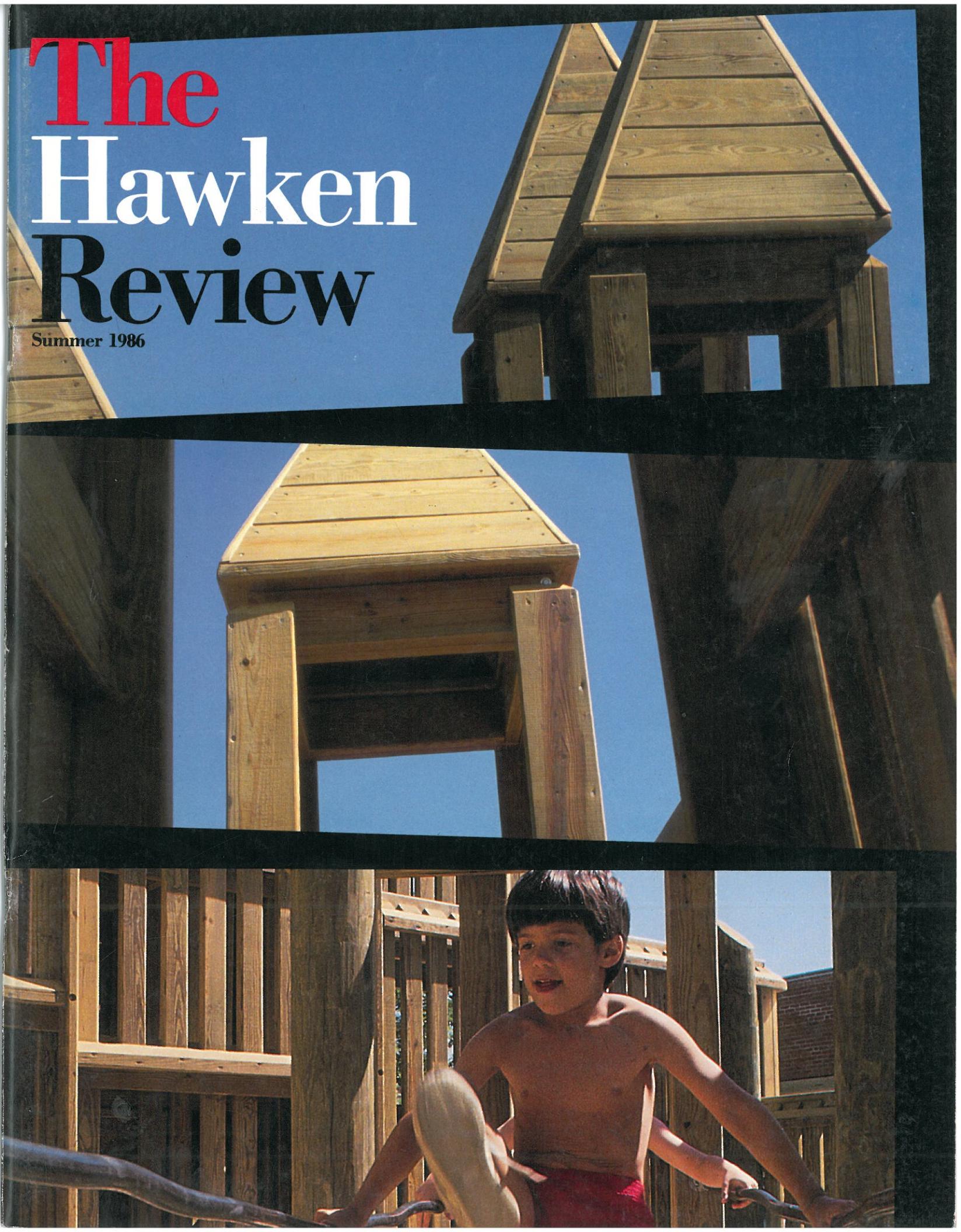


The Hawken Review

Summer 1986



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Summer 1986

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for parents, friends and alumni/ae
of Hawken.

Editor, Diane Goodman

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Alumni/ae

Notes

Fred Wendel III '67, President of the Hawken Alumni Board, presented the Charles B. Bolton award:

"It is my privilege to present the Charles B. Bolton award on behalf of the Alumni Association to an outstanding member of the Senior Class. This award recognizes excellence of the individual, not only inside, but outside the walls of Hawken as well. The recipient epitomizes the fact that there is more to an education than pencils, books and test scores.

"Charles Bolton began to leave his imprint on this school's development over 65 years ago while a student at the school in its infancy on Ansel Road. He was reputed to be an excellent athlete and a fierce competitor at Hawken. After he left Hawken, he went on to The Milton Academy. It was during the summer before his senior year that he met with tragedy. He suffered a broken neck in a diving accident and was left partially paralyzed. At that time, due to the standards of medical practice, most persons suffering that kind of injury died within a few years.

"The extent to which one recovered from such an injury was determined greatly by the individual's makeup. Charles Bolton fought and worked hard to rehabilitate himself. The fact that he was eventually able to walk short distances with the aid of crutches, to use his hands for activities of daily living and even to drive a car demonstrated that he hadn't given up and that he continued the fight.

"The point to be made is that the injury, though physically devastating to an individual so physically active, did not crush his life or spirit. Rather, it demonstrated to him and to others that life is multidimensional. He continued to show good humor, intellectual acumen, and a true sensitivity to the needs and feelings of others.

"He ultimately received international recognition for his contributions to society in

the field of dental medicine. He was president of Hawken's Board of Trustees for many years, providing leadership and guidance which helped Hawken progress, develop and excel.

"The award is especially significant as it is a reflection of the respect and esteem in which the recipient is held by the faculty which selects the winner. It was established in 1976 by the Alumni Association and is given to a senior who, in the minds of the faculty, best demonstrates exceptional ability and commitment inside the walls of Hawken as well as outside.

"What are the criteria for the award? In no particular order of importance they are:

1. Academic excellence;
2. A willing and energetic participation in school activities;
3. An exceptional concern for and active commitment to Hawken and the community - a recognition that education and experience expand beyond the academic walls;
4. Personality, responsibility, honesty, integrity and a respect both from as well as for others.

"This year's recipient will graduate Cum Laude as a senior. He has maintained a challenging course load at Hawken and has extended his sphere of study with calculus courses at John Carroll University as well as independent study in computers.

"He has given of himself in the classroom.

"He has been a reporter for the *Affirmative No*, an assistant editor of *Onyx* and active with *Calliope*. He is a Red Key officer who helped organize the new student orientation program this year and was in charge of college representative tours of the school. As a member of the student senate, this year's recipient took an active role on the Curriculum Committee. On the playing fields he has played soccer, tennis and was this year a co-captain of our track team. In the area of performing arts, he is a Double Octet member, a Players' Society officer and has been a cast or crew member for several shows.

"We are remembered by the imprint we leave on others. I found no easy way to restate the mark this year's recipient had on our faculty so I'll take the liberty of quoting the faculty sponsor of this year's recipient:

'With the possible exception of writing, he is not an outstanding talent in any of the areas listed above BUT every faculty member spoken to singled him out for his outstanding character, willingness to work, spirit of cooperation and constant enthusiasm. Time and again, he was referred to as a strong role model; the kind of student who makes the effort we put into our classes and activities seem worthwhile.'

"Powerful words at this moment.

"He has lived up to the level of dedication of Charles B. Bolton and in doing so, has enhanced the Hawken motto: 'That each generation introduce its successor to a higher plane of life.'

"He has given time and time again. It is his turn to receive.

"On behalf of the Alumni Association, I am most pleased to announce that this year's recipient of the Charles B. Bolton Award is Griffith Hsu."

(left to right) Headmaster Doug Stenberg, Tim Hsu '87, Mrs. Hsu, Griff, Mr. Hsu, and Vicki Hsu, a 3rd grader at Phillips.



Dedication of Science Room to Joseph Palmer '80

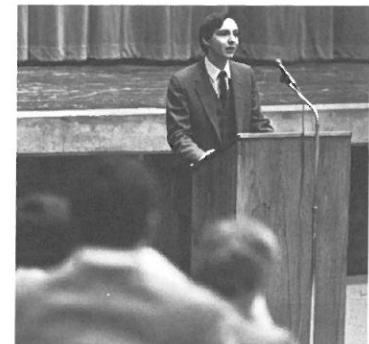
On December 21, 1985, a ceremony was held at the Upper School to dedicate a science room to Joseph Palmer '80, who died in a rock climbing accident last year. While at Hawken, Joe received many academic awards in science and mathematics.

Headmaster Doug Stenberg conducted the ceremony. He spoke of Joe's achievements, at Hawken and at Princeton. He encouraged everyone attending the ceremony to visit the room being dedicated. Other speakers at the dedication included Peter Scott (Upper School, English) who had been one of Joe's teachers, Sam Davidson, a friend of Joe's and his climbing partner, Steve Ban, Joe's roommate at Princeton, John Palmer '77, Joe's brother, and Edward Palmer, Joe's father. Joe's mother, Connie, teaches 4th grade math and English at the Lower School.

The science room dedicated to Joe now houses computers which the students use when working on science projects. Several improvements are planned which will enable the room to be used for research projects, reading science magazines and other reference materials, and for general studying as well.

Joe had been accepted to the University of Colorado's doctoral program in Chemical Physics for the Fall. An article on his achievement, both during and after Hawken, appeared in the Winter 1985-86 issue of *The Hawken Review*.

Joe's brother, John Palmer '77, addresses the group at the dedication ceremony.



Alumni Receptions

by Dudley S. Humphrey, Jr. '68,
Associate in Development

As recently as ten years ago, Hawken could boast an alumni body of only 1400; but the number of students graduating each year increased dramatically to around 95 when the School instituted coeducation. Now Hawken has close to 2300 alumni, 1100 of whom reside outside the Northeast Ohio area.

In order to maintain close contact with as many of our out-of-town alumni as possible, we decided to host several receptions in areas around the country where large numbers of alumni and friends of the School are living.

The first of these receptions was held in January, 1986. Five Hawken representatives — Headmaster Doug Stenberg, Trustee David S. Ingalls '49, Consultant Morrie Everett '56, Director of Development Bill Miltz '66, and Peter Hitchcock '34 — entertained over 40 alumni and their spouses and guests at the Yale Club in New York City on Monday, January 27. The following day, the five flew to Boston where they hosted a luncheon at the Harvard Faculty Club for 30 alumni.

Three more receptions were held in Florida during the last week of March. The first was held at the Colony Beach and Tennis Club in Longboat Key in Sarasota. The second took place in Naples and was hosted by former Hawken Headmaster Jim Young and his wife Ann at their home. Headmaster Doug Stenberg, Associate in Development Dudley Humphrey, Jr. '68 and Athletic Director at the Upper School Tom Bryan spoke on behalf of Hawken and welcomed 15 alumni, their spouses, and other friends of the School. The last reception was held in Delray Beach, Florida and was hosted by Charlie Neff '64 for 23 guests at the Gulfstream Bath and Tennis Club. Morrie Everett '56, Trustee Jack Sherwin '53, and Doug and Shirley Stenberg represented Hawken.

These receptions were so successful that everyone involved, School officials and alumni, agreed that these alumni gatherings should be held every year.

Those who attended the reception in Naples: Polly and Clark Bruner '28; Mrs. Vincent Fiordalis; Gretchen and Ward Smith; Meredith Smith '85; Pat and John Chiapetta; Dorothy and Tom Bryan; Connie and Bill Strong '40; Cara and Howard Stirn; Mrs. Steven Opalich; Betsey and Dudley Humphrey '68; and Doug Stenberg.

Those that attended the reception in Delray Beach: Pauline & George Bing '44; Barbara & Andy Bing '71; Clara, Tyler, & Jack Sherwin '53; Lyn & Loren Mintz; Gertrude & Dudley Humphrey; Addie & Clyde Comstock; Carol & Charlie Neff, Jr. '64; Mr. & Mrs. Dean Skyler '71; Mr. & Mrs. Ray Evans; Shirley & Doug Stenberg; Morris Everett; and Harmon McBride.



