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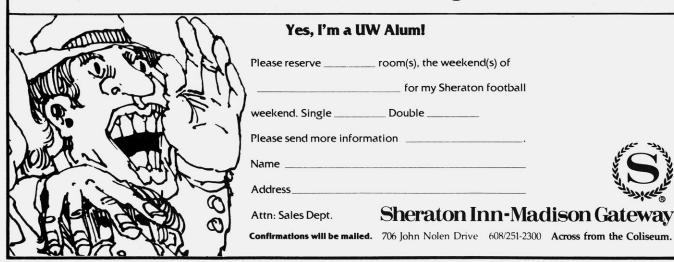




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Three hopefuls are out to fill the shoes of last year's MVP, quarter-back Mike Carroll.

Football: Maybe high, maybe lower, but hopeful!

This year you can take your choice of prognosticators.

By Jim Lefebvre '78

Pre-season college football magazines have predicted Wisconsin's finish in the Big Ten race this fall will be: a) third; b) sixth; c) ninth; d) all of the above.

If you answered d, give yourself a Bucky Badger flask and a pat on the back.

Why all the uncertainty over the Badgers' chances? The answer, it seems, comes down to a case of conflicting plusses and minuses.

Consider for example:

On one hand, you have potential All-American back Ira Matthews, whose elusiveness and breakaway speed helped him lead the nation in kickoff returns last year.

On the other hand, though, is the possibility that he may be sitting out

the season.

Mr. Lefebvre of Green Bay is a senior in journalism. He writes for the Wisconsin State Journal. Or consider the Badgers' offensive line, returning nearly intact after a solid year of experience.

But don't forget that behind the line will be one of a number of inexperienced, unproven quarterbacks.

On defense, the assets include an aggressive, young—yet experienced—secondary and a couple of quality linebackers.

On the debit side, however, is an interior line which has potential standouts but no established stars.

Throw in another plus—a favorable schedule—and another minus—questionable overall depth—and it becomes easy to see how the so-called experts figure Wisconsin will finish anywhere from third to ninth in the conference.

Probably one of the biggest problems facing Coach John Jardine as he enters his eighth year at the helm of the Badgers is the availability of Matthews, who last spring was charged with fraudulent use of someone else's credit card. At this writing, the case has not reached disposition in Madison courts.* Jardine said he would wait until it has before making a decision on whether to take any disciplinary action himself. "The University acted on his case as with any student," Jardine said. "He's on strict probation. Restrictions and demands have been placed on him. If he lives up to those things, I don't think anything else is necessary.'

If Matthews is able to play, he'll be the center of attention on a potentially explosive offense. Last year, he gained 535 yards rushing, 238 on nineteen pass receptions, 138 in punt returning and 415—an average of 29.6, highest in the country—on kickoff returns.

The junior from Rockford, Ill., scored six touchdowns rushing, two on kickoff returns and one each receiving and returning punts, making him a threat to score any time he touches the ball.

Matthews, who will line up at right halfback in the Badgers' multiple-T offense, is joined by a talented fleet of runners elsewhere in the backfield.

Senior Mike Morgan has shown flashes of brilliance in his three-year varsity career, but a knee injury in the fifth game (Purdue) last fall kept him out the rest of the season. His biggest asset could be his versatility. He has the size and power to play fullback, he's proven himself as a ground-gaining halfback and he's a capable pass re-

ceiver. Jardine expects him to see action at fullback and both halfback spots.

One of the standouts of spring practice was Chicago junior Tim Halleran, who led the team in tackles (104) last season from his linebacker position but was switched to fullback as a replacement for the departed Lawrence Canada. Halleran gave every indication of being a solid fullback.

Also expected to contend for playing time in the offensive backfield are half-backs Tom Stauss, Terry Breuscher and Kevin Cohee and fullback Joe Rodriguez.

They'll be running behind a line anchored by center Jim Moore, a junior from Rhinelander who had an outstanding 1976. At the guards will be juniors Dave Krall and Brad Jackomino, who shared the left-guard job last year. Jackomino will stay on the left side while Krall will shift to right guard, replacing the graduated Terry Lyons.

Both starting tackles—seniors Steve Lick and Tom Kaltenberg—return. Although Lick (6' 1", 220) lacks the size that helped older brother Dennis make it to the NFL, he's a steady performer and is coming off a good

spring.

Greg Barber, a solid blocker but not a proven receiver, moves into the tight end spot and junior David Charles, the Big Ten's second leading receiver last year, returns at split end. David Barry, a junior walk-on from Janesville Craig, was the surprise star of the spring game and could be a valuable reserve.

The No. 1 quarterback going into the fall is Anthony Dudley, a junior from Detroit. Dudley showed improvement in his passing during spring drills, but his size (5' 11", 167) raises the question of whether he can stand up to a season of punishment from 230-pound defensive linemen. He possesses the running ability, though, which may allow the Badgers to try more option plays.

Dudley's main competition comes from Charles Green, who played in several games as a freshman backing up Mike Carroll in 1975 but threw only two passes all last year.

Jardine noted that Green, who was slowed by an injury in the spring, "could surprise. He has some rough edges but if he ever broke out of that, he'd be an exciting football player."

Among the "rough edges" is a problem in hanging onto the football,

^{*} On Aug. 5 Matthews was found guilty; sentencing was scheduled for near Sept. 1.

something that has occasionally plagued Dudley as well.

Mike Kalasmiki is a big (6' 3", 210) sophomore who has a stronger passing arm than either Dudley or Green but is slow on his feet. His lack of speed would take away the option of running and require the linemen to sustain their blocks longer in order to give Kalasmiki time to set up in the pocket.

Even with the unsettled quarterback situation, though, it's hard to imagine that the offensive output will be too much different from that of Jardine's first seven Wisconsin teams, all of which put plenty of points on the board.

The biggest question mark, as is so often the case with the Badgers, is the defense.

Enter Gary Blackney. The young, energetic New York native is entering his third year as a Wisconsin assistant coach, but his first as Jardine's defensive coordinator. (Chuck McBride, who held the position last year, took an assistant's job at Nebraska.)

"We probably have the best (defensive) people this year in the three years I've been here, and maybe years before that," Blackney said without reservation. "Even though we're going to be young, we'll be experienced . . . and it's good talent with experience. I think we have, finally, the talent to do the job."

"The job" will be to improve on an overall defensive ranking of ninth in the Big Ten last year, when the Badgers allowed 355 yards per game.

If any area appears to be solid, it's the secondary—even with the departure of talented safety Ken Dixon, who left Wisconsin in the spring, saying he was disenchanted with the football program and Madison in general.

Blackney is looking for junior Dan Schieble to take over Dixon's "buck" position. At safety will be Scott Erdman, who intercepted seven passes last year to rank sixth in the nation. The corners will be manned by Greg Gordon and star track sprinter Lawrence Johnson, both juniors who started last year. Wayne Souza was impressive in limited action as a freshman last year and should see a lot of playing time, possibly at buck.

"They're a fine group of kids," said Blackney. "They can do things you can't coach . . . they have speed and quickness, the ability to get to the ball."

Dave Crossen and Lee Washington return at the linebacker spots. Both

played extensively last year, turning in solid performances. The backups are Kurt Holm, a transfer from Minnesota, and sophomore Ken Burroughs, who was recruited as a fullback but was switched to linebacker when Halleran went to the offense.

At least one position is set in the line, where senior end Dennis Stejskal is back for his third year as a regular. Blackney calls Stejskal "the steadiest player on the team."

Junior Kevin Boodry begins the season as the other regular end, after starting the final two games of 1976. Boodry is quick and extremely aggressive, but not big (6', 198).

Defensive tackle is no doubt the most unsettled position on the entire team. A lot will depend on 6' 5", 269 pound junior Henry Addy, who was switched from offensive tackle at the start of spring practice but didn't receive the change too warmly.

"Henry was a very confused young man," Blackney said. "He had security as a good offensive tackle. He has to make the mental adjustment; he's got all the physical tools . . . size, speed, strength, tenacity. He could be the key to our shoring-up the middle.

"I'm still not sure whether he's sold on playing defense. Our job is to convince him to think beyond himself, for the good of the team," Blackney said.

Another key is Tom Schremp, a 6' 3", 230-pound sophomore from Antigo whom Blackney feels is destined for stardom at defensive tackle. Two other sophomores—Kasey Cabral of New Bedford, Mass., and Bruce Woodford of South Bend, Ind.—are expected to be in the thick of the fight for starting jobs.

Another candidate, senior Bob Czechowicz, has played enough to win three letters but is coming off yet another knee surgery and therefore is questionable. Junior Jim Kozlowski, who showed promise before getting injured, is also trying to return from an operation.

A determining factor in who plays where will be the development of Tony Elliott (6' 4", 245), a Bridgeport, Conn., product who carries the best credentials of this year's freshman recruits.

"Where Tony can help us the most the quickest is where he's going to be," said Blackney, who added that defensive end and middle guard are the two positions which he and Jardine have in mind for Elliott. "We certainly want to get him into the lineup."

Junior Dan Relich returns at middle guard, a tough position where his size (5' 11", 204) is a liability. But, Blackney pointed out, "he's got great desire, speed and quickness."

Wisconsin will miss Vince Lamia, the team's steady placekicker the past four years. Punter Dick Milaeger (40.5-yard avg.) returns, and may take over placekicking duties unless someone else surfaces. Incoming freshman Mike Jirschele of Clintonville was considered a top prospect, but he's decided to pass up football for baseball.

For the first time in many years, the Badgers do not face a sure-fire Top Ten team until the sixth week of the season, when they travel to Michigan. Wisconsin is one of two Big Ten teams to play all nine other conference teams, and the non-conference opponents—Northern Illinois and Oregon—are anything but awesome.

The opening game (Sept. 10 at Indiana), though, figures to be a much greater challenge than many people might suspect. Lee Corso has put together a strong, possibly title-contending team. That, coupled with the fact that the Badgers dropped a disheartening, 15–14 decision at Bloomington last Nov. 13, gives the game much added significance.

"The kids knew we had them (the Hoosiers) on the ropes last year," Blackney said. "Afterwards, everyone felt sick inside; they were completely frustrated. I'm hoping that, to get ready (for the opener), we can relive that frustration . . . and then do something about it. I'll be disappointed if our kids don't come out with fire in their eyes and really get after them."

