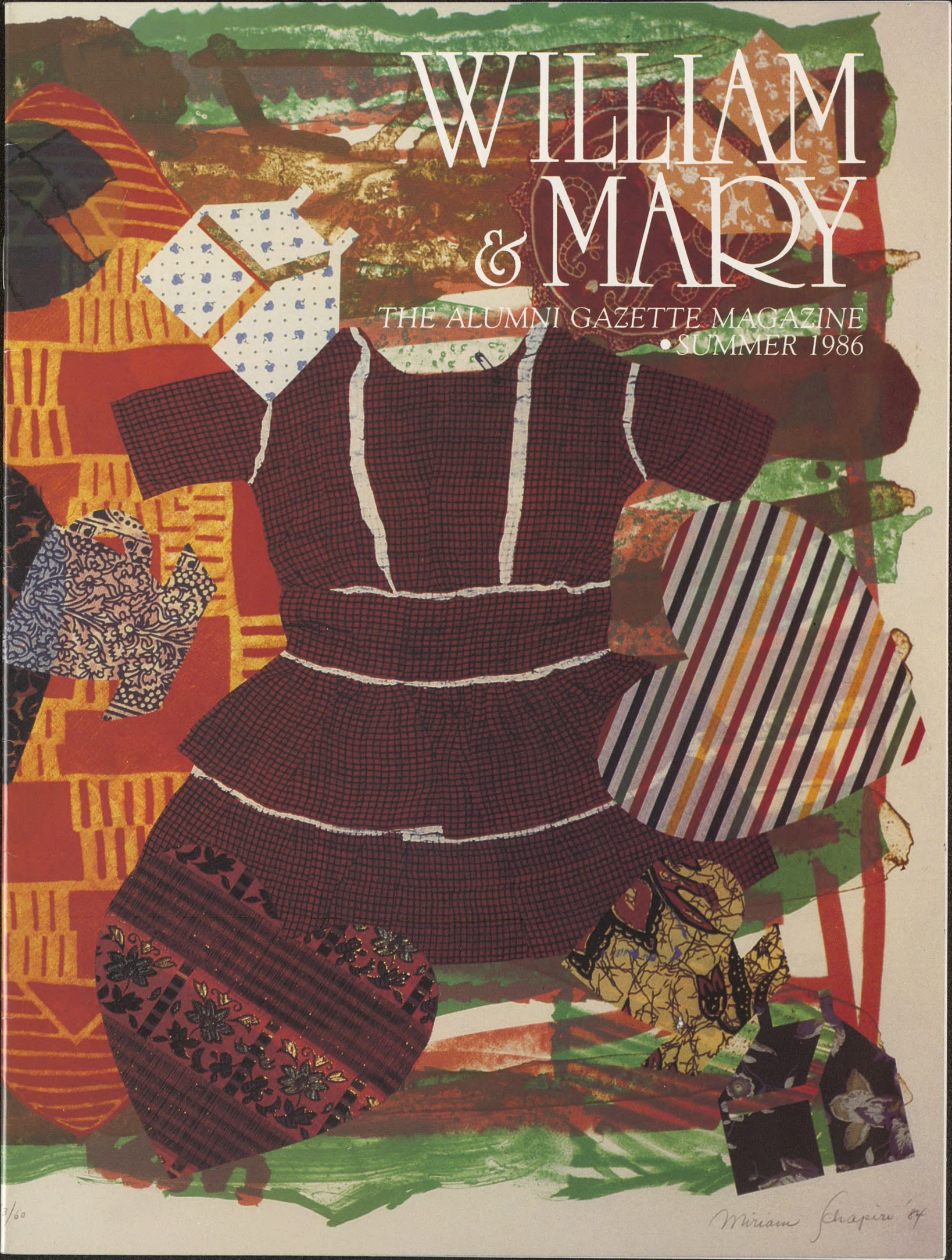


WILLIAM & MARY

THE ALUMNI GAZETTE MAGAZINE
• SUMMER 1986





On The Cover

The cover illustration represents an original lithograph with unique collage elements entitled Children of Paradise, 1984, by contemporary American artist Miriam Shapiro. This print was recently acquired by the Joseph and Margaret Muscarelle Museum of Art through the Museum Acquisition Fund. It is an example of the Museum's growing collection of works of art on paper which will be displayed in the new graphic arts complex, a part of the Museum's new addition, scheduled for completion in mid 1987.

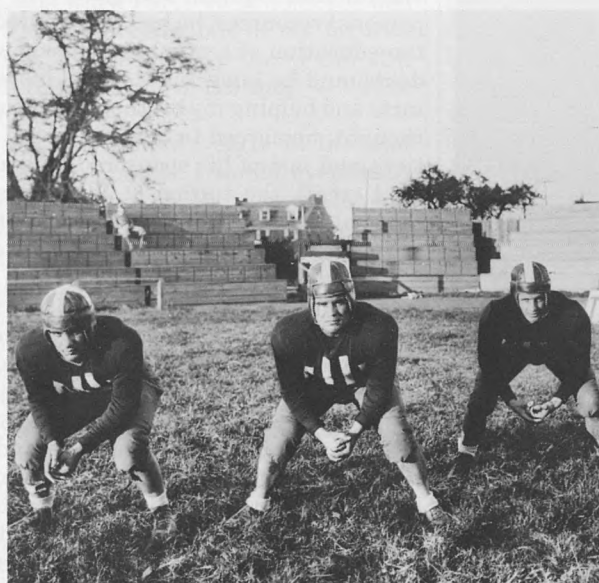
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Never Take The Subway To Work

Memoirs of a Marvelous Movie Producer

By Martin A. Jurow '32



Martin and Erin-Jo Jurow now live in Dallas, Texas.

The time was 1928, the scene, New York University's Washington Square campus on the edge of Greenwich Village. I had finished Boys High at the relatively young age of fifteen and was halfway through my first semester of college. But increasingly, I was unsettled about my situation at NYU and felt unsure about continuing there. Perhaps I sensed the need to seek a different environment, a place where I would have opportunity to explore and develop new patterns for my life.

I guess lots of people had heavy things on their minds in those days. Down on Wall Street the bulls were running crazy, and up in Yankee Stadium they were cheering the Babe as he hit his 500th homer. But fifteen-year-old kids like me had their own much more immediate problems.

My family was fully supportive of my keen desire for learning — my brother, Irving, had gone ahead to Harvard Law School. My father and mother were first generation immigrants from Europe and had infinite pride and confidence in America and all that it offered us. They shared my enthusiasm for college, but were puzzled by my need to move on.

I had studied college catalogs and found that the College of William and Mary enticed me. As a prospective history and political science major, I felt somehow imbued with the spirit of the place, even from a distance. I was fascinated by its involvement with so many of our great Founding Fathers. I decided to apply and was readily accepted.

One difficulty remained: money. My father had recently suffered serious financial losses in some resort ventures, and though my mother's millinery was successful enough, they could not help. I turned to my patron, Dr. James Buell Munn, the distinguished dean at Washington Square College. From his personal resources, he had contributed to the education of a number of needy students, and he knew me through his contacts and helping my brother. After some thought, he agreed to help me as the fiftieth and last of his sponsored students. As I recall, the tuition at William and Mary at the time was \$129 for the entire year, and room and board cost between \$270 and \$450.

So I found myself traveling down the east coast by train to arrive in a sleepy little town of the Old South, prepared to immerse myself in the history and tradition of the College. Williamsburg was indeed quiet in those days, an island in time. I can still remember the intense blackness of the nights, the insistent sound of insects, see and taste the dust from the unpaved streets of the village. I look back and see Father Goodwin at

Bruton Parish Church and remember walking with John D. Rockefeller and his charming wife, looking at the occasional excavations and speculating about the remnants of history waiting to be discovered.

Having now reached a point in life where I savor each day, I recall with great fondness and appreciation my early formative years at the College. I hoard my special images and reflections of those days.

As I settled into the academic routine, I felt immediately the strong morale and dedication to learning that suffused the place. There was a close relationship, a real camaraderie among students and between students and professors. I remember with pleasure such fine teachers as L. Vaughan Howard in political science and Professor Thomas Jefferson Stubbs Jr. in history; that marvelous young professor J. Wilfred Lambert and, of course, Dean Grace Landrum. My senses still retain the context of the campus, small, isolated, perhaps only 1,300 students, bound by curfew, listening carefully for the 10 p.m. bells rung by that near-immortal Henry Billups. Morality stood 10 feet tall those years.

It was my preference to live off campus. I was one of the few who did, and my entrepreneurial skills began to take shape even in those early days. Together with a couple of black church deacons I began a laundry service for students, charging five cents for delivery. I also occasionally operated a Coca-Cola franchise on campus, and intermittently took a pop music band on tour. Before long I was earning over \$150 per week, a heap of money in those times, and I was pleased to share it with my family in New York. I suspect I was the only person at the College who had his own valet — or perhaps who ever had one. Mine prepared my bath each day at 5 p.m., and when I arrived at home, he had my Victrola playing one of my favorite records, "From Monday On." I can still recall the next line of the song — "I'll be in clover!"

Since I had known early in life that one way or another I would eventually become a part of the entertainment world, whether as a performer or perhaps as a manager, through the law, I was quickly attracted to the lively theater activities at the College, directed by Miss Althea Hunt. She would become an extraordinary force in my life throughout the whole period from 1929 to 1932, and I can say unequivocally that her powerful and positive influences remained with me during the course of more than forty years that I have been a part of the entertainment world and the management of talent and production of motion pictures.

Miss Hunt was filled with a dynamism,



Jurow exhibited his entrepreneurial skills early at William and Mary, earning over \$150 per week from his various businesses on campus, including a laundry service and a Coca Cola franchise. His interest in the theatre blossomed, too, under the influence of Miss Althea Hunt, the director of the William and Mary Theatre. This marked the beginning of a theatrical career that would take him to Hollywood as the producer of such classics as Breakfast at Tiffany's, The Great Race, the Pink Panther movies and the Academy Award-winning Terms of Endearment.

a purposeful drive, an energy, and a discipline that made courses of study in drama compelling events for me — for all of us. She was a prim and proper lady, not especially attractive, but alive with strength, conviction, and dedication to the world of theater. We plunged into the plays — Shakespeare, Ibsen, contemporary dramas — and under Miss Hunt's leadership we learned our craft well. Not only did we act and perform, many of us also worked back stage, learning the technical aspects of theater in the limited confines of Phi Beta Kappa Hall (now Ewell Hall).

Our shows always drew good crowds; what else was there to do in Williamsburg? But in all modesty, we were a good company, too, and we went on the road to other colleges. Our reputation grew; we were invited to perform in the Boston area. I particularly remember a trip to Wellesley College to stage a play called *Just Suppose*. My first role was Gremio in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Later came the *Merchant of Venice* and many others. And how could I forget *Berkeley Square*?

Our leading man was the impeccable George "Piggy" Diggs, handsome, well over six feet tall. Just two or three days before we were scheduled to open, Piggy vanished. No one really knew what happened, but it was rumored that he had gone out West to become a part of the new

and romantic world of aviation. In any case, we were stuck, and Miss Hunt asked me to fill in. Learning the part was no problem. Filling Piggy's shoes — and costumes — was. At best I measured a shade over five feet, five inches. We worked feverishly to cut down the clothes and finally succeeded by trimming, stitching and rolling up. Together we carried the day.

Because of the insularity of Williamsburg in the early 1930s, and the lack of opportunities to mingle with girls, some of us occasionally drove to Norfolk or Richmond for a weekend. Being small of stature, I invariably got to ride in the rumble seat. And when six or eight of us stayed overnight in such places as Murphy's Hotel in Richmond, I usually ended up sleeping in one of the large bureau drawers, though I know this sounds like a scene from a Marx Brothers movie.

It was, I suppose, all part of our liberal education at William and Mary, as were some of the problems and persisting prejudices of the times. For instance, Lincoln's name remained an anathema. I recall one evening during dinner when someone mentioned him, two ladies stood and refused to remain at our table.

We also had to confront the issue of quotas, and whether we knew it or not, there was an anti-Semitic strain on campus. In fact, when I arrived there were

only two Jewish people at the College, and I made it my business to reach out, to discuss this problem with others, particularly the president, Dr. J.A.C. Chandler. He gave me permission to use part of my summer in recruiting additional men and women, especially in the New York and Boston areas. My efforts produced a number of quality students, and I was also fortunate to attract some outstanding athletes to the College, among them Chesty Phillips, a wonderful swimmer; Bill Kaufman, a football player; Orrin Levin, a track man; and Victor Lebow from Baltimore, a tennis player. I had much support in these endeavors from Althea Hunt and several professors.

This experience helped me greatly, not only because of its intrinsic importance, but also because it taught me important lessons about not judging too harshly, about understanding the complexities and sensitivities of peoples' backgrounds, and about parental prejudices, which very often were transferred to their children.

As a result, I have sought all my life to work in a managerial style and a diplomatic fashion that respects the opinions of others and the diversity of backgrounds and values human nature. I must stress once again the great appreciation that I have for the very sturdy influences that I have encountered at the College, the enduring values that helped build foundations for my life.

By the time I was ready to leave the College I had formulated some tenets for success that I carried ahead with me, and I was also becoming convinced that while I would certainly move on to work somewhere in the fields of theater and entertainment, my future might not lie in acting. Later, this decision would be challenged more than once, but I persisted.

My basic principles were these: (1) I would never take the subway to work; (2) I would never punch a clock for any man or company; (3) I would try to maintain a position in whatever business I chose so that if my work was good I would in turn have appropriate monetary rewards.

I moved unhesitatingly from the second oldest college in the land to the oldest, Harvard, where I began a rigorous and demanding three years of studying the law under the tutelage of some of the great legal minds of that — or any other — time. I studied under legendary people like Felix Frankfurter, the most precise and incisive teacher I had ever had; Williston, Chaffee, Beale, Morgan, Scott and a procession of others, no less worthy. These were exhausting twelve-hour days, the competition was intense, the attrition high. I was honed, refined, sharpened and challenged by this experience.

There was little time for anything but work — an occasional trip to the gym for a game of handball, Saturday visits to the Boston Symphony.

Yet the fundamentals learned at Harvard had an enduring impact on my life, providing me with substance, confidence and a tenacity for work.



I remember plucking Sammy Davis Jr. out of an act called the Will Mastin Trio and putting him in a new Broadway show called *Mr. Wonderful*.

Let me illustrate the venerable institution's human aspect with one brief vignette. Toward the end of my third year I found myself short by some \$400 of the amount necessary to complete my degree. With some apprehension, I approached the eminent dean Roscoe Pound. I can still remember his sweeping walrus mustache, his green eye shade, his piercing gaze. We met in a corner of the library stacks where I often studied. "Jurow," he said, "I understand your situation, and I have created a new scholarship fund which shall be called the Ames Fund. You have been designated as the first recipient."

Gratefully, I asked what I could do in return, and he said, "Help one other person, or as many as you can, so that he or she can continue in education."

My time at Harvard had reaffirmed my interest in working as a lawyer representing people in entertainment. I set my sights on one of the top figures in the field, Nathan Burkan, who was also a top politician, a Tammany leader. He represented the important stars of the day — Mae West, Al Jolson, Charlie Chaplin and others. I took a personal and direct

approach to him. I researched his life, his late marriage, his appendectomy, his trial victories. I wrote a letter about him, not about me, and when I was in New York for the bar exam, I took a room at the Algonquin Hotel and confided in his telephone operator that I would wait there until he finished his pending court case (the Gloria Vanderbilt custody case). I hoped that he would be victorious.

The day Burkan won I was at his office. I became his assistant and an attorney in his law firm. Unfortunately, he died within a year, and his firm was not sure they could continue to pay me the princely sum of \$26 a week that I was earning then. Those were lean years.

But I persisted, and I wrote to George Abbott, one of the real giants of the theater world, who recently observed his 99th birthday. I told Abbott I wanted to become a business or company manager. He asked me instead to read for a part, but I declined. I did agree to understudy six roles in return for getting the post of assistant business manager, and I spent some invaluable years working for Abbott.

One day, in the late 1930s, I was faced with another moment of decision. Abbott was preparing a new play for Broadway called *Brother Rat*. He urged me to read for the lead. Once again I demurred. The lead was taken by Eddie Phillips, who did not become well known, though the play was a smash and we took it on the road for fifty weeks. Others in the cast became stars — Eddie Albert, Eddie Bracken, Jose Ferrer and Tom Ewell. In the company I also met one of my closest lifetime friends, Frank McCarthy, who came out of Virginia Military Institute and was the public relations man for *Brother Rat*. Later, he served as an aide to General George Marshall during World War II and became a general himself. In recent years, he has gained additional fame as the producer of the award-winning films *Patton* and *MacArthur*.

Following the success of *Brother Rat*, my next important move was to approach Dr. Jules Stein, who was then president of the Music Corporation of America, primarily concerned with the booking of big name bands. I believed, and suggested to him, that the time was right for MCA to broaden its talent representation into other categories such as motion pictures and theater, and I anticipated such an opportunity as part of my progression from managing theatrical shows to managing people and toward my ultimate goal of motion picture production.

Stein hired me and asked me to establish a separate office of MCA to concern itself with theater and film work. We took on such major clients as George Abbott, Richard Rodgers and Teddy Hart.

Within one month, I did a little over \$1 million gross business in my new capacity.

I remained content at MCA working with Stein and with Lew Wasserman, who is the present chairman of Universal-MCA. They were two of the most brilliant people in the entertainment field, and I have always appreciated these associations.

But it was difficult for me to be part of a large company, and I continued to explore ways to gain greater independence. It was at this moment, during the gloomy wartime winter of 1941-42, that the most remarkable and important event of my life occurred. I met and married Erin-Jo Guinn. This has proved to be the greatest influence on me, spiritually and practically. It has affected every phase and factor of my life and provided me with special dimensions of strength, insight and understanding.

Erin-Jo was a budding actress who had made a test for Paramount Pictures, which I came to view. She didn't like it, and she cried. I comforted her, and then I literally ran to tell my mother the news that I had found the girl I was going to marry.

On April 18, 1942, we traveled to the College of William and Mary, to the Wren Chapel, where we were married by Dr. Daniel Blocker, a sociology professor. Present at the ceremony were Erin-Jo's mother and father and my mentor, Althea Hunt, along with members of her drama class who were then presenting Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*. Our marriage has continued throughout forty-four marvelous years.

In this period, I had become an assistant to Jack Warner, head of Warner Brothers studio, and had moved directly into the motion picture field. Warner, like many studio chiefs, was inclined to think of himself as a pasha, a shah. Men like him were tyrannical as well as charitable, and they exerted enormous influence on the industry. Warners had signed some of the biggest stars of the day, and some classic films were in production — *Gentleman Jim* with Erroll Flynn, *Casablanca* with Bogart and Bergman, and many of the Cagney pictures.

From there I moved on to work with Hal Wallis who had been an executive producer at Warners, but became an independent producer at Paramount, one of the best of all time. We had a fine relationship and made six pictures in eighteen months. Shortly after this, I made one film for Enterprise Productions that I particularly liked, *Body and Soul*, with John Garfield. At this stage of my life I sometimes had to pause and reflect upon the fact that I was actually being paid, and fairly well, for something that

if I were wealthy enough I would gladly have done for nothing. I have treasured every moment of my film work.

Perhaps this is also an appropriate point to suggest the essence of what a producer of motion pictures is and indicate what he (or she) does. The producer is in at the birth of the movie, at the very conception and initiation of the story that is to be filmed. He is responsible for engaging and supervising all the talent; arranging for the financing and budget of

The films rolled off in sequence, starting with *The Hanging Tree* in 1958. . . *The Fugitive Kind* in 1960. . . *Breakfast at Tiffany's* in 1961 . . . *Soldier in the Rain* and the first *Pink Panther* movie in 1963, and *The Great Race* in 1965.

the film. He works closely with the director on all editing and revisions. He must take an active interest, too, in the marketing and distribution of the movie. If he is intelligent and wise, he will make sure that during the actual shooting of the film, the director is totally in charge. These days, we tend to see films as director's movies, and I'm sorry in a way, because the good producer plays an important sounding-board role and is invaluable to the director. Too many are now at work, I fear, who lack the foundations, the fundamentals of the craft.

