add, went on for many years, finally broke down into various sorts of lectures and presentations on a less regular basis, largely, I believe, the result of budgetary restraints. But the Monday evening series was not the only such series. The College Town Meeting sponsored its

own series on Friday evenings. That very fall there were Friday talks by Gordon Evan, formerly of the Foreign Service, on Pakistan; by the Reverend Alfred Gross on the homosexual in our society; by Katharine Paton, now emerita, on "Haiku as an Approach to Zen Buddhism"; by Dr. William Russell of the Oak Ridge National Laboratories on "Radiation and Mammalian Genetics"; by Robert MacGregor, assistant editor of the New Directions publishing house, on "Writing as a career"; and by Jane Phillips, anthropologist, on Nubia. The last three were parents. Activities such as this, including concerts and plays, were designed to help keep the somewhat isolated campus alive over the weekends. Saturday classes were phasing out at Marlboro as elsewhere. (I believe I held one of the last, a poetry course, deliberately scheduled on Saturday mornings so that I would attract only serious students willing to give up part of their weekend.)

The Reverend Alfred Gross

A word about The Reverend, self-styled the Irreverend or Pappy, Gross. He was one of the more colorful and interesting people I ran across in my travels. According to his testimony, which I never verified, he had been brought up the son of a Harvard history professor and attended first Amherst College and then the University of Edinburgh, where he took his doctorate in divinity. He became ordained in the Anglican Church and was for a time a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford; if so, he was indeed very able, for only the ablest are eligible for All Soul's. Later he taught at the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where in the 1930s he suffered a severe heart attack and was given only a short time to live. He was unable to continue his professorship, but when he did not die, a physician by the name of Dr. Henry in New York asked him to take charge of his newly established Henry Foundation to serve homosexuals and Bowery bums. He accepted, and that is what he was doing when I found him in the settlement house broom closet (see page 40). He had found his way onto our mailing list in the '50s through Art Glogau, a member of the faculty at the time. Because the Roman Catholic Church was not understanding of homosexuals, Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker used to send him people from time to time, and he became known familiarly as the "Protestant Chaplain to the Catholic Worker." He still lived in an Edwardian past, wrote a beautiful if flowery Edwardian prose, and fought the theological battles of the '20s, long since for the most part won. He signed his letters with a stick figure thumbing his nose, presumably at the Establishment. He enjoyed my company because of Oxford and because he had lost most of his academic contacts. He had appeared on our mailing list because in the early years he had sent a student or two to Marlboro. Indeed, I had first run across him when searching our mailing list I had found the name of the Henry Foundation and sought him out, thinking it would be some sort of funding foundation. I kept in touch with him over the years. His was not an occupation without risk. Once I called on him when he was in his eighties to find that he was in the hospital: a former client had entered his basement apartment and strung him to an overhead pipe by his belt. If his landlady had not coincidentally come down a few minutes later and cut him down, he would have died. That did not stop him. In addition to speaking on at least this one occasion, he also sent us one or two other interesting speakers, including a Catholic missionary priest serving in Paraguay, then a very dangerous post, who talked about the regime and its oppression. I often wondered whether Pappy's story about the heart attack was accurate or whether there had been another reason. It didn't matter.

The (Last?) Faculty-Student Touch Football Game

Alas, perhaps because the faculty was aging, it was unable to field a touch football team over dance weekend that fall for the annual game with the students. Instead, with great equanimity the faculty passed a resolution in full and formal meeting that the students had been defeated! The student response is not recorded (and probably not printable).

Trustee Terms

In a special meeting of the Corporation in October, 1963, the bylaws were changed to establish six-year terms for all trustees except for the President, who was to serve *ex officio*, and the Alumni President, who "may be elected for a one-year period." In anticipation of this action, in August those already serving had been divided by lots into groups of two-, four-, and six-year terms. No limit was placed then or afterwards to the number of times a trustee might be reelected

Building Program

In the December Newsletter I summed up the progress of the past five years:

> ...when the library is completed a year from now, we shall be halfway through our current plant development. In the past five years we have built two and one half dormitories (73 beds), an auditorium, an arts building, a music practice building, and an observatory....To come besides the library are two and a half more dormitories, a science building, either a small theater or a dining hall, a service building, the Perrine Workshop, and various provisions for faculty and married students.

It was indeed a period of frenzied building on a small scale. For one thing, enrollment continued to grow: 106 in the fall of 1963, 128 in the fall of 1964. The theory was that the dormitories over time should pay for themselves from the room rentals but we should raise from contributions the capital for non-income producing buildings such as the music and arts buildings and the library. That was never fully achieved: contributions we did indeed receive, but the mortgages grew slowly from the $13,000 of 1958 to $200,000 by 1963 and $257,251 by 1965, not all for dormitories. In addition, $50,000 was owed in a note to the Music School associated with the building of the Auditorium, $20,000 in one year notes to Weston Howland, who lent the money in 1960 with an agreement to write off the notes at his own convenience, and $7,525 in demand notes to trustees, lent to help finish construction of the Auditorium. The general health of the finances, however, was heralded by the fact that the trustee guarantees attached to the major bank mortgage since at least the early 1950s had been removed.

Rudyard Kipling Fellowship: Harlow Shapley

The spring of 1964 saw the dedication of the new observatory, although bad weather prevented the dedication of the new telescope. To mark the occasion, Dr. Harlow Shapley, dean of American astronomers, was appointed the second Rudyard Kipling Fellow, a fellowship designed to bring to the campus for several days someone eminent in the arts, sciences, or public service. Involved was a public lecture entitled "Galaxies and Mankind", visits to classes, and informal meetings with students and teachers who sought him out. The custom was established of the Fellow holding coffee house court his last morning in one of the common rooms, conversing with any and all who came. Typically that morning the attendance varied from 6 to 12; the topics ranged from ants to religion (but, as the Newsletter noted, the discussions "could not be bottled"). Our own trustee and poet David McCord had inaugurated the series a year earlier, helped name it, and worked out the format with us. It was a format so successful it was adapted in part for other lectureships to follow.

Walter Hendricks and Windham College

If my informant is correct, this was the spring the Windham College students took to the streets and demanded the resignation of Walter Hendricks. The demonstrations appeared not only in the *Brattleboro Reformer* but on national television. Walter did resign. It was a sad time for him and the college. Gene Winslow, a chemistry professor, took over as President and for a decade more under his leadership the college flourished. It continued to take advantage of every Federal dollar it could get and at one point topped 1,000 students and according to Gene paid the highest faculty salaries in the State.. In the 70s Gene and I arranged an agreement that a student from either institution could take a course at the other without added fee so long as there was room in

the course and it was not offered on the home campus. This was never heavily used but showed promise until Windham collapsed at the end of the 70s after the Vietnam War ended. We even began discussions about making complementary faculty appointments: perhaps a teacher of wind instruments at one balanced by a teacher of voice at the other, and so on.

The New Librarian: David Stam

Then in late April, shortly before the start of the new library, David and Deidre Stam arrived, originally introduced to Marlboro by musicians Sydney and Blanche Winogren Beck. Both were bassoonists, Deidre an Egyptologist and David a bibliographer of Wordsworthian criticism and teacher of 16th century English literature, but the reason for the appointments was none of these, rather that David was a highly professional librarian. He later went on to become an assistant at the Newberry Library in Chicago, university librarian at Johns Hopkins, Director of the Berg [rare book] Collection of the New York Public Library, and finally university librarian at Syracuse. It was one of the most important appointments we ever made, and one of the most successful. At that time the library was in Dalrymple Hall, occupying the Culbertson Room, traditionally used for faculty and Board meetings but then primarily the reading room, and the adjacent rooms on the north end of the building. The collection numbered perhaps 13,000 volumes. We knew we had made the right choice when in anticipation of the move to the new building David promptly began throwing out volumes, about half the collection: in the early years of the College, the custom (as at many such new institutions) had been to accept donations of books from anyone and anywhere and put them on the shelves, whether useful to a collegiate institution or not. (I regret the loss of only one volume. David told me later of one entitled *The Autobiography of God* by someone or other. I should have liked to put it in the entrance hall under glass.) This severe culling resulted later in the visiting team from the New England Association praising the collection for its quality despite its small size. I suspect this was an important element in persuading the Association that we were academically serious. David also set up our library system, little changed till the coming of the computer in the 1990s. In response to those who have charged that the presence of the Music School did not really much help the College, I have often pointed to David's appointment as an element in the rebuttal: it was musicians who initially told two bassoonists about us.

The College Fire Department

As the College grew, so did the need for new and revised regulations. That spring it was the fire regulations which were revised. The College had always had its own department, designed to hold a fire until the Town department could arrive. At this period the College department was run by a five member commission and a student fire chief. The commission included the Business Manager, the Maintenance Supervisor, and three students. The equipment was stored in the pump house between the Dining Hall and Mather House. When an alarm sounded, one crew raced to the pump house, grabbed extinguishers, and ran to the location in quick response. In the meantime another crew began running the hose out while one member started the pump engine. Periodically we ran fire drills, but I believe it was not until later that I began running one or two surprise drills a year in which I would set off an alarm somewhere on the main campus and then time the response by stop watch. The first extinguishers usually arrived within a minute; by three minutes there was usually water reaching the location through the hose. Some members of the College department every year joined the local Town volunteer department and thus received

professional training. Indeed, during the daytime when many on the Town Department were away at their work in Brattleboro or elsewhere out of Marlboro, students often provided the majority of the manpower in the Town department. Thank God we never had a serious fire during my tenure - our buildings were all of wood - but I felt reassured by the overlapping of the two departments.

Dr. Persons

In June, we pulled a fast one. At the Board meeting called annually just before commencement to award student degrees, we arranged for Zee Persons to be called out of the room for a telephone call, and in his absence we voted him an honorary Doctor of Laws degree. A total surprise, it was awarded at the end of the exercises the next day. The introduction read in part:

> If the point of an education is to produce civilized men who contribute intelligently to their civilization, then this man deserves recognition if anyone does. It is well to remind ourselves in our academic arrogance that not all men are educated in schools and colleges; indeed, all men are self-educated whether in college or not.

For perhaps the first time in his life Zee, who had no college degree of any kind (I forget how many colleges he used to say "dispensed with his services" in his younger days), was speechless. After standing at the microphone for a startled moment, he said, "I can think of nothing to say. I'll give the commencement address next year," and sat down. Forever after he was known among his friends, to his amused delight, as "Dr." Persons.

In August, after encouraging reports about progress on the new library, Whit Brown received authorization from the Board to prepare plans for a service building and for the second half of Halfway House (which, of course, came to be known as All-the-Way House). Although the budget had not been balanced for a year or two and the mortgage had been increased to $200,000, the trustees pushed on in the conviction that more students and accreditation would correct the situation. The mood was clearly upbeat. At the same meeting the Board approved, subject to recommended changes, the first formal document clarifying the delegation of powers from the President to the Deans, the other administrators, and the faculty. There was little new in the document, but custom had never been put in writing. The College continued to mature.

The Marlboro Student

At the same Board meeting there was an interesting discussion of the kind of student Marlboro should seek to attract. The discussion arose from a report on admissions by Acting Dean of Admissions Ted Wendell. Somewhere, not in the report, which had focused on retention, the term "rebel" had occurred. Indeed, I am reminded that when I used to visit schools, I used to say, “Send us your rebels.” Esther Raushenbush demurred at the term and "suggested the enrollment of Quaker school non-competitive but otherwise 'ordinary fellows.'" Walter Whitehill and Zee Persons "variously expressed their preference for the [person] who doesn't conform versus the deliberate non-conformist." The report itself commented on the greater difficulty in attracting male students in comparison to women, in particular attracting "strong male leaders" such as Tim Little. Running across this minute now and recognizing the period which the nation was then entering, I recall my own subjective analysis of what kind of students we were attracting and in fact

the kind of student Marlboro best served.

For some years I had described the Marlboro student as one who was reacting against what he or she perceived to be the typical college or university. Of course one can react in 360 degrees of a circle, from the Staten Island student from a second or third generation immigrant family, none of whose members had ever been to college, to the prep school graduate whose brother and father and uncles and grandfather had attended Ivy League schools and he was damned if he would (two actual examples). I too had noticed the lack of strong student leadership in general, especially in initiatives. Most of the successful extra-curricular activities had some form of faculty or staff participation. Of course the small pool of potential participants in any one activity was part of the cause, but there had to be something else we were missing. Some years later our college counselor put his finger on the problem when in an aside on a different subject he commented,

> Many of our students have siblings in highly competitive colleges such as Amherst and Williams, Yale and Harvard, but those siblings were presidents of the senior class, editor of the school paper, captain of the football team, and so on. Few if any of our students were. Ours may be just as intelligent, maybe even more creative and individualistic, but they are not competitive. They are less socially secure, less happy in a large group, sometimes less conventional. That's one reason they seek out a college such as Marlboro.

As I thought about it, our curriculum and our social structure as they had developed were well suited to meet the needs of such students. Those who graduated, less than 50% of those who entered, had developed an inner strength, an inner self-confidence which enabled them not so much to fit into society as they found it but to create a place within it where they could fulfill themselves (and perhaps change the society around them a bit at the same time).

* * *

Enrollment

1964 – 1965 That fall, 1964, we opened with 128 students, up from 106 the year before. Traditionally two-thirds of our students had come "from New York, New Jersey, and New England, the remainder from the northern tier of states to California and Oregon, with a handful from abroad but none from the south or southwest", as the Newsletter put it. This year there were students from Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi, and North Carolina. Combined with two returning students from Kentucky, two from Florida, and four from the District of Columbia, we were beginning to penetrate the south.

Tenure

At its October meeting the Board adopted what amounted to a tenure policy for the first time. Nine members were awarded tenure immediately: Roland Boyden, Audrey Gorton, Dick Judd, John MacArthur, Olive MacArthur, Blanche Moyse, Louis Moyse, John Robinson, and Buck Turner. Although I protested, I did not protest vigorously, half persuaded by Roland's strong convictions, but the vote on the policy demonstrated one of the few times that I had a major

difference of opinion with the trustees. Strongly in favor of tenure in large institutions, especially public institutions subject to political whims (I was of a generation which well remembered the McCarthy years), on balance I considered it unwise in a small institution, especially one in which there were no departments, thus no way to bypass someone who lost his or her effectiveness. I preferred the system in force at Goddard, and I believed Bennington, in which faculty members worked up through a series of short term appointments to a maximum of five year appointments renewable indefinitely, presumably with the burden of proof growing increasingly on the side of the institution. I am pleased that to my knowledge no serious problems have resulted from our tenure policy, now over 20 years old. The one time we had to break tenure we were able to do so without the issue ending in court.

Lectures

One of the unexpected benefits of our lecture series inaugurated by the grant from the Old Dominion Foundation, now in its second year, was the degree to which it stimulated interdisciplinary discussions of a sort vital to the intellectual health of a faculty of largely one-person departments. John MacArthur's lecture on *Energy, Information, and Evolution*, in which he converted the second law of thermodynamics into the formula for communication and speculated on a relationship with evolution, received most of its criticism from the philosopher and the biologist in the audience. When President Armstrong of Middlebury, previously a classics professor at Princeton, lectured on *Homer and the Art of Oral Poetry*, a group of students who knew no Greek persuaded him to retire to a common room and read Homer aloud in the Greek. I still treasure the way in which President Armstrong introduced his lecture: "The first year a professor becomes a college president he stops teaching. The second year he stops reading. The third year he stops thinking. The fourth year he writes a book on education." Touche. Reminds me of the definitions the Provost of the University of Massachusetts once used when asked what a provost does: "A professor is paid to think. A president is paid to make speeches. A provost is paid to make sure the professor doesn't make speeches - and the president doesn't think."

Curricular Balance and New Faculty

One of the principles key to my own thinking was that in order to have a healthy cross-disciplinary dialogue, one of our avowed goals, it was necessary to have more than a balanced faculty: we needed to have approximately the same number of students active in each of the four areas. Although progress had been made in meeting this goal over the years, in 1964 we were still far from it. The December Newsletter published this table:

Area	Teachers (Full-time)	Courses	Enrollment	Concentrators
Humanities	10 (6)	15	158	9
Natural Sciences	7 (5)	10	98	5
Arts	6 (4)	13	91(144)*	6
Social Sciences	2 (1)	6	80	3
Foreign Languages	1 (0)	9	47	-

* The figure 144 was corrected to 91 because two-thirds of the arts courses were carried only half credit; few others were.

If the foreign languages had been folded into the humanities, as later they were, the imbalance was even greater in the direction of the humanities. To be candid, the College had been founded largely around the humanities. The first faculty in 1947 had consisted of six humanists, one natural scientist, and one artist. For years the humanities continued to dominate; to a lesser extent they continued to do so even as we labored to improve the balance. The arts in particular, however, began to take off about this time.

Theater: Geoffry Brown

The theater led the growth with the coming of Geoffry Brown. It had gone through a difficult period after Bunny White left to return to the Putney School. Geoffry was himself a Putney graduate who had gone on to the professional theater. He came to Marlboro directly from the position of Stage Manager for the APA in New York. I remember how impressed I was when he joined us in the fall of 1964. I promised him a new theater someday and asked him to think about what he wanted and let me know; at that time we were still using the stage in the dining hall. He didn't wait: he pulled an envelope out of his pocket and on the back sketched an Elizabethan thrust-stage theater, like the Guthrie in Minneapolis-St. Paul, with raked seating and a practice stage in the back. Several years later, when we came to design what became the Whittemore Theater, we realized his design as closely as possible, except the practice stage in the rear turned out to be storage area: the sound baffle proved not great enough to allow lectures in the auditorium while rehearsals were going on behind.

Geoffry's theory of instruction was to stage a full production every six weeks during term, moving back and forth among periods and styles so that the actors, treated as a repertory company, could not become stylized in one: from Sheridan to Machiavelli to Synge to Aeschylus to Shakespeare to Albee. In that very first semester he produced Anouilh's *Antigone*, Pinter's *The Black and the White*, Ionesco's *The Bald Soprano*, Becket's *Act without Words*, Albee's *The Sandbox*, and a twelfth century mystery play *Adam*. In the spring term he produced Moliere's *The Imaginary Invalid*, Machiavelli's *Mandragola*, Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*, and Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*. Even today I marvel at the amount of energy emanating from one teacher and a small company. We were on our way, theater beginning to challenge music as a major Marlboro art form.

Furthermore Geoff's custom was to produce the play Friday evening at the College, then Saturday and Sunday on the road on different stages in different settings so the actors had to learn to draw swords where there was barely room on the stage to do so and to take laughs at the wrong places (one favorite location was the Brattleboro Retreat, the local mental hospital, where the play entertained the patients while it challenged the students because the laughs rarely came at the expected places). Geoffry was known to act in some of his own productions, often in minor parts, and to stage others he had written himself, as he did increasingly until his retirement in 1997. As I write, he is still acting in one-man productions which he has written himself.

Foreign Languages: The Brelsfords

At the same time foreign languages were beginning their own renaissance. For years Audrey Gorton had carried on most of the language instruction in addition to her duties in English

literature, but as the College grew this became increasingly impossible. In the fall of 1964, Edmund Brelsford joined the faculty part-time, soon to become full-time, followed by his wife Veronica the following year. Edmund had appeared in my office shortly before the semester began, fully shaven and neatly dressed, to apply for the job. He had been teaching at the high school in Bellows Falls but had not got along with the principal (he was honest about that). I liked him and we took him on. Little did we know what we had. Early in the fall I was showing some visitors around Dalrymple Hall, still and even now the main classroom building, and came upon his classroom, which we could observe through a glass panel in the door. There was Edmund, sitting cross-legged on the desk in the front of the room singing French folk songs to his own guitar accompaniment (or was it lute? I forget: he plays both) before a fascinated group of students. My guest kept asking to go back and watch. It turned out Edmund had been appointed so late in the summer his texts had not arrived, and he was teaching the students orally through folk songs.

Over the years it became apparent what a linguist Edmund was. He and Veronica were appointed to teach French and Spanish, Veronica also German, but at one time or another Edmund also taught Italian, Norwegian, Old Norse, Portuguese, and Provencal. (He and Veronica served as interpreters at the 1980 Winter Olympics in Lake Placid.) One commencement luncheon Edmund happened to be sitting at the same table with myself and Dick Taylor, at that time Chairman of the Board. Dick's guest was a French woman, a professor emerita from Columbia University. She and Edmund conversed happily in French throughout the meal. When Edmund left, she turned to Dick and asked, puzzled, "Where does he come from? I can't quite place his accent." It never occurred to her he was not a native Frenchman; he came from Miami. Incidentally, shortly after joining the faculty he grew a beard. It turned out he had always sported a beard, part of his problem with the principal at the high school, but needing the job and not knowing what I and Marlboro were like, he had shaved it off before coming for the interview. We often laughed about that afterwards: many Marlboro teachers wore beards even before they became fashionable in the '60s and '70s. I alone felt I could not because of my role in the wider world. (I had come to live in Vermont hoping to have a vegetable garden; to carry a cane - if only walking in the woods with my dog(s) where the cane would not attract attention - and to sport a beard. The first two I managed to satisfy.)

Edmund once told a delightful story, one of my favorites. In addition to his linguistic talents (and his athletic talents: he was a bicyclist and cross country ski racer), he played several musical instruments at a professional level, including all the recorders, the lute, and the guitar. He even made from scratch, and played, his own harpsichords. Furthermore, with a large family he also raised his own chickens and other livestock. He developed an allergy, however, and had to give up the chickens. One very cold mid-winter evening he was working in the basement workshop of his house in the village when he heard a scratching in the barrel which had once held the chicken feed. Peering in, he found three little deer mice; they couldn't get out. Taking pity on them, he took the barrel out to the village street to let them loose, but it was too cold for them there, so he had the bright idea of walking down to a nearby house whose owner was usually absent in the winter and letting them out in her shed, where there was hay and other cover for them. When he reached the shed at the back of the house, however, he was surprised to discover a car by the back door and a light on in the back room. Not wanting to retreat at this point, he cautiously bent down behind the car to let out the mice. One finally scooted out one way, another another way, but the third proved more recalcitrant. To his horror, at that moment the back door opened and the

neighbor came out to stretch and glance at the night sky for a moment before retiring for the night. Her back to him, she could not see him crouched there on the ground with his barrel, but the moment she turned around to go back in, she inevitably would. With extraordinary presence of mind he clapped the top back on the barrel with a clatter and exclaimed, "Got ya!" The woman leaped in surprise and turned to see her neighbor almost beside her on the other side of the car. "I was walking down the street with this empty barrel and saw this little mouse. I followed him here and caught him, see?" he explained, and he opened the barrel for her to look.

The Library Opening

The big news of the year, however, was the opening of the new, now $180,000, 9,000 square foot library when the students returned from Christmas vacation. Before leaving for the holidays, everyone had pitched in and moved the collection from Dalrymple Hall to the new building perched on top of the hill like a Spanish cathedral. It was designed as a series of "book rooms" to give the feel of a private library with warm carpets everywhere and fireplaces in many of the rooms. In the December 1965 issue of "Architectural Forum" appeared two photographs and a brief text which went in part as follows:

> Crisp and uncontrived as the snow around it is Ashley, Myer & Associates' new library for tiny but sophisticated Marlboro College. Its barnlike form is at home among the converted farm buildings that form the core of the campus; inside it is designed strictly for reading (and 'thinking,' which Marlboro regards as the only major subject in its curriculum).

I showed this to our new librarian David Stam who smiled at the text and said, "Sounds like you wrote it. Just like a president." Humph. The new building, and David's work on the collection, did make a difference. In its first full year of operation the circulation increased from 1,612 to 2,564. Incidentally, the building was, and still is, kept open 24 hours a day. Patrons were on their honor to check books out. Since this did not always happen, the statistics are understated, but when a needed book was not on the shelf, in such a small community people could usually guess where it was and fetch it back. To the credit of all, our losses at the end of each year, after loose books had been recovered from the dormitory rooms, were well under the statistical average nationally for college libraries despite our open door policy. Of course we were "at the end of the road on the top of a mountain"; urban libraries could not have been so free.

At the same time we announced a $30,000 grant from the Old Dominion Foundation, spread over four years, for the purchase of books in the humanities. The Foundation had already given us a $50,000 grant for the building itself, not quite a third of the total cost. On April 23rd the building was dedicated and named for Howard and Amy Rice, the late publisher of the local Brattleboro newspaper and his wife Amy who had raised our trustee Charles Crosby, as previously mentioned. Sadly, both Amy first and then Howard had died that winter between the time we opened the building in January and the dedication in April. They had not been asked for a donation but in his will Howard, knowing that the building was to be named in their honor, left $5,000.

It is worth pausing a bit over this pair. Although Howard had retired from active control of the paper several years earlier and turned the management over to his son-in-law John Hooper (an

early Marlboro trustee), he still went to the office every day and occasionally wrote editorials. Amy had been bedridden for some time. On February 4, 1965, she died. He went to the office, typed the following typically terse editorial tribute in her memory, and, as I was told later, on his way out told the copy boy to fetch it from his typewriter:

> Death is always a shock no matter how clear the signals of its approach, no matter how devoid of suffering its actual arrival. Contributing to the shock in this case is the end it brings to nearly 63 years of happily married life, a union extending to the fourth generation. What will eventually lessen the shock - if time is allowed its healing process - is remembrance of the shared pleasures comparatively free of the woes many equally deserving people have been forced to survive.
>
> No matter how close one gets to it, the mystery surrounding death is still impenetrable, whether one has faith or doubt about a hereafter. Perhaps that's a good way to view it, for if that's the case, death's shock is all inclusive as is its hope that it doesn't signify an end - or if it does, that which is gone can not be measured in days, months, or years.

Howard went home, went to bed, and a week later he too died. His daughter then wrote the following editorial tribute to both her parents:

> When I put my hand on his shoulder at such an early hour that morning I needed no words to tell my father that my mother had found peace at last from pain. After a while he said to me, "Sis, go down and get my clipboard. I wrote something yesterday afternoon." It was the editorial "To AJR from HCR" which so many of us have read over and over again.
>
> When they were younger, I thought, my parents were as different from each other as two people could be. My father unemotional, philosophical, apparently cold, had a gruff way which scared off those who did not know him well enough to receive the great bounty of wit and humor he bestowed upon his friends. With his scorn of verbose or effusive people he was seldom above withering an offender with his cutting sarcasm, and with his passion for brevity he made obvious reference to his watch with audible impatience when a speaker became long-winded. If not always compassionate he was always fair and just. Those with an eye could see in his public service the core of kindness in this well hidden heart, the great spirit that made our hospital and the children of Kurn Hattin his favorite and constant concern.
>
> Those with an eye could also see that his terrible impatience stemmed from talent for editing. He was forever editing. He edited this newspaper. He edited each of the thousands of his editorials that appeared in it and thousands that never appeared because he edited them right out of existence. He edited his thoughts and his emotions. He even edited people. In fact he edited people right down to a relatively small group with whom he would talk and to whom he would listen, if not for long, and from whom he would ask advice. Whether they had been on his list

for many years or only a few, these people found it a privilege and really loved him. His loyalty to his friends was immovable. It seemed to me that his increasing wisdom in many matters during his prime, which ran longer than most men's, was derived from this same talent for editing.

He was indeed a great editor, this man.

My mother in contrast was warm-hearted and emotional. People were her concern and she never knowingly hurt their feelings. She grieved with the sad, she rejoiced with the happy, she welcomed the new and never forgot the old. During her life she made myriads of people feel wanted and needed and loved, here and now. People who scarcely knew her felt good when they met this gracious little woman with the happy face and friendly manner on the street. And she gave of her time and her sympathy and her possessions to the very end of her days. To the very last of them at eighty-six, a wispy little shadow, she wrote her comforting notes to the sick and her messages of happy promise to the betrothed in a bold firm hand that never showed a spidery stroke.

She was indeed beloved, this patient wife of this impatient man who was indeed the editor.

As I sat by my father I saw that sixty-three years of living together had made almost one of those two so different people. And it came to my mind that they were like the two hemlocks at the west of the house. As a child I played around them when they were hardly more than saplings, one tall and sparse, the other small and full-branched. But now, nourished all these years by the same sun and rain on the self-same ledge beneath the soil that held them, they had become almost twin, standing close in their great age with branches interlaced. If one of these trees should die the other could not long survive such utter loneliness.

And now that the second hemlock has gone so soon do not grieve, but look up at the treetops around you, you who are the children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Howard and Amy Rice, and all of you who knew them. Rejoice when you look up at the treetops, rejoice as Thoreau once did when he looked up at the treetops, and notice "how finely Nature finishes off her work there."

Marion Rice Hooper
February 15, 1965

We published both editorials in a little pamphlet for distribution at the dedication, with a picture of the two of them sitting together on their couch looking at each other, and on the back a photograph of hemlock cones from those two trees lying on the snow by their house. I still recall David Riesman saying to me one time that a major reason Brattleboro had become so progressive a town was that over many decades Howard Rice had been the editor of the paper. He was a man greatly, and deservedly, respected not only in Brattleboro but throughout the state.

Arts Festival Weekend

The opening coincided with our first Arts Festival Weekend: that was the weekend Geoff produced *The Imaginary Invalid*; there was a student art exhibit in the new Tyler Gallery on the ground floor of the library; a new literary publication, *The Marlboro Review*, appeared; and the chorus, the madrigal singers, and the chamber music players gave a concert Saturday evening.

The *Iliad* Read Continuously

On the 16th and 17th of April another event of note took place: the continuous reading of the *Iliad* in the cellar of Mather House, which at that time housed what was ironically known as "The Duke of Marlborough Coffee House". It was the idea of classics student Don Eaton, '69, who made all the arrangements. There were no chairs, only three stools and a number of padded platforms, closer to seats around a campfire than an academic setting. Tea, coffee, and cookies were available throughout the reading, which lasted 18 hours and 35 minutes, from 7:15 p.m. on the 16th to 1:50 p.m. on the 17th. Three faculty members - Geoffry Brown, Ed Brelsford, and Classics Fellow Martin Cropp - and twelve students took part. Martin read the catalogue of ships in Greek; the rest was in Richard Lattimore's English translation. Don read four books, a bit much, for his voice gave out after ca. 2,700 lines. As later reported in an article in *The Classical Journal*[7] by Professor Sterling Dow of Harvard, the audience, which waxed and waned. varied from a high of the ten to fifteen present at the beginning to a low of one, the reader Eaton, around Book 19; four fell asleep at about Book 5 and slept through the rest of the night.

Mortgages

In the meantime, over the winter the College had quietly increased the mortgage from $200,000 to $300,000 at a rate of 6% over 20 years. Since this was more than the local banks could conveniently handle, the new mortgage was taken out with the Franklin Savings Bank of Greenfield and the Holyoke Savings Bank of Holyoke, Massachusetts. That two out-of-state banks were willing to grant such a sum without guarantees only six years after one Brattleboro bank had declined to increase our guaranteed mortgage with them was a recognition of our increasing financial stability and prospects despite our annual struggle to balance the budgets. At the same time plans were under way to construct yet another dormitory, the second half of the Halfway House complex, for under $70,000, and an extension to the dining hall, including a stage, for under $30,000. The siting for yet another dormitory complex, the future Random Houses, was also settled.

Deaths: Olive MacArthur and Buck Turner

This year we lost two members of the faculty. In the spring Olive MacArthur, who had succeeded her husband in biology after his death in 1952, then retired to part-time teaching in 1964, retired for good. In the fall she died. Sadly, that same fall, on December 16, Frederick J. "Buck" Turner, a member of the faculty from its early years, died suddenly of a heart attack in his 45th year. A graduate of the Yale School of Forestry, Buck taught both forestry (with Halsey Hicks) and mathematics with a special interest in Euclidean geometry, taught, if I remember correctly, from a translation of the original Greek texts; in addition, he also taught introductory geology and was something of an expert on Norse sagas, though I do not know whether he ever offered a course in them. Not fond of authority, it was Buck who had led the attack against the supposed professorial arrogance of Stanley Edgar Hyman. An opponent of the Establishment, any Establishment, and a strong supporter of individual liberty, he loved to taunt me, but somehow it was all right: it was principled and it helped keep me honest; all in positions of influence need a gadfly. Buck was known for his love of the outdoors, especially hunting. Fully in character, he and his wife lived in a

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log cabin he built about a mile and a half from the campus. It was Buck as much as anyone who established the tradition in the early years years of sugaring every spring and selling the maple syrup to benefit the College. Eventually this tradition fell by the wayside, largely because the sugaring season tended to come during spring vacation and increasingly the burden had fallen not on a joint group of students and faculty but on Buck and few and fewer volunteers. His death marked the passing of an epoch in the history of the College.

The Wendell Cup

February 1965 saw the inauguration of the Edward E. Wendell, Jr. Memorial Cup, now known familiarly as the Wendell Cup, in honor of Ted, who was going off to study for his graduate degree in mathematics at the University of Washington. Our appetite for cross-country racing had been whetted by the Washington's Birthday citizens' race. Now that that was no longer held annually at the College, Dick Judd inaugurated our own race, starting behind the new library and circling through the edge of the village, back across South Pond, and ending at the Judds' house, where wonderful suppers of soup, home baked bread, cheese, salad, and other goodies were provided. Anyone could race, from the serious competitors to people like me and the children of community members. There was even a prize for the first snow shoer.

First Selectman

One augury of things to come was the election in the spring of Wes Ward, '66, as the first formally named Selectman-at-Large, familiarly known as the First Selectman, by the College Town Meeting. Up till that time there had been selectmen, still so-called though some were women, but no officially designated leader. In his upperclass years Tim Little,'65, had emerged as First Selectman without the title just as Robert Walpole had emerged as Prime Minister without the title in England in the 18th century. When Tim graduated, the emerging importance of the position was recognized by the creation of the title with its implicit responsibilities, and Wes, who had been student representative to the Admissions Committee, earned the honor of being the first holder.

Commencement

We graduated 17 students that June, including David Bolles from San Francisco. Recognizing that no funds had been appropriated for landscaping the new library, David had made a generous personal contribution to that end to which several trustees, when they learned of it, also contributed. Earlier in the year I had expressed to David the opinion that California wines had an aftertaste which I did not like. He countered that the best California wines never reached the East Coast (at that time they did not). Lo and behold, as I stood in the receiving line at commencement, David came up with his mother (who later joined us on the Board) and deposited a brown paper bag with four bottles of prime California wine in my arms. I stood there during the remainder of the reception holding the bag under my left arm and shaking hands with my right hand, somewhat amused at the picture this must have presented. (It was excellent wine, and it was not long thereafter that good California wines began to be widely available in the East.)

August Meeting: New Trustees

These were indeed heady days. At the August meeting, the paint on the library scarcely dry and a

new dormitory, the Perrine Workshop, and an addition to the dining hall still under construction, the Board began to explore the possibility of a new science building. Quietly, however, a major change was made in the leadership of the Board: Zee Persons, one of the key founders of the College and its Board treasurer since the beginning, resigned his office though not his seat on the Board and was succeeded by Carl Janke, Comptroller of Harvard University. No one had been more important to the College from the beginning than Zee. At the same meeting Barney Brooks,'52, Charles E. Merrill, Jr, and Ragnar Naess were elected to the Board. I have already described Charles (see p.50). After graduation "With Distinction" among the early students later known as the Pioneers, Barney had gone into plastics manufacturing in Sheffield, Massachusetts with his father-in-law John Orr, himself briefly a trustee, and by this time Barney had taken over the firm. He was a loyal alumnus, out of admiration for the MacArthur family long faithful to our natural sciences. After Robert MacArthur's premature death, he established the Robert H. MacArthur prizes, among the first annual prizes established at the College, and later he played an important role in the acquisition of our first computer.

Ragnar Naess

The third new trustee was Ragnar Naess, brought on the Board at the instigation of his friend Charles Crosby. As you shall hear, this was an important addition. Ragnar was a native Norwegian, one of three sons raised by a widowed mother who had to struggle to make ends meet. All three became successful, as you shall also hear, one in shipping, one as a professor of philosophy, and Ragnar, who went to MIT and then on to the Harvard Business School. After graduating he became a junior economist for Goldman Sachs at the beginning of the Depression. Soon thereafter he was the only economist to predict correctly the course of the Depression and was immediately promoted to lead the department over the heads of many senior to him. I believe he remained the senior economist until he left to help form the consulting firm Naess and Thomas, which he led at the time he joined our Board. But he was more than an economist. He had been a champion ski jumper in his youth and was still winning cross country ski races into his 70s. He was an avid yachtsman and fine classical pianist. He was friendly, wise, and progressive, and, as a financial expert like Carl Janke, stood by Marlboro in our thin years when many doubted. I felt deeply honored to be asked by the family to be one of the speakers at his funeral in 1994; he died aged 93.

Accreditation

But the big issue on everyone's mind was the accreditation visit of the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools planned for October 3,4, and 5. We had waited until the completion of the library. The operating budget for the year was balanced. Enrollment was growing though it would reach only 140 students in the fall (21 more than the previous year). Would these be enough? We were all conscious that few colleges were accredited on the first attempt, and we were a most unusual, tiny rather than small, institution. We waited with tense confidence (if that is possible).

Sunday, October 3, came. The visiting committee composed of Chairman Athern Daggett, Dean

of Bowdoin; Benjamin Labaree of Williams; and Grant Harnest of Middlebury arrived in time for lunch. Roland and I took them to the Silver Skates (now Marlboro North), where we had a pleasant conversation. We found ourselves quite pleased with the committee. They impressed us as intelligent, fair people from good institutions. We would get an honest hearing. After lunch the Chairman unexpectedly requested to go to the admissions office. We watched fascinated as he and his colleagues read carefully every file of every applicant for that fall semester. As I looked back later, I suspected that by the end of the afternoon they knew us very well: what kind of students we attracted, how we evaluated them, whom we admitted. They went straight to the heart of our integrity. We were able to tell them that even when the college averaged only 30 students per year during the early and mid '50s, applicants were still rejected.

As do all such Association visitors, for the next two days they visited classes, talked with students and with members of the administration and faculty, reviewed our financial records, and examined the physical plant, especially the library and its collection. At the exit interview I remember particularly their comment that the library collection was indeed small but of very high caliber: score one for David Stam. We were hopeful.

Then in December we learned: we had been accredited on our first try! Few colleges are. Only later did I learn what I was not supposed to know, that when Dean Daggett appeared in November to defend the favorable visiting committee report before the Commission on Institutions of Higher Education, the body which was actually to make the decision (and on which I later served), he was vigorously cross examined: how was it possible that a college of under 150 students with such low salaries could be worthy of accreditation? They had never heard of such a place. Daggett remained firm. Then, as had never happened before (and to my knowledge never afterwards), Daggett was recalled the next day to testify again. He held firm once more. The Commission finally yielded: Dean Daggett was an experienced accreditor and a man of stature in the Association. I am convinced that had the Chairman been almost anyone else, we would never have been approved that first time. I believe we were indeed worthy, but there is no question we were fortunate.

The great day had come. We were validated in the eyes of our peers and of the public.

CHAPTER FOUR - THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD: 1965-1969

The preamble to the self-study for the New England Association expressed pretty well what we were thinking at the time. Three portions were quoted in the fall Newsletter:

> We now consider that we are a little over half way to the goals set in 1958-59 for roughly the next ten years. In 1958-59 a number of decisions were made, or perhaps better, articulated because they boiled up from years of experience. Among these was the decision that the College should remain as small as possible and still survive effectively. Behind this decision were a number of feelings: that we could not reasonably expect to become a first-class university but we could become a first-class small college; that the smaller we could be the more flexible we could be, the more we could take advantage of small classes and community government, the more we could quietly encourage physicists to associate with poets and musicians with economists. Put another way, if we were going to swim against the current, better that we swim dead against than be caught broadside. On the basis of this reasoning, we did an informal survey and determined that an enrollment of 175 students was the first that would give us a chance for equilibrium. We decided, therefore, to grow to 175 and then pause, catch our breath, and look around us. At that point we could think through the next step, whether it be to stand pat in size and develop our resources, to grow slightly or
> not so slightly, or to divide like an amoeba. In the process, what began as an educational decision has proved to be an administrative asset: we are different without having to try to be.
>
> Another decision was to become something of an honors college. As it was put at the time, if we were going to be mediocre, it would be a lot more economical to be mediocre at a large size. We had (and have) no illusions about how soon we could be an honors college and run in the big leagues, but from the beginning we have tried to put a bottom on our admissions standards. The conventional way to establish a new college is to accept all the students available, fill up to the size desired, then go to work on standards. We have resisted that way. We have tried to put an emphasis on standards from the beginning, even during the lean years when the College was dying for lack of students...
>
> A third decision was that we were not an experimental college - at least we would not use the term. This was perhaps less a rational than an emotional decision: to some of us the term "experimental" connotes experiment for experiment's sake, akin to the thinking of those who dream up projects they think Foundations will buy instead of deciding what they really want. Any good liberal arts college in the tradition is always experimenting, trying to do better what it is already doing in part, and we wished to associate ourselves with this group. As a result we are a difficult college to classify.

The self study went on to report some interesting statistics. For the year before we had accepted only about half the 120 applicants to fill 47 places, which made it look as though we were highly

selective, but only about three-quarters of the applicants were worth serious consideration - not quite enough to mould a class. On the other hand, one statistic on the faculty looked deceptively bad: out of 27 teachers, only 11 had been with the College longer than five years. Only eight years before when the College began to expand, however, the faculty had numbered only 17, and of this group one had since retired, another died. Nine teachers had been with the College over 10, six over 15 of the 18 years the College had been in existence. In fact, the looming threat was that there would not be enough turnover to keep the faculty fresh over the decades. With a few exceptions, those who teach in a college as small as Marlboro remove themselves from consideration by large universities in the future; for one thing, most have little time for the necessary research: they dedicate themselves to teaching. There will be more to say about this later.

* * *

1965 – 1966 Our growth continued steadily. As we approached the visit of t he New England Association committee, we opened 1965 with 140 students, 12 more than the preceding fall.

New Faculty: Frank Stout

At the commencement Board meeting the preceding spring, Frank Stout had been appointed to the faculty in painting and drawing, initially as a replacement for Win Tuttle, who was going on leave. In the end Frank remained to become a full-time tenured member of the faculty until his retirement in December 1990. Like Halsey Hicks, Frank was not a lecturer. He taught very effectively with paper and canvas, pencil or paint brush beside the student as Geoff taught on the stage and Halsey in the woods. He chose to leave the city and live in the country, where he did some outstanding landscapes in his first years with us. When the New York gallery which showed his work closed, however, he lost his New York public and thus wide recognition in the professional art world. As he told me, he either had to leave and to return to the city to become established with another gallery, or stay and lose much of his public. He chose to stay (to our relief), with the consequences he predicted. One of his very successful New York colleagues who summers in the area, Wolf Kahn, told me years later that he considered Frank to be a peer but Frank had lost his visibility in the art centers. One of the most interesting things about Frank was that he never stood still in one style or subject. After several years of excellent landscapes, he turned to humorous genre paintings taken from old group photographs, such as the staff of a large country hotel. Even later he returned to sculpture, which I had not known he had done before coming to Marlboro. One year he won a competition for the new Church Street Mall in Burlington. His bear and deer still stand in the fountains outside the city hall.

The Academic Calendar

Dissatisfied with a semester system that required a major break, the Christmas holidays, before final fall semester examinations, we began to experiment with the academic calendar. Early in the fall of 1965, the faculty voted to go to a term calendar in 1966-67: the same number of class weeks as before, 32, but divided into three units of 11-10-11 weeks each instead of into two of 16 (we were influenced by Federal requirements in order for our students to be eligible for Federal financial aid). Such a change was favored by those who benefitted from brief, intensive periods of

work but resisted by those in such fields as mathematics and the languages where slow accretion to mastery was the rule. There was to be more tinkering with the calendar in the near future as we attempted to find what was right for us.

The Comprehensive Examination

Even more momentous was the decision of the faculty to make major changes in the Comprehensive Examination, the first such changes in five years and, as we look back, the beginning of the end of the Examination, although it survived for several years more. As I have already mentioned, the Examination had been designed as a test of general knowledge or breadth, not depth. There had been grumblings for some time because general competence did not adequately examine readiness to go on Plan, but no consensus had arisen about what to do. Then suddenly the issue came to a head with a surprise motion by a teacher in the spring of 1965 to abolish the Examination altogether. A special faculty meeting which followed was approached with apprehension because the topic was heated, but to everyone's relief the discourse was calm and rational. The result just before Christmas was a decision to separate evaluation of general knowledge from evaluation of readiness to go on Plan: breadth was to be determined by the more conventional method of posting grades of C or better in a course or course equivalent in each of the four areas of the curriculum, and readiness for Plan by a three part special examination: a four-hour essay on a general topic (e.g., "What is Virtue?" or "What is the meaning of Freedom?") to test the student's ability to write coherent and correct English; a 48 hour take-home examination, a question of a problem solving, perhaps of an interdisciplinary nature, which would send the student into the art studio, the laboratory, or the library for an extended period; and again a four-hour examination consisting of a question or questions which would be discipline but not specifically course oriented. Answers would be somewhat more rigorously evaluated because presumably the student would be working in an area of strength, one in which he or she planned to concentrate.

The New Science Building

Although major attention had been focused on accreditation, there was much else going on. Now that the library was finished and open, our attention turned to a new science facility. The pressure on campus was for a new theatre: the theatre program was flourishing, growing stronger each year, and had great popular support. The position of the Administration, however, was that we needed a new science building before a new theater because the sciences, though strong in faculty, were weak in student enrollment: even if applicants talented in the sciences were interested in us, often their parents would veto their interest because they could see little laboratory equipment, little physical evidence of commitment to the sciences. (Ironically, pure physics did not need much beyond pen and paper; when the new physics laboratory opened, there was little to see there beyond the blackboard but physics students came. Biology, at Marlboro long based on ecology, needed little more than a few microscopes and the natural surroundings, but the public needed a material statement.) Because we believed in a balanced curriculum, we believed it absolutely essential that the sciences be strengthened before they ceased to be significant in our curriculum. True to our expectations, the new building did in the end convince the public that we were serious, and as we shall see later, our science program remained not only strong at the faculty level, as it had always been, but came to flourish among the students and today sends many to top flight

graduate schools and scientific careers. The first step was to draw up plans. The assignment was given to a trustee committee chaired by Caryl Haskins, President of the Carnegie Institution in Washington, D.C., one of the leading scientific research organizations in the country.

Other Building Projects

In the meantime there were the constant smaller additions to the plant. Many people wondered why in the process we were not receiving Federal grants and loans for new buildings. The answer was simple: we had not asked for any. The Federal programs were designed to meet the problem of the numbers entering college at this time. With fixed inspection fees, requirements for letting bids (you will remember that we built most of our buildings cost plus), and the freezing of much of the income from dormitories to establish reserve funds, the programs made good sense for large buildings and large loans ($250,000+) but not for small buildings and small loans such as ours (ca. $75,000). It is interesting to note that two other small independent colleges in Vermont met the problem by building several dormitories at once. This made sense in the financing, but the result was too rapid increases in enrollments which meant in turn that the infrastructures broke down, creating serious internal problems.

Besides our new dormitory for 15 students on the hill behind the Dining Hall, named "Random House" by the students (in the tradition of "Happy Valley" on the same hill and "Halfway House" to the west), two bays were added to the north end of the Dining Hall itself and the stage moved back into them. These provided better facilities for the theater program until such time as we could provide a dedicated building, and at the same time expanded seating for meals to a maximum 250. The Perrine Workshop was closed in by the students whose idea it had been: Terry Hall,'65, Jeff Adams,'66, Terry Montgomery,'66, and Hollis Barnes,'66. Originally intended for non-credit work in woodworking, pottery, and sculpture, its completion eventually led to the institution of all three as full credit programs.

Changing Social Values

Indeed, in more than wanting a workshop the students were ahead of us, and being small we were able to respond. We were in the middle of the '60s. At the time we did not fully recognize the significance of what was going on nationally, and if there is one thing which I learned in my years at Marlboro, it was that small as we were, different as we were, we were affected by the same movements in the general society as were all colleges. What was different was the way in which the movements affected us. Enrollments were exploding because of the search for exemption from the Vietnam War draft, drugs were becoming a national problem, extramarital sex was growing more commonplace, and both adults and traditional ways of doing things were under fire *per se*: "Don't trust anyone over thirty." These were learning times for us all.

A note symptomatic of the changes, and of differing reactions to them, appeared in the last paragraph of the June, 1966, Board meeting:

> Mr. Persons stated that he had been revolted by the sight of a bare-foot, be-whiskered and unclean student of Marlboro College adorning the Book Cellar on Main Street in Brattleboro, and added he was both familiar with and tired of the standard reasons given him for the College's inability to take action in defense of itself in such cases. Mr. Ragle said he didn't like this sight either, but that he did like the changes which happen to take place in such students while they are at Marlboro. Mr. Brown regretted that the student body, with its considerable authority in community government, did not exercise greater responsibility for such offenses; but Mr. Ragle contended the student body did indeed exercise an overall restraining influence. The Chairman thought that there was some point beyond which the College could not be permissive in this matter, but he declined to define that point; and the consensus of the group seemed to be that, with the promise of some good coming out of it, we should all suffer our nausea with good humor [that very same good humor shown by Allen Bibby the Clerk in writing up the minute].

At a subsequent commencement a year or two later, I pointed out to Zee a shaven, well dressed, quite civilized senior among those graduating: he was the shaggy "John the Baptist" whom he had seen in the Book Cellar.

Faculty Pay Scale

At the April Board meeting the first faculty pay scale was adopted:

Faculty Members not on Tenure	$4,000-7,500
Senior Faculty Members	$7,000 and up
Senior Faculty Members with 20 years seniority	$9,000 and up

A top limit of $12,000 had already been established at an earlier meeting. Compared with today's salaries, these seem unbelievably low - at the meeting Esther Raushenbush called the scale

"startlingly low" - but tuition for 1965-66 was only $1,500 a year, raised to $1,800 the next. Both were competitive. As I write, the tuition has risen to $18,376 and the total faculty salary budget has risen from the $15,000 of 1957-58 to $1,141,000 in 1995-96 (as Dick Judd points out, keeping approximate pace over the years with the salary budget of the small local school). By 1965, however, Marlboro had joined the TIAA-CREF retirement program for faculty and staff, and in the fall of 1965 had voted to pay retroactively from the time of employment for the service of those still in the employ of the College. Improvement was slow but it was steady.

Name Change?

At the same meeting the trustees discussed the proposal by a prospective donor that the College change its name to his name in return for a gift of $1,000,000. Since that sum was more than twice the size of the annual operating budget, it was tempting, but with little or no disagreement the trustees decided that whereas they would be happy to name an institute or research center after the donor, they were not prepared to change the name of the College. The Development Committee was then directed to negotiate. No one was surprised when the negotiations came to naught.

Alumni and Arts Festival Weekend

The second annual Arts Festival Weekend at the end of April had the effect of tripling attendance at Alumni Weekend from a previous average of 12-15 to 45 (51 including spouses), and instead of simply a meeting and a discussion on the evening of Commencement Day, there was a play Friday evening ("Juno and the Paycock"); Saturday a morning-long informal discussion over coffee with student leaders and some teachers; after lunch the annual alumni meeting followed by an informal meeting with the Trustees; and in the evening a dinner with the Trustees and some of the faculty, concluded by a Bach cantata and vocal chamber music concert. An exhibit of student art work was on show in the Tyler Gallery throughout the weekend, and a student literary review was published. As I wrote in the Newsletter, what was most significant was the new self-awareness of the alumni as an important and independent force in the community. In effect the annual meeting was a declaration of independence and established a precedent for the future. Remark of the weekend: as the Trustees were showing a map of future building plans, the muffled alumni voice in the background, "Where's the barbershop?"

And there was the letter from a recent alumnus which warmed the cockles of my heart. He had graduated in American studies, not the sciences. He wrote:

> Whenever I have been able to get my finger on Marlboro's pulse, I have found it strong. New students tell me that things are not as good as they used to be and students who have been there longer tell me they're much better. While not above nostalgia for earlier times, it seems to me that the College is getting better in important ways while retaining what was good in its past. To me, for all that I love Marlboro's earthy social life and free swinging politics, it was the dedication to ideas I found in so many there that made the great difference. It was not the kind of dedication one hears about in somber graduation addresses, but a sloppy unselfconscious dedication. Seven or eight people roaming restlessly around a room grasping white coffee cups between nicotine stained fingers trying to find out

what's wrong with the Heisenberg indeterminacy principle, not because a paper is due the next morning, but because like the mountain, it's there.

* * *

Maximum Size?

1966 – 1967 With accreditation behind us, we began the new year on a high note. We opened 1966 with 167 students, our largest enrollment to date. You will remember our decision in 1959 had been to grow to 175 (150 resident) and look around us. Now that we were close to our goal, perhaps within a year, it was time to reconsider. There were two facets to the problem: the academic and the financial. The financial revolved around faculty salaries. In 1959 Beardsley Ruml and Donald Morrison had published *Memo to a College Trustee*, sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which argued that few colleges of under 800 students could survive because they would not be able to pay a good faculty adequately, with the possible exception of a few which were extraordinarily well endowed.

> Basic trends are favorable to the liberal college that has achieved a minimum size of 800 and that is prepared to grow. The population trend favors it; so does the trend of national income. Large resources will be available within the college's economic structure, and its competitive position, as compared to the university, will be advantageous in many ways. Finally, given proper compensation and a fair program for teaching, research and writing, the appeal of the liberal college to a distinguished faculty is very great. The outlook is for 20 or more liberal colleges of the highest quality within a period of 20 years or less.
>
> However, if we take the college of below average size - below the simple statistical average - the outlook is not good. Major and heroic labors will be required in reorganizing, refinancing and consolidation to preserve these many colleges, their services and traditions.[8]

It was our sense that in general they were correct, certainly for colleges conventionally structured. But Marlboro was hardly conventional. Could we remain viable if we reduced the heavy overhead of administration and extras such as intercollegiate sports (which did not mean we did not wish to have sports and physical activities of some kind)? We needed to take a hard look.

Equally if not more important was the academic question. As I wrote in the Newsletter,

> For crazy idealists like us 'Can we?' is never as important as 'Should we?' The academic question revolves around isolation. There is no question that a community like this gains much from its small size: personal contacts, personal influence on the whole environment, cross-fertilization of academic disciplines. The question is whether too much is lost at the same time through isolation of any

8*Memo to a College Trustee*, Beardsley Ruml and Donald H. Morrison, McGraw-Hill, NY: 1959, p. 26

one advanced student from sufficient numbers of students and teachers in the same field, through isolation of teachers from colleagues and sufficient good students in their field, and isolation of both from our mass culture.

The prejudice of faculty, students, and alumni was that we should remain tiny, but we needed to examine this prejudice. Although I shared this prejudice, I found myself in the odd position of having to play devil's advocate to ensure that we examined the problem objectively. We began by polling the faculty, the students, and the alumni, particularly those recent graduates who had completed a Plan of Concentration and were familiar with the current curriculum. Fortunately we received a Danforth Foundation grant at exactly this time to send a committee to Colorado the next summer to study some problem we faced as a College in company with a group of other colleges doing the same. Size was our problem. In the spring of 1967 we appointed a committee of Roland Boyden, who had been with us since the beginning; John MacArthur, who was the faculty member second to Roland in seniority and was to serve as the new Dean of Faculty; Ted Wendell, the new Dean of Students; and Willene Clark, who could represent the younger generation of teachers.

New Faculty and Staff

The faculty continued to grow, especially in the social sciences, though it was almost a decade before the area stabilized with permanent appointments who remain with us today. Steve Anderson, Ph.D. Harvard, was appointed to a joint position in International Politics at Marlboro and the Experiment in International Living (the beginning of a long association with the Experiment which was to grow into a joint degree program shortly after I left). Ted Brenneman, a candidate for the Ph.D. in religion at the University of Chicago, joined us in religion and anthropology; his wife Mary, candidate for the M.A. in sociology, also at Chicago, joined us part-time to run the Educational Resources Program (which placed some of our students in local schools to enrich the curriculum and indirectly to encourage students to become teachers). There were two other appointments, one a biologist now that Olive MacArthur had retired, and one Jane Emmerson of Somerville College Oxford as our fourth, and first female, Classics Fellow. The appointment of the Brennemans as a couple underlined a policy which Marlboro had long held, partly out of practicality (often a couple could not live on one Marlboro salary), partly out of principle. Not only had we long supported the idea of women faculty members - as I have already mentioned, we had done better than most colleges until affirmative action priced us out of the market (in 1966-67, 30% or 9 of 30 full and part-time members of the faculty were women), but we had encouraged couples, a concept discouraged by most colleges because of the problem which arose if one proved satisfactory and the other did not. One other related note: although we had made no appointments in Sanskrit, students began working on Ted Brenneman to teach Sanskrit on the side, and an informal group of teachers and students alike was studying Anglo-Saxon for no credit. Since Deirdre Stam was already teaching some Egyptian hieroglyphics and our Classics Fellows were teaching Greek and Latin, we were doing all right for a tiny college on a mountain top.

In many ways more significant was the appointment of our first full-time Dean of Students, "our own" Ted Wendell, who returned from getting his M.A. in mathematics at the University of Washington. When I arrived in 1958, Roland Boyden served as our one and only dean,

combining the academic and social functions. Then for years Dick Judd doubled as part-time Dean of Students and part-time teacher while Roland remained as Dean of Faculty. Now we had reached a size which required a full-time Dean of Students. Ted returned to fill this role and establish the office. As expected, he did it extremely well, for he was both respected and popular.

This was the year in which the College, financially stronger though not strong, for the first time adopted a formal policy on sabbatical leaves: a faculty member became eligible for one term at full pay after six years. Thereafter he or she again became eligible after five years from the completion of the previous sabbatical, but after the first sabbatical might apply for a longer leave for less than full pay, or at longer intervals with full pay.

The New Theatre

Even though the science building was still in the planning stage, temporarily slowed by lack of capital, during the year the trustees began to talk about a new theater building. Geoff dusted off his original design which he had shown me when he joined the faculty, and we began to think of a building which could serve primarily as a theater with a thrust stage and raked seating but also as a major lecture hall and as a chamber concert hall. A search for an architect was begun. By the fall of 1967 William Cowles, a Vermont resident and father of a Marlboro student, was chosen, though in the end it was rather his partner Bob Stainton of Stainton, Cowles & Hapgood in Burlington who did most of the design.

Notes on a Liberal Education[9]

In November of this year I attempted a lecture in the Monday series entitled *Notes on a Liberal Education*. I argued that the term *liberal arts* means not the free arts, which would be meaningless, but the arts suitable for the free man [this was before the generic term "man" could no longer be used for men and women]. The free man is the one who must make choices based on what he knows, on his picture of the universe. A liberal education, therefore, is one oriented toward to answering the twin questions - the obverse and reverse of the same question - "Who am I?" and "What is the universe?" I used the example of the scientist who was set the problem of solving the problem of static in undersea cable. He discovered the source in the outer reaches of the Milky Way. If he used the knowledge to correct the problem, he was operating at what I called the physical or practical level. If he went further and published a paper in a scientific journal on his findings without reference to particular application, he was operating at what I called the theoretical or abstract level. If he went further, as he probably did not, and related his discovery to our concept of man and the universe, as he probably did not, he was operating at what I called the philosophical or conceptual level. A liberal education is defined by its orientation toward this last level. These levels operate in all disciplines, the arts and humanities as well as the sciences, and I went on to illustrate them in my own discipline, English literature.

