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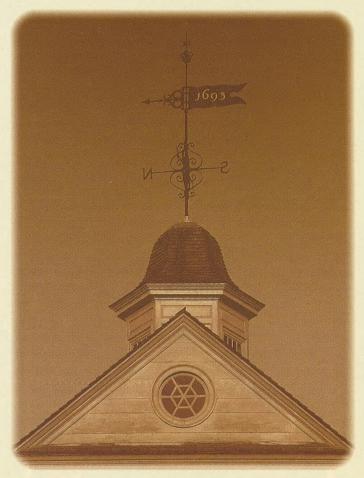
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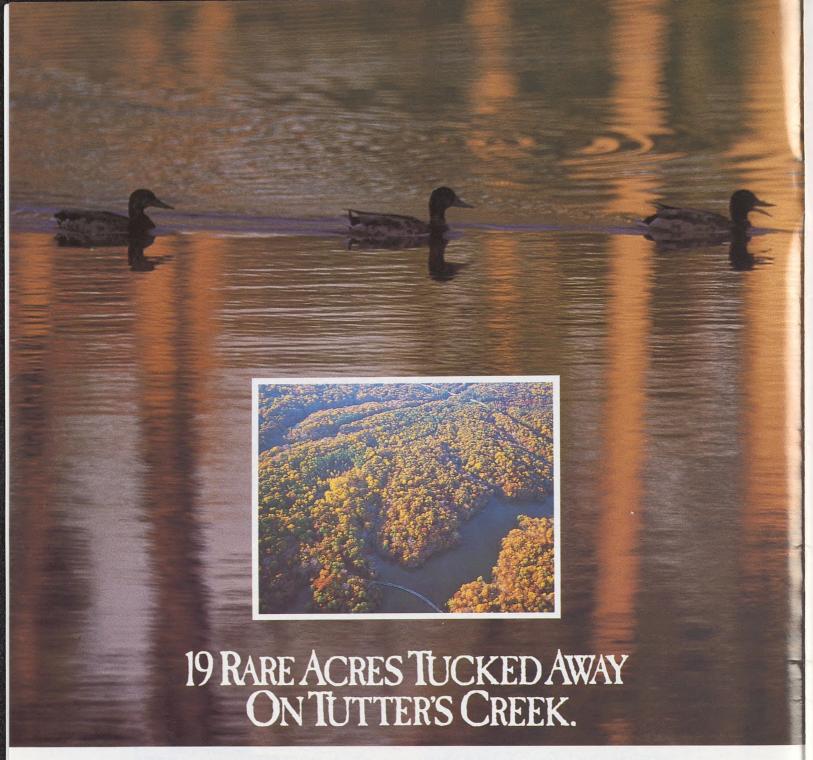
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On the cover: Pilots Dick Videto '46 and Frances Roulstone Reeves '42 and skipper Robert Alton Neslaw '41 were among the thousands of altanni who served their country at home and abroad during World War II.

Features

War and Remembrance

Alumni bring to life with words and photos the horror, the humor and the humanity discovered amid the turmoil of World War II.

Tales of the Crypt

by Poul Olson

The terminus of ruthless plunders and mischievous adventures, the legendary Wren Crypt is shrouded in mystery.

Hale to the People

by S. Dean Olson

Lawyer Earle Hale J.D. '70 brings his human touch and legal savvy home to Williamsburg.

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Excess on occasion is exhilarating.

It keeps moderation from becoming a habit,

W. Somerset Maugham

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For Appearances Sake and More

his is the "initial look" at a magazine you've seen before. With this issue of William and Mary Magazine, the Society introduces change.

Like many periodicals that arrive in your home every day, the magazine has been here before. Practically every issue in the past five years has afforded the reader changes in the look and the feel of what we refer to in the Alumni House as simply "The Magazine." As recently as six years ago we introduced a redesign that carried us wonderfully through the 300th year anniversary celebration of the College. The more things change the more they stay the same-since the Society first printed it 16 years ago our intent largely remains intact. Through this publication we hope to continue knitting generations "each to each," appealing to our traditional readership as well as capturing the attention of recent graduates and many friends of William and Mary.

As you may have already noticed, the Magazine has incorporated departments in several areas. Obviously this will provide for easier reference and allow readers to turn quickly to sections that interest them most. It also ensures that there will be ongoing coverage of the things you asked for in the 1992 Readership Survey—"more campus news, greater story variety, and less intensive focus on purely historical pieces."

There are new sections. "Just Off DOG Street" will deliver news slightly off the beaten path but in and around and about people and events associated with William and Mary. We think it will show the scope and diversity of life as well as a



humor that is resplendent in the life of a campus like ours.

"CIRCA" will close each issue of our magazine. There we will reprint photographs depicting campus life throughout the years...buildings, people, places...they will all be appearing. While many of these are likely to come courtesy of our excellent University Archives, as readers, you are invited to send in any photographs along with memories of specific historical and other events or people on campus.

Sections like "Around the Wren" and "Focus on Alumni" have been redesigned to include a greater variety of stories—more profiles on alumni and students as well as more campus news. Our "Sports" section has been renamed "Athletics" and we are confident that you'll see the change there too.

It has always been a privilege to work with Dean Olson, an unbelievable friend and advocate of the College as well as a dedicated publications director. As Editor Emeritus, Dean will remain an important cog in the wheel of this publication. Lisa Riess, the Society's Director of Alumni Communications, is the editor of The William and Mary Magazine and

Paul Pegher will serve as assistant editor.

This issue is particularly exciting. In their own words, alumni tell the story of World War II as it unfolds in this personal diary of War and Remembrance. Also, writer Susan Godson is particularly qualified to write the accompanying pieces to our cover story. Godson, the niece of John Lesslie Hall Jr., authored the profile on the great World War II admiral. Godson, who is currently writing a history of women in the U.S. Navy, writes about women behind the lines for this special issue.

About the designers: Burney Design specializes in magazine publishing and they have a distinguished record of achievements in the field. Their work has appeared in the American Institute of Graphic Arts Communications Annual and they have been cited for excellence by both CASE and the University and College Designers Association. The alumni magazines at both the University of North Carolina and North Carolina State University are award-winning examples of their design efforts.

There is an old saying that "nothing remains constant except change." On behalf of the Society of the Alumni, I hope you like what you've seen thus far.

W. By Idas

W. Barry Adams Executive Vice President and Publisher Society of the Alumni



W&M Makes the Grade

College Ranks Tops in Surveys

hat do you get when you mix the highest SAT scores, the highest grade point average, the highest retention rate and the highest applicant selectivity in Virginia with one of the best undergraduate programs in the nation? William and Mary, of course!

That's the substance of recent surveys released by the State Council of Higher Education in Virginia and the annual ratings of U.S. News & World Report magazine.

In its Sept. 18 issue, *U.S. News* ranked William and Mary number three among national universities for commitment to undergraduate teaching and No. 34 in overall excellence.

"Since what takes place in the class-room is the most important part of any campus," explained the magazine, "U.S. News asked college presidents, provosts and deans of admission to select 10 schools in their respective categories that have 'an unusually strong commitment to undergraduate teaching." Only Dartmouth and Brown in the Ivy League rated ahead of the College in this category, while others in the top 10 are Rice, Princeton, Stanford, Duke, Miami University (Ohio), Notre Dame and Yale. The only other Virginia school in the top 20 is U.Va., which ranked 11th.

Commenting on the rating, President

Sullivan said: "At William and Mary the first commitment of our faculty is to our students. At a time when colleges across the country are being criticized for their failure teaching, William and Mary is doing it just right."

In a study measuring the academic quality of Virginia's colleges and universities, the State Council of Higher Education rated William and Mary best in four categories: highest in SAT scores for first-time freshmen (1240); highest grade point average for first-time freshmen (3.89 out of 4.0); highest retention rate for two years (92% of fall 1992 freshmen who remained students through fall 1994) and the highest applicant selectivity for first-time freshmen.

William and Mary's overall ranking

Exclusive Rankings

USSIEVS

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(296: Junual Guide

The Finest Teaching: Where to Find it

Programs

of 34 in the *U.S. News* ratings rose four places from number 38 last year. The top school in the national university category was Harvard University, which finished first for the sixth year in a row.

According to *U.S. News*, the best national universities usually have more selective admissions and greater resources. They offer a wide range of baccalaureate programs, place a high priority on research and award large numbers of Ph.Ds.

To determine rankings *U.S. News* tallied the results of 2,700 surveys of college presidents, deans and admission directors. The experts were asked to rank all schools and results were combined with educational data provided by the colleges themselves that dealt with student selectivity, faculty resources, financial resources, retention rate and alumni satisfaction. The data used was for the fall 1994 entering class.

The College's popularity was reflected in the entering class of 1999 this fall when 100 more students than expected accepted admission, representing a three percent increase in the "yield"—the percent of those offered admission who attend William and Mary. The median SAT scores in the class are 1240, while 69 percent ranked in the top 10 percent of their classes and 92 percent in the top quantile.



Student Research Gets a Lift From NASA

our students from William and Mary's Applied Sciences Program are collaborating with NASA researchers and students from other colleges to answer questions about the amount of pollution in the atmosphere.

In August, the team launched a seven-story NASA research balloon with sampling equipment designed by the students to measure air qualities at various altitudes. The team plans to report its findings and conclusions later this fall.

Dawn Guilmet, a graduate student in atmospheric science and applied science; Terry Gruchow, an undergraduate in the mathematics department; Brent Justus, a junior chemistry/government major; and sophomore physics major Michael Johnson represented William and Mary in the project, which was sponsored by the Virginia Space Grant Consortium.

"Our goal is basically to find out what's up there," said Johnson, who coordinated the post-mission analysis. "We want to discern what we expect to findwhat's supposed to be there-from what's pollution from planes and what's pollution from ground level sources."

The William and Mary team designed the portion of the payload that would take gas samples from various altitudes up to 95,000 feet, while other student groups from Hampton University and Old Dominion University researched wind contaminants and water density and constructed the payload's frame. NASA researchers, who proposed the experiment, and industrial contractors such as Eagle Space and Lockheed Engineering and Sciences Company advised the students throughout the project.

Justus, who represented his team in meetings with NASA and the other groups, said the project was one big problem-solving experience. "Conceptually, it was a simple project, but actually developing the device from scratch and working with the other teams was a tremendous challenge," he said. "We had to be sure that our equipment would function correctly in the colder, high-altitude temperatures and survive the force of the landing as well as how the payload's other devices might affect or contaminate our samples. Even something as seemingly simple as styrofoam had to be considered and worked around."

Art on the Edge

hey say you should never judge a book by its cover, and the librarians in Swem's Special Collections Department know that better than anyone. Resting on the shelves of William and Mary's rare book room are some of the country's finest examples of a little-known art in bookbinding: fore-edge painting.

Fore-edge paintings are watercolor scenes painted on the fanned edges of a book's pages. When the book is closed, the painting disappears, and usually the books are gilded over to enhance the surprise. The illustrations are hand-painted and the books are elaborately bound. usually with leather covers. Swem's collection includes more than 700 volumes of fore-edge paintings. "Each one is unique, that's what I like about them," says Margaret Cook, Swem's curator of rare books and manuscripts. "They're beautifully executed; they're miniature treasures."

Fore-edge paintings have been in existence nearly 350 years and were commonly given as gifts between friends. Some of the more ornate books in William and Mary's holdings were made for English royalty and date from 1521 to as late as the 1940s.

The collection contains examples of paintings created in England, France, Germany, the United States and China. While the scenes are frequently landscapes or sporting events, such explicit imagery as the beheading of Marie Antoinette appears in a copy of Carlyle's history of the French Revolution while an early-nineteenth-century Book of Common Prayer bears a scene from a London brothel.

This diversity makes Swem's collection a little-known treasure-one of the rarest and most comprehensive in the country. The collection was donated to the College by Ralph Wark, who also endowed a chair in the art history department and has collected fore-edge paintings



for more than a decade.

"Since most large collections of foreedge painted books reside in private libraries or in England, the Wark donation presents a rare opportunity for scholars and everyday library patrons," says John Haskell, associate dean of libraries. Or put another way, a picture can be worth a thousand words.

-Matt Cohen M.A. '95

Wren Turns 300

even-year-old Nick Habib of Leeds, England, came to visit the Sir Christopher Wren Building on a late summer afternoon and found himself at a 300th birthday party with Thomas Jefferson.

Habib, visiting Williamsburg with his father, spoke in the Wren Yard with Colonial Williamsburg interpreter Bill Barker (a.k.a Thomas Jefferson) before the celebration marking the Wren Building's 300th birthday. Habib was unaware that three centuries earlier, another Englishman, Gov. Edmund Andros, had joined a handful of farmers and government officials in the same place for a ceremony to lay the foundation of the Wren Building.