The following attended the Hawken Alumni Reception in New York City: J. MacRea Parker '38, Lee Clegg '46 (& wife), Tom Clements '50, Peter Sipple '54, Charles Jordon '65, Philip George '68, Charles (Tuck) Bradford '69, Timothy George '70, Paul Shiverick '71 (& wife), David Hellerstein '71, Chris Schenk '71, John Mueller '73, Fred Biehle '73, Jonathan Silver '75, Bob Gries '76, Cecilia King '76, Karen Kish '76, Derrick Harkins '76, Mathew Glass '77, David Shiverick '71, Steven Young '78.

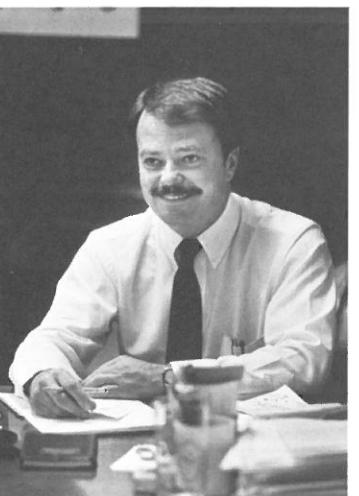


The following attended the Hawken Alumni Luncheon in Boston: Roger Clapp '35, Jim Weir '57, Chris Knight '58, Kenyon "Tim" Bolton III '58, Gordon Weir '54, Revere Little '59, Dr. Steven Umans '66, Patrick Hickox '67, Mark Warren '71, Fred Mueller '71, Tucker Taft '70, Nathaniel Howard '74, James Ford '77, Felice Mueller '78, Pamela Lasky '78, Kirk Nahra '80, Seth Tucker '80, Jon Grunzweig '81, Rajeev Jayavant '82, Mac Booze '69, Scott Phillips '76, Harry Manning '75, Tracey Easterday '81, Robin Mesch '77, Tom Warren '84.

Bill Miltz '66 Leaves as Director of Development

After completing his 5th year as the Director of Development for Hawken School, Bill Miltz '66 will be leaving the School in June, 1986. As Bill looks back over his years in Development, he realizes that much of the strength of Hawken's program lies in its consistency and in its adherence to the successful ideas of his predecessors: "In 1973, I was the Associate Director of Development under Bill Cummings. During the last 10-12 years (under Bill's direction and after him that of Morrie Everett '56) we've really developed a lot of Cummings' basic ideas. Since I've been here, Annual Giving has increased by \$100,000 . . . if the development effort has been successful, I think it's because we've been able to show consistency is our attitude and approach."

But Bill's job entailed more than raising money for the School; it included heightening the sense of community the alumni share and participating in it. "What I've liked best about the job," says Miltz, "is the involvement with all the different people . . . alumni, parents, faculty, students . . . it's the gratification that comes with working in education where the product is so good."

Bill Miltz '66

"There is so much positive feedback in this job," he continues, "it's exciting to be associated with a school, for me, as a student, an alumnus, and an administrator. I have a lot of good feelings for people who taught me and whom I work with and work for. My own class, the class of '66, is the most talented group of people I've ever been associated with. I had the privilege of having some great teachers — Thompson, Young, Relic and Timoteo . . . they were particularly close to our class."

And the community will miss Bill as he and his family head for Michigan, where Bill has a Christmas tree farm. And where he and his wife, Susan, have just purchased a restaurant called "The Soda Shop," which is open in the summers. Luckily, Bill plans to stay active in Hawken's alumni activities, many of which he's worked hard on to make traditions.

"I've tried hard to establish traditions for alumni . . . such as the annual Homecoming celebration, the Summer Hummer, the Christmas luncheon . . . and I see a continuation of this under Meacham . . ."

Meet Meacham Hitchcock '42, our new Director of Development. Meacham's involvement with the School has been varied yet consistent for more than 25 years: he has been Treasurer, Vice President and President of the Hawken Alumni Association; and he has been a trustee since 1963, during which time he served terms as chairman of the Buildings & Grounds and Education Committees.

Meacham Hitchcock '42

Meacham's children are Hawken graduates: Douglas Robinson (K-9), Andrew Meacham '75 and Eleanor Hyde '79; and his wife, Robin, was an Associate in Development at Hawken for some time.

Meacham comes to our office from his senior position at Leaseway Fleet Management Corp. Meacham looks forward to the Director of Development position: "When I see the day-to-day detail required at the Development Office, I am awestruck . . . Bill has done a fabulous job . . . everything he's done has been great. I think there are two kinds of people in management: those that come with all the tools of the trade and those that come with dedication because they own a piece of the action — when I look at the job in a broad perspective, I feel enthusiastic and confident." (Look for a profile on Meacham Hitchcock '42 in the next issue of the *Review*.)

Everyone in the Hawken community joins together to wish Bill Miltz the best of luck and to welcome Meacham Hitchcock to the Director of Development position.

Deaths

Dr. Edward Corlett '27 passed away in December, 1985.

Daniel H. Saks '58, Professor of Economics and Education Policy at Vanderbilt University and senior research associate at the Vanderbilt Institute for Public Policy Studies, passed away January 1986 after a long illness. He had been the senior staff economist for President Carter's Council of Economic Advisors.

Lester Collins '76 passed away in April 1986 in a train accident in Australia. He was planning a career in architecture after returning from Australia.

The Peter McCreary Literary Prize

We are pleased to announce the winners of the first annual Peter McCreary Literary Prize and to publish the winners' work. Lew McCreary '66, whose fiction appeared in the last issue of the *Review*, endowed the prize in memory of his brother, Peter '71.

This year's prize winners are Julie Mann '86 for a set of three poems and Dan Margolis '86 for his short story entitled, "Silent Rain." Each prize winner received \$200.00.

The competition is open to juniors and seniors at Hawken and each year a \$200.00 prize will be awarded for the best set of 3-5 poems and for the best short story.

Julie Mann '86
Dan Margolis '86

**Jerusalem**

Cool and smooth against my forehead and my cheek, unexpectedly so,
worn by prayers from the hearts and salt from the eyes of generations upon generations,
still damp with the tears of the kerchiefed woman before me,
these stones support my body and my soul
as I recite my own prayers and expose my own thoughts amidst the hundreds of others who seek solace like me.
What are their stories?
I wonder . . . but I shall never know.
Silent and wailing, old and young,
English and Hebrew, soldier and civilian,
anybody, any language
can communicate through this Wall
that has heard the tales and witnessed the sorrow and the horror and even the joy of those who travel far and those who live nearby.

Beyond the Last Moment

She could hold out her hands
And open her heart
Even as they took him away,
While they shook the rug from under her feet
Until she slipped and fell when it came loose
And her back became bent as permanently as a suspension bridge over the water.
So too her life was a bridge
Until they crumpled that also
And pulled the wool down over her eyes
Making it impossible for her to see.
Somewhere along the way her ears had been clogged with the dust they had stirred
And her memory clouded.
It seemed that time would have stopped
But instead it just went faster
Until they were finally knocking on her door
When that was all she had left.
But instead of running, instead of bolting it,
She quietly opened her door
To welcome them in.



*Poems by
Julie Mann '86*

The Hill

There is nothing
But me in this world
Up here on my hill
So clearly illuminated
By the translucent marble
in the sky
Whose brilliance exceeds any
light
That is man-made
Just as does everything
Up here on my hill
Where the wind is the only
sound
As it whips my hair around
my face
And goes straight through
my head
Leaving its echoing hollowness
To fill my thoughts
Making me shiver with
emptiness
Yet at the same time
Clearing away all emptiness
Of a false world
Up here on my hill . . .

*"Silent Pain" by
Dan Margolis '86*

Cold water hits my face God don't let it rain again. I look to my side and see the aspen poles of the travois splashing through the clear water of the melted snow stream; the poles are gray but the part in the water is pitch black. He is heaving and moaning like an old man with the burden of my weight. Death this far along would be a disappointment; I have endured so much already. The pain coming from my leg is incredible. There are really two pains. One is a sharp, intense pain in the middle of my leg that flares up without warning like when bacon fat is thrown on a fire this pain makes me sweat. The other pain is a dull throbbing like someone slowly pressing on my leg but this pain only makes me wish I was some place else. The Cascades are vicious mountains and make no apologies, the rain never stops and travelling off trail is virtually impossible because of the dense brush. I feel my head being lowered. His sweaty face, the face I only see when we stop looks down at me and a drop of salty sweat falls on my lower lip. He smells incredibly human. The rotten smell of his breath makes me cringe when he asks me if I'm okay. I am but the pain is almost unbearable but he cannot see the pain in my eyes or hear it in my voice. I don't answer him in words I nod my head. The pain won't let me talk. He hands me a milky clear bottle filled with melted snow stream water and I drink until I get a headache like the dull pain in my leg. Sally used to cut up apples and put them in a plastic bag with some salt and I'd carry it around the house all day eating the salty fruit. The I'd lie on the floor next to the glass door basking in the winter sun with the cats. The bumps from the path are regular and random too and have a strange rhythm. The trail is muddy today and the poles make a sliding noise, like a tent rubbing against itself in the rain. The rain on my sleeping bag smells musty like damp leaves. The poles part the mud like it is slow water and it reluctantly flows back to its original form. He can only see where we have been. I see our history, I see where we have

been and I can think about it and come to conclusions. He can only hypothesize about what is around the next bend. This is good for him; he does not go into the woods to think, he goes into the woods not to think. All he does is live when he is in the woods. He thinks all he has to in the real world, the woods are his escape. I like to think when I'm in the woods, that is why I go to the woods. The only thing I can do in the real world is react. I see the trenches of the aspen poles going off into our past like railroad tracks disappearing on a plain.

I feel a rut in the trail. The taste of salted apples fills my mouth with its strange bitter sweetness that causes my mouth to water. The sun on the cold tile floor warms me. Olive purrs beside me and I fall asleep. He tells me that there are seven and a half miles to go. He has woken me up, he brought me back to the world of pain and rain. One more day and I'm out of the woods. He's never going to let me forget this. The rest of my life I'm going to be in his debt because he was lucky enough to be in the right place to save my life. I could roll off the travois right now and die here but it would be a long, cold death and he would just pick me up and put me back on the sled before I could die. He makes no effort to avoid the bumps, it seems like he heads towards everyone he sees! He is trying to make me miserable!

I was thirty feet up on the monolith when I fell, I don't remember hitting the ground only waking up and feeling my right leg burning. When I look at it now it is black and blue around the middle of my calf where I broke it and smells like old steak. I look at it and can see the pain that it is causing me I can see the break in the bone and the bleeding that is making the black and blue marks. Nothing says we are going to make it to the road alive. Have I come this far just to die? Why not, death doesn't wait until you've reached your goal. Despair is what brings you back to reality and keeps you from acting irrationally. It is very strange. It intensifies the pain. I can feel the dampness on my forehead. The rain has not stopped but I have gotten used to it, it is the only rhythm I can hear, feel and smell.

Will anyone see the marks that we are making? the lug soles of his boots and the skids of the poles? The rain will wash everything away. It will not wash away the gear he left behind to save weight. The only sleeping bag forms the hammock of the travois so he must sleep in a warm coat. There is only a little bit of food and a rain soaked map. He tells me that we are stopping for the night and he puts the travois down without looking for shelter. He is

too tired and in too much pain to look for a place to sleep. The pain he endures is much different from mine. There is nothing that is immune from the pain of walking with a heavy load, not the body or the mind. He gasps and moans like he is an old man when he is walking and I'm sure he has considered giving up at least once. But as soon as he stops walking the pain stops and exhaustion starts. My pain is non-stop, except sometimes when I fall asleep the pain disappears. He takes a can of chicken from between my legs and he talks as we share the can but I don't hear what he is saying. He falls asleep on a pine bough bed curled up like a cat and I sleep on the travois. If I dream it is of pain.