I then traced the evolution of the liberal arts from Greece, where they had a class orientation - the free man as opposed to the slave, the man who had to lead the State in peace and war (thus the emphasis on physical training). In Rome, which took over the concept from Greece though it was

9For the full text of the lecture, see Appendix D, p. 237.

a republic, not a democracy, these arts were defined as grammar (which included literature and history), music, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, harmony, rhetoric, and philosophy and prepared men to serve in a debate in the Senate or in an administrative post in the outer reaches of the empire . In the Middle Ages the emphasis shifted to leadership in Church and State, clerics for the Church and clerks for the Court. In the 4th century A.D. the non-Christian Martianus Capella codified the seven liberal arts in terms of their usefulness to beings destined for heaven: the familiar quadrivium (arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and harmony) and the trivium (logic, grammar, and rhetoric), leaving out medicine and architecture because they would not be needed by celestial beings. In this way I traced the history on up to the present time.

Implicit in all this was the argument that by coming to understand our universe, we shall know how to act. Until the modern period the value systems were inherited from generation to generation; they changed so slowly they remained in the background. Since around the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries, however, the traditional value systems had broken down and man was confronted with what has been called the romantic predicament: at just that time in history when each man needed to create his own frame of reference within which to act, no one man was able to master all knowledge, as for instance Milton had still thought possible in the 17th century. The ultimate role of a modern liberal education, therefore, was to help students construct their frames of reference and value systems through the orientation of the material.

The lecture came under attack on two fronts. First, the use of terms such as 'conceptual' (I had already discarded 'technical' and substituted 'practical' because of such an attack). My response was that the term was not important, only the idea behind the term; I was open to suggestions. Second, that one cannot get directly from 'Is' to 'Ought', from what a thing is to its value, as Hume demonstrated in the 18th century. This is incontrovertible. I had over-spoken. There is a connection, however, between what we think our universe is and the value systems we build; the relationship is just not one-to-one.

The lecture needs to be extensively revised, but I believe that the major thrust remains valid; certainly it guided my thinking. If mankind is not to destroy himself and his world, he must understand what his universe is and build his value systems within that understanding. At a time when mankind has lost its moorings, a liberal education becomes essential. Each of us must create his or her frame of reference (understanding of the universe): as I am fond of saying, we are all liberal artists, our greatest artifacts ourselves and our societies. I fear, however, that the lecture made little impression .

Board Changes

In January, 1967, Richard Taylor of Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft, attorneys in New York City, joined the Board. This was an important appointment, as time was to show, for Dick later served an important turn as Chairman of the Board and then for several years as Board Treasurer; equally important, he led us to other appointments such as that of Jerry Aron. Dick and his wife Maureen had a summer home in Dover, but he had become acquainted with the College through Arthur Whittemore: they had met on board ship during a trans-Atlantic crossing and, both attorneys, had found much in common.

Then in August Arthur Whittemore himself, founder and Board Chairman from the beginning, stepped down as Chairman though he remained a trustee. The following June, as one of the three principal founders he was given an honorary degree and a Marlboro Windsor chair, thus beginning a tradition which lasted for some years of giving such a chair to recipients of honorary degrees. He was succeeded by J. Peterson Elder, better known as Peter, Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at Harvard. (This gave us, briefly, a Harvard Dean as Chairman and the Harvard Comptroller as Treasurer). The transition, which could have been traumatic, went smoothly because the Board was itself harmonious. Both key positions, Chairman and Treasurer, had changed hands, but the prior holders were still trustees and policies had not changed. Perhaps I was guilty at the time of not fully recognizing how remarkable this was, but looking back I can only marvel. Even the resignation as Treasurer of Carl Janke the following summer because of ill health and the election of Charles Crosby in his place brought no change in direction. There was no acrimony on that Board; instead, there was a wonderful sense of comradeship and humor. We not only thought much alike - the differences, never major, were important and brought wiser decisions - but we liked and respected each other. If there was one weakness - and there was - it was the lack of people with personal wealth and those active in the business world: we were heavy with academics and lawyers.

Town Meeting Eruption

Once again as we grew there were tensions in the College Town Meeting, though once again they were resolved through rational if passionate debate. The immediate issue was parietal hours, under pressure from the sexual revolution. Changing sexual mores and the resultant pressures on community regulations occupied us over several years during the mid to late '60s. Bit by bit parietal regulations were eased until it appeared they might disappear entirely. This possibility raised questions about our public image on the one hand and hypocrisy on the other. Finally in the spring of 1967 I promoted a motion in the Town Meeting that there would be some form of parietal regulations in effect at all times. My recollection is that the motion was defeated by something like 108-7, but examination of the minutes confirms the 7 but does not note the number of those opposed. Since the largest number of votes recorded that day was only 101, I guess my famous defeat was not quite so grand! It was grand enough. Still concerned about the reputation of the College, Ted Wendell and I then forced on the faculty a vote of confidence imposing at least such mild restrictions that 'one could not remain to brush one's teeth the next morning,' as someone put it. The students erupted in anger to the extent that while I was in Boston I was telephoned in some alarm. My reaction was that we should wait for the next Town Meeting and see what would happen. There then occurred on May 15th and again on the 25th the longest and most impassioned debate on one topic that certainly I had ever experienced up to that time, but the result was constructive. After suggestions such as civil disobedience and the abolition of Town Meeting, a series of three clever and rational related motions were approved:

> The Board of Selectmen shall only enforce parietal hours which have been approved by 3/4 vote of the respective dormitories and ratified by the Board of Selectmen.
>
> We deeply regret the action of the President and Dean in putting the parietal hours regulation before the faculty. We deplore the way in which it was presented and its

> implications. We are deeply concerned that the Administration has shown an apparent lack of confidence in the student body, the town meeting, and its officers. We consider the faculty's action to be done without due cause.
>
> The Town Meeting shall set up a committee of ten, including the selectman-at-large, to meet with the Faculty and Trustees for the purpose of studying the Community Government and redefining the delegation of powers.

As I look back, this was an extraordinarily rational and constructive response. The gauntlet had been thrown down by the Administration; the response was not revolution but examination and further debate. The committee, which came to be known as the Levy Committee after the student who made the motion, was elected the following week and included three teachers; interestingly enough, both the academic left wing and the academic right wing were represented. The committee held an organizational meeting before the end of term and established that a series of meetings were to be held the next fall, including some with a delegation of Trustees and probably some with a group representing the faculty. Thus in 1967 began the final phase of a long tug-of-war concerning faculty vs. Town Meeting power which did not result in a final resolution until the 1976-77 academic year (see p.180).

In the summer Newsletter reporting this debate occurred the following paragraph which sums up neatly what made Marlboro unusual if not unique in those days:

> It may seem strange, if not shocking, to some of you that a political body on the campus, consisting of teachers and students, can vote a censure of the President and Dean and yet remain unscathed...it is rather a sign of the health of this community that matters of deep disagreement can be handled openly like this. So long as they can be and are - rather than through picketing and insults - we are healthy, for fundamental issues are fermenting in all our colleges where independent thought is encouraged so that the issues of our society can emerge, simply because such issues are fermenting in our culture. Somewhere between my "realism" and the students' "idealism" (neither very apt terms) lies the truth, and it best be hammered out on top of the table. In a way I think one of the finest compliments paid the College in my hearing was paid by First Selectman Mark Klimo,'68, last September at the orientation of new students: "The thing about Marlboro is that you don't need to go underground."

Commencement

One businessman at least some of us had in mind as a future trustee as well as an appropriate model was the speaker at our 20th commencement in 1967, Fred H. Moore of Austin, Texas, former President of the Mobil Oil Company, whom I had met at a meeting in New Orleans a few years before. Unfortunately ill health later forced him to retire early to Texas and he died not long thereafter. Before he retired, at his invitation I used to stop in to see him in his New York office early in the morning, before the regular staff had arrived, for a general chat. Fred had started life on a poor west Texas farm, worked his way through Texas Tech and Yale, started as a field geologist for Mobil during the Depression and worked his way to the top. In the process, he had

never forgotten the importance of education in his life and spent much time supporting it at all levels. I mention him here, however, for an anecdote he told me which said much about the post-war world we lived in.

His daughter and son-in-law were medical missionaries in Africa. Flying out to Addis Ababa once on an Ethiopian airline jet, he fell into conversation with the pilot in the days before the cockpits were sealed off and the pilots could not come back and talk with passengers. Just before they landed, the pilot came back again and asked him whether he would like to meet his father. Of course Fred would. Twenty or thirty minutes after they landed, they met in the terminal and the pilot drove him out into the countryside to a tiny village. His father was a barefoot, illiterate village chief.

* * *

Initial Full Enrollment

1967 – 1968 We opened the year with 177 students, thus reaching our initial enrollment goal within a decade, though not quite as planned: we had fewer than 150 on campus, more than 25 off campus. Achieving a balance had proven difficult. On the one hand we wanted the dormitories full in order to service the mortgage debt incurred in building them; on the other hand, to force upperclass students to live on campus would have been counter-productive. On balance, however, we were very pleased with the growth.

Further Projected Growth

Then at the first faculty meeting of the fall term, the Danforth Committee reported on its recommendations for the future size of the College. They proposed that the College remain at 175 for one more year, then grow very slowly (3-4% a year as opposed to the 10-18% of the immediate past) to 200 resident and 25 non-resident students. The rationale behind the report was that we would have to grow somewhat but that the rate of growth was more significant than the ultimate size. Slow development would permit us to concentrate on such things as balance (e.g., more students in the natural sciences, more teachers in the social sciences) and quality (e.g., a higher percentage graduating). Behind this philosophy we could sense the wisdom of Committee member Roland Boyden, who understood better than most in that era the significance of growing slowly enough to allow the infra-structure to adapt. This insight applies not only to colleges; it applies even to nations, especially those in which diversity increases with the growth.

The Danforth Workshop

The Committee brought back an amusing anecdote. It was the practice at the Danforth Workshops, held in Colorado, to assign as an expert advisor to each institution a senior academic experienced in the problem brought by its committee. Marlboro's advisor, from some California institution, confessed early that she had never dealt with a college so small and after a few meetings threw up her hands and withdrew, explaining that our Committee knew more about the problem than she. The opportunity to examine our problem in an unhurried manner on neutral turf, however, was extremely valuable, and we were sorry to learn a year or two later that the workshops had been discontinued.

The report was well received by the faculty and administration and then by the College Town Meeting. A series of faculty and Town Meeting committees began examining it and its implications in detail, with a schedule for committee reports to be submitted by January, Trustee action to begin by April, and final decisions to be made by June or August at the latest.

At the same time, the faculty voted to have two students serve on each of the faculty policy committees. These included the Admissions Committee, which had already had student delegates for two years, the Library Committee, and a new Committee on Academic Policy. Not included were the Scheduling, Scholarship, and Comprehensive Examination Committees. Election, by students only, was by Australian ballot. As before on the Admissions Committee, the delegates were to be involved in all policy discussions but were not to have access to privileged information.

New Faculty and Staff

The faculty continued to develop rather than grow. Jack Russell, '66, a doctoral candidate at Brown University, replaced for the year Dick Judd, who was on sabbatical lecturing at St. Andrews in Scotland and traveling on the Continent. Our alumni were becoming a valuable source of young teachers. Jack was joined by his fiancee, Michele Gibbs, to teach freshman English. Wesley Ward, also '66, replaced Tim Little as Assistant Dean of Students and Chairman of the Admissions Committee as Tim went off to graduate school in history. At that time there was no Director of Admissions as such; rather the position was conceived as leadership of a faculty committee, thus a faculty rather than an administrative function. There was a replacement appointment in international relations; we could not yet afford a permanent appointment in that field and thus some kind of stability. And Frank Stout's friend the painter Lucio Pozzi, an instructor at Cooper Union in New York, joined the faculty part-time, agreeing to come up once a month to lead a special painting seminar. He was to play a small but significant role a year later, as we shall see.

John Nevins

At the same time John Nevins replaced Dave Stam as librarian. Over this I must pause. Dave was with us only three years but we were fortunate to have a librarian of his ability start us off: he had a great and lasting impact on our library. He culled the collection, he augmented it wisely, he set up the system which remained in use essentially unchanged until computerization in the ‘90s, and he helped attract important support from the library and book community off-campus. His successor was John Nevins, who came to us from the United States Information Agency. A former Putney School staff member who had a home in Marlboro, he wanted the job very much and we liked him very much, but I hesitated in making the appointment because we had had one other experience with a retired State Department employee who, as it turned out, had really retired and was not prepared for the hard work required at the College. Somehow John heard of my hesitation, caught a plane to Albany, and drove over the mountains from Bennington through a blizzard to plead his case. He didn't need to plead it: his actions were enough. Although he had served as a librarian in USIA, he did not have a library degree. With our help, he commuted to Albany part-time and took a degree in library science at the State University. He continued the fine tradition begun by Dave until his retirement in 1983. His death in retirement in 1998 was felt to be a great loss to the whole community, Town and Gown.

The Changing of the Guard

Finally, the arrival of Ted Wendell as the first full-time Dean of Students in the summer of 1966 led to another continental shift in the summer of 1967 when Roland Boyden stepped down as Dean of Faculty to become a history teacher full-time. Roland had been the first appointment to the Marlboro faculty. He had been the first (and for many years the only) Dean. He had held the faculty together during the lean years of the 1950s. In 1957-58, the year which proved to be the turning point in the worldly fortunes of the College, he had been Acting President and could have become President had he wished. During my first two years and beyond he had been my mentor, an infinite source of wisdom born of experience and native wit. In 1960-61, when the Dean's office was divided into two as the College grew larger, he became the first Dean of Faculty. His stepping down was earth-shaking if not unexpected, but his shedding administrative duties was well deserved, and perhaps showed a confidence in our future.

Thus in a period of two years immediately following our accreditation in 1965, there had been a changing of the guard on both the Board and faculty. The positions of Board Chairman, Board Treasurer, Dean of Faculty, and Dean of Students had all changed hands. It was a new generation, but really little changed, for our ideas of what we were and what we could become were in harmony.

Breaking Tenure

This year, however, occurred the only occasion on which I ever had to break tenure. We had a senior member of the faculty, an older man, former Oxford don, the ruin of a fine intellect, who was an alcoholic. He had caused considerable turmoil from time to time over the years but never to the point we could dismiss him, though we began to wish to. One evening, however, his stepson found him drunk in his kitchen, leaning over his equally drunk wife on the floor, holding a kitchen knife in his hand. The police were called and he was forbidden to see his wife again. The incident was reported to us, and we told him that we would tolerate his behavior no longer. Either he would accept a year's "sabbatical", actually a terminal leave, during which he would resign, or we would press charges of moral turpitude, one of the two grounds on which a tenured professor might be dismissed. He accepted the "sabbatical" and returned to England. Unfortunately part way through the next year his letters began to make noises that he would not keep his word. This too was intolerable. I went to Ropes and Gray, the Boston firm which handled legal matters for Harvard, and they dictated my reply. I sent the letter off and shortly received a surrender in reply. Although it was part of my job, an unpleasant part, to let people go, this was the only time I had to act against a tenured member of the faculty. Incidentally, having seen a friend at another and prestigious university unexpectedly dismissed from his administrative post by letter from a new President after more than fifteen successful years in a senior position, and the despair which such a dismissal caused, I vowed never to dismiss anyone except in person, face to face, if at all possible. No matter how poorly someone has performed or behaved, he or she deserves an explanation in person. Frankly, I always hated to dismiss anyone. In a community as small as Marlboro, they were always at one level or another a friend.

Curriculum Change

In January the faculty voted to regroup our four curricular areas (Arts, Humanities, Natural Sciences, Social Sciences) into three: Arts, Humanities, and Sciences. Included in the arts were not only the creative and performing arts as before, but certain work in the history or criticism of the arts. Other work in history or criticism of the arts, closer to intellectual history or philosophy than to the art forms themselves, were to continue in the Humanities along with history, philosophy, religion, and the more humanistic of the social sciences. The more experimental or statistical of the social sciences were included along with the natural sciences among the sciences.

This change was part of a move back to the old style Comprehensive Examination, abandoned two years before. The old form had been a test of breadth, not depth, and required the students to pass in each of the four areas of the curriculum. The revised form, introduced in the 1966-67 academic year, was designed to test the student's preparedness for a Plan of Concentration. After two years of experience, the faculty decided that the revised form was not satisfactory - there were better ways of deciding readiness to go on Plan - and returned the Exam to the old objectives. Restlessness with the whole concept remained.

This one time we tried an experiment. Because too many students were taking the Comprehensive each year, some not ready and thereby wasting the examiners time, in February the College offered experimentally the General Examination of the College Level Examination Program (CLEP) as a qualifying examination. As a result 13 did not qualify and not so many took the Comprehensive when it was offered later in the year. But there was a more interesting result. Our composite mean, based on the national norms for sophomores (at which level we aimed our Comprehensive), was in the 70th percentile in the social sciences, the 75th percentile in the natural sciences, and the 86th percentile in the humanities (including the arts). These figures tended to support our belief that our curriculum was unbalanced and that if we were to have equity, we needed to do something about it. That kind of equity had long been a cornerstone of our academic philosophy. Despite our best efforts, we were not to approach that equity for another decade though we made slow progress toward it.

Shortly after the CLEP objective type examinations were given in February, the secretary who normally typed the weekly calendar was away. At the bottom of the calendar that week the following mysteriously appeared:

> Lo! ye believers in gods all goodness, and man all ill, lo you! see the omniscient gods oblivious of suffering man; and man, though idiotic, and knowing not what he does, yet full of the sweet things of love and gratitude.
>
> __Voltaire __Pythagoras __H. Melville __Tom Ragle

The Levy Committee

The Town Meeting Committee established the previous year after the explosion following the faculty vote on parietal hours reported in the spring. Known as the Levy Committee after the

student who had made the motion[10], it had been working steadily although only three of the original ten members - faculty and students - were still serving; others had been coopted as necessary. My own reaction, expressed in the April Newsletter, was that even if some of the recommendations were misdirected or at the time impractical or another impossible, the main thrust was well taken: there were two main intentions, to make Marlboro more of an integrated community within itself (phrases like "intentional community" and "organic experience" were frequent) and to involve the College more fully, and more constructively, with the outside world. These were not conceived as contradictory but as supplementary and caught the temper of the times. The drafts aroused more enthusiasm, discussion, and positive action than any single event or series of events during those years. Several of the recommendations were implemented before the end of the year: increased activity of the Lycaeum Committee sponsoring cultural events, student readings, student construction projects (including a sauna bath and a hockey rink), and team teaching (a sign of the future). Although it was not possible to have a summer school on campus, we began thinking of other ways to hold one.

The Science Building

Earlier in 1967 we had applied for a grant from the Federal Government for construction of the science building. Not unexpectedly we were not successful. The Federal program, based on a point system, was designed to increase institutional capacity as rapidly as possible to meet the growing number of students nationally. We lost heavily on proportional growth, numerical growth, space utilization, and faculty salaries. The projected growth was slight, even proportionately, by our choice. Space utilization related to style of teaching: we encouraged small classes and tutorials involving one student for one or two hours per week; compared with large numbers of students meeting in lecture halls three times a week, our style did not earn many points. And even though faculty salaries had improved some 300% over the decade, they were still unconscionably small. Frustrated, we were forced to look elsewhere. It was becoming increasingly clear that we would have to find private sources, for most foundations were pulling back from funding buildings because of the Federal Government's increasing involvement. Yet we were determined: especially because we were (and are) a humanistic college, we were determined that our science program remain in balance. (Personally I was pleased that we did not get the grant. I had even argued against applying for it, since I feared the Federal regulations, designed for larger colleges, requiring bids and tying up funds in escrow, would bind our hands and distort our future growth.)

In the spring we had at last raised enough private money to begin construction of the shell of the science building. It was briefly interrupted later but began again. The intention was to construct the shell with funds on hand or within reach to the tune of $165,000 including architects' fees, then to cease construction until the balance had been raised. The start of construction would symbolize the College's determination to support the natural sciences and might also attract the remaining funds. The value of having architectural engineer and Board member Whit Brown as a volunteer clerk-of-the-works was never better demonstrated than at this point. We had not designed a basement under the north end of the building because there was ledge. Whit was standing there when the rest of the basement was being bulldozed, however, and noticed that when the blade

10Although I have tried to find a copy of the report, I have been unsuccessful. There does not seem to be one in our archives, and my own copy has been lost.

nicked the ledge by accident, the rock appeared rotten. He summoned the bulldozer back and asked the driver to attack the ledge. He did. In a few minutes he had cleared the entire area and we had a basement under the full building. By October the building was closed in and heated - and paid for to that point.

Building Projects

As we look back, we can see that there were many building projects in the air at this time. The Science Building was getting underway. An architect for the new theatre had been selected and plans were being drawn up; the site had been chosen and staked out by the summer of 1968. The students were building a sauna bath and a hockey rink. The Music School received permission to build at its expense a wing on the Auditorium for use as a Green Room; work began in the spring. Then in January the Board began discussing a plan to construct on campus one or more four-unit apartment buildings for married students lest we lose their contributions to our culture from their living off campus. In conjunction with builder George Heller of Putney, John Borden, '62, designed units built around a central axis, each unit facing a different direction so that the inhabitants would have the sense of privacy and a view over a separate landscape. By summer a contract with George had been signed and construction begun. The set of apartments is known to this day as Married Student Housing, though it has been used variously to house the Classics Fellow and other faculty members as well. It was financed by a mortgage with our two banks in Massachusetts, The Franklin Savings Institution in Greenfield and the Holyoke Savings Bank in Holyoke: our needs had outgrown the ability of local banks to finance.

Work Grant Program

In the early years of the College, all students had done physical work around the campus from construction to waiting on table. Even as late as 1958 when I arrived, Thursday afternoons were set aside as community work days when everyone turned out. This was soon abandoned because there was only so much that could be done, too much make-work became involved, and amateur labor was inadequate for much of the work that did need doing. Instead we substituted scholarship jobs in the different departments - library, administration, etc. - coordinated by the faculty scholarship committee. Only working shifts on the dining hall crews remained required of all students in turn. Then in 1967-68 we took another step. By this time we had joined the Federal programs. We appointed Hal March Assistant Business Manager under Harry Evans, who had been much overworked, with responsibility, among others, for overseeing the work grant program. Available jobs paid different wages and/or were more desirable (e.g., in the library sorting books vs. in the kitchen washing pots and pans). Students who were diligent and conscientious won the higher paying and/or more desirable jobs and vice versa. Those students who did poorly, who did not earn their quotas assigned by the scholarship committee, had to make up the difference out of their own pockets; if they made more, they could keep it. The grants and the College loans remained the same. Scholarship students received preference in the awarding of jobs, but anyone could apply. Only the dining hall crew was served in turn by all.

New England Association Revisit

In the spring the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools (NEACSS) revisited, three years after the initial accreditation, as was normal for newly accredited institutions. The Committee felt that the current annual rate of increase of volumes in the library should not be

reduced until the collection reached 50,000 (the capacity of the new building), that the overcrowding of the dining hall and the standard of housekeeping called for attention, and that the College would soon require between two and four million dollars in capital outlay. It also voiced concern for the middle ranking members of the faculty - presumably this referred to salary and benefits. We could hardly argue with any of these, which confirmed our own assessment. At the same time the Committee spoke favorably of the Business Office and the Administration in general, and reported that it was especially impressed with the articulate, vigorous student body.

The Coffee Shop

Over the years the need for a coffee shop grew ever more urgent. For a while the students operated a small one in the basement of Mather House, then the men's dormitory but later the Administration Building. In June Wes and Gail Ward, both graduates in the class of 1966 and Wes by then an assistant dean, offered to invest $12,000 in a College bookstore/coffee shop, interest free for five years, the principal thereafter to be repaid at the rate of $2,000 per year for six years with 6% interest to be paid on the outstanding balance. This most generous offer was accepted by the Board and the operation opened during the 1968-69 academic year. For years the bookstore/coffee shop had been peripatetic, moving from the basement in the ell of Dalrymple to the Blacksmith Shop on the hill below the men's dormitories to the basement of Mather. This time with the help of the Wards a new geodesic dome was built above the pond expressly for the purpose. Finally, when the new Student Center was built in the 1980s, it found a permanent home there, divided into bookstore downstairs and a separate coffee shop upstairs.

Diversity

At the same meeting Wes Ward also inaugurated a Board debate on diversity, in particular the recruitment of more Black students, by submitting a well thought-out proposal entitled *Program for Cultural Diversification at Marlboro*. This provoked a long, rather cautious discussion which resulted at the time in the appointment of a Board committee to review the matter. Arguments for going slowly included the difficulty of integrating a large number of Black students into so small a student body in a State which had no Black support group - Vermont has the smallest percentage of minorities of any state in the union - and the argument that Marlboro could not solve all society's problems, should stick to what it did best without feeling conscience-stricken over its failure to pursue others. Underlying all the reasons given, however, was the unspoken fear of the financial cost.

In view of what has occurred nationally since then, this opening session of the debate seems almost reactionary, but thinking was changing in those years and this was but the opening gun of a debate which has continued ever since: what could Marlboro do to increase the diversity in the student body. A member of the younger generation, Wes deserves a great deal of credit for pushing the College forward. Indeed, by summer we had in fact moved forward. At the August meeting the special committee appointed by the Chairman and headed by Esther Raushenbush, who as Dean had had much experience in such matters at Sarah Lawrence, made its first and preliminary report. The Board minute reads in part as follows:

> [Mrs. Raushenbush] said the committee wanted to support the students' wish to

> help other disadvantaged students, but only on a basis compatible with Marlboro's size, style, and purpose. Specifically the committee would want students to assume responsibility for such a program, fully integrated with the existing life of the College, taking it on quietly and in small doses, without an elaborate structural organization and without the full-time director. The committee felt that the program should aid not only Blacks but also local youngsters who needed a break, always provided that they seemed to have sufficient native ability to succeed at the College.

Given Mrs. Raushenbush's own dedication to the education of the disadvantaged of all races and kinds, in particular her dedicating her later years almost exclusively to this cause, we must recognize the seriousness of purpose lying behind her reports; this was not an effort to avoid the issue with pious words. It would be a long time before we had the financial resources to compete for the minority students who with support could meet our academic standards, however; most of those we could have admitted at that time would have been over their heads. We accepted all we could - alas, too few.

Student Delegation to the Board

We were still a year from having student delegates to the Board, but also at the June meeting in which Wes Ward had made his proposals a delegation led by Cynthia Cunningham was granted permission to appear in order to present its case on certain vital areas. As the minutes report, the delegates regretted the failure to reappoint Lucio Pozzi, a great student favorite, to his part-time position for 1968-69; they demonstrated that student financial aid had fallen badly behind; they asked for expansion of the kitchen; and they argued that preoccupation with the Science Building was jeopardizing more urgent needs. This led to a discussion of financial priorities and at the request of the Chairman my replying point by point to their concerns. The position held by Lucio Pozzi, who had to commute once a month from New York City, was to be supplied by Gib Taylor, an artist who was within commuting distance. (Later in the meeting the Board suggested it would consider re-engaging Mr. Pozzi if the students' offer to raise the necessary funds were successful, Mr. Whitehill even offering some "pocket-picking" assistance; eventually the effort was successful.) I defended the need for the Science Building in order to balance the curriculum while also admitting other needs, including the need for a theatre, and yielded the point that improvements to the kitchen and dining hall, originally planned for after the theatre had moved to a new building, were needed immediately. The Administration favored an immediate investment of $2,800 in kitchen equipment, postponing until later the complete remodeling of the kitchen. I also acknowledged that financial aid had fallen behind to the extent that the College would have to expend $25,000 to catch up, $12,000 of which was needed by fall. I then itemized high priority items which the students were asked to keep in mind: $10,000 for the library collection, not yet in the budget; $12,000-25,000 for increased financial aid; $15,000-20,000 to cover the budget deficit for the year then coming to a close; $65,000 to cover the projected deficit before gifts already budgeted for the next year; $5,000 for the kitchen-dining hall; $120,000 to complete the Science Building once it was closed in; $246,000 for the theatre; and the cost of a new dormitory, all of which would be necessary before expansion would permit further badly needed faculty salary increases. It was a good exchange in the best Marlboro tradition and as the minutes noted, "Communications had worked both ways." When the students withdrew, the Board passed an

immediate appropriation of $2,800 for kitchen equipment and authorized Whit Brown and myself to spend up to $2,500 more either on the dining hall floor or in the kitchen as we might find appropriate after further study.

A Crisis

Then at the August meeting of the Board I reported on a near miss. As a result of the debate over parietal hours and the subsequent Levy Report, that spring over my strenuous objections the faculty had voted as an experiment to give the students an equal voice in matters of major academic policy. I considered that "the faculty's general willingness to acquiesce in this matter constituted...an unprofessional retreat from the primary area of its own exclusive responsibility," as the Board minutes put it. I recall the evening after the faculty meeting pacing up and down the orchard behind my home and determining that I had no choice but to resign: I meant resign, not simply submit my resignation in hopes it would not be accepted. I communicated this in confidence to my intimates in the administration, explaining that I wished to do it in the least harmful manner, not connecting it with the faculty vote lest the College seem in crisis and the New England Association become concerned. Involved in my thinking but not paramount was that perhaps it was time for me to move on anyway: I had been at Marlboro for a decade, longer than most college presidents in those years, and in the midst of the tensions surrounding the war in Vietnam, I was growing tired. At the annual Board meeting, however, I reported the resignation in June of Ted Wendell, again as the minutes put it, "because of inability, in his administrative capacity as Dean of Students, to enforce parietal hours and control the use of drugs in the face of student-faculty apathy on both counts." I had accepted Ted's resignation with great regret, and feeling very torn, still totally dedicated to the College, and fearing that the resignation of the Dean and the President at the same time would indeed signal crisis to the New England Association, I consented to the request of the Chairman that I withdraw my own resignation. I remember Ted in effect saying to me, 'Hold on, Tom. Eventually the faculty will reverse itself.' I have wondered to this day whether Ted's resignation was in any part to head off mine. I withdrew the resignation, of which the campus community had never been aware, and by the time of the August meeting, the immediate crisis had passed.

The Board's reaction to the faculty action surprised me. The general consensus, enunciated by Roland Boyden (whose views I already knew), by Esther Raushenbush, and by Walter Whitehill, was pragmatic, that we should not get so involved with "principle" when, as Esther put it, "A small shift in practice would satisfy everyone." This was without question the greatest difference of opinion on a vital matter during my tenure at Marlboro, and I must confess my own position has not changed to this day - it is the professional responsibility of a faculty and the faculty alone to make final decisions on matters of academic policy, though a wise faculty will always listen to students before making that decision - but what was wonderful about this crisis was that we came out friends and colleagues despite our differences and went on about our business. Indeed, as Ted urged upon me before he left, in time the faculty did reverse itself and reclaim final determination with the settlement in Article I of the new Community Constitution of May, 1977 (see p.180). The crisis passed and I set out to find a new Dean, whom I found that summer of 1968 but who was not free to come until the 1969-70 academic year (see p. 97). For the interim Dick Judd agreed to step into the gap temporarily, as he had so often done in the past.

* * *

Stabilized Enrollment

1968 – 1969 The Danforth Committee had recommended that we stay the same size for a year and then resume growing the year after. That in effect was what we did: we opened the new year with 178 students, one more than the previous year, thus averaging exactly an increase of ten per year during the most recent five years. They came from fourteen states, the District of Columbia, and Canada. In five years the applications had almost doubled, from 121 to 236, and the SAT scores had risen from an average 537 verbal and 523 math in 1964 to 609 verbal and 610, the high point for many years to come.

This growth was impelled in part by our accreditation and in part, if indirectly, by the pressures and discontents aroused by the Vietnam War. That year, for instance, we had more transfers than freshmen (28 to 26), and many of the former were leaving more prestigious institutions looking for something to satisfy their discontent. I do not have before me the facts to prove this, but I recall saying to people a few years later that we had eight transfers from a particular very fine New England institution; of these, four eventually dropped out and kept on going, at least for a time out of formal education altogether, and four went on to become some of our finest graduates. We must remember that Marlboro was socially liberal but academically traditional, a mixture which some found disturbing if not, indeed, contradictory. Socially we were bending with the wind (not toppling over), but academically we were standing firm.

New Faculty and Staff

Although the enrollment remained steady, we continued increasing and changing faculty. The money had been raised to keep Lucio Pozzi's monthly visit. There was the annual Oxford Classics Fellow, still a one-year appointment. There were two appointments in the sciences and three in the social sciences, none of whom stayed on into senior status (our form of tenure); two new appointments did become permanent, Gib Taylor in the arts, whom I have already mentioned, and T. Wilson in writing. Gib was a woodworker and painter who came to teach design but ended up running a very successful woodworking program involving furniture design, instrument making, and wood sculpture. He sent graduates to such leading art schools as the Rhode Island School of Design; in addition to more conventional objects, in his sculpture he did witty imitations, in wood, of a squashed beer can, of an open sardine can, and so on. Unfortunately the program ceased with his retirement in 1998. T., whose family had a home in Marlboro, was a poet who had studied at the prestigious Iowa Writers Workshop. I say "was", but in both cases "is" would suit as well, for they continue to practice their arts. Each year, it seems, we made a number of appointments, some of which turned out well in the long run until we had completed the faculty we wanted. Stability in the natural and social sciences, however, was still half a decade away.

Another important appointment was that of Noreen (Rusty) Keating, R.N., as the resident psychological counselor. Rusty had entered Marlboro as both student and nurse in 1963. After graduating in 1967, she had taken a degree in psychiatric social work at Columbia. She was to establish the position of counselor, which quickly became one of our most critical administrative positions, especially in those years. She was liked and trusted by both students and faculty. Upon

her premature death in 1995 after having moved on, a fund was established in her name.

Finally, Dick Judd, returning from sabbatical, consented to act part-time as dean, now upgraded to Dean of the College, until we could appoint a full-time dean by the fall of 1969. He was supported by a newly formed Dean's Committee, which promised to become a fixture. During the year we continued to review candidates for the permanent position, and in January Bob Skeele, Assistant Dean at St. John's, Santa Fe, was appointed to take office the following year. There is a story behind this appointment. During the summer of 1968, my wife and I had taken our children on a camping trip around the West. On our way back, we stopped in Santa Fe to see the St. John's College campus. Corky Kramer, who in 1950 had taken one of the two earned M.A.s awarded by Marlboro in the early years, was at that time Dean of that campus. I had never met him, but Roland and he were friends and had kept in touch. Unfortunately he was not in residence that summer, but Roland introduced me by letter to Ing Lorenz, the former Marlboro postmistress during the early '50s and at that time an assistant dean in Santa Fe. We stopped for tea at Ing's, therefore, planning to camp out for the night as usual, but a fierce desert thunder storm came up and Ing argued that it would be much too muddy for us to pitch a tent. Unfortunately she could not ask us to spend the night with her because she and her husband were house sitting, but she thought another assistant dean, Bob Skeele, might be able to help. With Corky, Bob had come from a similar position at the mother college, St. John's in Annapolis. When she telephoned, he agreed without hesitation to put up this unknown and semi-drowned party of seven, and off we went to his house. Bob and his wife Joan (pronounced Joanne) insisted Nancy and I sleep in a bed, but our children slept in their sleeping bags on the living room carpet. Sensing an adventure, their children dragged their sleeping gear onto the same carpet and all was well. As I reflected on this later, it seemed to me that an experienced assistant dean who responded in this fashion might be just what we wanted at Marlboro, and so it turned out. Was there perhaps design in that thunder storm?

Presidential Sabbatical

As it turned out, I was not on campus during Bob's first year, 1969-70. At a luncheon with Peter Elder, the Chairman, at the Harvard Faculty Club during the fall of 1968, I had mentioned that perhaps it was time for me to move on in a year or so. The Town Meeting veto over academic policy still smarted. If I were to leave after a reasonable period of time, the College would not be destabilized. He argued that it was not yet time. But I explained that I was tired; tensions were high in those years. To my amazement, he replied, "Then we'll give you a full year's sabbatical with pay in 1969-70." I was dumbfounded. Presidents did not get sabbaticals. I could not refuse, and that clinched the matter. It also added in my mind an even greater sense of responsibility and loyalty, if that were possible, to a place that treated one in that way.

Curricular Discussions

Change was in the air, I almost said "charged air". In February we held an open faculty meeting to discuss the curriculum, particularly the options and requirements of the first two years. As I wrote in the Newsletter, the debate was reminiscent of the debate on the Plan of Concentration a decade

earlier. Student attendance was so great - only modest attendance was usual for the open section of the weekly faculty meetings - that we moved from the Culbertson Room in Dalrymple Hall to the Dining Hall, where 70-80 of us sat in a large square and talked for two hours. The proposal which generated the hottest discussion concerned requiring each entering student to work intensively (25 hours per week) with each of two teachers for at least one term. Students dominated the discussion, some supporting the proposal, others arguing that it would prevent them from exploring the curriculum before settling down. Faculty comments tended to concern practical questions such as 'Would students be attracted in such depth to disciplines in which they had no previous experience?' and "Would this approach work equally well in all disciplines?' There was no attempt to come to closure - indeed that proposal was never enacted - but the debate turned out to be the opening gun of a broader debate which soon resulted in other changes, as we shall see.

Housing Policy

Curriculum was not the only subject under attack; so was the housing policy and what it meant to be a residential college. We had earlier decided to grow to 195 students in the fall of 1969, an increase of 18, and to build another 15 bed dormitory like the six we had already built. At the January meeting of the Board, however, in those years held at the Club of Odd Volumes in Boston, Scott Morris, Selectman-at-Large and Chairman of the Town Meeting Architectural Committee, appeared in person and introduced a letter arguing that students should have more say in the design of their living space, pointing out that many students, frustrated with the dormitory rooms they had, were already constructing lofts in, or furniture for, them (not altogether legally). He wrote in part,

> ...we must allow, even encourage, the individual to take an active part in determining his physical environment, just as he takes an active part in determining his academic and social life. Furthermore, he must be allowed to become an individual physically, just as he is allowed to become an individual socially and academically. The present dormitory facilities do not permit this. They are merely molds into which the individual is neatly fitted. Four flat walls to which one's mind must adapt...The student must be allowed and encouraged to interact constructively with his environment. He must be able to have privacy, but he must also be allowed to physically open his room into other rooms, or use bedrooms for balconies, and living rooms for bedrooms.

All things are relative - our small house/dormitories averaging 15 beds each were hardly large and impersonal in any conventional sense - but in response, the construction of a new dormitory was postponed, and although not quite what Scott envisioned in the passage above, the design of student housing was later changed. In years to come we built a number of four-student cottages in the woods within walking distance of the main campus, each with bath, livingroom, and small kitchenette. Scott's philosophical argument, however, was merely an extension of our academic and social philosophy, where we encouraged students to design their Plans of Concentration and their social activities. In effect we were encouraging students to design their lives to the extent that is possible, not preparing them simply to fit into "molds", as he put it, but to go out into the world and if necessary modify what molds they found so that they might fulfill themselves, constrained only by a recognition of what could not be reasonably changed. For instance, students could not

reconstruct their living quarters annually, knocking out walls in the process, though they might adapt them, but they could be creative in the design of a Plan or in the establishment of social activities; they might thus be encouraged later in life not to accept without question conditions as they were but to modify them if necessary, even to create new conditions.

Buildings

After the spurt of building in 1967-68, things slowed down in 1968-69 while we completed and digested our many undertakings. The Wards' geodesic dome for the bookstore coffee shop had been fitted in over the summer and fall, along with the improvements to the kitchen. The Science Building was closed in and heated by November, and we found the money to make the physics lab operational in early February and the biology lab a few weeks after that. The Board began exploring whether it should construct a President's house near or on the campus; an area in the NE of the field above the auditorium was suggested. Finally the theatre project took a step forward with a gift of $5,000 from trustee Charles Merrill toward the cost of planning.

Samuel Chamberlain

That fall we held one of our most interesting convocations to grant an honorary M.A. degree, the tradition we had established for people who had attained eminence in their profession without ever having earned a college degree. Samuel (Sam) Chamberlain had a great public following because of his lovely, soft photographs of New England published in a calendar each year. He had also become my personal favorite contemporary graphic artist, both for his etchings and his photographs. He had written, or written and illustrated, over seventy books; neatly filed in his studio were over 70,000 negatives. In addition to Sam's etching of Magdalen Tower at Oxford, I owned two Heritage Club volumes by Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams* and *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, the first illustrated with Sam's etchings, the second with his photographs. (I once asked him how he managed to get the incredibly clear photographs of the gloomy inner recesses of Mont-Saint-Michel. "Easy," he replied," I knew the routine of the guards. I would follow a group just before lunch, then slip off behind a pillar. When the guards went off to lunch and the monastery was free of tourists, I would come out and take 20 minute exposures. Then after lunch I would slip onto the back of some other group.")

At this time I had never met Sam, but one day visiting in the office of my friend Sinclair Hitchings, head of the Print Division of the Boston Public Library, I saw some of Sam's etchings laid out on a table. Curious, I inquired and learned that the library was preparing to publish a book of his prints, *Etched in Sunlight*, designed and edited by Sam himself. To my delight I discovered that Sam had left his architectural studies at MIT during the First World War to drive an ambulance in France and had never returned to take his degree, though I understand that at his 50th reunion he led the procession as the most distinguished member of his class. Falling in love with the country, he had decided he preferred to draw and photograph buildings rather than design them. A regular visitor to France, he also become recognized over the years as a gourmet, one of the few Americans ever admitted into the inner circles of the French gourmet society. Indeed, he had published a highly regarded book on French cooking, and it is said that even years later if one visited a French inn and mentioned that one had read about it in Sam's book, one was treated like a king.

Emboldened, I was given an introduction to him by Sinclair - Walter Whitehill was also a good friend - and went down to Marblehead, Massachusetts to meet him. Somehow I had always imagined a tall, thin, dour Scotsman, like his name; I found instead a short, roly-poly, warm "Frenchman" who loved good food, good wine, and good conversation. He was full of enthusiasm and grace. We were instant friends.

Now, my wife Nancy is a good cook, makes excellent chicken-a-la-Boardman, winter squash with maple syrup and marshmallows, apple pie, chocolate sauce and other New England dishes, but both of us were a bit intimidated by the thought of entertaining a distinguished French gourmet. Then we had a splendid idea. We went to my colleague Bill Davisson, who had lived several years in France, was himself quite a gourmet, and had more imported fine wines in his cellar than he (and his students) could consume in his lifetime, and we asked whether he would be willing to entertain Sam in his private library. This library, you will remember, had perhaps the best collection of books and maps on French communications in the Western hemisphere. Bill was delighted. He put on a gala dinner in the library for Sam and some of his distinguished friends from Boston and New York, starting with a whole salmon on a platter. I knew we had scored when, as we were leaving and I was stuffing the poor Chamberlains into my VW bug, the presidential vehicle of the time, I heard him turn to his wife Narcissus and say, "Biscuit, you must help me remember that menu."

Remark of the year: after the convocation, while Sam Chamberlain was accepting congratulations for his apt and modest acceptance speech, he commented, "I wanted to say, but didn't quite dare, how pleasant it was to find a college with such a refreshing lack of sartorial stuffiness."

Washington's Birthday Race

In 1963 Eric Barradale of Brattleboro and others had established in Marlboro a citizen's cross country ski race over the Washington's Birthday weekend. That initial course had run from Hogback Mountain through the campus. A citizens race is one in which all are encouraged to enter, from Olympic racers to toddlers; the serious racers start off first. Because of inadequate parking, 1969 was one of the last using Marlboro town and part of the Marlboro College campus: the race had grown annually until this year some 363 participated, making it at the time the largest touring race in New England if not the nation. Soon it grew to over 1,000, in the process having to move down into Brattleboro, and eventually it grew so large the original sponsors turned it over to an insurance company. In 1969 it was won by U.S. Olympic skier Bob Grey of nearby Putney for the third consecutive year. (I believe this was the year his 13 year old protege Bill Koch of Guilford startled the crowd by coming in second. Seven years later Koch became the first and only American skier to win an Olympic Nordic medal, taking second in the 30k. Even later, in 1982, he went on to win the World Cup, introducing the skating technique into international racing.) Helping to host the Washington's Birthday Race was the closest Marlboro ever came to being in the big time athletically. It was this race, however, which had stimulated the creation of our own intramural Ted Wendell Cup.

A Community Meeting

At the January Board meeting, I proposed that we bring together the student body, the faculty, the

alumni, and the trustees[11] to take part in a general discussion of the College over the next five years, and that such a meeting take place in the Dining Hall on Saturday morning, May 3, the day already set for the spring trustees meeting. Prominent in my mind was the need for capital, as mentioned in the New England Association report. The proposal was accepted, with exciting consequences no one foresaw at the time. They deserve a chapter to themselves.

CHAPTER FIVE - "THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION" OF 1969

On the morning of Saturday, May 3, 1969, I went to the campus early and, not to be interrupted, left my office and walked up to the Library about 8:00 o'clock to review my notes one more time. The community meeting to discuss the future of the College, involving trustees, faculty members, staff, students, and a scattering of alumni, parents and friends, was not scheduled to begin until 10:00 in the Dining Hall. There, posted on the Library door like Luther's theses, was a six and one-half page notice by a Committee of Twenty, soon popularly known as the "Anonymous Twenty", making several "non-negotiable demands", followed by a threat that "if the demands are not met we do not see how graduation will be able to take place and how Marlboro will be able to reopen in September." The notice read in full as follows[12]:

> The New Marlboro, a group of 20, present the following non-negotiable demands for a complete restructuring of Marlboro College. We trust that good sense will prevail and that in the interests of all these demands will be accepted. We hasten to add, however, that if they are not met we do not see how this year's graduation will be able to take place and how Marlboro will be able to reopen in September.
>
> > "Our circumstances must be changed fundamentally &
> > without these changes everything we try to do must fail."
> > - Jacques Roux
>
> We look forward to the creation of a new Marlboro which will be the embodyment [sic] of the following premises:
>
> 1) That learning is more than an accumulation of factual knowledge and that the student who wishes to learn must define his needs for himself and then strive to fulfill these needs. As students are different, so in fact their needs are different. A relevant education must take into account the needs of the whole person and enable the individual to involve himself in a range of meaningful experiences which should seek to break down the traditional dichotamies [sic] of theories and practice and of emotional and intellectual development.
>
> 2) The new Marlboro will be an actively <u>experimental</u> College of the Liberal Arts

11So read the Board minutes: of course the staff was invited, as were parents.

12Text taken as printed in the spring, 1969, edition of *Potash Hill*. I could not find my copy of the original.

and as such it should cast itself in opposition to orthodox academic approaches and should seek through bold innovation and constant re-evaluation to create a living environment of learning which can offer viable alternatives toward a humanized reconstruction of society.

In this context, then, the following demands for restructure are presented:

I) Admissions policy - In an effort to make the students a more diverse and exciting group and at the same time to unify them into a successful working body:
A) Students shall be encouraged to act as recruiters.
B) Major emphasis will be placed on recruiting applicants from minority groups, especially from urban centers.
C) A committee of 2 faculty and 2 students will interview applicants. The meetings will be open to interested members of the community.
D) Applicants shall be judged on a purely individual basis. There shall be no set requirements or arbitrary standards for admission. The applicant will present that which he feels appropriate, for example: SATs, CEEBs, a movie, poetry, or any other unusual achievement.
E) Whenever physically possible, the applicant should spend at least 2 days participating in all aspects of community life.

II) Tuition - Tuition should be graduated from zero to a set maximum rate. It shall be assigned according to need which shall be determined by a confidential financial statement presented by each student to the administration. Scholarship jobs as they now exist are degrading to students who do them. Essentially these students are made to clean up after those who are financially better off. The following work program will eliminate the necessity for such discrimination.

III) The Work Program - A) In order to maintain the community in the broadest sense, each student shall be required to do 8 hours of work each week.
B) Work hours shall be considered a part of the student's curriculum, just as important as any academic achievement and will be reviewed in the same manner as academic achievement.
C) Suggestions for specific work jobs are:

1. maintaining a student employment office
2. food production for college consumption
3. planning and constructing buildings
4. maintaining and repairing plant and facilities
5. social action work (e.g., the Retreat, mobilizing poor families in the area) in conjunction with courses and tutorials

D) Faculty would not be required to work though they certainly would be welcomed.
E) The work program will be student run as much as possible.

IV) Faculty - A) Faculty shall be hired on the basis of their ability to fill the particular needs of the institution. Every effort shall be made in allocating funds to give preference to faculty salaries, though the term "competitive" salaries implies that Marlboro should compete with other institutions for its faculty. In terms of an institution which tries to be innovative, such an assumption is absurd.

B) Faculty (and administration) shall be hired and fired by vote of all interested members of the community with appeal rights to the Town Meeting.
C) There shall be no tenure system or senior faculty status. Instead, there shall be progressive 1-3 year contracts renewable as long as the community sees fit.
D) Community members shall be encouraged to recruit faculty as well as students.
E) Files shall be kept on all faculty members and shall be compiled of student evaluations submitted at the end of each term. Evaluations shall include comments and suggestions on the teacher, course, method, etc. The files shall be open at all times to present and prospective members of the community.
F) Every effort shall be made to allow faculty members to take regular, periodic sabbatical leaves with full pay.
G) Faculty meetings shall be open to the community and shall deal with curriculum problems and education generally, not with social issues, gossip and not with individual students, except in the case of academic expulsion.
H) The faculty shall have the final say on academic expulsion; however, the student must be warned at least one term in advance.

V. Staff, Administration, and Trustees - A) The President of the institution should be the leader of the community not the moderator. The burden of the fund raising should be placed on the office of the president, not necessarily on the president himself.
B) All members of the Staff, Administration and Board of Trustees should approve of and stand behind the College as a whole. They should attempt to get outside support from people who admire the unique efforts of Marlboro rather than trying to convince themselves and an unreceptive public that Marlboro is what it is not.
C) Because it is a unique and experimental college, Marlboro will be able to get more funds from Foundations, many of which are anxious to see growth and progress in education.
D) The function of the Staff shall be to supervise and coordinate the work program. It should be emphasized, however, that the program should be kept in the hands of the students, particularly in the planning stages, as much as possible.

VI) Curriculum and General Academic Policy - A radical change toward a policy of experimentation and relevance to the society is absolutely essential. A) A student's curriculum will be set up by the student himself, according to what he feels are his own needs, goals, and capabilities.
B) A committee of 2 or 3 faculty and students of his choice shall evaluate the student's goals at the beginning of the term and, in terms of these goals, shall review his accomplishments at the end of the term.
C) The committee will use as its basis of judgement written evaluations by the student's teachers and will view these in terms of the student's entire learning process.
D) As part of this process, the student shall also prepare a written self-evaluation.
E) The student shall not be required to meet a given set of requirements based on an assumed necessary curriculum. Instead he shall not be expected to demonstrate diversity generally in setting his own goals.
F) Evaluation shall be evaluated on a pass or fail basis for each term as a whole.
G) Comprehensives will be abolished. It is assumed that courses and tutorials will

stimulate learning and that, in general exams will not be necessary.
H) All outside work (courses, tutorials and individual exploration) will be encouraged.
I) Evaluations shall be kept and at the student's request will be condensed so that they may be sent to Graduate schools in place of transcripts.
J) Projects shall remain basically the same but will be approved by the student's evaluating committee and by the faculty members immediately involved in the project itself.
K) Degrees will be awarded by the Faculty as a whole upon the recommendation of the student's committee.

VII) Community and Social Issues. A) All social matters shall be determined by the community as a whole on a 1 man-1 vote basis.
B) The Community Court shall operate unchanged but the selection of its members shall be made without the present system of Selectmen-President approved candidates.
C) Members of the community will determine and set-up living arrangements according to the needs and desires of the community; this allows for sexually integrated dorms if desired.
D) All committees regulating matters of community importance will at all times be open to interested members of the Comm.
E) Students shall have access to their own personal files.
F) No information concerning the status of a student shall be offered to the Selective Service or anyone else outside the Community without the expressed consent of the student, except when requested specifically by the draft board.
G) Social conditions and activities in general will be determined by the tone and zeal of the new community spirit.

VIII. Calendar - a re-evaluation of the present 3 term system, with possibilities for work terms, short winter term, conferences, experimental courses, etc. will be conducted according to the needs of the new community.

IX. Growth - A policy shall be determined by the community concerning how the physical growth of Marlboro shall take place, according to alternatives such as: growing ourselves by setting up smaller campuses around present facilities, i.e. Science building and Library or conditional merger with an established and financially secure institution, e.g., Wesleyan-Marlboro merger.

I read the pages with curiosity, some excitement, and a bit of puzzlement since some of the demands, such as "There shall be no set requirements or arbitrary standards for admission" had long been practice.

This was the spring of the occupation of University Hall at Harvard and the uprising at Sarah Lawrence. Earlier that spring I had read an article which argued that, from the size of the institution, the style, the governance - public or private - one could not predict where such student uprisings would occur. Rather what seemed to be constant was that the student body was largely middle class majoring in the humanities and the social sciences. That seemed a pretty accurate description of Marlboro at the time. Conferring with my colleagues in the Administration, I had

decided to take to my home - some 15 miles away - the sensitive papers from my office (mostly confidential salary records) in case the office were occupied. Learning from the experience of others, we had determined that if the situation became serious enough, we would get an injunction, call in the local authorities, and let the students deal with them, but we hoped we could wait it out peacefully. And I had called in the local constable - all the town had for law enforcement, otherwise we would be dealing with the State Police - and requested that if he were called to the campus for any disturbance he not wear his uniform, only his badge. In a way, then, we were prepared for we knew not what.

There seemed plenty of time. I copied the notice, went inside and upstairs to one of the study carrels, and there reviewed my notes with half my mind reflecting on what, if anything, should be done - probably the Anonymous Twenty had not expected me to be in the Library so early and thus have advance notice of their demands. I thought, well trained by Roland, "Well, we'd better let them have the floor first." After an hour or so, I returned to the office and called Roland, who was to moderate the meeting. "Well, Roland, we have our uprising," and I summarized the demands. There was a pause, then, as expected, he said, "Guess we'd better let them have the floor first." That was all.

About 9:50 I walked over to the Dining Hall. There was a press around the door, people reading the demands posted on the bulletin board. The atmosphere was tense, no one knowing what to expect. After all, disturbances and occasional violence at other colleges were epidemic in those years. The room was arranged with the tables and chairs around the outside, the center left vacant like a bull ring. I spoke briefly to Peter Elder, the Chairman of our Board and Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at Harvard, explaining what we planned. He nodded. At 10:00 Roland strolled out into the middle of the floor - there was an immediate hush - and with his hands in his pockets, casually, he said, "We are met this morning to discuss the future of the College. There seems to be a group among us that has certain ideas about this. Perhaps one of them might care to explain further their demands." Then he fell silent. He waited. We waited, it seemed a long time though perhaps it was only two or three minutes. Then a student, presumably one of the Anonymous Twenty, spoke up. "Well, you understand these demands are non-negotiable but..." and we were off, not exactly negotiating but at least talking.

The talk went on for two hours. One could identify some members of the Anonymous Twenty from their remarks. Others joined in, including some members of the faculty. I remember one student claiming that Marlboro had no educational philosophy, a remark which puzzled me unless he meant some kind of party line. A faculty member said we should be studying what it means to be human, a comment with which, if I could interpret it in my own way, I could agree, but I doubted he meant it in quite that way. Some people were clearly exercised. By and large the trustees kept silence, merely observing, but toward the end Brenn Green, a future trustee but only a visitor at the time - I shall speak more about him in a later chapter - berated the students for refusing to recognize the facts of life, for failure to understand what was involved in operating a college, for the unreality of their demands. In many ways what he said was true and part of me was delighted, since for one of us to speak so would have been counter-productive, but part of me was concerned: on the one hand the students probably thought him a trustee, with the danger of provoking a confrontation; on the other what we were doing was in itself educational and should be allowed to take its course: in the best Marlboro tradition we were listening to each other and perhaps both sides could come away enlightened and with some sort of consensus - we would have to wait and see. I also became concerned because we were running out of time, the students were

pressing for continuing the discussion after lunch, there was a trustees meeting scheduled for the afternoon with some very important faculty appointments to be made, and I feared either a sit-in or perhaps even a move to cancel the meeting altogether. I slipped over to the Chairman, explained the situation, and suggested that he explain we had some important appointments to make and that if the students would allow us to meet for only an hour undisturbed we would cancel the rest of the agenda and reconvene in the Dining Hall afterwards. This he did, but then someone pointed out there was an important chorus rehearsal scheduled for the Dining Hall that afternoon in preparation for a concert that evening. After a short exchange, it was decided that we would meet in the Auditorium at 3:00. We adjourned for lunch.

The Board meeting went smoothly. We did cut short the agenda, and at 3:00 we reassembled in the Auditorium. Debate resumed and was as spirited as it had been in the morning. There was no effort to come to closure. Issues were raised and aired, tentative positions and counter-positions explained. About 4:45 the Chairman arose, said he had to leave for an engagement in Cambridge, and that he was appointing a three person trustee committee, chaired by Ragnar Naess and also including Whit Brown and Dick Taylor, to return to the campus in a week and meet with any interested students to hear their concerns and carry on the dialogue. We broke for dinner and the concert, both of which went smoothly.

The next day, curious, even a bit worried, I called Dick Judd, who stated that all was peaceful. It was a fine spring day and students were lounging on the lawn or hanging out open windows listening to their hi-fi sets. There was no outward trace of rebellion.

Monday morning outwardly all seemed as usual, but underneath the surface one could sense tension. No one knew what to expect. Certainly I was tense and trying not to show it. I expect others were too. There was a regularly scheduled Town Meeting set for after lunch. I confess I approached it with some dread. It started off all right. The agenda had been set the week before, and we began as though nothing had changed. The one sign that something might be unusual was that Geoffry Brown, one of the most popular teachers, was selected moderator; more often than not a student held the post. After a few minutes, however, one of the students arose, interrupted the moderator, and said, in effect, what are we doing talking about trivia when there are major issues on hand; we demand that we pass over the rest of the regular agenda and discuss the demands of the Anonymous Twenty. So we did.

Immediately a motion was made that we suspend classes for the week and consider the academic, financial, and social future of the College. This received general approbation until someone pointed out that this was the week Lucio Pozzi was scheduled to come up from New York for his monthly art seminar and this was to be his last seminar of the year. The motion was changed to state that students and faculty members could cut or cancel classes voluntarily but that those who wished to attend or hold a class could. This was quickly approved, with a sense that most classes would not meet, and in fact they did not.