The Aug. 25th convocation was a festive echo of that meeting three hundred years ago. Combined with the opening convocation of the 1995 academic year, the celebration was a day for special gifts and recognition, for advice to the Class of 1999 and for the beginning of a new tradition. Members of the freshman class marched up the back steps of the Wren Building, through the main corridor and out the front doors, reversing the route most of them will take for the traditional walk from the front to the back of the Wren at graduation.



Students cut a commemorative slice of Wren cake in honor of the historic building's birthday.

W&M President Timothy J. Sullivan '66 described the Wren Building as a symbol of the resilience and vitality of the College. Keynote speaker David McCullough, winner of the 1993 Pulitzer Prize for his biography *Truman*, concurred.

McCullough told some 2,000 guests gathered in the Wren Courtyard to view the Wren Building—where the General Assembly met after the Capitol was burned, where soldiers were cared for during two American wars and where students dreamed of forming a new nation on the basic principle of freedom—as a symbol of strength and survival in difficult times.

"This building isn't just 300 years old and it isn't just the College of William and Mary," McCullough said. "It would be important and deserve our celebration and our respect and our reverence if that were only true, but what is so important about its symbolism is that it has survived war, fire, epidemic disease, financial difficulties, bankruptcy, hostility and, maybe worst of all, indifference at times...and it has survived all that."

"That's the lesson," McCullough said. "Hard times come. If we're going through hard times now, if it's an uphill struggle, remember always that people have been through harder times, worse times, when the test was greater.

"Take heart from their example. Take heart from what happened here."

W&M Gives Them the Business

illiam and Mary is open for business," Stewart
Gamage '72, vice president for community relations and public service, says of an initiative to tie the College closer to the Hampton Roads, Va., business community.

The point man for the new program is Ted Zoller '87, Virginia's first university director of economic development.

William and Mary's mere presence in Williamsburg, with its business and education schools and public policy, computer and applied science programs and other assets has always made the College a local resource. With the creation of the economic development office earlier this year, that partnership can be strengthened, Zoller says.

Zoller compares the Peninsula's potential with such high-tech areas as North Carolina's Research Triangle Park, where universities interface with the business community to promote growth.

The Peninsula is part of what has been dubbed "The Golden Crescent." It includes a cluster of 300 high-tech industries in Northern Virginia; an emerging



medical science and biotechnology community in Richmond; Goochland County and Manassas where two new semiconductor plants are planned; and Hampton Roads, which is home to NASA's Langley Research Center, the Newport News Ship Building company where nuclear vessels are built, CEBAF, the recently completed nuclear particle accelerator facility in the Oyster Point section of Newport News, and many new high-tech startup firms.

The Office of Economic Development has four objectives:

- To help the business community take advantage of the instruction and research resources of the university
- To act as a catalyst for development of programs in the various schools that support private sector interests such as manufacturing and industrial applications
- To provide a training program for regional businesses in technology transfer, business management and entrepreneurship through W&M's new Peninsula Center, and
- To market the Hampton Roads region to new advanced technology firms, providing revenue to support William and

Mary's academic programs and to find jobs for William and Mary graduates.

The benefits from the support of business flow both ways, Zoller says. It means the potential for "our students to interact with the real world and to identify research opportunities in industry for our faculty and students."

At the same time the College can offer up to businesses such advisory services as the Bureau of Business Research; COMPETE, a new center in the School of Business which researches operations resources and management information systems; the Applied Science Department, which conducts research in several fields of physics and engineering; the Virginia Institute of Marine Science; and the Public Policy program, which studies such areas as environmental policy and technology transfer.

As a catalyst for bringing new industry to the Peninsula, Zoller cites Solarex, a company owned by Amoco and Enron, which manufactures tin film photo voltaic cells that are used as alternative energy sources for industrial purposes. Solarex's plans to build a plant in James City

County, which will provide nearly 100 new jobs, were influenced, Zoller says, by the presence of William and Mary.

"One of their pre-conditions to relocate here," says Zoller, "was a relationship with higher education to conduct collaborative research and training. We put together a proposal as to what William and Mary could do to support them, which satisfied that need."

If William and Mary's new program has a benchmark, it may prove to be the Advance Technology Park which the College is developing with the City of Newport News on 200 acres—of which William and Mary owns 50—in Oyster Point, about 20 miles from campus. The College is developing a marketing plan with Newport News, the Commonwealth Center for Innovative Technology, CEBAF and the Secretary for Commerce and Trade for Virginia.

"We are on the cusp of some remarkable opportunities for William and Mary," says Zoller, "and through this office and (the College's) leadership, we will have the direction and support to realize their full potential."

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William III and Mary II Coronation Medal, 1689.



A Culture of One

ver the summer, a strange and unique society inhabited the College Woods. The population of the society: one man. The means of survival: the food the man required his anthropology students to bring him each morning.

The inhabitant's name is Cliff Maxwell and his reason for spending days at a time in the woods was to create a "culture of one" that his Intro to Cultural Anthropology students could observe and participate in. At 8 o'clock each morning of the summer session, the students trekked into the woods to meet Maxwell and brought him his one meal a day. He then conducted his usual classroom routine of vigorous discussions about textbook material and the students' reflections on cultural anthropology.

"One of the hallmarks of a cultural anthropologist is experiencing the culture of focus, as well as all its physical discomforts, through field work," said the visiting adjunct lecturer of anthropology. "Modern anthropology also stresses that as you extract knowledge from a community, you must also give

Professor Cliff Maxwell

something back to it. Therefore the students gave me food."

When he wasn't teaching or grabbing a few hours' sleep, Maxwell committed himself to constant mindful meditation, an activity he discovered as a Peace Corps volunteer in south Asia several years ago. After completing his volunteer duty, Maxwell spent a year in a Sri Lanka meditation camp studying the Theravada branch of Buddhism and the search for enlightenment.

Since then he has never ceased to investigate the benefits of meditation. "Once you learn mindfulness, you practice it all the time. You're much more aware of everything that's happening—both

internally and externally—and you deal much better with everyday occurrences that would otherwise evoke reactions of anger, stress or fear," he explained.

Maxwell did not pressure his students into meditation, but he did invite them to try it and several accepted. Senior Barbara Bell had taken the classroom version of the course in the spring, and eagerly met Maxwell for an hour every morning before the summer class to investigate mindful meditation for herself. "It takes a lot

of discipline

and practice to be able to empty your mind of all the thoughts and worries that continually run through it," said Bell.
"But when I was successful, I felt very at ease and well-balanced throughout the rest of the day."

Maxwell teaches his students that anthropologists can't understand the world unless they understand themselves, which is why he requires them to keep a daily journal of their thoughts and experiences. This understanding, he said, is important no matter what they do. "I want students to see their roles as something larger than just college students. I try to make them more aware of the moral value of their lives."

A Class Act

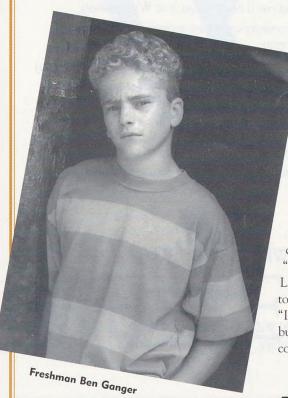
hile his peers are rollerblading, hanging out at arcades and malls and waiting to get their driver's license, Ben Ganger is studying for a couple of 300-level government courses at William and Mary.

At age 15, Ganger is the youngest of a 1,380-member freshmen class. He's also a professional actor, having performed in nine feature films, nine TV shows and over 100 commercials.

Ganger expected that his age and occupation would draw attention and perhaps some teasing from other students, but was pleasantly surprised.

"Really, as far as any students or profes-





sors have been concerned, I'm just another freshman," said the Los Angeles native. "No one even knew about my acting career until they saw the article about me in the (Newport News) *Daily Press*, and even then they didn't make a big deal about it. That's just fine with me."

Ganger is used to being the center of attention. He began homeschooling at age 9 because he was ahead of his class and the flexible hours accommodated his busy acting schedule. He entered high school at age 13 to get back into a more social atmosphere and graduated two years later. He chose to attend William and Mary for its academic strength in international relations, his potential major, and its strong gymnastics program (he has competed since the age of 4).

"I expect to be redshirted this year, because of my age, but that will give me more time to develop physically and focus on classes," said Ganger. At the pace he is going, he won't need the extra year of eligibility a redshirt offers. A week into the semester, he exchanged his economics survey for an advanced course

and is the only freshman in two 300-level government classes.

Ganger's acting career began with commercial auditions at the age of 3. Since then, he has appeared in movies such as Flowers in the Attic, Angry John and Spirit; TV shows such as Night Court, Murder She Wrote and Empty Nest; and commercials for Levi's and Sprint Cellular.

Ganger was on campus for only one week before an east coast agent called him to discuss an acting job.

"I put him in touch with my agent in L.A., but beyond that I didn't want to think about it too much," he said.

"I'm sure I'll do some work this summer, but right now I'm enjoying life as a college student."

Justice for All

n a sue-happy society, the courtroom can often be a frustrating place, backlogged with plaintiffs, prosecutors and perpetrators. Not so for the chambers occupied by Judge Rebecca Beach Smith '71, J.D. '79, who is known for expediting cases and tolerating little, if any, courtroom antics. Smith recently put her foot and her gavel down when a prisoner decided to sue himself and ask the state to pay the damages.

Robert Lee Brock sued himself for getting drunk and violating his civil rights and asked the state to come up with the \$5 million. Brock, who is serving more than 20 years at Indian Creek Correctional Center in Chesapeake, Va. for breaking and entering and grand larceny, filed the handwritten suit last summer. "I partook of alcoholic beverages in 1993, as a result I caused myself to violate my religious beliefs," the inmate

wrote, according to published reports. "This was done by my going out and getting arrested, which caused me to be in prison." The inmate asked for \$3 million for his family to cover pain and suffering and to help cover college tuition, and an additional \$2 million for himself.

Smith dismissed the lawsuit as frivolous. "The plaintiff has presented an innovative approach to civil rights litigation. However, his claim and especially the relief sought are totally ludicrous."

Smith, selected as Virginia's first female federal judge in 1989 and sworn in to serve the Eastern District Court, has gained national media attention for her candid response. Her no-nonsense approach has earned kudos from the likes of conservative talk show host Rush Limbaugh, coverage on National Public Radio and congratulations from Ann Landers in her nationally syndicated column.



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at Williamsburg



REMEME

On December 8, 1941, students at the College of William and Mary walked into Trinkle Hall for lunch with little more weighing on their minds than semester finals and the upcoming holiday break. Their world seemed to change in the next hour as President Franklin D. Roosevelt's report of the tragedy of Pearl Harbor and call for war on Japan came over the dining hall speaker. Over the next four years, many

friends and classmates said goodbye-perhaps forever-to follow separate paths of military service. Others who stayed at the College contributed to the cause through such efforts as the War Work Plan, volunteer duty with the Red Cross, campuswide bond drives and more.



The experiences of this generation of students are unlike any other in the history of the College. In commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II, thousands of alumni from the war years were invited to share their memories for this article.

responses we received, our hope is that the following accounts represent the scope and diversity of alumni who experienced the war at almost every level and location. Their words bring to life the horror, the humor and the humanity discovered amid a conflict that gripped the College, the nation and the world.—The Editors

Tommy Paynter '42

December 8, 1941

Barrett 209

Dear Diary:

Just a few minutes ago, President Roosevelt asked Congress to declare war against Japan. The loud speaker was on in the dining hall and we had all finished eating. Scott Merenzi was sitting on my left, Jean Handy '45 and Theo Kelley on my right. Hal King '43 was at the end of the table and I thought he looked and acted a little more deeply affected by all of this than the others. As the president started to speak, the hall became solemnly quiet. Everyone sat with their eyes fixed on some object, to avoid looking at each other I guess. It's funny-the things you notice at a time like that. I saw how blue Jeanne McHugh's eyes were when she was pensive, and I noticed the back of Harvey Mariner's head at the next table and how nice it looked with a new haircut.

When the president had finished, they announced the national anthem and we all stood up. There were tears rolling down the faces of a few girls. The loud speaker was cut off a few notes before the anthem was over, but no one moved for a moment or so. Then I heard someone say, "It's over now," and the silence was filled with the moving of chairs and students commenting as they went out. As I walked along by myself, I kept thinking that I wanted to write down all that I had seen or heard. Perhaps I might forget—but I doubt it.

