A LIVING SAINT
Exploring Calcutta’s faces

Hodding Carter: How to choose a troubled nation’s leader

‘Selfishness’ spurs a new breed of student volunteers
LETTERS

'Half-truths' about 1960s make his blood boil

I had almost forgotten how Don Schwartz and his YAFers [Young Americans for Freedom] used to make my blood boil 20 years ago when we were both students at Mac. Reading the February issue ["We Thought the World Could Be Made Perfect"] got the old juices flowing again.

How ironic that Susan [Schwartz] complains about the lack of intellectual debate about issues when she was at Mac in the late '60s. There was a great deal of such debate before the YAF began turning every question about foreign or social policy into a test of patriotism. I remember long discussions about the war and other issues led by such people as [then-assistant chaplain] Al Currier, Dr. [Theodore] Mitau, Dr. [David] White, and even Prof. [Hubert] Humphrey—discussions where issues were debated on an intellectual level without impugning the personal worth of one's opponent. It was these debates, and the reading they inspired me to do, which changed me these debates, and the reading they inspired me to do, which changed me. It was these debates, and the reading they inspired me to do, which changed me.

As far as I know, this never happened in the years I was at Macalester. (I challenge Professor Parson [Kathleen Parson '67, associate professor of biology and chemistry] to document exactly when she was prevented "from getting her work done" by tear gas, as she is quoted in another article ["The Opening of the American Mind"] in that issue.) The point Dr. Mitau made was that at the extremes of the continuum the fascist right and the communist left become virtually indistinguishable from one another. This is a far cry from saying all activists are fascists. To distort his ideas in this way is to dishonor the memory of a fine teacher.

David Fisher '69
New York, N.Y.

Community deserves credit, too

I want to express my appreciation for the article on AIDS in the February issue of Macalester Today. It allows the alumni community to know that we have been trying to deal with this difficult issue in a straightforward way.

However, I was concerned to see that "AIDS Awareness Week" was attributed to me as the sole organizer. In fact, a sizeable committee of students, faculty, and staff invested many hours in planning and organizing that week, and a number of people were directly involved in presentations and discussion groups. I regret that the article did not point this out.

Brent B. Coffin
Chaplain

A light under a bushel?

Micheal J. Thompson's lively and interesting article, "The Well-Travelled Rhodes" (February), correctly assigns the bulk of the credit for Macalester students' successes in recent Rhodes Scholarship competitions to the college's many strengths as an institution. The article's weakness is its failure to emphasize the contribution to this record made by Macalester's greatest asset—its faculty.

We mention this here because neither of us was able to contribute to the article's preparation (in spite of the impression which the article left). One of us was simply not contacted. The other, however, was informed that she would not be permitted to draw full attention to the role which one particular faculty member—Dr. Cindy Orbovich—had played in preparing and motivating her for subsequent challenges, including the Rhodes competition.

continued on page 33
2 At Macalester
The community’s response to a racist letter; clear skies for the new library; a flurry of Fulbrights.

6 A Calcutta Journal
A photographer’s search for ‘the soul of Calcutta’ turns up a surprising saint.
text and photographs
by Joshua Kohnstamm ’79

14 Choosing the Next President
The ship of state is headed for rough waters. How can today’s generation choose a U.S. president with a steady hand at the helm? An astute political journalist offers advice to his daughter.
by Hodding Carter III

16 Our Debatable Presidency
Presidential debates have strayed a bit from their roots. But, argues one forensics professor, they’re still a valid way to size up candidates.
by W. Scott Nobles

18 Humanitarian Selfishness
Why more than 100 Macalester students make time to serve the hungry and help the homeless.
by Jack El-Hai

22 Alumni News
A new Alumni Association president; plus events from New York to Phoenix.

23 The Fleet Feet of Success
Meet an Albuquerque runner who may be on track for the 1988 Olympics.
by Christopher Herlinger ’81

24 Enlarging the World of Mystery
Look for the latest venture of these two alumnae at your favorite mystery-stocked bookstore.
by Terry Andrews

25 Class Notes
Do you watch televised sports? Then chances are you’re one of millions who’ve caught the John 3:16 man — class of ’73.
Hundreds packed Weyerhaeuser Chapel on Feb. 11 for an all-campus convocation on racism.

‘Vicious’ poison-pen letter catalyzes racism concerns

"There are times when a community must stop and defend principles which are basic to its purpose," said President Robert M. Gavin on Feb. 11, speaking to a standing-room-only crowd in Weyerhaeuser Chapel. A threatening letter sent to an American Indian student had prompted Gavin to call an all-campus forum on racism.

During the hour-long convocation, many students said that the unsigned letter (characterized as "vicious," "racist," and "sexist" by those who read it) represented an underlying current of racial tension at Macalester.

The student who received the letter, Community Council president Tina Edwards, had written a column on racism in the previous week's Mac Weekly, citing four recent cases when minority students had been harassed on campus. The letter purported to respond to Edwards' column; because it was sent through campus mail, the sender is assumed to be a Macalester student or employee. When, in March, Edwards received a second letter in a similar vein, the college administration engaged the help of police and post-office officials in an unsuccessful attempt to track down the sender.

The February forum has prompted an ongoing examination of related issues at Macalester. The faculty is working to create an academic minor in "American People of Color"; many student groups have scheduled discussions on cultural pluralism and racism, and a group is developing a procedure for responding to racial harassment; two faculty members have founded an on-campus newsletter on cultural diversity; and the provost's office has created a predoctoral teaching position to attract minority graduate students, and it is recruiting minority part-time faculty members to increase faculty diversity while continuing to press for additional minority appointees to full-time positions.

Survey sets stage for smoking policy

In one of the largest responses to a campuswide survey in recent memory, the faculty, staff, and students who answered a November survey showed very strong support for restriction of smoking on campus. The survey was distributed and analyzed by a committee of faculty, staff, and students appointed last fall to develop a policy on smoking on campus.

In all, more than half the faculty and staff members and a quarter of the students who received the survey responded to it, temporarily flooding the post office with paper.

Of the 490 surveys the committee sent to faculty and staff, 268 were returned (54.7 percent); out of 1,800 students, 454 responded (25.2 percent).

Of the respondents, 95 percent of faculty and staff and 88 percent of students favored a total ban on smoking in classrooms. Seventy-three percent of employees and 57 percent of students favored a total ban on smoking in corridors. Just 15 percent of employees and 23 percent of students favored no restrictions on smoking.

Seventy-nine percent of responding students and 76 percent of employees indicated that they are occasionally or frequently bothered by someone else smoking, even though Macalester appears to have a smaller proportion of smokers than Minnesota as a whole. While the state average is 27 percent, only 12 percent of responding faculty and staff and 16 percent of students said they smoke.

Most members of the community (83 percent of employees, 75 percent of students) said Macalester should offer programs to help students and employees quit smoking. When asked if they would participate in such programs, 70 percent of responding student smokers and 75 percent of employee smokers said they would.

On June 1, the first phase of the smoking committee's new policy will go into effect, with smoking prohibited in all classrooms, laboratories, conference rooms, "common office areas," restrooms, athletic facilities, hallways, and elevators, and in nearly all lounges.

Employees will continue to be allowed to smoke in private offices until Jan. 1, 1990. Residence halls, which already offer separate smoke-free floors and lounges, will be relatively unaffected by the new policy. —N.A.P./R.L.G.
Library funds completed: $15 million in two years

In April, Macalester successfully completed a two-year drive to raise $15 million to build and endow a new library. The 92,000-square-foot building, under construction since April 1987, is scheduled to open in September.

A $5 million challenge grant from the DeWitt Wallace-Reader’s Digest Fund was the final gift to the project, earned after Macalester raised more than $10 million from a variety of individuals, corporations, and foundations—several of whose gifts demonstrate a new level of commitment to Macalester.

