



Northeastern University

Northeastern University Alumni Magazine

Office of Marketing and Communications

September 01, 2004

Northeastern University alumni magazine: volume 30, number 1 (September 2004)

Northeastern University - Division of Marketing and Communications

Recommended Citation

Northeastern University - Division of Marketing and Communications, "Northeastern University alumni magazine: volume 30, number 1 (September 2004)" (2004). *Northeastern University Alumni Magazine*. Paper 2. <http://hdl.handle.net/2047/d10012837>

This work is available open access, hosted by Northeastern University.

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF AWARDS ADVERTISE SEND CLASS NOTE SEND LETTER UPDATE ADDRESS BACK ISSUES CONTRIBUTE LINKS SEARCH

September 2004 • Volume 30, No. 1



Features

Dream Job
 Shall We Dance?
 The Warden

Departments

Letters
 E Line
 Alumni Passages
 From the Field
 Research Briefs
 Sports
 Books
 Classes
 First-Person
 Husky Tracks
 Huskiana

Cover Story



Shall We Dance?

For years, presidents and entertainers have been strange bedfellows, particularly on the campaign trail. So who's using whom, exactly?

By Alan Schroeder

On November 4, 1944, three days before his election to an unprecedented fourth term in the White House, Franklin Delano Roosevelt came to Fenway Park for the last big campaign rally of his career.

A day earlier, sound trucks had rolled through Boston's streets, beckoning everyone within earshot to come to the ballpark to "hear our great leader." Now, forty thousand Roosevelt fans jammed into Fenway, filling every seat and spilling out into the aisles. Fifteen thousand more listened to loudspeakers set up outside the gates.

• [Full story](#)

MAGAZINE HOME

MARKETING AND COMMUNICATIONS

NU HOME

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Cover Story

Features

[Dream Job](#)

[Shall We Dance?](#)

[The Warden](#)

Departments

[Letters](#)

[E Line](#)

[Alumni Passages](#)

[From the Field](#)

[Research Briefs](#)

[Sports](#)

[Books](#)

[Classes](#)

[First-Person](#)

[Husky Tracks](#)

[Huskiana](#)

Shall We Dance?

For years, presidents and entertainers have been strange bedfellows, particularly on the campaign trail. So who's using whom, exactly?

By Alan Schroeder

Illustrations by Phil Wilson

On November 4, 1944, three days before his election to an unprecedented fourth term in the White House, Franklin Delano Roosevelt came to Fenway Park for the last big campaign rally of his career.

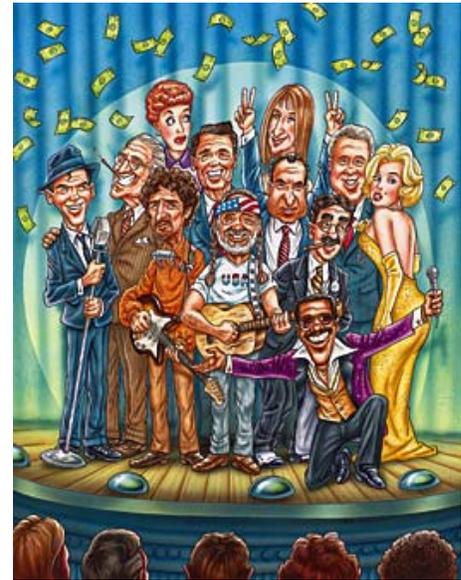
A day earlier, sound trucks had rolled through Boston's streets, beckoning everyone within earshot to come to the ballpark to "hear our great leader." Now, forty thousand Roosevelt fans jammed into Fenway, filling every seat and spilling out into the aisles. Fifteen thousand more listened to loudspeakers set up outside the gates.

An occasion this momentous demanded impressive warm-up talent. To fill the bill, FDR, an aficionado of all things show biz, enlisted two of the country's hottest young stars. Twenty-nine-year-old Orson Welles, boy wonder of radio and film, had campaigned tirelessly for Roosevelt throughout the fall, to the point of physical collapse. Frank Sinatra, a year and a half younger, had come into the fold in late September when FDR invited him to a White House tea. (Emerging from the mansion, the nation's number-one singing sensation recapped for reporters his conversation with the president: "He kidded me about making the girls faint and asked me how I do it. I said I wished to hell I knew.")

As the crowd awaited Roosevelt's arrival on this warm autumn night, the opening acts took the stage. Sinatra, at the height of his teen-idol glory, poured his golden voice into the national anthem. When female fans began to "squeal in delighted delirium," the Boston Herald noted, "their elders quickly shut them up."

Then the full-throated Welles presented his own specialty, impassioned political rhetoric. Six years earlier, the actor/director/writer/producer had scared the bejesus out of millions of radio listeners with his "War of the Worlds" broadcast. Tonight he spun a different horror story, a diatribe against FDR opponent Thomas Dewey. Reminding the audience of Adolf Hitler's dictum — tell big enough lies, and people will believe them — Welles charged that "the Republican presidential candidate follows Hitler's advice."

With spectators whipped into a frenzy, the stage was set for the leading man to make his dramatic entrance. "We want Roosevelt!" the crowd chanted. At the stroke of nine, they got their wish. While the band played "Hail to the Chief," FDR rode in a convertible from



center field to the floodlit grounds.

The throng's roar drowned out the music and the first few sentences of the president's speech, which he delivered from the car, illuminated like an angel amid the bright white light. At the conclusion of his remarks, the crowd resumed its chant — "We want Roosevelt! We want Roosevelt!" For ten minutes, with the voices echoing all the way to the Back Bay, the president circled the ballpark in his convertible, like a slugger taking victory laps.

Standing in the shadows, Sinatra watched the old pro with admiration. "What a guy," he said. "And, boy, does he pack 'em in."

Every four years, like clockwork, Washington and Hollywood aristocrats join forces out on the campaign trail. Sharing the limelight at rallies and fundraisers, each group has something the other wants. Show business celebrities lend their glamour to less-than-scintillating officeseekers. Politicians confer intellectual legitimacy to a community that yearns to be taken seriously.

It's a pop-culture phenomenon, this ardent and sometimes awkward dance between presidential hopefuls and performing artists. But the relationship, as both candidates and entertainers soon discover, is complicated, and holds plenty of risks as well as rewards.

"He read Variety like I read Variety"

Actors campaigned for presidential candidates well before Franklin Roosevelt. In 1920, a troupe of Broadway performers traveled to Ohio to stage a musical rally in Republican nominee Warren Harding's front yard. Four years later, Calvin Coolidge summoned New York stage stars to a campaign breakfast at the White House.

Yet it took FDR, an unreconstructed movie fan, to fully apprehend the value of entertainers on the political circuit. He inspired an impressive roster of stars to volunteer their services as campaigners, including Sinatra, Welles, Humphrey Bogart, Katharine Hepburn, Groucho Marx, Lucille Ball, and dozens of other marquee attractions.

The rise of television as a mass medium, coupled with the attendant costs of advertising, helped intensify the politics-show business relationship. By Dwight Eisenhower's 1952 presidential campaign, entertainers were playing more of a pecuniary role, along with their ornamental one.

If Eisenhower was the first president to systematically dip into deep celebrity pockets, his successor refined the art of deploying stars as campaigners. John F. Kennedy knew how effective celebrities would be in attracting money, crowds, and media attention.

Drawing on his family's long-standing ties to Hollywood — ranging from father Joseph P. Kennedy's stint as a movie mogul, to celebrity brother-in-law Peter Lawford — JFK sprinkled his 1960 campaign with silver-screen glitter. Actors appreciated that Kennedy, like Roosevelt before him, was a genuine movie fan, who spoke fluently the language of entertainment. As Lawford described JFK, "He read Variety like I read Variety."

Kennedy star power loomed large during the 1960 Democratic National Convention, fortuitously held in Los Angeles. Sinatra, Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis, Sammy Davis Jr., Nat King Cole, Judy Garland — all took part in high-profile convention-week events that glamorized the prosaic rituals of politics. Sinatra and Leigh even worked the convention floor like veterans, chatting up delegates and promoting Kennedy to willing journalists.

During the general-election campaign, Kennedy limited his appearances with movie stars, fearing too much chumminess might be unseemly. He did turn up at celebrity-studded rallies in New York and Los Angeles, though, and also played second banana to singer Harry Belafonte in an unusual campaign ad. Aimed at African-American voters, the TV spot had JFK mostly listening while Belafonte, "as a Negro and as an American," pleaded the candidate's case for him. In other radio and TV commercials, celebrities such as Lena Horne, Milton Berle, Gene Kelly, Henry Fonda, and Myrna Loy made the Kennedy pitch solo.

Kennedy's success with using celebrities in his campaign begat a series of glittering fundraisers scattered throughout his three-year presidency, which channeled millions of dollars into Democratic coffers. The most legendary took place in May 1962 at Madison Square Garden, where Marilyn Monroe sang her indelible rendition of "Happy Birthday, Mister President." (Ever the good soldier, Monroe even paid for her own thousand-dollar ticket.) JFK, who closed the program, quipped, "I can now retire after having had 'Happy Birthday' sung to me in such a sweet, wholesome way."

A year later, Kennedy journeyed to Los Angeles for a different kind of fundraiser, an intimate thousand-dollar-a-plate dinner for a hundred people, including Marlon Brando, Cary Grant, Burt Lancaster, Charlton Heston, Gene Kelly, Dean Martin — even Jack Webb, who played Sergeant Joe Friday on *Dragnet*. Instead of offering a formal speech, the president table-hopped, impressing his guests with a wide-ranging knowledge of movies in general and their careers in specific.

As Kennedy chatted with Rock Hudson — real name: Roy Fitzgerald — the conversation turned to their shared Irish ancestry. "You know all us Fitzgeralds are related, right?" JFK asked.

"That's right, sir," Hudson replied. "And I'm sure Ella will be happy to hear about it, too."

The great ideological divide

Until Bill Clinton burst onto the scene in 1992, Hollywood's love affair with John Kennedy knew no equal. Personalities aside, this lull in affection was at least partly attributable to the social and cultural upheavals of the 1960s and 1970s.

By the mid-1960s, with the collapse of the Hollywood studio system complete, actors were much freer to exercise their professional — and political — independence. And as performers grew ever more outspoken in their criticisms, particularly of the Vietnam War, relations between Washington and Hollywood soured.

To the surprise of few, Richard Nixon's notorious "enemies list" featured a host of actors, from the predictable assortment of liberals (Gregory Peck,

Barbra Streisand, and Shirley MacLaine) to less ideological figures (Steve McQueen and Carol Channing). Paul Newman, who spent much of 1968 campaigning on behalf of presidential candidate Eugene McCarthy, called landing on the enemies list his "single highest honor. . . . All the other actors were so jealous."



On the other hand, post-Watergate campaign-finance reforms inadvertently sparked a fresh demand for entertainers out on the stump. Because the new rules encouraged small contributions, selling tickets to music concerts became a money-starved campaign's favorite fundraising mechanism.

The series of performances Warren Beatty produced for George McGovern in 1972 certified the value of entertainers as cash cows, with blue-chip headliners like Streisand, James Taylor, Carole King, and Simon and Garfunkel raking in more than a million dollars. (In the current campaign season, Streisand, Taylor, and King have all performed for candidate John Kerry.)

As the examples suggest, Democrats have had considerably more success than Republicans in recruiting entertainers to the hustings. Oddly, this imbalance was not much improved by the Ronald Reagan presidency. Despite Reagan's unique credentials as a Hollywood actor, none of his runs for office leaned heavily on the entertainment community.

To some extent, this was a deliberate tactic. As late as 1980, after Reagan's two terms as California governor, internal polling showed one in ten voters still viewed him primarily as an actor. But Reagan's bigger show-biz problem was his political philosophy, which tilted too far right to suit Hollywood's mostly liberal denizens. From the moment the former leading man first threw his hat into a ring, fellow actors showed as much willingness to campaign against him as for him.

"I know I could play the role of a governor," said Gene Kelly in a 1966 anti-Reagan commercial aired during the candidate's first bid for office, "but that I could never really sit in his chair and make decisions affecting the education of millions of children." Reagan's opponent, incumbent governor Edmund "Pat" Brown, took the argument a step further, reminding Californians that Abraham Lincoln had been shot by an actor.

By the time he ran for president, Reagan had attracted more enthusiastic show-business support, particularly from his contemporaries. Frank Sinatra, who sang for Roosevelt at Fenway Park in 1944, returned to Boston thirty-five years later to headline, along with Dean Martin, a fundraiser that netted the Reagan campaign

\$200,000.

Before the show, the candidate and wife Nancy joined the stars for a freewheeling backstage press conference that illustrates the extent to which entertainers are from Venus and politicians from Mars. When a reporter queried Reagan about his fundraising plans, a jocular Martin butted in: "I don't think that's any of your business."

Another journalist asked Reagan, "What cabinet posts have you promised these guys?" Sinatra's response: "Liquor."

In fact, President Reagan would give Sinatra the very thing John Kennedy had failed to deliver twenty years earlier — White House access. In addition to receiving frequent invitations to private functions at the mansion, Sinatra served as the administration's official impresario, producing the two inaugural galas and selecting entertainers for state occasions (the singer booked himself into the East Room twice).

In 1985, the president awarded Sinatra the Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian honor. Mother Teresa was a co-recipient.

Mr. Clinton goes to Hollywood

Reagan and Sinatra's relationship demonstrates how high-profile entertainers can leverage their campaign contributions — monetary and otherwise — into social validation at the world's most exclusive address. And in recent decades, as entertainers give candidates more of their time, talent, and money, their expectations have increased.

The Bill Clinton presidency offers a fascinating study of the pros and cons of show-business support. After Clinton wooed and won the entertainment community during his first campaign, the lavishness of his inaugural festivities indicated diplomatic relations between 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and Hollywood would continue to be cozy indeed. Drawn by a mind-numbing round of gala events spread over several days, a constellation of stars — everyone from Michael Jackson to Macaulay Culkin, Bob Dylan to Lauren Bacall — descended on the capital.

With so many egos jockeying for position at so many performances, tension could not help but prevail. "Some of these people believe they should be holding the Bible," an inaugural planner kvetched to the New York Times. "You have no idea."

During his first few months in office, Clinton seemed unable to wean himself away from the big names who had backed him. The new president dined with Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward. He went jogging with White House guest Judy Collins. He took Barbra Streisand to the Gridiron dinner. During a break in talks with Russian president Boris Yeltsin, he had coffee with Richard Gere, Cindy Crawford, Sharon Stone, and Richard Dreyfus; Gere used the occasion to lobby Clinton to meet with the Dalai Lama.

When a troupe of pro-Clinton actors came to Washington to promote a film that dealt with environmental issues, they received not only personal greetings from the president and the vice president, but a White House briefing from the secretary of the interior.

Then, in May 1993, something as mundane as a haircut sparked a public backlash to the entertainer overdose. During a California visit, Clinton got a trim from Beverly Hills stylist-to-the-stars Christophe onboard Air Force One, while it sat on a Los Angeles International runway. Journalists noted the haircut had idled the airport and inconvenienced thousands of travelers.

The president's critics pounced. "When you've got a different movie star in the White House every night," chided Ross Perot, "and you've got somebody up there from Hollywood pleading the case for the Dalai Lama, the average hard-working American in work clothes can't relate to that."

In a town-meeting appearance televised on CBS, Clinton defended himself, calling the haircut episode "a boner" and "a blowup." "I mean, look, I wear a forty-dollar watch," he told the studio audience. When a questioner suggested the president seemed "a little infatuated with Hollywood and celebrities," Clinton flatly denied he had "gone Hollywood": "The answer to that is no; heck, no; never, no. Never. Never."

Still, the impression lingered. A Washington Post columnist offered the White House some unsolicited advice — "If Clinton wants to see some Hollywood stars, he could do what the rest of us do: Go to a movie."

Trouble on the trail

In the wake of the controversy, Clinton briefly stopped making public appearances with entertainment luminaries. But this starstruck president could resist Hollywood no more than Hollywood could resist him. Throughout his eight-year tenure in office, actors, musicians, and comedians ranked among his most reliable partisans, campaigning at his side, showering him with cash, and standing steadfast during the dark days of impeachment.

By all accounts, Clinton genuinely enjoyed his celebrity associates. But in the eyes of the body politic, the friendships never quite shed the aura of quid pro quo. The haircut flap was followed in 1997 by the Lincoln Bedroom "scandal," the revelation that dozens of

entertainment-industry insiders who had made campaign contributions were treated to overnight stays at the White House. Even as the Clintons prepared to leave the mansion, new information surfaced about the valuable gifts they had received from such famous pals as Jack Nicholson and Steven Spielberg.

Bill Clinton learned what every president learns: Politicians who mix with performers run the risk of getting burned. The danger intensifies on the campaign trail, where visibility is high and entertainers don't necessarily understand the rules of the game. In 1992, President George H. W. Bush enlisted Gerald McRaney, star of the military-themed TV comedy *Major Dad*, for a swing through Florida. After the actor used his platform to denounce Clinton's lack of military service, the press reported McRaney had himself managed to avoid Vietnam duty.

True to form, this year's presidential campaign is again proving that celebrities can make their candidate's life difficult. John Kerry found himself on the defensive after Whoopi Goldberg delivered a raunchy anti-Bush

comedy routine at a Democratic fundraiser in New York City. At the end of the show, the candidate compounded the problem by remarking, "Every performer tonight conveyed to you the heart and soul of our country." Republicans rushed to denounce Kerry's ties to Hollywood's "cultural elite."



Filmmaker Michael Moore sparked a controversy for Wesley Clark shortly before the New Hampshire primary. Appearing with the general at a rally, Moore called President George W. Bush a "deserter," a characterization Clark repeatedly declined to refute. As a result, at a crucial point in Clark's campaign, media attention shifted away from his message and onto Moore's rhetorical excesses.

More typically, though, entertainers involved in the 2004 campaign have done what they do best: raise money by putting on a show. Like many a Democrat before him, John Kerry has generated support from a vast array of performing artists, from rock (Jon Bon Jovi) to country (Willie Nelson), comedy (Billy Crystal) to drama (Dustin Hoffman).

By contrast, President Bush boasts fewer entertainment alliances than any candidate since Herbert Hoover. His biggest-name celebrity campaigners in 2000: Bo Derek and Wayne Newton. Even Richard Nixon had more friends in Hollywood.

Though entertainers make varied contributions to presidential campaigns, both Republicans and Democrats underutilize performers in what would seem a natural role — as talent coaches. A rare exception? Consummate show-biz connoisseur Franklin Roosevelt.

Orson Welles, who helped prep FDR for a 1944 campaign speech, marveled at his pupil's willingness to take direction. Shortly after the president delivered the address, he telephoned Welles, who had listened in via the radio, for an instant review.

"He asked me, 'How did I do? Was my timing right?'" Welles recalled. "Just like an actor!"

*Alan Schroeder, an associate professor in the School of Journalism, is the author of *Celebrity-in-Chief: How Show Business Took Over the White House* (Westview Press, 2004) and *Presidential Debates: Forty Years of**

High-Risk TV (Columbia University Press, 2000).

MAGAZINE HOME

MARKETING AND COMMUNICATIONS

NU HOME

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Feature Story

Features

Dream Job

Shall We Dance?

The Warden

Departments

Letters

E Line

Alumni Passages

From the Field

Research Briefs

Sports

Books

Classes

First-Person

Husky Tracks

Huskiana

Dream Job

Don Orsillo loves his work

By Charles Fountain

Photography by Mary Beth Montgomery

It is a typically wretched May evening at Fenway Park. The temperature hovers in the mid-forties. The wind blows in hard from centerfield.

In the television broadcast booth, the window is closed tight against the chill, keeping the crowd sounds out and the smoke from Jerry Remy's cigarette in. The room is stuffy, spartan, cluttered, and not overly clean. But the view from this particular office is among the sweetest in all creation. And the work? Well, let's be honest here. The guys sitting in this booth have the job a lot of people would run down their mothers for.

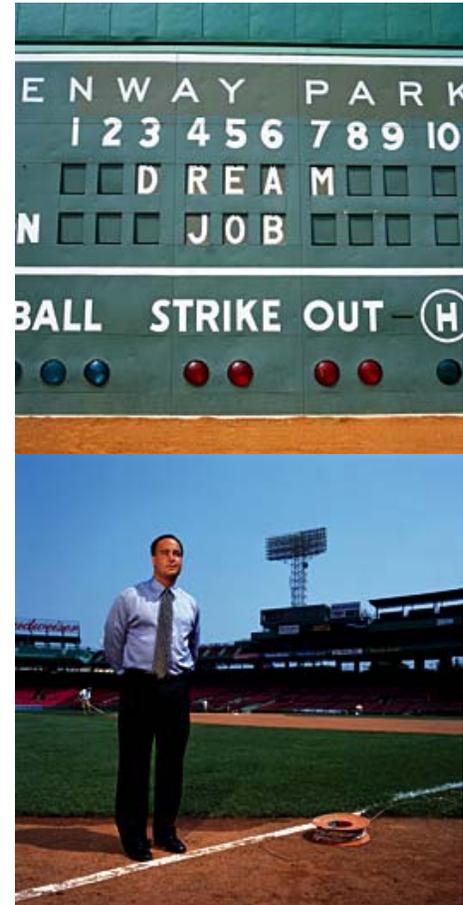
Who among us, really — investment banker, cop, pediatrician, cab driver, lawyer, chef, construction worker, tenured professor — wouldn't give up all the approbation, the security, the financial success, and the power for a chance to be the Red Sox play-by-play guy?

