In recent years, America has realized that its concern with criminals has been too narrowly focused on punishment and isolation. With only few exceptions, those committed to prisons return to society ill-equipped to make a new life. Under the leadership of several Washington University alumni, Magdala Foundation in St. Louis is one of the pioneers in establishing a new kind of correctional institution. See story on page 2.
COVER: An Arthur Proetz photo of three Washington University coeds at the 1913 Commencement. For more of Dr. Proetz's historic and nostalgic photographs, see "Remembering St. Louis," beginning page 13.

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Magdala Foundation's two community-based treatment centers for criminals represent a new approach to an age-old problem. Tom Mangogna, executive director and a Washington University alumnus, says of the public offender, "We have punished him, warehoused him, and forgotten about him. We have not helped nor rehabilitated him. Indeed, in most cases, we have made him worse." Now, with the leadership of a professional staff largely Washington University-trained, Magdala's innovative program offers a new beginning to many men and women who have been long neglected.

By DOROTHEA WOLFGRAM

MAGDALA: A New Beginning

Across the nation the American system of criminal justice is under fire. Attica, the Supreme Court decision on the death penalty, prison reforms in almost every state of the Union, are the stuff of daily headlines, television documentaries, magazine articles, books, movies, congressional investigations.

In this movement, Magdala Foundation of St. Louis seems an infinitesimal effort: its yearly maximum capacity for in-resident "clients" is 110. But Magdala Foundation is not only in this movement; it is on the cutting edge. Even its smallness is significant.

Magdala Foundation, a non-profit, private organization, operates two community-based treatment centers for adult public offenders. Its women's residence in South St. Louis was opened in September, 1966; in April, 1971, its operation was extended to a men's residence in an area known as the Near North Side. Its purpose is to serve the community and the offenders by providing a comprehensive program of rehabilitation for criminals.

Perhaps the best description of both the underlying concept and the operation of Magdala's program is contained in the summary recommendations of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Criminal Justice. In 1967, it reported:

The general underlying premise for the new directions in corrections is that crime and delinquency are symptoms of failures and disorganization of the community as well as of individual offenders. . . . The task of corrections therefore includes building or rebuilding solid ties between offender and community, integrating or reintegrating the offender into community life—restoring family ties, obtaining employment and education, securing in the larger sense a place for the offender in the routine functioning of society. This requires not only efforts directed toward changing the individual offender, which has been almost the exclusive focus of rehabilitation, but also mobilization and change of the community and its institutions . . .

This report envisions such basic changes as construction of a wholly new kind of correctional institution for general use. This would be architecturally and methodologically the antithesis of the traditional fortress-like prison, physically and psychologically isolated from the larger society and serving primarily as a place of banishment. It would be small and fairly informal in structure. Located in or near the population center from which its inmates came, it would permit flexible use of community resources, both in the institution and for inmates released to work or study or spend short periods of time at home. Its closest existing models are some of the residential centers developed in special juvenile treatment programs, and the halfway houses that have been developed in a number of communities for released prisoners.

This type of institution would perform many functions. It would receive newly committed inmates and carry out extensive screening and classification with them. For those who are not returned quickly to community treatment, the new institutions would provide short-term, intensive treatment before placing them in the community under appropriate supervision. Still other offenders, after careful diagnosis, would be sent to the higher custody facilities required for long-term confinement of more difficult and dangerous inmates. But they might be eventually returned to the small facility as a port of re-entry to the community.

Magdala's centers closely fit the commission's model, and although the report was written nearly six years ago, there are few such centers for adult offenders in the United States today. Although Magdala is not formally connected to Washington University, three of six of its master's-level staff members are graduates of George Warren
Brown School of Social Work, several alumni serve on its board and advisory council, and many social work students from the University do practical field work at its houses.

Magdala’s executive director, Tom Mangogna, MSW 70, explains the need which Magdala tries to meet: “It has taken us a long time to learn that our punitive approach to offenders is helping to create a high rate of recidivism among them. We take them out of a community in which they have encountered problems and put them into an isolated, insulated situation. Years later, we give them twenty-five dollars and a suit of clothes, say, ‘Go, make a new life,’ and send them back less equipped than before they left to handle the problems that got them into trouble.

“But there hasn’t been a cohesive community-based system for handling adult offenders. Most social and rehabilitative agencies don’t want the public offender because the agencies feel inadequate to deal with their multiple problems. They are the toughest cases; the success rate is low. They are difficult to place in employment and more difficult to keep there.

“The offender, particularly one who has been institutionalized, does have an employment problem. He probably doesn’t have any skills, he doesn’t know how to approach an employer, how to get up on time, how to respond to a supervisor, how to resolve differences with other employees in a constructive fashion, and, many times, he doesn’t want to work.

“So you can’t offer him just employment service; you have to start with very basic things. You have to deal with his emotional, personal, and social problems. Most of the time, he needs every kind of service the family, the school, the community, offer and he needs this service in the realistic setting where he’s going to have to make it on his own.

“That’s why we’re here,” he said, gesturing out of the second-story window in a neighborhood of run-down flats and housing projects. “We have to help them to learn to cope here, and we have to teach them to plug into the community services that are here.”

Magdala’s program, which is funded by the federal government through state agencies, consists of an in-residence clientele who remain at the houses by direction of the court for up to six months, an after-care program in which the former resident is followed in the community for another six months, and an out-client program for ex-offenders in the community. The heart of the program is the residence period. “We offer an alternative life style,” says Ed Koslin, AB 68, MSW 70, director of the men’s house. “These guys may never have learned to cope without getting into trouble, or they may have had that ability programmed out of them by institutionalization.”

The staff feels that institutionalization takes away from inmates the abilities to make a decision and to predict the consequences of an act. It is these abilities, Magdala tries to restore. Within the houses, “programming” is a slang term for actions following the prison code: Do your time; do what the man says; don’t snitch; get out. The only game is to figure out what the new man expects of you. They ask, “What do you want?” The answer at Magdala inevitably is, “We want you to think for yourself, man. You make a decision; you live by the consequences of your action; you be responsible. We’re not going to continue to be your keeper.”

Another Magdala slang term, “state-raised youth,” succinctly describes many of its participants, who have progressed from childhood through the state correctional system. No one at the men’s house asks, “What’s Boonville (state training school for boys) or Algoa (state men’s intermediate reformatory)?” Boonville, Missouri Hills, Algoa, Moberly, Jefferson City, are the “them” who’ve been opposed to “us” most of our lives.

The pattern of previous trouble with the law and of broken or troubled homes—where one or both parents are alcoholics or drug users, where fathers have long prison records, where brothers have the same—is typical of most
of the 17- to 25-year-old males who enter the men's house and many of the women of all ages who inhabit the women's residence.

Ed talks of some typical residents, using fictitious names: “Childhood training for Dale consisted of not getting in the way. He's 21 and he can't read or write. Allen's background is that he was reared by his grandmother in the St. Louis housing projects. His juvenile offenses began at age 11. By 16, he was taking heroin. When he came here, paroled from Algoa, he was programming. Recently he's begun to get more involved. He and our psychologist have begun regular therapy to work out some of his personal problems.”

When Tom was considering opening a men's house, he found that there were 900 men between the ages of 17 and 25 on probation or parole on the streets of St. Louis's ninth police district. The population of the men's house must be limited to this age group. The women's residence, however, serves a much broader age population and a far greater geographic region. As Tom points out, “A woman has to work a lot harder to go to prison.” The women's house takes many women from the Federal Bureau of Prisons, an arrangement which the men's residence is just entering. Women are sent to the house as federal, as well as state, probationers, parolees, or actual prisoners.

“The Federal criminal corrections system is far ahead of the state’s,” says Sally Franzmann, MSW 66, who directed the women's house for two years prior to September. “For some time, federal judges have taken the option of using Magdala for what is called a split sentence. We are just beginning to see state judges doing the same. Under this sentence, a woman serves up to six months at Magdala, then, with the director's recommendation, she is put on probation. Without an institution such as Magdala, the judge probably would have no choice but to send her to a federal prison.”

Magdala's in-house program is designed as a series of levels, each attained by exhibiting more responsible and socially acceptable behavior and accompanied by more freedom. After an initial period of house confinement for evaluation, a resident is expected to work through one of the temporary employment agencies as well as take classes and job training as applicable. A resident "pays" for room and board from earnings or from a training stipend and is expected to put some money in a savings account opened by Magdala in his name. If Magdala is paid a per diem by the state or federal government, rent money is put into savings accounts.

From the moment a resident crosses Magdala's threshold, he is responsible for his own behavior. There are no locks, no guards. Rules regulating comings and goings and individual behavior rely on self-discipline and peer group pressure. The ultimate consequence of failure to perform satisfactorily at Magdala is expulsion from the program. That grave threat seems to be respected by all. To a great extent, residents are also self-governing. Almost every week night, Ed or his assistant director, Dennis Schneider, MSW 71, and their counterparts at the women's house lead what residents call "groups."

"Tonight, I'm going to start with my problem," said Ed opening the session. He sat on the edge of a worn sofa in the men's house living room, clipboard on his knees, addressing eight men, who slouched back in their seats. They were draped, almost to a man, in studied positions of indifference.

"I'm depressed. I walked into this house tonight and it's a pigsty. We talked about Luella (cook and housekeeper) being sick. Everybody agreed to pitch in to keep the place in order. So now what? It just makes me feel helpless."

"How come I'm on restriction?" was the first response.

Jim McGinnis, a WU social work student training at Magdala, said, "Because your room's a mess. The bed's not even made."

"Christ," swore the young man. "I just got off restriction (confinement to the house during free time). Have a heart."
The men's house, five minutes from downtown St. Louis, is next door to Grace Hill Settlement House, one of the oldest urban missions in the Middle West.

“Anybody feel sorry for Matt?” asked Ed. Only Matt responded with a sonata of self-pity. No one told him to shut up. They sat back passively to let him perform. There seemed to be a tacit agreement that night to let the session drift. Discouraged by the indifference, Ed said later, “It isn’t often like this. Most nights are mildly productive; sometimes everybody seems to catch fire. Those nights are worth working for.”

