While the hope and anxiety of registering for classes have stood the test of time at UD, actually standing in line for registration has not. Long lines, as seen in the top photograph, circa late 1940s, are a thing of the past. Students of today’s generation can sign up for classes online using laptops in more comfortable environs alongside their peers.
The most wonderful time of the year: UD’s community gathered to celebrate Christmas on Campus. For information on Christmas off Campus, see Page 58. Photo by Andy Snow.
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Cover photo: Barombi Lake, Cameroon, West Africa, by Elizabeth Kovalak ’09
Change

Twenty-five hundred years ago, a dead Greek reportedly observed (before he died) that everything is in a state of flux.

To confuse generations (or perhaps provoke them to thought), Heraclitus said things like, “We both step and do not step in the same rivers. We are and are not.” So, if yesterday you found it a treat to beat your feet in the Mississippi mud and if you try that again today, is the river the same? Are you?

Blessed William Joseph Chaminade also had some things to say about change. In post-revolutionary France, he believed that “new times called for new methods.” He, like Heraclitus, used a metaphor of flowing water. He compared how he was going to do his work to a brook encountering an obstacle. The obstacle blocks the flow for a time, but the brook grows wider and deeper and flows around the obstacle.

The University of Dayton continues the tradition of the ancient philosopher by reflecting on the nature of change. It continues the tradition of Chaminade by effecting change, and by transforming the world.

All three of the features in this issue touch on change.

An article on visual satire and politics emerged from a presidential campaign in which both sides tried to grab the mantle of change.

Often change comes too fast to cope with. Not long ago cybercrime was not much more than a concept; today it may siphon more than $1 trillion a year from the U.S. economy. But that may not be as serious as potential cyberthreats to national security. NCR Distinguished Professor of Law and Technology Susan Brenner sees the way responses to cyberthreats are ineffective.

Real threats faced the African village where a group of UD civil engineering students spent a good part of their summer. The village lacked safe drinking water. The UD students thought they could change that. So they went to Africa to try.

From just picking up this magazine, you will have noticed that change is not just the subject of our features but of form and content throughout. What you see and read here results from a consulting relationship with 160over90, the Philadelphia branding agency responsible for Transformative Moments (UD’s president’s report) and for the recent award-winning publications of UD’s division of enrollment management.

New sections in the magazine include Expert Instruction on Page 6 and an essay by President Daniel J. Curran on our last page, Page 64.

Another new section, The Big Question, poses a question for readers. This one — on how to spend $2 billion to change the world — was posed to readers of the e-mail newsletter New from UDQ. Of the more than 150 answers received, the largest number dealt with providing basic needs, such as food and, primarily, water.

So, the change brought by current UD students to an African village is also a change envisioned by numbers of UD alumni. Perhaps the river that is UD, in which alumni stepped years ago, is some way the same transforming experience for those who are students now.

— Thomas M. Columbus

EDITOR
ANOTHER SHERMAN

Thank you for the article about the legacy of the John Q. Sherman family [UDQ Spring 2008]. I want to add just a little more information. In my freshman year [at Fenwick High School, Oak Park, Ill.], one of my teachers, a Dominican priest, often spoke about growing up in Dayton. He also spoke highly of UD.

After I was a UD sophomore ... I made the connection: [John N.] Sherman, O.P., was also the son of John Q. Sherman. Although I only got to see my former teacher once after high school, it was as he walked past the ROTC honor guard assembled for the dedication of Sherman Hall. Being part of that formation is one of my best memories of UD.

— C.E. GLOMSKI '63
ELK GROVE VILLAGE, ILL

WHAT WE LOVE ABOUT UD

I absolutely loved the most recent issue of the Quarterly! [Vol. 17, No. 4, Summer 2008, "100 Things We Love About UD"] I laughed and cried reading every page.

— NIKKI WHYE '97
SALT LAKE CITY

Editors’s note: View UD favorites online (and offer your own) at http://udquickly.udayton.edu.

I loved the article about 100 things, and it made quite the supper table conversation at our home with one UD alumnus. He said he thought you covered everyone but the “lunch ladies.” Every time he visits UD to see my current UD son, they seek out Marycrest cafeteria and he says they still recognize him and say hi to him. ...