Indeed, attitude will no doubt go a long way in determining whether the Badgers improve on their 5–6 mark of a year ago and record their second winning season in the last fourteen years. The coaches have talked repeatedly of the "good feeling" left by Wisconsin's season-ending 26–17 victory over Minnesota.

"It showed we can stop a good team," Blackney said. "The kids learned how to be successful; they learned how to control a good offense. There's nothing more important than thinking you can win. That game gave us a start; now we have to build on it. Our attitude better be that we owe something

continued on page 21



Is there help for Paul Yeung?

Brilliant, crippled, and deep in debt, he fights to keep going.

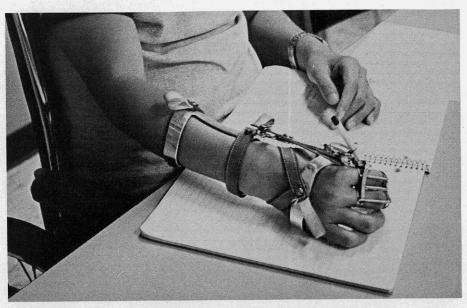
By Evan Davis UW News Service

A young man without a country can no longer use his legs, can barely move his fingers, and without help may lose out on his education too. Paul Yeung, an almost straight-A chemical engineering student here, became a quadriplegic in a July, 1976, diving accident. For six months he struggled to stay alive, surviving an ulcer, three bouts with pneumonia and other complications. Now he is strong enough to attend classes again, but the paralysis is permanent.

The soft-spoken twenty-one-year-old has another problem: almost \$12,000 in past medical bills, despite the fact a student health insurance policy covered most of his hospitalization. On top of that, the campus Office of Student Financial Aids estimates he will need an additional \$16,000 to cover medical, educational and living expenses for another year and one-half before he graduates.

If Paul Yeung were an American, or even a typical foreign student, he and

Photos/Norman Lenburg



his family could turn to their home government for aid. Unfortunately, the Yeungs left the People's Republic of China and settled in Hong Kong when Paul was only three. He is not a British subject, so he can't get help from the United Kingdom, and it is illegal for him to take any American governmental aid. An American student might receive medical assistance, Social Security, or food stamps in such a situation, but if Paul applied for those he would be exposed to a Catch-22 peril. As long as he is a foreign student, not a resident alien, he cannot receive aid. If he applies for resident alien status, he automatically loses his student status, and if the resident alien status were denied, he would have to go home without his education.

Paul's father, a factory accountant, can manage to pay for part of his son's long-distance education, but Paul's accident cost him his part-time campus job. A fund-raising drive is under way, though, to help the family cope with

the medical bills so Paul can stay in school. The drive is being led by Anne Corry, assistant dean for foreign students.

Yeung proved his determination to finish college by leaving the hospital in January just in time to take a course in thermodynamics. If he had not taken it, he would have been out of school a full year, and subject to deportation. Yeung earned his A in thermodynamics. Now he is studying computer science five days a week, and he received a perfect score on his most recent exam.

"How can he expect to come back and take a course like this and be the same as he was?" asked Mrs. James Letlebo, whose family helped Paul adjust to the United States during his first two years here. The Letlebos opened their rural Deerfield home to him from the time he left the hospital until his mother arrived from Hong Kong this summer.

Despite his lustrous academic record, Yeung was visibly worried last spring because he had to re-learn how to study just as he was re-learning almost everything else in his life. Studying time had to sneak in around elaborate medical and personal care and strenuous rehabilitation exercises.

"Once I'm set up I'm pretty much on my own," Yeung said of his studying. "Set up" includes special wrist-driven splints designed by Bill Engle, director of the University's Neurological and Rehabilitation Hospital Orthotic Laboratory. The splints give Yeung a pinching ability; with them he still cannot draw, but without them he cannot write. Because he lost the dexterity necessary for experimental work, Paul and his academic adviser think his best chance to get a job in chemical engineering will be on the computer side of the profession. As Paul visualizes it, "maybe in the control room of an oil refinery, checking everything out."

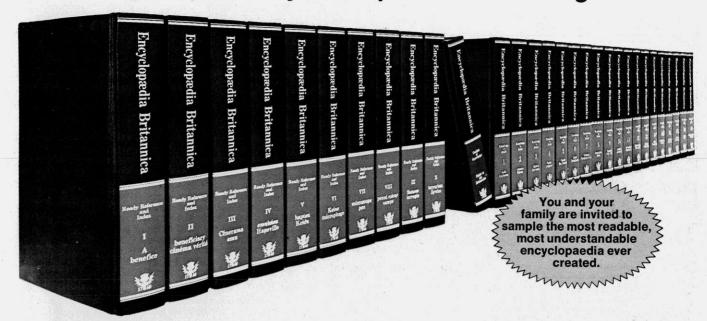
Even in the computer field, though, Paul will face obstacles. As a student he has discovered the University's keypunch machines are too low for a wheelchair to get all the way under. From such small problems he must eventually come to grips with major problems, such as finding a job.

"I would say I'm kind of scared to look at the future," Yeung said. "I want to get a degree first and see what happens."

Anyone wishing to contribute to Yeung's medical expenses fund may contact Corry at (608) 262–2044 or in 115 Science Hall. The fund will be handled by the bursar's office.

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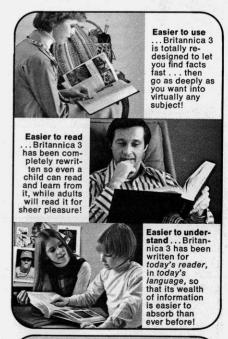
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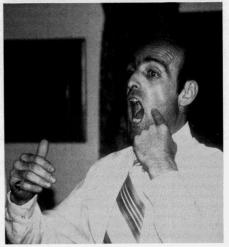
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Singing at the White House



The Wisconsin Singers' year begins with a week-long rehearsal camp in late August and ends at final exams in the spring. It's an overstuffed year: in addition to the full-time process of getting an education, there are forty concerts to be staged, most of them necessitating long hours of travel, and there are weekly rehearsals, usually filling Sunday afternoons. So the troops are ready to fall out when the school year ends.

But this year they stretched their season. There came an invitation for a June 20th appearance before the Grocery Manufacturers of America holding a national meeting at the Greenbrier in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. Then, said the National Parks Service, since the Singers were practically in the neighborhood, why not swing over to Washington by the 22nd, to repeat the performance they gave last year on the White House Elipse?

Who's going to refuse an invitation to either of those places?

So as the school year ended, thirty



Singers went home just about long enough to look for a summer job that would give them those days off, then to repack and head back to Madison to fly out on June 19th. (Three didn't leave from here: Jeff Eckerle went out from Gurnee, Ill., where he's in the show at Great America; Mark Ziebell took off from the cast of Grand Ol' Opry in Nashville; and John Jacobson came up from Orlando and the show at Disneyworld.)

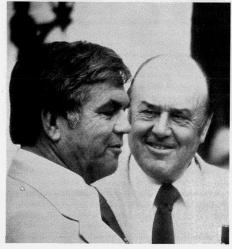
There were the expectedly un-

After waiting outside the grounds before the reception for Prime Minister Fraser, Singers' names are checked by guard against a carefully prepared list (top photos). Singers' director Rod Witte (above) runs a motel-room rehearsal before the Greenbrier appearance. (Left) Wednesday morning's quick show for network newscasters.

expected changes. Australian Prime Minister John Malcolm Fraser was due to arrive in Washington on Tuesday, June 21, and there would be a state reception on the White House lawns. Suddenly his arrival was moved back a day, which meant the Singers' concert moved up one. So they played the Greenbrier on Monday night, flew out at dawn the next day and did their White House performance that morning, but then were included in the select group allowed onto the grounds for









With souvenir flags (top left), Singers leave White House grounds following Fraser reception. Choreographer Tom Terrien gets off his feet (top right). With Arlie, former Undersecretary of Defense Melvin Laird '49 (above), now an executive with *Readers Digest*, who hosted the Singers on their first appearance in Washington and applauded them this time at the Greenbrier.



grounds for the thirty performers plus Arlie and our associate director, Gayle Langer.

Maybe you had an inkling of all this from TV. As the Singers waited

Maybe you had an inkling of all this from TV. As the Singers waited on Wednesday morning for the pomp to begin, network newsmen were waiting, too. They corralled the Singers and asked them to do an impromptu routine. All three networks carried a clip on it that night.

The photos here are by Jeff Nelson of Marshfield, a member of the Singers.



Mugging among the limousines on White House grounds (center right), John Tuinstra and Ross Martin. Guard (background, between them) stands near Amy Carter's tree house. Sam Donaldson, ABC News White House correspondent (above left), got a Bucky Badger pin from Singer Donna Borse. Joanne Hurley, between Gayle and Arlie, "hostessed" the Singers at the White House (above).

Hurley, secretary to former UW-President Weaver, moved to Washington with the Carters and is a member of the Domestic Policy Staff. Joanne took care of everything, including breakfast in the staff dining room and clearance to get onto the

the Wednesday morning ceremonies.

