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## The Finals Issue



## Winter 2009

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# A Frosty Review

By Brian C. Nachbar

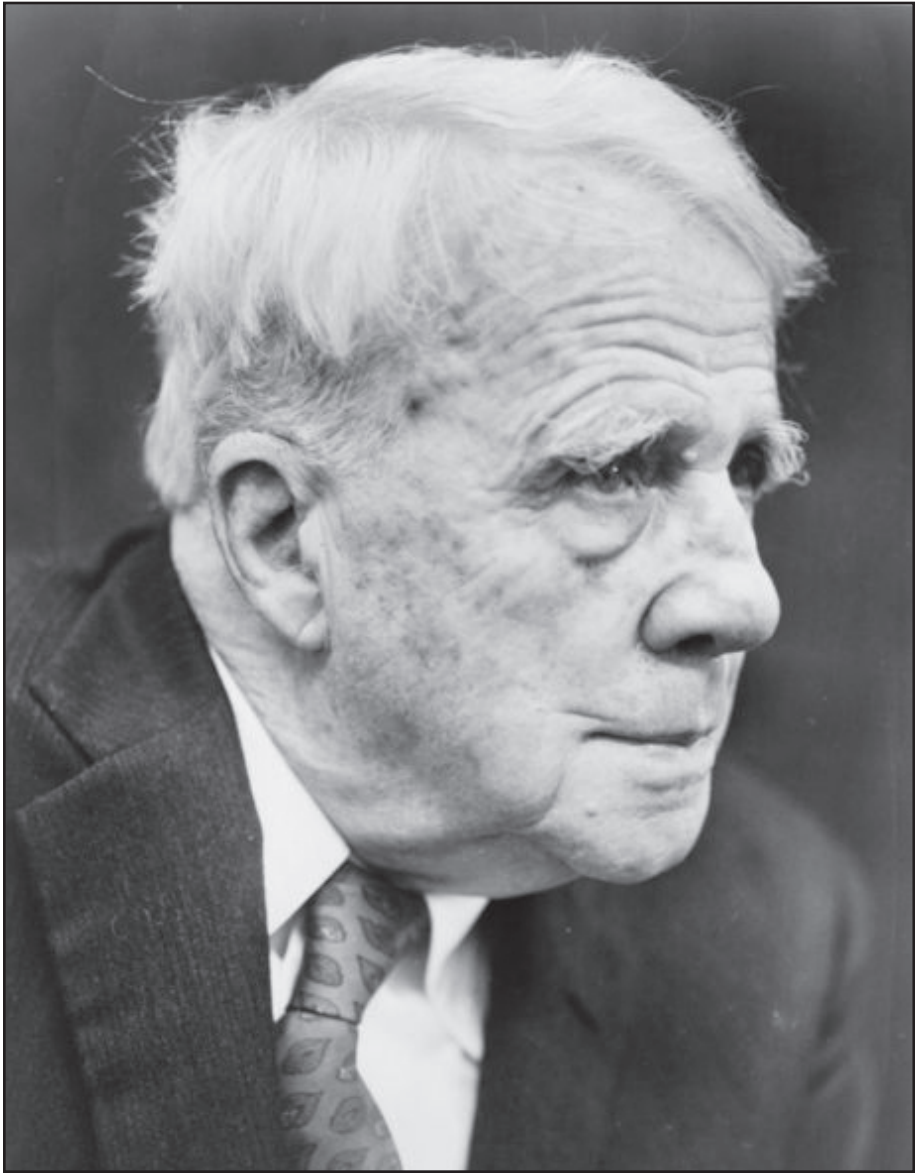
Most people, upon hearing the name of Robert Frost, see a man taking the less-travelled road in a forest as it fills up with snow. However, there is much more to the man and his poetry. In the recent book *Robert Frost: The Poet as Philosopher*, Peter Stanlis explores the various statements inherent in Frost's work, revealing the poet's insights on everything from evolution to education to the New Deal.

## Book Review

ROBERT FROST: THE POET AS  
PHILOSOPHER

Peter J. Stanlis  
ISI, 2007

Stanlis's main thesis is that the key to Frost's philosophy is his dualism. This includes the usual definition of the term, the belief that mind and matter are inherently different. However, Frost's dualism encompasses the broader view that the universe is generally composed of "things in pairs ordained to everlasting opposition," in the poet's own words.



—At Dartmouth, Frost was a member of Theta Delt. Sweet.—

In addition to mind and matter, these pairings include science and religion, good and evil, justice and mercy, comedy and tragedy, and countless other dualities. This philosophy stands in contrast to both idealistic and materialist monism. Stanlis also opposes Frost's dualism to that of Descartes, which the author claims is truly monistic in its belief that every aspect of reality is subject to mathematical reasoning. Dualism alone does not entirely determine Frost's philosophy in every area, but Stanlis shows its influence on the various branches of the poet's thought.

As Stanlis demonstrates, Frost's dualism tends to lead to a Burkean worldview. Whereas monistic assumptions often lead to comprehensive theories that purport to resolve all problems in the world, Frost's dualism accepts the impossibility of creating such a system. By acknowledging forces on both sides, his philosophy led him to seek a middle path. For example, Frost considered individual liberty and social

responsibility a dualistic pair. While he generally favored the former idea, he also acknowledged the validity of the latter. He thus sought a political balance rather than demanding either total laissez-faire or socialistic collectivism.

Frost's dualism also led him to oppose one-world government and to prefer smaller units of government. This made him a nationalist, skeptical first of the League of Nations and then of the United Nations. It also led him to favor greater rights for state and local government. For this reason, he opposed the New Deal and its expansion of federal power. The poet's opposition to grand philosophical systems extended beyond politics, however. For this reason, some commentators have criticized Frost for being a "spiritual drifter." However, as Stanlis demonstrates, Frost had complex and well-defined philosophical beliefs, just not a system.

One of the dualistic pairs perceived by Robert Frost was that of God and man. Although he did not belong to any church, he made it clear on many occasions that he had faith in God. He called himself an "Old Testament Christian" and maintained a long friendship with the Rabbi Victor Reichert. His *A Masque of Reason* is a revisitation in verse of the Book of Job which, despite much irreverent humor, reaches the same general conclusion as the original.

The masque expresses Frost's view that in some areas, man must simply accept unreason, a notion found elsewhere in the poet's philosophy. Frost's sympathy for the Old Testament did not prevent him from appreciating the story of Christ. Indeed, the Incarnation of God in flesh, celebrated in his poem "Kitty Hawk," was central to his dualistic philosophy. It also served him as a metaphor for human creativity, which he saw as a similar infusion of matter with spirit.

Frost also expressed a strong affinity for Puritanism, in which term he included far more than his New England forbearers. Frost used the term to refer to any philosophy of self-restraint and identified Puritan trends in Judaism, Catholicism, and even in Greek and Roman paganism. However, Frost again avoided extremes; his respect for Puritanism never led him to advocate asceticism. In his belief in God, Frost clearly rejected materialist monism. However, in keeping with his dualism, he also believed that bodily life on earth had some significance.