Elizabeth Lyons Lascara '43

December 9, 1941

Monroe 220

I was a freshman living in Monroe Hall when the war began. My roommate, Graal Ukrynowski, and his mother were in the U.S. on diplomatic passports for Graal to attend school. His father was the Rumanian ambassador to Sweden. Since Romania was Nazi territory by then and he held a diplomatic passport, I was suddenly rooming with an "enemy" alien whom the State Department deemed persona non grata! He had come to love our country, but he had to be deported. He left the day after the war started. I asked him to write me after the

war, whereupon he sadly informed me that he would not be allowed to reach home alive, once he reached Europe. I never heard from him again.

Tom Athey '48

January 3, 1942

The Philippines

Brandishing rifles with fixed bayonets, six war-weary Japanese soldiers threw my family and me out of our home in Manila. Three days later, we were put into a concentration camp at the University of Santo Tomás, where we lived for three years with the barest of necessities and common privileges.

There were four generations of us—17 members of my family including my brother, Stewart K. Cotterman '39, his wife, Elsie Vreeland Cotterman '40, and cousin, Marietta Butler Raab '38. With faith, hope and a sense of humor, we endured the tests of imprisonment, degradation and starvation.

Our shining hour arrived at 9 p.m. on Feb. 3, 1945 when we were liberated by the U.S. First Cavalry. All our material possessions gone, we were repatriated to the U.S. We landed in San Francisco on May 15, 1945 to begin the long haul of starting over.

Catherine Cotterman Hoskins '42

March 1943

College Corner

After studying hard so I could identify friendly and enemy aircraft, I arrived at the Methodist church for my two-hour airplane-spotting shift. I was horrified to realize I had to climb a steep set of stairs and finally a ladder to reach my post in the steeple. I had an awful fear of heights. I got up there by sheer grit, but it took me two extra shifts to get the courage to come back down, and I never got the nerve to go up again! What a hero!

Anna Zepht Stone '43

May 1943

Algiers, Northern Africa

A member of the 437th Signal Construction Battalion, I was perched on top of a telephone pole, under pressure to quickly connect a high-priority wire between the front lines and the



"All our material possessions were gone. . ."

The Manila home of Catherine Cotterman Hoskins' '42 family was destroyed during the three years they were held in a POW camp. Standing in front of the rubble are Catherine's cousin, Charles R. Butler '42 and his mother, Nana Butler, who was also interned in the camp.

The Homefront in Williamsburg

Ithough the news had been expected at any moment, when the announcement came over the radio it was if—as The Virginia Gazette reported—"a volcano erupted" on Duke of Gloucester Street.

Someone burst into the Williamsburg Theater and shouted the news, and before the lights could come on, the movie house was empty—and the street celebration was underway.

George Rogers, a volunteer fireman, cranked up an old pumper and, with siren sounding and lights flashing, drove through the streets as celebrants climbed aboard. Almost everyone in Williamsburg—about 4,000 residents—spontaneously took to the streets to shout for joy when the official announcement was made on Tuesday, Aug. 14, 1945 at 7 p.m. EST: "Japan has surrendered. Peace at last."

Williamsburg had been a busy and purposeful place for four years. When the first test of blackout conditions came, there was to be, the city wardens proclaimed, "no light except from stars and lightning bugs." Y.O. Kent, manager of the College bookstore, was chief of auxiliary police and after a blackout on March 26, 1943, ordered the arrest of a physician, a volunteer fireman and the manager of the Virginia Electric and Power Co. The physician and the fireman testified they needed their auto lights to respond to emergencies; the Vepco manager said a switch failed. The judge dismissed all charges.

Everyone in Williamsburg, it seemed, participated in the war effort. Martha Barksdale, the woman's physical education instructor at William and Mary, taught courses in first aid, and medical stations were set up around town. Mrs. Richard L. Morton, wife of a William and Mary history professor, led a contingent of Red Cross knitters who turned out socks and scarves for men overseas. A fund-raising drive for the USO collected \$1,700. Gasoline, coffee, sugar and meat were rationed. And the Person Motor Co. advertised that it was the collection point for scrap

rubber—"old tires, garden hose, hot water bottles."

The war engulfed the lives and interrupted the careers of everyone. Academic credit was extended to those who were drafted or enlisted in military service before they could complete a semester's study. An innovative work-study program enabled students to spend three days in the classroom and three days working in defense-related jobs.

"Although the war seemed remote, all the changes on campus and the presence of all the servicemen were constant reminders that it was not the usual college experience," reflected Doris Wiprud Diggs '45.

College professors went to Fort Eustis and other military posts to lecture on such learned matters as the aims of German foreign policy and wartime finances. On campus, students were offered special courses in camouflage, home nursing, internal combustion engines, map reading, interpretation of aerial photographs and telegraphy.

To alleviate overcrowding at the Norfolk Naval Base, and to help fill empty dormitories on campus, the Naval Training School of Chaplains was moved in March 1943 to W&M. Dean J. Wilfred Lambert '27 was given a commission and assigned to the school's administrative staff. One of the faculty members was Lt. Cmd. Phillip L. Claud '34 who had seen action at Guadalacanal. More than 2,700 chaplains received their indoctrination into the Navy before the school closed in November 1945. During the war, Williamsburg and W&M had an especially close affiliation with the Navy. Each October, Navy Day was observed with parades and speeches. In 1943, Governor Colgate Darden led the line of march. Adm. Ernest J. King, Chief of Naval Operations, spoke at the June 8, 1942 commencement and assured 190 graduates that the United States "would defeat the enemy." Williamsburg's most famous war hero was Adm. John Lesslie Hall '09.

Another war-time celebrity of sorts,



The Colonial Parkway tunnel, which by 1942 had been dug out but not paved, was designated the air raid shelter for the entire community.

the Victory ship William and Mary—one of about 40 named for American colleges—was built in 45 days and launched April 20, 1945, at Baltimore. Her sponsor was Eleanor Harvey '45, president of the Woman's Student Government Association, and Edith Harwood '46, incoming president of the WSGA, was the maid of honor. Other wartime cargo ships were named for former W&M presidents James Blair and Lyon Gardiner Tyler.

During the war years, Williamsburg was filled with men and women in uniform. Truck convoys of soldiers from Fort Eustis were brought to town to bolster their patriotic fervor. Rooms in the Williamsburg Inn were reserved for officers on R&R leave and their families—for \$3.50 a day. And for a while dormitory rooms in Brown and Tyler Halls were rented to military families. The Chamber of Commerce kept a registry of all rooms available for rent.

News from abroad filled *The*Virginia Gazette. Some was grim.

Economics professor Albion Guilford

Taylor was informed that his son, a pilot of a flying fortress, was missing over

Germany. Other casualties of war included 17 local residents and 88 alumni lives lost. At W&M, the Fine Arts Department kept a wooden tablet to record the names of the dead from the College—a marker that became a stone memorial that after the war was placed in the Wren Building.

-Will Molineux '56



Smooth Operator

Monty
Purviance '44
answered
the call of a lifetime atop a
telephone pole in
northern Africa.

forward-most air bases. I was making the final splice when zinnng!—a

tremendous shock went through my body. Someone was trying to make a call. I angrily picked up my field phone and said, "Hold it! We're not finished with the splice. Who's calling!"

From the other end came an embarrassed, "Oh, I'm sorry. This is Gen. Eisenhower. I didn't know the line was incomplete."

"Yes sir, that's all right," I humbly responded. "I'll ring when it's ready."

The General then said, "You fellows are doing a good job. Keep up the good

work." Then he hung up.

At first I thought it was someone playing a joke. I learned from my captain later that the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe had been in the area and was trying to place a highly important call to General Patton.

Harmon Montgomery Purviance '44 U.S. Army

August 1943

Brisbane, Australia

I was in the 1124th Military Police Co. at the headquarters for the Supreme Allied Command. I was serving guard duty at the main gate when Gen. Douglas MacArthur's pilot informed me of a change in the location of the commander's plane, which I was supposed to pass on to MacArthur when he arrived. The general arrived shortly after and, after ordering the driver to halt, I relayed the information on to him. MacArthur was very kind. He said, "Thank you, son. Thank you very much." We exchanged salutes.

A few days later I was sent to Amberly Field, also in Brisbane, to serve in an honor guard for the visiting Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. After being greeted by several dignitaries, Mrs. Roosevelt asked to meet the honor guard. I was last in line and when she came to me she asked me my name and where my home was. I told her Norfolk, Va. She smiled and told me how much the President loved to visit Norfolk and sail in the Chesapeake Bay. She then shook my hand, looked into my eyes and said, "The President asked me to tell you how proud he is that you have come so far from your home to defend your country."

Eli Willard Rafal '49 U.S. Army

September 1943

Phi Beta Kappa Hall

I was with a few friends listening to the W&M Band rehearse when someone announced that smoking was not allowed since religious services would be held there the next day. Shortly afterwards, three young Naval ensigns from Camp Peary came in, sat next to us and one, who looked like the all-American boynext-door, lit a cigarette. After a whis-

Coeds Go To War

t William and Mary, women watched as about 2,000 of their brothers and sweethearts left campus for the armed forces. They also watched as members of the Navy Chaplain Corps and the Army Specialized Training Program studied and drilled on campus. By 1944, the College was virtually a women's school, and some of these educated women wanted to volunteer for military service.

And volunteer they did. At least 121 William and Mary women traded saddle shoes and bobbysocks for military uniforms. They joined the Women's Army Corps (WAC), the Navy's Women Accepted for

Volunteer Emergency Service (WAVES), the Coast Guard's Semper Paratus (SPAR) and the Women Marines. Patriotism motivated most. Others came from traditionally military families or had lost loved ones in the war. Still others were adventurous enough to try a different lifestyle or to learn new skills.

More than half became WAVES. The Navy's appeal perhaps stemmed from Williamsburg's proximity to the large naval base at Norfolk or from students seeing enlisted WAVES training with the Chaplain Corps.

Louise C. Hall '38, the daughter of a Navy officer, moved many times with her father's career, before deciding to follow in his footsteps.

"It took me a while to find myself after College, but eventually, it just made sense to go with what I was used to," Hall said. She completed training at Smith in late 1944 and, as an ensign, spent the rest of the war at the Navy's master petroleum testing laboratory in Norfolk. She was one of the few WAVES to remain in the service after the war ended and later was commissioned in the Air Force.

Jean Klinefelter
Nakhnikian '41, was in the original group of WAVES to serve outside the United
States in Hawaii. After graduating Phi Beta Kappa from
William and Mary and earning a master's degree at
Radcliffe, she entered the first midshipmen's training class

at Smith College and became a communications officer handling highly secret decoding work. By war's end, she was a lieutenant.

Margaret Lucas Montgomery '42 also joined the WAVES. Like Klinefelter, she trained as a communications officer at Smith then did encoding and decoding work at the Norfolk Naval Base and became a lieutenant. After the war, she took advantage of the G.I. Bill, getting a master's at Columbia.

Another coed, Doris Locke Grady '40, had two brothers in the Navy, so the WAVES was a natural choice for her. Rejected as an officer because she wore glasses, she enlisted instead and went through boot training at pered discussion of, "Do you think we should tell him?", we did, and afterwards they asked us to go dancing at the Inn, then on to the officers' club. Over the following weeks, I got to know that ensign, James Allen Barnes, quite well.

After two years, four months and over 400 letters (from Rhode Island, Oahu and the Philippines) James came back and rescued me from a year-old career as a high school librarian. We were married on the Eastern Shore of Virginia in the small Presbyterian church of my youth.

Louise Turner Barnes '44

February 1944

15,000 feet above Texas

I was training to become a test pilot in the Women's Airforce Service Pilots. With no radio trainer and no oil pressure, I flew an open-cockpit PT19 250 miles through a bad storm over the rugged Uvalda Mountains. I kept repeating, "Underneath are the everlasting arms" and landed safely at Brownsville, Texas. The engine quit, dead, as the wheels hit the runway. The plane had

been pulled off the flight line because it had a serious oil leak and was assigned to me in error.

Of the 1,074 women in the WASP who tested trainers, fighters, bombers and transports, 44 were killed in active duty.

Frances Roulstone Reeves '42 Women's Airforce Service Pilots

June 1944

Lincoln, Nebraska

My crew was sent to Lincoln to pick up a new B-17. I walked into the PX and I saw these two guys standing at the counter with their backs to me. It just so happened that they were Bob Barrett '53 and Pappy Fields '43. They went in a month ahead of me, but they hadn't taken their crew training yet, and here I was getting ready to go overseas. So we went out that night and partied a little bit. Pap said, "Mel, wherever you go, send us a note and let us know what to expect."