They were to eat at the White House

and have a private tour; the re-

shuffle requires a friend in court,

and the Singers have one. Joanne



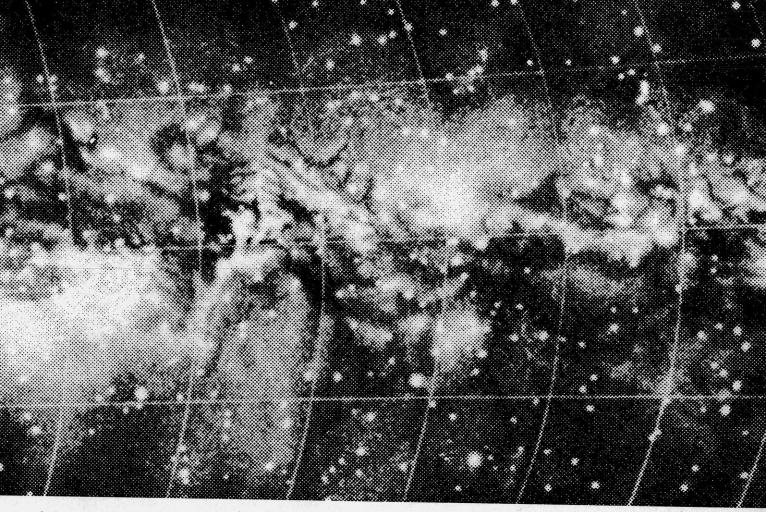
Gala

Paul West was a member of our English faculty in 1965. His early novels include the trilogy, "Alley Jaggers," "I'm Expecting To Live Quite Soon," and "Bela Lugosi's White Christmas." Those who read all three saw a superior writer become a dazzler. Reviewers compared him with Joyce and Becket. In 1969 he produced a non-fiction work, "Words For a Deaf Daughter," in which the Wests discovered that their two-year-old Mandy was deaf and brain-damaged. Now he gives us the brilliant "Gala," described as its "fictional sequel." In it, Deulius, a novelist and amateur astronomer, flies to England to bring back his fourteen-year-old daughter, Milkwho lives there with her mother—for a two-week visit. Back home, to give this "unlettered and unphonable" girl a symbol of love she can comprehend, a memory she might contain, he hits upon the idea of the two of them building an outsized, plywood

version of the Milky Way, complete with Christmas tree-light "stars." Here is a segment of this remarkable book, reprinted with permission.

lancing out, Milk saw the youth who mows the lawn arrive with his machine. She even heard the gruesome chatter as it neared the house. In a trice she had gone to help him with a pair of kitchen scissors, but I fetched her back, trusting neither her nor him. But, while he was out front, I let her clip bits of grass by the back door, and vice versa, which satisfied her just enough. Perhaps, I conjectured, this was a good time to urge her back to the Milky Way in the basement, so I fished out my drawings and plans, trying to figure out what came next. In my principal outline, Cepheus came after Cassiopeia; but, on this day of grace, there seemed no more reason to include Cepheus than to exclude Andromeda, neither being in the Way proper. Both were close, Cepheus pointing away toward the Pole Star and Andromeda straggling down to Pegasus (with which it has a star in common; alpha of Andromeda, known as Alpheratz—"the head

From the book GALA Copyright © 1976 by Paul West Reprinted by permission of Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc.



of the woman in chains"—is also Pegasus number two). Pi agreed to join in. The youth went, we all three went out and praised the shaved lawn, sat on and patted the stubble, spoke of picnics and ballgames. Coming in through the front door that led right into the basement, we saw the unlit Way. I pointed, said "wynd"; Milk said an almost sibilant "yes," and I got out the tools, the bits and pieces, ready to draw an outline straight from the pages of my Field Book of the Skies. It was no use trying to tell Milk how, because Queen Cassiopeia had boasted, Neptune had decreed that her cherished, beautiful daughter Andromeda should be chained to a rock by the seashore, where she would become the prey of a sea monster which Perseus, in the nick of time, changed to stone by flashing the Medusa's head at it. No, but I felt a kindred vibration, knowing a daughter that fitted the pattern, more or less, and angrily resisting while acknowledging the slang idiom about rocks plural and the head. I even felt a bit like Perseus, rescuing Milk by finding something for her to do, and with a private opinion as to where the Medusa's head really was: at a marvelous distance. I marked the holes, Milk drilled them, Pi chose the bulbs while I fitted the sockets. For Alpheratz, blue, doing duty for whitish purple which we didn't have; for others, yellow and green and orange. As soon as the connecting

lines were clear, Milk made her interpretation, exclaiming "Fow, fow!" which neither of us understood. It was only while I was upstairs, hunting out a postcard of Messier 31, The Great Spiral Galaxy, that I realized what she'd said. Downstairs, I checked. She was right. Andromeda, drawn as I'd drawn it, resembled a fowl, strutting with a slight forward lean. Commended, Milk beamed, demanded light. Got it, fifteen minutes later, after I finished tinkering with my version of M 31, described by one early astronomer, Marius, as the diluted flame from a candle, seen through horn. Fire behind alabaster seemed nearer, and nothing to do with Keat's invocation: "Andromeda! Sweet woman! why delaying So timidly among the stars?" What we'd created, in our rough-and-ready way, was a visible fowl with an oval headlamp on its back, a headlamp that was a companion galaxy to our own. I thought of the metal-rich giants at its center, of its two companion galaxies (one of which I'd snipped off the postcard when making the cap for the bulb), and I remembered that the whole system was approaching us at about eight miles a second. Just about visible to the naked eye, at least as a fuzzy spot, it gleamed in the basement in lilac, purple, and cream, like elegant batter, crisp at the edges but viscous at center. Like all our other versions, it was hopelessly out of scale, at least as far as outlines and components

went, but it seemed a Christmas tree just off the Way, a thing of beauty being a joy for now, most of all when Milk, asking as usual for a truth beyond truth, delivered herself of a long sentence that ran: "Drom'a, no, fow' two leg, one small lamp." A drum it was not, she was not having that; it was a fowl, pausing before it stuck a leg out into the celestial thoroughfare, in order to reach the other side, Cassiopeia, its mother, and then Polaris in the Little Bear.

Upbraiding me for slowness to answer, Milk tapped me on the hand. Quite right, I told her: those spiral arms aren't always as smooth as they look, wouldn't stand comparison with the hostess arms of the major international airlines. Often there are gaps and splits, fringes and loops, and professional astronomers have been heard expressing sympathy for their extra-galactic peers who, stuck inside one of the untidy sections of their galaxy, are trying to unravel the details of the spiral structure. We aren't so well fixed ourselves, knowing as we do only bits of about three arms of the Milky Way. Enjoy these pendant lamps of ours, it will be a long time before they vary or burn out. By the way, Andromeda, or "Fowl," is over two million light-years away, dangling like a charm. Still pondering, as I dubbed in dialogue that Milk deserved but couldn't have, I blotted a small spider with tissue as it scurried up the dark before the Way, and then, only minutes later, absent-mindedly wiped my mouth with the same ball of tissue, thus gaining my first taste of spider as I recoiled from a tart fusion of cocoa and wintergreen (if panic hasn't pitched me into using histrionically guessing likes). As in my name, which sometimes I half-think is not Deulius, but D'Alias, or even Delius, DuLiss, or Dooley. To D'Alias, perhaps, the spider tasted sweet, like a tangerine. But not as sweet as life, come what may; have come what has come, what had already come, namely another Andromeda chained, chained, chained, but in these paragraphs let loose.

Chaste lights prompting her, Alpheratz and M 31 above all, neither Almach nor Mirach much to write home about (said he, of those vast fireballs!), Milk talked to Pi, who couldn't follow, any more than I. Could she have been commenting on this sorry scheme of things entire, of which she'd never heard? "Gnang," she seemed to say. "Gnang," I helplessly replied, displeasing her a lot. "Gnong, gnung, gneng," Pi tried, resorting to blanket technique, but that failed as well. "Don't worry, it happens all the time," I told her: "abstract phonemes uttered for practice." In the end, it was Milk herself who sorted it out. She meant I should remove from Andromeda the small blue bulb I had stolen from the microscope upstairs. Her sense of order had erupted.

Things belonged, could not be transplanted. Most of this she mimed, at last drawing a microscope in an exasperated hurry, waving me up the stairs even as she unscrewed the bulb. Behind me as I restored it to its place in the neat mirror under the scope's deck, she patted me on the rump for being good.

GET BULBS, I wrote on the kitchen memo board, by accident reminding myself of a fey ditty, bonus from one of my various childhoods:

Khyber, Khyber Pass. If you want a splendid Christlemas, Get for your most secret self That enigmatic Red Elf.

Red Elf, I supposed, was Santa Claus gone childish, while the Khyber Pass must have grown out of the old Empire, possibly via the nostalgic dream of a returned colonial administrator or of a child longing to blow bugle with Gunga Din. Get bulbs I would, that very minute. Back with two dozen, I vowed to install Cepheus before it grew dark, but Milk showed no interest, instead returned to the tilt-shaper upstairs, lying on her back and shuffling blue and white contrasts above her at arms' length. Busy preparing a big quiche, Pi murmured lines of her new poem, while I, half-suspecting an attack of migraine was on the way, the cause too many different kinds of light, made a cup of thin soup and in it drank the special salt that staves off the attack. It worked, I'd had no trouble in weeks, which was amazing in view of the pressures. Thank you for my luck, I said to the Caliph of cells, and went downstairs to switch off the Way. There it was, gaunt but sprawled, a touch of Las Vegas with a touch of the computer panel. One flick and a galaxy died, but I had never felt less like God. It wasn't me, yet it was none other.

Up and down the stairs Milk went, eager to exercise, and I suddenly thought how I used to lead a routine life which included a mile run each day. So I cleared the basement, ran the first of what would be fifty, sixty circuits, pursued by Milk, who wasn't even breathing hard when I halted at thirty, puffed and parched. One more run, she demanded, making the motions with arms and legs, but I switched the Way on instead, toured along it with her while my pulse eased up. To me it was a slowmotion haul from Canis Minor and Monoceros to Cassiopeia and Andromeda, but to Milk it was that same comic strip of flashlight, wolf, tennis, handshake, kite, daddy longlegs, M, and fowl, though how fowl connected narratorially with M I wasn't yet sure, or through the M with the daddy longlegs. For each constellation she said her word, spelling out the names of the various colors, oo-ing at the fudged-up nebulae and then challenging, with an

imperious hand-sweep, the blank of the remnant all the way to Sagittarius, and past it, into the southern heavens. Soon, I promised, answering myself as well. Before she went. Yet how? Unless we worked night and day. We had fallen badly behind the creator of all this, who held copyright not only of what but also how. Our second (or third?) quiche in a week wafted down from the oven. We switched off, went up. Followed by lots of odd thoughts while munching. "I've used the wrong cheese," Pi was saying, and there I was thinking, Milk won't eat cheese. But, of course, she already had, at least a couple of times before, deceived by the aroma of the ham and the pastry. Then it hit me: there was already a tradition of her stay, therefore much of her stay was over. And the heavy word stay jumped the track at that point, evoking lugubrious words about someone's being taken from this place to a lawful place of execution, et cetera. Cut off in one's prime. Gruesome, I thought, how many people, between their own first and second rattles (the baby's and the death), manage to kill off a few of their fellow humans. In the context of all that easy dispatch, then, why fuss about a mere deprivation? A parting? The sort of event Japanese women will emblematize by leaving behind a comb, a symbol with teeth. It was like sitting in a train, waiting to depart. Then the station vanishes as another train moves in. You seem to be moving, while it stays still, but it slides past and you haven't moved at all. Yes, I said in my head, compare with life and death. All your years, you think you have been on the go, but you've been stationary while death has rolled along, going about its never failing business while you've dawdled under the influence of hope. Eating three square meals a day for forty years, just to stave off the inevitable. Drunk thousands of gallons merely to fend off the last parch. Washed and combed only to steer clear of the filth at the end, when the head in its box resembles a badly combed turnip. I came back to quiche with my relish a bit sapped, but ate twice as much as usual, just for ballast, just for spite. Two wonderful faces in front of me: Pi's, casually serious as if a new poem were docking between the cortices, Milk's flushed and prankish. It was like revisiting a country after it's been occupied by a foreign power and all the Czech names over the storefronts have been Germanized. Or as if, to change terms, Gdynia had become Danzig, or Antwerp Anvers. Something had gone, something come. Not the point of no return, which does not move; not that, but an ionization, in which a neutral configuration has altered slightly. As during any rainshower, an electrical uneasiness hung fire. Prickly. Faint. Stale.