The pictures taken by Larry Burgess are also my favorites. He really captures the “feel” of UD with each and every one. My favorite in this article were the crosses on Pages 28 and 29. How simple, yet how profound. ...

Thanks for giving me something great to read on my front porch on a great summer evening!

Loving UD always,

— ROSEMARY NIGRO
ST. LOUIS

I really enjoyed your 100 things we love about UD! But where did you hide No. 1? Or is it hidden inside No. 27?

— William Behringer, S.M. ’52
CLEVELAND

Editor’s note: Father Behringer was not the only reader to skip over, on the top of the first page of Class Notes, the very large type that read “No. 1: University of Dayton Alumni.” But very well could have been in No. 27, which listed some of UD’s rankings as No. 1.

My husband recently came in with the mail. He gave me the UD Quarterly, and I put it aside commenting, “I bet I won’t know a soul in there.” ...

But imagine my surprise when I found, on Page 26, the photo of Marycrest Hall. There was my 18-year-old self peering out into the hallway! A month after graduation, the Solon, Ohio, native and visual communication arts major moved to Philadelphia, where he began a design internship with a branding agency, 160over90. It’s also where he reads University of Dayton Magazine.

— Judy Moore Wagner '66
SOUTHPORT, N.C.

‘There was my 18-year-old self peering out into the hallway! I was a freshman in 1962, in the first group of residents of Marycrest, and we had a ball initiating that building.’

Loved the 100 things we love about UD! But I’ve got No. 99.9 — WVUD, rest its creative and giving soul. ... That was one of the most influential radio stations that I or anyone else has worked in the last 40 years. ...

As always — we are UD!

— BILL PUGH ’75
SAN DIEGO

My first favorite was the feeling that I was home, from my very first campus visit. Strangers smiled, talked to us and were kind when we looked confused. ...

My other favorite was Mass in the dorm chapels. Those small gatherings were a welcome respite from studying and working. We sang, prayed and shared prayer intentions together.

UD wasn’t just a place to learn. It was also a place to call my second home and family.

— KELLY STOLZ ’93
XENIA, OHIO
“(Playing football for UD) was the greatest experience of my life. ... I’ve done a lot of major things in politics and life, but there’s nothing I have fonder memories of than what I did on this field.”
— JON HUSTED ’89, FORMER SPEAKER, OHIO HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

“History will judge this current stock market melt-down as not just the worst in our generation, but more likely the worst in the history of Wall Street.”
— FINANCIAL COMMENTATOR ROBERT “DR. BOB” FROELICH ’75

“On the way there you see how excited they are, and on the way back you see how sugared up and excited they are.”
— MICHELLE WINTERING ’09, ON CHRISTMAS ON CAMPUS ADOPTED ELEMENTARY SCHOOL STUDENTS

“Kilowatt Ours: A Plan to Re-energize America”
Documentary filmmaker Jeff Barrie shows Americans how they can make a difference through energy conservation and renewable energy. More urgently, he also explains “why it is so critical to start doing so,” says Mark McCausland, co-president of UD’s Sustainability Club.

“Christmas on Campus T-shirt”
UD BOOKSTORE
You wore yours as a student. Now you can dress like one again. The Christmas on Campus committee sold this year’s T-shirt to raise money for CoC. Any remaining ones are available through the bookstore at 800-543-4825 or online at http://bookstore.udayton.edu.

“Bikes”
Pedal power is making a comeback. According to a new survey, 75 percent of bike shops in the U.S. report increasing sales, and crammed bike racks on campus reveal that this trend has hit UD, too.

“Chris Wright”
DAYTONFLYERS.COM
Could there be a better last name for the player leading the Flyers? Flyer Faithful across the country have their eyes on him. Go UD.
PHOTO BY STEVE WOLTMANN

“Kilowatt Ours”
A Plan to Re-energize America
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When associate professor Jason Pierce peers into his crystal ball, he sees the rough outlines of two political climates the new president might face. One is the vision of bipartisanship the president-elect outlines in his book. The other is a politics pulled to the margins with little common ground for compromise described by Ronald Brownstein. “I think these two books read in tandem provide two very important lenses into what the political scene might look like,” said Pierce, who teaches a course on the presidency for the department of political science.