At that point I made one of my only two interventions during the whole process; otherwise the disturbance ran its course through normal channels. I was asked whether the faculty would participate in the discussions. I arose and said, "If the discussions take place under the auspices of this Town Meeting, which is the duly authorized body on this campus to deal with such matters, I shall take part and encourage the faculty to do likewise; I cannot order them to do so. But if this discussion does not take place under the auspices of this Town Meeting, I shall have nothing to do

with it and shall encourage the faculty not to as well." Almost as though they were waiting for some such signal, T. Wilson, the young first year faculty member and not, I believe, a member of the Anonymous Twenty, arose and suggested that a committee composed of faculty, staff, and students be elected to decide the details of how the rest of the week should proceed; he then read a list of nominees which must have been previously prepared. To my dismay my name was among those nominated. The list was quickly approved and the Town Meeting adjourned. During the debate, there had been one sign which had not passed me by, and the more I reflected on it later, the more significant it appeared: one of the Anonymous Twenty, I believe the one who made the original motion that we suspend the regular agenda, cracked a joke. Ideological radicals rarely if ever crack jokes.

The dining room tables were quickly moved away from the center, where one was left for the organizing committee, and we sat around it with a press of curious students hovering over our shoulders as we talked. Clearly the main elements of the discussion had been programmed, for immediately and with little demur the schedule was filled out. The first proposal was that on Tuesday, in order to show that this was meant to be a constructive movement, everyone was to turn out and clean the College from top to bottom as it had never been cleaned and spruced up before. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday were to be reserved for substantive discussions - Wednesday for discussion of the work program, Thursday the academic program, Friday the structure of the College - and the whole community was to reassemble at a special Town Meeting the following Monday to hear the results. It was further decided that those interested - no one would be forced to participate - should assemble at 9:00 a.m. each day in the Dining Hall and break into small groups of eight or ten - however the total number best broke down - to discuss the topic of the day. To the extent possible, each group was to be a mix of faculty, staff, and students, of conservatives, moderates, liberals, and radicals. At 3:00 in the afternoon all of us were to assemble together and hear reports of the morning's discussions by a spokesman for each of the groups. By this time the Anonymous Twenty had expanded to what became known as the Anonymous Thirty, few if any still anonymous. Here I made my second and last intervention: I suggested that the daily discussions should be based on fact and not myth, therefore the administration should prepare each day a set of facts and figures for the participants: for instance, the actual budgets; the totals in each category of giving; the admissions data, etc. - everything except privileged information such as individual salaries or individual financial aid awards. This was readily accepted. Each day in the office we prepared the figures for the next day and placed them in yellow manila folders. By a process unknown to me students and some faculty members were selected to lead the discussion groups and before 9:00 each day came to the office and fetched the folders. In typical popular fashion, they became known forever as "The Folder Holders."

The next day, Tuesday, I flew to New York to report to the trustee committee, for though everyone was trying not to seem alarmed, there was concern. I was able to report that all seemed under control and constructive. The committee was satisfied. On that day, however, we had been scheduled to receive a delegation from Hampshire College, which had recently appointed its first President and was beginning to organize. On Monday I had telephoned the Hampshire President, Pat Patterson, explained what was happening, that I would not be on the campus, and that perhaps they would prefer to postpone their visit. No, he replied, that would be impossible because of a tight schedule; they would come anyway. They did. I still have an imaginary picture, drawn from descriptions by my colleagues, of a puzzled delegation walking up the hill to Dalrymple Hall observing students raking the lawns of the remaining winter debris, sitting on window sills washing the panes, and hosing down and scrubbing the Dining Hall chairs in the sunlight. I was a bit

chagrined that we should appear so to the outside world, especially given our claim to academic seriousness, but I could not help but be amused. The day ended with a cook-out.

On Wednesday back at the ranch we distributed the folders after breakfast, and at 9:00 o'clock we assembled in the Dining Hall. As requested, we broke into small groups. I was with eight or nine others sitting around one of the tables, a good mixture of opinions. Our discussion was serious and productive. Much mythology was corrected and some good points made. We broke for lunch. At 3:00 o'clock we reassembled - it was my opinion that most of the community participated both morning and afternoon - and the Folder Holders gave their reports in turn. From the discussion of these reports arose a number of proposals. Since this was not a formal College Town Meeting, we did not vote formally but held a series of straw votes: we were asked whether we were favorable or unfavorable to the proposal. Out of these votes a series of motions was prepared for the special Town Meeting scheduled for the following Monday.

Thursday we repeated the process, this time discussing the academic program, with the same peaceful and constructive results. Tensions had relaxed, though we remained wary: whither was this taking us?

Friday morning was different. I arrived as usual close to 8:30 to be met by Harry Evans, the Business Manager, who explained with a look of deep concern that sometime between 6:00 o'clock when the night watchman, really mostly a fire watch, had gone off duty and 8:00 when Harry had arrived, someone had stolen the entire safe from the Business Office! The entire safe! Granted it was a small office safe the height of a desk top, it was heavy. When I asked what it contained, he explained that it contained very little cash, just the petty cash box, but all, <u>all</u>, the keys for every lock on campus! We reported the theft to the State Police, and I drew up a brief announcement for the bulletin board at the entrance to the Dining Hall. It stated in effect that such a theft had occurred, that we had reported it to the State Police, and that we would keep the community informed. I was very careful not to accuse anyone, even by implication. Somehow it was a puzzling development, at odds with the rest of the week.

A few minutes later three members of the now Anonymous Thirty, white faced, rushed into my office, still in the little building which now contains the Admissions Office. "Tom, we swear we had nothing to do with the disappearance of the safe." "I didn't say you did," I replied, inwardly convinced that they were telling the truth just from the look on their faces. Years later I learned that over lunch that day the original Anonymous Twenty, alarmed, had met in a student house off campus and disbanded.

The mystery deepened. That morning I did not join the groups in the Dining Hall. I manned the office to monitor developments, wondering what we should do about the campus locks. Then in mid-morning Harry entered my office with a smile on his face. The safe had been located by a passer-by, dumped in the ditch beside the Ames Hill Road. It had been broken open and the contents, including keys, scattered in the dirt. Later he reported that all the keys but one were accounted for, and the one was probably lost there somewhere in the dirt. Over in the Dining Hall the discussion had gone on, if perhaps a bit muted. To this day I have no idea who took the safe. The supposition was that someone or some group of people who must have known something about the habits of the night watchman and the staff but not enough to know what was in the safe had taken it looking for money or possibly drugs. He or they must have been sorely disappointed.

On Saturday the Folder Holders met and from the reams of notes gathered during the week assembled a series of propositions which they believed represented majority opinion on campus. (Alas, as they met, "they missed the long-scheduled student-faculty softball game in which the square root of the student score was pitted against the faculty score: since the student score was only something like 36 and the faculty score 8, the faculty won hands down," or so I reported in the Newsletter.)

On Sunday the trustee committee returned to the campus and held hearings for anyone who wished to appear before it. The Folder Holders appeared first and summarized the week's discussions. A minority report was submitted by a member of the faculty speaking for a group of faculty members and a group of students. No one else made a formal presentation but others did comment during the proceedings. Toward evening I received a call from Whit Brown, who said, "Tom, you have nothing to worry about," and went on to say that the comments had been rational and constructive, hardly revolutionary at all.

On Monday came the special Town Meeting. One by one the proposals which had received a "favorable" straw vote during the preceding week were put forward and passed virtually without exception. Aside from a proposed calendar revision, which received endorsement by a bare 45-40 vote, the proposals passed by a majority varying from 3-1 to near unanimity. Then at the regular faculty meeting on Wednesday and a special faculty meeting on Thursday, the 14th and 15th, the faculty acted affirmatively on eleven motions drawn from the proposals and covering most of the major issues. Later the trustees approved other proposals, such as that there be three student representatives to the Board. This particular innovation was more controversial and interesting than most. The original proposal was to place three student members on the Board, but Roland had made the point that perhaps this would lead to a tendency to try to settle issues at the Board level which more properly should be settled at the Town Meeting or faculty level, in other words would threaten the independence long enjoyed on campus. This argument convinced even the students.

Other motions approved included the following. That each teacher meet each of his or her students individually for an evaluation session before the submission of the final grade. That each student liable for dismissal for academic reasons have the right to be heard by the faculty before the decision is made (this was approved in principle and referred to the academic policy committee for implementation). That the 14 week-4 week-14 week calendar, submitted to the faculty a few weeks earlier for consideration for the 1970-71 academic year, be referred back to committee for further study because it was clear that neither the students nor the faculty were yet ready to decide on it. That a version of the curricular reforms passed by the faculty in the first reading a month ago on a 14 to 5 vote be endorsed soundly by the Town Meeting; this was then passed finally by the faculty in a ballot vote of 19 for, 7 against, and 1 abstention.

In addition, an orientation week for entering students, originally proposed by the Levy Committee the year before but not adopted for 1969-70 because of lack of time for preparation, was added for the 1969 fall term, details to be worked out. The highly complicated and technical issue of tenure was referred to a joint trustee-faculty-student committee to report back during the next academic year. Machinery for a formal faculty committee to advise the Dean and President on all appointments was established; a similar student group was under formation. A revised Admissions Committee composed of an equal number of students and faculty plus the faculty chairman of the Committee was approved as an experiment; it differed from the former procedure in doubling the

student representation and made the students full members of the Committee. The bicameral system introduced as an experiment for one year the spring before, the system which required that all major changes both academic and social must receive the support of both the Town Meeting and the faculty, was extended for a second year on the argument that it had not yet had a fair trial (this was the arrangement which had provoked my abortive resignation and still deeply disturbed me). The principle of a comprehensive work program which would replace the scholarship jobs but also become involved in new projects on and off campus (e.g., landscaping, work in the local mental hospital, etc.) was approved and referred to a committee of the Town Meeting and the Administration to work out the details (such a program did replace the scholarship jobs as such, though recipients of financial aid did receive precedence in the awarding of jobs; jobs off campus never became significant).

As I looked back on these votes afterward, I came to recognize that almost all the proposals had been in the wind in one form or another, either under informal discussion or in the pipeline somewhere. What the Glorious Revolution had done was to speed them up, break the log jam. Although some were more practical and longer lasting than others, none was destructive. There was no violence. Indeed, in the special June Newsletter I wrote

> The students and the faculty, confronted with a challenge from within to the very essence of this community, responded admirably: at no time did the debate become uncivilized, despite the tension, and changes were made on their merits...We may regret the rhetoric and the confrontation politics which started all this, but we cannot regret the results. At his commencement speech in 1964, Donald Michael expressed the fear that Marlboro might become a cabbage patch. Anyone who saw the Theatre Workshop's production of Marat/Sade on May 2, called by the reviewer in the Rutland Herald "superb" and "certainly the most challenging assignment I have ever seen a college group give itself, and one of the most effectively carried off," or heard the concert May 3 ranging from a Bach Cantata to an original work on an electronically modified piano by Garby Leon, '69, or sat through those discussions on that memorable May 3 and the following week, might be excused if he considered this one of the liveliest cabbage patches ever to attract Peter Rabbit.

I wrote, "None was destructive." None was, though one reported independent action which angered even some of the rebellious students had been potentially so. It was rumoured that someone had got hold of the addresses of applicants for the next year and written them about the demands of the Committee of Twenty and the possibility that in the fall, if the College opened at all, it would be quite different. In the event, if this truly happened, it did not seem to affect admissions: if anything, it might be argued that it helped, for the next fall we opened with more students than we had anticipated.

In time I came to recognize a number of things. Most significant was the make-up of the Folder Holders. Many of them had not exercised leadership in the Town Meeting before. When their fellows tried to persuade them to run for office during the elections later that spring, most declined. It was as though some of the most serious students, fearing their education threatened, had emerged from the woodwork, turned the revolution around, and then crawled back in, concentrating on their academic work.

Then too the remainder of the academic year, the rest of May, was one of the most peaceful we had experienced in those tense years, as though mounting pressure had been released. We were friendly again. I shall never forget the senior who came into my office toward the end of term and said, "Tom, do something outrageous." He had been one of my most ardent and articulate opponents in many a battle in the Town Meeting over the years but one I rather liked because he "fought fair". Puzzled, I said, "What do you mean, something outrageous?" He explained that our head-on collisions had been fun but that now everything was far too tame and boring. I sort of knew what he meant. Looking back, I realize that in general I liked the students of that tumultuous era. They cared about things, they had passion, and in the head-knocking that went on we both clarified what we really believed in. There were no sacred cows which could not be challenged. We were all learning. And I recalled the time Robert Frost knocked on the door of President Meiklejohn of Amherst one lunchtime when the secretary was out. When Meiklejohn invited him in, Frost explained that there was something he had long wanted to say and this seemed a good time. What was that? 'You're so far left the students can't get lefter and they're all frustrated.' Delighted, Meiklejohn took Frost out to lunch. There was ever a tension at Marlboro between the progressive and the conservative, and we learned from it.

Some years later I discovered that the whole episode had been guerrilla theatre, had been planned in a political science course to test our institutions, though most of us, students and teachers alike, had been unaware! Part of the rhetoric had been taken verbatim from the demands at Harvard or elsewhere. Perhaps it was not by chance that Geoffry Brown had been chosen moderator of the Town Meeting? Early in its course, half suspecting there was some sort of plot, I had confronted the young teaching fellow who as it turned out had been behind it though only as guerrilla theatre, and in response he had plain-faced lied to me. When I later learned that in fact he had been an instigator, I was very angry because of the lie, but gradually I came to see that he could not have told me the truth: it would have spoiled the whole point of the exercise!

CHAPTER SIX - INTERLUDE: 1969-1970

During the 1969-70 academic year my wife and I spent my sabbatical with four of our children in Combe, a small village on the edge of the Cotswold Hills about 12 miles from Oxford. We rented sight unseen an early 18th century stone cottage with creepers over the walls and three walled gardens, one for flowers, one for vegetables, and one for fruit trees; we couldn't believe our luck. The village was at a turning point in its history. The gentlewoman on the corner told us that ten years before if anyone stopped in a motor car outside her house, she knew it was a visitor for her because virtually no one in the village had a car; the farming population had lived there for generations. By 1969 almost everyone had a car. Our neighbor "next door but one" even worked in the car factories in Cowley on the other side of Oxford. The 19th century was represented by the skimmity ride[13] three years before. The Duke of Marlborough's chauffeur had been taking out the local sweet shop operator. The town thought he had not done right by her and held the ride in true Hardy fashion. A few weeks later the chauffeur was killed in an automobile accident and the village was still suffering from a guilt complex. The 20th century was represented by the election to the board of the local sports club a newcomer from the Oxford factories. You might have thought a quiet earthquake had shaken the village, though an outsider would not have noticed a thing.

I had not realized how tense and tired I was until we settled down to the slow but lovely pace of village life with an occasional excursion to Oxford and the University, where I was made a visiting member of the senior common room of Wadham, my old college. This gave me access to libraries and sometimes once a week conversations with other academics over lunch or dinner. During school terms I read forty-nine books (I kept a log), including one twice because I could not understand it (Husserl). They ranged from scholarly books in the mornings to historical novels in the evenings; I also wrote several lectures. During school vacations we traveled and camped in ten countries. In the afternoons I gardened or walked, a regime I continue now in retirement.

Two years before, one of my students had written one of the best commentaries on Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" which I had ever read, but the references to the likes of sky gods and earth gods were not familiar to me. I asked her whence they came: from a course by my colleague Ted Brenneman, a former student of Mircea Eliade at Chicago, who taught religion and anthropology. I asked Ted to read the essay to see if the terms were used correctly; he also thought it excellent, though he had not previously known the poem. We speculated that he and I were dealing with similar concepts, known to me as neoclassicism and romanticism, but were using different jargons. To test that hypothesis, we decided to offer a class together the next year, 1968-69, in which first I would deal for a fortnight with Pope's *Essay on Man* from the literary viewpoint as a representative of neoclassicism, then he would deal with it from the religious/anthropological viewpoint. The students would first write a paper for me, then a fortnight later one for him. We would then do the same for Wordsworth's *Prelude*. At the end each student would write a fifth and final paper using one approach or the other, with special permission combining both. As it turned out, Ted and I were joined by Ben Rubenstein, Professor of Psychology at Wayne State and a member of our Council of Academic Advisors, thus we had a Jungian (Ted), a Freudian (Ben), and a classicist

13Short for skimmington, "A ludicrous procession, formerly common in villages and country districts, usually intended to bring ridicule or odium upon a woman or her husband in cases where the one was unfaithful to, or ill-treated, the other." OED See Hardy's *Mayor of Casterbridge* Chap. XXXIX.

(me). Unless my memory fails me, we had an equal number of students, three, but the course, at least for me, was a rich intellectual experience. Although the English Romantic poets had long been among my favorites, I had never been able to make much of Blake. Humphry House, my tutor at Oxford and a Coleridgean (I was at the time a Wordsworthian) had twitted me on my almost total incomprehension of Blake, who represented not the dominant Western literary tradition but what might be called the subdominant. That course opened Blake to me for the first time, and although he does not come naturally to me even today, as he did to the students of the '60s and '70s, I can now read him with some comprehension, and I have come to consider him in some ways, though not all, the most romantic of the Romantic poets. I would use one of his works in place of Wordsworth's *Prelude* were I to join in such a course again. To secure my gains from the sabbatical, I composed lectures on Blake, especially one on *The Four Zoas*, as future background material for teaching (I don't lecture in class).

Blake was only part of it. I dipped into the likes of Freud and Rudolf Otto and Husserl (still a mystery to me), Eliade, Jung, Van Doren, Northrup Frye, Jaeger's three volume *Paideia*, which I had owned since my student days studying ancient Greek History and Literature but had never read, Newman, Nietzsche, a history of the universities in the Middle Ages, and various other books on philosophy and university education.

Our family still looks back on this as an *annus mirabilis*. After my retirement my wife and I exchanged houses one July with Dave Lovejoy, the second President of Marlboro College, who by sheer coincidence had recently retired to the neighboring village of Stonesfield. If we were ever to live in exile, we know where we should go.

I returned to Marlboro the following August refreshed and grateful. I found that it had been a good year for the College too. On my desk were two trophies: our basketball team, which most years had been happy to win a game or two in the local industrial league, had not only won its section of the league but come in second in the playoffs! More significant, I found that the College had finished the year with its largest surplus ever: instead of the budgeted 195 students, it had unexpectedly opened with 214. (At the October trustees meeting I suggested to the trustees that it would pay them to pay me to go away for another year, but they didn't bite!) Most significant of all, there was a new wind blowing: I could sense it even before the semester opened not only from the more presentable dress but from the civil, more relaxed, even friendly, way in which I and other members of the staff were addressed by students: the tension was much reduced despite the Cambodian spring earlier in the year. Often, because we were small and close to our students, we could sense national trends before they became apparent in larger institutions. This was one of those times, for the trend was not yet at all apparent nationally.

CHAPTER SEVEN - HIGH WATER MARK, 1969-1973

1969 – 1970 At the annual meeting in August,1969, Tim Little and Helen Harris of Brattleboro had been added to the Board along with Sidney "Jerry" Clifford, '59, former alumni president; Gale Ward,'66, current alumni president; and William Royall Tyler of Washington, D.C., direct descendant of the first American playwright and Chief Justice of the Vermont Supreme Court who had settled in Guilford and then Brattleboro in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. We had given Bill Tyler an honorary degree in 1962.

Helen Harris

We had added Helen Harris because, even though we had Zee and Paul Olson on the Board, we still sought local strength. Her election was one of our best moves locally in many years. Helen had come to Brattleboro in 1947 to work in the Recreation Department at the Brattleboro Retreat. In 1950 she had married the much older Fred Harris, a prominent citizen and native especially renowned for his support of skiing (the local ski jumping hill is known as Harris Hill and hosts a major national competition every February). After Fred's death in 1961, Helen had become renowned in her own right for her public spirited activities both independently and on behalf of non-profit service organizations. She was to prove an invaluable asset: people knew that anything Helen had anything to do with had to be worthwhile, and she moved in circles none of the rest of us did. Eventually she also became the wise chairman of our Marlboro Town Committee.

The 1969-70 Academic Year

In the intervening academic year, 1969-70, during which Roland Boyden once again served as Acting President, a number of important events had taken place. The enrollment had crossed the 200 mark for the first time, and the operating budget had a surplus of $31,560, one of our largest ever. The Trustees had voted to raise tuition for the first time in three years, to $2,400 in 1970-71 and $2,700 in 1971-72. Provisions for a general endowment fund had been voted, including the provision, long supported by Carl Janke during his years as Treasurer, that only part of the income be distributed each year, the rest to be retained in the fund so that it could keep rough pace with inflation[14]. In June, 1969, Dick Taylor had replaced as Chairman Peter Elder, who like Arthur Whittemore before him remained on the Board. Sadly, Arthur himself, our founding Chairman, had died on October 1, 1969; he had been more than a founder and Chairman: by his massive integrity and concern for the public welfare, he had set the moral tone for the College, a tone which remains to this day. At the August, 1970, meeting of the Board, his wife Suvia[15], who had followed the College closely since its founding, was elected in his place; she became for several years the very effective Chairman of the Development Committee before retiring and becoming an Honorary Member in 1980. Three students and two faculty members had been admitted as delegates to the Board, with a voice but no vote. Bob Skeele had taken office as Dean of the

14At Harvard, Carl also fought successfully to reject the Ford Foundation so-called Bundy Plan to spend annually part of the appreciated value of endowments, a plan implemented by Yale with serious consequences.

15Suvia continued a strong supporter of the College until her death in 1998, a few weeks after her 100th birthday!

College responsible for student affairs. Alan Kantrow, who had been appointed a teaching fellow in anthropology-sociology, agreed to stay on as Dean of Students; Geraldine (Geri) Rubenstein, at this writing known as Geraldine Pittman de Batlle, had been appointed to the faculty in philosophy and literature); and as a one year replacement for Geoffry Brown, due for a sabbatical, David Mamet in theater. Mumford House, which became the President's house when Rod Gander took the post a decade later in 1981, had been purchased. The science building was approaching completion. Plans were being drawn up for the theater, though funds were not yet in hand. The concept of co-educational dormitories had been accepted by the trustees, though first term students were not to be eligible. In response to a student initiative, a provision had been adopted to close the college for two weeks before the November, 1970, elections to permit students to become involved in political activities, the work to be made up by beginning the fall term two weeks earlier. There had been no loss of momentum. The College was clearly on its feet.

* * *

1970 – 1971 I returned to a moving train, evidence that our institutions had matured and were working well. The new year opened with 222 students and in the end averaged 215, close to the 225 we had held as a goal since 1967-68. We were optimistic that we could reach the 225 the next year, but we did not foresee that as the Vietnam War wound down, the pressure for students to enter college in order to gain a deferment would cease, the pool would be reduced, and all colleges would be affected. Although we were not to be as seriously affected as many - Windham eventually collapsed entirely - we were not to cross the 225 mark until 1979 and then only briefly. It was not crossed permanently until 1987. The wish to remain small was strong in the community. At the October meeting of the Board, on behalf of 150 signatories Norris Lyle of the faculty submitted the following petition:

> We the undersigned members of the Marlboro Community respectfully request the Board of Trustees to call for a two year (1971-2, 1972-3) freeze on growth of the student body and on any plant expansion which will require a future increase in enrollment to finance to maintain it. We feel that an open examination of the nature of this institution and the relationship of its size and academic priorities to its integrity and educational excellence is imperative before expansion for economic ends causes irreversible alterations in the basic nature of the school.

No action was taken by the Board at that meeting, but foreseeing continued growth, a long range planning committee chaired by Bob Skeele, Dean of the College, reported out a recommendation in April that we now grow to 265-275 at an average rate of ten students a year. It was recognized that we had to grow somewhat to remain financially viable, but there was concern that somewhere between 250-300 we would reach a point where we would have to change both our academic and our social structure in ways which would radically change the kind of college we were. This we did not want to do. In addition, somewhere between 250-300 we would outgrow our physical plant: we would have to build new dining and classroom, perhaps even new library, facilities. The report was turned over to the Academic Policy Committee of the faculty to consider the curricular consequences of such growth, to the Faculty and Budget Committees of the Board to consider financial consequences, and to the Dean and Selectpersons to consider social and structural consequences. For the time being, however, the issue was to become moot because continued

growth proved to be impossible, and in August, responding to pressure on campus, the Long Range Planning Committee submitted a second report with broad support in the community as follows:

> that Marlboro College not increase its student enrollment beyond the average enrollment of 225 students already established for the 1971-72 academic year unless it can be demonstrated conclusively that to increase student enrollment will serve the College's educational purposes.

As the minutes record, the report went on to conclude that "there was no social, academic, or economic advantage to going to 275. It was felt that economic advantages would not be realized under about 500, and this size would be completely incompatible with the concept of the College." The clincher was the evidence that suggested it would cost us more net to operate at 275 than at 225.

So rested the issue for the time being.

Off Campus Cottages

Even if we did not grow, we needed more beds on or near campus. The decision was made to erect two four-bed cottages at an estimated $22,800 each, including site development, on property adjacent to the campus which came with the purchase of Mumford House. Each would have four single bedrooms, a living-dining area, a kitchen, and a bathroom. The intention was to provide housing which would be attractive to upperclassmen tired of dormitory life who tended to move off campus. These cottages would not be directly on campus but within walking distance. The decision was carried out during the following summer and over the years the concept was to prove effective.

Neal Weiner

Our philosopher John Robinson had left to join the Windham faculty. As mentioned above, Geri Rubenstein, who had been at Windham, had been appointed in 1969 in both philosophy and literature, but this was a temporary measure; her major interest was literature. In the fall of 1970, therefore, Neal Weiner joined the faculty in philosophy and thereafter Geri concentrated on literature. With an undergraduate degree from St. John's, Annapolis, Neal had taken his doctorate with a dissertation on Plato at the University of Texas and served as both a Woodrow Wilson and a Danforth Fellow before he came to us. From the beginning his interest in the history of philosophy fitted well with the Marlboro curriculum, and his interest in the history of thought in general led him from time to time to teach courses in literature, psychology, and political theory in addition. As has been so often true, some of the best Marlboro teachers have broad interests.

Pottery

With the help of new appointments in the social sciences and the availability of the science building, the disparity in enrollments among the various areas of our curriculum were slowly closing. The preliminary registration figures for the fall showed the humanities with 180 still in the

lead, but the natural sciences were close behind with 173 (John MacArthur had three times the number of students he had had only three years before) and the social sciences at 148 were beginning to catch up. The 241 in the arts were misleading because many of the courses were half courses. Although there were new courses in politics, sociology, and Russian history, and although in theater David Mamet, later to achieve fame on Broadway, was filling in for Geoffry Brown, the most long lasting addition was the introduction of the pottery program under Malcolm "Orv" Wright, '62, whose training in Washington, D.C. and Japan I have already mentioned (p.45). This program quickly became a fixture, and on Orv's departure in 1980 because of his growing success as a potter, it has been continued by Michael Boylen. The visual arts had now grown from drawing and painting to include design, woodworking, sculpture, and pottery, except for photography the permanent configuration.

Curricular Initiatives

I continued to watch such figures closely, for as always my major concern was the academic program, but if I did not recognize it immediately, I was soon to recognize that I had made most of whatever contribution I was personally to make in this area and that in future my contributions would be the ones more customary for presidents. I did return from sabbatical with two rather idealistic ideas, but both at the time were still-born. I believed that there were two elements missing in our education for "outdoor intellectuals," as our students had been aptly described. The first was an outdoors program obligatory for teachers and students on the model of Outward Bound, a program which would make them self sufficient in the wilderness and consequently with a stronger self image in general. The second was an experience for students in a radically different culture from the one in which they had grown up. For upper middle class Whites, this might mean either a period in Europe or Africa, or in a cold water flat in Harlem. For Blacks from the inner city it might be Westchester County or rural Vermont, from the rural south it might be a city in a northern state or Canada. I do not believe I ever introduced the ideas formally, but I did show them to some people. In response, my friend Dick Judd wrote me one of the most scathing letters I have ever received; the paper burned in the envelope. What was I doing foisting off on students and teachers in a college a non-academic requirement that they must go out and do battle in the wilderness? The implication was that the problem was the requirement, especially for teachers. Ironically, both programs came later in the form of options, an outdoors program which did not teach competing against nature as some claimed for Outward Bound but cooperating with it, and the World Studies Program. About both of these I shall have more to say in the proper place. They were virtually my last "curricular" initiatives, still-born.

I returned with one other thought: a three year degree, which I mentioned in my commencement speech. This also went nowhere and I did not press it, though even today I believe a more rational use of national resources for those attending college would be to add a year at the secondary level, where costs are generally less and are born more equitably across the population, and to reduce the four year degree to three. Unfortunately there are probably too many vested interests ever to permit this to happen.

Administrations and Bureaucracy

My efforts henceforth were to be elsewhere. Indeed, I have often said that during my first eleven

years I was a 19th century college president intimately involved in academic matters including teaching, but that during the eleven years following the sabbatical, I was a 20th century college president involved primarily in fund raising and dealing with government and the public; it wasn't nearly as much fun. I recall once a trip later in the decade to Cleveland to speak at a conference on the liberal arts hosted by a parent who served as the Academic Vice President at Cleveland State. I was to spend the night at his home. As I was waiting in his office after my talk while he in turn waited for a telephone call, I asked him what percentage of his time was spent on what he and I would consider academic matters. He thought a moment and replied, "5-10%."

"What do you spend your time on?"

"Relations with the government and negotiations with the faculty."

For me the most disturbing trend which I have observed in American higher education since the Second World War is the growth in administration to the point that educational leaders are more often chosen for their financial and public relations abilities than for their educational. The growth has led to massive and expensive bureaucracies on the one hand and faculty unions on the other. Financial concerns have tended to outweigh educational ones. The causes have been multiple, prominently including social issues such as equal opportunity and the need for government oversight of government financing. My resistance to larger and larger administrations was perhaps excessive and may have held Marlboro back, but my heart remained in the classroom.

Coeducational Dormitories

About the middle of the fall term I asked to have tea with Alan Kantrow, then serving as Dean of Students and as such in charge of dormitory life. He knew why I invited myself to his room in one of the dormitories: I wanted to inquire how the coeducational dormitories, which had been instituted in my absence, were working out. I did not need to ask. Without prompting from me he volunteered even as he was pouring the tea,

> It's all right, Tom. Nothing has changed except that the students are finding people over 30 are not the problem. They themselves are. They can't look to the administration now if the bathroom is not kept clean or a roommate brings in a member of the opposite sex for the night. They have to police themselves, and they are uncomfortable doing so, but they have to.

He went on to explain that the role of the Dean had become that of protecting those who were not yet prepared to face so much freedom and responsibility, and indeed it was our responsibility to protect these few until they were ready to take charge of their own lives. I recalled John Robinson's comment in faculty meeting years before that the way to treat students as adults, an axiom at Marlboro, was not to protect them from the consequences. Now our society had decided so in sexual matters too. And in truth the College did not fall into a black pit because of the absence of parietal rules: the demands of academic work continued as it always had to weed out those lacking self-discipline. We did not become a magnet for those seeking license; the academic demands were too great.

The Spore Amendment

The Town Meeting was especially busy. It passed an ordinance banning dogs on campus, an issue which had troubled the College for many years and continued to do so for many more - not only do they mess, but in too large numbers they tend to form in packs and can be a threat to children and even adults. Significantly, it reaffirmed the so-called Spore Amendment, named after the student who had proposed it in 1968. The Amendment was a bill of rights which guaranteed that the Town Meeting would not establish a religion nor prohibit the free exercise thereof, abridge freedom of speech or of the press, abridge the right of the members to assemble peaceably or to petition it for redress of grievances, or legislate personal or collective external political opinion. It was the last which had bite, for the others had not been in question, but during the Vietnam War there had been attempts to put the Town Meeting on record against the War. The real issue behind the Amendment was the appropriation of Town Meeting Funds for political causes not shared by all. Clearly opposition to the War was strong on campus, shared by myself and many members of the faculty as well as many, probably most, students, but it seemed inappropriate for an internal governing body to become involved in national and international politics. These were to be left to the individual conscience. After the bombing of Cambodia in the spring of 1970, an attempt had been made to express such a political opinion but the effort had run up against the Amendment. Because the problem arose at the end of the year, an attempt to repeal it was necessarily held over until the fall, only to fail on a voice vote. I thought then as I think now that the Amendment was quite appropriate.

The Two-Week Moratorium

Interesting was the maneuvering over the two-week moratorium before the elections. Contrary to the feeling when the moratorium had been voted in the spring, a small majority of the students now did not want it, perhaps because many were too far from home to make effective use of two weeks, perhaps because the composition of the student body had changed. The vote to rescind was passed 73 to 65, but because this was a major and therefore "bicameral" issue, it had to go before the faculty also, where it was defeated 10 to 9. This resulted in a joint committee of three faculty members and three students meeting in an attempt to resolve the impasse. Finding, however, that there were equally good reasons for both points of view, the committee decided that the issue could not be decided on principle and recommended that the faculty reverse itself. The 11-11 tie on this revote was broken in favor of the recision by John MacArthur, in the chair that day as Dean of the Faculty because I was off campus. The faculty appears to have acted originally to protect the interests of those who in good faith had made plans, for most of the faculty had never favored it. Instead, as a consequence of the recision, it was decided to end the term early on December 5, and we had an unusually long Christmas vacation.

Activities

From the beginning, Marlboro had been forced to create its own activities, for it was situated on a mountain and in those days virtually at the end of a road remote from any large population center[16]. This had been more of an advantage than a disadvantage, for we had been forced to be active rather than passive in our social life. During one two week period in February, for instance, just after mid-term grades, there were five classical feature films, two concerts, three public lectures, and a large and successful St. Valentine's dance. The Brattleboro area, however, had become

16In the early years the Moss Hollow Road was not plowed in winter.

something of a cultural center in its own right, with the Putney School, Windham College in those years, the Brattleboro Music Center, and numerous amateur theater groups sponsoring events. During that same two-week period, for instance, there were a cello and piano concert at the Putney School, a chamber music and folk song concert in West Brattleboro, the San Francisco Mime Troupe performance at Windham College, and the Washington's Birthday cross country ski race, now too big for Marlboro, from Westminster West to Putney. We had reached the healthy point where no one could take advantage of all the offerings and do his or her work. In the April Newsletter I commented that my friend and mentor Bill Fels, late President of Bennington, used to say that one could tell the nature of a college (or a school) from its bulletin boards. I went on,

> Special events are indicative, too. Viewed this way, events in a college and a community have a peculiar interest in themselves. But there is more. I have sensed that we have been able to expend more energy this year in constructive intellectual and cultural activities than had been true in recent years. Cause or effect? Are we so busy we don't have time for energy-sapping diversions, or have the diversions lost appeal? And for how long? It's difficult to answer. We've learned not to predict a year until, perhaps, late May! The first thing I did notice, however, when I returned from sabbatical last August was that the tension, the hostility which had been mounting on our campus (and on other campuses) during the late '60s had relaxed. We were able to talk again without fencing for five minutes first. A change in draft pressure? A relaxation in the Viet Nam War? Revulsion from the excesses of radical tactics? A numbing of sensitivity? A shift in tactics? A mere shift in style, inevitable anyway? Neither my colleagues, nor I, nor the students appear to know. We only know in retrospect that the shift began to appear here in September, 1969, and that the shift has been contemporaneous with all the changes in the national and international scene. And I have noticed that most of the issues which are agitating us this year are in general different from recent years: faculty appointments, pollution, maintenance, enforcement of Town Meeting regulations rather than the regulations themselves - but those old perennials too, size and food.

I went on to note that the really significant, and I might have added long lasting, development at the College over the past decade had to do with the quality of academic work: not so much accreditation or improvement in the plant or the strengthening of the faculty, but the development of the Plan of Concentration and the "slowly increasing involvement by the average student in things intellectual." I used as an example a freshman in one of my classes "who followed out Marjorie Nicholson's suggestion that Milton was thinking in musical terms when he entitled 'Lycidas' 'A Monody' and went to the trouble not only of researching the musical terms of the early 16th century but inviting to class two of his friends, a cellist and a soprano, to perform an early 16th century Italian monody to illustrate his seminar paper on the monody." Needless to say, this kind of activity warmed the cockles of my heart and gave all the faculty courage. I must also yield, however, that the May 1969 "Glorious Revolution" had helped clear the air, especially through the establishment of the joint committees.

Budgeting

By this time the system of joint committees involving both faculty members and students on policy

issues had become so accepted that we could hardly imagine how things had been done before. Added to this now was the custom of holding public hearings on most major proposals before they came up for action. The budget for the next year, for instance, was regularly put before the whole community, including staff, in January before it was put before the Board at its mid-winter meeting. Incidentally, it was usual for the Board to act at that meeting only on the fee and salary schedules, though in the context of a draft budget for all other items, because the schedules had to be implemented before the final enrollment for the next year was known. Then at the October meeting the other items were adjusted and confirmed when the enrollment was known. The procedure was simple. In the fall the department heads submitted to me their proposed budgets within the parameters which I had given them - e.g., projected enrollment and expected inflation as reported to me through sources at Harvard. I worked these over with each head in turn, combined them, published the figures, and then held a hearing to explain and defend them. Adjustments could be and on occasion were made at that point. Because money was always not simply short but very short and everyone had to accept sacrifices, such openness was essential. We had disagreements, but we also had trust.

The final operating budget voted for 1970-71 was $821,465 and the final plant budget $139,549, with an anticipated operating deficit of $72,290, within the projected $75,000 to be received in gifts[17]. At this point, with the surplus from the preceding year the accumulated deficit had been reduced to $35,238. The two items in the budget which for obvious reasons were never broken down publicly were the faculty and staff salary budgets. A note in the August, 1970, Board minutes, however, throws some light. The President's salary was raised to $17,000. More significantly, the salaries for Roland Boyden and Dick Judd were raised, over Roland's repeated objections, to $14,500: he "acknowledged that their [initially proposed] increases, to $10,000, were insufficient, but he said that he and Mr. Judd both preferred to concentrate now on faculty salary levels as a whole before receiving further correction of their own." The difference was settled by a fiat from the Chairman. Roland's reluctance was simply in the tradition of his and Dick's willingness to take no salary in the 1957-58 academic year so that the College might survive that year. In 1970 we were still not fully on a salary scale, or paying anything like competitive salaries. At the January meeting I reported that our faculty salaries were 33% below those of our competitor colleges and 12% below the national average for four year colleges. Staff salaries were 29% below the national averages.

One footnote: as remarked earlier, the tuition had been increased for the first time in three years, but the increase was so large it had been decided not to increase the room and board fees at the same time. The result this year was a loss of $25,000 in the dining hall and $21,000 in the dormitories. Balancing costs with our ability to charge remained a problem. In general we favored increases in tuition over increases in board and room if we could not do both because more students paid tuition; we were also very cognizant how inadequately the faculty was paid.

H. Whittemore Brown Science Building

In April we held a formal dedication of the science building in Whit Brown's name, entirely

17Unfortunately expenses grew and unrestricted giving fell off enough to result in a $7,000 operating deficit.

appropriate for a man who after the restoration of the original farm buildings in the late '40s had virtually spent his retirement overseeing the construction of our campus: twenty-four buildings worth a million and a quarter dollars - and he was not through yet. At the time we estimated that he had saved us approximately 10% without any loss of quality because of his knowledge gained over a lifetime of building. The science building had originally been estimated at $300,000. It cost us $270,000! Whit served as a trustee from 1952, when his son Chris graduated, until his death in 1980. In my opinion, with Arthur Whittemore and Zee Persons he was among the big three serving on the Board when I came in 1958. It is no accident that all three are commemorated by major buildings named after them. In August both Whit and Zee Persons retired from the Board to honorary status - voice but no vote - Whit after 19 years, Zee after 24. An era had passed.

In the August Newsletter I commented on the impact Zee and his colleagues had had on the area.

> When Zee became a member of the original board, at its charter meeting in December, 1946, he was interested in bringing culture to this corner of Vermont. Then only the Putney School and the small Experiment in International Living were in the area. Twenty-five years later there are two accredited colleges, enrolling over 1,100 students (Marlboro and Windham, both founded by Walter Hendricks); the Experiment now so expanded it runs 1,900 through its traditional programs all over the world and has founded a School for International Training in Brattleboro which offers two different graduate level programs; the Brattleboro Music Center, which offers eight public chamber and orchestral concerts a year; the Marlboro Theatre Company, a classical repertory company, which has grown to the point this summer of operating from October through June out of both Marlboro and Weston [Vermont]; and the world renowned Marlboro Music [School and] Festival. Zee has had a direct role in four of them; four (not the same) are related to Marlboro College in some way: the College; the Marlboro School of Music, which brought us our music faculty, the Moyses; the Brattleboro Music Center founded by the Moyses; and the Marlboro Theatre Company founded by Geoff Brown of our faculty. This spring at the College alone there were twelve plays, from Waiting for Godot to The Plough and the Stars, twelve concerts, and seventeen lectures, all open [free] to members of the community. Though Zee was a banker, these were the things which interested him in Marlboro College, not the $1,000,000 budget.

Deaths

The year was a milestone in other ways. We were saddened by the deaths of three important figures. Olive MacArthur, member of the faculty from 1950 to her retirement in 1965, died on November 5. She was the widow of the John MacArthur who had founded our science faculty and mother of both John, our Dean and physicist, and Robert, Marlboro '51 and professor of biology at Princeton. Providence lawyer Harold Staples, father of Charles Staples, also '51, and member of the Board since 1948, died on March 11. In the following autumn a small private dining room was dedicated in his memory. At the time there was much criticism in the community that we were applying the gifts in his memory in that way, but as soon as we had the room, committees and other groups began fighting to sign up for it. The Staples Room has been in constant use ever

since. It was long overdue. The dedication was lightened by an amusing incident. Harold's son-in-law was President of the Avis company. Near Springfield, Massachusetts, the Avis car he was driving to the ceremony broke down, and he and his family were an hour late.

And Charles Crosby, member of the Board since 1961 and at the time Treasurer and Chairman of the Development Committee, died in an automobile accident on December 13. In a large university their passing would have been noted, but in a college as small as Marlboro, the losses were deeply and widely felt because these people were known personally. Charles was succeeded as Treasurer by his friend Ragnar Naess, Wall Street economist and investment banker whom he had lured on the Board in 1965.

Two-Year Plans

Then in May, after a year's work by the Academic Policy Committee chaired by John MacArthur as Dean, a major revision was made in the Plan of Concentration. Up to this point it had been possible to opt for a one or a two year Plan. Henceforth all Plans were to be two year, the first serving as a preliminary year of preparation. Experience had shown that it was difficult to do an adequate job in one year. Once I had had a student who wanted to do a one-year Plan on an English poet, preferably the 17th century poet and Anglican priest John Donne, but her background in English literature began with the 18th century and her own religious affiliation was Jewish. If she had had at least one course in Elizabethan literature and a history course including the religious movements of the time, one year would have been enough; as it was she needed two, one to prepare, but she was already a senior. Instead she did her Plan on Emily Dickinson. This was not an isolated case. At the same time, the faculty dropped the math/language requirement (still in my opinion a mistake), as much or more because of the burden on too few teachers as for any philosophical reason, but the English requirement was stiffened: students who had not met the requirement by the end of their sophomore year could not continue to register for courses until they met it. In other words, they were "discontinued" rather than dismissed, the only requirement for their reinstatement being passing the requirement. The old Comprehensive Examination had died over a year earlier. These were to be the last major revisions in the curriculum for over 20 years.

Commencement

These were the years in which commencement proceedings, like all traditions, came under fire, particularly the wearing of gowns. In April the Board approved a plan worked out by a joint committee chaired by Esther Raushenbush under which the 1971 graduating class would neither be in academic dress nor sit together, and the faculty and trustees would not participate in the procession, to be led by bagpipes. Some of us continued to argue that the wearing of academic dress was a reminder that we came from a long and honorable tradition and showed due respect to that tradition; casual though we were most of the time, here on top of our mountain, this was not an appropriate moment. In the end tradition was to win out, but not immediately.

Corky Kramer

Finally, in June Corky Kramer, who along with Gertrude Pinion Greey had been one of only two

Marlboro M.A.'s from the early years, took office as Dean of the Faculty, the first from outside the faculty since the first Dean Roland Boyden assumed the position in 1947. Corky had gone on to become Dean at St. John's, Annapolis and then the first and founding Dean at its satellite campus in Santa Fe, where Bob Skeele had served under him. It was fitting that we bring on people from St. John's because of similar academic ideals. Scott Buchanan, an earlier Dean at St. John's and one of the founders of the Great Books Program, had been a member of our original Council of Academic Advisors, and our philosopher Neal Weiner, who had joined us in 1970, was a graduate. In trying to explain Marlboro to strangers, I often called us a cross between St. John's and Bennington, if one could imagine such a cross: like St. John's academically traditional, even classical, in our ideals, like Bennington socially liberal (a phrase which hardly captures the concept) with a strong presence in the arts.

Corky told me a nice story. When he came to Marlboro, he brought his cat with him to his cottage on Hogback Mountain. After the requisite few days for the cat to become acclimated to its new home, he let it out one morning. It did not return. Two or three months later he received a call from his former landlady in Annapolis. She said she thought she had his cat, skinny, beat up, and exhausted. Corky went down and confirmed it was indeed his cat. It had found its way across highways and railroads and rivers, through obviously hostile territory, to what it considered home. He left her in Annapolis.

Trustees

At the August annual meeting of the Board, Zee Persons and Whit Brown preferred not to be reelected to six year terms and retired to become the first such honorary trustees (voice but no vote - Zee said he would rather have a voice than a vote any day). With Zee thus inactive, for the first time the Board no longer had as a member one of the original incorporators. At the same meeting Allen Bibby, who for three years had served as my Administrative Assistant (i.e., Director of Development) and nine years as Clerk of the Board, resigned the latter position and was elected a full member. Zee's stepson and a former oil executive who had retired to live in Vermont, Allen served the College long and well, to say nothing of his excellent minutes laced with lovely wry wit. Tom Sisson, an associate graduate dean at Harvard under Peter Elder, was also elected. Tom had caught my eye because during a sit-in against the Dupont Corporation which could have turned ugly, he had had the wit to serve sandwiches and coffee and defuse the situation. For many years he served us as chairman of the Committee on Students. At the regular meeting, the officers were reelected and Walter Whitehill was elected Vice Chairman, a new position.

* * *

1971 -- 1972 We opened the year with 225 students, our high water mark for over a decade to come. The fall enrollment hovered for a bit, then began slowly to decline. The tide was beginning to go out, with some bumps along the way reached its nadir in September 1985, and then began slowly to return. Demographics and the winding down of the Vietnam War with the resultant easing of pressure on college admissions were the major causes. Although we stood high in those academic circles which knew us, we were largely unknown to the greater public, a problem solved by the astute public relations of my successor Rod Gander. I myself had little interest and even less skill in public relations. I was interested in building a better mouse trap, but more was needed than that.

Activities

After the sometimes overheated debates and frenzied activities in Town Meeting of recent years, things were eerily quiet in 1971-72. The Town Meeting often did not meet even the stipulated every other week because of lack of business. In other ways, however, the campus was busy. A group of five underclassmen were involved in an oral history of Vermont. A sophomore spent three and a half weeks in Minnesota at a workshop on alternate forms of education. He visited five different such schools, and upon his return lectured us "for an hour and a half and hardly scratched his notes." A group of students started a Tuesday evening series of informal concerts over and above the regular series given by our chamber music group and visiting artists. A poetry group was meeting fairly regularly, once sponsoring "a 'Sonnetina', a 'modest sounding of love sonnets in divers languages, including Italian, Greek, Latin, Russian, French, German, and Spanish.'"

In the April Newsletter, I reported that no longer were sex and drugs the major problems facing us, but something "we have not yet learned to handle: isolation, failure of communication." Students were becoming more and more deeply interested in "this or that intellectual pursuit," and I gave as examples the intuitionist school of mathematics, the psychology of dreams, and the conservation policies of the Progressive era, topics which were shared with the rest of us, but most seniors were unable or unwilling to share their topics in this way. Although I yielded that perhaps our Plans of Concentration encouraged this isolation, I speculated that this withdrawal into an intellectual commitment was perhaps "another phase of the insecurity which showed itself in a lack of intellectual commitment only a few years" before. Perhaps. I now speculate that it may have been a reaction to all the involvement in the war and politics of the preceding years, an involvement which at the time seemed not to have achieved its goals. Some years later, long after the Prague Spring of 1968, I was in Prague and noticed the degree to which the Czech people had turned their backs on all public life and withdrawn into their private worlds. The best and brightest preferred rather poor positions to appointment to the relatively lucrative national academies. At Marlboro we had to shift our stance from seeing that ideas were pursued in depth to seeing that they were shared. Talk across disciplinary back fences was as important as cultivating the garden within.

Visitors: Professor Syme and Dr. Spock

One antidote was to bring the world to the College. The first of three noteworthy visitors during the spring was our Kipling Fellow for the year, Professor Ronald Syme, Camden Professor of Ancient History Emeritus at Oxford University and President of the International Council for Philosophy and Humanistic Studies, one of the most eminent living Roman historians. His topic was "Julius Caesar: Drama, Legend, History." Like other Kipling Fellows, he spent about a week with us visiting classes, dining with faculty members and students, and the last day sitting in front of the coffee urn in the Howland House common room. Then on a Friday afternoon in early April, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Presidential candidate touring Vermont under the aegis of the Liberty Union Party, spoke in the dining hall to an overflow, and critical, audience from the area.

and the first Arthur E. Whittemore Memorial Lecture

Later in the month was held the first Arthur E. Whittemore Memorial Lecture, funded by gifts in Arthur's memory and designed for people who were socially concerned and active in public affairs. The speaker was the leading Federal judge Charles E. Wyzanski of the First District Court. The topic was "Equal Justice Through Law", a fascinating discussion of the different philosophies of law symbolized by such Justices as Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. and Learned Hand on the one hand, Earl Warren and Hugo Black on the other. The Newsletter reminds me that the next day he led a two-hour seminar to over forty members of the College, "a freewheeling discussion of a number of legal and public policy issues." This was at a time when the whole fabric of our national government, including the court system, was under careful scrutiny by the younger generation. With a reputation as a liberal and an iconoclast, Wyzanski was an appropriate spokesman for the law.

Activities: Music

The year was also extraordinarily full of music, theater, and art exhibitions. In the spring we had a large number of concerts: pianist Mary Alerdice; classical guitarist Peter Rothfarb '70; cellist Charles Forbes with pianist Glenn Jacobson and flautist William Wittig (part-time Visiting Member of our faculty from Smith College); pianist David Golub, also Visiting Member, twice; folk musician Ina Wool; pianist Meg Kelsey '72 with flautist Pat Hiller '71; singer, banjoist and six and twelve string guitarist Dennis "Doc" Holt; soprano Mary Burgess, alto Charlene Peterson, and accompanist Janet Wells; singer Darlene Wilson '72; the College chamber music group twice; and vocalist Deborah Wetherby. At the spring festival of the Brattleboro Music Center, founded by the Moyses, Louis Moyse's "Ballad of Vermont" with a text by Marion Hooper had its world premiere by a large chorus and orchestra. In retrospect it is interesting to see how much of the music was produced by our own students and faculty members, interspersed among concerts by professional artists.

Theater and Art

Then the theater. Alongside Webster's Jacobean drama "The Duchess of Malfi" were a series of contemporary plays, two by our students and two by professional playwrights: "The Mantelpiece" by freshman Dan Kinoy, "The Playwright" by senior Gordon Baird, "Talk to Me Like the Rain" by Tennessee Williams, and "Birdbath" by Leonard Melfi. Art exhibits included a student exhibit by Judy McLaren, Katy Winship, Colin Cochran, and Kyle Crichton; a pottery show by the New Hampshire Guild of Pottery, shown with a collection of contemporary Japanese pottery owned by Malcolm Wright of our faculty; a series of paintings of large groups by Frank Stout, also of our faculty; a photographic exhibit entitled "Twenty-five years of Marlboro"; and an exhibit of models of Platonic Solids constructed by Marty Levin, member of the faculty in mathematics. Most of the exhibits took place in the Tyler Gallery inside the main door of the library[18]. Such artistic activity would be expected at a larger college; what was striking was the amount of artistic activity, activity of generally high quality, in a college of 225 students. Many of the student artists have gone on to successful professional careers in the arts.

18In 1996 the room, which had served so long and well as the Tyler Gallery, was filled with computer terminals for student use and replaced by the Drury Art Gallery adjacent to the Theater.

Lectures and Readings

By late spring there were usually few lectures and talks because everyone was so busy finishing off the year, especially the seniors intent on finishing their Plans. 1971-72 seems to have been an exception. In addition to the talks by Wyzanski and Spock, former and future member of our faculty Tim Little, '65, at the time a doctoral candidate at the University of Rochester, lectured on "Use and Abuse of Contemporary History: The Case of Northern Ireland"; a disciple of Sri Chinmoy gave a talk on meditation; T. Wilson of the faculty, recently back from two years alternate service in Laos, spoke on "Laos, Infection of a Culture"; Professor Arthur W. Galstone of Yale lectured on China based on his recent visit, with emphasis on education and science; Steve Gans of Windham College gave a lecture entitled "I and the Other: Notes toward a Phenomenology of Communication"; Freda Rubin spoke on Vermont wildflowers; Professor John Coolidge, former Director of the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard, lectured on "The Palais Royale: A Triumph of Urban Renewal"; senior Sarah Wechsler lectured on "Henry James and the Pragmatic Point of View" and senior Dena Davis on Dietrich Bonhoeffer, both lectures taken from their Plans of Concentration; and perhaps most striking of all, Scott and Helen Nearing, who had once been our neighbors in Jamaica, Vermont but by then were settled in Maine, spoke on "Living the Good Life" in conjunction with a photographic exhibit about their lives by Richard Garrett, '69. Law, politics, history, religion, current affairs, philosophy, botany, art history, literature, an alternate life style - for a small college, this was not only a remarkable number but a varied assortment in a short time, enriched by the contributions of both students and teachers in addition to those of visiting scholars.

Poetry Readings

Nor were these all. A Poetry Caucus was formed and sponsored a reading by Peter Klappert, who won the Yale Younger Poets Award in 1970; a reading of Gary Snyder's "Myths and Texts" followed by a reading of a paper "Zen Buddhism in the Poetry of Gary Snyder," both by poet T. Wilson of the faculty; "Sonnetina", the reading of sonnets in various languages which I have already mentioned; selections of Wallace Stevens read by George Weaver '73; a reading by David Holzapfel '72 of contemporary Italian poems both in the original and in his translations (all part of his Plan), and readings of their own poetry by T. Wilson, George Weaver '73, and Terry Woods '75.

High Jinks

The good will which had shown itself the year before continued. One day in the spring Frank Cherrier, the Second Cook, had a day off. When he returned the next morning and rushed up to his room to change for breakfast, he found that his room had been freshly painted, the windows had new curtains, his bed had a matching bedspread, and, as the Newsletter reported,

> a "new" second hand television set had been substituted for his old one. This was the work of students, done so quietly I didn't learn about it myself until I read Frank's letter [of appreciation] to the editor of the local (Brattleboro) newspaper.

Later in the spring Ramona Cutting, as I have mentioned the first person hired by Walter

Hendricks when he founded the College, was ushered onto the stage in the dining room to eat lunch in full view: April, 1972 marked 25 years at Marlboro. This plot was hatched by the other secretaries. In a way, it was a 25th birthday celebration for the College as well.

Enrollment Balance

An interesting discussion took place in the October Board meeting. It was triggered by the comment that there was a developing imbalance in favor of women: that fall 121 women and 107 men overall; in the entering group the split was even more apparent: 55 women and 24 men. The first question was whether a long term imbalance would create problems. Esther Raushenbush commented that a large shift in balance would be serious, not so much from the social as the intellectual standpoint: men and women needed each other intellectually as well as socially. I reported that the experience of other colleges up to that time suggested that too great an imbalance in favor of women made the college less desirable for both men and women. It is interesting to note that the issue arose again at the June commencement meeting in 1973, where concern was still expressed but it was concluded that "the balance was self-correcting to some extent" in time. So it has proved to be.

The question then arose whether the imbalance was resulting in a shift toward the arts and humanities. The answer was no. Not only did the library statistics show that the usage of books in the sciences was up while down in literature and history, but Bob Skeele reported that there were fifty more students enrolled in the natural sciences than the year before.

Faculty Pay Scale

On the Board there was more discussion of faculty salaries. In January Corky Kramer reported that statistics from the National Education Association indicated a national average faculty salary of $13,306, $11,551 for private colleges under 500 students. These figures, of course, included colleges in the south; the New England average would be higher. Windham College, for instance, averaged $14,600 with a high of $22,000. At the time we had a total of 36 people teaching, 20 full-time and the rest doubling in other duties such as deaning, or serving part-time, or doing some teaching while still students. The average for the full-time teachers at Marlboro was about $9,800. Including a prorated estimate of the part-time members, it was closer to $9,000. Corky estimated that the faculty was still subsidizing the College at the rate of about $75,000 a year. He then put forward a pay scale which he said the College should achieve within two years, the initial step costing some $50-55,000. After a long and detailed discussion, the Board received favorably the proposal for a new pay scale and referred it to the Board Committee on Faculty and Staff with action deferred until the August meeting at the latest, at which time the Board would adopt a pay scale and a time table for putting it into effect. In April the Committee recommended a modified scale containing categories instead of annual increments be put into effect by the 1974-75 academic year at the latest, but no action was taken at that time.

Faculty Extension of Service

At the same meeting a policy was approved which permitted the reappointment of faculty members full-time a year at a time between the normal retirement age of 65 and the end of the

academic year in which the faculty member reached 70. After 70 he or she could be reappointed only at less than half-time and half pay to make way for younger teachers. Later, of course, such a policy was obviated by Federal law, but in the meantime it served well. This was a touchy issue, for it was really intended to protect the College from good teachers of long service who had gone stale through age. Unlike larger institutions, we could not simply shunt them to a corner of a large department and replace much of their work by younger teachers; most of the time we had only one teacher per field, like the senior common room of an Oxford college. The policy permitted retirement with honor, while the College could continue to have the services of those who were still vital. The action of the Federal government later in the decade which made it impossible for a college to retire someone against his or her will before 70 without demonstrating incompetence later created at least one painful problem for us: we had to threaten one teacher, a fine human being and long a good and loyal member of the faculty, with a competence review before he agreed "voluntarily" to retire. He had lost his touch. Dismissing anyone by whatever means was always my most painful responsibility.

Fund Raising

This year saw the only time I ever lost my temper with a foundation. Earlier the arts division of the Ford Foundation had told me that they did not give to undergraduate theater companies but only to professional. During this period the Marlboro Theater Company, Geoff Brown's largely professional summer company which normally operated in Marlboro but on occasion on tour, was at its peak. It gave a performance of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" in Boston which the reviewer for "Boston After Dark" in its year-end edition called one of the best ten or a dozen plays produced in Boston that year. On the same list was a production of the same play by the Old Vic traveling company. Geoff's company had been invited to give 120 performances of the play in Vermont schools during the next winter. In order to do so, it needed what amounted to a minuscule grant. I applied to the Ford Foundation. I was told by the officer, a woman whom I liked and respected, that they could not make such a grant because the Marlboro Theater Company was not an Equity company! I'm sorry to say, I blew my stack. I pointed out that one might expect such a position from the Federal government, which had to take into account political considerations, but what were independent foundations for if not to escape such restrictions and concentrate on quality? Then I went back to Vermont and wrote a letter apologizing for my intemperate behavior but not yielding one bit on the position I had taken. Of course we never did find a grant.