Another important move for me came soon, when Abe Lastfogel and Bert Allenberg merged their talent agencies and asked me to return to New York to become an executive with the William Morris Agency, the largest talent agency in the world.

Our company represented at least a thousand people in every aspect of entertainment: actors, writers, and producers in all phases of radio and television and also hotels and night clubs. Among our clients were Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Milton Berle, Danny Kaye, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr. I had close working relationships with



Jurow (standing) took time out from filming *The Great Race* in 1965 with Jack Lemmon and director Blake Edwards.

many of them and have vibrant memories of all.

I particularly remember one evening when I went to Lindy's to see a young musical group that was scheduled to perform on the Dorsey Brothers show. The leader was named Elvis Presley and I asked him to sing. He was most courteous, and as he sang I immediately realized I was in the presence of someone very special. I called four studio heads, including my old friend Hal Wallis, and asked them for a decision to sign this young man. Three temporized, but Wallis said, if you feel that strongly, sign him. I did, for \$15,000, and within six months he was getting \$250,000 plus 50 percent of the profits. Elvis' first movie was *Love Me Tender*, and its profits were approximately \$1.8 million. I always like to use this story as an example of growth stock in the entertainment field.

I also remember in that period plucking Sammy Davis Jr. out of an act called the Will Mastin Trio and putting him in a new Broadway show called *Mr. Wonderful*. I remember another remarkable moment when Frank Sinatra came to us, his voice gone, deeply in debt, owing some \$187,000 to the government, carrying a torch for Ava Gardner who was in Africa making a film. By dint of persuasion and a lot of hard, hard work, we negotiated a deal that put him in the film *From Here to Eternity* as Maggio. His career has never turned back since then.

Other poignant memories flood back from that time. I was walking to a hotel with Spencer Tracy one evening after a visit with Katharine Hepburn, and he turned to me and said "That lady gives me stature." Years later, when Katharine was doing a play in Dallas, I told her what Spencer had said, and I have a certain spot on my shoulder where she leaned and wept. I don't think I have used that jacket since. This may help you realize why I have always been a fan as well as a participant in the magical business of entertainment. I am totally dedicated and devoted to my work and to the people in it — not always to the personality or the individual — but to the marvelous ability of an actor to expose or be exposed, to make the ineffable transformation from single to multiple identity.

As the work at William Morris continued, we entered the great era of live television; the medium developed and prospered. It was a bonanza for me working with such stars as Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, and such productions as the *Show of Shows*, *Playhouse 90*, *Studio One*, and the *Philco Playhouse*. There I made friendships and alliances with directors, writers and producers that I've had ever since.

As the late 1950s blended into the 1960s, everything was in place for me to



Jurow, who describes himself as a fan as well as a participant in the magical business of entertainment, numbered among his friends Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn who once wept on his shoulder after Jurow told her that Tracy had said "That lady gives me stature." One of Jurow's great finds was Elvis Presley, whom Jurow signed to his first movie contract for \$15,000.



begin independent producing in Hollywood, and this period became truly a joyous and golden era for me. I had great talents to work with and good properties, too. The films rolled off in sequence, starting with *The Hanging Tree* in 1958, a fine western with Gary Cooper, Karl Malden and George C. Scott. In 1960, we made *The Fugitive Kind* from a Tennessee Williams story, which starred Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani and Joanne Woodward. This was followed in 1961 by *Breakfast at Tiffany's* with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, and Mickey Rooney, and Henry Mancini's wonderful melodic song "Moon River" which won an Academy Award. In 1963, we did *Soldier in the Rain* with Jackie Gleason and Steve McQueen, and also that year re-

leased the first Pink Panther film with Peter Sellers, David Niven and Robert Wagner — again, with Mancini music. That generated four sequels, of course. One of my favorites came along in 1965, a difficult and expensive film to make, but an extremely successful one, *The Great Race*, with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood and Peter Falk.

Following the completion of *The Great Race*, I took an executive position as head of Warners' productions in Europe and remained there for three years, living in London. It was for me a time of serious reflection, when I could look back and, in a sense, count my blessings, especially the continued support of my family, Erin-Jo and our glorious daughter, Erin, born in 1948 and named after her mother and grandmother, who has been such a treasure to us. I mention the cohesion of our family in the context of the late 1960s and early 1970s because that was a time when I saw manifestations of the most vicious and violent things in our society, the separation and alienation of parent and child, the disjointed family and the inability to maintain family ties and old integrities and principles, the radical departure from church and spiritual influence, the beginning of widespread drug abuse.

I gained a new and very real appreciation for Saroyan's marvelous recurring

line in *The Time of Your Life* — “No foundation, all down the line.”

And so it was, in the early 1970s that I made up my mind that I didn't want to live in New York any longer; neither did I want to live in California. I knew that I would remain adamantly opposed to film work that revealed a degradation of language, a deterioration of content, an acceleration of violence, exhibitions of nudity and copulation. I was not given to carping, but I knew that I must seek new fields, new perspectives, new locations for my work.

My wife's Texas roots (she was born in Laredo) played no small role in our decision to move to Dallas. Many of my friends were astonished and perplexed to learn that we planned to move there. They took umbrage because I was going to a city where John Kennedy had been assassinated. I had not realized how slowly prejudice and bigotry fade, and I saw no reason to judge the city or the people for that tragic act. It could have taken place anywhere — assassination knows no boundaries, as we have learned so painfully in recent years.

The first days in Texas were difficult. It was a fairly impoverished area as far as motion pictures were concerned, and we have only recently established the Texas Film Commission. As we settled in, I carefully studied the state, its people, history and resources. We bought a small piece of history in the form of a Greek revival house called “The Manse,” built about 1839 in the historic east Texas city of Jefferson, about 110 miles from Dallas. I am pleased that this home has been designated a historic building, for it contains the heritage and symbolism of the early pioneering days, when Jefferson was actually a port city for the cotton trade reached by traveling up the Mississippi and Red rivers. I examined and evaluated the talent and the potential of the area, and finally entered into production, forming my company, Management West. One of the first films had an elaborate budget of \$84,000, and another \$112,000. For comparison, it might be useful to note that the average California movie now ranges in cost from \$9 to \$11 million, and that additionally some three-fourths of that sum goes into release prints and advertising.

In 1976, with the encouragement of my wife, I decided to read the Texas law and prepare for the state bar examinations. I had been away from such studies for forty years, but I spent two full months in the Southern Methodist University library reading for sixteen courses and went on to take the bar exam. I passed on the first attempt, and took a position as assistant to the venerable and legendary Henry Wade of Dallas County. As an assistant district attorney, I stayed

for two and one-half years, absorbing an atmosphere of young, brilliant attorneys. It was a unique sabbatical, a refresher for me, and I became deeply involved in all aspects of the D.A.'s office.



Frank Sinatra came to us, his voice gone, deeply in debt, owing some \$187,000 to the government, carrying a torch for Ava Gardner. We negotiated a deal that put him in the film *From Here To Eternity* as Maggio. His career has never turned back.

Since that time, I have continued with film production, both in Texas and on the West Coast, where I remain in touch with many associates from earlier days. We have carried out five productions in recent years and plan several more. One that has gained considerable national attention and acclaim, of course, was the Academy Award-winning *Terms of Endearment*, the Larry McMurtry story that was filmed largely in Texas. As a sidelight, I might note that this picture was shot on the relatively modest budget of \$9.5 million, and received both critical and audience acclaim because of its excellence and the performance of its three stars, Shirley Maclaine, Jack Nicholson and Debra Winger.

I look back now on my lifetime friendships in the entertainment world, and I cherish the moments of triumph and success, along with the disappoint-

ments. Certain poignant times stand out in my mind. The hot summer day in some dusty town in Montana, when Gary Cooper agreed to do *The Hanging Tree*. And the glorious moment on Cap d' Antibes, as I visited Audrey Hepburn beside the sparkling sea, and she agreed to play Holly Golightly in *Tiffany's*.

There were other moments of elation — when Peter Sellers first signed on as Inspector Clouseau, and when Marlon Brando consented to *The Fugitive Kind*. I've had many successes, and some failures as well. I pledged all of my profits from the *Pink Panther* to pay for the *Fugitive* losses. This should remain as an object lesson for young producers: never pledge profits from any project to support another one.

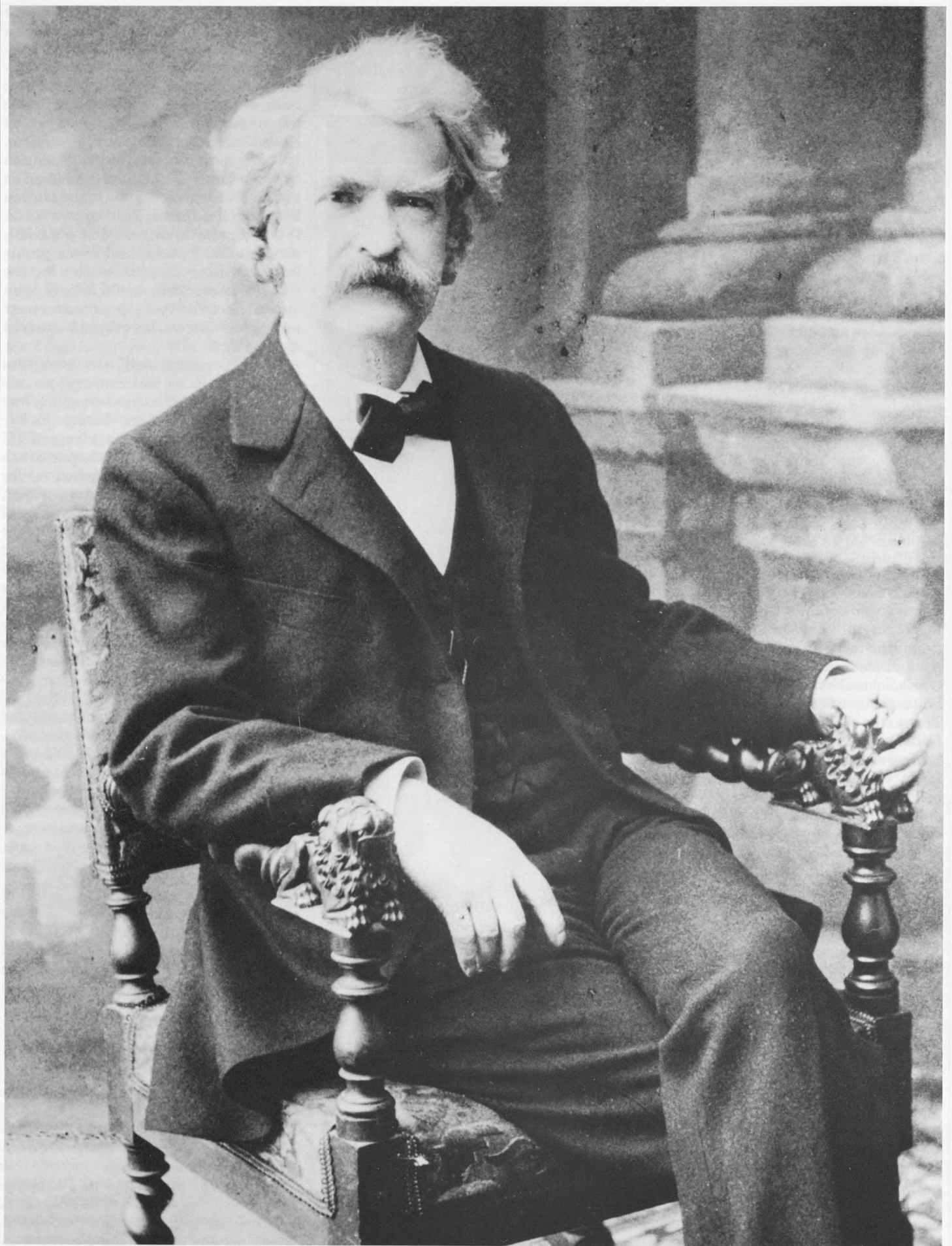
Now, after some eight decades of film and television in this century, we are exploring one of the most intriguing and certainly revolutionary factors in our work today. Not since the advent of TV has there been anything as important as the video cassette and its potential for programming in the future. Anyone with imagination can see a real flourishing of talent in colleges and universities, a new momentum being generated by young men and women of vision who will be paving the way for this revolution. Video cassettes contain the potential for a vast field of creative programming. Not everything need be produced for world consumption. There is a great need for focusing on community and regional programming, and there is an equally great opportunity to work in family histories and personal profiles, audio-visual portraits, if you will. Remember the traveling artists, generations ago, who devoted much of their lives to painting family portraits?

So long as old men dream dreams and young men see visions, there is hope — hope for the industry, hope for the future, hope for all of us.

We must recognize that the growing child of today and tomorrow will be reaching for a book. But he or she will also be reaching for a video cassette, and I truly pray that the content will be worthy of our feelings and love for one another.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Martin A. Jurow graduated from the College of William and Mary in 1932. After receiving his law degree from Harvard, Mr. Jurow went on to a distinguished career as a movie producer that included such major films as The Hanging Tree, The Great Race, the Pink Panther movies, The Fugitive Kind, Breakfast at Tiffany's, and the Academy Award-winning film Terms of Endearment.



Mark Twain was photographed many times in Vienna. This formal portrait in 1898 he autographed for several Viennese acquaintances.

TWAIN and FREUD:

Vienna's Odd Couple?

By Carl Dolmetsch

Many readers who enjoy Mark Twain's travel books — *Innocents Abroad* (1869), *A Tramp Abroad* (1882), and *Following the Equator* (1897) — seem strangely unaware that this most typically American storyteller was also our most cosmopolitan, most widely traveled major writer before the Jet Age. He not only saw more of his native land than such peripatetics as Melville, Henry James and the Twenties expatriates, he also circled the globe and lived abroad for long stretches. Not all his wanderings were voluntary. "I have seen all the foreign countries I care to except heaven and hell," he complained to W. D. Howells before sailing again for Europe in 1891, adding "and I have only a vague curiosity about one of those."

Nevertheless, for nearly a decade, April 1891 to October 1900, Samuel L. Clemens and the comic *persona* that was his greatest creation, "Mark Twain," resided outside the United States, making brief trips home only on urgent business. Down at the heels after a bad investment and the bankruptcy of his publishing house, he could live in style more cheaply in Europe than in his Hartford mansion. Then, just as he ended a lecture tour to Australia, New Zealand, India, and South Africa to help recoup his fortunes, his oldest child, Susy, who had stayed home, died of meningitis. The Clemenses vowed nevermore to be separated while their remaining daughters, Clara and Jean, were unmarried. Clara, a comely spinster of 24, hankered to study music in Vienna. So, on the rainy eve of September 27, 1897, her family and their Irish maid, Katy Leary, arrived on the Salzburg train in the Habsburg capital for a sojourn that continued for nearly two years.

It was a very special place, a very special time, this bittersweet *fin-de-siècle* "City of Dreams." The vast Danube empire of which it was in every sense the center was slowly crumbling, pulled asunder by the restless nationalities it embraced. Austria in the 1890s was, as one of its poets wrote, "*eine Kleine Welt / In der die grosse ihre Probe hält*" (a small world in which the big one holds re-



After hearing Mark Twain lecture to a packed house, Sigmund Freud wrote to a friend in Berlin that he had hugely enjoyed seeing "our old friend, Mark Twain, in person."

hearsals) for what Karl Kraus named "The Last Days of Mankind," the disintegration of Europe that occurred in 1914. But it was going down in high style, perhaps the highest the western world has known, in an era of almost unparalleled artistic and intellectual brilliance. Few Viennese, waltzing merrily toward Apocalypse, were at all aware that what we now call "modern" was being invented in their midst. Its avatars were architects like Otto Wagner and Adolf Loos, writers like Schnitzler and the acerbic Karl Kraus, composers like Mahler and Schönberg, painters like Klimt and the

Sezession, designers like Josef Hofmann and his Wiener Werkstätte, politicians like the socialist Viktor Adler, the Zionist Herzl, and the proto-Nazi Schöenerer and Lueger, medical scientists like Breuer, Freud and Krafft-Ebing, philosophers like Ernst Mach, Moritz Schlick and the young Ludwig Wittgenstein and scores more in any field one might care to mention.

The amazing, little-known fact is that Mark Twain knew many of them and that nothing Vienna then had to offer was lost on him. He was psychologically ripe for the intense intellectual stimulation he received there. The years 1897 to 1899 began the final phase of his richly varied career that one finds in the dark, philosophically brooding works that puzzle many admirers of his earlier, lighter works. In brief, the pervasive therapeutic nihilism and literary impressionism of *fin-de-siècle* Vienna marked him indelibly and he experienced there a final harvest of his creative energies before the onset of old age.

Although Sam Clemens's formal education ended at age twelve, he remained throughout life a voracious reader who was acutely attuned to his intellectual environment. Fluent in German (despite his disclaimers), he read three-four Viennese newspapers daily and almost any book anyone suggested, and he penetrated this foreign culture to a far greater degree than do most Americans living outside the English-speaking world. Passionately fond of the theater, he attended plays and the Hofoper regularly. He even busied himself with translating two hits of the Vienna stage, vainly hoping to cash in on productions in New York or London, and he collaborated with a local playwright on two original comedies about the Wild West.

Mark Twain was world renowned when he came to Vienna. In fact, he was probably the most famous American, literary or otherwise, then alive. Always celebrity-mad, especially for exotic foreigners, Vienna threw wide its doors to "our Famous American guest," receiving him lavishly in the salons of the nobility as well as in the smoky cafes of the literati. Within hours of his arrival at

the Hotel Metropole, where the Clemenses spent their first nine months, the city's forty-five newspapers began vying to make copy of the American visitor who, in turn, exploited such opportunities for publicity and contacts. Even while laid up with gout for a week, he freely granted interviews to *Die Neue Freie Presse*, *Wiener Tagblatt*, *Illustrierte Wiener Extrablatt*, etc, thereby making friends with several popular feuilletonists who provided him entrée to the Viennese world of literary journalism.

For months "*der berühmte Amerikaner*" (famous American) could scarcely leave his hotel for sightseeing, business appointments, or cultural events without the press reporting it, and his countenance soon became almost as familiar to Vienna's newspaper readers as their emperor's. He attended raucous sessions on the city council (*Gemeinderat*) under its controversial new mayor, Dr. Karl Lueger, and even stormier ones of the imperial parliament (*Reichsrat*) when a crisis brewed over a bill granting the Czech language parity with German in the Bohemian civil service. The ensuing riots brought Austria-Hungary closer to revolution than in any crisis since 1848, and Twain watched with anxiety as the Baden regime fell amid parliamentary chaos that included epoch-making filibusters and the shocking spectacle of police dragging opposition deputies from their seats. He knew, he said, that he was witnessing history being made when he described these events vividly for the January 1898 *Harper's* article, "Stirring Times in Austria." Observing this coup de grâce of Austrian liberalism at such close range gave the writer a sharpened political awareness, which found increasingly candid expression during the last decade of his career.

One high point in Twain's Viennese experiences occurred early, on October, 19, 1897, when he was invited to address the 348 members of "Concordia," the larger of the two Austrian press and writers' clubs, at "*Festkneipe*" (festive gathering). Amid general laughter and frequent applause, he made a speech in German, "*Die Schrecken der deutschen Sprache*" ("The Horrors of the German Language," which should not be confused with his earlier "Awful German Language" in *A Tramp Abroad*). Karl Kraus and other anti-Semitic journalists who belonged to the rival press club deplored Twain's "tasteless" (*schmacklos*) jokes about their language and they also took umbrage at his unflattering reports of their parliamentary debacle and his reported sarcasms about the *Schlamperei* (sloppy inefficiency) of the torn-up streets where city gas mains were being installed.

