The southeast corner of Bowles Plaza is Washington University’s newest counterpart of Capistrano. When students light there in numbers, spring is close at hand. See page 26.
# Washington University Magazine

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The magnificent private library of the late Gert von Gontard, grandson of Adolphus Busch, was presented recently to the Washington University Libraries by his widow, Hildegard von Gontard. Numbering some 4,500 books and manuscripts, most of them in German, it includes a 1,300 volume nucleus of Goetheana which will become part of Olin Library’s Special Collections section soon to be renovated with funds also provided by Mrs. von Gontard.

Napoleon was awed by few men, but upon meeting Johann Wolfgang Goethe, he is reported to have exclaimed, "Voilà, c’est un homme!" The late Gert von Gontard, whose private library of 4,500 volumes, including a magnificent collection of Goetheana, was recently given to Washington University by his widow, was also an ardent admirer of the great German whom Napoleon brashly called “the other genius.”

Like his hero, von Gontard was a man of many interests. He has been described by his friend Carl Zuckmayer, the noted German playwright, as “a highly intelligent, cultivated and sensitive lover of the arts and humanity.” Reminiscing about her husband’s admiration of Goethe, sometimes described as “the last universal man,” the petite Hildegard von Gontard plucked an exquisitely bound book from a shelf in her elegant Manhattan apartment. She pointed out that this Goethe reader, one of her husband’s most cherished possessions, was actually a paperback fitted into a leather cover embossed with the gilded word “Brevier.” “He read from it every day, as others do the Bible,” she explained, “and now I follow his custom. It gives me great comfort,” she concluded quietly.

During his vibrant life, Gert von Gontard, who died in September 1979, acquired some 1,200 Goethe volumes, including the comprehensive Weimarer Ausgabe (also called Sophienausgabe after its patroness, the Grand Duchess Sophie of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach). This important edition of 143 volumes published between 1887 and 1920 was a gift from his wife, who encouraged his avocation.

In addition to the important Goethe nucleus, the von Gontard collection consists of hundreds of carefully selected books on German literature, art, music, and theatre history—most bearing the family coat of arms as their bookplate. Quite obviously, this collection has caused great excitement in certain circles since it arrived on campus some months ago. A covey of scholars from the University’s Department of Germanic Languages and Literatures has examined its contents carefully.

One of them, Professor David Bronsen, noted that this collection, amassed over forty years, serves to identify the owner. He added: “Von Gontard was first and foremost an homme du monde, a lover of the arts, and a passionate bibliophile who enjoyed the sensuousness of beautifully bound books. His book collection, apparently begun about 1920, reveals his major
Johann Wolfgang Goethe (from the von Gontard collection)
A rare cover of Volume Two, Number One, of Neue Revue, a caustic anti-Nazi periodical founded by writer and editor Gert von Gontard in 1929. Denounced by Hitler for his outspoken views, von Gontard fled to this country in the thirties. (The cover illustration is titled "The Face of the Press.")
areas of interest.” Professor Bronsen noted that von Gontard’s love of theatre “is evidenced by the large collection of dramatic works and commentaries by leading theatre critics from many different countries.” He continued, “Another major area of interest was the German novel from 1880 to 1970. The collection shows particular depth for the period between the two World Wars.”

Paul Michael Lützeler, an associate professor in the same department, was jubilant about many other facets of the collection, especially the twentieth-century works. Of particular interest, he observed, were the exile periodicals Das Neue Tagebuch, published in Paris from 1933 to May 1940, and the Deutsche Blätter, issued in Santiago, Chile, from 1943 to 1946. The latter is regarded by some experts as the leading German literary periodical of the war period, according to Karl J. R. Arndt, author of The German Language Press of the Americas. Professor Lützeler also welcomes the works of Karl Kraus, a highly regarded satirist, and Franz Blei, an essayist acclaimed for his ironic observations.

Chancellor William H. Danforth is equally enthusiastic about the contribution of this superb collection to the University, and in several warm and appreciative letters has expressed his thanks to Mrs. von Gontard. “We are,” he wrote, “most grateful to you for a gift of such enduring value to future generations of students and faculty working in German literature and culture.” Traditionally, scholars in the German department at the University have been highly regarded as researchers and writers. One of their number, Liselotte Dieckmann, professor emeritus of German and a former chair of the department, published a work on Goethe in 1974, which is part of Twayne’s World Authors Series. Although not intended as an exhaustive examination of Goethe, it is an excellent introduction and guide, as its author intended, for readers “unfamiliar with Goethe’s works.”

News of von Gontard’s gift came as a complete surprise, and in this respect it is reminiscent of another major contribution received decades ago. Few who were here then will ever forget the day in 1958 when a startled University telephone operator listened incredulously as the caller, Karl Umrath, casually inquired if there was anyone on campus to whom he could talk about donating one million dollars to the University. Hastily recovering from her initial shock, the astonished young woman quickly put him through to the Chancellor’s office.

Something of this same sense of surprise was experienced recently by Kenneth L. Nabors, the University’s German bibliographer and humanities librarian. A secretary from Anheuser-Busch called to ask with whom she should talk about the donation of some German books. As she gave no hint of the scope of the gift, Nabors routinely told her his name and address, and she promised to get in touch with him later. Not long afterwards, he was flabbergasted to hear from Mrs. von Gontard’s counselor, John K. Schemmer of New York City, informing him of the large private library she planned to give the University.

Nabors lost no time in apprising Charles D. Churchwell, Dean of Library Services at Washington University, of this offer, and in due time Churchwell met with Mrs. von Gontard and Schemmer to discuss her gift. They agreed that the Goetheana containing first editions, autograph letters, an original sepia by the master himself, a Goethe bust, and a portrait of Goethe by Karl Bauer should form the nucleus of a memorial, the Gert von Gontard Collection, which would be established in the Special Collections section. Holly Hall, head of that section, was delighted: “Any rare books curator would be excited to get this material. Von Gontard was very thorough. The material is all in beautiful condition.”

Mrs. von Gontard has graciously agreed to provide a substantial sum to redesign the Special Collections area on the fifth level of Olin to accommodate her gift. When this work is completed in late summer, a reception is planned with the hope that the generous Mrs. von Gontard, whose health is fragile, will be able to attend.

A charming Viennese lady with impeccable Old World manners and a quaint and captivating penchant for punctuating her speech with gentle assurances such as “Oh, indeed yes, my dear,” Mrs. von Gontard is dedicated to ensuring that her husband’s splendid books and manuscripts are suitably preserved and used in a manner of which he would approve.

Although neither she nor her husband had ever visited Washington University, they knew its reputation through family connections. His mother, Clara Busch, was the daughter of Adolphus Busch, founder of the world-famous
The von Gontard family crest became Gert von Gontard's bookplate.

brewing company, Anheuser-Busch of St. Louis. His grandfather was a loyal benefactor of this University, whose many gifts included $126,000 for the construction and partial equipping of Busch Hall. Busch served as a member of the University's Board of Trustees from 1895 until his death in 1913.

Over the years, both Gert von Gontard and his wife visited St. Louis frequently for family celebrations, and they knew that this University had an excellent faculty dedicated to the teaching of Germanic language and literature and a proud tradition in that specialization. "Gert's collection has found a good home," Hildegard von Gontard said recently with evident satisfaction. Assessing her contribution, Professor Bronsen said gratefully, "Mrs. von Gontard has honored Washington University with an invaluable gift."

A cultured, cosmopolitan woman of warmth and grace, she met and married Gert von Gontard in this country in November 1943. They settled in New York City, and following World War II they spent their summers in Europe. For a brief period during the sixties, they lived in Munich.

Von Gontard himself was a native of Berlin and the scion of an old Huguenot family which originally emigrated from Southern France (Dauphine) during the second half of the seventeenth century. His ancestors settled in Mannheim, an art- and theatre-conscious city on the Rhine. The first German-born Gontard, Antoine, was a ballet master. His son, Charles (1731-1791), returned to France to study architecture, and eventually was employed by Frederick the Great of Prussia. Frederick persuaded Emperor Joseph II of the Imperial Court in Vienna to make Charles a German nobleman, and he was subsequently known as Karl von Gontard. Several squares in Berlin, Mannheim, and Bayreuth bear his name.

Gert von Gontard, a direct descendant of Karl, was the youngest son of Paul von Gontard and his St. Louis-born wife, Clara Busch. Gert von Gontard studied philosophy, psychology, Germanistics, and theatrical arts at the Friedrich-Wilhelm University in Berlin. In 1929, he founded the literary and political magazine Neue Revue, whose strong anti-Nazi policy, expressed in devastating cartoons, articles, and poetry put him on the Nazis' "death list" in 1933.

Von Gontard fled to Los Angeles, where he continued his studies at the University of California. Five years later, he and the famous producer-director Max Reinhardt organized The Workshop, a theatrical academy where von Gontard also taught. Zuckmayer revealed in his autobiography, A Part of Myself, "although Reinhardt himself did not know, and probably never learned (of it), this Workshop and its performances were...secretly financed, in a most discreet and tactful way, by Gert von Gontard." He was not simply an "angel," however, but also Reinhardt's assistant. Some years later in New York City, von Gontard became co-director of Players From Abroad, which staged performances at the Barbizon-Plaza with German actors in the featured roles. Their number included several stage personalities who had fled from the Nazis—Albert Bassermann, Herbert Berghof, Elisabeth Bergner, Grete Mosheim, and many more.

When many of these actors returned to Europe after World War II, von Gontard formed the nonprofit Deutsches Theater, Inc., and began importing German-language troupes, such as the Hamburg Schauspielhaus, the Schiller Theater, and the Bavarian State Theater, which performed at the New York City Center. In 1967, he and the Austrian government financed the first world tour of Europe's oldest repertory company, the Vienna Burgtheater. Once again, he emphasized to New York Times reporter Lewis Funke, he was not just a financial angel. "I look after every detail." It opened at the New York Center with Schnitzler's Professor Bernhardi, and performed various other plays including Nestory's He Wants to Have a Good Time, on which Thornton Wilder based The Matchmaker, the inspiration for Hello Dolly! After its East Coast triumph, the company moved to Los Angeles, Tokyo, Osaka, Paris, and Brussels,
pursuing what von Gontard called “the holy mission of art—the overcoming of international prejudice.”

A year earlier, he had become associated with a German touring company, symbolically called Die Brücke (The Bridge), and he subsequently joined with the Goethe Institute in sending it on four world tours. Ever an innovator, von Gontard arranged for the Negro Ensemble Company of New York to become the first black entertainers to perform in West Germany. This ensemble opened the cultural program of the twentieth Olympic Games in Munich. On the occasion of his sixty-fifth birthday in 1971, von Gontard was cited by Mayor John V. Lindsay “for his devotion and dedication to the international theatre arts in bringing to New York City more than forty German plays over the span of a quarter of a century.”

That same year, he was elected to the Board of the New York City Center of Music and Drama. He opted to concentrate on one of its constituents, the New York City Opera. The first production in 1973 was Henze’s The Young Lord, conducted by the director of the company, Julius Rudel, and staged by Sarah Caldwell. Through this association, von Gontard met diva Beverly Sills, who starred in his fifth joint production of Rossini’s seldom-performed opera, The Turk in Italy. During the spring of 1979, he and the opera company presented Purcell’s Dido and Aeneas and Richard Strauss’s Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. It marked the first collaboration in thirty years of the New York City Opera with the New York City Ballet’s George Balanchine, who choreographed both works. Rudolf Nureyev was the featured soloist in the Strauss opera. Much of the memorabilia associated with Gert von Gontard’s professional career in the theatre and opera has been given by his wife to the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center.