Capital

The Board toyed with the idea of holding a capital drive area by area toward a goal of $4.5 million. This way we could use our own limited resources without having to engage expensive fund raising counsel. Bob Duncan, at the time considered by many the dean of capital drives, served as a consultant *pro bono* because of his friendship with members of the Board. A committee of trustees and local Friends was authorized to survey the Providence, Rhode Island area with the intent of holding an experimental mini-capital drive there; if successful, the Boston area was to follow. The survey revealed a great deal of good will in the Providence area but not sufficient potential capital gifts. Most of our small body of alumni were still young and not earning large sums; most of our other Friends were parents who appreciated Marlboro but had their own institutions to which they owed primary loyalty. The conclusion was that we needed to contact and

cultivate potential large donors in the area before we attempted any formal capital drive. This would take time. We were not ready. Over the next couple of years, however, we did continue with mini drives, first in the Boston area, then in the New York area, as we struggled to raise capital. The need for a new theater was especially pressing.

One small success that year but one indicative of how the College was viewed was a grant from the Sloan Foundation for our first, small computer. It was for John MacArthur to use in his research. The Foundation explained it was making the grant because a scholar of John's ability was willing to teach in so small a college.

Plant

There was talk about changing the calendar again, but for the moment nothing came of it immediately. The changes in the plant were small, though not insignificant: the first two of the four-student cottages, built at a combined cost of $53,000, were in use, with a waiting list; Olive MacArthur's house on South Road had been purchased for faculty housing; the Staples Room off the dining hall, made possible by Harold's long time friend Elisha Mowry, was in use; and the former sugar house, originally built by Pat Whittemore, '52, while a student, had been converted into a sculpture studio under Tom Benson, '64. Eventually it was to become the pottery studio. The cottages and the MacArthur house were made possible by the Charles Rice Crosby Memorial Fund, by that time amounting to just over $102,000. The fund was intended as a revolving fund: we were to borrow from it, pay it back with income from the projects, then borrow from it again. I do not believe the concept was ever fully understood, or perhaps it involved too much internal bookkeeping: eventually it fell by the wayside. Beneath the surface, however, plans were going forward for the theater and $75,000 were already in hand. A plan was also adopted to retire one dormitory each summer for deep maintenance. The first was Happy Valley in the summer of 1972. Finally, the auditorium was formally named the Henry Z. and Dorothy G. Persons Auditorium.

Alumni

Periodically we took a look in depth at what the alumni were doing. At that time we had only 348, and our knowledge of their activities continued to be imperfect. More still seemed to be in education than in any other single occupation, perhaps a half in secondary, a quarter each in primary and higher education, ranging from full professors at Princeton and Toronto through the chair of the math department at a secondary boarding school to the principal of a rural Vermont primary school. But close behind came business in the broadest sense, such as artists who worked in design and craftsmen who made and sold their own wares. Most were in small, often entrepreneurial businesses (antiques in Newport, Rhode Island; design in Cambridge, Massachusetts; furniture making in Vermont), but there was a plastics manufacturer in Massachusetts, a manufacturer of hatch covers in Ohio, and an executive with Lever Brothers in Pakistan (a Pakistani himself). I reported a Friends of Marlboro dinner in Providence where I talked with a lawyer, a prospective law student just out of the navy, an astrophysicist late of the Smithsonian Observatory in Cambridge then at home with her first child, a professional

photographer, and one "deeply involved in the testing of non-polluting lubricants for cars in the international racing circuit." In Chicago I talked with a social worker in the schools (he kept two cars: one a beat up old VW bug to park when in the worst districts, one a decent family car) and a community organizer; in Washington with two school teachers, a civil servant with the Department of Defense, a White House secretary, and a cocktail waitress; in San Francisco with a carpenter, an instrument maker from Oregon, and an unemployed recent graduate - I just missed a graduate from the class of '65 who was driving up with his Mayan wife from the Yucatan peninsula, where he was translating Mayan folk tales which otherwise might soon be lost because of the attitude of the Mexican government toward minority languages.

With the secretary in the White House lies a tragic tale. Beverly Bover, a native of Brattleboro and a graduate in the class of 1958, was serving as the organizer of our Washington area alumni. On the allotted day, she instructed me to call at one of the White House gates, where I would be expected. I was ushered into her office, next to the Oval Office. As I recall, Nixon was out of town to dedicate a dam in the South. She introduced me to what colleagues were present, then took me through the Oval Office, explaining that in Johnson's day it had held three television sets always on, one set tuned to each major network. Johnson kept one eye cocked on what was being said, and when it concerned him, was not above interrupting a conversation with his guest, no matter who, and walking over to the set to turn it up. (A few years later, on a trip to Austin, Texas, I was shown through the scaled down replica of the Oval Office in the Johnson Library, and there were the three television sets.) We then peeked into Kissinger's office and examined the cabinet room before leaving for lunch at a nearby restaurant.

In the Civil Service, Beverly had been working as a White House secretary for several years. At the time, she had the desk next to Nixon's secretary Rose Mary Woods. It was her boss Stephen Bull who is alleged to have taken the tape down to Nixon at Key West, the tape with the missing portion. Rose Mary Woods, of course, was a major figure in the debate about what happened. Immediately during and after Watergate I recognized that I could not quiz Beverly - the pressures were too intense - but I thought that perhaps in ten years or so she might be willing to comment. Alas, that was never to be. She was working long hours, arriving for work early in the morning and returning home long after dark. Though still young, she suffered a stroke and died at the height of the scandal. The paranoia in the White House and in the country was so great that an autopsy was ordered in case she had been poisoned or in some manner done away with. No, she had had a weak blood vessel and her death was natural, though probably the immediate cause was the pressure under which she was working.

Town-Gown

Throughout the year negotiations went on between the Town and the College over zoning regulations and other matters. Marlboro College had been fortunate over the years because we were not located downtown in a heavily populated area. Many of our own teachers and staff members not only lived in the town but served as town officers, and both faculty members and students on our own college fire department made up much of the town fire department during the day when other citizen members were working elsewhere. Roland Boyden served as Town Moderator for as long as I could remember, Dick Judd served twenty-three years on the school board, and the very popular principal of the primary school was Bruce Cole, '59. As a result, our

talks were friendly and constructive. The Town was concerned about such issues as the future size of the College, the College about the effect zoning regulations would have on our development and the possibility of the country road through the campus to Halifax being made a major artery. Since we also were philosophically in favor of zoning, we found ourselves allies as much as or more than potential adversaries. Jim Herrick was First Selectman at the time, and we found him quite reasonable as I believe he found us. Relations were good.

Commencement

Of the thirty-five seniors who graduated, nineteen earned some form of honors, the first time over half had so proceeded, and five earned highest honors - the previous record had been two. The high point of the ceremony, however, was the presentation of an honorary Doctor of Humane Science in absentia to Robert H. MacArthur '51, Henry Fairfield Osborn Professor of Biology at Princeton University. Since Robert was unable to attend because of the cancer which caused his death the following October, the degree was accepted for him by his brother and our physicist John. At the time Chairman of our Council of Academic Advisors, Robert had been a member of our first four year class and even to this day remains one of our most distinguished graduates. With E.O. Wilson, he virtually invented the field of mathematical ecology. He was our first Marlboro graduate to whom we awarded an honorary degree.

* * *

New Faculty: Mathematics

1972 – 1973 For the 1972-73 year we took what turned out to be major steps forward in the development of the faculty. In the first place, Joe Mazur joined us in mathematics from M.I.T. and is still with us. I have to smile now at my naivete when the appointment was made. During the year he approached me with a request for funds to travel once a month to M.I.T. to converse with colleagues, since he truly was rather isolated in Marlboro. I sympathized with the need, but asked why he couldn't visit colleges closer to Marlboro such as Windham or one of the five colleges in the Amherst area. He blushed, for Joe is modest. It turned out he was engaged in research in a cross between algebraic geometry and number theory which was pursued in only a few institutions in the world, M.I.T. being one. The truth of this explanation was demonstrated a few years later, after the end of the Vietnam War, when Le Dung Trang, an internationally respected mathematics professor from North Vietnam, was finally permitted to enter the United States, the first North Vietnamese citizen to be allowed to do so. He visited only two institutions: Harvard and Marlboro. But Joe was interested in more than algebraic geometry and numbers theory. He continues to pursue an investigation into the influences of ancient mathematics on Greek and Western culture. "Mathematics does not exist only to serve science as a language." It is an integral part of life. He points to the notice over Plato's Academy: "Let no one unversed in geometry enter these doors." Marlboro had at last found its mathematician.

Psychology

In the second place, in a bold move Corky Kramer persuaded us to accept the offer of three psychologists who were willing to come for the price of one: Tony Barrand, John Roberts, and Tom Toleno. They were students of Cornell Professor James J. Gibson, who had a novel and controversial theory in perceptual psychology. The three were interested in applying this theory to

the arts, for two of them, Tony and John, were themselves artists, experienced folk singers who performed professionally. Marlboro seemed to them an ideal setting for their work, since we had good and active programs in the arts. We had difficulties with the Federal government over the appointments of Tony and John because both were British citizens, but we finally succeeded on the argument that the particular program was unique, as indeed it was. In the end, however, this research did not prove practical for so small a college, nor could the three live long on one salary despite income from concerts, and after a few years both Tony and John drifted off, Tony to a teaching position at Boston University, John to a singing career in New York State, but they remained long enough at last to establish the beginnings of a real program in the social sciences. Tom, who was interested in the field's historical and philosophical roots, turned himself into a generalist and is still with the College. As I write, his "current research centers on the structure and origins of self-esteem and self-worth." We had never had a strong program in the social sciences. In many colleges history is considered one of them, and with Roland Boyden and Dick Judd we had had strong history from the beginning, but because of their approach, history was treated as one of the humanities. Thus psychology became the first social science to root itself permanently in our curriculum, to be followed later by permanent appointments in economics and still later in sociology, anthropology and political science.

It is perhaps worth mentioning that for the fall term we had as a visiting member of the faculty Gordon Baker, a Fellow and Tutor in philosophy from St. John's College, Oxford. I had taught Gordon as a senior at Exeter fifteen years earlier and had followed his career with interest. Noted at the Academy as a scientist, he had been one of my best English students in a class of the brightest such students in his year. Once when another student and he got into an argument over an interpretation of Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus*, the next day Gordon brought in the Greek text to refute his opponent. Another time he went to the board and illustrated a point in Plato's *Republic* by mathematical analogies. He had the best purely rational mind I have ever had the privilege of teaching, much abler than mine (true of most of that class - I just had age and experience on my side). He entered Harvard with advanced placement, majored in mathematics, finished all the available Latin and Greek on the side, stayed a fourth year to take Russian, then entered Oxford to study Greats (Greek and Roman language, literature, and philosophy, plus some modern philosophy - the program which produces Marlboro's Classics Fellows). There he proceeded to a first class degree, an extraordinary performance for someone thought to be a budding scientist and mathematician. Then and only then did he take a degree in philosophy, his goal all along, a doctorate at Kent. I had lost track of Gordon after he left for Oxford, then physically bumped into him during my sabbatical when I was entering and he was leaving the office of the VW garage in Oxford. It was he who in typically brief fashion had summed up the fallacy in my liberal arts lecture. At Exeter I had always had difficulty with his weekend themes because, expected to write a couple of pages, he usually wrote half a page, but I could never find anything left out. After running into him at the garage, I mentioned him to my friend George Forrest, the future Wickham Professor of Greek History, who, it turned out, had taught him one term in a tutorial. George chuckled and confessed he had had the same experience with him. For all this, there was no arrogance in Gordon, modest to the point of diffidence. The second term of his sabbatical he spent teaching at the University of California at Berkeley (appropriately living on Vermont Avenue), the third term back in Oxford.

Even then, still poor and largely unknown, Marlboro attracted able and interesting teachers.

Enrollment

We opened the year with 225 students, precisely the same as the year before, though the full time equivalence for 1971-72 had been 220: there was always a shrinkage between terms. There had been a 21% drop in the applicant pool, however, which had peaked in 1969 at 380 and was now down to 301. At the same time the competition had grown keener: 50% of our applicants were being accepted at two or more other colleges, over 30% at three or more. Back in 1969 we were accepting around 110 to 120 applicants to enroll 90 new students in the fall; by 1972 we were accepting 160 to 180 to enroll the same number. At the April meeting of the Board, I reported that we were accepting 88% of the applicants for 1973-74 compared to 58% only a year before. If on the one hand it did not entail lower quality, or so we hoped, it certainly entailed higher risks. In addition to such actions as seeking greater national publicity and in the spring not turning down students we would find ourselves accepting in August, I proposed to the Board my idea that we examine the possibility of reducing the cost of a college education by establishing a three year degree with no loss of quality. This would reduce the cost and perhaps thus make the College more attractive to parents. This possibility I asked a special faculty committee to examine.

Freshmen Survey

For seven years we had been cooperating with a survey of freshmen conducted by the Cooperative Institutional Research Program of the American Council on Education which by 1972-73 included 307,656 entering freshmen at 527 institutions. Our figures showed that we were drawing largely from an upper middle class, urban, educated population. We speculated that the important factors were not only our substantial fees but the nature of our curriculum (neither professionally nor vocationally oriented) and our location (attractive to whites who wished to get away from the cities; inhibiting to minority races who felt isolated not only in the country, but in a state with a very small - less than 2% - minority population). Three of the reasons we considered most important in the selection of Marlboro were not represented on the questionnaire at all: the small size, elements of self government, and rural location. Although 55% expressed no religious preference at all, about a quarter showed an interest in religions or religious practices not traditional in the West. This showed up on campus in a number of different ways: the number of 'Grazers' (i.e., vegetarians), the practice of transcendental meditation, an interest in Jungian psychology or the poetry of Blake and Yeats (none of these religious per se), and, paradoxically, in for us heavy enrollments in religion courses (Introduction to the Old Testament,45; Parables of Jesus,13). There were Plans of Concentration in such subjects as Credal Change between the first and third centuries A.D. and Christian religious symbolism between St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas. Just as after the Second World War there was interest in subjects dealing with the meaning of life, so there was in the tumultuous '60s and early '70s. This perhaps had some relation to the interest in service to others instead of in careers such as (small, entrepreneurial) business and teaching, long the major interests among our alumni. There was one other especially interesting conclusion to be drawn from the survey: the natural scientists and the artists seemed to know what they wanted when they entered, the rest less so.

The interest in service occupations correlated with what many of the Ivy League colleges were finding. Long known for sending graduates into business and the professions, they suddenly found themselves graduating people into service professions. A colleague at another college made an interesting comment. At that time, most of the national leaders in industry and commerce came from liberal arts backgrounds with a (relatively) broad understanding of history and society.

Increasingly the junior leaders were coming out of technical training. Presumably they eventually would move up to the top leadership. What were the implications for society in the future? The question then arose how the liberal arts colleges should respond. Our response was to keep on doing what we were doing, only trying to do it better, ever more rigorously.

Social Life

I do not recall that problems with the social life on campus were excessive at this time, but the trustee minutes indicate that I was much concerned. At the June meeting I raised the issue, citing trashing of property and the exploitation of certain students, a practice known as "mind gaming." I made a number of suggestions in response, from involving the faculty more in campus life (the faculty was aging; the enrollment, if not growing, was larger than it used to be when the faculty was more engaged) to more centers of identity on campus (too large to be one group, the study body was not quite large enough to break down into effective small groups), and stronger action by the Community Court against uncivilized behavior. In the lengthy discussion which followed, Tim Little "commented that the officers of the Community government, in consultation with the dean's Office, provided the most effective means of restraining destructive behavior." Gary Waldron, a student representative, "asserted that much of what was deplorable was the result of the single-class composition of the Marlboro student body," and Bob Skeele "noted that Marlboro could not escape the influence of the wider atmosphere pervading the nation's educational institutions." Tom Sisson "commented that improvements in the quality of education would have a beneficial effect." As I look back on that discussion now, marveling at the fulness of the minutes, I wonder to what degree I was reflecting my own over-zealous wish that Marlboro be perfect in all respects, above the troubles of troublesome times. Perhaps, but Marlboro had always aspired to be, if not an ideal, an exemplary society.

I mentioned the issue again at the annual meeting in August when I summarized what I considered to be our strengths and weaknesses at that time:

Strengths

1. One of the best years in the classroom as shown by library statistics and book store figures.

2. "A darn good faculty."

3. A limited study done through the Academic Advisors indicating that the standards were not being lowered.

4. The beginning of an Outdoors Program.

Weaknesses

1. Social Life.

2. Enrollment: seriously low.

3. A certain indecisiveness indicated by large numbers of abstentions at faculty

meetings.

4. A serious need to raise more funds.

A lively discussion followed. One of the features of the Marlboro Board has always been its ability to discuss issues frankly and openly without hidden agendas or attempts to cover up issues in front of the faculty and student representatives. It also knew when not to interfere, when to return to the faculty and administration issues which were better dealt with at that level. It is impossible to say whether the integrity which pervaded Marlboro College originated at the Board or the campus level, but exist it did. I rather think it originated at both levels, the model set by such as Arthur Whittemore at the Board level and Roland Boyden at the faculty. Without it, I do not believe the College could have survived so many difficult years, especially in the '50s and the '80s[19].

Budgets

As might be expected, the failure to meet our enrollment goal (235) created difficulties with an operating budget largely tuition driven. After a long struggle, in August the Treasurer was able to report that we had managed to balance the operating budget but that the plant budget was almost $40,000 in arrears. Most of this was the result of land purchase or new construction - $20,000 to purchase land, $5,000 in the development of two new cottages (to be repaid from the mortgage on those cottages), $13,000 to finish the Mumford cottages and avoid a new mortgage on them - leaving "a deficit in real terms of approximately $2,700." With a cash flow problem in August, we had to draw down on our line of credit briefly, but this was not uncommon. We continued to tiptoe successfully on the edge of the abyss.

Required English Course

If the enrollment was for the time holding level, there was quite a difference from the year before in campus business. After an unusually quiet year politically, controversial issues sprang back to life. One of the most heated was the question of how many credits the required English course should offer. Two years before, the faculty had determined that the course was basically remedial and therefore should not earn more than one credit. By a large majority in the Town Meeting the students argued that the standards had been set more at a graduation than at an entrance level. No one argued that the requirement should be abolished. The faculty prevailed, however, since the issue was academic, and there was no change.

Calendar

Then once more the calendar became a bone of contention. The College had been on a 11-10-11 term calendar for a few years. The preceding spring the faculty had voted conditionally for a 14-4-14 calendar. The intention was to provide a short "Winterim" term in which experimental courses not otherwise available during the regular terms could be introduced. It was also pointed out that there would more opportunity for cooperation with neighboring colleges, many of which were on a

19When he read this memoir in draft, Dick Judd made an interesting comment: “I don’t want to add something which wasn’t taken note of in your sources, but I think you miss one aspect of hilltop Utopianism for both students and teachers: what I call the Thoreau’s cabin syndrome. It is not really escapism, but rather an attitude summed up by Thoreau’s maxim: ‘Simplify.’ The book *Small is Beautiful* drew a big response at Marlboro.” Dick is right.

similar plan. At a Town Meeting to collect student opinion, T. Wilson introduced the measure, Neal Weiner led the arguments for and Alan Kantrow the arguments against, primarily the drain on faculty time and the neglect of people on Plan which would result. Students also feared the inconvenience and extra cost involved in a number of short vacations. As the Newsletter reported, originally the students appeared almost unanimously against, but the long arguments - so long an additional special Town Meeting had to be called - changed some minds but not nearly enough: the proposal lost on an Australian ballot 120-50 (an unusually large vote: most Town Meetings were lucky if they attracted 100 in attendance). The issue returned to the faculty for further consideration.

Housing

Then came the "great housing debate." In my great wisdom I had taken out of service eight student beds during the summer, two for administrative offices on the ground floor of Mather House, still a dormitory, and six for faculty housing in Mumford House, the future President's house which had been purchased in 1969. Despite the completion of the third and fourth student cottages on the edge of the campus with a combined total of eight beds, the result was that 13 doubles had been converted into triples. The argument that additional office space had become essential and that Mumford House was too fragile for student housing carried no weight in the Town Meeting. The result was a proposal to the President and to the trustee Building Committee that the next summer two houses for faculty rental and one more four-student cottage be built, and that for at least the next year Mumford House again be used for student housing. It was a tough issue with good arguments on both sides. In response, the Board determined that cottages five and six, to be located across the road from Married Student Housing, were to be built over the summer; discussion about the need for faculty housing was inconclusive: the need was recognized but resources were short. The Board did reaffirm, however, that Mumford House was too fragile for student use.

The Grazers

In recent years an increasing number of students, familiarly known as the Grazers, had become vegetarians of various sorts, mostly, I believe, Zen macrobiotics. Some thirty of them had taken over the old Coffee Shop and there cooked their own meals. The Selectpeople, unhappy with the snack bar operation between meals in the dining hall - there was no separate coffee shop at that time - urged that the Grazers run a public snack bar open to everyone as a sideline to their regular meals. This was taken under advisement.

Outdoors Program

At last an outdoors program of sorts was getting a start under students Buzz Nothnagle,'73, Peter Zorn,'75, and Tom Davies,'75 and faculty members Ed Brelsford and Alan Kantrow. By the middle of October they had already sponsored overnight hikes, a mountain climbing expedition, and a canoe trip down the Connecticut. This was not quite my 'Outward Bound' concept, which for good reasons was never to be, but it was movement in the right direction and as we shall see shortly resulted in a formal and permanent program.

Lectures

As usual there were a number of interesting lectures, perhaps the best attended being those by Professor Richard Sennett of NYU on "Creativity and the City", former Vermont Governor Philip Hoff on "Morality and Contemporary Politics", Professor J.J. Gibson of Cornell on "An Ecological Approach to Perception", and Professor Richard Lewontin of the University of Chicago, soon to be of Harvard and a neighbor in Marlboro town, on the "Genetics of Human Diversity". Before he became ill and had to bow out after only one lecture, Professor Sennett had intended to give us a preview of the Inigo Jones Lectures scheduled to be given, nationally televised, at the University of London in February. The first lecture laid the groundwork by juxtaposing the theories of Burckhardt, the Renaissance historian, with the theories of Jean Jacques Rousseau on the effect of the city on creativity. Governor Hoff, whom I later came to know well (and respect), suggested that there had always been immorality in high office but such immorality was now more serious because more important decisions were being made in the political arena. Professor Gibson, mentor of our three new psychologists, challenged 350 years of perceptual theory, arguing that ever since Kepler, optics had furnished the basis for perceptual theory, but that such theory should not be dependent upon optics, with its radiant light, but upon ambient light, which he then defined. Professor Lewontin, one of the leading geneticists in the nation, demonstrated that 85% of all genetic diversity is found not among races, or among groups within one race (e.g., English, Dutch, French, Spanish within the Caucasian race) but among individuals in one group in one race. Indeed, only 6 or 7 percent of all differences were found between races and not among individuals of one race. We may have been "at the end of the road on the top of a mountain," but we were hardly intellectually isolated. This many people in the troubled cities found difficult to believe, though they looked to us for escape from their troubles. We were in a position to gain perspective on our culture, but we were not outside it.

Library Circulation

One of the gauges which I tended to follow closely each year, along with such items as admissions data, retention, and course enrollment by field, was library circulation, by field and in total. In 1972-73 circulation rose some 28% from 19 books checked out per student to 25. As I have already mentioned, our loss rate over an academic year was less than in comparable institutions despite our collection being open 24 hours a day (under 2% a year), but we did suffer from books being taken out without the cards being signed. Two one-month sample counts during this year suggested that the unreported circulation accounted for another 20% to 25% over the reported, bringing the figure to at least 30 books per student per year. Not counted, of course, were books used only in the building, and since the library was open at all times, many were so used. Since these figures correlated with reports from the faculty that solider work was being submitted by their students, we were encouraged even as we became increasingly troubled over declining applications for admission. In the August Newsletter I reported that

> several students and some teachers expressed the opinion that there were fewer interesting people about, people who might or might not be performing well in class [Marlboro always prided itself in its eccentrics, of which we had many], but if true this may be a sign of the times. There is little question students are soberer than they were even a few years ago. (I must pause over that one: "sober" in a figurative sense only. We perceive more drinking and less drug use, as do most colleges.)

Music School Lease

In the spring, after three or four years of intensive negotiations, a new lease with the Marlboro Music School and Festival was at last approved by the College; it was approved by the Music School in September. Relations with the Music School had always been delicate. On the one hand the College faculty members resented the fact that another group took over their campus for the summer, and on the other at least many attached to the Music School were conscious that the School had an international reputation, the College scarcely a national one. This attitude was particularly present when I arrived in 1958, all but openly expressed by the then manager of the School. The following year, however, Tony Checcia took over the management of the School, joined in 1960 by his colleague Frank Salomon, and from the first the three of us got on together and worked hard to smooth over difficulties and misunderstandings. For us to lunch together before the music season began became a custom, and communication among us was regular and friendly. Despite the fact that Arthur Whittemore until his death, Zee Persons, and Paul Olson served on the Music School Board, however, mutual respect at that level was not universal. The School thought we asked too much in rent, many at the College too little. The School had designed a concert hall to be named in honor of the late Adolf Busch, one of its beloved founders, but when nothing was done and Rudi Serkin indicated that August afternoon in 1961 that he would never give another concert in the hot and stuffy dining room, the College had built one and named it after Zee and Dorothy Persons instead. In the current negotiations, the School kept threatening to move. In fairness, it should be said that Rudi, a College trustee though not active, never took part in these disagreements and was always friendly.

At this time, the School was paying $7,500 in rent and covering the carrying costs of their activities (food, electricity, power, etc.). It was as though they chartered the ship for the summer, keeping the crew to maintain the buildings and grounds but bringing their own crew to manage their activities. Two issues delayed a new lease: the amount by which the rent was to be increased, and the insistence of the College that while the School was in session our faculty members have access to the campus in pursuit of their professions, in particular the scientists access to the science building and, once a theater was built, the theater group to the theater. There was substance to the arguments on both sides. A biologist cannot always stop an experiment in June and resume it in September; the Marlboro Theater Group wanted to use its equipment and the stage designed for it. The School, taking pride in the fact that it was a family even to the point of never locking doors (a novelty to the mostly urban musicians), did not want strangers wandering about - how would they know who was from the College and who a visitor from the public? Some members of the College, especially among the teachers, saw insufficient benefit from having the School and thought we could do better financially mounting some program of our own; some members of the School thought they could do better elsewhere, perhaps finding someplace which would be so happy to have them it would subsidize their season. Indeed, I understand that they did examine other locations, among them Bennington.

I felt differently, and strongly so. It was not because I loved classical music - brought up on the Boston Symphony, I came to Marlboro loving symphonic music but soon came to prefer chamber music - nor because I considered the summer music my best fringe benefit (bored or frustrated in my office, I would go listen under some window and discover Boccherini or even a new Beethoven piece). Rather I doubted very much that we could do better with a program of our own - so the experience of other institutions seemed to indicate; the Music School even took many of the running costs off our back for a couple of months. And the summer break gave our faculty and even several members of the staff a needed relief; year-round operation by so small a group as we

could result in burn-out. Furthermore, I believed that having such a prestigious organization on our campus redounded to our benefit, especially since many in the public did not distinguish between the School and the College. Once we were given a Stradivarius violin because of that mistake, though when I explained the misunderstanding to the donor and offered to return the gift - I had cultivated him as a supporter of the College - he declined and left us with the violin to sell (see p. 170); another time we received several thousand dollars in a bequest from a woman whom neither we nor the School recognized: I expect she too was confused. We even attracted valuable faculty members because of the connection, tenuous as it was, such as David and Deidre Stam and later Luis Batlle. Less practically, more idealistically, I felt deep down inside it was worth cooperating with any institution of such high quality. None of this, however, caused our negotiators or myself to back down in the tough negotiations. Despite my sympathies, I was honor bound to protect the interests of our faculty and the College. As a result, alas, some of the Music School trustees came to think of me as an enemy. This saddened me very much.

In my opinion and that of many others, the new lease, after all the disputes, was quite a fair compromise. To avoid the hovering tension of threats to move, it was set for ten years with the provision that after three years either party might give two years notice of cancellation. The rent was set at $18,000 and indexed against inflation to the National Rental Index. There was provision for gradual elimination of capital obligations to the Music School by the College, originally incurred in connection with construction over the past ten years. Marlboro College students continuing their work for the degree under Marlboro faculty members might use certain academic facilities during the summer, and a limited number might even live in the Mumford Cottages, cabins built in the Mumford property before it was purchased by the College. In addition, though not in the lease, it was agreed that two or three members of each Board should serve on the other. Maurice Pechet joined Zee and Paul Olson on the Music School Board; Bob White, professor of psychology, retired Chairman of the Social Relations Department at Harvard, and former Chairman of the Music School, joined ours. Their joint presence, plus our joint luncheons during our annual meetings each August, hosted alternately by College and School, poured oil on troubled waters and for the rest of my tenure relations were happy. It helped also that successive Music School chairmen, Frank Taplin, Bob White, and Sam Field, men of integrity and breadth, were not only fair and understanding but became our friends. We worked for our mutual benefit, often cooperating on projects.

Losses

There were sad losses also in the spring and summer. In April died Katharine Paton, the wonderful emerita member of our faculty in religion from 1954-1962, and in July Win Tuttle, artist in residence from 1953-1967. Both had been important members of the tiny faculty which carried the College through the difficult years of the '50s when the total enrollment, which averaged in the 30s, was smaller than many class enrollments in larger colleges and there were almost as many teachers as students. The loss of anyone from so small a body affects all who remember. Again as I wrote in the August Newsletter, "Who can forget Win Tuttle striding along South Road from the Post Office or Katherine Paton in her seventies limping up the hill in an ice storm, ski pole in hand, fire in her eye and a smile on her lips." It was interesting to note, however, that of the twelve members who survived that period, seven were still active fifteen years later on a faculty of thirty-eight. Despite our differences, sometimes strenuous, there was a sense in which the Marlboro faculty was a fellowship with bonds which went beyond differences. In June, 1974,

Cottage No. 5 was named in Katherine Paton's honor.

Also in July, Huddee Herrick, talented, colorful, controversial teacher of creative writing, suffered a massive stroke which paralyzed her on the right side and heavily affected her power of speech. Alas, Huddee was never to recover from this illness and was to spend over 20 years in a series of nursing homes, where she turned from poetry to painting, and with her left hand (her father had been a painter). She died in December, 1996, at age 75. Those of us who knew her, however, will never forget her 6:00 a.m classes in writing, always well subscribed (but not by dabblers).

Commencement

At commencement an honorary degree was awarded to our first graduate, Hugh Mulligan, '48, who had gone on to take two masters degrees at the same time, one at Harvard and one at Brandeis (neither knew he was enrolled at the other), then become an award winning journalist at the AP. Hugh is one of the funniest men I have ever known and he made a big hit. He once published a by-lined article distributed nationally through the AP which reviewed the statistics of the Marlboro class of '48; only slowly did it dawn on the reader that the author was the only graduate and was giving his own statistics. Hugh has since been a frequent visitor to the College, each time entertaining us all. He missed being the first alumnus to receive an honorary degree from us, however; the late Robert MacArthur had preceded him the year before.

Alumni Work Weekend

Bit by bit, the alumni were becoming more active. Before the next term opened in the fall, nine alumni and their spouses along with a total of seven children attended the second annual alumni work weekend, the brain child of alumni President Piet van Loon,'62, and his wife Hilly Gillespie van Loon,'62. They contributed some 90 man/woman hours of work refinishing furniture, removing dead trees and thinning others, breaking up a ledge too close to a road (what I called in the Newsletter the Marlboro version of a chain gang), weeding and trimming, repairing electric fixtures, and "sundry other tasks. The secular pay was a sumptuous potluck supper in one of the common rooms Saturday evening." Most alumni had little money to give, but many could and did give time and labor. Their efforts were much appreciated by a college with only two on the entire maintenance staff.

CHAPTER EIGHT - EBB TIDE, 1973-1977

Enrollments

1973 – 1974 After two years of hovering enrollments, the tide began to retreat in the fall of 1973. We opened with 212 students compared with the high water mark of 225 each of the previous two years, and ended the year with an average full-time equivalence of 203. Despite the drop, which we had anticipated the previous spring because of the precipitous fall in applications, little did we know that the retreat would continue, if irregularly, for a decade to a low of 178 in 1985. We knew that demographics were against us but had thought we could beat them because we were so different, even unique. Our reputation, on the other hand, however high it stood in certain academic circles, was not yet high in the minds of the public. Only a shift in demographics, the introduction of the World Studies Program, and the public relations abilities of my successor were in the end to pull us out and reverse the trend until in the mid-'90s the opening enrollments swelled to 275+.

Of equal or even greater concern to us was the drop in the average SAT verbal. Although SATs are not the final word on student ability and the October Newsletter claimed that despite a 60 point drop from the ca. 600 average of recent years the quality in the classroom did not show a noticeable decline, we were troubled and had reason to be. The rank in class of the entering group held level for the moment at two-thirds in the top two-fifths, but the SAT scores did not recover, at least before I left in 1981.

Budgets

Of course the reduced enrollment had serious repercussions on our operating budget. Despite all efforts to hold down our deficit for the year such as closing Persons Auditorium for two months and turning off the furnaces in most of our buildings for varying periods each night during the winter, the deficit amounted to $101,691 after gifts, almost entirely due to reduced tuitions and fees. At the same time the cumulative operating deficit grew from $43,137 to $144,793. The expense budget was remarkably on target: $1,111,930 budgeted, $1,111,568 expended. Although our situation was not as precarious as ten and fifteen years before, a 10% deficit was ominous, and we had run combined deficits for three of the past four years. The one bright spot was that in operating and plant gifts combined we raised $273,978.66, some $50,000 more than we had ever raised before in one year.

The situation dominated the mid-winter meeting of the Board and resulted in the calling of a special meeting at the Harvard Club in Boston during March, at which there was lengthy discussion of the deteriorating enrollment, the major cause of the financial problems. Particular attention was paid to retention, always a problem for us - and, as I had discovered, for other colleges: outside the elite group in the Ivy League and the like, the national average graduation rate was something like 50%. The number of voluntary withdrawals after the fall term presented by Bob Skeele was interesting: starting with the 1969-70 year, 7, 12, 9, 11, then 17 during the current year. It was decided to publish on campus the report of a trustee committee on the admission and retention of students in order to promote discussion there. The Board then went on to a detailed discussion of finances, considering my suggestion that we cut faculty salaries by $15,000 and staff salaries by $12,000 for the coming year. After a spirited debate it was decided to implement the staff reductions but not the faculty. As I look back, I see that if ever the Board were to panic, this was

the time, but there was not a hint of it. As had happened before and was to happen again, we held firm.

Staff Appointments: Assistant Business Manager

If the enrollment was weakening, the strengthening of the staff and faculty was continuing. As I look back, the last large major and permanent multiple additions to the faculty during my tenure took place this summer and fall, and at least two major additions were made to the staff. Piet van Loon, '63 and Alumni President at the time, joined us in July as Assistant Business Manager to understudy Harry Evans. Piet had taken studied at the Syracuse University College of Forestry, then become forester at Hamilton College in Clinton, New York, where he was responsible for the Root Glen. He and his wife Hilly Gillespie, '62, moved with their three children into a house in South Newfane, where over the years Piet served as selectman, member of the Planning Commission and the Zoning Board of Adjustment, Zoning Administrator, Health Officer, and representative to the Regional Planning Commission. Hilly later edited *Potash Hill* and started the alumni office, where she served as its Director until 1983. Still later she became Director of Academic Advising. In 1987 their son Pieter graduated from Marlboro and like his father became a forester[20]. Keeping all in the Marlboro family, Pieter married Roland Boyden's daughter Rachel, also a Marlboro graduate in the class of '78, and built a house across the road from the Boydens' home.

Outdoors Program Coordinator

Then in August Malcolm Moore, son of Hube and Betty Moore, owners of the Whetstone Inn in the village, joined us part-time to run an Outdoors Program - at last something institutionalized. It was Malcolm who persuaded us that the Outward Bound concept of contesting with nature was not the right approach for Marlboro. Far better would it be to teach cooperation with nature, learning how to survive with instead of against nature. Not that Malcolm was not demanding. One of his innovations was to meet behind the Inn after dark one evening between Christmas and New Years some six or eight students who had never winter camped and in many cases never cross country skied. They would ski into the woods for an hour or two and make camp. The next morning and for three or four mornings thereafter he would show them a map, ask them where on the map they wanted to camp that night, and, if it was not too far or too dangerous, give the map to one of them and say take us there. He would not say a word about the route during the day unless they were running into danger. When they stopped at what they thought to be the goal, he would confirm or deny whether indeed it was and critique the day's outing. Cross-country skiing was only one small part of the Program, which also included bicycling, hiking, overnight camping, rock climbing, mountain climbing, white water and flat water canoeing, and white water kayaking. Over Christmas vacation he led a traverse of the Presidential Range in New Hampshire and in March a five day trip to Mount Katahdin in Maine when the mountain was still under severe winter conditions. In 1980 Malcolm left to become a surveyor, but the Program he founded carries on in modified form.

Placement Office

In addition, we opened a placement office for the first time, staffed one day a week but

20To my knowledge, Pieter was the first graduate both of whose parents were graduates. The first child of an alumna to graduate was Bridget Gorton Bennet, '59, whose mother Audrey, a faculty member for 33 years, had graduated in 1955.

coordinated the rest of the time by Jackie Yakovleff, secretary to the Deans. It served more than simply job placement. It also involved career guidance, including graduate school. More and more we were beginning to recognize that we had to offer more extensive ancillary services if we were to compete for the contemporary undergraduate. The beginning of the growth in staff can perhaps be traced back to these years, but slowly, for we recognized that every new position, even part-time, reduced funds available for the meager faculty salaries: it was a balancing act.

Faculty Appointments: Jet Thomas

In the fall three teachers joined the faculty who were to attain senior status; indeed, all three served at one time or another in later years as Dean of Faculty: Jet Thomas, John Hayes, and Jim Tober. Jet came to us from Harvard, where he had been Senior Tutor in Adams House. He had been suggested to us by David Riesman when I mentioned our need for future administrative talent: most of our faculty members loved teaching and shunned administration. A graduate of William and Mary in philosophy and physics, Jet had taken a Bachelor of Sacred Theology and a Masters in Theology at Harvard Divinity School and a Ph.D. in philosophy at Claremont. His formal appointment with us was in religion, a full-time appointment to relieve the pressure on Bob Skeele, who had been carrying the whole load in addition to his duties as Dean of the College. The load had grown heavy: the fall enrollment in religion courses reached 54, almost as many as the 57 in the entire visual arts. But I had an ulterior motive too: fearing that we lacked potential leadership for the Dean of Faculty office, I was in effect stock-piling for the day Corky chose to step down. Little did I suspect that at the same time we were stock piling two others.

John Hayes

John Hayes, B.S. Illinois Benedictine College and Ph.D. Purdue, joined us in biochemistry. For the past two years he had been working on a postdoctoral fellowship at Johns Hopkins and as an environmental advisor to the State of Illinois. It was with John's encouragement that a group of students led by sophomore Jim Stiles applied for and received a National Science Foundation grant of $9,500 for research on the degree to which the College could become self-sufficient in energy through the use of all available sources such as wind, water, wood, sun, and methane gas. Working during the next summer, the group divided into six teams, each with a separate problem to attack. Since the relative costs of the theoretical solutions, compared with conventional energy costs, were important to the study, economic considerations were common to all six teams. Ultimately this resulted in successful work with solar energy in the science building and in the town. This marked the beginning of our long concentration on energy matters, high on the national agenda at the time because of the oil crisis in the early ‘70s.

At the same time three other students working with John Hayes received an NSF grant for $7,040 to study the chemical properties of plastic in an attempt to develop a biodegradable plastic, a project familiarly known as "the plastic munchies." These grants were visible evidence that beginning with the leadership of John MacArthur as Dean of Faculty and with the construction of the Brown Science Building, the natural sciences at Marlboro, threatened only a few years before with extinction, had become one of the most vital parts of our curriculum.

Jim Tober

Although we did not know it yet, we now had three permanent, strong natural scientists. At the same time we were building our social sciences, if slowly. Jim Tober, with a B.A. from the University of California, Berkeley, an M.Phil. from Yale and soon a Ph.D. from Yale in environmental economics, was a natural for us with our long interest in ecology. He was particularly interested in "how societies organize their members for productive activity." His approach was appropriately interdisciplinary. Although Barry Laffan and Joe Schaeffer, who had long worked together, eventually moved on, they also came at this time in sociology and anthropology to strengthen the social sciences. Alan Kantrow had left to pursue his doctorate in the History of American Civilization at Harvard. (Alan went on to write the prize dissertation of his year, but sadly, teaching appointments were in short supply in those years. He ended up on the editorial board of the Harvard Business Review and from there moved on to high flying positions in international business consulting. Higher education was the loser: Alan was one of the most promising young scholars I had known.)

At the same time Audrey Gorton, one of the members of the faculty oldest in terms of service, had reached 65 and was unhesitatingly renewed full-time for another year as the regulations permitted up to age 70. Despite a few important additions later in the decade, especially the one in biology, we were as close to a full faculty, strong overall, as we were to be in my time. Only political science was to remain inadequately represented.

Tenure

At the January meeting, the Board passed a revision in the tenure policy, originally passed in 1964. Although in favor of tenure in conventional institutions, I had originally been opposed to tenure at Marlboro, arguing that in so small a college, we should not bind our hands. Rather, after a suitable introductory period we should have a series of rolling five year appointments with no guarantee of reappointment at the end of each period. The new policy came closer to this in that it did permit termination for unstated reasons other than those approved by the American Association of University Professors (AAUP), but it didn't go all the way. There were to be two one-year terms followed by two three-year terms, with no reappointment automatic during these years. After successfully completing the second three-year term, a faculty member was to be considered on continuing contract and might be dismissed only by 1) following the AAUP guidelines for the dismissal of tenured faculty, or 2) notice of 21 months that the appointment was to be terminated. The decision to terminate by the latter method might be appealed to a committee of five faculty members, at least three of whom should be on tenure, but there was to be no appeal to the Board and the decision of the committee was to be binding and final. The teacher was thus protected from an intrusive administration or Board.

Fringe Benefits

Despite our financial difficulties, continuing efforts were made to ease the burden on faculty and staff by improving fringe benefits. The children of faculty members had long had scholarship support from the College for higher education, either free tuition at Marlboro or what had

originally been the equivalent elsewhere but had soon stagnated despite tuition increases because of financial restraints. At the April meeting of the Board this program was extended to children of senior staff, defined as those appointed to the staff who required trustee approval, and post-secondary vocational schools were added to the institutions eligible but with a two year limit. At the June meeting this benefit was extended to the next level of staff, defined as Assistant Comptroller, Dean of Students, Registrar, Assistant Business Manager, Assistant to the President, and Associate Dean. At the same meeting the Board approved a proposal by the Committee on Faculty and Staff that all part-time employees be allowed to join the retirement and major medical programs but that the retirement program be optional if permitted by our carrier, TIAA-CREF.

The Kramer Report

The most significant item in the fall was the submission to the faculty of the Kramer Report, drawn up over the summer by Corky and his committee colleagues Geoff Brown and Tom Toleno. Originally charged with considering a three-year degree option for Marlboro, the Committee went far beyond that to substitute a series of major recommendations: 1) that we develop a series of interlocking programs which provided material for recruiting students, 2) that we encourage not only coherent planning but more interdisciplinary work; 3) that we rewrite the catalogue, which had not had a serious revision since 1960, to emphasize Plans and programs; 4) that pending full implementation of the programs and the rewriting of the catalogue, the College reexamine its recruiting methods and admissions procedures, and that wherever possible admissions decisions be made by qualified faculty members in the area of the student's interests. Apart from these recommendations and submitted as a separate bill, the Committee recommended we go to the 14-4-14 calendar discussed but not acted on during the preceding year. This would permit us as a college to work together during the four week January term and put us in phase with nearby colleges such as Windham. After long and sometimes vigorous debate, the new calendar was adopted by a narrow margin to be implemented the following year. The short term, which came to be known as the "Winterim" for “Winter-inter-Term”, was to contain a two credit core course for all freshmen and sophomores and most juniors along with all full-time teachers. Seniors and some juniors were considered to be too involved in their Plans of Concentration by that time. For the first year this course would focus on the theme of "revolution", specifically the intellectual revolution which took place in Europe in the 16th and 17th centuries. The reading list was to consist of Machiavelli's *The Prince*, Descartes' *Discourse on Method*, Harvey's *Motion of the Heart and Blood*, and Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*. In the event, Bacon's *Novum Organum* was substituted for the Harvey. In addition, students might take two "mini-courses", special topics not regularly offered but still appropriate to our curriculum.

The other proposals took longer but were also approved by spring. Programs in theater and perceptual psychology, originally submitted with the Report, were quickly approved. The former was really a refashioning and extension of what we already had: it was now to involve apprenticeship with a professional company; the latter, which involved interdisciplinary work with the visual arts, theater, and music, eventually proved impractical but did lead to a permanent curriculum in psychology if not perceptual psychology. Entirely new, and longer lasting, was the new humanities program which was to involve a basic one year seminar including selections from works by Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Plato, Euripides, Aristophanes, Aristotle, Lucretius, Seneca, Virgil, Augustine, Aquinas, Dante, Machiavelli, Bacon, Descartes, Hobbes, Luther, Chaucer, Shakespeare,

Marlowe, Rabelais, and Pascal. Readings also included *Beowulf*, works on myth, nine books of the Bible, and selected materials on the Copernican Revolution. Also to be involved were other intermediate (pre-Plan) courses on basic literary, historical, and religious topics. This program, which came to be known as RLP (Religion, Literature, and Philosophy), proved to have long lasting and far reaching effects.

Parabolas and Generic Scalar Blowings Up

While the faculty considered structural changes to the curriculum, the academic life was hardly stagnant. Mathematics, for instance, had been rejuvenated by Joe Mazur and was having a lively year. With a modest grant from our internal Research and Development Funds, Joe had brought to the campus for one month each three noteworthy young mathematicians: Jean-Francois Boutot of the University of Paris, Tadatoshi Akiba of Tufts University, and David Cox of Princeton. Ostensibly they were to do research with Joe but increasingly all three became involved in one way or another with students. In one class in January, for instance, several students had asked whether it was really true "that parabolas are generic scalar blowings up of each other?" Both Tadatoshi and Joe argued that they were not, for it was intuitively obvious to them that the answer should be negative. That evening Tadatoshi and Joe went to the student coffee shop and found some of these same students unconvinced by their answer. The group spent almost two hours trying to demonstrate that the answer was in fact negative, only to end up by showing that in fact the answer was positive and that the students had been quite correct in the first place. I recounted this anecdote in the April Newsletter and called it "a model of what a Marlboro education should be."

Housing

The pressures in housing had relaxed a bit with the smaller enrollment and the completion in the early fall of the last two (of six) cottages, this time across the road from Married Student Housing. At the commencement Board meeting Cottage 5 was named for the late Katherine Paton in honor of her long service to the College. We had a scare during the year when the fire alarm for one of the two went off. The College department responded quickly - this was no drill - only to find that a student had held a lighted cigarette above his head while talking on the telephone to his girl friend; you can imagine the inevitable jokes around campus. Well, at least the alarm worked. We were reminded again how risky frame buildings could be. That we never had a real fire during my tenure was a blessing for which I have been forever grateful. My personal prejudices would have been for masonry buildings because I thought of us building an institution for the distant future, but these were never in the cards, either aesthetically or, more determining, financially.

A New Theater

More dramatic than the cottages was the prospect at last of the new theater, long desired but long delayed for lack of funds. The funds in hand had risen to $150,000 by fall, including $100,000 from the Charles E. Merrill Trust through the good offices of our Board member Charles Merrill, and $240,000 by spring toward the estimated $400,000 necessary. The $75,000 challenge grant from the Kresge Foundation, if met by September, 1974, would give us enough. Despite reservations by Roland Boyden and some other trustees who wondered aloud whether we should be putting so much money in a major new building when our operating budget was in such

difficulty, we set out to raise the balance with renewed effort. The theater group had suffered long enough, most recently subject to winter gales in cavernous, hostile, jerry built quarters at the east end of the auditorium, and the building as proposed would also give us a large lecture room and a winter concert hall, both needed. There was a sense of anticipation at last.

Staff Reorganization

The administration underwent a reorganization in preparation for the following year. The office of Director of Admissions was abolished, to be replaced by an Associate Dean who would serve as Chairman of the Admissions Committee, and the office of Director of Development was also abolished to be replaced by an Assistant to the President with primary responsibility for fund raising and related activities. In effect this created two task forces, one led by the Dean of the College concerned with enrollment, including retention as well as admissions, and one led by the President concerned with fund raising, alumni relations, and public relations. In the fall of 1974, Tim Little, '65, returned to fill the first position and Peter Cooper, who had been Director of Admissions, moved over to fill the second. Because of his pending return to the staff, Tim resigned from the Board, where he had served not only as a trustee but briefly as secretary. Tim had thus been associated with Marlboro as student, first selectman, teacher, staff member, trustee and trustee secretary, a unique record. To make his roles complete, he now added a faculty appointment in history as his former mentor, Roland Boyden, began slowly to move toward retirement. To my knowledge, he is the only person to have touched all bases, and with both intelligence and integrity. Inbreeding may sometimes be counter productive, but not in Tim's case.

Peter Cooper

A word about Peter. He had joined us in 1970 as Director of Admissions and served loyally in that capacity until the office was abolished during this year and he moved over to become Assistant to the President. He had many and varied tasks, among them running the Development Office, but he was not responsible for raising the money, rather doing the research and keeping the records for me. He was good at such tasks because he was a detail man. I found him invaluable not only because of his loyalty and industry but because on a staff which tended to be idealistic and romantic - certainly I was - he always brought us back to earth. We could not hide anything under the rug: "But have you considered...What if?" Every staff should have such a person. In 1977-78 his wife Gail became Chairperson of the Financial Aid Committee and virtually established the financial aid office as an independent entity. Others such as Jackie Yakovleff and Tom Toleno had managed it as part of their other duties.

Board of Trustees: John Straus and Sarah Sherman Wechsler

In January, not waiting for the annual meeting in August, the Board elected John Straus as a trustee. John had recently become the founding Vice President jointly for the Arts and for Administration at the new State University of New York at Purchase. Some time before, I had mentioned to my friend John Coolidge, Director of the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard, that the Board needed more members from the world of business but that we had to be careful: we needed a businessman who understood a liberal education or there was danger of unwitting damage. John Coolidge said I should meet his friend and former student John Straus, whose first love was art, and who had recently surrendered his position as a vice-president at Macy's in New York, the family firm, to take

the SUNY position and organize the new university, still under construction. I was given an introduction and went to see the Strauses in New York. After greeting me in their apartment, which was later to become my home during my frequent trips to the City, they went to dress for dinner and I was left for a few minutes to examine the pictures on the walls. It quickly dawned on me that these were not prints: these were originals in excellent taste. John was indeed a lover of art, and his wife Anne, a member of the Boards of the New York Philharmonic and Young Audiences, was an equal lover of classical music. Little did I dream then, however, that the Strauses would become good friends even beyond my tenure at the College, and that John eventually would not only become Chairman of our Board but oversee the transition when I retired.

At this same January meeting, Bob White and Sarah Sherman, both formally elected to the Board in October, joined us for the first time. Sarah was to serve loyally for 21 years, retiring in 1994. A graduate in the class of 1972, at this time she was working on her doctorate in the History of American Civilization at Brown University. She was brought on because it was felt we needed a younger member familiar with and devoted to the College. Sarah had proved her devotion by her outstanding performance as First Selectperson during her senior year: she had been able to see both sides of questions and act for the interests of the whole. It was she who later told me that the Glorious Revolution of 1969 had been guerilla theater dreamed up in a class: a sophomore at the time, she had been one of the Anonymous Twenty.

Alas, it was at this same meeting that Esther Raushenbush's retirement was announced, the loss of our first female trustee and a valuable member for twelve years. She was elected our third honorary trustee after Zee Persons and Whit Brown.

Executive Sessions?

At the June meeting there was an interesting discussion. A motion was made and seconded that the Board go into regular executive session after each meeting and that this be done for a trial period of one year. As the minutes show,

> There followed extensive discussion of the decision-making process, of confidentiality, of freedom to express oneself, of sentiments of fulfilling a rubber stamp function, and of mistrust and secrecy in times of crisis. Dr. White summed up a growing feeling by declaring his intention to oppose the motion as "untimely." With the consent of the originator, seconder, and the body of the members, the motion was withdrawn from consideration.

This is but a brief note among many in a regular Board meeting, but it signifies much: it had always been and was to continue to be the policy of the Board, and I might add, of the administration, to operate openly, <u>especially</u> in times of crisis or presumed crisis. This was not a small factor in our survival through the most difficult of times, of which there have been many. It fostered trust.

Commencement

A sign of the future was the number of graduates in June (we had not yet gone to a May graduation): 26, the smallest number since 1967. The worst was to be postponed for a couple of years because

the junior class was large, but the roller coaster trend downward in enrollment was to continue for a decade or more. The address was given by Professor Harvey Brooks, Dean of the School of Engineering and Applied Physics at Harvard, President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and former member of the President's Scientific Advisory Council. His son Kingsley graduated with highest honors in Design and American Studies and went on to graduate school in furniture design at the Rhode Island School of Design. One of the more interesting features of graduation was the completion of the first cooperative Plan, one completed jointly by two students, Jock Sturges and Mark Tenney. Their joint oral examination in Design and (Perceptual) Psychology, held in the Fuzzy Bean Gallery in downtown Brattleboro where their photographs were on exhibit, lasted five hours and ultimately included six examiners (five officially, one a guest examiner present on campus to examine another student) and three guest auditors. Differing aesthetic and perceptual psychological theories provided most of the controversy.

Idle Thoughts

Rereading the 1974 August Newsletter summarizing the year gone by, I came across the following inconsequential paragraph which may not give much of substance but perhaps gives the flavor of the time, at least as I was living it:

> I paused at this point a moment ago, here in the empty library creaking in its windless silence, with a Music School pianist rehearsing Beethoven in the distance - no other sound but my breathing - and ruminated whether you really want to hear all these facts about budgets and enrollments and so on. Yet Marlboro is more than Greek lyric poetry, the book on Sherman's march through Georgia behind me on the shelf (I stole a peek during a break a while ago) or Lady Mayne's biography of Byron lying on the desk before me (I just checked it out). It is also energy studies, sewage problems, and, yes, budgets. This morning I discussed a possible brief use of our facilities by the American Recorder Society, the possible holding on campus of the Washington's Birthday Cross-Country touring race, Trustee committee assignments and minutes, a loan of the piano to the Arts Center downtown, a postcard of the College for the bookstore (Fran Nevins doesn't even know about it yet), the career counseling program, a lecture on the petroleum industry next January, an alumni directory, various approaches to admissions, and I don't know what else. Was it David Riesman [it was] who said 95% of life was housekeeping? (But it's the last five percent that gives the flavor: I read the last chapter of Newman Ivey White's biography of Shelley over my lunch.) So my mind spins over idly, clumsily, like a mill wheel, marveling how this place ever functions. But I digress. Back to the windless creaking of the mind-wheel.

Public Relations

And given the subsequent history of the College and the great job my successor Rod Gander did in putting the College on the map, I find another section of that Newsletter revealing:

> In public relations [Peter Cooper] will be helped by Joey Kahn, graduate of Harvard, author and journalist, who is joining our staff half time for the next year.

Until a year and a half ago we had tried to keep a low profile, but times have changed and reluctantly we have found that we must beat our own drum, however distant the drummer. I say "reluctantly" because publicity can easily cause an institution (or a person) to listen more to what others say about it than what its inner spirit dictates. As Professor Robert Brustein of Yale wrote in *The New York Times* early in the summer, public drama, the exploitation of a place or a character, can interfere with creativity, development, and renewal; character tends to be replaced by personality. Like happiness, success is a consequence, a by-product, a surplus, not a goal. We have taken on Joey because he seems to understand what we are 161 talking about[21].

That paragraph is probably as revealing of the strengths and weaknesses of my leadership as anything I have run across.

* * *

Enrollment

1974 – 1975 In 1974-75, if only briefly, we managed to stem the enrollment decline: we had opened the previous year with 212 students (208 full-time equivalence in residence, a figure which held pretty steady for the year); we opened 1974 with almost as many: 210.

Parents Weekend

Then over the weekend of October 12 and 13 we held our first formal Parents Weekend. It was even more successful than we had anticipated: 155 people from 55 families registered for the heavy schedule of activities on Saturday: four morning workshops, a picnic lunch on Zimmerman Field for the entire College community, a meeting with the President and Deans after lunch, and after dinner a choice of an evening of one act plays by Harold Pinter and senior Dan Kinoy or the Sixth Annual Bach Festival concert sponsored by the Brattleboro Music Center (founded by our own Blanche Moyse). At a breakfast meeting Sunday morning, a Parents Committee was established. Ward Hagan, father of Tracey Hagan, '75, was elected President, and the following August was elected the first representative of the Parents Committee serving *ex officio* as a full trustee. Formal activities concluded on Sunday with another picnic and an open house for people who owned property in surrounding towns but were domiciled elsewhere. The pattern established this weekend was to be followed for many years to come, and soon at least one current parent began to appear among the trustees.

Among the workshops was one led by the eight students who had worked over the summer on the NSF grant examining the degree to which the College could become energy self-sufficient through the use of wind, wood, water, waste (Methane gas) and sun. After they had gathered the data, they fed the results into a computer and tried to establish the most cost efficient combinations. The report recommended that during the following decade the College develop its own electrical power

21Joey did succeed in having a fine article entitled "The Pursuit of Excellence" published in the March/April issue of *Quest/78.*

by a process involving an anaerobic digester and methane gas, and generate its heat through a combination of solar energy and wood. The written report, over 200 pages in length, was referred to the trustee Building Committee and to the faculty Planning Committee, and later at the request of the Board was reviewed by two scientists from the Battelle Memorial Institute. They reported favorably on the feasibility of the wood-solar system, endorsing a pilot study, but negatively on the anaerobic digester system.

Incidentally, the work of this committee contributed to the formation of an Environmental Symposium, sponsored by the College and Vermont Tomorrow and funded by the Vermont Council on the Humanities and Public Issues. Over the academic year the Symposium drew between 75 and 175 participants for evening discussions on Alternate Sources of Power, Land Usage, Transportation, World Food Supply and Population Growth, and Nuclear Power.

At the workshop on the new humanities seminar in religion, literature, and philosophy (RLP), one parent spoke up during the question period and said, "Why do you doubt our interest in such a program? This is what your students come for." This was sweet music to us, for in a period when the nation was talking about "relevance", by which was largely meant courses which had an immediate practical application with an income attached, we were holding out that the liberal arts were also relevant, if indeed over time not more so.

