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From the Hill

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From the Hill

Authors

Stephen Collins, Abigail Wheeler, Ernie Clark, Gerry Boyle, Jeff Welsch, Alicia Nemiccolo MacLeay, Robert Gillespie, and Ruani S. Freeman

Passion for the Class of 2004

Richard Russo reminds seniors, families and friends that college is a time of transformation

STEPHEN COLLINS '74 STORY

FRED FIELD PHOTOS

Colby has heard some great addresses from very distinguished commencement speakers, but never has a figure as prominent as Pulitzer Prize-winning author Richard Russo been able to speak so intimately and affectionately about the College and the senior class. When 484 members of the Class of 2004 graduated on May 23 they heard from a professor who taught them fiction and from the father of their classmate Kate Russo.

Russo, who began teaching at Colby in 1991, delighted the crowd with ruminations on the nature of the education that Kate and her classmates were completing. Talking about Hank Devereaux Jr., the eponymous character in his novel *Straight Man*, Russo said, "Hank understands what many parents never quite seem to grasp—that sending their kids off to college is a lot like putting them in the witness protection program. If the person who comes out is easily recognizable as the same person who went in, something has gone terribly, dangerously wrong."

He finished with "Russo's Rules For A Good Life," including "Rule #3: have children. After what you've put your parents through, you deserve children of your own." Elaborating on that rule he said, "Just remember this: everything you say and do from the time your children are born until the day they move out of the house should be motivated by the terrible possibility that your son or daughter could turn out to be a writer, a writer with only one reliable subject: You."

A transcript and a video of Russo's address and other important speeches from commencement weekend are online at www.colby.edu/commencement.

A Small-town Marshal



Hailing from small-town Mercer, Maine (population 640), Justin Juskewitch '04 was an academic star growing up. Valedictorian at the region's Skowhegan Area High School, Juskewitch made it two-for-two in May when he was named class marshal, the honor bestowed on the Colby senior with the highest cumulative grade-point average.

A biochemistry and math double major, Juskewitch flourished at Colby, devouring courses and projects in his majors and finding time to indulge his curiosity about subjects from film to Greek mythology. "I

didn't live in Keyes and Mudd," he said, referring to two of the science and math buildings.

Juskewitch worked closely with Julie Millard (chemistry) and Jan Holly (math) and did cancer research studying the molecular structure of DEB, a carcinogen that may actually have cancer-treatment value.

His academic explorations helped Juskewitch to conclude that he's interested in pediatric oncology, and, in fact, he's taken the first step toward that or another field of medicine. This spring he was accepted to the Mayo Medical School and awarded a full scholarship there. Juskewitch was offered—but turned down—admission to medical schools at Harvard, Dartmouth and Johns Hopkins. He was put on Yale's wait list, but his decision was already made, partly because of the small-college atmosphere at Mayo's Minneapolis campus. "It had a real Colby kind of feel," Juskewitch said.

Looking forward to entering medical school, Juskewitch was also anticipating Colby's commencement as the year played out. The big perk of his class marshal honor, he said, was that his family—mother Dawn, a second-grade teacher, and father Sherwood, a former paper-maker who's now a camp caretaker and contractor, and various relatives—would have first-row seats. "My two grandparents will be front and center," he said.

After a few weeks of rest and recreation, Juskewitch planned to pack his things and head west in July. The lifelong Mainer was moving on. "I'm finally going away to school," he said. —Gerry Boyle '78

A throng of family members stand for the procession at the 2004 commencement in Wadsworth Gymnasium (top, right). Honorary degrees were awarded to (left to right in photos at right) mathematician Barry Mazur, financier and philanthropist Shelby M.C. Davis, historian and founder of Sweet Honey in the Rock Bernice Johnson Reagon and professor and novelist Richard Russo, who delivered the commencement address. Physicist and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute President Shirley Ann Jackson (not pictured) also received an honorary degree.





Q&A

PAUL JOSEPHSON ON RUSSIAN HOSPITALITY, RUNNING AND LAWN POLLUTION

ABIGAIL WHEELER '04 QUESTIONS

FRED FIELD PHOTO

Some in the Colby community know Paul Josephson (history and science, technology and society) simply as “the runner” for his long training runs in any sort of weather. Those who know him from the classroom and elsewhere know he has a lot to say about Russian culture, about how we humans manage our planet and about the need to know your limits.

So what is it that you most enjoy about Russian culture?

Russian life has always been very hard. But one of the most delightful things about Russian culture is that, no matter how bad things have seemed to be on any given day, if you get invited to someone's house or, more likely, apartment, there will be a kitchen table spread with things you've never seen before, starting with hors d'oeuvres and bottles of every different kind of drink known to man. And once you've eaten for two or three hours you think, “Oh, that's it, I'm full.” And then the hot food comes out. But what makes it really special is the fact that the tables are small. And no matter how small the table is, the Russians always find a way to sit one more person there, in the smallest of rooms, at the smallest of tables. Anyone who stops by late at night is welcome. No one gets turned away. So you may be at a table with people eating and drinking 'til the wee hours. And since they don't allow television or anything else to intermediate the human experience, you end up talking about things that really matter—ideas, feelings, desires. You get to know who they are and who you are yourself. All the cares of the world, in some sense, do go away because you have dear and sweet friends.

How many times have you visited Russia?

I've lost track. I first went to the Soviet Union in 1984 and since then have probably been 20 or 25 times for a total of two and a half or three years. I've lived in Ukraine and Kiev. I've been to Siberia. I've spent a lot of time in Moscow and Leningrad/St. Petersburg. Now I spend more of my time in places that are off the beaten path, especially in connection with my work on nuclear power. To visit these facilities you have to have permission from the Russian equivalent of the FBI, which is called the FSB. I'm very straightforward and people know what I'm doing. I'm just a historian and it's very clear that there's nothing more to me than that, so I always do get permission.

Tell me about your most recent projects.

My most recent book, *Industrialized Nature*, was published in December of 2002. I examined the scientific management of fish, forest, and water resources in different settings: Norway, Brazil, the U.S. and the former Soviet Union. The book addresses the use of various technologies to manage those resources and examines the ways in which we and our Soviet, Brazilian and Norwegian colleagues are more alike in our approach to resource management than we are different. And that raises the question of what the social and environmental costs of that ultimately large-scale and, I argue, inefficient approach have been.