It has taken William Toombs, a Washington University graduate student of German, months to unpack the thousands of books Mrs. von Gontard has given. Moonlighting on this assignment while employed regularly at St. Louis University’s law library, he has meticulously arranged all of the books into readily accessible categories.

“We are enormously pleased with this gift.”

humanities librarian Nabors remarked recently as he surveyed the books now shelved in a special storage area. “This collection is the second major gift of German books which we have received. Shortly after the turn of the century, Emil Preetorius (1827-1905), editor-in-chief of the Westliche Post, forerunner of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, bequeathed his library to us. Our present strengths in the areas of nineteenth- and early twentieth-century literature derive from that gift. The Gert von Gontard Collection, with its emphasis on Goethe, modern literature, and the performing arts, will add dimension to these holdings.” About two thirds of the volumes are new additions to Olin Library’s present German book collection of 35,000 volumes.

“The first editions of Goethe in the von Gontard collection are not something that one would expect to find in every library,” he said proudly. “They are so rare and expensive that our library could not afford to purchase them.” Both he and Professor Lützeler expressed delight with the original edition of Goethe’s Zur Farbenlehre (Theory of Colors). Still regarded as a standard reference on optics, it was his longest, and according to the Dictionary of Scientific Geography, in Goethe’s own view, (his) best work. Goethe admirers, of course, are familiar with his scientific writings which, in addition to this treatise, encompassed botany, geology, and zoology. But even the best informed may not realize that Goethe also discovered the intermaxillary bone in the human face.

Equally rare is a first edition of the first part of Faust published in Tübingen in 1808. It was this Goethe work which the late Randall Jarrell translated while serving as Poetry Consultant at the Library of Congress in 1957. Jarrell, in the preface of this translation, maintained that Goethe’s Faust is unique. “In one sense, there is nothing like it; and in another sense, everything that has come after it is like it. Spengler called Western man Faustian man, and he was right. If our world should need a tombstone, we’ll be able to put on it ‘Here Lies Doctor Faust.’”

Perhaps Jarrell was right, but Gert von Gontard chose a different epitaph. He requested that the simple slab of stone which marks his final resting place in a tranquil sector of Zurich be engraved with his favorite Goethe quotation: “Everything Transient Is But a Metaphor.”
The “Crisis” of Social Security

By Merton C. Bernstein
Walter D. Coles Professor of Law

Professor Merton Bernstein’s informed views on private pensions and the social security system span nearly two decades of study. In 1964 he won a national award for his book, The Future of Private Pensions. He was chairman of the U.S. Social Security Administration’s advisory committee on research and recently served as technical consultant to the White House Conference on Aging. He has been a member of the Washington University law faculty since 1975.


No. I suggest that we do have problems, but no crisis. On my good days, I am confident that we will manage the problems.

In 1981 Congress will grapple with the question of how to assure funds for Social Security for the next few years. Great pressure exists to allay public concern over the long-term solvency of that program. The March report of the National Commission on Social Security focuses upon these and the allied issues of benefit structure and retirement age into the next century. The March report of the National Commission on Pension Policy addressed the same problems in regard to private pensions.

Fifty years ago we had no such concerns. Only local fire and police departments, the miniscule Army and Navy, the insignificant national Civil Service, and a handful of private companies and railroads had pension programs. At that time, subsistence farming and the three-generation farm still were common. Most significantly, prior to antibiotics, few people lived past their mid-sixties; those who did worked as long as they could; many ended up—quite literally—in “the poorhouse.” Now just about everyone, even the farmer, works for cash, and longevity has undergone a revolution.

Congress enacted the Social Security retirement program in 1935 to enable and encourage retirement by those over sixty-five; by 1939 it had expanded the program to cover spouses and to provide benefits for survivors, not only of retirees, but covered workers of all ages—then about half of the work force. But until the 1950s, the number of beneficiaries remained comparatively small.

Today, Social Security covers 95 percent of the working population, including most state and local government employees who also often have supplementary plans. Federal civilian employees do not participate, but many earn Social Security eligibility through moonlighting or post-retirement work. Social Security covers the military, which also has its own generous supplement providing half-pay for retirement after twenty years of service.

Just less than half the private work force, about thirty million people, also have private-plan coverage regulated by the Employment Retirement Income Security Act (ERISA), a terribly complicated statute with dreadfully intricate regulations designed to make plan administration honest and dependable. That act also permitted IRAs (Independent Retirement Accounts) for those whose jobs do not provide pension coverage. The self-employed may set up Keough plans. IRAs and Keoughs provide favorable tax treatment for money set aside for retirement. These and the favorable treatments of private pensions cost the federal treasury $15 billion a year in uncollected taxes.

Social Security pays out $140 billion a year to almost thirty million beneficiaries. Although reliable data are not available for non-federal employee plans, their reserves, plus those of private plans, are thought to total $650 billion.

Confused? Who wouldn’t be?

Aside from national survival, we have no more urgent tasks than sorting out our balkanized retirement programs to make sure that they make sense and that they will perform as advertised.

Unfortunately, our melange of programs does not make sense; many (particularly state and local government plans) are in parlous condition; and most private plans will disappoint expectations. Yet these problems attract little attention. In contrast, Social Security, the largest, most secure, and most dependable retirement income program, suffers from mass distrust and anxiety.

A person gains Social Security protection (“insured” status) by working in “covered employment” for forty quarters (January-March, April-June, etc.) in which he/she makes $350 or more; $1,240 in a year earns four quarters. This provides eligibility for benefits when certain hazards of modern economic life occur. When the worker dies, whether before or after retirement, surviving dependents receive benefits. An “insured” person also may receive retirement benefits—full benefits at “normal retirement age” of sixty-five, or actuarially reduced benefits starting at age sixty-two. A spouse over sixty-five is entitled to either 50 percent of the partner’s benefit or a benefit figured on his/her own work record, whichever is better. When the spouse dies, the survivor again can choose a benefit based on his/her own record or the benefit of the deceased partner.

In addition, if one becomes disabled from performing any “substantial gainful employment” (not just one’s regular job) and has gained credits for ten of the preceding twenty quarters, one is entitled to a benefit equal to that of normal retirement.

Cash benefits are figured on the employee’s monthly average credited earnings since 1951 or age twenty-one,
whichever is later (after dropping out the five years of lowest earnings; somewhat different drop-out rules apply to those disabled before age forty-seven). To that average, the benefit formula is applied: lower wages, salaries, and self-employed earnings receive higher levels of replacement, while higher wages receive a smaller percentage of replacement. So, according to the latest figures, a couple in the lowest-credited earnings bracket would get benefits replacing almost two thirds of former earnings, while a high-wage couple would receive about one fourth. The reasoning is that while lower earnings are devoted almost wholly to necessities, at higher incomes, necessities command a smaller portion.

B

'est of all, Social Security benefits are fully indexed to the cost of living as determined by the Consumer Price Index. So, inflation does not erode their value. Federal Civil Service and military pensions are also indexed to keep up with the CPI. But indexing—inflation-proofing—is unknown in private plans. So, despite the fact that retiree benefits sometimes are improved, private plan benefits generally decline in value as retirement wears on. Some state and local government pension plans index to some degree; but often, they index survival benefits to a lesser degree. Many do not index at all.

Government pensions, federal, state, local, and private plans do not provide assured survivor benefits. Preretirement survivor benefits tend to be modest; if one elects a survivor option, the retirement benefit is actuarially reduced. This presents retirees with a tough choice.

While attaining eligibility under Social Security is relatively easy, it is difficult in the other systems. Indeed, most work under private plans—and probably state and local plans—does not yield credits that translate into benefits. Most private plans require ten years of service to qualify for benefits but most employees do not last ten years before they leave the job or the job leaves them. That frequently happens with state and local government plans as well.

Thus, outside of Social Security and Federal Civil Service, there are many pension participants, but more losers than winners. Since pensions are widely regarded as a form of deferred wages, in effect the majority of employees transfer a portion of their earnings to a lucky winner. Moreover, private and non-federal government plans receive some $15 billion in annual tax breaks. So, all non-winners, in effect, shoulder more tax liability to confer benefits on the minority. Ironically, the winners are higher-paid people who enjoy steady employment—that is, the least needy.

But the winner obtains a prize of declining value, one subject to constant erosion by inflation. Even winning isn't what it used to be.

In contrast, Social Security gets lots of attention. Those receiving benefits wonder whether the system will be solvent next year or the year after. Those now in their thirties or forties question whether, when their turn comes, Social Security will be able to pay. Many now suggest cutting benefits and raising retirement age (another way of cutting benefits) to reduce the strain of funding and to promote solvency.

While it is prudent to be concerned, the cries of crisis seem unwarranted. Indeed, last October Congress took one action to improve the revenue flow to the retirement and survivors' (OASI) trust fund by diverting a small amount from the Disability Insurance trust fund; the latter is now in surplus, although a few years ago many were distraught over its predicted bankruptcy. Some other minor measures—such as a regular authority for interfund and general revenue borrowing—would probably suffice to see OASI through the 1980s if the economy rallies. The most likely change—one being put forward by Representative Barber Conable, ranking Republican on the U.S. House Ways and Means Committee—is to fund half of Medicare hospital insur-
ance from general revenues (inasmuch as its benefits are not wage-related and the program is so full of social purpose) and apply the amount of Social Security tax thus liberated to the cash-benefit programs.

Without doubt, one way or another, Congress will provide the funds needed to assure the continuation of benefits through the 1980s.

But what of the long haul? Concern centers on the oft-repeated comparison that today 3.2 people work for each Social Security beneficiary, while in 2020 that ratio will be 2:1. So, the argument goes, in the next century the burden of an aging population will be unbearable for the proportionally smaller working-age population. Hence, the argument continues, we must cut the benefit burden by raising retirement age, starting at the turn of the century. Some advocate additional cutbacks in the system.

But this analysis, I suggest, is mistaken on two grounds. (I'll skip the tricky problems in establishing the 3.2:1 “worker” to “dependent” ratio.) The assumptions that lead to the 2:1 ratio in the next century are open to real question on three main points. First, the projection assumes a fertility rate of 2.1 per woman of childbearing years, despite a noticeable upturn in fertility. Second, it assumes that, despite the predicted labor shortage, employment patterns of older people will stay the same. Yet it seems more likely that the predicted shortage would generate greater work opportunities for older people and many who can work will choose to do so. Third, and probably most unrealistic, the 2:1 projection assumes the rate of legal immigration that existed several years ago—some 400,000 annually. Yet legal immigration has increased and illegal immigration (mostly people of working and childbearing years) seems uncountable and unstoppable. Doubling immigration to 800,000 would trim the long-term projected deficit by one third. Thus, if we indeed have a deficit of working-age people starting in the second decade of the next century, we could rapidly recruit the needed numbers.