A large part of the book deals with Frost's view of the theory of evolution. The poet readily accepted Darwin's theory, perceiving in it no threat to his Christianity. He concluded that though evolution seemed to show that God did not make man out of mud, it merely meant that He made man out of "prepared mud." However, he took strong exception to those of the theory's proponents whom he felt extended its implications too

far. He believed that though natural selection produced man physically, it did not create his mind or his spirit.

He retained a belief that God designed man, not because he perceived scientific evidence to that effect, but because he believed that scientific evidence had no bearing on religious matters. He emphatically rejected Herbert Spencer's Social Darwinism.

Frost also disagreed with thinkers such as T. H. Huxley who interpreted evolution as proving that the world was in constant progress toward a utopian state. Frost's attitude toward Darwinism is a microcosm of his view of science in general: he admired science in the study of matter, but he maintained that there were some areas, such as religion, art, and ethics, where the scientific method could not succeed. He had no patience for thinkers who concluded that these areas, because immune to scientific penetration, were meaningless. Frost's dualistic philosophy acknowledged the existence of both a realm of science and a realm beyond science.

Frost's various stints in teaching and professorship gave him ample chance to develop a philosophy of education.

He firmly believed in a liberal arts education including the classics and the humanities, although not to the exclusion of the natural sciences. This advocacy of broad education fit with his dualism in seeking a balance among the fields of study. He opposed progressive education, believing that its attempt to apply the scientific method to teaching represented an overextension of science.

*Robert Frost: The Poet as Philosopher* is a good book poorly edited. It contains a great deal of valuable insight into the poetry of Robert Frost. However, both the clarity of its ideas and the enjoyability of reading it are severely reduced by the poor placement of many passages and the ill-advised inclusion of many others.

He also was involved in a conflict with President Alexander Meiklejohn of Amherst College while serving as a professor there from 1917 to 1920. Frost accused Meiklejohn of replacing useful education with liberal indoctrination, and eventually resigned over the disagreement. However, Frost was not entirely a traditionalist regarding education. He believed in "education by presence," a method of which the educator's interaction with students was the least important part. Of the interaction that occurred, informal conversation would accomplish more than formal lectures.

Unfortunately, Stanlis does not explain this highly original approach in detail. Frost also emphasized the provision of knowledge to self-motivated students, although he would be willing to force the education of others. As the poet wittily put it, "Those who will, may... Those who won't, must." Frost's philosophy of education is not as deeply connected with dualism as other areas of his thought, but it is developed enough to justify exploring.

Stanlis is at his best when he stays close to his subject. His citations of Frost's poems consistently provide effective support for his positions, and his interpretation of the poet's philosophy are interesting and convincing. However, Stanlis frequently digresses, often to offer his own defenses of dualism, which are typically inferior to Frost's. One egregious case occurs in the chapter "Frost, Einstein's Relativity, and the Open-Ended Universe."

After convincingly documenting Frost's admiration of Einstein's belief that creativity and aesthetics have a place in science, Stanlis attempts to pull Einstein further from the scientific-monist camp. He argues that by abandoning Descartes's system of geometric coordinates (in favor of another system of geometric coordinates), the physicist abandoned Descartes's empirical-rational theory of knowledge. In more than one other passage, he follows the sound observation that totalitarian ideologies have all been monistic with an implication that all monism leads to totalitarian ideology.

Frost's various stints in teaching and professorship gave him ample chance to develop a philosophy of education. He firmly believed in a liberal arts education including the classics and the humanities, although not to the exclusion of the natural sciences.

Elsewhere, Stanlis extends an example of a philosophy opposed to Frost's into an inordinately long polemic against T. H. Huxley. Other passages, though better reasoned, are poorly placed and irrelevant to their immediate context. These digressions are especially regrettable as they often interrupt his more legitimate arguments. His tangents are placed inconveniently between a question and its answer. This dissolution of content is the book's chief failure.

*Robert Frost: The Poet as Philosopher* is a good book poorly edited. It contains a great deal of valuable insight into the poetry of Robert Frost. However, both the clarity of its ideas and the enjoyability of reading it are severely reduced by the poor placement of many passages and the ill-advised inclusion of many others.

Still, Stanlis provides a portrait of Frost's philosophy which is well supported by his poetry, a broad overview successfully unified by the theme of dualism, and that is an achievement. ■

Mr. Nachbar is a freshman at the College and is a contributor to The Dartmouth Review.

# The Dartmouth Review

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—Theodore Roosevelt

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*Who threw out my muffin?*

*The cover image is courtesy of the Dartmouth Library*

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# Editorial

## Civilize, Don’t Patronize

When Eleazar Wheelock founded Dartmouth College in 1769, he intended the College on the Hill to civilize, instruct, and educate the Native American population in the surrounding area. Though founded with this civilizing mission in mind, Wheelock’s liberal arts College has—remarkably—all but forgotten that mission today, something that can be seen both within the confines of the classroom, and outside of the classroom, in the basement of fraternities.

A former Dartmouth professor of Philosophy, Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy, said that the goal of a liberal arts education is to produce *a citizen*. According to another former Dartmouth professor of English—who was fortunate enough to be a student of Professor Rosenstock-Huessy’s—Jeffrey Hart, Professor Rosenstock-Huessy thought “that a citizen is a person who, if need be, can re-create his civilization.”

By this, he meant that the liberal arts student, if successfully educated, can re-create the narrative theme of his civilization, from the important thoughts that have shaped it, to the religious and political controversies that it withstood, to its creative development. For those (all) of us living in the west, the civilization we owe our foremost attention to is, naturally, Western Civilization.

Professor Hart, a long time mentor and friend of this paper, says that:

That kind of knowledge is the goal of a liberal education, the knowledge of the great narrative and other possible narratives, and the ability to locate new things in relation to the overall design, and the ability to locate other civilizations and other cultures in relation to it.

In a democracy such as ours the goal must be to have as many people as possible grasp their civilization this way, because they participate in the governing function either directly or indirectly and because they help to create the moral and cultural tone of the social environment we all share.

For any college graduate a liberal arts education is a necessary condition of full participation in the political process, a true marker of civility. The civilizing mission, therefore, should be the bedrock of any liberal arts school and Dartmouth foremost amongst them. Eleazar Wheelock understood that. The question is: does Dartmouth’s current leadership understand that? Are they even aware of it?

To be clear, just because Dartmouth claims to be a liberal arts institution does not make it so. Dartmouth does little if anything to make it easy for a student to pursue a liberal arts education; certainly nothing compared to its peer institutions, like Columbia and University of Chicago, which have rigorous and structured core curriculums.

Yet, the requisite classes for a core curriculum exist here at Dartmouth, if a motivated student chooses to carve a liberal arts education out of them, what might be called “the path not taken.” There even exists a program—the underpublicized Daniel Webster Program—which was created to help Dartmouth students receive a more traditional, classical education.

Those classes explore the central creative tension that has defined the West—what philosopher Leo Strauss called the Athens-Jerusalem paradigm, each representing the two axial points of intellectual experience in the human mind and soul.

Athens stands in as the apotheosis of science, philosophy and reason; Jerusalem embodies holiness, sanctity, transcendence, and scripture. Throughout the creative and philosophy history of the West, the two have been in dialogue, with the West never choosing “either-or, but both-and,” as Professor Hart explains.