"DeWitt Wallace’s historical love and support for Macalester is well-known," said George B. Grune, chair of the DeWitt Wallace-Reader’s Digest Fund. "We are pleased to continue this valued partnership by helping the college fund this new world-class library."

Overseen by the Board of Trustees, the college sought funding primarily from individuals and organizations who could support the library at a substantial level. Each of the board’s 34 members also pledged support for the project. "We’re extremely pleased by the broadly based support for the library, both within the Twin Cities and nationally," said trustee Mary Lee Dayton, chair of the Macalester trustee task force which led the special-gift effort.

Technology awaits the future; architecture evokes the past

Replacing Macalester’s 45-year-old Weyerhaeuser Library (which will be converted to administrative space), the new library will serve as a gathering place and center of information technology for the Macalester community. It will provide seating for one-third of the student body (600 seats, compared to the current library’s 180), bring Macalester’s decen-
Recycling activities expand on campus

Ignorance may be bliss, but Macalester is finding that ignoring garbage can be expensive. Increasing concerns about the impact of garbage disposal on the environment have led to a rapid rise in the costs of processing trash—and to a new interest in an old solution, recycling.

The Macalester community has been recycling for over 10 years through the student organization MACRO. This year, with a little financial help from the Metropolitan Council, MACRO has become more ambitious—purchasing and installing new equipment, employing more students, and making plans for the future.

Until fall 1987, Macalester's recycling program was student-funded through the Community Council, relying on lots of volunteer labor. Now, the four students who set up receptacles and who cart cans and paper to outside recycling companies are paid by the college—they're work-study students employed by the physical plant. And the program as a whole is moving from a strictly student-oriented focus to encourage faculty and staff members as well in recycling efforts.

Custodian supervisor Tom Miller, who supervises the four students (Kristen Rylander '89, Ruth Bell '88, Eric Savage '90, and John Wood '91), is enthusiastic about the newly reorganized program. "[The] housekeeping office is most involved with trash, and the cost of collecting trash has just skyrocketed," Miller says. He estimates that garbage-hauling costs the college more than $20,000 every year; "we have to pay to have dumpsters here and for weekly pickups," he notes. Although the recycling program doesn't yet pay its own way, Miller says, it lays the ground for the not-so-distant time when recycling garbage will be cheaper than throwing it away.

"Recycling is fascinating," Miller says with conviction. "But in five years or so, there will no longer be a choice."

—Ingrid E. Summers '91

Tenure for three approved

The tenure of three faculty members (effective next year) was approved at the January meeting of the Board of Trustees. The three are Anna Meigs (anthropology) and Janet Serie (biology), both of whom will be promoted to associate professor, and Sears Eldredge (professor of dramatic arts and dance).

Meigs (B.A. Wellesley College, Ph.D. University of Pennsylvania 1977) has taught anthropology at Macalester since 1982; her work in New Guinea tribal customs has aligned Meigs with the emerging field of gender studies, and last year she was appointed director of Macalester's gender-studies program. Serie (B.S. College of Saint Benedict, Ph.D. University of Minnesota 1981) has taught biology here since 1983, with her research centering on transplant immunology. Eldredge (B.A. Barrington College, Ph.D. Michigan State University 1975), formerly a tenured professor in Earlham College's drama department, has taught at Macalester since 1986; he is credited with increasing the number of students involved in productions threefold.

Fulbright numbers tied for highest in nation; Merit Scholars second

According to the Nov. 4 Chronicle of Higher Education, Macalester and Oberlin are tied for the highest number of liberal-arts college students who received 1987-88 Fulbright awards. Four Macalester students and alumni received the award last spring, the same number as Oberlin College. (A fifth Macalester student was awarded a Fulbright-sponsored academic-exchange grant to Germany, and a sixth was named an alternate for a full grant to Japan.)

Macalester's Fulbright recipients for 1988-89 are to be announced this month. At press time, Macalester had three seniors confirmed for full grants to West Germany: Keith Alderson (Minneapolis), Douglas Selvage (Jeromesville, Ohio), and Darlene Walser (Rochester, Minn.). Anne Rice (Saint Paul) was named an alternate for study in Germany.

With regard to National Merit Scholars admitted in 1987, Macalester also ranks high nationally, according to the Feb. 24 Chronicle. The 53 scholars Macalester enrolled puts the college second among liberal-arts colleges (behind Carleton, with 113) and 24th among U.S. colleges and universities.
Stellar basketball season; swimmer misses by a hair

The women's basketball team finished its best-ever season on Feb. 20 with a conference record of 12–10, the first time a Macalester team has achieved better than a .500 record in the MIAC. The Scots' overall record this year, under coach John Hershey, was 14–11, tying the college's best women's-basketball record. Seven of their games were played against teams ranked in the top-20 national poll.

Senior Francene Young (Port Gibson, Miss.) now holds the all-time Macalester record for assists in a season—119—led this season with 39 blocked shots and 83 steals, two categories in which she leads the league as well. Senior Janis Raatz (Duluth, Minn.) achieved other highs for the season, with 367 points scored and 219 rebounds. Junior Kathy Korn (Minnetoka, Minn.) led the three-point shooting with five, and free throws with 77. Sophomore Julie Diebel (Mendota Heights, Minn.) was the most accurate from the line, shooting a cool 91 percent.

After wins over Saint Mary's and Carleton, the men's basketball team lost its final game by a single point to Concordia Feb. 20 at Moorhead: 80–79. With a season total of 324 points, junior Keith Williams (Menomonee Falls, Wis.) led the Scots for the season; his game average was 13 points, and he earned 50 steals. Junior Brian Gerdes (Charles City, Iowa) achieved 124 rebounds and 69 assists, and he made 79 percent of his line shots. Junior Tod Pubanz (Shawano, Wis.) was the Scots' three-point man, hitting 42 percent with a total of 50, while junior Paul Bockoven (Saint Paul) had the leading field-goal percentage, 53 percent.

Overall, it was a frustrating season for the Scots, led by head coach Doug Bolstorf. At one point the team took second place in the conference with a record of 7–4. Just when everyone was talking of playoffs and championships, the Scots embarked on a six-game losing streak to finish a disappointing 9–11 in the MIAC and 11–14 overall.

The time it takes to blink an eye— that's how close freshman Adam Burke (East Moline, Ill.) came to qualifying for the national swimming championships. Burke, the Scots' top finisher in the MIAC championship meet (held Feb. 18–20 at Saint Olaf College), finished second in the 500-yard freestyle, just .16 second short of the winning time.

—John Leaney, Sports Information Director

Debaters take tourney's top three trophies

Six Macalester debate teams competed in the open division on Feb. 26–27 at the University of Minnesota, and all six survived preliminary rounds in a field of 27 teams. The college thus qualified six of the eight teams in the quarter-final round.

In the round of eight, four Macalester teams were paired against each other. In each case, since Mac teams do not debate each other at tournaments, the team with the better preliminary record advanced. Senior Peter Richardson (Norwich, Vt.) and junior Gary O'Connor (Bristow, Ok.) thus advanced by forfeit over junior Chris Cloutier (Duncanville, Tex.) and sophomore Mike Holden (Cedar, Minn.), and senior Kris Achterhof (Loverne, Minn.) and junior Jeff Hepper (Fargo, N.D.) over freshmen Shannon Skarphol and John Butler (both from Mankato, Minn.).

In the other rounds, freshmen Melissa Fuller (Rockville, Md.) and Gary Arndt (Appleton, Wis.) defeated the top-seeded team from Southern Illinois, and sophomore Emily Stewart (Huntington, W.Va.) and junior Ian Pitz (Carbondale, Ill.) lost to Southwestern University of Kansas. In semifinal rounds, Achterhof-Hepper defeated Southwestern, and Richardson-O'Connor advanced by forfeit over Fuller-Arndt.