Curtis Barnes
ARTSTREET.UDAYTON.EDU/EVENTS
Abstracts of cityscapes and people populated the jazz-inspired exhibit "Masks, Music and Musings," a retrospective exhibition on the art of Dayton native Curtis Barnes, whose work was on display this winter in ArtStreet Studio D.

The Audacity of Hope
BARACK OBAMA

The Second Civil War
RONALD BROWNSTEIN

When associate professor Jason Pierce peers into his crystal ball, he sees the rough outlines of two political climates the new president might face. One is the vision of bipartisanship the president-elect outlines in his book. The other is a politics pulled to the margins with little common ground for compromise described by Ronald Brownstein. “I think these two books read in tandem provide two very important lenses into what the political scene might look like,” said Pierce, who teaches a course on the presidency for the department of political science.

Christmas Crèches
UDNATIVITY.ORG

’Twas the season. In between trips to packed malls and obligatory parties you didn’t have time for, we hope you slowed down, took a look around and counted your blessings. Among ours: access to the world’s largest crèche collection. In January, we added 600 more, a donation from Elisabeth Van Mulleken-Cserep of Australia.

Live at the Nelson Mandela Theatre
SOWETO GOSPEL CHOIR

South Africa’s two-time Grammy Award-winning Soweto Gospel Choir has just wrapped up a U.S. tour, which Sharon Davis Gratto, chair of the music department, had a chance to catch at the Victoria Theatre in Dayton in November. For her, it was part enjoyment, part research as she prepares to launch a new ensemble, the World Music Choir, on campus in the spring. “The Soweto Gospel Choir is one of South Africa’s premier vocal ensembles,” she said.
HOW TO AVOID BEING A VICTIM OF FINANCIAL CYBERCRIME

Cybercrime expert Susan Brenner, NCR Distinguished Professor of Law and Technology, has consulted with Interpol, NATO and the United Arab Emirates Ministry of the Interior. She chairs an American Bar Association project drafting a model cybercrime code for the United Nations. You can read more about her work at her blog, Cyb3rcrim3 (http://cyb3rcrim3.blogspot.com).

1. TRUST NO ONE (ONLINE, THAT IS).
   “We are accustomed to living in a safe world [thinking] what’s online can’t hurt you because it’s not real,” Brenner said. But personal information is traded online all over the world. “Be smart and, sorry to say, be cynical.”

2. REMEMBER: PERSONAL INFO IS GOLD.
   Don’t reply to any e-mail asking for personal and financial information. And don’t send money to someone you cannot check or verify. Instead, call the company using the number on the back of your credit card. For info on the latest phishing scams, visit http://www.ic3.gov/crimeschemes.aspx.

3. USE COMPLEX PASSWORDS.
   Create passwords that contain special characters, numerals and letters — and change them monthly. If you need to write one down, keep it with you or where it can’t be easily compromised. Don’t ever store passwords on your computer.

4. USE A CREDIT CARD, NOT A DEBIT CARD, ONLINE.
   Debit cards typically offer less fraud protection than credit cards, and credit card issuers often call when they notice suspicious activity.

5. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, SHUT DOWN YOUR COMPUTER.
   THEN SEE A PROFESSIONAL — IMMEDIATELY.
   If you’ve provided personal information, log off the network, and shut down and unhook the computer. Then, find a professional to clear out viruses and assess the damage.

HOW TO MAKE A STRAWBERRY BANANA SMOOTHIE LIKE THE CHILL’S

Before she became CEO of Flyer Enterprises, Lauren Clarisey ’09 whipped up smoothies at the Chill in RecPlex. Now the Cincinnati native oversees the fourth-largest student-run business in the nation.

Put a 1/2 cup of fat-free vanilla frozen yogurt in a blender.

“All smoothies at the Chill are made with fat-free frozen yogurt, which provides a nice creamy base.”

Add 1/4 cup of frozen strawberries.

“Frozen strawberries make the smoothie colder since we don’t use ice. The frozen strawberries provide the same texture.”

Add half a fresh banana, sliced.

“The banana gives the smoothie the perfect texture and a bit of a lighter flavor. It’s great after a workout; it replenishes your nutrients and is perfect for starting the day.”

Lastly, add 2 tablespoons of whey protein powder.

“We also have an antioxidant boost and an energy boost. We recommend only one per smoothie.”