Playing for the Sox is dream one, of course. But reality sets in early there, so we transition easily into seeing ourselves call the action. Hell, we've done that all along, haven't we? The heroics of childhood fantasies come with a soundtrack: "THAT BALL IS GOING. GOING. GONE! HIS FIFTH HOME RUN OF THE GAME! A NEW MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD!"

Growing up on a farm off a dirt road in Madison, New Hampshire, Don Orsillo, AS'91, used to broadcast imaginary games for his younger sister's edification. In the days before satellite television, when Red Sox baseball reached the far corners of New England only through radio, the voice that fired Orsillo's boyhood imagination was Ken Coleman's. It was the twilight of Carl Yastrzemski. The heyday of Dennis Eckersley, Dwight Evans, Jim Rice, and a homegrown second baseman named Jerry Remy.

Orsillo's parents tell him he had made his career goals clear by age twelve. He remembers no epiphany. He just remembers always wanting to be the Red Sox voice and, moreover, always believing he would make it happen. Through his young years in New Hampshire, through high school in Los Angeles and college at Northeastern, through ten years of broadcasting in the minors, he never lost his focus or his determination.

And today, it's Orsillo's voice that fires the imaginations of young dreamers. For 130 games a season, the New England Sports Network — NESN, for short — carries his Red Sox telecasts into millions of homes across New England and, via various satellite sports packages, into untold others throughout the



nation.



Game's on: Orsillo and Jerry Remy kick off another telecast.

FENWAY'S TIMELESS SPELL

At thirty-four, Orsillo still has the boy-it's-a-thrill-to-be-here wonder of a kid from New Hampshire. "Driving into work, I come past Northeastern and come into Fenway from the back," he says. "And it's always jarring to see the park and to think I'm coming to work here.

"There's always such an electricity to the place, even five hours before game time," he says. "It's a little like the first time I ever came here as a kid. I don't think many people get excited about seeing the place where they work. It happens to me every day."

At the same time, as he completes his fourth season with Boston, Orsillo's boyish enthusiasm has blended with a polish, a maturity, and an easy familiarity that suggest he's going to be part of Red Sox summers for a long time to come. "There's no question he's growing into this job," says Bill Griffith, radio and TV sports columnist at the Boston Globe.

"The keys [to broadcast success and acceptance] are time and ability," Griffith says. "It's how the public perceives and embraces you. I'd say the clearest proof of Orsillo's success is the lack of any negative response. If the public doesn't like somebody, they speak out pretty quickly. I get no complaints about Don Orsillo."

Up in the booth as a telecast approaches, Orsillo and partner Remy, who banter so easily on the air, say little to each another. It's not a frostiness, exactly. It's more like the subtle tension in a locker room before a game. Each is busy with his own game prep, highlighting statistics and game notes likely to be worthy of mention between pitches. They tape the telecast's open some thirty minutes before game time and finally take their seats just before the Red Sox take the field.

For the next three hours, Remy sits hunched forward, resting on his elbows. His eyes leave the monitor hanging just outside the window only to check the notes and stats taped to the wall on his right, or to quickly review a defensive alignment on the playing field.

Orsillo sits erect, his palms flat on the table in front of him, his eyes alternating between the monitor and the field — monitor when the bases are empty, field when runners are on. "You can't see a runner break from first on the monitor," he explains. "You have to be

looking at the field. But there's no question the centerfield camera gives you the best look at a pitch."

Broadcasting a baseball game requires the concentration of a surgeon. A mistake's consequences may not be as dire, but they are every bit as evident. There are upwards of 250 pitches in a game, one every thirty seconds or so. The game could turn on any one of them.

And when the big moment comes, you had better not be staring at a stat sheet, or looking at your scorecard, or glancing at the promo you've just been handed to read after the next batter, or distracted by the producer's voice in your headset giving you the night's attendance or Curt Schilling's pitch count. The big moment is Judgment Day.

"It's everything," says Orsillo. "You can be perfect for three and a half hours, but if the play of the year takes place and you screw it up, the whole day is lost. Because that's the one highlight that's going to be played all over New England on the eleven o'clock news."



Still the new kid: "Check back with me in thirty years."

"YOU'RE KINDA GETTING RIPPED HERE"

An entire broadcasting career can be defined by how you handle a big moment. Russ Hodges had "The Giants win the pennant! The Giants win the pennant! The Giants win the pennant! The Giants win the pennant!" Al Michaels, "Do you believe in miracles? Yes!"

Improbably, Orsillo's first big moment came in his very first Boston game — Hideo Nomo's no-hitter against Baltimore, April 2001. And the next day, the rookie awoke to find himself sizzling under the white-hot light that is New England's obsession with all things Red Sox.

John Dennis and Gerry Callahan — the morning hosts on WEEI, the Boston sports-radio station that serves as the flagship for Red Sox broadcasts — were mocking Orsillo's understated call of the final pitch. They were suggesting it was not at all equal to the moment. That, by extension, the new broadcaster up from Pawtucket was not equal to the job.

Any listener of testosterone-fueled WEEI knows it's schoolyard-bully radio. And the talk-show barbs were countered by kinder assessments from Orsillo's bosses and colleagues, and from Bill Griffith and Jim Baker in their TV columns for the Globe and the Boston Herald. Still, the barbs stung, creating a

jangle of emotions that come with simultaneously realizing a lifelong dream, witnessing history on your first day in the job, and taking a verbal shovel upside the head.

"I was surprised," Orsillo says, "because I'd had calls after the game from NESN people and from some producers at ESPN congratulating me on the game. So I had gone to bed feeling pretty good, especially since all I could think during the ninth inning was 'Don't screw it up.'

"Then in the morning," he says, "I got a call in the hotel from a WEEI producer, and he tells me, 'You're kinda getting ripped here. Would you like to come on?' I declined. It was just too much right then."

"It's hard for a guy when he first comes to the big leagues," says Jerry Remy. "You're afraid to let yourself go. It's just like playing. When you come to the big leagues, you're trying to prove yourself."

Orsillo has apparently since proven himself to Dennis and Callahan. For the past two seasons, he's had a regular weekly gig on their show. But what reassures him more is the perspective a couple years of experience has given him. "You know, I've seen that broadcast on ESPN Classic," he says. "And the call I made: 'Hideo Nomo has no-hit the Baltimore Orioles!' I would call it exactly the same way today."

The same call made today would likely earn Orsillo praise — certainly no jeers — even in the most cynical corners of talk radio. That's because the true measure of a baseball announcer's stature with fans is not the big call, or wit and glibness during a slow game in August, or dexterity with details, but the entire package. What Red Sox radio broadcaster Joe Castiglione calls "wearability."

"The whole thing is letting people get to know you," says Remy, echoing Castiglione's and Griffith's sentiments. It's a process that takes some time, easily a decade or more, rather like the languid pace of the game itself.

Orsillo is still the new kid on the Red Sox broadcasting block. Remy has been doing it for seventeen seasons. Sean McDonough, who does the Friday night telecasts on UPN 38, has been with the Sox since 1988. In the radio booth next door, Castiglione and Jerry Trupiano have been behind their microphones for twenty-two and thirteen years, respectively.

Broadcasting baseball games is a job people tend to hang on to. Curt Gowdy was the Sox announcer for fifteen years, Ken Coleman for nearly twenty, Ned Martin for more than thirty — making them as much a part of team history as Yastrzemski, Ted Williams, and Carlton Fisk. Across the game, it is the same story: Ernie Harwell with the Tigers, Jack Brickhouse with the Cubs, Mel Allen with the Yankees, Vin Scully with the Dodgers — each built a glittering reputation over a span of generations. (By contrast, Dick Stockton, Jon Miller, and Bob Starr — though fine announcers all —

stayed in the Fenway booth too brief a time to leave historical footprints in Boston.)

"Check back with me in thirty years," says Orsillo, when asked where he might fit into the pantheon. "I am aware every day that I do the same job as those guys. I'm reminded of it when I walk by the pictures of Ned Martin and Ken Coleman that are just outside the broadcast booths. But I would never presume to put myself in their class."

Yet he dreams that someday he may be. It's a goal you'd expect of a kid who always set his sights high, who took advantage of every career break that came his way.

CLIMBING INTO THE BOOTH

Orsillo's first big break came at Northeastern, when he took the popular sports broadcasting class Joe Castiglione teaches. Realizing the sophomore was bright, ambitious, and attentive to detail, Castiglione picked him as his broadcast intern. Orsillo soon found himself sitting in the Red Sox radio booth between Castiglione and Ken Coleman, his boyhood idol.

Coleman retired after that season, so when Orsillo came back for his second year as intern, he sat next to yet another idol — Bob Starr, whose California Angels broadcasts he'd listened to in high school.

As much as anyone can predict outcomes in a chancy business like broadcasting, Castiglione felt Orsillo had a shot at making it. "Well," Castiglione says today, "he had the pipes," radiospeak for a broadcast-quality voice. "And he was very smart, and very good at networking."

But the odds of going from the top of the class to the top of the profession — even at the minor-league level — are not good. Tougher, even, than becoming a player. Colleges graduate more broadcasting majors than baseball players. Yet each year, close to a thousand college players are offered the chance to play minor-league ball. No more than a couple dozen broadcasting jobs open up among the 180 minor-league teams.

Orsillo knew all this as he finished up his senior year. Still, he sent out 120 resumés and tapes, to teams and stations across the nation. The call he never doubted would come was practically a local one. The Pittsfield Mets offered him \$1,500 to be the second announcer on their road-game radio broadcasts, three innings per game, and to serve as the public-address announcer for home games.

Not \$1,500 a week, or a month. He'd get \$1,500 for the entire season. At seventy games, that broke down to a little more than \$21 per game. He'd made \$25 a game as Castiglione's intern. Even so, Orsillo didn't hesitate. He graduated from Northeastern on June 16. Two days later, he was in the booth in Watertown, New York, calling his first game.

Pittsfield rents are not Boston rents, and the worldly obligations of a single guy just out of college are not great. Still, \$1,500 doesn't go far. "I was very lucky to have parents who were able to help me and willing to help me with my rent and other expenses," says Orsillo. He spent two years with Pittsfield, augmenting his income and resumé with a winter broadcasting job

for the American Hockey League's Springfield Indians. That job paid \$5,000 per season, bringing his annual broadcast earnings up to \$6,500, or \$125 a week.

In 1993, thanks to Mike Ryan, director of broadcast operations for the New York Mets, Orsillo got a radio job with the Mets' Double A Eastern League affiliate in Binghamton. Ryan was encouraging, and Orsillo began thinking he might one day make it to the Shea Stadium booth.

"Every year, there was a rumor Bob Murphy was going to retire," Orsillo says of the legendary announcer who, with Casey Stengel, was around at the Mets' inception back in 1962. "But of course it never happened." (Murphy left the Mets only last fall, and died last month at the age of seventy-nine.)

The young broadcaster quickly matured under the keen ear of Binghamton general manager R. C. Reuteman. "I'd say, 'The pitch was fouled away,'" Orsillo remembers, "and he'd say, 'Be more precise. Fouled where? First base? Third? Ground foul? Pop?'"

"If I missed something," Orsillo continues, "he was on the phone right after the game: 'Bottom of the third, two out, play at second. You missed it.' I learned pretty quickly I'd better not miss anything."

READY FOR THE CALL

Orsillo regularly sent tapes of his broadcasts to Castiglione, partly to stay in touch, partly to seek advice. He says he took something from all the announcers he interned with — Castiglione, Coleman, Starr. Anyone who's heard him do a Red Sox game has also noticed he sounds something like Sean McDonough; Orsillo believes that's because the echo of Ned Martin can be heard in both his and McDonough's voices.

But the voice he claims influenced him most belongs to Yankees radio announcer John Sterling, best known for his articulation of a New York victory. "Yankees win!" Sterling says. "Thhhhhhhhhhhheeeeeee Yyyyyyyyyyaaaaaaaaannnnnnnkees win!"

"I'm not crazy about his singing at the end of the game," says Orsillo with a smile (he knows how Sterling's signature grates on Red Sox fans' nerves). "But I really like his pacing, the way he delivers the information, his voice articulation and depth, how he can raise his voice without screaming."

Orsillo's broadcasting maturation was the least of his good fortune in Binghamton. He also met wife Lisa there during his second season. They were married in 1997, the year after he left Binghamton to take a job with the Pawtucket Red Sox.

Pawtucket gave Orsillo his first annual salary with benefits. He did the radio broadcasts and served as the club's community relations director. He and Lisa began making a life for themselves in Providence. But they didn't buy a house — they just extended their apartment lease six months at a time — because Orsillo wanted to be ready when the call came.

Being ready for the call from the majors is what Triple A is all about. It dominates all thoughts, enters all conversations. "I used to iron his shirts," says former Pawtucket manager and current Oakland Athletics

manager Ken Macha. "He would come into the clubhouse when we were leaving for a road trip, and his shirt would be all rumpled. I told him, 'If you're going to make the big leagues, you've got to look like a big leaguer.' And I'd make him take his shirt off right there."

In so many ways, Triple A is the cruelest of all the minors. Triple A travels by plane instead of bus. The cities are bigger and more interesting. The salaries are near-livable. But the big leagues are at once achingly close and frustratingly far away.

During the ten years Orsillo spent broadcasting in the minors, only four announcers graduated to the big leagues. When he looked up the road to Fenway, the view was especially discouraging. Castiglione, Trupiano, McDonough, and NESN play-by-play guy Bob Kurtz were all well-ensconced and popular voices. None was likely within twenty years of retirement.

But in fall 2000, Orsillo's disappointment at missing daughter Sydney's birth — she had arrived while he was in Toledo on a road trip — was offset by a stroke of luck. McDonough was calling some college football telecasts on ABC and had to miss a pair of Red Sox games on Fox 25. Orsillo was asked to fill in, his unfamiliarity with television more than balanced by his knowledge of the game and the team, and his readiness for the opportunity.

Not long thereafter, Kurtz, who'd succeeded Ned Martin eight years before, announced he was taking a job with the National Hockey League's Minnesota Wild.

Orsillo was no shoo-in to replace Kurtz. He seemed, in fact, quite a long shot. NESN already had Bob Rodgers in house, or it could have had its pick of national talent. But, with the blessing of

the Red Sox front office, NESN president Bob Whitelaw offered Orsillo the job.

RED SOX NATION TUNES IN

The radio guy had arrived at the threshold of his life's ambition. Problem was, he didn't know a damn thing about television.

"Joe Castiglione gave me the best advice," Orsillo says. "He told me that television [broadcasting] wasn't telling the story. It was providing captions for the pictures."

Orsillo's role carried another responsibility: "The job of the play-by-play guy is to set up the analyst," Castiglione says.

Luckily, Orsillo took his major-league seat alongside the most accomplished and popular analyst in Red Sox history. "I learned about the big leagues and I learned about television from Jerry Remy," he says.

The gracious Remy asserts he's learned from his young partner as well. "The guys I've worked with have all been responsible for bringing something out in me," he says. "I think Don's brought out a little more levity, got me to try to make the game more entertaining."

In the seventh inning on this night in May, with the Red Sox ahead 11-2, Orsillo asks Remy about Wally.

Remy adopted the Wally character as the Red Sox mascot a couple of seasons ago, imbuing him with a whole personality, history, and jet-set lifestyle.

A six-inch beanbag Wally generally sits in a tiny Adirondack chair on the desk between Remy and Orsillo. But tonight he sits astride a miniature mechanical bull made by a New Hampshire viewer. With Orsillo's prompting, Remy is off on an inning-long, between-pitch riff of nonsense about Wally's skills on the bull.

"A lot of the time, the game's just not that interesting," says Orsillo. "Those times, people are looking to be entertained. But there's a fine line you've got to be careful you never cross."

"It's always about the baseball," says Remy. "Our job is to entertain, but we've got to remember, it's always about the baseball."

When the baseball is good, the broadcasting is good, and since Orsillo's arrival at Fenway the baseball has been very good indeed. New England is consumed with the Red Sox, and he is riding the wave.

At the beginning of his first season with the team, NESN was a pay cable channel, available in just 220,000 New England homes. But by June 2001, NESN was part of the basic package for most cable systems. Suddenly, Orsillo's audience was 3.5 million homes. In 2003, when NESN stopped sharing telecasts with Fox 25, he moved from a package of 80-odd games to more than 130.

Orsillo still makes his home in Rhode Island, with Lisa and daughters Sydney, four, and Madison, one. But as his professional demands have increased, so, too, have his visibility and celebrity. NESN is promoting him in a new TV spot with Tim Wakefield. He's been an attraction on two wintertime Caribbean cruises featuring Red Sox players. Last December, Keith Lockhart invited him to narrate "Yes, Virginia, There Is a Santa Claus" at the Boston Pops holiday concerts.

Like Pedro, Varitek, and Lowe, Orsillo is in a contract year; his NESN agreement is up at the end of 2004. After negotiating his first three NESN contracts himself, he's hired an agent to handle matters this time.

Though his current contract prevents him from doing telecasts for other networks, he has a natural interest in outside opportunities. But, he says plainly, "I wouldn't want to do anything that would mean I had to miss a Red Sox game."

Orsillo intends to be around for his listeners for many years. "I would like to think that I could become a family member over the course of time," he says. "That they would be able to familiarize a time in their life with the sound of my voice. If I could have done that by the end of my career . . ."

He lets his voice trail off, fully aware of what a profound legacy that would be.

Charles Fountain is an associate professor in the School of Journalism.



Star search: Castiglione stands behind young up-and-comer Berenguer.

An Ear for Talent

In the booth next to Don Orsillo's at Fenway Park sits a man who has called some 3,500 Red Sox games. And launched seemingly as many broadcast careers.

Joe Castiglione, who's done play-by-play in the Sox radio booth since 1983, has also been an adjunct Northeastern communication studies professor since 1985. The sports broadcasting class he teaches every fall is perhaps the most fully subscribed course on campus.

Why wouldn't it be, with guest visits from members of the Red Sox and other Boston pro teams, a slender reading list, and what Castiglione freely calls a generous grading policy. "I am probably responsible for some of the grade inflation at Northeastern in recent years," he admits.

Yet the laidback instructor is also committed to getting his best students an opportunity to show their stuff at the professional level.

"He's the guy who really believed in me first," says Orsillo. "He told me, 'If you want to do this professionally, there's a job for you.' What a confidence booster that was."

Castiglione has lost track of exactly how many former students work in broadcasting or in some front-office capacity. He rattles off the names of eight to ten ex-students broadcasting in the minors or working in major-league public relations. He then thumbs through the front-office section of the Red Sox media guide and points to another half-dozen young faces whose entrée to the Sox came through his class.

But, in one notable instance, the usual sequence was reversed: He helped someone with baseball connections get into Northeastern. In 1994, Castiglione, a longtime Jimmy Fund supporter, met Uri Berenguer, a twelve-year-old cancer patient at the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute. Castiglione asked the youngster if he was related to Juan Berenguer, the former major leaguer who'd pitched for the Tigers, the Twins, and the Braves.

"That's my uncle," Berenguer told him. "That's my father's little brother."

From this exchange blossomed a solid friendship. When Berenguer was in high school, Castiglione brought him into the radio booth as a substitute statistician. After the young man's cancer went into remission,

Castiglione put him to work telling his story at Jimmy Fund fundraisers.

As a high school senior, Berenguer applied to Northeastern, largely because of Castiglione's connection to the school. But paying for Northeastern was going to be a problem. Though he'd moved to the United States from his native Panama when he was four, he was not yet an American citizen and was thus ineligible for federal financial aid.

"Joe, together with Roger Giese [director of Northeastern's Environmental Cancer Research Program] and John Harrington [then Red Sox president] got me a tuition waiver," says Berenguer. "That was just huge."

Castiglione wasn't finished. He also helped Berenguer secure a position with the Red Sox Spanish Network, doing technical production and some pregame on-air work.

Berenguer came to Northeastern in fall 2001. In February of his freshman year, he got a call from Bill Kulik, head of the Red Sox Spanish Network, offering him a job doing play-by-play. He was nineteen years old.

He's twenty-two now and in his third year in the Spanish booth. Full-time work has taken a toll on his progress toward graduation. He's promised both his mother and Castiglione he will eventually graduate, but right now a degree is just one of two life goals.

"I'm very proud to know I'm the youngest play-by-play announcer in the major leagues," Berenguer says, "and the first-ever Panamanian announcer in the major leagues."

"I'd love to become the first ever to make the crossover to English-language broadcaster. I'd love to be Joe Castiglione's partner one day."

— *Charles Fountain*

MAGAZINE HOME

MARKETING AND COMMUNICATIONS

NU HOME

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Feature Story

Features

Dream Job

Shall We Dance?

The Warden

Departments

Letters

E Line

Alumni Passages

From the Field

Research Briefs

Sports

Books

Classes

First-Person

Husky Tracks

Huskiana

The Warden

Some see prisoners. Donald Cabana sees possibilities.

By Karen Feldscher

Photography by Tom Roster

In the 1980s, Donald Cabana, CJ'72, spent five years as the director of a maximum-security prison in Mississippi. When he could no longer stomach presiding over executions, he left his job, going on to enjoy a successful academic career. Now Cabana — who receives an Outstanding Alumni Award from Northeastern next month — has returned to head the same penitentiary he left in 1989. Why would a man with so many options go back to a place like Parchman?

Head west from the picturesque hills of north Mississippi through the small town of Batesville, turn south on two-lane Highway 49, and you'll find yourself surrounded by delta land as flat as a pancake, covered with vast fields of cotton, soybeans, and rice. Winters here are brown and stark. In the summer, days hit 90 degrees or hotter; come evening, the humid air buzzes with mosquitoes the size of B-52s.