Vienna's aristocrats, however, were uncommonly hospitable to the American

humorist. His notebooks contain many addresses of titled nobility with the hours they received or when one might send around visiting cards, as was the formal custom. The British Ambassador, Sir Horace Rumbold, no less than his American counterpart, Charlemagne Tower, exploited Twain's presence for their official entertaining and, casting aside his vaunted republicanism, the author of *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* could be seen at the soirées of Countess Wydenbruck-Esterhazy, Freiherr von Dutschka (Governor of Upper Austria), Prince Alois von und zu Liechtenstein, Archduchess Maria Theresa (sister-in-law of the Kaiser), and dozens more. In his notebook he rationalized such hobnobbing by noting

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that he was filling the post "of self-appointed Ambassador at Large of the U. S. of America — without salary."

He was soon taken up by Baroness Bertha von Suttner, founder of the Austrian peace movement (*Friedensfreunde*) for whose rallies in support of the first Hague Peace Conference he gave a benefit reading. But Mark Twain's greatest social triumph in Vienna was undoubtedly his invitation from Kaiser Franz Josef himself to a private audience with His Apostolic Majesty in the Hofburg on May 26, 1899. He went with a prepared speech in German, which he chucked when he discovered the Kaiser was fluent in English. The two aging gentlemen (at sixty-eight, Franz Josef was four years Clemens's elder) chatted about their families. Both had recently had great bereavements — Clemens in the death of Susy and his brother, Orion, and the Kaiser in the murder of his wife by an Italian anarchist on September 10, 1898, an event about which Mark Twain had written sympathetically for *Harper's* (in "A Memorable Assassination"). After his audience, Twain joked to reporters that he had given the Kaiser a plan for world peace. He would ask "the Austrian Edison" (Jan Szczepanik) to invent a device

for suddenly withdrawing the oxygen from Earth's atmosphere and, with this in hand, the Kaiser could compel peace by threatening to destroy all human life whenever disputes seemed likely to erupt into war!

Through Clara's studies with the renowned piano teacher Theodor Leschetizky (1830-1915), her family gained entrée to Vienna's musical world. "Leschy's" pupils also included Artur Schnabel, Mark Hamburg, and Ossip Gabrilowitsch (whom Clara married in 1909), but Clara's talents were not of their order and her teacher tactfully persuaded her to study voice during her second year there with the retired diva Marianne Brandt (1840-1927). The Clemenses occasionally attended concerts or the opera with Leschetizky and were often guests at his fortnightly evenings of *Hausmusik* at one of which Clara sang, accompanied by Schnabel and a young violinist, Fritz Kreisler, before an audience that included the new, highly controversial director of the Hofoper, the aloof Gustav Mahler. During the intermission of another concert (in the Musikverein), partly conducted by the venerable "Waltz King," Johann Strauss, Jr., Twain struck up an acquaintance with the popular composer, which lasted until Strauss died in June 1899. During late August 1898, the Clemens family accompanied Leschetizky to Bad Ischl and Hallstatt, the summer haunts of most of Austria's most illustrious musicians and composers, including Strauss, Brahms, and Anton Bruckner.

Perhaps more significant for Twain's writing than such contacts in artistic and social circles were his associations with Vienna's medical profession. The University of Vienna then had one of the world's top medical faculties and Americans flocked to study or specialize there as foreigners now do to our medical schools. Through Clara's friendships and at embassy functions, the Clemenses often mingled with the 200-odd American medical students then in the city, and the list of physicians' addresses in Twain's Vienna notebooks is only slightly shorter than that of nobility and diplomats. Susy's death had taken a severe toll on her family's health. In bereavement and depression, her mother suffered attacks of neurasthenia and angina, and the author himself, always verging on hypochondria, complained more than ever of ailments. Far worse, Jean began having fainting spells and seizures, which were diagnosed as epilepsy resulting from a concussion she had suffered years earlier.

Upon settling at the Metropole, Clemens began making inquiries about medical doctors in Vienna and, in due course, he seems to have toured the offices of

most of the more prominent members of the profession. He consulted, among others, the eminent Professor Dr. Heinrich Obersteiner, Dr. Ernst Ritter von Klarwill, Dr. Wilhelm Pokorny, Dr. Hans Richter, and the Drs. Alfred and Wilhelm Winternitz. From the last named, known as a leading exponent of hydrotherapy, Clemens rented a villa near Winternitz's *Kuranstalt* in Kaltenleutgeben, a village in the southern sector of the Vienna Woods, from May to October 1898, where Olivia Clemens and her daughters took the strenuous cold water cure.

Here at the Villa Paulhof during an abnormally cool, rainy summer, which prevented the mountain hikes he intended to take, Mark Twain accomplished a tremendous amount of writing — more than a dozen pieces in all, including large chunks of the *Mysterious Stranger* manuscripts, the "gospel" he published privately in 1906 as *What is Man?*, the superb "Early Days" section of his posthumous *Autobiography*, and what is arguably his finest short story, "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," among other works. It is in these writings that one first discerns some of the deeper influences of his Viennese milieu.

One obtrusive thematic cluster in most of the fiction Twain wrote during and after his Vienna sojourn concerns dreams, their nature and interpretation, the "dream self" as alter ego, and the relationship of dreams to what is called objective reality. Although the evidence is slight, there may be some cause for connecting this thematic preoccupation in Twain's later writings with a certain Viennese neuropathologist who would one day become famous as the discoverer of psychoanalysis — Dr. Sigmund Freud. That Freud might have influenced the erstwhile creator of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer and, indeed, that the influence was reciprocal, may seem at first blush as preposterous as, say, the notion that Karl Marx might have influenced the creator of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck! Yet, the fact is that a relationship of some sort did occur between them during Twain's stay in Vienna even if one cannot be sure of its extent or exact nature.

If, in his frantic search for a successful treatment for Jean's epilepsy, her father consulted Dr. Freud, then a forty-one-year-old *Privatdozent* (an untenured university lecturer) with a private practice at Berggasse 19, the fact cannot now be documented. But that, as Dr. Harald Leupold-Löwenthal, president of the Sigmund Freud-Gesellschaft which maintains the Freud Archives, has explained, does not mean he did not, only that Freud apparently did not treat her. Freud's local reputation (and before 1900 it was mainly local) came from his writings on

cerebral anatomy and his successes in using hypnosis in treating cases of hysteria. Clemens was at least partly convinced his daughter's ailment was caused as much by hysteria as by a physical impairment.

What is certain is that Freud and Mark Twain had a friend in common who could have introduced them, and there was more than one occasion when they were in each other's presence and such an in-

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Caricature from the Vienna weekly, *Figaro* (October 1897) with Mark Twain as Uncle Sam fishing in a bucket labelled "Wien" (Vienna) for story material.

roduction could have occurred. Whether it might have led to more than mere politeness — that is, to a meaningful exchange of ideas — one can only guess.

Their mutual friend was a Viennese dilettante, Friedrich Eckstein (1861-1938?), who recalled some of his associations with both Freud and Clemens in his memoirs. He met Freud while a university student, and, later, when he had his law practice in the street where Freud lived, the two were weekly partners at cards. That their friendship was a first-name one (in Austrian custom, very close) is indicated by Freud's account of his mnemonic slip about Eckstein's name in *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* (1901). It was while treating Eckstein's sister, Emma, for hysteria that Freud formulated the seduction theory he abandoned in favor of giving fantasy the central role in psychoanalysis when he came

to write his primer, *Traumdeutung*, first published in November 1899 (though bearing the date 1900) and known to us by its ineptly translated title, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

Upon finishing his university studies, Friedrich Eckstein had a *Wanderjahre* in the United States during which he visited Hartford with Charles Dudley Warner, Mark Twain's next-door neighbor and erstwhile collaborator. There he met the Clemens family who entertained him very hospitably. When the Clemenses moved to Vienna a decade or so later, Eckstein returned the favor, putting himself at their disposal as *Einführer*, not only for sightseeing but also in social and professional introductions.

On February 1, 1898, Mark Twain lectured for a charity to a packed house in the Börsendorfer Saal. In his audience was Sigmund Freud, who wrote a few days later to his Berlin friend, Wilhelm Fliess, that he had hugely enjoyed seeing "our old friend, Mark Twain, in person." Eckstein undoubtedly also attended this performance, but Freud's "our old friend" designation is puzzling. Had he and Twain, in fact, met before? Had Fliess also possibly met Twain when the humorist lived in Berlin in 1891-92?

Twain's platform repertory included a piece on "The First Watermelon I Ever Stole" (in varying titles) which he gave several times between 1897 and 1899 in Vienna and Budapest. In Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents* (1930), the author recalls hearing it on this occasion and thought it illustrated well the "enhancing of morality as a consequence of ill-luck." He remembered that "after [Twain] had given out the title, he stopped and asked himself as though in doubt: 'Was it the first?' With this everything had been said. The first melon was evidently not the only one." Freud used Twain for exemplifications in at least four other works, most notably in *Jokes and Their Relation to the Unconscious* (1905). A recent article in the *Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association* (XVIII: 563-574) conclusively demonstrates that the chief source of Freud's "Comment on Anti-Semitism" (1938) was Twain's essay, "Concerning the Jews," written in Kaltenleutgeben in July 1898 and first published in the October 1899 *Harper's*, and historian William J. McGrath (in *Freud's Discovery of Psychoanalysis: The Politics of Hysteria*, 1986) has correlated details in Twain's "Stirring Times in Austria" with some in Freud's self-analyzed "Famous Speakers (Dr. Lecher)" dream in chapter 5 of *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

Freud and Twain could actually have met four weeks before the Börsendorfer Saal reading when both attended the pre-

miere at the Carltheater on January 5, 1898, of Theodor Herzl's *Das Neue Ghetto* (The New Ghetto). Herzl, a neighbor of Freud's, whose utopian Zionist manifesto, *Die Judenstaat*, had appeared eighteen months earlier, was another mutual contact. He had met Mark Twain in Paris in 1895 while covering the first Dreyfus trial for *Die Neue Freie Presse* and had written a feuilleton about him for his paper. When he "papered" the house for his opening, Herzl sent tickets to both Twain and Freud. Twain considered translating Herzl's topical play for Broadway but was discouraged by a New York friend who reported at the height of the Spanish-American War hysteria, "only war plays are wanted now in New York."

Whatever the circumstances, anyone who reads Freud's *Interpretation* alongside the later writings of Mark Twain will see parallels between them. In the fashionable jargon of today's dominant school of criticism, Deconstructionism, Freud's seminal work must be regarded as an "intertext" to the *Mysterious Stranger* manuscripts and other late works of Twain's. It can be argued, of course, that Mark Twain showed interest in human mental processes and psychic phenomena of all sorts, especially dreams, foreshadowings ("tokens"), the nature of conscience, dual identity, and what he called mental "telegraphy" (i.e., telepathy) in his writings long before Vienna. But after 1897 such subjects became obsessive with him. His notebooks began to be filled with records of his own dreams and even simple attempts at their analysis.

One of his *Kaltenleutgeben* stories, posthumously published, is about a recurrent dream he had of a childhood sweetheart over the years, entitled "My Platonic Sweetheart." They meet in many different places in the world but she is always fifteen and he seventeen and he thus becomes convinced that dreams are true and can make the dreamer immortal. In another instance, the central figure in "The Chronicle of Young Satan," set in Austria in 1702, is a nephew of Satan appropriately named Philip Traum who echoes variations on Freud's basic tenet that "a dream is a (disguised) fulfillment of a (suppressed or repressed) wish." (*Interpretation*, Pelican ed., 244) as he takes the narrator on dream trips to remote times and lands. In a later, re-worked version of this, "No. 44, The Mysterious Stranger," the Satan figure (now called simply "44") explains to the young protagonist-narrator: "You know, of course, that you are not one person, but two. One is your Workaday-Self, and 'tends to business,' the other is your Dream-Self, and has no responsibilities, and cares only for romance and excur-

sions and adventure. It sleeps when your other self is awake; when your other self sleeps, your Dream-Self has full control and does as it pleases."

Two of Twain's unfinished novels written during the Vienna period and published only in 1966 and 1972 respectively make very striking use of the dream motif: *Which Was the Dream?* (1897) and *The Great Dark* (1898). In the former, a highly esteemed army general falls asleep while writing a short autobiographical sketch to please his little daughter. He dreams of a series of disasters — of the burning of his house, of being swindled into bankruptcy, etc. — and when he awakens two hours later, he is convinced the dream was the reality.

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The idea for *The Great Dark* may be seen in a notebook entry of August 10, 1898: "Last night dreamed of a whaling cruise in a drop of water. Not by microscope, but *actually*." In the story, his protagonist-narrator falls asleep after looking at a drop of water under a microscope and dreams he has been reduced to a much smaller size than the bacteria he has been observing (who are now sea monsters) and his waterdrop has become a vast uncharted sea on which he sails perpetually with his family on an endless voyage. When he asks a shadowy character called The Superintendent of Dreams to release him from this nightmare, the reply stuns him: "The dream. *Are you sure it is a dream?*" explaining: "You have spent your whole life in this ship. And this is *real* life. Your other life was the dream!"

Unlike Freud, Mark Twain seems to have had little interest in the sexual implications of dreams or to have sublimated such interests in his fiction. In one lengthy passage in his notebook during this time, however, he notes a vivid dream in which "a negro wench" makes "a disgusting proposition to me" and that he does "unprintable things" and has embarrassing moments in which he appears at public functions wearing nothing but his shirt. And in another fragment ("The Mad Passenger," 1898), apparently intended to be a chapter in *The Great Dark*, a stranger from "dreamland" explains that in his country "there were no exact

equivalents for our words *modesty, immodesty, decency, indecency, right, wrong, sin*.

If Mark Twain thus gave fictional embodiment to ideas he might have obtained in conversations with Freud, one could ask why he nowhere mentions the young Viennese doctor by name in either his published writings or his extant papers (notebooks, letters, etc.). But such a question would be myopic. In *fin-de-siècle* Vienna, Sigmund Freud was not the great guru of psychoanalysis we think him today. He was but one of many with whom Twain might have had such converse. Unless there had been something unusual, strange or entertaining in their encounters, the American author would not have noted them even if he had been impressed by some of Freud's ideas. He was not in the habit of noting routine matters and he makes no references, for example, to Friedrich Eckstein or to many others he seems to ignore but whose acquaintance in Vienna we know was important to him.

Freud's influence upon belles-lettres and criticism in our century can hardly be exaggerated. Just as the founder of depth psychology himself drew heavily upon myths and their literary expression for insights into human behavior, so novelists, playwrights and critics, including many who have had only hearsay familiarity with his theories, have used his ideas in their themes, characterizations, narrative techniques, and critical analyses.

To Van Wyck Brooks belongs the distinction (which some might think a dubious one) of having introduced Freudian approaches to American literary criticism. The work was his *Ordeal of Mark Twain* (1920), which set rivers of Twain scholarship aflame. Would it not be ironic to discover that Sigmund Freud himself had helped to shape some of Mark Twain's very ideas that Brooks and his successors, down to Leslie Fiedler, have subjected to their version of Freudian analysis?

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Carl Dolmetsch gained his final promotion this summer, to Professor Emeritus of English, after 27 years at William and Mary. He is now working full-time on a project he began under a Faculty Research Grant in 1984-85 to write a book, the working title of which is "Our Famous Guest": Mark Twain in Vienna, recounting the hitherto little known details of Twain's stay in Vienna (1897-99) and its effect on his later writings. This article comes from the research he has been conducting in the Austrian National Library, the Sigmund Freud Archives, and other repositories in Vienna.

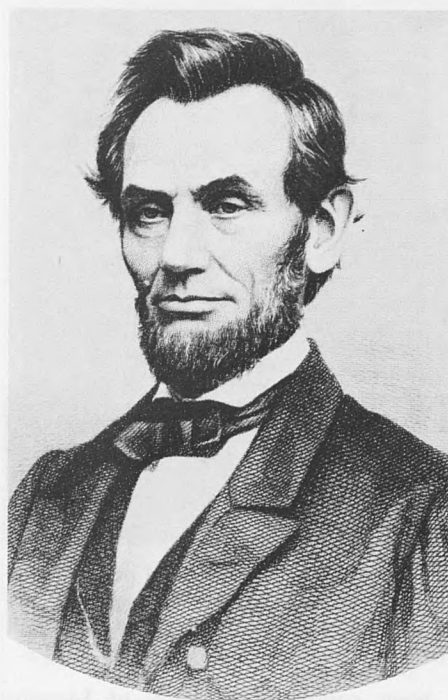
THE LINCOLN PUZZLE

Searching for the Real Honest Abe

By Ludwell H. Johnson III

No one interested in American history can escape Abraham Lincoln. Over the years the outpouring of books, articles, essays, and poems has been enormous, so much so that this form of activity is sometimes referred to as "the Lincoln industry." With all of this attention devoted to one man, how can there be a "Lincoln puzzle"? Surely all Americans know him — walking for miles to borrow (or return) books, reading by firelight, splitting fence rails, wrestling with the boys (always winning) — this simple, rugged, honest son of the frontier, a man of the people, called by them to save the Union and free the slaves, presiding with melancholy anguish over a long and bloody war, comforting Mrs. Bixby for the loss of her sons. Is this not what they see when they go to the Lincoln Memorial and look up at that brooding giant whose somber gaze seems to penetrate the very meaning of life? Where is the puzzle?

What Americans see is the legendary Lincoln, who began to take shape when he was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth on Good Friday. The legend-making that followed must be understood within the context of the religious currents of the day, in particular millennialism. This was the belief, then pervading much of American Protestantism, that the Revelation of St. John the Divine was about to be fulfilled. The promised battle against Satan was at hand, and when Satan was bound there would begin the thousand years' kingdom of God on earth, followed by the Second Coming of Christ and the Final Judgment.



Was Lincoln really a humble man even in the White House . . . or was he a cold calculating manipulator of men. . . Did he knowingly provoke hostilities at Fort Sumter. . . Or was war thrust upon him by Southern hotheads . . . Was he a principled statesman or was he a politician who operated according to the rule that what was good for his party was good for the country. . . Was he a strong president. . . or was he content merely to float with the political tide. . . Was he a symbolic Christ. . . or was he "The original gorilla," a "first-rate second-rate man?"

From the time of the settlement of New England, prominent divines such as Jonathan Edwards had connected the coming of the millennium with the founding of the colonies and had identified Americans as the Chosen People of God and America as the place where the millennium would begin. But the way for this great event had to be prepared by purifying society. This meant battling Satan, whose principal manifestation, to northern Protestants, was the slave-holding South.

So when the war came it was seen as nothing less than Armageddon. The favorite war song of the North, Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," was filled with images from Revelation. Union armies marched south to "trample out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored" (Rev. 14:19-20). The events of the war were often described as the enactment of John's prophecies. When Richmond fell, a leading religious paper said: "Who can ever forget the day? Pentecost fell upon Wall Street, till the bewildered inhabitants suddenly spake in unknown tongues — singing the doxology to the tune of 'Old Hundred!' . . . The city of Richmond [had fallen], Babylon the Great, Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth. . . Rejoice over her thou, Heavens." And so on it went. (The reader may refer to Rev. 17:5; 18:20-21.)

This, then, was the atmosphere when at the moment of his final triumph, the leader in this war against "the Beast" was struck down — on Good Friday. Two days later, on what was called "Black Easter," from pulpit after pulpit the life and death of Abraham Lincoln were assimilated to Christian eschatology.