I have sweat on my forehead. Cold, damp sweat. A bead of it falls onto my cheek and it is rain. I am wet. Today I get out of the woods. He wakes shivering and throws the damp jacket onto my lap and picks up the travois. I wish I was asleep again. The poles slide over the cool mud making a hissing sound that could be soothing but his panting prevents relaxation. There is a silence in the woods a silence found nowhere else. But it is a noisy silence; leaves blowing, streams running and birds screaming at each other. Rain falling and thunder is silence.

The birds keep me company while he talks to me. I do not want to hear him talk but I will not ask him to be quiet. He will get me out of the woods alive and I owe him for that. I feel a great deal of warmth for him. He will not shut up. By not talking to him I have grown very close to him. There is no need to talk. I smell something strange. His speed picks up and I hear him yelling. Snorts come at me and I see the wooden hooves of horses. It's too early to leave but I have no choice. I was fine in the woods but they tell me I will be much better in the hospital. I am carried out of the woods on a burro wishing it were yesterday. The pain does not matter anymore. He is thankful but I am sorry that we have to leave.

Campus Notes

Peace Week Observed at Lower School

by LaVelle Esgar, Reading Specialist

On Friday, April 11, an incredible event took place at the Lower School at 9:00 am: everyone on the Lyndhurst campus, from Kindergarten through 8th grade, spent 15 minutes writing on the subject of Peace. The Governor of Ohio had proclaimed the week of April 11th, "Peace Week" in Ohio and from 9:00-9:15, the silence at the Lower School was unbroken while everyone participated in the salute to Peace in Ohio.

The undercurrent of excitement and the feeling of oneness that resulted from each person's awareness that he/she was involved in a common mental experience are revealed in this representative sample of the writings:

"We must learn to forgive one another . . ." Len Carey, Physical Education. "Peace must be a goal for all human beings . . . Respect, tolerance, enjoyment and freedom produce peace and self-actualization . . ." Joan Page, Head of the Lower School. "We feel peaceful when we have done the right thing and have been kind and helpful to others." LaVelle Esgar, Reading and Coordinator of the Lower School's salute to Peace. "I believe most of the problems of the world are because we don't understand others' beliefs; thus, we fear them." Kathie Burgess, Secretary to the Head of the Lower School.

"I think 'Peace' means when people are nice to people and give people respect . . ." — Danny Walton, Second Grade.

"Rainbows remind me of peace, but rainbows are not peace. Only people can make peace." — Lizzy Goldsmith, First Grade.

"Peace is not segregation of race, color or religion. Peace is friendliness, quiet, restfulness. Peace is like an Autumn day, sitting by a tree." — Marnie Friedman, Eighth Grade.

". . . Children are the stepping stones to a better world. If more of the youth can come

together, we can actually see that another country's children are just like you and me." — Sonia Lee, Eighth Grade.

Outstanding essays were read in Chapel on Monday, April 14th, for grades 4-8. The following day, K-3 gathered in Phillips Hall to share their feelings. "Uninterrupted, silent and sustained writing" had been a dream of Martha Brown (Chairman of the Lower School English Department) and Debbie Handy (English, Grade 8) for several years and they were very pleased with the quality of the writing.

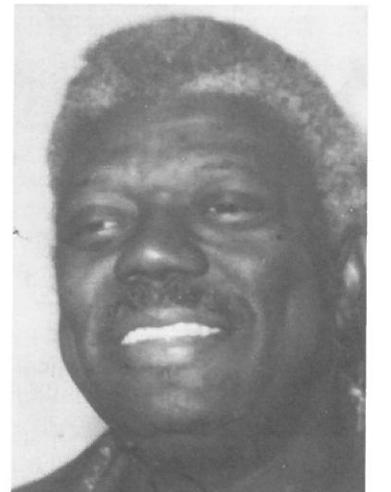
"Ike" Retires

After 23 years, Isiah "Ike" Smith retired from the maintenance staff at the Lower School. Although Ike has been on the maintenance staff at both campuses, he will be most missed by the Lower School community where he has been for the last several years.

Ike was honored at a Lower School Chapel where he received a new fishing line from the Lyndhurst faculty and staff. Headmaster Doug Stenberg spoke of Ike's 23 years at Hawken and presented him with a Hawken chair.

Ike plans to spend his time traveling to visit his family and fishing. The Hawken community wishes Ike a happy retirement and good luck with his new fishing line!

Ike Smith



Reading Night at Lower School

The Reading Department at the Lower School conducted a "Reading Night" on Wednesday, May 7th, in Phillips Hall classrooms and the Skylight area for parents of students K-3, area teachers, and parents of students who will enter Hawken in the Fall. The purpose of the program was to inform participants of what's involved in the primary reading program (K-3) and to discuss the techniques and materials Hawken primary school teachers are using.

There were 6 workshops, each presented twice, a library display by Lower School librarian Ann Dawson which featured classics to read to children as well as good selections for independent reading, and a selection of games, chosen by Kindergarten teachers Holly Scott and Wendy Cotesworth, for use at home this summer. The workshops included "Folktales and Fairy Lore" by Mary Ann Porrata, Grade 2; "Writing to Read" by Gail McCully, Kindergarten; "Reading and the Computer" by Rena Widzer, Reading; "Junior Great Books" by Laura Zappa, Grade 3; "Research for Enrichment" by Sue Kent, Director of the Elementary School; and "Skillful Games" by LaVelle Esgar, Reading.

Martin Luther King Day — Lower School

On January 17th the Lyndhurst Campus honored Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. The 8:30 Primary Chapel program was given by Lynn MacArthur's second grade class and the 10:00 Chapel for grades four through eight was given by Jim Lowe's sixth grade English class.

Black History Month was celebrated in February with book displays in the library, arranged by Ann Dawson; African art from the collection of Doug MacDonald; songs of Black origin chosen by Bonnie Oviatt for chapel; Stevie Eaton and Sue Kent used biographies of Blacks as reading lab literature.

A visit from Miriam Adenike Sharpley of Oberlin on Wednesday, February 26th highlighted the celebration. Ms. Sharpley brought African artifacts (musical instruments; cloth, books); gave a presentation of Afro-American culture; told the story of "Ajapa, the Selfish Turtle;" performed Funga, the harvest and welcome dance of Liberia. Her program was given in chapel for K-5 and again for 6-8.

Today we lack such individuals as King, a man who must have been a hero to the children of a past generation; he represented ideals and morals that one could admire and respect.

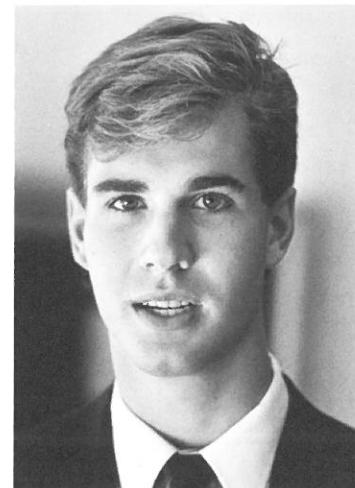
As I have matured, it has seemed as though my only choice in heroes were rock stars or sports figures. These are not the people society should model its young after and it seems to me that our generation lacks suitable heroes to replace what have become role models. I am not saying that Neil Armstrong and John Fitzgerald Kennedy were perfect; they weren't, but they gave some children a strong role model to build upon. Certainly similar people exist today.

I believe our society, the media, and newspapers in particular have led us in an overly critical direction. We tend to seek out corruption, treachery, and death. Heroes exist, but little effort is made to publicize them. Perhaps society would be better off if we put a higher priority on moral achievements.

It troubles me that I have missed out on real life heroes. For me, King has been a substitute for heroes I feel today's society lacks. King easily filled a void within me, despite the difficulty of using a figure from the past as a hero.

Using the cliche "never look back" is very fitting in this circumstance. It is the duty of our society to establish moral examples for future generations. Perhaps Perrin was implying that each of us should try to become heroes for the children. We certainly have the potential . . .

Ray Zollinger



An Address to Hawken Upper School Students on Martin Luther King Day

by Sean Decatur '86

Henry David Thoreau stated in his essay "Civil Disobedience":

"The mass of men serve the state not as men, mainly, but as machines, with their bodies . . . In most cases, there is no free exercise whatsoever of judgment or of the moral sense . . . Others serve the state chiefly with their heads; and, as they rarely make any moral distinctions, they are as likely to serve the devil, without intending, as God. A very few — as heroes, patriots, martyrs, reformers in the great sense, and as men — serve the state with their consciences also, and so necessarily resist it for the most part."

These great men that Thoreau described combine the qualities of physical presence, intelligence, and moral responsibility. The factor which links these qualities together is creative insight, which gives the person the ability to apply these characteristics in unique ways. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. possessed all of these traits, and that is why we honor Dr. King today as a great man.

Like most of you here today, I have never lived in an environment where racism and segregation are accepted values. However, this is the environment in which Dr. King was born and raised. The son of a minister, Dr. King sharpened his oratory skills at an early age when speaking in his father's church, and so gained a strong physical presence. He was also an excellent student and chose to continue his education until receiving a Ph.D. from Boston University in 1955. As a scholar, Dr. King published two philosophical explanations of the Civil Rights Movement, *Why We Can't Wait* in 1964 and *Where Do We Go From Here?* in 1967. Yet, despite his intellectual abilities, Dr. King felt a moral responsibility to fight for the cause against segregation, giving up his possible career as a scholar. So, Dr. King's background indicates that he possessed three

of the qualities of a "great man": physical presence, intelligence, and a moral conscience.

A closer look at Dr. King's life, however, shows that it is his creative insight which made Dr. King truly special. There were certainly other Blacks at the time who had similar characteristics and similar backgrounds.

Yet many people saw segregation as an insurmountable wall; others saw a potential pathway toward equality, but found the doors locked. Only Dr. King saw an open threshold toward equality, and only Dr. King had the determination to take the first steps toward freedom. It took a sense of creativity to initiate and direct the Civil Rights movement in its infancy; this imagination and creative insight is what made Dr. King stand out from the others.

As with most people who set out on a new path, Dr. King received a great deal of criticism. However, Dr. King faced this criticism as we would expect a great man would, and refused to become discouraged by the pessimistic comments of others. At first, Dr. King was labeled a radical and extremist; in his famous "Letter From a Birmingham Jail," Dr. King responded to these accusations:

"... though I was initially disappointed at being charged as an extremist, as I continued to think about the matter, I gradually gained a measure of satisfaction from the label. Was not Jesus an extremist for love . . . was not Amos an extremist for justice . . . and [also] Abraham Lincoln . . . and Thomas Jefferson? . . . Perhaps the South, the nation, and the world are in dire need of creative extremists."

Others accused Dr. King of premature action. Many white conservatives believed that segregation was wrong, but disagreed with Dr. King's policy of immediate change. In response, Dr. King stated:

"For years now I have heard the word 'Wait.' It rings in the ear of every Negro. 'Wait' has almost always meant 'never.' We have waited for more than 340 years for our Constitutional and God-given rights . . . Perhaps it is easy for those who have never felt the stinging darts of segregation to say 'wait.'"



Sean Decatur '86

Finally, some people feel that Dr. King's tactics were inappropriate. To radicals, the nonviolent protest seemed inadequate; to conservatives, it seemed disruptive. Yet Dr. King understood the importance of nonviolent techniques and refused to be swayed:

"I have tried to stand between these two forces, saying that we need not emulate the 'do nothingism' of the complacent nor the hatred and despair of the Black nationalist. For there is the more excellent way of love and nonviolent protest."

In these ways, Dr. King was an innovator, and we have enjoyed the benefits of his creativity. Dr. King's greatest lesson to us is to use our imaginations and insight to cause change in society. Dr. King had a dream and dedicated his life to putting the dream into effect. In this respect, we should all follow Dr. King's lead. As John Lennon stated in his song "Imagine":

*"You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one.
Maybe someday you'll join us
And the world will live as one."*

Sean Decatur '86

The Year in Sports

This has been a terrific year for sports at Hawken. The last issue of the *Review* covered the Fall sports, highlighting such great seasons as the Varsity Football team's undefeated 10-0 record and the great performance of both girls and boys swimming. The Winter and Spring sports teams followed suit.