But numbers, I suggest, is not the name of the game—at least not numbers of people. Rather, the numbers that count will be productivity. We live better although we work less than our forebears. Technological revolutions, chiefly in agriculture, account for standards of living in the industrialized world that would have seemed visionary in the 1930s.

The key to future living standards, for all of us at all ages, depends not on numbers of people but on the state of productivity. Here too one finds dejection over the future based upon recent, very recent, experience. Certainly productivity has been set back by energy costs. The energy outlook seems to offer little reason for optimism.

And yet we are at the dawn of computer technology. This has already amplified our productivity, bringing revolutions in banking and credit. Advances in communication technology may, for example, obviate a great deal of business travel, thereby enabling greater product for less expense.

A very large part of our current “problem” may be the dejection and pessimism that so pervaded post-Vietnam, post-OPEC society. But it seems absurdly shortsighted to think that our amazingly productive society has reached its limits, has run out of gas both literally and figuratively. I just don’t believe that. As one straw in the wind, consider the experience of Sweden, whose economy was in the doldrums; only recently has it strikingly increased its productivity.

Assume for the moment, however, that the future pie will be smaller, that we must share less (which is hard) rather than more (which was so easy in the 1960s and even “70s). It does not follow that we must pare the living standards of the elderly. Those standards are already absurdly low. Considering that most of us will be elderly, we all have a stake in arrangements that set as the norm a decent standard of living. Yet, today, appalling numbers of elderly people live below the poverty line, itself abysmally low—$4,400 per year for an elderly couple, for example. Some 15 percent of those over sixty-five are in poverty by that measure. Alas, three out of ten of the single women sixty-five plus fall below the single-person poverty level—$3,472. Using a “near-poverty” yardstick (that is, 125 percent of the poverty level), we find about one quarter of the over-sixty-five population—some 5.5 million people—“exist” below that standard. Or we could use the extremely modest Bureau of Labor Statistics’ “Intermediate Budget”: $5,244 for elderly single persons and $7,846 for a couple. The great majority of single persons sixty-five and over (61.5 percent) subsist on incomes below that level, as do fully a third (34.7 percent) of older couples.

Those people are our grandparents, our parents, ourselves—if not now, then before long.

Does it make sense to jam all of our good living into preretirement years only to live at a declining standard thereafter? Put it another way: recently, I shopped in a supermarket in a working-class section of St. Louis. The cheese cases offered imports from all of Western Europe. Nearby shelves offered beer from around the world—clear testimony to our current productivity and resultant purchasing power.

Well, shall we choose Tsingtao beer and French Camembert today but then opt for a retirement in which we cannot afford a daily newspaper (the situation in which I found a retired Yale professor some years ago)? Or is it more prudent to transfer more of our current productivity to the elderly, most of whom cannot find employment past sixty-five? (Indeed, most men and women start drawing Social Security benefits before age sixty-five explaining that ill health or unemployment gave them no alternative.) Should we not set the precedent and write the law today to provide amply for retirees and survivors in decades to come? We have considerable leeway to trim living standards of the currently employed (at least those with comfortable incomes) before striking bone, before causing privation.

Twelve percent of current payroll (indeed, we pay less than that) is really a modest price to pay for the amazing array of protection that Social Security provides (including Medicare). We cannot have decent retirement income and decent medical care on the cheap. Shall it be Caribbean vacations today but television at the community center tomorrow?

I am quite certain that the American people will choose not to cut the living standards of the elderly even if it means some belt-tightening (slightly higher taxes) for those employed now and in the future.

Social Security is the least expensive, most dependable way to channel income to the retired. No other means offers inflation-proofing. The alternatives scare me—they are high cost, unfair, and, to top it off, undependable. They're at the mercy of inflation.

Thus Social Security constitutes America's best bet. Most people, if they can get past the present hysteria, probably will agree.
SPARKS

By Jill Murray

Long ago, Professor Robert E. Sparks discovered that the moments of real excitement in life are those spent working on one's ideas. This discovery is the basis of the educational philosophy he practices at Washington University's School of Engineering and Applied Science.

This is a man who gets excited over nine dots on a piece of paper and different ways to connect them. He offers the puzzle, a common brain twister, to fourth-grade students and academic colleagues alike—anyone willing to engage in a little unorthodox problem-solving.

This is a man, three times chosen Professor of the Year by Washington University engineering students, who was recently the recipient of a national award for excellence in college teaching. The same man, still, has written more than fifty scientific papers in areas ranging from artificial kidney technology to synthetic burn coatings to contraceptives.

The man is Robert E. Sparks, professor of chemical engineering, chairman of the biomedical engineering program, and director of the Biological Transport Laboratory at Washington University. If forced to wear a single label, though, he prefers "inventor."

The nine-dot problem is one he sometimes assigns to his classes to make a point about creativity. It consists of three rows of three dots which must be connected by four straight lines. The answer usually given involves extending those lines outside the tic-tac-toe-style grid, a move not immediately considered by most.

But for Sparks, "going outside the grid" has become an approach toward everything he sees and does. He takes special delight in twisting and turning the nine-dot and other problems until they yield not one, but whole handfuls of solutions.

"It's the hidden assumptions that always bite. The first question I ask is, How else? For instance, what if the dots are really on the surface of a sphere? Or, imagine instead that they are really magnets, or perhaps different sizes. What then?"

Asking questions that are not normally asked is a gift, he concedes, whether the subject is a simple puzzle or a highly technical innovation. But it is also a skill that can be developed. Can it be taught? He swears it can, if only in the beginning by osmosis.

This positive, flexible attitude, this unmistakable enthusiasm of a mind leading other minds, Sparks brings to his classes, whether conducting a special workshop for gifted grade school children or teaching a college class in fluid mechanics.

"What I want more than anything else is to get students thinking," he declares. "Long after they've forgotten the homework, the formulas, the professor, I want them to remember the excitement of having their own ideas."

"Number-crunching," student lingo for the mechanical process of plugging figures into formulas and grinding out answers, is the alternative that too often passes for education. Many have grown to expect this—professors say that students even complain when examinations ask them to use concepts imaginatively in situations they have not seen before. Concluded one after such a test experience, "I thought that was going too far."

Unfortunately, Sparks believes, some professors don't go far enough.

"We get so tied up in teaching great gobs of technical material that we sometimes act as if it were not possible to think until all the facts and figures have been mastered," he observes. "We sometimes forget that lecturing is not necessarily teaching, and listening is not necessarily learning. More important, learning is not necessarily thinking."
He expounded these ideas last June at the annual meeting of the Chemical Manufacturers Association. The meeting included the 1980 Catalyst Awards ceremony, which honored outstanding teachers of chemistry and chemical engineering at the high school, college and university levels. Sparks was one of six to receive the association's award—a $1,500 prize, a medal, and a citation. In the address, he described the problems associated with the traditional college lecture course and, naturally, proposed a solution.

"Students can't think during a lecture. They are so busy taking notes that they don't have time," he contends. "And yet, in most technical classes much factual information and many analytical techniques are conveyed."

After tumbling this dilemma around in his mind, looking for a way to approach it from another direction, Sparks decided to apply a new formula to his content-loaded junior-level course, Heat, Mass and Momentum Transfer. He decided to hold two lectures a week and give the third meeting over to discussion groups that would meet separately with him on Friday. This "sacrifice" of one formal session proved to be one of the most successful practices around.

"It's the best thing since peanut butter," announced one student to his adviser. Others have remarked, "It's one of the few classes I feel I really get my money's worth out of," or simply, "Friday sessions are the best part of this course."

"The focus of these small sessions is always on the meaning behind the facts and calculations. We continually ask Why? or What can we do with this information?" says Sparks. "My guiding axiom is, 'Lead, don't tell.' They are," he adds, "the most awake and alive classes I have ever taught."

The spirit of the Friday sessions is taken farther in Inventive Reasoning, an optional freshman course designed by Sparks and offered every other year. The two-hour course, which evolved from a series of informal, voluntary, noncredit seminars, aims specifically at developing the student's ability to generate his own ideas. It has now expanded to industrial lectures and workshops on inventive thinking for researchers.

Many types of problems are presented from many points of view. Some stem from what Sparks calls reasoning from a phenomenon. How many uses can be found for a paper clip, he asks, or for microwave radiation, or liquid crystals? A second category is reasoning from an observation. Here, the class concentrates on the meaning of a process, from the act of stirring cold chocolate syrup into milk, to the nature of tarnish patterns on silver, or the characteristics of small sap droplets on a windshield. A third set of problems which he terms sensitivity to triggers are exercises to increase the awareness of input which might lead to new trains of thought.

Explains Sparks, "I contend that anyone exposed for very long to such an atmosphere soon becomes tenacious about inventing and will do something with any problem you give him, even if he has to change the nature of the problem. The change is okay, because the idea is more important than the problem which generated it. Problems are everywhere and anyone can ask questions. However, a good new idea is not easy to come by. It should be held onto, looked at, modified, and, if it is not
immediately useful, it should be saved for future reference.”

Norbert S. Mason, Sparks’s collaborator and a senior research associate, attests, “He lives by that. It isn’t just something he talks about in class. He’s equally proud of his own ideas as of those of others.”

Mason earned his Ph.D. in chemical engineering under Sparks at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio. When Sparks accepted an appointment at Washington University in 1972, Mason followed. Preferring the academic atmosphere to his former years in the chemical and rubber industry, Mason has worked with Sparks ever since.

“Sparks is an inventor, yes, but he is also a leader in getting diverse groups of people to work together,” says Mason. “In our research, we have consulted veterinarians, gynecologists, dental-supply manufacturers, even felt-tip pen manufacturers. He’s always well-organized, and that helps a lot.”

Born in Marshall, Missouri, Sparks attended school in Independence and entered Kansas City University (now UMKC) as a prelaw student. After only six weeks, though, he grew so homesick for his favorite high school subject that he plunged into a chemistry course well after its beginning. He stayed with that decision, and in 1960, graduated with a doctorate in chemical engineering from Johns Hopkins University.

“I hope I chose chemistry and engineering for the same reason you should choose any profession—because it excites you. That nonlogical component, how it feels in the gut, is more important than the outlook in the job market or how much money you’re going to make,” he says.

Engineering, particularly in its biomedical applications, continues to be an exciting field for him. Elected president of the American Society for Artificial Organs last year, he is currently working on one industrial contract and three research projects funded by the National Institutes of Health. He also is negotiating research contracts with English and French biomedical companies and writing a joint research proposal with an Italian kidney specialist. In addition to Mason, his collaborators include Washington University surgeons Richard Clark and David Scharp, nephrologist Eduardo Slatopol斯基, gynecologist David Keller, internist Robert Perrillo, virologist Sondra Schlesinger, and St. Louis University hematologist J. Heinrich Joist.

One project involves a process using membranes with skewed pore size distribution as a screen to filter blood into its components. If perfected, the process might someday be able to separate the hepatitis virus from blood clotting fractions.

Other projects are the investigation of a new form of birth control using targeted drug release, a synthetic material resistant to clotting for use in artificial blood vessels, and a chambered device through which pancreatic cells from an animal might be transplanted to diabetic patients.