Parchman landscape: Coming back was a "hobrunner" for Cabana.

On the road, you pass grand plantation homes and dilapidated shotgun shacks. Then a sign. "Penitentiary Area Next Two Miles: Do Not Pick Up Hitchhikers."

The Mississippi State Penitentiary at Parchman is a sprawling former plantation of more than 20,000 acres. Back in 1972, when newly minted criminal justice grad Donald Cabana began working there as a guard, inmates spent long days laboring out in the fields. Any of them trying to escape might wander for days without ever reaching the prison farm's boundaries.

Cabana quickly realized that many of the corrections practices he'd learned on his co-ops at Massachusetts prisons were irrelevant at Parchman. It was one of the country's most corrupt and inhumane penitentiaries.

Ultimately, he was fired for speaking up about the

deplorable conditions he saw around him. But he vowed to come back as warden, and, amazingly, he did, running the place more sensibly and humanely, just as he'd envisioned doing as a young guard.

He served as warden for five years, until his distress at having to carry out executions overwhelmed him. He would detail his pain and confusion in a 1996 memoir, *Death at Midnight: The Confession of an Executioner*, an insider's dark view of capital punishment.

Cabana left Parchman a second time upon receiving what his wife, Miriam, calls the "ultimate compliment" — he was named commissioner of corrections for the state of Mississippi. Later, he spent twelve satisfying years teaching criminal justice at the college level. He earned a doctorate in philosophy. He became chair of the Criminal Justice department at the University of Southern Mississippi in Hattiesburg.

At age fifty-eight, he could easily have stayed in the comfortable world of academia. But last spring, the job of warden (now called superintendent, though Cabana still prefers "warden" for the respect it implies) opened up again at Parchman.

After getting the okay from his wife and six grown children, Cabana decided to return.

"I loved teaching," the Massachusetts native says in the Mississippi drawl he's picked up after thirty-plus years in the South. "There was only one thing that could have possibly pulled me away from that, and that's this job." The decision, he says, was a "no-brainer."

In spite of the fact he may someday have to preside over another execution.

An uncommon career

Cabana understands corrections is not a job most people warm up to.

"If you ask little Johnny or little Mary what they want to do when they grow up," he says, "they may say, 'I want to be a policeman.' But you don't hear them saying, 'I want to be a prison warden.'"

The job is "very stressful," Cabana says, and thankless. "If you're looking for gratification in terms of public kudos and thank-yous, this is the wrong business to go into. Really, the only time you get noticed is when something bad happens."

Cabana never seriously considered the field before college. In fact, when the Lowell native (reared in Easton) first came to Northeastern, he says, "I thought I was supposed to major in baseball, or football, or frat parties. And my grades reflected that."

He interrupted his education in 1968 to serve two years in Vietnam, where he was exposed to the defoliant Agent Orange (Cabana blames the exposure for the high blood pressure, diabetes, and coronary disease he developed years later). Returning to Northeastern at age twenty-three, he still dreamed of playing pro baseball or football, or coaching, until his football coach gently suggested he think about other careers instead.

At first, Cabana considered law or politics. He worked as a State House intern ("a glorified clerk," he recalls), and on Michael Dukakis's campaign for lieutenant governor. But when co-op gave him a taste of the corrections field, he was hooked.

Doing bed checks on his very first night at the Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Bridgewater, he met Albert DeSalvo, the so-called Boston Strangler. Encounters like these intrigued Cabana (DeSalvo was "a slick operator," he says). But as time went on, he also remembered the corrections problems he'd seen firsthand when his brother got into trouble with the law as a teen. He began to think maybe he could help solve some of them.

Then he ran across a buddy from Vietnam, incarcerated at Bridgewater on a drug-related charge. Like many inmates, the vet insisted his charge was bogus. Cabana went to Norman Rosenblatt, the College of Criminal Justice dean, to enlist support for his friend.

It turned out the friend was telling the truth. Ultimately, he was set free.

"You begin to realize it's not all that difficult for people to end up in prison," says Cabana. "It's a thin line, in many respects, between the keepers and the kept. That experience always stayed with me."



At the office: "A significant number of near-misses."

Parchman blues

Cabana's original introduction to Parchman was rocky. He'd been hired for the new position of inmate counselor. But after he'd traveled twenty-two hours from Boston just days after graduating from Northeastern, with his wife and thirteen-month-old son Scott in tow, he learned the man who'd hired him had been fired, and the inmate-counselor job didn't exist anymore. He would be a prison guard instead.

During a previous visit, he'd been told he could live in an attractive red-brick house he was shown on the prison grounds. But now he was led to an old house without a phone, overrun with mice, next door to a turkey pen.

Almost immediately, the new guy "from up North" raised suspicions among the prison staff. And Cabana began to see exactly what he was up against.

Prisoners at the still-segregated facility were disciplined with a black leather strap dubbed Black Annie, or forced to stand for hours on an up-ended soda crate. Tough prisoners beat or raped weaker ones, with little or no intervention from prison staff. "Trusted"

prisoners could carry guns to help oversee their fellow inmates, often with disastrous results.

Some prisoners worked as "houseboys" in the homes of prison officials. Others were allowed to leave prison grounds to bring back supplies from the outside. Inmates routinely bartered illegal drugs and weapons.

One longtime guard — Miriam Cabana describes him as a "crazy old man" — occasionally shot his gun into the prisoners' quarters (somehow no one was ever killed). When Cabana complained about the guard to prison authorities, they told him to keep quiet.

Cabana was also criticized for taking a badly beaten inmate to the prison hospital in his own car.

"He was humane in his approach," recalls Miriam. "He came down here with such ideals. He felt the prisoners were human beings, and they needed to be treated as such. But that was not a popular philosophy."

One day, a black inmate — a quiet sort, mentally slow — shot and killed the sergeant in whose house he worked; Cabana says the shooting's circumstances were "questionable." Outraged guards cornered the inmate, then tried to goad him into running so they could shoot him. But Cabana handcuffed himself to the prisoner and held off his colleagues as they yelled "nigger lover" at him, until the warden arrived.

This was the last straw for Miriam. She'd survived three months, much of it curled in a chair with Scott in her lap, feet up to avoid the skittering mice. But now she insisted on living at her parents' house in Oxford, Mississippi, a university town an hour and a half down the road, but worlds away from the throwback that was Parchman.

Cabana began spending weeknights with a colleague who lived in a trailer on the prison grounds, or he commuted, leaving Oxford at four in the morning to be at Parchman by six to take the inmates to the fields.

His work life continued sliding downhill. His humanitarian instincts got him branded as a troublemaker. Fellow guards sneered epithets at him: "Yankee," "college boy," "dago." He received death threats.

Finally, Cabana made the mistake of complaining about Parchman publicly. He wrote an article for the inmate newspaper, which he hoped would be taken as "constructive criticism."

It was not.

He wound up fired just a year after he started. "As a state trooper drove me out the front gate and rather unceremoniously kicked me out of his car," Cabana recalls, "I looked back and said, 'I'm gonna come back as warden, and I hope you're still here.' And he said, rather derisively, 'That will be the day.'"

As it turned out, Cabana had the last laugh.



Outside Parchman's gas chamber. Its steel chair is called *Black Death*.

Reluctant executioner

Coming back to Parchman as warden in 1984 was "satisfying," Cabana says, given his exit. Now he was a seasoned corrections professional, having held warden posts in Missouri, Florida, and elsewhere in Mississippi.

Right away, though, he faced challenges. First and foremost, he had to keep the inmates on an even keel.

"Running a prison, particularly a maximum-security prison, is almost like being a passenger in a commercial airliner," says Cabana. "Probably, it's good the public doesn't know there are a significant number of near-misses daily, because the skies are so crowded. That happens in prisons, too. There are a significant number of near-misses and crises that prisons handle every day that the public never knows about."

He explains, "These places are kind of like flash points. A fistfight can turn deadly here in a minute. Cash is prohibited, so a package of cigarettes can be a life-or-death issue. But a good correctional staff is adept at keeping things down so they don't boil over."

Still, disturbances sometimes get out of hand. Cabana recalls a hostage situation he was the first to reach.

"There were six officers taken hostage by six inmates," he recalls. "The ringleader was a skinny little fella, but he was psychotic as hell. They'd unlocked all the doors for three hundred inmates, but all the guys were just sitting on their bunks, waiting to see what would happen. When security reinforcements came, I whispered, 'You know, you might want to lock those doors.'"

Then the ringleader started to press his knife into the neck of one of the guards. Cabana says, "I turned my head and said to someone, 'Hand me a shotgun.' Then I turned to the skinny guy and said, 'You got ten seconds to let the officer go, or I'm gonna kill you.' Then I said to the other inmates, 'When I'm finished with him, I'm gonna get the rest of you-all for good measure.'"

That did the trick. All six inmates threw their knives down.

In addition to inmate control, Cabana also had to deal with knotty budget and personnel issues, the patronage-riddled politics of the Mississippi corrections system, and other state government headaches.

Then there were the executions.

Though Cabana left Vietnam believing he could never support capital punishment, his years in corrections had moved him toward accepting the practice as, in his words, "a necessary evil." Mississippi seldom used the death penalty. Cabana felt he'd be able to handle carrying out an execution on the rare occasions he had to.

His first execution, of Edward Earl Johnson in May 1987, went off "flawlessly," Cabana writes in *Death at Midnight*. But, he adds, "afterward, I felt dirty. I remember standing in the shower at three o'clock in the morning, scrubbing as hard as I could. No matter what I tried, nothing seemed to put my mind at ease. The rest of the world could afford to be matter-of-fact, I thought; they had not strapped a man in a chair and killed him.

"I tried convincing myself," he writes, "that the process would become easier with each execution . . . that I would become 'used' to it . . . hardened by it all."

Yet his second execution, less than two months later, was even harder than the first.

Cabana had befriended twenty-seven-year-old Connie Ray Evans during the years Evans was on death row. Cabana knew Evans was guilty of murder. But he'd also seen his remorse, seen him become a very different person over time. He was convinced Evans didn't deserve to die.

His entreaties to the governor to spare Evans's life went unheeded. On execution day, Cabana writes, "My eyes fixed on the cold steel chair in the middle of the gas chamber. Contemplating the difficulty of watching a man die, especially when strapped in a chair while his lungs are filled with poison gas, I shook my head. What the hell was I doing here? How had my career come to this? It all seemed so unreal."

Before Evans went to the gas chamber, he asked to give Cabana a hug. And he said, "From one Christian to another, I love you."

"I was shaken to my very soul," Cabana writes. "What does one say to a man who has told his executioner that he loves him? . . . Looking at the man in front of me, I wondered if I would ever sleep peacefully again."

After the execution, which Cabana describes in his book in gruesome detail, he told his wife, "No more. I don't want to do this anymore."

Two years later, without having to perform another execution, Cabana left Parchman to become the state's commissioner of corrections. A year after that, when the governor who appointed him left office, the ex-warden began teaching criminal justice at the University of Southern Mississippi in Hattiesburg, eventually becoming chair of his department last December.

And he spent time on the television and lecture circuit, both in the United States and abroad, questioning the wisdom of the death penalty. For instance, at a 1995 hearing on capital punishment before the Minnesota House of Representatives judiciary committee, Cabana related how executing Johnson, who went to death proclaiming his innocence, had seriously troubled him.

Indeed, he says, just days before his Minnesota testimony he learned new information that indicated Johnson may have been innocent. (The case was never reopened.)

"However we do it," Cabana told the legislators, "in the name of justice, in the name of law and order, in the name of retribution, you . . . do not have the right to ask me, or any prison official, to bloody my hands with an innocent person's blood. . . . If we wrongfully incarcerate somebody, we can correct that wrong. But if we execute an innocent person by mistake, what is it we're supposed to say — 'Oops?'"

The importance of doing good

And yet, since May, Cabana has been back at Parchman.

When he announced his decision to return, the first question reporters asked him was what he'd do if an execution were scheduled. "I said, 'Well, I'm gonna do my job,'" Cabana recalls.

He also says he'll never allow himself to become close to a death-row inmate again.

Some antideath penalty activists Cabana has worked with over the past decade were, to put it mildly, shocked by his return.

Norman Greene, a lawyer with the New York firm Shuman, Updike, and Kaufman, who for four years served as chairman of the New York City Bar Association's committee on capital punishment, calls *Death at Midnight* an extraordinary book. He's as mystified as anyone.

"Don Cabana is a unique, brilliant, thoughtful person who's contributed a ton of things to the antideath penalty movement," Greene says. "How could he go back and do it again?"

Even Cabana's wife and children were surprised. They were also concerned, given his health problems, which have included three heart attacks (though he says there were only two — he doesn't count the time he had chest pains but refused to go to the hospital), two open-heart surgeries, and roughly nine heart catheterizations.

But Cabana, who admits micromanaging during his first stint as warden, says he's more laid-back this time around. And the pacemaker/defibrillator he got three years ago has left him feeling "great," he says.

He's clear the warden post is where he ought to be. Executions "don't come around that often," Cabana says. "Fortunately, Mississippi is very conservative with its use of the death penalty."

And the rest of the job is so suited to his abilities — and so challenging. For example, in the wake of a \$34 million cut in the state's corrections budget, he's currently overseeing reductions "in everything from gadgets and gizmos, to people," he says.

He adds, "I think every one of us in our lives does things out of a sense of duty, or responsibility, or professionalism, whether we're personally in favor of doing them or not. On those rare occasions where I'm

doing an execution, it will afford me an opportunity once more to bring a sense of decency and compassion, even inside the execution chamber. And I think that's important."

Parchman, Cabana says, "has always had a special place in my heart. The opportunity to come back here represented one last chance in the twilight of my career to make a difference.

"You really can impact people's lives in a positive way," he continues. "The public has this perception that none of these guys or gals makes a successful transition [to the outside world]. But there are success stories out there — some darn good success stories.

Now, the numbers are overwhelming in the other direction. But the way I see it, whatever good you can do is a good thing."

Karen Feldscher is a senior writer.

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Letters

Features

Dream Job

Shall We Dance?

The Warden

Departments

Letters

E Line

Alumni Passages

From the Field

Research Briefs

Sports

Books

Classes

First-Person

Husky Tracks

Huskiana

The 'BCN Crew

File under: Ouch—shafted.

First off, great pieces in "[Ministry of Sound](#)" (May), including the great spread on Adam 12. But, as an avid reader, I was a little bummed I didn't even get a tiny mention in the write-up, seeing as I'm also a WRBB alum. I've worked as a full-time DJ at WBCN-FM (7 to midnight, weeknights) for just under five years now. I'm actually the youngest full-timer here, not Adam.

Josh Aarons, our station's assistant music director—and younger than both Adam and me—is also an NU grad. Matt Siegen, who more or less runs the street and promo teams, and is one of the forces behind our huge annual concerts—yup, from NU, too.

Anyway, my congrats to you guys on an otherwise very entertaining and professional article. It was great to discover so many people have made great work of NU's communications program. Keep it up!

— Deek (*aka Derek Diedricksen, AS'00*)
104.1 WBCN-FM
Boston, Massachusetts

Graphic influence

Just a quick thank-you for the great little piece on Earle Brown ([Husky Tracks](#), May). I am glad Northeastern is recognizing this important musical figure.

I had a chance to speak with Brown briefly in 1967, when I was a student at Tufts. Two of his former teachers had invited him to the Medford campus to give a workshop. Although he had an international reputation by that point, there was no trace of an inflated ego. I believe his down-to-earth, unassuming manner made people more willing to accept his unconventional musical ideas.

One point not mentioned by the article is the influence Brown had on other composers during the 1950s, 1960s, and 1970s. In particular, his graphic notation of time and dynamics was adopted by numerous other composers, including Karlheinz Stockhausen and Luciano Berio.

Several years ago, I nominated Brown for an honorary degree. Alas, he was passed over, and he died about a year later. Thus, it is quite gratifying to me to see Brown recognized in Northeastern University Magazine.

— Richard Bjorkman
Publications Manager
Office of the University Registrar
Hayden Hall

We want to hear from you!

We welcome your letters and reserve the right to edit them for space and clarity.

Sending letters:

Mail

Letters to the Editor
Northeastern University Alumni Magazine
360 Huntington Avenue, 598CP
Boston, MA 02115

Fax

(617) 373-5430

Web

numag.neu.edu/maqletters.shtml

E-mail

s.piland@neu.edu

Oldies and goodies

I really enjoyed your article on the Northeastern radio station ("[Fresh Air](#)," May). It brought back lots of memories for me, even though I wasn't officially a part of the staff at WRBB (which stands for Radio Back Bay).

My friend Dave Kohn joined the station when we both arrived at NU in 1971, and I used to hang around the studio with him. I once got to do the "sign-on" at the beginning of the day's transmissions. A special treat was the "Saturday Night Oldies" show, hosted by Roger R. Richards ("R-cubed," to the engineering students).

I even have a WRBB bumper sticker from 1971 (or so), which for some reason I've hung onto all these years.

— *John Pugh, BA'76*
Hopewell, New Jersey

A round of applause . . .

For the Northeastern University Alumni Magazine readers who won prizes in two raffles this spring!

- The first drawing awarded a Palm Pilot to a Classes contributor whose submission appeared in a 2003–2004 issue. The winner was Douglas Gray, AS'92, of Atlanta, Georgia.
- The second selected three prize winners from among those readers who made subscription contributions over the past year:

First-place winner Joan Hodge, UC'86, UC'89, of Hyde Park, Massachusetts, received a Palm Pilot.

Second-place winners Helmut Knoll, E'37, of Silver Spring, Maryland, and Robert Norton, CJ'74, MJ'79, of Kennebunkport, Maine, each received a \$100 gift certificate to the Northeastern University Bookstore.

Congratulations to our winners. And thanks to all of you for your news, views, and generous support. We prize our connections with our readers.

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

E Line

Features

Dream Job

Shall We Dance?

The Warden

Departments

Letters

E Line

Alumni Passages

From the Field

Research Briefs

Sports

Books

Classes

First-Person

Husky Tracks

Huskiana

Story Index

- NU joins Colonial conference to boost recruitment, athletics

>> [Read more...](#)

- Administrators hired to direct marketing, lead business college

>> [Read more...](#)

- Northeastern jumps in U.S. News rankings

>> [Read more...](#)

- DNC helped NU shine

>> [Read more...](#)

- Take a Bow!
Highlighting NU faculty and staff members

>> [Read more...](#)

- Former NU president Ryder feted at 80th birthday celebration

>> [Read more...](#)

- Continuing education at NU: New name, new programs, new ideas

>> [Read more...](#)



President Freeland (right) congratulates athletics director Dave O'Brien on Northeastern's upcoming alliance with the Colonial Athletic Association.

>> [Full story](#)

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Alumni Passages

Features

[Dream Job](#)

[Shall We Dance?](#)

[The Warden](#)

Departments

[Letters](#)

[E Line](#)

[Alumni Passages](#)

[From the Field](#)

[Research Briefs](#)

[Sports](#)

[Books](#)

[Classes](#)

[First-Person](#)

[Husky Tracks](#)

[Huskiana](#)

Bridge over Troubled Waters

It only hurt when I smiled.

By Herbert Hadad

The single thing worse than a bad toothache is an out-of-town bad toothache. I was working in a small New Hampshire city when one struck on a hot fall weekend.

My boss called his dentist, who agreed to open his office, though once I got there he was more interested in the World Series playing on the TV behind him than his patient. He took a cursory look at my mouth and said, "It's bad. The tooth's got to come out."

After a brief struggle, he handed me, as though it were a small velvet pillow bearing a rough gemstone, a pad of surgical gauze holding the bloody remains of a tooth. It had resided somewhere in the lower right front of my mouth.

"Take a few aspirins," the dentist said. "You also might want to pick up a pint at the state store. Rub whiskey where the tooth used to be, and gargle with it."

The aspirins didn't work, and it was painful to eat, so I retreated to my rooming house near the center of town. Having majored in economics at Northeastern, I'd calculated that a quart of whiskey was a much better buy than a pint and acquired the larger supply. As the afternoon slipped into evening and the throbbing intensified, I began to dab my gum and gargle.

The next morning, I awoke with a start—a thud, actually, because I'd fallen out of bed—to discover my room had been ransacked. Chairs and a table were overturned. Remnants of dishes and glasses and papers were strewn everywhere. I found the phone under a cushion and was about to call the police when it occurred to me to try the door. It was still locked.

Slowly, everything came back. Despite the consumption of enough whiskey to fell a rhino, during the night my jaw started to ache with such intensity that the alcohol's effects burned away and I shot awake in a rage of pain. I had gone berserk in the room before collapsing back into unconsciousness.

Why did I recall this episode recently? It reminded me my teeth and I have not been on friendly terms for a very long time. For instance: I didn't really smile for most of my life. It sounds weird—I was a husband, father, community activist, writer, teacher, and holder of a sensitive government position—but I had not been blessed with nice, even choppers, and I was convinced my smile would cause people, especially women, to become queasy and flee.

Still burned into memory is the day my class posed for the high school yearbook. "Smile," said the photographer. I did. "Close your mouth for the next one," he said, and that's the shot they ran.



Later on, caps were installed over some of my front teeth. Even that measure ended unhappily. The most prominent tooth had a habit of wiggling loose at the strangest times. On the final night of my vacation in Prague last year, as my wife and daughter and I toasted our good fortune in being together in a riverside café, it popped out.

I went to the men's room and found myself staring in the mirror at a jack-o'-lantern. The next day, I spent nine hours squeezed into a seat on Swiss Air, imagining the flight attendants having a good laugh at the food station about "Herr Pumpkin."