Girls Track & Field

Coach Connie Walton

Although the team was plagued with numerous injuries and illnesses of some key athletes this year, we finished in first place at the Waterloo Invitational on April 19th out of 8 "A" schools by scoring over 100 points; our four 1st place finishes were Jill Boland '86 and Sarah Ralston '86 in the High Jump, Katie Pender '87 in the 100M, Stacy Schmidt '89 in the 1600M and Sarah Ralston '86 in the 200M.

Despite the injuries and illnesses which have affected the results of our season 1-4, (midway through), the team had great depth and good leadership from 8 seniors. Outstanding players included Sarah Ralston '86, fastest 200M and 400M runner, currently holding Hawken's record in the 200M and the High Jump; Katie Pender '87, fastest 100M sprinter; Wendy Henning '86, most valuable thrower, holding the School's record in Shot and Discus; Julie Braun '86 and Jenny Kent '86, key middle distance runners and Jill Boland '86, best hurdler, holding the School record in High Jump.

Varsity Wrestling

Coach Cliff Walton

The team's greatest performance was against Western Reserve Academy. The Hawks had 9 pins on the way to a 57-15 victory. They also had a strong showing against powerhouse Shaker Heights, losing because of forfeits. In the district tournament, Hawken placed 4 people; this is the most placers the Hawks have had since they became a AA school. The team is dedicated and hard-working and the valuable experience gained this year should make the team better than ever in the years to come. Also, the team is going back down to A, where it has the chance to become a wrestling powerhouse. Outstanding players include

Cum Laude Society

1985 Members of the Cum Laude Society

Andrew Hanson Blau '86
Sean Michael Decatur '86
Alisa Feingold '86
May-Chuen Hsieh '86
Christopher Dwight Huston '86
John S. Lee '86
Julie Anne Mann '86
David William Moyar '86
Leslie Ann Roby '86
Christopher Lawrence Schmidt '86
Robert James Schmidt, Jr. '86
Naomi Beth Zellner '86

1986 Inductees to the Cum Laude Society

Charles Thomas Angus '87
Anne Marla Dettelbach '87
Nicole Dinner '86
Jessica Suzanne Frankel '87
Michael Dylan Greicius '87
Wendy Marie Henning '86
Griffith Hsu '86
David Owen Kazmer '86
Alysia Jennifer Leavitt '87
Deborah Lynn Peters '87
Sharon K. Rim '87
Antonia Marie Lee Smith '87
Lisa Ann Spacek '86
Julie Sharon Steck '86
Jennie Sue Thompson '86
Christopher Edward Tyner '87
Jodi Anne Weisblat '86
Brian James Zinnbauer '86
Raymond Harold Zollinger '86

(Left to right) Jim Bresnicky, Upper School Latin teacher, his wife; Fred Hoffman, Head of the Upper School; Shirley and Doug Stenberg; Cum Laude Dinner Speaker Dr. Reed Browning, Professor of History and Chairman of the History Department at Kenyon College, his wife; and Pat Hoffman.



Campus Notes

Class of 1986 Matriculation

Eric Altschul *George Washington*
 Gwen Bialic *University of Wisconsin*
 Andrew Blau *Princeton*
 Jane Blum *Dartmouth*
 Jill Boland *University of Vermont*
 Cynthia Boltuch *Ohio University*
 William Bowerfind *University of Virginia*
 Aaron Brandt *Guilford*
 Julie Braun *Tufts & New England Conservatory of Music*
 Amy Bruch *Denison*
 Tedric Bryan *DePauw*
 Elizabeth Bukovnik *Miami (Ohio)*
 Stephen Charnas *Ohio State*
 Stacey Chiappetta *Vanderbilt*
 Birgit Clarke *Smith*
 Jeffrey Daberko *Wooster*
 William Daroff *Ohio State*
 Sean Decatur *Swarthmore*
 Eric Dettelbach *Ohio University*
 Richard A. Diehl *Cornell*
 Nicole Dinner *Northwestern*
 Sonal Domadia *Kenyon*
 Babak Doustdar *Miami (Ohio)*
 John Ellis *University of Michigan*
 Zeb Esselstyn *University of Michigan*
 Amy Farmer *Colby*
 Alisa Feingold *University of Pennsylvania*
 William Fong *CWRU*
 Jonathan Friedland *Vassar*
 Matthew Friedman *University of Pennsylvania*
 Ehren Gaag *Ohio State*
 Brian Gilbert *Washington*
 William Glover *Bates*
 Laura Gold *Tufts*
 Maurice Gray *Davidson*
 Katherine Groth *Wooster*
 Scott Hackenberg *West Point*
 Arthur Haynes *Purdue*
 Wendy Henninge *Kalamazoo*
 Nancyann Hildebrant *Cornell*
 May Hsieh *University of Pennsylvania*
 Griffith Hsu *Northwestern (6 yr. Medical)*
 Christopher Huston *Cornell*
 Drew Jackson *Ohio State*
 J. Charles Johnson *University of Denver*
 Lee Kaplan *Washington*
 Brett Katz *Indiana*
 Peter Katz *Washington*
 David Kazmer *Cornell*
 Tara Kelly *Tufts*
 Jennifer Kent *Bucknell*
 Lorri Kern *University of Michigan*
 Dana Kogan *Wisconsin*
 Ellen Lader *University of Michigan*
 Lynn Lebit *University of Michigan*
 Grant Lee *Bethany*
 John Lee *Oberlin*
 William Lewis *Macalester*
 Kendall Loop *University of Tampa*
 Amy Mahovic *Boston University*
 Julie Mann *Stanford*
 Daniel Margolis *Carleton*
 Darren Marks *Boston University*
 Becky McCullam *Guilford*
 Ann Miller *CWRU*
 Sara Mobasseri *Washington*
 Wendy Morton *Smith*
 David Moyar *Yale*
 Cristin Narten *Syracuse*
 Fritz Neubauer *Ohio University*
 Mary Lynn Nichols *Wellesley*
 Shawn Otto *University of Rochester*
 Kara Pamula *Johns Hopkins*
 David Patchan *Cincinnati*
 Robert Peskin *Northwestern*
 Laura Pike *Miami (Ohio)*
 Raymond Zollinger *Harvard*



Julie Braun '86 and her parents.



(left to right) Grandparents Mr. & Mrs. Franko, Lisa Spacek '86, now a freshman at Brown, Mrs. Spacek, and Laura Spacek '87.



Headmaster Doug Stenberg congratulates Bob Doustdar '86 and his father.

The Brandt Clan: (left to right)
 Florence Brandt, Upper School
 Director of Admissions Frank Brandt,
 Peter Brandt '85, Aaron Brandt '86,
 sister-in-law Pat Okuly, Brady Brandt
 '89, Len Okuly; in front, Frank's
 mother Mary Rose Brandt and his
 wife Mary Ann.Sean Otto '86 with his sister
 Shannon '87 (left) and their mom.The Brandt Clan: (left to right)
 Florence Brandt, Upper School
 Director of Admissions Frank Brandt,
 Peter Brandt '85, Aaron Brandt '86,
 sister-in-law Pat Okuly, Brady Brandt
 '89, Len Okuly; in front, Frank's
 mother Mary Rose Brandt and his
 wife Mary Ann.

Campus Notes

Review Wins Gold Award

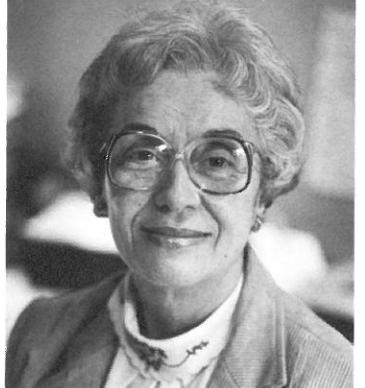
CASE, the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education, awarded the last 2 issues of *The Hawken Review* (Winter '86 & Spring '85) a Gold Award in their annual Recognition Awards Program. Special thanks goes out to George Lorenz '65 who designs the school's publications, Mickey Hexter '57 who oversees the printing of our publications, photographer Joe Darwal, and typesetter Gladys Bowers.

Headmaster's Secretary Retires: Inez Budd

Seventeen years and 5 Headmasters later, the tireless and ever-pleasant Inez Budd will retire at the end of this school year. At a lovely reception for Mrs. Budd, Headmaster Doug Stenberg presented her with 5 letters from the Headmasters she served, matted and framed. Each letter praised Inez's superlative efficiency, positive attitude, and kind friendship, expressing their regret at her leaving Hawken but their sincere wishes for a happy retirement.

With this retirement, Inez will have more time to pursue her other interests which include traveling, gardening, cooking, and painting; Inez is an extremely talented painter and her most recent work was on display in the Arts/Communication Building lobby. At the reception, she presented Dr. Stenberg with his favorite of her paintings, a beautiful water color of two men in a boat. We will all miss Inez and wish her much success with her work.

Inez Budd



Tyshawn Acree '88



Ohio Test of Scholastic Achievement

Two Hawken students, Dina Pasalis '88 and Jon Fanaroff '87 won first place in the Algebra II competition of the Ohio Tests of Scholastic Achievement. Over 30,000 students from 800 Ohio high schools competed in the 15 different tests. Pasalis and Fanaroff were coached by Upper School Math teachers Merl Davis and Eileen LaVerde.

(Left to right) Eileen LaVerde, Jon Fanaroff '87, Dina Pasalis '88, Merl Davis and Fred Hoffman, Head of the Upper School.



Student Goes to National Competition

Sophomore Tyshawn Acree, a member of the program "A Better Chance," won the local "Act-So" competition and will go on to compete nationally in Baltimore in June.

The competition, held on May 17, 1986, at Cuyahoga Community College, was the first of what will be an annual academic olympics sponsored by the NAACP. Competition areas are artistic, scientific and literary. Tyshawn, whose 5-minute dramatic performance and poem won her first place, will receive \$75.00, a certificate, and an all-expense-paid trip to the National Competition in Baltimore.

Tyshawn Acree '88

Auction Co-Chairman Andi and Darrell Young.



New Director of Development Meacham Hitchcock '42 (left) talks with Bob Discenzo, Gifts Coordinator.

Freedom Train Chairpersons Berni and Arlene Rich dressed the part.



The 5th Annual Hawken "Night To Remember"

On April 12, 1986, Hawken's 5th annual Auction, the "Night To Remember" lived up to its name. Under the leadership of Auction Co-Chairpersons Andria and Darrell Young, this year's auction netted over \$75,000 for Faculty Professional Development, the largest amount netted thus far.

The Auction theme this year was "Pride in America" and the theme came alive from the patriotic decor in the gym to the apple pie a la mode for dessert to the 1986 Chrysler Le Baron which was raffled off at the end of the event. Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca sent a letter of luck and congratulations to the Young's for their hard work, enthusiasm, and dedication, but also to the following people without whom the 5th annual "Night To Remember" would not have been the terrific event it was: Gifts Chairman Bob Discenzo whose commitment and excitement spurred solicitors on to get the best auction gifts ever; Silent Auction Chairmen Cheri Discenzo and Suzanne Schaefer whose talents made an impossible job seem effortless; Arlene & Bernie Rich and Sandy & Roger Van Deusen, Chairmen of the Freedom Train, who outdo themselves each year; George Lorenz '65 who designed the invitations, stationery, and catalog; Helen Hochstetler who did another beautiful job at the Friday night Preview Party along with Debbie O'Neill, Chairman of Preview Night; Frank Brandt and Frances Coghlan who handled the finances so smoothly and to the teachers, staff members and students who worked the silent auction tables, spotted and contributed to the terrific time everyone had at the 5th annual "Night To Remember."

The 1986 "Night to Remember" committee: (left to right) Bob Gresham, Mimi Gresham, Reed Kleinman, Pam Blake, Darrell Young, Andi Young, Bob Discenzo, Cheri Discenzo, Suzanne Schaefer, Marvin Schaefer, Donna Ballew, and Travis Ballew.

(Left to right) Auctioneer Tim Dugan, Headmaster Doug Stenberg.



(Left to right) Hawken's dietician Helen Hochstetler, Ellen Stirn Mavec '75, Marla Esgar Robbins '75, and Bill Hochstetler.