What are you working on now?

I have three other projects. One is about the evils of the American embrace of the internal combustion engine. It's supposed to be labor saving, but it's highly polluting, it's often dangerous and we use it willy-nilly. I'm looking at four different ecosystems: inland and coastal waterways, deserts and other fragile ecosystems, snow environments and the lawn. The lawn attracts such things as the lawnmower, the weedwacker, the leaf-blower, the edger, the [power] broom—all of these things are small, internal, usually two-cycle engines, which are highly polluting, very noisy, dangerous, dreadful, and they're good for laziness.

I have two other projects, which bring me back to my first love, the Soviet Union. One is on so-called industrial deserts and focuses primarily on the southern Ural region, where metallurgical and nuclear industries are concentrated. The other project is on the influence of Soviet technological style, which I capture under a rubric I guess I would call proletarian aesthetics—simple, gray designs, with comfort and safety playing a lesser role. I'm going to focus on Lithuania, Hungary, Poland and Bulgaria. I'm not going to try to learn Lithuanian, but I am going to try to learn to read Bulgarian, and I'm already trying to get started on Polish.

Many people on campus know you as “the runner” because we see you running all the time. How many miles do you actually average per week?

I now average about fifty miles a week, and I try and stay in shape year round, even in the dead of winter. If you get out of shape, especially as you age, it's harder to get back into shape. So fifty miles a week, with usually one long run, although last week I actually ran seventy-two miles in six days because I'm getting ready for another marathon. I ran in seven marathons last year, and I recently kicked off this year with the Boston Marathon, which was the hardest thing I've ever done. It was very warm. It was dreadful. It was eighty-four degrees at the start and eighty-six at the finish and we'd been training in thirty and forty degrees. So even though I ran slowly, I still suffered and began to cramp in the last miles. But I finished. I read somewhere that eleven hundred people were hospitalized or had medical treatment. But I don't do that. What's the point? You have to know what your limits are and run only so hard so you don't end up [hospitalized]. So this year I think I'll probably do five [marathons].

Crew Captures Rowers' Hearts

Twelve-month commitment for a six-minute race

ERNIE CLARK STORY

FRED FIELD PHOTO

Before her arrival on Mayflower Hill, Laura Mistretta '04 never envisioned rowing as part of her life. Now, after four years and a national NCAA championship, she can't imagine life without rowing.

"There's nothing like being in a boat and racing," said Mistretta. "It's all the hours and all the training and all the work, and it's a sport that demands so much mental dedication. It's a big part of who I am now and who I will always be."

That commitment can be traced in part to her role in Colby's recent rowing success, including the Mules' 2003 NCAA Division III Women's Rowing Championship after placing second in 2002.

"It's so physical compared to other sports," said Mistretta, a government major from New York City. "You really put yourself out there, but there's nothing better than flying down the course and knowing you're going to win."

Viewed from the shoreline, a racing shell slicing the water is a fluid image of grace, unity and even serenity. Inside the boat, though, there's an adrenaline-soaked edge as eight individual athletes work aggressively as one organism, straining to propel a 60-foot boat as fast as possible along a 2,000-meter course.

"You can hear the other people breathing, the oars snapping in the oarlocks," said Katie O'Neill '04, who was co-captain of the 2004 team with Mistretta. "You can feel the lifting of the boat out of the water and you can hear the water bubbling underneath. It's just an unbelievable feeling."

For the eight seniors who graduated from the 2004 crew, rowing hasn't served merely as a distraction from the demands of academics; it's been an addiction and a mission. While races are held in the spring, the commitment to rowing begins with an ongoing devotion to weight training, cross training and work on indoor rowing ergometers that simulate race conditions. A rower's life is thinking, breathing and talking the sport.

"It's something we focus on year-round," said

O'Neill, a history major from Harwich, Mass., "but it's such a great feeling doing all the work twelve months a year for those six minutes we race."

That Colby has a national-caliber women's rowing team despite the geographic and meteorological challenges inherent in its Maine base is a tribute to the intensity of those who have nurtured and participated in the growth of the program.

"It became clear that the sport and the school were really good for each other," said Stew Stokes, the Mules' fourth-year head coach. "You can't come to Colby and not know what you're getting into in terms of the weather and the outdoors. But we see it as a strength, not a weakness, for the school and for the rowing program, because it's a sport that's conducive to people who like the outdoors."

It's also conducive to athletes seeking a new challenge. Like many collegiate rowers, neither Mistretta nor O'Neill had experience on the water before joining Colby's crew.

"In my senior year of high school, I saw the Harvard and [Boston University] teams rowing in the Head of the Charles," said O'Neill. "I fell in love with it, and once I got to Colby I knew it was something I wanted to do."

As first-year students, in 2001, Mistretta and O'Neill were part of a Colby freshman crew that won the ECAC championship in a boat they call "Rosie the Riveter." "It's a boat that's special to our class, sort of our unofficial team mascot," O'Neill said.

As sophomores, seven of this year's eight seniors rode in Rosie, helping Colby place second at the NCAA championships.

In 2004 the Colby crew earned the College its first NCAA team championship, braving 32 m.p.h. winds to win the Division III final in Indianapolis.

"As sophomores we finished second and kind of came out of nowhere," Mistretta said. "Both years we went into it with no expectations, except when Stew sat us down before the race and told us we could win. That's when it really clicked in."

Nearly half of the championship crew—including All-American Leah Hagamen '05—was back this spring, but injuries, weather, expectations and stiff competition all served to deny the Mules a third straight trip to the NAAs. "The end of the season didn't go like we hoped," Mistretta said. "We obviously wanted to go to the NCAA championships again. But, when I think about it, we rowed as well as we could. I take a lot of comfort in that."