Closest to becoming a commercial product is a substitute for a chalky slurry that many patients with kidney disease must drink daily to remove phosphate impurities from the blood. Sparks and Mason formulated a new antacid gel potent enough to be taken in much smaller quantities. Animal and preliminary human testing has been completed, and they are now awaiting production in large enough quantities for wider testing prior to approval from the Food and Drug Administration. The unlikely source for this idea was literature from the Atomic Energy Commission, which used thin layers of similar gels to remove radioactive impurities from contaminated water.
"For me, thinking inventively is an exciting experience and a lot of fun," Sparks says. "By excitement, I mean that peculiar absorbing interest that makes one forget the clock or his stomach or how tired his eyes are. Excitement and motivation are the most precious gifts of all those I would like to give my students."

Not that Sparks disdains the basics. He has no special affinity for the short-lived educational trend in which many traditional school subjects were declared irrelevant. "Facts, procedures, and skills—oh, these are gold! They shouldn't be boring," he emphasizes. "But you only see it that way once you realize that the facts are the raw material for thinking."

These are strong sentiments, and one offshoot is a book he is in the midst of writing for the adolescent audience, tentatively titled Think Loose! It is based on the ideas he developed in his Inventive Reasoning course. A liberal salting of cartoons is one of its special features. "Cartoonists are extraordinarily inventive," notes Sparks. "If their comics only portrayed the obvious and straightforward, you wouldn't laugh."

In addition to a good-sized cartoon collection, Sparks also claims as his hobbies squash, jogging, and backpacking in the Rockies. His favorite non-academic pastime, though, is music. He sang in church as a child and in high school and college he performed in operettas, barbershop quartets, choruses, and as a soloist. He once sang as first tenor in the New Jersey Novice Champion Quartet, and while teaching at Case Western Reserve University, he sang with the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus and Chamber Chorus under Robert Shaw and George Szell. For the last two years he has been a member of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra Chorus, and with both these choruses has performed three times at Carnegie Hall.

Two of his sons are serious music students. Mark is studying the flute at the Oberlin Conservatory in Ohio, and David, a junior at Kirkwood High School, plays the clarinet. A third son, Chris, is majoring in literature and philosophy at Webster College in St. Louis. His wife, Adna, a doctoral student in educational counseling at St. Louis University, is, as well, a source of inspiration for new teaching methods.

From time to time, Sparks enjoys a change of pace from university-level curriculum, and he dips into primary and secondary school teaching, holding sessions on creativity by presenting such favorites as the nine-dot problem or devising new endings to fairy tales. "I like to get in and stir things up a little," he admits. "Once they catch on, the kids are great. They fill up the whole chalkboard with ideas."

Sparks wishes he could get to his pupils even earlier. "Developing a child's attitude toward education and society in those beginning years is as important as teaching information," he affirms. It is no surprise then, that an idea Sparks is proudest of is not a new biomedical invention, but a new way to group children for instruction. His proposal, called cycled ability grouping, replaces the common high-average-low tracking system by overlapping students so that each group has an ability range spanning approximately 50 percent of the total. A student with medium ability, therefore, might be at the bottom of a fast-moving class one year, and at the top of a slower-moving class the next. Several schools in the Cleveland Heights school system have been using this grouping system for several years.

The system seems complicated at first glance, but Sparks insists that its benefits overwhelm any initial confusion. He condemns the normal track system as a disaster, noting, "If a child stays in the same group for more than a year, he begins to feel irrevocably locked into the system, and sees no hope for a change. This can have a stifling effect on his aspirations." He believes teachers, too, would find the change stimulating, particularly those who instruct the bottom-level classes.

Perhaps the key to Sparks's overall success as an inventor and teacher is that he cultivates flexible and creative thought without abandoning the framework of reality. He readily acknowledges the "test-taking attitude" all students must have to survive, but he makes clear to his classes that the ability to distinguish right and wrong quiz answers will not suffice forever. "Once you get out of school," he warns, "people will expect you to think."

"For me, education is the growing of minds, including attitudes. I have begun to think of teaching now as leading people to see and helping them learn how to lead themselves to see. An internal response which has been growing with some surprise and disbelief is the feeling, 'I am a teacher.' It is an exhilarating feeling."
In the past decade, Heikki Seppa's work has focused on shell structures, hollow forms created from one or more "shells" joined together. With Linnaean purpose, he and his students identified, classified, and named these forms, recreating a lost metalsmithing technique and producing a teaching language. They codified some one hundred generic names and suffixes for forms and processes (the latter, such as anticlastic furrowing, have become the verbs of shell structure technique).
Connection

The fire of his profession burns in Heikki Seppa's eyes when he talks of his craft and its teaching. He sees his work as one with the biologist and the physicist, the philosopher and the poet. A man to whom hands could be all, he speaks with ecclesiastical fervor of the mind and of words.

Seppa calls himself a metalsmith, not an artist, and plies his craft at the connection between science and art, demanding the discipline and organization of the sciences and the freedom of the arts. What he does and what he teaches is not only technique, it is research. When he finishes a piece, he cares nothing for it in itself; his challenge is the discovery, definition, and categorization of process. He is fascinated with a result only when he can come to grips with it in terms historical and replicable.

Within his craft, he is rabbinical, a teacher of teachers and of doers. To the world at large he is a doer, an artist who takes his place among the foremost silversmiths of our time. His work is held internationally by private collectors and, in the United States, in university collections as well. In 1974 his native Finnish Precious Metal Manufacturers League awarded Seppa a diploma for "lifetime beneficial work in gold and silversmithing." More recently, he was one of only four Americans represented in an international invitational exhibit at London's Goldsmith's Hall.

Within his profession, Seppa is a leader of the renaissance of craftsmanship coming now after the long dark ages brought about by the Industrial Revolution. "What I am trying to do," he says, "is to increase the palette of my craft. Although we have inherited a huge body of technique from those who came before us, we are like painters who have no colors."

"Plastics are the functional materials of our lay lives," says Seppa, "so fine metal pieces often end up as purely decorative. Why not then pursue a freer form? We let the medium dictate form and its ductility and malleability led us toward more organic expression."

So revolutionary was the silver and other metalwork emanating from Seppa's studio-classroom that it has been called the "St. Louis look." But Seppa insists on its technical designation as shell structure.
Seppa's work in shell structures has been transferred on a smaller scale to his jewelry. But in this genre he has also continued earlier exploration of surface techniques. He fashions hollow bands, geometric yet also free in form, working in silver or combining silver with other metals for gentle blends of color.
He mates unfaceted stones with reticulated surfaces; cut stones with cast metals.

When Seppa and his students began exploring ways to expand their craft, they worked first with surface techniques, abandoning that when their interest in form became intense.
Next year, while on sabbatical, Seppa will explore the technique of tessellation to attempt to extend it from a two-dimensional pattern in mosaic (from which he is borrowing the term) to the third dimension in metal.
If he succeeds in making a beginning, he will set his students on a new venture to explore with him the variations of this technique (experimented with in the gold bracelet at right).

They will do then as they have done with shell structures: study, systematize, create a vernacular, perhaps invent new tools to add yet another color to the metalsmith’s palette.
L’Hôpital

By David Woodley, M.D.

David Woodley earned the A.B. degree in liberal arts from Washington University in 1968 and the M.D. degree from the University of Missouri in 1972. He trained in dermatology at the University of North Carolina where he became interested in culturing human epidermal cells. That work led him to the laboratory of Dr. Michel Prunieras at the Université de Paris. During a two-year fellowship, he saw dermatology outpatients twice a week at the extraordinary institution about which he writes here. In October he returned to the U.S. to join the dermatology branch of the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland.

Pavillon Gabrielle has stone walls three feet thick and a vaulted timber roof. Within is an enormous room with clerestory windows and colorful pornographic frescoes adorning the walls. One enters and circles counterclockwise around the long table, tapping each seated man or woman on the right shoulder in silence: an ancient way of saying “hello.” It is the beginning of a very ordinary lunch at Hôpital Saint-Louis in Paris.

Founded in 1606 under Henry IV, Hôpital Saint-Louis is one of the oldest and largest dermatology institutions in the world. In the U.S., a large dermatology service may have 20 to 30 beds. Hôpital Saint-Louis has more than 400 and is always filled. Wandering through the halls, especially around the library, one finds portraits, marble busts, ancient photographs, and other mementos of many of the heavyweights of dermatology who at one time or another were faculty members at the hospital. In this setting, the vocabulary of dermatology takes on form and figure. Here are Ferdinand Jean Darier (who gave his name to Darier’s disease and sign), Henri Alexandre Danlos (Ehlers-Danlos’s syndrome), Francois Henri Hallopeau (Hallopeau type), Philippe Charles Gaucher (Gaucher’s cell and disease), Jean Georg Lugol (Lugol’s solution), Raymond Jacques Sabouraud (Sabouraud’s agar), Robert Degos (Degos’s disease), Antoine Pierre Bazin (Bazin’s disease), Auguste Queyrat (Queyrat’s erythroplasia), Henri Gougerot (Gougerot’s syndrome), Ferdinand von Hebra (Hebra’s disease and ointment) and Jean Louis Alibert (Alibert’s disease and keloid). Count Alibert was appointed the first chief of the hospital in 1801; many of the others were his successors.

Much of the ordinary at Hôpital Saint-Louis is extraordinary, and lunch is no exception. The cuisine itself is somewhat more substantial than the basic medical student brown-bag lunch. Wine, beer, and Perrier rest uncorked or uncapped on a table covered with white linen. Salade de tomate et oignon, pâte de la campagne, and celeri remoulade are starters.

The second entree is usually a fish. The main course is something that will tide you over the long afternoon (on Thursday it is a long platter of rare roast beef, potatoes, and des épipards en purée). As French custom dictates, a green salad with vinaigrette sauce comes next, followed by a platter of seven to ten different French cheeses. After the cheese and grâce à un peu de vin rouge, the palate is refreshed for the fruit bowl. Dessert may vary from a basic tarte aux pommes to Ile Flottante (a sort of melange of meringue, sugar, and whipped cream floating on a lemon English sauce). A cup of espresso is served before you go back to work for the afternoon. Thank God.

Protocol reigns during the noon meal at Hôpital Saint-Louis. The seating and consequently the order in which the platters are passed depends upon rank or seniority. Full professors have a full plate before associate professors, and so on. One is absolutely forbidden to talk about medicine during the lunch! An infraction of this rule is not only considered rude and crass, but also carries a stiff fine (usually cigarettes) paid to the Chef du Service.

Newcomers to this hospital are often asked to stand and sing. For someone who has trouble remembering words to American songs, let alone French ones, this is an arduous task. Somehow one falls back on the reflex learning of one’s youth. When my turn came, the only song I could remember was the last verse of “My Country 'Tis of Thee” (it was habitually sung in our church while the offering plate was passed). So, I found myself standing in front of a French audience warbling out:
“Our father’s God, to thee
Author of liberty, to thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom’s holy light;
Protect us with thy might,
Great God, our King!”
They snapped their fingers in appreciation, but I was never asked to sing again.

This meal takes place in La Salle De Garde, where the house-officers can eat, rest, and sleep when they are on call. As an insight into either French humor or honesty, one notes that the early hospital leaders named the building “Pavillon Gabrielle” and engraved it in stone over the entranceway. Gabrielle was Henry’s mistress. The queen goes unmentioned.