Back home, Dr. Amsterdam—one of two dentists asked to ponder my case—made an emergency repair by taking a paper clip, snipping off a piece for a post, and gluing the tooth back in. For a dentist, Dr. Amsterdam was fun. He once told me I had young lips. When I relayed this to my wife, Evelyn said, "That will be your Indian name: Man with Young Lips."

The tooth stayed in for a while but dropped out again the Saturday morning we were leaving for Albany to help celebrate my brother-in-law's retirement after thirty years as a New York State assistant attorney general. Plus, in two days I was scheduled to appear on a cable TV show.

Dr. Amsterdam kindly met me at his office to reinstall the tooth. "You're not going to charge me for the paper clip again, are you?" I asked. He laughed. Then he said the time had come for us to make some serious decisions.

He asked to see photos of me as a smiling younger man. I brought in what I could, but they all showed no more than a tight smirk, the sole exception a series of frames taken in a penny arcade photo booth (I'd been alone at the time, of course).

Eventually, he and the oral surgeon, Dr. Cohen, came up with a plan that involved extractions and the creation of a denture, with implants to follow. It sounded like a long, painful, and expensive process. "I have an alternative," I said to Dr. Cohen one day as I sat in his chair. "I'll just die."

Numerous visits to both doctors ensued, for x-raying and the taking of impressions. By and large, the visits were not unpleasant. Dr. Cohen liked to pause in his endeavors to reflect on everything from geopolitics to child-rearing. Dr. Amsterdam employed as assistants two gorgeous women who worked in pastel jumpsuits and acted as though pleasing patients was the most important goal of their day. And Amsterdam was a character, too; years earlier I'd written an article for the New York Times about the false tooth he'd made for his beloved German shepherd Max after the dog ran into a spade he was wielding.

Throughout the months-long project, I wasn't quite sure where we stood. I just kept showing up for appointments.

One afternoon, I sat in Dr. Cohen's chair as he studied x-rays. On his instrument table was a denture. It looked like something my grandmother used to keep in a glass of cloudy water.

He turned back to me: "Ah, exactly what do you expect we'll do today?" I heard the sympathy in his voice.

" I think I'm in for a few extractions," I said.
" How about nine?" he replied. He waited for my shock to subside, then said, "It's all up to you. Think it over. We'll do it another time, if you wish."

The years of dental problems weighed on me. I stared at the false teeth, took a deep breath, and said, "Let's do it."

An hour later, Dr. Cohen handed me my extracted teeth and the name of a refining company that could remove the gold they contained. (The company sent me a check for \$51, which will pay approximately one-third of 1 percent of my total dental bill.)

The new denture covered my entire upper mouth and had to be inserted immediately onto, shall we say, sensitive gums screaming to be left alone. I was sent off to Dr. Amsterdam and his two assistants, who fussed over the fit.
" I told you you'd look cuter," the good doctor said.

Since I wouldn't be eating regular food for a while, one assistant recommended I buy a liquid nutritional supplement. "Vanilla's the best," she said.

The other assistant suggested another stop, at the liquor store, for Bailey's Irish Cream. "Mix them," she said, "and you'll sleep like a baby."

During this period of adjustment, feeling as though I were walking around with half a set of joke-shop teeth in my mouth, I paid a routine work visit to the press room in downtown Manhattan's federal courthouse. Here, something happened that finally resolved my dental identity. Like a lot of stories through the ages, it involves a striking blonde.

A reporter had brought his daughter to the office. I heard her voice first, then saw her as she toddled down the hall in my direction. She was breathtakingly beautiful, with soft blue eyes and curls that bounced as she moved. She was three. Her name was, appropriately, Bella.

I kneeled down to greet her. She reached out and brushed her little hand over my pate of short hair.
"That's fun," she said, "and I like your glasses." I was falling for her, as one can with a wonderful child, and smiled, wide and happily. "I like your smile," she added.

That was it. That's all it took. A wife, children, friends, colleagues, dentists, dental assistants—all have their agendas, even if they are gentle ones. But this little girl could be entirely spontaneous.

My wife said to me playfully one evening a short time later, "You're smiling an awful lot these days. Is there someone I should know about?"
I told her about Bella.

Herbert Hadad, a Northeastern graduate and award-winning writer, doesn't understand what people see in the movie Jaws.

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Features

[Dream Job](#)

[Shall We Dance?](#)

[The Warden](#)

Departments

[Letters](#)

[E Line](#)

[Alumni Passages](#)

[From the Field](#)

[Research Briefs](#)

[Sports](#)

[Books](#)

[Classes](#)

[First-Person](#)

[Husky Tracks](#)

[Huskiana](#)

From the Field

The Voyage of the ICEFISH

Blood runs cold—and clear—in the Subantarctic.

By H. William Detrich

If you were looking for me at the end of June and thought maybe I'd fallen off the edge of the earth, you wouldn't have been too far wrong. I was on a ship in the frigid South Atlantic, anchored alongside a tiny island so remote, so fogbound and mysterious, that it was discovered not once but three different times, placed in three different locations, and given three different names.

Bouvetoya Island lies 1,600 kilometers southwest of the Cape of Good Hope. A Norwegian territory, Bouvetoya is twenty-two square miles of volcanic rock covered almost entirely by glaciers. The island was named for French navigator Jean-Baptiste Charles Bouvet de Lozier, who discovered it first, on January 1, 1739. (Lacking an accurate chronometer and forced to rely on dead reckoning, Bouvet plotted it about 200 nautical miles out of its true position.) It's the most isolated island on our planet.

Why was I in that forbidding place? I was the chief scientist aboard the ICEFISH 2004 Cruise, a research trip that brought an international team of polar biologists to the Subantarctic (the area just north of the Antarctic Circle) for two months. Our mission: To learn more about how cold-blooded fishes and invertebrates survive—indeed, thrive—in these extremely cold, largely unexplored waters.

I first started thinking about putting together such an expedition eight years ago. In 2001, I submitted a grant proposal to the National Science Foundation's Office of Polar Programs; the grant was awarded the following year. Edison Chouest Offshore and Raytheon Polar Services provided logistical assistance, as well as a research ship and a crew.

After two years of intensive planning, we set sail on May 17 from Punta Arenas, Chile, on the research vessel Nathaniel B. Palmer. On board were thirty-one biologists from Australia, France, Germany, Italy, New Zealand, South Africa, the United Kingdom, and the United States. Our fields of expertise ranged from systematics, ecology, and fisheries management, to biochemistry, physiology, and cell and molecular biology. (One of my students joined the cruise as part of her master's research program.)

We made stops at the Falkland Islands, South Georgia, the South Sandwich archipelago, Bouvetoya, and Tristan da Cunha—collecting and studying marine species at each location—before disembarking at Cape Town, South Africa, on July 17.

Our days were short (usually about seven hours of daylight) and sometimes extremely cold. In the South Sandwich Islands, for instance, the temperature hovered around -18°C (roughly 0°F) with a -40°C



(which corresponds to -40% F) wind chill. (Antarctica is warmest in January, when temperatures along the coast average slightly below freezing.)

Fortunately, the Palmer—named for the first American to see Antarctica, in 1820—has a steel hull made of an alloy that can withstand temperatures of -60% C. It's also equipped with a special ice-breaking capacity, which allowed us to navigate through the thick pack ice we sometimes encountered.

Although the ICEFISH biologists represented many different specialties, two major themes drove our research.

First, we were looking for a baseline understanding of how fishes and invertebrates living in extreme, chronically cold (-1.8% C, or 28.6% F) Antarctic coastal waters evolved from ancestral stocks that had lived at much higher temperatures (about 20% C, or 68% F). The cold-temperate Subantarctic species are thought to provide an evolutionary snapshot of organisms that populated the relatively warm Southern Ocean some forty to sixty million years ago. What was the "raw" genetic toolbox of those ancestral stocks? How did it change to permit life to flourish at very low temperatures?

Second, as the world experiences climate change, an erosion of biological diversity, and the depletion of marine fisheries, the Antarctic and Subantarctic regions offer relatively pristine laboratories for understanding how organisms adapt—or fail to adapt—to such disturbances. For instance, how will fishes and invertebrates that live at very low, constant temperatures respond if their environment warms? In a sense, polar organisms are highly sensitive canaries in a coal mine, the frontline in registering the impact of global change.

My own research on Antarctic icefish is offering a stunning look at species adaptation, which could potentially lead to some important medical advances.

Fifty years ago, the oxygen-transporter protein hemoglobin, found in red blood cells (erythrocytes), was generally regarded as essential to adult vertebrate life. What a surprise awaited scientists, then, when Norwegian zoologist J. T. Ruud published his seminal article on icefishes, "Vertebrates without erythrocytes and blood pigment," in the journal *Nature* in 1954.

Ruud himself had earlier harbored doubts about the existence of the "bloodless" fish that Norwegian whalers reported living in the shelf waters of South Georgia. Then, in 1953, he captured four specimens of the white crocodile fish *Chaenocephalus aceratus* at South Georgia.

He found their colorless, nearly transparent blood contained white blood cells at less than 1 percent of total blood volume, and no red blood cells or hemoglobin. The oxygen capacity of their blood was 10 to 12 percent of the blood of the related, but red-blooded, South Georgian marbled rock cod and yellowbelly rock cod.

Today, my students and I have shown that virtually all sixteen icefish species have lost the genes needed to produce hemoglobin protein chains. How did this apparently deleterious characteristic evolve? Most likely, globin gene loss could occur only in fishes that live in an extremely and chronically cold environment. Cold water has a higher capacity to dissolve oxygen and other gases. Icefish have large gills and no scales,

which allows oxygen to enter all tissues easily. Hence, they can maintain a relatively oxygen-rich blood fluid even without hemoglobin.

Icefish also fail to express many genes necessary to produce the red cells of their red-blooded Antarctic relatives and all other vertebrates. Studying this naturally evolved "knock-out" of red cells allows us to pinpoint genes that produce erythrocytes in "normal," red-blooded vertebrates. My students and I have already found a new gene, which we've named "bloodthirsty," that plays a critical role in red cell formation.

By understanding the functions of this and other newly discovered genes, researchers may one day be able to develop new therapeutic drugs to treat the anemias that result from kidney dialysis or chemotherapy.

The ICEFISH expedition produced other significant discoveries. For example, one deep-sea trawl (1.7 miles down!) netted an extremely rare cusk eel, a major find. It may be only the second specimen of this ophidioid fish ever found in the Southern Ocean (the first was collected in 1906). Or it could represent a completely different, previously unknown species.

The large variety of organisms we collected will be studied by more than twenty different research groups, and the results of our work won't be fully known for many months and years to come. But it's already clear our cruise was a huge success.

And take it from me: When you're eager to get away from it all, forget the quiet Caribbean beachfront. I know a little spot that really does feel like the last place on earth.

H. William Detrich is a professor of biochemistry and marine biology. For more information on the ICEFISH 2004 Cruise, visit <www.icefish.neu.edu>.

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Research Briefs

Features

Dream Job

Shall We Dance?

The Warden

Departments

Letters

E Line

Alumni Passages

From the Field

Research Briefs

Sports

Books

Classes

First-Person

Husky Tracks

Huskiana

International currency

Christopher Robertson wants developing countries, particularly those in Latin America, to succeed on the international-business playing field.

That's why, in March, the assistant professor of general management spent two weeks at Peru's Universidad de Lima on a Fulbright Senior Specialists grant, offering professors and managers his expertise in cross-cultural management and international business strategy.

"It's tough for the small players in places like Peru," says Robertson. "For one thing, they have to deal with cultural differences. The other problem is strategic. Countries like China just squash them on cost. And more sophisticated economies—like Japan, or Singapore, or Korea, or the United States—are leaps and bounds ahead as far as quality goes."

He often advises companies in developing countries to avoid the "low cost" game. "So many countries are competing at the low end," Robertson explains. Last year, when Ecuador's Davila-Bond sweater company wanted to sell its products in Mexico, he suggested it compete at the middle-to-high end of the market. The strategy worked; the company's Mexican sales are now 12 percent of the company's total sales.

Robertson, who's taught at Northeastern for five years, also counsels Latin Americans on understanding the business culture in the United States. "Building a relationship before doing business is much more important there than here," he notes. "In the U.S., we like to talk numbers very quickly, before we even meet somebody."

He adds, "Americans are fairly future-oriented—they're planning two, three, five years ahead. In Latin America, the planning horizon is not too far in the future."

Though information like this isn't foreign to many Latin Americans, Robertson says, "coming from the gringo from Boston, I guess it carries a bit more weight."

El arte Judeo

Hebrew words dancing across a bold palette of blues, oranges, and yellows. Several men drinking around a table, illuminated by candlelight from a menorah. Sepia-toned snippets of old photos, maps, and ghostly, faceless figures—a haunting homage to Holocaust victims.

Fanciful, religious, somber—the full range of emotion in Jewish Latin American art is in evidence at www.jewishlatinart.neu.edu, a website launched late last year by modern languages professor Stephen Sadow.

Sadow, who has studied Jewish Latin American literature and culture for twenty years, got interested in the visual arts around two years ago. "To my knowledge," he explains, "there hadn't been a single piece of writing on this topic."

So he began searching. He scanned the websites of individual artists and galleries. He enlisted the help of Buenos Aires teacher and writer Miryam Gover de Nasatsky, who tracked down artists in Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay.

The pair found oil paintings, watercolors, sculptures, ceramics, and installations by more than eighty artists from Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Cuba, Mexico, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

Senior graphic arts major Josh Shapiro helped set up the website. Several Northeastern departments and programs, including the Center for Interdisciplinary Studies, the Jewish Studies program, and the Latino, Latin American, and Caribbean Studies program, contributed their assistance as well.

Sadow says he hopes the site, written in both English and Spanish, will appeal to North American viewers as well as Latin American artists themselves, who may use it to learn more about their colleagues' work.

According to Sadow, ideas for expanding the site include pairing each piece of art with remarks by established writers, adding other critical interpretations, and creating a chatroom for artists.

"Mirror Health"

A significant lack of diversity within the U.S. health-care profession presents an urgent health hazard for millions of Americans, says a report coauthored by Ena Vazquez-Nuttall, associate dean of the Bouvé College of Health Sciences graduate school.

According to the report—issued by the National Academies' Institute of Medicine—African Americans, Hispanics, American Indians, and Alaskan natives, as well as some Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders, are grossly underrepresented within the health-care workforce. And, the report's authors conclude, the lack of diversity is directly correlated to problems in these groups' health care.

Vazquez-Nuttall says scientific evidence suggests that the presence of practitioners whose backgrounds are similar to their patients' results in greater access to care, a higher level of patient comfort, an increased understanding of providers' instructions, a greater readiness to confide medical symptoms, and more patient choice and satisfaction.

In addition, the report states, a diverse population of health-care workers-in-training leads to a more effective educational experience for all students.

To reverse the lack of diversity, the report recommends that health professions schools make changes in their approach to admissions, training, financial support, and professional accreditation. In particular, school officials are asked to focus not just on students' grades and standardized test scores, but on professional and "humanistic" factors such as leadership, commitment to service, community orientation, and previous experience.

The report further proposes that health professions programs be evaluated to determine their effectiveness

in attracting and graduating minority students. It also urges that accreditation bodies develop standards for encouraging health professions schools to recruit minority students and faculty.

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Sports

Features

Dream Job

Shall We Dance?

The Warden

Departments

Letters

E Line

Alumni Passages

From the Field

Research Briefs

Sports

Books

Classes

First-Person

Husky Tracks

Huskiana

Rocky Steps into the Ring

New gridiron coach ready to slug it out.

By Paul Perillo

Since March 10, when Rocky Hager signed on as the tenth head football coach in Northeastern history, his life has been spinning.

Just two weeks after shaking hands with athletics director Dave O'Brien and wrapping up his inaugural press conference, Hager got busy getting acquainted with his team at spring practice. The former Temple University assistant coach and North Dakota State University head coach put together a coaching staff while hastily studying films. Not just films of Husky opponents—films of the Huskies themselves.

"It's been pretty hectic," Hager admitted in his office on a rainy mid-July evening. "It was trying getting acclimated to Boston and the surroundings. The challenge for us has been to hit the ground running."

The good news for Huskies fans: Hager, who until now had no coaching experience at the Division 1-AA level, really likes what he's seen. From the team's personnel, to the school's administration and support staff, to the city of Boston itself, he believes everything about Northeastern is first-class.

"I thought coming in the situation would be very good, and it's been better than I expected," Hager says. "The reception has been incredible."

Hager, a North Dakota native, won a pair of Division 2 national titles at North Dakota State before moving to the 1-A level at Temple.

Along the way, he had a fateful encounter on a bus. At the 1992 American Football Coaches Association meeting in Dallas, Hager and his wife, Peggy, met former Northeastern coach Barry Gallup on a bus ride from their hotel. That fall, the Huskies upset defending national champion Youngstown State at Parsons Field.

"I sent Barry a note to congratulate him," Hager recalls. "And then Barry wrote me back—I still have that note. We've maintained a relationship ever since. Barry is very much responsible for much of the success they've had here in the last couple of years. As an example: Adam Bourget has a chance to be a two-time All-American offensive lineman. Barry is the one who recruited him."

Recruiting battles, Hager believes, will be his biggest challenge. Injuries inevitably disrupt a season. Developing depth at all positions is a perpetual priority. Most football coaches lament they never have enough players, especially at the 1-AA level, where scholarships are limited. This year, all of Northeastern's recruiting had been completed before Hager came on board. He won't have a chance to make an impact in



that area until next spring.

But he doesn't anticipate having to ask his players to make any major style adjustments. His predecessor, Don Brown, ran a high-pressure defense that relied on constant blitzing. Hager says he has a similar style.

"I'm very aggressive on defense," Hager says. "We're definitely going to blitz. We like to have active linebackers, just like they've had here in the past. We'll probably use different packages, and we'll use zone blitzes and other stuff. But we'll stay aggressive in nature and let [defensive coordinator] John Cervino let 'er rip when he needs to."

On offense, though Hager likes to show balance, he isn't afraid to adapt to a particular situation. He'll have Shawn Brady back as quarterback for his senior season, his fourth year as the Huskies' starter. Ideally, the coach says, he'll ride tailbacks Anthony Riley and Shawnn Gyles, with Brady sticking in the occasional play-action pass.

The area of biggest difference between Hager and Brown is probably on-field demeanor. Although Hager says he's "not a ranter and raver," he does command discipline. And he's very competitive, a trait Peggy constantly reminds him he has in full. She jokes he wouldn't even let his three daughters win a game of checkers when they were growing up.

Hager's struggles for supremacy on the gridiron begin September 4 at Parsons Field in the season opener against Division 2 Cheyney University, followed by a trip to 1-A Navy. This season, Northeastern faces an always-tough slate of Atlantic 10 competition. In between, the team travels across town to take on Harvard on October 16. And NU's much-anticipated grudge match with the University of Massachusetts—under the direction of new coach Don Brown—takes place November 6 in Brookline.

"I love competition. I love those kinds of games," Hager says of the upcoming UMass tilt. "In putting together the coaching staff, we wanted to get guys with A-10 experience, and we did that. We're excited about how things are fitting together. We're ready to go."



Over the River and Through the Woods

Northeastern's indoor and outdoor track programs have been heralded for their successes during coach

Sherman Hart's sixteen seasons at the helm.

But even some diehard running fans don't know Hart also oversees a third program: cross-country track. Now this rugged contender is making strides, particularly among the women's ranks, in the race for respect.

Not sure what cross-country is? Well, forget the well-groomed oval. Cross-country matches are run on rough outdoor terrain, across open country, up and down hills. (Like many Boston-area schools, Northeastern uses a course in Franklin Park for its home meets.)

Typically five kilometers in length, the races require unusual mental toughness and physical stamina, especially given New England's demanding topography and climate (the competition season stretches from September to November). No two courses are the same. Runners have to find ways to succeed on them all.

Order of finish determines a race's scoring. The winner receives one point, the second-place runner gets two, and so on. A team's score is the total of its top five runners' points; the team with the lowest total wins.

For years, Northeastern coaches simply entered their half-milers into cross-country competitions and hoped for the best. These runners were going up against some of the most competitive all-terrain specialists in New England. The results were predictable: NU struggled.

But Hart, buoyed by increased funding, is starting to turn the ship around. Today, the women's team is no longer composed of distance runners pulled from the indoor and outdoor squads. It's its own entity, with eager recruits.

"We're working hard to recruit against some programs, like BU, BC, and Harvard, that already have strong reputations in the sport," Hart says. "We now have about ten legitimate high school cross-country runners who can put our program on the map."

Given the program's relative youth, Hart has relied on a core of four experienced runners to provide leadership for the young place runner gets two, and so on. A team's score is the total of its top five runners' points; the team with the lowest total wins.

For years, Northeastern coaches simply entered their half-milers into cross-country competitions and hoped for the best. These runners were going up against some of the most competitive all-terrain specialists in New England. The results were predictable: NU struggled.

But Hart, buoyed by increased funding, is starting to turn the ship around. Today, the women's team is no longer composed of distance runners pulled from the indoor and outdoor squads. It's its own entity, with eager recruits.

"We're working hard to recruit against some programs, like BU, BC, and Harvard, that already have strong reputations in the sport," Hart says. "We now have about ten legitimate high school cross-country runners who can put our program on the map."

Given the program's relative youth, Hart has relied on a core of four experienced runners to provide leadership for the youngsters.