KARIMA UMMAH '04 earned her fourth All-America honor in **OUTDOOR TRACK AND FIELD** by placing fifth in the triple jump with a leap of 40' 3.5" at the NCAA meet. **XAVIER GARCIA '05** earned All-America honors in the 400-meter dash and the triple jump and set Colby records in the 100-meter dash (10.81), 400-meter dash (47.79) and triple jump (48' 2"). . . . **SOFTBALL** finished 18-11-1 as **WENDY BONNER '05** led the team in hitting (.385), slugging (.438), on-base percentage (.440), total number of hits (37), runs batted in (22) and walks (9). **MIKI STARR '07** led the team in doubles (8), triples (2) and total bases (45). Bonner and Starr were NESCAC All-Conference Second Team selections, with Bonner also voted to the New England Intercollegiate Softball Coaches Association Second Team. . . . For **WOMEN'S CREW**, the freshman eight dominated, finishing with an unblemished 45-0 record, which included gold medals at the New England Rowing Championships and the ECAC National Invitational Rowing Championships. For more spring season highlights, go to Colby Online at www.colby.edu/mag/sports_shorts.



Front-Office Fantasy

Galen Carr and Brian O'Halloran live their dream as they help shape the Red Sox

GERRY BOYLE '78 STORY

FRED FIELD PHOTO

Like most Red Sox fans, Galen Carr '97 has some advice for Sox Manager Terry Francona. Carr's friend and fellow fan Brian O'Halloran '93 prefers to scrutinize the moves of Theo Epstein, the fast-trading Red Sox general manager.

Difference is, when Carr offers his two cents (actually, highly detailed analyses of hitters and pitchers on opposing teams), Francona listens. And when Epstein, the front-office prodigy charged with bringing the Red Sox to the World Series, wheels and deals, it's O'Halloran who goes to work to make the deals happen.

Carr and O'Halloran are living a Sox fan's dream: to be a part of the team they've cheered since childhood (in New Hampshire and Boston's South Shore, respectively). To leave for work every day and end up at Fenway Park. To rub elbows with players who are the stuff of legend (or at least the sports pages).

"A lot of people would love to work in baseball," O'Halloran said over lunch at a pub off Lansdowne Street. "The supply-and-demand factors make it very difficult to get into, but then to be able to do it in your hometown and work for the team that you grew up rooting for—the odds are astronomical against it. I'm totally fortunate to have that opportunity."

Long odds, but not dumb luck.

Carr, advance scouting coordinator, and O'Halloran, coordinator of Major League administration, landed with the Red Sox after months and even years of persistent pursuit of their goal.

A baseball pitcher at Colby, Carr did an internship with the minor league Vermont Expos the summer before his senior year. The job whetted his appetite for a baseball operations career and enabled him to make contacts with the parent club, the Montreal Expos. Carr continued to maintain his contacts as he taught and coached at Northfield Mount Hermon School, then moved to a job at Salomon Smith Barney in Boston. Then one of his contacts, Ben Cherington, was hired as director of player development for the Red Sox. Carr came to Fenway Park as an intern in 2000 and soon was added to the "baseball ops" staff. "Right time, right place," he said.

O'Halloran's route to Fenway was more circuitous. A government and Russian studies double major, he quickly turned a passion for things Russian into a career. O'Halloran spent his junior year in the Republic of Georgia and won a Watson Fellowship to return after graduation. That was followed by a five-year stint with a Washington-based logistics company that did a lot of business in Russia and the former Soviet Union. After five years abroad, he decided to come home.

"I was twenty-seven years old, trying to figure out what I wanted to do with my life," O'Halloran said. "It kept coming back to baseball."

But he knew no one in the business and went looking for advice. The bottom line: O'Halloran didn't have enough to offer. His response was to get his M.B.A. with an emphasis in sports management at The Anderson School of Business at UCLA. Alumni connections led to a meeting with none other than Epstein, then with the San Diego Padres. O'Halloran was offered an internship with the National League club, but a month later Epstein moved to the Red Sox. After six months in San Diego, O'Halloran moved back to Boston (his fiancée was starting grad school at Harvard) and got in touch with Epstein.

"I'd come in whenever a workstation opened up," O'Halloran said. "Some games I'd come in at the end of the game, like eleven o'clock at night, and work until five in the morning, by myself, charting games. Nobody else here but the mice."

He was substitute teaching during the day and interning for the Red Sox at night when, last January, O'Halloran was invited to join the staff. Now he—like Carr—spends most days (and nights) in the warren of basement offices under the ticket windows on Lansdowne Street. O'Halloran's job is to handle the administrative aspects of any transactions the Red Sox make: helping to write the contracts, working with players' agents, making sure the deals are approved by Major League Baseball. "Every day is different," O'Halloran said. "Today we just made a minor trade so there's a lot of paperwork related to that. I just finished talking to the player we traded for [a left-handed pitcher] and the club [the Minnesota Twins] to finalize the details."

Some deals are relatively simple. Some are more complicated, like the trades that brought star pitchers Curt Schilling and Keith Foulke to Boston this season. "So far so good," O'Halloran said, grinning. "They're both pitching well."

He'd actually feel guilty if a player didn't perform to expectations?

"I think we all do," O'Halloran said. "Theo is making the ultimate decision, but he's asking all of our opinions. ... If it doesn't work out, we feel responsible."

Carr's job is to help ensure that things "work out" for the Red Sox. That means winning games, and Carr's contribution is sheaves of reports on opposing teams.

Along one wall in Carr's office are racks holding a dozen DVD burners with satellite TV hookups. The Red Sox burn a dozen games a day onto DVDs,



Brian O'Halloran '93 (left) and Galen Carr '97 at Fenway Park.

which are archived on adjacent shelves. It's a library of baseball information, and Carr peruses it with an analyst's eye, turning hours of games into succinct reports that sum up opponents' strengths and weaknesses.

"Yesterday I did Paul Abbot," Carr said, popping a disc into his laptop. "We're probably going to face him when Tampa Bay comes here."

And the Red Sox would be ready.

"Generally, for a pitcher we establish what his pitches are. We have to make sure everybody knows what he throws. We'll keep track of velocity; we'll keep track of movement. We'll keep track of his ability to locate each of those pitches to a certain spot in the strike zone."

The book on the big right-hander Abbot? For non-baseball readers, Carr's assessment may seem like a foreign language. "Yesterday his fastball was eighty-eight to ninety-one. He had a split finger that was at eighty-four, eighty-five. It's a lot like a two-seam fastball so it sinks a little bit. It would run in on right-handed hitters. Slider was his go-to pitch. He varied the angles on it. Eighty, eighty-one was his slower down-angle break."