Ed finally asked, “Who made your bed when you were a kid, Matt? Your mother do it?”

“Na,” sniggered Matt. “My mother never made beds. They never got made. When my sister was old enough, I paid her a quarter a week to do it for me.”

“Even in the pen they make your bed and wash your clothes,” chimed in another.

“Right?” Ed asked, addressing everyone. They agreed. “Well, not here,” he said. “Rick went to work at six, but his bed’s made. How long did it take you, Rick? Five minutes?”

“To make a bed, you kidding? One, maybe two minutes.”

“All right, you guys who aren’t on restriction, you decide. What’s fair? You bother. You care. He doesn’t seem to. Should we let him off restriction?”

The answer came, but in the form of silence. The restriction stood. The subject changed to sign out procedures. Sam had several times failed to sign out upon leaving, as required.

“I was late. The cab was waiting. I didn’t think it mattered. Everybody knows I go to work at 6.” The group decided he should try to follow house procedure in the future.

“Now,” said Ed, “Here’s Tony’s sign out. 10/5—around; 10/6—paradise; 10/7, heaven; 10/8, purgatory; 10/9, Pizzazzz.” Everyone laughed, including the young man of the Dantesque destinations.

“It tells you as much as ‘out,’ and that’s where I was going—no place in particular,” he offered.

“But during the week, you got to be going someplace—like school or job hunting or the doctor,” corrected Jim.

Tony shrugged, “I didn’t know that. I was just going out. I thought it might make you smile,” he said to Ed.

Ed wasn’t amused. He asked what should be done and several voices said, “Forget it,” so the misdemeanor was dismissed with a reprimand.

A social work student asked if anyone had seen his tape recorder. “What, you lose it?” several asked. When, where, had it been locked up?

From out of the blue, Al asked, “Anybody in here for not going to church?” No one responded. He asked again.

“Come on now, Al,” said Tony. “You know none of us has got anything to do with church.”

“That’s what I mean,” said Al. “We’re all thieves. You don’t lock something up, you deserve to lose it.”

“What I can’t understand is that you rip each other,” said Bob Schlitt, director of the women’s residence, to the ten young women assembled in the dining room.

“Ain’t but one of us ever steals from the others. Everybody knows that,” said Susan. “Sara’s like a sister to me; so’s Juliette. They can have anything I got. Lots of us like that. Just one of us steals.”

“You accusing me,” snapped an animated young woman. “Why I’ve been good, oh, so good for so long. I want to get out of here. I’ve got a baby and a good man. I’ve been nothin’ but good and you can’t prove otherwise.”

“She didn’t accuse you,” said Sister Mary Ann, part-time counselor at the women’s house. “All anybody said is that you were one of three people in the house during the time the suit was stolen. So, Gloria, what do you want to do about your loss?”

“I want to be paid,” she said unreasonably, but settled later for a search of everyone’s room with the owner present. The small partitioned private rooms on the second and third floors of the old mansion were immaculate. It was Friday, and one requirement for a pass was a clean room.

“She knows she’s not going to find anything,” Sister said
Magdala’s houses are therapeutic communities where contact among residents and with staff is constant. Dennis sits with residents awaiting supper call.

later. “She got picked up by the police and held overnight. When the girls found out, two of them went up to collect her things and lock them up, but when she got back we realized a suit was missing. They had their own meeting and put the whole house on restriction for a week, but they all know who took it and that it’s out of here. That was just an act of frustration.”

One by one, most of the women came into the office wearing coats. Sister Mary Ann checked their points, accumulated during the week for working, job hunting, job training, and good behavior, to determine who had earned the night out or an overnight.

Counselors say that unlike the men’s house, where feelings tend to smolder, women residents flare up over trivial things like use of someone else’s hairspray. “I wish the men were more open,” Ed said.

“No,” said Tom. “Their tempers are too violent and they’re afraid they haven’t got control of them. Traditionally, when they get mad, people get hurt. Mood swings at the women’s house are much greater, but that’s not an indication of mental health. We’ve found the women are more severely emotionally disturbed than the men.”

ASKED WHY Magdala elects to work with those who seem to be almost beyond help, he answers, “They need us most. For them, there is no one else, if not Magdala.” It is an answer heard frequently from the staff.

Bob Schlitt, a graduate of the University of Missouri who took over direction of the women’s house when Sally left, explains the staff’s therapy approach. “We are interested more in behavior than in attitudes. We evaluate behavior by its standard in the ‘real world,’ for our residents the ‘outside world.’ If you work all week, you get to play on weekends. If you learn to discipline yourself to behavior that is socially acceptable, you get more freedom and you eventually get out. In dealing with emotions, we want to teach residents how to handle their feelings and to vent them acceptably. When the pressures in this house build up, I have to bring feelings out in group therapy and try to teach them to handle them without violence.”

Men come to Magdala under conviction of armed robbery, assault, manslaughter, burglary, and a long list of other felonies. In contrast, a great majority of the women have been convicted of some money matter—writing bad checks, stealing from mailboxes, stealing welfare checks—although some have been charged with assault or other violent crimes. Convictions and sentencing on charges of prostitution alone are rare today.

Magdala relies heavily upon other supportive facilities of the metropolitan area. Many inmates undergo treatment for alcoholism, narcotics addiction, or psychiatric problems at state hospitals or other centers as a part of the therapy program. Magdala also makes heavy use of available vocational training programs.

To male residents, the ability to earn money and to save money is a prime indicator of the ability to succeed on the streets, for most know no honest way to earn enough to live outside. For the women, earning money is a final step in dissolving dependency upon males which, in most cases, contributed to their original crime.

Unlike the new model institution described by the President’s commission, Magdala does not serve as a detention center for testing and evaluation of newly committed inmates. The need for its rehabilitative program is too great.

The feeling of all involved that Magdala’s program will succeed is still a passionate hope, not an established statistical fact. Yet, if the program has major shortcomings, it is in trying to do too much for too many, in being willing to take chances and make mistakes in the face of a slim chance of success, in being a great believer in the humanity of its clients.

Not infrequently in a period of depression a resident will say, “Send me back. I’d rather be in prison.” To which someone once replied, “Man, what you saying. I knew you at Moberly. You was nobody.”
Lucius Jefferson Barker, Edna Fischel Gellhorn University Professor of Public Affairs and Professor of Political Science, is a specialist on public law and the judicial process. The author of a recently completed study on "The Supreme Court from Warren to Burger: Implications for Black Americans and the Political System," he is deeply concerned with the problems of minorities in the United States today. Dr. Barker expects to incorporate his treatise on the Court into a book which will attempt to determine if blacks and other minorities can resolve their problems within the present American framework of government.

By DOROTHY BROCKHOFF

LUCIUS BARKER
portrait of a political scientist

On Southern University's Baton Rouge campus in the mid-fifties they were irreverently referred to by their students as Dr. Barker Number One and Dr. Barker Number Two. "They" were the Barker brothers, Lucius and Twiley, both of them political scientists with the same area of specialization, public law and the judicial process. The matter of which was Hertz and which was Avis at the time was something the Barkers never resolved, and it is still the subject of good-natured bantering between the two.

Nowadays, in academic circles at least, it is easier to tell them apart, separated as they are by about three hundred miles. Twiley W. Barker, Jr., the older of the two by three years, is a professor at the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle, while Lucius J. Barker serves as Edna Fischel Gellhorn University Professor of Public Affairs and Professor of Political Science at Washington University.

It is the younger and more slightly built of the sibling scholars, of course, who is profiled here, although understandably now and again Twiley Barker will reappear not only because, on occasion, he still works in tandem with his Washington University counterpart, but also because the two complement each other much as Ira did George or Orville, Wilbur.

At forty-four, Lucius Jefferson Barker is in his prime, and he looks it. About five foot nine, he seems taller as he sits at his desk in the new Social Sciences building. A lean man with no trace of middle-aged flabbiness, his style in haberdashery is Brooks Brothers rather than rumpled tweeds, and his manner at first meeting is formal and precisely correct. He is, as one of his closest friends summed it up, dignified, a word rarely used in these days of studied and often phony casualness, but he is not stuffy.

Neither is he severe. But he is serious. Lucius Barker is a concerned man. He does not view this planet on which we live as the best of all possible worlds, and he says so candidly with measured deliberateness. Dr. Barker, in short, does not give answers to difficult questions off the top of his head. And he is impatient of those who do. A man of many responsibilities who must husband his time carefully to conserve enough hours for painstaking research, Lucius Barker loses his cool when a speaker or visitor comes ill-prepared.

He himself says that the key to his character is "thoroughness." What he means by thoroughness is meticulous preparation. "I try to look at a subject from as many aspects as possible before I zero in on it," he explained. This determination to give his best applies to his classroom procedure, where he uses a lecture-discussion technique, as well as to his writing and research, which was absorbing most of his waking hours late last fall when this article was being prepared.

At that time, Dr. Barker was on leave for the semester to pursue his scholarly investigations. One result, finished at Thanksgiving, was a voluminously footnoted, searching, and occasionally searing commentary on "The Supreme Court from Warren to Burger: Implications for
Black Americans and the Political System." Eventually, it will be incorporated into a book-length study in which Dr. Barker plans to discuss the problems and prospects for blacks to achieve basic policy objectives within the political system as it presently operates.

Although Dr. Barker prefers to hole up at home to do most of his writing, evidence of his immediate preoccupation was omnipresent in his spartan University office. Pads of legal-size yellow paper on which he scribbles his draft in pencil ("so I can erase") were heaped on a chair. Nearby was a gray manual typewriter for transcribing. "My handwriting is so bad," Dr. Barker confessed with a grin, "that if I don't type my notes up almost immediately I can't decipher them."

Dr. Barker is given to such self-deprecative revelations, all of them delivered good-naturedly and usually with a disarming smile or chuckle. The ability to laugh at himself is the leavening agent which saves him, as one who knows him best expressed it, "from being grim." He is no backslapping jester, but neither is he, as his brother Twiley Barker aptly observed, "dour." That Lucius Barker is able to maintain his equilibrium is a tribute to his spirit, because he is one of those who views with alarm, to put it mildly, what is happening in America today.