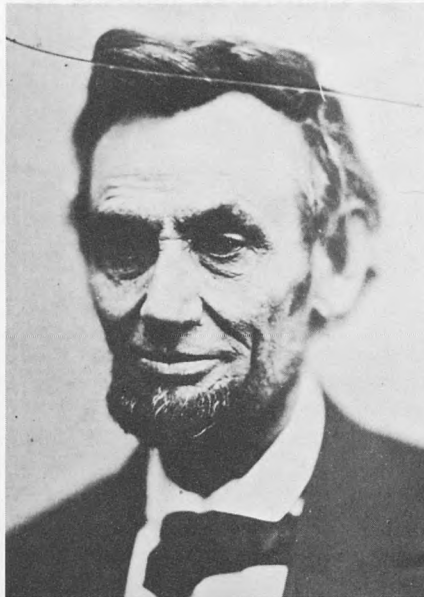
Here was created an important component of the legendary Lincoln. For many, Lincoln became a symbolic Christ, for some, perhaps, more than symbolic. They could scarcely help themselves, the parallels were so striking. He was the savior of the Union, God's chosen instrument for bringing the millennium to suffering humanity, born in a log cabin (close enough to a stable), son of a carpenter. (Later on, incidentally, there were those who believed that such an ordinary man as Thomas Lincoln could not have fathered such a son, that there was a mystery about Lincoln's paternity.) He was a railsplitter (close enough to carpentry), a humble man with the human touch, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, called by his followers to supreme greatness, struck down by Satan's minions on Good Friday. Said one minister in his Black Easter sermon, "It is no blasphemy against the Son of God and the Saviour of Men that we declare the fitness of the slaying of the second Father of our Republic on the anniversary of the day on which he was slain. Jesus Christ died for the world, Abraham Lincoln died for his country. . . . The last and costliest offering which God demanded has been taken." Another spoke of his "mighty sacrifice . . . for the sins of his people." Yet another proposed that not April 15, but Good Friday be considered the anniversary of Lincoln's death. "We should make it a movable fast and ever keep it beside the cross and grave of our blessed Lord, in whose service and for whose gospel he became a victim and a martyr." For years after the war the rumor persisted that Lincoln's tomb in Springfield was empty. Lincoln was also frequently compared to Moses, who led his people to the Promised Land that he was not allowed to enter, and, like Moses after viewing Canaan, was taken by death.

The preachers did have one awkward problem: the martyred president had been shot while in a theater. To the pious of those days a theater was little better than a bawdy house. What was the chosen of God doing in a place like that on Good Friday? Of all the tortured explanations and fabrications, perhaps a Springfield Baptist minister came up with the best. He testified that Mrs. Lincoln herself had told him that her husband "paid little or no attention to the actors on the stage that night. Instead, he talked with his wife about his future plans. He wanted to visit the Holy Land to see the places hallowed by the footsteps of the Saviour. 'He was saying there was no city he so much de-

sired to see as *Jerusalem*; and with that word half spoken on his tongue, the bullet of the assassin entered his brain.' " As historian David Donald has pointed out, Lincoln was saved from complete deification by the American love for folk heroes, and so he developed into a combination of Paul Bunyan, Mike Fink, and Jesus,

A homely hero born of star and sod,
A peasant prince, a masterpiece of God.

This towering yet intensely American character quickly became, and was fashioned into, hot political property for the Republican Party, which (during his lifetime) had by no means



Lincoln as he appeared on April 10, 1865, in Washington, D.C. shortly before his assassination (Frederick Hill Meserve, American Heritage).

been composed entirely of Lincoln fans. Now dead and safely out of the way, the martyr was a tremendous asset at election time. For many years he was a Republican monopoly. Then the Democrats tried to muscle in. It was one of the "mysteries of Providence," said Woodrow Wilson, that the Republican Party he knew should have sprung from Lincoln. And in the election of 1928 the Democrats touched the outer limits of incongruity when they bracketed Abraham Lincoln with Al Smith. The tussle for possession of the Great Emancipator continued until Franklin D. Roosevelt finally broke the corner on Lincoln stock amidst outraged protests from Republicans.

Before Lincoln's dramatic death there had, in fact, been many Americans who had a low opinion of the man from Illinois. He received a shade

under 40 percent of the popular vote in 1860, and in 1864, when the South was out of the Union and not voting, 45 percent of the electorate picked McClellan over Lincoln. He was attacked viciously by members of his own party. "The original gorilla," Edwin Stanton called him before he accepted Lincoln's offer of the War Department. "A first-rate second-rate man," sneered abolitionist Wendell Phillips, and there were many more.

Although the tide turned after the assassination, even then not everyone saw him as a demigod from the prairies. One might, of course, expect something less than wholehearted praise from the devastated South. When news of the assassination reached occupied Richmond, the Union general in command ordered all city churches to hold services of prayer and lamentation. One Methodist minister arrived at his church on the appointed day, found a handful of people there, ascended the pulpit and said: "My friends, we have been ordered to meet here, by those in authority, for humiliation and prayer on account of the death of Lincoln. Having met, we will now be dismissed with the doxology, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

Even in the North there was by no means unanimous acceptance of the nascent legend. People who had known and loved him could not swallow the unfamiliar Lincoln they saw springing up before their eyes. Chief among these was a man who would have a lasting influence on Lincoln scholarship, William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner for sixteen years before the war. He believed that his friend's true stature was best measured in the light of the whole truth, and he abominated what he saw as the sickly sentimental prettification of the man he had known so intimately. Herndon's own recollections plus those of others he assiduously collected were the beginning of the search for the real Lincoln. His efforts were attacked ferociously by the guardians of the legend. The battle was on, and it has continued to this day.

The points of controversy include Lincoln's personality and character as well as his actions. His religious beliefs have always attracted interest. Was he a believer or a scoffer? If the former, did he accept Christ or was he a deist? How did the spiritualist seances held in the White House fit in with his religion? Men of the cloth agonized over such questions. They also engaged in an unseemly struggle to claim the president for their respective denominations.

Was Ann Rutledge the love of Lincoln's life? And did her death plunge him into one of history's most renowned cases of melancholy? Or was Lincoln depressed because he suffered from chronic constipation, as one of his law partners believed? Was his home life with Mary Todd at least reasonably satisfactory, or was it a living hell? Did he tell off-color jokes because he was at heart a frontier vulgarian, or did he use laughter to soothe a sensitive and suffering soul?

Was he really a humble man even in the White House, he of the shawl and carpet slippers, or was he a cold and calculating manipulator of men, moving them about as remotely as he would pieces on a chessboard, driven by a quenchless ambition, a "little engine that never stopped"? Did he knowingly provoke hostilities at Fort Sumter, bringing down upon the country a dreadful war that left 650,000 dead and half the country in ruins? Or was war thrust upon him by Southern hotheads at Charleston? Was he a principled statesman, or was he a politician who operated according to the rule that what was good for his party was good for the country? Was he a strong president who steadfastly guided the nation through its darkest night, or was he content merely to float with the political tide? Was he a commander-in-chief who demonstrated his military genius by leading the North to victory, or was he a politically motivated meddler who spoiled the plans of professional soldiers and so prolonged a bloody war? The list of controversies could be extended indefinitely.

All of these questions are difficult, and the scholars seem little closer to definitive answers than were those who knew Lincoln personally. In recent years, however, a new tool has been employed, one that some believed would at last solve the enigma of Abraham Lincoln. This new technique is called psychohistory; its practitioners apply psychoanalytic methods to those who have crossed the Great Divide, confident that their true motive may at last be discovered. Not everyone, it must be said, has unlimited confidence in the results. Having seen batteries of skilled psychiatrists disagree in open court as to whether the accused is sane or looney, skeptics wonder about the reliability of such methods when directed at someone who has been dead for a considerable number of years. However, it is perhaps only fair to give a couple of examples of what psychohistorians have revealed about Lincoln.

One presents the following thesis:



This cartoon depicting the apotheosis of Lincoln is typical of many that portrayed him as a martyr and contributed to his transformation into a folk hero. (Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum)

The America of Lincoln's youth was like a big family that venerated the memory of the Founding Fathers, who had established and bequeathed to Lincoln's generation a great nation. How did Lincoln regard these giants? In a speech given in 1838, Lincoln revealed inner conflicts, Oedipal in nature, consisting of an unconscious jealousy of the Fathers he consciously venerated. This jealousy was unacceptable; to resolve the ensuing conflict, he projected his feelings onto a "bad son" (Senator Stephen A. Douglas) whose policies threatened the Union, that priceless gift of the Fathers. So Lincoln defeated the bad son, but fulfilled the Oedipal dream by achieving an even more illustrious immortality. The war completed Lincoln's dream by destroying the old nation of the Fathers and erecting a mod-

ern nation of which he was the Father.

Another psychobiographer's venture makes much of an incident that Lincoln mentioned in a brief autobiography he wrote in 1860. Recalling his childhood, Lincoln said, "A few days before the completion of his eighth year, in the absence of his father, a flock of wild turkeys approached the log-cabin, and A. with a rifle gun standing inside, shot through a crack, and killed one of them. He has never since pulled trigger on larger game." He then goes on to tell of his mother's death, his father's remarriage, and so forth. Believe it or not, this simple incident is fraught with hidden meaning. "Such a juxtaposition of memories suggests an association between the wild turkey and his dead mother. Both are helpless and both die." Lincoln's statement that he never again fired

on "larger game" becomes "deep remorse," that is, guilt not because he killed the turkey, but because of his infantile sexual longings for his mother, whom he wished to possess. He killed the turkey (a rather suitable stand-in for Thomas Lincoln), and his mother also died. This was the punishment for young Abe's forbidden love. One can only wonder what Lincoln's reaction would have been to this excursion into his psyche. Probably it would have reminded him of a little story.

The failure of scholars to reach a generally accepted synthesis of the real Lincoln has led to an irreverent suggestion, probably facetious, that it may be well to go back and take the Black Easter sermons as a point of departure, especially the ones that saw so many extraordinary parallels between the lives of Lincoln and Jesus. This is the hypothesis: A few years ago, a medical doctor at a West Coast university concluded that Lincoln had suffered from a genetic disorder called Marfan's syndrome. The characteristics of this condition include a long, lanky, spiderlike frame and other physical traits associated with the president. Other effects are cardiac and circulatory failure, a feeling of coldness, a heavy pulse in the legs, and so forth, all of which are said to

have afflicted Lincoln during the last months of his life. Melancholia is also typical of the syndrome.

The diagnosis is in itself intriguing, but (so this theory runs) it takes on a much greater, even a cosmic significance when juxtaposed with two other discoveries. First, a medical expert who has examined the famous shroud of Turin concluded the bodily type imprinted thereon, plus evidence related to the crucifixion, showed that Jesus also suffered from Marfan's syndrome. Second, in their book *Holy Blood, Holy Grail*, Michael Baigent, Richard Leigh, and Henry Lincoln(!) claim that the bloodline of Jesus, through the children he is said to have had by Mary Magdalene, has been preserved into modern times. If one assumes that Lincoln was a lineal descendant of Jesus, says the originator of this theory, no wonder it has been so hard to understand him. Perhaps he can be known only by faith, not research. Should scholars, even psychohistorians, rush in where angels fear to tread?

Needless to say, the legendary Lincoln has been as impervious to such lampooning as Mount Rushmore to a peashooter. Yet there has been one question about Lincoln that has in recent years come closer to tarnishing his fame than anything else. This is

his position on the race question. The reason is obvious. Lincoln had promised a new birth of freedom, but as the civil rights movement gained momentum after the Second World War, it was obvious that the descendants of the slaves freed so long ago were still at the bottom of the heap. Inevitably there was renewed scrutiny of the words and deeds of the Great Emancipator in hope of finding guidance and inspiration.

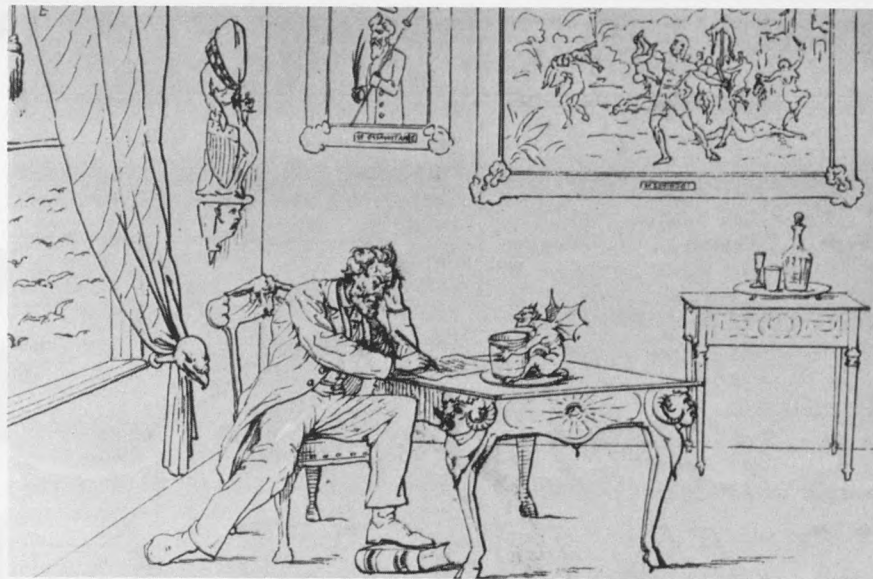
What then was found, or rather re-discovered? Although Lincoln was opposed to slavery, he was also opposed, as he told the voters in the 1850s, to social and political equality for blacks, whom he wished to colonize somewhere outside the country. There was no room for interpretation; his language was explicit. "There is a natural disgust in the minds of nearly all white people, to the idea of an indiscriminate amalgamation of the white and black races." "Make them politically and socially our equals? My own feelings will not admit of this." "I will say then that I am not, nor ever have been in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races — that I am not nor ever have been in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people;



This cartoon from an 1863 copy of Harper's Weekly shows Columbia asking Lincoln, "Where are my 15,000 Sons — murdered at Fredericksburg?" Lincoln responds, "This reminds me of a little Joke —" To which Columbia says, "Go tell your Joke at Springfield!!"

and I will say in addition to this that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which I believe will for ever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. And inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together there must be the position of superior and inferior, and I as much as any other man am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race." And as for colonization: "Let us be brought to believe it is morally right, and, at the same time, favorable to, or, at least, not against, our interest, to transfer the African to his native clime, and we shall find a way to do it, however great the task may be." In the very midst of the war, he told a delegation of blacks who came to see him in the White House that "we have between us a broader difference than exists between almost any other two races. Whether it is right or wrong I need not discuss, but this physical difference is a great disadvantage to us both, as I think your race suffer very greatly, many of them by living among us, while ours suffer from your presence." He urged them to lead their people out of the country. There would have been no war, he said, had you not been among us.

None of this was new, of course, but the context was new. Attitudes that were commonplace in the 1850s were taboo in the 1950s, and there ensued much discussion of Lincoln and the race question. At one extreme, some blacks accused Lincoln of being just another "honkie." At the other, his defenders hastened to explain away his apparently racist sentiments and policies. It must be said that Lincoln's admirers have not handled this delicate subject with nearly as much adroitness as the man himself. The explanation most of them rely upon is that he did not really believe all those unfortunate things he said; he was merely bowing to political necessities, all the while keeping his eyes fixed on a future when there would be true equality between blacks and whites. To pursue this ultimate goal he had to get elected; to get elected he had to come out forthrightly for white supremacy. Others believe that even if Lincoln was less than enlightened at one time, nevertheless he "grew" during the war, moving ever closer to the equalitarian ideals of today. For evidence they point to his last public address, in which he regretted that the new Unionist constitution of occupied Louisiana had not given the vote to those blacks who were "very intelligent" or who had served in the Union



Confederate caricaturist Adalbert Volck, hinting darkly at slave uprisings, showed a satanical Lincoln composing the Emancipation Proclamation with one foot on the Constitution. (M. and M. Karolik Collection, Boston Museum of Fine Arts)

Although Lincoln opposed slavery, he was also opposed, as he told the voters in the 1850s, to social and political equality for blacks, whom he wished to colonize somewhere outside the country.

army, although he was pleased by Louisiana's establishment of public schools for blacks as well as for whites.

To many people this did not seem like much "growth." Unfortunately there is no evidence that he went any further. His desire to do so has to be taken on faith based on the conviction that whatever Lincoln did, his motives simply must have been impeccable. Lack of new evidence inevitably makes the arguments quite repetitious. Despite great ingenuity and, it must be said, occasional tampering with the facts, we are not any further along in reading Lincoln's mind about race or anything else than we were thirty years ago.

To the writer, the most interesting aspect of the Lincoln puzzle is not what his real motives were, since we can never know that, but why they matter so much to so many people. Is it that the purity of Lincoln's motives is indispensable to a belief in the righteousness of the Union cause? And if so, why then is it so important to believe that the cause of the Union

was righteous? Is it that Americans wish their country, which many think was wrong in its last military crusade, to have been right in this one, which marked the beginning of modern America — their America? If Lincoln was not an equalitarian and the cause of the Union not particularly righteous, if the mystic chords of memory to which Lincoln appealed in his first inaugural resound to nothing more than politics as usual, do we lose our sense of identity as a nation? Do we lose our sense of mission, the belief — Lincoln's belief — that the American way is the last best hope of mankind? And if we do, what then? Perhaps that is the real puzzle.

Sources used include Roy P. Basler, ed., Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln; James M. Moorhead, American Apocalypse; David Donald, Lincoln Reconsidered; Richard N. Current, The Lincoln Nobody Knows; Lloyd Lewis, Myths after Lincoln; Emanuel Hertz, The Hidden Lincoln; William H. Herndon, Herndon's Lincoln; E. L. Tuveson, Redeemer Nation; and Don Fehrenbacher, "In Quest of the Psychohistorical Lincoln," Reviews in American History (March 1983).

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A specialist in 19th century U.S. history, Dr. Johnson has served on the William and Mary faculty since 1955, with the exception of the years from 1956 to 1958 when he was on the faculty of Florida State University. He holds his B.A. and Ph.D. degrees in history from Johns Hopkins University and has written widely on the Civil War.

ILLEGAL IMMIGRATION:

A Challenge to the Melting Pot Theory

By George W. Grayson

In April 1984, four Salvadoran and Mexican aliens died and seven were injured when they were trapped on a long, narrow train trestle in Texas and hit by a locomotive. Smugglers who had brought the victims into the country had forced them to march some eighteen hours without food or water.

Three months later, forty-three illegal aliens from Mexico and El Salvador were arrested while working on an itinerant roofing crew. Based in Texas, they came to Colorado to repair roofs in the wake of early summer hailstorms. Each man earned up to \$100 per day — even while 438 unemployed Colorado citizens, registered with the state employment office, were seeking roofing jobs.

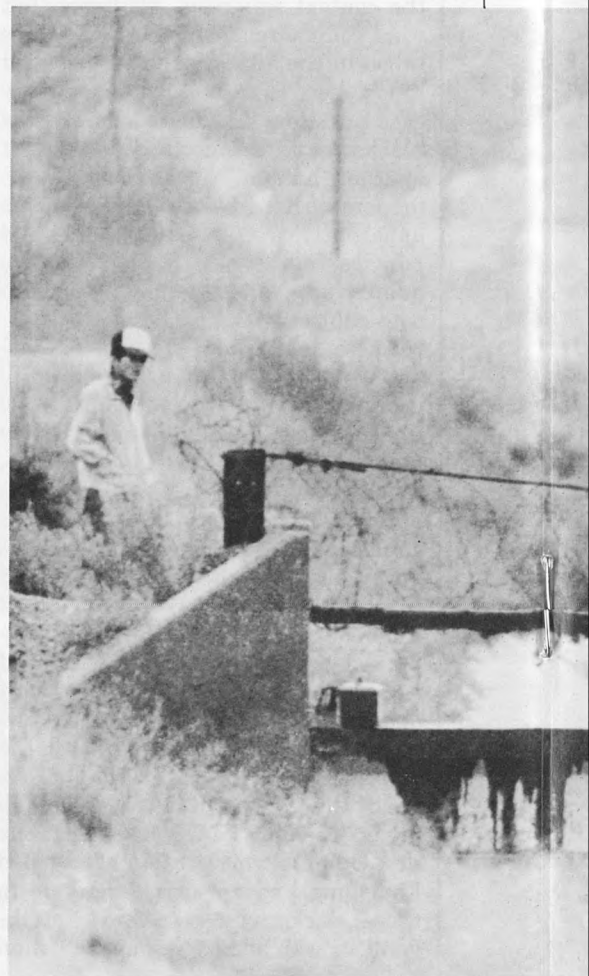
Thousands of serious incidents involving unlawful or undocumented aliens occur each day, especially along the 1,950-mile U.S.-Mexican frontier. So porous is this border that former Rep. Lester L. Wolff (D-N.Y.) compared it to a pre-World War II fortification: "We really have a Maginot Line," he said. "It is outflanked, overflowed, and infiltrated. And you know what happened to the French."