Divining that sort of information about an entire team takes about 40 hours, Carr said. Note that he did not say a 40-hour week. "Forty hours over

three days is manageable," he said. "Forty over two days is not."

That morning Carr was preparing his report on Tampa Bay. A report on the Yankees, who had just been swept by the Red Sox in the Bronx, was on the shelf. It had gone to Francona, the manager, and all of his coaches. "We'll also give copies to [catchers] Varitek and Mirabelli," Carr said. "Schilling has gotten in on the action this year. He's big into preparation."

This analytical approach is a Red Sox trademark under Epstein, and while the club still relies on more traditional reports from scouts on the road, the statistical era has opened the front-office door to people like Carr and O'Halloran, who never played in the big leagues. In the case of the Red Sox, that means a front office staffed by alumni of Amherst and Colby, Harvard and Haverford.

"In the past it was always, 'You don't belong in the front office. You don't know what it's like to play in front of 30,000 people,'" Carr said. "I think that philosophy has dissipated substantially over the last ten years."

"Overall, front offices are understanding that if you're educated and you have a passion for baseball, and at least limited [playing] experience, that means you can do something."



AMAZING GRACE

Allen Throop, felled by ALS, never saw himself as a victim

JEFF WELSCH STORY FAMILY PHOTO

It was like any other wake, really, when 75 of Allen Throop's nearest and dearest gathered recently at picturesque Beazell Memorial Forest [in Oregon] to celebrate a remarkable journey.

They laughed. They cried. They waxed poetic about the life of a man who learned long ago how to live.

And then, when it was time to leave one of his favorite places on a planet full of wonder and adventure, they had the most priceless memory of all.

They could peer into Throop's sharp, twinkling eyes and see the imprint of their words.

It isn't every day that a man walks, albeit slowly and carefully, to his own services, but then again it isn't every day in our culture that we face death with such grace.

Throop ['66] was touched, of course. He was flattered, for sure. Naturally, he also responded with the dry wit that epitomizes his approach to a fight he is destined to lose, certainly sooner than he hoped and probably earlier than he imagined in February when he learned of his amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, commonly and ominously known as Lou Gehrig's Disease.

"At my real wake," he quipped to his guest speakers, "you can say what you really think about me."

Throop chuckled Wednesday as he retold the story while wrestling with a spinach calzone at New Morning Bakery in Corvallis, using his hands to hoist lunch to his lips because he can no longer manage a fork and knife.

If it's true that laughter, not to mention self-deprecating humor and a strikingly optimistic outlook, are the best medicine, then Throop is as close to a cure for an incurable disease as remotely possible.

Never mind that he must walk ever so gingerly, mindful that if he fell on a sidewalk today he couldn't stand on his own, the way he did after falling face-first downtown just a few weeks ago.

Never mind that he needs help to lock the red tricycle he must use to get around town because he can no longer pedal his bicycle.

Never mind that he must pen his captivating stories for the newspaper's Venture section using

voice-recognition software because his fingers refuse to cooperate.

And never mind even that this degenerative disease of the nervous system will get progressively worse, first stealing his ability to exercise and walk, then hindering his swallowing and breathing, and finally robbing him of his life. "It's not a good end game," he concedes matter-of-factly, "so I'm trying to enjoy the moment."

As he talks, he smiles through his salt-and-pepper beard and his eyes gleam through glasses with a sparkle that belies his body's ravages. He is unfailingly upbeat in the face of perhaps the kindest disease known to humankind, an ailment that renders the muscles useless while leaving the mind and soul unscathed and painfully aware.

One could forgive Throop, especially, if he were to wallow in self-pity.

This is a man whose adventurous spirit has taken him around the world to scale high mountains, hike lengthy trails and pedal highways and byways on each coast.

He has worked as a mining geologist and played as an outdoors enthusiast in Tasmania, Canada and much of the American West. He has looked under virtually every rock in Oregon with the anticipation of a child at Christmas.

On that benchmark camping trip last fall, when his hand went dead on an especially frigid night, he had thought himself near his finest physical shape ever. At first he ignored the symptoms, even as he grew noticeably weaker. Only when his daughter, Heather, noticed that he was nursing his coffee mug with two hands, was he forced to acknowledge that something might be terribly wrong. A local neurologist made the ALS diagnosis in January and, in an ironic twist, did so conclusively because Throop was so fit; most people in their 50s and 60s have myriad other ailments to confuse and confound.

Throop was already bracing for the worst. Every time he had ventured online to match symptoms with ailments, the cursor kept pointing at the same outcome.

"It kept coming up that ALS was a possibility," he said, "so when they told me I've got it I wasn't surprised."

He took a deep breath. OK.

Baseball legend Gehrig lived with the disease for two years. Others live five to 10 years. The average is two to five. Throop was otherwise healthy, so he geared up for a grace period of many months, perhaps even years.

He rode his bike. He continued to take long hikes. He bicycled across Yellowstone National Park. "I thought it'd be a minor inconvenience for awhile," he said. "I guess I was wrong. It's gone very quickly."

First to go were the hands. Then the legs grew weaker. The upper body has followed. Through it all, Throop refused to stop moving.

He constantly adjusts and, taking a cue from a longtime friend who maintained a similarly upbeat attitude to his final breath while fighting cancer, vowed not only to stay alive as long as possible, but to live in the process.

"He just maintained an interest in life," Throop explained. "He didn't dwell on it."

Throop climbed the Flatirons above Boulder, Colo., this summer. Last week, he did a four-mile hike. Next week, he is planning a trip to Steens Mountain. "The trick is trying to figure out a week before I can't do it when to give something up," he said. He wishes he could climb, hike and pedal again, but he has accepted that he can't with few visible signs of remorse. "Part of it is being out there, but part of it is being out there with people I love doing things I love," he said, smiling again.

Yes, there have been moments of despair.

Earlier this spring, while hiking in the Columbia Gorge, he felt sorry for himself. Then he looked around and, even through those maddening spring rains, saw incomparable beauty. He hasn't wallowed since.