I wrote Pap once I got to Foggia, Italy, and a short time later I received that letter back with "Addressee Deceased" stamped on it. That same day I learned that Dick Videto '46, a fresh-



A Wing and A Prayer

As a member of the Women's Airforce Service Pilots, Frances Roulstone Reeves '42 never faced the Germans or Japanese, but did fight the elements of nature and the oversights of mechanics.

man who got called up with me, went down in his P51 near Budapest. "Wow,



Jeanne Sheridan Kinnamon '39

Hunter College in the Bronx. As a specialist (T) 3rd class, she served as a Link trainer operator at Pensacola and instructed naval air cadets in simulated aircraft and instrument flying.

The other maritime services attracted several W&M women. Six joined the SPARs and at least five entered the

Marine Corps.

Mary Elizabeth Stedman Porter '48, attended the College for a year before joining the Women Marines in 1943. She trained at Camp Lejeune, served as a classification specialist at Cherry Point, N.C., and became a staff sergeant. After the war, she returned to William and Mary and used the G.I. Bill to complete her degree in philosophy. "I was always getting accused of standing in the wrong line when they separated out the veterans at group activities," she recalled.

Mary E. Trumbo Ritchie '43 also joined the Women Marines. After earning a degree in chemistry at the College, she enlisted and was stationed at Coronado Island near San Diego. She used her chemistry skills in analyzing aircraft parts removed from crashed planes.

The WACs drew over two dozen William and Mary coeds, and one—Major Frances Cornick Barlow '30—earned the bronze star for meritorious service. In 1942 Mary Edinger Wallace '41 was one of the first William and Mary women to join the WACs. As a lieutenant, she was in the initial group of WACs sent to England in 1943 and endured German bombings.

Jeanne Sheridan Kinnamon '39 became a WAC in 1943. After training at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., she used her knowledge of the Dewey decimal system in her work in central files at Air Transport Command headquarters. She rose to the rank of sergeant as an Air WAC.

Five more women served in the Army Nurse Corps, and several others were physical therapists or dieticians with the Army. Two, including Frances Roulstone Reeves '42, flew aircraft for the military as civilian members of the Women Airforce Service Pilots.

Like many men after the war, most women returned to civilian life. Often utilizing their college training in the service, the patriotic coeds had served their country and paved the way for later generations who would find permanent places in the armed forces.

-Susan H. Godson

The Viking of Assault

hrough 11 wars, thousands of William and Mary alumni have served in the military, but few have matched the accomplishments of Admiral John Lesslie Hall Jr.

Born in 1891, he was the son and namesake of one of the "Seven Wise Men" who taught at the College after it reopened in 1888. The younger Hall entered William and Mary in 1905, and, after seeing the Great White Fleet, while still a student decided he wanted to be a naval officer. He was appointed to the U.S. Naval Academy in 1909, graduated in 1913 and then followed a routine naval career. In 1940 he became captain of the battleship *Arkansas*.

World War II thrust Hall into the forefront of developing and perfecting amphibious operations. There were no successful modern precedents of ships transporting, landing and supporting large armies invading enemy soil.

In November 1942, Hall, now a

rear admiral, was chief of staff to the

commander of the Western Naval

Task Force which landed

35,000 troops in French

Morocco. From his

Algeria, Hall com-

Amphibious Force

and trained army

and naval forces

for projected

manded the 8th

headquarters at Oran,

Mediterranean landing operations. He consistently stressed naval gunfire accuracy and effectiveness.

The first target was Sicily. On July 10, 1943, Hall commanded one of the three naval task forces landing the 7th Army on the west coast while the British invaded the east coast. The Axis fought furiously on Hall's beaches at Gela, and he sent destroyers and cruisers close to shore to bombard enemy tank columns. Naval gunfire assured victory, and Hall's duels with the tanks became legendary.

His victory at Salerno, on mainland Italy, was followed by the greatest of all amphibious operations: the Allied invasion of Normandy. On D-Day, June 6, 1944, Hall commanded a task force which landed elements of the V Corps on Omaha Beach—the most heavily fortified and defended of the five Allied landing sites. Met with withering fire, American troops were pinned to the

beaches until Hall once more sent his destroyers close to shore to knock out enemy strongholds. The effectiveness of Hall's aggressive use of naval gunfire prevented a certain defeat at Omaha, and the troops soon moved inland.

With victory in
Europe well underway, Hall
went to the Pacific in late
1944. He was one of
only a handful of task
force commanders to
serve in both Europe
and the Pacific. As
commander of
Amphibious Group
12, Hall trained
forces for the inva-

sion of Okinawa. On April 1, 1945, he commanded a task force landing an Army corps on the Hagushi beaches of Okinawa while another task force landed marines further north. In the weeks that followed, Hall's ships provided firepower for the troops ashore and warded off Kamikaze planes.

After Okinawa, Hall began preparing for the projected invasion of Japan, but the war ended before such an attack was necessary. Hall soon became a vice admiral and held a succession of high commands, including the Armed Forces Staff College in Norfolk. In 1953 the highly decorated Hall retired from active duty as a four-star admiral.

Hall was a dynamic tactical commander and a meticulous trainer of landing forces and helped to develop large-scale amphibious operations as a viable arm of modern warfare. General Dwight D. Eisenhower dubbed him the "Viking of Assault"—because this gentle giant of a man looked like a Viking and had taken part in so many amphibious assaults.

Throughout his long naval career, Hall maintained a great fondness for William and Mary. The College granted him a B.S. degree in 1929, and he was later inducted into Phi Beta Kappa. In 1943 the Society of the Alumni bestowed its prestigious Alumni Medallion on Hall. Six years later, he spoke at graduation exercises and received an honorary LL.D. degree.

Hall died in 1978 and was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. Three years later, the Navy named a guided missile frigate in his honor, and the U.S.S. John L. Hall continues as an active part of the fleet.

—Susan H. Godson

Dr. Susan H. Godson attended William and Mary and is the niece of Admiral John Lesslie Hall Jr. She is the author of Viking of Assault: Admiral John Lesslie Hall, Jr. and Amphibious Warfare, as well as co-author of The College of William and Mary: A History. She is currently writing a history of women in the U.S. Navy.



Soldiers of the Sky

Navigator Mel Wright '47 (second from left) and his B-17 crewmates survived 35 bombing missions over Italy and Germany.

two in one day," I thought, and then wondered if I'd ever make it home.

Mel Wright '47 U.S. Army Air Corps

August 1944

Brisbane, Australia

The skipper of a small ship, I was in for an overhaul of the craft and R&R for my crew. I returned from the officers' club one evening and found-to my delighted surprise-my best friend, Phi Tau brother and College roommate, Tommy Paynter '42, comfortably ensconced on my bunk, happily swilling my non-Navy regulated Bulimba beer. He had found me by bumping into one of my crew in a local pub. Resplendent in aviator greens and gold wings, Tommy was en route to carrier duty up north. We celebrated the reunion until the Bulimba was gone and then both of us crashed in my bunk for a few z's before dawn. Lord knows what the Aussie work men must have thought to find two officers snoring away in the same bunk!

Robert Alton Neslaw '41 U.S. Navy

October 4, 1944

Caspar, Wyoming

I was pinned to Harold "Pappy" Fields '43 during our junior year. He entered the Air Corps during our senior year and we were married in San Antonio the September after my graduation. We moved around a lot until Pap a second lieutenant and assigned to Caspar, Wyo., to train with a crew for overseas deployment. On Oct. 4 he kissed me goodbye and went to the airfield. I never saw him again for he and his crew were killed in a B-24 bomber accident attributed to engine failure. We had been married one year and 11 days. Our daughter, Jerry Elizabeth Fields, was born four-and-a-half months later.

I was at a restaurant on Aug. 8, 1945, when the end of the war was announced. As people got up on tables cheering and celebrating, I burst into tears. For me, it was the realization that Pap was not coming back with the others. Until then it was if he was away at war. Jerry and I would have to make it on our own, and we did.

Helen Jerry Mallet '43

October 16, 1944

Ardennes Forest, Belgium

My division of the 106th Infantry had been told the forest would be a "quiet place." Within 10 days the Battle of the Bulge erupted and I was among two regiments that were surrounded and captured by the Germans. For two months, we were forced to hard labor, subsisting on little more than radishes and water; my weight dropped to 90 pounds. Using the French I learned at W&M, I pleaded with a French doctor to request an International Red Cross inspection, which resulted in the discontinuation of forced labor at our camp. After being bombed in Koblenz and machine gunned in boxcars, we were finally liberated in Saxony on April 27, 1945.

> Sumner G. Rand '47 U.S. Army

December 2, 1944

Vosges Mountains, France

It had been a long, cold and wet day of fighting Germans in the mountains. By evening, we had taken our last objective, a small nameless village. I was returning to my section of a heavy weapons company when I ran into Corporal Jim "Sully" Sullivan. He offered me a drink from a bottle of schnapps he had liberated from a nearby house.

"Congratulate me," he said before I took a swig. "Today is my 26th birthday."

I congratulated him and asked "Sully, what the hell day is this anyway?" He said December 2. "I'll be damned, this is my birthday too!" With that we hunkered down behind a stone wall and finished the bottle with various toasts to one another.

Later, as I lay by a warm fire with a meal of "C" rations in my belly, I thought how great it was to be alive. I just wanted to live to be 20.

Herbert G. Chandler '50 U.S. Army

Christmas Eve 1944

Dijon, France

The quiet streets of the town were covered in snow and ice, which I could



Boys in the Big Apple

While training for duty, four men from the College found time to reunite in New York City in September 1942. From left to right are: Howard A. Rogow '41, H. Oliver Foster '42, Edgar J. Fisher Jr. '42 and Hunter B. Andrews '42.

hear crunch under my GI boots. I wasn't Catholic, but I decided to attend the midnight mass in the cathedral anyway. As I squeezed against the back wall of the overflowing church, I suddenly noticed Emily Wilson '41 standing a few rows ahead of me. A close friend of mine from W&M, she was a WAC serving in the base command office. We had a great reunion after mass and I invited Emily to my unit for Christmas dinner. Although fraternization between enlisted and officer personnel (I was a lieutenant colonel) was forbidden, we went to meet her C.O. the next day and then to have a couple Napoleon brandies, which I was saving for New Year's Eve. Our short visit together before I moved on to Epinal made our Christmas!! We never saw each other again, but I'll always remember Emily and that Christmas.

> Samuel Kemp Boot '41 Quartermaster Corps, U.S. Army

April 12, 1945

East China Sea

As one of the Navy's most powerful weapons, the U.S.S. Idaho was often a target of kamikaze

attacks. But on this particular day, during the Okinawa campaign, the "Big Spud" faced an onslaught of 13 kamikazes at one time. Some came in skimming the water, others dove down from up high, and two-one following the other-approached from the port quarter. Still another came in low over the water, aiming for the bridge and our division's weaponry stations. I could see projectiles from our 40mm and 20mm guns hitting the plane, but it came closer and closer-too rapidly! As I realized I was going to die in the next few seconds, the plane splashed down 50 yards short of the Idaho. Almost simultaneously, another plane began a dive, but the gunnery station made short work of it, sending it into the sea. By the time all 13 kamikazes were downed, our ship, listing slightly, had lost all of its fire control and radar equipment and the blister shield was heavily damaged. Not one crew member lost his life that day, though several were wounded and 22 had to be taken to hospitals in straight jackets, having suffered severe psychological trauma.

Edwin "Ned" Logan M.A. '49 U.S. Navy W&M boys killed in service. It was very impressive-but there's been too much tragedy to really cheer now.

At 11:45 a.m. we all gathered around the

prayers and organ music from the chapel. The Wren bells chimed 55 times for the

back of Wren for a short service of

Margetta Hirsch Doyle '45

July 1945

Okinawa

Following the U.S. invasion, I was on the island in an advance party for the Air Corps. The nightmare of trying to sleep with nightly raids by the Japanese and the constant threat of kamikaze attacks made it a difficult way of life. One night, word spread that a woman was serving real coffee and doughnuts from a Red Cross van. After waiting in a long line, my turn came up and what a surprise! The tall blonde serving for the Red Cross was William and Mary's own Bette Smith '42. Later, Bette and I went up high in the hills overlooking the East China Sea for a picnic. When Japanese snipers started shooting at us, it was a fast retreat!

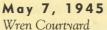
> Robert W. Sanderson '43 U.S. Air Corps

August 14, 1945

Iwo Iima

I was in the nose of a B-29 on which I was a bombardier. As the pilot sought landing instructions on Iwo Jima, I had the headset on and heard the most memorable words of my life: "Gentleman, prepare for your first peace-time landing. The war is over."