In 1980 the U.S. Census Bureau estimated that 3.5 to 6 million illegal aliens resided in the United States, and the influx of newcomers is accelerating. In January 1986, the Immigration and Natu-

ralization Service (INS) apprehended 131,500 men, women, and children attempting to cross the Rio Grande unlawfully. This figure, 40 percent higher than the year before when 86,200 were captured, testifies to staggering problems in oil-endowed Mexico, which suffered devastating earthquakes last September and whose economy is beset by plummeting petroleum prices, ubiquitous unemployment, and a \$97 billion foreign debt. Immigration officials expect to capture 1.8 million undocumented aliens this year; and Border Patrol supervisors estimate that for every individual detained two or three gain entry.

The gravity of the situation has aroused national concern. For example, a June 1984 Gallup Poll found that 75 percent of those interviewed believed it "should be against the law to employ a person who has come into the United States without proper papers." This percentage approximated those registered in Gallup surveys in 1983 (79 percent), 1980 (76 percent), and 1977 (72 percent) when the same question was asked. Ninety-one percent of respondents to a mid-1980 Roper survey wanted "an all-out effort to stop illegal entries." Few subjects command such widespread support among U.S. citizens.

Since the early 1970s, Congressmen have introduced legislation to stem the tide of migrants only to find their propos-



als bottled up in the House of Representatives. In recent years, Sen. Alan K. Simpson (R-Wyo.) has led the battle for immigration reform. His latest proposal would prohibit the knowing employment of illegal immigrants in American jobs, establish graduated civil fines and criminal penalties for employers violating the law, provide temporary residence status for illegal aliens who have continuously lived in the United States since January 1, 1980, bar newly legalized aliens from receiving welfare for six years, and grant amnesty to eligible undocumented aliens provided that a special presidential commission certifies that employer sanctions and more rigorous border enforcement have curtailed unlawful migration. Rep. Peter W. Rodino, Jr. (D-N.J.) and Romano L. Mazzoli (D-Ky.) have sponsored an even more liberal measure in the House of Representatives. Previously, Simpson and Mazzoli had teamed up on initiatives bearing their name that embraced employer sanctions, a worker identification system, and amnesty for illegals with demonstrable ties to the country.

Civics textbooks tell us that in a representative democracy elected officials translate the people's will into public policy. If that's the case, why hasn't the overwhelming popular support for plugging a leaky border sparked the passage of reform legislation?

Opposition to Reform

Survey figures notwithstanding, key groups in both parties have opposed — or evinced principally rhetorical interest in — concerted action to halt the inpouring of illegal workers. Despite the vigorous efforts of Sen. Simpson and Labor Secretary William E. Brock III, many Republicans are cool toward tampering with the border safety valve. Their party enjoys strong support from large growers and factory owners in the Sunbelt and South who pay low wages to migrants and face increasing difficulty recruiting legal residents to perform the work for bargain-basement pay. These farmers and manufacturers excoriate employer sanctions as an unfair burden on their activities. The GOP is also anxious to deepen inroads among Hispanics, who once voted Democratic en masse and are viewed by party strategists as the "Awakening Giant" in U.S. politics. While President Gerald Ford captured only 24 percent of this vote in 1976, Reagan obtained 36 percent four years later, and in 1984 undertook a vigorous effort to woo the nation's 14.6 million Hispanic-Americans, 56 percent of whom are old enough to vote. Exit polls reveal that he garnered only a third of the Hispanic vote; nonetheless, Republicans continue to court an ethnic group

Limited resources, declining federal support to state and local governments, and high domestic unemployment among young people mean that only a small fraction of those clamoring for admission can be accommodated without greatly sacrificing the quality of life of Americans, especially the least affluent.

that, after Asians, is this country's fastest growing minority and destined to become its largest.

In addition, the belief of some party theorists in laissez-faire economics and a single labor market leads to a disdain for impediments to either Mexican workers seeking jobs in this country or to U.S. employers anxious to hire them, especially when an influx of aliens could weaken organized labor. Annelise G. Anderson, associate director of the Office of Management and Budget under Reagan, reflected this view in labeling the Simpson-Mazzoli bill's worker identification scheme as "typical of totalitarian societies."

"One of the things that a totalitarian society can't abide is not being able to control the movement of people," she said. These remarks, termed "guerrilla warfare in Washington" by the *New York Times*, badly contradicted the administration's position. On the other hand, some conservatives endorse a stronger policy because they fear that the U.S. is losing control of its borders and its Anglo culture is being diluted.

Within Democratic circles, many liberals wish to redress the imperialistic abuses inflicted on Mexico by the Marines, Gen. Pershing, and predatory oil companies. They tend to equate limitations on migrants with xenophobia,

Three young men from Mexico warily pause on a canal bridge on the northern side of the United States-Mexico border near El Paso as they cross illegally into the United States. In January 1986 alone, the Immigration and Naturalization Service apprehended 131,500 men, women, and children attempting to cross the Rio Grande unlawfully. Immigration officials expect to capture 1.8 million undocumented aliens this year; and Border Patrol supervisors estimate that for every individual detained two or three gain entry.



racism, or selfishness in a country prized as a land of opportunity. Sen. Edward M. Kennedy represents this position. He voted against the Simpson-Mazzoli bill and opposed the current legislation on the grounds that discrimination would result from an initiative that "started out to be immigration reform and has become, in too many provisions, immigration restriction. That is a fine how-do-you-do for this nation," he said during the floor debate. The American Civil Liberties Union, which has emerged as a forceful critic of reform, reiterated Kennedy's misgivings and warned against Big Brotherism. "A secure verification system could very likely be built on a national data bank which would centralize personal data about all persons authorized to work in the United States," an organization spokesman told a congressional committee.

Catholic spokesmen have advocated a generous amnesty provision in any changes in the immigration statute. In 1982 Msgr. Daniel Hoye, general secretary of the United States Catholic Conference, reluctantly supported the Simpson-Mazzoli legislation on the basis that, even if it were not perfect, it would legalize a large number of undocumented aliens who had arrived by the end of 1981. (A House amendment extended the cut-off date for amnesty to January 1, 1982). Typical of the pressure from Hispanics, which prompted the conference to oppose the bill in 1983, were the comments of Mario J. Paredes, executive director of the Northeast Catholic Center for Hispanics, a conference affiliate. He expressed concern over the tighter amnesty provisions in the Senate version of the bill. "Now over a million people who arrived in 1980 and 1981 are lost to the flotsam of underground society, fearful of exercising rights we deem the cornerstone of society." Moreover, he characterized the no-welfare provision as "meanspiritedness," and labeled the exclusion of unmarried sons and daughters of legal immigrants among admissible aliens as "nativist." Jesuits at Loyola University's Institute of Human Relations attribute, in part, the growing concern about immigration to "bigotry begotten of a provincial nationalism" in the tradition of the American or "Know Nothing" party, which in 1854 castigated immigrants as "foreign conspirators . . . ignorant and priest-ridden slaves of Ireland and Germany or outcasts of Europe's poorhouses and prisons."

Jewish leaders, including those influential in Democratic circles, decry any cap on immigration. This position springs from a sympathy nourished both by the migration of Jews throughout history and by the plight of Jews in the Soviet Union today. It is difficult for the

United Hebrew Immigrant Society and other Jewish organizations to oppose the exodus of Mexicans at the same time they are championing the resettlement of Soviet Jews in the United States in preference to Israel. Some Jewish leaders advocate good relations with Mexico in order to reduce U.S. dependence on Arab oil. They are also aware that Mexico is Israel's principal supplier of crude, with shipments averaging 45,000 barrels per day.



Senator Kennedy represents the liberal position within the Democratic circles that wishes to redress the imperialistic abuses inflicted on Mexico by the Marines, Gen. Pershing and predatory oil companies. They tend to equate limitations on migrants with xenophobia, racism, or selfishness in a country prized as a land of opportunity.

Even though illegals compete with their constituents for jobs and other opportunities, most black groups have not pushed for immigration reform. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has passed annual resolutions and presented testimony on the need to strengthen "our defenses against illegal immigration." Yet no major black organization has assigned a high priority to this goal, and the Rev. Jesse Jackson and other black politicians hope to include Hispanics in a vaunted "rainbow coalition." But columnist Carl Rowan, who holds no illusion of fashioning such a happy alliance, has written about the "immigration nightmare," while fellow journalist William Raspberry has warned that foreign workers "constitute an additional barrier to the employment of low-skilled black Americans whose joblessness already is a national disgrace."

Despite inaction by most of their national spokesmen, blacks at the local level have vented their anger over illegal entries. Resentment at the arrival of "Mariel refugees" from Cuba contributed to rioting that left eighteen dead in Miami's predominantly black Liberty City section in May 1980. Observers have also noted tensions between Hispanics and blacks in New Orleans, Los Angeles, and New York City.

Chicano leaders treat immigration reform as the political version of fingernails scratching a blackboard. Many of their organizations fear that instituting a worker verification system, imposing stiff sanctions on employers hiring illegals, and upgrading the Border Patrol would result in abuses of the civil liberties of Spanish-speaking individuals legally residing in the United States. "It's a green light for the INS to deport everyone from the country, leaving no one to qualify for amnesty," said Linda Wong, director of immigration problems for the Mexican American Legal Defense and Education Fund. Meanwhile, a spokesman for Chicanos for La Causa, Inc., has scorned the bill both for turning employers into enforcement agents and for requiring Hispanic-Americans to endure the "humiliating and unfair" experience of proving their citizenship in their own country.

Undoubtedly, some Chicano leaders welcome the newcomers as a means to enhance their own political clout. Their opinions collide with those of a cross section of U.S. residents of Hispanic descent, a strong majority of whom endorse both restrictions on hiring illegal aliens and requiring worker identification cards. Nonetheless, candidates for public office fear offending prominent Hispanic-Americans, who — it is believed — act as power brokers in their community.

Labor unions might be expected to place the greatest pressure on Democratic politicians for restricting the flow of unlawful migrants. After all, 81 percent of union families back outlawing the employment of illegals. The AFL-CIO did play a positive role in the deliberations of the Select Commission on Immigration whose findings inspired the first Simpson-Mazzoli bill in 1981; and Thomas R. Donahue, the federation's secretary-treasurer, has endorsed a comprehensive policy that defers amnesty until U.S. authorities regain control of the country's borders. Nevertheless, with the exception of the Carpenters, Teamsters, and a handful of other unions, organized labor has failed either to initiate or put its resources behind a program that entails assertive action at the border. Several factors account for the chasm between the union movement's rhetoric and behavior: specifically, many



Thousands of serious incidents involving unlawful or undocumented aliens, such as the four people, lower right, in the above photograph occur each day, especially along the 1,950-mile U.S.-Mexican frontier. In 1980 the U.S. Census Bureau estimated that 3.6 to 6 million illegal aliens resided in the United States.

of its leaders are first- or second-generation Americans, who sympathize with immigrants; the AFL-CIO doesn't want to offend Hispanic members who hold few high-level union positions; and entities such as the International Ladies Garment Workers Union are actively recruiting illegals as members.

The division or opposition of traditional Republican and Democratic constituencies has left advocacy for changes in immigration statutes to individual politicians and an unusual coalition. Included among the proponents are patriotic organizations such as the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars; the National Audubon Society, the Environmental Fund, Zero Population Growth and other environmental groups; and representatives of governors and state and local governments — particularly those facing monumental outlays for education, housing, health care, and other social services furnished to illegals.

The coalition's catalyst and adhesive is the Washington-based Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR), whose executive director, Roger L. Conner, has proven an extremely articulate and effective spokesman for immigration reform. In scores of public addresses, interviews, and media presentations, he has emphasized that the "victims" of im-

migration are the marginal American workers with low education, who may not be willing or able to work sixty hours a week.

"If the immigrants coming in were competing for jobs with architects, lawyers and engineers, the immigration problem would have been solved a long time ago," he contended. If the only way to get Americans to do the "dirty work" illegal aliens gladly take is to raise the minimum wage, then so be it, Conner argued. The cost will fall on those who want maids, who eat in restaurants — who can afford it, he said, arguing that these people "who had historically served as advocates of the underclasses were so emotionally blocked by rhetoric on immigration they had abandoned the interests of the poor."

Myths about Immigration

Certain myths springing from the "melting pot" ethos contribute to this emotional blockage:

* *Mexicans and other illegals perform menial work spurned by Americans.* In some instances this is true; however, with eight million Americans unemployed in the early 1980s, a variety of jobs became more attractive.

Pollsters for the *Los Angeles Times* reported (April 7, 1981) that three out of four jobless citizens said they would apply for positions paying between \$3.35, the minimum wage, and \$4.50 per hour. Impressive numbers of those interviewed expressed willingness to seek work in restaurants (48 percent) and the garment industry (40 percent) — magnets for undocumented aliens. Americans now perform the great majority of low-status jobs in this country. Marginal jobs rejected by legal residents can be filled through the H-2 program, which offers temporary contract employment to foreigners when no American workers are available.

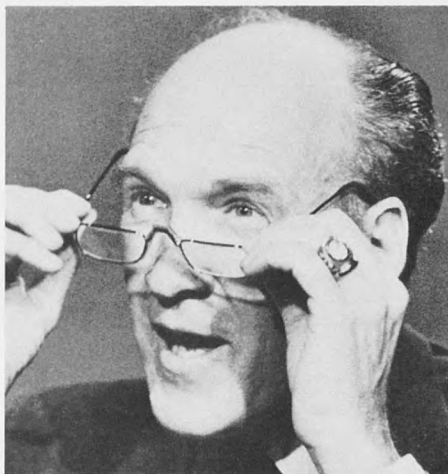
* *Illegal aliens are younger than the U.S. population as a whole and are, therefore, an economic asset.* While there is an element of truth to this proposition, it overlooks the competition that immigrants pose to youngsters in the U.S., notably blacks and Chicanos, who suffer the highest rates of joblessness. A permeable border also militates against revamping America's often maligned welfare system; notably, closing the gap between effort and reward that has discredited public assistance programs.

* *Because they pay taxes, contribute to Social Security, and don't apply for welfare, illegal aliens put in more than they take from government coffers. Many local officials from such "high-impact" states as Texas, California, Florida, or New York would disagree. For instance, it is estimated that Los Angeles County paid \$35 million in medical obstetrical costs alone for unlawful workers in 1983, and that two-thirds of the babies born in county hospitals were to illegal alien mothers. A study of illegals using One-Stop Migration, a migrant service center in Los Angeles, found that 8.9 percent of the males and 18.5 percent of the females were either current or former welfare recipients.*

* *Diversity has enriched the United States which — as a "nation of immigrants"— has a moral obligation to extend a helping hand to the less fortunate of other lands. Times have changed. Exploding populations in poor countries and advances in transportation and communication have made this a "promised land" for millions upon millions of "have nots." The U.S. has responded with the world's most liberal immigration policies. Yet limited resources, declining federal support to state and local governments, and high domestic unemployment among young people mean that only a small fraction of those clamoring for admission can be accommodated without greatly sacrificing the quality of life of Americans, especially the least affluent.*

* *The current influx of migrants is similar to the flow of Europeans to the United States at the end of the nineteenth century. Like the European phenomenon, the Mexican migration embraces large numbers of poor Catholics, most of whom are young, unattached males who speak a different language and are products of a different culture. But the geographic distance involved in the earlier movement and the arrival of all European aliens by boat enhanced the element of control by limiting the speed and size of the flow. Moreover, the world's population was then 1.25 billion compared to almost 5 billion in 1986. The European phenomenon consisted largely of legal immigrants who entered during a strongly expansionist economic period when the country was predominantly rural and the demand was great for miners and factory workers. Recessions would then generate a return to their homeland of Italians thrown out of work. In contrast, a Mexican undocumented worker encountering hard times in the United States*

can anticipate even worse conditions back home because of the linkage of the two economies. Additionally, at the time of the European immigration, the United States had open frontiers and unsettled areas crying for people. Now the nation faces depleting oil and gas supplies, dwindling resources of other vital minerals, farmlands lost to sprawling growth, soil erosion, imperiled groundwater, and threatened



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timber supplies. Heavy immigration undercuts the effectiveness of conservation efforts and exacerbates each of these problems. It must not be forgotten that despite the more favorable environment for the European immigration, it aroused such opposition that Congress enacted highly restrictionist legislation in the 1920s.

Prospects

The U.S. political system has responded to, if not resolved, many crucial problems that have confronted it. Unequal treatment of blacks precipitated the antidiscrimination initiatives of the 1940s, *Brown v. the Board of Education Topeka* and other landmark Supreme Court decisions of the 1950s, and the civil rights legislation of the 1960s. The unjust

treatment of females produced scores of judicial actions and federal and state statutes designed to advance the legal equality of the sexes. Consumer abuses exposed by Ralph Nader in the 1960s spawned corrective action the following decade. Publicized degradation of the environment led to passage of acts to control emissions into the air, clean up rivers, lakes, and streams, and regulate the transportation and disposal of toxic substances. Yet the growth in the number of illegal aliens probably will exacerbate the immigration problem rather than give rise to its resolution.

In the cases of abuses suffered by blacks, women, and consumers, interest groups — aided by politicians and the mass media — enlarged the power capability of these groups, enabling them to play a greater role in shaping policy. Illegal immigration will also expand the power capability of an already important interest group; namely, Hispanic-Americans and, particularly, Chicanos, whose leaders will use their enhanced status to thwart rather than advance curbs on unlawful entries.

Greater economic mobility, increased political participation, the reconciliation of internal divisions, and the acquisition of skills in coalition — building will augment the political power of Chicanos. Decades will pass before they can aspire to the influence wielded by other ethnic groups. Still, their numerical growth and geographic concentration will magnify their influence in pivotal states, a status enhanced by two mechanisms: single-member, winner-take-all districts for selecting members of Congress and the electoral college for choosing presidents. William Greener, a spokesman for the Republican National Committee, stated that the importance of the Hispanic vote can be summed up in three words: "California, Texas, and Florida." These states with their large Hispanic population embrace one-third of the electoral vote required to win the presidency — a fact that led President Reagan to downplay the issue of immigration reform in 1984, while Walter Mondale, Gary Hart, and Jesse Jackson took turns lambasting the Simpson—Mazzoli legislation.

If, as anticipated, Congress fails to act on immigration this year, the momentum for reform will diminish — with the likelihood that the current flood of illegal aliens will become a tidal wave.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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THE FOOTWEAR OF LIFE and Other Stories:

Voices From The Teen Scene

By Gary Ripple

One of my best friends teasingly claims that all of my knowledge about the world has been learned from the essays written by applicants to William and Mary. It is certainly true that the task of absorbing 20,000 essays each year leaves little time for reading anything else during those hectic months of October through March. And, if you want to know what the world looks like through the eyes of today's adolescent, what better way than to read what they say about life on a college application?

What's it really like to be an American teenager in today's world? As a college admissions officer, I've had the chance to enjoy a unique perspective on the trials and tribulations of our nation's youth. My job has taken me into hundreds of high schools where I have observed kids in a variety of activities all focused upon the attempt to bring some sense to this complex, often confusing, world of ours.

Interviews in the admissions office are another means of gathering data on today's adolescent. Granted, William and Mary does attract a particularly special type of student—certainly not a cross-section—but special kids do have common problems. Their reactions in a face-to-face encounter are incredibly diverse, sometimes humorous, inspiring, intriguing, unusual, but always enlightening.

I suppose, however, it's in their college application essays that students reveal themselves in greatest depth and detail. Reading their words, I learn about their hopes and dreams, their highs and lows, their excitement and their anxieties about the world they hope to inherit some day.

It has never been easy to be a teenager, but, in my view, it seems to get harder for each new gener-

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ation. Today's kids are being faced with difficult decisions about controversial social issues: abortion, premarital sex, suicide, euthanasia, divorce and the array of ubiquitous ever-changing dangerous abusive substances. Our world seems to be providing them with less direction or mixed signals, with fewer two-parent families, an ever-increasing pace of life, and the threat of nuclear holocaust hanging over their heads. They have more money to spend in a more materialistic society, and being a "yuppie" is a very appealing lifestyle for many of them. Sometimes I am amazed at how many kids make it through the teen years as wholesome and emotionally healthy as they are!