So if you see Throop pedaling about town on his red tricycle, don't cry for him. Listen for his dry wit, which will still elicit a chuckle. Look into his eyes, which still burn bright with life.

Allen Throop '66 died Monday, April 12, from ALS, also known as Lou Gehrig's Disease. This column was published in the Corvallis (Ore.) Gazette-Times. It is reprinted by permission.



LONG-DISTANCE LEARNING

From intimate Mayflower Hill, Colby faculty members reach thousands of students by writing popular textbooks

ALICIA NEMICCOLO MACLEAY '97 STORY

LEO PANDO ILLUSTRATION

In recent years Julie Millard, the J. Warren Merrill Professor of Chemistry, had become increasingly dissatisfied with the “watered-down” general chemistry books available for her non-majors chemistry course. “I could write a better one,” she thought.

Now she’s doing just that.

Millard is at work on the second draft of *Adventures in Chemistry* for Houghton Mifflin. After weaving basic chemistry principles into chapters like “Chemistry and the Gym” and “Chemistry and Crime,” she says she now has more interesting stories to share—and not just at Colby.

Millard is one among dozens of Colby professors whose textbooks are in use in classrooms far from Mayflower Hill. Colby professors can be found explaining subjects ranging from *Environmental and Natural Resource Economics* (Tom Tietenberg) to *Euripides’ Alcestis* (Hanna Roisman) to *The Puzzle of Latin American Economic Development* (Patrice Franko). While the majority of textbooks are intended for college or graduate students, some authors, like Robert Gastaldo, the Whipple-Coddington Professor of Geology, also have taken a turn at educating the younger set. In addition to his college-level *Deciphering Earth History: A Laboratory Manual With Internet Exercises*, Gastaldo worked on the fossils component of an earth-science curriculum for middle and high school students.

One of the things Millard learned from writing a mass-market textbook is that “a lot more people have a say in what ends up in print than the author.” She’s currently incorporating comments from reviewers (typically six to 10 professors at other colleges) and from Colby students who used her first draft this past Jan Plan. All of this feedback is considered before the book goes on the market.

It’s familiar to Cal Mackenzie, Goldfarb Family Distinguished Professor of American Government, who has taught tens of thousands of college students how American government and politics work through his popular 700-plus-page tome, *The Politics of American Government*.

In 1994 Mackenzie co-wrote the textbook’s first edition, intended for the half-million students nationwide who take introductory American government courses. He’s working on the fourth edition.

Mackenzie’s expertise in American politics and the presidency (which first attracted the attention of Random House in the mid-’80s) and his years in the classroom have been essential to his success. “I could be an effective

teacher of government without ever writing a text," he said, "but I could not be an effective text author without having taught the subject in a classroom."

But, while Mackenzie's Colby teaching experience has helped, it isn't a complete guide to writing an introductory text. "Nobody writes texts [specifically] for Colby students," Mackenzie said. "There aren't enough of them to make a market. Texts are for Ohio State students, El Paso Community College students and occasional Yalies."

Mackenzie says that having such a diverse audience for one textbook makes it essential that the material is clear, accessible and stimulating to students of varying abilities and backgrounds.

Some authors work with smaller, more specialized publishing houses to keep control of their texts. "With smaller firms you get less interference," said Professor of Mathematics Fernando Gouvêa. Gouvêa has written two books that have been adopted as college-level textbooks: *p-adic Numbers: An Introduction*, for advanced undergraduates and graduate students, and *Math Through the Ages: A Gentle History for Teachers and Others*, co-written with Visiting Professor of Mathematics William Berlinghoff. Like Millard, Gouvêa was dissatisfied with available texts.

"There aren't very many interesting textbooks," said Gouvêa, who also edits a book review column for the Mathematical Association of America's Web site. "Most are the same old, so we don't review them." He blames that homogenization on publishers.

Mackenzie agrees. "The textbook industry is a dinosaur, and we should expect its extinction soon," he said. Like Gouvêa, Mackenzie believes that texts too often seek one-size-fits-all solutions and are too expensive, partly because the used-book market undermines publishers' profitability. "For all those reasons textbook publishing needs to change," he said.

Electronic communication and the Internet are the real force for change, he believes. "Why rely on a single picture of the speaker of the House when we can have a link to his complete biography and voting record?" he said. "Why try to boil down a Supreme Court opinion to a paragraph of text when the complete text and a full audio recording or oral argument are readily accessible online?"

Fertile Ground

Clearing Land: Legacies of the American Farm, Jane Brox '78
North Point Press (2004)

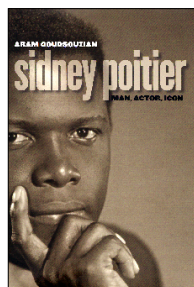
Jane Brox '78 has written of her family and its farm before, in two memoirs marked by the graceful clarity of her prose and the power of her perceptive observations. The Dracut, Mass., farm, in the family for three generations, is both a launching place and a destination for Brox, and in this new memoir, it proves richly fertile ground.

Clearing Land is both personal and historical, joining the history of farming, from the earliest colonists' crude attempts with hoe and harrow to the evolution of the Brox family and its farm in Dracut.

History runs parallel to Brox's return to the farm and the remnants of the life that was her family's a generation ago. When local Grange members invite her to join, Brox accepts.

"When the piano starts up my voice strays a little behind the faithful as I sing 'Simple Gifts' with a cluster of people who know almost nothing of my larger life but who knew me when I was young, who've known my family always, whose quandaries are also my family's quandaries," Brox writes.

RECENT RELEASES



Sidney Poitier: Man, Actor, Icon
Aram Goudsouzian '94
University of North Carolina Press (2004)

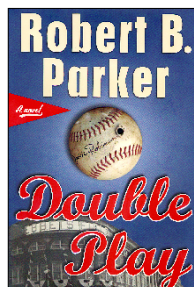
Historian Goudsouzian, a professor at Hamilton College, has written the first full biography of Poitier, the legendary Oscar-winning actor. In Goudsouzian's work, Poitier's life and career are examined in the context of America's racial history, which the gifted actor in many ways symbolized and reflected.