The French Dermatological Society meets each month at La Musee, on the hospital grounds. The building name is appropriate because the two-storied conference room is lined with glass cases of wax manikins illustrating classical dermatological diseases. This *tour de force* was created by Baretta in the 1860s. The room is, in a way, one large dermatology textbook.

Another action spot of the hospital is La Porte, where 300 dermatology patients may be seen in a single morning. This clinic is staffed by six or eight dermatologists and several house-officers and medical students. Either by chance or by the wisdom of the early hospital leaders, Hôpital Saint-Louis was built in a working class arrondissement in proximity to Rue Saint Denis, the prostitutes’ district, and several immigrant quarters. Consequently, it is well situated for treating a variety of contagious skin diseases, including scabies, a common cutaneous mite infestation.

In 1941 alone, Pignot cared for more than 60,000 cases of scabies at Hôpital Saint-Louis. Les Bains is a special bath house on the hospital grounds where scabies patients and their families are sent to take the cure (usually one or two immersions in a one-percent Lindane solution bath).

Hôpital Saint-Louis was established in the seventeenth century as a lepers’ hospital. On November 27, 1801, almost two hundred years later, the hospital was officially dedicated to cutaneous diseases and Count Jean Louis Alibert was appointed its head. This was the beginning of
dermatology as a specialty on the continent of Europe.

Much has happened to dermatology since 1801, but the style of French dermatology appears to have remained close to the ancient academic séances of Alibert, Carl Boeck, a Norwegian dermatologist, and other early professors.

French dermatologists do not go from examining room to examining room seeing patients. Rather, at the hospital there is one large salon de la consultation where the head dermatologist sits wearing a white coat and apron. Behind him are rows of chairs in which students, residents, and other physicians sit to learn and admire the art. One's seat depends upon one's rank; students fill the last rows. (Logic suggests it should be the other way around, but, never mind, this is French tradition.) At one end of the room is a series of doors; behind these are little dressing rooms, each with a second door opening into the waiting room.

An attendant in the waiting room directs the next patient to one of the small cabins. Patients are instructed to consider the extent of their disease and undress accordingly. Each room is equipped with two chairs, several wall hooks and a lock on the waiting room door. The door that opens onto the salon de la consultation does not have even a door handle on the patient's side. This prevents a patient in the cabin (somewhat analogous to being in the on-deck circle before going to the batter's box) from walking in on the current examination. On the salon side, above each dressing room door is a light. When the physician has completed one case, the next appropriate light goes on indicating which patient should be seen next. On the physician's desk is a series of buttons, each corresponding to a dressing room. He pushes the button of the dressing room with the illuminated light, the door opens automatically, and a second nurse escorts the patient to the seat in front of the consultant.

The advantages to this system include: 1) a decreased requirement for square meters of office space (important perhaps in a city such as Paris where space is extremely expensive), 2) a shortened time from waiting to examination room, and 3) an avoidance of a congested interior hallway in the physician's office. Some of the disadvantages are also apparent. The physician cannot leave the room upon encountering a belligerent patient. (Rather, it is the patient who must leave). And in an academic setting, the patient may feel uncomfortable and vulnerable parading undressed before such a large audience. But chiefly, this system may inhibit performance of some office laboratory tests, such as Tzanck smears, KOH preps, and scraping for the scabies mite. In the room-to-room system, nurses do much of the pre- and post-manipulation work, leaving the physician free to see other patients while this is being accomplished. In the French system, everything must be set up, done, and cleaned up before the next button can be pushed, the next patient seen. (One way around this is to have adjoining the consultation room a procedure room where the nurse prepares the patient.)

Dermatology is an old art with its roots firmly planted in Europe. Much of its modern history comes from Hôpital Saint-Louis during the nineteenth century when France was the acknowledged world leader in medicine. There remains fairly good accordance between the French dermatological vocabulary and that used in the United States. However, there are differences as to what constitutes the definitive proof for a given diagnosis.

A closer look at scabies, its history and its controversy illustrates fairly both the leadership of the French in this field and the role of Hôpital Saint-Louis in that position. Scabies, which is currently epidemic in the U. S. and western Europe, is a parasitic disease of the skin due to the infestation of the outer layer by a mite called Sarcoptes scabei. While uncomfortable, the disease is not grave in itself, though secondary infection can occur.

Scabies goes back to the ancient Greeks; it is mentioned in Aristotle's Histoire des Animaux. Hippocrates, Pliny the Ancient, Celse, Avenzoar, Mouffet, Ambrose Paré, Cosimo Bonomo, and many others had their say about the etiology of scabies. There was once a huge debate as to whether the mite existed or not. Until the nineteenth century most physicians insisted that scabies was a "humoral" disease and prescribed a variety of internal remedies.

Hôpital Saint-Louis became embroiled in this controversy when J. C. Galés, chief of pharmacy, claimed that he had found the scabies mite and drew it. Count Alibert did not believe Galés's work since Alibert and his student Lugol, using the most advanced microscopes of the day, had failed to find the mite after study of hundreds of scabetic lesions. Further, Alibert's good friend, Francois
Vincent Raspail, one of France's most respected physicians, had examined more than 200 scabetic pustules and also failed to find the mite. Raspail finally proved that Galès was a fraud by showing that Galès's design of the scabies mite was nothing more than a representation of the common cheese mite. Alibert was delighted and the embarrassed chief of pharmacy left Saint-Louis to run a bathing establishment in central Paris. (This was probably the birth of the animosity that exists even today between pharmacists and physicians at Hôpital Saint-Louis. When a newcomer arrives, he may be immediately asked: "Are you a doctor or a pharmacist?")

The controversy ended when Francois Renucci, a Corsican chief resident of dermatology on Count Alibert's service, proved the existence of the scabies mite. He successfully extracted four mites from four different patients at a séance on August 20, 1834, in front of Alibert. Raspail, and many others. Lugol had previously put up 300 crowns to anyone who could find the scabies mite, and Renucci collected that sum after his celebrated séance.

How was it that Renucci succeeded when so many other outstanding physicians had failed? He revealed his secret to the dermatology community: one must not search for the mite in lesions. Rather, one must look a small distance away and find the burrow (le sillon) from which the mite can be extracted. This pathognomic sign had not been noticed by Alibert. Lugol, Raspail, or other nineteenth century dermatologists.

Since that time, the diagnosis of scabies in France has rested upon finding le sillon; the mite itself is generally not extracted and viewed under the microscope. Sometime in the years from 1880 to 1936, some anonymous person or persons devised the Burrow Ink Test to facilitate finding the burrow. (Bazin, writing in the 1880s, does not mention the test, but Darier's textbook published in 1936 does.)

Le sillon is a well-defined, zigzagged burrow made by the mite in the Stratum corneum of an afflicted patient. The underside of a fountain pen is gently rubbed on a scabetic papule to cover it with ink. The excess ink is then wiped off with an alcohol gauze. If a burrow is present, the ink will track down it and outline the limits of the canal. The burrow is then easily seen and characterized with the naked eye. This BIT (in this abbreviation, the "i" should probably be pronounced with a long i, as in the word "ripe") is easy and quickly done, with little discomfort to the patient.

By contrast, in the United States, the diagnosis of scabies is accepted by the direct demonstration of the mite, the egg or the scybala (fecal pellets). This is accomplished by scraping or performing a superficial shave biopsy on a lesion, mounting the material on a slide and examining it with a light microscope. The superficial shave biopsy (SBx) recently has been reported to be a high-yield procedure.

After caring for more than 40,000 scabies patients, Hebra stated that there is a scabies mite within each burrow. However, he presented no proof.

Jean Saurat, former chief resident at the hospital and now chief of dermatology at Hôpital Necker-Enfants Malades of the University of Paris, and I began to wonder about Hebra's statement. Was it true that every burrow contained a mite, mite egg, or fecal pellets? Stated another way, we were asking was the BIT for scabies, habitually performed at the hospital, really a valid test for diagnosis? We did the BIT on a series of scabies patients, and then performed a superficial shave biopsy on each BIT positive and BIT negative lesion to examine the material under the microscope. Hebra was right: 100 percent of the BIT positive lesions gave positive evidence for scabies with the superficial shave biopsy and microscopic examination.

So, it seems that the diagnostic validity of the BIT remains intact. In a sense, our small study done in 1980 is a continuation of Renucci's work in 1834. At Hôpital Saint-Louis, one cannot live outside of tradition. It is inescapable.
Ah, Spring!

Architects design buildings and define spaces and, if they have done their job well, people animate those designs. So it is that when spring’s first pale yellow rays and autumn’s golden dew fall upon Bowles Plaza, it becomes a new outdoor eating place. The upper-level terrace extends the Mallinckrodt Center deli; the amphitheatre opens from the cafeteria below. Ah, spring!
Law Abiding

By William Webster

When William Webster, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was named St. Louis Globe-Democrat Man of the Year in January, he requested the ceremony be at his alma mater, Washington University. On page 40, Provost Merle Kling, a political scientist, comments on the significance of Webster's address on this occasion.

You have honored me for what I have been able to contribute to the field of law and to the criminal justice system. This has been my profession, and the pursuit of justice has been its own reward. Justice, however, cannot be achieved in the isolation of law books or the detachment from the mainstream of community life. A sense of community implies a depth of caring and a willingness to invest heavily of oneself in those things which improve that life. Each of the previous recipients, in his own way and with his own talents, has demonstrated that sense of community in full measure. I mention only one because of the profound influence he had upon my life and goals.

Thirty years ago, I shared a carpool with a group of young lawyers, all of us still wet behind the ears. We solved many of the world’s problems in that carpool. One day the conversation turned to our law training and our aspirations for its use. Each had his turn. When I had finished, one of my colleagues said, "I believe you're saying you'd like to be like Ethan Shepley," I pled guilty. In the years I knew Chancellor Shepley, I came to appreciate how deeply he cared about his community and how willingly he invested himself in it. He believed in fostering tradition, but his personal integrity and his reputation as an eminent lawyer and educator gave him the right to ask hard questions and challenge assumptions when freedom to think, seek, and speak the truth were at stake. I believe that wherever equality, freedom, and opportunity are found, there will also be found the Ethan Shepleys of this world.

In January I completed ten years of consecutive federal service. In those years I have seen much of the bad side of life, sometimes in shocking doses. I have also seen, however, acts of courage, good citizenship, and compassion. In the early part of the past decade I watched the alienation of values between generations and the slow but steady efforts of good men and women to heal the wounds and bring community back into our dealings with each other.

I have learned much and benefited much from private-citizen participation in community life. I recall the thrill of citizen efforts to obtain legislation to launch the junior college program that now provides education to thousands to whom it otherwise would have been denied. The years I served in the Big Brother Organization taught me about quietly effective, low-visibility efforts to promote identity, companionship, and role models to fatherless boys (and now girls) in our community. The dedicated men and women with whom I served on the Visiting Nurses board helped maintain the dignity, health, and self-respect of homebound patients who might otherwise have overtaxed our hospitals for lack of an alternative. I even enjoyed the six demanding years I spent as chairman of the St. Louis County Decent Literature Commission. That group provided a useful forum in which conflicting views could be expressed and a fair balance struck.

More recently, I shared the pride of other St. Louisans who took the lead in raising the money to keep the George Caleb Bingham drawings in Missouri. In these and many other community organizations, in some of which I was merely Drue Webster's husband on assignment, I learned about the true force of the private citizen working for the public good. I think I have been a better judge and FBI director because of those experiences.