Here are a few examples of this year's crop of essays. Some are artfully done; others were chosen for their content. All are good examples of why our staff looks forward to the task of reading our applications each year. This first choice might be titled:

Reflections on a Grandfather

My grandfather died suddenly and unexpectedly of a heart attack last year while I was away at school. He was big, rough, and strong-smelling, like a stale airport lounge. He was my mother's father; she hated his roughness, his Brooklyn accent, his table manners. I didn't know what she was talking about. I just knew that he was always swooping me up into the air, forming an arc with me, saying as he did so, "Light as a feather."

I didn't see as much of my grandfather after we moved from New York, to satisfy my mother's need to "be with a better class of people." But when I was young, my grandfather and I went out together every Saturday morning. While my schoolmates took guitar, gymnastic, ballet, and swimming lessons at the YWCA, I learned about my grandfather's life. He took me everywhere and made me promise not to tell. To the off-track betting parlor where men who smelled far worse than my grandfather pinched my cheeks and told me never to gamble. He taught me how to spit off the Brooklyn Bridge. "A good strong spit," he called it, "not a shitspit."

My mother sensed all of these things, but I never told. My grandfather knew this and liked me even better, took me to even more places with him. He let me drop slugs into the baskets at the toll booths. He showed me the factory in downtown Brooklyn where he had once gotten into a fight and knocked a man's teeth out. He told me that when he got home that night and took his shirt off, one of the teeth fell to the floor. He told me it made him a little sick. He looked at me and asked: "Do you know what I mean?" I was only ten, but I knew.

And I knew not to tell my mother. "We went to the park," I'd say when she smelled the smoke in my hair. "We went for a walk," when really we had gone to Coney Island, the only whites on the boardwalk, to see the old parachute jump abandoned but still soaring straight into the sky.

I didn't know that my grandfather, a retired fireman, didn't have enough money, that secretly my parents gave my grandmother money to pay some bills. When my grandfather found out, he stormed out of the house and didn't come back until he had found a job driving taxicabs. He told me about his new job and what he said to his boss. "Look, I don't drive no cabs on Saturday mornings, you got that straight, cause I got a regular

date with the most beautiful broad in the world, and I ain't gonna stand her up." I giggled with delight; my mother, an English teacher and a feminist, groaned.

One Saturday morning we arrived as usual, my mother about to just let me out of the car and head back home again. But my grandmother came out into the driveway and told me to get back in the car, grandpa was sick. My mother began to ask what was wrong, could she help; I stormed into the house wanting to see him and kiss him. He wasn't in his bedroom; he was sitting at the kitchen table. His eyes were black, his nose had an ugly cut down near the left nostril, some teeth were missing. I didn't doubt for a minute that my grandfather had been in a fight. "Do you think one of your teeth is in his shirt?" I asked. My grandfather didn't know what I was talking about. He just wanted my mother to get me out of the house, to keep me from learning that he had been mugged the night before while driving his cab.

This essay brought a tear to the most grizzled veteran on our staff of readers, namely me:

Ode to a Special Mother

I decided to write this essay about a very positive lady who has had an extremely important impact on my life, particularly in turning around a very negative event. The lady that I'm talking about is the special mother that I have. I don't have a natural father; he died in action in the Vietnam War on my first birthday. I vaguely remember my mother trying to explain to me what happened to him when I was about four years old. She tried so hard to fill that empty space that was left on that spring day in 1969. It was only in the later years that she told me how alone and sometimes frightened she was raising a child by herself.

My mother always tried to do all the things that a father could do and even more. I will always remember her teaching me to ride my first bike and showing me how to throw my first football. I now am a very good athlete and though some kids make that first touchdown for their father . . . I made it for my mother . . . and myself, she taught me that, too.

My mother has a very well-respected job as a school principal, so often it is hard to believe that she has the kind of time that she gives to me after a hard day's work with 450 school kids and a gifted center housed in her building. As a young child, I remember her late meetings at school. She many times kept me occupied with a basketball in her gym or in the reference section of her library.

She kept my deceased father's pictures and letters around so I would know my "roots." His parents and relatives visited us frequently — and we visited them, no matter how busy she was. She let me know gently that I had a wonderful dad who loved me and who gave his life for his country. She sometimes even made her tragedy seem worthwhile. She helped create the legacy that I am proud of. She taught me to give the very best — by example, because she always gives her best.

She is so proud of me and that makes me proud of myself. To sum it up, I found a tape that my dad had sent to my mother in April 1969, a month before he died. Even though I never met him, I had to agree with him 100 percent. He told her that Paul (me) was a very lucky kid to have such a great mother to take over being mother and father while he wasn't with us. She never let him down on that prediction; he just didn't realize that it would be for a lifetime of work and love.

Our alarming divorce rate is reflected in many of the essays we read. Here's one of the better ones of the past year:

The Travails of Divorce

For the past five years, my family has undergone a difficult adjustment. My parents decided to separate and are just now finalizing a divorce. At first their separation didn't directly involve my brother, Eric, and me because my parents rented one apartment and alternated weekly while we stayed at home. But, because of finances, this stopped and both moved back home into separate rooms. As imaginable, the tension and fighting continued. What made matters especially hard on me was my mother's dating. She tried to be discreet, especially around my father, but everyone knew. I felt incredibly frightened by her dating and would often taunt her in an attempt to discourage it. Since my father never expressed any interest in other women, I felt my mother to be selfish and even animalistic. I didn't realize the importance of male-female companionship at that time.

In the spring of my sophomore year, my mother moved into our rental property which happens to be in the same neighborhood as our home. Because of serious communication problems, my father and I had ceased interacting. I therefore moved in with my mother while Eric stayed with my father. Eric expressed extreme anger toward my mother, blaming her for the separation. It was a year before either of us stayed with the other parent. Now my father has a new job with an erratic schedule. Eric and I float between houses depending on our parents' schedules. This isn't an ideal situation, but at least we can be with both parents about equally.

Living in two homes requires maturity. I used to leave one parent for the other in times of anger or frustration. This temptation subsided after I realized that escaping the situation didn't solve the problems. I know it is wrong to use one parent against the other, and I try to avoid jealousy games. Luckily, our family didn't sever all ties. My parents still interact. They rarely criticize the other in our presence so they too have kept away from petty game-playing.

I miss the completeness of a whole family the most. I feel awkward vacationing, going out to eat, and visiting family friends with only one parent along. Holidays leave one parent without the children. We must decide with whom and where to spend these occasions. As I become older, dividing my time becomes even more difficult. Our situation has taught me compassion, the importance of communication and affection, and the value of truth. Much of my past rash behavior haunts me still and I must work on my temper and impatience. I tend to believe our situation has made me a stronger, more realistic person, but I wouldn't choose to relive it!

With all the emphasis on professionalism in sports, it's refreshing to read about an average kid who will never make a million dollars but who has discovered, almost by accident, the true value of high school athletics:

The Joy of High School Athletics

Last winter, I felt as if I weren't participating enough in our school's extracurricular activities, so I started searching for a club or sport which would appeal to me. During a lunch break I asked a friend of mine for sugges-

tions; he told me he was involved in Overwood's track program as a pole-vaulter during the spring, and that the team was apparently short one vaulter. I immediately realized my search was over! All my life I've been drawn toward sports which tend to be individualistic but rigorously challenging, such as skiing, hiking, and snorkeling. Thus, the following spring, I faithfully attended all of the track meetings and ardently ran the month-long warm-up program.

Finally, three and a half weeks later and eleven pounds lighter, the day I had anxiously awaited arrived. It was the day we pulled out the enormous mats and I was first instructed in the art of pole-vaulting. My dreams were almost instantly shattered as I realized the prodigious amounts of coordination, self-confidence, and irrationality involved. My determination held, however, and little by little, I actually began to improve. I was constantly admonished by my pole-vaulting colleagues that thinking was detrimental to one's performance in this particular sport and, easily, I found they were correct.

I didn't actually make it over a bar, however, until the passing of several weeks, during a crucial track meet known as the District Relays. Approximately nine schools participated in this meet and three vaulters were needed for a school to compete. At this time, I was third vaulter, thus our coach signed Overwood up as a participant. The opening height that a vaulter needed to clear if his jump were to be counted was eight and a half feet. This, unfortunately, was at least three feet more than I'd ever vaulted, since I'd only recently mastered the "grip," the "plant," and the basics of the "pop-up," all of which constitute only the bare essentials of pole vaulting.

As this was a relay, the heights of each vaulter on a team were to be added together, producing a final score for the team. The two other vaulters from Overwood went first, both accomplishing awe-inspiring heights. When my turn arrived, I was mercilessly informed that if I cleared opening height, the eight and a half feet would give us second place; whereas if I failed, Overwood would not place in the meet, thus we would not be eligible for the regional competitions. One teammate pulled me aside and promised me eternal friendship if I were successful. With that, I took my place on the cement runway, sent a quick prayer on its way, and began sprinting like a mad man. The next thing I knew, my feet were leaving the ground as I began my ascent. I felt myself soaring higher than I'd ever remembered, and as I looked down from my zenith, I saw the bar peacefully resting upon its delicate but intimidating supports. I quickly released the pole from my hands as I came tumbling down to the mat with a terrific smile on my face, to be greeted with cheers and compliments as never before, for I had cleared the height thus earning us an award.

I feel that this experience was not only a team achievement, but also a personal achievement that has made a significant impact on my life by giving me great confidence in myself. Through proving that I have the ability to realize, if not conquer, goals that may at first seem overwhelming, I have gained much courage, and I have intensified my ambitions to succeed in all I do.

Sibling rivalry — everyone who has had a brother or sister close in age can identify with this next paragraph taken from a larger treatment of the subject:

"Sisters Are the Biggest Pains"

"Aw, shut up!" I screamed while slamming the car door. As the tires screeched and the car sped away, I mumbled to myself, "Sisters are the biggest pains." All morning we had been fighting over sweaters, to whom they

belonged, how the bathroom should be kept, our hour of departure in order to arrive at school on time, and other important issues that two sisters so close in age usually fight about. In retaliation to my arguments that the red sweater was mine, that the bathroom was not a mess, and that we did not have to leave for another five minutes, she had honked and honked rushing me at the last second just so she could make it on time. The car ride to school was even better as we both fumed, building up our anger for each other inside. The dam holding the rising sea of heated emotions finally broke when I changed the radio station and her hatred came flooding out, practically drowning me and my back-pack, able to be stopped only with the closing of the car door.

Here's another gripping essay which we would never have read just a few years ago. It is a sign of the increasingly difficult task of growing up:

“John, We Hardly Knew You”

I sat impatiently in English class waiting for our teacher to come back into the room so we could begin reviewing for the essay test we were to have the next day. As I sat there, I couldn't help but notice the empty seat behind me. “Anyone see John?” I inquired. No one had seen him that day. In fact, no one had seen him in the past several days. “He's probably ditching or is suspended again,” someone jeered, bringing giggles from parts of the class. I laughed, too, because John had a habit of ditching and getting in trouble. As our teacher reentered the classroom, I could see the tears gathering in his eyes. Silence covered the class as we waited for him to speak, almost afraid to hear what he had to say. His face wrought with anguish, he moved slowly to the head of the class. “I don't really know how to tell you this,” he uttered. “You have lost a classmate. John killed himself last night.”

The silence grew louder and almost unbearable. The class was overwhelmed by what they had just heard and in a few minutes the emotions began to pour. I tried to hold back the tears but was overcome as they flooded my eyes. Tears and sobs came from nearly everyone as we tried to accept the fact that the seat behind me would never be filled again. I looked back and suddenly realized how empty the room looked. As a class, we tried to remember the good times with John. We remembered how he was so easy-going and seemingly carefree. We remembered his sense of humor as well as the friendliness he showed to everyone he met. The class became a flowing stream of emotion as each person related his memories of John. It was hard to believe that a seemingly content person could be so depressed in reality as to actually kill himself.

That night as I lay awake in my bed staring at the ceiling, my insides felt like wrung-out rags. I looked at the clock and saw it was three in the morning. Time passed very slowly as I struggled to sort out my feelings of mixed guilt and anger in the empty darkness. Why did I have these feelings? Was I partially to blame for his death because I wasn't a better friend to him? John wasn't very popular and sometimes I had been afraid to be seen with him for fear of what others would think of me. I vividly remembered all the times he reached out to me and I pulled away. There was so much I wanted to say to him and so much I wanted to take back, but now it was impossible. Could I have prevented his death if I would have reached out to him? I'll never know. Before this, I never questioned how much my actions might influence others' lives.

John's death was the first which touched my life personally. For the first time, I realized how much I am influenced by the

actions and attitudes of my peers. I saw that I have the potential to influence their lives in either a beneficial or destructive manner. His death forced me to analyze the way I act around my family and peers. I realized that my friends need me for guidance and encouragement and how much my family needs me for support. Consciously or not, my actions affect all who interact with me. I realize now that there were extenuating circumstances surrounding John's death and that I was not responsible. In the next few months our class gradually forgot about John, but the image of the empty desk behind me will always remain strong in my mind.

Humor is hard to do well in a college essay but, when it works, it's a welcome relief from the more serious statements such as the ones just reviewed. Try this one on for size:

The Footwear of Life

We hit terra firma one year after birth, supporting thirty pounds. It has been upward and forward ever since. We have traveled through “Jumping Jacks,” the red sneakers which Mom told him would make him jump higher and run faster than any other kid, and we gave him the confidence to excel.

We later graduated to the traditional saddle shoe which every boy wore with his sailor suit, which was Mom's selection. We didn't spend much time in them, because these feet always had to be in motion, and also because they had to have the spit-polished look for Sunday Church. At this age my preference was the sturdy shoe which enabled me to trek through the woods to hunt down the tiger and the elephant, and to oversee the completion of the fort which protected me from the savage Indians who stalked behind each tree.

As the years progressed we spent more time in the traditional public grade school footwear, sneakers. Suddenly, we were also spending a fair amount of time in cleats, choking on dusty baseball diamonds, and as the seasons changed getting knocked against soccer balls. As we walked the halls of Middle School we found ourselves in the very preppy docksider with white socks. After the closing ring of the school bell, we were again stuffed into the smelly athletic shoe.

At the entrance of high school his freedom of footwear became limited, but for once we were able to make our own selection on what we wanted to wear. We chose the infamous adolescent “roach killers,” the shoes that enabled us to kill all roaches in corners, no matter how narrow the corner was. After several months and several blisters we realized that the shoes were not us. Sophistication set in and we opted for the penny-loafer. Wise choice. We could go from the classroom to a social event with just a brush up. With this model we have even carried him across the floor to pick up a few awards.

As his weight increased we were given better support and protection to withstand the rigors of summer employment: three years of construction work. The atmosphere became very damp and dirty during these months and we looked forward to the weekends, when we were able to breathe the fresh air at the beach.

Senior year. The footwear varied with our moods; man, boy, athlete and lover. But no matter what the shoe, the direction unsure, these feet will march forward, eagerly anticipating all challenges.



Newport News Daily Press Photo

CHESAPEAKE BAY: *The Fabulous Invalid*

By Charles M. Holloway

To paraphrase Mark Twain, reports of the imminent death of the Chesapeake Bay are greatly exaggerated. The majestic crown jewel of estuaries remains alive today, and generally well, though its ecological system is balanced on a precarious razor's edge, essentially governed by nature's own life cycles, and continually threatened by man's carelessness, inconsistency, and ignorance.

After 400 years of progressively more dense human habitation around its perimeter, the bay remains a great natural treasure-house of things vegetable, animal, and mineral.

Its fecund waters teem with delectable marine life, prized and sought after around

the world — the tasty Chincoteague oyster, the marvelous blue crab, the soft-shell clam, shad, terrapin, striped bass, and dozens of others.

Stretching nearly 200 miles northwest to southeast, from the mouth of the Susquehanna River to the Atlantic Ocean sentinels of Cape Henry and Cape Charles, the bay contains over 18 trillion gallons of water, and the intricate patterns of its shores cover more than 4,000 miles as they trace the ever-changing boundaries of the bay from the low-lying marshlands on the east to the gleaming Calvert Cliffs on the west, past the successive debouchings of the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the York, and the James.

Many features of the bay remain little changed from the way they looked when 26-year-old Captain John Smith and his crew climbed into their small shallop in early June of 1608 for an exploratory trip around the interior shores. Rowing and sailing for six weeks that summer, they encountered violent thunderstorms and Indians, carefully charted each major river and topographical feature, and finally returned to their James River base in late July. Smith's accurate and detailed map could no doubt be used today as a general guide for sailing the Chesapeake.

While he found neither the coveted Northwest Passage nor any of the gold, silver, or precious stones allegedly lying in profusion on the soil of the New World, Smith nevertheless sent back to the court of King James I a tantalizing description of the Chesapeake:

"A faire bay compassed but for the mouth with a fruitful and delightsome land. Within is a country that may have prerogative over the most pleasant places of Europe, Asia, Africa or America, for large and pleasant navigable rivers. Heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation."

Successive generations of pioneers followed Smith to the bay, and many legends have arisen. The heritage remains with us still. One wonders about the three pirates named Davis, Wafer, and Hinson, who provided some of the first financial support for the College of William and Mary. They donated 300 pounds to the young institution, probably to expedite their release from prison in Jamestown.

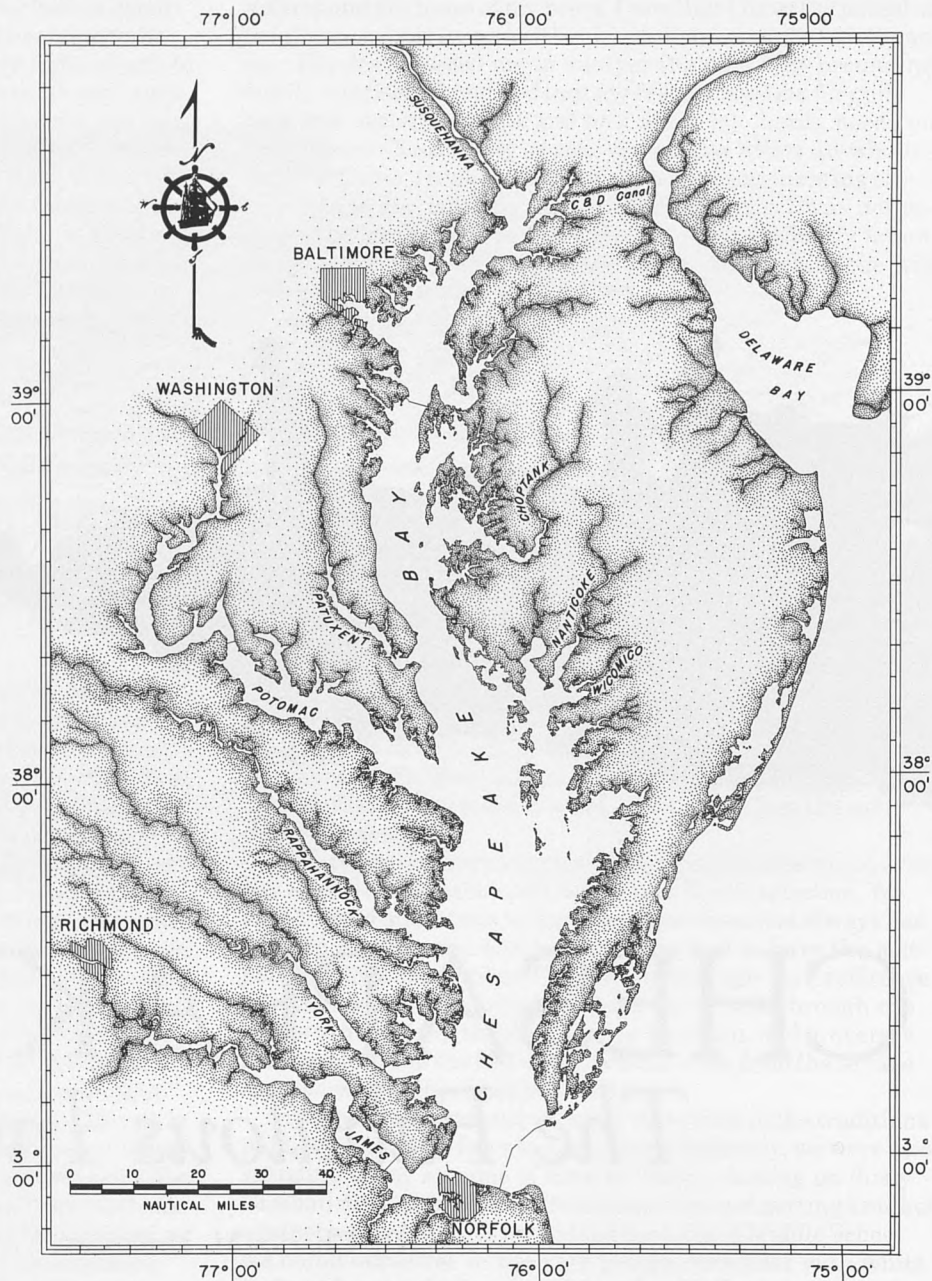
Then, 25 years later, along came Edward Teach, also known as Blackbeard. He terrorized men and ships at the mouth of the bay and ended up with his head impaled on a pole in Hampton Roads.