(Left to right) Former Director of Development's wife Susan Miltz with Al '66 and Wendy Klauss.



Rich Ferris '71 and his wife enjoy dessert at the auction.

Upper School English teacher Zoann Dusenbury (left) points out items on her silent auction table with silent auction co-chairman Suzanne Schaefer (right).



Bit By Bit

by Arlene Rich

Hawken Playground: Putting It Together . . . Bit By Bit

"Ladies . . . the children really need some decent playground equipment at the Lower Campus."

The scene was the living-dining room at Headmaster Stenberg's home, Spring, 1985. The "ladies" were members of the Hawken Mothers Committee. They were being addressed by JoAnn Vasil, a Hawken mother and a member of the Mothers Committee.

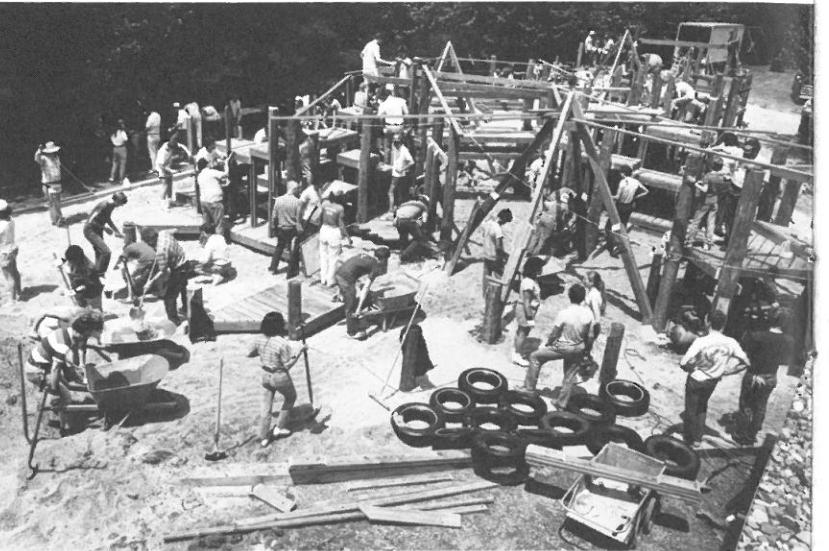
In my mind, that was the actual moment of birth for the magnificent creative play area constructed by Hawken parents, grandparents, faculty, administration, alumni, and Upper and Lower School students from May 14-18, 1986 at the Lyndhurst Campus.

Playground Architect Bob Leathers may have created the design; Construction Supervisor Ernie Bayles and his Assistant Linda Eberele may have orchestrated the actual building . . . but it was JoAnn Vasil's initial concern that started us off on what was to become a very special "Hawken Happening."

It took the Lord six days to create Earth . . . it took us five days to create a little bit of Heaven with our playground! Along the way, we crossed all barriers and became united in purpose and action. We "Put It Together" . . . parent to child . . . friend to friend . . . family to family.

In May of 1985, the Mothers Committee voted to contribute \$4,000 of their earned funds toward the purchase of playground equipment for the Lyndhurst Campus. A committee of three (JoAnn Vasil, Maxine Stevens and myself, Arlene Rich) were asked to meet with the

Arlene Rich is a Hawken parent whose involvement in programs and projects at the School is an invaluable source of inspiration for us all.



members of the Faculty Playground Committee. At the onset, we had planned to turn the money over to this already organized Playground Committee, but before we knew it . . . we were knee deep in playground equipment brochures garnered to help the faculty members select those items that would best appeal to all of our children.

We soon learned that it wasn't easy picking out playground equipment from promotional catalogues. It wasn't cheap, either!

The faculty members had surveyed the local playgrounds and brought photos and reports to meetings. They had even made their own architectural rendering of the proposed playground site allowing space for a garden and landscaped area.

Brainstorming Session

A brainstorming session was called. Lower School faculty and administration were represented by Anne Smith, Sandy Weibusch, Lavelle Esgar, Leonard Carey, Sue Kent, Ginny Petrie and Joan Page. JoAnn and I were joined by Hawken parent E.J. Herbruck, in-coming Mothers Committee Chairman.

It was at this meeting on May 28, 1985 that Joan Page told us about Playground Architect Bob Leathers. He had just designed a play area in Barrington, Rhode Island and a colleague of Miss Page's had sent along clippings concerning their playground construction.



Co-chairman Suzanne Schaefer.
Upper School students.



One young lad asked Mr. Leathers if he could include a "Transformer" in the design. Bob had not heard about the changing "Transformer" fad, so he thought the young man wanted an electrical transformer built somewhere in the structure. Bob told the student that he was sorry, but they couldn't use anything electrical in the play area.

Mr. Leathers was then given a "crash course" in the fine points of the present day "Transformer" toy. This type of "Transformer" was not electrical . . . it was movable. A car could become a robot . . . just by moving a few pieces here and there. Bob was inspired . . . but he was also worried. Safety is a key word in the Leathers operation and he was being challenged to create a movable piece of playground equipment that would not only be fun, but safe, as well.

At one point, I heard him half mutter to himself . . . "I know . . . maybe we can pad all the movable parts with rubber!"

The ideas kept coming . . . all morning long. The children kept coming (Mr. Leathers was seated at a table in Phillips Hall near Mrs. McCullough's 5th Grade classroom). Some of the children came back a second time and even brought him drawings of their creations.

Architectural Rendering Arrives

Museum and if we combined our meeting with him during the same visit, we could share the expense of Leathers' travel costs with the Museum.

Joan Page and I held an informal meeting in the hallway outside the duplicating room at the Lyndhurst Campus during class changing time (one never forgets the time and place of major milestones in life!) . . . and we decided to "go for it!"

JoAnn Vasil, Joan Page and I lined up as many people as possible to listen to Mr. Leathers describe his playground concept the evening of September 9th. The next day, Bob was going to meet with the K-5th Graders periodically throughout the morning to learn, first hand, from the children just what they'd like to have in their own playground. In Bob Leathers jargon . . . that's "Design Day."

The children were totally charmed by Bob Leathers and poured out their playground ideas to him. And — right before their very eyes — he designed a one-of-a-kind playground for them . . . based on their ideas.

A week later, we received the first architectural drawing of Bob Leathers' designed play area for Hawken School. We also received a Materials and Tools List and a large packet of

Bit By Bit

Leathers' representatives Linda Eberle and Ernie Bayles instruct a worker.

Upper School Physical Education teacher Cliff Walton.

"How To" data. HOW TO . . . set up the various committees needed to organize such a major undertaking. HOW TO . . . raise funds. HOW TO . . . get materials. HOW TO . . . gather up the necessary tools. HOW TO . . . run a childcare operation. HOW TO . . . feed the workers. HOW TO . . . get the workers!

Projected costs, including tools, materials and architectural fees, would come to around \$30,000.

In the meantime, we had learned that Hawken parents Bob and Mimi Gresham had matched the initial Mothers Committee contribution of \$4,000 . . . now giving us a buying power of \$8,000.

Eight thousand was a long way from \$30,000. We needed more input.

On October 22, a number of interested Hawken parents met in Joan Page's office to discuss . . . "THE PLAYGROUND." We had a well rounded and varied sampling of opinions. We talked for hours. Some were for the Bob Leathers concept; others, against. Some were for buying a ready-made playground equipment kit and having it professionally installed; others were for utilizing the Hawken community as the labor force.

We were faced with many unanswered

questions. Would Hawken families want to contribute money to buy the materials needed to build the Bob Leathers design? Would they loan us their tools? Would they actually commit themselves to work all or part of the five construction days?

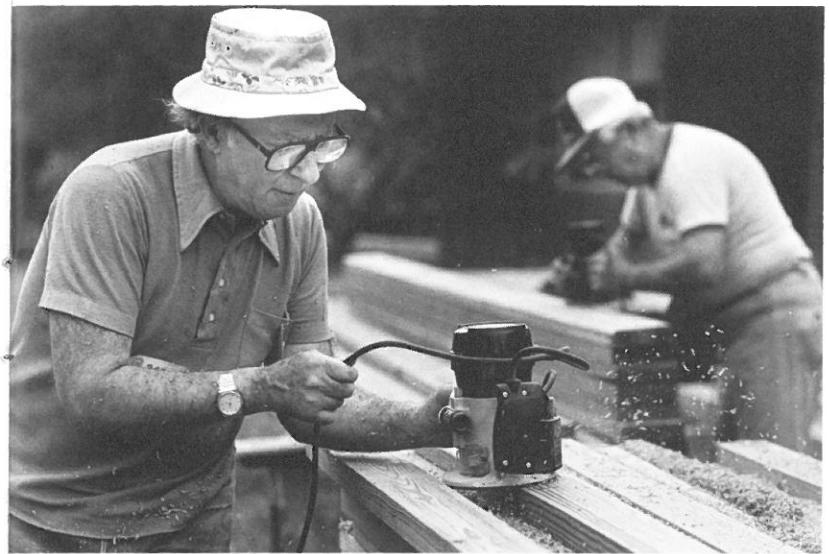
Hawken parent Suzanne Schaefer was one of the interested parents attending this brainstorming session. She joined JoAnn, myself and Joan Page in the factfinding and final decision making.

More Factfinding

We pursued a couple of paths at this point. Were there, perhaps, local architects who did the same work as Bob Leathers? Were there "Big Toys" or "Mexican Forge" kits that would serve our needs?

We subsequently met with Playground representatives. Did you know that sometimes almost an additional 30% of the actual playground equipment cost is charged as an installation fee? We didn't, but we sure learned fast!

We contacted the Chairmen of a number of Bob Leathers playground installations in other cities . . . all very similar to us — private schools in suburban settings. We learned which areas needed prime attention via the Leathers concept (childcare, food, materials, etc.). My opening question to the Chairmen I contacted was, "If you had to do it all over again, would you?" One woman WAS doing it again; she was now working on a committee to



Hawken Parent Berni Rich

asked which tools individual families might be able to loan to us.

The response was overwhelming. We received 125 completed forms constituting a work force of almost 300 people.

When school resumed in January after Winter Break, we set in motion the various Bob Leathers techniques to get the building operation rolling. The decision to build was affirmative!

We were aware that we were about to undertake an awesome responsibility, but we felt that we had a mandate. We were, in effect, "Building Our Future" and by doing that . . . we were upholding the Hawken tradition to the fullest . . . "That Each Generation Introduce Its Successor To A Higher Plane Of Life."

Committee Appointments

Number 1 priority . . . a committee! I agreed to serve as the Liaison to Bob Leathers; JoAnn and Suzanne accepted the Co-Chairmen positions. We set about making committee appointments. Our committee members reflected all levels of the Hawken strata. No one could have asked for a better "crew." They anticipated; they organized; they evaluated; they prepared; they diligently persevered.

Hawken parents Mike Williams, Art Treuhaft and Gene Stromberg, Chairmen of our Materials Committee, devoted months of time lining up all the huge and minute purchases of materials needed to construct such a



of crushed stone, #4 steel reinforcing rods . . . and so much more. A conveyor belt needed for the bouncing bridge was located in New Jersey. The hardware and last minute items were purchased at Dunn's Hardware at a very special price.

Hawken parent Joe Mahovic and former Director of Development Bill Miltz '66, Chairmen of the Tools Committee, secured boom augers, steel digging bars, chain saws, circular saws, a heavy duty "Come-Along," a crane, pickaxes, post-hole diggers, rasps, rope, sanders, routers, shovels . . . you name it — we needed it . . . and they got it for us!!

Hawken mother Eve Baker not only chaired the Childcare Committee, but lined up the Childcare workers, developed and organized activities for the children of the Committee workers and the children of construction workers (ages 3-13) and actually took care of the children, on the premises, from 7:00 A.M. until 10:00 P.M. with a constant smile on her face and lots of T.L.C. throughout the five days of construction.