As much as anything, I have enjoyed working for Washington University, which has done so much to make St. Louis a city set upon a hill. No commitment to community life can be complete without a commitment to the future, and serving this institution has been one of the greatest satisfactions of my life.

Recently, I was talking with John Gardner, who after a distinguished career in the private sector and in government, founded Common Cause to mobilize concerned citizens throughout the country. He is now helping to strengthen the private foundation and other cherished institutions led by private citizens. We talked at length about the relationship between public and private service, the importance of each, and the overall importance of involvement.

This brings me then to an area that has been undistinguished for citizen involvement in the past century, and needs it now as perhaps never before in our country's history—community support for effective law enforcement. This is not a call for vigilante groups but rather for a greater awareness of law enforcement elements within the community and a willingness to support morally and financially whatever it takes to maintain within the community an effective system for the enforcement of its laws.

No call for awareness of a steeply rising crime rate is necessary. Citizens
may not know exactly that in 1979 violent crime rose 9.1 percent and that the first six months of 1980 showed another 10 percent increase. But they know crime is increasing. The recently released Figgie Report shows that in large cities a majority of our citizens live in fear of crime, that a majority of households now possess firearms, and many citizens carefully avoid attracting attention. This pervasive fear affects the quality of life, especially in large cities, and it is spreading into rural areas where there are different problems in law enforcement. When fear takes over, citizens have three alternatives to remaining status quo: move away; buy personal and property protection; or band together to do something about it. The private citizen cannot do it alone; the police officer cannot do it alone. The community can do something.

We in the FBI are working to improve professional standards and capabilities in law enforcement. Each year our National Academy teaches the most advanced techniques in law enforcement to a thousand officers carefully selected from all parts of the United States, and we provide thousands of hours of police instruction in the field.

In St. Louis, as in other cities, the private sector has also been active. Here, the Women's Crusade Against Crime has been a model for effective, relentless efforts to educate the public concerning the threat of crime and the means of dealing with it. Another organization, Victims of Crime, has focused attention on the needs of those who have been victimized. The Backstoppers has not only brought needed aid to families of officers who lost their lives in the line of duty, but also has generally improved the morale of police officers, who understandably wonder sometimes if anybody really cares about them as people. The innovative efforts of Crime Stoppers to obtain information on criminal activities by rewarding anonymous informants has already met success in various parts of the country. These organizations provide ports of entry for community participation in law enforcement. They must be strengthened.

On an even broader front, we are reaching beyond the streets into the upper echelons of criminal enterprise with efforts against organized crime and day-to-day white-collar crime, including cases involving public corruption. We are having some success. In all these efforts, we count heavily upon private citizens who are not afraid to blow the whistle on crime in their neighborhood or their business and who have enough confidence in law enforcement agencies to come forward with information to help us to do our job. Young Americans are showing their interest in this vital effort to protect community life. More than 40,000 high school students participate in scouting's law enforcement Explorer program.

Margaret Chase Smith once warned, correctly I think, that forced to choose between repression and anarchy, most Americans would choose repression. This choice must never be thrust upon us. There must be a balance between the cherished desire of all citizens to be left alone and society's need to be safe and free. In our ability to strike that balance true lies our future as a land of ordered liberty. The day-to-day choices that go into that balance cannot be left to police chiefs, police boards, or even FBI directors. Full public support for well-financed, highly professional law enforcement agencies offers the best hope for controlling crime while preserving individual liberties. Support from the private sector, by individual citizens and by the corporations which are so often the victims of major crimes, cooperation with investigators, tightening up on crime-resistance measures—these are the hallmarks of a community determined to diminish the blight of crime.

I have worked in the criminal justice system at every level and I am more and more convinced that money poured into courts and penal institutions is of little value unless, at the very threshold of the criminal justice system, the law-enforcement agencies are adequately trained, staffed, and deserving of the trust and confidence of the communities they serve. On behalf of all law-enforcement agencies, I ask you to stay involved, to get more involved, to put us high up on your list of community priorities, and together we will make our communities safer, and hence, even better places in which to live.
Lorin Nevling strides the marble halls of Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History with an air of proprietorship. This, more than his dark vested suit and tie, distinguishes him from the flow of visitors. Couples of all ages, a young family, Madelinesque lines of six-year-olds following a museum volunteer, three small children with a silver-haired grandmother cross paths on the floor of Stanley Field Hall. They are dwarfed by the elephants and dinosaurs, which in turn are dwarfed by the four-story gallery.

In the past fifty years, this museum, which at its birth took its place among the great natural history museums of the world, has had more than eighty million visitors. By any measure, it stands today among the top five museums of its kind.

Washington University alumnus Lorin I. Nevling, Jr., has been its director since May 1980. He came to the Field Museum in 1973 to head its smallest department, botany, and has, as he says, "gradually evolved" into its chief operating officer.

Nevling traverses the museum's backstage chambers—the carpeted, honeycombed ground-floor offices and meeting rooms, and the purely ascetic top floors of storage, laboratory, and research space—with the sureness of a swallow, though the mass of the building is staggering. But in its pillared and galleried central hall, his pride in the institution is as apparent as Marshall Field's must have been in 1893 upon viewing the wondrous World's Columbian Exposition.

This pride, as well as that specific event, gave birth to the Field Museum. The Chicago Fair had brought together exhibits unparalleled in detail and scope, larger collections than the world had ever known. When it was discovered that most of the Fair participants would be willing to donate their exhibits rather than ship them back home, Field was intrigued. He saw that by bold action his city could begin a great museum not from an embryonic stage, but well into maturity. And he took that action.

He subscribed $1 million of the $2 million he was told would be needed to do the job well. Other Chicago philanthropists followed his lead and his contribution was matched by gifts large and small.

Field's action fit the tenor of the times in the Windy City. Two decades before, the Chicago fire (1871) had razed the center of the city. The
Marshall Field's vision, which helped to create Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History, has made the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 the longest running show on earth. Today the responsibility for the day-to-day operation of that museum rests on the shoulders of alumnus Lorin I. Nevling, Jr.
damage approached $200 million, but from the rubble sprang, almost concurrently, many of Chicago's great public institutions. In 1893 Harper's Weekly sang the praises of the wealthy men of Chicago for a spirit and generosity which would not let their city fall into post-fair doldrums.

The building which was completed in 1921 as the home for the Field Museum attests to the vision of the founders. It stands today crowning the southern end of the long parkway extending from Chicago's increasingly dense lakeshore skyline. To the east, Shedd Aquarium and Adler Planetarium overlook Lake Michigan; to the north and a bit west is the imposing Art Institute of Chicago.

In their exuberance, the founders of these institutions must have intended not only to establish museums, but to establish a city defined by its public institutions. They did not miss their mark.

Sixty years ago parents in St. Louis, three hundred miles away, would pile their children onto the train for an excursion to Chicago to see the wonders of the Field Museum. Lorin Neving came to the museum by a more circuitous route.

He grew up in South St. Louis where his father was a photoengraver for the Post-Dispatch. His grandfather, Herman Meyer, was a craftsman in wood and marble who had helped sculpt St. Louis's new cathedral. Neving attended public elementary school, graduated from Christian Brothers' College high school, and took his undergraduate degree in zoology at St. Mary's College in Winona, Minn.

He was accepted as a graduate student in botany at Washington University, but when he arrived in early summer found that there were no assistantships in botany immediately available. "They needed an assistant in zoology, however, and since that was my undergraduate major, I accepted that."

"When the botany staff returned in fall, they were delighted to have me continue to teach zoology, because that freed one of their assistantships." Under a cooperative arrangement of long standing between Washington University and Missouri Botanical Garden, Neving took his coursework on campus, but did all of his research at the Garden. He worked under the late Robert Woodson, who held a joint appointment at both institutions.

"I remember when I applied, Woodson insisted that it would have to be a four-year program. He would accept no student for a shorter period, contending that it took him four years to teach what he had to teach them."

After completing the Ph.D. degree in 1959, Neving joined Harvard University as a member of the faculty and a staff member of its botanical institutions. He continued there doing research and eventually entering administration as curator and coordinator of systematic botanical collections for Arnold Arboretum and Gray Herbarium.

Although he joined the Field Museum as chairman of botany to do similar work, he quickly also became involved in a personnel study committee. "As a result, I found that within a short time, I had a much better understanding of the whole museum than years of working in one department might have given me. When the administrative post of assistant director of science and education became available, I felt that I wanted to try that."

"I have a strong commitment to this institution," he adds. "I truly believe that it is unique."

The Field Museum to which visitors come today is an institution worlds away from the vision of the most farsighted and audacious of its founders. It is an institution which spends as much time acquiring information as disseminating it. That change surely must have begun before the museum opened its doors to the public. From the outset its great collections attracted great scholars. They came to study the collections and stayed to expand them. To the magnificent nucleus acquired by Field, they have over nearly a century added specimens that represent the life's work of many researchers.

The museum's staff numbers 300 full-time and seventy-five part-time workers, but its ranks are swelled by volunteers—often visitors whose casual first association becomes avocational. During the past year, for instance, volunteers put in as many hours as twenty-five full-time staff members.

Of the museum's annual budget of approximately $10 million, more than two fifths is directed to scientific and educational endeavors and to exhibits. Its scientific research, like similar projects at universities, also attracts considerable outside funding.
Today the Field Museum's collections comprise more than thirteen million specimens. Although the building includes nine acres of exhibition space, no more than one percent of that vast treasure is on display. The remainder, however, is not squirreled away behind locked doors, classified, untouchable, sacrosanct. It is grist for the mill of scientific inquiry, the magnet which draws researchers and students the world over to Chicago to search for missing links. Many graduate students in botany, anthropology, geology, zoology or subspecialties of these come to the University of Chicago, the University of Illinois, or Northwestern University because of the ties of those institutions with the Field Museum.

At the museum they work closely with the scientific staff, using the museum's collections as the basis for their dissertations, adding new knowledge based upon material which may be thousands of years old.

In 1971 the museum created the Center for Advanced Studies to draw together and facilitate the kinds of graduate study which had sprung up years before. "We offer the kind of education which is all too rare today," says one curator/scientist speaking of the work with graduate students. "It is one-to-one education."

He could as well have been speaking of the educational experience which occurs a thousand times a day at the Field Museum—the learning that comes when a child or adult views specimens on display. That too is a one-to-one experience.

"There is something about having the thing in front of you, some magic that no amount of talk can duplicate," says a volunteer in the education department.

It is a magic that permeates the Field Museum, from its new downstairs participatory exhibit, "Place of Wonder," where half a million visitors have handled artifacts and specimens since 1976, to the top floor laboratories where scientists learn from "hands on" experience with the collections, to a second-floor workroom where a volunteer who began to work with children in the education department undertook to help with restoration of the Sudanese gamelan.