In classes on the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, *Aeneid*, *King James Bible*, *Divine Comedy*, Socrates, Aristotle, Christ, Shakespeare—students can see the great conversation between Athens and Jerusalem play itself out, sometimes with respective philosophers and writers holding closer to one pole than the other.

Then, students themselves become part of that conversation, which is heard only dimly and scarcely remembered by our nation’s most intelligent ladies and gentlemen in this day and age.

This loss is not only an academic catastrophe, but a cultural one as well. In a column he wrote for these pages, Professor Hart notes that the Western Canon teaches not only intellectual civility, but human civility as well.

The story of western civilization, while certainly a conversation between Athens and Jerusalem, is also a narrative about the heroic ideal. From Achilles, to Aeneas, to Christ, to Hamlet, to Gatsby, there has always been a strong western sense of what it is to be a hero—a man, even a gentleman.

That paradigm has come undone in our culture conversation,

and we can see its dissolution on our own campus. With the College’s aggrandizement of political fashion over the civil and decent, our culture today teaches men to act like boys, rather than to act like gentlemen—witness the antics of Webster Avenue fraternities.

In some cases, there is the strange trend of straight men acting like women—witness the “metrosexual” phenomenon among the “alternative” crowd.

All the while, women here are encouraged to act more like men by divorcing meaning from sex—witness the “random hook up” culture.

The question of what it is to be a heroic human being, endowed with dignity, whose acts are reaching for some higher, transcendent end, has become confused, muddled, even meaningless.

Having forgotten the tradition from which they emerged, that begot them, men and women do not know nor do they have a model for what it means to live heroically, to lead the good and virtuous life. As a result, human beings living in a democracy—which has the tendency to level all achievement and talent into mediocrity—will level themselves down rather than rise-up.

Professor Hart refers to this *culture catastrophe* as an “epistemological egalitarianism that assumes one opinion is as good as another, one book or proffered work of ‘art’ as good as another, one idea as good as another, one ‘lifestyle’ as good as another. Not surprisingly, we have seen growing incoherence in the university curriculum...and a loss of seriousness.”

As we lower our educational standards, we lower our human standards as well. We either excuse our own academic disinterest in tradition by citing (incorrectly) the irrelevance of “dead white men;” or we delude ourselves with a lie: that the fading sense of human dignity is not somehow related to the fading sense of what it means to be human, something we learn from the great texts of Western Civilization.

And while we indulge the excesses of the random hook-up culture—and all that it implies about our culture at large—by claiming “boys will be boys,” or, I suppose, girls will be (or least, act like) boys, we forget that once upon a time, boys strived to be men—and gentlemen, at that; and women once sought to transcend their social-sexual appeal.

Education used to teach us these serious things—things that now seem dated, like how to be better than what you are now. But until a liberal arts college like ours returns to its liberal arts roots, the continuing creative work of the human intellect, which hit the ground running over 3,000 years ago, will wax and wane, devolving into a trivial materialism that defines much of our culture today. ■



**By**  
**Emily**  
**Esfahani-**  
**Smith**

# TDR Exclusive Interview: Dartmouth’s

By Michael R. DiBenedetto

**The Dartmouth Review:** Can you tell us a little about the illustrious history of Dartmouth Rugby?

**Magleby:** Rugby itself was originally played on the Dartmouth campus, as far as the records show, in 1877. There was a campus-wide Olympics then and one of the events was Rugby. There was a blue team and a red team and there basically was a campus-wide rugby match on the Green.

The Dartmouth Rugby Football Association had its first game in 1881 when it played Amherst. That’s all part of football history now because as the 1880s progressed, you started to lose the mauling into the try zone; you started to flatten out the scrum, and it became a scrimmage line; and you started to go from fifteen guys on the field to eleven. There was a slow transition from rugby standards to football standards.

The way it used to work with rugby is if Harvard came up to Dartmouth to play rugby, we played by Dartmouth’s rules, and if we went up to McGill, we played by McGill’s rules. There wasn’t a lot of standardization; everyone had their own rules and those were what you played with. Then with Walter Campbell you started to have standardization and football.

Later on, in Teddy Roosevelt’s time, on many campuses—but not Dartmouth’s—campus officials outlawed football in favor of rugby. From then on, many college rugby teams improved significantly: take Stanford’s great team, for instance. At Dartmouth, rugby died down during the first and second World Wars, along with many other recreational activities. The Green became a military training zone, instead of a battlefield for sports like rugby.

After the wars, there were tourist groups that tried to create Spring break rugby tournaments like those that exist now in places like Cancun and Bermuda. Bermuda, for instance, started a rugby tournament because of the island’s British heritage. A lot of the Dartmouth players thought the rugby tournament was a cheap way to get to Bermuda, so they created a rugby team, and it became a touring team.

The guys went to Bermuda and played in the tournament and we have had a rugby club ever since.

Dartmouth rugby really started to pick up energy with the team that went to England in 1951; they were the first American rugby team to do that. Then in 1962, we were the first side to go to Ireland, where we played Trinity college, and we’ve played them six times since then. So you can see, a lot of great traditions started back in the fifties and sixties.

**TDR:** How did you first get involved in rugby and in Indian rugby?

**Magleby:** My high school, Highland High School in Salt Lake City, had a rugby team and I knew about it because all of my older brothers played on the team. It’s kind of a legendary team. The team was established in 1975 and in 1985, U.S.A. Rugby started a national championship for high school teams. My high school won it every year when I was growing up. The guys on the team were mostly cut from the same athletic cloth: the guys mostly played football in the fall, would do another sport in the winter, and then turn to rugby during the spring season. Like me, I would play football in the fall, in the winter I was busy with ski season—while some other guys would wrestle or play basketball—then in the spring it was rugby. That was my indoctrination into rugby, and it was a very intense one. Our coaches followed the New Zealand model of rugby, which is a very serious one that focuses on fitness and team culture so you do the basics right to be exceptionally fit, while also maintaining a good team culture.

Then when I came to Dartmouth, the school had a great rugby program here. When I applied, I wasn’t thinking rugby. I thought maybe I would play division three football. I also had the idea that I would just get involved with some other sport. In fact, my first two weeks at Dartmouth, I rowed with the crew team because crew was something I didn’t get exposed to growing up in Utah. While I was rowing, though, I was playing rugby too. So that was my first exposure: I went out for the team during my freshman orientation. And as you know, there are some great guys associated with rugby, especially with Dartmouth rugby. They’re intelligent and sociable. A great group of guys to get to know. That’s probably how I fell in love with Dartmouth rugby initially.

**TDR:** How did you enjoy your experience at Dartmouth? How did it lead to your captainship of the U.S. Eagles sevens team?

**Magleby:** Like in anything, there were ups and downs. I play during a time in my life where, at certain times, I was extremely fired up about rugby. In fact, freshman winter, a couple of us on the team did the strength and conditioning program with the football team. Sophomore year, there were obviously some other time commitments I had socially, but I was still a part of the starting squad, or first XV.