Andromeda was done. I wanted to do Cepheus

as soon as we could, Andromeda's father or a house with a steep roof, depending on how one saw. Instead of talking, I wandered up and down its outline, from Er Rai at the apex, aimed at Polaris, to Delta, the variable double star discovered in 1784 by the deaf astronomer Goodricke, and Mu, the so-called Garnet Star. Legend had it that Cepheus himself was one of the Argonauts whom Jason took on his expedition in quest of the Golden Fleece. Excusing myself, I went downstairs again, like some pattern-complex maniac, and drew lines, sawed bits of wood, drilled holes, installed a bulb or two (one white-blue, one garnet, so to speak), and installed the old boy in place just off the upper side of the Way. In the shape of one horizontally tumbling house. That done, I went up again for dessert, leaving a surprise behind. Yet was myself surprised. There on the table sat a vivid Jupiter done in jello, complete with colored bands and the Red Spot. Or, rather, a vertical cross-section through the poles, three inches thick, glistening and still. I clapped applause. Milk too. Then Pi, blushing a little, dug in a big spoon and served us outsize portions. Here we go, I murmured, slice-radius is over forty thousand miles. Milk ate the Red Spot, and I. before realizing, swallowed what Pi said was the shadow of the moon called Ganymede. Only one quarter of Big Jupe remained, vanished into Milk's unchewing maw. "Eating Jupiter," said Pi, giggling. How sexual, I thought. "Yes," said Pi, reading that near-illiterate thought, "that's really Ganymede's job, among others." It had taken her seven secret hours to prepare. "Let's," I suggested, "eat our way round the solar system. Saturn's the main problem: how?" "With meringue," she whispered. "Rings made of meringue." "Fine by me any time," I said, "but I'll settle for another Jupiter any time." In answer she quoted herself, an uncommon recourse for her, most modest of visionaries, and the amazed-amazing twinned lines clinched our feast:

"Vibrant as an African trade-bead with bone chips in orbit round it, Jupiter floods the night's

black scullery, all those whirlpools and burbling aerosols little changed since the solar system began.

The mind reels to berth so gelatinous a rainbow, suddenly pale salmon, then marbled blue."

She patted her stomach. "Berthed, indeed," I said. Milk burped, heeded only the vibration, as unaware of breach in etiquette as of her being in the company of two space nuts, two characters who had never recovered from their amazement at being in the universe at all, at having so much of it to peer at. We were even devout, at least about the All's being a tribute to the subtlety of matter. Let's, at least,

said our beating minds, look at literature sub, as the textbooks used to say, specie aeternitatis. Plant the merest thing in the mightiest context. Dwarf all that humans think is grand. And, both holist and reductionist, embarrass thought and style with star, with atom. Push everything to its uttermost, until the very joints of the brain's casing creak. That was us. It wouldn't, we thought, make dying easier, or suffering sweeter, but it would surely make life fuller, even at the cost of a lost hour of sleep each day. It wasn't eternity in a grain of sand so much as the grain in eternity, whose ready definition we found in telescopes that, bigger and better every year, got us nearer only to what would never be seen anyway, not while the speed of light was finite. There will always be something beyond the edge of the observable universe, but never mind: think of how much there is within it. First person plural, we roamed celestially, with, as often as not, a bizarre sense of how impersonal it was to be ourselves. "Hail, holy hydrogen," our prayers began, such as they were, and never have ended, but go on and on, in subjunctive salute.

Going at nothing like the speed even of sound (though in the prose it feels like light), we drove to Silver Hill in Maryland, a trip across the state border, to view the ghost squadron that belonged to the Smithsonian Institution. We were the Wright Brothers. We were Lindbergh. We were pilot, co-pilot, and stewardess aboard the Ford trimotor dubbed Tin Goose. Supervised by a lonely guard with a portwine birthmark running from his mouth, we sat in seats and thumbed wheels, twanged wires, and peered into cockpits. "Off, off," cried Milk, wanting the frozen assembly to soar as one, taking us clear of grass and sheds. At the first German jet, the ME 262 I think, she leered, scorning its cold storage. At a biplane from World War One, she nodded, relishing the excess of wing area. At a neat little racer with a giant faired-in-radial engine with blebs and an undercarriage with spats, she smiled as if recognizing a long-lost relative; something silver-beefy, something pyknic-eager, got her to caress the blebs, the spats, and clamp in her fist the tip of the two-bladed prop. For ten minutes, in that aeronautical trance, she remained in position, linked to the ghost of thunder, while we breathed in the aroma of varnish and oil, flexed our shoulders at the shed's coolness, raised eyebrows when the rain began. Fingal's Cave, I thought; but we were not in the Hebrides, or the New Hebrides, or the newest Hebrides of all. This was the morgue of Icarus. The wax of his wings was the wax in her ears (I cleaned her out every two days with finicking care). I saw her then as a non-starter among contraptions frail, or unflown, or no longer airworthy, and found the analogies almost right. Her stilled soul was with, and of, those giant wings above and alongside her, their fabric dun and bronze as that of a dried-out tea bag, their angles of dihedral and attack a little out of true. She was talking to the engine, I knew not how, but maybe she was consoling it in its enforced idleness. Did I imagine or hear a purr, a cough, a lyrical splutter? What followed was audible beyond doubt: a babbling flow from her throat. She had vomited on the spat.

Understandably, she recoiled, shaking her head in dismay. "Motion sickness," I told the port-wine guard. "Have you a cloth?" Mopping up, with breath held against the sharp tang of her bile, I told myself that this was really air-sickness after all. Spruced up again, thanks to Pi, who'd prudently got her away from the scene as fast as possible, to the ladies' room and then the open air, she embarked on a fit of guilty effusiveness, patting our backs, shaking our hands, exclaiming "Ah!" as she pointed to quite imaginary blemishes on our faces, arms, and shoes. Equipped with more than our fair share of postcards and leaflets, we drove away, only to stop en route and have Cokes. Once over the Pennsylvania line, we stopped again and had dinner, which Milk ate with benighted confidence, wincing at nothing, not even the big ice cream she hooted for. It all went down, and stayed.

Grinning at Cepheus, hours later, in her pajamas, Milk gave me the most exhausted version of what I call her Borgia nod. Criminals together, we held hands in yet another air space, plotted yet another raid on the Way. "House," she said baldly, meaning the constellation, and plunged both hands at the empty space beyond, asking for more. Would that I could, I'd turn hydrogen into helium, for her, like a well-behaving star. We tucked her in, planted our kisses, waved elaborate farewells. After which there was music, some Nielsen (loud) and some Holst (louder) and some lush Bergsma written in and for Jamaica. Through the scope, we observed Jupiter for real, in between touring clouds, then sat back on the balcony and rattled ice cubes in tumblers at the night that was just as warm as the day had been. Asa was away in New York, Chad had left for Boston. Even the neighbors who owned the pool weren't back. Only we and the stars stayed put, could be counted on. Or so I joshed as, once more inside, we half-watched Tyrone Power and Herbert Marshall in *The Razor's Edge*, wishing only for a character called Occam to curtail the reel and send us to bed half an hour earlier. As for the few days left, I didn't count. The reservations had already been confirmed, for a stop in the country of origin.

Badger Bookshelf

continued

Frank J. Sorauf '50, MA '52, Ph.D. '53 THE WALL OF SEPARATION The Constitutional Politics of Church and State Princeton University Press; 385 pp; \$15

Sorauf is dean of L&S and professor of political science at the University of Minnesota, and if his lectures are as lucid as is his writing, he probably gets a Kiekhofer skyrocket at every class. He discusses here the milieu of the sixty-seven cases of church/state litigation which reached the nation's appellate courts from '51-'71. The focus is on the fact that the judges are "prisoners of the cases brought to them, trapped in the (litigants') facts and arguments," which are themselves the product of myriad influences, not the least of which is demographic. Sorauf takes no sides, he merely makes a scholarly subject immensely interesting.

Judith Hicks Stiehm '57 (Editor) THE FRONTIERS OF KNOWLEDGE U. of So. Cal. Press; 93 pp.; pape

U. of So. Cal. Press; 93 pp.; paper \$2.50

Six women in arts, letters and science report on the frustrations and small satisfactions of that condition. Their cumulative effect is somewhat redundant, but each merits our attention, and conductor Antonia Brico is worth the price of the book.

Robert A. DeBonville '50 EVERY FOURTH TUESDAY Agapé; 171 pp; paper \$2.25

A bible-study group in Green Bay found itself challenged by a black prisoner at the reformatory there: if they were so all-out Christian, why didn't they leave their white neighborhoods now and then, to share their beliefs with those inside the walls? The result was the Faith at Work program which began in 1968 and continues today. DeBonville talks about the monthly sessions and the

prisoners whom they either helped or failed. Some scrupulous editing would have made this a better book, but it is tough and realistic, and mercifully free of the hotline-toheaven glibness that mars too much of today's "inspirational" output.