Macalester closed out the tournament, taking the top three trophies.

In the novice division, freshmen Olga Kuharets (New York, N.Y.) and Mark Green (Eureka Springs, Ark.) advanced to the quarterfinals, tying for fifth place.

—W. Scott Nobles, Professor of Speech Communication

Calendar of events

Since this calendar is subject to last-minute changes, we urge you to double-check dates and times before making plans. Most events are free, but it's a good idea to call for ticket prices. A T in the listing indicates the theater box office, 612/696-6359; a C, the campus programs office, 612/696-6297.

Thurs.—Fri., May 5–6, 8 p.m.
Sat., May 7, 2 p.m.
What the Butler Saw by Joe Orton (Theater) T
Fri., May 6, 3 p.m.
Honors convocation, Janet Wallace Fine Arts Center concert hall
Sat., May 7, 10 a.m.—5 p.m.
Scottish Country Fair, Shaw Field, C
Sat., May 21, 1 p.m.
Baccalaureate and commencement, Weyerhaeuser Chapel and Old Main lawn
Thurs.—Sun., June 16–19
Alumni reunion weekend. Call the alumni office, 612/696-6295, for the exact times and locations of events.

—David Eddleston '89

Parents' Weekend, Homecoming dates set

Parents of Macalester students will be special guests on campus for Parents' Weekend, Friday, Oct. 14, through Sunday, Oct. 16. Program details will be mailed during the summer.

Alumni and friends will gather to celebrate Homecoming on Saturday, Oct. 22. Mark your calendar and watch for full information.
Calcutta wears its humanity on its sleeve. Most cities smooth out their rough edges for tourists—but not here. It’s all there to be seen, like an x-ray city, with little hidden.

Calcutta-in-earnest begins the moment one steps into the street. In Calcutta, the street is everything. And it is in the street that one sees everything.
As I pass by the corner water well on my way to the market, a man with giant testicles (from a disease similar to elephantiasis) bathes himself as he squats and chats with friends who brush their teeth with eucalyptus sticks.

Still absorbing this, I come across a small street crowd filled with shrieking, crying voices. I see, surrounded by a small mass of onlookers, a crazed-looking woman pulling on a chain padlocked skin-pinning tight around the neck of an adolescent child. The child has no shirt on, and its hands are bound behind its back with rags. Its screams drown out the mother’s beratement.

I cross the street in shocked embarrassment. The woman drags the child along, but because his or her pants are partly pulled down, the child hops as it struggles to stay afoot. Then the mother stops, turns around, and as if to make the child stop crying, begins to whip the end of the chain against the child’s face. It then screams so hard that nothing comes out of its mouth. Trying to remain unnoticed, I wonder: Will any of these 30 or 40 spectators step in and stop this? I consider doing something, but realize, as a Westerner, I would only be making it more of a spectacle than it is, if that’s possible.

But things aren’t always what they seem to be. Later that night, hearing my account of the woman and child, a Calcutta-born teacher offers an explanation. The child could be mentally ill, he tells me, and the street dramatics are likely the mother’s ploy to make money out of sympathy for having a child with such a mental dysfunction.

This disability—turned—pay-dirt scenario rings true as we witness the city. Would-be entrepreneurs drop off beggars each day in Calcutta’s downtown area of the city, then pick them up each night for a cut of the till. We see evidence of self-inflicted scars and touched-up wounds; we see cripples who lie on scorching-hot sidewalks intentionally facing the sun to render a particularly pathetic scene.

These are people using survival tactics. The pendulum swings in the human heart—here, life in its simple complexity is grasped yet fleeting. That is the mind-boggling wonder of a place like Calcutta, and the reason it stays with you long after you’ve left.

At night, I return to our hotel. The bathroom connected to our room faces a small but lively back alley. In that alley, all the sounds of the street mix, meld, echo, and overlap together into one sound: men laughing, women chatting, vendors yelling, Indian music crackling, the bell of the rickshaw wallah accompanied by the sound of a sick, unhappy child. Together, it is the hauntingly essence-filled sound of life boiled down—life in all its contradictions. It is a sound I will never forget.

Finding Calcutta. That was my mission. The heart of the city lay with its people. We saw it every day. But where did the soul of the city lie?

As we—my companion Ricka Robb and I—travelled through Australia in the weeks before we reached India, I had read with fascination a book by Dominique LaPierre (co-author of Freedom at Midnight, Is Paris Burning?, and O! Jerusalem). City of Joy is set in a Calcutta slum named Anand Nigar—literally “The City of Joy”—tucked between railroad tracks and jute factories. The book focuses on Father Kowalski, a Polish priest who had moved to Calcutta from Europe to live and work amongst the poorest of the world’s poor.

This flesh-and-blood priest lived, as the poor did, in a hovel. He worked with lepers, set up health clinics, and worked to get clean water piped into the slum. He consumed the local food and water, used the community toilet, and once, on the verge of death, insisted on being treated in one of Calcutta’s infamous public hospitals rather than being taken to a private clinic.

Perhaps the soul of Calcutta lay in the work of this Father Kowalski, I thought. I was determined to find him. The book had just come out in Calcutta, and certainly anyone, someone, would know where this now-famous neighborhood was.

Inquiries near our hotel got me nowhere. So, while Ricka enjoyed refuge in our Raj-remnant
At last a middle-aged man with an old sal-
low face and a five-day Bowery beard
arrived. This can't be Father Kowalski, I
asked.
"Do you know where Anand Nigar is?"
I asked.
"Yes, brother. This is Anand Nigar."
An hour ago I had thought I was on death's edge.
Now I was impatient and angry.
"But this can't be Anand Nigar. Anand Nigar has
many, many people. It's the most populated place
on earth!" I shouted in frustration, hands out-
stretched. Hundreds of eyes stared at me in
puzzlement, wondering what I had just said.
I paused. I again focused on the gray eyes of the
man with the Bowery beard.
"I am looking for a Polish priest named Kowalski
who lives with the poor. Do you know him?"
"Kowalski, Kowalski," he repeated with a blank

Even the dogs of Calcutta
practice ‘India-waiting,’ the
unofficial national pastime. In
the background, a rickshaw
driver sleeps next to his
vehicle.
Curious children crowd around the photographer as he accompanies a home-health nurse on her rounds.

stare. My dreams of finding the real Calcutta were melting away with the sweat on my brow.

"Let us go to the mission of Don Boscoe," he said in imperfectly clear English. "There is a priest there from Canada. He may know something of this."

At least there was a priest who could really speak English somewhere nearby. I was surprised this fellow didn't hit me up for a baksheesh service fee on the spot.

Nemoi was finished tinkering with his meter. I climbed into the cab. With me was not only my Bowery-bearded friend, but five or so kids who begged for a free "automobile" ride.

Dropping off kids as we went, we soon crossed back over the tracks. The city once again grew in intensity. We pulled into the mission.

More "India-waiting" — the unofficial national pastime. An Indian priest finally came out to see us.

"Are you from Canada?" I couldn't help but blurt.

"Yes, I am from Kerala," he said tilting his head and speaking in an especially sing-songy accent. Bowery Beard's accent had made me hear "Canada" for "Kerala," an Indian state. This Kerala priest looked through innumerable rosters of clergy in Calcutta for the name "Kowalski."

Finding none, he referred me to Father Daniel, another priest on the compound, who did the most amazing thing when asked about The City of Joy: his eyes lit up.

"Ah, the City of Joy," Father Daniel laughed. "Yes!"

"Do you know this Polish priest Kowalski?" I asked hopefully.

"There is no Father Kowalski."

I was deflated. "There is no Father Kowalski?"

"I believe the man you are looking for is Father LaBorre, a Frenchman."