Freshman year, we were a top five team in the country; sophomore year, we were top eight. So the rugby wasn’t just rugby, it was quality rugby with a great group of guys. Junior year was much of the same. Wayne Young was our head coach throughout; we had assistant coaches from every part of the world to bring in a different flavor, a different thought, which was always very important. But Wayne was always the core and the anchor of all the coaching. He was great for my development as a player.

My senior year, we had a very talented team: we beat Army in the fall, and then took down a bunch of other high quality teams. My father actually passed away that fall, so I was gone a couple of weeks. Also, a couple of the other guys were gone taking the LSATs, so we lost a couple of close games during that period and that put us out of the

playoffs.

For our spring trip, we decided to go to California for a rugby tournament. We took a smaller group than we usually do, so about twenty-five guys came along. We played in what used to be called the Cal Invitational. We played Arizona on day one; Arizona was a sweet-sixteen team that year. There were a couple of guys on that team that played nationally and professionally. They were a good team and we beat them in the semifinals. Then we played Cal in the finals. Of course at the time Jack Clark was the general manager of the U.S. national team, Tommy Smith was the coach of the U.S. sevens team and they were both there at the tournament. I think Coach Clark was also the coach of the fifteens team at the time.

I had worked hard all winter and the fall before rugby was important to me and I was probably one of the fitter guys on the field. I was able to do some things in that tournament and get exposed to those coaches, which helped me later on down the line.

After the Cal Invitational, we went on to win Ivies in the spring by beating Princeton, another sweet-sixteen team that year.

A couple of weeks later, I’m in the middle of Green Key weekend, having a good time, and I get a call from Tommy Smith, the U.S. sevens team coach saying: “Can you be in New York by tomorrow night, you are going to Paris.” And there I was, a week after Green Key, in the Paris sevens tournament playing in front of 30,000 people. That is where my international career started.

**TDR:** What are your most memorable experiences playing for the National sevens team and eventually being the captain of the national team?

**Magleby:** There are countless experiences that I draw on all the time, both looking back from the enjoyment point of view and looking back from the learning experience point of view. I think getting your first cap is pretty special. A cap in rugby is for your first international test match—after that game, you get a physical cap signifying it.

I got my first cap right after I graduated from Dartmouth in the spring. That following fall, the national team and I went to Wales and Scotland. I played against Wales in the Millennium Stadium, which is a legendary stadium. The Welsh are fantastic: they sing Bread of Heaven and their old folk songs while the game is going on. The town just goes crazy. It’s one of the few places where rugby is king—that’s true of New Zealand too, and you could argue South Africa. They love their rugby.

It was a great experience getting on the field and playing with those guys. And it was my first cap. And of course in the sevens circuit, you travel the world, you see lots of places, and there are some world class tournaments. The Hong Kong tournament is a three-day carnival. I can really remember the experience of grinding out those tournaments because you have to play for fourteen minutes then rest for three hours then play for fourteen minutes. That lasts for three days. You learn to appreciate what a professional golfer does at this kind of tournament because emotionally you

*Mr. DiBenedetto is a junior at the College and Sports Editor of The Dartmouth Review.*



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# Rugby Coach Alexander Magleby

have to control yourself and go through that rollercoaster of three or four days of intense competition—but it’s an unbelievable experience. It’s something you can look back on with great enjoyment, both for the sport, but also for the friends you meet internationally through rugby, as everyone does who is involved with the sport.

Going out in a sevens world cup and being captain of your country is a tremendous reward but as we always say: the reward is in doing the service well. So it’s not just making the national team that’s rewarding, but it’s all about working hard after you get the jersey. That’s true of playing here at Dartmouth too. When you get on the team it’s fantastic and you work hard for it, but when you get the first XV call up, you have to devote yourself to doing service to the number, to the jersey, and to the team.

**TDR:** Since the fall of 2001, when you started coaching, how has Dartmouth rugby changed?

**Magleby:** That’s an interesting question. I think you have to look back at our entire history—you know, go back and look at how we played in the fifties and the sixties, how teams were playing skillfully then, how teams were winning Eastern Championships, how teams were winning Ivy League championships, how teams were travelling overseas and winning games. It’s a legacy of success.

But also, when you look back and you go through all the journals and records, what you see is the camaraderie and the energy that the club had and still has. Certainly the club has always been held together by good leadership, good leadership being student involvement and initiative in making this thing work. In addition to the rugby itself, the club is about giving students management experience, testing them when they are under the pressure of managing other people both on the field and off the field. They have to manage budgets and raise money too. Student leadership has been a huge part of the rugby tradition at Dartmouth.

So you look at a couple of fundamentals—the team’s successes and student leadership—and you see that those fundamentals have always been with the team. The fundamentals remain the same and our duty as a team today is to carry those through into the future and make ourselves the most competitive team possible. You also have to enjoy doing all of this or there is no point in doing it.

As a coach, I need to make sure that while we are doing all the things I just mentioned, that the team is also learning skills that transfer to other parts of the guys’ lives.

Ninety-nine percent of the guys here are going to go off to illustrious careers in business, education, law and medicine and how they deal with other people in pressure situations is going vital to be what they do. So the more often we can put guys in those situations the better off we are. That’s what we have always been about. How we go about learning those skills and changing those processes has changed a bit but the fundamentals are the same and that’s a great part of the legacy of Dartmouth rugby.

**TDR:** How do you think college rugby has changed in the last ten to fifteen years? We have seen a lot of expansion of college rugby from fifteen coach-less men huddled around a post-game keg to an organized league where scholarships, professionalization and varsity status have become the order of the day. How do you think it has played out, at least in your experience?

**Magleby:** That’s a great question because you need to look at the picture of rugby internationally to understand all those changes. Rugby has prided itself on its amateurism for a long time, just like cricket has. Rugby only became officially professional—meaning that players were being paid over the table with contracts as opposed to under the table—in 1995. Think about that.

In the United States, we have had professional leagues for years, which is not the case in many other countries. Rugby has had to go from being a very amateur sport internationally to being like the NFL in most countries.

A lot of learning had to happen in that process. A similar process is currently going on in the United States. To the last generation of rugby players in the United States, it was a different game where the team captain was the coach, acting more like a manager and only occasionally helping with some technique. That was the game. There were some great things that happened because of that.

You see, for the generation before ours, rugby was seen as anti-establishment in that they wanted to preserve the amateurism of the game. That theme carried itself through the eighties a bit, but some teams figured out that the sport itself was fantastic. They realized that it is a good sport, it is competitive and it is fun; and given that fifteen guys with different body shapes can play this game, it is also extremely inclusive.



—Coach Magleby was captain of the U.S Eagles seven team—

The rugby generation before ours was still trying to find its niche but later, rugby needed to promote its widespread appeal since it had to sell itself. It was like many sports in that it was about camaraderie but it falsely marketed itself as, “we are the beer drinking sport” as opposed to “we are a sport and people do what they do.” Rugby guys probably drink as much as “football guys” and “lacrosse women” or whatever the case may be. The rugby guys weren’t very different off the field as they were on the field, but at that time they didn’t want to be seen in that way. The game itself, since it went professional, suddenly became more popular in high schools and colleges.