Lucius Barker's convictions and his fears for this country revolve around the Supreme Court. Together he and his brother Twiley Barker have written two books, Freedoms, Courts, Politics: Studies in Civil Liberties (recently revised) and Civil Liberties and the Constitution: Cases and Commentaries (now in the process of being revised), which establish their competence in the field of judicial politics. More especially, they are authorities on the Supreme Court and are able to refer easily and eloquently to such landmark cases as the now-famous 1954 Brown vs. the Board of Education of Topeka et al., which proclaimed, as the Barkers themselves have summed it up, "that segregated educational facilities are inherently unequal and are thus violative of the Fourteenth Amendment."

In their view, the courts, and especially the United States Supreme Court, have been major agents in effecting revolutionary change in this country during the fifties and sixties "with Congress and the President joining in the effort." The initial impetus, however, came from the courts, and Lucius Barker never fails to stress that point. "It was the Supreme Court," he said recently, "which did a lot to socialize the issue of race, that is, to publicize and give it a high place on the nation's agenda."

"One wonders," he added, "whether or not the Congress or anybody else would have addressed this issue were it not for the Supreme Court." In making this statement, Lucius Barker emphasized that he was talking about the Warren Court. No one is more aware than Dr. Barker that in earlier days the Supreme Court was not always in the vanguard of social change.

But Lucius Barker pointed out that President Nixon's recent appointment of four "strict constructionists" to the Supreme Court not only profoundly changed the composition of what was the Warren Court but also its outlook. In the opening paragraph of his recently completed study, called here for brevity "The Supreme Court from Warren to Burger," Dr. Barker stated: "The Warren Court was generally pictured as supporting the interests of black Americans. Today, however, this image of the Supreme Court is fast fading."

In his analysis, Dr. Barker cites chapter and verse of recent pronouncements by the Supreme Court in support of the latter conviction. He contends that the Warren Court "brought to the surface and attempted to overcome" the fact that "a large segment of the American population, mainly blacks but many others, were not adequately represented in the political system." On the basis of the review included in his manuscript, he concluded that the Burger Court "is unlikely to perform this function either as to its nature or extent." The problem for blacks, he warned, "is not how to forge new changes through litigation, but rather how to prevent the 'chipping away' of changes already gained."

It is this situation which probably troubles Lucius Barker most. Now minorities which would seem to have no place to go for a hearing of their grievances, which is why Lucius Barker foresees mounting tension and frustration. With such conditions, he does not rule out the possibility of new riots and ever-increasing turmoil.

Such consequences, he fears, would inevitably lead to greater rigidity in the American political system and ultimately to repression given, as he puts it, "the politics of the seventies." For this reason, he explained, "I am very pessimistic about the future."

The recent election only exacerbated Dr. Barker's feeling of gloominess about the outlook for the United States. He is deeply troubled because he sees a resurgence of white racism, attributable in part at least, in his opinion, to President Nixon's position on busing and his remarks about those on relief and the need to trim the welfare rolls. Dr. Barker sees words such as busing and welfare as code terms because he is convinced that people identify them with blacks even though many whites use buses to get to school for purely geographical reasons and thousands of poor whites are dependent on the government for their daily bread.

In a newspaper article published shortly after the election, columnist Anthony Lewis came to the same conclusion. "Apart from the image of the candidates," he wrote, "the most important [factor] was race. No one likes to say so; the whole of election night went by with hardly a
word on television. But the fact is that many white Americans feel themselves threatened by black people, and they think Richard Nixon is the man to keep down the threat.”

That Lucius Barker should be especially sensitive to racism is quite understandable. He was born and reared in the Deep South. The son of parents both of whom were educators, Lucius Barker, like his two brothers and three sisters, grew up in the small town of Franklinton in Washington Parish, Louisiana. He still has family there—a younger brother, Bringier, who was personally involved in the integration of the Washington Parish schools—and an elderly mother who still worries about her brood.

The Barker offspring all went to segregated schools. Indeed, Lucius Barker did not attend a so-called mixed institution until it was time for him to enter graduate school. Because Louisiana had no separate facilities for blacks who wanted to study for advanced degrees, he was then awarded a scholarship to study outside the state at the university of his choice, Illinois, where he earned both his master’s and doctoral degrees.

In retrospect, Dr. Barker recalled that as a youngster growing up in the South he felt a sense of dissatisfaction with segregation, which he viewed as “being based on second-class citizenship.” But these were latent feelings, he explained, largely unexpressed until leaders like Martin Luther King and others came along. “Perhaps most important, there were controls,” he added. “All governmental institutions in the South, including law enforcement agencies (another name for police), were in the hands of whites. And at the time, these institutions even enjoyed the support of the Supreme Court.”

In the Barker household it was simply taken for granted that each child would go as far in school as he possibly could. But Dr. Barker reminisced, “It ranked that we weren’t able to choose between earning an advanced degree in Louisiana or somewhere else. Given the choice, I, at least, would certainly have opted for an out-state school, but we were not permitted to make a choice.”

All of the Barker clan acquired a good education, but a number of their friends were not so fortunate. “That is something I think about all the time,” Dr. Barker confided. “I remember all the really good black students in high school who had to drop out along the way because of lack of support. There were many who could have made it, and I really mean this, if they had had the right kind of backing. I think they had some resources which really could have been developed.”

This theme of the tragic waste of talented human beings because of racial reasons is one that haunts Dr. Barker. It reoccurred in a searching speech which he delivered in Washington University’s Graham Chapel in November, 1970. In a sharply-worded rebuke of higher education for its color bias, Dr. Barker said: “It is a sad com-
Dr. Barker looks back on these experiences with obvious satisfaction because he firmly believes that they added to his dimension as a teacher. "I gained an understanding of political phenomena which I otherwise would not have had," he explained. As a teacher he is something of a phenomenon himself. Three times, while at the University of Wisconsin, he received prestigious awards for his teaching abilities. At Washington University, his talent as an educator has also earned him wide acclaim. In the most recent "Course Evaluation Booklet," compiled by students in the College of Arts and Sciences, his civil liberties class was rated "definitely worth taking," and a majority thought him "fabulous."

These facts one learns only from his curriculum vita. Dr. Barker is not one to point with pride except at others. But what makes him such an excellent teacher? His brother Twiley Barker and Jack W. Peltason, his mentor as a graduate student and now the chancellor of the University of Illinois, both agree that first and foremost "he knows his subject matter." Equally important, according to Twiley Barker, is Lucius Barker's enthusiasm for his subject. And, adds his brother, "Lucius knows how to maintain a lively class. Students hate dull courses. Lucius and I both have a no-nonsense approach in the classroom, but we both realize that there is a kind of chemistry between student and teacher which lets the student know that the teacher is concerned about him as an individual. We both live by this." Perhaps Chancellor Peltason summed it up best when he observed, "Lucius Barker is a dynamic, knowledgeable, decent person and these qualities come through to people."

In the mid-sixties, when he won a coveted fellowship to Harvard Law School, designed to improve his teaching and research through a year's study of law, Dr. Barker temporarily gave up his classroom responsibilities. He looks back on his Cambridge days nostalgically, and adds that he thinks he did his best piece of research on "Third Parties in Litigation" while at Harvard.

"My wife, Maude," he said, "is convinced that Harvard also taught me to think, because it was while I was there that I became engaged and was married." The Barkers are now the parents of two young daughters.

Dr. Barker returned to Wisconsin in 1965 but left two years later when his colleague Dr. Peltason became the University of Illinois chancellor and picked him as his alter ego. Officially, Dr. Barker was assistant to the chancellor and then assistant chancellor during the two years he worked with Dr. Peltason, but neither title adequately conveyed his importance at Champaign-Urbana. "Every problem I dealt with," Chancellor Peltason explained, "he dealt with. He was my personal staff high-level man—the individual whom I could talk to about problems with complete confidence."

Chancellor Peltason is one of two teachers who has helped to shape Lucius Barker's destiny. The other educator was a Southern University political scientist, the late Rodney C. Higgins. To these two men and their own parents, the Barkers dedicated one of their books.

Dr. Barker's job at Illinois was not an easy one. Those were the days of campus uprisings and constant crises, and his working hours seldom ended by five o'clock. But he had the stamina and, Chancellor Peltason noted, the moral strength to bear all the pressures. "He tended to defend what he thought was right in a given situation even though it might make him subject to some kind of oppression from both white and black bigotry," Chancellor Peltason recalled. "He had the courage to withstand the charge of being an 'Uncle Tom,' or selling out to the establishment."

Because of his warm and close association with Chancellor Peltason, it was difficult for Dr. Barker to leave Illinois, but when he was offered the newly established Gellhorn chair at Washington University in March of 1969, he accepted. "I'm one of those odd guys who really enjoys and puts himself into the three phases of academia. I love teaching, I love research, and I love administration. But," he explained in another context, "I really feel that I can make the most valuable contribution and the best use of my talents doing research on current problems and finding ways to make these views known. I feel that in this way I can touch more people."

A top university administrator's job leaves no margin for dedicated research. But as a professor at Washington University, he has time for the investigative studies which he believes permit him to function most effectively. Come July, he will take on added tasks as the chairman of the University's Political Science Department. According to a report prepared for the American Council on Education, it is one of the ranking departments in the country.

Dr. Barker is the sort of man who thrives on what his brother likes to call "a bang-bang existence. He works best under the pressure of deadlines," Twiley Barker observed. That these will occur with ever-increasing frequency in the months ahead is something that Dr. Barker knows full well. He also knows himself, "Sometimes when I'm writing and it is going really well, I can stay up all night if necessary. At other times, when I hit a roadblock, I usually stop, go to bed, then get an idea during the night, and start writing again." With such powers of endurance, it is easy to understand why Lucius Barker is not troubled by the prospect of taking on new duties next summer. "When the responsibility comes, I'll take it," he concluded simply. After all, that is precisely what Dr. Barker has been doing all his life.
REMEMBERING
ST. LOUIS

Dr. Arthur Proetz was one of Washington University's most distinguished alumni and one of its outstanding teachers and medical scientists. He was also an enthusiastic and talented amateur photographer, whose special subject was the City of St. Louis and its people.