In another century, young Francis Scott Key, held aboard a British ship off Baltimore harbor, composed the "Star Spangled Banner."

And the ponderous stone ramparts of Fort Monroe pay tribute to engineer Robert E. Lee, who helped shape the symmetry of a place that would one day serve as prison for his commander, Jefferson Davis.

Offshore at Hampton Roads, imagine the fierce and inconclusive four-hour battle between the ironclads *Monitor* and *Virginia* (nee *Merrimack*) in 1862. Neither wins and both are sunk within less than a year, but their construction and weaponry set trends for modern warships.

Ghosts of the 20th century also exist. Consider the Potomac River, for instance: President Harry Truman walks the



The Chesapeake Bay stretches nearly two hundred miles, from the mouth of the Susquehanna River to the Atlantic Ocean sentinels of Cape Henry and Cape Charles. It contains over eighteen trillion gallons of water, and the intricate patterns of its shores cover more than four thousand miles.

polished decks of the yacht *Sequoia*, thinking about target Hiroshima. During these years, seemingly endless platoons of fresh-faced Marines are shipping out from Quantico for places such as Tarawa and Guam, Guadalcanal and Pusan, Camranh Bay and Beirut. Finally, recall the stately carriers, fresh in everyone's mind, quietly slipping out to sea for duty in the Persian Gulf, off Iran, off Libya, off Grenada.

The fact that so many successive generations of settlers have agreed with Captain Smith's positive assessment of the Chesapeake Bay area has made it one of the most popular and populous sections of the Atlantic coast, and, in many ways, complicates the lifestyles of man and nature in states bordering the bay.

The expansive waters of the bay represent many things to many people today. To the watermen, it is simply their livelihood. To the pleasure boaters, hunters, beach walkers, and windsurfers, it is a recreational paradise. For seafood producers, it is a vital, \$75-million-a-year industry. For scientists — biologists, archaeologists, geologists — it is a vast and challenging living laboratory. For railroads, coal companies, auto makers and others, it is a key link to other peoples and markets overseas. For military and naval leaders, the safe harbors of the bay play an integral role in national defense strategy.

Somehow, in the 1980s, these complex perspectives on the bay have begun to find some elements of common under-

standing and compatibility, and, after decades of abuse and depredation, people are beginning to plan together for the bay's future.

Preserving the viability of the bay — "saving" it — has now become a watchword among the many constituencies living and working along the Chesapeake, from the thriving port of Baltimore to the busy gateway of Hampton Roads. Revived public interest, renewed and unprecedented interstate political cooperation, and particularly the tenacious work of a relatively small number of marine scientists have combined to offer both immediate and long-range hope for the great bay.

In the long perspective of geological time, the bay will no doubt continue its march toward death — millenniums from now — as Dr. Donald Pritchard predicted in a 1985 Charter Day address at the College of William and Mary. Pritchard, a recognized expert on the bay, points out that most estuaries, even one of the Chesapeake's grandeur, are more or less doomed from the beginning. By their very nature, estuaries are ephemeral, formed by rising sea levels normally following an ice age.

Geology professor Gerald Johnson of William and Mary estimates that the bay as we know it probably represents the sixth in a succession of ancestral estuaries and bays formed during the late Pleistocene period of 100,000 years ago. He describes it as a "geologically young water body with an ancient heritage, taking its present form some 10,000 years ago."

The normal fate of such bodies is to be slowly but relentlessly filled by sediment, Pritchard says. But in the meantime, he adds, with proper conservational action, the bay could remain "a grand water body, albeit somewhat altered in shape, for thousands of years to come. . . or it could be dead from the standpoint of usefulness to man in several decades. *The choice is up to us.*"

During the past decade, it seems that Arthur Sherwood's search for the development of "a sophisticated, personal ecological conscience" has been gaining both support and momentum. More and more individuals — writers, artists, naturalists — and more groups, associations, and government agencies have been combining their resources to mount a restoration and revival effort for the bay. Some have become believers in the slightly ironic slogan seen around the area, "The end is near — and will be for some time to come."

Ambivalence haunts scientists and managers responsible for maintaining the bay's longevity. This feeling is composed on the one hand of pressures for growth and progress which take the form

of new bridges, power plants, and ubiquitous real estate developments for both residential and industrial properties, and, on the other hand, by widely documented evidence of perils to the natural environment, the fragile ecosystem.

Particularly in this century, man has found numerous ways to corrupt and pollute the bay's pristine waters, to contradict natural forces, and to aggravate and poison its marine animals and organisms. In the name of industrial progress, chemical wastes have been poured into the rivers and streams. In order to produce more and better crops, fields have been soaked with chemical nutrients.



VIMS Photo



Scientists at the Virginia Institute of Marine Science investigate not only the damage that pollution in the Chesapeake Bay does to the fragile wetlands but what effect it has on marine life, such as shellfish. VIMS scientist Dr. Robert J. Huggett is studying the pesticide TBT, present in paint on the hulls of thousands of military and civilian craft that ply the waters of the Chesapeake.

And yet the contradictions persist. A recent United States census bureau survey shows that 65 percent of the population lives within 100 miles of our nation's coasts, and suggests that by the year 2000 this figure will reach 75 percent. Coastal land is infinitely more desirable — and valuable — than that inland. The average acre of farmland in the country is valued at \$695, with the most productive land worth \$2,000 per acre. On the coasts, comparable values run from \$35,000 to \$125,000 per acre.

While most Americans expect and plan for economic vitality and growth in their own communities, they are also developing a new awareness of environmental issues, and they are turning to their leaders for creative and equitable solutions. Planners, managers, and legislators, in turn, seek better and more accurate information on which to base their decisions.

And that's where science comes in. It is evident that within the past 10 to 15 years, marine scientists have been gaining respect from all those concerned with protecting the bay and its resources. Scientists are also being put increasingly on the hot seat when their findings about perilous water quality, for instance, or their projections of fish populations do not please all interested parties. But there is no doubt that in recent years the dramatic reports and revelations of these scientists about deterioration of the bay's

aquatic assets and debilitation in forms of its marine life have served not only to alert the public at large, but also have persuaded responsible managers to take action.

Scientific research in the bay began a little over a century ago when Dr. W. K. Brooks of Johns Hopkins University set up a small biological station on Fort Wool at the mouth of the James River. But large-scale research has been conducted only during the past 40 years. During the 1920s, the University of Maryland established laboratories and carried out field work on the Eastern Shore under the direction of zoologist Reginald V. Truitt. Also in this period, the U.S. Bureau of Fisheries and the Public Health Service set up labs around the bay, including a facility at Yorktown. The College of William and Mary's distinguished biologist Donald W. Davis carried out a long and ultimately successful campaign committing the College to the establishment of a center for marine biology. By 1940 the facilities of the Virginia Fisheries Laboratory were consolidated at Yorktown, and the precursor to the Virginia Institute of Marine Science was in business.

During the next two decades, the organization expanded its resources and faculty. It also moved across the York River to its present quarters on Gloucester Point. By 1962, the General Assembly had officially changed the laboratory's name to the Virginia Institute of Marine Science, and by 1979, VIMS was a degree-granting component of the College of William and Mary.

Now, more than a dozen universities and scientific organizations participate in extensive research activities in and around the bay. The four largest institutions conducting major work — University of Maryland, the Johns Hopkins University, the Smithsonian Institution, and VIMS — joined in 1972 to form the Chesapeake Research Consortium in order to carry out long-range planning and program development.

Each member of the consortium remains autonomous and continues to pursue its own separate programs, but all share in a unified, bay-wide attack on particularly critical problems. The Consortium provides a vital liaison between the research community and the state and federal agencies that make important decisions. The task-force concept proved invaluable as the various research entities were presented in 1983 with the results of a comprehensive seven-year study of the Chesapeake Bay funded by the Environmental Protection Agency, generating new public and political concern over serious hazards threatening the bay.

The Virginia Institute of Marine Sci-



The expansive waters of the Chesapeake represent many things to many people. For seafood producers, including the watermen, it is a vital \$75 million a year industry.

Johns Hopkins University Photo

VIMS uses its 1952 De Havilland Beaver bi-plane for photography, observations, and trips to the Atlantic Ocean research station at Wachapreague.

VIMS Photo



ence has been prepared by adversity and experience to meet the newly emerging challenges confronting the bay and to respond through a range of activities for both immediate and long-range solutions.

Dean and director Frank O. Perkins, a highly respected marine scientist, sums up the job of his organization: "We want to protect and preserve the bay for man's use and enjoyment, and also to ensure the continued generation, cultivation, and production of seafood."

By state mandate, VIMS carries out a variety of services for the estuarine interests of the Commonwealth through research, higher education programs, and advice on matters relevant to the Chesapeake Bay, its tributaries, and Atlantic coastal waters.

"It's our job to explore situations, learn the facts, and lay it on the line for the managers and legislators," Perkins says. "We make the recommendations and provide the options. They make the decisions. Sometimes this creates conflict and antagonism or misunderstanding of what the scientific evidence means. We are the messengers bringing the news, good or bad, and if it's bad, sometimes the blame for whatever the problem may be reflects on us."

VIMS today works from an extensive rambling campus just off busy Route 17 at Gloucester Point, utilizing some refurbished buildings from the Virginia Fisheries Laboratory, but also benefiting from a modern 40,000-square-foot scientific and administrative building, Watermen's Hall, completed in 1984.

A sheltered boat basin for the VIMS fleet of seagoing research vessels, hydrodynamics labs, and an oyster hatchery lie under the shadow of Coleman Bridge. Farther up the hill, a series of frame houses, bungalows, and red brick labs contain the working quarters of the scientists.

To the casual visitor, the place looks like the combination of an advance Seabees base and the old neighborhood garage. The trucks are dusty and need paint, but the mechanical equipment is in first-class condition, oiled and polished. The staff wear practical clothes — plaid shirts, jeans or shorts, field boots or wet suits. The modern labs and offices, however, are furnished with the most advanced electron microscopes and state-of-the-art computers.

VIMS even has an air force of sorts, a venerable 1952 DeHavilland Beaver biplane that is used for photography, observations, and trips to the Atlantic Ocean research station at Wachapreague.

Specifically, how does the work of VIMS affect the life and times of the Chesapeake Bay? The answer comes regularly from the daily headlines: "VIMS scientists studying effects of TBT." "Cedar Island controversy seeks input from VIMS." "Kepone controversy surfaces again in James River." "Striped bass population seen increasing this year."

Perkins says it is hard to list priorities for VIMS because so much important work is on the agenda. "We continue to study the effects of tributyltin (TBT) used in marine paint. We have accelerated our research into estuarine circulation. We must know more about the effects of chemicals on fish population.

"All major state agencies — water board control, marine resources, public health — seek and want our advice on a regular basis," he says, "not to mention the General Assembly and federal agencies."

Samples of a few VIMS projects currently underway serve to highlight the complex and diverse nature of the organization's work. In the Division of Fisheries, Dr. Herbert Austin and his associates carry forward one of VIMS' basic jobs, first begun in the 1940s: studying and monitoring marine life such as clams, oysters, scallops, blue crabs, and fin fish. Much of the work is done by Austin and his 16-member staff on and under the water, in good weather and bad.

"We are about the only doctors who still make house calls," Austin comments. "We monitor oyster growth and change, we chart spat fall, we study

trends over 10 or 20 years, watching the effects of changes in climate." VIMS makes monthly trawl surveys for juvenile crabs and a variety of fish —



VIMS Photo

By 1940 the facilities of the Virginia Fisheries Laboratory, the precursor to the Virginia Institute of Marine Science, were consolidated at Yorktown. In 1979 VIMS became a degree-granting component of the College of William and Mary.

Below, graduate assistants at VIMS sort and measure a catch from a fishery survey, part of the extensive research by VIMS on the Chesapeake Bay.



VIMS Photo

shad, river herring, striped bass — and the annual spat fall (new births) of oysters is checked weekly each summer, along with a fall survey to estimate survival rates.

"Our count of juvenile fish, via nets, gives us important clues about future trends," he says. "These data are valuable as baseline evidence; they may suggest possible short supply. We aren't perfect, but overall we do well in our forecasts."

Looking ahead, Austin suspects that over-harvesting in the bay may be a more serious problem than pollution, but he concedes that not everyone agrees. Through the years, the results of Austin's studies for VIMS have had direct and positive benefits for large recreational as well as commercial audiences.

Another VIMS scientist deeply involved in studying real and potential threats to the bay is Robert J. Huggett, associate professor of marine science, who has an intimate knowledge of the bay both through experience and heredity. His father and many family members have been working watermen. Huggett senior fished off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and the son spent much of his early life on the sea. Despite his thorough academic training, Huggett understands and respects the keen intuitive skills of the watermen.

He has often found himself in the middle of research related to sensitive pollution issues facing the Commonwealth. He investigated the kepone problems of the James River that were first identified over a decade ago when workers at the Allied Chemical plant at Hopewell became ill and tests showed that chemical discharges over a period of several years were responsible for the poisoning. VIMS researchers brought the news to the authorities and the public and recommended remedial steps. Huggett recalls that during this period much animosity developed toward the scientists and their families. There was criticism from all sides — industry perpetrators, fishermen, and from many people not remotely affected. Huggett says that though the kepone dangers have lessened, some chemical residue remains in river sediments, and some species of fish are still banned.

Current research by VIMS and others is examining the toxicity of widely used marine paints containing the pesticide TBT. Huggett has been a principal investigator, partly because he became suspicious that the paint did its job all too well. TBT is extensively used and highly regarded by the U.S. Navy as an effective and economical agent to protect fleet vessels. Navy studies claim the chemical "has no significant impact on man or marine life," and paint manufacturers remain skeptical, too.

Others who are studying the effects, particularly on shellfish, are not so sure. Last year, the EPA raised further questions. Both the research and the controversy continue. Meanwhile, thousands of watermen's work boats, pleasure craft of every configuration, and huge deep-water cargo ships all carry the treated paint on their hulls.

VIMS Photo



More than a dozen universities and scientific organizations participate in extensive research activities in and around Chesapeake Bay. The four largest institutions conducting major work — University of Maryland, the Johns Hopkins University, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Virginia Institute of Marine Science — joined in 1972 to form the Chesapeake Research Consortium in order to carry out long-range planning and program development.

VIMS research into the life, death, and utilization of the legendary blue crab *Callinectes sapidus* — William Warner's beautiful swimmers — has recently produced some very tangible and satisfying results for both science and industry.

Perkins attributes much of the recent expansion of the entire blue crab industry to the application of knowledge gained by VIMS inquiries of the past decade. He notes that new shedding techniques and facilities have generated some 125,000 dozen a year of soft-shell crabs valued over \$1 million. Terrence N. Conway, president of the Handy Soft

Shell Crab Co. in Crisfield, Maryland, wrote Governor Gerald L. Baliles in March to send his thanks to the state and to VIMS scientists for helping improve and expand his crab production and marketing efforts.

Conway calls this "a short story about government at its best," and relates how William D. DePaul and Michael Oesterling of the Sea Grant Advisory Service combined their research experience and practical knowledge to help improve and expand crab production and penetration of overseas markets. Conway says this cooperation resulted in a 25 percent increase in his 1985 exports to Japan and the Far East and similar growth in Europe. Conway concludes his letter, "Next year my overseas customers predict a 50 percent increase. Soft crabs from the Chesapeake have indeed been introduced to the world."

Nearly four hundred years have passed since John Smith first sailed into the Chesapeake and proclaimed it to be "a noble sea, calm and hospitable . . . its potential cannot be imagined."

What, indeed, lies ahead for the bay, its inhabitants, and its protectors? What will become of the precious profusion of marine organisms that have populated the bay for uncounted centuries? Do they stand in peril of being eliminated slowly, one by one, or in groups, following perhaps a bizarre parallel of the fate suffered by extraterrestrial invaders in H. G. Wells's *War of the World* when, having withstood all of man's armaments, they finally succumbed to the commonest of earthly bacteria?

The contradictions persist, the debates continue among all those who would benefit personally, economically, or scientifically from the Chesapeake Bay's immense natural resources. "As we respond on a day-to-day and year-to-year basis to the critical problems and issues," Perkins recently told a congressional committee, "we hope that every effort of the estuarine and coastal science communities will be strongly supported in our search for the fundamental knowledge that will enable us to answer the questions of tomorrow — our very social, economic, and environmental futures depend on it."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

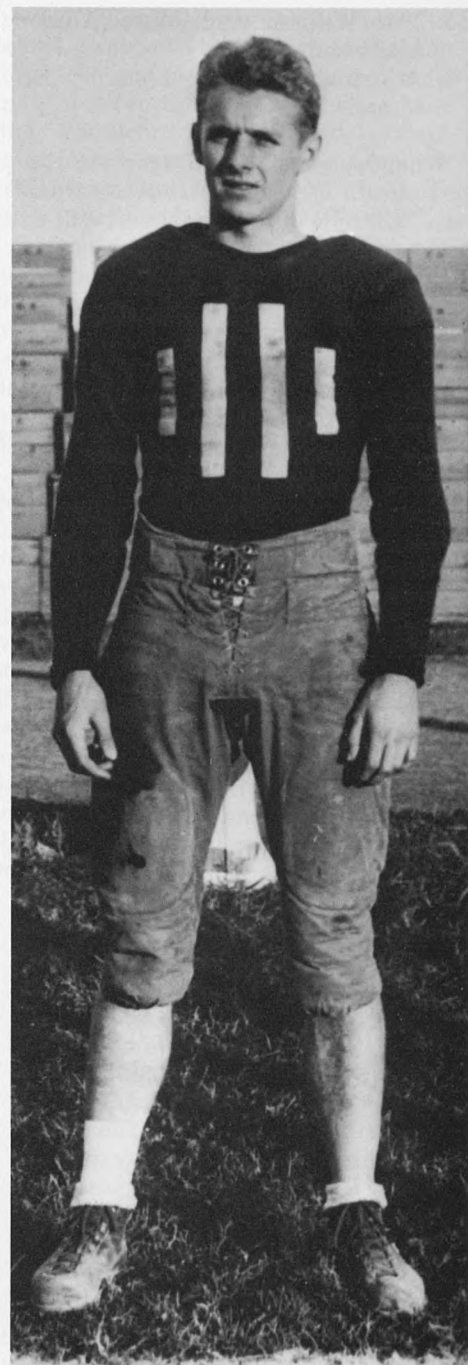
Former director of university communications at the College of William and Mary, Charles M. Holloway resides in Williamsburg where he is a free lance writer and consultant. He previously served as director of corporate communications for the College Board and was a writer for the Chronicle of Higher Education. He is a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley.

THE MYOPIC QUARTER- BACK

Calling Signals at William and Mary

By John Wills Tuthill '32

The author, a future ambassador, entered William and Mary on probation in the fall of 1928 with dreams of playing football, although he weighed only 135 pounds and was slow, myopic, and couldn't pass very well.



Scene 1. September 1928. A seventeen-year-old (looking more like fifteen) is admitted to William and Mary on probation (mediocre high school grades). At five feet, ten inches, and 135 pounds, and without having won a single high school athletic letter, he dreams of playing football. He's not very fast, has pretty good reflexes, and — unknown to him and others — is myopic (in those days there were no routine eye examinations). Needless to say, he couldn't pass very well, as he had difficulty seeing the receivers. He asked for a freshman football uniform — and they gave him one!