Arthur R. Tofte '25 SURVIVAL PLANET Bobbs-Merrill; 187 pp; \$7.95

The nice Evenson family is at peace on the pastoral planet Iduna, on which they crashed thirteen years before. Then along comes a spaceship with 200 downright ornery Earthlings escaping from a world now ravaged by overpopulation and underproduction. Things come out all right, and there's a nice scary sequence in which the hero is attacked by cannibalic throngs when he comes back to what used to be Manhattan.

Also new is Tofte's novelized version of the script of the 1951 movie, THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL. (Scholastic; 156 pp; paper, no price indicated.)

Also . . .

There are fine, fine color photosseventy-one of them-in UNDER-WATER: THE NORTHERN LAKES by Douglas R. Stamm '70, and his descriptive copy on the fish or submerged logs, the horsetails and water lilies is very good, too. He includes technical data on the photographs. (UW Press; 113 pp; cloth \$15; paper \$7.95).... You wouldn't use "definitive" to describe a history book that stops at 218 pages, but in that brief span an able writer/historian can tell us quite a bit about "those persons and happenings that . . . developed the Wisconsin character." RICHARD N. CURRENT Ph.D. '40 fills the bill nicely. WISCONSIN (Norton; \$8.95) is 1/50th of the publisher's States And The Nation series . . . WILLIAM J. PLUMMER '49 tells how his family raised a brood of quail in the backyard in FIVE OF A KIND (Regnery, 128 pp; \$7.95)... WALTER W. HELLER MA '38, admittedly an

expert, has produced THE ECON-OMY: Old Myths and New Realities (Norton: 210 pp; \$8.95)... Anna RIESCH OWEN PH.M. '42, PH.D. '52 has edited SELIG PERLMAN'S LECTURES ON CAPITALISM AND SOCIALISM (UW Press; 170 pp; \$12.50) focussing on the great labor historian's swing from Marxism to Capitalism as a result of his association here with John R. Commons . . . MURDER IN SPACE CITY by HENRY P. LUNDSGAARDE MS '63, Рн.D. '66 is a sociological study of homicide patterns in Houston, with some possibly surprising facts about jury reactions to who got killed. . . . PEARL HENRIKSEN SCHULTZ '39 offers readable, brief biographies of five foreigners who pitched in for our side in the Revolution, GENEROUS STRANGERS (Vanguard; 192 pp; \$6.95) . . . The title, POT-SHOTS AT THE PREACHER, which JAMES ALLEN SPARKS '72 chose for his paperback is too self-limiting. It's for anyone who works with committees and audiences. (Abingdon; 118 pp; no price given). . . . The prolific Lyle E. Schaller MS '49 confronts technology in UNDERSTANDING TOMORROW (Abingdon; 137 pp; paper, no price given), and tells us why he believes the observation that, "The more complex the situation, the more likely that the intuitive response will be counterproductive." Then, in SUR-VIVAL TACTICS IN THE PARISH (Abingdon; 207 pp; paper \$4.95) he moves in on PR problems in the congregation. . . . Johns Hopkins University Press has published RE-SPECTABLE FOLLY: Millenarians and the French Revolution in France and England by CLARKE GARRETT, MS '57, Ph.D. '61. Millenarians, the press release says, were people who looked to the Bible and other religious literature for explanations of contemporary events.

-T.H.M.

Day With the Arts

Sponsored by the Wisconsin Alumni Association

Wednesday, October 5, 1977

Alumni House • Wisconsin Center • Memorial Union

Morning Program

Registration and coffee 8:15 to 9:15 Sessions at 9:30 and 10:40 You may attend two sessions

A. Women, Romanticism and Art

Music Prof. Walter Gray, recipient of the Chancellor's Distinguished Teaching Award, will talk about the role of women in the ferment of early German Romanticism. He gives special attention to the nineteenth-century German feminists and their influence on the literature, philosophy and music of their day.

B. Sphinxes, Columns—and Grandma's Settee

When the treasures of Pompeii and Herculaneum were unearthed, they revolutionized the decorative arts of Europe and America. Eliza and Eric McCready—she is an instructor in environment and design with our School of Family Resources; he is director of the Elvehjem Art Center—give a visual discussion of how the ancients influenced the development of neo-classical furniture decoration.

C. The Musical Exchange

A live concert creates a give-and-take between audience and performers. Our three artists believe that this exchange is

most lively in a presentation of chamber music, and they plan to explain it and enjoy it with you in a program ranging from Mozart to Vaughn–Williams. You'll hear Prof. Thomas Moore on violin, Florence Aquilina–Moore on piano, and Prof. David Becker of Lawrence University on viola.

D. Over "The Hill" and Down Through Time

The architecture of certain buildings on the campus is a marvelous reflection of design changes in America since the mid-nineteenth century. Art History Prof. Narcisco Menocal takes you through those changes, with a side trip to what the campus' original master plan had in store.

Luncheon-Noon

Wisconsin Center • Union Great Hall

Afternoon Program-Union Theater

1:05—Greetings by Jo Bergstrom Meier, general chairman. Then: *Macbeth* in a special abbreviated version written, produced and performed by Prof. Sybil Robinson of our department of theater and drama, and Mr. Gerald Bartell, chairman of the Wisconsin Arts Council. It's the same delightful presentation you saw televised earlier this year, and the first such production of all thirty-seven of Shakespeare's plays scheduled for educational radio.

Day With The Arts Wisconsin Center, 702 Langdon St., Madison 53706				
Here is my check payable to the Wisconsin Alumni Association, in the amount of \$ reservations at \$10 each.				
Name Address				-
City State Zip _				
Circle choice of two sessions: A B C D				
Guests' names: —————————————————Guests' choice of session:	A	В	C	D
	A	В	C	D

University

Larger Freshman Enrollment Predicted, Many for Business

Late-July estimates predicted a sizeable increase in freshman enrollments this fall, with an unusually large number choosing pre-business studies.

David Vinson, director of admissions, said he expected up to 4,400 new freshmen, an 11-percent gain over last year. By July 22 there were 597 signed up for pre-business courses; on that date last year there were 477.

Prof. Roy E. Tuttle, an adviser for pre-business majors in the SOAR (Summer Orientation and Advising for Registration) program, sees the trend as a realization that there are increasingly less opportunities in business for those who major in liberal arts subjects. He added, however, that probably forty percent of the young people he counseled in SOAR won't get into the School of Business in their junior year because of deficiencies, probably in math.

L&S faculty advisor John Tolch said that there has been a drop-from a third to a half-in SOAR students expressing a desire to get into medical school. This is part of a national trend, he said, because "people don't want to sweat it out for three or four years,"

only to be rejected.

New-freshman applications were closed by the end of July, although transfer students continued to be accepted.

Campus Is High On Alumni Giving

The University of Wisconsin-Madison ranked fifth nationally among state universities in the amount of volunteer financial support it received during 1975-76, according to the Council for Financial Aid to Education (CFAE). The four institutions which topped it are multi-campus state university systems. In a list including all

U.S. colleges and universities, public and private, UW-Madison was listed sixteenth in the amount of support it received from sources such as foundations, businesses, alumni and other individuals.

The alumni-giving category was a special bright spot; the level of our alumni support was exceeded at only one other state university outside Wisconsin. The \$22,341,693 in total voluntary support for UW-Madison included funds from several sources: private gifts and donations; additions to endowment fund principal; and receipts earmarked for Madison by the UW Foundation, the University's chief fund raiser.

At UW-Madison, alumni gave \$4,885,224, other individuals gave \$2,746,812, businesses and corporations \$4,170,671, and foundations \$6,271,224. Our alumni giving was ranked second among state universities, business support was fifth, and outside foundation donations third.

Because CFAE's figures include addition to endowment fund principal, the major private universities-which depend heavily on endowment support —placed high in the overall survey. As a comparison, the UW System's endowment funds were valued at \$33.2 million last summer, according to the National Association of College and University Business Officers, and Harvard's was \$1.43 billion.

The UW-System's endowment was fifty-fifth in the nation-considerably below some of the major public and private universities including our neighors, the Universities of Michigan and Minnesota. Only continuing annual private support has kept us among the leaders in higher

education.

Don't forget our date!

Sept. 17 WAA Badger Warm-Up* Wis.-North. Ill. Ag Alumni "Football Fire-Up" Stock Pavilion area 10:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m.

Club Leadership Conference WAA Badger Warm-Up* Wis.-Northwestern Band Day

Oct. 5 WAA Day With The Arts

Oct. 8 WAA Badger Warm-Up* Wis.-Illinois Parents' Day

Oct. 9 Madison Alumni Club's Champagne Brunch Benefit for Wisconsin Singers

Oct. 21 WAA Board of Directors meeting

WAA Board of Directors meeting WAA Badger Warm-Up* Wis.-Mich. St. HOMECOMING

Nov. 4-6 Young Alumni Weekend

Nov. 5 WAA Badger Warm-Up* Wis.-Purdue

Nov. 12 WAA Badger Warm-Up* Wis.-Iowa "W" Club Day

Dec. 3 Wisconsin Singers' On-Campus Concert April 11 WAA Spring Women's Day

May 6 Wisconsin Singers' On-Campus Concert

May 19-21 Alumni Weekend

* Union South; 10:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m. Free cranberry juice; cheese. Cash bar.

veekend

November 4-6

This football-weekend package, especially designed for graduates of the last ten years, offers a unique combination of socializing, continuing education, Wisconsin football, meals and lodging, all at the unbelievably low price of \$45 per person.

Facilities: For our first Young Alumni Weekend we've selected the Bay Center on Willow Drive, overlooking Lake Mendota. The center, under the management of UW Extension, is within walking distance of Camp Randall, has doubleand single-room accommodations, free parking, a lovely dining room and excellent meeting facilities.

Program: We'll get underway on Friday, with check-in and registration at 4 p.m. Socialize at the informal brat-steak-beer supper at the center. Saturday morning there'll be early-bird coffee and rolls, then an enlightening talk by Prof. Reid A. Bryson, one of the country's most widely respected climatologists, founder of the UW meteorology department and director of our Institute for Environmental Studies. Then to Camp Randall for the Purdue football game. Dinner and the evening are on your own, and you'll have fun on the town. We'll conclude on Sunday with a midmorning brunch and a discussion on intercollegiate athletics with Communication Arts Prof. Frederick W. Haberman, chairman of the

Athletic Board, and an immensely popular speaker.