During his long and honored career as an otolaryngologist, Dr. Proetz published many scientific papers, but his favorite work was a small volume of reminiscence in words and pictures, "I Remember You, St. Louis." The book is liberally illustrated with rare and evocative photographs of St. Louis life from the turn of the century until that day in 1917 when Dr. Proetz and his fellow members of Army Base Hospital 21 from Washington University left St. Louis for France, the war, and the end of an era.

As an undergraduate, Arthur Proetz, who was editor of the student newspaper and wrote the scores for the first three Quad Shows, seems to have been in on everything that happened on campus and recorded most of it on film. That priceless record of early campus life is still only a small part of the vast photographic history Dr. Proetz left of his city and his University upon his death in 1966.

Last December, a selection of some one hundred photographs from that rich pictorial heritage went on display at Washington University's Steinberg Gallery. The historic photographic studies ranging in time from the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair to a 1960 Municipal Opera performance, and in subject matter from the Proetz family life through tornadoes and air races to the Veiled Prophet's Ball. The exhibition was produced by Herb Weitman with the cooperation of Mrs. Proetz.

Reproduced here are a few of the outstanding photographs Dr. Proetz took of his beloved city over the span of years. On the flyleaf of his book, Dr. Proetz summarizes his attitude toward the city and the feelings that lay behind his photographs, writing, "I remember you, St. Louis, when you were only 126 years old. By the time you were 150, I had developed quite a crush on you."

Dr. Arthur Proetz, AB 10, MD 12, otolaryngologist, civic leader, and photographer extraordinary of the St. Louis scene, at the wheel of his 1919 Oldsmobile.
Jubilant freshmen haul down the sophomore flag in the traditional class fight. The date is December 11, 1910.

Campus attire was a bit different in 1913. A pretty coed poses for the camera in Brookings Quadrangle.
“During our first years at Washington University, one affluent student owned an automobile: an electric. It gave the place an air, parked in front on the drive by the steps. . . . Everybody else got there on a streetcar: the Kirkwood-Ferguson and the Clayton dinky. After humping its way over the trestle by Garavelli's, the dinky bounced out to the University.”

Arthur Proetz in
I Remember You, St. Louis

Members of the Class of 1910 gather in the Brookings archway to renew campus friendships at their 1920 reunion.

Members of the Class of 1910, “live wires” all, gather for their portrait at their tenth reunion in 1920.
Members of Washington University’s Sigma Chi chapter and their dates at a 1910 picnic at “The Cedars” in St. Louis County.

Houseboating on the Mississippi was the sporting life at its most luxurious in 1910.
Captain Baldwin astounds St. Louisans of 1909 by flying his Red Devil biplane first over, then under the Eads Bridge.

Crowds surround the puffing locomotive that pulled the Liberty Bell through St. Louis in 1915. En route from San Francisco, it paused on the Rock Island tracks at Delmar.
“Water spirits” adorn a Forest Park stage as part of the giant Pageant and Masque of 1914, held to celebrate the city’s 150th birthday.

A City Club boat excursion of 1915 disembarks at the levee. Members of the band, to a man, played in the St. Louis Symphony.
Scene in the city's west end in the wake of the great St. Louis tornado of September 25, 1927.

Above: With three wings and four engines, this Army Barling Bomber was the biggest hit of the 1923 International Air Races at the St. Louis Flying Field. Overleaf: the jammed airport parking lot.
In 1923, a Paris art dealer sold a bronze statue of a horse to officials of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art who believed that the horse was possibly a classic work from the golden era of Greek sculpture. The dealer said that the horse was found in a sunken ship off the coast of Tunisia in 1908. At the time, the bronze sculpture seemed an unlikely candidate for the controversy that was to be generated forty-four years later over its authenticity. It also would have seemed unlikely, if not incredible, that eventually scientists in a laboratory for the study of lunar materials would prove that the horse was of ancient origin. This article details how Washington University scientists played the definitive role in 1972 in vindicating the controversial bronze horse.

The 15-inch tall bronze sculpture which was authenticated by thermoluminescence-dating in the Laboratory for Space Physics. Measurements of ceramic core material from the horse show that it is not a modern forgery as charged but was made between 2000 and 4000 years ago.
VINDICATION OF THE

BRONZE HORSE

A FIFTEEN-INCH tall bronze horse purchased in 1923 by the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York enjoyed the reputation for many years as one of the finest ancient bronze sculptures in existence. The horse was used extensively as a superb example of classical Greek bronze sculpture, and illustrations of it were published in numerous volumes, including the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

In 1967, however, observations about the horse’s construction were offered as evidence that the sculpture was a forgery: that it was perhaps only fifty years old instead of the original estimate of 2400 years. The once-treasured statute was withdrawn from public exhibition at the Museum.

The results of the most recent tests and observations now establish that the horse was made in ancient times. The definitive evidence that the horse was manufactured in antiquity comes from critical dating tests done at Washington University’s Laboratory for Space Physics. Laboratory tests of minerals from the horse’s ceramic core indicate that it is between 2000 and 4000 years old.

Joseph V. Noble, former vice chairman of the Metropolitan Museum, had claimed in 1967 that the horse was of recent manufacture on the basis of various observations, which included these findings: 1) the presence of an iron armature in the core of the statue and 2) a mold line which circumscribed the surface of the horse. In 1967, it was believed that casting techniques involving metal armatures were not known to the Greeks. But, recent examinations of a number of art objects of unquestioned authenticity showed several clear examples of this technique. In addition, the mold line on the horse (which if real would indicate a modern sandcasting technique not known in ancient times) was found to be a superficial line in wax on the surface of the bronze which apparently was produced by recent reproduction casts made of the horse. These and other observations by Museum officials have been detailed in a report to dispel the 1967 findings. These data do not in themselves prove that the horse is genuine. The question always may be posed that an ingenious forger could have imitated ancient techniques. As a result, a thorough technical examination of the horse was organized in 1970 by Miss Kate C. Lefferts and Dr. Pieter Meyers of the Metropolitan Museum, Professor Lawrence J. Majewski of New York University, and Dr. Edward V. Sayre of New York University and Brookhaven National Laboratory. This study included examination of the horse’s internal structure (by radiography), the composition of the metal and of the clay core, and the corrosion products. The examination showed that the horse was cast by the “lost wax process,” a process known in ancient times. Although the structure, composition, and condition of the horse were consistent with ancient methods of manufacture, this further data could not be offered as absolute proof that the horse is ancient. It still could be an excellent modern forgery; a definitive dating test would have to be done to establish the horse as an ancient work of art.

THE PROOF of the horse’s authenticity was based on research by Washington University’s Dr. David Zimmerman, senior research associate, and Marjorie Yuhas, a physics graduate student. Their work was supported by a National Science Foundation grant to the Laboratory of Space Physics, which is directed by Dr. Robert M. Walker, McDonnell Professor of Physics. The scientists devised a new variation of a standard archeological dating technique called thermoluminescence. (Actually, the phenomenon of thermoluminescence—which simply means light emission given off by heated crystalline materials—was first reported in 1663 by the famous scientist Robert Boyle, who did a simple experiment with a large diamond. He reported to England’s Royal Society that the diamond: “... being rubb’d upon my cloaths ... did in the dark manifestly shine like rotten wood, or the scales of whitings, or other putrified fish ... much fainter than the light of a glow-worm....”)

The very faint light given off when minute crystal samples are heated—as in the case of the bronze horse—is measured very precisely today by an extremely sensitive laboratory detector called a photo-
Graduate student Marjorie Yuhas and senior research associate David Zimmerman did tests to authenticate the bronze horse. Several of the techniques used were developed by the space physics group's work on lunar samples returned to earth by the Apollo astronauts.
multiplier tube. This is the device used by Washington University space scientists in thermoluminescence studies of lunar crystal materials. During the past two years, a group of these scientists has been very active in developing the application of this technique to problems of dating archeological objects. Dr. Zimmerman and Mrs. Yuhas became interested in the problem of determining the age of the bronze horse when Dr. Meyers of the Metropolitan Museum suggested the importance of applying thermoluminescence measurements to the controversial sculpture. In June tests were made at the Laboratory for Space Physics by the three scientists on ceramic material from the core of the horse. Several of the techniques and ideas for Dr. Zimmerman's new method were derived from the Washington University group's use of thermoluminescence in studies of lunar samples returned to earth in various Apollo missions.

DR. ZIMMERMAN became familiar with thermoluminescence-dating while a graduate student at Oxford University's Research Laboratory for Archaeology. He explained that thermoluminescence-dating is based on the following principle: All ceramics (materials formed wholly or partly of baked clay) contain small amounts of radioactive elements, such as uranium. Part of the energy released in the decay process of the radioactive elements is absorbed and stored by minerals, like quartz, in the ceramic. If these minerals are subsequently heated, the stored energy is released in the form of visible light, which is called thermoluminescence. Dating can be done on ceramic objects which were heated when they were made, thus releasing all stored energy at that time and setting the dating clock to zero. From this moment on, energy is stored at a constant rate. The older the ceramic, the more stored energy it has, and thus the more thermoluminescence it will give when heated. The ceramic core of the horse, having been heated by the molten bronze, is therefore suitable for dating by this technique.

Thermoluminescence-dating has been used in many authenticity tests of art objects. In the standard procedure, the measurements are made either on a sample of the entire ceramic material or on the most common mineral, quartz, separated from the ceramic. This method of thermoluminescence, however, was thought not to be applicable in the case of the horse because it had received a small but unknown amount of x-rays and gamma-rays during previous examinations. The radiography had added stored energy to the mineral grains and could mask attempted measurements of energy stored from natural radioactive decay.

The key to applying thermoluminescence-dating in the presence of this artificial radioactivity was the finding by the Washington University scientists that ceramic objects contain minute traces of certain rare minerals, such as zircon, in which the uranium concentration is a hundred to a thousand times greater than in the rest of the ceramic material. Energy added to the zircon grains by artificial radiation is negligible. The new thermoluminescence technique (reported in the journal Science, on November 19, 1971) consisted of isolating these uranium-rich zircon grains and measuring them separately.