Good high school players now go to college to play rugby and parents are finding that rugby is a sport where kids tuck in their shirts and say yes ma’am or yes sir to the referee. It’s clean, the fans cheer for both sides, and after the game everyone shakes hands. Thirty people of varying athletic builds play. These factors have made the sport very popular. So nationally, you see a growth in rugby of 25 percent per year at the youth levels because it’s a great sport to play. It’s so much safer than football. Studies have been finding out that rugby is safer than hockey too because rugby is a contact sport where tackling is more like judo tackling, rather than the collisions of hockey or the tackling of football.

So the growth of the sport has dramatically increased and anytime you have growth you see things become more professional. Scholarships become available, kids start playing at a young age, going to rugby camps, and so on. It becomes a bit of an arms race in certain areas, but the sport itself has benefited from that and certainly over the

last few years that professionalization has been a change.

**TDR:** What are your thoughts on the season this year and where the team is now and how it’s doing going into nationals? Where will the team stand to finish out the season?

**Magleby:** We started out this fall season having graduated twenty-two seniors last spring. They made up a huge swath of guys in the first XV and a couple in the second XV. Where we are fortunate is we had some skill possessions in the lower years that came back. And there was a great group of guys who perhaps were in reserves last year but picked up their fitness over the summer and came into the fall not starting over but kind of leaving off where we had them last year.

From that perspective, I think we have probably built on last year’s group both in accountability, ownership by the players, and team culture. We also had some key freshmen who were keen rugby players. The team as a whole worked exceptionally hard in preparation for the fall. Then throughout preseason, they guys really did improve week by week, which is the goal of any team.

In the fall, I think we had a group that really prided themselves on their defense and their territory game, and their set-piece game, which Dartmouth is not historically that strong on. We are usually known as a running and rucking team, but suddenly you have this strong set-piece coupled with a strong defense. This got us through the fall successfully.

But the competition steps up dramatically from where we left off in November to where we are going for nationals in the spring. Obviously, the stakes are higher too. But I am confident in this group because they have been working hard all winter and they have been enjoying that experience. There are eleven first XV matches going from mid-March to the end of April. That is going to be an impressive and difficult road, but knowing our guys, they are going to start well and get better every game. Those are the things that we can control and that’s going to be an exciting journey.

**TDR:** Where do you see Dartmouth rugby heading in the future? Do you think that it will take the path of the West Coast teams, like Berkeley or BYU, schools that are seeking varsity status and trying to grab the best talent, or do you see it as still a bunch of guys coming out to the team on their first day of college, and playing rugby the rest of their lives?

**Magleby:** To understand the answer to that question, you have to look back from where we have come. And it comes back to that question that we talked about, about sticking to our core principles. Every alum who gives money back to the club is giving back to an organization that puts itself in a position to be competitive and puts guys in situations where they are going to enjoy the rugby process. There is a mechanism for the students to learn how to manage people both on and off the field. I think those are our key principles. As long as we can stick with those core ideas, we are on the right track.

So whether we are varsity—that is a designation we don’t control—is not something we really need to worry about because that is something that other guys can put on us. Our guys work exceptionally hard. Ninety percent of our guys pick up the sport when they are here. We start with the basics and we pride ourselves on being good at those basics like getting guys up to speed with rugby, teaching them to have good rugby minds, and pushing them to be savvy athletes. We don’t want guys who are just book-smart, but we want guys who will be students of the game. And we have guys like that: they understand the game on a fundamental level.

The results come from those basics. We don’t sit down every year and say we are going to win the national championship or we are going to win the Ivy Championship. Our concern is to be the best team that this group of guys can be this year. If we keep focusing on that, it’s going to be a great situation for everyone involved and that’s our goal.

**TDR:** Thank you, Coach, and good luck this spring. ■

# The Fall and Rise of Dartmouth Frats

*Editor’s Note: This article originally appeared in the Green Key 2008 issue of The Review. Given the theme of this issue’s editorial—civility—we reproduce Professor Hart’s column on fraternities and related matters below.*

I can’t prove it with statistics, but I’m sure that President James Wright’s Student Life Initiative angered and alienated many alumni.

“What, Wright is attacking the fraternities! Who is this guy? He’s attacking Dartmouth itself.”

And, of course, Dartmouth must have been embarrassed by the 1978 movie *Animal House*, a high grossing-



By  
**Jeffrey  
Hart**

profit comedy. Based on stories in the *National Lampoon* by Chris Miller who entered Dartmouth in 1959, the “animal house” was Miller’s Dartmouth fraternity Alpha Delta Phi. The comical slob “Bluto” became a national symbol of the fraternity bum, the Dartmouth fraternity slob. This face is featured on posters and tee-shirts in the Dartmouth Co-op. Has Bluto replaced the Indian symbol?

To be sure, the *Animal House* movie is a comedy. But Chris Miller’s recent book *The Real Animal House* (2004) makes it obvious that the comedy was based on actual life, and much in this book is as funny as the movie. We will return to that book in a moment. And now remember that date, 1959, when Miller arrived at Dartmouth.

My father was in the class of 1921 at Dartmouth, and his fraternity, Sigma Nu, remained important to him throughout his life. He wore a silver Sigma Nu ring and a Sigma Nu plaque hung on our wall. I gather that the fraternity then was a place where the members sang around the piano, drank even though it was Prohibition, and of course had a good time.

In his essay “Woodrow Wilson at Princeton,” Edmund Wilson recalls the Princeton clubs along Prospect Street as having “that peculiar idyllic quality which is one of the endearing features of Princeton.

It is difficult to describe this quality in any very concrete way, but it has something to do with the view from Prospect Street from the comfortable back porches of the clubs, over the damp, dim New Jersey lowlands, and with the singular feeling of freedom which refreshes the alumnus from an American city when he goes back to Prospect Street and realizes that he can lounge, read or drink as he pleases.” I think my father had a similar feeling about Sigma Nu and fraternity row.

I was in the Columbia class of 1952 and joined the fraternity Phi Kappa Psi. In many ways the 1950s were a re-run of the 1920s, including the Scott Fitzgerald revival. The Phi Psi house was a three story town house on 114 Street, two blocks south of the Columbia campus. The Sigma Chi house was nearby off the same street.

Those who lived in the Psi house had sit-down dinners, jacket and tie required. The dinner was served by a Hispanic couple who lived in the house and received room and board for preparing dinner and helping to keep the place reasonably clean. The man had a regular job somewhere else, so it was a pretty good deal for them.

Every Saturday we had a cocktail party, jackets and tie of course, and faculty members were invited and usually came. Jacques Barzun sometimes showed up, Gilbert Highet, Lionel Trilling. We admired them and we wanted their approval. We understood that adults ran the world, and we aspired to be adults.

On big weekends we had the usual Saturday cocktail party and a black-tie dance with live music. If this sounds respectable to you, then you should have seen St. Anthony’s Hall, down on Riverside Drive. That was so stratospherically preppy that oxygen would have been in order. That crowd wore tartan jackets and fancy vests.

At our black-tie dances at Phi Psi and at the Saturday dances at the West Side Club, we danced to the same music as the adults, the “standards,” as they are called, Cole Porter, Rogers and Hammerstein. All of that changed in the 1960s.