Of the four, Westford, Massachusetts, native Amber Cullen—Hart affectionately calls her “the team mother”—is the lone senior. Last fall, Cullen finished second in a meet against Boston University, a perennial America East power (the Huskies tied the Terriers at the meet), before she was hobbled by a midseason knee injury.

Three juniors—Emily Watson, of Groton, Connecticut; Amy Hicks, of Pomfret Center, Connecticut; and Erin Ballard, of Fishkill, New York—make up the remainder of the squad’s core quartet.

“All these girls ran cross-country in high school, and we recruited them specifically for our program,” Hart says. “We’ve never had this type of experience on our team.”

According to Hart, the team has been making some excited predictions. “They’re telling me how they expect to finish within the top three teams in the conference. I’m so happy to see them being so aggressive with their attitude,” the proud coach says. “We’re experienced enough and hungry enough to really battle UNH and BU.”

Hart is thinking big as well, keeping his eye on a triple crown. “Our goal is to win all three championships in one year—indoor, outdoor, and cross-country,” he says. “No team has ever done that. I’m ecstatic about what’s going to happen this year.”

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Features

Dream Job

Shall We Dance?

The Warden

Departments

Letters

E Line

Alumni Passages

From the Field

Research Briefs

Sports

Books

Classes

First-Person

Husky Tracks

Huskiana

Books

Radio Days

The voice of the Boston Red Sox explains it all for you

By Magdalena Hernandez

Broadcast Rites and Sites: I Saw It on the Radio with the Boston Red Sox

by Joe Castiglione, with Douglas B. Lyons (Taylor Trade Publishing; Lanham, Maryland; 2004; 352 pages; \$26.95)

As a genre, the memoir is currently suffering a popular backlash. Alcoholism, incest, Prozac-popping—readers have (rightfully) tired of the seamy stories many memoirists dredge up to cash in on personal tragedy.

Yet what could be more boring than an autobiography without drama? The formula very nearly hinges on troubles, those overcome and those unsurmounted. At the very least, a rewarding memoir requires a life lived during interesting times.

Thankfully, sportscaster Joe Castiglione has plenty of wholesome agony and ecstasy to mine for our entertainment. He's been the radio play-by-play guy for the Red Sox for twenty-two years, qualifying him as one of the most famous voices in America.

And working alongside baseball's most mercurial (or is it ill-fated?) franchise guarantees interesting times. Castiglione called the 1986 World Series loss. Last year's American League Championship failure. Need any more proof of pain?

Part memoir, part travelogue, *Broadcast Rites and Sites* weaves stories from Castiglione's professional career with anecdotes from his personal life. The book is loosely organized by theme, recounting everything from broadcasting ups and downs to trips to American League cities. Castiglione discusses the importance of scouting, the joys of fantasy camp, the country's best stadiums. In later chapters, he writes about topics especially close to his heart: his favorite personalities, the Jimmy Fund, the sports broadcasting classes he teaches at Northeastern.

Of course, fans are treated to a plethora of unusual details from exceptional games. Castiglione's prodigious memory, which catapulted him to fame in a sport that reveres stats, rewards the reader here.

A New Haven, Connecticut, native and graduate of Colgate and Syracuse Universities, Castiglione started down the road to broadcasting after realizing he wasn't a particularly gifted athlete. His first commercial radio job came while he was still a Colgate undergrad. He went on to stints at radio and television stations in Syracuse, Youngstown, and Cleveland.

Then, in 1979, Castiglione became the Cleveland



Illustration by Chris Gall

Indians' television broadcaster. Four years later, after a few more job changes, he was offered a seat behind the Red Sox radio mic, alongside mentor Ken Coleman.

During his long tenure in Boston, Castiglione has witnessed thrilling chapters in Red Sox history. Yet some of the book's more interesting anecdotes are behind-the-scenes snapshots. After the 1986 World Series loss, for instance, he recalls a poignant show of mixed emotions: "Outside the clubhouse, we saw Mets pitcher Bobby Ojeda, who had pitched so well in the series, in tears as he hugged his former Red Sox teammates."

Endearingly, Castiglione reveals he can get as fired up as the ordinary civilian. His angriest moment? It came in 1993 when a fan ran onto the field at Yankee Stadium and cost Boston a win: "Everybody thought that the game was over and that the Red Sox had won 3-1. But no. The game was not over because 'time' had been called. . . . Yankees won 4-3."

A Red Sox review wouldn't be complete without revisiting the heartbreak of the 2003 American League Championship series. Castiglione's rehash is chatty and absorbing. At the end of game seven, he says, he spoke "the toughest words I have ever had to say on the radio" ("Home run, and the Yankees win the pennant").

Commiseration followed, some from outside Boston: "A few days later, I got a call from someone who could really feel our pain, my old friend Pat Hughes, the radio voice of the Chicago Cubs. Pat said, 'Can you believe, we both had three-run leads in the eighth inning with one out and nobody on, and both of us lost the pennant?'"

Broadcast Rites and Sites is also a travel diary, filled with places to see and restaurants to visit. Castiglione's job has afforded him the opportunity to travel extensively among American League cities, as well as, to a lesser extent, the National League towns.

He seems to have left no restaurant unsampled. A consummate chowhound, Castiglione includes some passages that read like a Zagat's guide. Craving chicken Sorrento in Baltimore, or chicken-fried steak in Arlington, Texas? He can tell you where to go. Adventurous foodies may leave unsatisfied; the author tends to eschew the trendy for the tried-and-true (especially if it's Italian fare).

The travel talk can leave the reader feeling a little empty, too. Cities are often discussed in such broad terms that a meaningful sense of overall character or specific attractions just doesn't come through. The same might be said of the thumbnail sketches of the players and baseball insiders Castiglione has known; several chapters are devoted to these quick portraits, one strung simply after another.

The energy picks up again in the book's last two chapters, however, as Castiglione reveals how he endeavors to help others via his work. He's volunteered with the Jimmy Fund, a Boston charity that raises money for the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute, since he joined the Sox. He's taught sports broadcasting at Northeastern since 1985, and at New Hampshire's Franklin Pierce College since 1997.

Overall, Castiglione has written a real pastiche, with all

the attendant charms and flaws. The direct, conversational tone that's such an asset in the booth doesn't always translate as well onto the printed page. The fun facts that pepper the narrative are occasionally distracting. Sections that seem agreeably impressionistic contrast others that feel disjointed.

I would have gladly traded the information on parking fines in La Jolla or kayak rentals in Tampa Bay for more in-depth discussions about Castiglione's personal or professional experiences. More judicious editing might have righted these and other missteps.

And yet, the book remains an entertaining read, with a fresh perspective on our national pastime and obsession.

Speaking of perspective, Castiglione weighs in on the current team. His prediction (at least while writing the book): 2004 will prove to be the year of the Red Sox. Stay tuned.

Magdalena Hernandez, MBA'02, is a senior editor.

Bookmarks

Some Shorts in the Dark

by John A. Curry;
AuthorHouse; 2004

In his latest book, president emeritus John A. Curry, LA'56, MEd'60, H'96, showcases his knack for drawing colorful characters. This collection of short stories and essays explores the human condition while engaging in vivid storytelling.



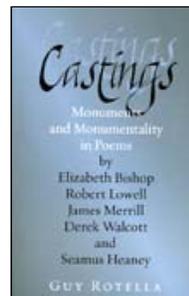
Of particular note: An essay on chancellor Kenneth Ryder, which offers Curry's fond take on his predecessor in the president's suite.

Fans of the author's crime fiction will be glad to find several short stories that deliver the same incisive style and quick pacing that distinguish his novels.

Castings: Monuments and Monumentality in Poems by Elizabeth Bishop, Robert Lowell, James Merrill, Derek Walcott, and Seamus Heaney

by Guy Rotella; Vanderbilt University Press; 2004

Monuments are tricky things. After all, they are mirrors for the culture that created them, as difficult to understand as any other social construct.



Guy Rotella's book is a fascinating, close reading of creations by five monumental modern poets. It examines how the quintet regard monuments—along

with all the cultural issues such symbols condense—as well as how they regard poetry as monument.

Rotella, a professor of English, himself emerges here as a lyrical stylist. Combining theory, history, and biography, the author weaves arguments capable of intriguing even readers not already familiar with the poetic luminaries he discusses.

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

[STAFF](#)[AWARDS](#)[ADVERTISE](#)[SEND CLASS NOTE](#)[SEND LETTER](#)[UPDATE ADDRESS](#)[BACK ISSUES](#)[CONTRIBUTE](#)[LINKS](#)[SEARCH](#)

September 2004

Classes

Features

Dream Job[1950s](#)**Shall We Dance?**[1960s](#)**The Warden**[1970s](#)

Departments

Letters[1980s](#)**E Line**[1990s](#)**Alumni Passages****From the Field**[2000s](#)**Research Briefs****Sports**[Alumni Deaths](#)**Books****Classes****First-Person****Husky Tracks****Huskiana**

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Classes

Features

[Dream Job](#)

[Shall We Dance?](#)

[The Warden](#)

Departments

[Letters](#)

[E Line](#)

[Alumni Passages](#)

[From the Field](#)

[Research Briefs](#)

[Sports](#)

[Books](#)

[Classes](#)

[First-Person](#)

[Husky Tracks](#)

[Huskiana](#)

1950s

Frank Haskell, BA'52, of Fort Myers, Florida, sends in a compelling story of tremendous good emerging out of personal tragedy. "In 1995, our daughter, Barbara, died of breast cancer after a four-year battle with the disease. I was also battling cancer during this period. During her illness, she saw many children suffering from cancer and wished something could be done. In 1995, my wife Betty and I created Barbara's Friends/Children's Hospital of Southwest Florida Cancer Fund. Since its inception, Barbara's Friends has received donations totaling \$4.1 million. The money has been used to build and equip the Barbara's Friends Pediatric Hematology and Oncology Center, the Pediatric Pharmacy, the Barbara's Friends Medical Library, and the Pediatric Therapeutic Play Area; all are located at the Children's Hospital within the HealthPark Medical Center. Also established was the Barbara's Friends Permanent Endowment of \$1.9 million, to provide future medical care for children stricken with cancer and those battling hematology disorders. I enjoy retired life to the fullest but at the same time have restarted my life by being part of fundraising activities. Our immediate goal now is to build the Barbara's Friends Permanent Endowment fund to \$5 million, so there will be ample funds to provide medical care for sick southwest Florida children. Donations may be sent to Barbara's Friends, Children's Hospital of Southwest Florida Cancer Fund, P. O. Box 2218, Lee Memorial Health System Foundation, Fort Myers, Florida 33902."

Leon Wilde, E'53, of Andover, Massachusetts, writes, "As well as raising two children, completing a house, and building most of our furniture, I've had time to indulge in other pursuits. One is travel, which has taken [me and my wife] across Europe, where I've sketched and painted. Now that our children are grown, we've found new enjoyment in traveling with them. Since retiring two years ago, I've been writing, which, thanks to modern technology, is much easier than when we were in school. One result has been getting a novel, *The Gravimetal Paradox*, into print."

Winston Bolton, LA'57, of Halifax, Massachusetts, in May gave a reading from his book of poems, *What the Air Might Say*, at Quincy's Crane Public Library.

Milan W. Lawson, E'57, of Montpelier, Vermont, and his wife, Corinne, were among the Husky fans who attended the March 5 Northeastern-Red Sox game at City of Palms Park in Fort Myers, Florida. He remarks, "It was great to get out of Vermont to thaw out from the past winter and to see old friends."

Dan O'Brien, E'59, writes, "Eleanor and I are living in Commack, New York. I retired from Grumman Aerospace in 1994, after thirty-eight years. In my case, my co-op job turned into a great career. I spent the bulk of my career as a director in manufacturing and material operations in the aircraft and electronics

divisions. These days, we stay active with traveling and golf, and spending time with our two grandchildren."

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Classes

Features

Dream Job

Shall We Dance?

The Warden

Departments

Letters

E Line

Alumni Passages

From the Field

Research Briefs

Sports

Books

Classes

First-Person

Husky Tracks

Huskiana

1960s

Arnold J. Gordon, E'60, of Greenwich, Connecticut, in June was given the Distinguished Career Award by the Drug Information Association in Washington, D.C. "After receiving my chemical engineering degree at Northeastern, I went to New York University for a master's and a doctorate in chemistry, fulfilled my NU ROTC commitment in what was then the Chemical Corps, and taught at Catholic University of America in Washington," he writes. "I retired at the end of 2001 after a thirty-year career with Pfizer but am still semi-active as a consultant. I perform pro bono work in my off time or play in the outdoors. I telemark ski all winter; hike, camp, climb all summer. Have seven grandchildren. Hope to retire in a few years."

Norman Katz, BA'61, of Sharon, Massachusetts, retired in May as a town selectman after nearly four decades of service. Katz is chairman and part owner of a company that produces scaffolding and related equipment in Stoughton. He and his wife, Myrna, have two children and two grandchildren.

Willard Anderson, E'62, worked twenty-nine years for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration at Langley Air Force Base. He retired to Hilton Head, South Carolina, in 1995. He says that, next to playing golf, his favorite hobby is writing. His first book, *The Anomaly*, has been published by PublishAmerica.com. He's now working on a sequel.

Barry Barman, E'62, of Thousand Oaks, California, writes, "After more than forty years as a chemical engineer, protecting physical plants and facilities throughout the United States, I formed Coating Specialists & Inspection Services, an independent engineering consulting firm dedicated to corrosion prevention. So, when I'm not enjoying my grandchildren, you may still find me crawling around some chemical plant or, better yet, in a courtroom doing battle with an attorney or an expert witness. I would love to hear from old friends." His e-mail address is bbarman@csiservices.biz.

William Spencer Jarnagin, MS'63, of Concord, Massachusetts, reports he's working on an alternative to "big-bang universe" ideas and would like to hear from fellow skeptics. Jarnagin is CEO of Walden Press. Reach him by e-mail at bavjarnagin@juno.com.

Betty H. Morris, MA'64, of Squantum, Massachusetts, writes with information about the Faculty Wives Club (profiled in the September 2000 issue of Northeastern University Alumni Magazine): "In 1938, I married Rudolph M. Morris (who years later served as dean of administration) and was invited to join the Faculty Wives Club, a very established and highly regarded organization at that time. It was a big club, and the meetings were interesting. When my husband became a GI in 1943, I began to teach again at Emerson College and could no longer attend meetings. I was

never again free for afternoon recreation, and so was no longer an active member of the club. There must be other relics of that ancient epoch who were astonished that a group that had provided considerable outreach and much pleasure should now be completely forgotten."

Anthony F. Ceddia, Ed'65, MEd'68, of Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, has announced his retirement as president of Shippensburg University. He will retire officially on June 30, 2005. Ceddia is among the top twenty longest-serving university presidents in the country. He and his wife, Valerie, have a daughter, a son, and three grandchildren.

Manuel E. Joaquim, E'65, of St. Louis, notes that in November 2003 he sold several businesses he had acquired in the 1990s. "At age sixty-three, I'm not quite ready to retire, and therefore I'm searching for another business opportunity, while continuing to advise and assist the new management team in the implementation of their current growth strategy," he writes. "My wife, Erika, and I still reside in Lake Saint Louis. We enjoy living in the middle of the country, since it's quite easy to move around and visit our children and grandchildren, who are located in South Carolina, Wisconsin, Arizona, and California."

Janice Campbell Lindsay, LA'65, and Richard Lindsay, E'65, have moved from Marlborough, Massachusetts, to Damariscotta, Maine. Janice is profiled in the 2004-2005 edition of Marquis Who's Who of American Women. She was director of internal communications and executive speechwriter at Saint-Gobain, in Worcester. She has also been an independent writer working for corporate clients for ten years, and she writes fiction and nonfiction. Friends may e-mail her at janice@janice-lindsay.com.

Howard H. Brown, MBA'66, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, is the coauthor of Breakthrough Management for Non-Profit Organizations: Beyond Survival in the Twenty-First Century. The book examines the relationships between the not-for-profit and the for-profit and public sectors. Brown is chairman of the board of trustees of Penacook Place, a 160-bed, not-for-profit, community-based nursing and rehabilitation services organization in Haverhill. He retired as the Symington Professor of Management at Bradford College.

Keith Mountain, E'66, of Boulder, Colorado, is president and chief operating officer at Spatial, which develops 3-D subsystems.

Elaine J. Leeder, LA'67, of Sebastopol, California, has published her third book, The Family in Global Perspective: A Gendered Journey. She is the dean of social services at Sonoma State University.

Douglas Culkin, LA'68, of Oakton, Virginia, is the executive vice president of the National Apartment Association. He was chief executive officer and executive vice president of the National Association of Professional Insurance Agents. Culkin serves on the U.S. Chamber of Commerce Committee of 100.

Joseph Griffin, BA'68, of Dedham, Massachusetts, is the owner and president of Griffin Fire & Safety, and has started a new division at the company, Tayla Marine Safety Systems. The company services fire suppression systems and fire extinguishers on ocean-going vessels that dock at East Coast ports.

Al Blanchard, Ed'69, MA'75, of Lincoln, Massachusetts, has written his fifth novel, *Crucial Judgment*. His short-fiction collection, *The Stalker and Other Tales of Love and Murder*, is planned for publication later this year, and a movie based on his short story "Knock 'Em Dead" is in production. Blanchard is serving his third term as president of the New England chapter of Mystery Writers of America.

Dave House, ME'69, of Mountain View, California, is a member of the board of directors at Brocade Communication Systems, which develops platforms for networking storage.

Gil Peters, LA'69, of Hull, Massachusetts, is a licensed mental health counselor, and has opened a private practice specializing in dual diagnosis treatment at Nova Psychiatric Services in Quincy. He earned a master's degree in mental health counseling at Lesley University, and was senior addiction counselor and coordinator at the Dual Diagnosis Day Treatment Program of Faulkner Hospital. He and his wife, Margie Peters, Ed'70, were editor in chief and managing editor, respectively, of the *Northeastern News* (Division B) in 1968. Their e-mail address is margil@comcast.net.

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Classes

Features

Dream Job

Shall We Dance?

The Warden

Departments

Letters

E Line

Alumni Passages

From the Field

Research Briefs

Sports

Books

Classes

First-Person

Husky Tracks

Huskiana

1970s

Janet L. Hookailo, LA'70, of Hyde Park, Massachusetts, is the senior vice president of marketing and communications for MassDevelopment, the state's economic development authority. Hookailo formerly served as communications director and interim University Relations director at Northeastern. Prior to that, she was director of communications for the Executive Office of Consumer Affairs and Business Regulations and for the Massachusetts Office for Children.

Gerald Rush, MBA'70, of Acton, Massachusetts, is the chief financial officer for MetraTech, a firm that performs billing and partner management for web-based businesses.

James Brett Alexander, LA'71, of New York City, writes, "For over twenty-five years, I've traveled the globe producing news and documentaries, working with some of CBS's legendary correspondents, including Dan Rather and Ed Bradley. I've won a Nieman Fellowship from Harvard, a national Emmy (my seventh) for a recent hourlong documentary about 9/11, and a National Association of Black Journalists award for the hourlong special Malcolm X: The Real Story. For the past several years, I've served as an executive producer at CBS News Productions. I oversee the production of as many as thirty hours of television a year for clients like A&E and the Discovery Channel. I've also worked on the CBS corporate diversity committee. My wife, Cheryl, and I have two children, Stephen and Alexis, and we live in Manhattan. I was one of twenty-five black students brought to Northeastern on Ford Foundation grants in 1966. I owe much to Northeastern and the co-op program. When I was a student, there weren't a lot of undergrad programs in journalism and broadcasting. But working on co-op at Northeastern's radio production department and the Christian Science Monitor certainly gave me a head start on the competition." E-mail Alexander at brettalex@post.harvard.edu.

Norman Barber, E'71, of New York City, is a strategic security adviser for Microsoft. In addition, he's become a certified information security manager through the Information Systems Audit and Control Association. Prior to joining Microsoft, Barber was a partner at Arthur Andersen, where he led the security consulting practice.

Ron Benanto, E'71, of Acton, Massachusetts, is the chief financial officer and vice president of finance for Lumigent Technologies, which develops solutions for data integrity. Formerly, he was CFO and vice president of finance at NewsEdge. Benanto is on the board of directors of Centra Software.

Randi Brenowitz, Ed'72, of Palo Alto, California, chaired the Women's American ORT Triennial National Convention in New York City this spring. She is a

national vice president of the organization and has been a member of its board of directors for thirteen years. Women's American ORT is the largest private contributor to World ORT, which educates nearly 300,000 students worldwide. Brenowitz is the director of programming for the Jewish Community Center in Palo Alto.

Anthony R. Carlucci, CJ'72, of Wakefield, Massachusetts, retired as acting chief of police in Malden after more than twenty-six years of service. A member of the first class to graduate from the College of Criminal Justice, Carlucci served nine years in command positions in Malden as senior captain, lieutenant, and sergeant.

David Ferrero, LA'72, MA'76, formerly of Durham, North Carolina, on September 1 became the Andrew W. Mellon Director and chief executive of the research libraries at the New York Public Library. Ferrero had worked as the university librarian at Duke University. Prior to that, he worked for many years in the libraries at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Julie Leader, N'72, of Hockessin, Delaware, reports the college graduation of twin daughters Laurie and Haley McElwaine. Leader is a naturopath; her website is at www.healthyhORIZONS.biz.

Thomas J. O'Reilly, CJ'72, of Hamilton, New Jersey, is a member of the U.S. Department of Homeland Security's Funding Task Force, which examines the state and local funding process for the nation's first-responders to manmade or natural catastrophes. O'Reilly is the administrator for the New Jersey Office of the Attorney General and the Department of Law and Public Safety. He also serves on a number of national committees for the FBI and the Department of Justice.