The names have been changed, I said to myself in revelation. That made sense. LaPierre, the author of the book, was French as well.

"And Anand Nigar?" I asked.

"The book is actually about Pilkhana, near Howrah Station." Snap of the fingers — I knew it. LaPierre had changed the name of the neighborhood as well as that of the priest!

"Do you know this Father LaBorre?" I asked him anxiously.

"Yes, of course. He is a living saint!"

And with new life, I was back in Nemoi's cab (with Bowery Beard as tourguide), off to find Calcutta's living saint.

The meter had been running for more than five hours when we passed through the neighborhood where the book took place. Finally we were before the priest's present-day residence. After 10 years of living in the slum, Father LaBorre had moved into a compound of simple, more comfortable surroundings. A lavender cross topped the corrugated metal gate.

Neighbors greeted me. The Father would return the next day, they said. No disappointment there.

"I want to talk to him about the book The City of Joy," Blank stares. "You know, the book about Father LaBorre."

"There is a book about Father LaBorre?"

This is a well-kept secret, I thought. Even his
neighbors don't know he's a celebrity. "I'll return tomorrow."

With renewed vigor, I decided not to wait until the next day to tour this slum neighborhood, the real City of Joy, which was familiar territory to my companion. Bowery Beard had lived in that slum for years, living the life chronicled in LaPierre's book. He eagerly showed me around: the hovel where the priest used to live; a multistoried building, half of which had once collapsed from neglect; one of the many clinics LaBorre had started.

True to the book, the people in the real-life City of Joy were very, very nice to me. Our every step was followed by playing children who laughingly asked me to take photos of them. Neighbors invited me into their homes. Not once, in this poorest of places, did anyone ask me for money. I didn't feel threatened, but welcomed and protected.

It was getting late. As the sun went down, I looked around this unusual place one last time to prepare for the next day's meeting with "Father Kowalski," the French living saint. The City of Joy, I said to myself, underscoring the happiness I felt, as I waved good-bye to my little friends. Bowery Beard gave me a quick recap of his life story (emphasizing his financial woes) as I paid him the expected baksheesh for his tourguide services — a couple of dollars, the equivalent of a week's wage. I hopped one last time into Nemoi's taxicab, which took up the entire width of the slum street, and this long and uncertain day finally came to an end.

Under the home-health program that Father LaBorre started, families keep careful records of their children's weight and inoculations. Here, a mother discusses her child's health with a visiting nurse.
A Calcutta Journal

Left: A man carries a load of suitcases in Calcutta's shopping district. The daily wage for such labor is about 50 cents, Kohnstamm says. Below: A Sikh cabdriver waits for a fare outside a hotel.

that placed Calcutta orphans with families in the United States, but he interrupted again.

"Get to the point. What do you want from me?"

Lightheaded, I sensed disappointment welling up inside me. Would the soul of Calcutta be ever-elusive?

I told him that I had read the book *The City of Joy*, and I wanted to meet him.

"I am not that man," he said.

Double-checking his heavy accent, I asked clearly, "You say you're not the man in the book?"

He looked down, dismissing me. "Okay, you go outside now."

In bewilderment, I stepped out of his office. I knew from Ricka's quizzical looks that she had overheard the tone of my exchange with Father LaBorre.

"Well, to begin with," I said, "the guy doesn't like cameras. He even denies that he is the character in the book, which I know is not true."

We talked over the situation. Ricka thought we should leave a donation with the clinic and be happy with the small encounter we had achieved. Reluctantly, I agreed.

As I walked over to the main office to drop off our donation envelope, Father LaBorre came out the door.

"Father, we would like to leave this donation —"

In the manner of a friendly elderly neighbor, he took me by the elbow, steered me over to a bench away from Ricka and the crowd, and sat me down next to him.

He wanted to know about our project. He wanted to know how long we were staying in

the line of women and children. "You can understand by living and being with the people, not just seeing" — again glancing at my camera — "but to feel with the heart. It's about compassion." His thick French accent made me strain for his meaning.

I could hardly get a word in. "Yes, I understand," I said sheepishly. "But we are here to learn." I tried to explain that Ricka and I were volunteers for the Children's Home Society, an American group
In Calcutta, homelessness is so common that it bears no stigma. Here, a man sleeps in the street not far from Kohnstamm's hotel.

Calcutta. He wanted to know where I worked. I was amazed.

"Every time someone [a Westerner] comes here, I try to keep it down," he said. "It" meant the anger with which he had just driven me out of his office. "But every time people find me, I just go crazy. I promise myself losing the temper will never happen again — then this!" He motioned with his hands as if his head was boiling over.

We looked at each other and laughed terrifically, and he showed his spaced-tooth grin for the first time. Suddenly, his humility showed through completely, and I saw a priest feeling guilty about his anger.

"You know, the book is really a nov-elle," he said in his now-endearing French accent, "a composite of many people." And that's why he had told me, in all truthfulness, that it wasn't him in The City of Joy.

"Don't read too much into the characters."

"But do you approve of the spirit of the book?" I asked.

"The book is perfect. It is excellent," he said quietly but emphatically.

We continued to talk, now fully relaxed. I told him my story of finding him and how I had visited his old hovel-home in the slum the day before. We spoke of the gulf between the lives of Westerners and that of the people of Calcutta, and how important bridging that gap is. He even agreed that photography — my tool for explanation — could help bridge that gap.

"But," he interrupted, pounding on his chest, "it is the heart. That is the thing. Com-pass-shion." And I understood.

He stood to continue on his rounds. Before paying his adieux, he invited us to tour the slum with a visiting nurse service for undernourished or ill infants — another one of many programs he had helped initiate in Calcutta.

As he slowly walked out to his parked bicycle, kicked up the stand, and rode off, I had a rush of satisfaction, as if I had just spent time with a combination of Albert Schweitzer and G. Theodore Mitau.

"Compassion," I said to myself as I looked at the
gate to the compound, which Father LaBorre had left open. And I knew that I had just witnessed the real soul of Calcutta.

As Ricka and I take two separate human-powered rickshaws to the train station, we are still uncomfortable with the idea of humans as beasts of burden, but we now accept the reality that this is their life's trade.

As Ricka's rickshaw darts off into the dusk, mine follows in hot pursuit. We pass through familiar streets, then unfamiliar neighborhoods and crowded back alleys. And in viewing Calcutta with the intensity of a final glimpse, I realize that, in pursuit of the heart and soul of the city, we have seen many truths.

The stream of sweat that runs down my rickshaw wallah's neck as his bare feet slap the road reminds me of how fortunate my life — filled with options — truly is. Yet, as we pass through the people-filled streets, there is an undeniable spirit and joy to life in Calcutta. Here the human element lives, with all its foibles, brazenness, and warmth. Here it lives — even thrives. At home, in the life I live, true humanity is all too often somehow hidden, couched, tucked away, fleeting.

As we near the station and our wallahs' trot slows through walls of people, I remember that one word, compassion.

We dismount and head into the anonymity of darkness. I look back over my shoulder at our wallahs who, breathing hard, turn and pull their empty carts into the crowd. Compassion. We now carry with us more than our bags: a glimpse of the soul of Calcutta.

Joshua Kohnstamm '79 is a communications specialist at the Saint Paul Public Housing Agency. Right is Ricka Robb, Kohnstamm's companion in Calcutta (they have since married—see "Class Notes"). "Asian Eyes," an exhibition of photographs Kohnstamm took during their 1986 travels through seven Asian countries, was on view in Saint Paul last fall, with another showing scheduled outside New York City in mid-August. Another reminder of his travels, he says, sits on his desk unanswered: a solicitation letter with a Calcutta postmark from his Bowery-bearded "friend."

A Hindu woman pauses in Anand Nigar, Calcutta's 'City of Joy.'
Who's Talking Turkey?