It was the responsibility of Hawken mothers Sandy Bernstein, Judy Neuman and Sandy Van Deusen to physically provide the manpower to run the whole operation. Not only did they supervise a committee of volunteer callers, they conducted an evening "Phonathon" (APCOA offices on Chagrin Boulevard were loaned to us for the evening by Hawken parent G. Walter Stuelpe),

Bit By Bit



Headmaster's wife Shirley Stenberg.
Sunday afternoon overview.

kept a running graph on the volunteer situation (courtesy of Hawken father Dr. Michael Neuman) and manned the Sign-In Desk throughout the construction period. It was their job to "run" the workers out to the construction site for working assignments.

Childcare took care of the children . . . the Volunteer Committee lined up the workers . . . Hawken mothers Jane Goldsmith and Debby Winterhalter had to feed them all!!! They coordinated massive "feasts," snacks and beverage rounds. They asked Hawken families for salads, casseroles, beverages, desserts and magically turned all the contributions into gourmet meals that fed hundreds of men, women and children (we had 365 different workers on Saturday alone).

Hawken mother Nan Neth and her Fundraising Committee did a superb job implementing innovative and non-obtrusive fundraising projects to help us raise enough money to build the playground. Until we received word of a major contribution from the Boyer Family, the size of our playground depended on the amount of money generated through the various fundraising events including "Buy A Board" (Iris Lorber,



Lower School students

Marilyn Rothman); Children's Raffle (Sheila Warshawsky, Kathy Manners); and the many "Splash For Cash" events: "Swimathon" (Rosemary Schonitzer, Rena Widzer); Used Toys and Books (Linda Cohen, Marcia Berezin); Refreshments (Mary Ann Hexter); Games (Paula Schwartz, Betsy Humphrey); and Computer Activities (Will McCullam). All were successful, noteworthy and organized by Hawken parents.

Ginny Petrie, a Hawken parent and Lyndhurst Campus Science teacher, designed a finely tuned Students Committee which placed the Upper School and Lower School students side by side . . . working together toward a common goal. All the Upper School students received individual invitations from the Primary students asking them to help build their playground. The Upper School students responded in the affirmative . . . by the hundreds!

Mickey Friedman and Ron Rosenfield, Hawken fathers and members of the Hawken Fathers' Representatives, offered their wise counsel and advice *re* the ins and outs of school policy in connection with the playground construction throughout our pre-planning stages.

Bob Leathers asked us to secure the services of three or four Foremen . . . persons not necessarily having extensive carpentry skills. Leathers insisted "all Foremen must be able

bodied, available full time for all four days, highly organized and must enjoy working with people." There's no doubt about it — we were blessed to have Hawken parents Jim and Pat Redford, Bob Gresham and Ron Fry as our Foremen. They were on the job from Noon Wednesday straight through Sunday night. They reported directly to Ernie and Linda and guided all of us, whether it was setting poles, spreading gravel, washing tires or applying sealer to the lumber. They were a very important link in the chain of command.

We salute Joan Page, Head of the Hawken Lower School, for having the courage of her convictions and for toiling day by day advising all the playground committees before construction and working day and night during construction digging holes, rolling utility poles, applying wood sealer, chasing down supplies, drilling, cutting, stringing lights,



swatch of cloth (all skilled workers had to wear the orange cloth for fast identification by the Construction Supervisors and Foremen).

Grandpa Henry Schwartz (his daughter is Hawken parent Karen Kaplan) brought a truck full of tools the Saturday before we built and then came every single day to work, as well.

Without everyone working together, this playground could not . . . would not . . . have been built!

Dr. Stenberg says . . . "Nearly everyone has run out of words to describe the experience of participating in the preparation and in the event itself, and of contemplating the marvelous facility which has resulted."

Joan Page says . . . "The project itself was all that Bob Leathers promised and probably more due to the nature of the Hawken community."

Cynthia Dettelbach, Hawken parent and Editor of *The Cleveland Jewish News*, said in her May 23, 1986 "Editor's Thoughts" column . . . "As I worked, or took a few moments out to walk around the (playground) site, I saw several familiar faces. Men who ordinarily wore ties and three-piece suits to work were in sweat-stained T-shirts and blue jeans, hunkered down over a carpentry problem or hammering away at a climbing device. Women who were more used to hiring workmen, or supervising them, had become part of that workforce themselves." She

Bit By Bit

Joan Page, Head of the Lower School
Co-chairman JoAnn Vasil (middle)
supervises shoveling.

continues, "I saw teachers in the workforce . . . pushing wheelbarrows or deftly handling power saws . . . their students often working alongside them. For a brief period, all distinctions were leveled, all egos submerged. What mattered was the playground, and everyone working on it together."

I heard one mother say, "I always knew there was a bit of a carpenter inside me — it just never had a chance to come out before."

I heard one father say (while walking past the bouncing bridge) . . . "See my drains?"

I've been told that a four-year-old Hawken sibling says "Thank you, Mommy, for building the playground" upon arising each morning.

It's Really Happening!

So, from committee selection in January, 1986, we systematically made our way to Wednesday of Construction Week (or, in Bob Leathers' lingo . . . "It's Really Happening"). People were at the ready, tools and materials were in place in the large trailer loaned to us by Hawken father Bob Discenzo (Mor-Flo Industries), food was coming in, lumber had been delivered, the gravel (all 150 tons courtesy of Hawken father Peter Hoyt, Best Sand Company) was on the site, the utility poles had been delivered . . . and the Boyer Family had removed our financial worries by making a considerable donation. In addition, the Mothers Committee had voted to donate the

proceeds of their Plant Sale to the Playground Fund.

Our "Hawken Happening" was about to happen. Only 12 months had gone by since JoAnn Vasil had addressed her fellow Mothers Committee members about the lack of playground equipment at the Lyndhurst Campus. One year later . . . there now stands a magnificent testimonial to initiative, tenacity and parent involvement.

Not Totally Trouble Free

Construction, by the way, was not totally trouble free. The front end loader used to unload the utility poles got stuck in the mud during unloading. It took forever (was it only a few hours?) to get it out. The boom auger, scheduled to arrive at 8:00 A.M. on Thursday morning, was held up on a previous job and wouldn't be there until Noon. We scrambled around and found a lesser substitute . . . one that involved lesser auger action and more people power!

Loctite #711 was an important item on the Materials List. It was hard to find. We ran out! We called store after store until two tubes were located . . . enough to get us through the weekend.

Perhaps you're interested in knowing about the weather. The weather reports kept



forecasting severe thundershowers, hourly. We had rain one night . . . and a few drizzles now and then. The major storms didn't drop much precipitation on the Clubside tract of land in the 5000 block. It rained all around us . . . but not on us . . . until 5:00 P.M. on

Sunday evening. Then, the heavens opened in a tremendous cloudburst to cleanse our site and just as we began to accept the fact that the rain was here to stay for a time . . . it stopped! Just like that and just as fast!

On Sunday, May 18, 1986 at 7:45 P.M., we "topped off" (ask a person in construction what that means) and opened the playground. Construction Supervisor Ernie Bayles addressed the waiting children and suggested that they turn around and thank their Mommies and Daddies for building the playground for them. Then, he counted down from 15 to 1 . . . and the children ran en masse onto the unit and went from section to section to section! It's really a bit difficult to describe the action and the emotion packed into that scene. It was one of those times when "you had to be there!"

I can't say enough about the Upper School students. Their strengths, their skill and their willingness to help left a warm impression with all of us. We were so delighted when a group of Upper School students stopped off to see the finished playground enroute to prom festivities a few weeks after construction.

I can't say enough about Ernie and Linda; they lovingly guided us through the five days of construction. They were constantly being asked question after question; they took the

questions and the questioners in their stride and handled us with understanding, assuredness and a far-reaching, confident wisdom. Many of us found it very difficult to say goodbye to them. In reality, they brought Bob Leathers' blueprints to life for us.

There are some other people we should talk about, as well. Lyndhurst Lumber — They "ripped" all our lumber for us at a 45 degree angle, as a favor; Lyndhurst Fire Department — They loaned us 2 spotlights for evening work; Park East Pharmacy (Robert Roth, Hawken father) — They gave us first aid supplies to have on hand; Walter Mueller Tire Co. and George Qua, Qua Buick, Inc. — tires; Richard A. Miller, C.E.I. and Robert Might, Viacom Cablevision — They provided special cable apparatus; Larry Stovicek of E.J. Stovicek Co. — Provided equipment and bent the stainless steel slides to specifications; Leonard Polster, Mason Structural Steel Co. — Provided the reinforcing rods for the railroad ties; Frank Finelli, Finelli Ornamental Iron Co. — Manufactured the brackets for holding the large beams; Gene Teague, Teague Gravel Co., Inc. — Provided the hauling of the gravel to the school; Hawken parent Joe Mahovic, Geo. Worthington Co. — Provided a substantial amount of small hardware items; Dr. Richard Pollack — Assisted in the procurement of steering wheels; Hawken father John Chiappetta, E. & W. Services Inc. — Polished the stainless steel mirrors before placement in the maze; and Headmaster Dr. Stenberg, E.J. Herbruck and the Mothers Committee, Hawken School Dietician Helen

Hochstetler and Lyndhurst Campus Maintenance Supervisor Mike Iorio, Hawken parent Ellen Williams, Lower School Receptionist Alice Zimmerman, Lower School Secretary/Switchboard Operator Jan Stoudnor and Kathy Burgess, Secretary to Joan Page — For always being there when we needed them!

The Future

Remember the old saying . . . "It's all over except for the shouting"? That's not quite true in the playground's case. Phase II was held two weeks following construction. A skeleton crew gathered to do finishing touch-ups, sanding, gravel raking and to build a walkway from the Phillips Dome to the playground. Each succeeding two months, the Committee will gather for maintenance inspections.

Come September, 1986, the playground, which is to become known as The Boyer Playground, will be officially dedicated.

A plaque will read:

Conceived and built by the students, faculty, and parents of Hawken. Funded by the donations of the Hawken Community; the support of Robert W. and Myriam Gresham; and the generosity of the Boyer Family in recognition of the enjoyment at Hawken of Robert J. Boyer '68 and the Trusteeship of Willis B. Boyer.



Ready...set...go! The playground is officially opened!

The Development Committee of the Board of Trustees named the project The Boyer Playground.

I'm sure you know by now that The Boyer Playground wasn't just built with nails, although nails were used. It wasn't just built with lumber, although lumber was used. The cohesive force, the binding force, wasn't Loctite or body filler or adhesive . . . it was love: pure, unadulterated love. It wasn't listed on the Final Materials List, but it could be found in abundance within the hearts of the hundreds of volunteer workers needed to make this project a success.

Much more will be written about this playground project in the months and years to come . . . once its total impact and peripheral ramifications are assessed.

One of the songs from the Broadway production of "Sunday in the Park With George," became my personal theme song for the construction of this beloved playground. The song says it all for me . . . "The art of making art . . . is putting it together . . . bit by bit . . . every moment makes a contribution, every little detail plays a part . . . everything depends on execution . . . putting it together . . . bit by bit . . . board by board . . . meal by meal . . . piece by piece . . . tire by tire . . . nail by nail . . . screw by screw . . . bolt by bolt . . . rod by rod . . . swing by swing . . . the art of making art . . . is putting it together . . . bit by bit . . ."

Studies of the Heart

by David Hellerstein '71

For better or worse, you could say that my interest in writing began at Hawken School. In September 1968, after graduating from Roxboro Junior High, I started 10th grade at Hawken, where two things happened rather quickly. One was that I suddenly became quite lonely—the long bus ride to and from Hawken isolated me from my Roxboro friends, and no matter how I tried, I never quite fit in with the large number of my Hawken classmates who had been together since the Lower School. And secondly, perhaps related, was that I became very interested in literature.

Mr. Kark's class on Romantic poets, Mr. Snavely on the Existentialists, Mr. Pickering on Shakespearean tragedy, Mr. Thomson on Rhetoric—and, I might add, Mrs. Johnson's French classes and Mr. Mulroy and Mr. Cramer's History classes—all of these seemed to open doors to language, to give hints of a larger world, to provide ways of expressing feelings or thoughts I'd never recognized before. (I'm not sure any of my teachers would have known this, however, judging from my usual dreamy inattentiveness). Not only did I begin to read voraciously on my own—all of Bellow one month, all of Gunter Grass the next—but I began to write. Fortunately, I was probably the worst writer in my class; in fact, after careful consideration, John Phillips, the editor of the literary magazine, rejected my application for membership. I say fortunately because the desire *not* to be the worst writer in the class was a strong motivation in keeping me at it through a decade of rejection slips.