The gamelan restoration project indicates the kind of experience which staff members and volunteers alike find addictive. The gamelan, an ensemble of twenty-four musical instruments consisting of bronze and wood sounding parts supported by sculptured frames, was a part of the museum's original acquisitions. It appears to be about 130 years old, but had been unplayed since the Columbian Exposition. Today it represents one of the great ensembles of non-Western musical instruments in existence. The restoration, underwritten by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and from the Walter E. Heller Foundation, was begun in the 1970s, under the direction of a professional and volunteer team led by an art conservator, the program director, and an expert in ethnomusicology. In January 1978 the first gamelan concert in Chicago in the twentieth century opened a series of events based on ethnomusicology, including Javanese shadow plays, gamelan courses, an international festival of music and dance and a children's music workshop. At the Field Museum, every discovery becomes an event.

From West Javanese musical instruments to the fossilized skeleton of an ancient North Atlantic fish, the Field Museum's specimens are a vast resource not only for Midwesterners, but for students and researchers around the world. Yearly, the scientific departments loan more than 50,000 specimens to scientists and their students and to other museums for exhibition. Hundreds of researchers and university students visit the museum annually to consult with the staff, examine specimens, and use the vast library.

Someone once said of the Louvre that its impact is terribly unsophisticated: it is achieved purely by mass. Although Lorin Nevling does not accept that without qualification ("We are coming along"), he recognizes the analogy to the Field Museum, which seldom owns only one of a species.

The size of its collections is a major strength, but it is the richness of the mix that gives the Field Museum world distinction, says Nevling. "Our curators evaluate their collections variously—in fishes we have probably one of the top five collections in the world, in terms of size and importance; our botanical collection is among the largest in the country; in some aspects our anthropological collection is the top collection, and in most it is among the top five; in vertebrates, we may be one of the top two or three—but the presence here of all enhances each. The main scientific interest of people here is evolutionary, whether botanical or zoological, though of course the two are interrelated. The richness allows you..."
to do interdisciplinary work by just walking down the hall.

Long ago, the Field Museum defined four scientific areas—anthropology, botany, geology and zoology—as its major strengths, and it gave these fields departmental status to focus both its scientific work and its acquisitions, and also therefore its exhibitional and educational strengths. Its work in the field is also determined by these specializations. Because of rising costs, in recent years the museum has undertaken only precisely defined field studies, but Nevling notes that a certain urgency has crept into the consideration of these projects. "As prairies, plains, and forests are overtaken by civilization, the opportunity to do these studies steadily decreases. We need to do much work soon or we'll lose forever the opportunity to know ourselves and our past."

His own research on classification of the plants of Veracruz, a Mexican state about one third the size of Illinois, is part of a larger Field project of botanical classification which has concentrated on the American tropics. Similar field studies in Australia and Tasmania illustrate the cooperative effort involved in such work. The Western Australia Expedition was underwritten by gifts from a private donor, grants from the National Science Foundation, the National Geographic Society, and the museum's general funds.

The scientific work of the museum is chiefly disseminated through Fieldiana, a long-standing, much respected scholarly journal which publishes major monographs by staff members and other scientists. Some of the research, of course, also results in books and chapters in books.

In 1970 the Field Museum embarked on one of the largest modernization projects in United States museum history: a $26 million renovation of the building. A half century of use had taken its toll, but as important, the museum found that for all of their original elegance, exhibition and scientific spaces had been caught in a backwater. The cavernous galleries and storage and work areas were as dated as some of the specimens within.

Perhaps the decision of the trustees and administration to undertake the enabling capital campaign, entitled "The Commitment to Distinction," sparked some of the same fervor Chicago had experienced three quarters of a century before. By 1974 private funds of $12.6 million had been raised to qualify for matching funds from the Chicago Park District. The infusions of these funds gave a wildfire surge of enthusiasm and energy to the museum's staff and volunteers. The pace of activity quickened, bold ventures were undertaken, old commitments were reapproached with vigor.

On the surface, the most startling evidence of the new tempo was the museum's summer 1977 exhibition of "Treasures of Tutankhamun." Looking back now from the distance of more than three years, Nevling thinks that the undertaking was pivotal in many ways. Not the least, he says, was the confidence it gave the staff in its ability to handle creatively an impossibly taxing situation. Nearly 1.35 million persons viewed Tut's treasures at the Field Museum, marking it as the largest single event in the museum's history. "And remember," he says, "this was taking place in the midst of our renovation. To say that we didn't miss a step is understatement. During Tut, we reached a whole new level of activity. Our education program took a quantum leap up."

The very decision to try for the Tutankhamun exhibition was audacious. Never before had the Field Museum attempted a temporary exhibit that would require such mammoth effort. The American tour was being coordinated by the Metropolitan Museum in Washington, D.C., and the Field was in competition with many other museums.

"In many ways," Nevling muses, "we were the logical choice because we had the space, but as important was our proposal for a joint sponsorship with the Oriental Art Institute, University of Chicago. We were the only non-art museum to show Tut in the United States."

"There is a current debate among museum directors regarding these large shows. We do not question their value. Financially, when you undertake such an exhibit, you hope to break even, but the public exposure you gain is unparalleled.

"We brought in thousands of people who had never before set foot on our doorstep and who would have been unlikely to discover us in any other way."

"One of the keys to its success was the use of numbered tickets and television monitors all over the building to keep visitors informed on the progress of the flow. We were the first to employ that technique, which freed guests from standing
Field Marshal

Nevling talks with a fellow Washington University alumnus, William C. Burger, Ph.D. 61, chairman of botany at the Field. Nevling joined the museum in 1973 as head of that department. Next on his back­stage tour of the Field was a stop to ask designer Richard Shannon to explain a scale model of an exhibit entitled Maritime Peoples of the Arctic and Northwest Coast. It represents a $2.5 million renovation of one of the Field’s huge permanent exhibition halls.

in line inside and allowed them to wander—to be introduced, if you will, to the whole museum.”

The Tut exhibit also challenged the creative talents of the Field’s exhibition staff, says Nevling, with candor, “Before Tut, we had never been noted for our exhibition techniques, perhaps justifiably so. Now I think we are doing the outstanding exhibition work in the country.”

Bolstered by the success of Tut and the series of glittering special exhibits which have followed, and breathing somewhat easier now that most major renovation work is completed, the Field Museum was ready for its next challenge—the refurbishing of its own permanent exhibition halls. Some of these had been unchanged for decades, but in these inflationary times, the courage to undertake projects of this magnitude is not easily mustered. The Field Museum’s size, usually a blessing, can sometimes be defeating. Some of its galleries are nearly as large as a football field, and exhibition costs can be staggering.

“We are now involved in the renovation of a major hall which will be called Maritime Peoples of the Arctic and Northwest Coast. It will take six years and cost $2.5 million to do.”

A scale model of that new exhibit, scheduled to open in April 1982, is stretched out in one of the museum’s second-floor workrooms where designers are keying in every object, every label, before one board is hammered. Elsewhere in the private space of the museum, researchers and writers are at work on the exhibit’s labels, curators are at work on selection, and perhaps restoration, of artifacts and specimens.

“For every exhibit we mount,” says Nevling, “there is an immense amount of material to be selected and an immense amount of information to be culled through. In the new exhibit we convey three levels of information. The first is the core information of both casual and educational value. The second is the meat and potatoes, the material that spins out the theme in detail. The third gives a large variety of the same thing—noting regional variations, for instance.

“In this instance we have two cultures, the Alaskan Eskimos and the Indians of the Pacific Northwest. The theme will be their different maritime cultural adaptations. We will use between 2,000 and 3,000 objects to tell our story.”

The model reminds Nevling of a question asked earlier regarding the difference between art museums and natural history museums. He
has said that so far as decisions concerning which would show these large temporary exhibits, the lines were being blurred. He now adds, smiling, “But there is a basic difference in how the exhibits are mounted. At a natural history museum the labels are always longer. We tend to tell you more—more perhaps than you care to know, but that is our failing, if we have any. It is a part of our purpose as we define it.

“We believe that the museum exists to do two things: to preserve, increase, and disseminate knowledge of natural history and to enhance people’s knowledge of and delight in natural history. We achieve these purposes both by acquiring and preserving collections in our areas of interest and by promoting and publishing original scientific research.

“As I see it, the museum works this way: There is an input into our scientific enterprise of specimens and literature that produces scientific knowledge which we disseminate through seminars, publications, lectures, and in response to queries. But this knowledge also feeds our output: education—through school-related and public-related programs—and exhibition—both permanent and special. Totally, that is the Field Museum of Natural History.”

The major pressures today on this museum and many others is financial. “That is, in part, why the large exhibits which gain new friends are increasingly important,” says Nevling. It is also why Nevling has a mission beyond responsibility for day-to-day management of the museum, its staff, and its programs. He believes strongly that his museum needs to be more widely and formally recognized as an educational institution. “We do not grant degrees or specify courses of study,” he says, “but we are an educational institution. Measure us by two traditional standards—training of our staff and the amount of our resources we commit to education. Our professional staff is as degreed as that of a major university, and our educational staff is better trained than its elementary and high school counterparts.

“Further, we project that from 1980 through 1984, we will spend $25,034,000 (34.5 percent of our budget) on research, education, and exhibition. That is by far our largest single outlay.

“In 1974 Congress amended a previous narrow definition of educational institutions to include museums. This step and a broader public and corporate recognition of it, will help us immensely in qualifying for a wider base of financial support. For us that is crucial.”
Dr. Robert Glaser speaks with candor about the events that have tied him to Washington University and those that have influenced those ties. They have been numerous.

Glaser grew up in University City, within walking distance of the campus, and always assumed he would attend this University. But his father, a St. Louis business executive, suggested that he consider Harvard or Yale. That suggestion happened to coincide with Harvard's move to broaden its student body to include more top graduates of public high schools outside New England. The new Harvard profile was tailor-made for him. He went as an undergraduate and stayed on for medical school, graduating magna cum laude in 1943.

"I was happy in Boston and had no intention of coming back to St. Louis, but in my third year in medicine, an instructor suggested that during Christmas vacation, I stop in to meet Harvard alumnus Barry Wood." In 1942, at age thirty-two, Wood had been appointed head of the Department of Medicine at Washington University. Glaser followed the suggestion.

The following spring, Glaser was trying to decide between internships at two Harvard hospitals. "I came back to my room the night before the deadline to find a letter from Dr. Wood inviting me to Barnes Hospital as an intern. It had been misdirected and was ten days in reaching me. I called him immediately, assuming that he had already filled the position, but he said he had been waiting to hear from me. On the spur of the moment I accepted."

Once back in St. Louis, however, Glaser missed Boston. "I guess I was just immature, for after only two months I committed myself to an assistant residency at Harvard's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. By the time I completed my internship, I had come to appreciate what wonderful institutions the Washington University Medical School and Barnes Hospital were." The next year, Glaser returned to Washington University, ultimately serving as chief resident in medicine and as a National Research Council Fellow. In 1949 he became an instructor in medicine and subsequently assistant professor, associate professor, and chief of immunology.

"While I was chief resident, I began helping with medical student advising. Late every afternoon, I'd go across the street to the dean's office to meet with students." In the following years, Glaser continued this association as assistant and then associate dean.

"Altogether, it was a wonderful experience," he muses. "I was single, so I lived in the hospital; it was a large part of my world."

One of the students he met was Helen Hofsommer, whose parents had both graduated from the University's medical school (her mother was among the first women ever admitted). "I wasn't sure about the propriety of dating students," Glaser says, "but the day Helen returned to Children's Hospital as a resident, I called her up. They were married in 1949. Their three children were born in St. Louis.