"From our measurements of zircon grains, we calculated that the horse is at least 2000 years old, and could be as much as 4000 years old," Dr. Zimmerman said. Following the zircon measurements, tests were also made with the standard thermoluminescence technique, using quartz and other mineral grains of low radioactivity. These measurements also gave similar ages, indicating that the previous x-ray and gamma-ray doses were not very large, and further confirming the authenticity of the statue.

"The thermoluminescence results are not accurate enough to determine whether the horse is from the classical Greek period, but they do prove that the horse was fired in antiquity and is not a modern forgery," Dr. Zimmerman said. He and Mrs. Yuhas will conduct more tests in the Laboratory for Space Physics to attempt to pinpoint the age of the horse within the ranges now established. The Washington University scientists are also doing work further to develop their thermoluminescence technique and apply it to a variety of archeological objects. Drs. Walker and Zimmerman received in December a two-year grant from the National Science Foundation's Anthropology Division to continue their work.

THIS involvement by investigators of the caliber of those in the Laboratory for Space Physics will benefit both art and science. A Washington University graduate, Dr. Bernard Keisch of Carnegie-Mellon University, who applies nuclear technology to archeological dating, wrote in an Atomic Energy Commission bulletin published last year: "Scientists from many fields have now been attracted to the problems of both art and archaeology. This can only lead to more fruitful applications of scientific methods to these problems . . . there has been a gap between the 'two cultures' of art and science, which, in the past, has prevented understanding between two large segments of our civilization. Now at last, mutual interest between these two groups may begin to bridge the gap as each learns the other's 'language' and begins to see the meaning of the other's profession."
For a number of years, several students and professors of Washington University's George Warren Brown School of Social Work have been involved in projects in Missouri's Bootheel area, where poverty is extreme and widespread. Two years ago, however, it was an unusual and promising development when a young graduate student, Richard I. Male, was named director of the Bootheel's important social action agency, the Missouri Delta Ecumenical Ministry (MDEM). Through the privately supported organization, which is based in Hayti, Missouri, Richard Male and his staff work with the poor to develop their own programs of significant economic and political meaning. Recent breakthroughs in MDEM-supported programs have given cause for many poor persons to believe that their poverty need not be a permanent way of life.
GRADUATE STUDENT IN
THE BOOTHEEL

United States Department of Agriculture farm subsidy payments to 6700 farms in the Missouri Bootheel in 1971 were $27,342,451. (Source: U.S. Department of Agriculture Stabilization and Conservation Service.)

In the six-county Bootheel area in 1971 welfare funds paid for all purposes—for disability, child welfare, the aged, aid to the blind and so on—totaled $24,263,253. The number of recipients was about 30,000. (From a 1972 speech by Richard Male, executive director of the Missouri Delta Ecumenical Ministry.)

For the past two years, Washington University graduate student Richard Male has lived and worked in the Bootheel, an area which he says is “blessed by rich farmland and cursed with some of the most extreme poverty to be found in rural America. The Bootheel is a prime example of grim farmland economics in which the government subsidizes well-to-do farm owners while thousands go hungry. In the Bootheel, about 70 per cent of the families earn less than $3000 a year, and 9000 families have incomes of less than $1000. That leaves practically no middle class, just degrees of poverty, and a small group of wealthy landowners.”

The Bootheel counties of Southwest Missouri are: Scott, Stoddard, Mississippi, Dunklin, New Madrid, and Pemiscot. The last three counties form the southern-most tip of the Bootheel; they have the most poverty (and some of the richest farmland) and are the counties in which Male’s Missouri Delta Ecumenical Ministry (MDEM) concentrates its efforts.

The efforts of this privately supported organization differ sharply from the public’s usual notion of missionaries handing out doles to the poor. In a talk last fall to the Charleston, Missouri, Methodist Church, Richard Male outlined both MDEM’s goals and the economic background which led to the Bootheel’s poverty.

“With the introduction into the Bootheel of cotton pickers, fully mechanized cotton gins, and other machines, thousands of workers were unemployed and were totally unprepared for jobs outside of agriculture. The desire for jobs was there, but the demands and the commitment on the part of business and government were not. MDEM is one of the largest coalitions of churches operating in the rural United States. We do not give anything away, but try to help people develop the spirit to work hard and to risk themselves. We listen to the problems and needs of the poor and assist them in building organizations in the area of economic development, health care, housing, minority businesses, legal services, and welfare rights. These will be conceived, operated, owned, and financed by the poor people themselves. Our goal at MDEM is to work ourselves out of jobs. . . .”

Very idealistic words indeed—especially when spoken in relation to America’s hidden rural poverty. It is painful for Americans to face the poverty so clearly visible in the cities. Rural poverty, on the other hand, is literally out of sight, for the most part. Far from the highways and hidden from view are hungry, diseased, and spiritually depressed families who live in isolated clusters of shacks. Living conditions for the poor are so bad that a visitor to the Bootheel from a so-called underdeveloped nation once remarked that he would form a peace corps for America when he returned home.

Richard Male and his staff will be the first to tell you that they have a long way to go before working themselves out of jobs. What makes their approach interesting—given the odds against them—is that it is beginning to

*Major supporters are the national offices of the United Methodist Church, the Roman Catholic Church, the United Presbyterian Church, the American Lutheran Church, the Southern Presbyterian Church, the United Church of Christ, and the Episcopal Diocese of Missouri; the Danforth Foundation granted funds to help start MDEM.
MDEM's initial project in the Bootheel was an agricultural co-op which now includes one hundred and fifty families. Construction began this fall for another MDEM-supported project, a shopping center co-op in Howardville, Missouri. Both programs are operated by poor persons, most of them former sharecroppers.

work. They have had a role in developments that at first might seem undramatic to a suburbanite, but are nevertheless surprising, even to some old warriors against poverty. But the significance of these grass root stirrings in the Bootheel can't be fully understood without some perspective about the people who live there and a little background about Richard Male himself.

First, Rich Male is far from the traditional image of a "do-gooder." He definitely does not give the impression that he will arrive at 4 o'clock sharp tomorrow afternoon to solve your problems. That is neither his intent nor his style. His casual appearance, yet generally serious nature, bring to mind the bearing of a graduate student, and, indeed, Rich is a graduate student on leave from Washington University's School of Social Work (he received his undergraduate degree in economics from New York University). He talks about the idealism of the Missouri Delta Ecumenical Ministry in a realistic, matter-of-fact way—a refreshing change from the usual ideological rhetoric. He is quite serious about his ideals, although he doesn't let them drown out his sense of irony and humor nor shut out the ability to laugh at himself.

Rich is often asked, in effect, "How does a nice Jewish boy from Westchester County end up as a 'missionary' in the boondocks?" Rich laughs and observes that most adults he knows in Westchester are indifferent to his activities and to the poor in general. Recently, however, high school students from his home town held their first "Walk for Poverty" and received $15,000 in pledges, $3000 of which is earmarked for MDEM.

"When I explained to those kids whom they were helping, they were really turned on," he said. "I hope some of them will visit the Bootheel this summer. You know, they don't have to go to the Bootheel to see poor people—there's a lot of poverty in Westchester. It's a matter of opening your eyes to see."

Rich's own eyes were opened about the Bootheel one Saturday in April, 1971, when Professor Ralph Pumphrey of the School of Social Work, who is his faculty adviser, took him on a tour of the area. "I met a few people," Rich recalled, "and decided to stay and work for a month. While I was there I felt I was able to help and to be helped."

A few months later, the executive director's job at MDEM was open and Rich applied. Dozens of applicants were narrowed down to Rich and an older, more experienced man with both reputation and charisma. In a final interview before MDEM's board, the latter applicant described the use of mass demonstrations and civil disobedience as part of his own modus operandi. Rich stressed to the MDEM board (which includes both poor and not-so-poor residents of New Madrid, Pemiscot, and Dunklin counties) the need for programs such as food cooperatives and mobile health units.

Rich got the job. It was true, Rich pointed out, that his rival applicant didn't help his cause by discussing demonstrations before an essentially politically moderate group. "But it is also a fact," Rich added, "that programs such as farm co-ops are a considerably more advanced form of community action—providing that enough people join them and eventually build up a network of mutually supportive programs that will give the poor a healthy economic and political base."

Within the projects of MDEM, whose headquarters are located in Hayti, Missouri, things might move too slowly for some individuals "who are used to working from the top down," Rich explained. "We have to think of things in long-range terms because we want people who are to be affected by change to have a real hand in bringing it about. I think a lot of social action programs fail because of a lack of understanding of the dignity and potential of the people involved. You have to believe that the people can do it. If outsiders go into a community and develop programs from the top down, and the people in the community don't have a real role, then the program is not theirs. When the 'organizers' go, the program usually goes with them."
As Rich accompanied friends on a recent trip to the Bootheel, he noted that a city-dweller's first impression is one of an overwhelming sameness—miles and miles of flat land. An occasional farm house interrupts the monotony, and once in a while the traveler spots a few shacks, not unlike the ones in desolate photographs of rural poverty published in the 1930's. "You have the feeling that the shacks have been there forever. As a matter of fact, a majority of the rural poor do feel that their misery is a permanent state. They have few or no advocates. So it's no surprise that many of them find what solace they have in life with the most fundamentalist religions—in which they adopt the view that there is no hope here on earth, that there is hope only in an afterlife."

"Since I moved to the Bootheel, I've become a much more religious person," said Rich. "I've been very touched by some wonderful people. They have a quiet spirit; they are simply good human beings with a genuine sense of justice. They are the opposite of some affluent people I've known, who are supposed to be more sophisticated, but are cosmetic and always trying to convince you how good they are." As Rich took the exit from Interstate 55 to Howardville, he commented, "This delta area happens to be the largest drainage area outside the Nile. It's among the most fertile and expensive farmland in the nation. Despite the poverty, there are a heck of a lot of millionaires around here."