I don't want to leave the impression that my years at Hawken were unadulterated misery and isolation, though. Far from it. From Buc-Buc games on the front lawn to shepherd's pie lunches at the White House; from wild parties at Rick Sahley's house on Fairmount Blvd. to the ducks Fred Mueller brought in for

Mr. Mulroy in apology for missed classes; from Wayman driving the bus with a cheek-full of chewing tobacco (opening the door every so often to spit) to Jerry Holtrey's rigorous training sessions in the Lower School pool; from swim meets where Murphy Reinschreiber broke one school record after another to the time a certain teacher's Volkswagen somehow ended up in the showers of the Athletic Building—the vast majority of my memories of Hawken are positive and comical and heartwarming all at once. Not to mention senior year, with debates over coeducation and the dress code, and 'burger-cruising' down Mayfield Road on weekend nights with Parker Orr, discussing Camus and Sartre and the merits of various Laurel girls. There was the serious side of the late '60's too: the horror of Vietnam, the police in Chicago, the demonstrations, the fear of being drafted, the many casualties from drugs and confusion—but that's another story, or perhaps, a novel.

"Studies of the Heart," from my collection *Battles of Life and Death*, is about my relationship with my father, who is a doctor, about becoming a doctor myself, and about growing up in Cleveland.

David Hellerstein '71



David Hellerstein '71 is a psychiatrist in New York City. His book, *Battles of Life and Death*, was recently published by Houghton Mifflin.

Just twenty minutes ago, I was lying in bed, nearly asleep, when I heard my father's footsteps coming up to the attic. I lay there, waiting to see if he was just going to pick up something from his desk. My room, where I moved last January, right after I turned eleven, used to be his study. He still has all his cardiology books here, and piles of medical journals and newspaper clippings, and a door laid across two metal cabinets, and an old wooden desk, and some big blocks of Lucite, with hearts, real *human* hearts, imbedded in them, and a dusty brown medical bag and a brass microscope, and dozens of rubber-banded loops of EKG tapes. Sometimes he comes upstairs late at night to work, and I wake up at two or three in the morning and see him sitting way at the other end of my room, hunched over, reading EKGs or writing on a yellow pad. When I wake up, sometimes he just says hello and tells me to go back to sleep; other times he comes over and sits on my bed and shows me the EKGs, and how you can tell a bundle-branch block from ventricular hypertrophy from an acute myocardial infarction. And sometimes he tells me stories about being in World War II, fighting the Nazis, liberating the concentration camps.

Tonight when he came up, he said, as always, "Are you awake?"

"No," I said. "I'm asleep and this is a dream."

"Such a joker," he said. "You want I should *potch* your *tuchis*?" He sat on the edge of my bed. "What are you doing tomorrow?"

"Nothing," I said. School is out, and camp doesn't start until next week.

"Would you like to come to the hospital?"

"What for?"

"To see a sick patient," he said. "There's an old Negro lady who used to be a maid. She had an acute myocardial infarction two months ago and now has congestive failure."

"And?"

"So she has an arrhythmia. She can't breathe. The Cardiology fellow called up. He doesn't know what to do."

"Give digitalis," I said.

"Very smart," he said. "Are you coming or not? If you're coming, get dressed."

So here I am at the hospital with him, on the Cardiac Unit, while everybody else is home asleep—Mom and Kathy and Jonny and Danny and Susie and little baby Beth and our dog Frisky.

"This is my eldest son," says my father to

Mrs. Stefanik, the nurse, a big, red-faced lady who is standing behind the polished wood counter of the nurses' station.

"Nice to meet you," says Mrs. Stefanik. "Are you going to be a famous doctor like your father?"

"Maybe," I say. "Or a baseball player."

Mrs. Stefanik laughs. She offers me a chocolate from a large box. I take one and chew slowly. My father is reading the chart.

Two young doctors in white coats and white pants come over and start talking to my father.

"Oh, hello," one of them says, looking at the white coat I'm wearing, its sleeves rolled up, hem dragging on the floor. "Are you going to be a famous doctor like your father?"

"Looks like he's already started," says the other one.

"He's considering a career in professional sports," my father says.

The two young doctors laugh for only a second, then continue talking in low voices about the patient.

"Have a seat," my father tells me. He leads me to a little alcove to the side the nurses' station. "Mrs. Stefanik, can you find something for my son to read?"

Mrs. Stefanik brings out some magazines and the box of chocolates, this time missing that I take two. My father and the two doctors walk down the hall, disappearing.

I wait. I read and read the magazines. I squirm in the chair. My mouth is dry and sweet from the candy. From where I am sitting I can see the ghostly shapes of some beds in the room across the hall, and what I imagine are lumpy blue bodies on them.

Mrs. Stefanik talks on the phone for a while, then goes down the hall and vanishes.

I wait. I am used to waiting, because when there are six kids you always have to wait your turn. But not at this hour of night. Usually when I come here with Dad, he takes me into the patient's room with him, and if it is a nice patient, who doesn't mind, he helps me up on the bed, and I hold the stethoscope to my ears and listen to the patient's heart sounds: *ka-thunk, ka-thunk, ka-thunk*, sometimes with a *thunk-thunk* thrown in if there's any arrhythmia: *ka-thunk, ka-thunk, thunk-thunk, ka-thunk, ka-thunk*. And the patient shakes my hand and asks if I'm going to be a famous doctor like my father, and isn't it good that I'm getting such an early start?

It is 2:07 in the morning. I have never been up so late at night, except once when Jonny and I stayed up all night to see when it gets light. I am so bored.

Finally Dad and the two young doctors come back. They talk in low voices for a moment, then the two young doctors shake my hand with their moist hands, and Dad says, "So? Time for home?"

We drop off the white coats in his laboratory, then run down six flights — elevators coddle the heart, Dad says — to the front entrance, where the big blue Plymouth is sitting, alone, in the doctors' lot.

At home, we make a snack of cold meatloaf sandwiches on rye with Durkee's sauce and American cheese and pour tall glasses of ice water, and cut a kosher pickle in slices. My father spreads out across the breakfast table, between us, the narrow long tape of an EKG.

A black line wavers along the gridded paper. It rises and falls, occasionally twitching up or down.

"Here it is," he says.

"What?" The pattern before me is confusing, new.

"Fresh off the EKG machine. A very sick patient. See, here the heart stopped —"

"It stopped?"

"For nearly a minute. And here it starts beating again, after we gave her a shot of . . ."

I look at my father in surprise. It's the woman we just saw.

"Is she going to live?" I ask.

"Tonight she almost died."

"But is she going to *live*?" I look for clues in the gridded tape.

"This may be her last night," he says.

I finish my sandwich, there in the yellow breakfast room, looking out the dark windows at the ghostly trunk of the apple tree outside, and beyond it, across the lawn, at the picket fence that separates our lawn from the Rineharts', and beyond that, at the dark bulk of what, in the daytime, must just be houses, walls, porches, garages, but which now seems to pulse with life.

"Bedtime," my father says.

I stand.

"Clean off your place," he says. "Don't leave a mess for your mother."



It is a beautiful Saturday morning, perfect for driving in the country — cool, still misty under the trees, and there aren't many cars out yet, just some pickup trucks full of pumpkins and corn and logs that whiz by us. We are in the white Corvair, heading east, past Richmond and Chagrin and County Line Road. My little brother Jonny and I are sitting in the front seat next to Dad and in the back seat are the metal boxes with his research equipment.

We suddenly swerve out across the yellow line, to pass a black carriage being pulled by a horse. My brother goes wild. "What's that? What's that?" he asks.

"It's just the Amish," I say.

We go up and down little hills. Jonny says he is carsick.

"Just take deep breaths," I advise. "Anyway, we're almost there."

We're in farm country now: corn, cows, barns, parachutes.

"I see one!"

"Where?" says Jonny.

"There!"

"Where? I don't see."

"It's red and white. See, it's falling down."

"Hold still," our father says. We turn onto a dirt road, bumping along it, then turn across the field, dodging a big hole filled with rocks and rusty metal, and drive like crazy, raising dust, to the very edge of the woods, where a dozen cars are parked around a big, old, green school bus.

"Where's the plane?" I say. I bump my chin on the dashboard, looking. I see the plane. I see the plane. I open the door, run out, looking in the air. A second, a third, a fourth parachute have appeared. The red and white parachute is coming down to the ground, a man hanging below. He angles down to the ground, does a quick somersault as he hits, and comes up on his feet, red and white nylon billowing around him.

"It's Will," my father announces. We run with him over to the parachute. Will, a tall, thin man, is wearing an orange jumpsuit. He balls up the parachute material in his arms to stop it from catching the wind. He is standing, I see as we approach, in the middle of a white circle, drawn with chalk. There is another, larger circle in which we are standing.

"They're coming down," says Jonny. He's scared.

"Dad, we have to move," I say.

Dad is talking to Will about the research study. Today he wants to go up in the plane. He needs blood samples in the air, before they jump, to measure how the heart gets ready.

The other parachutes swirl above up in the blue sky, one red and yellow, the other two green and white. They are swirling around, coming down on us. Dad yells at us to get over to the car.

We run to the side of the field, by the old school bus. Our father is still in the middle of the circle, with Will.

"He's going to get hit," Jonny says. But the wind has blown the parachutists to the edge of the field, over by the road.

"Look at that. That one almost got run over," I tell Jonny. Today I am in a mood to scare him. "If the wind blows the wrong way you can get killed," I say.

"No you can't," my brother says.

"Oh yeah?" I turn him around, and point out what is in the trees.

"That's nothing. That's just a kite."

"That's a parachute," I say. "See, it's red and blue. Last week the wind blew the wrong way and somebody came down right there."

"Was he all right?"

"No, he died. He was torn into little pieces."

We walk around the bus, over to where a big machine sits on the ground, throbbing.

"That's a generator," I tell Jonny. "It makes electricity."

"What do you make it out of?" Jonny asks. "Did he *really* die?"

The plane is coming down lower, low over the barn and farmhouse, so it looks as if it will crash into them. Then it glides down onto the field, bumping over the furrows, and finally comes to a stop near the chalk circles.

I reach into the back seat of the Corvair for one of the metal boxes.

"Sometimes the plane crashes, too," I say.

He's hanging on my every word, but I can tell he doesn't believe me. The metal box bangs against my side as we walk across the field toward the plane. The door on the side of the plane is open, and some men with parachutes on their backs are going inside. Our father is leaning on the wing.

"See that hole in the ground?" I say.

"Where?" says Jonny.

"Over there. You know what happened last week?"

"What?"

"One of the parachutes got caught in the propeller and the plane came crashing down on the ground."

"No it didn't," Jonny says, but there is a question in his voice.

"Sure it did." I hand my father the metal box. He takes out a stethoscope and blood pressure cuff and looks inside at the syringes and test tubes and bottles of alcohol and the cotton balls, to make sure everything is there.

"Watch out for your brother," he says. He gets into the plane.

"Okay," I say.

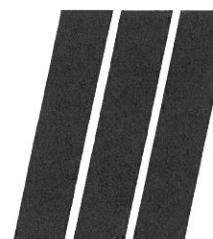
The men pull the door closed.

"It did not," he says.

We back away.

"Oh yeah?" I say. "Why else is there that hole in the ground?"

The plane takes off, bumping across the field. I hold my brother's hand. We wait for our father to come down.



Sometimes my father comes up to the attic and tells stories. He tells the story of how his mother's brother was kicked in the stomach by some hoods, criminals, in Poland, and how something burst inside and he died. He tells of Dillonvale, Ohio, where his mother and father settled after they left Poland, and where his father opened a store with his partner, Hellerstein and Finkelstein, Outfitters from Head to Foot. He tells what it was like when the coalminers went out on strike and scabs were sent down from Chicago, carrying guns. He tells about the swinging bridge over the creek, which he was afraid he'd fall off every time he crossed it. He tells about being the smallest boy in the class. He tells about his family moving to Cleveland during the Depression. He tells about medical school and joining the army, and the war. Those are the best stories, the war stories.