What's Included:

- · Two nights' lodging at University Bay Center
- Free parking
- Three meals (Friday night supper and two brunches.)
- · Coffee-and-rolls and the continuingeducation session on Saturday
- Tickets to the Wisconsin-Purdue game

Just \$45 per person, based on double-room occupancy. (Single-room accommodations at \$12 more.)

Get the details! Send for the brochure now. Reservations are limited to 150, so respond early for this great weekend!

Young Alumni Weekend, 650 N. Lake Street, Madison 53706

Please rush me the brochure!

Name _____ Address _____ City _____State ____Zip ____

Sports

continued from page 6

to the school, to ourselves and to the alumni."

To be sure, the Badgers couldn't ask for better support from their fans. Last year's attendance—a per-game average of 70,898—ranked Wisconsin fifth in the nation. In Jardine's seven years, Wisconsin has been in the top ten in attendance six times and the top five five times.

And this year, even with a schedule that's less attractive than in most recent years, general public season-ticket sales through mid-July were ahead of last year's pace.

Expect the crowds to be bigger than ever if the Badgers' plusses start out-distancing their minuses.

Eight Lettermen Back For Basketball Season

A nucleus of eight returning lettermen plus the influx of some of the nation's finest talent as freshmen bring a sparkle to Coach Bill Cofield's eyes as he embarks on Season Two as Wisconsin's Head Basketball Coach.

The Badgers were 9–18 overall in 1976–77 and placed in an eighth-place tie in the final Big Ten standings at 5–13.

Make no doubt about it, though—the Badgers were competitive last year as they played a total of twenty games decided by ten points or less, winning eight of them, losing twelve. For example, the Badgers lost to Big Ten Champion Michigan by three points at Ann Arbor, by five points in the game at Madison.

Three freshmen starters from 1976–77 who placed among the Big Ten's top thirty scorers—James "Stretch" Gregory, a 6' 8" forward; Joe Chrnelich, a 6' 7" forward; and Arnold "Clyde" Gaines, a 6' 4" guard—return for their sophomore campaign.

Gregory was Wisconsin's top scorer and rebounder last year with 15.9 points and 10.0 rebounds per game. He was twelfth in Big Ten scoring (17.3) and fourth in rebounding at 9.7 per game.

Chrnelich ranked third in team scoring and second in rebounding with 11.9 points and 8.8 rebounds while

placing twenty-fifth in Big Ten scoring (10.4) and seventh in rebounding (8.4). He shot .511 from the floor in conference play and .537 for the entire schedule.

Gaines improved immensely over the course of the 1976–77 season and ranked thirtieth in Big Ten scoring at 9.4 points per game. He ranked fourth on the team with an 8.1 per game average.

Seniors James Smith, 1977-78 team captain and Bill Pearson, a 6' 8" forward along with Dean Anderson, Mark

1977–78 Wisconsin Basketball Schedule

Dec. 1-UW-Milwaukee

Dec. 3—Canisius

Dec. 7—at George Washington

Dec. 9-at Providence

Dec. 12-at Iowa State

Dec. 14—DePaul

Dec. 29—Loyola of Chicago

Dec. 31—Northern Illinois

Jan. 5-at Ohio State

Jan. 7—at Michigan State

Jan. 12—Purdue

Jan. 14-Indiana

Jan. 19—at Michigan

Jan. 21—Minnesota

Ian. 26—Northwestern

Jan. 28-at Iowa

Feb. 2—at Illinois

Feb. 4—Iowa

Feb. 9-at Minnesota

Feb. 11—Illinois

Feb. 14—at Marquette

Feb. 16—Michigan

Feb. 18—at Northwestern

Feb. 23—at Indiana

Feb. 25-at Purdue

Mar. 2-Michigan State

Mar 4-Ohio State

Newburg, and Ray Sydnor are other returning lettermen.

Pearson averaged 6.6 points and 4.8 rebounds mainly in reserve roles last year while Smith, a fine scorer from outside, averaged 5.9 points per game.

Sydnor reported late a year ago from the football team and stepped in at center to start thirteen games, score 5.3 points per game and average 5.7 rebounds.

continued on page 26



"I achieve an altered state of consciousness through the conviviality of the Badger Warm-Ups." On the morning of every Badger home football game, we're there at the beautiful Union South to welcome you back. There's free cranberry juice, crackers and Wisconsin cheese. And a cash bar. The Union South has several excellent dining rooms, and usually there's a brat cookout. Parking is conveniently close by, and you're just across the street from Randall Gate. We'll look for you between 10:30 and 12:30.

Badger Huddles

Find a friendly face in an alien land.

Sept. 10: INDIANA Holiday Inn 2601 N. Walnut Bloomington 11 a.—Noon (Cash bar)

Sept. 24: OREGON Valley River Inn Eugene 5 p.m. (Cash bar)

Oct. 15: MICHIGAN Weber's Inn 2900 Jackson Rd. Ann Arbor 10:30—11:30 a. (Cash bar)

Oct. 29: OHIO STATE Columbus Hilton (Smuggler's Inn) 3110 Olentangy Riv. Rd. Columbus 11 a.—Noon (Cash bar)

Nov. 18: MINNESOTA Marriott Inn (Empire Room) 1919 E. 78th St. Bloomington 7—10 p. (Cash bar) Come Along With Us.



Big Ten Alumni Trans-Panama Canal Cruise.

January 21 — February 4, 1978

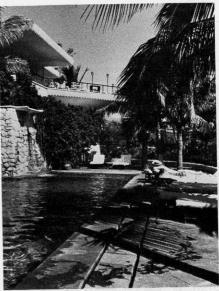
Sail for fourteen days in total luxury aboard the Sitmar Lines' fabulous 25,000-ton *Fairsea*. Superb cuisine. Two evening lounges with dancing and live entertainment. Three swimming pools. An Italian crew of 500. All cabins are large and carpeted, with four-channel music and lots of closet space.

With your alumni friends from the universities of Wisconsin, Indiana, Purdue and Minnesota we'll cruise leisurely through two oceans, the Caribbean and the Pacific. We'll visit seven exciting ports: San Juan, Puerto Rico; Grenada; Caracas, Venezuela; Curacao; Balboa, Panama, Acapulco and Cabo San Luis, Mexico, and cross the spectacular Panama Canal.

Plus "Free Air." We will fly you at no extra charge, on regularly scheduled flights, from your choice of 127 major U.S. cities to San Juan and from Los Angeles, with an option to leave early for San Juan or return later from Los Angeles!

All this, and those marvelous special Badger cocktail parties and flight bags and souvenir badges. It's a cruise you'll never forget. Prices range from \$1420 to \$2540 per person, depending on cabin choice and two-per-room occupancy from San Juan.

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City	State	Zip	
Class of			



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February 25 — March 4, 1978

We're going back to the lush, plush Las Hadas resort in this newest Mexican holiday area. We're going because you who were with us last year have called it "unbelievable, fantastic, the prettiest place in the world." And you are right. We'll have eight days there, jetting from Milwaukee on our Northwest Airlines 727 charter. Again we'll enjoy breakfast and dinner daily served under the lemon trees on the terrace or in one of the posh dining rooms. We'll have our "Welcome Amigos" and Badger cocktail parties. We'll do no tipping—it's included in our low price. Each room in this \$33,000,000 resort has its own terrace or walled garden. The pool is probably the largest in Mexico; the private beach is 500 yards long. The lagoon has islands, waterfalls and a "swim-in" bar. Any wonder we can't stay away? Any wonder you'd better be fast if you want to join us? This one is open to members of Wisconsin Alumni Association and immediate families only, at \$699 per person for double-room occupancy; \$175 additional for a single.

Member Jews







Schroeder



Kunz



Fisher

The Santa Cruz (Calif.) Sentinel ran a photograph of thirty-three members of the family of Harvey Edmunds '11, gathered for an annual reunion which, this year, was also the observance of his ninetieth birthday. Edmunds is a former vice-president of Pacific Public Service and served for ten years on the county planning commission.

William A. Walker, Sr., '18, vice president of Madison's Union Transfer Co., was honored recently by the Wisconsin Movers Association for his leadership and service.

Roy A. Bowers '36 has retired as dean of the College of Pharmacy at Rutgers University after twenty-seven years in that post. He will stay at his desk through this academic year until a new dean is chosen.

Charles H. Fenske '38, Madison, has been named a vice-president of operations and engineering at Oscar Mayer's. The College of Pharmacy at Ohio State has renamed one of its buildings after Lloyd M. Parks '38, who has been the college dean since 1956.

Earl Jordan '39, Chicago, who stepped down last month as chairman of our board of directors, is slated to become president of the insurance industry's General Agents and Managers Conference this month. Earl is general agent for Massachusetts Mutual in Chicago.

The National Committee of the International Electrotechnical Commission has

appointed Robert C. Mierendorf '39 to its executive committee. He is a corporate senior staff engineer with Square D Company, Milwaukee.

Robert W. Bray '40, associate dean of our College of Agricultural and Life Sciences, is the first recipient of an award from the American Meat Science association to honor those who have made "extraordinary and lasting contributions" to the industry.

Robert M. Bolz '44, president of Oscar Mayer & Co., is the new vice-chairman of its board, and takes on responsibility for its firms in Venezuela, Japan and Spain.

John R. Burke '47 has been named U.S. Ambassador to Guyana, a former British protectorate on the northeast coast of South America. A foreign service officer since 1956, he's been deputy chief of missions in Bangkok, Thailand for the past year.

A. Paul Bowman '49, group vice-president of Oscar Mayer, has been put in charge of its wholly owned subsidiaries.

Students and faculty at the University of Illinois voted Robert G. Spitze '54 one of six faculty members to receive \$1,000 awards for excellence in teaching. Travenol Laboratories, Deerfield, Ill., appointed James L. McCollough '58 its assistant director of manufacturing engineering.

Ralph W. Olson '58, Pittsburgh, moves up to manager of energy planning for PPG Industries' glass division. He's been with the firm since graduation.

Corning Glass Works promotes John A. Buch '59, Elmira, N.Y., to the sales managership of its consumer products division.

Norman A. Campbell '61, Narragansett, R.I., professor of pharmacy administration at the University of Rhode Island, earned the state pharmaceutical association's A. H. Robins award for outstanding community service.