Arthur C. Spears, BA'72, of Northborough, Massachusetts, is the president of East Cambridge Savings Bank.

Marvin M. Wurtzel, ME'72, of Mashpee, Massachusetts, has founded a consulting practice, Marvin M. Wurtzel & Associates, which specializes in business process management and quality-improvement strategies.

Irving Zaks, ME'72, of Holliston, Massachusetts, is an account executive for SM&A, a developer of program management and systems engineering.

B. Jay Cooper, LA'73, of Alexandria, Virginia, writes, "Re-met Chris Black, LA'74, after thirty years, and we are engaged. We first met when I was editor of the Northeastern News and she was a reporter. Chris was the political reporter for the Boston Globe for twenty years, an on-air reporter at CNN, and is now communications director for the Heinz Family Philanthropy, serving as Teresa Heinz Kerry's spokesperson." Cooper was a reporter for ten years in Connecticut, and served as director of public affairs at the U.S. Department of Commerce, deputy White House press secretary to presidents Ronald Reagan and George H. W. Bush, and director of communications at the Republican National Committee. He is now senior vice president and director of strategic communications at APCO Worldwide.

Carolyn (Romine) Fisher, MEd'73, of Atlanta, heads the School Program Section at the Centers for Disease

Control and Prevention's Division of Adolescent and School Health. Formerly, she coordinated school health programs in California.

Edward G. Galante, E'73, of Dallas, Texas, is the vice chairman of the U.S. Council for International Business and a senior vice president with Exxon Mobil. He is a director of the National Council at Northeastern and a member of its governing corporation. He also serves on the boards of the Council of the Americas, the Council for the United States and Italy, and Junior Achievement Worldwide.

Frederick D. Healey, UC'73, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, received the Distinguished Citizen Award for 2004 from the Nashua Valley Council of Boy Scouts of America. He is the president and chief executive officer of Workers' Credit Union.

Phyllis E. Santer, N'73, of Belleair Bluffs, Florida, writes, "I'm living in Florida. I have worked as an RN for over thirty years. Ten years ago, I became a certified medical manager, and two years ago I became a certified legal nurse consultant. I am an administrator in an internal medicine practice and am also the president of the Tampa Bay chapter of the Professional Association of Healthcare Office Management. I am married and have two daughters. My older daughter, Deborah, will be attending Northeastern this fall in the pharmacy program. Shalom." Her e-mail address is phyllis1003@aol.com.

Alan Silbovitz, E'73, ME'77, of Stoneham, Massachusetts, is a senior associate for Dewberry, a consulting firm based in Fairfax, Virginia. He is the director of environmental engineering services in the Boston office, overseeing water and wastewater system consulting services in New England.

James R. Boyd, MS'74, of Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, retired in May as dean of faculty at Boston's Benjamin Franklin Institute of Technology. He served the school for forty years. He and his wife, Margot, have two children, Fawn and Ben.

Liane Summerfield, BB'74, of Arlington, Virginia, is the associate dean of the School of Health Professions at Marymount University. She is married to Barry Summerfield, BA'73.

John J. Mahoney, MBA'75, of Dover, Massachusetts, is a member of the board of directors of Tweeter Home Entertainment Group. He serves as executive vice president and chief administrative officer for Staples.

Michele A. Gariepy, BB'76, of North Providence, Rhode Island, has completed twenty years as a child protective investigator for the Rhode Island Department of Children, Youth, and Families. Her e-mail address is mgariepy@webtv.net.

Jim McGuire, E'76, of Paramus, New Jersey, is a market manager for energy with Westfalia Separator, where he has worked for twenty-three years. He and his wife, Joanne, have two daughters, Erin and Kelly. "Hope to hear from my long-lost friends from Boston," he writes. His e-mail address is mcquire.james@wsus.com.

Larry O'Toole, E'76, of Andover, Massachusetts, was named the Massachusetts 2004 Small Business Person of the Year by the U.S. Small Business Administration.

He is the president of Gentle Giant Moving Company, in Somerville.

Peter A. North, BA'77, of North Andover, Massachusetts, is the principal of North Financial, a fee-only financial advisory firm. His e-mail address is panorth@comcast.net.

Susan A. Pease, MJ'77, of Wethersfield, Connecticut, is the dean of the School of Arts and Sciences at Central Connecticut State University, in New Britain.

Dave Tousignant, CJ'77, of Lowell, Massachusetts, received the Lowell Police Department's Exceptional Service Award in April. A sergeant, Tousignant is an investigator in the Internal Affairs Unit. His e-mail address is tousignantd@comcast.net.

Jerome H. Blue, MA'78, of Freeport, New York, is the interim vice president for research, governmental, and corporate relations at City University of New York's New York City College of Technology.

Bernard Nally, UC'78, UC'80, of Wilmington, Massachusetts, retired in May as the chief of police in Wilmington. He was appointed deputy police chief in 1983 and became chief in 2001.

Steven H. Carey, CJ'79, of Philadelphia, is the vice president of security at Depository Trust & Clearing. He spent more than twenty years with the U.S. Secret Service, most recently as special agent in charge of the New York office, supervising several offices and responsible for the protection of visiting dignitaries. Before going to New York, he was the special agent in charge of the Dignitary Protective Division in Washington, D.C.

Scott Heekin-Canedy, L'79, of Stamford, Connecticut, is the president and general manager of the New York Times. He joined the Times in 1987, left for a position at the Los Angeles Times in 1989, then returned to the New York Times in 1992. Before being named president, he was senior vice president of circulation.

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Features

Dream Job

Shall We Dance?

The Warden

Departments

Letters

E Line

Alumni Passages

From the Field

Research Briefs

Sports

Books

Classes

First-Person

Husky Tracks

Huskiana

Classes

1980s

Nicholas Rochester, AS'80, of Oxford, Maine, reports the sad news that his brother, Andrew Rochester, N'78, died on March 14. "My brother was going to Northeastern, and I decided to get a degree as an older student. Andrew was six years younger, and we enjoyed getting an excellent education at Northeastern and becoming professionals," Rochester writes.

Alex Salamon, BA'80, of Lexington, Massachusetts, is the vice president of worldwide sales for Sigma Systems. He most recently served as principal at Broadband Advisory Group.

Paul R. Cunningham, UC'81, of Dedham, Massachusetts, is a senior account manager for frequency-control products at Valpey Fisher.

Todd Abbott, BA'82, of Greenwich, Connecticut, is the senior vice president of worldwide operations at Symbol Technologies in Holtsville, New York.

Thomas Baker, CJ'82, of Manchester, Massachusetts-along with John Dougan, CJ'82, of Abington, Massachusetts, and Charles Flagg, CJ'82, of Quincy, Massachusetts-completed a six-month tour of duty with the Traveling Missionaries in Central America.

Stephen Diamond, MPA'82, of Sunnyvale, California, is the managing director of VantagePoint Venture Partners, in San Bruno.

Susan M. Griffin, AS'82, of Centerville, Massachusetts, is the project coordinator for the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on Cape Cod. "Any alumni living or visiting on Cape Cod, please feel free to stop in to say hello, or e-mail me at sgriffin@mspca.org," she writes.

Dan Ross, CJ'82, of Saugus, Massachusetts, was inducted into the College Football Hall of Fame during ceremonies on August 13 and 14 in South Bend, Indiana. He was a standout tight end for Northeastern and the Cincinnati Bengals. Ross is president and co-owner of WBWP, an independent television station in Riviera Beach, Florida. "We do 1980s and early 1990s programming, along with eight live shows we produce ourselves, and televise Florida Atlantic University football and basketball games," he writes.

Fran Sandonato, E'82, of Quincy, Massachusetts, is a full-time associate with Classic Homes GMAC Real Estate. He previously worked as a city engineer in Quincy and a construction engineer with the Massachusetts Highway Department.

Gerard Cowie, BA'83, of Nepean, Ontario, coached his minor midget (fifteen-year-olds) hockey team to the Ottawa District championship. The title was the fifth

league championship in seven years for Cowie, a former ace on the Northeastern hockey team.

Mark L. Fisher, MBA'83, of Medfield, Massachusetts, is the vice president and director of residential lending for the South Shore Co-operative Bank, in Weymouth. He has worked for the Bank of Canton, Quincy Co-operative Bank, and KPMG Peat Marwick. He also taught part time at New England College of Finance.

Deborah G. Leighton, BS'83, of Atlanta, is a realtor associate with Jenny Pruitt and Associates in Atlanta. She was inducted into the Million Dollar Club at the \$2 million level in 2003. Leighton has four children.

John T. McKenna, MBA'83, of Foxboro, Massachusetts, is the president of Dresser Instruments in Dallas.

Ron Sohn, BA'83, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, is a senior vice president at Edelman Public Relations in New York City. He concentrates on pharmaceutical, hospital, and other health-care accounts. Previously, Sohn was director of marketing and public relations at Salick Health Care in New York. He and his wife, Emunah, have four children. He can be e-mailed at ron.sohn@edelman.com.

John P. Collins, MBA'84, of Newport News, Virginia, is a lieutenant colonel in the Army. He has been selected for Senior Service College and will attend the Industrial College of the Armed Forces in Washington, D.C. Collins is the deputy commander for administration at McDonald Army Community Hospital in Fort Eustis.

Zeyad El-Sayed, AS'84, MS'85, of Dubai, United Arab Emirates, is a national account manager for Sony Ericsson Mobile Communications. Friends may contact him at zelsayed@hotmail.com.

Tim Jon Semmerling, BA'84, of Keller, Texas, received a master of arts degree from the University of Texas at Austin's Middle East Studies department in 1994 and a doctorate from Indiana University's Near East Languages and Cultures department in 2000. His book *Israeli and Palestinian Postcards: Presentations of National Self* has been published by the University of Texas Press. He has completed a manuscript, *Orientalist Fear: The "Evil" Arab in American Popular Film*, which is under contract with the University of Texas Press.

David S. Abrams, BA'85, is an executive director in the Public Finance Department of Morgan Stanley in Boca Raton, Florida, where he lives. He and his wife, Tracy, have three children.

George P. Beckwith Jr., CJ'85, of Deland, Florida, is the chief legal counsel for the State of Florida Department of Children and Families, District 12, in Daytona Beach. Beckwith notes that when he's not spending time with his wife, Jennifer, and children Kayleigh and Kyle, he can be found playing guitar or riding his Harley. Reach him by e-mail at flhs82@aol.com.

Sam Gentile, E'85, of Nashua, New Hampshire, is the chief .NET architect for Adesso Systems, a developer of mobile computing applications.

Jayne M. Mattson, UC'85, of Westford, Massachusetts, is a senior vice president with the consulting firm Keystone Associates, managing its Westborough office. She is the president of the Boston chapter of the

Association of Career Professionals International.

Dana L. Palmer, AS'85, of Wilmette, Illinois, is director of planned giving at National-Louis University. An attorney who specializes in estate planning, he and his wife have three children. E-mail him at dcpalm@ameritech.net.

Danné E. Davis, CJ'86, of Boston, earned a doctorate in May at Boston College's Lynch School of Education. Her dissertation is titled "Learning to Teach among Schoolchildren of Color." Davis is currently an assistant professor in the Early Childhood, Elementary, and Literacy Education department in the College of Education and Human Services at Montclair State University, in New Jersey.

Joseph Durkin, BA'86, is the vice president of business development for All Access Sports and Event Marketing of Boston. Durkin was the senior director of marketing for the Boston Celtics. He, his wife, and two children live in Scituate, Massachusetts.

Jill B. Kremins, MBA'86, of Boston, is the vice president of marketing for Sentient Jet, a provider of private jet membership. She was the senior vice president of wealth segment strategy at Fleet Boston Financial.

Karen Vigurs-Stack, AS'86, and her husband, Ken, celebrated the birth of their second child, Katherine Grace, on May 28. The couple also has a two-year-old son, Colby. The family lives in Andover, Massachusetts. Vigurs-Stack was the marketing and creative director for WBZ-TV 4, the CBS affiliate in Boston, from 1997 to 2002. She now has a consulting business that develops television shows for such cable networks as FoodTV and Discovery Kids. E-mail her at kvigursstack@comcast.net.

Karl Elken, BA'87, is the national associate publisher of eWEEK for Ziff Davis Media. He is based in New York City.

Andrew M. Farkas, N'87, of North Brookfield, Massachusetts, is the program manager/critical-care transport nurse for Boston Medflight, which provides critical-care patient transport by helicopter, jet, and ambulance. Farkas, his wife, and son have a twenty-five-acre farm and three horses.

George Finn, BHD'87, of Riverside, Rhode Island, received the 2004 Rhode Island High School Athletic Director of the Year award. Finn is the director of athletics and student activities at Barrington High School. He and his wife, Jacqui, have two children, Matthew and Christopher.

Paul Foote, BA'87, and Tracy Malison-Foote, CJ'87, and their four children have moved from Nashville to Windham, New Hampshire. Foote is a manager for UPS.

Denise M. Schier, MBA'87, of Westford, Massachusetts, is vice president and general manager of the Commercial Floorcare division of AMETEK, which produces electronic instruments and electric motors.

Bridget M. Boylan, BB'88, of Mukilteo, Washington, writes, "I am working for myself. After frustration with the end results of physical therapy alone, I decided to go to acupuncture school. I just graduated and will soon be doing 50 percent PT/50 percent acupuncture in

my practice. I have two kids, Patrick and Dagney. I hope everyone from the 1988 physical therapy class is doing well and living full lives. Mine certainly has been, so far. I live north of Seattle and enjoy vacationing in Canada, California, and, of course, Ireland." Friends may e-mail her at boylanpt@yahoo.com.

John Capuzzo, BA'88, of Pembroke, Massachusetts, is an assistant vice president at Horizon Management Group. He writes, "I've been working here since my co-op days. Looking to reconnect with classmates. Let's get together this year; it's been too long." His e-mail address is capuzzo@verizon.net.

Bruce Cranna, MBA'88, of Needham, Massachusetts, was acknowledged in May in the Best on the Street 2004 Analysts Survey compiled by the Wall Street Journal. He ranked fifth out of forty-five medical-products analysts for stock picking. It was the second year he's been recognized by the Journal. Cranna covers diversified medical supplies and diagnostics for Leerink Swann.

Donald R. Henrich II, LC'88, ET'90, of Marblehead, Massachusetts, is vice president and general manager of Graphisoft US, which develops software for the architecture field.

Sharon Bittner Kean, AS'88, of Madison, New Jersey, sends this update: "I graduated from Rutgers Law School in 1996 and, after working for a small firm for eight years, have recently opened my own law practice in Morristown. It focuses on criminal defense, family law, and appellate practice. I am married with two children. Would love to hear from any of my fellow graduates." Her e-mail address is keanlaw@verizon.net.

Mary Jane (Cote) Baldo, BA'89, of Fairhaven, Massachusetts, writes, "I married Christopher Baldo in July 2001. The wordiest table at the wedding by far was my ol' NU friends! Sue Soderberg, of Phoenix, and Terri (Vacca) Schilberg, of Paducah, Kentucky, won the prizes for traveling the farthest. Elaine (McCabe) Honan was in the wedding party. My husband and I designed and built our oceanfront dream house, moved in January 2003, and celebrated the birth of our first child, Olivia Marie, on July 17, 2003. I work at DePuy Orthopedics."

Christine (Meckley) DeSimone, AS'89, MEd'91, of Port Jefferson, New York, and her husband, Tom, celebrated the birth of their daughter, Riley Eileen, on February 18. "It has been fun talking with members of the swim team over the last few years," DeSimone writes. "I would love to hear from old friends." E-mail her at meckley7@optonline.net.

Erin (McMahon) Hart, AS'89, of Chelmsford, Massachusetts, and her husband, Alan, welcomed the birth of their third child, Griffin Patrick, on March 17. His older brothers are Conor and Ryan. "Hi to all my friends from NU," she writes.

Marc J. Johnston, MBA'89, of Rockville, Maryland, is the manager of financial services for National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, which provides financial service benefits to more than 50,000 member employees.

Diane Bradman Krentzman, CJ'89, MJ'92, of West Newton, Massachusetts, is the president, CEO, and

concert coordinator of Showtime Singers, a group of more than sixty professional and amateur singers. Based in Newton, Massachusetts, the not-for-profit corporation performs Broadway music around the greater Boston and Metrowest area. Other Northeastern alumni in the group include Myron Idelson, LA'46; Valerie Konar, LA'74, MEd'75; Ellen Slater, Ed'76; Judy Begelfer Sonner, FD'71; and Alyse Winston, LA'77.

Ann N. Ray, BA'89, of Hartford, Connecticut, writes, "I think of my Delta Phi Epsilon sisters often. Any of my sisters, friends, or classmates located in Connecticut are welcome to contact me at my e-mail address. I'd love to catch up and meet some NU alums." The address is A8433@aol.com.

MAGAZINE HOME

MARKETING AND COMMUNICATIONS

NU HOME

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Classes

Features

Dream Job

Shall We Dance?

The Warden

Departments

Letters

E Line

Alumni Passages

From the Field

Research Briefs

Sports

Books

Classes

First-Person

Husky Tracks

Huskiana

1990s

O. Kendall Buckner, BA'90, of Pawleys Island, South Carolina, is a vice president and regional manager for Beach First National Bank of Myrtle Beach. He is active as a member of the Murrells Inlet Rotary Club, finance chairman for the Black River district of the Boy Scouts, and baseball coach for the Georgetown Parks and Recreation Department.

Paula Lemmo, BA'90, of Middleton, Massachusetts, writes, "I am trying to locate classmate Tania Ergas, BA'90, MBA'92, whose last known address was in Athens, Greece. Tania, please contact me at pjl_47@msn.com."

John J. Ryan, CJ'90, writes, "I reside in Burlington, Massachusetts, with my wife, Linda, and my son, Brendon. We have been traveling the Caribbean, enjoying Aruba, Grand Cayman, St. Marten, and the U.S. Virgin Islands." Ryan is a detective in the Boston University Police Department and is assigned to the Dignitary Protection Unit. His e-mail address is jjryan@theclia.net.

Susan Byam, BB'91, of Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, is a physical therapist at Community Hospital in Dobbs Ferry. This past summer, she began distance learning at Boston University in the doctor of physical therapy program. "I'm really excited about it," she writes. "Is anyone else entering the program?" She'd like to hear from friends at susanb@owqmail.com.

Dana Erikson, MBA'91, of Dover, Massachusetts, is the managing director of the high-yield research team at Boston's Evergreen Investments. He's been with the company since 1996. Formerly, he worked at Prospect Street Investment Management.

Nick Iannone, BA'91, of Bedford, New Hampshire, and his wife, Denise, celebrated the birth of their second child, Isabella Irene, on March 4. The baby's older brother is Nicholas.

Keli (Dicine) Kedzie, AS'91, of Twinsburg, Ohio, writes, "I'm married, with two little girls, Taylor and Madison. I'm an at-home mom (or domestic engineer, as I like to refer to it). Looking for Kane Mosteller and Bruce Hoffman."

Mary-Ellen Manning, L'91, of Salem, Massachusetts, has been admitted to the U.S. Supreme Court bar. An attorney with an office in Peabody, she was sworn into the bar on March 3 at the Supreme Court building, in Washington, D.C. She is now entitled to argue cases before the Court, and has admission to Court proceedings and access to the Court library. She is a member of the Massachusetts Governor's Council.

Todd Marcus, E'91, of Centerville, Massachusetts, has opened Cape Cod Beer in Hyannis. "It's a lifelong

dream come true," he writes. "We moved here five years ago for me to brew beer at the Hyannisport Brewing Company, but I've always wanted to branch out on my own. Brewing good beer is what I love to do, and doing it here on Cape Cod, with a Cape Cod name, is extra special." The company's URL is www.capecodbeer.com.

Renee Sevelitte, UC'91, UC'93, of Amesbury, Massachusetts, is publishing an interactive lesson book, *You Are a Work of Art*, for parents to help their children express a range of emotions through art. Sevelitte is a part-time senior designer in corporate communications at Fresenius Medical Care. Her e-mail address is sevelitte@aol.com.

Gaurab Bhardwaj, MBA'92, of Needham, Massachusetts, is an assistant professor of strategy and management at Babson College. His research, writing, and presentations concentrate on decision making by scientists, how scientist-entrepreneurs conceive new businesses, the links between science and strategy for long-term corporate growth, and managing science as a search portfolio.

Andy Drohen, AS'92, of Granville, Massachusetts, teamed with his brother, Bill, in May to win the Massachusetts Golf Association Four-Ball Championship at the Stow Acres North Course. Drohen, who played golf at Northeastern, won the Massachusetts Amateur in summer 2003.

Alan C. Grazioso, AS'92, of Arlington, Massachusetts, has teamed with Steven J. Eliopoulos to form Gravity LLC, which produces television commercials, promotionals, public service announcements, and television projects. His work is online at www.gravityllc.com.

Jeff Hatzinger, AS'92, reports he "celebrated his thirty-fifth year on the planet" by skiing the headwall of New Hampshire's Tuckerman Ravine with friends in April. He lives in upstate New York with long-time girlfriend Kerry.

Susan E. Hoban, UC'92, of Watertown, Massachusetts, received a master of science degree in nursing from the University of Massachusetts, Boston. She is a clinical mentor at Mount Auburn Hospital in Cambridge.

Steven Kelley, BA'92, has moved to Acton, Massachusetts, with his wife and children, Alex and Abby. He is a wealth-management adviser with Merrill Lynch in Burlington. "I would love to hear from classmates and teammates," he writes. His e-mail address is steven_kelley@ml.com.