Winterim

As planned, we held our first Winterim or short winter term with a core seminar, in which almost all took part in a number of sections, and a series of mini courses. The mini courses seemed to be popular, but the seminar came under strong attack. I personally found the one I attended substantive and interesting even though I had been long familiar with Machiavelli's *The Prince*, Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, and Descartes' *Discourse on Method* - only Bacon's *Novum Organum* was just a name to me. There were problems overall, however, some lack of planning, some lack of coordination. These might be expected to occur during the first year of an experiment, yet in retrospect the deeper problem may have been the basic concept. As I wrote in the Newsletter, Marlboro is a centrifugal place but the seminars were designed to be centripetal, to bring us together. The opponents argued that you can't legislate intellectual community. The result was that the change in a few faculty votes eliminated the seminar as a requirement after only one attempt. Winterim continued for a few more years, but only an optional seminar and the mini courses were left. I learned a lesson I should have known: do not launch a major experiment unless you have a sizable majority (two-thirds?). Although the idea for a seminar taken by all, teachers and students alike, was not mine, I continue to believe it was a good idea for a college as centrifugal as Marlboro. The arts, the humanities, and the natural sciences were all represented that first year. The social sciences could have been represented in a future seminar, perhaps one involving more modern intellectual revolutions such as those by Marx, Freud, Einstein, Keynes, and Cezanne or the symbolist poets.

Curricular Initiatives

While the Winterim affected everybody, there were a number of smaller experiments going on. The RLP course already mentioned was off to a good start with four sections and eight teachers.

Joe Mazur innovated mathematics activities at both ends of the spectrum. For the advanced, he instituted the mathematics colloquium involving students and faculty members from Bennington, Windham, and Marlboro. In March, for instance, 92 people attended a talk on "Paradox" by Professor Tadatoshi Akiba of Tufts University. At the same time, to help science and humanities students overcome "the fear and dislike of mathematics" generated by their earlier experiences with it, Joe offered a course entitled "Mathematics as Art." The course consisted of three four-week mini courses on Paradox, Intuition, and Topology. A seminar in community study and planning, team taught by Barry Laffan, Joe Schaeffer, and Jim Tober, focused on the Town of Marlboro. Part of the Marlboro Continuing Education Project funded by Title I of the Higher Education Act of 1965, the course involved historical research, gathering information on the environment and town services, interviewing, and data analysis. The study of energy led by chemist John Hayes continued; he offered a course on solar energy during the Winterim. The examination of the summer study under the NSF grant continued. A project for converting one of the cottages to a combined solar and wood-fuel heating system was under consideration. The work of Tony Barrand, John Roberts, and Tom Toleno in perceptual psychology was reenforced by the presence on campus for a week of Professor Emeritus J.J. Gibson of Cornell. Our Kipling Fellow for the year, Professor Gibson lectured to a large audience on "Art and Visual Perception." And Willene Clark received a small grant to begin studying and cataloguing all the stained glass in northern New England. The work began as part of a mini course during the Winterim. All in all it was a year of considerable intellectual stimulation fueled in large part by the new, young teachers who had joined us in the past few years.

Murphy's Law

Not all our energy went into curricular experiments. The issue of how power should be allocated and shared on a college campus which had so agitated the campus in the late ‘60s and early ‘70s had not been resolved to everyone's satisfaction. The faculty had reasserted dominance on academic matters, but the students fought back and resumed the battle over what had become known as "Murphy's Law" or "Murphy's Law Revisited" and even "Son of Murphy's Law." Real sharing of the power to decide in academic matters had been tried and abandoned for practical reasons, though many, myself included, had always opposed it on theoretical grounds. Two years before, you will recall, we had tried to establish a system endorsed by the Dean's Committee and the trustee Committee on Students whereby if the students in Town Meeting opposed a curricular change - the faculty and staff would not vote - it could then go into effect only if the faculty approved it for a second time with a two-thirds majority. The students had not been satisfied with this. The Town Meeting approved it without enthusiasm because it did not give the students veto power. The faculty objected because it was too cumbersome and worked against consensus, and that it was unnecessary because the students were always consulted anyway - oh if it had only been as firm in '68 when I had felt compelled to offer my resignation (see p. 95). In the fall a group of students tried to revive a compromise which found some support on the faculty, but the mechanics again were thought too cumbersome. After the new measure went through several versions in an attempt to find the right formula, what resulted was an extreme, not a compromise, version: it stated simply that if 50% or more of the enrolled students voted against an act passed by the faculty, the act would die. Not unexpectedly the faculty voted *nem con* with several abstentions not to accept this, "and suddenly fireworks." The issue would not die.

Theater

The big news of 1974-75 was that at last the permits had been granted by the State for the new 299 seat, thrust stage theater building. Ground was broken in late August with an anticipated completion date of July 1975 (it was actually completed in early August, almost on time). Because of the size of the project and the thought that it was too big for our usual builders Lea and Deane, as had been the auditorium, the job was put out for bid and won by the R.E. Bean Construction Company of Keene, New Hampshire. The. initial bid was for $475,600, $65,000 over projection. With the possibility that it could be reduced some $35,000 by judicious cutting, however, the Board gave the go-ahead with the expectation that, everything included, in the end the project would probably amount to about $484,000, $200,000 more than had been anticipated when plans had originally been prepared six years before. At that time we had raised about $70,000 when further progress was halted by the recession. The increase, however, had been long foreseen. (In fact, the theater came in finally at $515,000.) One of the biggest concerns was that the Music School might exercise its 18 month option if the theater program operated on campus while the Music School was in session. We got around that by scheduling the new Marlboro Guild Theater, which grew out of Geoffry Brown's former Marlboro Theater Company, to operate from the end of the Music School to the end of the fall color season in the middle of the first semester.

Of course, the building was designed to serve also as our winter concert hall and our only large lecture hall, as it has done successfully to this day.

The Theater Workshop

While construction of the new theater building continued apace, the Theater Workshop was achieving regional renown. In January its production of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, along with productions by Brown University and the University of Maine at Gorham, was a finalist in the New England regional competition sponsored by the American College Theater Festival at the University of Connecticut at Storrs. Geoffry Brown got around the traditional structural difficulty of combining the tragic and comic scenes by creating two Fausts, one tragic, one comic, and having them play against each other - two views juxtaposed.

Faculty Housing

The theater was not the only activity addressed by the trustee Building Committee. Faculty housing continued to be a problem. Since Interstate 91 was bringing a number of wealthy out-of-staters into the area for skiing, faculty members were finding it difficult to afford market prices in the area on our low pay scale; we used to claim Marlboro survived by charging national fees while living on the local economy. The College did own the little red house on South Road and had bought Olive MacArthur's little house nearby after she died. There was also Mumford House, which the College had bought for a future President's house someday, but not much else. Originally Arthur Whittemore had purchased from Harry Powers several acres off South Road for sale to faculty members. Harry had been the last remaining farmer in Marlboro Town; this had been his pasture. Since he drove his cows twice daily from the barn in the village a half mile along South Road to the pasture, the Music School took great delight in planting a sign warning concert goers to drive slowly "Cows in Road," a sign which appeared in photos next to features on the

School in many metropolitan papers. Charles Crosby bought the land from Arthur and it became known as the Crosby lot. During the year lots were sold to Willene Clark, John Hayes, and Joe Mazur. Huddee Herrick's guardian offered to sell the College her house on South Road, but the trustees declined, recommending it be offered first to the faculty and then to the Music School. A lot in Putney recently given by Weston Howland had been sold for $36,000. The College owned a lot in Acton, Massachusetts and another up the West River Valley given by Tony Cersosimo, father of Pam Cersosimo, '73. All three were up for sale, the proceeds to be used in the future for faculty housing, but sale of the last two was not imminent because of one difficulty or another. Meeting after meeting the trustees continued to wrestle with the problem. In general there was an inclination not to own houses, instead to make it possible for faculty members to purchase or build them. The first priority, however, remained improving faculty salaries.

Faculty and Staff Benefits

At the same time steps were being taken to improve faculty and staff benefits. The College's Major Medical insurance coverage under TIAA/CREF was increased, at the April meeting of the Board the scholarship program was extended to include children who were studying part-time, and part-time teachers were, "in special circumstances", made eligible for senior status. Especially the last of these was unusual in colleges at the time. If our salary scale was low, we wished to do all we could to ease the burden on families. Because often a spouse of a full-time teacher taught part-time over many, many years and proportionately made as important a contribution to our curriculum as the full-time spouse, and some single part-time teachers were equally senior and valuable, we wished to recognize that importance. The first such appointment to Senior Membership was Geri Rubenstein, later Geri Pittman de Batlle, who eventually became full-time.

Stocks and Budgets

There was an interesting note in the October Board minutes: the Treasurer, Ragnar Naess, "reported that the unrestricted cash value of the College's common stocks was approximately $31,000 at market compared with its book value of $56,000." Although we needed cash, he recommended that if possible we hold on to them. And the need was indeed great. Not only was the enrollment still too small to support our operating budget with the amount of annual giving we received, but we were straining to build the theater, improve faculty and staff benefits, and make provision for faculty housing. Another study by Howard Aplin showed that the theoretical model of the College was still viable: a full enrollment (i.e., 225 full-time equivalence), no or a neutralized debt (which then stood at about $1.225 million), and a modest endowment of $4.5 million. None of these, of course, existed in fact. Without the full enrollment and the modest endowment we continued to be extremely fragile, and there were now questions on the Board about whether we shouldn't increase the enrollment beyond 225. I considered that somewhere between 250 and 300 the College as we knew it would change fundamentally: the core plant - dining hall, classroom buildings, library - would be inadequate, the Plan of Concentration would become too heavy a burden unless the faculty were increased proportionately, and the social infrastructure as we knew it would break down. John Straus estimated that if we grew to 275 students with no increase in faculty, approximately $210,000 in additional cash would result after adjusting for financial aid. Such enrollment increases were at least a decade and a half away, however, though we did not know it. At the time, as long as the original model was reasonable and projected a balance, we

were determined to struggle on with it. That the model remain viable was the key.

What is particularly striking is that despite the pressures, in January the Board voted a combined faculty-staff budget for FY76 of $636,430 to cover 17% salary increases (we were still far below the national average), $17,500 for sabbaticals, and extra help necessary for the Comptroller's office. The salary increases were not across the board, however; a large portion went to bring up the few who were furthest below scale. The motion passed with only two dissenting votes. Then, as though that were not enough, on a motion suggested by a student representative and supported by both the deans and the faculty representative, the President was instructed to try to find $10,000 in the budget for the Outdoors Program, which had not been funded! (I was able to report at the April meeting that the Program had been funded.)

It is not surprising to discover that at the end of the year our operating deficit was $95,600 (compared to $101,656 in FY74) and our plant deficit $21,344 (compared to $24,677 in FY74). Given the strains on both budgets, by summer the College had to establish and use a $150,000 line of credit at the First Vermont Bank and Trust Company, gain approval for borrowing temporarily an additional $150,000 from First Vermont guaranteed by individual trustees, secure a loan of $150,000 from the Vermont Development Credit Corporation with the provision that any outstanding pledges for the theater building were to be used toward repayment as they came in, and secure an additional VDCC loan for $75,000 also guaranteed by individual trustees. The trustees, as they continued to do for years to come, did sign the $225,000 in guaranteed notes, the first such notes since the original guarantees of the 1950s had been retired at the end of that decade. Always on the edge, we were entering another risky period. I do not believe the College community and the public recognized at that time, or recognizes even today, just how much, time after time, the trustees demonstrated their faith in our future.

The Kershaw Report

For some years I had been concerned that our financial model might not be accurate, either that my basic premise was flawed or that our in-house studies might be missing something. My argument had been that a very small college could survive despite the predictions of Ruml and Morrison in 1959 (see p.81) if 1) it cut away extras considered necessary in conventional American colleges, 2) it maintained a full enrollment, 3) it raised a reasonable amount from annual giving, 4) it had a modest endowment, and 5) it carried no debt (or offset its debt by investments so that it was not a drain on the operating budget). The crux was the cost per student. In other words, if our cost per student were no greater than that of larger colleges considered viable, then either we were viable or none were. I went from foundation to foundation seeking money to fund a study to see whether I was correct. I got nowhere. Then someone recommended I go to the Ford Foundation and speak with Harold “Doc” Howe, the former Federal Commissioner of Education, one place I had avoided ever since the debacle on the theater program because of what seemed to me their muscle bound thinking. I went, made my argument about cost per student, and finished by saying that I thought our cost per student was probably little if any more than that at the University of Vermont, one of our two major competitors. I gasped inwardly when he replied, "I expect it may be less." He had heard me! He suggested we ask Professor Joseph A. Kershaw of Williams College to do such a study. Joe Kershaw, at the time a member of the Economics Department at Williams, had done such a successful study of his own college some years earlier

that it had resulted in a successful revolutionizing of its finances. The Ford Foundation had then employed him for a period, but in the end he had preferred to return to Williams and to teaching.

Mr. Howe gave me an introduction to Professor Kershaw and I drove over to Williams to see him. At first he was skeptical of my argument, said "Tom, I may prove your theory wrong," but then agreed to undertake it on one condition: that he could study two or three very small colleges of his own choosing in addition to Marlboro. I suggested Franconia, which was still in operation, and St. Johns Annapolis and Santa Fe; he thought St. Johns too far, however, and substituted Bard instead: President Botstein of Franconia had just moved there. At the very time the trustees were guaranteeing the notes, the Kershaw report was underway.

Submitted in the fall of 1975, his report was published in the spring of 1976 as a very small, square, yellow volume - the designer had a sense of humor - entitled *The Very Small College/A Report to the Ford Foundation*. After confessing his sample was itself very small and from only one part of the country, he pointed out that although the three unidentified colleges ranged in size from 200 (Marlboro) to Bard (650), their cost per student, after putting their accounts for the academic year 1973-74 on the same basis, was remarkably similar and well within the range considered acceptable for much larger institutions (italics mine):

> We conclude that these institutions are in much the same sort of difficulty that afflicts much of unendowed private higher education. They need more capital, and if they find it and manage things well they will stay alive. These problems have become more acute as the total pool of students for higher education begins to grow less rapidly, and they will worsen when the pool begins to contract in a very few years. These colleges draw from a specialized clientele which is a small part of the total pool. Whether this special segment will contract less or more rapidly we do not know. The small college has supplied a special type of education to a special type of student and still does. *It does this at a cost per student that is not very different from that incurred elsewhere*. Prices (i.e., tuition and fees) are high, but so are they in much of private higher education, and our three examples may happen to be on the high end of tuitions charged by small colleges. An initially skeptical observer who believes in the merits of a diversified higher education system has to hope that these institutions, and at least some of the other small ones, find their way through the troubles of the present and the next few years[22].

To us this was a vindication of our belief that although Ruml and Morrison may have been correct for the majority of (conventional) American colleges, those under 800, properly managed, could survive and continue to contribute uniquely to higher education. Now, however, our belief had external support from no less a source than the Ford Foundation. As I shall discuss later, Professor Kershaw went on to a second study, this time of capital needs.

Staff Changes

22Page 21. The cost per student was figured to be $3,725 at Marlboro, $3,835 at Franconia, and $3,700 at Bard.

After thirteen years (which seemed more like three years), Harry Evans retired as Business Manager in the summer of 1974 and was succeeded by alumnus Piet van Loon, '63, who had joined him the year before as an understudy. As I write twenty-five years later, Piet is still on board, equaling Howard Aplin's record as the longest serving administrator in the history of the College. His wife Hilly,'62, who had served as Alumni Secretary the previous year, now worked under Peter Cooper in alumni relations and as the first editor of *Potash Hill* in accordance with the administrative reorganization already mentioned. Harry, who had overseen most of our building projects with Whit Brown, agreed to stay on one more year, however, as part-time clerk-of-the-works on the new theater building. The transition went smoothly.

Howard Aplin

Harry Evans's retirement as Business Manager in 1974 and then, after the completion of the theater in August, 1975, his retirement again as clerk-of-the-works, were just the beginning. At the end of June, 1975, Howard Aplin retired as Comptroller and Assistant Treasurer after nearly 25 years. He agreed, however, to remain for one year half-time in the Comptroller's Office to help his successor, Malcolm Jones, a former Putney selectman, and half-time in the Business Office to help Harry's successor Piet van Loon. This was a major shift, for it had been Howard who made sense of the College finances after Walter Hendricks had left in 1951 (with the books, which Howard was never able to see); it was Howard who had been so scrupulous, as I have already mentioned, that when Carl Janke tried to simplify his work by introducing a new form of accounting completely acceptable to the auditors, he kept a second, more complicated set in the old form because he trusted it more. Neither I nor anyone else could instruct him, yea order him, to do something which he was not convinced was absolutely correct. To me Howard has always stood as a model of old fashioned Vermont integrity, dry wit and all. It is not an exaggeration to say that there was some nervousness when he stepped down; we had always known before that we were standing on rock.

Louis Moyse

At commencement, the two who graduated with highest honors, Kimi Hasegawa and Margot Lacey, were both flautists. Ironically, their graduation heralded the last of a long and proud tradition of undergraduate flautists at Marlboro, for in May Louis Moyse, recognized by *Time* magazine in 1966 as one of the leading flautists of our time, had announced his departure from the faculty after 26 years to accept a professorship at the University of Toronto. With Blanche his wife, in 1949 he had founded the music program at the College and helped Adolf Busch, Rudolf Serkin, and his father Marcel found the Marlboro Music School and Festival. It was a sad day, but the College is a small community and he and Blanche had separated.

Corky Kramer

At the same time Corky Kramer stepped down as Dean of Faculty after an eventful four years which had brought the strengthening of the social sciences (his primary assignment), the development of named Programs, and the beginning of the rationalization of the curriculum (i.e., seeing that certain courses were offered on a regular and predictable schedule). He also steered us through the stormy waters of the calendar and into our two semester-Winterim schedule. His

successor was T. Hunter Wilson, poet and member of the faculty in writing. He had joined us from Bowdoin and the Iowa Writers Workshop in 1968 in time for the Glorious Revolution of 1969, in which he played a responsible and constructive part. From 1969 to 1971 he was away doing alternate service in Laos, where he had had the common sense to see that learning English was not what his students most needed; he received permission to order hand tools and when they came also taught carpentry. As well as the Fiction and Poetry Workshops, he ran our rigorous College English Program (the Newsletter noted that eight students, alas, were suspended in June for not having met the requirement by the end of their sophomore year - this despite our under-enrollment).

Town/Gown

As early as 1970, the trustees had established a Marlboro Town Committee, at first ad hoc but soon a standing committee, chaired by our local Brattleboro trustee Helen Harris. At least annual joint meetings with the town selectmen had been very constructive in keeping relations on an even keel. During 1974-75, the joint meeting considered holding a mock emergency evacuation from the surrounding towns in the event of an accident at the Vermont Yankee Nuclear Power Plant in Vernon. The College had been designated as the assembly point for residents from Guilford and other nearby towns. The drill was never held, but both the College and the Town authorities were concerned about a possible bottle neck along South Road, the only road in and out. In addition, there was discussion of other road and traffic problems, the Marlboro Continuing Education Program, students living off-campus in the town, the College sewage problem, and the possibility of contributions from the College to the Town in lieu of taxes (Vermont law required that the College pay taxes only on the value of the property when originally deeded to the College back in 1947, a very small assessment indeed). Most of the meetings between the two dealt with routine matters and went unreported to the Board, but this meeting was so reported and the tenor of the talks indicated that such communication had been and continued to be fruitful: the selectmen indicated that they very much appreciated the presence of both the College and the Music School.

Commencement

At commencement, the first held in May instead of June as had been traditional, degrees in course were awarded to 38 students. On the recommendation of a new committee to advise the President on commencement, a committee consisting of trustees and representatives from both the faculty and the students, honorary degrees were also awarded to the speaker Helen Gahagan Douglas and to our own Vice Chairman Walter Muir Whitehill, Chair of our Library Committee. This was the first time such a committee had operated; it set the pattern for the future.

President's Salary

I find an interesting note appended to the regular minutes of the August trustees meeting: in a brief Executive Session, the Board set the President's salary for 1975-76 at $25,000 (up from $4,000 in the fall of 1958). It was also established that in future the Finance Committee was to be empowered to set the salary and report its action to the Board. We were making progress. $25,000 at that time seemed a huge amount to me.

* * *

1975 – 1976 As I look back over the early history of the College, I see tides coming and going. There was the first onrush of enrollments when the College opened, the result of too few places for too many veterans returning from the War, then as pressures eased, the decline through the early and mid-fifties. This was followed by the slow but steady increase during the late fifties, more rapidly through the sixties and into the seventies, helped by the exemption from military service resulting from enrollment in a college, and then the downturn. The end of the Vietnamese War ushered in a period of declining enrollments. Because we had not compromised on quality and our enrollments had grown for several years into the early '70s, we were lulled into a belief that if we built the better mouse trap, students would beat a path to our door: all we had to do was concentrate on our program and we would become known. That was not to be. We had already learned that what affected the country as a whole would affect us in such areas as drugs and mores; we still had to learn that the lesson applied to enrollments as well. As the young no longer felt that they had to go to college to escape the draft into an unpopular war, more places opened up at better known colleges and fewer students of the quality we sought were left for the likes of Marlboro: we did not yet have the reputation which would make our degree effective in the market place. Some colleges went under, such as Windham and Franconia at the end of the '70s[23]. Others, such as Marlboro and even more Goddard, suffered severely before recovering.

Enrollment

A good example was our experience in admissions for the 1975-76 academic year. Our opening figure was 207. Paid applications were up 28% but the yield (the number of students whom we accepted who in turn registered) dropped from 55%, where it had hovered for several years, to under 50%. A good part of this may have been the $560 increase in fees, equal to the rate of inflation (12.2%), but even more important may have been that opening of more places in better known colleges. We were often a second choice, if not by the applicant, then by the parents who were understandably concerned about - forgive the term - the marketability of our degree.

Financial Consequences

The shortfall in enrollment meant a $65,000 shortfall in the budget. At the October meeting of the Board I explained that perhaps $35,000 of this might be handled by internal cuts, but the remainder would have to be added to the deficit resulting in a projected deficit of $242,000 after expected gifts from the annual appeal. By June 30, we projected that our cumulative operating deficit would stand between $418,000 and $448,000, the cumulative capital debt at $846,000, thus the total debt between $1,264,000 and $1,294,000. At the time, our investment portfolio held shares worth $27,000 at book value, a capital drive account of $19,500, and a general endowment

23Ironically I could not confirm the exact date either Windham or Mark Hopkins closed. Neither the Vermont State General Services Division, which holds the archives of defunct institutions, nor the Department of Education could find that information. The Secretary of State's office records that Windham last filed a status report on December 31, 1979 and Mark Hopkins on December 30, 1978. Both incorporations were "terminated" on June 23, 1989. In the spring of 1978, however, we accepted 5 Windham seniors so they could finish their degrees; presumably the College had folded the previous fall.

account of over $10,000 for a total of $56,500. If no new funds were raised, we would run out of cash in May. We also had the largest senior class on record, over fifty, which meant that there would be more openings than usual for the following year. Not a happy picture. To help, Frank Taplin, Chairman of the Music School, generously pledged $25,000, to be paid as soon as we matched it with $75,000 to make $100,000 in all.

And indeed by August, 1976, the Treasurer was able to report that because of "a spectacular increase in gifts plus internal budgetary restraint, FY76 ended without the College having to borrow additional funds from the banks" and that "the cash flow should remain satisfactory until June 1977 if enrollment [next year] averages 210 students" (which even by August was by no means assured). We were encouraged that our cumulative combined debts remained under $1,000,000, a quarter of a million better than we had feared in the fall. The Taplin 3-1 challenge had been met by June 30, the bulk of the gifts having come from the trustees (!). All gifts combined, including the challenge, had brought in a record $306,645. A breakdown by source is interesting: Friends, 40.7%; Trustees, 29%; Foundations, 17.5%; Parents of current students, 6.8%; Corporations, 4%; and Alumni 1.9%. Particularly improved were the giving records of the alumni and parents, but it remained clear that for the foreseeable future our main support would continue to come from Friends and the Board.

As I look back, I marvel that the Board never quailed, never talked of giving up. The belief in what we were attempting to do, the determination to continue, was extraordinary. At the February meeting of the Board, Carl Janke had outlined his findings based on a careful study of our financial statements from 1960 to 1975: the College had a growth in net worth of $1,570,904; nearly half of this growth in plant worth ($714,701) could be directly traced to year-end transfers from operations, plus unidentified unrestricted gifts and/or transfers from operations; if these transferred funds ($714,701) were hypothetically applied against the cumulative operating deficit ($230,384 as of June 30, 1975), then there is no operating deficit at all, rather a surplus of $474,317. As a result and with full approval of the Board, reciprocal accounts were established on July 1 entitled "Due from Plant Funds" and "Due to Unrestricted Operating Funds".

What Carl's research demonstrated was that our operations were not in poor shape but had been bled to build the campus because we were not raising enough capital. Our primary problem was neither under-enrollment nor poor management but under- capitalization. Late in the year we invited John Seitz, Vice President and officer-in-charge of the Brattleboro office of our bank, now known as The First Vermont Bank and Trust Company, to become an ex officio member of our Board finance committee. He served in this capacity until close to his death in the spring of 1986 and was of immense help during these most difficult years. Not only did the Bank continue to stand behind us, but his wisdom as we faced problem after problem was invaluable.

It is interesting to note that our fees for a full-time resident student in 1975-76 amounted to $5,225. Our tuition alone was $3,470, compared with a full educational cost to the College of $4,933; other charges were board $925, room $645, activities fee $75, omnibus fee $25, and medical fee $85. From the vantage point of the '90s, these fees seem minuscule, but the years of rapid inflation were just beginning. Fearing that our policy of matching inflation with comparable increases in charges were part of the problem, however, we drew back for the 1976-77 academic year and announced a fee increase of only $295 or 5.65%.

Faculty Salaries

In order to do this and have even a chance of balancing the budget, we decided we would have to cut the faculty budget 5% for the following year. Therein lies a tale, perhaps for me the proudest moment of my tenure. I announced in faculty meeting that we would have to reduce the faculty and staff salary budgets by 5%, which would mean a reduction of one or two positions. At the same time I announced a committee consisting of the present and all former Deans of the Faculty to advise me how best to do this: Roland Boyden, John MacArthur, Corky Kramer, and T. Wilson. I opened our first meeting by saying, "Well, how do we do it?" They responded by saying, "Tom, don't do it."

"What do you mean? We have to do it."

"No we don't. We can cut salaries 5% across the board."

"Is that what the faculty wants?"

"Yes."

"How many of the faculty? It makes a big difference whether 51% or 67%."

"We don't know, but a majority."

I then explained that I was about to leave on a trip, that while I was gone I wished they would speak with each faculty member individually, not in a group, and report back to me when I returned. They agreed. In a week or ten days we met again. They explained that they had spoken with all but two, who were away, but that one of the two had left word for them with a colleague. "Well, how many?"

"100% if..."

"If what?"

"If you can convince them that the reduction is necessary."

Convince them we did, and we all took a 5% cut. Because the staff was on a different basis, however - many of the lower paid positions were a way of making a living, not a commitment to an academic ideal - we accomplished the same 5% reduction in part by some taking the cut and in part by the elimination of one and a half staff positions. As I noted in the Newsletter, however, if anything Marlboro was already understaffed. An informal poll of other similar colleges showed that Marlboro had the highest percentage of its salary budget in teaching salaries (57%), the lowest (43%) in staff. Others ran the gamut to almost the exact reverse (42% and 58%).

There was another interesting fall-out from this experience. I had feared that the first faculty

position to go would be the Classics Fellowship because the holders were not on tenure track. In conversations with my colleagues, however, I learned that such a move was unthinkable: the Fellowship had so entrenched itself that no one wanted to see it go. The Fellows added not only a dimension to our curriculum, but added a fresh young face every year or two to a faculty growing older. Year in and year out they were a welcome addition.

Financial Strategy

Faced with a falling enrollment, galloping inflation, and the consequent greater pressures for financial aid, I urged the adoption of a strategy which was to guide us at least to the end of my tenure: eliminate or offset our capital debt as quickly as possible, and balance our operating budgets annually from earned income and normal annual giving. We believed that if we could achieve this and maintain fiscal discipline, we could survive for the foreseeable future without serious damage to our program while in the next stage we slowly built up a real endowment. We were talking a minimum of about $1,000,000 to offset the debt. Full funding, in scale with the funding of colleges of our class with which we were competing, would have been closer to $5,000,000. It is true that at the time the college and university system nationally was overbuilt. There was even talk that weeding out the weaker colleges would be healthy. But in what sense weaker? For political reasons there was little chance public institutions would fall in great numbers, whatever their academic weaknesses. The losses would be in the independent sector, but not necessarily of those academically weaker, more likely those financially weaker (such as Marlboro). What the public did not recognize was that public colleges, though they charged less, were at least as expensive to operate - the costs were hidden by subsidies - and that the costs fell on the taxpayer. Whereas a public institution cost the taxpayers in heavy subsidies, even up to 70-80% in some cases, plus almost all the capital costs for their plants, subsidies to independent colleges cost the taxpayers on average under 20% (under 4% at Marlboro in 1974-75) plus only a fraction of the capital costs (at Marlboro 0!). The argument went on: in the future as demographics dictated, the places lost now in higher education, almost entirely in the independent sector, would need to be recreated, and they would inevitably be recreated in public institutions more costly to the taxpayer. Prudence dictated, therefore, that every effort should be made to retain through this difficult period the best of the independent institutions, such as Marlboro. On this we built our financial strategy, with what success will shortly appear.

Fund Raising

In the early 1970s Chuck Longsworth, President of Hampshire College, and I had invited a group of college presidents to meet informally once a year to discuss common concerns. Included were the presidents of Bennington, Hampshire, Marlboro, St. John's Annapolis and Santa Fe (one college), and Sarah Lawrence; we knew ourselves simply as the Five College Group. We all had at least one thing in common with each of the others though not necessarily the same thing. We were all relatively small (Marlboro the smallest), had high academic standards, and drew our students from roughly the same pool. Beyond these things in common, our similarities tended to differ from college to college: for instance, structurally and socially Marlboro was closer to Bennington, but in academic goals to St. John's. I expressed to this group my belief that not only Marlboro but most of us were undercapitalized, and that if we could achieve reasonable

capitalization, we could survive into the future in competition with our richer competitors. At the February Board meeting I reported on a conversation which I had had with a major New York Foundation which had resulted in an invitation for an application from this group (which it called the "Amherst" group because we had first met at Hampshire) if we could prove our case by providing cost-effective figures comparable for each of the member colleges. In this regard the foundation urged us to approach the Ford Foundation for another grant to Joseph Kershaw for the necessary study to provide these figures. This we did. A grant indeed was made by the summer of 1976; at the same time, in response to a request by Joe Kershaw, Bard College was added to our group of five.

Financial Aid

All this was taking place in the context of a rapid inflation which affected our parents. Psychologist Tom Toleno did a study of our financial aid program over the past seven years. It showed not only that we had not been meeting the full need of our students but that parental income had not kept up with inflation: parental income had increased 6-7% per year while inflation nationally was up on average just under 10% per year. How best to deal with this remained an unsolved problem for many years.

Grade Inflation

Market place inflation was not the only place inflation was appearing; it was appearing in grades also. There is little argument over whether there was grade inflation across the nation during the Vietnam War. Marlboro too had been affected. In February T. Wilson, Dean of Faculty, published a paper on our "Grading Policies and Procedures." After pointing out that there had been "a substantial rise in both the real numbers and the percentages of A's and B's over the past ten years, most markedly in the last five years," he went on to focus on "uneven grading standards across the faculty, an unevenness that discriminates against those students who work with teachers who generally grade lower." He went on to propose a redefinition of each grade: A = superb performance, unqualified recommendation for further work in the field; B = average to good work, a qualified recommendation for further work in the field; C = pass but no recommendation for further work - proceed at your own risk. Not surprisingly, there was also talk on the faculty of abolishing grades altogether, or going to a pass/fail system. As noted in the Newsletter, one problem was that if we graded fairly according to our own system, we might be penalizing our students applying to transfer or to attend graduate school because grade inflation was even greater in other colleges: an experiment with our Academic Advisors three years before, professors from prestigious schools such as Barnard, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, Sarah Lawrence and the University of Chicago, had suggested that while there was grade inflation at Marlboro, it was even greater elsewhere. Was Marlboro well enough known that a graduate with a high B average could compete with an applicant to graduate school with an A average at a school with more serious grade inflation? We doubted it.

Senior Membership

Senior membership, our form of tenure, was awarded to full-time philosopher Neal Weiner and to

T. Wilson, poet and writing teacher as well as Dean of Faculty, and more unusually to part-time foreign language teacher Veronica Brelsford. Although she was not the first part-time Marlboro faculty member to be awarded senior status, to award a permanent appointment to a part-time teacher was still unusual in American higher education, as I believe it still is. Marlboro must have been among the first to recognize the need for a flexible appointment policy to meet individual needs. Veronica had been a valuable member of our language program since 1965, teaching French, Spanish, and some German while raising her five children.

Bob Engel

During the 1974-75 academic year, we had decided not to award senior membership to our popular biologist of the period. He was a loyal and committed member of the College, was a good teacher at the introductory and intermediate levels, was good at attracting students into biology, and was much liked by both the students and his colleagues, but he was not strong for students on Plan, at least not as strong as physicist John MacArthur (a tough act with which to compete), chemist John Hayes, or mathematician Joe Mazur. The decision on his senior membership, therefore, was very difficult, so difficult the Committee on Faculty, composed of faculty members and students, could not agree either way on a recommendation to me and tossed it into my lap. A prominent biological scientist from Harvard on our Council of Academic Advisors even came to my office when he heard of the controversy and said, "Tom, you'd better appoint him because you won't do better." I agonized. He made sense: if we found a peer of the others on our salaries it would be something of a miracle. But shouldn't we try? I agonized. Finally, regretfully, I decided to try. We should at least <u>try</u> for a master teacher.

The result was beyond our fondest dreams. We received an incredible 375 applications! Undoubtedly the fact that Robert MacArthur, still one of the big names in biology, was known to have graduated from Marlboro and that his brother John taught there played a role. Among those who applied was Bob Engel, who had a doctorate in zoology from the University of California at Santa Barbara. I am amused to see that in the Newsletter I noted the topic of his dissertation: "Some Aspects of the Photobehaviour of Some Trematode Miracidia (Echinostomatidae)" - i.e., flatworms. I must have been carried away by the high sounding technical vocabulary. (He got even: over the years he would fill the short descriptions of his students' Plans which I read from the platform at commencement with as difficult words as he could and then smile as he listened to me struggle with them). He was so highly regarded by his institution that they even considered breaking their rule and appointing him to the faculty immediately upon his receiving his doctorate. Both his parents were members of the National Academy and found it difficult to understand why he was interested in such a tiny college in distant Vermont when he had a brilliant career ahead of him in major universities. Visit us he did, however, and I guess he must have been as impressed with John, John, and Joe as they were with him, because to our utter delight he accepted our invitation to join us. His was one of the last major appointments in my time, and among the best. In short order he made himself over from a marine zoologist into a general zoologist and a botanist. With his knowledge of the West and Southwest, accompanied by John Hayes he began taking students and faculty on field trips, even as far as Mexico. It was not only as though Marlboro was made for him, but that he was made for Marlboro to help us realize potentialities we did not know we had. Another example that good people attract good people.

Jerry Levy and Stan Charkey

During the summer of 1976, a regular part-time appointment to the faculty was made: Gerald Levy in anthropology and sociology. In the future this was turned into a full-time appointment and in due course Jerry too was awarded senior membership. The same was true for lutanist Stan Charkey, who in the summer of 1977 was appointed for one year in music history and theory. In time Jerry has become one of the mainstays of our social science program. As has Stan in music: he not only teaches but composes and performs professionally With the exception of Luis Batlle in 1980, these were the last appointments in my time which eventually turned into a senior appointments: the faculty still needed strengthening in the social sciences, particularly political science, but with a diminishing enrollment, new positions were scarce.

The Deans

After six heavy years Bob Skeele took a sabbatical for the fall semester. Tim Little filled in. He had already held almost every administrative position in addition to his teaching (even having served briefly on the Board and as the Board clerk). Economist Jim Tober stepped down after two years as Dean of Students - as you can see, we did not have full-time professional administrators (even Bob Skeele taught) - and Joanne Hayes, wife of chemist John Hayes, took Jim's place. She had just served two years as assistant librarian,. As you can see, there was little change of personnel, only the trading of places. Typical of Marlboro at that time.

Winterim

As I have already reported, the core course for Winterim, inaugurated the previous year, had been passed by the faculty with a narrow majority. Too narrow. The faculty reversed itself and declared the two credit core course, which had been mandatory for all except seniors, to be optional. More emphasis was thus placed on the mini courses. This in effect undercut the central purpose of the Winterim: to bring us together through a common academic pursuit. With an enrollment of forty students and nine faculty members, however, the core limped along for this second year with a series of lectures and discussions surrounding the theme of language, from the language of bees through the language of theatre, music, painting, literature, translation, non-verbal communication, and even "the discourse of the unconscious". Outside lecturers such as David Hirsh and Sumner B. Twiss of Brown, Jerry Corsi of Franconia, Lucio Pozzi of Cooper Union (he of unwitting Glorious Revolution fame), Barnaby Barratt of Harvard, Robert Austerlitz of Columbia, Raymond Foley of Dartmouth, Arthur Lithgow of the Brattleboro Center for the Performing Arts, and independent translator Richard Winston joined current Marlboro faculty members Nigel Coxe, Bob Engel, Tim Little, and Joe Schaeffer, and former faculty member Alan Kantrow, at that time finishing his doctorate at Harvard. Our hope was that the optional core would catch on and grow, but in the end this did not happen.

At the same time the mini-courses continued to flourish. One group of eleven went with biologist Bob Engel to varied habitats on the Gulf Coast plain region of Mexico. Another group of two Marlboro students and ten Windham students went with Marja Valilla, teaching fellow in

sculpture, to a loft in New York City where Marja kept a studio. These two trips clearly undercut the purpose of bringing us together but at the same time enriched the education of those who participated. Indeed, they increased the pressure for more such trips in the future. In March the faculty voted 18-4 with 5 abstentions to continue the Winterim for a third year.

Kipling Fellow: Erling Naess

Trustee Ragnar Naess's brother Erling, Professor Emeritus of Philosophy at the University of Oslo, was one of the most distinguished philosophers in northern Europe at this time. The preceding December in company with Ingmar Bergman he had received an honorary degree from the University of Stockholm. He spent ten days on our campus in early February, cross-country skiing every day, dining out with students and faculty members every evening, and visiting classes. His great interest was ecology, but more broadly defined than biology or economics alone. He was particularly interested in the political aspects of the ecology movement. His lecture topic, "Green Socialism: the Political Answer to the Environmental Crisis?" drew a large audience on February 9. During his visit with us, Professor Naess also joined his brother and the rest of the trustees for dinner in Boston after the February meeting of the Board.

The Whittemore Lecturer: Norman Cousins

The annual Whittemore Lecture was delivered in March by Norman Cousins, well known Editor of The Saturday Review and President of the World Association of Federalists. His topic was "Hopefulness as Part of the Disease". Convinced that nation states could no longer fulfill their historic mission of safeguarding the welfare of their people, and appalled that we had come to accept without murmur the unacceptable in the form of modern weaponry, he remained optimistic that modern man could control his destiny for good. Since chaos is never finally tolerated, in his opinion world government was inevitable; the question concerned what form, one which fostered civil liberties or one which precluded them. He spoke before one of the largest audiences of the year. The annual Whittemore Lecture regularly attracted more people from off campus than the Kipling Lecture.

The Monday Evening Lectures

The lectures in the regular Monday evening series, still involving members of our faculty on equal terms with outside lecturers such as William Kennick of Amherst and Senator George Aiken, were likely to arouse more interest among students than the general public, in part because of the more narrow academic topics. The April Newsletter commented

> ...it is remarkable how long some question periods have lasted. For example, Neal Weiner spoke on "Philosophy, Psychology, and Morals: Towards an Ethic of Character and an Ideal of Health" early in the term, starting at 8:00 p.m; the discussion didn't break up until midnight. Starting at 7:30 three weeks later, Barry Laffan delivered parts of his 1900-page manuscript (half of which became his dissertation) on his six-year study of communes: the discussion didn't end till about 11:20.

The Plant: Kitchen and Crosby Lot

With the anticipated budget shortfalls, ambitious building projects were not in the cards, but the Music School had quite legitimate complaints about the kitchen, whose long needed modernization had been neglected because of more pressing concerns. We could not postpone action longer, however, and the Board promised that by the summer of 1976 all stoves, equipment, and machinery would be thoroughly cleaned and in good working order, all windows and doors in the kitchen and dining hall would have full-length screens in good repair, the windows in the dining hall would be fixed so that they could be opened and closed easily (without the necessity of propping them up), and garbage would be collected more often than the twice a week during 1975. This list alone shows the degree to which our maintenance was one step ahead of the sheriff! At the same time, however, we did initiate a study of long-range improvements needed by the kitchen and dining hall. It is worth commenting that in these years more time per week was spent on maintenance by students on work study than by a tiny professional staff.

At the February meeting of the Board I reported that two of the Crosby lots off South Road had already been sold to members of the faculty for housing and the third was about to close. Willene Clark's house already existed. Houses for John Hayes and Joe Mazur soon appeared. The purpose of the gift was well served.

Evacuation Center

As I have mentioned, when the atomic energy plant in Vernon was opened in 1972, a series of evacuation centers was established in southern Vermont in case of a nuclear accident, one of which was the Marlboro College campus. The College wished to do its duty, but both the town selectmen and the College were deeply concerned because, although the College might have the space and facilities to handle a crowd for a brief period, the only all-weather access to the campus was the two-lane South Road leading from Route 9 through the village. Both we and the Town feared this might turn into a bottleneck, especially in bad weather. Negotiations had been opened with the State and the Vernon plant, and finally it was announced that the Kurn Hattin plant in Westminster, near Interstate 91, was to be substituted instead; later, even that was changed, I believe, to Bellows Falls. These negotiations were carried on by the Town and the College through the joint committee, proving the wisdom of having such a standing Board committee working to cooperate with the selectmen on all issues in common.

Thomas Thompson Trust

In the 19th century, Thomas Thompson had left a trust for indigent needle women in Brattleboro, Vermont and Rhinebeck, New York. Since there were few if any such women left, for several years the Trust had been seeking a Cy-Pres from the court permitting donations to non-profit institutions such as colleges and art groups. The board of the Trust consisted of two people, one a lawyer and the other skilled in investments, both in Boston. The lawyer at that time was Roger Tyler, a member of the College board. For many years I had knocked on the door of the other trustee, Ben Fawcett, in hopes this might be the year the Cy-Pres came through. Indeed, once a

year for over fifteen years I had joined him for a chocolate soda with vanilla ice cream as we discussed the matter: we both loved them. When he died in 1975, his son Daniel took his place, annual soda and all; if I do not mistake, Roger's son William had already taken over for him. Finally the Cy-Pres came through and we received a $60,000 endowment for two permanent scholarships for Windham County students, one for a female in the name of Elizabeth Rowell Thompson, the other for a male in the name of Thomas Thompson. This endowment, which multiplied by five times our scholarship endowment funds, was accepted with appreciation by the Board at its annual meeting. This was to be the beginning of many generous grants over the years.

Perhaps it was well the grant had been made before I entertained the two Thompson trustees to a thank-you high tea at my home in Guilford. A water pipe in the kitchen had broken just before tea, spraying the house with a handsome jet of water; a local carpenter (my son-in-law) chose that moment to do some work in the horse barn; and Dan Fawcett, graciously directed by the plumber who had never seen our house or driveway before (it was a weekend and we couldn't reach our regular plumber), ran over a stone edging the lawn and ruined the transmission in his new car. The stone, painted white to keep people from parking on the grass, was slightly covered by snow and invisible. We ate dinner to the whoosh of a blow torch in the kitchen, the grinding of a wrecker in the yard, and the whine of a Skil saw in the garage. *Mirabile dictu*, to this day Dan and I enjoy our ice cream sodas annually and remain friends long after I have left the College. There is much to be said for a (his) sense of humor!

Marlboro's Strad

At the same meeting the Board was informed of an impending gift from Arnold Gingrich, publisher of Esquire magazine: a 1672 Stradivarius violin - as it turned out, a less than full size instrument useful mostly for 18th century music. Thereby hangs a tale. I had been introduced to Arnold several years before by a Marlboro Friend in Chicago. I used to call on him occasionally during one of my monthly trips to New York, and on one occasion he told me of his intended gift. Only later did we learn that he had confused the College with the Music School, an impression I had never meant to give. When I learned of his mistake, I called on him and offered to decline the gift. He thought a minute, then said no, he had meant the gift for the College; let it stand.

In the end we did not receive the violin until his death at the end of the decade, when it appeared as a bequest in his will. Originally he had thought a student might enjoy using it, but we had not at the time and were not likely to have in the future any string students of sufficient ability. We then offered to loan it to the Music School, but after considering the offer, they declined: it was not a full-size violin, and in any case, a violinist would not like to play it for a summer, then give it up for another instrument during the winter. We finally stored it in a climate controlled environment in New York until it was sold sometime after my time. Unfortunately, in 1997 the charge was made by a Music School trustee that we had deceived the donor and in effect stolen the instrument, intended for the Music School. Fortunately, I was able to clear the air by explaining the history, well known to our common trustees, and quoting the dedication in my copy of Mr. Gingrich's book about his collection entitled *A Thousand Mornings of Music:* "For Thomas Ragle as an advance deposit on his Strad, which I hope will not be along too soon." It wasn't: that was dated April 1973 and the violin was not delivered until after a Consent Judgment signed on April 9,

1980.

Weston Howland

Sadly, on January 31, former parent and benefactor Weston Howland died. It had been the gift of his farm in Dummerston back in 1957, a gift worth over $100,000 at the time, that had primed the pump and turned Marlboro around. His name deserves to be remembered as more than the name of a dormitory (our first new building). He was a very major benefactor indeed. The value of a benefaction depends on timing as much as or more than the amount.

The Olympics

Although I have tried to avoid being personal in this memoir - it is meant to be about the College, not me - I must recount one story which says much about the generosity of the Board and the feeling which united us. In February, 1976, my stepson Bill Koch unexpectedly won the first (and still the only) American medal in Olympic cross-country skiing, the silver in the 15K race in Seefeld, Austria (he later went on to win the World Cup in 1982). In the relay, he ran the best leg of any skier and in the 50K led till about the 35K mark, when, as he put it, he hit the wall. He had won the silver the day before the trustees meeting. At the dinner after the meeting, I noticed someone going around the table and whispering in attentive ears. At the end, it was announced that enough money had been collected to send my wife Nancy and me to Seefeld to be with Bill and watch the rest of the Olympics! I could hardly believe it. Unfortunately I could not go because I had accepted an assignment in Washington which had been scheduled to meet my schedule, but Nancy and in my place Bill's younger brother Fritz, a Putney School student at the time (and later himself on the U.S. Olympic squad), did go. We did not earn much money at Marlboro, but there were other greater compensations, of which this was but one.

Commencement

Forty-four degrees were voted in May, which, together with thirteen voted earlier, meant a graduating class of 57, ten more than at any time in our history. More significant, however, was the decision, originally requested by the students but supported by the faculty, that the honors on degrees not be read from the platform, as had been the custom. Because a majority of students were now receiving honors, there was concern about how those not receiving them might feel. In part, the number was a result of grade inflation, but on the evidence of outside examiners and our academic advisors, a greater reason was probably that those who remained at the College to complete a demanding Plan of Concentration (less than 50% of those we matriculated) were in fact honor students. Marlboro was not a place for those who did not take academic work seriously. Although I continued to read the short descriptions of the Plans from the platform - the subjects and the variety were fascinating - I regretted not reading the honors, which were well-deserved, even as I respected what motivated the ban.

Election of Officers

At the annual meeting at the end of July, Richard Taylor was reelected Chairman and Walter Whitehill Vice Chairman, but Ragnar Naess voluntarily stepped down in favor of Carl Janke, the now retired Harvard Comptroller who had been forced to leave the Board in 1967 because of ill health but had returned in September 1975. Ragnar, who had done a fine job, remained a very active member of the Board. As I look back, I am impressed by the continuity of Board leadership during my 23 years: Arthur Whittemore, Peter Elder, Dick Taylor, and later John Straus as Chairmen; Walter Whitehill and later John Meyer as Vice Chairmen; and Zee Persons, Carl Janke, Charles Crosby, Ragnar Naess, and again Carl as Treasurer. This demonstrates remarkable stability at a time the College was ever struggling, a not insignificant factor in our survival. Arthur Whittemore, Walter Whitehill, Charles Crosby, and Zee Persons, all died while still on the Board, though by that time Zee was an honorary trustee.

* * *

Enrollment

1976 – 1977 Despite our best efforts, we opened 1976 with a disappointing 199. We had originally hoped for 210-15 and felt confident about 200. It was not to be. We brought in as many new students as we had the year before (71), but the large size of the graduating class (57) and the normal attrition held us back. We were especially worried because there had always been attrition between fall and spring. Contrary to our usual experience, however, we managed to hold even for the Winterim, a small but significant achievement, and although we opened the spring semester with a head count four smaller than in September we had a full-time-equivalence four larger. We had hopes for growth the next fall because inquiries were up 35%, but the yellow flags had changed to red. Tim Little as Associate Dean and Chairman of the Admissions Committee was given Jan Hamill,'76, as assistant for the road and was backed by an Admissions Task Force led by Bob Skeele, Dean of the College, and consisting of Jan, the Assistant Dean Janis Karpin, Assistant to the President Peter Cooper (to work with the parents), and Alumni Secretary Hilly van Loon (to work with the alumni). When Jan left to attend divinity school after one year, she was replaced by two assistants. We needed only 90 or so new students a year, but we needed that 90. One thing we did not do, however, was to follow the lead of many small liberal arts colleges responding to the market place at the time and de-emphasize liberal learning. As I wrote in the Newsletter, "We are a liberal arts college, and if anything have chosen to de-barnacle the liberal arts and stress them more rather than the opposite."

Another thing we did not do was lower standards. Earlier in this memoir I mentioned that even when the enrollment was minuscule in the 1950s, the faculty had maintained standards, dismissing failing students and not accepting those considered unqualified. The tradition remained. Even as we worried over enrollment in the late '70s, the faculty held the line: at the 1977 year-end faculty meeting, seventeen or over 10% of those eligible to return in the fall were discontinued for failure to meet the English requirement or dismissed for academic failure!

Curriculum

We did respond to the crisis in enrollment, however, by taking a close look at the College and the curriculum. For some years we had been tinkering with it in response to specific pressures but not since 1958-60 examining it as a whole. One evening in April of 1976 the faculty gathered in the upstairs room of the Skyline Restaurant on the top of Hogback Mountain in the first of what of course came to be known as "summit" meetings to discuss what we ideally would like Marlboro, curriculum included, to be. There were no restrictions on the directions the conversation might go. At first, unusually budget-conscious for a faculty (it was our college), we were cautious, kept looking over our shoulders at what this or that innovation might do to our finances, but finally toward the end some real blue skying took place. In November the second "summit" took place, this time to discuss the Plans of Concentration as they then functioned. Much of the time was spent clearing underbrush, clarifying misunderstandings common among the students and found even among some faculty members: they were not mini-dissertations, forcing students to concentrate too narrowly too soon; they were not pre-professional training. Rather the purpose was to teach students to think by delving deeply into one subject or set of subjects. The essence of the Plan had always been the requirement that in some demonstrable way everything in it be interrelated. A Plan was meant to be flexible, allowing for programs which were narrow and programs which were broad. Interdisciplinary Plans were to be encouraged but not required; they must simply be coherent. The "project" or undergraduate thesis might count as little as 25% and as much as 75% of the whole. At this time no decisions were made, but the way was opened for everything from renaming Plans as Plans of Study rather than Plans of Concentration to restricting the elaborate written and oral examinations at the end of the senior year to work done that year only, thus allowing more flexibility, more preparatory work during the junior year. Our hope was that the faculty would eventually develop a consensus just as the far smaller faculty had in 1960.

We did not stop with Plans. We discussed strengthening the English requirement; developing more Programs such as those already existing in theater, in the social sciences, in environmental studies, and in Religion-Literature-Philosophy; and the imposition of area-wide requirements such as statistics for those working on the social sciences, elementary design in the visual arts, and a foreign language in some of the humanities. None of these were implemented at this time, but we were working toward implementation of at least some.

To help the process along, the Dean of Faculty and I breakfasted with groups of teachers who had common interests, such as the visual arts, the natural sciences, and the social sciences. If nothing else the early hour was innovative, but there was more innovation than that: in the place of departments or rigid divisions, flexible groupings were growing up which could change shape at any time depending on personnel - some teachers belonged to more than one group - but which at the same time could provide peer support without the bureaucracy of departmental organization. Somewhat a loner myself, I recognized and approved the more contemporary model of teams, teams of faculty members as well as students.

The important point was that the faculty was now taking stock after a long period of minor adjustments. In retrospect, we could see that the faculty had developed in three waves: 1947-1958, 1958-1968, and 1969 to the present. Since 1960 the faculty had more than doubled. A full half of the 38 members (full and part-time) had come in the previous seven years, even as 7 of the 16 who had sat down in 1959 to develop the Plan of Concentration were still active. This faculty was

taking stock as their response to a financial threat to our very existence. There was absolutely no talk of bowing to the market pressures of the day and introducing "relevant," i.e., vocational, courses. (At an irreverent moment I was heard to say that the only vocational skills with which Marlboro students graduated were bartending and waitressing, which they learned in order to earn pocket money.) We were a liberal arts college. My model of a liberal education was illustrated by the story of a young Cambridge University graduate who told of sitting in the garden at Eton reading the Sicilian Campaign in Thucydides while the Battle of Britain whined audibly overhead. Our role was to open the mind to the universe, with all its complexities and mysteries in time and space, so that our graduates, individually and as part of society, could develop an ever maturing frame of reference within which to conduct their lives.

Personal Plans

The enrollment problems had an impact on my personal plans. By the middle 1970s, I had become restless. In the first place, I had made my contribution and was aware that I had little new to offer. In the second place, primarily a teacher, I was no longer in a position to teach one full course each semester as intellectual nourishment, which I had been doing before my 1969-70 sabbatical: I was on the road too much. I now tell people that during the first half of my tenure I was a 19th century college president: I taught and had a great deal to do with the curriculum in addition to my administrative duties. During the second half of my tenure, however, I was a 20th century college president and did not enjoy it nearly as much: I spent most of my time over finances - over budgets, fund raising, and meeting Federal guidelines - and was away from the campus more and more. In the third place, and most important, I was beginning to run on automatic pilot, not paying fresh attention, always a danger both for the pilot and the passengers: I had opened too many academic years, written too many appeals, composed too many Newsletters. On the other hand, there were reasons to stay. Minimally, I owed a debt of service in return for the way I had been treated, especially the sabbatical. More important, enrollment was declining, a poor time to leave: surely I did not want to attract the attention of the New England Association, which watched small colleges closely because they had a tendency to be unstable. Nor did I wish to acknowledge defeat. Most important, I had long had a personal goal of leaving the College at least minimally capitalized. The College had started with a huddle of farm buildings and a $25,000 guaranteed loan. We had built a campus, largely complete, we had built a faculty, we had built a student body, we had even built a strong Board of Trustees, but we were still seriously undercapitalized. I was determined somehow to find some capital.

The Second Kershaw Report

Over the summer Joe Kershaw had put the capital needs of what now were considered to be the seven small colleges (Bard, Bennington, Hampshire, Marlboro, Sarah Lawrence, St. John's-Annapolis, and St. John's-Santa Fe) on the same basis and concluded the group needed a minimum of $18 million. Marlboro's need alone was $1 million. Only St. John's-Annapolis did not need more capital in the same way; over two centuries it had become minimally capitalized. All the rest of us were younger. The next step was for us to approach foundations to see if we could attract challenge grants totaling one third of the need or $6 million. Our hope was that if we collectively succeeded in raising the initial $6 million in this way, we could raise the second $6 million from corporations and the final $6 million from each college's constituency of friends.

Both the Report and the Ford Foundation indicated that enrollment problems were the soft underbelly of the project. It was our belief, however, that if we succeeded in raising the initial one third through leadership grants by foundations and another third from corporations, the public's faith in the fiscal stability of these colleges would be restored and the enrollment problems would likely take care of themselves. The major problem would be attracting foundation grants. The Ford Foundation indicated it would not be a source.

The Dana Foundation

During these last years, I considered that Marlboro had three chances to raise at least one capital gift of $1 million or more for us alone. One was the Dana Foundation. In 1975, my friend Jim Armstrong, President of Middlebury College, had resigned and taken the presidency of the Charles A. Dana Foundation. His charge was to turn professional what had been a small but wealthy family foundation. If anyone knew the meaning of liberal education, and personally both knew and respected Marlboro, Jim did. I went to see him and explained my theory that if Marlboro could pay off or offset its debt, it could survive on its fees and annual giving into the foreseeable future while building up a proper endowment. (Jim could hardly believe my tale of thirteen teachers on a salary budget of just under $15,000 net in 1957-58: that's when I had Howard Aplin add up the salaries, by name, to prove the point.) Jim told me that he thought it might be premature, given the conservative nature of his board and the newness of his appointment, but that if I wanted to take the risk then, he would entertain a proposal. Under pressure of our need, I submitted one. Jim took it to his board and got nowhere. A year or two later he resigned from the foundation because he found the successors to the founder were in the way of his running a professional operation. That was my first disappointment, the first of my three chances for substantial capital which failed through no particular fault on our part. There were to be others.

Finances

In the meantime the financial crisis continued through FY77. All year long we struggled with the cash flow. In August, nevertheless, we were able to report on very substantial fund-raising and fiscal accomplishments for the year. Two challenge grants, one of $25,000 and one of $50,000, had been met; we had reduced our indebtedness from $963,000 to $818,000; $102,000 on the Vermont Development Credit Corporation loan had been paid, leaving a balance of only $43,557; the interest rate on this remainder had been negotiated down from 10.5% to 10%; a discussion had been inaugurated to roll this remaining balance into our First Vermont Bank and Trust Company mortgage at an even lower rate; and at $345,944 the year had broken another record for overall funds raised. We were not out of the woods, however: it looked as though we might still have to find another $75,000 in short term loans to see us through the summer.

FY78 Budget

Despite the low enrollment during FY77 and our financial problems, perhaps revealing a bit of wishful thinking, the projected budget for FY98 was initially based on an average enrollment of 210, inflation of 5.8%, salary increases for faculty and staff of 5.8% plus increases beyond 8% for three staff positions which were particularly underpaid, and increases in fees and charges of 5.8%

($320 - considered to be below those of Marlboro's competition). An amendment to tie salaries to enrollment was discussed at length on the Board and finally withdrawn: realistic in terms of our ability to pay, it might directly or indirectly weaken academic standards by putting undue pressure on faculty to retain poor students, and would be unfair because the faculty is not directly responsible for enrollment.

Sabbatical Policy

Our attention to the faculty was concerned more with sabbatical policy. The existing policy allowed one semester every five years and one Winterim every fourth year. During the spring this came under fire. By and large it had not caused problems because many of our faculty members overlapped and could cover for one another, but during 1976-77 a combination of nine faculty members being away during the Winterim and inadequate coverage in the visual arts during the spring semester created a furor. Student complaints, quite justified, led to a petition and two debates in the Town Meeting. These in turn led to added coverage in the visual arts and to my proposal that separate sabbaticals during the Winterim be abolished in the future except one each for those who had not yet had one and that Winterim sabbaticals be attached to the regular semester sabbaticals. This was approved first by the faculty and then by the Board. Some students wondered why we had sabbaticals at all in a college where emphasis is on teaching and not research. Our answer was simple: they are even more necessary in such a college because teachers, even the best, can easily become stale if they do not have opportunity to study and do research beyond their routine teaching duties.