Rich's first stop in the Bootheel was to meet Willie B. Hamilton, a sharecropper for forty years, who now is mayor of Howardville and president of the Howardville Area Cooperative Enterprises—a project which is receiving a major effort from MDEM. MDEM and the Co-op have hired a full-time worker from Howardville to work on the project along with Don Ingalls, MDEM's specialist on economic development. Bolstered with a generous gift from Ralston Purina Company, construction is under way on a supermarket which will be the core of the Co-op and which would be the major topic before a meeting of the Co-op's board of directors that night. The board met in the only available facility that evening—an undertaking parlor which belonged to a friend of the Co-op project. There was no heat at the undertaker's, so everyone kept his coat on.

While waiting for all of the Co-op board members to arrive, Mr. Hamilton commented, "One good reason, for a shopping center co-op is that two-thirds of the people in our town are senior citizens, and most of them travel about twenty miles to Sikeston for their groceries. They have to pay a taxi and that's rough when you need the money for food. There's just no other place with prices they can pay."

Mr. Hamilton said that the Co-op shopping center will also have a post office, laundromat, and a barbecue-style restaurant. The Co-op was formed by about a hundred families—almost all former sharecroppers and migrant workers—who elect the board of directors and hold about $1700 in shares.

When Mayor Hamilton convened the meeting, the board members discussed applicants for the position of manager of the supermarket. Most of the applicants had adequate educational backgrounds, but none had had any experience in running a grocery store. The board members insisted on experience. "We'll have to have someone who can meet the public," said Mr. Hamilton, "someone who will smile when he feels like cussing." The meeting concluded with some legal matters that Rich had been working on. Before and during the meeting, it was obvious that Rich was accepted by Mr. Hamilton and the others as one of them, as a respected friend as opposed to an outside technical adviser.

After the meeting, J. W. Shavers, a member of the Howardville co-op, led an informal discussion about the agricultural cooperative which he manages. MDEM's initial project, the agricultural co-op, is located in Hayti and still receives supportive help from the MDEM staff. Its 160 acres have been leased from two landowners for the past three years.
When fully mechanized cotton gins, cotton pickers, and other machines were introduced in the Bootheel, thousands of farm workers were left without employment and were unprepared for jobs outside of agriculture. Right, Pemiscot County's prosecuting attorney, Arthur Stephenson (MDEM's vice president) says, "If it weren't for MDEM, I think it would be very difficult to bring the Bootheel all the way into the twentieth century."

"It is the only agricultural co-op in Missouri," said Mr. Shavers, who is a large, energetic and articulate man. He pointed out that the one hundred and fifty participating families raise and harvest a variety of vegetables such as okra, peas, cucumbers, sweet potatoes, peppers, snapbeans, and greens. He explained that the Co-op owns four trucks and refrigeration equipment; it takes care of getting produce to the market, and maintains an office. Depending on how much work is invested, members of the Co-op receive a percentage of the net income which the produce brings at market.

"While the Co-op has improved the living standards of its members," Mr. Shavers continued, "money is still our main problem because we need more land to farm. I can show you many people who would like to have ten to fifteen acres of land. They would like to teach their kids how to farm and how to become independent citizens, but they just don't have access to land. There are families here now who know nothing about farming. We've had to teach them the basics. How are they going to learn if there's no land to teach them on?" He added that a number of landowners have been willing to sell land at reasonable prices, "but the poor can't take advantage of these offers. The Farmers Home Administration wants you to guarantee loans, something the poor can't do."

After the meeting, Rich said that he agreed with Mr. Shavers about the problem of acquiring land. "Poor people just don't have much access to loans." He pointed out that another MDEM project is concentrating on making small loans to the poor in the three-county area.

The loans are made through a community-run office in Hayti known as the Bootheel Credit Union. One of the most heartening developments for MDEM staff members this winter, Rich continued, was the Union's annual meeting. It was attended by 150 members, mostly persons with incomes of $3000 or less. The Credit Union manager is Douglas Manning, a Methodist volunteer on the MDEM staff. He reported that $120,000 had been lent during the past year and that the Union now has 575 members. Individuals who take loans from the Union also buy "shares" to become members. While they can receive a small loan for a medical bill or home repairs, for example, they also are encouraged to get in the habit of saving through shareholdings. Loans may be arranged by Credit Union members who are designated as field representatives in the community. They broaden the base of membership by reaching persons who otherwise would never find their way to the Union, or more likely, in the case of a financial emergency, would take a loan with over 30 per cent interest from loan sharks.

Rich pointed out that Manning, a University of Illinois School of Commerce graduate, will be at MDEM for two years. He has recently hired an assistant from the community who is being trained to take over the management of the Credit Union when he leaves. Within the next two years, the Union plans to expand into the area of loans for small business development.

Manning's wife, Lynette, is also an MDEM volunteer and has organized a workshop on preventive mental health. Ministers from throughout Pemiscot, New Madrid, and Dunklin counties have been attending the training sessions in encouragingly large numbers. "Lynette is doing a lot to educate ministers about the needs of the poor in their own congregations," Rich said. "This is one area where we need more concentration. We know that a tremendous amount of good can be accomplished through the local churches. The church is one institution that rural people trust and will take their problems to—if the church is prepared to help them."

His comment was confirmed the next day by Jo Marie Balf, MDEM's secretary for the past two-and-one-half years, who has been a resident of the Bootheel area for nineteen years. She and her husband are members of the Baptist Church. "In the last year and a half," she said, "MDEM has begun to gain a good standing in the churches. The national church organizations have supported us, but the local churches haven't. If our relationships with the local churches continue to grow, there are many church leaders here who can do a lot to help poor people."
Greater acceptance of MDEM in the community in general also was noted in a conversation later in the day with Pemiscot County's prosecuting attorney, Arthur Stephenson, who is vice president of MDEM's board. "Sure there are people in this county who don't want us," Stephenson said. "But there's a growing climate of acceptance and fewer people who will criticize us publicly. I see MDEM as filling a very basic role here. If it weren't for MDEM, I think it would be very difficult to bring the Bootheel all the way into the twentieth century." Mr. Stephenson referred to the large job of bringing better health care to the poorer citizens of the Bootheel. He and Rich both criticized area health officials for laxity in extending more health care to poor and elderly persons. But they both took heart from the atmosphere at a recent meeting in Hayti in which poor individuals expressed themselves openly for the first time to county welfare officials about what they felt were deficiencies in the health care system.

An elderly poor woman who had been especially outspoken at the meeting about substandard health care, Rich continued, walked up to him after the meeting and declared, "I've wanted to say those things for fifty years, but I never had the courage to do it." Rich added, "Many of the poor have been reluctant to speak out for fear of having their welfare checks cut off."

How individuals can be imbued with a feeling of worthlessness and hopelessness was expressed later in the day by a 65-year-old farm worker at the agricultural co-op. (This man had seriously injured his leg while working in the fields.) "I used to make a living picking and chopping cotton, but they don't need pickers or choppers any more," he said. He explained that he and his wife had been living on social security and disability payments from the government. He had tried to help pay for growing medical and food bills by working at the co-op. The County welfare office, however, found out that he had worked part time at the co-op. "They cut payments to my wife, who has been very sick, to $70 a month, and they cut me to $85 a month. That was last month. Now the rent's due, and they haven't even sent us the checks that they've cut."

One of the members of Rich's staff went to work immediately after hearing the man's story to try to straighten things out. "When you see people treated like that time and again, you can understand why so many of the poor feel defeated," Rich said.

"Did you notice that some of the people back at the Howardville Co-op meeting had little knots on the back of their heads?" he continued. "Well, those were tumors—which doctors have told me are very common in the Bootheel. Because of poor health care and improper diets most of those people also lose their teeth before they're twenty years old. As kids, many of them were ashamed to go to school because they simply didn't have any shoes. When you're beaten down that way it's not the easiest thing to build up confidence. Despite all that, I see more confidence developing as these people see that they actually have the potential for controlling their own lives. In order for them to gain this control they must acquire meaningful income and services."

Gaining confidence from realizing that one can bring about change was noticeable at the Howardville Co-op meeting. It was very moving, however, to hear individuals who had lived all their lives on incomes below the poverty level discuss the salary for the manager of the supermarket. The salary is a modest sum by urban standards, but a figure which would take some of the Co-op members two or three years to earn. The members knew that a competitive salary was necessary to get the best person for a venture so important to all of their futures. But you couldn't avoid seeing that there was a hurt look in some eyes after Mayor Hamilton reported that not one experienced individual had yet applied for the job.

Nevertheless, the members' discussion changed to a tone of hopefulness. "The right applicant will turn up," Mr. Hamilton said, and they went on to discuss the practical problems in running such a controversial and new operation for the Bootheel. It is this quiet courage and faith that Rich and MDEM are betting on.
Tom Boardman scores his second goal in the Washington University hockey club's debut at the St. Louis Arena. The WU skaters edged SIU-Edwardsville, 6-5.

It was a big thrill for the WU players to be introduced to the fans at the Arena, home of the National Hockey League's St. Louis Blues.
HOCKEY IS HERE!

By KING McELROY

Hockey is here at Washington University. And not just the field variety for girls, but for the first time, real ice hockey. A University hockey club has been formed with twenty-five players and a twenty-game schedule this season with other club teams in the St. Louis area. Each team plays one game at the St. Louis Arena, home of the National Hockey League Blues, and the rest at a wide variety of area rinks. Ice hockey is one game that doesn't cost the University a cent. The league, thanks to a generous angel, pays the rink rentals, the officials, and even provides the players' equipment and uniforms. What's more, the players pay to play—a regular fee per game.

The WU team, resplendent in red uniforms with green trim and cheered on by an estimated 500 enthusiastic supporters, won its first game at the Arena by a score of 6 to 5. Attendance at the second game at a St. Charles, Missouri, rink, was down a bit, to about eighty persons, including the players on both teams, but the Polar Bears won that one 4 to 1. The small attendance could have been due to the lack of heat inside the rink building. Nobody could say for sure how low the temperature got, but it seemed as frigid off the ice as on. The Bears' superior defense, timely passing, and in-the-net shooting, however, helped warm the fans.