Slick
Daniel (Bar-Zeev) Price '92
Villard (2004)

This first novel takes readers behind the scenes of the American media machine. Publicist Scott Singer is the master of spin, but he meets his toughest challenge when lyrics written by his up-and-coming rapper client are said to have inspired a school shooting. A fast-moving, edgy commentary on the machinations that shape the headlines.

All Fishermen Are Liars: True Tales from the Dry Dock Bar
Linda Greenlaw '83
Hyperion (2004)

To ask whether all of these "absolutely true sea stories" really are entirely factual is to miss the point. Reading this collection is like spending an evening with Greenlaw and her fishermen buddies as they swap tales about not-so-perfect storms, ocean catastrophes and lessons learned in a life at sea. One indisputable fact is that Greenlaw is a gifted storyteller.



Double Play
Robert B. Parker '54
Putnam (2004)

Parker departs (temporarily) from his longstanding Spenser series to explore the world of baseball circa Jackie Robinson. Set in 1947, Parker's new novel is told by Joseph Burke, a damaged World War II vet who is hired as rookie Robinson's bodyguard. Part crime novel, part historical piece, the book includes thinly veiled autobiographical reminiscences on Parker's own boyhood love for the game.

Let Me Play My Music
Messan Jordan Benissan (applied music associate)

Benissan combines traditional African drumming, "Highlife" music and even a blues influence in his third CD. Traditional African songs are spiced with guitars and dobro, along with the distinctive drumming of special guest and West African legend Obo Addy.

Home Body
Gerry Boyle '78
Berkley (2004)

Journalist Jack McMorrow rescues a runaway teen whose life is a Pandora's box. In the eighth in the Jack McMorrow mystery series, McMorrow is led through the meaner streets of Maine cities and towns as the dark secrets of the boy's past are revealed.

Portraying an American Icon

Writer Ben Bradlee Jr. sets out to discover and document the forces that created baseball legend Ted Williams

ROBERT GILLESPIE STORY

FRED FIELD PHOTO

The Splendid Splinter. The Kid. Teddy Ballgame.

Your everyday baseball fan knows Ted Williams batted .406 in 1941 and knocked 521 career home runs, 14th among the all-time Major League leaders. The shelves are stacked with books about the Red Sox Hall of Fame great, most by “adoring sports writers” about his performance on the field, said Ben Bradlee Jr. ‘70, an investigative journalist who resigned in January after 25 years at *The Boston Globe* to write—what else?—a full biography of Williams, “warts and all.”

One major league wart: the slugger’s contentious relationships. “Very, very contentious,” Bradlee said.

In 1939, his first year in Boston, Williams had a tremendous season, “and it was just a total love-in,” Bradlee said. But the tall, gangly, unsophisticated kid from San Diego “was totally honest and raw. . . . He was one of the original politically incorrect, and he began popping off.”

That landed him in trouble with both sportswriters and fans, who take their cues from the press, Bradlee says, and started a war that continued throughout Williams’s career.

When Williams “popped off,” “he would just go on a tear. I think he used anger as a motivator,” Bradlee said. “One of my goals is to try and explore his anger. . . . I want to try to get to the bottom of that.”

Getting to the bottom is right down Bradlee’s alley: he headed the *Globe* investigation team that won a Pulitzer Prize for breaking the priest sex-scandal story. “‘Investigative journalist’ is a term that’s widely used and misunderstood,” he said. “Often it’s just diligent and dogged reporting.” He thinks there’s “much still to be learned about [Williams’s] life, about his childhood, about his three failed marriages, about his life as a father, his business career, his military service. He lived a very full life.”

Williams was “a man’s man” and treated women largely as adornments, Bradlee says. “He

was a very hard guy to live with. . . . He wasn’t good at being married.”

A skilled fisherman, Williams took his second wife to his beachhead on Islamorada in the Florida Keys, “where she was literally a fish out of water—a gorgeous woman, a runway model, never fished a day in her life—and got her out there . . . do this, do that, and it didn’t work,” Bradlee said. He admits he doesn’t know much about sport fishing, either. Doing the Williams biography means “I’ve got to make myself an expert.”

The Williams story is a switch from “political crimes,” a field of bad dreams Bradlee covered in his three previous books. Nevertheless, plenty of family politics followed Williams’s death in 2002.

“The press largely revolves around conflict,” so the squabbling among the three Williams children, who had no great affection for their father, “was a natural,” Bradlee said. Newspapers everywhere reported that a will scrawled on a napkin revoked Williams’s previous wish to be



cremated. His son stored his frozen body and head separately at a cryonics lab in Arizona.

"I haven't really mapped it out how I'm exactly going to handle that," Bradlee said in his office in Boston's John Hancock Building one blustery morning last April. Through the north-facing wall of glass, the Back Bay area looks remote and serene as foothills; the Charles River is a narrow stream. His work area across from the window contains shelves lined with files and folders. And the computer.

"The Internet provides modern tools and databases to locate people," he said. That morning he was working on Williams's military phase, tracking down people Williams served with during World War II and Korea, where he flew 39 combat missions. Bradlee makes initial contact by phone and sometimes conducts telephone interviews. The best interview is in person, he says, but people are all over the country, and to fly to them all would be prohibitively expensive.

"Most people who aren't celebrities are

flattered to be asked and have been very cooperative," Bradlee said. When he struck out with the unwilling, he wrote letters to mutual acquaintances asking for help as go-betweens. "You have to have a thick skin in this business and be prepared to have the door slammed in your face. You have to be persistent."

After Williams retired from the Red Sox in 1960, he promoted hunting, fishing and other sports gear for Sears Roebuck, went into a fishing tackle business with the golfer Sam Snead and made Nissen bread commercials with his fishing buddy, Bangor, Maine, sportswriter Bud Leavitt. That's another little-examined period Bradlee will take a crack at. And he'll explore Williams's sports memorabilia business, which helped ex-ballplayers catch up with modern-day salaries.

Bradlee has always been interested in sports, and the idea of doing a sports book appealed. "There was a certain symmetry to it for me, because it connected back to my childhood," he

said. Growing up near Boston, he'd seen Williams play in the last years of his career. "I'd hang out for his autograph. Sort of a case of hero worship as a kid." When Williams died, "I was struck by how much interest there still remained in his life" and "the sort of treatment that his life got, really national icon treatment." Williams and Joe DiMaggio were "two of a kind in an era when baseball was really in its glory."