Scene 2. Same person, early 1986, or more than two-thirds of a century later. Now five feet, nine and a half inches (hav-

ing shrunk half an inch), and 170 pounds (not entirely bone and muscle), temporarily confined to his room because of arthritis of one knee and one ankle (battered on Cary Field in the "falls" of 1928-31), which only struck during his seventy-fifth year. He has had to cancel annual skiing in the Austrian Alps but has made reservations for 1987, as he has to train for the downhill championships in 1990-91 for men over 80. Without such confinement this would never have been written.

What is the scene in his room? It is odd. There are:

1. Sports Illustrated Silver Anniversary All-American Football Award.

2. William and Mary Athletic Hall of Fame Award.

3. Picture of our hero carrying the ball against Navy during his senior year. The print of this picture from the *New York Times* was given to him by a classmate at his fiftieth reunion. The classmate had kept it all those years. Incidentally, it is the first and only time — that is, to date — that he made the *New York Times* sports page. The caption under the picture reads, "Maxey of William and Mary carrying the ball against Navy!"

4. Miniature football and track shoes of the type that one used to hang on watch chains when men wore watches in their vests.

5. The William and Mary Alumni Medallion.
6. A William and Mary honorary doctorate.

What happened? As Gregor von Reszori (*Death of My Brother Abel*) would say, "a tangle of happenings." I will describe some of them as, of course, I am this person.

* * * * *

My freshman year was undistinguished — to put it mildly. I had two shocks on my first day, which was several days before classes started. The first shock was to find that the freshman team had already been picked and was running through signals. The second shock came in the shower room after practice, when I noted that some of my teammates had no pubic hair. I was to discover they had shaved their pubic hair because they had crabs. This was the routine treatment, plus an ointment, at least in Virginia in 1928.

During that first fall of 1928, because of various collisions, my teeth were knocked out of order, but I managed to become the third- or fourth-string substitute freshman quarterback. Had there been more squad members I probably would have been fifth or sixth string. However, I had a few moments that I still, in memory, relish. I once managed an open-field tackle of the varsity quarterback. (Freshmen were not eligible for varsity; they were used as cannon fodder.) The freshman coach, Cy Young, was not impressed. The day after my splendid tackle he said to me: "Tuthill, yesterday you looked like a million dollars. Today you're not worth ten cents." He stuck with the latter opinion. I didn't even make my "1932" letters that fall.

Things went better, but not brilliantly, during my sophomore and junior years. Branch Bocock was head football coach. He was also a lawyer and ran a State of Virginia agricultural research farm and was at William and Mary in the fall only for football. He was a "mensch"; his concern was for the boys on the squad. He brought out the best in us and, incidentally, we won most of our games. In those days one played both offense and defense. On offense the quarterback ran the team with no signals from the bench — in my case, with limited talent and no passing or kicking ability. (I kept hitting the ball with my ankle, but even with that method I had a better average than Joe Theismann of the Washington Redskins, who punted once in his professional career — for one yard.) Furthermore, I was not very good on defense, could block when lucky, and could run moderately well. Partly making up for these deficien-

cies, however, I had the reputation — whether justified or not — of being a "smart field general," a qualification that is no longer meaningful with instructions from the bench for almost every play.

Still, Bocock had to work with the "talent" that was available. He encouraged — or put up with — me. He kept drilling the fine points of the game into my skull, and at length. In my sophomore year we were playing Catholic University. In the fourth quarter he called me from the



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

John Willis Tuthill '32 did graduate work at New York University and Harvard and taught at Northwestern University and Johns Hopkins. He was in the Foreign Service from 1940 to 1969, serving as Ambassador in Paris to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, in Brussels to the European Community and as Ambassador to Brazil. He was Director General of the Atlantic Institute, Paris, and President of the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies. Mr. Tuthill is currently Executive Director and Trustee of the American Austrian Foundation, Inc., and, he says, waiting to be named football coach. At this writing, no offers were forthcoming.

bench and, arm around my shoulder and pointing with the other arm, explained in great detail what he wanted me to do. It went on like this for five or ten minutes. I was aware of time running out, but Bocock hadn't finished his teaching. Time ran out! He patted me on the shoulder and said: "Sorry, son. Next time."

Bocock was always warning us of "ladies of easy virtue." This rather surprised me. I had a healthy interest in the other sex, and the campus was 50 percent made up of coeds, and a very attractive

bunch at that. Still, I didn't know any "ladies of easy virtue," and wondered when, during football season, one would find the time and energy anyway. However, from locker room and fraternity house talk I took it that some of my teammates found time and, according to their reports, were magnificently successful.

Bocock was a major influence during my sophomore and junior years. I cheated only once on Bocock. After a late practice late in the fall when it was getting dark at Cary Field, he told us to run two laps before showering. I and the rest of the mob ran one full lap, but on the second lap cut across the football field and saved ourselves 200 yards of running. As I trotted out from the stands — I found Bocock standing there not saying a word but simply looking at me and the others.

One time Bocock misjudged me. It was in my junior year, and we were playing George Washington University. That was the kind of team we enjoyed playing. Just before the end of the first half I was calling signals. I called for the ball to go to Bill Scott, a very talented athlete, who was to run to the right and throw a pass. My task was to feint at the George Washington end and then go behind him for the pass. The ball was snapped, and Scott, ever conscious of his ability, decided to run instead of passing. He got smeared for about a five-yard loss. It was the last play of the half and was right in front of the William and Mary bench. Bocock was so angry he came out on the field pointing his finger at me. He said: "Tuthill, you didn't even try to block that man." I was so dumbfounded that I made no response.

The second half opened, and I was on the bench, together with Butch Constantino who had been playing fullback in the first half and knew that I had called for a pass and that Bocock had misjudged me. In the third quarter Bocock called Butch, telling him to prepare to go in. Butch said: "Coach, I won't go in unless you send Tuthill in, too. That last play was not his fault. He called for a pass." Bocock put us both in.

George Washington had the ball. I was playing safety on defense. George Washington called a play which is now almost forgotten — a "quick kick." It sailed up in the air over my head, and I had to catch it running in the wrong direction. By the time I caught the ball I hadn't the faintest idea where the George Washington players were, but I heard Butch in that harsh New Haven voice yell: "Come this way, Jack, I've got this guy." He did, and I made a reasonable return.

I was well aware of my limited talents. While I don't remember the occasion, my classmate Brooks George insists that during either my sophomore or junior

year — we were having a rally in the Phi Beta Kappa building to whoop up enthusiasm for the Richmond game. Various members of the squad were called on to say a few words. Most of them responded with declarations of being prepared to “crush the Spiders.” To my surprise I was asked to speak. According to Brooks, all I said was: “I just hope it’s a pleasant day so that it won’t be too cold on the bench.”

There was also track. President J. A. C. Chandler’s nephew Scrap was the track coach. After a fashion, I ran the low (220 yards) and high (120 yards) hurdles. I wasn’t really tall enough, fast enough, or possessed of enough bounce in my legs to perform well in either, but I tried. One day Scrap Chandler took me aside to time me by myself in the 120-yard high hurdles. I went over the first hurdle without any difficulty, but then managed to knock down the next nine. It was a strange sight with nine hurdles lying flat on the track. Chandler looked at his stopwatch and said: “Tuthill, that’s the best time in high hurdles that I have ever recorded with nine hurdles knocked down.”

I’ll say this, however, for track — it had an effect on me that football never had. Saturday morning before a track

meet, I had to stay near the toilets because of the extraordinarily laxative effect that the prospect of races had on me.

However, I did have my day in my junior year, at the University of Maryland. I still needed a first place to earn my letter. Our team captain, a fine hurdler, had been injured. The burden in the hurdles fell on Wally Lynn and me. The high hurdles race came first. There were two Maryland runners entered. For some reason, one withdrew. Wally had already earned his letter, and before the race he said to me: “Jack, if it’s between you and me at the finish I’ll let you win so you’ll earn your letter.” I accepted this offer. The three of us were off in reasonable style over the first hurdle. On the second hurdle the Maryland runner lost one of his shoes. Despite the fact that we were running on a cinder track, he was a real competitor and stayed in the race. I beat him. The only high hurdles race I ever won was against a man without a shoe. Both Maryland runners came back for the low hurdles, which I won on a competitive basis. The newspaper the next day reported a William and Mary victory, with a headline subtitled, “Tuthill Double Winner in Hurdles.” If their readers only knew!

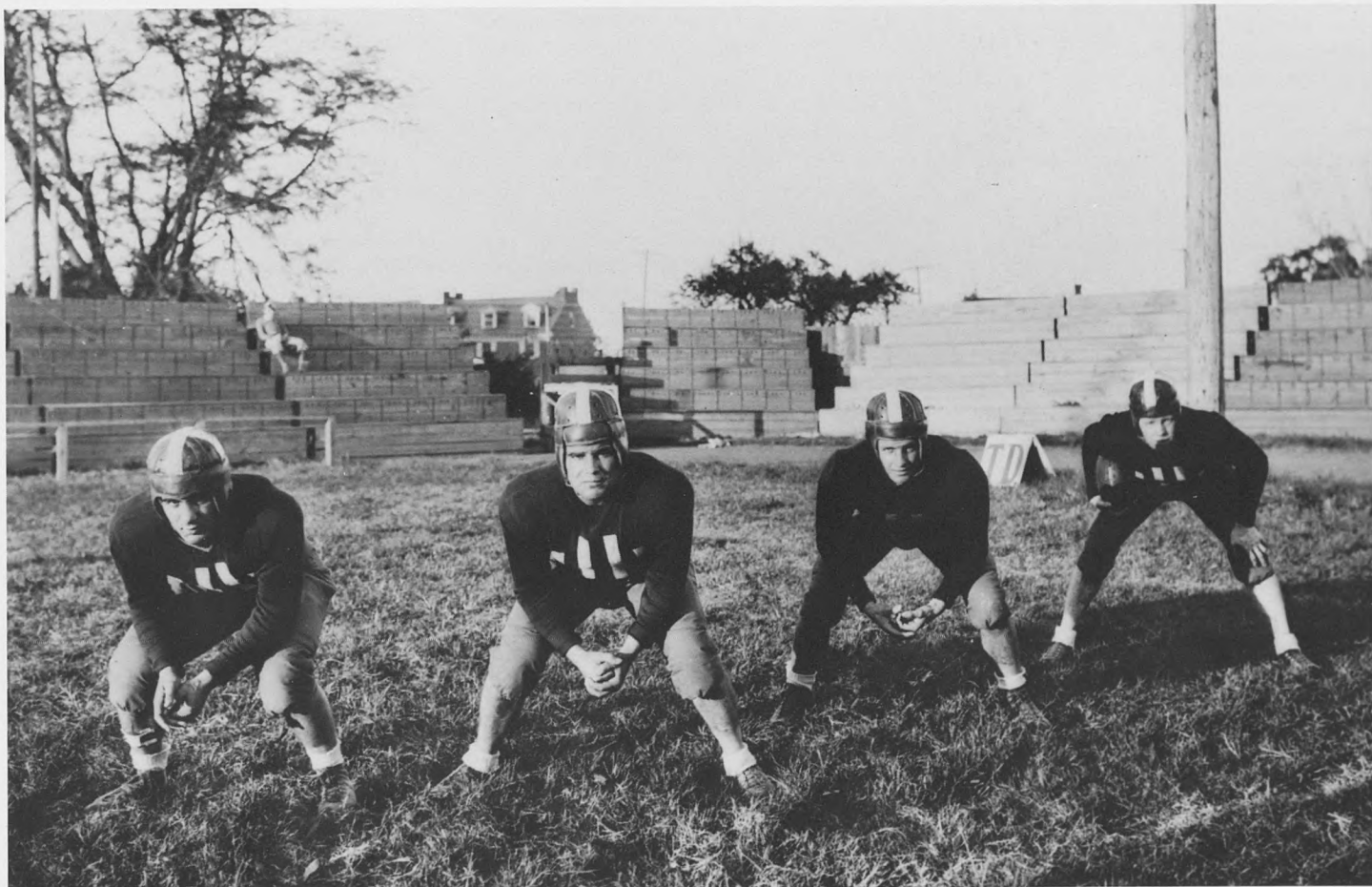
In my senior year, for the first time, I

needed financial help to continue in school. I appealed through various deans for a scholarship without success and finally went to the President, Dr. Chandler, who heard my story (and, incidentally, noted that I was on his nephew’s track team) and ordered “a full out-of-state athletic scholarship for Tuthill.”

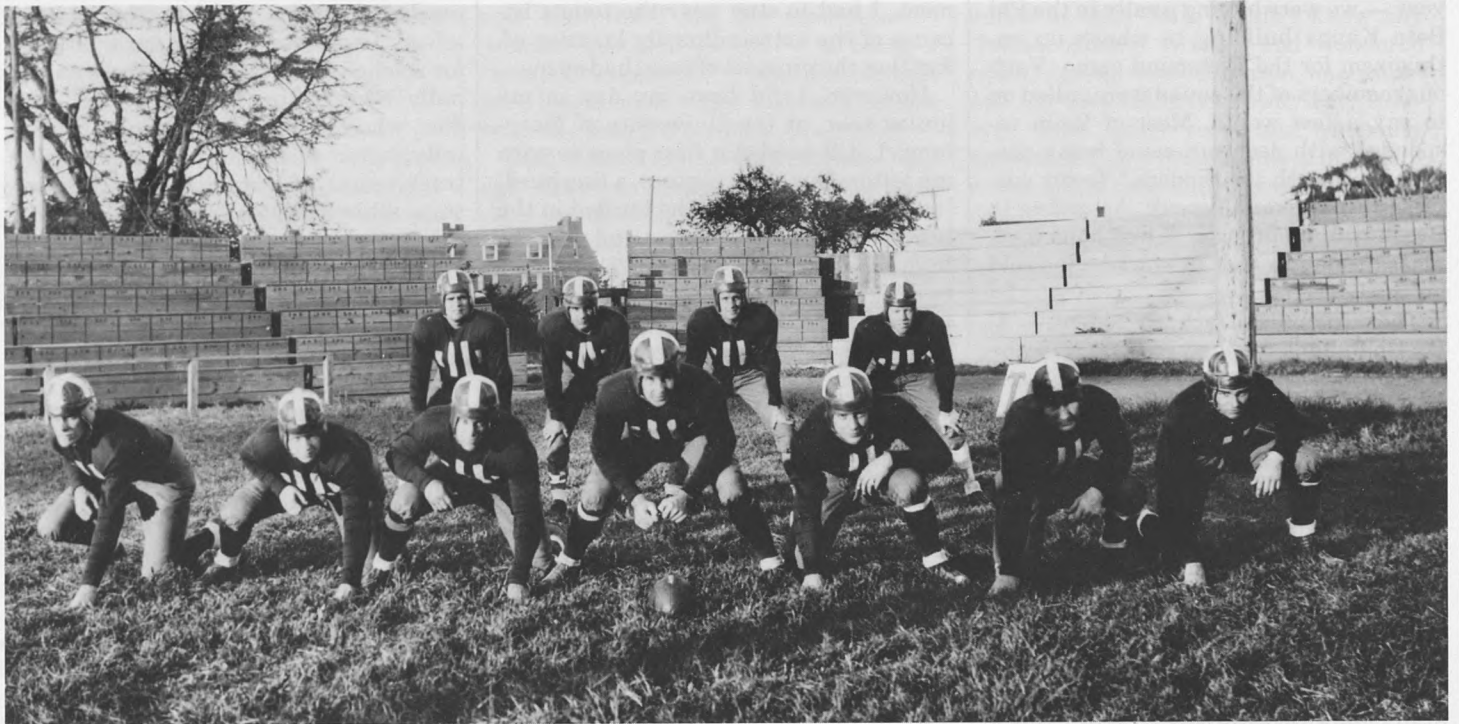
I never was close to Dr. Chandler, but he was always encouraging. After one of the games in my senior year, he came into the infirmary where I was having a leg taped and, referring to the game the day before, said: “Tuthill, you were running like an antelope out there yesterday.”

In the spring of my senior year a student from my hometown was expelled from school for pushing the night watchman into the lily pond. Perhaps all of us were a bit bored, but in any event we felt that the punishment was excessive and, with springtime enthusiasm, we called a strike, to continue until the penalty was changed. Almost the entire male student body responded. The strike seemed to have become a stalemate after several days with Dr. Chandler refusing to talk to the students. I was vice president of the Student Council and very much involved.

During the stalemate Dr. Chandler



Tuthill played quarterback in the “pony” backfield, which included (left to right) Billy Palese, Butch Constantino, Tuthill and Red Maxey.



Tuthill and his team pose for a photo before the Navy game in which Tuthill missed a pass on the Navy goal line, and William and Mary lost 13-6.

called to me as I was crossing the campus. He asked about the situation. I told him all of us felt the punishment "did not fit the crime." We accepted the idea that some punishment was appropriate but felt that to be kicked out of William and Mary for all time was really too much. Dr. Chandler agreed. He returned to his office and changed the punishment from expulsion to suspension for thirty to sixty days. The strike was over.

Back to Cary Field and football. In my senior year, every day Coach Kellison weighed me in before practice, always at 152 pounds, and after practice, always at 150. I've mentioned above the picture of the Navy game, but I should also confess that I missed a pass on the Navy goal line, and we lost 13-6. It was a disappointing year, and my legs were becoming battered.

In four years as an undergraduate I never missed an afternoon of practice or a game, even though during many of the games I was on the bench most of the time. I don't know whether I "loved" football, and I can't say I always enjoyed the physical collisions, but I accepted it. Tucker Jones was the faculty advisor of athletes. I am told that he once said: "I have watched Tuthill for four years, and I've never seen him miss a play." I'm sure he didn't mean that I executed every play properly, but that I at least knew what I was supposed to be doing. During those years I kept in my wallet a quote — I think it was from Grantland Rice — of a poem titled "Only the Game Fish Swim Upstream."

During my undergraduate years Bocock was certainly the most important influence in my life. Another important influence was the graduate manager of athletics, Billy (later called "Pappy") Gooch. He was loved by all then and later, and certainly must have been responsible for William and Mary nominating me for the Sports Illustrated award.

Another major influence was Meb Davis, class of '28 and a great athlete. He was freshman coach during my varsity years, and always encouraging. Now I always look for Meb at Homecoming. On one occasion he was introducing me to someone and referred to my having played football. The other person looked a bit incredulous. Meb patted me on the gut and said: "Jack had it here."

As you can see from the above, William and Mary has been gilding the lily about my athletic accomplishments, and of course I am wallowing in it.

So — more than half a century later — I am surrounded by souvenirs, which I know very well greatly exaggerate my deeds. Never mind the slightly battered legs, it was worth it.

But I'm worried about college football today. Unfortunately, unlike professional baseball, there are no minor leagues. Instead, the professional football teams are using the colleges as a source of training and players. The commercialization, which surely existed to a minor extent when I was an undergraduate, has become so exaggerated and the pressure on players so great, that I wonder whether in most colleges the game means as much to the boys as it

did to me and my classmates. I am delighted to hear accounts of the scholastic standards of William and Mary players, but I do hope over the years that in our schedule we will concentrate on colleges of our own size and type. It's all right to have a couple of games each year against larger schools like Navy and Harvard with which we have some tradition. But it would be a sad day if the College ever decided to attempt to become "big time" in football. I'm happy to say that I see little danger, but in the current hoopla about football and the corrupting influence of the enormous amount of money that is available, eternal vigilance is necessary if this is to be avoided.

After all of the above, one might ask about classes. I dozed through most of them without learning very much. However, in some mysterious way I understood that a college education is basically designed to prepare one for learning after college. In my case, the biggest academic hurdle for graduation was to pass first-year Spanish, which I was still struggling with in my senior year. When I entered the State Department later as a diplomat, it's just as well that the examiners were not made aware of this linguistic shortcoming.

In closing, I quote from a John Masefield statement, circulated by the College Development Office. He wrote that colleges "give young people that close companionship for which youth longs, and that chance of the endless discussion of themes which are endless, without which youth would seem a waste of time."

Photo By C. James Gleason



There are few things more enduring than a college.

John Masefield



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