Dear Margaret:

A quick look at the family calendar reminds me that this is the first year in which you will be eligible to vote in a presidential election. I say that as a reminder to you as well as to me because if you're like most Americans, the campaign so far has not been one to inspire your interest or excite your passions. Most of the candidates have substituted cautious bunching for leadership, tactics for vision. Largely as a result, this may be the first presidential race in which less than 50 percent of all eligible Americans bother to vote.

But 1988 is an important presidential year notwithstanding. It may even be a threshold year, a moment of significant change in the relationship between the people and their government. You ought to be part of the process, bringing to it your deep sense of fair play and justice and demanding of it something more than poll-driven platitudes. What is certain is that crucial choices will face the next president, and your most meaningful chance to influence them comes now, during the selection process itself.

It's a little hard for me to believe that 28 years have passed since the time I cast my first presidential ballot. (Voting age was then 21, so I had to wait a little longer than you.) The choice seemed so clear to me, as clear as the pressing agenda of postponed national business. John F. Kennedy promised a new vitality and commitment. He spoke in urgent terms of our domestic and international priorities. After what many of us thought had been an eight-year slumber under an extraordinarily popular president, activism was what I wanted and what JFK seemed to offer.

In retrospect, of course, part of that promise was real and part of it was illusion. I blush when I recollect how uncritically I accepted some of the campaign's most hollow themes, not the least of them being the mythical "missile gap." But when it came to the economy, to racial justice and enlightened social welfare policies, the needs were all too real.

And so they are today, after another eight-year reign of a popular president. The trick for you and for all of us in 1988 will be to cut through the chaff and find the wheat in what the candidates are offering. What they should be talking about is fairly clear, and those who won't talk turkey ought not to be considered.

Talking turkey does not simply mean offering up a laundry list of prescriptions and position papers, although they are important indicators that someone in the campaign is thinking about specific issues. What is far more important is for the candidates to offer a larger vision of their hopes for the nation and their goals if elected.

Let me offer a recent example of a candidate who did just that. No one has ever accused President Reagan of being a detail man, but the objectives he outlined in 1980 are the objectives he has pursued with unrelenting dedication ever since. For the most part, he did not surprise the people through most of his stewardship. He said that security could only be achieved through greater military strength—and the nation's greatest military buildup in peacetime has followed. He said domestic spending ought to be substantially reduced, and in most areas except Social Security and interest payments it has been. He said we ought to
feel good about the country, that things could and would be better, and for many Americans, things are substantially better than they were.

But what counted for the most was that the voters finally decided with Ronald Reagan, what they saw was what they were going to get. His public political philosophy seemed to be matched by the convictions of the inner man.

As you know, I did not and do not agree with much of the president's program. While it benefited many Americans, it shortchanged many others who were already severely penalized by the society around them. The next president will have to deal with a nation whose foreign and domestic debt has reached monstrous—and menacing—proportions. It's no longer morning in America, but the Monday after a long weekend of heavy drinking.

And that is precisely why the next president must be someone who has deep convictions and a steady sense of purpose. He will have to make decisions sure to enrage a substantial number of people. Thanks to the legacy of past policy mistakes, his options for action will be severely limited. Unlike the glory days of the go-go 1960s, there will be no way for the United States to have its cake and eat it, too, or to have guns and butter in ever larger quantities. In a world in which we are no longer a giant among pygmies, but instead are severely challenged economically by former allies and adversaries alike, we will have to redefine the meaning of leadership. That is going to take a president of an exceptional sort.

So take a close look at the candidates. Listen even more closely. Try to determine exactly what message each is sending behind the smoke and mirrors of his 30-second television spots. More particularly, examine each candidate's past. While many of us like to comfort ourselves with the cliché that presidents grow in office, the reality is that most of them leave the White House as substantially the same persons who entered it. Presidential transmutation is akin to alchemy, a matter more of faith than experience. What a candidate has been is the best possible clue to what he is likely to be.

Not the least of the things to look for is the identity of the candidate's closest friends and advisors. To whom does he listen? What do they believe? Whom do they represent? Cabinet members will come and go, but old advisors tend to stay close to the president throughout his administration. In the bad times in particular, presidents turn inward and draw the circle tight. Those inside the circle could be crucial to the nation's prospects.

To return to the central point, however, this election is going to influence strongly how government relates both to all the people at home and to the outside world. The candidate who deserves election will be one who reaffirms basic American values such as justice and equal opportunity while reminding us that sacrifice must be shared as well. He won't be telling us what we want to hear but what needs to be done. That should include a reaffirmation that we are all in the same boat, that it is intolerable for deprivation and plenty to co-exist in an ever more rigidly divided society.

The truth is that there is no one way or program that will bring the nation safely through the difficulties ahead. But there is no way for us to overcome them without a president who has a certain sense of where we ought to go and how we ought to get there. Look for the candidate who has such convictions and is willing to share them with the people. When you find that person, vote and work for him or her. It can make a difference.

Love,

Dad

Hodding Carter III, a television and print journalist, is president of Main-Street, a television-production company in Washington, D.C. He served as State Department spokesperson in President Jimmy Carter's administration. His daughter, Margaret, is a sophomore at Macalester.
Ever since the Kennedy-Nixon debates of 1960, skeptics have questioned the value of televised political debates. In 1962, Jeffrey Auer, a respected speech-communication teacher and scholar at the University of Indiana, characterized such debates as "counterfeit," a description repeated many times in the past quarter of a century.

Noel Holston, television critic for the Minneapolis Star Tribune, recently began an essay by referring to presidential-candidate debates as "what pass as debates." He concluded by borrowing Walter Mondale's 1984 critical question: "Where's the beef?"

Despite such criticism, candidate debates have flourished. They continue to attract huge television audiences; audiences sometimes in excess of one hundred million viewers; they are rapidly becoming an established institution in presidential primary campaigns; and they represent an accelerating trend in congressional and gubernatorial contests.

Many American voters may simply resign themselves to acceptance of a very popular but allegedly not very useful campaign institution. Before surrendering to such cynicism, however, voters ought first to examine more carefully the specific nature of critics' concerns and to explore the positive contributions that debates, even when flawed, can make to our democratic election processes.

Many critics who disparage the use of the term "debates" for media events argue that these "debates" do not sufficiently resemble the paradigm of either the Lincoln-Douglas senatorial debates of 1858 or the traditional format and standards used in most high-school and college competitions.

The shortest appropriate response to this criticism is that no necessity exists for them to do so. Two-candidate debates do adhere to the generic nature of debate and they do respond, albeit sometimes imperfectly, to the basic purposes of debate. And multiple-candidate primary debates, even though they tend to weaken some of the contest's confrontational nature and limit the time available to each advocate, embody much of the conflict and testing which animate debate. The central values of generic debate do apply to presidential debates.

Critics have also charged that campaign debates are limited in usefulness, perhaps even counter-productive, because they have the effect of emphasizing "image" over "issues." This criticism takes on major significance only if one accepts (1) that image and issues are separate and distinguishable; (2) that presidential image is unarguably less relevant than detailed discourse on individual issues; and most importantly, (3) that debates emphasize image over issues to a greater extent than do other campaign methods and events.

Teachers of political communication have long been wary of sharp distinctions between image and issues, since candidates' images are created in part by perceived positions on issues—Senator Paul Simon's support for social-welfare programs may project an image of caring, and Congressman Richard Gephardt's position on trade policies may suggest firmness and toughness as a leader, for instance. Additionally, character and personality clearly affect credibility of "issue" arguments.
Nor can image, consisting as it does of such leadership elements as strong character, personal warmth, poise under stress, broad command of knowledge, and high intelligence, be regarded as necessarily inferior to detailed arguments on a wide range of complex issues. Most importantly, however, to the extent that image can be evaluated separately and can be considered less important than issues, this would appear to constitute a strong argument for, not against, political debates. Typically, short radio and television commercials and candidate-controlled solo speaking engagements are certainly less likely to give heavier emphasis to issues than are campaign debates.