Blend at high speed and enjoy.
With its extensive resources, the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation recently set the lofty goal of eradicating malaria from the planet.

IF YOU HAD $2 BILLION TO HELP SOLVE ONE OF THE WORLD’S PROBLEMS, WHICH ONE WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

Clean water and sanitation. Progress in this area has not achieved the objectives set in the UN’s Millennium Development Goals for many of the states with the greatest need. Improvements would lead to a significant impact on the quality of life for people who often already face abject poverty. Jesus said to give drink to the thirsty — $2 billion would go a long way in doing so.

— GREG CALHOUN ’08, Cleveland

There is a lot to be said for investing pre-problem. World leaders could go a long way to be encouraged to fund infrastructure, through matching grants or bribery — whatever it takes — to provide clean water and flush toilets. It’s attention to basics that builds success and changes lives.

— RENEE KUMOR ’66, Hendersonville, N.C.

Solve a global problem with $2 billion, but be able to sum it up in 30-80 words? That’s easy: Just repeat the word “education” 30 to 80 times … and mean it. Build schools in as many poor villages and destitute cities as possible. Give them all teachers with a love of learning. Make sure they have the books and other tools they need to succeed. Make sure they have enough to eat. Keep repeating it again and again.

— RICHARD J. BEEBE ’76, Cleveland

Why do we have societal problems, such as hunger and homelessness, that society created? We produce enough food and have enough housing for each person in the United States, and yet, both problems persist. Why is society complacent when the answer is before us? What makes the economic structure more valuable than humanity? Why are people willing to accept homelessness and hunger?

— JOSEPH DONAHOO ’94, San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Being born in Eritrea and growing up in Ethiopia and Kenya, I have seen where the African poverty comes from. Power-hungry, unelected presidents squander aid money and their peoples’ efforts for their own gain and status quo. I would simply give the 53 presidents and their cronies the $2 billion to leave government and quietly disappear, opening the countries to pure, uncorrupted democracies run by the people for the people. Unorthodox, yes; workable, maybe; worth a try, absolutely!

— (AB-SEALA) ABBEY BEYENE ’97, London

Alternative energy solutions would help the world economic picture and increase the standard of living for all economic classes; the potential is huge, and the ability to reach the masses is great.

— ELIZABETH FÖELLER ’94, Bradenton, Fla.

Feed the hungry first. Give them life. Only then can we work to improve other worldwide problems.

— RACHAEL BADE ’10, undergraduate political science and journalism major

The question presumes assumptions about wealth, charity and justice that are not valid in a global economy. The scourge of malaria goes undressed not because of a lack of wealth but because society applies solutions based on charity to solve societal problems rather than on justice. If we in the United States were subject to the scourge of malaria, the world would already have a vaccine to fight it.

The parable of the Good Samaritan requires updating for today’s world, which is technologically light years away from the understanding of “neighbor” in ancient Palestine. Two hundred years of Catholic social teaching has taught that in addition to being good personally we have a social responsibility to organize our society justly to bring the Kingdom of God to all persons.

— BROTHER PHIL AARON, S.M., service-learning coordinator for the School of Engineering

WE WANT YOUR ANSWER TO NEXT ISSUE’S QUESTION: “What is the most important human right?” E-MAIL YOUR ANSWER TO MAGAZINE@UDAYTON.EDU.
The end of the world as he knew it

Chris Kannen ’99 saw endless nights and water turn to powder during his months on Antarctica after receiving a National Science Foundation Award through the Antarctic Artists and Writers Program. The New York-based painter shared his art and experiences on campus this past September. To see photos from his trip, visit http://www.chriskannen.com.

New alpha for Omega Point

At the base of Omega Point — the 42-inch, roughly half-moon shaped aluminum sculpture that has stood watch by Roesch Library since 1973 — rests a plaque, which, in the words of French Jesuit philosopher Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, describes the inspiration behind the work: "Omega Point is the furthest point of the whole cosmic process. A final point where the law of universal love will have reached its climax and its crown — Christ."