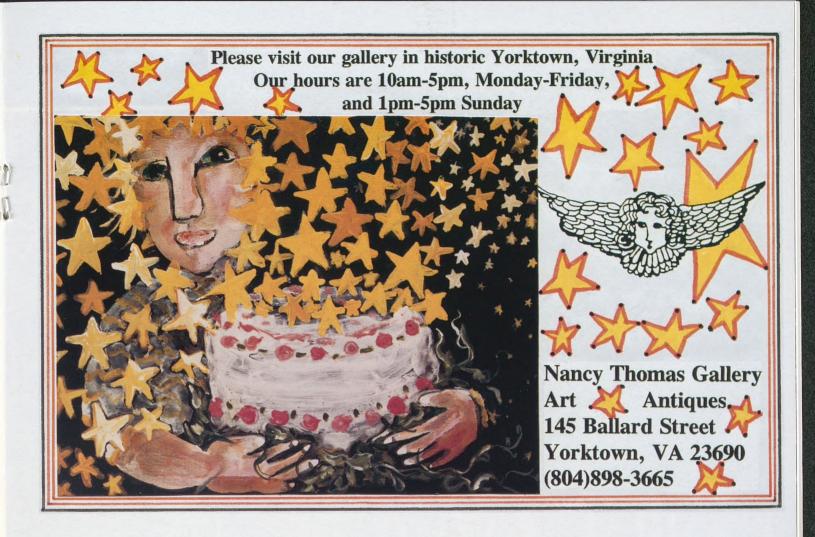
> Leon Rosen '49 U.S. Army Air Corps



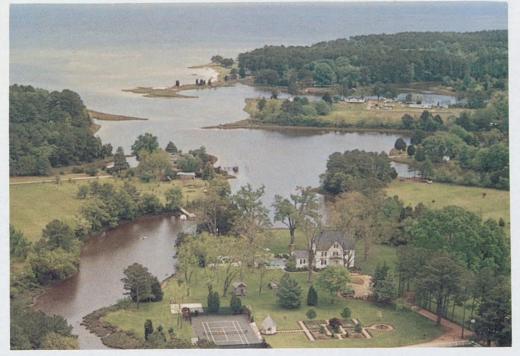
This morning, when we flicked on the radio and heard the news that Germany had surrendered at last, we couldn't believe it. We've waited so long for it, and now that it's here, it hardly seems possible!

A Name for Victory

With a strong christening swing, Eleanor Harvey Rennie '45 set the S.S. William and Mary Victory, the 51st United States Victory Ship, on a graceful glide into the Baltimore Harbor.



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By Poul Olson

dward Walker '67 admits that as a student he entered the steam tunnels by Tucker Hall and made his way with two friends to a crypt tucked away in the bowels of the Sir Christopher Wren Building. That same morbid curiosity apparently overwhelmed John Tyler, 10th president of the United States, who as a student at the College in 1806, reportedly pried open a floorboard in the Wren Chapel to peer down at the graves.

The Wren crypt, one of only a few known to exist from the Colonial period, has captured the imagination and curiosity of students, faculty and administrators for at least 200 years.

Much of what is known about the history of the Wren crypt, especially in modern times, comes from oral accounts. Records on most of the vaults' occupants were lost in the fire of 1859 which gutted the Wren Building and destroyed markings on many of

the coffins.

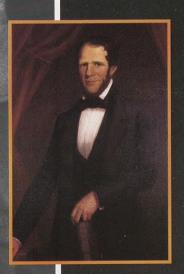
In the original building, completed in 1695, Sir Christopher Wren apparently did not provide for a crypt. Colonial Williamsburg historians speculate it was constructed at the same time the Chapel was added in the early 1700s.

At least nine, perhaps as many as 12 people, were buried there. Many were among Virginia's most distinguished citizens from the Colonial period, including three attorneys general, the cousin of President James

Madison and Norborne Berkeley, baron de Botetourt

What is left of records on the Wren Crypt suggest the following people may have been buried there:

- Sir John Randolph, attorney general for the Colony of Virginia, who died in 1737, and
- His wife, Lady Susan Beverly Randolph, who died after 1754.
- Meyton Randolph, attorney general of Virginia, son of Sir John Randolph, speaker of the House of Burgesses and first president of the Continental Congress, who died in 1775, and
- Betty Harrison Randolph, his wife, who died in 1780.
- Mean John Randolph, alumnus of the College, son of Sir John Randolph and attorney general of Virginia, who represented William and Mary in the House of Burgesses and was speaker of the House. He died in 1784.
- Lord Norborne Baron de Botetourt, governor of Virginia and rector of the College of William and Mary, who died in 1770. (See accompanying story.)
- The Rev. James Madison, alumnus and president of the College from 1777 until his death in 1812, first bishop of Virginia and a cousin of his namesake, U.S. President James Madison, and
- Sarah Taite Madison, his wife, who died in 1815.
- William Nelson, professor of law at the College and judge of the General Court of Virginia, who died in 1813.
- Robert Nelson, brother of William, professor of law at the College and judge of the chancery court for the Williamsburg district, who died in 1818.
- Stregory Page, son of Virginia Governor John Page, who drowned just before he was scheduled to graduate from the College in 1822 at the age of 16, youngest graduate from William and Mary up to that time. Although suggested in some records, his burial in the crypt has never been confirmed.
- **Thomas Roderick Dew, founder of the Society of the Alumni and president of the College from 1836 until his death in 1846.



Thomas Roderick Dew, president of the College from 1846, was the last person to be entombed below the Wren Chapel.





Botetourt's tomb was robbed of its coffinplate and later of its contents.

At least one of the deceased was not entombed immediately in the Wren crypt but was moved there years after his death. President Dew, a bachelor until the age of 43, married in 1846 and embarked on a honeymoon with his wife, Natilia Hay, to Paris, where he became seriously ill and died, probably of pneumonia, upon their arrival. Mrs. Dew, who apparently didn't want to return home with the remains, interred her husband immediately in Montmartre Cemetery and returned to America on the same ship. In 1939, through the efforts and generosity of one of Dew's relatives, his remains were returned to William and Mary and interred in the Wren Crypt, the last known burial there. At the internment, W&M President John Stewart Bryan gave an eloquent testimonial to Dew, considered one of William and Mary's most brilliant leaders.

In England, during the 1600s and the early 1700s, crypts, while expensive and difficult to construct, were common features of most churches and widely used by the gentry and upper classes.

Usually built beneath churches or chapels, crypts were regarded as the holiest place a person could be buried, said Curtis Moyer, an archaeologist with the department of anthropology. Well-protected from the environment, crypts were also seen as permanent monuments to a person's life.

"If you were English and lived in the 1600s or 1700s, it was in vogue to be laid to rest in a crypt," said Moyer. Today many crypts in England are overfilled with the remains, apparently five and six coffins-high of people who lived during those years.

The Wren Building was probably outfitted with burial vaults in 1728 as an expression of the College's close cultural ties to England and the Church of England, said Moyer.

As one of the largest buildings in North America during the Colonial period, the Wren Building, with its deep foundation and sturdy floor beams, was also one of the few structures in the colonies suited for a crypt.

Modern Tales From The Crypt

While the heyday of its usage lasted only about 80 years, the Wren crypt has witnessed much activity, particularly since the Civil War. During the Union occupation of Williamsburg, soldiers under the command of General George McClellan burned the Wren Building and looted the crypt in September 1862. Among the items believed taken was an engraved silver coffin plate attached to Lord Botetourt's coffin that turned up some 30 years later in a jeweler's shop in upstate New York. It was subsequently returned to the College in 1889 by E. P. Bevillard, a Rome, N.Y., jeweler to whom it had been sold as scrap. It is now on display in the window of the Geddy House in Colonial Williamsburg.

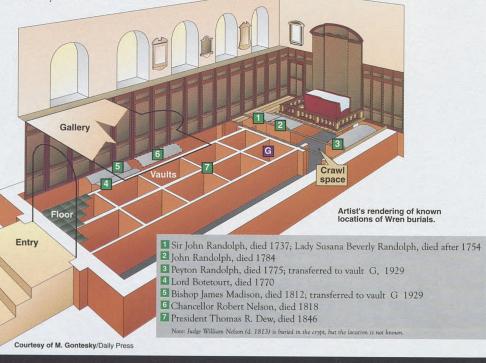
On at least four occasions, in the 1820s, 1858, 1929 and 1970, efforts were made to study the burial vaults and verify the identity of those

who are entombed there. Catherine Schlesinger, a former Colonial Williamsburg architectural historian who was part of the 1970 survey, believes the burial vaults hold more people than have been documented.

The most recent effort to look at the graves took place three years ago when a team of archaeologists, including Moyer, tried to use sophisticated x-ray equipment to peer inside Botetourt's coffin, one of at least six known leaden coffins from the Colonial period. The effort followed on the heels of the discovery of three similar lead-encased coffins at St. Mary's, Md. However, due to the exceedingly narrow space through which the researchers had to maneuver their equipment, the initiative proved unsuccessful.

Had they been able to view Botetourt's tomb, the archaeologists would probably have found it in the state that it's in today. A large chunk of the concrete casing leans against the tomb and the interior contains only a few remaining pieces of the lead that once surrounded Botetourt's ornate coffin.

While all the other vaults are apparently sealed, the state of their contents is currently unknown. A survey conducted after the 1859 fire recorded that only a few of Botetourt's bones remained intact. In a Nov. 16, 1979, article in the *Flat Hat*, College officials speculated that





Botetourt's remains had disintegrated with age.

For many students in modern times, the Wren crypt has served as the terminus of their adventure through underground steam tunnels, which run 3,000 feet and were built in the early 1850s to heat the Old Campus. Most nighttime visitors have left the crypt undisturbed,

but at least one act of vandalism was recorded in 1969, when, according to an article in the Virginia Cavalcade magazine, looters ransacked the crypt, scattering not only Lord Botetourt's bones but the remains of others in an apparent search for valuables. According to yet another article in the Flat Hat, a sack of bones was deposited later on the Wren steps

with a message stating they were the bones of Botetourt and apologizing for looting them. The university administration, says, however, that they turned out to be chicken bones.

In recent years, the College has tightly secured all entrances to the burial vaults.

BURIAL OF THE BELOVED BOTETOURT

NORBORNE

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robably the most famous occupant of the Wren Crypt is Norborne Berkeley, baron de Botetourt, governor of Virginia from 1768 to 1770, rector of the Board of Visitors, and, as the inscription next to a replica of his likeness in front of the Wren Building says: "Respected friend of the students and faculty of the College of William and Mary."

Born in 1718, Botetourt served as a colonel of the Glocestershire militia and as a backbencher in the House of Commons and House of Lords. His appointment by George III as Governor-General of Virginia earned him the respect and admiration of many colonists. Characterized as a sociable. amiable, even charismatic man, he viewed his office as a virtual extension of the British throne. One observer reported that "his lordship, on the throne of Virginia, conducted himself very much like a King."

As rector of the Board of Visitors, Botetourt developed a special affinity with both students and faculty and became known as a patron of learning and the arts. Botetourt died of fever in October 1770 amid the brewing crisis over colonial resistance to English

taxation. Since he regularly worshipped in the Chapel with members of the College community, it seemed logical for **Botetourt to follow English custom and** leave as a last request instructions to be buried in a crypt there, rather than having his remains returned to his homeland.

"His decision spoke highly of his regard for Virginia and its people," said Curtis Moyer, an archaeologist in the department of anthropology at the College, who speculated that Botetourt may have intended to have his body returned to England at a later date.

The respect with which Botetourt's subjects held him was prominently reflected in his funeral, which reportedly cost 700 pounds sterling. **Recreated by Colonial** Williamsburg in 1992, the elaborate procession began at the Governor's Palace and ended at the Wren Building where his coffin was placed in the crypt underneath his own pew in the church. As the crypt's second occupant, **Botetourt joined Sir John** Randolph who died in 1737.

Botetourt's coffin reflected the stateliness of his

position in Colonial Virginia. According to an account reprinted in the October 1928 edition of the BARON DE BOTETOURT William and Mary Quarterly, **Botetourt's** remains were enclosed in three coffins, "one of lead, an inside coffin and one of black walnut." The inside coffin was elaborately

lined "with Persian fully ornamented," and the outside covered with crimson velvet, ornamented in the best manner. There were 'eight silver handles and 16 escutcheons for his lordship's coffin and one large silver plate engraved, a lute string shroud pillow, mattress and cap."

Another account in the July 31, 1858, edition of the Southern Argus described the outer coffin as being covered with black cloth attached by a double row of 2000 gilded brass tacks.

The stateliness of the tomb was not unusual during the period for a man in Botetourt's position. But the use of lead proved particularly significant. Botetourt's receptacle is one of only six documented lead-encased coffins

known to exist in the Colonial period, according to Moyer.

"Lead was not an uncommon material during the Colonial period, but unlike **English funerals was rarely** used in coffins in North America," said Moyer. "As an ornamentation it signified **Botetourt's importance to** the people watching as the funeral processed."