Some of the positive values of presidential debates should be weighed against the complaints of their critics. Debates attract larger audiences than do other campaign events, and those audiences probably leave their television sets better informed than when they turned them on. Trent and Friedenberg in *Political Campaign Communication* summarize a series of studies indicating that debate-watchers do become much more familiar with candidates and more knowledgeable about issues. Short radio and television commercials and newscast one-liners cannot match the debates in this regard, nor can single-candidate speeches or press conferences.

A second major value of presidential debates is found in their provision of better decision-making opportunities. Potential voters who are undecided should be able to make better choices when hearing and viewing candidates on the same platform and when observing them under conditions where records and positions risk immediate challenge by opponents. Commercials and solo speeches, by contrast, avoid such confrontation.

It would be naive to assume that a majority of voters will base final decisions on the debates; most will simply strengthen previous preferences. But for the party member who has not yet selected a candidate, even the less-focused multiple-participant primary debates are helpful. And for that often small but usually crucial body of undecided voters in the general campaign, the opportunity for such close comparison of two candidates should be welcomed.

Campaign debates may be attractive targets for critics and comedians, but even with their admitted imperfections these debates are better than most other methods of presenting candidates and issues to the American voter, and they do so in a manner which attracts attention and which assists informed decision-making. If debate formats continue to improve, and if debate audiences will tune in with their critical faculties turned on, future presidential debates will enhance their already considerable value. In the most relevant respects, they really are debates. As such, they deserve voters' interested, analytical and critical attention.

Scott Nobles, who has taught at Macalester since 1969, is DeWitt Wallace professor of speech communication, chair of the department, director of Macalester's forensics program, and coordinator of the pre-law program. During Nobles' tenure, Macalester debate teams have consistently achieved high national ranking, including national championships in 1986 and 1987. Every four years, Nobles teaches a course in "The American Presidential Campaign," a subject on which such publications as *USA Today* regard him as an authority; he has been consulted and quoted by the print and electronic media in every presidential campaign since 1968.
I don't do it out of pure selflessness," admits Daniel Carey '89, who weekly answers the phone and dispenses cough drops and toiletries at the Dorothy Day Center in downtown Saint Paul. "I enjoy taking the bus downtown, as a matter of fact, to get off campus. I feel claustrophobic sometimes being on campus so much. I want to see other things."

Megan Smith '91 says she gives her time as a repayment to society. "I remember an old man down at the homeless shelter who asked, 'How much does it cost to go to [your] school?' I was so embarrassed. How could I possibly explain to him that we are paying all this money to study his problems?... I think we do owe something to somebody to make this education worthwhile. It can't possibly just be for your own benefit."

"Volunteering is hard, and it's exciting, and it's challenging," says Britt Alschuler '91. "There's nothing boring about it. There's nothing mundane about it."

With Darlene Walser '88, Alschuler is co-coordinator of the Macalester Community Action Organization (MACTION) — a group of students, including Carey and Smith, who are committed to community service. Now one of Macalester's most visible student organizations, MACTION was organized less than two years ago.
At the time, Walser says, “students felt that we needed a student-based network to get information on volunteer opportunities in the Twin Cities.” They also wanted to keep volunteerism at the forefront of Macalester students’ lives. By many accounts, they’ve succeeded.

The group followed the guidelines of the Campus Outreach Opportunity League (COOL), a national organization that advises student volunteer groups at more than 300 colleges. COOL takes some credit for the swelling tide of volunteer activities reported at schools around the country.

Community service, of course, is by no means new to Macalester students. The history of organized volunteerism on campus reaches back to the early 1900s, if not earlier, when the YMCA, the YWCA, and other religion-oriented students formed social-service committees. After World War II, then-chaplain J. Maxwell Adams placed students in service projects with churches and community groups. Students chaperoned youth dances, led sewing circles and planned after-school activities for disadvantaged children. The tradition was carried on through the 1960s and ’70s by two student-run organizations, Volunteer Community Services and the Community Involvement Program. In 1970, according to statistics collected at the time, nearly 20 percent of Macalester’s students participated in community projects.

Through the 1980s the chaplain’s office, faculty, residential staff, and, most of all, the Career Development Center have continued to advise students who wish to volunteer. Last winter the Volunteer Fair, organized semi-annually by Career Development, brought together recruiters from dozens of community organizations and about 250 interested students.

The center also maintains listings of opportunities for students with unlikely combinations of talents—for instance, the Spanish-speaking international student who really wanted to coach a soccer team on Thursday nights. “We managed to find all of that,” recalls Carol Weeks, career counselor and volunteer program coordinator, with justified pride.

But in the fall of 1986, some students perceived a need for spirited promotion of volunteerism and community issues—so MACTION stepped in. Its mission is fourfold: heading campus-wide community-aid efforts, including the 5:30 a.m. trek 25 students make to the Dorothy Day Center in downtown Saint Paul to prepare pancake breakfasts for shelter residents; co-sponsoring forums for community concerns, such as last fall’s panel discussions on homelessness and AIDS; leading students to information about volunteer opportunities in Minneapolis, Saint Paul, and beyond; and finally, in Walser’s words, “actually doing something with the information.”

Last semester, more than 100 students “did something” through MACTION—they spent thousands of hours volunteering for community projects. This work brought Macalester students to...
What do doctors hear through those funny necklaces? As a volunteer at Children's Hospital of Saint Paul, sophomore Elaina Bleifield demystifies hospital life for young surgical patients.

overnight shelters for the homeless, hospital wards, AIDS-education programs, literacy centers, retirement homes and elementary school classrooms.

Through MACTION, Megan Smith volunteered last fall as the teacher of an English-language class at CLUES, a Chicano and Latino neighborhood center in Saint Paul. Her class included a 60-year-old migrant worker, a U.S. resident for a decade, who could not read Spanish and didn't know a word of English.

"He was so proud the first time he was able to say a sentence in English," Smith says.

Walser, who volunteered at the Simpson Emergency Shelter in Minneapolis, remembers that she was surprised not to find the shelter full of chronic alcoholics.

"Going into it, I had some stereotypes about what homelessness was," she says. "I don't know where you get them, from the media or TV shows or what.... [But] you find out that it's a really wide range of people, and there are a lot of different reasons why people are at the shelter. There aren't any simple answers to the larger question of how the problem is going to change."

"You get over the initial fear that 'these people are different from me,' " says Abby Shull '91, another Simpson volunteer.

Although MACTION occupies an office in the basement of Weyerhaeuser Memorial Chapel, the group has no particular religious connection or emphasis. Students often speak of education, rather than religion, as their reason for volunteering. As the MACTION brochures say, quoting Mark Twain: "You shouldn't let school get in the way of your education."

"[Classroom study] is very intellectual," Britt Alschuler notes, "and you just work with your mind. There isn't a lot of opportunity to put what you learn into practice. When you're volunteering, you get to go out into 'the real world,' and you're dealing with different kinds of people, all different ages and races and social classes. That stretches your mind and it stretches what you're comfortable with."

Walser agrees: "You can talk about the issues that are facing our community or are facing the nation, but... you get a very different perspective going to a shelter and talking to people."

The new perspectives unveiled by volunteering eventually make their way into the classroom, students find. In her current public-speaking class, Alschuler will deliver a talk about homelessness, based on her experiences as a shelter volunteer, because she wants to expose other students to her point of view.

"I have talked about it a lot [in class] and have written papers about it," she says. Next year, she plans to design an Interim project around the topic of homelessness.

Chaplain Brent Coffin believes that community service is crucial to a Macalester education.