David Nathan, AS'92, of Short Hills, New Jersey, is the vice president of promotion and senior executive at Universal Records.

Pamela A. Rettig, PAH'92, of Fishers, Indiana, writes, "Raymond and I celebrated the birth of our second child, Ashley Corrine, on February 10." Rettig's e-mail address is prettig@iupui.edu.

Desi P. Shelton, AS'92, of Camden, New Jersey, received a master of fine arts degree in theatre from Sarah Lawrence College and is performing a one-woman show in New York City.

Kerry (Connor) Grenier, AS'93, of Pembroke,

Massachusetts, and her husband, Phil, welcomed the birth of their first child, Dylan Charles, on February 12. Her e-mail address is kerry_grenier12@yahoo.com.

Amy (Weiner) Levin, MBA'93, of Deerfield, Illinois, and her husband, Scott, celebrated their eleventh wedding anniversary on June 6. They have two daughters, Hannah and Leah. Levin works out of her home as an account executive for Press Ganey Associates, a health-care survey company. She writes, "Hello to all of my classmates from the full-time MBA program. I must say that my job requires me to use stats much more than I ever thought I would. I think of you and would love to hear from you (especially those from section 49)." Her e-mail address is alevin@pressganey.com.

Janice (Williams) Lineman, BA'93, and Gregg Lineman, MS'01, of Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, celebrated the birth of their son, Riley Thomas, on April 29. He joins older sisters Meredith and Amanda. The family's e-mail address is wdw4eva@aol.com.

Susan M. Mamula, PAH'93, of Oakdale, Pennsylvania, and her husband, Richard, celebrated the birth of their second child, Rachel Susan, on September 11, 2003. She joins brother Richard Andrew. The e-mail address is s.mamula@comcast.net.

Bill Nolan, AS'93, and Jen Nolan, CS'93, of Salem, New Hampshire, welcomed the birth of their second daughter, Kelly, in October 2003. Ellen is her older sister. They write, "We'd love to hear from anyone we've managed to lose contact with over the years." Their e-mail addresses are jenolan@comcast.net and williamnolan@yahoo.com.

BethAnn Schacht, BB'93, of Hopkinton, Massachusetts, is a bridal coach and counselor with offices in Natick and Jamaica Plain. Schacht is a member of the Boston Wedding Group. She can be reached via e-mail at bethann@thebridalcoach.com.

Andrew M. Schimenti, CJ'93, is a lieutenant in the Navy and returned in April from a thirteen-month tour of duty in the Middle East. He's now stationed in Washington, D.C. His e-mail address is amsace@aol.com.

Eric W. Schreiber, E'93, of Aventura, Florida, and his wife, Brigitte, are the parents of a son, Sebastian Hans. "He is our first child, and after living the joys of parenthood, we'd like to have a dozen," writes Schreiber. He is a superintendent with Royal Caribbean Cruises. His e-mail address is info@davincieng.com.

Yigal Banker, MBA'94, of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, is the vice president of engineering at Actuality Systems. He is the founder of ArcPoint Systems and holds patents in data communication, digital imaging, and storage networking.

Timothy S. Chace, AS'94, GB'96, of Hope, Rhode Island, and wife Colleen celebrated the birth of Lily Kathleen on February 17. "Both mom and baby are happy, healthy, and doing great," writes Chace. His e-mail is careerchace@yahoo.com.

Robin L. Cornelison, AS'94, and Chad Cornelison, CS'96, of Springfield, New Jersey, celebrated the birth of Lindsey Berk on May 8. Photos are at www.cornelisonfamily.com. The family would love to

hear from friends at robincornelison@hotmail.com.

Rich Fitzpatrick, MA'94, of Quincy, Massachusetts, is the owner of the Braintree Book Rack, one of the few used-book stores on Boston's South Shore.

Laurie Riedel, MBA'94, of Londonderry, New Hampshire, is the chief financial officer at Authentica, a provider of enterprise digital rights management software.

Erin Scott, BA'94, and her husband have bought a house in Burlington, Massachusetts. Scott writes, "I would like to hear from College of Business Administration graduates, resident assistants, and friends. Send me an e-mail at erin@ascent.com."

Joanne DiGregorio Smith, AS'94, MS'00, and Edward Smith, AS'95, were married June 22, 2002, in Chatham, Massachusetts. They live in Norwell and, on February 4, celebrated the birth of Camden Thomas. She is a senior assistant director in the Alumni Relations office at Northeastern. He is vice president of sales at Avenue Auction Sales, in Quincy.

David T. Speakman, BA'94, of Smithfield, Rhode Island, is the president of Insight Marketing Group, a design firm in Pawtucket.

Cassandra Wolf Stowell, BA'94, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, writes, "I got married on September 12, 2002, to Colles Coe Stowell Jr. We've been together for a joyous nine and a half years."

John K. Talbot, UC'94, MBA'97, L'02, of Dedham, Massachusetts, writes, "Got my picture taken with Margaret Marshall when I received an award in March from the Volunteer Lawyers Project. My solo practice is focusing ever more on consumer protection and unemployment law." Friends may e-mail Talbot at jktalbot@alumni.neu.edu.

Corey Holtzberg, AS'95, of Colorado Springs, is the owner of Altitude Studios, a small audio and video production company. Previously, he was the creative director at Clear Channel.

Pamela Levesque, MS'95, of Lee, New Hampshire, is the registered nurse development coordinator for York County Community College. She is board-certified by the American Nurses Association Credentialing Commission as a family nurse practitioner, and is a certified end-of-life educator. She has a practice in Exeter, and was named Outstanding Educator of the Year by New Hampshire Community Technical College, in Stratham.

Jim Rochford, MBA'95, of Roswell, Georgia, is the vice president and general manager of Georgia-Pacific's Dixie Foodservice business.

Martha E. Stuckey, PA'95, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, has earned certified valuation analyst accreditation from the National Association of Certified Valuation Analysts. She is an associate with Valuation and Litigation Consultants.

Ronald A. Wilson, L'95, of Tucson, Arizona, began his second term as chief judge for the City of South Tucson Municipal Court, in March. In addition, he is an adjunct lecturer in African studies at the University of

Arizona.

Colleen (Curtis) Brooks, AS'96, of Burke, Virginia, writes this update: "I moved to Virginia in July 1998 and continued to work for Marriott International in Washington, D.C., for the next five years. I was married to Robert Brooks, of Alexandria, Virginia, in July 2002 after a year of dating and a four-month engagement. In September 2002, I left Marriott for Interstate Hotels and Resorts. Our daughter, Jacqueline, was born December 2, 2003. Unfortunately, I've lost touch with my whole graduating class and most of my Northeastern friends but would love to hear from them." Contact Brooks via e-mail at colbrooks2@yahoo.com.

Ken Browall, UC'96, of Duluth, Minnesota, is director of circulation and operations for the Duluth New Tribune. He and wife Vanessa have two children, Jason and Benjamin.

Patrick Murphy, CJ'96, of Shirley, Massachusetts, has been named head football coach at Dracut High School. Formerly, he coached at Ayer High School; Bryant College; University of Massachusetts, Lowell; and Harvard University.

Deirdre L. Parlon, AS'96, and Thomas Parlon, CJ'95, MBA'00, of Boston, celebrated the birth of their first child, Dorothy "Dottie" Jane, on July 31, 2003.

Raquel A. Rodriguez, AS'96, of Pleasanton, California, writes, "We are very happy taking in the California sun with a new baby girl, Amaya Sophie, born in 2003. We are working in the Bay Area (near San Francisco). I am a graphic designer, and my husband is a system engineer for Hewlett Packard. Please send us an e-mail; we'd love to hear from you, especially when you're in the area." The address is raquelita004@comcast.net.

Chantel Sheaks, L'96, of Washington, D.C., has been promoted from associate to partner in the law firm McDermott, Will & Emery.

David A. Blansky, L'97, of Plainview, New York, has been appointed an associate with LaMonica Herbst and Maniscalco, on Long Island. He previously was an associate in the law office of David J. Sutton, and was an assistant district attorney in Nassau County.

Nathaniel J. Dudley, L'97, of Westwood, Massachusetts, is the vice president and general counsel of Harborside Health Care, in Boston.

David Hand, BPH'97, of Greenville, North Carolina, received a doctor of pharmacy degree from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill on May 9. E-mail him at dphrph@earthlink.net.

Carolyn Kelley, CJ'97, MJ'99, writes, "I just passed the bar exam and am looking to work either in criminal or family law. I'd love to hear from classmates." Her e-mail address is cjcrimlaw@aol.com.

Tim M. Looney, E'97, of Tyngsboro, Massachusetts, started Atrox Technologies in 2003 to help high-tech companies with emerging technology move products from research to production. E-mail him at tim@atroxtechnologies.com.

Jason J. Nardella, BA'97, of Naples, Florida, is a financial planner for American Express, working in both Boston and Naples.

David Sargent, BPH'97, of North Andover, Massachusetts, was named Physician Assistant of the Year by the New Hampshire Society of Physician Assistants.

Silas J. Calhoun, AS'98, is an Army signal officer. "I would never have guessed the training and experiences I received at NU would prepare me for life in the most extreme conditions. I am now deployed in Iraq. Can't wait to get back home." He and his wife, Emily, have two children, Stella and Cy Henry. Friends may contact him via e-mail at silas.calhoun@us.army.mil.

Herby Duverne, CJ'98, MJ'02, of Somerville, Massachusetts, received the State Street 2003 William S. Edgerly Community Service Award, at the New England Aquarium. The award is presented for outstanding volunteer work. Duverne has volunteered with Somerville's Haitian Coalition for three years, the past two as president of the board of directors, and was co-chair of the organization's tenth-anniversary fundraiser for the Haitian-American After-School Project.

William J. Loconzolo, E'98, of Wakefield, Massachusetts, is vice president of engineering at Performix Technologies, in Burlington. Loconzolo has also worked at Nokia, TeleGea, and Dataware Technologies.

Scott Mitchem, AS'98, of Duxbury, Massachusetts, and Jennifer Petro, AS'02, of Southbridge, Massachusetts, are engaged to be married. The wedding is planned for July 2005. They became engaged on July 4, 2003, while watching fireworks from the Top of the Hub restaurant. They can be e-mailed at jenifer31@aol.com.

Bart Ostrzenski, CJ'98, writes, "I currently live in Boca Raton, Florida. I moved shortly after I graduated to be closer to my parents and attend law school. I am now an attorney with my own practice in Fort Lauderdale. I opened Ostrzenski & Stricklin, P.A., in December with my fiancée, Jaime. Together, we specialize in real estate, commercial litigation, medical malpractice, and personal injury law. We have also recently opened Marquis Title, a title-insurance company, in Fort Lauderdale. E-mail me at ostrzenski@oslawyers.com."

Jason Feldman, AS'99, of Buffalo, New York, experienced firsthand the civil unrest that swept through Haiti earlier this year. He was a Peace Corps volunteer there from August 2002 through mid-February. "Since the suspension of the Peace Corps' Haiti program, I-along with seventy-six other returned volunteers-am readjusting to life in America," he writes. "We worked on initiatives in sustainable agriculture, community economics, and public health. Some of us spent as many as nineteen months living and dreaming in the rich oral tradition of Haitian Creole." Feldman lived in Ouanaminthe, which he reports was "the largest and busiest Haitian town on the border of the Dominican Republic." E-mail him at o_falador@yahoo.com.

Gina C. Morda, AS'99, married David DeSimone on April 17. "We recently moved to Philadelphia, where Dave took a job with Boenning and Scattergood," Morda writes. "He is an associate in their investment

banking group. I am an event planner in the area."
Friends may contact her via e-mail at
morda76@hotmail.com.

Pam (De Minico) Nyatsambo, BPH'99, MS'00, of Dover, New Hampshire, and her husband, Micah, celebrated the birth of daughter Eva Rose on December 25, 2003. In 2002, the couple started Mulberries Catering, which serves clients in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Maine. The company's URL is
www.mulberriescatering.com.

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Classes

Features

Dream Job

Shall We Dance?

The Warden

Departments

Letters

E Line

Alumni Passages

From the Field

Research Briefs

Sports

Books

Classes

First-Person

Husky Tracks

Huskiana

2000s

John Barry, MBA'00, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, became the head coach of outdoor track and field at Brockton High School this spring. A track standout as an undergraduate at Boston College, Barry was already the head cross-country coach at Brockton.

Amy Black and Christopher Wright, both BA'00, report they celebrated their third wedding anniversary on June 10. They are building their "dream home" in Old Bridge, New Jersey, which they hope to have completed by winter. Black is a human resources specialist at Unilever Bestfoods North America. She can be e-mailed at amy.black@unilever.com. Wright is a marketing specialist at HSBC-Household Financial. His e-mail address is cxwright@household.com.

Eric Jon Cassie, UC'00, CJ'03, of Lynn, Massachusetts, will appear in an upcoming episode of the WGBH television series American Experience; he will portray Arthur Tappens, a late-nineteenth-century calligrapher, in "They Made America."

Michelle Knuth, MS'00, of Bellingham, Massachusetts, is the new director of finance at Associates of Cape Cod. She previously worked for Steiff North America.

Amy Schron, BA'00, married Jason Diaz on May 29 at the Desmond Hotel in Albany, New York. They now live in Boston. Northeastern alumni at the wedding included Chiara Berti, AS'99; Ryan Binette, BA'00; Kerry Clark, AS'00; Matthew Clayson, BA'00; Elizabeth (Schimenti) O'Toole, AS'99; Stephanie Penn, BA'02; Alycia Piccone, AS'00; and Heather Wilkinson, CJ'00. Schron sends congratulations to Piccone, who became engaged on May 30.

Jennifer L. Seelhorst, AS'00, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, received a master of education degree in English from Millersville University in May.

Andy Trincia, MBA'00, of Charlotte, North Carolina, has completed a two-year Peace Corps commitment in Romania, where he served as a business volunteer, consultant, and university professor. He plans to return to Southern California to job hunt and readjust to life in America. Trincia's e-mail address is andy_trincia@hotmail.com.

Carolyn J. Figurski, AS'01, of Basking Ridge, New Jersey, has been a conference assistant with Quadel Consulting in Washington, D.C. She attended George Washington University this summer to earn a certified meeting planner certificate. She is active in the U.S. Tennis Association and the U.S. Capitol Police. Friends may contact her at cfigurski@comcast.net.

Natalie Guarnotta, AS'01, and Joel Yergeau, BA'01, of Quincy, Massachusetts, are engaged to be married.

Heather R. Harris, AS'01, of Waltham, Massachusetts, writes, "I've been working at a nonprofit human service agency in Lexington for the last five years. I am a clinical supervisor of a psychiatric day-treatment program." She has been accepted to a master's degree program in mission-driven management at Brandeis University's School for Social Policy and Justice. "I'd love to hear from old friends from the Human Services program, or people who hung out at 74 Symphony back in the day," Harris adds. "The Symphonites all stay in touch, despite living in different states now."

Andre LaFleur, AS'01, is the director of men's basketball operations at the University of Connecticut. The former Husky hoopster played professionally in Australia for eleven seasons.

Louis Bosco, AS'02, and Kristi DeYoung, BA'02, of Malden, Massachusetts, became engaged in December 2002. Bosco is a former member of Theta Delta Chi fraternity, and now works as a case manager for Goodwill Industries of Boston. DeYoung is an administrative assistant at the Two Ten Footwear Foundation, in Waltham.

Stephanie Marticello, BB'02, of Watertown, Connecticut, earned a master of public health degree from Yale University in May.

Nicole Martins, AS'02, of Somerset, Massachusetts, received a master's degree in speech communication from the University of Illinois, in May. She is one of six students admitted to the school's doctoral program.

Nikoletta Banushi, of Attleboro, Massachusetts, and Bobby Kalamaras, of Roslindale, Massachusetts, both AS'03, are engaged to be married.

Caitlin McCarthy, BA'03, of Amesbury, Massachusetts, is a broker with Berry Insurance in Waltham, Massachusetts. In less than a year, she has earned a certified work-comp adviser designation and has become a licensed Massachusetts property/ casualty insurance broker.

Jamie L. Maglietta, AS'04, of Roselle Park, New Jersey, writes, "Keeping in touch is important, because we can use each other for networking. I wish you all the best of luck and hope to hear from friends." The e-mail address is jmelynmagqi@hotmail.com.

Gilberto Osorio, AS'04, of Miami Shores, Florida, returned home after graduation to work for John Kerry's presidential campaign. "I want them to send me door-to-door. I'll do whatever I can to help out the campaign," Osorio said shortly before graduation. "As a Cuban-American and Democrat, I hope to help persuade the Cuban-American community to vote for Kerry, even though they traditionally vote Republican." Osorio acknowledges his interest in politics was encouraged by former Massachusetts governor and presidential candidate Michael Dukakis, now a Northeastern professor. As a student, Osorio interned at the Boston City Council and the European Union Parliament, in Brussels. He was also active in numerous university organizations and was a member of several honor societies.

Lisa N. Russo, BA'04, of Rancho Cucamonga, California, writes, "I want to wish the class of 2004 the best of luck." She reports she's moved back to California, where she is working full time. Her e-mail

address is lisarusso@boshartengineering.com.

MAGAZINE HOME

MARKETING AND COMMUNICATIONS

NU HOME

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Alumni Deaths

Features

Dream Job

Shall We Dance?

The Warden

Departments

Letters

E Line

Alumni Passages

From the Field

Research Briefs

Sports

Books

Classes

First-Person

Husky Tracks

Huskiana

1910s

Evlyth Fraser, BB'19, July 2, 2003

1920s

Chaplin Tyler, E'20, February 29

Frances S. Brett, BB'23, October 26, 2003

Frederick H. Taylor, C&F'27, December 18, 2003

Ruth M. Cowley, BB'28, August 30, 2003

Norman E. MacLeod, E'29, January 4

Irving J. Rosenfield, E'29, September 10, 2002

1930s

Carl B. Dockmejian, E'30, November 20, 2003

John H. Kennedy, C&F'30, March 25

Frances McGuckian, E'30, January 20

Henry Yorra, L'30, B'56, January 28

Harry N. Kretzmer, BA'31, May 30

James L. Kelliher, E'32, February 13

Edith Rogers Miller, BB'32, September 26, 2003

Raymond H. Swain, E'32, April 10

Virginia M. Nelson, BB'33, December 23, 2003

William B. Groves, BA'34, January 13

Langley U. Morang, B'34, June 7, 2003

Raymond A. Reed, E'34, August 27, 2003

Roderick E. Thomson, L'34, January 8

Luigi Caruso, E'35, March 16

Prudence M. Kuhrt, BB'35, May 20

G. Kenneth Rogers, BA'35, June 1

A. Dent Caton, E'36, October 24, 2003

Neno A. Malaguti, BA'36, April 29

George W. Newhall, BA'36, July 29, 2003

Timothy E. Cummings, E'37, March 26

George E. Davis, E'37, July 18, 2003

Evelyn Fleming Lupien, BB'37, February 1

William Wenzlow, BA'37, May 14

Paul V. Babel, E'38, January 6

Walter M. O'Neal, BA'38, November 6, 2002

Ashton K. Stone, E'38, March 7

Norman W. Sipple, BB'39, February 11, 2003

Philip G. Smith, E'39, December 5, 2003

Dwight E. Wheeler, E'39, May 8, 2003

Udell Redmond White, L'39, L'42, December 3, 2003

1940s

Wilfred N. Gagne, E'40, February 26

Harold A. Murphy, L'40, October 30, 2003

Fred W. Courtney, B'41, April 1

Gustav A. Lind, E'41, July 20, 2003

Henry W. Ainslie, E'42, March 25

Paul R. Forant, E'42, January 6

Frank L. Jones, L'42, January 22

Harold Asquith, E'43, ME'52, May 11

Earle M. Chesley, BA'43, MBA'61, March 2

Leon R. Horne, LA'43, February 2, 2003

Irwin J. Metcalfe, E'43, February 20

Russell E. Starck, E'43, January 9, 2003

Manuel A. Kanter, E'44, February 6

Martha Johnson Walters, L'44, January 15

Walter W. Bordewieck, E'45, ME'64, February 1

Arthur R. Kinder, BA'45, January 10

Malvin M. Yurko, E'45, April 30

Robert A. Wiener, E'46, February 23
 Roy M. Emanuelson, E'47, May 5
 William O. Lichtner, B'47, March 18
 Michael B. Demeo, BA'48, May 23, 2003
 Barbara Stone Fieldman, LA'48, March 12
 George Trovato, E'48, March 2
 Hubert W. Vanness, E'48, December 27, 2003
 Willard A. Williams, LA'48, LA'50, January 31
 Richard W. Benjamin, LC'49, August 30, 2003
 John W. Bromage, B'49, April 28
 Edmund D. Coffey, BA'49, March 25
 Murray J. Gart, LA'49, H'70, March 31
 Morey Perlmutter, BA'49, June 30, 2003
 George B. Pierce, LC'49, B'52, December 16, 2003
 Louis A. Rossi, BA'49, January 23