Board of Trustees: New Members

The previous August Bill Davisson, resident of Marlboro and part-time member of our faculty in (French) history, had been elected to the Board. He was joined in October by Robert Crowell of the publishing house who had a home in Newfane, and John Meyer, past Chairman of the Morgan Guaranty Trust. All three became important members; eventually John even succeeded Walter Whitehill as Vice Chairman. Attracting John, who had recently purchased a summer home in Guilford, was something of a coup. He was famous on Wall Street for <u>not</u> serving on non-profit boards, normally considered a requirement in that culture. How in the world did a tiny college in Vermont no one had ever heard of capture him? The answer, as so often in our history, was through the efforts of mutual friends, in this case trustee Bill Bump and his friend Sam Meek, who also had a local summer home.

John, who was a little younger than Ernest Hemingway, had known the latter slightly because they had grown up in the same neighborhood outside Chicago. Hemingway's father was a physician and friend of John's father. Often when Dr. Hemingway's horse was exhausted from a day's rounds and he had to go out again in the evening, he would stop by the Meyer home to borrow a horse and he and John's father would drive out together. John learned from his father that Ernest hated to go up to Michigan in the summer with his father, who acted as physician to the Indians, because he could not stand the sight of blood. An interesting insight into Hemingway's later macho lifestyle.

Parents Weekend

Parents Weekend by this time had become an institution. Our third, held in October, opened with three workshops: one a discussion of students services led by Bob Skeele, Dean of the College; one a seminar on the book *Small is Beautiful*, led by historian Dick Judd, economist Jim Tober, and poet T. Wilson; and one a discussion of library services and a tour of the library led by librarian John Nevins. After an hour's meeting to hear a report on the College led by myself and lunch in the dining hall, most parents attended the Marlboro Guild performance of *The Tavern* during the afternoon or the Bach concert, sponsored by the Brattleboro Music Center, in the evening. Both organizations had their beginnings at the College. Many parents stayed over for the Music Center's performance of the Bach B Minor Mass Sunday afternoon or for the performance of *You Can't Take It With You* Sunday evening. (The following Tuesday Blanche Moyse, Senior Member of our faculty in music and founder of the Brattleboro Music Center, took the Center chorus and orchestra to Jordan hall in Boston for a second performance of the B Minor Mass.) In the Tyler Gallery, our art gallery in the library, there was an exhibition of paintings by Frank Stout, Senior Member of our faculty in painting. There was also a recital of operatic arias by Mary Burgess of the faculty, and a concert of Renaissance and Baroque music by the Marlboro Recorder Workshop. Sunday morning the Parents Committee held its annual meeting: Bill Frost of New York City, father of Hannah Frost, '77, was reelected President and Jane Knauth (now Cramer) of Wilton, Connecticut, mother of Jennifer, '80, and later to serve many years on our Board, was elected Clerk.

The Christmas-Birthday Party

Quietly, on Thursday, December 16, the staff assembled for a Christmas party at the home of Peter and Gail Cooper - they lived in the so-called Casals House on Higley Hill Road where Casals had formerly lived while participating in the summer Music Festival - and celebrated the 30th Anniversary of the chartering of the College on December 16, 1946. Zee Persons, our founding Treasurer who served in that capacity for twenty years, blew out the candles. (He claimed we fired him as Treasurer as soon as we got the operations in the black. Perhaps we should have brought him back right then.) He said that with the birth of a baby, the birth pains cease. With the birth of a college, the pains never cease. Our toast was, "May the pains of the next 30 years be as productive as the pains of the last 30."

Mather House and Library

For the first time, in the February minutes of the Board there was reported talk of retiring Mather House, the original men's dormitory, as housing for students and turning it into an administration building: it was considered a fire trap. The Building Committee was instructed to study the matter further and report back. Despite a petition signed by a number of students opposing the move, the committee later reported favorably and the move was completed by the fall, with the former administration building now used for the Admissions and Financial Aid Offices. This was a historic moment in our history: our first dormitory was no longer a dormitory and we had a proper administration building. A nostalgic moment, too: no longer would I be sitting in an office in which Mr. Cerretani had once kept his pigs, a fact which had rather tickled me.

Other items discussed by the Committee included the need in the foreseeable future for a wing to

the library (twenty years later still not provided) and the more immediate need of a new leach field. This latter could not wait, and $3,000 was appropriated in August 1977 for engineering studies with the hope that the new field might be operational by the fall of 1978.

Presser Building

About this time the Music School approached the College about adding an addition to the Presser Building primarily to house a Music School Library. It had been the Music School which had originally introduced the College to the Presser Foundation and made the building possible in the first place. The proposal met preliminary approval by the Board in April. In May the Board decided to proceed with an addition estimated to cost $50,000 on the basis of a $25,000 grant from the Foundation, a promise of a gift of up to $12,500 from the Music School, and a loan from the Music School of $12,500 to cover the College's share. Starting in FY80, the loan would be repaid by the College in annual installments of up to $2,500 during the last five years of the existing lease agreement. Later when the cost was estimated to be $57,300, the College and the Music School agreed to share equally the additional $7,300, but in the end the addition was finished within the original estimate. It was finished in time for the 1978 season of the Music School.

The Danforth Fellowships

Even as our enrollment was shrinking, our reputation as a serious academic institution was growing. For the first time this year we nominated our full quota of three students for a prestigious Danforth graduate school fellowship: Jay Davis (philosophy, '77), Arleen Tuchman (biology, '77) and Carine Howard (anthropology, '76). With the Fulbrights, Woodrow Wilsons, and the Rhodeses, the Danforths were among the most prestigious open to candidates nationally. They paid all the tuition and some of the other expenses in graduate school for those who planned to enter college teaching and were dedicated to the liberal arts. Some 2,925 applied that year. These were reduced to 682 finalists from which 61 were chosen. None of ours made it, but all three made the finals and Carine Howard received honorable mention. We were also pleased to be invited to join the nine hundred colleges which had a Danforth Associate Program and a Danforth Associate on their faculties; we may well have been the smallest college in the group. We were equally pleased that James E. "Jet" Thomas, member of the faculty in religion and himself once a Danforth Fellow, was elected an Associate. The purpose of the program was to "recognize and encourage effective teaching and to humanize teaching and learning for the college community."

National Science Foundation Grant

In March we learned that Tom Bibby, '78, and his fellow students had received an $11,300 Student-Originated Studies grant from the National Science Foundation to build and test a solar greenhouse over the summer. The intent was to test the feasibility of operating small home-size units to grow fresh vegetables in the winter in northern climates while at the same time using solar energy to reduce the cost of liquid fuels in heating the home. The greenhouse, attached to the basement of the Brown Science Building, was indeed successfully completed and the theory proved out. This was the third SOS grant won by Marlboro science students in four years, quite a feat given the stiff national competition: in 1977 64 projects were funded out of 278 applications.

Kipling Fellow: Arne Naess

A year earlier my wife Nancy and I had been vacationing in Bermuda, guests of board member Maurice Pechet and his family, when my wife climbed down from our small hotel to the beach early one morning for a swim. On the way back she met a gentleman leaning over the railing half way down and staring at the sea. They fell into conversation, and at one point she asked whether he were Norwegian. Surprised, he said he was and asked how she knew. She explained that he spoke just like a Marlboro trustee, Ragnar Naess, a native of Norway. The gentleman turned out to be Ragnar's second brother Arne, a retired shipping magnate who owned not only a tanker fleet but the hotel where we were staying. He was also at that time serving as Chairman of INTERTANKO and as such represented 80% of the independent tanker owners in the world. He and Nancy had been discussing the small clumps of oil on the beach. It turned out he had strong opinions about how to deal with what was clearly a serious international ecological problem. In fact he and Thor Heyerdahl of *Kon-Tiki* fame were at that very time working on the problem of oil pollution at sea. The greatest problem, in his opinion, was that after unloading oil a tanker had to fill its tanks with sea water as ballast for the return trip. When it reached the port of origin, it was then necessary to flush out the tanks. Since to do so through disposal units in the ports was expensive, many tankers flushed them out at sea, causing far more ecological damage than the few tankers who leaked oil or were wrecked. He recommended that ports be required to provide old tankers no longer fit for long sea voyages into which the polluted water could be pumped inexpensively and then properly disposed of. The problem was that unless all ports did so, no port would do so because that would merely cause tankers to select other ports. To achieve the goal, he believed it was necessary to develop international agreements which would reduce up to 85% of the current annual pollution. Out of this casual meeting came an invitation to be our Kipling Fellow, where on April 4 he espoused his theory in a public lecture and in informal discussions with students and teachers. Thus in successive years Arne Naess followed Erling Naess as the Kipling Fellow. Our timing was perfect.

Rudolf Serkin

On April 23rd we awarded Rudolf Serkin an honorary Doctor of Arts degree at a special convocation. This had long been our desire but during the difficult lease negotiations with the Music School, we felt we could not make the offer lest it look as though we were trying to influence the negotiations. As a result, to my great personal disappointment Harvard beat us out by a year. Rudi had not only leant his name to us as a trustee from early in our history, but from research in the local paper I had discovered that Rudi and his father-in-law Adolf Busch gave their first concert in Vermont on Sunday, December 29, 1946 (13 days after our chartering) before 800 people despite a snowstorm - to benefit Marlboro College! Directly underneath the article was another announcing the election of Walter Hendricks as President of Marlboro College, Zee Persons as Treasurer, and Arthur Whittemore as Chairman.

The convocation was restricted to a family celebration, for members of the College and a few invited guests, because of the small size of the Whittemore Theater, where it was held. Pianist Claude Frank, an early and popular participant in the Music School, spoke eloquently and without notes on the nature and meaning of the Music School (fortunately we recorded his talk and made a copy for Rudi). Associated with the ceremony was an exhibit covering the history of the Music School, started in 1951 by Rudi, his father-in-law Adolf Busch, and the Moyses. Two anecdotes remain with me: Claude had first heard Rudi play a Beethoven sonata (the Hammerklavier? I don't recall for sure) in the 1930s and thought his performance fine. He had heard him play it

three or four times since, each time better, and Claude's pianist wife Lillian Kallir had heard him yet again only a few weeks before when Claude could not be present and had reported that it was still better! Then there was the day Claude was walking up the hill to Dalrymple Hall with Rudi when they passed a group on their way down the hill to lunch. Without pausing, Rudi said to the first of the group, "How's the Brahms coming?" "No problem," came the casual reply as the player walked on. Rudi stopped dead, turned, and said, "Maybe we'd better postpone." Another incident which told much about the other side of Rudi occurred as the gowned faculty and the platform party, Rudi and I side by side, marched around the back of the theater on our way to the stage. At the head of the center aisle sat Zee Persons in a wheelchair. A few feet beyond Zee I suddenly recognized that Rudi was no longer beside me. I turned. He had stopped to chat with his old friend, oblivious of the rest of the world. I waited until they were finished as the rest of the platform party and the faculty disappeared into the distance. In music, Rudi was an emperor, as Blanche Moyse once called him - the music was all, the performer must yield before it - but in personal affairs Rudi was a warm and generous human being.

Adolf Busch

When I had visited Rudi in his Guilford studio to invite him to receive an honorary degree, I had noticed a photograph on the wall of his father-in-law Adolf Busch and commented that I wished I had known him because every one I met who had known him spoke well of him.

"I'll tell you what kind of a man he was," replied Rudi. He then went on to say that in the '30s Busch, who was not Jewish, had gone into voluntary exile in Switzerland with his family because of what he had seen happening to his friends. One evening Rudi and Busch had given a recital, I do not remember whether it was in Basle or Zurich, but in one or the other. After the recital they were chatting with guests in the green room when a Nazi storm trooper in full regalia entered, marched up to Busch, gave the Nazi salute, and said "I bring you a message from the Fuhrer."

Of course the room had fallen absolutely silent. Without batting an eye, in an even voice Busch replied, "And what is the message?"

"He would like you to return to Germany and will give you anything you like. What would you like?"

Again without pausing and without raising his voice, Busch said, "Hang Goering, hang Goebbels, hang Himmler, hang the Fuhrer." Without a word the officer wheeled on his heels and stalked out. Immediately the Swiss put a 24 hour armed guard around the villa near the German border where Busch was living, and shortly afterwards the Busches and the Serkins left for America.

"Then he was like Casals," I said.

"No," replied Rudi, "not like Casals. When Casals left Spain because of Franco, he had an international reputation. Busch's brother Fritz Busch had an international reputation, but he was known only in Germany. He had to start all over again, but he was a man of principle."

Faculty Control

In May the issue of faculty responsibility and control which had almost resulted in my resignation in 1968 was finally resolved. In May the Board ratified Article I of the new Marlboro College Community Constitution:

> The Town Meeting shall have the power to review any faculty decision on academic policy. This does not include power to review decisions concerning the standing or status of individual students. At the request of the Board of Selectpersons or following presentation of a petition signed by at least fifteen students to the Board of Selectpersons, the Head Selectperson shall present the faculty decision to the Town Meeting. Town Meeting disapproval of such a decision by a majority of those students present shall be binding: that majority for purposes of disapproval shall consist of at least 20% of the student body. Such Town Meeting action must take place within two weeks of term time of the faculty decision being challenged. The faculty may in faculty meeting overrule the Town Meeting in such a case and reaffirm the original decision by a vote of two-thirds of those faculty present at that Faculty Meeting.

The Article was somewhat clumsily written and at one point perhaps internally contradictory, but it satisfied my major concern: that the faculty have final say on academic matters. Fortunately, the issue had never come up in practice during the intervening years.

Hanna Holborn Gray and Lattie Coor

In February Hanna Holborn Gray, Provost of Yale University (and later to be the distinguished President of Chicago University) accepted our invitation to be the commencement speaker. A few weeks before commencement, however, she telephoned me confidentially and a bit embarrassed to explain that President Brewster of Yale was about to be appointed ambassador to the Court of St. James and on the very day of our commencement she would be taking over as Acting President! She would not be able to join us. At the time this was a bit of a blow, but we responded that we still wanted her at some later date, that since the degree had already been voted we would arrange at her convenience a special convocation, perhaps in the fall. Caught without a commencement speaker with little time left, I turned to Lattie Coor, recently appointed President of the University of Vermont, who stepped in and did a fine job. He and I had first met when as the senior president in the State I had welcomed him by inviting him and his wife to a Marlboro Music Festival concert. Lattie and I were becoming good friends: he was one of a handful of college presidents whom I respected because they understood and supported what went on in the classroom (others included the late Bill Fels, late President of Bennington and my mentor when I came to Marlboro, Vic Butterfield of Wesleyan University, and Jim Armstrong of Middlebury). In my opinion their values were sound. Over the years Lattie and I found ourselves on the same side, and increasingly the minority side, of issues in the debates at the Vermont Higher Education Council, composed of the heads of all Vermont institutions of higher education. As the competition for students and funding grew tighter, the healthy cooperation among colleges which had been so marked when I first took office, was diminishing. Lattie always saw the broad picture and, I believe, took the enlightened view.

Dean of Faculty

T. Wilson, Dean of Faculty, received an NEH grant for the 1977-78 academic year. In his place Jet Thomas, teacher in religion whom you will remember we had stockpiled in 1973 as a potential Dean of Faculty, was appointed Acting Dean in T.'s place in the spring of 1977. When it appeared T. preferred to remain just a teacher on his return, Jet became Dean in his own right at the May, 1978 meeting. In the end he served in that capacity for eight years, the longest term of anyone except Roland Boyden, who served only seven years with that title but led the faculty over two decades under various titles. At the May 1977 meeting Jet was also awarded senior membership on the faculty.

New Trustees

At the annual meeting Robert E.S. Thompson and Holbrook R. Davis were elected to the Board. Holbrook later led the successful 1984-1987 capital fund drive and from 1988 to 1994 served as Chairman of the Board. As I write, he is still an active member after over twenty years. During the succeeding years Rob Thompson contributed greatly to our work on energy conservation, as we shall see, and although nought came of his major initiative, it was through no lack of trying and we learned much in the process.

CHAPTER NINE - STORMY WEATHER: 1977-1981

Enrollment

1977 – 1978 Despite all our efforts, we opened 1977-78 with a headcount of only 191, an FTE of 182. Even by accepting eight students in January from Franconia College, which closed that fall (two of whom quickly withdrew), our midwinter enrollment rose by only one FTE and dropped slightly to a headcount of 188. We were unable to gain ground. The only bright spot was that the entering group of 75 in the fall contained 53 first-time freshmen, the largest number since 1973. Having been disappointed five years in a row, we were cautious in our goals for 1978-79, setting 80 as the number of new students we would hope to register. The competition was keen. Judging from other colleges to which our applicants also applied, we considered our leading competitors to be Bennington, Hampshire, and the University of Vermont, closely followed by Bard and Boston University (this latter remains a mystery to me).

No action was taken immediately on a recommendation from the Board Committee on Students to add two more positions to the admissions staff. At the February Board meeting, however, Tom Sisson, Chairman of the Committee on Students, reported that Nelson Eddy, a local friend of the College who himself had been in marketing for Best Foods before he retired, suggested that we do a market study. Mr. Eddy, who later joined the Board, had found a Professor Russell, a market researcher at the University of New Hampshire, who was willing to serve as a consultant without charge. He was invited for a visit and agreed to assist us in undertaking a marketing study over the summer in an attempt to look at recruitment from the consumer's point of view.

The World Issues Program

At the same time we were exploring other ways of improving enrollment. A few years before I had served on an advisory committee to a graduate program at the School for International Training (SIT) at the Experiment in International Living located in Brattleboro. The director of the program at the time was Charlie McCormick. We became friends. Later Charlie became President of the Experiment. One day he explained to me that the Experiment was having difficulty recruiting students for its World Issues Program (WIP) at SIT, a degree course designed for the last two years of an undergraduate program. Many of those who went on one of their annual summer exchange programs abroad indicated an interest in attending such a WIP program in the future, but by the time they reached the junior year of college they tended to be engrossed in what they were doing in the college where they had matriculated and did not want to transfer. Why wouldn't it make sense for Marlboro and the Experiment to cooperate in a joint program? Students would register at Marlboro for the first two years, taking some courses at SIT, then transfer to SIT for the last two years and take a joint degree. Undoubtedly some students would be captured by the Marlboro curriculum and decide not to transfer, but this might be offset by others who had come to Marlboro unaware of WIP and decided to transfer to it. Both institutions would include notice of the program in their publications, thus increasing their marketing reach. The first mention of cooperation is found in the 1978 February Board minutes, advertising for the program began in the fall, but it was a few years, after my departure, before any such program matured.

College of the Atlantic

Cooperation with SIT was not the only venture afoot. We were also beginning to explore exchange arrangements for both students and teachers with the College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor, Maine, a small, unconventional institution founded in 1969 which had made its reputation from its interest in salt water ecology within the context of a broader liberal arts curriculum. They tended to draw students from the same pool as we.

Retention

Admissions was not the only concern, however. We turned our attention once more to retention. The Task Force led by Bob Skeele identified three primary needs: 1) a heated indoor athletic facility - a very high priority in the opinion of the group; 2) a bus to enable students more readily to take advantage of off-campus activities; and 3) a refurbishing of dormitory common rooms. In this last regard, Alumni Council President Tom Goddard,'68, reported that the Council had earmarked $2,000 of the current year's alumni fund to help refurbish common rooms and $1,000 to fund lectures for the Winterim. We were also paying even more attention to the joint meeting of the advisors and the medical staff each fall, a tradition Bob Skeele had started, to deal with problems new students were having.

Finances

It is not surprising that once again our discussion of finances was dominated by the poor enrollment picture. Without response by the administration, the under-enrollment would have resulted in a projected operating deficit of $63,000; this we had reduced to $40,000 by internal restraints, but even $40,000 was dangerous. And because of past deficits and internal borrowings, the Treasurer reported that our cash flow requirement for FY78 would be $197,000 beyond the $107,000 needed from the annual appeal. As chairman of the Development Committee, John Straus summed it all up by reporting that our cash needs for the year amounted to $302,000, to be met by $102,000 from the annual appeal [sic:: compare the $107,000 reported by the Treasurer above] and $197,000 by special efforts of the trustees. The $197,000 included $112,00 for principal and interest payments, $45,000 to cover a shortfall over the summer, and $40,000 to adjust for the under-enrollment during the current academic year.

We responded to the emergency with some fancy footwork. Our line of credit at the First Vermont Bank was increased from $150,000 to $200,000 to help us over the lean summer months, and the second mortgage with the same bank was amortized over a fifteen year period, with the interest rate to be renegotiated every five years.

The one bright spot was that the FY77 audit by our new auditors, Price Waterhouse, showed an operating deficit of only $1,100 and at the same time an increase of $159,000 in net worth and a debt reduction of $41,600. These were little short of miracles, and enabled us to convince the First Vermont Bank and Trust to reduce the interest rate on their mortgage note to 9½% despite our problems. As I look back, there is little question in my mind that we owed our survival during this period to the expertise of the Board Finance Committee led by Carl Janke and the guidance of John Seitz of the First Vermont Bank, who you will recall was now sitting with the Finance Committee as a non-trustee member.

Later in the year, we took one further step. Urged by our auditors, in August, 1978 we established our first Board Audit Committee consisting of Chairman Robert Crowell, Holbrook Davis, and Ragnar Naess.

Needs

The financial problems left us with serious needs which we had difficulty meeting. At the October meeting of the Board I listed the most pressing five: 1) a salary increase for faculty and staff after two years of salary freezes; 2) a new leach field; 3) additions to the arts building complex; 4) the updating of the fire alarm system; and 5) modifications required by the Federal Rehabilitation Act. Additional major items of a relatively, but only relatively, secondary nature included winterizing the Persons Auditorium, building a library wing (neither achieved some twenty-five years later!), and expanding dormitory space. We had few resources to meet the needs, but somehow we had to keep moving forward, and somehow we had the confidence that we would. Our most immediate concerns were that we would not receive the permits required for the Presser Building additions until we solved the leach field problem, and not to meet the fire alarm requirements could threaten to shut us down.

The Arts Building

We had been unfortunate in our arts buildings. First there had been the S.S. Marlboro, designed and built by then faculty member George Conley without heeding the warnings of Whit Brown. Aesthetically an interesting design influenced by traditional Japanese forms, it was wrong for our climate. Unfortunately it had been built on cement piers and the piers set on omnipresent ledge; over the years sand had washed down between the ledge and the piers and so wrenched the building out of plum that in the end we had to take it down. Then had come the geodesic dome, but it leaked and ultimately had to be condemned. In the February meeting of the Board the Planning Committee announced that it was setting the priority for a new arts building just behind that of the leach field (the Presser addition had already been approved and financed, and in fact was in operation in time for the Music School in the summer). In August the Building Committee was authorized to spend up to $5,000 for preliminary drawings for a new arts building. In mind was an area of 9,600 square feet with provision for adding another 1,600 square feet at a later date. The initial cost estimate was roughly $250,000.

Multiple Hearth Furnace

A few years before, the College had been given a multiple hearth furnace by the Exxon Corporation through the efforts of Rob Thompson, a friend of Louise Hunt but not yet a member of our Board (he joined us in 1977). It was his thought that we might be able to use it for the production of energy. Not in usable shape and too much for us to deal with at the time, the previous winter at his instigation we had lent it to Yale University, where it had been rebuilt at a cost of $20,000 and used in an extensive series of tests. The tests were successful and the project had moved on to another phase not involving the furnace, which meant it would soon be returned to Marlboro. By this time Rob Thompson himself had joined our Board and immediately become Chairman of our Energy Committee. He made it his goal to see whether we couldn't use

the furnace economically to produce energy through the burning of waste: Yale had shown it could be done, but could it be done economically? The first suggestion was that we apply to the National Science Foundation for a grant of $100,000 to undertake a pilot project to heat one or two campus buildings. In the end this was rejected for reasons which I cannot now reconstruct, and on the argument that the furnace was too small to heat our entire campus, the proposal was made that we sell it and use the resultant funds towards a much larger unit to be used in a much larger scale demonstration project. The furnace was considered worth about $100,000 in its refurbished state. The proposal contemplated three quarters to a million dollars in investment capital and the hiring of a master mechanic but would generate enough energy to both heat and electrify the whole main campus. It would be fired by wood chips from our own woods and, by agreement, from the woods of the International Paper Company which adjoined our property. We were currently spending about $70,000 annually on fuel and electricity; the proposed plan would save about half that. At our April Board meeting the Energy Committee was authorized to explore this possibility further and report back; in May Rob along with Rob Crowell and John Straus, respectively Chairmen of the Building and Development Committees, was authorized to explore a possible sale.

Then over the summer Rob Thompson went to Washington and explored with the Department of Energy the idea of the Government funding a pilot project in energy conservation at the College. It would explore heating and possibly electrifying the campus through the burning of waste. He reported that the initial response was positive but that much work needed yet to be done.

Parking

Parking was becoming a problem. Not only was the campus itself becoming crowded despite efforts to keep cars out of the center, but Zimmerman Field, our athletic field, was being damaged by cars parking on it when the field was wet. A petition from the students requested that all parking there be banned. This would create insuperable difficulties for the Music School, since there was insufficient parking elsewhere. The Joint House Committee considered the issue for several months, and in the end all parties were satisfied with an arrangement whereby the School would repair any damage to the field at the end of each summer season. Most of the damage, in any case, occurred during the wet periods in the fall.

FY79 Budget

Despite reports that the admissions picture was not improving, at best was holding steady, the Board voted a $325 increase in fees for the following year in order to support a 6.5% increase in the combined faculty and staff salary budget plus $5,000 for sabbaticals. Considerable as these increases were, they were the smallest in our seven college group.

Fund Raising Survey

At the April Board meeting, John Straus as Chairman of the Development Committee reported that the firm of Barnes and Roche had been engaged to do a study of our fund raising structure and capabilities in May. They hoped to report their findings by July 1 and be present for our annual meeting in August.

Public Relations

At the same meeting there was serious discussion at the Board level for the first time of appointing a public relations officer. Some twenty-three of twenty-four faculty members approached had signed the following petition:

> While recognizing the very substantial efforts and successes in the area of development over the last few years, the faculty also recognizes the ever-increasing need to raise additional capital and operating funds. Therefore, the faculty urges most strongly that the President and the Trustees, within this fiscal year, use the funds already designated by the Trustees to hire a Financial Vice-President or a Professional Development officer at senior Staff level.

In the discussion which followed, some trustees felt we needed a full-time professional development officer, others that we needed someone full-time in public relations. There was even discussion of whether we couldn't find some one person to fill both roles. Recognizing my own reluctance to engage personally in public relations along with my ineptness in such matters, yet recognizing the need, I favored public relations. For the time being, however, action was postponed until the receipt of both the Barnes and Roche and the Haley studies[24]. When it was clear no immediate action would be taken, the following statement was approved in order to recognize the petition and indicate the issue was being addressed:

> It is the stated intention of the Board of Trustees to provide whatever resources are necessary to make effective the public relations and development programs of the College and maintain adequate enrollment.

With a sense of crisis beginning to pervade the atmosphere, this seemed lame, but the Board was refusing to panic and was indeed proceeding with deliberate speed.

24Alas, I can find no other reference to the Haley study.

National Endowment for the Humanities

As part of our effort to raise capital to retire or offset the debt, we began negotiations with the National Endowment for the Humanities. The Endowment had announced a new challenge grant program to stimulate the creation of experimental liberal arts programs and curricula. Our whole curriculum was unconventional, however, and in that sense could be considered experimental; what we needed was the capital base to insure its survival. Not expecting that we would get very far in the wastes of the Federal bureaucracy, I nevertheless made an appointment and went down to Washington. To my surprise, I found a sympathetic ear. The project director was an Englishman, a graduate of Cambridge University, and he understood very well what we were talking about. It took considerable correspondence and more than one visit, but in the end we were successful and received a $90,000 challenge grant later in the year to be met 3 to 1. If we were successful, it would result in a total of $360,000 to reduce or offset our debt. This was our first successful result in our campaign for capital, and from a most unexpected source.

Curriculum Committee

During the year the Curriculum Committee began to emerge as the locus of faculty power, as it should be. An *ad hoc* committee on the first two years chaired by Jerry Levy, still a Visiting Member, presented an important report which suggested that the sophomore year, the year in which most students choose their Plan of Concentration, deserved a great deal more attention from the faculty than it was receiving. Other faculty groups were working on coordinating and rationalizing the teaching in our four areas (Arts, Humanities, Natural Sciences, and Social Sciences). The result was a 66 page course book which not only listed courses regularly taught at Marlboro, but indicated in which years they would be taught in each of the next three years. All this was part of our move from a college of discrete fields loosely grouped together to a college of integrated studies.

Plans of Concentration

Despite all the attention to our financial problems, moreover, the academic program continued to grow in strength. The clearest evidence appeared at commencement. In the June Newsletter I listed the achievements of the five graduates out of a class of thirty-seven who earned highest honors.

> The final oral examination for Thomas F.A. Bibby of Brattleboro, Vermont, was a lecture on relativity theory before twelve members of the mathematics faculty of the University of Massachusetts. In addition to the six graduate schools at which he was accepted, a seventh to which he had not applied tried twice in vain to entice him there by offering him fellowships; a visiting professor from their department had observed what Tom was doing and persuaded his colleagues to accept him without an application. Regina Blaszyk of Lawrence, Massachusetts did an extraordinary Plan of Concentration in pottery, including, in addition to her own work, essays on English Slipware, the Arts and Crafts Movement, and Bernard Leach and Michael Cardew. She dared successfully to try difficult designs. Kathy Welling Goff, originally of Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, did a study of organismal and community

biology, with special attention to the possibility that competition for pollinators may determine flowering phenologies. She went from graduation to attend a summer institute on marine biology at Stanford University. Margaret Khouri of Whitingham, Vermont, after almost a decade out of college (in New York), entered Marlboro in September, 1976, with little background in the natural sciences; she has been accepted at the University of Vermont Medical School, one of the finest primary care medical schools in the east, after an extraordinary performance in biology and biochemistry [she later was elected President of her medical school class]. And Daniel P. Woodbury of Springfield, Vermont, wrote his thesis in economics, sociology, and American Studies on the major changes in the structure of American corporations from the middle of the nineteenth century to the present, with descriptive analyses of how the changes interacted with various social and economic forces; he was told by his outside examiner that his thesis, with a little more work, was publishable.

It is noteworthy that three of the five graduated from our tiny natural sciences program; one graduated in the arts, and one in the humanities and social sciences combined. Our finances were not flourishing (have they ever been?) but our academic program was. It was interesting too that three of the five came from Vermont.

Conference on Greenhouses

In a matter related to the curriculum, the result of all our work on energy and the use of greenhouses in simultaneously helping heat houses and produce food during the winter resulted in a conference on greenhouses organized by John Hayes and sponsored by the Energy Research Group of Marlboro College together with Total Environmental Action, The New England Solar Energy Association, and the Maine Audubon Society. It brought about 375 participants from many parts of the country and even abroad. The proceedings were covered by Vermont Public Radio, which produced in January a half hour special from which National Public Radio's "All Things Considered" later presented a three-minute clip.

Zee Persons Dies

In December, Zee entered the Brattleboro Memorial Hospital for what he knew was to be the last time. He had cancer of the lower spine. Nothing fazed him, however. He had been in and out so frequently in recent months, they took him directly to his room without pausing for the usual check-in. He undressed, put on his hospital johnny, and was about to be wheeled down to x-ray when his phone rang. He insisted on being wheeled back to the phone, which he answered with, "Hello, Zee's mortuary." As he was being wheeled down the hall, a young candy striper who had no idea who he was came up and began running down the usual list of questions for those entering the hospital. One question was, "When did you have your last bowel movement?" Zee bowed his head for a minute as if in deep contemplation, then raised it and said, "In 1927." Later she asked, "Do you have any allergies?" Zee went through the same procedure and finally replied, "Yes, Methodists!" They say that people in general are not grateful. They say lend a friend money and you lose a friend. I am pleased to report that during the several weeks he was dying, people to whom Zee had lent money personally and through his bank over the years beat a path to his room.

He loved company, was sociable till almost the very end. Of all the trustees, he was probably the one known best to, and loved best by, the students. He died on January 7th, aged 86. He was greatly mourned.

Walter Whitehill Dies

Zee was not the only great loss. On March 5, Walter Whitehill also died. The Vice Chairman of our Board at the time of his death, he had been instrumental in rebuilding our Board during the 1960s and had chaired the committee responsible for designing and building the Howard and Amy Rice Library. An endowed library fund was established in the name of Walter and his wife Jane, who succeeded him on the Board.

Faculty Retirements

The old guard on the faculty was slowly being reduced also. Roland Boyden, the first member ever appointed to the faculty, had already reduced his teaching load. Audrey Gorton, who had joined the faculty in 1953, announced that the next fall she would reduce her load by half, and Halsey Hicks, who had taught forestry since 1949, announced his retirement. All three were among the small band of teachers who had built the College, who had remained faithful through the difficult years of the 1950s, and who had remained long enough to see us grow and become accredited. Now of that group only Blanche Moyse, John MacArthur, and Dick Judd were left holding full-time positions. Blanche was soon to retire herself; John and Dick continued for over a decade more.

New Comptroller

There was a major change in senior staff also. After only two years, the position of Comptroller once more fell vacant. A search was undertaken. Judith E. Roberts was appointed at the February meeting and introduced to the Board in April. Despite efforts otherwise, this was the first senior staff position to be given to a woman. We had been looking for some time, but the women of the quality we sought were in short supply and understandably went to colleges which paid more. We had high hopes for Ms. Roberts, who was very capable, but our hopes for a long tenure were to be disappointed. Members of the faculty came to Marlboro and stayed because of one form of idealism or another: it was their college, and unlike most any other college, it allowed them to practice their teaching as they saw fit. This was not so true for non-academic staff, even at the senior grades. The positions were first of all simply jobs, jobs that did not pay well, with no compensating rewards from academic idealism. For the comptroller, this was also a job at a financially very fragile institution: he or she could monitor our condition all too closely.

Finances

In the meantime we continued to hammer away at our cash shortfalls. At the May meeting of the Board the Treasurer reported we had been successful in reducing our Accounts Receivable from $48,379 the year before to $28,603 and were still working on them. Zee Persons had left the College $10,000 in his will. This was to be treated as quasi-endowment and lent for the time being to the arts building project. A bequest from Walter Whitehill was designated the Walter Muir

Whitehill Library Fund and the earnings used annually first to purchase the Walter Muir Whitehill Book Prize, at that time the Compact (microprint) Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary, and then to fund unspecified library needs.

Energy Committee

Throughout the year, Rob Thompson kept working on ways of producing energy through the burning of waste. The following October he presented to the Board a draft of a proposal to the Department of Energy, hoping to win one of three to six regional grants to be made that year amounting in total to $800,000,000. The exact budget for our project was not yet certain but would be in the range $800,000 to $1,250,000. The matter was referred from the Energy Committee to the Building Committee for further study. The Building Committee reported back in February that it thought the system, which still envisioned a multiple hearth furnace, might well work but was probably too expensive for the College. By April Rob was forced to concur with the Building Committee and recommended we continue with our efforts to sell the furnace. It was a sad moment, for from the beginning Rob had tried to help the College, had located the furnace, helped us persuade Exxon to give it to us, had then spent many hours researching the way, including lending the furnace to Yale in return for Yale renovating it as part of their own experiments - all only to fail in the end. It was a noble effort for which he deserves our gratitude.

At that point the efforts of the Energy Committee shifted to energy conservation, including the retrofitting of existing buildings to make them more energy efficient. A report from John Hayes of the faculty suggested that the College could reduce its dependency on fossil fuel by 50% through a capital expenditure of $250,000. In the meantime we instituted a program of setting thermostats at 65 degrees, permanently closing some windows and insulating others (especially those facing north), installing low-flow showerheads, and completing an energy audit already begun.

Commencement

We reached high for a commencement speaker this year: the Committee invited President Carter[25]. It was no surprise that after some delay he did not accept. Instead we invited Professor William Hugh Kennick of Johns Hopkins, an authority on James Joyce, to be the speaker and receive an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters. He had already appeared at Marlboro as a lecturer the previous year. At the same time we voted an honorary Doctor of Letters degree to Robert W. White, a distinguished professor of psychology at Harvard as well as trustee of both the College and the Music School; indeed, he had once chaired the Music School. Along with Maurice Pechet, he did much to keep the College and the School on good terms during these years. Professor White was a man of immense humanity and wisdom, modest, quiet, a moderating influence on all around him. He was a model of what an educated man should be, held the

25 Although it has nothing to do with Marlboro, I cannot help noting here that in the spring of 1991 when I was serving as a consultant to the United Nations Development Program in Beijing, President Carter came to Beijing and addressed the faculty and students of the Foreign Affairs College, where I taught a graduate class twice a week. He had been invited to China because the government wanted help from his foundation; he had agreed to come only if he were permitted to make this address. He spoke eloquently and without pulling punches, arguing that China needed to pay attention to human rights and to cooperate with the nations of the world. (Somewhere I have a copy of a tape of that talk made by another American present.) One could see that the students were delighted though they did not dare speak up. Many of the faculty were delighted also, for the college was surprisingly liberal for such an institution attached to the government. After the speech, however, the Dean got up and make a spirited rebuttal, though I learned later that he had not believed all he said, merely felt his position required him to defend the government.

respect and affection of all who worked with him. I understand that later the College wanted to name the Campus Center after him because of his generosity toward its construction, but he eschewed the name "White House" and accepted instead a modest plaque on the wall.

Also at Commencement we awarded our first certificate for successful completion of a year in senior standing at Marlboro to Tsutomu Tanaka of Tokyo, Japan; unable in just one year to take a degree because of our requirement of a two-year Plan of Concentration, he nevertheless did a fine job in studies of American history and literature and such varied writers as Hemingway and Shakespeare. Formerly a student and at this time a faculty colleague of our 100th graduate, Professor Tsuyoshi Amemiya of Aoyama Gakuin University in Tokyo, Tsutomu went on to a teaching career in English at another Tokyo institution.

The Morris Ale

After Commencement, for the third year in a row the College campus was the center of a "Morris Ale", a gathering of Morris dancers from around North America. This was the brainchild of Tony Barrand of our faculty, an Englishman who learned Morris Dancing in England, brought the tradition with him, and a few years before had founded a Marlboro group. Over 200 dancers from 18 teams assembled from as far away as Berkeley, California, Knoxville, Tennessee, and Ontario, Canada. On the Saturday they performed for each other on Zimmerman Field, teaching each other different dances, then on Sunday split up and danced all over the County at times and places announced in the newspaper. At 5:00 p.m. they gathered on the Newfane Common to dance together again. It was all very colorful. With tents of every description pitched on the hillside below the flagpole on the campus, it looked like a gathering for a medieval tournament.

With different colors in mind, the following weekend we played host to 150 bird watchers from the State of Vermont.

Appointments for 1978-79

In February Michael Newman was appointed the new full-time Director of Admissions; in August the position was upgraded to membership in the senior staff. Tim Little, who had filled in so ably during an exceptionally difficult period, returned to full-time teaching while Roland Boyden continued to lighten his teaching load as he approached full retirement. At the same time Jet Thomas was appointed Dean of Faculty after serving one year as Acting Dean while T. Wilson was on leave; T. wished to return to full-time teaching upon his return. In the spring Kim Cloutier, '78 was appointed to the staff as Assistant Director of Admissions to work out of her home town of Wilton, Connecticut. Kim had won the Walter and Jane Whitehill Book Prize for the best Plan in the humanities, a study of James Joyce's fiction prior to *Finnegan's Wake*.

Board Membership

For some time both the President of the Alumni Council and the Chairman of the Parents Association had played important roles in our deliberations. A formal step was finally taken early in the year when the bylaws were changed to make them *ex officio* members of the Board. Then

in August several changes in the membership were accomplished at the annual meeting. Walter Whitehill's seat was taken by his widow Jane, who served loyally despite declining health until 1996, the year of her death; John Meyer succeeded Walter as Vice Chairman. Former Chairman Peter Elder retired from the Board after seventeen years. At the same time Dick Taylor, who had served as Chairman for nine years, announced his wish to retire from the post but remain on the Board. He agreed to continue as Chairman until a replacement could be found. A Committee of Roland Boyden, Helen Harris, and Maurice Pechet was appointed to seek the replacement. Nelson Eddy, who had been so helpful in the market study, took a seat.

The Demise of the Newsletter

On June 30, 1978, the last Newsletter appeared. In its final paragraph I wrote

> And so things grow and change. I say this with mixed emotion, for this Newsletter will be my last after 20 years (the first was written in February, 1959). No, I'm not leaving the College, it is simply that such a letter cannot adequately cover all our activities - and the College should not be represented by the views of one person, whoever he or she is. When I began writing these 20 years ago, we were 50 students and 16 teachers; now we are almost 200 students and 37 teachers. Fortunately (and by design) Alumni Secretary Hilly van Loon, '62, has so strengthened our alumni magazine *Potash Hill* (named for the hill on which the College is situated) that two years ago we began substituting it for the summer Newsletter. Next year we plan to move to two issues of *Potash Hill* - one in the fall and one in the spring - and eliminate the Newsletter altogether. I shall have a page, perhaps, but others will be heard too. A bit nostalgic for what once was, I'm even more pleased that we have grown into what Carlyle would have called a new suit of clothes.

That was surely the correct decision for the time - probably the change should have taken place earlier - but I find reason now to regret it, for this memoir has depended much on the Newsletters: they reflect much of what I was thinking at the time, how I saw things, as they appeared three times a year during most of their history. They have provided much of the color. By now my memory is dim. Board minutes provide a skeleton, the facts, but little of the color!

* * *

Finances

1978 – 1979 It is not surprising that by the fall of 1978, finances dominated almost the entire attention of the administration and the Board. By the opening of the academic year, we had reached our borrowing limits at the banks and faced the need to raise the unprecedented sum for us of $535,000 by the end of the fiscal year over and above our earned income and approximately $285,000 over the average of recent years. In the minutes of the August 5, 1978 Board meeting the needs and potential responses were outlined as follows:

Need through July, 1979:	$535,000	Response:	$535,000

Operating Budget	282,000		1-Annual Appeal	110,000	
(110,000 Annual Appeal)			Unrestricted Capital	20,000	
(172,000 Additional)		282,000			
					130,000
Plant Budget	52,000		2-NEH Challenge Grant	120,000	
(13,000 Equipment)					
(39,000 Debt Principal)		334,000			250,000
FY78 Shortfall	171,000				
(130,000 Extra Borrowing)		505,000	3-Windham Foundation ?		
(24,000 unpaid bills)			Individual #1 ?		
(17,000 internal borrowing)			Individual #2 ?		
				285,000	
FY80 Bills	30,000				
		535,000			535,000

In other words, considering every known source of income for the year, we still arrived at $285,000 which would have to come from unknown sources, though we had some hope that part of this would come from the Windham Foundation. The situation was indeed grim, but as always in the past the Board faced it without blinking and set out once more to take up arms to meet a sea of troubles. Three years later when I was about to step down, I was asked by a member of the press what I considered the most important achievement during my years at the College. There were, of course, the Plans of Concentration, the construction of most of the campus, the increase in enrollment, the near completion of a faculty - only the social sciences were still incomplete - but I chose instead the assembling of a solid Board of Trustees, an assembling which was not my doing but our doing. As I look back, I cannot think otherwise. The loyalty and dedication of the Board through very difficult times, a Board which was not wealthy and whose members by and large did not even have primary loyalty to Marlboro among their many interests (few had attended the College), was remarkable, so remarkable I cannot explain it to this day. And this Board was to be even more severely tested after I left. It had become almost a brotherhood. Ironically, often the students, who were not in a position to know all the facts, complained that the Board was not enough involved!

Enrollment

Yet at the eleventh hour something close to a miracle happened: we opened not with the 80 new students hoped for but with 87; together with the 131 returning, we had an opening enrollment of 220 head count, 218.5 FTE, the best opening in six years. Encouraged, we set what seemed a modest goal of 90 new students the following year. Expecting a loss of perhaps 30 students at the end of the current fall semester, however, including a number scheduled to graduate, we revised the projected operating budget for FY79 downward based on only 210 FTE. Even this proved a bit optimistic, however. The spring enrollment dropped by over 20 to 195 FTE (197 head count) despite the addition of 5 Windham College seniors finishing their degrees after the college folded, and the average FTE for the year stood at 206.7, better than projected the previous year but slightly under our estimate of the fall. There were other warning signs: the financial aid budget was rising

out of proportion to the rest of the budget, a trend which was to continue for many years. We did have a little breathing room, nevertheless, and Board morale rose. The anticipated needs had been reduced by $76,930, from $535,000 to $458,070 and the cash flow situation consequently eased at least until March or April.

The Balance Sheet

The Treasurer reported that the net position of the College had continued to improve over the past year. Nonetheless, although the balance sheet showed an improvement of $78,100, our cash flow situation, which was being met by a series of short-term notes backed by individual trustees, remained grave. At the same time the College was still theoretically viable: the elimination or off-setting of the capital debt, continued annual fund raising at the present level, plus a full enrollment would lead to a balanced budget. These were figures we constantly reviewed; had they shown otherwise, we would not have been so confident of the future.

The Windham Foundation

Successful with the National Endowment for the Humanities, our next capital target was our neighbor in Grafton, The Windham Foundation. It was their practice to give a series of small grants to an institution in order to become familiar with it, then if satisfied give one last large capital sum. This it had done successfully with its neighbor in Saxton's River, Vermont Academy. It had given us first some money to restore the Colonial wall paintings in Mumford House. We had received other relatively small sums for the Campus Center and the Visual Arts Building. Now we were in the landing pattern for a large sum, perhaps $1,000,000. After a meeting with the officers in the fall, I felt confident that their response to our appeal for capital, expected to come by February, would be positive. Alas, the fates intervened, as we shall see (p.212ff). We were continuing to work on other sources, however, including the United States Steel Corporation and the Booth-Ferris Foundation.

New Board Chairman

In August Dick Taylor had indicated his wish to step down as Chairman but had agreed to stay on until a new Chairman could be appointed. At the February meeting John Straus, who had served on the Board since 1974, was elected without opposition.

Market Research

The in-house market research led by Nelson Eddy was encouraging enough for us to apply for and receive a small $7,000 grant from the Breitmeyer Foundation for further market research. Nelson pointed out that since the pool of potential college-going youth was decreasing overall and the pool of potential liberal arts candidates was decreasing faster still, the competition among liberal arts colleges for the shrinking pool was increasing. Two marketing firms were being interviewed to determine which would best serve our needs. The marketing survey would target guidance counselors in an attempt to determine how to make Marlboro better known among prospective applicants. Eventually Market Facts of Chicago, Illinois, working through an independent consultant based in Keene, New Hampshire, was chosen. In addition to the survey of guidance counselors carried on by Market Facts, parents of accepted students and of students enrolling in September would be surveyed by the Admissions Office. Nelson Eddy also raised the issue of the

role focus groups could play in developing a concept statement describing the College, and the importance of collecting information already available but not yet tabulated, such as inquiries to the Admissions Office, call reports on visits by Admissions Officers to schools, reports by prospective students upon visits to the campus, and applications for admission.

In the meantime, Director of Admissions Michael Newman had undertaken what he considered to have been a successful trip to South America and the Caribbean, involving stops in Bolivia, Equador, Venezuela, and Puerto Rico, in the search for new markets during a decade of the declining college-going population in the 1980s. Although we had not found the magic answer, we continued to explore new avenues.

Bob Dothard Dies

In the spring, Bob Dothard died. Very few at the College knew him, but since 1958 he had done virtually all the designing of our publications. Primarily a book designer, he had worked for such publishers as The Limited Editions Club. I do not now remember, but if he charged us anything, it was very little. It was he who had given us the look requested: quiet, distinguished, literate - not at all flashy. As I mentioned earlier, one year our catalogue had been singled out at the annual meeting of the Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges as a model of good design. We were surprised, however, when we learned that Bob had left to the College both his house in Guilford with its twenty-four acres and most of his library. The books were later appraised at $25,000; from any proceeds, two bequests of $5,000 each were to go to others, leaving the College with the balance. In the end the balance turned out to be only $6,775, which we eventually applied to the FY80 library plant budget, but it was nevertheless a generous gift at a critical time.

Stephen Greene

Bob Dothard was not the only loss during the year. Stephen Greene, owner of the Book Cellar and the Stephen Greene Press in Brattleboro and a frequent member of the cast in our theater productions, died in the terrible crash of an American Airlines plane taking off from Chicago when he was on his way to a meeting of book sellers on the West Coast. His was a great loss not only to the College but to the whole Brattleboro community. An unexpected bequest ($10,000) which we received from his estate could not make up for that loss but was very gratefully received and used by the plant budget in the related areas of deferred maintenance, handicapped access, and energy conservation[26].

Ambassador Bunker's Whittemore Lecture

This spring occurred one of the most interesting, and to me educational, episodes of this period. If my memory serves, at the close of the final faculty meeting of the Winterim, I made what was intended to be a routine announcement: that the Whittemore Lecturer for the year, nominated by a committee which reported to me, would be our former trustee Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker

26I was later told that novelist John Irving, whom I had long known as the son of a colleague of mine at Exeter and who had settled in the area while teaching at Windham College, was on the same plane as far as Chicago. During the layover, he deplaned to call a friend, learned that the friend was having a birthday party that evening, and decided to interrupt his trip to attend the party instead of reboarding.

joined by his wife, Ambassador Carol Laise. I was startled by an immediate eruption: in the minds of many faculty members Mr. Bunker was associated with President Nixon and the Vietnam War. I recall pounding my fist on the table and announcing in measured tones that Marlboro would not be like many colleges of the day and deny free speech to unpopular views; we were a civil society. In any case Mr. Bunker was not asked to speak on the War but on "The Practice of Diplomacy". He had had an illustrious career serving presidents of both parties as a diplomatic trouble shooter, assigned to troubled spots such as the Dominican Republic and Indonesia to help negotiate settlements just as he had in Vietnam

The issue remained volatile if not ugly through the spring semester. Some of my closest friends on the faculty were among the most outspoken opponents. After the first explosion had cooled, some argued that the problem was not his association with Vietnam but that we were honoring him with our most prestigious lectureship, one which paid for us the huge honorarium of $1,000. It did little good to point out that this was not an honor; an honorary degree was an honor. This was an attempt to fulfill the terms of the lectureship: "to provide lectures, concerts, and publications bearing on the theme of man's continuing effort to meet the challenge of a changing society".

Determined to demonstrate that we were indeed a civil society yet still opposed to Ambassador Bunker, the opposition decided on holding a teach-in the afternoon of the lecture. The Nobel prize winner Professor George Wald from Harvard joined the members of the faculty and others leading the event. I itched to speak also. Originally opposed to the War on General MacArthur's principle that we should not place an American army on the Asian mainland, I had gradually become opposed on many other grounds, but being of the generation that had fought both the Second World War and the Korean War, I also saw another side and refused to demonize everyone and everyone's motives who supported it. Nor did I idealize the North Vietnamese. But I decided it would not be politic and held my fire.

That evening the Whittemore Theater was more packed than I ever saw it before or after: students and faculty were all but hanging from the rafters. All the attention had aroused the curiosity of many students too young to have been deeply involved in the War, and they wanted to know what all the fuss was about. Although I had warned both Ellsworth and Carol that there might be opposition, I was still tense. The lecture, a rational discussion of what diplomacy entailed in the 20th century, went off without incident, however. Usually I left the question period of such lectures to the lecturer, but this time I decided it would be politic to moderate it myself. Again, it went off without incident. The questions were serious and polite, not particularly hostile, almost as though the audience had something to prove.

Then next day came the morning in front of the coffee urn in the Howland House common room. Usually I brought the speaker and after a few minutes left that the discussion might go on uninhibited but this time decided I had best stay. The opening was ominous. Barry Laffan opened by questioning whether Mr. Bunker had not become an ambassador in the first place through the old boy network? Yes, replied Mr. Bunker, he had been asked by his old Yale acquaintance Dean Acheson to negotiate the Dominican Republic difficulty because he spoke Spanish and knew something of the problems. But didn't he have an ulterior motive, since the Dominican Republic is a sugar producer and Mr. Bunker was in the sugar business? No. It was true he had been in the sugar business, but that merely acquainted him with the problem, in no

way biased his judgment. All this was tense, but I knew we were all right when Barry confessed he had researched the issue and could find no fault with Mr. Bunker's performance. This was to be a heavy but a civil discussion.

Then the group got onto the War. Though it had not been the subject of the lecture, it was fair game in front of the urn. Here Barry spoke with first-hand knowledge. In the early stages he had been a free lance journalist in Vietnam. When American tanks first appeared in Saigon, he had phoned the New York Times and tried to sell them the story that American troops were present in force, but in the face of State Department denials the Times would not believe him, even when he held the phone outside the booth to pick up the sounds of the tanks. He went on to tell how much of his information at the time he got from a desk clerk in his hotel who was a member of the Vietcong and how corrupt the Vietnamese government was. This led naturally to a discussion of the issues involved in the War and the role the United States played in it. Heavy, heavy. Mr. Bunker never lost his temper, never raised his voice - indeed, showed why he had been such a good negotiator - and at the end would merely say, "Then we must agree to disagree."

As usual, at noon I tried to break off the discussions to take the guests to lunch and in this instance to relieve the pressure on an old man, but Mr. Bunker would have none of it: he insisted on staying until there was no more to say, until he had responded to whatever the group wished to discuss. Finally about 12:45 we were able to leave.

In the end I was proud of Ambassador Bunker and proud of Marlboro College. It had been a civil discourse. Emotions ran high in those days, even four years after the end of the War. We could and did rise above them.

Faculty Salaries

At the April meeting of the Board there was an extensive discussion of faculty salaries. Initially a motion to make a 5% adjustment to faculty and staff salaries for the following year plus a further 2.6% adjustment if the short term debt for FY79 did not exceed $280,000 was approved. Jim Tober, one of the two faculty representatives, then introduced for discussion a motion passed by the faculty eleven days earlier:

> Resolved, that the faculty requests their delegates to ask the Board of Trustees routinely to include cost of living adjustments of faculty and staff salaries in the budget, and to distinguish clearly between such adjustments and salary increases which would be designed to bring Marlboro salaries into line with those of other colleges.

Jim went on to point out that the problems of inflation were as troublesome to members of the faculty as to the budget in general, that the budget took inflation into account everywhere except in the faculty and staff salary budget, and that Marlboro salaries fell 33% to 45% below those of comparable institutions. He was quite correct, but as the trustees pointed out, we were struggling to survive and only with items such as maintenance and salaries did the Board have any leeway. It was clear to all, however, that the long suffering faculty had a point which had to be taken seriously. Student representative Lloyd King supported the faculty motion, stating that faculty morale was an

issue of great concern to the students.

Senior Membership

At the same April meeting Joe Mazur in mathematics and Tom Toleno in psychology were granted senior membership.

Finances

By the middle of May we were still holding our heads above water, but just barely. Treasurer Carl Janke pointed out that over the past three years the long term debt had been reduced by nearly $100,000 and the net worth of the College improved by nearly $250,000, but the cash flow situation required some $330,000 in short term debt, a figure which had slowly grown over the same period. We could not continue indefinitely in this way.

At the same time John Straus reported that the College had already raised $449,246.42 during the current fiscal year, the second highest in our history and there was still a month and a half to go.

Procedures Governing Administrative and Non-Academic Positions

For the first time, a formal statement concerning non-academic positions at the College was approved by the Board. Roland Boyden for the Committee on Faculty and Staff submitted a proposal at the May meeting which outlined three categories of administrative and non-academic appointments at Marlboro: the President, appointed by the Board of Trustees, the Assistant to the President, the Business Manager, the Comptroller, the Dean of Faculty, the Dean of the College, the Director of Admissions, and the Librarian appointed by the President with the approval of the Board; and all others appointed by the budget department head with the approval of the President. It then went into detail about appointment procedures, about the duties of a committee on staff performance to advise on appointments and review staff performance, and specified the time table for staff reviews. Finally the policy detailed dismissal and grievance procedures. This gave us our first comprehensive policy, though in general it put in writing much that was already in practice. What is extraordinary is that once again the office of the President, except for appointment, was not included. The Board was asked to establish a formal procedure for reviewing the President, and I was perfectly willing, but for some reason the Board did not wish to act in any formal way, rather to leave the President to serve at will. I never had a contract, nor wanted one. Nor was I ever aware that my performance was in any formal way reviewed, though I expect it was indirectly addressed each year in closed session at the time my salary was set. I felt the situation to be awkward.

Commencement

As the result of efforts by the students on the Commencement Committee, Susan Stamberg of National Public radio, one of the creators of *All Things Considered*, was the Commencement speaker. If I recall correctly, Marlboro was the first nationally to recognize in this way the importance of this kind of extended news coverage. Some 41 earned degrees were awarded, including to the five former Windham College students, who received their Windham degrees

along with the Marlboro graduates.

The State of the College

At the August meeting I was able to report that we had had a good year compared to others in the immediate past: we had received the NEH challenge grant and another pledge of $100,000 from the Booth Ferris Foundation, our enrollment had improved slowly, and the cash flow situation had been eased slightly. We still faced a serious situation, however. The enrollment prospects remained shaky in terms of attrition, academic quality, and demography; although debt reduction was continuing it needed to proceed at a more rapid pace, and the rate of increase in annual giving, not at all guaranteed, needed to continue. The escalating cost of financial aid was a cause of concern; by the opening of college in the fall we had one hundred students, or 43% of the enrollment, receiving aid, by the end of the year 46%, and the percentage was likely to rise in ensuing years (as it did). We still had much to do to meet Federal guidelines concerning handicap access. During the coming year, special attention needed to be paid to deferred maintenance and faculty-staff compensation. Yet, despite all we faced, the mood at this meeting was positive. We seemed to thrive on challenges. The Treasurer kept us attentive, however, by pointing out that we would enter the new year with projected needs of $730,000 and known resources of only $451,734. To accentuate the positive once again, however, he pointed out that over the past nineteen years the net worth of the College had increased an average of $103,177 per year.

Fund Raising

As Chairman of the Development Committee, Tom Goddard reported that we had raised a record $451,000, including the Dothard bequest, the real estate portion of which netted between $13,000 and $14,000. The house and two lots had sold for a combined $91,000 but there had been a bank note of $70,000 and other expenses. The $451,000 was not quite the $535,000 needed at the beginning of the year but a substantial improvement over the past.

Arts Building

At the May meeting a conceptual model of a new arts building had been presented to the Board and the various design features under consideration explained. The minutes report that the discussion centered around passive solar heating, north lighting, kilns and dust, possible Music School use, and financing. The latest cost estimate was $200,000, with costs estimated to increase 10% every six months. By the August meeting when the architects Beckman and Ekstrom made a presentation, however, the cost estimate had risen to $330,000 and the building seemed further off than ever. It had to compete for funds with deferred maintenance, energy conservation measures, the required new septic system, and modifications to existing buildings for handicapped access. The College had engaged a firm to study our deferred maintenance needs, and the Business Office was prioritizing the most pressing projects; the list was long and all required action. There was talk of a campus center and once again of winterizing the Persons Auditorium, but such projects seemed to grow further remote at the time. One project which was close was the new leach field: it was scheduled to begin immediately after the Music School season ended.