Bradlee pulled together rosters of the Red Sox teams in the 1939-1960 era to trace Williams's living teammates and talk with them all. His first swing at the book was an interview with three other legends in the Red Sox pantheon: Dom DiMaggio, Bobby Doerr and Johnny Pesky.

"Imagine spending a day with those guys," Bradlee said. "If you're a fan, it's a treat."

Bradlee's won't be just another "adoring" contribution to that Williams shelf when Little Brown publishes his book. "New information I've uncovered I don't want to reveal now," he said, but "mine will be different."



WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

A course on genocide, taught by Bassett Teaching Award winner Jonathan White, forces Colby students to grapple with questions of responsibility

RU FREEMAN STORY

LEO PANDO ILLUSTRATION

Andrew Volk '05 says he has heard the best lecture of his life.

It happened last semester when Jonathan White, assistant professor of sociology, walked into his class Genocide and Political Violence looking disheveled and sleep-deprived and said he thought it was time for “the hunger talk.”

“Then,” Volk said, “he spoke for an hour and fifteen minutes, delivering a lecture so full of facts, figures and vivid illustrations that it left me feeling drained and depressed for days. It changed my thinking.”

Volk wasn't alone.

On the first day of White's class students are faced with three quotes written on a blackboard: “Never Again” is sandwiched between “Ignorance is Bliss” and “Knowledge is Power.” So begins an investigation of genocidal events from the Holocaust to Rwanda, along with discussion of the diffusion of responsibility that allows such crimes to take place.

It's a course that is fluid, with connections that are broader than the events being discussed, Volk said. White himself said the class has evolved in the 10 years he has been teaching it “from being about the specifics of genocide and political violence to being more about the study of the sociology of morality through the lens of those phenomena.”

Terri Cunningham '04 said White examines the topic of personal morality in a single course, but in the language of sociology, anthropology, economics, government, history and international studies. The syllabus asserts that the class will search for an understanding of human morality and immorality, nature and nurture. It also mentions a focus on “our own country's direct and indirect role in modern genocide and political violence.”

Why is a course on genocide, a topic many people would shy away from, one of the most popular classes for Colby students from all disciplines? It may stem from White's tension-defusing teaching style.

During the lectures there are asides about White's own life: about being a young “party boy turned activist” at Brandeis; about attending the largest act of civil disobedience in America since the Civil Rights movement, at the School of the Americas. The class returns, refreshed, to the discussion on personal responsibility, and the interactions resume the back-and-forth intensity that is the best of intellectual exchange: Christina Pluta '05 raises her hand and says she believes everybody is responsible for allowing injustice. White counters, “How do you deal with the fact that you can't live

up to your own responsibility? I'm asking *you*, personally.”

The workload in the class is almost as ponderous as its subject: 10 required texts, innumerable assigned articles, six reflective papers, journal entries, impromptu assignments, videos and speakers outside of class hours and extensive participation in class required. White immerses his students in his subject, but far from being daunted, students seem to thrive in the climate he creates. Cunningham praised the workload as a strength in the course, wishing that there were

Life on the Edge

Undergraduate Research Symposium keynote speaker Alan Rabinowitz explores the world's wildest places

GERRY BOYLE '78 STORY

WILDLIFE CONSERVATION SOCIETY PHOTO

It was a skeleton unlike anything explorer/scientist Alan Rabinowitz had seen before—a tiny primitive deer with canine teeth and inch-long antlers. Rabinowitz, huddled in a village in the remote mountains of northern Myanmar, turned the skull and bones in his hands. “While I was examining all these pieces, a hunter walked right into the village where I was. He was carrying *the deer*.”

This was in 1998, and Rabinowitz, director for science and exploration for the Bronx Zoo-based Wildlife Conservation Society, was venturing into a region long off-limits to foreigners and even to the Myanmar people themselves. His mission was to explore and survey one of the world's last wild places in hopes of protecting the wildlife there. He ended up protecting a species—the shy and diminutive leaf deer—previously unknown to the outside world.

“Not only was this a new species,” said Rabinowitz, the keynote speaker at the fifth annual Colby Undergraduate Research Symposium in May, “not only is it the most primitive deer in the world but it's the missing link for deer species. It's a living fossil.”

The lecture, and the showcasing of Rabinowitz's research accomplishments, offered a benchmark for Colby undergraduates from all disciplines, though the lecture was attended mostly by aspiring scientists. They listened raptly as the renowned explorer explained that the leaf deer was just one of the discoveries he and his Myanmar colleagues made in this rugged region. In this single excursion Rabinowitz, best known for his preservation of jaguar and tiger habitat, found new populations of the endangered red panda and black barking deer. He also came upon the last dozen members of the Taron, a nearly extinct group of Mongolian pygmies.

Now, thanks to Rabinowitz and the Myanmar government, the habitat is protected for indigenous wildlife and humans alike.

This feat, let alone Rabinowitz's career as scientist, explorer and author, might not have been predicted by those who knew him as a child. Hindered by a severe stutter, he was considered developmentally delayed in school in New York. However, he found that he could speak when he was alone with his pets, he said, and would hide away with them in dark closets for hours.

That inauspicious beginning motivated Rabinowitz to be the best student possible (he was high school class valedictorian and went on to earn a doctorate from the University of Tennessee) and to repay a debt to animals, his first friends. “In a way, I wanted to give something back,” Rabinowitz said.

He's done that on a grand scale. His work has resulted in creation of vast sanctuaries for big cats in Belize, Taiwan and Thailand and a wildlife sanctuary in Myanmar that sprawls over 2,500 square miles of mountain wilderness. “Believe it or not, as attractive as it may seem, it's not an easy commitment in life,” Rabinowitz said. “We need people to help do it.”

Potential recruits at Colby listened as Rabinowitz narrated a slide show of his Myanmar trip into a forbidding region bordering China. Rabinowitz said he ultimately learned most about the region's wildlife not from exploring the forests but by spending time in remote villages. “What was a godsend to me was that the local people, after they made a kill, believed they needed to hang it on the wall on their hut with the other skulls. . . . This was great because this allowed me to clearly see everything that they were killing.”