*Professor Hart is a Professor Emeritus of English at the College, a gentleman, and a scholar. .*

Remember: Chris Miller entered Dartmouth in 1959.

In 1968, half the American population was eighteen years old. Let me repeat: half of the entire population was in the vicinity of eighteen years old in the 1960s, as the baby boomers came of age. At Dartmouth in the early 1960s, Chris Miller was a student.

The baby boom was also affecting Europe, especially France, where student riots, beginning at the university in Nanterre near Paris, were joined by workers’ riots—France retains a revolutionary tradition—and rocked the DeGaulle government. A major student complaint was parietals, hours when women were permitted to be in rooms with men. In other words the riots were over conservative French attitudes about sex. Germany, England, and other European nations had the same phenomenon. A sociologist friend of mine, the late E. Digby Baltzell, compared the 1968 international Kids uprisings to the revolutions of 1848.

The American “baby boomers” formed a separate Kids Nation within the larger nation. Unlike the undergraduates of the 1950s, they did not want to be adults. They had their own music, rock-and-roll, their distinctive clothes and hair, their own sacrament in marijuana, and for extremists, LSD. As Scott Fitzgerald explains in his 1931 essay “Echoes of the Jazz Age,” “The word ‘jazz’ in its progress toward respectability has meant first sex, then dancing, then music,” the music coming from black musicians in the red light district of New Orleans. The Sixties “Rock-and-Roll” also meant sex in black idiom. And the Sixties Kids had the pill.

Beginning in 1953, I spent almost four years in Naval Intelligence. I returned to Columbia and joined the English Department in 1956, and then moved to the Dartmouth English Department in 1963—Dartmouth having been impressed by a book I had published at Alfred Knopf.

In 1963 the Kids Nation had really begun to rebel not only against adults but also against the idea of being adults. The war in Vietnam, and the draft, soon began to raise the temperature of the Kids’ rebellion, and by 1968 it was as if the gates of hell had opened. For a few months in early 1968 I was in Sacramento as a speechwriter for Governor Ronald Reagan, who was running for the Republican nomination, sort of.

In California most of the young men looked like Charlie Manson. Walking down Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley near the great university you could get high just breathing the air. Mario Savio had led an uprising at Berkeley. The black riot had burned Watts a couple of years earlier. When the Black Panthers in Oakland threatened a “bloodbath,” Reagan said at a press conference, “If they want a bloodbath they can have a bloodbath.” And he meant it.

1968 was the year Martin Luther King was assassinated, and then Robert Kennedy, running for president, was assassinated in Los Angeles. Jack Kennedy had been assassinated in 1963. The country felt like a shooting gallery. This was the closest our country ever came to a revolution.

In March 1968 Lyndon Johnson, finally understanding that the Vietnam War could not be won, announced that he would not run for re-election. Nixon ran promising to “end the war and win the peace in Vietnam.” Notice that Nixon didn’t say “win the war.” He would pull out, turning the war over to the hapless Vietnam army (“Vietnamization”), which would take the loss. In the fall of 1968, I wrote Nixon’s “Law and Order” speech, delivered in Philadelphia.

The Kids uprising and the black revolution helped elect Nixon. In 1972 I was tear-gassed at the Republican convention in Miami when Vietnam Veterans Against the War rioted outside the Convention Center. Tear gas is no joke, painful, even dangerous, and the air conditioners carried the fumes into the convention.

Back at Dartmouth I remember teaching a course in English poetry in which many students were so glazed over with drugs that discussion was all but impossible. No one seemed interested in seventeenth century poetry. Students in that class included the son of a famous journalist and also the son of a mid-western governor. One of them disappeared into Tibet, seeking nirvana, I guess.

The Kids’ rebellion against adulthood was often destruc-

tive in the fraternities. There used to be a DKE (Deke) house on West Wheelock Street, where Wheelock Books now stands. The Deke house was a fine old white wooden building. By the early 1970s, the members had gutted the place, destroyed it from within. The whole place had to be torn down, its destruction a symbol of the Kids Revolution.

I remember the spring “Hums” one year during the 1970s when the fraternity singing groups were singing in front of Dartmouth Hall. In the past this had been a beautiful event. The Dekes showed up carrying a small pig and insulted the few women undergraduates then enrolled at Dartmouth by singing “Our Cohogs (clams).” I suppose the pig was part of the insult.

In Chris Miller’s *The Real Animal House* you can see it all coming. In the Fall of 1960, his sophomore year, Miller joins Alpha Delta Phi on East Wheelock Street. This is the “Adelphian Lodge” of Animal House.

On his first visit as a prospective pledge, the first man he meets sets the tone for what follows:

...speakers on the balcony were blasting “Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean” by Ruth Brown. A big guy in Buddy Holly glasses greeted me with a smile. “Hey! Hello! Welcome to the AD house!” He stuck out a hand to shake with me but discovered there was a can of Bud in it. “Christ!” he snorted, and smote his forehead. Curiously, he used the hand with the beer in it, which struck with a metallic glorp sound. A golden geyser fired up, spread its foamy arms, and fell back on his head. “Oops,” he said.

Clearly this AD man is high on something more potent than beer. Remember, Chris Miller had arrived at Dartmouth in 1959, and this was the fall of his 1960 sophomore year. Welcome to the Sixties. The curtain was going up on that horror show. I have quoted from Chapter Six. Hilarious stuff follows, including a lot of sex, but I won’t quote that in this family newspaper. Maybe this book is better than



—A panorama of Dartmouth’s fraternities through the years—

the movie. Ha Ha! I have the only Baker-Berry copy.

“Where have all the flowers gone?” Joan Baez used to sing. 1968 was forty-one years ago. All those people who were eighteen then are on Social Security. We have our own un-winnable wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. But there’s no draft. And there’s no Kids baby boomer population bulge, and no Kids drug-soaked culture.

It amazes me when Dartmouth athletic coaches refer to their players as “kids.” Is a 240 pound six-foot-three football lineman a “kid”? If he were in the military he could be in the Marines or the Special Forces killing Muslims. Kids! They are college men.

I’ve been invited to speak at a couple of fraternities. Recently at a house on Webster Avenue I gave a talk on the importance of the irrational in both poetry and political theory (Wordsworth and Burke). The fraternity men wore jackets and ties. Food was laid out on a buffet table. We drank a bit of beer.