Within a year of Botetourt's death, the General **Assembly appropriated 700** quineas to pay British sculptor Richard Hayward to create a statue of the popular governor. In 1773, the finished product was installed with appropriate ceremony on a portico joining the east and west wings of the Capitol.

The inscription on the pedestal—both on the original statue that was moved inside after its damage and on its replacement dedicated during the College's Tercentenary, forever commemorates the lasting legacy of Botetourt: "America, behold your friend who, leaving his native country [came] to heal your wounds and restore tranquility and happiness to this extensive continent. With what zeal and anxiety, he pursued these glorious objects, Virginia thus bears her grateful testimony."-Poul Olson

Hale to the People



EARLE HALE J.D. '70 IS BUSY AT WORK IN HIS FIVE-ROOM OFFICE SUITE, NESTLED IN A QUIET, HEAVILY WOODED OFFICE PARK ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF WILLIAMSBURG. FOR HALE, A TRIAL LAWYER

who spent most of his 25-year career in the high-rise, high-pressure environs of Chicago and Los Angeles, these sedate surroundings may seem something of a cozy escape.

But, as any good lawyer knows, looks can be deceiving. For on this warm Williamsburg day, Hale is once again at the center of legal controversy. His target this time is Lloyd's of London, the largest insurance company in the world. Hale and his associates in the case, partner and Williamsburg city councilman Channing M. Hall, III J.D. '85, M.L.T. '86; Charles E. Friend J.D. '69, an author and noted authority on Virginia law; and Nigel Young, a British solicitor who recently arrived from England, are suing Lloyd's on behalf of a prominent California family.

The case revolves around heavy environmental issues—asbestosis, a lung disease caused by exposure to asbestos, involves the laws of several nations and states as well as witnesses in 16 countries. It entails international jurisdictions and claims that could exceed \$2 trillion.

The suit alleges that since the 1970s Lloyd's padded its rolls with investors to cover losses the institution knew it would eventually incur from impending asbestosis litigation. Lloyd's is not an insurance company in the traditional sense, Hale says, but a collection of small entities known as Syndicates to which investors pledge their assets as collateral against potential claims. As long as those claims don't exceed premiums, the Members, called "Names," make money and, until recently, enjoyed the prestige of belonging to an organization of international prominence.

In the 1970s, when Lloyd's learned it could be held liable for asbestosis damages representing a potential \$2.35 trillion in exposure—far in excess of the financial capability of its then approximately 7,000 members—the company went on a membership campaign, the lawsuit alleges, that ultimately increased its numbers to 32,000, including Hale's

California clients. As a result, he says, many of the new members are on the hook for claims that could be financially devastating.

"It is the most complex case I've ever worked on," says Hale, who has devoted the last two years and nearly 50 hours a week to the litigation.

Hale is no stranger to challenge, legal or personal, and his success stories are of the kind that actually endear the public to the legal profession. He brings in big settlements for the underdog and counts among his colleagues such legal luminaries as F. Lee Bailey and Melvin Belli. When the Navy blamed a carrier plane crash on pilot error, Hale stepped in and uncovered a memo detailing a metallurgical defect in the plane. He filed suit and won, clearing the names of six downed airmen and winning more than \$18 million in settlements for their surviving families.

"There are two 'Js' in the justice system," says Hale. "The little Js are for the poor and the big Js are for the O.J.s."

Lawyer-speak perhaps, but Hale's lifestyle and background suggest an individual of solid ethics, commitment and strong beliefs. He and his wife of 39 years, Meta, who have four grown children, have also raised their two grandchildren, now 10 and 9 years old, since they were babies. Hale attends mass every morning "to focus my mind," and at St. Bede's Catholic Church in Williamsburg, he is a member of Sister Bernice's Brigade, a group that helps poor families. A member of the President's Council, William and Mary's highest level of giving, he has endowed three scholarships at the College and started another when he was just out of law school in the name of a former president. He and Meta endowed still another scholarship for underprivileged children at Walsingham Academy in Williamsburg, where his children attended. Hale currently serves on the boards of the local American Cancer Society and Walsingham Academy and is a past member of the Avalon Board of

Directors. And next year, he will serve as the chairman of the Marshall-Wythe School of Law Annual Fund.

Those who enjoy lawyer jokes might ask, "What is a nice man like this doing in the world's second oldest profession?" Hale didn't start out to be an attorney, and if he hadn't broken his back in a fall, he might be an admiral today instead. Born to poor parents in New York, neither of whom finished grade school, Hale earned a scholarship to Brooklyn College, a branch of City College of New York. In his sophomore year, a Naval aviation recruiter visited campus, bearing posters and stories about girls on the beach and great food. It lured the 20year-old, who was working three jobs in addition to attending school, to flight training in Pensacola, Fla., where he earned his wings as a carrier fighter pilot. That is where he also met his future wife. Meta was dating his roommate, who was subsequently killed when his plane crashed during a training flight. Six weeks after their first date, they were married. Hale remained in the Navy for 10 years, until he fell off a roof into a concrete block pile and broke his back while helping an indigent family rebuild their burned-out home. Discharged as a lieutenant commander with a medical disability, Hale applied to law school at William and Mary, after becoming familiar with the College while serving at Oceana Naval Base in Virginia Beach.

Hale entered law school with a large family and little money. He worked three part-time jobs, made the Law Review and graduated in two-and-a-half years almost out of necessity. In his final year, he ran out of money and, at the suggestion of a professor, went to the president of the College and asked for a loan. Davis Y. Paschall '32 gave him \$1,000 to help him finish his degree. When Hale got to his first job, he sent money back to start the Davis Y. Paschall Scholarship which is designed to help law students with financial problems.

Because of his aviation background, Hale was highly recruited, earning a starting salary of \$15,000 a year, the highest of any Marshall-Wythe graduate to that time. He joined the Chicago firm of Lord, Bissell and Brook which assigned him to a litigation section specializing in

aviation law. His first day in court, he remembers appearing before the imposing Judge Julius Hoffman, who had presided in the Chicago Seven trial. Instructed to get a motion on the record, Hale approached the task with such military intensity that Hoffman, who didn't want to hear his oral argument, held him in contempt of court and had him removed by the bailiff. Hale did succeed in getting the statement into the record.

Over the next four years Hale became a skilled trial lawyer. He represented some of the nation's major manufacturers in lawsuits that involved aviation and metallurgical issues. For one client, Hughes Helicopter Company, he even learned how to fly helicopters.

After four years, Hale was lured to Southern California by the weather and a financial offer that doubled his salary. After a year in Los Angeles, he started his own law firm, which grew to 16 lawyers and three partners in three years, and specialized in aviation litigation. "If there was a large air crash, our firm usually represented one of the defendants," Hale says. Among his clients was the air frame manufacturer of the plane which was carrying the Wichita University football team.

In another signature Hale case, his client was a urologist who had removed a kidney stone from a 350-pound woman. During the operation, the tip of the needle broke and disappeared. Although the doctor assured her that it would pass during normal body functions, she sued him three months later for \$20 million, charging that the accident had ruined her love life because her partners were afraid of being stabbed. Hale settled the suit for \$18,000, which was paid by the manufacturer of the needle.

Although they had homes in Palos Verdes and Hawaii and a flourishing law practice, Hale and Meta had had enough of Los Angeles by 1990. They wanted a quieter life and a better environment for their grandchildren. They remembered the good times and the good people they had known in Williamsburg and the education their children had received at Walsingham.

Although Hale had no intention of

practicing law, he was "dragged" into two local cases, he says, through referrals from other Marshall-Wythe alumni. In one he recovered nearly \$1.8 million for a client, which led to other demands for his services.

Because they take so much of his time, Hale now concentrates on the two cases involving Lloyd's of London. After 25 years as a trial lawyer, Hale prefers to avoid some issues. "I will not sue doctors,

"We must be careful not to abuse the power the state has given us and make sure that we use it to help and not hinder the system."

I will not handle divorces, and I will not represent criminal defendants," he says.

Doctors, he explains, are often and unfairly dragged into frivolous litigation months after they have had to make a split second, life and death decision. Divorce law, he says, is simply too painful, and he can't bring himself to represent "those kind of folks" in criminal cases, although he agrees that every defendant deserves the best representation possible.

Hale zealously defends the legal profession and his fellow practitioners.

"Ninety-nine percent of all lawyers in the U.S. are honest, hard-working, decent God-fearing men and women," he says.

"Unfortunately, it is that one percent whose conduct is so egregious and draws so much attention that the profession has been tainted."

"We must be careful not to abuse the power the state has given us and make sure that we use it to help and not hinder the system." Hale is a great supporter of the Legal Skills Program in the Marshall-Wythe School of Law, a program that instills a code of ethics in aspiring lawyers. "We need more programs like this nationwide."

Speaking as a trial lawyer, Hale points out, "We have a true adversarial system in the United States, and we also have the contingency fee system. It used to be there were two kinds of justice in this country—one for the rich and powerful and one for the poor and weak. Because of the contingency fee system in which an attorney receives a portion of the settlement for his fee, those who are poor and weak now have access to our court system. To deny these people access would be an outrage."

Still, he admits there are problems with the system. Excessive awards have bankrupted companies, put people out of work and created a variety of other ills in society.

"There needs to be a balance struck to allow the poor and weak access without doing violence to our society. I hope the tort reform law now in Congress will be modified to accommodate these needs and put a cap on damage awards."

Although his law practice keeps him so busy that last year he flew nearly a half-million miles, Hale, who is one of the founders of the Law School Foundation, looks forward to his service as chairman of the law school annual fund.

"The College was good to me," says Hale. "If it wasn't for William and Mary and Marshall-Wythe I wouldn't be where I am today."

'95 Fille BASKETBALL

Women's Schedule			Men's Schedule		
November			November		
29	@ Delaware State	7:00	25	LOYOLA-BALTIMORE	7:30
December			27	@University of Virginia	7:30
2	BOSTON UNIVERSITY	5:00	29	MARYMOUNT	7:30
17	@ Coppin State	3:00	December		
20	HAMPTON	5:00		MIDGINIA TEGI	2.00
28-30	@ Central Florida Tournament		2	VIRGINIA TECH	2:00
January			20 29-30	HAMPTON U. @ Toledo U. Classic	7:30
3	U. of MARYLAND (BC)	7:30		@ Toledo U. Classic	
5	AMERICAN	7:30	January		
9	@ Winthrop	7:00	4	VCU	7:30
12	@ VCU	7:00	6	@ James Madison	4:00
16	GEORGE MASON	7:30	8	@ The Citadel	7:00
19	UNC-WILMINGTON	7:30	10	@ Richmond	7:30
21	RICHMOND	2:00	13	AMERICAN	7:30
26	EAST CAROLINA	7:30	15	NAVY	7:30
28	JAMES MADISON	2:00	17	VMI	7:30 7:30
February	man the little meals a second to		20 24	@ UNC-Wilmington	7:30
2	@ Old Dominion	7:35	27	@ George Mason OLD DOMINION	7:30
4	@ UNC-Wilmington	2:00	29	EAST CAROLINA	7:30
9	@ American	7:00	31	JAMES MADISON	7:30
11	@ George Mason	3:00	THE STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE P	JAMES MADISON	7.50
14	@ Lafayette	5:45	February		
16	VCU	7:30	3	RICHMOND	2:00
22	@ Richmond	7:00	7	@ VCU	7:00
25	@ James Madison	2:00	10	@ American	2:00
March		E ad mis	14	@ East Carolina	7:00
1	@ East Carolina	7:00	17	UNC-WILMINGTON	7:30
3	OLD DOMINION	2:00	21	@ Old Dominion	7:35
Ton Street	OLD DOMINION	2.00	26	GEORGE MASON	7:30



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Border Crossings

BY CHARLIE DENN AND PAUL PEGHER

hen famed American journalist Horace Greeley was once approached on the street for advice, Greeley reportedly told the stranger "Go west, young man."

Today, if those words were to be directed to William and Mary athletes, Greeley might respond "Go north, young men."

For a trio of former William and Mary athletes: football players Michael Clemons '86 and Steve Christie '90 and baseball's Curtis Pride '90, northward treks have resulted in successful pro careers.

The three men have very different personalities, yet they share a common bond when it comes to athletics. Christie is reserved and laid-back, almost shy, while Clemons is a fiery sort who appears to thrive on attention. Pride, meanwhile, epitomizes relentless dedication, a trait that emerged in his battle to succeed despite a hearing disability.

Clemons, a native of Florida, has found fame as a running back-pass receiver and kick returner for the Toronto Argonauts of the Canadian Football League. In his career there he has become one of the most successful triple-threat backs in the league and has already established an all-time record for all-purpose yards.