Yet while the distance between us and God cannot be measured in feet and inches, distance relative to Roesch Library can. The iconic sculpture now rests on a new base just northwest of its original location. Omega Point is one of two sculptures on campus created by Henry Setter ’51, an education graduate and former Marianist priest. The other is Seat of Wisdom, a Marian sculpture in cherry, mahogany and walnut now on display in the lobby of Roesch Library.
SOCIAL CONSCIENCE WEIGHS A TON

Instead of tossing unwanted furniture, food and clothing while moving out of their housing in May, students donated more than 2,300 pounds of items benefitting the UD Summer Appalachia Program, St. Vincent DePaul Society, Goodwill and The Salvation Army.

Two full-time staff members — a chef and a calming presence — received this year’s Marianist Service Awards, which honor UD’s Catholic and Marianist character and serve as a reminder that professors aren’t UD’s only teachers.

Chef Herbert Schotz has led students and employees at UD for the past 22 years, using a mixture of precision and artistry to plan and execute everything from large receptions to more intimate gatherings. “If I ever get to a point where I don’t like preparing for Reunion Weekend or freshman orientation, that’s the time to move on to something else,” he said. “If you don’t like your job, you can’t be happy.”

Jill Talley’s calming presence as coordinator in the honors and scholars program office on the first floor of Alumni Hall reminds students that their lives are not all projects, papers, grades, presentations and deadlines. “Being kind to others and treating others the way you want to be treated — I’m just doing what my parents taught me,” she said.

FIVE FLYERS, A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE

With its 2008 alumni awards, the University of Dayton National Alumni Association honors five individuals who continue to learn, lead and serve, making a difference within the UD community and the world at large.

1. John McHale ’78, this year’s Distinguished Alumnus Award winner, was recognized for his achievements in the fields of business, innovation and technology advancement. McHale has built and sold several profitable business ventures, working with multinational corporations and opening markets for innovative products. In addition, McHale has shared his good fortune with the University, committing millions to programs and initiatives that benefit the arts, diversity, education, athletics and leadership.

2. Vicki Edwards Giambrone ’81, M.P.A. ’01, received this year’s Special Service Award for volunteer service to the National Alumni Association. Diagnosed with Hodgkin’s disease in 1978 as a first-year UD student, Giambrone found the support of faculty, family and friends to stay in school through her illness and even graduate early. In the years following, Giambrone said she wasted no time “paying it back and maybe paying it forward, too.” She helped develop the first Erma Bombeck Writers’ Workshop and the national Leadership with Virtue awards program, as well as served eight years on the National Alumni Association board of directors, four of them as president.

3. Sister Rosemary Wack, S.N.D. de N. ’58, this year’s Christian Service Award winner, was honored for her exemplary commitment to living out the Marianist charism, having spent her adult life serving people in the United States and Africa as a teacher, administrator and nurse.

4. William King ’96, the recipient of this year’s Special Achievement Award, is a scholar in micro- and nano-scale thermal processing. Since 2006, King has served as an associate professor at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. He received the 2005 Presidential Early Career Award for Scientists and Engineers, the highest federal government award given to an untenured professor.

5. Rashad Young ’98, M.B.A. ’04, this year’s Joe Belle Memorial Award recipient, received the award for volunteer service to students and early career achievements. Young, Dayton’s city manager, was cited for committing his time to youth in the Dayton community, mentoring several current UD students, and speaking at UD leadership conferences.
Class of 2012 has brains — and brawn

University officials did not anticipate this past year would bring such a large entering class, but they're fortunate to have this dilemma. It allowed them to maximize the quality of students admitted and meant that campus is filled to the brim — and then some.

“Coping with an entering class of this unexpectedly large size poses challenges in many areas, but it’s a good problem to have,” said Paul Benson, dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. “This increased interest is a wonderful testament to the quality of a UD education.”

Officials have hustled to feed, house and educate the Class of 2012, believed to be UD’s largest first-year class since the 1960s. The increase also has meant renting living space for students, adding at least 60 course sections in the College, hiring additional instructors — and even ordering more glassware for science labs for the record number of science majors.

According to Sundar Kumarasamy, vice president for enrollment management, enrollment is up substantially overall, with increases in out-of-state and international students.

“Our goal is that we bring in the most talented students who fit the University of Dayton mission — students who will most benefit from what UD has to offer,” he said. “We are telling students who we are. ... We’re making clear what a Marianist education is and how it is different.”