Species included the leaf deer and others that were being killed for food and

Undergraduate Researchers Strut Their Stuff

Want to learn about religious tolerance in Vietnam? Local reactions to construction of the Cape Cod Canal? The neuropathology of schizophrenia?

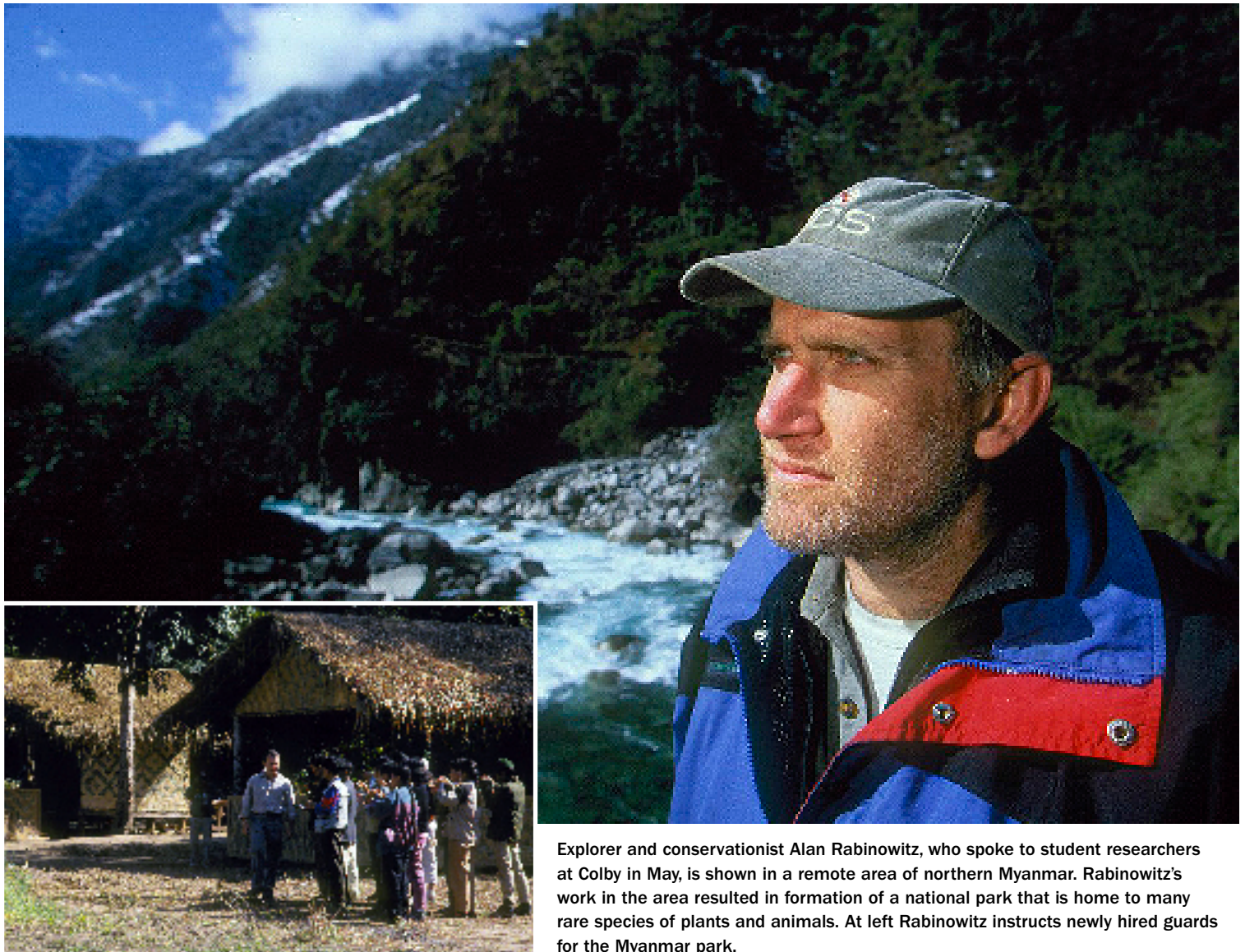
Those were just three of more than 200 presentations offered as part of the Colby Undergraduate Research Symposium last spring, an event that has grown dramatically since its inception five years ago. What was once

an opportunity for science majors to present research projects has expanded to include 24 different academic departments. This year 488 students took part.

The event gives students the opportunity to showcase their work, and it also allows for academic cross-pollination. “It's really been fun to go and listen to the students' research projects in areas I wouldn't normally listen to,”

said Professor Russ Cole (biology), co-organizer with Professor David Firmage (biology).

For example? Rachel Tobie '04 designed an independent major in Word and Image Studies, a growing area of academics that perfectly suited her fascination with both writing and art. Her work culminated with an exhibit at the Colby College Museum of Art this spring. Read more about it in Colby Online at www.colby.edu/mag.



Explorer and conservationist Alan Rabinowitz, who spoke to student researchers at Colby in May, is shown in a remote area of northern Myanmar. Rabinowitz's work in the area resulted in formation of a national park that is home to many rare species of plants and animals. At left Rabinowitz instructs newly hired guards for the Myanmar park.

to be used as barter with Chinese traders who sought parts of the animals for medicinal use. Parts of some of the most rare animals in the world were being traded for the most sought-after commodity in the region—salt.

"I said, 'Perfect,'" Rabinowitz recalled. "'This is great because people are not killing animals for TV sets or for DVDs or gold chains.' That gave me a whole basis for a management strategy."

The strategy, since implemented, involved providing salt (at a cost of less than \$1,000 a year) for people in the region if they agreed to hunt animals only for food. Rabinowitz said the local people agreed, though they had no concept of a wildlife preserve. "What they did understand is that they were

doing more hunting than they would have liked," he said. "They would have liked staying home with their wife."

Wildlife managers provide salt and also modern medicines sorely needed in the region. Local residents continue to live in the protected area, hunting for their own sustenance. Endangered animal populations are stabilizing, said Rabinowitz, who described the Myanmar project as one of the best things he's done in his life. "It's very unusual in the field of conservation to find a situation where you have local people and wildlife living as they have for generations, and you can really make it so both benefit," he said. "It's working. It's working right now."