Club hockey had grown rapidly in the St. Louis area as part of the reawakened interest in the sport since the Blues became part of the National Hockey League a few years back. Team Captain Tom Beltz, a law student, says, "It's a good outlet for all of us who want to escape for a while from the books." Composed mainly of undergraduate and graduate students, the team also includes two faculty members, Barry Anderson, assistant professor of education, and Edwin Fisher, assistant professor of psychology. Professor Anderson, the only Canadian on the team, enjoys the opportunity to play and hopes that the students give the team more support. So far, the players don't seem worried about the lack of fan support. All they want is more time on the ice.

Michael Kessler, associate director of alumni relations, has helped to get the club league started, representing the Bears at league meetings and spreading the word about the team both on and off campus. Mike's also a referee in the league, which is some feat when you consider that this native of Florida learned to skate only two years ago. He must be an impartial referee because the Bears paid him quite a back-handed compliment at a recent game. "Kessler," a player yelled from the bench, "we never want to see you again."
CAMPAIGN '72:

SINCE THE televised debates between Richard Nixon and John Kennedy in the 1960 presidential race, the influence of the media on the American political process has been increasingly questioned. In a recent Washington University Student Symposium on "Politics and the Media: Campaign '72," four nationally prominent men from the fields of broadcast and print journalism and film gave their views on the role that the media played in this year's election and the long-range implications of the relationship between the media and politics in the future.

Sponsored by the University's Student Symposium Committee, Student Union, and the Student Academic Committee, the symposium, held on December 6 and 7, came exactly one month after the November election—close enough to be timely but distant enough to benefit from a little journalistic hindsight. Former CBS News president Fred Friendly, Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist Marquis Childs, film-maker Charles Guggenheim, and CBS News correspondent George Herman were the speakers. Each brought to the symposium his particular experience, philosophy, and interpretation of the influence his profession has on politics. In keeping with tradition, the exchange was open. Each formal address in Graham Chapel was followed by a question and answer period. When they weren't lecturing, the speakers conducted informal discussions in classrooms, cafeterias, and residence halls.

Mr. Childs, a contributing editor to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, defended the tradition of investigative reporting by the press in past and present elections. He talked about the position of the media in American life today, quoting a recent Harris poll which showed a tremendous lack of confidence in newspapers and television. "Other earlier polls have shown how little concern the public has for the first amendment and its guarantee of the right of freedom of speech and religion," Mr. Childs said. "I believe that freedom is indivisible. If certain freedoms go because of doubt and even because of hostility, then it will not be long before other freedoms are eroded and we shall find ourselves in a society in which power is totally concentrated within a narrow orbit."

Mr. Guggenheim, who has an international reputation in the area of social, political, and
historical documentary films, concluded the symposium with an illustrated lecture on advocacy for political candidates through commercial television. "Some people feel that something quite dangerous and radical is happening in the political process with the advent of television and the intensification of commercial television," Mr. Guggenheim said.

Mr. Childs, author of the nationally syndicated column, "Washington Calling," probably reflected the sentiments of all four speakers when he remarked before his speech in the Chapel that he had learned much more from the students than he had taught them during his two days on campus.

Mr. Herman, moderator of CBS's weekly radio and television news program, "Face the Nation," was the keynote speaker. He gave an overview of the role of broadcast journalism contrasted with print journalism, and described some of the inherent problems that confront the television newsman. "A newspaper is typically founded as a journal of opinion. It uses privately owned goods to deliver a message which is at the mercy of the publisher. There is no law which says a newspaper must be impartial," Mr. Herman explained. "Broadcast journalism must be impartial. It uses public property—the electromagnetic spectrum—and it is licensed and lent part of that spectrum as long as it fulfills the requirements of the law."

In response to those who say that paid political commercials are entertaining, but not informative, Mr. Guggenheim quoted from Archibald MacLeish's essay, "Poetry and Journalism," in which he stated, "Knowledge without feeling is not knowledge, and can lead only to public irresponsibility and indifference and conceivably to ruin. When the fact is disassociated from the feeling of the fact in the minds of an entire people, in the common mind of a civilization, that people, that civilization, is in danger."

Perhaps the most penetrating analysis of the role of the media in the 1972 campaign was Fred Friendly's discussion of the past election and of what might be in store in 1976. A condensed version of Mr. Friendly's "Spirit of '76" follows.

THE SPIRIT OF '76
and the next President of the United States
By FRED FRIENDLY

Fred Friendly, former CBS News president
and now Edward R. Murrow Professor of Journalism
at Columbia University.

BLUE RIBBON COMMISSIONS and planning groups are currently searching out all kinds of elaborate celebrations and expositions to signal America's bicentennial. Perhaps we ought to settle for an election worthy of the dreams enunciated by that Declaration and Revolution of 1776.

My fear about 1976, based on our most recent election, is that unless the level of reporting improves it may be remembered as the defaulted election, the apathetic spirit of 1976 in which a nation of two hundred and twenty million Americans voted to protect themselves against change, or stayed home because they were convinced that one man's vote no longer makes a difference. The disaster of the 1972 election was not that Richard Nixon won and George McGovern lost—that's for history to decide—but that sixty three million of the one hundred and thirty-nine million eligible voters stayed home. That is the lowest percentage of participation in almost a quarter of a century. For all the talk about the impact of newly enfranchised voters—those between eighteen and twenty-one—they actually went to the polls in fewer numbers than their elders.

Even more disturbing and directly related was the lack of discussion of genuine issues. Much of the blame, of course, must go to the candidates. Richard Nixon was turned against issues after his narrow defeat at the hands of John F. Kennedy in 1960. Listen to what Mr. Nixon
wrote in his memoirs, Six Crises: "I believe that I spent too much time in the last campaign on substance and too little on appearance: I paid too much attention to what I was going to say and too little to how I would look (on television) . . . " The fact remains, the former Vice President and future President reflected that "one bad camera angle on television can have far more effect on the election outcome than a major mistake in writing a speech . . . which is then picked up and criticized by columnists and editorial writers . . ."  

Translated into 1972’s game plan, this anomaly called for maximum exposure for the Presidential image—minimum exposure for the issues, and none for the party. Someone has computed that candidate Nixon spent a total of less than twenty-four hours on the campaign trail. McGovern campaigned more than four thousand hours, and eventually forfeited the issues that brought him into California as the front runner by letting Hubert Humphrey dare him into reversing his field in a futile search for a neutral pocket. Watching McGovern and Humphrey debate in the California primary, for example, one had the distinct feeling that neither had any commitment to civil rights. 

But the blame for the issueless election of 1972 must also be shared by the news media. The journalists of 1972 not only permitted the candidates to ignore the issues, they also provided the chief means of escape. Never in the long history of the electoral process have so many reporters, so many cameras, so many microphones, so many millions of dollars been used to ignore the issues facing America in one of its most critical hours. It was, in fact, more like the reporting of a popularity contest—"Here he comes, Mr. America"—and when the verdict was in, one almost expected to hear Bert Parks singing it out from the Atlantic City boardwalk. 

Mr. America won because he was able to wrap himself in the mantle of President, King, Commander-in-Chief, and Nobel Peace Prize nominee. Other incumbents have tried the technique; President Nixon succeeded because Spiro Agnew’s campaign of intimidation against “the effete conspiracy” had the press so conscious of its sins of omission that it neglected its sins of commission that it neglected its sins of omission. The broadcasters, by a misreading of the Fairness Doctrine, turned the President’s non-campaign into a mined obstacle course that Senator McGovern was forced to run. They did their best to balance the exposure legitimately given the campaigner by granting equal time to the non-campaigner’s surrogates. They created a new ballgame. McGovern versus Rogers, Laird, Connally, Dole, Richardson, and MacGregor. One of the reasons McGovern never seemed to look like a President was that he was always being squared off against second-stringers. 

To be sure, journalists don’t run an election but they help set the agenda, and the agenda facing the American electorate in ’72 was lost in a thicket of jumbled facts and the roar of high decibel invective. Journalism’s present ailment (and as a former practitioner and present teacher of this profession, I identify with the shortcoming) is that it is so preoccupied with the frenetic search for the news peg, the oddity of the two-headed calf and the exposé, that the truth, particularly about the complex issues of a presidential campaign, often gets lost. Journalism, whether for a newspaper or a broadcast operation, is not just a form of stenography. It does not consist of copying down quotations from press handouts or following candidates from airport to shopping center to shining sea. Yet this is too often what the wire services supply and what the national television networks furnish in pictures and sound. 

Great issues don’t always provide daily news pegs. The state of the economy, tax and welfare reform, military spending, education and how to pay for it, housing, transportation, poverty, pollution, and the other undramatic elements of the hidden environment, were and are the tasks the next President will face. They were stories of omission as far as any in-depth reporting was concerned. 

Television in particular was asleep at its mighty switch, not because its professionals were unprepared to do the job, but because they were locked in their own self-made trap of pitifully little prime air time, except for the tens of millions of dollars worth of paid political announcements. Of course, they never admitted that it was the high cost of air time; they blamed it on the Fairness Doctrine and Section 315A of the Communications Act, the equal time provision.  

It is true that the equal time rule provides “that if a broadcaster permits the use of his station facilities by a legally qualified candidate for office, he must afford equal opportunities to all other legally qualified candidates for that office.” This awkward statute has been suspended only once since its 1927 inception, and that was in 1960 to permit the historic Nixon-Kennedy debates. It is used by commercial broadcasters as an excuse for not doing in-depth reporting, except on regularly scheduled news programs or Sunday afternoon interview shows like “Face the Nation,” “Meet the Press,” and “Issues and Answers.” Actually, Section 315 is the perfect cosmetic for holding the line against prime-time campaign programming. Outside of these, what we see of the candidates today is primarily bought by them, mostly in thirty-second and one-minute commercials. In 1960, however, when 315 was suspended, the three commercial networks provided over thirty-nine hours of free air time, in a superb demonstration of public service. In 1964 when 315 was again in effect, the networks provided only four and one-half hours, and in 1968, three hours. The exact figures for 1972, though not yet available, will undoubtedly reflect the same trend. 