"It's that kind of experience that awakens people's values and lets them then know what they want to try to do with a good liberal arts education," he says. "That doesn't necessarily mean that they're going to be volunteering at [a shelter] for
the rest of their lives, but if they have that keen social sensitivity and they go into medicine, law, journalism, or whatever, that's the way to guide their vocation."

The remarkable achievements of such a young organization as MACTION bolster Macalester's reputation as a college strong in community service.

"MACTION is one of the best [student-initiated volunteer] efforts in the state right now," says Mark Langseth, director of the Minnesota Campus Outreach Opportunity League, the state affiliate of COOL. "It's been one of the most encouraging examples of what kinds of things can happen if we just get a little bit organized around the issue of community service."

Jason Lejonvarn '88, who is co-coordinator in the Twin Cities for the Great Hunger Cleanup, remembers a recent meeting with the student-activities director at another school—a college straining to produce student volunteers.

"He complained that community service at Macalester was a special case and that his school, with its large number of commuter students, just couldn't match it," Lejonvarn says.

That doesn't rule out improvement—and MACTION's members have high expectations and goals.

"MACTION has the potential to give Macalester a very great community-service program," Britt Alschuler says. "Before MACTION was around, I don't think Macalester was living up to its promise."

Alschuler, who will lead MACTION next year after Walser graduates, hopes the college will make room in the budget for a full-time administrator to handle MACTION's growing burden of paperwork, which sometimes grows too large for students.

Coffin is exploring this possibility, which he thinks will help free students "to be on the front lines of volunteerism. . . . If something is really important to this college, you don't want to leave it to the vicissitudes of schedule."

Meanwhile, MACTION continues to contest the widely held image of the apathetic college student.

"You hear a lot in the media that our generation is really greedy, is out for themselves, and is money-oriented and job-oriented," Alschuler says. "I just don't believe that. I think MACTION and other groups like it are going to prove them wrong."

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Art, music, baseball draw alumni together

- Nearly 200 members of the classes of '85, '86, and '87 gathered at Saint Paul's Café Café in January for a lively evening of renewing college friendships, comparing notes on current doings, and dancing to the blues music of Noel Johnson. Hosts for the evening were Paul Damberg '87, Bruce Smith '87, Anne Samuelson '85, David Bachman '86, Peter Wallen '86, Sarah Gall '87, Wendy Lissick '87, and Tom Alberg '87. The group plans to organize additional events.

- Also in January, Saint Paul Alumni Club families and Macalester students converged upon Saint Paul's Highland Park for sledding, winter picnicking, and Super Bowl viewing (via an outdoor television). Jim Horn '74 was host and chef.

- With Professor Roger Blakely '43 as visiting art expert, New York alumni received a special tour of the Lila Acheson Wallace wing in the Metropolitan Museum of Art on March 12. David Coddon '45 hosted a champagne reception afterwards at his Fifth Avenue office. Deb Walker '73 and Michael Corby '77 coordinated festivities.

- Celebrating St. Patrick’s Day with a Macalester touch, Phoenix area alumni dined with President Robert M. and Charlotte Gavin at the Hyatt Regency and later enjoyed Schubert’s C Major Symphony at the Phoenix Symphony Concert. Hosts were Russell Allen '74, Louise Havlik '42, and Quentin Havlik '41.

- Alumni Dorothy Flint Novak '32 and Milan Novak '29 staged an animated Mexican evening in their home on March 19 for Tucson area alumni. President and Mrs. Gavin brought news of current college happenings.

- In March, Los Angeles alumni got an inside look at the L.A. art scene and at the fabric and fiber work of internationally known alumnus artist Clinton Mackenzie '62. President and Mrs. Gavin, Alumni Association president Julie Stroud '81 and alumni director Karen McConkey participated in the discussion and brunch at Marie Callender’s. Hosts were Bryan Bach '80, Rob Rudd '84, and Clinton Mackenzie '62.

- "Take Me Out to the Ballgame" was the theme of Cleveland's gathering April 12. Cleveland alumni enjoyed a pre-game dinner at the stadium and a chat with President Gavin prior to watching the Cleveland Indians take on the World Champion Minnesota Twins. Hosts: David Eaton '81, Betsy Swift Morris '81, and Warren Morris '80.

- Washington, D.C., alumni convened April 28 to celebrate spring and their Macalester connection. Program planners included Alison Morris '86, Don Wortman '51, Leah Wortham '70, Kevin O'Connor '77, Sarah Craven '85, Julia Weinstein '86, Shelly McPhail '86, and Ed Aitalore '87.

- A survey of Saint Louis alumni revealed strong interest in starting a Macalester Alumni Club. In late April, Alumni Association president Julie Stroud '81 and alumni director Karen McConkey joined Saint Louis alumni for "A Macalester Nostalgia Night." College anecdotes, memorabilia, "college food," and good fun characterized the evening. The Saint Louis Club is gearing up for more activity.

- Saint Paul Club alumni will expand their midsummer ice-cream social to include all Twin Cities alumni in mid-July. Watch your mail for details.

Annual meeting is slated as part of Reunion events

The Alumni Association holds its annual meeting on Saturday, June 18, at 5 p.m. in Weyerhaeuser Memorial Chapel. At the meeting, the following nominees will be presented for election to the board of directors:

- Anne Harbour '63; Judy L. Vicars '68; Michael Sneed '81; Bob Tracy '82; Ann Samuelson '85; Janet H. Engeswick '53; Susan Boinis '80.

- For re-election to a three-year term: Elizabeth Hunt '33; Roland DeLapp '43; Stan Johnson '50; Ann Leitze '53; Bruce Christie '62; H. Regina Cullen '73; Ford Nicholson '78; Kurt Winkelmans '78; Joni Kelly Bennett '78.

Biographical information is available through the alumni office. Any additional positions that become available will be announced at the meeting.

Julie Stroud '81 presides over Alumni Association

The presidency of the Alumni Association passed from Christina Baldwin '68 to Julie Stroud '81 at the January meeting of the association's board of directors.

Stroud has served six years on the association's board, most recently as president-elect. As president, she continues the board's mission to provide service to alumni through continuing education, career programs, improved communication, and active national programming. In addition, the association offers assistance to the college through admissions support and fund-raising efforts.

An anthropology major at Macalester, Julie has recently launched a mystery newsletter business marketed to bookstores throughout the country (see profile in this issue).

M Club gears up for alumni reunion

The M Club has planned its annual Hall of Fame Dinner for Friday night, June 17, during Alumni Reunion. A panel featuring past and current Macalester athletes will discuss "The Role of Athletics in Building a College's Reputation" Friday at 4:30 p.m. in the Alumni House.

The annual reunion River Run at 9 a.m. Saturday, June 18, will be followed by an M Club breakfast on the lawn at the president's house, 1750 Summit Avenue, at 10 a.m.

Hall of Famers will also be honored at the Alumni Association’s alumni awards ceremony on Saturday at 5 p.m. in the chapel.

In addition, M Club members are looking at ways to involve the club more closely with the Scots Club, sponsor alumni gatherings at college athletic events, and serve Macalester's athletic community. If you have ideas or questions contact Doyle Larson '52, Lee Nystrom '73, Doc Watson '42, John King '54, Harry Hadd '42, Dick Hammond '63, or Tom Lindell '87.
ALUMNI PROFILES

The fleet feet of near-Olympic success

Linda Zeman '84 finishes the Tenneco-Houston Marathon in Texas on Jan. 17, winning the women's division with a time of 2:34:52. This month, a Pittsburgh race determines whether or not she's Olympic material.

by Christopher Herlinger '81

An Olympic marathoner? By the time you read this, maybe.

Linda Zeman '84, a former biology major and six-time college All-American runner, was to compete May 1 in the U.S. Olympic Marathon Trials in Pittsburgh. The top three finishers in the meet are to compete for the United States at the Summer Olympic Games in Seoul, South Korea, later this summer.