1950s

Robert H. Geary, E'50, January 23
 John W. Hosmer, LA'50, January 29
 Alfred G. Jones, E'50, October 19, 2003
 Edward Mello, E'50, June 1, 2003
 Leonard E. Safon, LA'50, March 28
 Herbert A. Goudey, E'51, May 23
 Donald J. Gould, E'51, December 12, 2003
 John P. Gustafson, E'51, April 1
 Francis S. Johnson, B'51, October 13, 2002
 John E. Kiernan, BA'51, February 10
 Robert A. Cook, LA'52, April 28
 Joanne C. Coppola, BB'52, September 2, 2003
 George A. Hildreth, LC'52, B'57, February 18
 Chester Wellington Kane, LA'52, December 18, 2002
 Bernard Levine, BA'52, March 10, 2003
 Robert E. Meyer, L'52, May 31
 Martin R. Moeckel, E'52, March 11, 2003
 William J. Rush, LC'52, B'54, February 27
 Charles M. Schofield, BA'52, March 14
 Donald J. White, LC'52, February 10
 Alfred G. Beswick, E'53, February 27
 Walter E. Davis, BA'53, March 13
 Domenic D. Leone, LC'53, B'56, January 16
 Howard Lessoff, LA'53, MA'57, February 18
 Leo F. Lyons, B'53, April 13
 George J. Mamalis, LC'53, UC'64, April 15
 John B. Murray, L'53, February 6
 William R. Pearson, LA'53, March 10
 Richard H. Robichaud, LA'53, November 10, 2003
 Orist D. Chaharyn, L'54, December 6, 2003
 Martin J. Cusack, B'54, January 25
 George K. Karageorge, LC'54, B'56, July 11, 2003
 Philip J. Kelleher, E'54, January 2, 2003
 Robert F. Larkin, B'54, August 23, 2003
 Albert F. Montani, B'54, August 29, 2003
 Liborio A. Salamone, LA'54, June 6
 James J. Boudreau, B'55, October 27, 2003
 John F. Delcolliano, BA'55, MEd'66, August 2, 2003
 Richard Jokinen, E'55, January 31
 Alvin Mandell, ME'55, January 24
 Stephen Sciarro, E'55, May 26
 Benjamin A. Areson, B'56, March 7
 Elizabeth D. Corcoran, BA'56, October 4, 2003
 Gerald Lahaie, LC'56, May 10
 Julia Barrows Larsen, BB'56, February 1
 Shirley Glazier Liebman, LA'56, January 7
 Arthur J. Mayer, LC'56, B'59, February 23
 Charles L. Moulton, E'56, May 24
 Burton E. Portnoy, BA'56, February 17
 Sidney J. Watson, BA'56, April 25
 Anthony Waytekunas, B'56, August 25, 2003
 Walter A. Baldwin, B'57, December 8, 2003
 Frederick J. Bottcher, B'57, January 25
 Robert W. Emery, BA'57, March 24
 Thomas J. Harney, E'57, May 21, 2003
 Thomas F. Hoban, ME'57, December 12, 2003
 Bradford S. Howes, E'57, ME'65, January 24
 Joseph L. Pierzga, E'57, April 22

Charles J. Sirois, B'57, April 16
 Juanita Marie Cleveland, LA'58, April 6
 Karl H. Werner, E'58, May 11
 Richard E. Barton, E'59, February 16, 2003
 Donald P. Connors, BA'59, August 27, 2003
 George Garabedian, E'59, ME'71, March 15
 Donald L. Goodick, MBA'59, June 21, 2003
 Tristan N. Leavitt, LA'59, January 10
 Robert L. Murphy, BA'59, November 8, 2003
 Rudolph D. Pietrantonio, LC'59, UC'62,'69, June 11
 Arthur Sarhanis, LA'59, February 8, 2003
 Robert S. Waltz, BA'59, June 10

1960s

Roy D. Blair, LC'60, January 12
 Gerald F. Connolly, LC'60, UC'63, June 19, 2003
 John D. Kelly, BA'60, November 7, 2002
 Arthur I. Chesno, E'61, September 5, 2003
 Ralph R. Dean, E'61, March 28
 Peter W. Hemingway, E'61, ME'70, March 11
 Richard J. Mulcahy, P'61, December 10, 2002
 John C. Downing, UC'62, May 31
 Norbert Sa, E'62, ME'67, September 7, 2003
 Robert E. Selig, LC'62, UC'65, March 7
 Frank A. Stella, LC'62, May 19
 Robert B. Barbin, LC'63, UC'66, June 14, 2003
 Edward H. Donaldson, UC'63,'66, March 12
 Edward P. Lacey, UC'63, November 13, 2003
 William J. Stephen, LC'63, UC'68, October 26, 2003
 John L. Coolidge, LC'64, UC'77, December 11, 2003
 Mareno A. Delisi, P'64, December 16, 2003
 Donald C. Emery, LC'64, UC'68, November 2, 2003
 Emilio P. Favorito, BA'65, May 7
 Rita Yule, LA'65, November 14, 2003
 Robert S. Drazek, BB'66, May 13
 Harold J. Kelley, UC'67, November 1, 2002
 William F. Yokell, BA'67, March 13
 Patricia A. Escott, Ed'68, December 27, 2003
 Robert J. Greenfield, BA'68, May 9, 2003
 John J. McKenna, MA'68, February 24
 George J. Brouillette, MBA'69, February 6
 Charles J. Morgan, UC'69, March 15
 Sandra L. Tacke, LA'69, May 21

1970s

Robert A. Caddigan, UC'70, June 8
 Judith C. Catz, MEd'70, April 4
 John J. Richards, UC'70, July 19, 2003
 Amy E. Buzen, LA'71, March 2, 2003
 Mary E. Mitchell, MEd'71, November 24, 2002
 Marjorie G. Richardson, MEd'71, April 1
 Robert A. Deleo, LA'72, November 7, 2003
 Wilbur E. Emrick, UC'72, April 19
 Richard P. Leone, LC'72, April 9, 2003
 Angelo P. Themes, UC'72, April 5
 Shelton H. Carter, LA'73, December 23, 2003
 William A. Ferson, MA'73, February 1
 William R. Finn, UC'73, UC'76, March 14
 Bradley W. Schwab, PAH'73, January 4
 Toby R. Zager, LA'73, January 21, 2003
 Lawrence J. Brutti, UC'74, January 26
 David S. Conley, LC'74, UC'79, January 19
 Andrew Dipietro, UC'74, February 4
 James M. Fitzpatrick, UC'74, UC'79, February 22
 Della M. Jones, MEd'74, March 9
 Paul D. McEwen, BA'74, December 18, 2002
 Robert W. Boudrow, UC'75, April 1
 Carlan V. Irwin, LA'75, April 18
 William J. O'Keefe, UC'75, UC'77, April 15
 David J. Bond, MEd'76, December 10, 2003
 John F. Gedney, UC'76, UC'77, April 23, 2003
 Thomas F. Santry, UC'76, UC'78, April 22
 Robert M. Welch, UC'76, March 5
 David K. Crawford, UC'78, January 21
 Stanley J. Fielding, LA'78, November 17, 2003

Deborah S. Rennie, UC'78, UC'90, June 28, 2003
Andrew D. Rochester, N'78, March 14
Marlene M. Baldasari, UC'79, MBA'81, August 20, 2003
Soren Buus, MA'79, April 29
Brian M. Donovan, E'79, February 21, 2003

1980s

Bette J. Cairns, UC'80, August 25, 2003
Virginia C. Parsons, AS'80, AS'83, February 17
Janet E. Perry, L'80, May 21
Robert J. Beckert, BA'81, February 5
Frank W. Cain, CJ'81, July 15, 2003
George Viveiros, UC'81, UC'84, December 25, 2003
Kathryn A. Walsh, L'81, April 9
Stephen H. Cyr, UC'82, September 23, 2003
Lois L. Hill, UC'82, BHD'89, July 8, 2003
Kathryn C. Simpson, UC'82, January 23, 2003
Lloyd D. Taylor, AS'82, March 10, 2003
Russell L. Johnson, E'83, July 2, 2003
Patricia A. Evans, BA'84, October 1, 2003
Linda S. Griffice, UC'84, October 30, 2003
Andrew A. Lombardi, LC'84, LC'87, January 1, 2003
Wayne G. Wilson, ME'84, April 3, 2003
Joseph E. Martin, UC'85, April 24, 2003
Franklin Tran Edison, LC'86, LC'87, May 4, 2003
Brian G. Dosick, BA'87, May 26
Betty J. Neilson, BPH'87, December 13, 2003
Stephen R. Myers, UC'88, March 29, 2003
Lydia A. Southwick, PA'88, November 15, 2003
Roger N. Miller, LC'89, February 15

1990s

Sang-Uk Sohn, AS'91, April 4
Richard D. Bourbeau, BA'92, February 17, 2003
Julie A. Martin, AS'96, May 31
John F. Sullivan, L'98, May 20

2000s

Robert E. Bennett, E'01, April 1
Adrian L. McKreith, E'02, December 21, 2003

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

First-Person

Features

[Dream Job](#)

[Shall We Dance?](#)

[The Warden](#)

Departments

[Letters](#)

[E Line](#)

[Alumni Passages](#)

[From the Field](#)

[Research Briefs](#)

[Sports](#)

[Books](#)

[Classes](#)

[First-Person](#)

[Husky Tracks](#)

[Huskiana](#)

Peggy Donnelly, BHD'90

After spending a month in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, earlier this year, I now marvel at the bird songs I listen to as I walk to the Hartford, Connecticut, school where I've taught kindergarten for the past ten years. The birds' trills make me remember what I didn't hear in Haiti. Bleating goats and a banana peddler's calls are Haiti's early-morning soundtrack. The different sounds of two vastly different worlds.

I traveled to Haiti in February, during the uprising against President Jean-Bertrand Aristide. Why Haiti, and why during that time of turmoil? Finding a way to volunteer in a third-world country—one that didn't necessitate my giving up my U.S. job—had always been my dream, and I'd learned of the TLC Barefoot School in Port-au-Prince through a friend who does missionary work. After interviewing with its directors, I'd arranged to spend my school vacation week plus a few additional weeks there. My plans just happened to coincide with the political upheaval. Long before I left, I began researching ways to connect my kindergartners with Haiti. I wanted this to be a learning experience for them as well. Eventually, I devised a sister-school relationship between my school in Hartford and the school in Port-au-Prince.

As one project, my kindergartners raised enough money to send a Haitian kindergartner, Kendalie Pierre, to the TLC Barefoot School for a year. The funds covered two meals a day, a uniform, tuition, and some medical attention. My students learned about Haiti by reading books and looking at maps and pictures of their new friend Kendalie's home. They also exchanged letters, photos, and drawings with her.

At times, I wondered if all this had any real meaning for the five-year-olds I taught. Did they really understand how Kendalie's life was so different from their own?

There were special moments when I knew I was on the right track. One day, a student brought me five goldfish crackers left over from snack time and said, "I have had enough. Can I send these to Kendalie in Haiti?"

Another day, I mentioned an author was from Japan. When a student asked me where Japan is, we searched the globe together and found it. "Wow, that is farther than Haiti," he said. I could see the students were making connections and expanding their world.

As soon as I traveled to Haiti, my own world expanded. The walk to Kendalie's neighborhood led me across dirt roads and along a narrow path through crowded clusters of lean-tos and cinderblock homes. No house had running water or electricity. Kendalie's house consisted of one room, with a space for two beds, and just one small window.

During my visit with her family, curious faces filled the

doorway. The neighborhood children had come to see the strange-looking visitor. Everyone smiled and laughed with me despite our language barrier. I was struck by the joy and spirit of these people, living in such harsh conditions.

Each day, I awakened to the sounds of roaming goats or the woman selling bananas in the dirt road, not singing birds. Birds are scarce in Haiti because they are a source of food or income for the poor and hungry. Haiti is being ecologically depleted to meet the needs of its people, 80 percent of whom live in poverty.

In Connecticut, my life is too often occupied by the demands of schoolwork and deadlines. In Haiti, my life slowed down. I didn't have to rush to get to work. The TLC Barefoot School was just across the street from my gated guesthouse.

A typical day for my Haitian students included lessons, physical education, music, and two healthy meals that sustained them for the day. I most enjoyed reading stories to the children. Although I read in English, which they didn't understand, they stayed focused. I never had to stop reading to re-engage a student's interest. That's how greatly Haitian students value education, which is not readily available to everyone.

After school, I'd often go running on the grounds of the church that stood nearby. Like my guesthouse, the church was wrapped with barbed wire and protected by armed guards because of the constant political unrest. I was never able to walk about freely. Outdoor activities, even food shopping, had to be postponed if political demonstrations were taking place. Living with all the restrictions and fear, I began to understand the true meaning of freedom so much more.

I'd spend quiet evenings e-mailing my students back home in Hartford—explaining what I was seeing in Haiti firsthand—and planning my lessons for the next day. When the electricity failed, which was almost every night, conversations with the school's directors filled the time.

Looking back, I feel as though I made a difference to the TLC Barefoot School and its wonderful students.

And when I hear birds singing gloriously, I recall a place where birds are not heard. I plan to go back to Haiti every year. The sounds of the banana peddler and the faces of the Haitian people will draw me back.

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Husky Tracks

Features

[Dream Job](#)

[Shall We Dance?](#)

[The Warden](#)

Departments

[Letters](#)

[E Line](#)

[Alumni Passages](#)

[From the Field](#)

[Research Briefs](#)

[Sports](#)

[Books](#)

[Classes](#)

[First-Person](#)

[Husky Tracks](#)

[Huskiana](#)

A bid for the top

"As Adam Hersh, AS'01, describes it, eBay began as "an online garage sale." And he was among the first to tag his wares and hawk them to his eNeighbors. "I sold everything I had of my own," Hersh says. "Textbooks, cell phones, you name it."

We're not talking penny-ante profits. "This was working," says the Jericho, New York, resident. "Then a friend called and asked if I would sell something on eBay for him. Then a friend of a friend, and then someone I didn't even know.

"That's when I decided," says today's high-powered eBay broker, "to take a percentage."

Hersh has long since expanded beyond the garage. With several hundred employees and riding a recent spate of news coverage, Adam Hersh Auctions completes 25,000 auctions a week. The organization is the top-ranked trading assistant company in New York and is included among the top twenty worldwide.

The auction process is simple. "First," Hersh says, "the client calls my twenty-four-hour toll-free hot line." The merchandise for sale may range from an attic full of random items, to an old painting, to "a complete factory continuously manufacturing goods," he says. The company can then help inexperienced sellers by writing item descriptions, designing layouts, or taking high-quality digital photos of the stuff up for bid. After the eBay sale is complete, professional shippers can pack and send items to their new owners.

An in-demand Hersh doffs his hat to Northeastern, where he received a bachelor's in communications and completed a two-year part-time certification program in e-commerce and international marketing. "I really liked that NU program," he says. "Now I'm very, very busy, but I love it."

— Katy Kramer, MA'00

Talk-Show Triumph

"When there's a seat open in the business," a colleague advised the intern, "sit down." So Megan Wasserman, AS'04, did. And last October, the Westport, Connecticut, resident landed a gig as a researcher for the Dr. Phil show, which tapes in Los Angeles.

"I was prepared to go back to Boston when my internship ended in December," says Wasserman, who had two months under her belt when a full-time position opened up. "They interviewed me on a Thursday, and I got the job the same day." She nearly fell out of her chair. "I always thought I'd get in the credits of something—a movie, TV, or a magazine—by age forty. But I really thought it would take twenty years. This is surreal."

Wasserman didn't just tumble into the plum post. "I built my resumé at Northeastern and worked hard," she says. She sought out internships that gave her diverse experience in the entertainment industry, including positions at Boston's Allied Advertising, Universal Pictures, Focus Features, and the New York publicity firm PMKHBH. "I tried to do a little of everything so I'd be well-rounded when I applied for jobs," she explains.

Now Wasserman culls potential guests from hundreds of letters and e-mails. "It's a hoot to hear them screaming [on the phone] when they realize the Dr. Phil show is calling," she says. She also assembles background briefings, coordinates field shoots, and participates in postmortems, where her team, the producers, and the big guy—Dr. Phil McGraw himself—evaluate every program. But just as important, says Wasserman, is her role as intermediary. "Because Dr. Phil is so busy, I'm the person whom guests contact first. They reach out to me for help before Dr. Phil, and I can put them in touch with him."

The job is definitely her idea of sitting pretty. "I wanted to be good at what I do," Wasserman says. "I also wanted the entertainment, the glitz and glamour. But what I really like is that I'm helping people. It doesn't get any better than that."

— Katy Kramer, MA'00

Another Kind of Wordsmith

"I'm always noodling with something," says Todd Basche, E'78, the 2004 Staples Invention Quest champion. He started tinkering young. As a teen, he rigged up a newfangled wake-up call. "I had a turntable that played thirty-threes, and I hooked it up to an electric timer. The needle would drop on the record exactly when I wanted to wake up, with the song I wanted to hear."

Ingenuity is in his genes. "Dad, an engineer at RCA, was always fiddling with tubes in the basement," Basche says. Northeastern was a family affair, too: Basche's older brothers, Larry and Ken, are also alums. The heritage and the hard work paid off. Basche not only received \$25,000 as Invention Quest champ, but WordLock—his winning creation—is scheduled for sale on Staples shelves this fall.

The idea for WordLock was born in 1998. "I had three gates around the pool to keep my young son out," Basche says. Thinking he and his wife might have a hard time remembering three different combinations, the Los Altos, California, engineer came up with a key concept: Use letters instead of numbers; form words. Last October, Basche entered his lock in the Staples contest, competing against 8,500 other people with 10,000 inventions.

Basche was called to Los Angeles to make a presentation to contest judges. Six weeks later, he was summoned again, this time to the Big Apple as one of a dozen finalists. The panel narrowed the finalists down to three. And then there was one. "I was just flabbergasted," Basche says of the moment he locked up the win.

Fortunately, he has a way with words. Surrounded by microphones, video cams, and flashing bulbs, the winner held a three-hour press conference with major media outlets. "It was just like in the movies," Basche

says. "Since it went via satellite and syndication, people called from all over the world. It was an amazing experience. Who'd-a thunk?"

— Katy Kramer, MA'00

Everybody's All-American

"They called him 'Century Sid' Watson," says Jack Grinold, Northeastern associate athletics director, "because you could count on him for a hundred yards every game." Indeed, by the time of his death in April, Watson's never-fail attitude had earned him not only a place in the NU Hall of Fame, the Bowdoin College Hall of Honor, and the Maine Sports Hall of Fame, but legendary status within college athletics as both player and coach.

Watson, BA'56, came to Northeastern on a basketball and football scholarship, beginning his football career on the undefeated 1951 team. The Andover, Massachusetts, native played linebacker and guard his first year, then held down the fullback position.

And made school history. "Watson still holds the NU records for the highest average yards per rush and points scored per game," says Grinold.

In high school, Watson had also mastered a third sport—hockey—and had his sights set on joining the NU team. After pleading his case to the hockey coach, he made the team, and got to play in the first Beanpot tournament, in 1953. "Sid was one of only two to hold a varsity letter in basketball and hockey at NU," Grinold says.

The phenom went on to four years of pro ball with the Pittsburgh Steelers and the Washington Redskins. Then his passion for hockey prompted him to take a temporary coaching position at Bowdoin, and in 1959 he became the college's full-time hockey coach.

It was a good fit. During Watson's twenty-four-year tenure, the Bowdoin Polar Bears won four Eastern College Athletic Conference Division II championships. He was honored as National College Division Coach of the Year three times, and was twice named New England's Coach of the Year.

In 1983, Watson became Bowdoin's athletics director, another good fit. As Terry Meagher, his protégé and successor as hockey coach recalls, "Sid had the ability to make people at ease with him. He could talk to people in all walks of life."

Watson's renown extended well beyond the Northeastern and Bowdoin campuses. He served as chairman of the NCAA Ice Hockey Rules and Tournament Committee and received the Hobey Baker Legend of Hockey award from the U.S. Hockey Hall of Fame.

"Sid taught [students], through his example, to be people of integrity and principle," says Bowdoin president Barry Mills. Adds Grinold: "Sid will be remembered as one of the people who made such a tremendous contribution at Bowdoin. He influenced four decades of students."

— Katy Kramer, MA'00

Northeastern

ALUMNI MAGAZINE UNIVERSITY

STAFF

AWARDS

ADVERTISE

SEND CLASS NOTE

SEND LETTER

UPDATE ADDRESS

BACK ISSUES

CONTRIBUTE

LINKS

SEARCH

September 2004

Huskiana

Features

[Dream Job](#)

[Shall We Dance?](#)

[The Warden](#)

Departments

[Letters](#)

[E Line](#)

[Alumni Passages](#)

[From the Field](#)

[Research Briefs](#)

[Sports](#)

[Books](#)

[Classes](#)

[First-Person](#)

[Husky Tracks](#)

[Huskiana](#)

Smoke Screen:: 1924

This corncob may look like an object of Mammy Yokum's oral fixation, but it's actually a favor from a Northeastern smoker, a social gathering where men could kick back and unwind in an atmosphere scented by pipes, Chesterfields, and the occasional stogie.

As suffocating as this kind of bash sounds now, smokers were once a huge draw for Northeastern students, particularly during the 1920s, when organized campus activities were in their infancy and opportunities for socializing with classmates were few.

A smoker's entrance fee—usually two to four bits—also guaranteed some form of entertainment. Diversions ran a vaudevillian gamut, from magic tricks, to music, to boxing or fencing. Sometimes, the entertainers were professionals. Occasionally, professors were brought in to bring the house down with jokes, anecdotes, or lectures.

Although individual groups—such as the student newspaper or a fraternity—might host their own smoker, these affairs were frequently an all-class to-do. As a point of pride, each class would try to sponsor the liveliest smoke-filled room. This could give rise to class warfare. For a gag, sophomores might raid frosh smokers and kidnap several yearlings (extra points for the class prez).

No need to pass the peace pipe, though. In NU's early years, smokers actually helped stoke school spirit.

And that was no corny goal.