When my friend Ron comes over to spend the night, we always ask my father to tell war stories. He tells us how two of his jeep drivers were killed right next to him. He tells how he was wounded. He tells how he pulled men out of burning tanks. He tells how they liberated the concentration camps and found thousands of starving people. He tells how he was captured by the Russians outside Berlin, in the closing days of the war, and was mistaken for a German spy. Really? we say. Is that

really true? We lie awake late at night, talking about guns and tanks and bombers, and what we'd do if the Nazis came and tried to take us away.

And in the afternoons, when I get tired of reading, sitting in my orange reclining chair at the end of my room, near the window, I set down my *Superman* comic or *Tom Swift* book and begin looking through my father's things. In the closet are large, crackly bags full of old army clothes, green wool coats and khaki jackets with silver and gold bars still attached to their shoulders, and dusty old army boots, and three bayonets in sheaths, and a bulky white sheepskin coat, fleece turned in, which my father took from a German prisoner, and piles of German books, and a framed steel relief of a half-naked woman raising her arm before a crowd of soldiers, with a banner fluttering overhead that reads DEUTCHLAND UBER ALLES. My father broke off the woman's arm when he took the relief from a German house, and now the arm dangles from its shoulder by a chain. One day, looking in the back drawers of his wooden desk, I find a canvas bag inside which are letters, small trophies and medals, photographs — tiny photographs showing piles of starved, dead bodies at a concentration camp. Seeming oddly excited, I fit everything back into the bag and hide it in the drawer, swearing that my father's secrets will be safe with me.

I read and reread comics from the pile beside my chair. My hero is Superman. My father reads my comics, too, three or four at a time. He takes them downstairs and reads them at the breakfast table.

"I want to keep up with what you're reading," he says.

One night my father comes up to my room while I am sleeping.

"Are you awake?" he says.

"What?" I say drowsily.

"No lights," he says. I lie back. "Listen," he says. "This is no joke. The world is about to be destroyed."

"When?" I say at last.

"Tonight," he says. He tells me to listen carefully. I shouldn't be scared. He has a plan.

I sit up, leaning forward as he talks.

It's absurd, his plan, but as he tells it to me I find myself wanting to believe it, somehow hoping that it could just be true. What he says is that there is a rocket in the basement, which he has been building ever since he found out



that the world was going to be destroyed, a rocket that is just big enough for one person. What he wants me to do is to go downstairs with him. It's time for me to go.

I get out of bed, put on my slippers, and follow him down the creaky stairs to the second floor, where everyone is sleeping. We go from room to room, from Jonny to Danny to Kathy to Susie to Beth, and in each room I whisper goodbye. Then, excited, terrified, clinging to the banister in the darkness, I follow him downstairs to the first floor.

"Shh," he says.

We stand in the hallway, in the darkness, before the dimly glowing panels of the front door. He leads me into the living room and stops abruptly. There we wait, between the dim white outline of the couch and the back windows, which are half shrouded with curtains, and through which I can see the back yard, the apple tree, and beyond it, the rose trellises and the brick wall. All of this, I realize with a thrill, is about to be destroyed. I wonder what the rocket looks like, and how comfortable it will be, and how long I'll be in space before I land on a new planet, and what that wonderful new world will be like, and exactly what superpowers I'll have.

"Okay," my father says at last. "That's that."

"What?" I ask.

"It won't be tonight," he replies.

"What won't?"

"The world won't be destroyed after all."

"Oh," I say, disappointed beyond all words.

"What about the rocket?"

"Another time," he says. He begins walking out of the living room, toward the hallway. Eventually, I follow him back upstairs.

The first day of Cardiovascular Surgery rotation, I show up in the ICU at 5:00 A.M. The ICU is an enormous crevasse of linoleum and glass, sealed off from the rest of the hospital. The nurses' station is in the middle and patient rooms are on the perimeter, behind sliding glass doors. It's cold. It feels as if a wind is blowing constantly, starting from the floor and going up through the ceiling. Shivering, I sit in the nurses' station, drinking coffee, until the rest of the team shows up at 5:45.

Raklov, a thin, exhausted-looking man in rumpled greens and a white coat that looks like it's been slept in for weeks, is the chief resident. He introduces me to the interns and residents on the team, and we begin rounds.

We go through sliding doors into the chilly, windy patient rooms. The patients have tubes, connected to suction machines in the wall, coming out of their chests. Some are on respirators. A few have odd, sleek machines at the foot of their beds, machines that hump every few seconds. Intra-aortic balloon pumps, one of the interns tells me. The cold air is from a laminar flow exhaust system, such as you have in a chemistry lab.

We go off the unit to the ward, where the patients go when they are stable. We look at chest wounds, removing and replacing gauze pads, seeing how the long gash from the base of the neck to the solar plexus is healing, whether there is pain or swelling, whether suture material is showing through. The patients complain of pain, but they look happy, relieved, and they're up, sitting on the edge of their beds or taking a few steps in the hall.

Our team has two cases today, Raklov says.

We go into the locker room and change into greens, put on masks and caps and shoe covers, and push through into the surgery suite. We stand before scrub sinks, washing our hands and arms up above the elbows with plastic pads full of yellow soap. We scrub our hands with the soft bristles on one side of the pad, rinse our arms and turn off the water with foot pedals, and back in the operating room, water dripping off our arms. We dry our arms with sterile towels, and the nurses hold up gowns for us so we can slide into them, arms first, and they tie them around us, and they pull long plastic gloves over our hands.

We turn to the table. The patient is already out, and the anesthesiologist is securing the tube in his throat. Raklov motions to me to get out of the way so he and Berg, the intern, can put cloth drapes over the patient's body, keeping his chest and left leg exposed, and then unfold a paper drape with a "window" in it over his chest. The attending, Dr. Wharton, has come in and gowned up.

We stand at the table. The nurse adjusts a tray of instruments over the foot of the bed. Raklov stands over the patient's bare leg.

"Scalpel," says Dr. Wharton.

Wharton feels for landmarks on the chest. He begins to cut — a smooth slice opening up the skin from the V at the base of the neck to the tail of the xiphoid, the lower end of the sternum. Raklov blots away blood with gauze pads, and bovies one or two blood vessels that are still bleeding.

"Saw," says Dr. Wharton.

The nurse hands over something that looks

like a high-tech version of a Black and Decker tool. Dr. Wharton slides the tip of it under the upper edge of the patient's sternum and begins cutting downward, until he reaches the end of the incision. Then there is something for me to do: to hold the side of the chest back with a retractor, so Dr. Wharton and Dr. Raklov can go through the periosteum.

And there is the heart. Beating against the retractor, bulging up every second, red as a newborn baby's head, shrinking back down inside. Dr. Wharton lifts, clamps, slices, sticks a tube in an open vessel, sutures, cuts, tells Raklov to move in. Raklov holds, clamps, cuts, sutures, then holds a tube in his hand. I watch, thinking of the day my father called three years ago, after his heart surgery, how I was sitting in my dorm room that day and the phone rang and he said, Are you there? and I said yes and he said listen carefully, I'm in the hospital, I've had surgery, and then went on to describe in great, woozy detail — his voice fading every minute or two — how the pain had come on in his office, how he knew what it was and called the Surgery suite, and said to them, I have a patient to schedule for a coronary bypass, and they said who is the patient and he said, it is I; and how odd that seemed to me at the time, hearing about it a week afterward, and how I thought then, do I really want to be a doctor? And how there was an interruption and somebody said that was enough, and then he said he had to go, and that his chest hurt, not his heart, I was to understand, but the incision, which pain, though nonlethal, was nevertheless more than he could take. And how I thought suddenly, he wants me to be just like him, he wants to live his life over again through me, that's why he wants me to be a cardiologist and researcher. And how ashamed I felt for being absolutely furious at him, which I knew I just shouldn't be.

"Hold this," Raklov says, pushing in my direction a plastic tube that extends down through the aorta, into the heart. I reach for the tube, around Dr. Wharton's hand and Raklov's hand, and Raklov lets go of the tube, and then the tube is drifting upward, out of both our hands. We both grab for it; Raklov gets it first, and holds it before me.

"You got it?" he says.

"Got it," I say.

"Let me see that for a second," Dr. Wharton says. "Did I see an air bubble go in there?" He clamps the tube near the aorta and taps the side of it with a probe. "I should have told you to hold it down," he says.

We do two more bypasses that day, and two

more the next, then a valve replacement, and an experimental balloon dilation procedure. I find I really love cardiac surgery, and Dr. Wharton and Dr. Raklov let me do more of the cutting and suturing, and even some blunt dissection in the chest. I'm one of the best medical students they've ever had on the service, Berg says. I consider a career in surgery. Would I like it, getting up at five every morning, coming home at midnight, having the unequaled privilege of cutting the human heart?

One day, while we're on rounds, a middle-aged woman comes up to us, hysterical.

"I brought a whole man in here," she says.
"Now look what I have — half a man!"

She points at her husband, who is lying in bed; he had a stroke during the operation and is paralyzed on one side. That happens sometimes. One of the nurses has to go over to her and calm her down. We continue on rounds. It's not until that night, when I'm on my way out of the Med Center, that the thought strikes me that it might have been my fault. I go back along the long corridors to the ward and, backpack over my shoulder, lean over the chart rack, looking for the right chart, the chart of the half-man. I look around. Is anyone watching me, here at eight at night in the nurses' station?

Was it I? I leaf through the chart, looking at admission notes, medication records, vital signs. I get the order book off the cart by the elevator, just in case there was some mistake, and look to see whether it was I. It wasn't. The operation was done two days before I came on service. But all the way home, riding my bicycle on a path through eucalyptus trees, all I can think of is that tube wiggling free, and think, I did it, I did it, despite irrefutable evidence to the contrary.

VSo the other day my father calls. Actually, my mother calls and talks to me first and then yells for him to come down from the study and hands the phone to him because he was really the one who wanted to talk to me but she had to, I guess, warm me up. So we talk. What's going on here and what's going on there and about all the various brothers and sisters and what's going on with them, all the usual stuff, and what I'm doing next year, now that residency is finally almost over — twenty-fifth grade, we always joke. I tell him how I've been rushing all over the city interviewing for jobs, how I've finally decided to take a fellowship in Public Psychiatry, working with chronic patients. Does that lead anywhere? he says. And there's the inevitable question, as though nothing else counts, am I doing any research?

Yes, I say, and for the first time in my life it's true. I am doing research despite vigorous, intense, at times frenzied efforts to avoid it; yes, eventually, everybody here has to do research. And where will you live next year, he says. I tell him. We go through all the details. That's a lot of money, he says. This is New York, I say. It's a bargain. Here you could have a house and two acres and a swimming pool for that, he says. I'm sure you could, I say, but then you wouldn't be in New York, would you? And what are *your* plans? I say. Oh, he says, in the same tone that day when he called after his heart surgery, I really don't know. You don't, I say. What are the possibilities? And he talks about the possibilities and for a few moments it's as though I'm the father and he's the son and in some peculiar way he wants me to give him advice the same way he always wants me to want him to give me advice, which I always pretend to do but end up feeling angry about afterward because I don't feel listened to, but then I realize I'm not listening, either, so I listen. When he's seventy he will have to give up his laboratory, he says. I guess that will be hard, I say. Yes, he says. He could go to another hospital, he says, or he could go into practice for a lot of money, or he could just go down to Florida and lie in the sun. That doesn't sound like you, I say. No it doesn't, does it, he says, but I have to give up the laboratory, and for a moment it's as though he's ten years old. And then my wife, who has been watching TV, gets up and says, Hey, if we're going swimming we have to leave now; the pool closes in forty-five minutes. So I say, Hey, Dad, I have to go in a . . . And he says, I don't want to keep you. Click.

And before I know it he's gone.