Zeman qualified for the trials in January when she ran in the Tenneco-Houston Marathon (her first marathon in four years) and won the women's division with a time of two hours, 34 minutes, and 52 seconds—that's 26 six-minute miles. In addition to leading 12 women who earned spots in the Olympic Trials, Zeman won $25,000.

She surprised herself with her victory, she says; she simply wanted to qualify for the trials, finish in the top ten and improve on her earlier 2:40s time. Her time was 2:34:52—betering her previous record by eight minutes.

Zeman is careful about rating her chances for an Olympic berth.

"There are probably 20 women who could make the team," she said in a telephone interview from her parents' home in Albuquerque, N.M. "It just depends on the day. I'm being realistic."

Zeman has run cross-country and track since her days at Wayzata (Minn.) High School, where she was voted All-American in cross-country. But she says she's never felt like a star.

"I'm never really satisfied with how I do," she says. "That's normal. Any runner feels that way."

"I've always been competitive and involved in sports," she says. "I knew Mac had a good biology department, [and] I just took it for granted that I'd run for the college cross-country team."

And run she did, turning her talent into major accomplishments. A six-time All-American winner, Zeman competed in three national cross-country meets and two national track meets while she was a student at Macalester. As a sophomore, Zeman says, she ran the "best race" of her life, placing 12th in Division III school competition. And the summer after her sophomore year, she ran her first marathon, the Grandma's Marathon in Duluth, finishing in just under three hours.

"College got me going on running," Zeman says. "I liked it."

Her Macalester coaches included the late Pat Wiesner and Sheila Brewer, now director of Macalester's physical education, athletics, and recreation department. In college, Brewer remembers, Zeman's "true talents" were hampered by her very zeal for running; she was often sidelined with injuries from running too hard and too long.

"I'm very happy for her," Brewer says of Zeman's near-Olympic status. "She's a talented runner."

After graduating from Macalester, Zeman—a born-again Christian who calls her religion "an encouraging force" in her running—attended Christ For the Nations Institute in Texas. She now runs with Lay Witnesses for Christ, a national team of Christian runners based in Minneapolis.

While in Texas, she began training for the U.S. Olympic Trials in 1984. She qualified for the trials and placed 48th—then pulled a leg muscle and stopped running for a time. After a stint of working as a laboratory technician for the Institute for Cancer and Blood Research in Beverly Hills, she moved to Albuquerque to attend the University of New Mexico, where she is working on an M.B.A. degree.

"I knew '88 was rolling around, so I thought I'd try to qualify for the marathon again," she says.

Balancing school and running is difficult at times, she says. Living with her parents helps her finances, but up until recently she juggled a part-time job on top of her athletic and academic responsibilities. In training, she has been running an average of 60 to 70 miles a week—all with an eye on the May 1 Olympic Trials.
New venture enlarges mystery readers' scope

by Terry Andrews

"I have a keen interest in how other people live their lives—the things you have to think about if you’re a cab driver or a jockey, for instance," Laura Sobalvarro says. "Spradley"—the late Macalester anthropology professor James Spradley—"told us we had an ethnographer’s license, a license to be nosy. The techniques become second nature after a while."

In that anthropology class, Sobalvarro—then Laura Ladendecker—met fellow sophomore (and fellow Saint Louis native) Julie Stroud. Now, 10 years later, the partnership they formed then has borne a truly mysterious fruit. As one way of exercising the ethnographer’s license Spradley bestowed on them, this spring the two 1981 Macalester graduates created The Magnifying Glass, a newsletter for mystery fans. The first issue, which came out in March, was distributed to 10 bookstores nationwide—from California to New Jersey.

The idea was a natural, they say, since they are both avid mystery readers. As a buyer for Odegard Books Saint Paul for five and a half years, Sobalvarro recalls that she "easily moved into the role of mystery-section protector." To let store patrons know about new selections in the mystery section, she began putting out a newsletter, and "the store doubled its sales of mystery books in the first four months," she says.

When she left Odegard in May 1986, Sobalvarro planned someday to do another newsletter, drawing on her experience with and contacts in publishing. Now, even though she has a full-time job in the public-information office of the Minnesota Pollution Control Agency, Sobalvarro finds time to edit The Magnifying Glass.

"By day, I write about hazardous wastes," Sobalvarro says—"by night, about mysteries."

As publisher, Stroud, who was recently named president of the Macalester Alumni Association, shares the newsletter writing, exercising the final word in business decisions.

The Magnifying Glass, which is available to bookstores by subscription—the stores, in turn, hand it out or mail it to customers—divides mystery novels into several categories: "Smoking Gun" (for private-eye novels), for instance, and "A Cup of Cozy Crime" (mysteries whose settings resemble British vicarages).

"A lot of people think that mysteries are all the same," Sobalvarro explains. "But there are as many different kinds of mysteries as there are books."

The newsletter is not meant as a review of these books, Stroud says, but rather as an "overview" of new releases for mystery fans. "We don't pan anything; we don't have room to," she says. Instead, they pick between 30 and 40 "hot titles" to highlight in Magnifying Glass.

By way of research, the two receive advance copies of around 100 newly published mysteries each month, then select those they consider the best of their category.

For an annual subscription fee of $225, stores get six newsletter masters suitable for photocopying, along with the legal right to reproduce the newsletter for distribution to their customers. It’s money well spent, Sobalvarro assures them.

"They can make that money back in sales," she says. "I can’t legally guarantee it, but from my soul I know it will happen."

Stroud and Sobalvarro are counting on the mystery genre’s recent surge in popularity to help create a demand for their newsletter. A recent study showed that mysteries now account for 17 percent of all fiction sold. For the last four years, Stroud says, mysteries have outsold all other fiction genres.

Mystery readers, Sobalvarro says, are known as "the handful buyers"; they purchase half a dozen books where another reader might buy only one.

Stroud and Sobalvarro say it’s their love of the mystery genre that keeps them in business.

"There’s something about sitting down with a 250-page [mystery] book for three or four hours," Sobalvarro says. "It is so muddled to start with and then tied up in such a neat package in the end. It’s so unlike life."
This seems strange for an institution normally so loathe to hide its light under a bushel. The reason, it seems, is that the college has become embroiled in a legal suit, due to its refusal to grant tenure to this remarkable and committed educator. We believe that, more than anything else, it was the high standard of teaching and the close association with faculty members—like Dr. Orbovich—which we enjoyed at Macalester that enabled us to secure later scholarships. Macalester was unique in achieving the blend of quality teaching and student-faculty rapport which fosters academic and intellectual growth. We regret that this article lends our names to reassuring suggestions that these priorities remain intact at a time when the actions of the college administration seem to tell a different story.

Douglas J. Tilton '82
Oxford University

Lois Quam '83
Saint Paul

He once was lost...

James Braden '72, the former Rhodes Scholar whose whereabouts were unknown at the time February's "The Well-Travelled Rhodes" was being researched, has come to light: He is a staff attorney for the Rutherford Institute, a Christian civil liberties organization in Manassas, Va.

Hold the presses

The next regular Macalester Today will be published in November. In place of the August issue, the college's Annual Report (with a special "Class Notes" section) will find its way to the mailboxes of Macalester alumni and friends. Enjoy!

Janet Rajala Nelson '72
Alumni Association Member
Co-chair, 1987-88 Annual Fund

Dick Eichhorn '51
Macalester Trustee
Co-chair, 1987-88 Annual Fund
A Part of the Community

For senior Anne Rieke (right), working with the Children's Rainbo Theatre in Saint Paul has brought many rewards. She's one of more than two hundred students who made time this year to volunteer outside the Macalester campus. For more about what some call a renaissance in student volunteerism, see page 18.