If I had been an undergraduate, I might have joined a club like this. I think a fraternity should be a preliminary to a good club in the city after graduation. The culture has changed a lot since the Sixties. ■

# Stem Cells Now

By Jeffrey Hart

*Editor's Note: The column below reflects the views of Professor Hart. The Review has no official stance on embryonic stem cell research.*

In August 2001 President Bush issued an executive order blocking federal funding for embryonic stem cell research except for some lines that were still in existence. He explained that, "It's wrong to destroy life in order to save

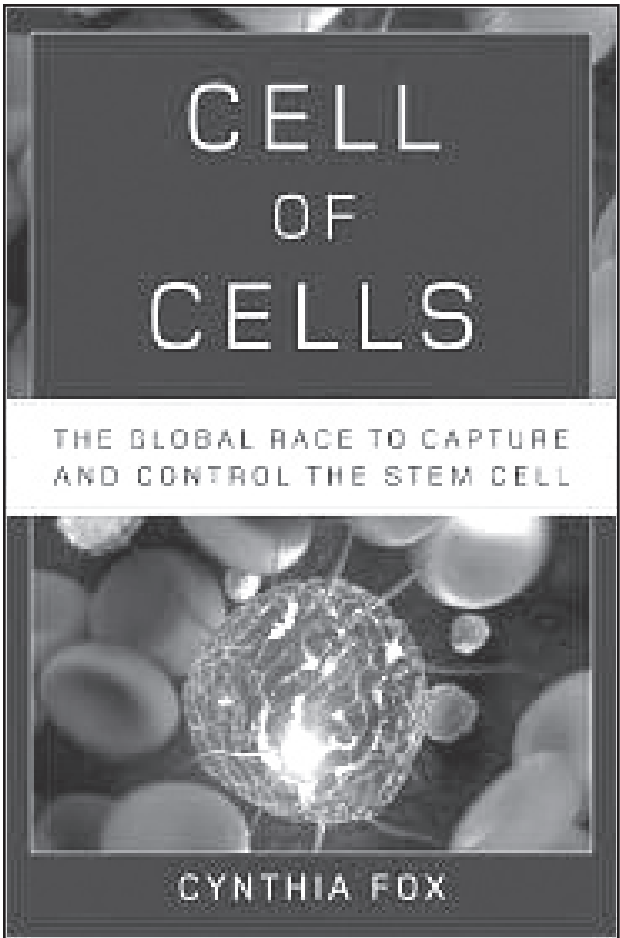


By  
Jeffrey  
Hart

life." That required one to agree that a group of cells the size of the period at the end of this sentence is as important as a desperately ill human being. Pluripotent embryonic stem cells possess the possible capability of repairing damaged organs, treating such conditions as diabetes, Parkinson's, Alzheimer's, as well as spinal chord and other nerve injuries. Bush's own bioethics committee, with chairman Leon Kass, voted in favor of federal funding, though with minor qualifications.

No doubt Bush's executive order reflected evangelical and also Catholic support for his position, as reflected in the evangelical leader James Dobson and the exponent of Catholic Natural Law Professor Robert P. George of Princeton.

The following conservative publications vigorously supported Bush on the position he had taken: *National Review*, *The Weekly Standard*, *The American Conservative*, *Commentary*, *The Claremont Review of Books*, and the theoconservative *First Things*. *National Review* editorialized that "A single embryo must not be destroyed no matter how noble the goal." At that time about half a million frozen embryos were stored in fertility clinics.



This was a confused moral position. Neither Bush nor any of the conservative publications suggested that such destruction of life be banned altogether, just that it should not be funded by the federal government. State-funded and also private laboratories could "murder" as long as they paid for it.

None of these conservative publications reviewed

*Dr. Hart is professor emeritus of English at the College and author of The Making of the American Conservative Mind.*

Cynthia Fox's important book *Cell of Cells* (2007). A science journalist, Fox described the vigorous embryonic stem cell research that was then going forward at laboratories in Israel (two important laboratories), Singapore, which was making a huge investment, South Korea, Japan, and China cooperating with the EU. Some scientists in Egypt tried to start up a program but ran into problems from their government, not ethical, but because they were exchanging e-mails with Israeli scientists.

*Of course we couldn't build a cognitive wall around the United States.* Scientific developments in other nations would be written up in peer-reviewed journals and would become universally available. What was the point of these conservative publications refusing to review *Cell of Cells*? Keep the bad news away from their readers? Support Bush politically?

But the Bush position was crumbling within the United States. In 2004, voters in California passed a resolution authorizing the state to spend four billion dollars to support embryonic stem cell research. This immediately became the subject of litigation, but Governor Schwarzenegger enabled California laboratories to proceed by lending them money from state funds.

With California now funding the research, American scientists who had moved to Singapore returned to work in California. Private universities, Harvard and others, went forward with their own funds. In 2004, Harvard created a multi-million dollar Harvard Stem Cell Institute which will occupy prime real-estate in the vast new Allston science campus south of the Charles River. Since 2004 the HSCI has been a leading force in research, making dozens of new stem cell lines available for scientists nationwide.

Meanwhile, large majorities of voters and their representatives in Congress have repeatedly voted for federal funding but could not muster the two-thirds vote needed to override the Bush veto.

The necessity for stem cell research still exists, in spite of the lacking federal funds. A major problem existed for the therapeutic use of embryonic stem cells. To prevent rejection of the cells by the patient's immune system they needed to be cloned. That is, a nucleus from the cell of the patient had to be substituted in a donor's egg for the original nucleus. So far this cloning has been going well.

Meanwhile, the political landscape has been changing.

Barack Obama has long been a vocal proponent of embryonic stem cell research, voting in favor of it when he was in the Illinois legislature. He continued to support it as a U.S. Senator, where he joined forty of his colleagues to support federal funding. As he said in his supportive speech:

This bill embodies the innovative thinking that we as a society demand and medical advancement requires. By expanding scientific access to embryonic stem cells which would be otherwise discarded, this bill will help our nation's scientists and researchers develop treatments and cures to help people who suffer illnesses and injuries for which there are currently none.

John McCain voted for federal funding in 2007, thundering about thousands of frozen embryos. His running mate in 2008, Governor Sarah Palin of Alaska, emphatically opposes embryonic stem cell research.

During his successful run in the 2008 primaries, McCain for obvious reasons muted his support for the research with conditions, saying in answer to a questionnaire from a group of scientists that "clear lines should be drawn that reflect a refusal to sacrifice moral value and ethical principles for scientific progress."

After all McCain was running for the nomination in the Bush-Rove Republican party. The religious right was already tepid regarding McCain. For example, in 2000 he called the Reverend Jerry Falwell an "agent of intolerance." McCain was stuck between a rock and a hard place. A larger majority of voters and of Congress had long favored federal funding for embryonic stem cell research.

Obama is now president. He has promised to issue an executive order that will cancel Bush's 2001 executive order blocking federal funding for embryonic stem cell research.

Meanwhile, science never sleeps. In September 2008 Rob Stein reported that in a major breakthrough Harvard scientists have found a new way to reprogram cells backwards,

turning them into embryos. Instead of using a retrovirus [as Japanese scientists had done] that can cause cancer they are using an adenovirus which is safe.

This would avoid the long-standing cloning problem, since the patient's own cells could be used, thus avoiding rejection of the cells by the patient's immune system.

Of course we couldn't build a cognitive wall around the United States. Scientific developments in other nations would be written up in refereed journals and would become universally available. What was the point of these conservative publications refusing to review *Cell of Cells*?

Would this avoid the ethical-religious objections?  
No.

An expert on the subject answered my inquiry: "This is running the clock backwards. Normally a fertilized egg becomes a fetus moving forward in time. If one stops the process the argument has been by Catholics [and evangelicals] that the fertilized egg has the potential to become a human if implanted and therefore is a no no. By moving back in time, that is moving from an adult somatic cell back toward the embryonic state, that is to set up the potential for its becoming a human being. To stop it before it gets there would still be murder!"