Results of the Market Survey

Michael Newman reported on the results of the market survey. There were four major findings:

the College continued to suffer from lack of awareness among high school guidance counselors; a concept statement was needed to clarify the perceptions of those outside the college community; more travel and better quality visits were needed; and more material support was called for, including word processing and data processing equipment and perhaps more staff. The market had become highly competitive and required more sophisticated approaches. After reporting that a concept statement would be developed through group interview sessions in the fall, Nelson Eddy pointed out that personal contacts, the core of our traditional approach, was becoming more expensive and some sort of alternative was needed. Direct mail was one such approach but involved considerable start-up costs.

Ramona Cutting Retires

In 1946, the first person hired by Walter Hendricks had been Ramona Cutting. Except for a brief hiatus in the 1950s, Ramona had remained ever since, for many years serving as the only secretary, in more recent years as secretary to the President. Now she was retiring. She had an incredible memory: as the only alumni secretary for a long time, she was the major source of information about the many students who passed through during the '50s. In many ways the College had become her family, especially after the death of her aunt, with whom she had lived for many years. Initially her retirement in 1979 after thirty-two years was simply recognized in the Board minutes with appreciation and a big party where the staff presented her a handmade quilt with her favorite heart motif, but when she died in 1992 and left her entire if modest estate to the College, the Ramona Cutting Association was established to recognize those who remembered Marlboro in their wills. It is a fitting tribute to a woman who had been deeply loyal.

My Retirement

Over the years I had developed a routine of spending at least a day a month in the Boston area and two nights and three days in New York City. The purpose in both cases was manifold: to raise money, to communicate individually with members of the Board, and to a lesser extent, especially in later years, to seek students. In recent years I had spent the nights in New York at the Strauses' apartment, which not only saved the College a good deal of money - I belonged to the Harvard Club and had often stayed there - but helped develop a close working relationship with John, especially important after he became Chairman. Although I do not remember precisely, I believe it was on one of these trips during the 1978-79 academic year that I informed John I wanted to move on. I had made my academic contributions in the late '50s and '60s and in administrative matters was beginning to operate on automatic pilot, a danger both to myself and the College: my love of and loyalty to the College was unchanged, but I had simply done the same thing too many times and was falling into ruts. New thinking and talents were needed. My one remaining desire was to leave the College with the capital debt offset or eliminated. There were outstanding possibilities for large capital gifts on which I had been working and on which I wished to follow through, two in particular: the Windham Foundation and the MacArthur Foundation (the third, the Dana Foundation, had already failed). I expressed my wish to leave after the 1980-81 academic year. John understood and supported me, but requested that I not make my intentions known, even to the rest of the Board, for another year. I agreed.

* * *

Enrollment Again

1979 – 1980 It is no surprise to discover that enrollment held center stage as we opened in September, 1979. We had been somewhat holding our collective breaths as registration approached. There was a great sigh of relief when the head count on October 1, after the initial shake out of those who leave after the first few days, was 232, with a record FTE of 230. We were crowded. The bed capacity on the main campus was rated at 127; we were housing 133 with 62 students living off campus. In August we had adopted two budgets: one for an average 210, another for an average 215. We implemented the latter, considering that the usual shrinkage in mid-winter would not result in a lower average.

In fact, we did better in the spring than forecast, ending with a head count registration of 222 and an FTE of 219-20. This gave us an average FTE of 225, which beat the old record of 219 set seven or eight years before, well above the 215 budget adopted in the fall. Although we did not know it, this was to be the peak for several years to come. For one thing, the figures were soft: 23 students were on probation from the fall and three of the spring students were exchange students from the College of the Atlantic.

There were problems in the Admissions Office, moreover. One of the assistants and the secretary had resigned for unrelated reasons, leaving the office understaffed. The Market Survey had continued on schedule, however, and Michael Newman was confident they could find ninety new students for the following year. To do so, however, he and his remaining assistant John Flower, '78, would be off campus for the better part of three months and the faculty would have to cover for them.

Finances

Naturally the numbers impacted the finances. The added fees amounted to an increase of some $21,589 for the operating budget. By fall the debt was already down to $832,000, by commencement down to $700,000; if we continued to meet the NEH challenge grant, it could be reduced further to $500,000-$600,000 in the foreseeable future. Of the $700,000, $273,000 was at 6% or 6 1/4% interest and $30,000 at no interest. The rest was high interest short or long term debt. Because of the increased enrollment, our need for funds to cover cash flow during FY79 had been reduced from $305,000 to $246,000, about $125,000 more than we expected to raise from the annual appeal. Our net worth had risen to $2,116,043. Although our balance sheet at the end of FY79 showed a cumulative deficit of $415,000 in unrestricted funds, used almost entirely to build the campus, our net worth had kept improving. During FY79 it had improved again by $144,000 and by April, 1980, we had eliminated all short term loans (many of them to trustees) at least until summer. By the end of the fiscal year our investments had increased from $139,952 to $236,496 market value and $153,930 to $250,065 book value). We were averaging a return of 6.58% in our stocks and bonds and 12.48% in the money market. We also had good news on the budget, which looked to be balanced for the second year in a row, as indeed it was. At the August meeting I reported for the Treasurer, who could not be present, that the adjusted figures for FY80 showed an operating surplus of $26,415. It was to be the last for a while.

We were still far from secure, however. We continued to face serious needs in deferred maintenance. We had already committed $36,000 and wanted to find another $20,000 somewhere. And even with the 215 budget there remained serious deficiencies in faculty and staff compensation. I pointed out that since we began to grow in 1958, this had always been a major if not indeed the central goal, but that we could no longer wait for the debt to be neutralized and the enrollment to be increased before addressing it directly.

Comptroller

A major disappointment was the resignation of the Comptroller Judith Roberts to take a similar position at another college after only a year and a half. I'm afraid I felt personally betrayed. We had made clear to her that if she worked out, we expected her to remain three to five years minimum. As a comptroller she had indeed worked out, but the pay was low and she was in a position to see better than any our precarious financial situation. When she came in to tell me, however, I could see she found it very difficult; guilt showed through. Even in my anger, I felt sorry for her. Deep down I could understand. She returned for a visit a year later, happy in her new position but also a bit contrite. I have to admit that that visit took courage. In the meantime we had had a problem. Although we had eighteen applicants, five of whom we interviewed as finalists, there was a hole in a critical position at a critical time. By mid-winter, however, we had found a highly competent replacement in Ricky Arjune, a native of Guyana from a family originally from the Indian subcontinent. He was to stay with us for seven years, only to leave for the warmer climate of Florida, more to his and especially his wife's taste. A chartered accountant, Ricky was strong enough to take on the auditors on more than one occasion. He was a wonderful comptroller as well as person.

Development and Refinancing Efforts

Our efforts to raise more money were beginning to have effect. The NEH challenge grant was to end the next year, but we received the $100,000 from the Booth Ferris Foundation and $50,000 from the Arthur Vining Davis Foundation. At the same time we refinanced our second mortgage with First Vermont, increasing the amount from $114,000 to $120,000 and the period from ten to twenty years. Interest was set initially at 13 1/2%, to be reset every three years, the principal to be paid annually. We also had the option of drawing up to an additional $7,500 per year to a total of $30,000 as we paid down our note to the Music School for the Presser Building addition. A second $17,000 note to the bank was entirely paid off. Our line of credit was to remain at $200,000, but without the guarantees. With John Seitz by our side, the bank was seeing us through our difficulties, confident in our future. Finally, our new Associate Trustee M. Brenn Green and some of his friends were making unrestrictive gifts to the College which he requested be placed in a "Special Development Fund" and invested in more speculative securities of less known companies recommended by him. This offer was accepted by the Board with the added proviso that he first consult with Ragnar Naess.

M. Brenn Green

Brenn Green was a fascinating person. I had first run into him over a decade earlier when he was standing in the circle between Mather House and the admissions building observing the campus.

We entered into conversation and I learned that originally he had been attracted to the music in the summer but was intrigued by the little college he found. He pumped me extensively and in time we became friends. I learned that his father, a Polish immigrant, had been a building superintendent in New York City. Brenn had fought in the Second World War and with the help of the G.I. Bill had achieved a college education afterwards. He went to work initially as an actuary in the insurance business in Hartford, Connecticut. In the process of selling insurance on Wall Street, he discovered that he had a knack for spotting new, young companies on the rise. He began investing in them, had the knack of knowing when to get out and reinvest in another new, young company. In this way he had gained a small fortune. His friends noticed his success and began asking for tips. Without a license he could not charge them for his advice, but he made them agree that if they did well, they would give a generous portion of their winnings to a charity of his choice. For years he went on this way, observing carefully just how generous his friends were to his charities. If he thought they were not generous enough, he would refuse to give them any more advice. He himself had many charities, including one young pianist and more than one college, Marlboro eventually among them. He founded a concert series at the fledgling Florida Atlantic University and later established a fund at the Salzburg Seminar, which he had visited for a summer when I was there, so that Fellows from Eastern Europe and developing countries who had little or no access to hard currency could purchase a group photograph or go on a Sunday bus trip to the lake district. He made enough to retire with his wife to a beautiful condominium on the east coast of Florida - Palm Beach, if I remember correctly - where I used to visit him. He was an Associate Trustee only because he was so far away, but he followed our progress carefully. When he died in 1989 aged 77, he left Marlboro a $99,785 endowment for scholarships. He was personally generous too. He set up a similar small investment fund in the name of my wife and myself which he managed; in 1993 we used it to fix up our home when we retired after twelve years of relative neglect while we were away in northern Vermont, Austria, and China.

Building Committee

Despite cash problems, we continued to be active in four building projects. The first phase of the new leach field was completed during the fall; the second and third phases were scheduled to be completed before the 1980 season of the Music School. A model of the proposed arts building was on display at the fall meeting of the Board, with $5,000 authorized for working drawings, and up to $1,000 authorized for test borings. Another $2,500 for the working drawings were authorized at the February meeting. The need for a new Campus Center was becoming more and more pressing because of the poor condition of the bookstore/coffee shop dome, but it was recognized that it would be expensive. When the recommendation was made that we erect a new Campus Center on the present dome site to incorporate the present building, it was pointed out that all our buildings neither designed nor built by professionals had given us difficulties: the domes, Married Student Housing, the original arts building the S.S. Marlboro, and our woodworking shop the Perrine Building. In February, the Board voted $4,000 or 10% of the anticipated cost for preliminary and working drawings for a Center. The ambitious hope was to begin working on the foundation before the Music School season and complete the Center by Thanksgiving, but in the end this proved impossible because of delays in getting the necessary permits, and the schedule was pushed back to begin after the Music School season and finish in the spring of 1981. Finally there were the ever present needs in the areas of handicap access (estimated at $37,000) and deferred maintenance, at which we were slowly but continuously

nibbling. The priorities at the moment were the ground floor bathroom in Mather, which needed to be made handicapped accessible, and several roofs around campus.

Energy Committee

Efforts to sell the multiple hearth furnace during the year were unsuccessful, and the Energy Committee began to turn more of its attention to the conservation measures urged by John Hayes and his group. In August John reported to the Board that the College could save 71,000 gallons of oil at a cost of $372,000 for the energy-saving methods with a payback period of about four years. An alternative would be to save 80% of our annual use for $185,000 with a payback period of about 2½ years. The Board favored this approach and began discussing ways of getting the financing:

1. HUD had a program of 3%, 40-year loans for which the dining hall and the dormitories would qualify to an amount of $85,000. This would save 25,900 gallons of oil (26% of our total consumption). There was a problem, however: John's report was made on August 2nd and the deadline for applications was August 15. John suggested we do a demonstration project. He would prefer the library, but since this would not qualify for the HUD loan, perhaps Howland House would be a better choice.

2. Another possibility would be to get a Federal Energy Grant under the schools and hospitals program, which involved a 50/50 match. All our buildings would qualify.

The result of the lengthy but productive debate was two motions. The first, by Rob Thompson himself, was that we explore a HUD loan for up to the $85,000, with the Finance Committee given power to act on the application if satisfied on further study. The second was that the College be responsible for finding funds to finance all the 0-2 year payback energy conservation measures at a cost of $35,000, the Finance Committee again granted power to act.

Budgeting

Budgets were becoming an increasing problem. Since our budget was unbalanced, even if we increased both projected income and projected expenses by the same percentage, the gap would grow.

E.g.:	Income	Expenses	Difference
	$900,000	$1,000,000	$100,000
+10%	90,000	100,000	
	990,000	1,100,000	$110,000

Since inflation at this time was running at about 11.5% according to the CPI index, and since energy costs were rising at a rate faster than inflation, we faced mounting problems year to year. The strategic decision was made this year that in budgeting for FY81 we should strive to increase

the income by 11.5% or more and the expenditures by 11.5% or less, with one special exception: in order to attack the salary problem, we added a $50 "additional increase" to each tuition to be used for faculty/staff "adjustments". A special problem was raised by the fact that the Federal Government was planning to increase their financial aid subsidies by only 5-7%, which meant that in order to increase our awards by 11.5% we would have to make up the 6.5-4.5% difference ourselves. We had to run faster to stay in place.

At the time we also compared our basic charges with those of our independent competitors. The most expensive was Bennington at $8,420, the least expensive Beloit at $6,185, a $2,245 difference. Marlboro was in between but closer to Beloit at $6,635. More telling, however, was that five years before, twice as many of our competitors were below us in charges; by 1978-79, twice as many were above us as we fought to improve our competitive position.

Activities

Recognizing many needs coupled with the shortage of resources, a number of students were trying to find ways to help. Some initiated a student work day which would place students in jobs in the Brattleboro area for a day at $3 an hour, the money to be donated to the College for the purchase of much needed equipment such as a wrestling/gymnastics mat. Others formed an energy interest group to promote energy consciousness on campus. The College contribution was to engage Lorni Cochran and Greg Kline to initiate an activities program designed to encourage students to improve their physical and mental health now that Malcolm Moore had resigned in the spring.

Walter Hendricks Dies

In September, Walter Hendricks died. Whatever one thought of him, and many of those who had been at the College during his tenure remained bitter, he had been the founder. Over the years I had often found myself in an awkward position regarding him, for on the one hand I wished to keep things peaceful, at least in the public eye, at the same time I was very aware of the feeling on campus. This was brought to a head when I was asked to appear and speak at the small memorial service for him. I struck on the idea of reading aloud the opening pages of the first prospectus, issued in 1947 by Walter, and pointing out, truly, that the College still embodied the ideals there enunciated (see p.6).

We cannot take away from Walter that initial ideal, however much in his zeal he was at fault in over-promising. In addition to a motion in his memory read into the minutes of our October meeting, a day of suspended classes named Walter Hendricks Day was established in his memory. At first it was announced without warning by the President; later it was planned more carefully in consultation with many people, announced ahead of time, and tended to be a Friday or Monday to give a long weekend: the unannounced day was too disruptive.

The Natural Sciences Program

From time to time it had been my practice to invite in a segment of the faculty to talk with the Trustees at the end of their meeting as a way of increasing communication and awareness on both sides. At the October meeting the Natural Sciences Faculty joined us and the minute reveals the

state of the program at that time:

> Robert Engel, John MacArthur, and Joe Mazur were present to discuss strengths and weaknesses of the Natural Science Program. Mr. Engel stressed the basic philosophy of the Natural Science Faculty which emphasizes the interdependence and interrelationship of science and math and which de-emphasizes the plan project in order to allow students to concentrate more on basics. He stressed the positive aspect of a small college like Marlboro which can encourage students to have a variety of experiences beyond classroom work. Students can do internships elsewhere, where there are more facilities; they can take courses from a more well-known institution and do well academically, a process Mr. Engel referred to as "normalization"; they can take faculty-sponsored field trips which stress practical application of classroom theories; and they can do research, such as the designing and construction of the College greenhouses...
>
> Then Mr. Engel spoke about the problems besetting the Natural Science Faculty. Introductory courses have more than 20 students each, which contradicts the 8:1 student/teacher average ratio mentioned in the catalogue; there is little time for professional development and scholarship by the faculty; some of the Natural Science Faculty have 25 or more contact hours per week; and the "between contact contact hours" leave no time for class preparation. The kind of help that is needed to offset these problems is the addition of another full-time Natural Science[Faculty member.

Bob's remarks were exactly on target. At the same time they highlighted the fact that our tiny science program which a few years before we had feared would disappear was indeed vital. Several of the problems faced by the scientists were faced by others on the faculty, but the situation was especially acute in the sciences.

A Computer

In the April Board minutes there is the first reference to a computer, ironic as we look back from the 1990s when the whole campus has been computerized and the College has set up a Graduate Center in Brattleboro dedicated to the information age. But there the reference is.

> Because NSF funds are probably going to be cut, Ted Wendell [who was in charge of computers in a major Boston bank] reported that we cannot expect to fund a computer in part through such a grant. It was hoped that $20,000 of a $40,000 computer would have been paid by the government. We do have a $5,000 pledge from a graduate toward the purchase of a computer, and Ted Wendell hopes we can go straight to the manufacturer for a partial contribution. He stressed that we would like at least a two-terminal mini-computer which could serve both the science faculty and the administration.

In the end we did receive a computer, but neither through a grant from the Federal government nor a gift from a manufacturer, rather through a gift from alumnus Barney Brooks,'52, in the

winter of 1980-81, at the time the largest single gift from an alumnus in the history of the College.

Senior Status

Malcolm "Orv" Wright was granted senior status at the February Board meeting, thus entrenching pottery among the major areas in the Arts. This gave us drawing and painting, some sculpture, pottery, and woodworking, a goodly variety for so small an institution, and some fine and successful artists continued to graduate in the Arts. The move was all part of our design to balance the four areas of the curriculum and to enrich our campus life with art, music, and theater, for not being in a large metropolitan area, we had to create our own culture on top of our mountain.

Announcement of My Retirement

At the April Board meeting John Straus announced my intention to retire at the end of the 1981 academic year. A large presidential search committee was thereupon designed at the suggestion of the Executive Committee. Ultimately it was to consist of the Chairman, two other trustees, three faculty members, two students, two staff members, one parent, one alumnus/a, and one Academic Advisor for a total of thirteen, with a secretary hired to sort the applications, arrange meetings, and coordinate visits. Knowledge of the College and proximity to the campus would be considerations in selecting the members. The faculty, staff, and student members were to be selected by their peers, although current seniors and students graduating in December 1980 would not be eligible because they probably would not be around through the entire search. The Administration was to suggest names of parents and Academic Advisors to the Chairman, who would then choose, and the Alumni Council was to select its own member. Unusually large, the committee was intended to reflect the democratic nature of the College both in its composition and in its method of selection. It was determined that the Committee should hold its organizational meeting in the afternoon of commencement and at that time formulate a job description. The Finance Committee in the meantime would draw up a salary range for the position. Advertising would immediately follow. Regular meetings were to begin in the fall and, if all went well, the appointment made by March, 1981 to allow for some overlap. I was not to participate in the search, although I would make myself available to any candidate who wished to talk with me. This carefully designed scheme was indeed successfully implemented, as I shall later describe.

Long Range-Planning Committee

The April meeting was indeed busy, for a Long-Range Planning Committee to review the mission and goals of the College in preparation for the 1983 reaccreditation visit by the New England Association was also established. The Committee was to be a faculty committee augmented by representatives from other constituencies: five faculty members, one staff member, one trustee, one student, and one alumnus/a for a total of nine. During Phase One of the preparations, the Committee was to meet during the summer of 1980 and report to both the faculty and the Town Meeting early in the fall. The report was to be acted upon by the faculty and the Town Meeting and forwarded to the Board by April or May of 1981, final action by the Board to be taken by August 1981.

During Phase Two the mission and goals were to be broken down and addressed by the relevant standing committees of the Board and faculty with any necessary action by the Board to be taken by August 1982.

Phase Three, to consist of the writing of the self-study, was to take place during the 1982-83 academic year in preparation for the accreditation visit in the fall of 1983. This was a far cry from our procedure before the first visit in 1965, when I had virtually written the entire self-study with input and criticism from my colleagues. That was not the way it was supposed to be done; this was. I well remember the debate over my statement of the goals in the catalogue of 1960-61, the first major revision during my tenure, where I had written "The objective of the College is to teach students to think," the same statement which appeared in the self-study. This remained controversial for years until it finally disappeared from the largely revised catalogue of 1974. Although it was meant to stand out against those who claimed everything for a college, including citizenship and high moral character - something to which everything should contribute, not just a formal education - I stand by that statement to this day, for what distinguishes a college from a summer camp or a corporation or a church is the education of the mind. To those who argue that the statement meant everything and nothing because "thinking" was not defined, I reply that we either use the one word or write a hundred-plus page dissertation. The one word made the point I believed needed to be made. One of the problems with American education since World War II is that it has been forced to pay too much attention to social issues such as the equality of the races and the sexes - issues which certainly needed and need to be addressed and with whose goals if not always whose methods I agreed and agree. In the process, that attention has diluted the rigorous education of the mind. There is no question, however, that Marlboro had grown to the point where the whole community needed to be involved in the self-study, and indeed to a considerable degree had been so involved in self-studies subsequent to the first. This was the right way to do it.

Admissions

By spring the yellow flag was again up on admissions. Whereas by April the previous year, when we had done well, of 177 paid applications we had accepted 92 (87 finally registered), this year the comparable figures were 160 and 84 (5 more students had been rejected than the year before). Furthermore, it was now costing us $1,700 to recruit each new student. Combined with indications that we might have 50% or more on financial aid (already 60% of those returning had applied for aid), these figures were troublesome. It later turned out that 49% of returning students would need aid in addition to the 60% of new students. At the April Board meeting the FY81 financial aid budget was increased by $10,000, then again in May another $28,000 to provide aid to all eligible applicants. This made a grand total of $550,000, of which $176,000 in Marlboro College grants represented our direct costs! We were in troubled waters. A little better news was reported at the August meeting: by limiting the number of students to receive financial aid, only $16,000 of the extra $28,000 appropriated in April would be used.

Development

We were continuing, however, to make progress in our efforts to raise both operating funds and capital. We were exceptionally successful on both counts, raising for us a record total of $671,000 as follows:

Unrestricted	Alumni Fund	Restricted	Capital	Government
$123,000	$10,000	$100,000	$265,000	$173,000

Along with our success in raising $100,000 from the Booth Ferris Foundation and $90,000 from

NEH, through the efforts of Holbrook Davis we received $50,000 during FY80 from the Arthur Vining Davis Foundation. We also received $25,000 from the U.S. Steel Foundation. Thereby hangs a tale. I received an introduction through the parent of a former Exeter student of mine. In the end the Foundation bought the argument that if the best small independent colleges were allowed to fail, in time the nation would again need more places and they would almost certainly be provided in public institutions at great cost to the public, especially to corporations, through taxes. It would be economically to their benefit, therefore, for corporations to help support the best of the independents and gain a twofold benefit: a tax benefit for the contribution and lower taxes down the road. The best way to support us was by giving capital. I must admit this argument was a bit esoteric, but in macroeconomic terms it had merit. Unfortunately, however, it was too esoteric for most corporations. I found it ironic that many corporations, which had been belaboring colleges for years for not planning ahead, responded to this argument by saying that they could not look that far ahead! That was precisely the answer I received at Dupont!

Campus Center

In the meantime, progress was being made on the Campus Center. The site had been chosen: the site of the existing bookstore/coffee shop dome. The plans had been drawn for a 37x54 foot two storey building. The cost had been estimated at a low $10 per square foot for 3,700 square feet because professional builders would be utilized only for the foundation and the post and beam construction; students and other volunteers would do the rest. Already we had $37,000 in hand:

$20,000 from the Windham Foundation
5,000 from the insurance for the art dome, which had collapsed
5,000 from the College Town Meeting
5,000 from the Alumni Fund
2,700 from the sale of a painting
=======
$37,700

If the $10 per square foot held up, this would be enough, but since there were always extras, the budget was initially set at $40,000. In the end, however, even this was not nearly enough. The figure as revised in the winter of 1980-81 had risen to $60,000 or $73,000 depending on which of two options was chosen. It was still hoped construction would begin after the 1981 Music School season.

Visual Arts Building

At the same time we continued working on plans and financing for the Visual Arts Building. The working drawings were scheduled to be ready on about June 1. Toward the estimated $472,000 cost, by April we already had $122,000, including a $50,000 pledge; the rest came from the Persons Fund and another Windham Foundation grant.

Windham Foundation

It must have been later this spring or early summer that the bad news came from the Windham Foundation, which had been such a help in recent years and from which we had been led to expect one final capital grant in the neighborhood of $1.0 million. The University of Vermont was

honoring Windham County's famous son Senator George Aiken with a building, and my friend Lattie Coor, the President, unaware of any possible effects upon us, succeeded in capturing ahead of us the large capital sum for that year. The officers of the Foundation told us not to worry because we were still in the landing pattern, but alas, before they could act the Federal Government intervened: the Foundation was chartered as an operating foundation and could not give large sums of that sort outside of Grafton. There were to be no further such grants. What had seemed our best chance was no more. I cannot hide the fact that it was a great disappointment, our second after the Dana Foundation. I had one more hope: the MacArthur Foundation.

Kipling Library Collection

The Foundation did us one last good turn, however. During the year we received a letter from a Mr. Otis L. Guernsey, Jr., who wished to sell his father's leather-bound collection of Kipling first editions for $11,000 but wished to keep them in Vermont where his father had lived. He was approaching us, and three other Vermont institutions, because if possible he wanted the collection to remain in the State. We did not have $11,000 or at first blush a source for such a sum for such a purpose, but Kipling had lived in Brattleboro and written some of his most famous books there, including *Captain's Courageous* and *The Jungle Books*. We were not the kind of college which should develop a random rare books collection, but it did seem proper for us to collect rare books which had a connection with the area. I asked Howard Rice, Jr., to drive up with me to the house in the central part of the state and inspect the collection. Howard was a Brattleboro native who in 1936 had published a book on Kipling in Vermont, had recently retired back to Brattleboro from his position as Assistant Librarian for Rare Books and Special Collections at Princeton, and was serving on our Visitors to the Howard and Amy Rice Library, named after his parents. Howard advised me that there were many such collections because Kipling had been so popular in the elder Mr. Guernsey's generation, but that this collection was in very good condition and worth the $11,000. I had noted that one of the other recipients of Mr. Guernsey's letter was the Windham Foundation. If we didn't have the funds to purchase the books, the Foundation did, and at least the books would remain in Windham County. I wrote the Foundation noting that I knew they had received the same letter, that we could not manage such a sum, and urging them to purchase the books so that they might remain in the area. I am not usually very calculating, but in the back of my mind was the thought that the Foundation might, it just might, give us the money. It did! The President wrote back that they had no place to keep the books. Why didn't they give us the funds to purchase them? So we did.

That was the beginning of our Kipling collection. We began gathering other Kipling items, many of which came to us by bequest from Mr. Rice's own lifelong collection. One of the major items we sought was Molly Cabot's as yet unpublished memoir of Kipling's years in the area, written for her sister when Miss Cabot bought the Kipling home Naulakha in 1911 for her sister so the latter would know more about her distinguished predecessor. Miss Cabot had been one of the Kiplings' closest friends while they were in the area. Mr. Rice had edited the memoir with the permission of Mrs. Holbrook, the then current owner of Naulakha and of many papers connected with it, but I never succeeded in persuading Mrs. Holbrook to part with it as a donation to the College and we did not have the funds to purchase it. We did receive Mr. Rice's transcript of it, however, and shortly before he died - at the time I had no premonition of his approaching end and I am not sure he did either: he died suddenly - he asked me to see to its publication should anything ever happen to him: it was a significant primary source on Kipling's life. I am anticipating a bit, but in 1986 I

was finally successful in having the memoir with Mr. Rice's eleven page introduction published in Volume 29, Number 2 of the scholarly journal *English Literature in Transition*, a volume dedicated to Kipling. The original memoir was finally purchased by the Landmark Trust in 1991 when they bought and restored Naulakha. In the meantime the College collection had grown to the point that any serious scholar writing about Kipling's Vermont years now needs either to visit our library or consult the librarian about elements in the collection.

Market Survey

At the May meeting of the Board Nelson Eddy presented "A Profile of New Marlboro Students," the result of the market survey. Some of the highlights appeared in the minutes:

1. Students are attracted to Marlboro's small class size, student/faculty ratio and the Plan of Concentration, the Theater Arts and Humanities programs, and the size and location of the college.

2. Students decide not to come to Marlboro because they cannot be guaranteed to make money when they graduate.

3. The catalogue attracts students to Marlboro.

4. Marlboro students see themselves as writers, scientists, farmers, foresters - not business people.

5. The students tend to have liberal views on divorce, abortion, capital punishment, national health issues, etc.

6. They have high personal moral and ethical standards but do not necessarily follow traditional religious beliefs.

7. The students want a voice in college affairs and would rather achieve personal goals at a financial sacrifice.

Staff Sabbaticals

At the same meeting the Board voted to award paid sabbatical leaves to staff members with substantial and continuing teaching responsibilities on the same schedule as regular faculty members but only if adequate replacements could be arranged. At the same time the Board noted and expressed concern about the high proportion of faculty members who would have senior status in a few years, leaving few openings for new blood.

Roland Boyden's Retirement

In the spring Roland, who was already teaching a reduced load, announced his full retirement. Nothing had been said, but his health was not good. I remember happening to look out my office window in Mather one spring morning and watching Roland walk up the hill to the campus with his inevitable Harvard Coop green bag over his shoulder. He was walking very slowly, not at all typically. I remember thinking, "Roland is showing his age for the first time." Little did I know.

He was developing cancer, and he died in October, 1981 shortly after my retirement, the last of the great founders: Arthur Whittemore, Zee Persons, and Roland.

Roland had been the first member appointed to the faculty back in 1948. He had served as the only Dean, then twice as Acting President, then as the first Dean of Faculty. He was a master teacher, and as I have said before, was the major reason other faculty members remained steadfast during the lean 1950s. He had served on the Board for a quarter century. Like the first Chairman Arthur Whittemore, he was a man of great integrity and had been in many, many ways my mentor. He could have been President if he had wished. To recognize his great contributions, the Board awarded him the justly deserved degree Doctor of Humane Letters, honorary, at commencement. Thank goodness we did not wait.

"Tom" and the Testimonial Cup

Recently I was amused to read, for I had forgotten, that at the commencement meeting faculty representative to the Board Tom Toleno presented the Chairman with a gavel nicknamed 'Tom' "so that the final word at the Trustee Meetings will be had by 'Tom'." The gavel had been made by a graduating senior, At the same time John Straus announced that there was now a Thomas B. Ragle Testimonial Cup to be used for the toast at the annual Senior Dinner. If a bit embarrassed at the attention, I confess I was amused and pleased by both. So often it's the little things that count.

Commencement

At commencement, 77% of those graduating received some sort of honors, 7 receiving highest honors, the largest number ever. 77% seems like a disproportionate percentage until we recognize that on average only 42% of those who matriculated at Marlboro graduated. With the Plan of Concentration, we had in a sense become an honors college. Although initially disappointed, I had come to appreciate the fact that we no longer published the honors on the program because it would have been invidious for those without any form of honors. We were proud of our graduates. The Commencement speaker was the novelist Bernard Malamud from Bennington College, a modest not to say diffident man who resorted to the unusual but well-received device of reading the first chapter of his new but as yet unpublished novel instead of giving the traditional commencement speech.

Esther Raushenbush Dies

On July 21 Esther Raushenbush died. She had served as Chair of our Academic Advisors and then as an extremely valuable trustee, our first woman trustee, from 1962 to 1974. At the August meeting the Board showed its respect for her by passing the following motion:

> We note with sorrow the passing of our colleague, Esther Raushenbush, who served Marlboro College eighteen years, eleven as trustee, seven as honorary trustee. She won the love of us all by her deep concern for students, for faculty and for staff, by her ability to be flexible without losing sight of the high purpose of a college, by her gentle humor, by her courage, by her quiet wisdom in always being able to see things in perspective. We express our sympathy to her husband Carl, to her sister, to her son, and to her grandchildren.

Unknown to her, she left us one important future blessing: in 1982 Lil Farber joined the board out of respect for and loyalty to Esther, who had been her mentor. Lil rose to be our tireless Chairman from 1994 to 1997 during the ambitious and hugely successful capital drive which concluded Rod Gander's tenure.

Summary of 1979-80

At the August meeting I delivered a 'state of the college' summary of the 1979-80 academic year, reported in the minutes as follows:

Strengths: -Record enrollment
-Record giving
-Good faculty appointments
-Success of the graduates
-A turn-around in the Admissions Office

Weaknesses: -A low projected enrollment for Fall 1980 of 210-220 compared to 230 for Fall 1979
-A projected record deficit in FY81 before giving
-A national recession which could affect giving
-Mounting deferred maintenance problems
-Lengthy energy problems
-The slow progress in rasing funds for the Visual Arts Building

In response to this, I reminded the Board of four conditions for the economic viability of the College. Again as quoted in the minutes:

1. A 225 FTE enrollment, excluding faculty/staff students and nurses. We need then to pick up 20 more students.

2. The debt service neutralized. We are already down from a debt of $976,000 to $671,000. The debt service has been reduced from $120,000 to $97,000 (projected FY81).

3. 10% of the combined budgets raised from gifts.

4. No more than 40-43% of our students on financial aid. Currently 50% are on aid.

The situation was rather discouraging after the good news the year before. It looked as though I would be leaving the College not in good but in perilous shape, hardly what I desired. There was no turning back at this point, however. As it indeed turned out, my successor was going to have to face some difficult times. Nevertheless, there was never any question of turning aside. The Board was made of sterner stuff.

Faculty Appointments: Boylen and Battle

At this same meeting, among the four new one-year appointments to the faculty were two of

permanent significance: Michael Boylen was appointed to succeed Orv Wright in pottery (Orv was resigning to spend full time on his now very successful business), and Luis Batlle in music. As I write seventeen years later, both are still at the College. An amusing story hangs on the Battle appointment. Years before, I had told Roland I hoped I retired before Blanche Moyse because for many reasons, among them our salaries, we would never be able to replace her with another world class musician. She had beaten me to it, however, and we began the search. One spring day there was a modest knock on my door. Luis entered. We were both standing. When I asked him what I could do for him, he said he wished to apply for Blanche's position (we could hardly call any permanent position at Marlboro a "chair" - I used to refer to them as "stools"). Startled, I pretended that this sort of offer came our way every day and as casually as I could suggested we sit down and discuss the matter. I knew very well that Luis was a world class pianist. Not only a former student of Rudi Serkin, a teacher of Rudi's son Peter, an every-day teacher of many of Rudi's advanced students when Rudi was on tour, a mainstay of the Marlboro Music School and Festival each summer, and a former Director of the National Conservatory in Uruguay, he had also served on the jury of the Tchaikovsky competition in Moscow.

First I explained carefully that if he came he would probably never teach a professional soloist; at that time he was teaching in the graduate program at Boston University. He replied that he understood. I then said we hoped to make an appointment which would become permanent so we could have some kind of continuity in the program. He replied that the only reason he might leave would be if he could return to his native Uruguay. At that time he was in voluntary exile: coming as he did from a political family which had provided two Presidents, it was dangerous at that time for him to remain. Indeed, his brother's wife had been accidently murdered by poisoned wine intended for her husband. Luis convinced me he was serious; he was appointed. Just how committed a teacher he was even for those not at all talented emerged the next year when he came to discuss an advisee of mine who was not only in danger of flunking music but flunking out of college. Luis was as concerned as any good teacher, even more than many.

I had trouble concealing my delight with (and relief at) this appointment.

* * *

1980 – 1981 And so began my last year. It did not begin on a positive note, for the enrollment figures were disappointing: after a record high the previous year, the number of new students fell to 61, in part because of a lower yield, and the total to 211. Attrition over the summer had also been greater than projected. For the year the FTE ended about 20 below the previous year. This was but a precursor to what was to come for my successor. Furthermore, as the year was to show, my efforts to raise large capital sums were once more to be frustrated. At the October Board meeting, I reported that I was "pleased with the faculty, with the activities surrounding Parents' Weekend, with the Outdoor program, with the safe arrival of the Kipling material, with the looks of the campus, and with the morale of the students," but "was less sanguine about the size of the enrollment, about the measurable ability of the average student, and about the short term fund raising prospects" for the year. Although I wished to leave my successor, whoever he or she might be, in a good position, that was not to be. Whereas the tide was coming in when I arrived in 1958, it was going out by 1981; once more the mere existence of the College was at stake.

Whit Brown Dies

The year began with the death on October 1 of Whit Brown, the last of the big three of twenty years before: Whittemore, Persons, and Brown. Their contributions had been recognized by the naming of a major building after each: the theater, the auditorium, and the science building. Whit, whose interest in the College had begun with the admission of his son Chris Brown in the class of 1952 (Chris himself serves on the Board as I write), not only served the College twenty-eight years, nineteen as a full trustee and nine as an Associate trustee, but virtually built the campus as an unpaid but very professional clerk-of-the-works. As the Board minute stated,

> ...he oversaw the construction of twenty-three buildings, almost all built cost plus, yet only one came in over estimate, and that not by much. One of his greatest achievements was completing the Science Building, later named after him, at $270,000 two years after it had been estimated at $330,000. But his contribution was more than practical. He believed in people, in a liberal education, in Marlboro College. He saw in the science building the means of teaching human beings how to live with their environment; he was proud of what has been happening in that building since its dedication...

I was honored to be asked to speak at his memorial service in Concord, Massachusetts.

Finances

Because of our efforts to raise capital, the Treasurer reported that our net worth, which by the previous April had increased by $144,000 during the year, by October had increased by $226,000. Once again, however, we were forced to cut the operating budget before the year had hardly begun. Without cutting, the shortfall would have amounted to $55,000, but we anticipated we could reduce this some $20,000 to $25,000 by internal savings. This put pressure once again, however, on areas such as cash flow and maintenance. By February it looked as though the gap between cash and demand during the summer would be as much as $170,000. Little did we know what the pressures would become in the next few years. We were saved temporarily when in the spring John Seitz, Vice President of the First Vermont Bank and silent partner on our Finance Committee, arranged for $200,000 in guaranteed notes over and above our $200,000 line of credit to see us over the summer. He discouraged us from raising the issue of giving beyond this borrowing capacity lest his colleagues press for refinancing. Even this, however, left us $100,000 short of the projected need, which was eventually made up by Trustee loans. $85,000 of this resulted from the short-fall in student fees.

At the same time, fund rasing fell off markedly. A chart in the minutes of the annual meeting in August revealed the degree as of June 30 each year:

	1980-81	1979-80
Unrestricted	106,600	123,300
Alumni Fund	13,000	10,000
Other Restricted	46,900	100,200
Capital	237,100	264,600
Government Grants	101,000	172,400
	$504,800	$670,700

Only alumni giving was up. It was indeed a tough year. Was my being a lame duck at least one silent cause? Certainly a failure to find new sources of capital such as that from U.S. Steel, the Booth-Ferris Foundation, and the NEH played a role. Our goal was to depend on no more than 10% of our operating budget coming from gifts, but in fact we were running at about the national average of 17%, too much over the long run.

The MacArthur Foundation

My efforts at the time were concentrated on one foundation. The last of my hoped-for $1,000,000 grantors, after the Dana and Windham Foundations, was the MacArthur Foundation, a new player in the league with a great deal of money and an office for the support of higher education. Unfortunately their Board was badly split between some very conservative members, friends of the founder, and a liberal wing led by Mr. MacArthur's son, the inventor of the Genius Grants, so-called. My friend Leon Botstein, President of Bard College and as such one of our group of seven, had become an advisor to the young MacArthur and with his support and on the basis of the second Kershaw report had developed a program to give capital to stabilize small, high quality, under-capitalized colleges, including Bard and Marlboro. I made two special trips, one to MIT to speak with Jerome Wiesner, a member of the MacArthur board, and one to Chicago to meet with the officer in charge of educational grants. Jerome Wiesner made a deep impression on me much as Doc Howe at the Ford Foundation had done five years before: long before I finished my presentation he was ahead of me and finished it for me. He was quite supportive, and I left encouraged. The Chicago meeting was another matter. Although the officer had been a university president, he not only showed little comprehension - small colleges seemed beyond (or beneath) his ken - but I suspect he had little or no influence on his board. He gave me the impression of politely listening while wishing I would go away. In any case I was to be disappointed for the third time. No grants in this program were awarded during my tenure. When they were made a year or two later, they were given to institutions such as Swarthmore and Columbia University, which though worthy hardly needed the money, rather than to Botstein's and the young MacArthur's slate. I was told the conservative members of the board approved the grants only on condition that they be permitted to select the recipients.

Energy Committee

Despite our financial problems, or because of them since energy conservation would reduce our expenses over the long term, the Board continued to explore ways of financing conservation measures. At the very beginning of the year steps were taken to establish a loan fund for energy conservation, the first project to be the library. Four trustees immediately pledged $15,000 interest-free to the fund. Early in the year we applied for both a Department of Energy matching grant through the State of Vermont for $18,363 for the library and much later a HUD grant to an amount of $115,000 for the dining hall and dormitories (the actual costs would be closer to $140,000). Rob Thompson estimated that if and when we completed these two projects, we would still have half the College buildings, or some fourteen, which would need similar attentions at a cost between $150,000 and $200,000. With this in mind we also applied for a grant from the Kresge Foundation. When unfortunately we did not get the DOE grant through the State, it was decided in April that the $15,000 loan fund originally intended for the library model demonstration project be reserved either for the dormitory-dining hall project under the HUD grant, if approved, or for the most cost-effective measures on the campus if not. There the matter

rested during my time, except that in August my successor Rod Gander was able to report that we had saved 11-12% in heating oil for the library from January through March even though only one-third of the conservation measures had been completed because we had run out of funds.

The Ragle Fund

In my absence from the room, the Trustees established the Thomas B. and Nancy K. Ragle Fund, "intended to support the Classics program and to contribute to the support of salaries." The formal motion read

> The Trustees of Marlboro College hereby confirm the establishment of a Fund to be known as the Thomas B. and Nancy K. Ragle Fund to honor Thomas B. Ragle's service to the College as President from 1958 to 1981. Contributions and pledges will be received over a three-year period. The goal would be to raise up to Three Hundred thousand Dollars ($300,000). It is intended that the income and principal of the Fund will be primarily available to support the Classics Fellow Program which was inspired by Mr. Ragle, but it is hoped that the Fund can also provide support for faculty and staff salaries and scholarship aid. Principal and income of the Fund will be managed and appropriated by the Board of Trustees.

A minute in the February meeting explained that the Fund would be used to "endow the Classics Fellowship. Funds presently used to support the Classics Fellowship would then go to other faculty salaries."

It was recognized that the Oxford Classics Fellowship was dear to my heart and that I considered it threatened by the drift of modern education away from Greek and Latin studies. (Dr. Johnson once wrote, "Greek is like lace; every man gets as much of it as he can." It is still valued today about as much as lace is for men.) It was not that the drift was wrong or that the study of Greek and Latin ever again would hold the dominant position it once had held, but that any humanistic education should have roots in Greek and Roman culture and therefore the Greek and Latin languages: classics in translation were not enough. The modest Fund, established as quasi-endowment, fell short of the goal and had reached only $93,870 by 1983, the end of the three year pledging period. By the late 1990s it had approached only $130,000. I continue to fear that until a position in Greek and Latin classics is fully endowed, the study of these classics at Marlboro will remain endangered. They are much neglected in most contemporary colleges and universities, even ignored in many.

FY82 Budget

At this time rapid inflation, estimated for 1981-82 at 13.5%, was exacerbating our budgeting problems. Our strategies remained the same: a full average FTE enrollment of 225 and a neutralized debt. Each year the gap between budgeted earnings plus normal giving and budgeted expenditures had been widening: FY79 $147,000, FY80 213,000, and FY81 (estimated) $261,000. In charges we had deliberately moved from near the top of approximately thirty competitors to the lower third in order to improve our competitive position, but for FY82 we proposed increasing charges by 13.4% plus $40, which would put us close to the middle, in order to close the gap. This meant total combined charges of $8,390. We wanted at the same time to reduce the financial aid burden from almost 19% to 15% of all tuitions, but that was out of reach at the time because of the

need to increase enrollment: 47% of Marlboro parents could not afford our full charges. Indeed, the proposed financial aid budget showed an increase of 15% from the current year to $232,500, but the proposed faculty budget only a 6.75% increase, which would mean that each full-time faculty member would receive approximately $1,000 more, not even enough to keep pace with inflation; staff increases would be comparable so that the total salary budget reached $873,000. Although we were paying only 62% of the national average (all ranks combined) in salaries, we felt we could not afford more, clear evidence that the faculty (and Staff) continued to subsidize the College. The faculty accepted the small increase with the understanding that if additional funds became available an adjustment would be made, an understanding accepted in turn by the Board. The faculty representatives to the Board played an important role in this budget discussion, not only in what they said - and they spoke constructively - but in their presence, which reassured their colleagues of the good faith of the Trustees. As I look back, I see an extraordinary sense of trust and cooperation which makes me feel honored to have been among such people.

Visual Arts Building

Funding the operating budget was not the only financial problem. The estimated $472,000 cost of a visual arts building was a bit steep at that point. The architects reduced the volume by one half and the square footage by one quarter. At the April meeting the resulting $400,000 cost was considered more acceptable. The plan was to build in stages. It was hoped the first stage, the "lower level", would begin after the Music School season that summer, could be completed for under $200,000, and would be in use by the fall of 1982. The post-and-beam upper or barn level would then be constructed by John MacArthur's son Dan when the funds became available. Dan had become the expert in the area at constructing such buildings.

Senior Membership

At the same meeting the Board appointed to senior status three faculty members: Tony Barrand part-time in psychology (he was one of the three psychologists originally appointed as a team), John Hayes in chemistry and biochemistry, and Jim Tober in economics. This was a strong group, and although Tony later moved on to become an associate professor of anthropology at Boston University, both John and Jim remain on the faculty as I write, and both have served as Dean of Faculty, John twice. Then in August the last member during my time was granted senior status, Gib Taylor in art and design. As I write he is in the process of retiring after teaching an extraordinary number of students who have gone on to distinction in professional fields such as restoration, furniture design, and instrument making. His discipline is being retired with him, but for a number of years Marlboro was one of the few liberal arts colleges with such a noteworthy design program in woodworking.

Presidential Search

The Presidential Search Committee eventually received approximately 150 applications. Nine applicants were personally interviewed by the Committee. Six were invited to the campus for two-day visits and talked separately with faculty members, staff members, and students. Five of the six met with me, although two of these meetings had to be held in Boston or New York because I had been on the road during the campus visit; the sixth was in Europe, too far away. In March the Committee met and selected a slate of three of the six to present to the full Board. On Sunday, March 28th, the voting members of the Board met from 11:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. at the home of Maurice Pechet at Gerry's Landing in Cambridge, Massachusetts for the final decision.

It was a remarkable meeting. Two of the candidates were interviewed at length in the morning, one after lunch. After the interviews, the Board reconvened in another room. First, Chairman John Straus went around the large table, asking in turn each of the other eighteen Trustees present to make any comment he or she wished on any of the three candidates. It quickly became clear that one, though fully qualified, was not quite right for Marlboro. The choice then became between two. The Chairman, who had also served as Chairman of the Selection Committee, next suggested that before we entered into any lengthy discussion we take a straw vote to see where we now stood. The vote showed an almost equal number for each of the two candidates. The Chairman then called for further discussion. Each trustee in turn was invited to make any comment he or she wished. Finally he opened the three envelopes he held in his hand, one each from the students, the staff, and the faculty representing their preferences. He opened the one from the students: Rod Gander; from the staff: Rod Gander; from the faculty: Rod Gander. Then, and only then, did he announce the preference of the Selection Committee, which he had kept secret up till then: Rod Gander. He called for another vote: 17-1, if I remember correctly, for Gander.

It was an extraordinary, and extraordinarily successful, process. I cannot speak for the constituencies, but the general impression was that rather than an academic, the College at this point wanted someone with management abilities who had mixed in the tough business world. Rod had started from the bottom at Newsweek, had represented the reporters in negotiations with management and later management in negotiations with reporters. In his final position he had been in charge of all reporters. He could bring a new perspective to the College. As it turned out,

it was a good choice. Rod not only shepherded Marlboro through some very difficult times, but his sense of public relations and marketing put Marlboro on the map. I had not only been weak in these areas, but had shown little real interest. My focus had been on the academic program, and to a lesser but important degree, on fund raising.

Although Rod did not take office until August, he began immediately familiarizing himself with the College, among other actions attending the April Board meeting.

Commencement

My last commencement was an encouraging sign at a time when enrollment and finances were troubling. Outside examiners recommended that two Plans of Concentration be submitted for publication, and almost 40% of the class was graduating in the natural sciences, the highest percentage ever. Two honorary degrees were awarded, one to Charles Merrill, a loyal trustee for sixteen years, and the other to Elizabeth McCormack of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund and formerly President of Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart. With her husband Jerry Aron, who later became an important member of the Marlboro Board, Dr. McCormack was to play an increasingly vital role at Marlboro in the future because of her connections in the foundation world. She was, and is, a woman of wisdom and wit.

Honorary Trustees

At the August Board meeting, my last, along with myself four other trustees of long service became Honorary Trustees, a status which conferred on us access to all material available to serving Trustees and the right to attend Board meetings with a voice but no vote: Nelson Eddy, Helen Harris, Carl Janke, and Suvia Whittemore. Exclusive of myself, these four together had served thirty-seven years. At the same meeting, I was voted President Emeritus, joining that most distinguished group of emeriti: Roland Boyden, Halsey Hicks, and Marcel Moyse. Dick Taylor succeeded Carl Janke as Treasurer.

Financial Position

As his last act as Treasurer, Carl Janke reported that our short term debt already amounted to $430,000, $230,000 more than a year earlier, but once again he pointed out that over the past twenty-two years our net worth had increased steadily, and that our total debt over the past four years had vacillated as our long term debt was reduced while the short term increased: $831,000 in 1978, $831,000 in 1979, $670,000 in 1980, but $823,000 again in 1980 at the end of our fiscal year. He warned that we might have to refinance the short term debt.

FY82 Budget

Anticipating an enrollment of 215 (which, alas, proved optimistic), we set the revised operating budget for FY82 at $2,067,899 in income and $2,217,856 in expenses for an operating deficit of $149,957, and the plant budget at $239,800 in income and $317,653 for a plant deficit of $77,853 - hardly an auspicious beginning for my successor. It was a disappointing ending, for just twelve months before the debt had reached a new low since the construction of the campus began, and

the enrollment had looked to be improving: it had been a false dawn. I left fearing that the College might not survive. I told Nancy that if it failed within three years it was my fault, for it took time for a new President to raise money, but after that it was Rod's. That it did not fail I lay to his efforts and the incredible loyalty and trust shown by the Board in situations which would have defeated a less determined group. Miracles at Marlboro had not ceased.

Ave atque Vale

A reporter interviewing me for the local paper asked me what I considered to be the most important development at the College during my tenure. I thought of the growth and strengthening of the faculty, the development of the Plan of Concentration, the growth in enrollment, and the construction of the campus - all of which I considered notable - but I cited the growth and development of the Board, on which the future survival of the College depended. I continue to believe this today. I was leaving at an awkward time. I felt guilty about leaving Rod in such a difficult position, but I was exhausted. I had made whatever contribution I could. It was time for someone else. On the other hand they had been wonderful years. I was proud to have been part of those years, proud to have been a colleague of so many fine members of the faculty and staff, so many fine members of the Board. Beyond regretting the situation in which I left the College for Rod, I regretted only what I had long known I would have to regret: the fact that we were building just the kind of College in which I would most like to teach, but I would not be able to do so. My responsibility now was to get out of the way and allow others their chance. Those years, however, have been perhaps my best. The College remains an integral part of me; it always will be (Nancy repeatedly catches me referring to the College and "my colleagues" in the first person plural as though I were still active there). I do not take advantage of my Honorary Trustee status and attend Boards meetings for the simple reason that I could not just put my toe in the water; I would have to plunge in neck deep, and that would not be good.

APPENDIX A

I wrote this letter at Zee Person's request a year after my luncheon meeting with him at which he had introduced me to the College and the summer before I applied for a teaching position. I had forgotten the letter until rummaging through some old files. I decided to include it here because in conjunction with my much more important statement to the Trustees of August, 1958, a year later (see Appendix C below), and the evolution of the Plan of Concentration and other features of the Marlboro system as they unfold in the text, it suggests the evolution of my and our thinking. My hands itched to edit this, for content as well as English, as I typed it over for the computer, but of course that was forbidden. Even so I am a bit embarrassed by its youthful arrogance and its constant references to Harvard and Oxford, but it is, after all, out of our own experiences that our ideas largely emerge.

Lonely Waters Farm
RFD
Newfane[27], Vt.
29 August, 1957

Dear Mr. Persons:

Now that I am no longer working at the Retreat[28], I have time to write you as promised. As I do, I cannot help thinking of the woman patient at the Retreat who pestered the nurses and doctors with suggestions. Not all of her suggestions, however, were mad: she once proposed that we send one young girl who affected to be a boy (short hair, etc.) to the men's ward for a week 'so she can discover that she is really a lovely young lady.' None of my suggestions, unfortunately, is quite so sensible.

Your problem, as I understand it, is to create a worthwhile college out of next to nothing. In order to do that, you need to offer something worth pursuing, and to find the means to offer that something. We might consider the problems apart, but I suspect that they can be considered successfully only if they are considered together: create the product people want (I should prefer to say 'need') and you will create the capital to produce it. Let's not plan a college, therefore, like every other college in the country, but let's create a college which we believe to be good. Its differences and similarities will be accidental. If it is sufficiently good, and sufficiently different, as I believe it to be, the means to support it can be found.

The purpose of an education is to fit a man to use his abilities to the full: briefly, to fulfill himself. There are two kinds of education: that which prepares a man in a specific field, and that which prepares him to use his mind in any situation. The last is known as a 'liberal education', and is what you are interested in at Marlboro. The graduate or trade schools take care of the rest. Now we must emphasize two things before we begin. First, colleges may teach people how to adjust, to play football or basketball, to wear attractive clothes, but these benefits are incidental; liberal arts colleges exist to develop the mind, to help a person learn how to think for himself (education is 10% teaching, 90% learning). With a limited budget, therefore, and a lack of binding tradition, we may begin by ignoring fraternities, athletics, large grey flannel administrations, and monumental

27Although we had our summer place in Townshend, the location now under the waters of the lake behind the Townshend Dam, our mail route originated in Newfane.
28I had had a summer job in the Recreation Department.

buildings; we can concentrate on what is essential - a good faculty and a proper educational system. Second, although a liberal education arts college does not exist primarily to train a person in one field, proper training exists only if the student manages to master one subject enough to recognize its own peculiar difficulties, and its relationship to neighboring subjects. I believe that the smattering of knowledge in many fields that our students are getting today in several of our larger colleges is a mistake.

Having said so much by way of introduction, I wish to spend most of my time on the proper educational system, but first a word about the faculty in passing. When you originally spoke to me about Marlboro, I said, "Spend money first on teachers, then on a library; let the students live in tents if necessary." I still believe that, passionately. In the Middle Ages (and in part of Europe today), students went where the teachers were, buildings or not. The same can be true of American education today. I am ashamed to report that one of my students, now traveling in Europe, recently sent me a postcard in which he wrote that he had recently visited Oxford: 'the facilities are not so good as Harvard's,' he added. How true. I had to walk through two courtyards and a passageway every time I went to the toilet or the bath house, and when we had lectures in hall during the winter I not only could see my breath, but had to keep my hand in my pocket when I was not writing notes so that it was fit to write with when necessary. (Do you know the story of the Oxford graduate who questioned the building of the first baths in his college in 1914: 'What do they want them for? The terms last only eight weeks.') I wonder if Plato's Academy had bathrooms and steam heat.

But to the point. The faculty is the key to the whole college, and to build a good faculty is not easy. It requires patience, wisdom, money, and luck. But there are principles that help. Offer good salaries, get good department heads, and the rest will follow. My tutor at Harvard, a wise man, once said, "A first class man will never block the appointment of another first class man, but a second class man often will." What Marlboro must have is first class department heads (I know - for the present they are likely to be the whole department, even two departments, in one). You can get such men only if you offer them considerable freedom, time to do their work, and a good salary. Good teachers just do not come cheap. You may get a few young ones now for $3,000 because they are crazy and like country living, but they will not stay long. Soon you must offer $5,000, then $10,000 to $12,000 top. Gulp that one down and try again. You must begin to offer salaries like this. Exeter is having trouble now, and its top is about $10,000. You might read Beardsley Ruml's article in the April Atlantic. He has some cogent things to say in this connection.

You must also come to terms with the fact that you will never attract the kind of research men Mr. Lovejoy was talking about in his letter[29]. (This is about the only point on which I disagree with him.) Such research men will go only to the larger cities with adequate library facilities, like New York, Boston, Oxford, London. That need not disturb you. I believe that the education I received at Harvard from 1945-1949 was not as good as it might have been had the teachers been better. Many of them were research men, valuable and necessary for the graduate students, but incapable of coming down to the level of the undergraduates. You want teachers, not research men, for a college like Marlboro. And for that, despite the current fad, they need not be PhD's!

May I add one more comment which does not strictly belong here, but belongs here more than

29Alas, I find no trace of this letter, a copy of which I never had.

anywhere else: the teachers must remain the important men in the college, not the administrators. Most colleges and well-established schools now are top-heavy. After the legions of deans and junior deans and proctors and tutors and registrars and bursars at Harvard, all with their little forms which had to be filled out at registration, I shall never forget walking into Oxford, being given the directions to my room, and told to see my tutor when he called for me. I learned more there than at Harvard.

Of course you won't get the faculty without the salaries, and you won't get the salaries without the product to sell. My chief concern is with this product. There is one thing which Marlboro can contribute to American education - the tutorial system. As I envisage this system, based on my experiences at Oxford, the emphasis is taken off the classrooms and placed on tutorials. Students do not take courses as such, as is usual in this country even where the tutorial system (so-called) is found, but work with a tutor to prepare for a final battery of examinations at the end of their college career. Thus at Oxford I took no official examinations until the end of my two years, when I took nine three-hour examinations, within one week, on English language and literature from the time in which *Beowulf* was written to 1832. The closest parallel which we have in this country is the bar examination, which tests a prospective lawyer's overall understanding of law after he has finished his training.

There are disadvantages to such a system, but few, I think, cannot be adequately mitigated, and all are outweighed buy the advantages. The biggest difficulty in this country would be the problem of students who wished to transfer from Marlboro to an orthodox college and would thus need credits part way through their college careers. I suggest that such students be allowed to take the examinations for which their tutor believes them to be prepared at the time of the transfer, and given credit for those they pass. Another difficulty is the atrophy of lectures when attendance is not required. At Oxford we had lectures, but we were not required to sign up for them, and only went when we thought we might gain from them. As a result the quality was generally poorer, though sometimes better, than at Harvard. But a large number of routine lectures should be omitted anyway; they are a remnant of medieval methods when books were few. The necessary lectures should thrive even under the tutorial system.