Christie actually returned north to

find his athletic niche. A native of Canada, he enrolled at W&M to pursue his education and became the most successful kicking specialist in school history. He has carried on that tradition in the pro ranks with both the Buffalo Bills and Tampa Bay Buccaneers.

Pride, a Maryland native, has had the most unsteady journey. He persevered in the low minor leagues for several years before his career really took root. Since then, however, he has settled into a routine of getting better every year and his future is now bright as an outfielder with the Montreal Expos of the National League.

As each of these athletes enjoys success in the prime of his career, each looks back often and reflects on experiences along his road, experiences that took him across the border.



o Steve Christie, the roar of the crowd can be a distraction—an annoying din that he must block out while kicking the field goal his team needs to win the game. He's used to the pressure, and doesn't really care whether the crowd is cheering for him or against him. As the ball sails between the uprights, perhaps adding to his streak or breaking a record, the roar intensifies and an unchanged,

unnerved Christie walks off the field.

Christie admits that when he first came to Williamsburg from Oakville, Ontario, he had an ego the size of Zable Stadium. He was a Canadian soccer player reveling in a football scholarship to a U.S. college. Somewhere along the road to becoming one of the best kickers in the National Football League, the ego did an about-face.

The road is marked by several team and league records (in college and the pros), two trips to the Super Bowl and endorsements, as well as a marriage to Alison Tabb '90 and the birth of a daughter. Today, despite it all, he says he's "just some guy."

The phrase just doesn't fit anywhere on Christie's Buffalo Bills bio sheet. Last year, he booted his 100th field goal in a mid-season Kansas City game, becoming the most accurate field goal kicker in NFL history with a percentage of 80.65. Also in '94, he set a club record of 17 consecutive field goals; a streak ended by a Pittsburgh block. During his second NFL championship game, he launched a 54-yard Super Bowl record. Christie also holds William and Mary records for career points (279), field goals (57), PATs (108) and longest field goal (53 yards, three times).

As he entered his sixth year in the NFL, just eight points shy of the 500 club, Christie's insight to his career



achievements was ankle-deep. "I never look at stats or field goal lists," he told *Sports Illustrated*. "You make 'em? So what. You miss 'em? So what. I keep it pretty simple."

For those who share Christie's indifference to statistics, perhaps his actions tell more. Take, for example, his first NFL playoff game, a 1992 wildcard between Buffalo and the Houston Oilers. Kickers are rarely known for their physical bravado on the field, yet Christie threw his 185-pound frame into a fray of 300-pounders to recover an onside kick, which set up a legendary come-frombehind victory for the Bills.

He's also one for the clutch. At William and Mary, Christie nailed three game-winning field goals, one of these in the final seconds to defeat Delaware 27-24. He has tallied six more game winners—two in overtime, one in the final seconds of regular time—between his stints with the Tampa Bay Buccaneers and the Bills.

Success on the playing field is nothing new to Christie. Before College, he had made a name for himself on national and international levels of two other sports. By the age of 8, he was representing his local athletic club's badminton team on trips to Europe. Over the following decade, his skills with a shuttlecock earned sponsorships from racket and shoe companies and recognition as one of the best players in Canada. Christie excelled in soccer as well, securing a position on the Canadian Junior World Cup soccer team. He was the place kicker for his high school football team, but he enjoyed soccer so much that he never really considered football in college. That is, not until Jimmye Laycock invited him down for a recruiting visit. After a few practice kicks, Christie was offered a scholarship, and an extended football career became a realistic-and exciting-consideration.

In light of his amateur and professional achievements, one has to wonder



"Once I got to the pros I realized there was much more to life." —Steve Christie '90

what happened to the ego-driven athlete who crossed the border 10 years ago. How did Steve Christie become "just some guy" rather than a record-setting NFL kicker? Much of it was youthful arrogance, he said, "but once I got to the pros I realized that there was so much more to life." By his second year with Tampa, Christie began to tire of the glamor and glitz of professional football. He began to long for the quiet, laid-back, keep-to-yourself lifestyle he knew in Oakville. To maintain his personal happiness, Christie learned to separate into two selves.

One self kicks field goals, breaks records and signs endorsements with companies like Reebok and Apex. "That's all well and good for Steve Christie, the football player, the guy you read about in the paper, whoever he is," he says with a shrug.

The other self, the *real* Steve Christie, is the guy who loves to spend time at his Tampa home with Alison and their 10-month-old daughter, Alexandra Lane. "Having our daughter really put everything into perspective for me. Now

I know what's really important," he said. "Let's just hope she doesn't have her father's brains."

The real Christie, who majored in art history, also spends much time working on his oil paintings. His own collection of impressionistic works has steadily grown over the years, but even though he has had several offers from buyers and art galleries, he has no plans for sharing them. "Right now it's just between me and Alison. Painting is more of an outlet than it is an occupation or an avenue for something else," he said. The real Christie also coaches his church's soccer club and pursues his growing interest in the horse industry. Recently, the Christie's and Alison's family-who have raised horses since she was a

child—established Equisport Inc., specializing in horse racing, breeding and feed.

Although he tries to keep the two Steve Christie's separated, they inevitably cross paths at certain points. For every field goal the football player kicks, the real Christie donates \$150 to both Camp Good Days and Special Times, founded for children with cancer, and Children's Hospital of Hamilton, Ontario. The football player landed a job in Buffalo, but the real Christie was elected to the board of directors of the Buffalo and Erie County Historical Society.

With a hint of hopeful enthusiasm, Christie looks down the road to the day the football player's career ends—taking with it the coaches, agents, reporters and cameras. The football player's salary provides a comfortable living for the Christie family, but the real Christie has more in mind. He vaguely mentions Equisport, painting or coaching soccer—"If (W&M soccer coach) Al Albert has any openings...," he jokes. But whatever it is, he'll always be "just some guy, hanging out and taking it easy."



o Michael Clemons, the roar of the crowd can be a motivator—a fuel for his desire to get the football into the endzone no matter what it takes. This moment is what it's all about, this is his chance to shine. With dizzying tenacity, the 5-foot-6-inch, 170-pound "Pinball" (as the sportswriters fondly call him) twists, turns and streaks through the defense, chalking up another TD for his team and his town.

"I've been blessed," Clemons said.
"I've found a place I can really call home and I'm doing something I love to do.
These past few years have been something special for me."

After a brief stint in the National Football League, Clemons arrived in the Canadian Football League in 1989. He has steadily built his career and if the years have been special, Clemons has made them so, both on and off the field.

He is recognized as one of the most popular players in team history, organizing and participating in numerous charity events and youth activities.

On the field, Clemons is more difficult to catch than a greased pig. His darting, twisting style has made him a threat as a runner, pass receiver and kick returner in a league where speed is king.

"Canadian football is quite different from the game in the NFL," said Clemons. "Up here the field is longer and wider, and you only get three downs, so the emphasis is on motion and quickness. It's not the power and finesse type of game you see in the NFL."

Does that make Canadian football players less skillful, then, than their NFL counterparts?

"Not at all," said Clemons. "I think it takes a better player to compete up here, because you have to do more things due to the speed and nature of the game. NFL players may be more specialized and are probably a little better at individual things but our players are more well-rounded."

None is more well-rounded than Clemons. He has had some spectacular seasons in the CFL, including 1990 when he was named the Most Outstanding Player in the league and in 1991 when he led the Argonauts to the Grey Cup championship game.

In 1990 he set a single season pro football record for all-purpose yardage (rushing, receiving, kick returns) which still stands. He rushed for 519 yards, caught 72 passes (a pro career high), averaged 21.3 yards per kickoff return and had an eye-opening 1,045 yards in punt returns.

"1990 was probably my best individual season," said Clemons.
"But 1991 was more satisfying because the team reached the Grey Cup finals and we had such an exciting year."

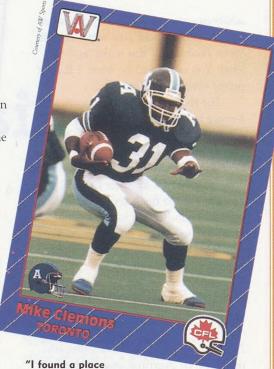
This year Clemons is again a key player for the Argonauts. He leads the team in rushing yards, is among the leaders in pass receptions, is second in kickoff returns and leads in punt return yardage.

Best of all, in Clemons' mind, is his adaptation to life in Canada. A Florida native, he was skeptical at first about living in the cooler climate. But he has made the adjustment to Toronto well.

"When I first came up here, I was like a lot of Americans because I thought everyone lived in igloos," Clemons recalled. "But that's not the way it is at all up here.

"Toronto, for example, is one of the cleanest cities I've ever seen," Clemons added. "And it's a very polished city. It's more Americanized than a lot of U.S. cities I've been to."

Once he earned recognition as a star player in Canada, Clemons began to receive offers from NFL teams interested in his services. But he was so wellestablished and comfortable in Canada that he told his agent not to seriously



I can really call home, and I'm doing something I really love." —Michael Clemons '86

consider any offers.

"We got some feelers from the NFL but I don't really know which teams contacted us," Clemons said. "I just felt very happy here and I was established, so going back to the NFL didn't appeal to me."

Perhaps part of Clemons' logic stems from his stint in the NFL. He played one year for the Kansas City Chiefs in 1987 but was released before training camp started the next year despite what most observers considered a successful rookie year.

"There was disappointment when I was released," Clemons said. "I had trained hard to get ready for the next year and was in great shape. Then the Chiefs said they wanted to bring in some bigger backs and all of a sudden I was gone."

He caught on with Tampa Bay later that year and finished sixth in the American Football Conference with an



8.5 yard punt return average. But again the next year he was released.

When the offer came from the CFL, Clemons was skeptical. He wasn't sure if he wanted to keep playing but he finally decided pro football was worth another chance.

"It was what I really wanted to do," he said. "Had I not taken the chance, I might have looked back later in my life and regretted it. So coming to the CFL was a good move."

Clemons excelled as a runner and pass receiver in his four seasons at W&M and was a prime building block in coach Jimmye Laycock's football program. In Clemons' senior season of 1986, the Tribe compiled a 9–3 record, including an upset of state rival Virginia during the regular season. W&M also made its first postseason appearance since 1970.

Clemons is ranked fifth on the school's all-time rushing list, is second in career pass receptions and still holds the one-season record for receptions. He capped his career by being named a first-team Kodak All-American.



o Curtis Pride, the roar of the crowd is non-existent—the virtual nothingness he perceives as he steps up to the plate. He knows only the stare of the pitcher, the wind up and the speed of the approaching ball. He connects, insensitive to the crack of his bat. And as the ball arcs into the stands and he rounds the bases, Pride still does not hear the roar of the crowd. But he knows it is there, and it is for him.

There are a number of examples of athletes who have excelled in a sport despite their physical disabilities. But there is perhaps no more exciting story than that of Curtis Pride due to two factors: the physical challenges caused by the nature of his disability and his

athletic versatility.

Pride was born 95 percent deaf. Despite his hearing loss, he has made a career of beating the odds, succeeding at virtually everything he tries.

He was a standout soccer player in high school and was recognized as one of the top young players in the soccer hotbed of suburban Washington, D.C. He also starred in basketball and baseball.

He chose to concentrate on basketball in college and attended William and Mary on a basketball scholarship. He was a four-year starter for the Tribe, where he developed a reputation for his skill as a ballhandler and defender.

Shortly after starting college, Pride launched his pro baseball career with a Class A New York Mets farm team. The club released him unconditionally at the end of each season so he could continue to play basketball in accordance with NCAA regulations. The routine would have defeated a lesser man: college and basketball in the fall and winter, pro baseball in the summer.

But after college, he turned his focus completely to professional baseball. It is there that the story of Curtis Pride becomes almost magical.

Baseball is a sport where hearing is essential. Pride plays the outfield, where picking up the ball as it leaves the bat often depends on sound. A typical outfielder judges distance and the speed of the batted ball by the crack of the bat.

And when running the bases, Pride does not have the usual advantage of hearing the ball hit the bat nor the directives of the third base coach as he races for home. He depends on reflex and sight to determine when to run.

Pride has none of those abilities that other players might take for granted. Yet his baseball career has prospered and today he has defied the odds by playing in the major leagues for the Montreal Expos.

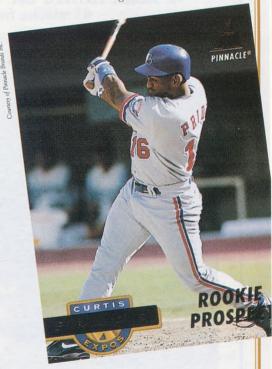
"I'm successful," says Pride, "because my handicap made me work harder. All my life I've worked hard to be normal."