Carol Hoppenfeld Hillman '61, New York City, has been named corporate director of public relations for Burlington Industries, Inc.

Raymond S. Bruhn '63, now of Vicenza, Italy, has been a teacher for the past eleven years in overseas schools of the U.S. Department of Defense. His work has brought him to schools in Germany, Turkey, the Philippines, Japan and Sardina before the recent move to Italy.

Club Programs

Coming events as reported to our offices by deadline for this issue.

Cedar Rapids: Nov. 12-Bus trip to Madison for Wis.-Iowa game. \$20 per person covers bus fare and game ticket. Info., Richard M. Smith, 4405 Westover Rd. SE, Cedar Rapids

Detroit: Oct. 15-Trip to Ann Arbor for Wis.-Mich. football game. Info., Wade Crane, 642-2134

Eau Claire: Oct. 9-Trip to Madison for Wis.-Illinois football game. \$28 per person covers fare, ticket, beer, box lunch, dinner at the Dells. Res., Jack Bartingale, P.O. Box 882, Eau Claire

Los Angeles: Sept. 14-Kickoff meeting. Sheraton West Hotel, Wilshire Blvd. Buffet, cash bar; 1977 Badger hockey films. \$6 per person. Res., Ken Krueger, 822-2500

New York: Oct. 6-Big Ten Party Nov. 15-Evening at the Metropolitan Museum. Info for both events: Jim Goetz (office) 914/359-7730

Twin Cities: Sept. 28 and Dec. 8-Guthrie Theater Nights. Info., Ted Hickman, (office) 370-4304

Monday noons during football season, football movies at Longhorn Restaurant, 14 S. 5th Street. Lunch at 12:05; films at 12:15. Info., Ted Hermann (office) 770-5437

Washington, D.C.: Oct. 2-Beer/brat Scholarship Benefit. 4-8 p.m. at home of Mrs. Jerry Nestingen, 4829 Bending Lane, N.W. Info., Martha Lewis, 383-1431

Get in on Winter's **Best Moments.**



Badger Alumni Cross-Country Ski Weekend at Trees For Tomorrow Environmental Center Eagle River, Wisconsin

February 17-19

(Friday night through mid-morning Sunday)

If you've only wished you were a cross-country skier, here's the time and place to start. If you're already a fan, you'll thrill to miles of frosty trails through hundreds of acres of Wisconsin's winter wonderland.

You get dorm-style sleeping accommodations in four comfortable lodges (2, 3, and 4 to a room); four excellent meals plus snacks; wine tasting party; transportation to trails; and professional instruction (plus optional rental of skis, boots, poles).

For beginners: Six hours of group instruction by certified instructors; expert's critique of your progress; additional instruction on equipment, clothing, winter ecology; special ski tour on gentle terrain after basic skills are acquired.

For the experienced: Tour skiing with guide; on-the-trail ecology sessions;

and critique of your skills.

\$51.50 per adult, \$29.50 for youngsters under 14 years. All this for (Skis, boots, poles furnished for adults at \$7.50; children \$5.)

Trees For Tomorrow Environmental Center is a non-profit area founded in 1944 by the paper and power industries to reforest northern Wisconsin.

Hurry! Space is limited. To share this adventure with your fellow Badgers, your reservation must be in by January 15.

Ski Registrar Trees For Tomorrow P.O. Box 609, Eagle River, Wis. 54521
Please rush me reservation forms for the Badger Alumni Cross-Country Ski Weekend, February 17–19.
Name
Address
City

Member News

Sigurd Erickson Olson '64, formerly manager of sales with our Elvehiem Art Center, has moved to the University of Missouri-Kansas City as manager of alumni programs.

Willard A. Murray '65, on the civil engineering faculty of Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa. since 1971, is now an associate professor.

Penn State's I. Cordell Hatch '66, professor of agricultural communications, is the new president of the American Association of Agricultural College

Lehigh University has promoted Roger D. Simon '66 to associate professor of history and granted him tenure.

Doboy Feeds, New Richmond, Wis., names as its top salesman of the year Reginald F. Destree '67, Coon Valley.

The Wisconsin Alumni Club of Chicago has its first woman president, Karen J. Schroeder '68. She is a staff assistant to the city's water commissioner.

Robert R. Anderson '69 is now an air traffic controller at the FAA center in Indianapolis.

At this writing Angela Baldi Bartell '69, a Madison attorney, is expected to be named a Dane County judge by Governor Martin Schreiber. She will fill the spot vacated by Judge William Eich '63 when he assumes the circuit court judgeship in January.

Chicago's Central National Bank has given a senior vice-presidency to Paul D. Olson '69, Wilmette.

Jeffery Kunz MD '71, who plans a career in medical journalism, has been named the first fellow in the Dr. Morris Fishbein Fellowship in Medical Jouralism Program at the AMA in Chicago. James C. Dawson '70, Peru, N.Y., for the past year acting director of the Institute for Man and Environment at State University College, Plattsburgh, N.Y., has assumed that position permanently.

Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance, Milwaukee, promoted Richard F. Fisher '73 to assistant actuary. He lives in Glendale.

Since the first of the year, Bill Kurtz '73 has been a reporter on the Ashtabula, Ohio Star-Beacon

Robert B. Feinberg '70 is assistant professor of mathematics at Iowa State University, and writes that he would be happy to see any friends passing through Ames.

First Lieutenant Harold L. Korntved '74 is chief mechanical engineer at Wurtsmith AFB, Michigan.

Deaths

Mrs. Freas Moore Long (Agnes C. Knudson) '07, Madison

Willis R. Woolrich '11, Ft. Collins, Colo. Mrs. E. E. Magee (Fay E. Vaughan) '11, Cedar Falls, Ia.

H. Sterling Taylor '11, Walnut Creek, Cal.

Mrs. Peter P. Hokamp (Eleanor Frances Schernecker) '12, Glenview, Ill.

Mrs. Elfrieda Hannah (Elfrieda Hertha Wippermann) '13, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Easton Johnson '13, Whitewater

Mrs. Ralph Bryant (Frances Mary Link) '13, Arlington, Va.

Mrs. Howard Frederick Ohm (Helene Bourcier Dunfield) '14, Wausau Ruth Henrietta Myrland '16, Madison Samuel Crane Vail '16, Joliet, Ill. Elmer Otto Habhegger '17, Jenkintown, Pa.

Arthur James Black '17, Tulsa Helen Perkins Bull '18, Santa Ana, Cal. Ralph Bryant Mason '20, Arlington, Va. Kenneth Harry Hoover '21, Winston—Salem, N.C.

Glenn John McMullen '21, South Laguna, Cal.

Mrs. Detor V. Rouse (Minnie Octavia Straubel) '21, Green Bay

Leigh Charles Borden '22, Los Angeles Helen Clarke Dyson '22, La Crosse. Died: 6-10-75

Mrs. Harry E. Carswell (Julia Ann Ross) '23, Richland Center

Mrs. J. H. Gilbert (Edith Augusta Porter) '24, Washington, D.C., first woman to hold the post of acting deputy administrator with the Housing and Home Finance Administration, and longtime information specialist with the Federal Housing Administration.

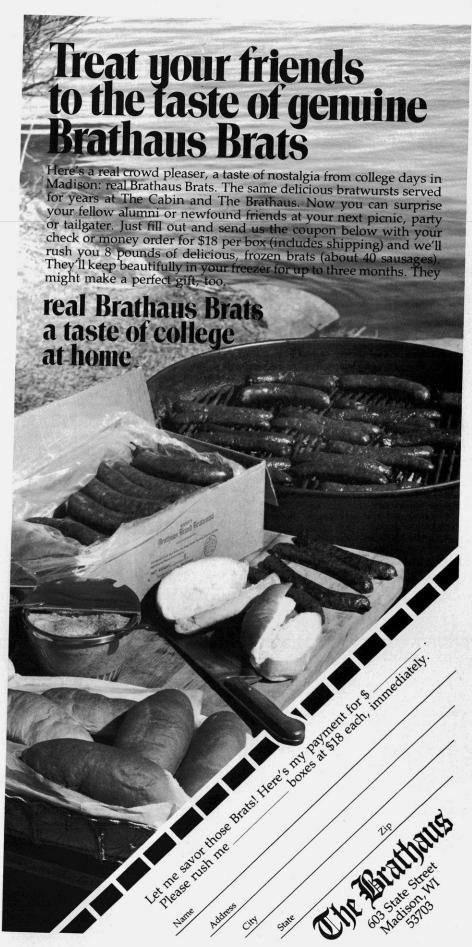
Edwin F. Nelson '24, Des Plaines, Ill. Grace Shugart '24, Princeton, Ill. Harvey Rockefeller Melcher '25, La Grange, Ill.

Louetta Mae Dieruf '25, Madison Russell Merrill Kutz '25, Watertown Kenneth Earl Cook '26, West Palm Beach, Fla.

Lester Carl Dobrunz '26, Glendale, Mo. Almon John Andrews '26, Madison Mrs. Henry A. Blocker, Jr. (Vivian Ethel Edwards) '26, Townson, Md. Died: 9-18-76

Ben R. Anderson '27, Superior Margaret Williams Cheever (Margaret Haynes Williams) '27, Port Hueneme, Cal. Died: 10-21-73

Willard Lee Flint '27, Glenview, Ill. Norman Arthur Severson '27, Streator, Ill.





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Sports

continued

Wisconsin's incoming freshman talent lists three of the nation's top 105 players including Wesley Matthews, a 6' 2" guard from Bridgeport, Conn.; Larry Petty, a 6' 9" center from New York City's Power Memorial Academy; and Claude Gregory, a 6' 8" forward, who is the younger brother of James "Stretch" Gregory.

Freshman guards Dan Hastings, 6' 4", Drexel Hill, Pa.; Skip Jackson, 6' 5", Long Island, N.Y.; and Darnell Reid, Bridgeport, Conn.; complete the list of newcomers.

Both Matthews and Petty will be playing together as members of a United States basketball team that will tour Russia in early August.