The advantages are far greater. In the first place the student is required to use all his knowledge at once. Under the course system there is too much danger that a student will finish a required course, take the examination, and promptly forget what he has learned while he crams for the next examination. Certainly he is in danger of compartmentalizing his knowledge, as though Milton' poetry were never to be studied in the same breath with Chaucer's (each has its own course). When he is required to assemble all his learning for a final stiff battery of examinations, on the other hand, examinations both oral and written, he is encouraged to remember and integrate all he has learned. This integration is to me extremely important, and a better road to a 'general education' than the elaborate system now found in colleges like Harvard.

In the second place, the absence of examinations until the end permits a more leisurely approach. Leisure is a forgotten element in American education. People sneer at the old Harvard concept of education over tea cups. I don't. Students need time to absorb, to think, to have inspiration months after they have studied a work, to compare one writer with another - to grow up. We make life difficult for the late bloomer, yet late bloomers sometimes contribute a great deal during

their lifetimes. The best education is through absorption into the growth of the spirit, and more than one kind of spirit needs time to mature. It is insane to examine a man on *Hamlet* a week, or even a month, after he has read it for the first time. Even two or three years is pushing things a bit.

In the third place, the tutorial system permits individual growth, breaks the lock step of the average college. With my tutor at Oxford, for instance, I was able to spend more time on Wordsworth than most poets because I enjoyed him more. Such emphasis did not hurt, but helped, me on the final examinations because they were designed to show how much I knew, not how much I didn't know (another concept worth emphasis). Let students bog down here and there, fire up elsewhere. Encourage individual interests with certain limits, and give the students a chance to reveal themselves on the final examinations. The small groups of students under the tutorial system encourage such differences (tutorials of from 1 to 5 students each).

Finally, students may proceed at different rates. The present mechanistic American education absurdly assumes that it takes four years to educate a college student, no matter what he studies. In England, the time depends on the subject. I would go further: I should make the time depend on the student and the subject, with an average time announced for each study. Some boys, because of their own private reading and experience, are ready to take final examinations a year or two earlier than others. Why make them wait a standard four years? And why push the late bloomer? Let him take an extra year. In practice a tutor could nominate a student for the examinations when he believes the student to be ready. Some recognition of this whole problem has been made in the past few years with the inauguration of the advance placement examinations, but the older colleges were slow to respond.

So much for the tutorial system. It is perhaps, the most significant suggestion I can offer. Of course the system would take time to develop in this country, and would take on its own characteristics according to the circumstances of its growth. But the theory is essentially sound, because it permits integration, leisure, and individual growth along with the intellectual discipline which is necessary for any education. I have a few other random suggestions which I here scatter like seed (or shotgun pellets).

1. For a while you might give a stiff honors degree, but a pass diploma only as difficult as the quality of your students permits. Important is to maintain a high standard for honors students, the ones most likely to go on to graduate work in the established universities, so that you can gain the respect of these universities. Eventually you might abolish the pass degree altogether as the quality of your students improved.

2. You might explore the possibility of giving different degrees in different fields, especially if the time necessary for a degree in each varies (B. Eng. etc.). This is probably a wild idea, which in the eyes of some (but not actually) would defeat the whole idea behind a 'liberal' education.

3. When you come to build a permanent campus, do not build necessarily in traditional architecture. Take the opportunity to encourage new, creative, native architectural designs which express the finest qualities of our age.

4. Don't fall for the general education mania of so many colleges. Teach your students to think well, and to know one field well. General understanding comes from knowing one thing so well you necessarily branch into related fields. The advantage of knowing one thing is that you always have roots, and discipline.

5. Get speakers from important colleges and universities to come regularly, partly to add to your own students' understanding, partly to make Marlboro known to the big universities. Eventually you might even get professors from big universities to help set up your yearly examinations and give the orals; this would help your standards, and be possible under the tutorial system as it would not be under the course system.

6. You might think seriously about the length of your terms. I do not mean that you should have a system like Bennington's, but you might have one like the British universities: three eight week terms, with six weeks between them during the winter, and a longer summer holiday. Tutors gave long but casual reading assignments for the holidays, and informal examinations when the students returned. This way the students have more time to absorb things themselves, think of the college as a guide to which to refer periodically; the students still have the main responsibility for their own education. Furthermore, you might cut down on your overhead this way.

7. Just a thought: the Music School is a great success. Does it use all the facilities? A school of creative arts might be set up during the summer, to cover besides music (which should be separate), literature, drama, the fine arts, and so on. But I shan't go into that now. I do have something definite in mind which is not, I believe, in use elsewhere for literature.

Enough, enough, enough. A man once taught me to stop writing when I have nothing more to say; he might have added, when I have said enough. I hope this will be useful to you, if only to encourage you with the thought that there are things Marlboro can do which are worthwhile for their own sake, but which at the same time can demand attention from others and bring in the money necessary for your survival. Perhaps something like this could be sold to Ford or whatever. Now let me stutter into silence.

Sincerely yours,

APPENDIX B

I found this also among my papers. It was clearly written about the same time as my letter above (and Dave Lovejoy's?) and before Roland became Acting President for the 1957-58 academic year.

A Program for the Development of Marlboro College

Roland W. Boyden, August 20, 1957

During the past ten years Marlboro College has demonstrated its power to survive. During the next ten years we must demonstrate its capacity to develop into a significant element in American higher education. In order to do this we must make wise plans and execute them with care and vigor. The following proposal is a rough draft of such a development plan with notes on how it should be executed.

Marlboro is a small, liberal arts college, and all planning must proceed from this basic premise. The purpose of a liberal arts college is general education rather than specific professional or vocational training. Some undergraduate work may have vocational significance, but that is incidental to the main function which is to educate the intelligent layman.

This has always been the objective of liberal education, but in the last fifty years the multiplication of specialities and the offering of semi-professional and even vocational courses at the undergraduate level has in too many instances buried the main purpose. The various general education programs throughout the country are an attempt to remedy this situation; but usually such programs are either a combination of specialities or a superficial resume of a little of everything. If we can offer a solution to this dilemma, we will have a program which is educationally sound and which will have considerable appeal as filling a wide-felt need. I am sure we can do this, but before outlining the educational program, I want to review briefly the resources which we have to work with.

Marlboro is new and small. The consequent weaknesses are very obvious: lack of material resources and lack of reputation. However, both the newness and the smallness are also assets, and I do not think that we have taken sufficient advantage of them. The newness has an appeal to certain type, and a good type, of student and teacher. The fact that we are not an established institution makes it possible for us to develop and remodel the education program with a minimum of internal friction and institutional drag. It also makes it possible to promote a novel program without having to explain anything away. The smallness gives us the opportunity to organize a kind of basic liberal arts curriculum which would be impossible in a large institution. It also makes it possible for us to take full advantage of the educational elements of extra-curricular activities. Both of these points will be expanded below.

In addition to these key factors, we have other resources of great importance. A college is largely the people who are in it. Students, faculty, trustees, administrative staff, alumni, etc. Without going into detail I will say, we have a solid core in all these areas, but that they all need to be strengthened, both by additions and by greater coordination. The approval and execution of an over-all plan should contribute substantially to both of these objectives. The physical site is both impressive and very unusual, but it has to be developed with care. The local community, Brattleboro, is not large enough to carry even a small liberal arts college, but it can contribute greatly to its success. I do not know what can be done here, but certainly something.

After these introductory remarks about what we are doing and what we have to do it with, I will turn to the program itself. First, the educational program as I would like to see it developed over the next five or ten years, with an indication as to personnel and costs. Second, some comments on the measures necessary to implement the program and put it across to the public.

THE EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM

As indicated above, I think we must concentrate on the general aspect of liberal education. It is the thing we do best, and it is the heart of a liberal arts program. We are concerned with educated laymen no matter whether they subsequently go into the businesses and homes of the country or adopt one of the professions. The professional or vocational aspects of a liberal education may, on occasion, be important, but they are incidental rather than essential. Those students who go to college for professional or vocational training do not belong in a liberal arts college. There is no point in our trying to appeal to those who are either not interested or feel that they cannot afford time for a liberal education.

However, general education can be made more appealing, and also more significant, than it usually is. The idea back of liberal education is that there is a broad foundation of coherent knowledge and intellectual techniques which underlies the detailed activities of men and women in all walks of life. A proper liberal education gives an over-all comprehension of this foundation and is consequently of value no matter what the vocation of the recipient. In the last fifty years the development of specialized knowledge and techniques in different areas has been so rapid and great that this common foundation has been buried and often lost to sight. This has been particularly true in the natural and social sciences. It is my proposal that we at Marlboro redefine this common foundation, which we may call the basic liberal arts, and bring the students to an awareness of it in its <u>entirety</u> along with a more detailed study of some parts of it.

The technical details of the academic program should be left to the faculty; but I can give my own ideas now, along with my reasons for thinking that Marlboro is in a good position to tackle the problem. The first requirement is for the faculty and administration to see the liberal arts curriculum as a whole rather than as combination of discrete parts. We are in a strong position to do this because we have a small coherent faculty which has already educated itself in this direction in developing the general education program to date.

In working out the details of the program there are two major and opposite hazards to be avoided. One is superficiality: the "general science," "outline of history" kind of thing. The other is lack of coherence: the combination of specialties approach. As working procedure I suggest that the faculty plan a basic liberal arts curriculum which would cover all aspects of the arts and sciences in sufficient detail to avoid the allegation of superficiality, but which would still be aimed at bringing the student to a sound general understanding rather than semi-professional competence. Above all, the different elements in the program should be correlated so that its unity and coherence is clear. My guess is that this would amount to a five or six year program if taken in its entirety. The accumulation of knowledge and the development of techniques has been so rapid over the past several generations that the entire range of the curriculum cannot be mastered in four years, even at this general level. This is where the small college comes in. With a small united faculty teaching

the program as a whole, rather than by departments, and with a small coherent student body in which each student is fully aware of what all the other students are doing, it will be unnecessary for every student to come into direct personal contact with the entire program. I think about one half would be enough. Students would be given a fairly free choice as to what parts of it they took, but of course their work would have to be well distributed. This would be about three-quarters of the student's time, the remainder being available for more specialized study. The success of such a program would depend, of course, on the care with which it was planned; but it would also depend on the unity and coherence of a small college community.

Another important resource in developing such a program in a place like Marlboro is the possibility of relating large sectors of the extra-curricular activities to basic education. This cannot be pushed too far; recreation is recreation; but a lot of the student's non-academic activity is in fact educational. In a small place this can be brought into the whole picture, whereas in a large one it almost inevitably remains fragmentary. Finally, it should be emphasized that this represents a logical development of what we have been doing, rather than a new departure.

The teaching staff for such a program could be fairly small. My estimate is 12-14 well qualified people, full time, distributed over the basic liberal arts. In addition, we will want 2-3 specialists, and eventually we should plan to give 2-3 annual appointments to men of some distinction in fields not adequately represented on the regular teaching staff. It would be almost impossible to finance a faculty of 20 out of $900.00 tuition from 150 students. Conceivably it could be done if administration costs were kept abnormally low. Otherwise, we would be faced with several alternatives: raise tuition, raise enrollment, raise money for operating expenses in addition to raising it for scholarships, or cutting back on faculty. Anyway, it is near enough to be feasible, and with this range of alternatives we can defer the question.

The instructional plant for such a program would be fairly simple also. The number of necessary class-rooms would be minimized by concentration on the basic courses, and library costs would be minimized by a similar concentration on a basic liberal arts library rather than on specialist material. I speak with less knowledge of laboratories, but I think that here, too, costs could be kept in scale with the rest of the enterprise by concentrating on basic laboratory equipment and limiting offerings of further specialized work in the sciences to those areas where equipment costs are low. My guess is that additional capital needs for instruction could be met for a costs of $50-100,000 depending on the use made of present building space.

The non-instructional plant needs are much greater. They consist largely of housing and recreation facilities for 150 students. I do not see how this can be done for less than $3,000 a head. Even making allowance for present facilities, which are inadequate for 40, the total figure will approximate $400,000. In addition something has to be done about office space. This will not be very expensive unless we build new, but something has got to be done. By our standards this figure for physical plant is a large one, about $500,000. It is perhaps rendered a little less terrifying by the fact that by far the largest item is for dormitories. It is legitimate to borrow for a dormitory, if you can find a lender, and the loan can be put on a self-liquidating basis.

IMPLEMENTING THE PROGRAM

In developing and executing this program the first requirement is to realize that we are developing what we have rather than inaugurating something new. We have a good solid educational proposition as it is, and it would be fatal to have future development interfere with this. This means that the day-to-day operations at the college must have a first priority with the faculty, and that the students must be convinced that the development program is not a reflection on the educational program as it now exists. I emphasize this because I think that at times we have lost ground with the students because of over-emphasis on what we were going to do year after next: after they have left.

The next step is to complete the long-term plan on paper: academic, financial, physical, extra-curricular. It should be possible to do parts of this fairly expeditiously, but it will be a lot of work to complete it.

The major unsolved problem is how to put the program over to the public. Immediately, this means recruiting students and raising money, but it is also closely related to building a solid faculty. As a preliminary to these direct promotional activities, we must have a broader base of informed and enthusiastic support. Very few people are willing to commit themselves to an institution that they have never heard of.

In answering the question: how to generate such wide-spread support? One thinks first of national or regional publicity. However, without discounting this too much, I am inclined to think it is somewhat illusory. Marlboro won't make the news until it is news, and when it is, we won't have to worry. I think it would be better to devote our energies to developing the established channels. These consist first of those with personal interest in the college: students, parents, friends, alumni, etc. All these groups should be frequently and fully informed as to what is going on at the college and encouraged to spread the word to others. Second, there is the local community. There have been various reasons for Brattleboro hesitating to accept the college, but clearly the time has come for pushing for local support. Finally, there are the educational and professional organizations and services. Every effort should be made to have the Marlboro program understood and accepted as widely as possible in these circles.

The most important methods of forwarding this campaign are literature, especially more literature of a specialized nature aimed at a particular audience, and personal contact with personal conviction. The latter is very important. Confidence is contagious, and so is the lack of it.

In addition to the general campaign, we must intensify our recruiting and money raising. Success in these areas is a necessary condition of success elsewhere. I hesitate to assign priority to one or the other, but perhaps recruiting is more immediate, so I will turn to that first.

Recruiting is done by mail, through special literature, and by personal contact. As a preliminary we must decide where we are going to place the chief emphasis and what kind of students we want. The way in which we feature the services we furnish comes out of the basic plan, but it is a little different because it must emphasize what we <u>are</u> rather than what we are going to be. I am perfectly persuaded that our main pitch must be liberal or general education. We must be in a

position where we can invite comparison, and this is the only place where we can. Within this basic framework the changes must be rung on small size, coherence, newness, the Green Mountains, etc., but all these factors should be brought in to buttress the main idea. We may continue some of our special academic programs, but I would not use them for recruiting purposes. This automatically defines the kind of student that we are going to appeal to - the good student (naturally) who consciously wants a liberal education. This is not as broad a class as might appear, for many students go to college for reasons that have little to do with education. A special question comes up in connection with borderline cases. We will continue to take them until the application list gets longer, and I hope even beyond that time, but I wouldn't advertise the fact. On the other hand, I think it would be well to have it known that we accept well recommended students with technical flaws in their preparation. Finally, the way to recruit is to do it. I am convinced that we must get a man who will spend a lot of time on the road.

I don't know much about raising money, but it is obvious that we have to get new sources of funds. We should look for individuals who can contribute substantially, but it is hard to do this systematically beyond keeping all our contacts alive. The only other sources are business contributors and foundations. Before they can be touched, the financial aspects of the program will have to be developed in full detail. I think that the figures will show that our program will be cheap for high quality education, but it will take more than my unsupported opinion to convince businessmen and directors of foundations. The kind of education that we furnish should appeal to enlightened businessmen as good training for the young man going into business. Most of them seem to think that technical training should be received on the job or in special schools and that the colleges should limit themselves to fundamentals. Getting in touch with these people is going to be a long process, but that is no reason to postpone starting. The foundations will be easier to get to but harder to crack. Institutional money is so carefully protected that it is generally available only for fool-proof projects. However, I am convinced that the basic educational idea will appeal to some foundation people and that sometime we will get support. Again, the first moves should be made soon.

The length of time that it will take to put the program over depends on how much we are willing to put into it. If we were to admit a full freshman class (45) in 1958 and following years we would be up to complement in 1961-62. This is the minimum. My recommendation is to aim for a full freshman class in 1959.

The costs of expansion will be considerable. Faculty expansion will have to lead enrollment if the academic aspects of the program are to be effective. This is also true of physical expansion. We can probably relate dormitory capacity very closely to enrollment, but other facilities will have to be built ahead. Finally, we will have to face heavy administrative costs in connection with planning and promoting the program. This leads me to say a closing word about administration.

The teaching staff can contribute to basic planning and forward the future interests of the college through incidental contacts, but by far the greater portion of its time and energy must be devoted to current operations. The students who are there are its first responsibility, not the students who are going to be there. To a somewhat less extent the same may be said of the regular office staff. During the regular academic year almost all of my time and a good part of Paul's is likewise absorbed by current problems.

On the other hand, the moves to be made in implementing the program represent a lot of work. To recapitulate:

1) Detailed planning: academic, financial, physical

2) Preparation of special literature aimed at special groups

3) A lot of time away from the college in personal contact with individuals and groups who in one way or another can contribute to the success of the program

Ideally, the whole problem of developing and implementing the program should be handed over to one person who should be furnished with an adequate staff and relieved of all other substantial duties. This is clearly impossible, but some move in this direction can be made. The likeliest rearrangement seems to me to relieve Paul of as much of the routine administration as possible, and to give him and Dick Eldridge as their first responsibility the making and execution of detailed development plans. This would leave the rest of us with a good many chores, but most of them of a kind that can be combined with regular duties. Certainly the college will never go ahead as long as everyone at the college is primarily concerned with last week and next, and yet by the very nature of educational institutions this must be the primary concern of most people at the college.

APPENDIX C

Statement to the Trustees, August, 1958

Thomas B. Ragle

Curriculum

A college exists to train the mind. An undergraduate liberal arts college exists to train the whole mind, not specifically in order that a graduate may be professionally trained in one field, but in order that his mind may have the breadth, the manoeuverability to act wisely in the whole context of human life. In a sense, any liberal education has philosophical implications, for it examines the question of what man is, of what life is in all its many manifestations. With a background of such a general understanding, a man is able to act wisely in his chosen field, for he is able to see his particular problem in the context of the general problem.

Marlboro is such an undergraduate liberal arts college. It exists, therefore, to train the whole mind. Its instrument is the curriculum, its field of operation the undergraduate life of the college. Although man is more than mind, the college exists for the special purpose of training the mind. Therefore studies must come first at Marlboro. The social life, such as the town meetings and dances, is important, but it is subsidiary to the academic program. Thus as president my first responsibility is to develop with Roland and the faculty the best possible academic policy. Everything else is secondary to this, must be judged in terms of how much it contributes to our main purpose. Fortunately the academic program as developed by Roland and the faculty is already fundamentally sound. Our task, then, is not to invent something new, but to develop and refine something which already exists. After talking with Roland, who is immediately concerned with such things, I believe that in the near future the faculty, Roland, and I will be progressing along these lines:

1) Tightening the present general education program. The program itself is fundamentally sound, but it is uneven. We must work to strengthen certain fields so that inequalities are eliminated. Roland has already moved in this direction in hiring teachers of philosophy and literature for this next year. We still need a classicist, a teacher of modern European literatures, and others.

2) Developing a program of concentration for the good students, particularly those who plan to go on to graduate school. General education does not <u>necessarily</u> mean that a student should not concentrate. Indeed, the best general education beyond a certain point may be that which results from going so far in one field that the relationship between this field and others becomes clear. Although this degree of concentration is beyond the scope of undergraduate colleges, perhaps it should begin for the good students while they are still undergraduates. Furthermore, any advanced training in thinking should involve training in depth as well as breadth, for the mind is not really disciplined which is not trained to concentrate on fine points.

3) Examining the possibility of creating two degrees, a pass and an honors degree, the first in general for those who will not go on to graduate school and wish to

continue general education, the second in general for those who will go on and would benefit from an increased load, stricter standards. This, incidentally, might go far toward solving one of our big problems: establishing a high standard, thus a good reputation, for the Marlboro degree when we are forced to take in some mediocre, if not poor, students.

4) Examining the whole question of courses, course credits, and semester hours as such.

5) Examining the present conventional semester arrangement. There is nothing inviolable about the two semester arrangement. Several colleges, Bard and Dartmouth to name two, are experimenting. We should consider the possibility.

Perhaps this is the place to insert a pointed remark about what we are not trying to do. In my opinion our main objective now is not to be accredited, not to assume all the apparel of respectability, but to educate. Ideally the two should work together, but you know from what Paul Zens said in June that actually the two are not the same, any more than the respectable people in a town are always the virtuous. Do not mistake me. I am not against accreditation; I am merely opposed to accreditation as an immediate end. When we are accredited, and I am hopeful that we shall be within a reasonable time, it will be incidental to the achievement of our more important objective.

Finances

All else in the college must be subsidiary to our educational policy. All my other responsibilities are subsidiary to this one. They are nonetheless important, at the moment particularly important because we are on relatively firm ground academically, not financially. This brings me to my next step: the finances of the college. Just as it is my role to work with Roland and the faculty on the curriculum, so it is my role to work with Howard and you on the budget. Here in general, after having my say, I must bow to your greater experience in business, but it is my duty to explain to you the needs of the college, as my colleagues and I see it, and to discuss with you the manner in which the necessary money is to be raised. You will forgive me I hope if my inexperience errs through boldness. I remember the dictum, attributed I believe to President Conant: Behold the turtle; he makes progress by sticking his neck out.

My own conviction, and the advice of everyone whose advice I have sought, indicates that the key to any college is the faculty. It is more important than buildings, even than books. The first objective of our financial policy, therefore, must be to build and keep a faculty. This should have two results: it should bring us desirable students; it should bring us money. Incidentally, it should bring us accreditation. Now two things, it seems to me, are necessary in the building and keeping of any faculty: proper working conditions and proper wages. By the first I mean such things as type of instruction, amount of instruction, amount of extra-curricular work, and social life. By the second I mean pay sufficient so that a faculty member may feed and house his family (I almost said 'have' a family), may educate his children to the degree he has been educated, and in general may be relieved of financial worries so that he may concentrate on the task at hand. Working conditions need not concern us here now, nor I hope very much in the future, since the faculty at

Marlboro has in the past, and in the future should continue to establish, academic policy and the conditions under which they work. Wages are another matter. You have not been comfortable with the present scale. I am very much distressed by it. I cannot emphasize enough the importance of adequate pay. On the one hand it permits the teacher to tend to business; on the other it permits the administration greater manoeuverability: it is very difficult to fire a man no matter how incompetent when you are indebted or obliged to him; it is embarrassing to ask extra work from someone who is working for nothing. You know this, but I remind you of it as I remind myself of it because we dare not ever forget it. The problem, of course, is how to find the money.

My preliminary thinking has progressed along these lines. There are at least four ways to raise money to pay teachers. The first is through tuition. Since at the moment tuition at Marlboro is not even close to being adequate to paying operational costs and our present pitiful salaries, that course for the moment is impossible for us. Furthermore, the experience of other colleges indicates that tuition alone will never be enough. It will play an important role, an increasingly important role as we expand, but we need other sources. The second is through annual donations. But this assumes resources we do not have: a large alumni, multi-millionaire friends, and so on. Furthermore, it is risky. One year we might be fortunate and raise $60,000, the next $6,000. Or a war might come along and wipe out this source almost altogether. Money directly from gifts into faculty salaries is money down the drain, and should be employed thus only in emergencies. The third is through investment. This is the conventional way, and ultimately will be ours, but normal investment is no answer now. Figuring that at best no more than 60% of tuition can be freed for faculty salaries, with 40 students we should need almost $3,000,000 endowment at 4% to pay $6,500, slightly above the national average, to 20 teachers. With 150 students we should need a little over $1,000,000. This is presently far out of our reach. It remains a goal.

The fourth way is a combination of tuition and investment. It is to turn our gifts, as many as possible after the deficit has been made up, into dormitories so that we can carry as little mortgage as possible. This should not only bring in greatly increased tuition - some $18,000 per year per dormitory at present rates - but room funds at slightly greater than 4% for operational expenses. Ideally we should pay completely for each dormitory as it goes up so that we have no amortization charges to pay. The we could release most of the room funds, or most of $4,600 per dormitory, for general operating costs, especially faculty salaries.

Consider an example. Let's say a dormitory for 20 students costs $75,000 (I pick that figure because it is convenient as well as reasonable). $75,000 invested at 4% would bring $3,000 a year. Build a dormitory with it and it will bring in annually $18,000 in tuition at present rates and $4,600 in room funds. That's almost $20,000 a year freed for operational costs as against $3,000 a year invested otherwise, or $75,000 all at once. What I am saying in effect, then, is that first, we must start investing our gifts, not pouring them into increased salaries, and second, the very best investment for the foreseeable future is in dormitories. And there is a corollary to this: gifts in large amounts should be easier to get if they are for a building. The fund raising experience of others indicates that.

With this in mind, I hope that we can build a maximum of a dormitory a year, a minimum of a dormitory every two years, until we approach facilities for 150 students. At that time we shall have to reappraise our aims anyway, and can decide where to go from there. In any case this is a rough aim, since we do not know all the implications of such plans. Experience will soon teach us, and

Howard's figures will make possible more accurate planning of this sort. The principle, however, remains clear, and I hope sound. What I am asking for now is agreement on the principle of investing in dormitories for the next few years, a principle based on this reasoning:

1) that building a faculty is the key to building Marlboro College

2) that to build a faculty we must among other things pay adequate salaries

3) that to pay adequate salaries we need to invest money

4) that currently our best investment is in dormitories

Then, if as is almost certain we are unable to raise all the money at one time for any one dormitory, we shall be acting in accordance with principle if we make the amortization costs as low as possible. The plan in this respect is flexible. It will have the added advantage of tying faculty salaries somewhat to rising enrollment, an arrangement which should appear fair to the faculty.

A word about other developments. After a faculty a college needs a library. We also need an auditorium, a science building, an office building, perhaps someday another classroom building and better dining facilities. Ordinarily some of these, like the library, would take precedence over the dormitories, but for the present we must build dormitories as a means, not as ends. The priority of these buildings should be decided, I think, in consultation with the faculty and in terms of the comprehensive plan. I mention them now merely to indicate that they have not been overlooked.

Promotion

The next problem is promotion, particularly the recruitment of students. It will do us little good to build dormitories if we cannot fill them. On this subject I have had several lengthy and very satisfactory talks with Dick Eldridge this summer. From them a plan is slowly emerging. It is very simple, in two steps, can be explained briefly. Sound recruitment takes time. It includes the building of confidence between school and college. The college needs to have faith in the standards of the school so it can accept students recommended by the school. In turn the school needs to have faith in the standards of the college not only so that it will dare recommend the college to students and parents, but wish to recommend it. This means continuing and developing contacts once made. As a first step, therefore, Dick plans to return this year to most of the places he visited last year. He appears to have had fair results then. We must not expect full results for a year or two.

This revisiting, however, will comprise only part of the program. Each year we should break new ground. Someday, for instance, we should approach the academically first rate prep schools in a bid for their best students of a certain kind; we are not ready for that yet. For the present we must concentrate on more likely targets. Now experience seems to have shown that Marlboro is more attractive to the average city youth than to the average country youth. This is probably as it should be. A Brattleboro student, for instance, needs to get away to the city to balance his education. A New Yorker or Bostonian, on the other hand, would do well to come up here in the country and absorb things he hardly knew existed. On this premise, as a second step we plan to hit the New York City area hard this fall in an attempt to get ten or a dozen students for next year. Dick

believes that New York or any large urban area is likely to produce better results for the time, effort, and money than any place else. We plan two or three more trips consisting of an exploratory trip by Dick, one or two follow-ups by Dick and myself, and perhaps more follow-ups by Dick alone. One of these trips will probably be combined with a gathering of alumni and trustees from the New York area, and my trip will certainly be combined with money raising efforts. I mention this not only so that you will know how we hope to fill the dormitories, but in hopes that some of you will be able to give us assistance in the form of names or contacts. Such help would be greatly appreciated. One thing that some member of the trustees might do for us, for instance, is give us some advice on how to spend on advertising for such a drive. Even access for a few minutes to some advertising man in one of your firms would be a great help. But this is incidental.

Administration

One more subject before I fall silent. You may have noticed that this statement has been divided into three parts: curriculum, finances, and promotion. These parts correspond closely to the present administrative organization in the college: Dean, Business Manager, and Administrative Assistant [responsible for recruitment and admissions - TBR]. This organization, it seems to me, should be adequate, and I hope very much to keep it this same size as the college grows. Other executive positions, such as alumni secretary and librarian, would not involve membership in the executive committee. American education is cursed with too much administration. As a nation we are in danger of forgetting that the purpose of colleges is to educate, that the core of any college is the teaching faculty. In my opinion, it is better for a college to be too lightly than too heavily administered. We are likely better to succeed if we adhere to simplicity of administration as well as to simplicity of philosophy and simplicity of planning.

APPENDIX D

Notes on a Liberal Education

The following is the text of a lecture I gave in the Monday Evening Series in November, 1966; both beforehand and afterward it appeared in other forms, such as in a paper I delivered in 1970 to the Vermont Academy of Arts and Sciences. I include it here with more than a little trepidation since it is seriously flawed. John Robinson, philosopher and my colleague at the time, was not only disappointed by it but disdainful of it. The basic premise is flawed. As my former student and friend Gordon Baker, now a philosophy tutor at Oxford, later made clear to me, you can't get logically from Is *to* Ought*, from what something is to its value, as David Hume first demonstrated in his* A Treatise of Human Nature, Book III (Of Morals), Section 1. *(Ever since, unable to shake the belief that our ethics are essentially connected with what we believe reality to be, I have been fussing with the possibility of getting from* Ought *to* Is*, but that is a whole other question. I am neither philosopher nor poet, though far more the latter than the former.)*

I include this nonetheless because the thinking expressed here was the basis of my educational philosophy at the time, indeed throughout my years at Marlboro, even today, mistaken as it may have been and be. On the best of motives we often operate on false premises in this world.

Introduction: This lecture is an attempt to develop a series of statements concerning a liberal education which provides something of a philosophical basis upon which a curriculum may be developed. Although I shall speak assertively, I do so for convenience and clarity; in fact these are a series of speculations. I have put them in the form of a lecture partly to force me to order them, partly to encourage a critical response from you which will help me in the future, and partly to stimulate your own thinking. I consider myself launching a dialogue, therefore, not completing a monologue.

I. For a point of departure I would like to take the interpretation which explains the Latin phrase *artes liberales*, the origin of our phrase *the liberal arts*, as "arts suitable for the free man." The series then develops in this way: the free man is the one who must make decisions for himself in those areas in which he is free. The wisest decisions are those which are made with the fullest understanding of the factors involved. Even where the decision is relatively trivial - such as the decision which foods to select from a menu - these factors are extensive and ultimately involve nothing less than concepts of existence, of what life is, of what the Universe is. For that reason I have become fond of defining a liberal education as that which is oriented toward answering the twin questions, "Who am I?" and "What is the universe?" Since the answer to each involves an answer to the other, they are really the obverse and the reverse of the same question, "What is existence?" I am suggesting, then, that the free man needs to have an adequate concept of what existence is - by implication both sentient and non-sentient existence - in order to function adequately as a free man. I am also suggesting that whether an education is liberal or not is defined more by an attitude taken toward the subject matter, an orientation, than by the subject matter in itself.

This concept of orientation is central. Perhaps I can clarify what I mean by an example, with apologies to those of you who are already familiar with this particular example[30]. Some time ago I

30I recount the example as it was given to me. Years later a physicist told me what he thought the true story probably was. He wrote:

heard of a Bell telephone scientist who spent several years looking for the source of a certain kind of static on undersea cable. He finally located the source in an electrical disturbance in the outer reaches of the Milky Way. Here my information stops, but we can speculate. If he used his findings, as presumably he did, to reduce or eliminate the static, he was operating at what we might call the physical or practical level. If he went further, as he might have done, and published a paper on his findings in the Milky Way, without particular reference to application, he might be said to be working at the level of pure science, the theoretical or abstract level. Finally, if he went still further, as he almost certainly did not, and published a paper which not only discussed his discovery in the outer reaches of the Milky Way but related this discovery to our concept of man and the universe, - of existence - then he might be said to be operating at the philosophical or conceptual level.

Please recognize, by the way, that to some extent I am defining my terms as I shall use them in this paper; otherwise we fall into a morass of dispute about what the terms mean and are diverted from the main point. After considerable backing and hauling I have settled on the terms "practical," "theoretical," and conceptual." In earlier papers I have used the terms "technical," "theoretical," and "metaphysical" or "philosophical," but I found myself in unnecessary difficulties with "technology" as defined by Derek Price, and "metaphysics" as defined by John Robinson and philosophers in general. In fact I find myself in difficulty with any terms I use since they do not always for me carry the meanings they commonly carry; we just don't have quite the terms I need. Please understand that in this paper I use the terms "practical," and "conceptual" with very particular reference to the *use* to which thought is put. To the extent thought is applied to the physical world, it is "practical". To the extent it is sought for its own sake, it is "theoretical". To the extent it is used to construct a picture of man and the universe, of existence, by which we may then guide our actions, it is "conceptual". There are other kinds of application - one can apply a theory of relativity to concepts of the universe; there are other kinds of theory - all thought in one sense is theoretical, and some concepts particularly so; and there are other kinds of concepts - one can have a concept of how to repair a practical machine like an automobile engine. Here, however, I am using my terms with reference to specific uses to which thought is put, recognizing as I do so that these or equivalent terms are necessary to carry on this discourse. In practice more

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> In the early 1960s Penzias and Wilson (at Bell Labs) embarked on an experimental study to measure (and catalogue) all the sources of microwave radio noise using new very sensitive technology. The results of this study would be very useful to engineers designing radio communication systems.
>
> Penzias and Wilson found a puzzling uniform background of (3 degrees above absolute zero) thermal ("blackbody") microwave radiation which was clearly of non terrestrial origin. Upon consulting the Princeton U. physicist Dicke, they learned of predictions that such radiation would be a remnant of a "big bang" type creation of the universe. The "3 degrees" background radiation resulted in the acceptance of the "big bang" cosmology over the "steady state" theory. Penzias and Wilson were subsequently awarded the Nobel Prize. It is interesting that the "3 degree" background radiation is much too weak to be of interest to a telecommunications engineer.

Whether or not this is the true story, the story as I heard it fitted the point that I was trying to make. This version would not have fitted.

than one function of thought may be operating at once, and the different functions are closely related.

I am arguing, then, that a liberal education is in orientation conceptual in the sense that it is directed toward constructing a picture of man and the universe, of existence. Let me clarify this further by other illustrations. We can study physics for engineering purposes - that is, to achieve immediate and practical results, whether in constructing a simple block and tackle to lift bags of grain into a loft, or in constructing elaborate signal systems for sophisticated rockets. This is practical, what I used to call technical, essential in any action directed by the mind, from playing the violin to playing the stock market or controlling deer populations. In my own experience, in my undergraduate training in a liberal arts college, I have found several courses limited largely to this, from a fine arts course in which we learned little more than the name, style, artist, date , and location of each painting, sculpture, or building, to a mathematics course in which we learned little more than formulas which we could plug in for use in the physics lab - only I wasn't taking physics. Of course some mastery of practice, of application, is advisable for any kind of operating - and understanding - at the other levels of theory and conception, but emphasis on it is hardly liberal learning as I am defining it.

Or we can study physics from the point of view of the beautiful, the beautifully organized, structure it is. This is most often the point of view of the physicist himself, who loves physics for its own sake, for the aesthetic pleasure it gives him, without regard to its application or its effect upon our conception of man. This is the abstract level, the subject for its own sake, the level of pure physics or pure biology or pure literature or pure economics, the level of what I have called theory. The doctor may pursue biology for its application to healing people, but the biologist pursues it for the pleasure it gives him, for the orderly and in one sense abstract world it reveals to him. This is equally true of the poet who writes poetry because he loves poetry. Theory is great fun, over and above whatever use the theory in physics or biology, the poem in poetry, may have in the practical world.

Or we can study physics from the point of view of what it has to tell us about ourselves and the universe. The theories of Copernicus or Newton or Einstein have had results far beyond the abstractions of physics. Last summer at the Academic Advisors Meeting Robert MacArthur soundly spanked me for saying at one time that 'mathematics is a language'; Robert explained that mathematics is a language only when it is applied; by implication mathematics is a way of life in itself to the mathematician, who builds beautiful worlds without thought for their application. Indeed, this is a fine example of the distinction between the level of application and the level of theory which I outlined earlier. But even though we yield to Robert in this context, is there not another sense in which mathematics is a language: not this time in the material world, but in the world of concepts, where I suspect concepts of limits, or concepts of sets, or concepts of infinity, for instance, have much to contribute?

Here we must slow down, return to the term 'oriented'. I am not suggesting that in college (or anywhere else; we must continually remind ourselves that a liberal education, or any education for that matter, does not have to take place in college) we can come close to answering the questions "Who am I?" or "What is the Universe?". These are the great unanswered and perhaps unanswerable questions. We do have to function in the world, however, and our functioning effectively depends in good part on the concept we have of it. We all, consciously or unconsciously, do construct some picture of existence. If we are systematic, our picture may be

relatively consistent; if we are not, and most of us are not - Socrates made his way by bringing people to recognize the inconsistencies in their thinking - our picture may be full of contradictions to which we are blind. We may believe, for instance, that all men are created free and equal and also believe that Negroes are an inferior breed. Or our pictures may be untrue (to some extent certainly are): we may believe on the evidence of objective tests that slum children are innately less intelligent than middle-class children in the same age group, whereas in fact there is evidence to suggest merely that the tests themselves are geared to a middle-class culture and thus foreign to slum children. We all do have pictures, however, and our effectiveness in the world is in large part - allowing for chance - a function of how accurate our picture is. Usually the picture is unconsciously derived from our upbringing and our activity, but it may in part be consciously derived and I am arguing that the major function of a liberal education is to refine the picture by conscious involvement of the mind. The groundwork must be done first, admittedly; the liberal experience in college is simply an element, albeit significant, in the development of the picture. Although I am concerned with this particular element this evening, we must not forget the context in which it operates.

Thus when I use the phrase 'oriented toward' I mean neither that the answers are forthcoming once and for all, nor even that the answers are specifically given even in the course. The process is - or should be and too often is not - continuous through life. The role of the teacher in the college experience is to keep the process going by feeding it from the point of view of what his discipline has to offer. Thus the first day in an elementary physics laboratory a teacher can ask "What is matter?" even though the question may not be answered that day or even that year. The mind is set moving in fundamental directions, the questions asked and answered in the course are seen in the conceptual context - it does not even matter if the answer to that particular question in the end is that in the traditional sense there is no matter. A question like "What is matter?" is oriented toward the ultimate question 'What is existence?' and thus belongs in a liberal arts course.

To return to my original examples of liberal arts courses that were not liberal arts courses, in Art we should have been asking questions like "What is the vision of man expressed by the Greek sense of order?" - if indeed, there is a Greek sense of order. What about the Greek sense of disorder? The mathematics course should have been asking questions like "Why did anyone think of calculus in the first place?" and "Why did anyone think of a limit, anyway; what does it mean to speak of limits?" Questions like these recognize that a student is a man as well as an incipient artist or physicist or mathematician. All too often we lift man from the practical level of lifting bags of grain with pulleys to the abstract level of the physicist and strand him there. For some the answer is to escape the world of learning altogether and step back into the world of grain bags entirely. For others, it is enough to escape the world of grain bags and retreat into a world of safe abstractions. I am suggesting they should step further into the world of concepts, where both the grain bags and the theory of pulleys are seen in the perspective of existence.

So far, my extended examples, at least, have been drawn from the natural sciences, largely because these offer at first glance the greatest difficulty: traditionally they have been considered the most <u>alien</u> to the liberal arts, even to being excluded <u>from</u> the liberal arts. I am trying to argue that they have a significant role to play among the liberal arts, that one very large part of the question "What is existence?" concerns non-sentient existence, or sentient existence examined from a biological, chemical, physical point of view. The Humanities traditionally have not offered so great a difficulty because by their nature they are concerned with human beings reacting to one another, and the involvement with values more obvious. Let me now take an example from the

Humanities, however, to show in even greater detail in what way these same distinctions apply. Consider this familiar, perhaps too familiar, poem by Wordsworth, chosen because it does seem trivial to many, a mere childish poem:

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed - and gazed - but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

A practical, or technical, discussion of this poem would concentrate on such aspects as word analysis, structure, and prosody. It would point to key words like "wander", "lonely", "solitary", which depict the aimless mood of the speaker isolated from his surroundings like the "cloud" from the "vales" and "hills", contrasted with words like "crowd" and "host", "jovial", "gay", "glee" and "dance" which change the mood from isolation, even incipient desolation, to fellowship and joy: no longer the isolated cloud, but the massed stars of the milky way. It would point to the transition in the third stanza leading to the conclusion in the last, where the memory of the experience with the daffodils, the union of man with nature withoutdoors at a given time, is capable of relieving a melancholy, empty mood withindoors months or even years later. It would point to the sprightly iambic tetrameter rhythm which may be read to dance with the flowers and the poet's heart. It would pause over the effect of the caesura and the alliterative 'b' and 'e' sounds in the fifth and sixth lines - "Beside the lake, beneath the trees/Fluttering and dancing in the breeze" - or the effect on the emphasis and the meter of the inversions, like the inversions in "Ten thousand saw I at a glance/Tossing their heads in sprightly dance" - notice here also the alternating 't' and 'th' sounds.

We are talking here at a low but valid level of interpretation, on the level, if you will, of practice or

technology. The principles of semantics, of connotation, of denotation, of sound and rhythm, are active, but the principles are not studied for the own sakes, at a theoretical level, as they are in the semantic works of Hiyakawa or Empson, the prosodic works of Hopkins or Bridges.

We might, of course, go further, using the poem as an example, to discuss the theory of relevant or irrelevant responses. A 'crowd", for instance, could have an unpleasant, smelly, connotation to someone weary of New York subways at rush hour. Alone, the word might connote a mob attacking Civil Rights demonstrators. Alone, the word 'host' might connote the army of Genghis Khan raping Asia and Europe like the proverbial plague of locusts - or perhaps not hordes of people at all, but the Eucharistic Wafer, the bread of the Christian mass. In the context of the poem, juxtaposed with 'lonely' and the image of the isolated crowd on the one hand and the golden daffodils dancing in the breeze on the other, however, both words have a warm, comforting connotation. The poem may be studied at this level, with emphasis on the theories of semantics which the poem illustrates, and its lessons applied to the reading of other poems. This is a combination of theory and the application of theory, but no more. It is the sort of treatment which poems are usually given in good literature courses in colleges today.

Or the direction may be different - though the level much the same - not to theories about semantics or prosody but to theories about Wordsworth and the Romantic movement. The link might be made, for instance, between the last stanza and the famous passage in "Tintern Abbey" where Wordsworth develops the thought further:

> These beauteous forms,
> Through a long absence, have not been to me
> As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
> But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
> Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
> In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
> Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
> And passing even into my purer mind,
> With tranquil restoration: - feelings too
> of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,
> As have no slight or trivial influence
> On that best portion of a good man's life,
> His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
> Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
> To them I may have owed another gift,
> Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
> In which the burthen of the mystery,
> In which the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world,
> Is lightened: - that serene and blessed mood,
> In which the affections gently lead us on, -
> Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
> And even the motion of out human blood
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul:
> While with an eye made quiet by the power

Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

A philosophical significance begins to appear in Wordsworth's experience of nature. The experience which in "Daffodils" seems merely sensuous and pleasant becomes spiritual, an experience significant enough to be developed even further in "Tintern Abbey":

For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear, - both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Wordsworth recognizes an affinity between himself and nature because he feels, and the word here is 'feels', caught up in a spirit which pervades both himself and the physical nature around him; both are an experience of the same thing. We can carry this linkage on, still at the level of theory, to expand this passage as a response to the impersonal Newtonian universe, even an over-response, but I have carried it far enough to make the point.

This is still at the level of theory, of abstractions, so long as we do not begin to involve Wordsworth's vision here into our own vision of life. If this were physics, maintaining the abstraction would be fairly easy; indeed, it is usually maintained in physics. It is maintained even in literature for many people - the scholars who isolate their work from their lives, or even worse, retreat into their work and live as isolated from the real world as Wordsworth felt as he wandered o'er vale and hills. As I mentioned earlier, however, the steps to the conceptual level are easier to take in the Humanities, since poems, political theories, philosophies, paintings, religions have implicit in them value systems, and value systems are based on conceptual systems. "Tintern Abbey", for instance, at age sixteen, long before I had any knowledge of the romantic movement or semantic theories, had a terrific impact on me. I liked the poem because to me at that age that

was the way the world was. I can still remember the amused but gentle smile of my tutor later at the university, a Coleridgean, when he asked why I liked Wordsworth so much: "Because that is the way the world is," I replied. I am no longer quite so naive, but the incident suggests how easy the conceptual level is to reach. At that time I had barely heard of many of the semantic and philosophical theories to which I just alluded.

Lionel Trilling, in his fine, provocative essay on Wordsworth's "Immortality Ode", related Wordsworth's experience with nature to Freud's conjecture that the oceanic sensation of being at one with the universe "is a vestige of the infant's state of feeling before he has learned to distinguish between the stimuli of his own sensations and those of the world outside." Trilling goes on to suggest that Wordsworth carried this sensation, this state of feeling, later into his adolescence than most children. One does not have to agree with this interpretation - which carries with it all sorts of explosive implications for poetic, religious, and mystical experience - to recognize that at this level of interpretation Professor Trilling is operating at the conceptual level of which we have been speaking. He is talking not simply of a particular poem in a particular literary movement, but about man's relationship to the physical universe.

Perhaps, to cover my flank here though I have no time to pursue the idea further, I should mention that in approaching any real conclusion here from the poetry itself we are dealing with an experience - feeling, knowledge and all - not an abstract idea extracted by reason alone. It is the fact that this is an experience albeit for us a vicarious experience through the medium of art, that distinguishes what I am talking about from on the one hand psychology and on the other philosophy per se, (yet we might note briefly how closely the three are related at this point - it is almost impossible to maintain the barrier between academic subjects when a point is pursued far enough).

Indeed, perhaps I should pause just a bit more over this point. To some it may seem that I have been reducing all studies in the liberal arts to lower case philosophy, even to lower case metaphysics, since my question "What is existence?" may appear to be nothing but the question underlying metaphysics, "What is being?", writ small. I might be inclined to yield the point except for the all important difference of approach. I am not suggesting that we ask the question "What is existence?" in an abstract form without the discipline, but from within the discipline itself. There is music, and there is philosophy of music within aesthetics. There is history and the philosophy of history, science and the philosophy of science. I am asking the question "What is harmony?" or "What is matter?" within the art of music or the science of physics, not from without in aesthetics or the philosophy of science. At stake is a point of view, an experience, not simply knowledge divorced from its functioning elements. Presumably, if we approached all possible branches of knowledge from this point of view, a coherent picture of the world would emerge, since each branch would have something to contribute to the whole, but this picture would be seen from within, like the inside of a dome seen from the floor, not from without, like a dome seen from the air. Borrowing a phrase - I believe legitimately - from Leslie Lamport's lecture on mathematics a few weeks ago, in his field we would be making a mathematical statement, not a statement about mathematics; we would be dealing in mathematics, not metamathematics.

Let me summarize to this point. I have described the liberal arts as "the arts suitable for the free man." The free man is one who must make decisions for himself. The wisest decisions are those made with the fullest understanding of the factors involved. Such decisions, even when trivial, ultimately involve nothing less than concepts of existence. A free man, then, to operate adequately

is one who needs to have an adequate conception of what existence is. I am suggesting that whether an education is liberal or not is defined more by the attitude taken toward the material, a conceptual orientation, than by subject matter alone. I am also suggesting that this conceptual orientation, or rather these conceptual orientations in the aggregate, lead to a conception of existence, but that this conception is different from a traditional metaphysical conception in that it considers being from within the disciplines, not from without.

II. Now I do not suggest that my particular interpretation has any explicit historical sanction behind it; I do not happen to have run across any evidence that the phrase *artes liberales* has been used quite as I use it. Indeed, if you examine most people today you will find that they associate 'liberal arts' with subject matter - often history, literature, art, philosophy - subjects which are roughly the same as those we group under the Arts and Humanities. The sciences, and by and large the social sciences, are sometimes included, but by no means always.

The history of the liberal arts is nevertheless instructive, and best understood, I think, if we return to my original interpretation of *artes liberales* as 'the arts suitable for the free man'. These had their origins in ancient Rome[31], where 'free man' had a special significance, a class significance. A free man was also a political man, expected to serve his state as a warrior in time of war, and as a man interested in civil affairs in time of peace. The education for such a man might be considered technical by our standards - though the distinction between technical and theoretical as we have made it tonight would not have been understood, and the Roman liberal education was technical only in the sense that it prepared men for leadership either in the Senate or in administrative posts. The curriculum consisted largely of grammar, which included what we would call literature and history, music, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, harmony, rhetoric, and philosophy. These also involved skills which could be used, in a debate in the Senate or at administrative posts in the distant reaches of the empire. Fundamentally, this was an education for the responsibility of a free man - leadership. It was in this sense technical. It is important to recognize, however, that with the skills of reading, writing, and figuring it imparted a conceptual picture of the world inherited to a considerable extent from the Greeks and handed down through poets like Homer and Sophocles, philosophers like Plato and Aristotle, historians like Herodotus and Thucydides. This was possible then. It was not necessary to take particular notice of it, though some of the ancients were conscious of what was happening: witness Plato's attack on Homer in *The Republic*.

Analogous situations existed during the Medieval and early modern periods, though we must make adjustments for emphasis on different objectives of leadership. During the Middle Ages, for instance, emphasis was not so much on producing leaders for civil affairs as for the Church. This was accompanied, both effect and cause, by a change in man's concept of his world. The importance of this conceptual picture is illustrated by the reasoning of the non-Christian Martianus Capella, who in the late fourth century A.D. finally codified the seven liberal arts, as they came to be known during the Middle Ages, in terms of their usefulness, dropping medicine and architecture because he wanted to keep "only those arts which would interest a group of celestial and spiritual beings, and such beings needed neither medicine because they did not suffer from earthly ills, nor architecture, because they did not need earthly habitation." His seven liberal arts consisted of the familiar quadrivium - arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and harmony - and the trivium - logic, grammar, and rhetoric. On top of these grew the professional schools of law, theology, and medicine. The schools were run largely by Churchmen and largely in connection

31In a later version of this argument I traced the origin even further back to ancient Greece, where in fact the concept of liberal education seems to have originated, the free man contrasted with the slave.

with monasteries and churches for the express purpose of producing educated cleric - to lead the Church - and educated clerks, including lawyers, to serve the Court. Though the subjects remained the same, the texts differed, as you might imagine. The *Bible* and the Church Fathers replaced secular authors like Homer and Plato. Again, this was both a technical and a conceptual education. Concepts changed so slowly people did not feel it necessary to argue the distinction.

The early modern period shifted the emphasis again, this time from leadership in the Church and Court back to leadership in the state and in commerce and industry. Education continued technical and conceptual at the same time. Along with the technical training in law, medicine, and theology came the conceptual training based partly on the *Bible* and Church Fathers but increasingly on secular authors, first those of classical Greece and Rome, later on more modern secular authors. Even in the professional schools of Theology, Medicine, and Law the inherited world picture was handed down from generation to generation as philosophical as well as technical truth; what else is at the conceptual heart of Theology, Medicine, and Law if not the three aspects of existence so familiar to the Renaissance man: the macrocosm, the microcosm, and the body politic? Only slowly did this inherited world crumble under the attacks of men like Luther and Galileo, Harvey and Bacon.

Historically, then, a liberal education has prepared men for practical roles as leaders in society, for whatever was considered the most relevant by the particular society: the Senate or Imperial Court and the Civil Service in Roman times, the Church and Court in the Middle Ages, commerce and government in the Renaissance and since. In so far as the training was technical, professional, it was practical or at most theoretical. But it was also conceptual. Because concepts of existence changed so slowly, this part of the education usually consisted in learning what earlier authorities said. But slowly, from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries on, the appeal has been less and less to the older authorities, to Homer and the Church Fathers, and more and more to experience, recent experience. This phenomenon, I note, has developed more or less in step with the increasing acceleration of new knowledge which has, in turn, resulted in the increasing acceleration of new or modified concepts of existence. The result is the confusion and profusion of concepts we find about us, to the point that one can almost shop for them as in a supermarket, or argue that there is no one true concept - anything will do. With no generally accepted concepts, no generally accepted code of ethics arises from them. The passing on of old concepts is no longer adequate. (In passing, we might note that this is the reason no going back to the good old values will serve. We can't go back; we must go forward.)

We are now ready to return to our earlier definition of a liberal arts education, in which I placed the emphasis on the *conceptual* role of learning and implied that a student constructs his own conception of existence. Now from such a conception of existence, which he constructs for himself from his own experience, both in his upbringing at home and in his schooling, the individual derives his value system. If you wish he constructs his own unified conceptual theory or construct. Just as his knowledge is a hypothesis at best, so his unified concept is a hypothesis built on hypotheses. The major condition of this unified construct hypothesis is that it not contradict what he knows otherwise. The major religions and philosophies of history, and innumerable private variations of them, are such constructs. Since knowledge changes, and is now changing very rapidly indeed in many areas, the construct must change with it or else an individual or a culture begins to fall apart. We have been witnessing this in the West for several generations.

Bishop Robinson has outlined the problem rather clearly if over simply in his famous though controversial book *Honest to God*. In the first century A.D. man constructed a religion as best he knew from his experience then. To express the heights of divinity he spoke of a God up there. When astronomers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries explored the heavens and began to propagate heliocentric theories instead of geocentric theories of the universe, the old construct began to crack, but the crack was relatively easily glossed over by changing from a God 'up there' to a God 'out there'. Now that we are actually 'out there' with rockets and men, the crack may no longer be glossed over and theologians speak of God not 'up there' or 'out there' but 'in here', in the still unplumbed depths of the self. In this oversimplified but dramatic summary, we can see how over centuries unified constructs from which we built our value systems are modified. When the modifications are gradual, over decades and centuries, it is possible for a flexible society to absorb them with relatively little upheaval, as in England. If the society is inflexible, as perhaps in eighteenth century France or early twentieth century Russia, the upheaval may be great. The problem is much compounded now, however, because knowledge is multiplying at such a rate that generations can hardly absorb the changes, and we find changes - sometimes exaggerated, I insist - between even people of your generation and mine.

Sometime within the past year or two, I read that the average male now entering the work force will need to be retrained five times or more to remain in the work force until he retires. A generation or two ago skills changed hardly once in a lifetime. It matters not for my purposes here how accurate in detail this statement was. It is generally true, and serves as an analogue to what is happening conceptually. Evidence in the *Bible* suggests that the evolution of a sacramental religion from human sacrifice to animal to sacrifice to the concept of bread and wine took generations over centuries. The evidence of Greek history suggests that the concept of state justice in contrast to personal or tribal justice took similar ages. More recently the Copernican revolution of which I spoke took over a hundred years to penetrate even to the generally educated man to say nothing of the commonalty of men. The Einsteinian revolution, the Freudian revolution, the Darwinian revolution - note how many within roughly a fifty year period - took no more than a generation each. (Whether any revolution can take place in less than a generation is a moot question, but it is a very important question).

In this context the conceptual picture, the unified construct, which each of us draws for himself takes on further importance. The knowledge out of which concepts are constructed are changing so quickly we hardly have time to test them. As thinkers are fond of pointing out, there is no generally accepted world picture today: we are going through a period of rapid change (one might challenge this truism with considerable reason, yet in relative terms, in broad outline, I believe it to be true). The uncritical acceptance of inherited concepts is dangerous; so is the uncritical acceptance of new ones. That we *have* inherited concepts remains important - the psychologists tell us what happens to the security of children if they are not given order early - but we must grow to be skeptical, to be critical of them almost as soon as we reach the age of reason.

A byproduct of all this is that the role of the teacher has changed also. No longer is he the unchallenged expert, the German professor whose word is law. He is the more experienced investigator, explorer, but as such his main role becomes that of imparting the techniques of the search: the relevant and irrelevant questions which may be asked, the sort of answers which, as hypotheses, are reasonable, the methods of finding and verifying these answers. This cannot be

done without the mastery of the facts, but it goes beyond the facts to the techniques of discovering and using them, and ultimately of incorporating them in one's unified construct. An introductory course in English poetry, then, considers in some detail a number of poems from Wyatt's or Shakespeare's to Robert Lowell's. Hopefully the student comes to appreciate and remember many of the particular poems read, for the enjoyment they can give through a lifetime, but more important is that the student learns how to read poetry, has the ability to read poems traditional and untraditional, and that he may not only gain enjoyment, but may learn to involve poetry in the construction of his concepts of existence, his unified construct. The same is true of history or physics or sociology or any other discipline. You will remember that we have already defined a subject as among the liberal arts if it is susceptible - and to the extent it is susceptible - to this treatment.

Such a theory leads us to one interesting question, incidentally, which I cannot now answer, and which I wish to leave open in the discussion tonight. Psychologists argue, and my limited experience seems to confirm, that emotionally few people are able to adjust their concepts after an early age, because the concept, in so far as it is operational, is inextricably intertwined with our emotions. And emotional structures, once set, need an almost traumatic experience to change. In other words, once we have formed our picture, our construct, and allowed it to dry - sometime around the college years for many? - it is not likely to change much throughout the rest of our lives. This appears to be an emotional problem, I repeat, not an intellectual one: we can teach people new, Darwinian or Freudian or Einsteinian, concepts which intellectually they accept or believe they accept, and in purely practical areas may actually use, but they continue to act generally under a value system based on older concepts. What we have here in the individual is but the history of peoples writ small: Milton knew the Copernican system, and challenged intellectually, would have asserted its truth, but his great poems assume the Ptolemaic system familiar to and accepted by most of his readers and, one suspects, more congenial to Milton himself.

Let me summarize finally. I have explained the liberal arts as those arts suitable for the free man. The free man is one who must make decisions for himself. The wisest decisions are those which are made with the fullest understanding of the factors involved. Such decisions ultimately involve basic concepts of existence. A liberal education, therefore, is distinguished by the fact that it makes it possible for us to construct these concepts. A liberal education has not been viewed in these terms historically because up until fairly recently concepts changed very slowly; training in them consisted largely in handing down concepts already generally accepted, and the emphasis instead could be placed largely on the practical or theoretical aspects of knowledge. Now that our knowledge, and therefore to some extent our concepts, are changing so rapidly, however, we can no longer rely on the older custom of slighting the conceptual level and emphasizing the practical or theoretical; we must place the conceptual level in the center of liberal learning, where it belongs.

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