Because of his deafness, hardly anyone believed Pride could make it to the majors when he signed with the New York Mets in the spring of 1986, even though his athletic ability was unquestioned. He was young, muscular and gifted.

Because he played basketball in college, his pro baseball career lagged. He spent six years in rookie or Class A ball, an abnormally long apprenticeship, and missing spring training each year was an obvious hindrance.

Pride persevered as he always has. Once he graduated from W&M, his pro baseball career began to take off. His defensive skills were never questioned and his ability to hit began blossoming.

He was traded from the Mets to the Expos after the 1992 season and the switch paid immediate dividends for Pride's career. He batted a sizzling .356 at Double-A Harrisburg and



"I'd really like to be known as Curtis Pride, the good ball player; not Curtis Pride, the deaf ball player." —Curtis Pride '90



showed surprising power, hitting 15 home runs in 50 games. He was promoted to Triple-A Ottowa where he hit .302 the rest of the year and stole 29 bases in just 69 games.

He was first called up to Montreal in September of 1993, one of a handful of players who went up after the minor league season was over. But last year he spent exclusively in the minors again while recovering from a broken wrist.

This year has been different. Pride has spent the majority of the 1995 season with the Expos and has begun to earn more playing time.

His hitting has been somewhat sporadic, as you might expect when a player first breaks into the majors. His speed and defense, however, remain constant assets and the Expos believe he will ultimately become a good major league hitter.

"We have big plans for this young man," says Montreal manager Felipe Alou. "He's a terrific young prospect, one of the very best in the game now. He has speed, power and, above all, good confidence in his ability."

He also possesses an almost unquenchable thirst to learn about baseball. What might come naturally to some players requires Pride's extra attention. It is a price he is willing to pay because he always is looking for an edge.

"I try to use knowledge to my advantage in future situations," Pride says.

As one of only nine deaf players to reach the major leagues (the first since '45), Pride bases his success on confidence. It's the one asset he has always had. It is his way of dealing with his handicap.

"I wish my deafness could be overlooked," says Pride, "but I know that's not going to happen. My handicap taught me never to quit.

"What I would really like most of all is to be known as Curtis Pride, the good ballplayer; not Curtis Pride, the deaf ballplayer."

Given Curtis Pride's history, the odds are good that will happen.

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John Randolph '64

"A Sun-crowned Man"

BY S. DEAN OLSON

he measure of the man was evident at his memorial service—an overflow crowd in the Williamsburg Methodist Church, there to not only mourn his passing but to celebrate his life in the inspiring way in which he lived it.

Friends came from as far away as Arizona and Indiana—people from all walks of life—college presidents, attorneys and doctors, secretaries, maintenance men and students, all of whom had been touched by John Harvard Randolph '64.

Before he passed away on the morning of Friday, Aug. 11, at the age of 53 after the only battle he never won, John told his friend Duane Love: "Whew, it's been quite a ride." Indeed it had. He was an all-star athlete in high school and college who married the Homecoming Queen, a decorated Marine Corps lieutenant, a highly successful track coach at three major institutions, a family man with two talented children, and an athletic director for 10 years at William and Mary, where he built a model program.

In a testimonial to his friend, whom he had known since high school, Love said, "John influenced all of our lives. He had high standards and demanded the best, not only of ourselves but of himself....He respected people and wanted respect in return. He taught both by what he did and how he lived."

Initially a prankster and unfocused in high school, Randolph earned all-state honors at Washington-Lee in Northern Virginia where he set the state high school record in the 440-yard run.

Recruited to William and Mary by Harry Groves, whom Randolph later succeeded as track coach, he was voted the most valuable athlete. After graduation, he joined the Marines and was sent to Vietnam where his mission included going into tunnels with a flashlight and clearing out Viet Cong, for which he earned the Bronze Star.

Randolph returned to William and Mary to earn his master's and serve as assistant track and field coach and later head coach. From 1968 to 1976, his teams won 45 Southern Conference and Virginia Intercollegiate titles. But even that wasn't



enough for the energetic young Randolph, who, as one colleague said, could do more in one day than anyone he knew. So, he launched a fund-raising

drive that raised \$100,000 to install a new track around Cary Field.

Randolph would leave William and Mary only one other time—for stints at West Point, Florida, a head coaching assignment in the 1983 Pan Am Games and as chair of the NCAA Track and Field Committee.

When he returned in 1985 to take over as athletic director, he made major physical plant additions and other improvements, including an endowment program that raised \$14 million by 1995. Voted into the William and Mary Athletic Hall of Fame in 1978, he received the Alumni Medallion last year from the Alumni Society.

Randolph's amazing tenacity and courage were never more evident than in his final three years. Despite his battle with lung cancer, he rarely missed a day at the office. He dismissed concerns about his health by saying, "We're going to beat this." He started a fund-raising event for the

American Cancer Society that raised \$14,000 annually.

Bobby Dwyer, assistant athletic director for development and a friend for 18 years, remembers hearing Randolph coughing strenuously in his adjacent office but then showing up a few minutes later at his door to say, "Okay, Bobby, let's go!"

"You knew he was hurting, but he never let it show or affect his attitude."

Randolph was notoriously late to meetings because he always had just "one more thing to do." That usually meant congratulating a groundskeeper on the look of a field or commiserating with a coach on the loss of a recruit. "He had that unique ability to make everyone feel they were important," said Dwyer.

His former mentor and friend, Dr. Davis Y. Paschall '32, called Randolph "a sun-crowned man who moved above the crowd and earned, while still living, a worthy immortality in the lives of so many he touched for good, including mine."

Longtime friend Walter Stout '64 echoed those sentiments in a personal letter to Randolph. "The effects we have on people and events are usually in little ways. We find in life that it is the people that are important, but we still have to run the race and dig deep within ourselves to finish.

"The 440 is a tough race—the toughest—and I've never run it the way you have, (John) but I'll be sitting over by the broad jump pit and if you listen you can hear me repeat over and over, just as I did then—run, John, run."

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Old MacDonald Never Had This

BY EMILY JONES '95

onny Smith '73 is not the typical farmer, and Foxfield Farms is not the standard farm. On his 150-acre property in Charles City County, Va., Smith raises fish, llamas, rabbits and labrador retrievers, and he is thinking about adding goats to this unusual menagerie.

Smith has been interested in fish for most of his life, and he's turned that interest into a lucrative business: aquaculture. "I was born and raised on the James River," Smith said. "There's been a lot of overfishing and pollution.

Aquaculture is a thing of the future."

Smith raises hybrid striped bass—a cross between white bass and striped bass, or rockfish. The hybrid bass can grow to 60 pounds and can live entirely in fresh water.

These fish are hybrids, so they are theoretically unable to reproduce. However, Smith pointed out, he's found that some of the fish can procreate. Because of this and other reasons, like the size and nature of the fish, there are strict rules about not introducing the fish into natural rivers and streams. "Since it's such an aggressive fish, it would be harmful if it escaped into the wild," he said.

Smith also raises rainbow trout on Foxfield Farms. Eastern Virginia waters are too warm for year-round aquaculture—rainbow trout can't survive in waters above 72 degrees—so Smith purchases young fish, called fry, in late fall. He keeps the fish on the farm until April, at which time they have usually grown to marketable size. Smith also has catfish, but he says it's hard to be com-



"As you move further west...llamas are replacing mules as pack animals."—Donny Smith '73

petitive with the huge catfish farms in the South and Midwest.

Oddly enough, the ponds on Foxfield Farms aren't just for the fish. The llamas like them, too. Currently, Smith's farm is home to eight llamas. While the typical llama environment is cool and mountainous, Smith says they are very adaptable creatures. "They're fine in the fall, winter and spring, but in the summer they need a lot of shade and water. I just set up sprinklers for them to stand under, or they wade in ponds to cool off," Smith explained.

Why llamas? "It's a bigger industry than you would expect," Smith said. "Over 200 farms in Virginia have llamas, and there are approximately 3,500 places in the U.S."

Traditionally raised for their wool, llamas are becoming increasingly popular as pack animals. "As you move further west of here, even in Charlottesville, llamas are replacing mules as pack animals," explained Smith. "They can carry as much as a mule, but they require less food and water. Also, in the desert or tundra, horse and mule hooves are rough on the environment, but llamas have soft feet, so they aren't as harmful."

Llamas are also very expensive. According to Smith, females sell for \$10,000-50,000; a prized stud male for \$200,000; and average males for only \$1,000-1,500. Smith's intentions are to breed his llamas and sell them, but he hasn't been very lucky with the offspring. "Unfortunately, only little boys have been born so far. I'm still waiting for the little girls," he laughed.

Though the llama activity is somewhat slow right now, Smith's rabbit business is hopping. He sells New Zealand rabbits, which are pure white; California rabbits, which have black ears and noses; and mutt rabbits of various colors, which are known as Heinz 57 rabbits. Smith says this name arose because the many varieties of rabbits are similar to the variety of tomatoes used in the sauce.

Even with such a wide range of livestock, Smith is considering expanding into the goat market. "The goat meat industry is taking off in the U.S. Goat meat is what many ethnic groups eat, and some religions require it. With the population of such groups increasing in this country, there's a need to satisfy the Continued on Page 38



Continued from Page 37 demand," he said.

According to Smith, Boer goats are a good way to feed this need. A breed from Dutch South Africa, these goats grow twice as fast as regular goats, reaching 250–300 pounds. They are also very expensive, costing \$25,000–30,000 a piece.

In addition to his countless farm duties, Smith is active on the county board of the Farm Bureau, and he sits on the Virginia Agriculture Council. The council has 18 members, 15 of whom are farmers. Nominated by Virginia Gov. George Allen, Smith is the aquaculture representative. "It's very important to get the alternative methods of farming, such as aquaculture, recognized in the state," he said.

Smith's efforts in aquaculture are certainly appreciated commercially. His biggest customers are restaurants, though he does sell to farm markets and to private individuals through word-of-mouth advertising. "People know it's fresh, and they're not concerned about pollution," he said. Together, his customers purchase 6,000–10,000 pounds of fish per year.

With the growing aquaculture market and a little cooperation from his llamas, Smith's myriad farming interests will have him singing "E-I-E-I-O" all the way to the bank.

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Have a photograph that captures a special moment in time at W&M? Want to share those memories with your former classmates? Send the information for consideration for an upcoming issue to Lisa Riess, Editor, William and Mary Magazine, P.O. Box 2100, Williamsburg, VA 23187-2100.

Also, if you have historical items of significance to the College that you would like to donate to the College Archives, you can do so by sending them to Archives, College of William and Mary, P.O. Box 8795, Williamsburg, VA 23187-8795.

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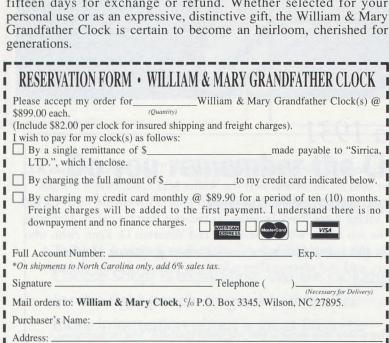
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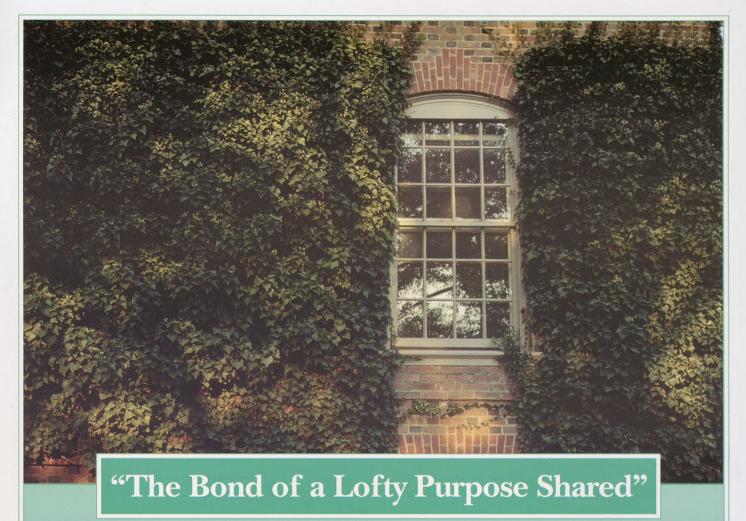


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— John Masefield

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Prices include all shipping/handling and taxes. To place an order for this special wine, please contact the winery directly and mention that you are placing an Alumni Order. **Mail your order:** The Williamsburg Winery Ltd., 5800 Wessex Hundred, Williamsburg, VA 23185. **Telephone your order:** 804/229-0999.VISA/MC/AMEX and personal checks accepted. Please specify if a gift card is required.

Allow three weeks for delivery, holiday orders should be received prior to 12/14/95.



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