The broadcasters argue with eloquence that if the Congress would repeal 315 and the equal time provisions for candidates, that would clear the way for presidential debates. That’s an essential goal, but it’s a lame excuse, a red herring, if you will, that the networks use to weasel out of providing air time for the major documentaries of which they are so capable. 

Officials at the FCC confirm my judgment that neither
equal time nor the Fairness Doctrine would have precluded in-depth reporting on the vital issues of the campaign, and point out that a prior Commission ruling made this clear to the networks. Of course, the FCC has to share the responsibility for the dearth of network prime-time documentaries during the campaign and in nighttime programming throughout the year. Three years ago, the more liberal members of the Commission led a naive crusade to diversify nighttime programming by stimulating original local production. The theory was that by limiting the number of hours between 7:30 and 11:00 p.m. that the networks were allowed to program, a bountiful garden of local performing arts and public affairs programming would bloom.

Among those who protested the rule were the network managers, of course, along with an unusual collection of other voices ranging from Ronald Reagan’s to FCC Chairman Dean Burch’s, to my own. My dissent was based on the knowledge that the Prime Time Rule would destroy all chances for one-hour network news programming, and for regularly scheduled documentaries in prime time. Normally, my position on FCC matters is much closer to Nicholas Johnson, Kenneth Cox and the other advocates of the three-hour rule, but I beseeched them, as did others, to exempt news and public affairs programming from the Rule.

What the Prime Time Rule should have carried with it was an exemption for news and public affairs programs. This might well have caused the networks to expand their nightly news reports from thirty minutes (which really means twenty-two minutes of content time) to an hour, and it might have inspired the networks to keep the documentary and in-depth report schedule at least at the 1960 level. There is now talk of reexamining the Prime Time Rule and a reasonable solution would be the simple exemption of news and public affairs from the Rule.

The most crucial opportunity for broadcast reform, as it affects political coverage, is in the areas of Section 315 and equal time; for without that reform, the opportunity for true debate by the major candidates in the Lincoln-Douglas, Nixon-Kennedy tradition is impossible. This is FCC business, but it is a responsibility that the Congress must share along with the President. They are the ones who have the power to change this antiquated regulation.

This is a providential time to start, for with the two-term limitation, the 1976 election will have no incumbent to resist debates. President Eisenhower was against debates. “An In must never debate an Out,” Ike said, and he certainly didn’t want a TV encounter with Adlai Stevenson. President Johnson didn’t want to debate Senator Goldwater, and President Nixon wouldn’t even comment on the challenge to debate laid down by candidate McGovern. That’s understandable, but in ’76 we shall have an open slate with no incumbent candidates.

Clearly the time to clear the decks for ’76 reform and debates is now. The entering wedge should be bipartisan, and should be driven by those candidates of the past who called out for debates when they seemed advantageous to them, and who would now endorse the concept as a permanent institution. Senators McGovern, Goldwater, Humphrey, and McCarthy, have all, when it suited their purposes, called for debates.

Incidentally, the formula for making debates possible is not complicated. All that need be done is to suspend or repeal Section 315, the equal time provision, as it affects presidential candidates. As for the third party candidates, there could be a provision that any candidate whose party received, say, two to three per cent of the write-in national vote in the last election would be eligible to join the debate on national television. New parties might qualify with a certain number of signatures on nominating petitions.

There are many other election excesses that need to be changed, particularly in the area of campaign spending. It cost Lincoln 75 cents to run for Congress the first time. Today it can cost freshman congressmen up to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. General Eisenhower spent 6.6 million in 1952; Senator McGovern, 25 million; and President Nixon, near 50 million in 1972. The thirty-second political commercial is a disgrace because it provides a foolproof vehicle for “the permissible lie” and some television stations, WGN, Chicago, among them, to their great credit, refuse to accept them. They have a five-minute minimum with the hope that it will develop issue content.

The problems of the debates and of interpretative quality reporting of issues meet over that complex riddle of 315 and the debates. How to mold an enlightened public opinion, to move the Congress to mobilize the FCC, most of whose members already favor it—to explore all the reasons for and against repealing it, is what mature news analysis is all about.

My fear is that most newspapers and news programs will not touch the debate issue now because it is not timely—there is no news peg, no exposé; and when there might be one, it will be ’75 or ’76—and the candidates’ positions will be guided by the opportunism of the moment. Campaign reform may be a dull subject in a non-election year, but it is the only time to separate reform legislation from the advantages of a given election.

The presidential election of ’76 is only fourteen hundred and twenty-seven days away, and there are probably only two years left to get 315 repealed or suspended. If the election on our 200th anniversary isn’t more issue-oriented than the one just past, then the spirit of “the last hurrah” may prevail more than that spirit of change that Jefferson, Adams, and Madison thought their revolution was all about.
CHILDREN'S ART BAZAAR

WHEN student-architect Paul Cameron took on his latest architectural project, revamping the interior and exterior of the Children's Art Bazaar in Clayton, he was faced with a number of challenges—among them the fact that most of his clients were under fourteen years old. He also had newly painted lime-green walls, a limited budget and a tight deadline with which to contend. But when the Bazaar reopened in September, everyone seemed pleased with the results: bright green super graphics outside, portable display cases and pint-sized, nearly indestructible furniture inside.

It was a rather unusual project, but then Paul is a rather unusual architecture student. By his own description "a late bloomer," he completed bachelor's and master's degrees in fine arts, then taught school, before deciding to attend Washington University's School of Architecture. Now in his last year of the program, he is torn between joining an architectural firm or pursuing free lance projects similar to the Bazaar while returning to teaching. His reaction to the project: "Some compensation, but mostly fun."

The Children's Art Bazaar is a non-profit organization dedicated to "presenting, preserving, and promoting children's art on a non-competitive basis." Founded in 1949, by a group of St. Louis women, the Bazaar moved to its present quarters on Forsyth in Clayton a year and a half ago. Over the years, its governing board and teachers have included numerous Washington University alumni. Initially, the Bazaar sponsored an annual children's art show, later expanded its activities to include traveling exhibits of children's work, workshops for teachers and community leaders, and art classes for children, both on location at the Bazaar and in various churches and community centers in the inner city. The classes are small, the approach is free form and interdisciplinary, emphasizing personal discovery and expression, rather than how-to techniques.

The scene at the Bazaar these days is a lively one—with children from three to fourteen hard at work and play—experimenting with paint, wood, paper, and other likely and unlikely media. Pictures created by elementary age school children from St. Louis, as well as a handful of other countries, are on display for inspiration and sale.
Washington University architecture student Paul Cameron in the midst of his most recent architectural project: the remodeled Children's Art Bazaar.
At a press conference last month at the St. Louis Press Club, the chief executives of Washington University, St. Louis University, and Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville announced implementation of a joint doctoral degree program that cuts across state lines and overcomes traditional barriers between public and private institutions of higher education. It is believed to be the first program of its kind in the nation.

Under the plan, which has the endorsement of the Illinois Board of Higher Education, the three universities will exchange students, faculties, and academic resources on a contractual basis. They will be equal partners in the operation of doctoral programs in business, education, and certain areas in the fine arts. It is possible that in the future the program will be expanded into other disciplines, but the first programs should get under way in the fall in business, education, and probably in music and the theater arts.

Both Washington University and St. Louis University have long had doctoral programs in many fields, but Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville has had none. SIUE, however, has several thousand students doing graduate work at the master's level and many faculty members qualified for doctoral instruction. Doctoral degrees obtained through the cooperative program will be awarded jointly by the three universities.

At the press conference, Chancellor William H. Danforth said that the new joint program could become a very important national model. Pointing out that the program "makes sense economically," he commented, "many people are talking today about planning to use resources for the best interests of the students and taxpayers, but it is difficult to develop these programs. It is particularly important that we do not duplicate expensive graduate education. Here, in this new arrangement, we have an opportunity to implement a program designed to accomplish these purposes."

Scientists of Washington University's Laboratory of Space Physics, whose work with the Metropolitan Museum of New York to determine the age of an ancient bronze horse is told in this issue, are eagerly awaiting the return to the laboratory of one of their experiments that was flown to the moon.

The Apollo 17 spacecraft carried a radiation detector assembled at the Laboratory for Space Physics. The Laboratory's goal in the experiment was to gain more information about the chemical composition of radiation from the sun. This information will be used to complement data gathered in past Apollo missions for Washington University and other research groups. In further experiments, using data from the detector, scientists here and at other laboratories will analyze the effects of radiation to seek a better understanding of the chemical processes which occur both on the sun's surface and within its interior, the nature and origin of the cosmic radiation that fills interplanetary space, and the processes of radioactive decay that occur on the surface of the moon.

The Laboratory for Space Physics has been studying samples of moon rocks and data from various detectors used in past Apollo missions. One of several techniques used in these experiments, developed by Dr. Robert M. Walker, McDonnell Professor of Physics and director of the Laboratory, detects scars or tracks left in crystalline material by nuclear particles in the solar radiation.

Dr. Ernst Zinner, research associate in the Laboratory, points out that although the detector carried by Apollo 17 measured only 2.5 by 9 inches, its diverse detection elements collected sufficient data for several important experiments. Research on the information collected by the Washington University detector will be performed at the University and at the General Electric Research Laboratory, the University of California at Berkeley, and the University of Berne, Switzerland.

An interesting footnote (or rather, pawnote) to the story in the last Alumni News about the University's leasing a tract at the Tyson Research Center for a wolf sanctuary was the enthusiasm of one of the participants in the lease-signing ceremony. Present for the signing with the University representatives and officials of the Elsa Wild Animal Appeal, sponsors of the sanctuary, was Sophia, a 75-pound tundra wolf. Sophia's behavior was exemplary, except that after she affixed her pawprint to the lease, she tried to eat the document. Although she may have devoured some of the fine print, the document was rescued, the lease is legal, and the sanctuary will be established.

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Newest addition to the Washington University Medical Center is the fourteen-story East Pavilion, completed this fall. A joint effort of the University's School of Medicine and Barnes Hospital, the multidiscipline patient-care center contains sixty-four private rooms and 200 semi-private rooms, five intensive care units, twenty-two operating rooms, laboratories, and admissions and service facilities.