In 1957, the University of Colorado appointed Glaser dean of its medical school. At thirty-eight, he was the youngest medical dean in the country, and two years later he was also named vice president for medical affairs.

Glaser was lured from Colorado in 1963 by an intriguing offer from Harvard. "I never would have accepted the assignment (to incorporate six of its teaching hospitals into one organization) anywhere else, but I couldn't resist my alma mater."

He hadn't been at Harvard a year, however, when he was offered the deanship of Washington University School of Medicine; he proposed that the post be combined with the vice chancellorship. Chancellor Eliot did not favor that, and negotiations bogged down. When Eliot later changed his mind, Glaser had already accepted the deanship and a vice presidency at Stanford. "As I see it now," he says, "that was very fortunate for Washington University. Bill Danforth was appointed vice chancellor and demonstrated his great sensitivity and skill in solving the serious problems with Barnes Hospital.

"My five years at Stanford were fruitful: we acquired the city's half ownership of the Palo Alto Stanford Hospital and created the Stanford University Medical Center. But I had always taught and taken care of patients, and there was no time for that. Further, universities mean a great deal to me, and I found the student unrest of the late 1960s especially unpleasant. I was spending all my time dealing with crises, particularly in late 1968 when I was acting president of Stanford."

Glaser left academia to become vice president of the Commonwealth Fund in New York. After two years he returned to California to his present position as president and chief executive officer of the Henry J. Kaiser Family Foundation, whose grants for medicine and health in 1980 totalled $13 million.

His other commitments, both professional and corporate, are numerous. He continues to write, although he no longer does research; since 1962 he has been editor of The Pharo's, the journal of Alpha Omega Alpha Medical Honor Society. Chiefly, however, he is involved with the national medical scene.

"I feel very close to Washington University. I was honored to be asked to serve on its board and am enjoying the privilege," he says. For Bob Glaser, it is a way of coming home.
Stanley Lopata

three things matter greatly to Stanley Lopata—his wife, Lucy, his children, and his business. So when he announced in 1979 that Carbolime Corporation would be sold to the corporate giant Sun Company, his friends and associates were shocked. Those who knew him well, however, must have quickly understood what had won him. When Sun approached him directly, sincerely, and honestly with a fair offer, and an opportunity to expand his horizons, Stanley Lopata couldn’t resist, because that approach is one upon which he has built his life and his success.

His secretary, Joyce Schulz, hands him the telephone receiver whispering hurriedly that it is so-and-so, very upset. Lopata answers, “Hello, my angry friend.” What is the caller to do confronted thus by a man sincere and guileless? Clearly an argument with Lopata must be carried on the justice of the cause, for his soft answer turns away wrath.

Witness the bow tie. Who else, being neither a politician nor an entertainer, could carry it off, or would even try? But Lopata never wears any other. It matches his smile and his style.

Lopata, the son of a St. Louis grocer, was always interested in chemistry, but switched his major to engineering when he perceived that chemists worked in laboratories and engineers got out to see the world. So he has, as the founder and chief executive officer of a firm he began as “dishpan chemistry.”

Following graduation from Washington University in 1935 he worked as an engineer and then as a manufacturers’ agent for chemical equipment. But in 1946, as a sideline, he set up a workshop in the basement of his aunt’s house—his was too small—to begin manufacture of his own products. By 1979 Carbolime’s business, chiefly in the manufacture and marketing of corrosion-resistant coatings, had grown to $46 million a year. It was acquired by Sun to become the linchpin of its expansion into specialty petroleum products.

One of Lopata’s roles in that development fits him perfectly. Sun asked him to be its representative in pre-acquisition talks with other small independent business owners. Despite the fact that Lopata has not been able to free himself as much as he hoped from the day-to-day management of Carbolime, he has approached some eight other companies and he’s batting almost .500.

It is not surprising. Lopata is delighted with his new parent company. He says, “They have done not only everything they said (including making Sun’s research and development capabilities available to Carbolime and keeping hands off of Carbolime’s staff and operation), but they’ve done more.” The sincerity of his appreciation shines through his every word about the company.

But that approach is Stanley Lopata, who is as corny as the lyrics of a popular song. In fact, he even dances with his wife.

Several years ago, Lopata introduced Charles Allen Thomas, then board chairman of Washington University, by saying that as much as he admired Thomas’s intellect and business acumen, he admired his kindness even more. Lopata told of how when a Carbolime-produced swimming pool coating began to crack and peel, Thomas called Lopata to say that he was sure the product was good but must have been misapplied.

Eventually, Lopata will step away from the management of Carbolime by bit, he says, but he will remain on its board and on the boards of several other St. Louis-based companies. He has been gradually relinquishing his good citizen involvement with the American Cancer Society, St. Louis Repertory Theatre, Technion Society (an Israeli Science Institute), the St. Louis Jewish Federation, and other St. Louis cultural groups, in favor of more involvement with Washington University, whose board of trustees he joined about two years ago. Meanwhile, however, his wife, Lucy, has been taking over some of his former projects. She is, for instance, a board member of Repertory Theatre of St. Louis and a St. Louis artists’ group.

Together, the Lopatas collect Limoge enamels, Majolica porcelains, and paintings by St. Louis artists. “We keep many of the St. Louis pieces for ourselves, but if we see something we like but can’t use, we buy it and give it away (usually to our children). It’s our small way of being patrons of the arts.”

Recently, following the sale of Carbolime, Stanley and Lucy Lopata became patrons of Washington University in no small way. They gave $1.2 million for a new engineering building which bears their name. It was their way of saying thank you, Lopata insists. “I owe this university a great debt of gratitude. It’s a debt that you never get over.”

In leisure, the Lopatas are much together. By now their children have grown and are on their own. Their youngest, Roger, is in Philadelphia as regional reporter for Iron Age magazine; Lusette is a stage manager for producer/director Joe Papp in New York; James is a sales engineer with a Chicago firm representing Carbolime, as well as other companies; and Steven is with Carbolime’s international division.

Somewhere in a closet in the world headquarters of Carbolime Company, an inauspicious brick building in unfashionable, working St. Louis County, sits a larger-than-life portrait of its founder, unrecognized in self-important sobriety. “I told them they could hang it when I’m dead,” he says with a grin.
In January, when alumnus William Webster used the occasion of ceremonies honoring him to speak of his admiration for Ethan Shepley, W.U. Provost and Executive Vice Chancellor Merle Kling noted an interesting juxtaposition resulting from the turn Webster gave the event. In that light, the provost points out the speech became uniquely American.

"As a political scientist who specializes in the comparative study of politics, I listened with awe to Judge Webster's eloquent address. For here in Mudd Hall the head of our domestic intelligence service stressed his sensitivity to procedural safeguards and the importance of freedom."

I believe that in other lands, the heads of similar agencies would have sought to intimidate with overt or latent threats of punitiveness. Instead, Judge Webster proclaimed as his heroic model Ethan A. H. Shepley, a former chancellor of Washington University, a distinguished attorney, a renowned civic leader who achieved national reputation for his courageous association with freedom in university life, and a man of legendary integrity.

"It seems to me that nowhere else in the world could a minister of the interior or government official occupying a comparable position have delivered such an address. It was a memorable occasion."

On page 27 a note about architects, buildings, and the people who use them, refers to Mallinckrodt Center. The mention reminds us of another paradigm of human behavior that continues to befuddle bureaucracy, particularly public relations bureaucracy: the naming of places and things. Never mind that at Washington University we have two almost insoluble identity crises—our own name, which we share in part with at least a dozen other institutions of higher education, and the name of our medical center (fifty years from now physicians in Yankton, South Dakota, will still say they trained at "Barnes," rather than at the Washington University Medical Center)—with Mallinckrodt Center we have triumphed. We have graduated that generation of students who so long and with such great anticipation awaited the coming of a student center that when the building was a reality, its generic name continued to prevail over its official name. No one, absolutely no one on campus today calls Mallinckrodt Center "SUPAC" (Student Union and Performing Arts Center). Thank heaven!

Lest we get heady over this success, however, understand that our resident students continue to live on the South Forty. In fact, that fondly informal designation of the Forsyth Residence Halls has become so ingrained that it is used in all but the most official literature.

Often a portion of this space needs to be devoted to a memorial. So it does again. On December 15 in Madrid, Alvin W. Gouldner, Max Weber Professor of Social Theory, died unexpectedly of a heart attack. In the "Books" section of St. Louis Magazine, columnist Gordon Burnside wrote of Gouldner: "Once a student of C. Wright Mills at Columbia, he had, in fact, become Mills's successor, a great maverick political philosopher, but he was far better known and respected in Europe than in his own country...Al was a tall, round-shouldered man with a wild ruff of bright orange hair. His hair expressed his spirit, which was restless, adventurous, rather more military than academic...You could not convince Al Gouldner that there was not somewhere some strategy for making people freer, happier, and more interesting, and he could never understand why so many gave up the quest." Burnside concluded his tribute with a list of books by Gouldner which are still in print. That list, numbering fourteen with the addendum of Marxism and the Sociology of Intellectuals (forthcoming from Oxford University Press), speaks worlds. Alvin Gouldner was not always an easy man for Washington University to live with—he was a maverick—but his stature earned respect and that was never withheld.

If the article on Heikki Seppa does not provide much biographical insight, it is at his request. "Please," he asked, "if I have an audience, tell them about my work, not about me. Because of this, I have been on the road more than fifty times in the past few years." Such eloquence demands attention.

Very briefly here, however, Seppa was trained as a metalsmith in Finland. He worked for Georg Jensen Silversmiths in Denmark for a year, returned to Finland, and in 1951 emigrated to British Columbia. There for six years, he worked in a pulp mill, but he speaks of that time glowingly as years in which he shed the shackles of Europe to discover a world "where you could be your own person." Slowly he returned to his craft and in time attended Cranbrook Academy of Art in Michigan, chiefly to learn the language of his art in English. He taught for five years at the Art Center in Louisville, Kentucky, before joining Washington University School of Fine Arts in 1965. He is professor of fine arts.

Somehow, in writing about Lorin Nevling, Jr., director of the Field Museum of Natural History, the fact that his wife, Janet Hokefeld Nevling, is also a Washington University alum went unmentioned. She received the M.A. degree in 1959.

A final brief note. The cover photograph on the last issue of the Washington University Magazine was not correctly credited in that issue. It was taken by Peter Zimmerman, staff photographer under Herb Weitman. To prove his point very quickly and convincingy said Peter when he noted the error, "That figure down there on the walk at the bottom of the Brookings stairs is Herb." And so it is.

D.W.
During semester break, Dr. J. Perry Short and senior dental students Randy McLaughlin and John Bryan made up a team that operated with a missionary group in a remote corner of Haiti. In less than ten days, they performed 2,800 oral surgical procedures including 2,104 extractions. The group, which included a medical team, brought the first modern medical care to the village of Mar Rouge. Meanwhile, the others built a concrete block structure for a clinic. The Haitian government has promised now to send health care periodically. Hearing of the dentists, 180 Haitians a day lined up outside the makeshift clinic, which was operated without electricity or running water. After the first days, Dr. Short, a part-time faculty member at the School of Dental Medicine, instituted a numbering system for waiting patients. "I took down two students," said Dr. Short. "and brought back two dentists."