*The Economist* considers American matters in its "Lexington" section. In its November 15, 2008 issue following the Republican electoral disaster, "Lexington" began by citing John Stuart Mill, who "dismissed the British Conservative Party as the Stupid Party." Today the Conservative Party is run by Oxford educated high fliers who have been busy reinventing conservatism for a new era.

As Lexington sees it, the title "stupid party" now belongs to the Tories' transatlantic cousins, the Republicans." (NB; *The Daily Beast* has already made that connection.) "Lexington" notes that today's Republican populists, proud of nominating Sarah Palin for vice president, "regard Mrs. Palin's apparent ignorance not as a problem but as a badge of honor." "Lexington" saw nothing but disaster in this direction, and concluded by advising the Republicans to address real and pressing problems instead of spending its energies on "xenophobia, homophobia, and *opposing stem cell research*." [emphasis added]

Bush certainly has earned himself a footnote in the history of science as a powerful leader who did what he could to block medical progress for political/religious reasons. He joins the Catholic Natural Law advocates in the Vatican who sought to ban smallpox vaccination on the grounds that it is unnatural to mix human blood with cow serum.

Well, we have reached this point in time. Barack Obama has been inaugurated as the forty-fourth president of the United States. He will negate Bush's 2001 executive order with his own executive order, he claims.

How much damage has Bush caused in the inevitable march toward stem cell therapy? The United States has the best scientific infrastructure in the world. Bush probably has inhibited scientific work somewhat by blocking federal funding, perhaps some sick people dying unnecessarily. Bush may have discouraged some of the best graduate students from going into the stem cell research field.

Bush certainly has earned himself a footnote in the history of science as a powerful leader who did what he could to block medical progress for political/religious reasons.

He joins the Catholic Natural Law advocates in the Vatican who sought to ban smallpox vaccination on the grounds that it is unnatural to mix human blood with cow serum. Hundreds of thousands of people had been dying in smallpox epidemics. Bush resembles those—mainly Protestant—who, when they could, outlawed cadaver dissection.

All of this deserves another book added to the four of Alexander Pope's *Dunciad*. ■

*Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.*

—Charles Caleb Colton

*Stress is nothing more than a socially acceptable form of mental illness.*

—Richard Carlson

*If one studies too zealously, one easily loses his pants.*

—Albert Einstein

*It's a shame that the only thing a man can do for eight hours a day is work. He can't eat for eight hours; he can't drink for eight hours; he can't make love for eight hours. The only thing a man can do for eight hours is work.*

—William Faulkner

*The real man smiles in trouble, gathers strength from distress, and grows brave by reflection.*

—Thomas Paine

*It often requires more courage to read some books than it does to fight a battle.*

—Sutton Elbert

*In times of stress, be bold and valiant.*

—Horace

*Out of life's school of war: What does not destroy me, makes me stronger.*

—Friedrich Nietzsche

*A library is but the soul's burial-ground. It is the land of shadows.*

—Henry Ward Beecher

*I've been drunk for about a week now, and I thought it might sober me up to sit in a library.*

—F. Scott Fitzgerald

*Those who do not study are only cattle dressed up in men's clothes.*

—Chinese proverb

*Do you not see how necessary a world of pains and troubles is to school an intelligence and make it a soul?*

—John Keats

**gordon haff's**

## the last word.

Compiled by Blair E. Bandeen

*We don't need no education We don't need no thought control.*

—Roger Waters

*Yesterday the twig was brown and bare; To-day the glint of green is there; Tomorrow will be leaflets spare; I know no thing so wondrous fair, No miracle so strangely rare. I wonder what will next be there!*

—L.H. Bailey

*They talk of the dignity of work. The dignity is in leisure.*

—Herman Melville

*He enjoys true leisure who has time to improve his soul's estate.*

—Henry David Thoreau

*It's spring fever. That is what the name of it is. And when you've got it, you want - oh, you don't quite know what it is you do want, but it just fairly makes your heart ache, you want it so!*

—Mark Twain

*Take rest; a field that has rested gives a bountiful crop.*

—Ovid

*If a man insisted always on being serious, and never allowed himself a bit of fun and relaxation, he would go mad or become unstable without knowing it.*

—Herodotus

*Don't underestimate the value of Doing Nothing, of just going along, listening to all the things you can't hear, and not bothering.*

—A.A. Milne

*There are more men ennobled by study than by nature.*

—Cicero

*Realists do not fear the results of their study.*

—Fyodor Dostoevsky

*Studying literature at Harvard is like learning about women at the Mayo Clinic.*

—Roy Blount, Jr.

*Spring is nature's way of saying, "Let's party!"*

—Robin Williams

*Partying is such sweet sorry.*

—Robert Byrne

# Barrett's Mixology

By Stash Akalekna

## Hong Kong Suzie Wong Whiskey Sour

Three parts imported Scotch Whiskey

Two parts lime

One part sweet can juice

A dash of expatriate debauchery

Serve in a chilled glass. Enjoy while reading the Financial Times and complaining about the locals

*I found myself a far flung traveler, struggling through the haze of a smoky human sea. In the maze of neon-lit Hong Kong concrete, hawkers bellowed dense Cantonese, thrusting knock-offs and chicken intestines in front of my furrowed brow. I stayed away from both: What gentleman would be caught in over-sized-logo'ed Polo as he checks into the hospital suffering virulent nausea? The persistence of the vendors was unnerving, though. Sweat began to bead on the back of my neck and slip under my starched collar. Oh, the overwhelming exoticism, the unrelenting stench of the Orient! Whither a refuge?*

*Emerging from an alleyway, I finally spied a sanctuary. The Peninsula Hotel! Storied relic of a golden age; marble-lined halls, tuxedoed attendants, mahogany chairs positioned to take in the breeze off Victoria Harbour! One could feel himself a true colonial sipping afternoon tea on that stately columned balcony. But as I settled into a seat I was in no mood for tea.*

*"You look like you could use a drink," I heard in a crisp British tone from the man to my left. He wore a light jacket and well-fitted slacks and held a half-smoked cigar in his right hand. I answered in the affirmative, introducing myself. "I'm Humphrey Dominic-Johnson," he said, "here with the Foreign Service. You're American, I presume?" I nodded. "Well, it's not often you meet Americans with the taste to take tea at The Peninsula." I swallowed the insult with a laugh. "Well, how about that drink? Harold! Harold, this man would like a drink."*

*Harold, the impeccably dressed waiter, strode over. "And what will you have, sir?" he inquired. I began to order that amber nectar so beloved in my homeland when Mr. Dominic-Johnson interrupted. "No, no, no. You must have a Suzie Wong. They're quite good, a specialty here." I did not object. "So what is it have I ordered?" "Ah," he sighed, "the Hong Kong Suzie Wong is, like its namesake, a seductress of foreigners. Sweet and exotic, but with a bite. It is, in short, the Orient, served neat in a glass." He was right, of course. But was only later, at dear cost, that I realized he should have added, "Beware its charms."*

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