1977-78 HOCKEY SCHEDULE

Oct. 15-Varsity vs. Alumni

Oct. 21-St. Louis University

Oct. 22-St. Louis University

Oct. 28—at Michigan Tech

Oct. 29—at Michigan Tech Nov. 4—Colorado College

Nov. 5—Colorado College

Nov. 11—at Notre Dame

Nov. 12—at Notre Dame

Nov. 18—Minnesota-Duluth

Nov. 19—Minnesota-Duluth

Nov. 25-Minnesota

Nov. 26-Minnesota

Dec. 2—at Michigan

Dec. 3-at Michigan

Dec. 9-at Michigan State

Dec. 10-at Michigan State

Dec. 29-St. Lawrence

Dec. 30-St. Lawrence

Jan. 6-Michigan

Jan. 7—Michigan

Ian. 13—at Minnesota-Duluth

Jan. 14—at Minnesota-Duluth

an. 20—Michigan State

Jan. 21—Michigan State

Jan. 27-Michigan Tech

Jan. 28—Michigan Tech

Feb. 2-at Colorado College

Feb. 3-at Colorado College

Feb. 10—Denver

Feb. 11—Denver

Feb. 17-at Minnesota

Feb. 18—at Minnesota

Feb. 24-at North Dakota

Feb. 25-at North Dakota

Mar 4-Notre Dame

Mar. 5-Notre Dame

Mar. 10-11-WCHA Playoffs

Mar. 14-15-WCHA Playoffs

Mar. 19-WCHA-CAHA Playoff

Mar. 23-24-25-NCAA Tourna-

ment

Deaths

continued

Frederick James Young '28, Oregon, Wis. Rollie Barnum '28, Tequesta, Fla. Ole Gisvold '30, Minneapolis Mrs. Raymond H. Quade (Maxine Alice Baumgartner) '30, Sedona, Ariz. Harold William Gram '31, Waterman, III.

Mrs. Marshall Brandt Hulbert (Ruth Elizabeth Logan) '32, Kenosha William Willard Meyst '32, Fond du Lac Frederic Baker Platz '32, Madison Arnold Hendrik Dammen '33, Washington, D.C.

Kristy Sylvia Stolen '37, Madison Angus Cameron Doane '38, Pasadena Kenneth Martin Viste '39, Sturgeon Bay Clifford Otto Himmelmann '40, Bemus Point, N.Y.

Donald John Martin '40, De Pere William Edward Hill '44, Madison Mrs. Philip G. Arneson (Jean Elizabeth Huxtable) '45, La Crosse Russell Samuel Way '45, Gleason, Wis. Glenn Albert Winter '48, Sheboygan Falls

Jerome B. Polisky '56, Washington, D.C. Lawrence A. Johnson '59, Charleston, W.V.

Joseph John Rucinski '64, Marshfield Mrs. Peter Steffen (Barbara Belle Meracle) '65, Waukesha Rhys David Williams '73, Ann Arbor, Mich.

FACULTY AND STAFF

Vera R. Hub '30, Madison, for thirtyone years a County Agent with the UW Extension, and a teacher in the Home Ec School in the 1930s.

Helena B. Leute, 95, Madison, secretary to the department of history from 1906 to 1952.

Prof. Kenneth G. Weckel, 71, emeritus in food science. From 1935 to 1976 he earned international recognition as an authority in dairy products, fruit and vegetable processing, confectionery technology, nutrition-vitamin technology and regulatory practices and procedures. He developed and taught most of the courses now part of the food science curriculum.

Homecoming October 22

Badgers vs. Michigan State Special reunions for classes of 1957, '62, and '67 See page 3

The Job Mart

M.A. in library science, graduate work in Spanish, UW-Madison. B.A. in Spanish, English and library science minors. Experience in school, government documents, agriculture libraries. Employed at Land Tenure Center Library, UW-Madison. Desire position with law firm, prison, or other law library. Member AALL. Available now. Will relocate. Member 7710.

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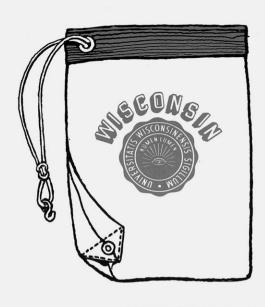
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Bucky Bibs	\$2.00			
SWEAT SHIRTS	\$5.00			
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The Lunts in their season of "O Mistress Mine."

We loved them in Madison

The Lunts opened the Union Theater. For many, they'll never leave it.

By Fan Taylor '38
Professor and Coordinator
University Consortium for the Arts

Alfred Lunt's death at eighty-andthen-some last month was simply untimely.

The Lunts are forever in the memory of Madison theater-goers. So many of us had a really mind-boggling experience with their artistry at the Wisconsin Union Theater, which they opened and graced with their presence frequently for years afterwards.

It is impossible to believe that he is gone; that she is in her nineties; or that the handsome couple from Ten Chimneys at Genessee Depot won't be back again for another sparkling pre-Broadway opening of their latest production.

As a young man from Milwaukee, Alfred Lunt roomed with Andrew T. Weaver at Carroll College. They retained their friendship over the years as Lunt's theater star brightened and as Weaver moved through the disciplines of the University at Madison, becoming professor and chairman of the Department of Speech, a post he held for twenty-five years. He left us numerous legacies. One was his son, John, who became the first president of the University of Wisconsin System; another was a series of great theater performances by the Lunts.

They were at the very top of the star pyramid of the Englishspeaking theater world in the late thirties as plans were being formulated on campus for the gala opening of the Wisconsin Union Theater. Professor Weaver persuaded them to help us do it with excellence and verve. All the high-level negotiations I watched at some distance, being at that time a graduate student hired to handle the publicity for the theater, but I remember the excitement as if it were yesterday. The press came from all over the country. I found my news stories turning up in papers I had hardly heard of. There were tours and receptions and special dinners. Photographers were everywhere. (Opening-night seats cost five dollars, and students and The Daily Cardinal complained.)

The first-night, black-tied and longskirted crowd watched tensely as



Lunt in costume for "The Taming of the Shrew."

the lights went down for the first time in the Union Theater and the curtain began to rise. Would it work? Were all the lights functioning? Would Mrs. Sederhom (Mrs. Lunt's mother) be too upset that she was seated, inadvertently, in the last row of the upper balcony? It worked, as it has for nearly forty years since, a great new theater to house a great old play.

That was October 9, 1939, and the play was Shakespeare's immortal romp, "The Taming of the Shrew," a Theatre Guild show restaged especially for this occasion.

A year and a half later, in January, 1941, the light-hearted opening seemed back in some other age. War clouds hung over Europe. Hitler was marching. This time the Lunts stirred our consciences with a work of another kind entirely, "There Shall Be No Night," by Robert Sherwood, an absorbing and compassionate play about a Finnish scientist and his American wife. Sidney Greenstreet and Montgomery Clift were in the supporting cast. Originally scheduled for two evening performances, the dates had to be changed abruptly to a matinee and evening because the Lunts were invited by President Roosevelt to attend the Inaugural ceremonies. (Incidentally, tickets ranged from one dollar to three dollars for students in the second balcony. For the rescheduled matinee, prices were reduced fifty cents across the board.)

During the same year Lynn Fontanne returned to do a special reading of "The White Cliffs of Dover" by Alice Duer Miller for a benefit for the British War Relief Society. Miss Fontanne is a British native.

A world premiere was next. On Sept. 14, 15, 16, 1942, we hosted the Lunts in "The Pirate," by S. N. Behrman. This comedy, laid in the West Indies, suited their irresistible talents as very superior clowns. The show was one of the largest and most colorful productions of their careers, gorgeously staged and costumed, with a large cast that included Estelle Winwood and Juanita Hall.

The Lunts liked opening in the Union Theater, away from Broadway pressures. They brought us next "O Mistress Mine" by Terence Ratigan, a London comedy hit which they showcased here first in America. This opened on New Year's Eve, 1945, for eight performances. But Brooks Atkinson was critical in the New York Times when the show reached Broadway. He wrote that the play was "the most accomplished piece of drollery in town" but the "comedy is trifling to the point of dullness.' Madison probably would not have completely agreed, but we had seen the Lunts make better choice of theater vehicles.

Several years went by, and then "those bright and particular stars" were back again, with another S. N. Behrman show. Another opening. This time they helped the University celebrate its Centennial.

Before they settled on the title "I Know My Love," they tried several others, which did not make my life as theater director—trying to order press materials and tickets-any easier. The comedy was adapted from a French farce, the staging was heavy and designer Stewart Chaney had one portion of the set so located that those of us backstage had a fine view of it, but the audience, at least those on stage right, could not really see. That must have been a hard week for Lunt, who had not been well. It certainly was for all of our theater staff.

But I remember some delights from that time, too, especially when Lunt decided he would cook for himself in the kitchen off our Green Room. My office was full of good smells for days! On the cold February morning when the show moved out, he scrambled eggs. I shall never forget Lynn Fontanne sitting at the table in the Green Room wearing a mink hat and a floor-length mink coat and eating those eggs—with her shoes off.

Nor will I ever forget an encounter with her in the costume shop, where for some strange reason we had both gone. I came around the corner of a rack of costumes and practically ran into her. She smiled with such warmth, and not a shred of recognition, and said to me—I'd been working backstage with her for a week—
"Are you interested in the theater, dear?"

"I Know My Love" was the last big Lunt show for Madison. They did little touring after that, although we made every possible effort to bring them in Duerrenmatt's "The Visit," that provocative play with which essentially they closed their public

careers.

In the mid-Fifties, thanks to the special efforts of Fredrick Buerki, our long time technical director and "Mr. Theater" to the campus, MGM released from its vaults a reissued print of "The Guardsman," the only film the Lunts ever made, screened in 1931. We showed it in September, 1955, and brought it back the following July.

In 1964, a quarter of a century after the Union Theater opened, I wrote and invited them to return for our twenty-fifth anniversary celebration of the opening, reminding them how our audiences still recalled the occasion "with delight not un-

mixed with awe."

In reply Mr. Lunt said, "We deeply regret we cannot accept your invitation for Oct. 9 as we will be in Indianapolis at that time.

"We have such happy memories of our weeks in the Union Theater—one of the truly great ones in this country—unique in its equipment and its comforts. Long may it not be a parking lot."

Mrs. Taylor was director of the Wisconsin Union Theater for more than two decades, before leaving for Washington, D.C. in 1966, to join the National Endowment for the Arts. She is now back on campus.



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