UD SCORES 2 TOP-10 HITS

UD students are a happy, talented bunch, and it seems as if the national media have caught on. The University ranked seventh in the country for “Happiest Students,” a new category in the Princeton Review’s 2009 edition of The Best 368 Colleges. In the same survey, UD retained its ranking as 11th in “Everybody Plays Intramural Sports.”

In addition, U.S. News & World Report’s 2009 edition of America’s Best Colleges again ranked UD as a top-tier national university and eighth among Catholic universities in the nation. U.S. News & World Report also listed UD among its “A+ Schools for B Students,” a new list of schools the magazine says deserve a closer look.

As UD grows, the world gets smaller

For 2008-09, the total enrollment of international students on campus has risen to 418, with students coming from more than 45 countries including Canada, China, Ghana, Indonesia, Korea, Kuwait, Lebanon, Malawi, Mauritius, Saudi Arabia, Serbia, Togo and the United Kingdom. It’s up 50 percent from fall 2007.

This emphasis on developing a global perspective travels in the other direction, too. This year, more than 600 UD students are expected to participate in study abroad, service learning and immersion programs.
UD reminds America it can do anything, even say no

In an effort to persuade American leaders to uphold our country’s highest ideals, the University sponsored the Oct. 13 forum American Voices, American Values, which culminated with Daniel J. Curran becoming the first president of a U.S. Catholic university to sign the Declaration of Principles for a Presidential Executive Order on Prisoner Treatment, a national petition calling for the president of the United States to reject cruelty and torture.

“As a Catholic, Marianist university, we affirm the statement of the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops that the use of torture must be rejected as fundamentally incompatible with the dignity of the human person and ultimately counterproductive in combating terrorism,” Curran said.

Curran was joined by Cincinnati Archbishop Daniel Pilarczyk, as well as Carl Ford, assistant secretary of state under President George W. Bush; William H. Taft IV, legal adviser to the State Department under President Bush; Donald Gregg, national security adviser under President George H.W. Bush; and Peter Mansoor, a key adviser to Gen. David Petraeus, head of U.S. Central Command. Each advocated an executive order that unequivocally rejects torture and cruelty to prisoners.

The director of UD’s human rights studies program, Mark Ensalaco, who helped organize the event, said, “A week after the 9/11 attacks, the president asked us all to ‘uphold the values of America. … We are in a fight for our principles, and our first responsibility is to live by them.’ We organized this event to ask the public to reflect on that responsibility.”
Flyers soar in preconference play

As the men’s basketball Flyers completed their preconference season Jan. 6 against Miami University, three things were clear. First, although most games had more points than the 45-40 Flyer win over Miami, there was no doubt that Flyer fortunes were tied to their defensive intensity.

Second, while most talk of 12-man depth is just talk, all of the healthy dozen scholarship Flyers were averaging significant playing time, ranging from about eight to about 29 minutes.

Third, the Flyers were winning. Their 14-1 record matched their second best start in history; the best was in the 1955-56 season when they opened 20-1.

Junior Marcus Johnson and sophomore Chris Wright were piling up the most numbers for the Flyers, with yeoman effort from senior Charles Little. Fans hadn’t been sure what to expect at point guard but had to be pleased with junior London Warren’s improvement in his assist-turnover ratio, the arrival of junior Rob Lowery and the steady play of sophomore Steven Thomas. And the shooting and rebounding of freshman Chris Johnson was an unexpected delight for the Flyer Faithful, who averaged more than 12,000 strong in the UD Arena.
Vice president and director of athletics Ted Kissell, reflecting on his impending retirement, said, “UD is a special place. I’m very proud to have had the opportunity to make a contribution to the University of Dayton and very proud to be a Flyer.” Succeeding Kissell on Jan. 1 as vice president and director of athletics was Tim Wabler ’74.

Kissell goes out on top

FALL 2008 — THE WINNING CONTINUES

Two NCAA tournament bids highlighted the Flyer fall sports season. Men’s soccer, with a 15-4-3 record, netted both the Atlantic 10 championship and an NCAA berth. Men’s soccer last won the A-10 in 1998 and had never been to the NCAA tournament. The volleyball team appeared in its fifth NCAA tournament in six years, finishing 21-13; the berth was the women’s team first at-large NCAA bid.

The women’s soccer team (15-6-1) fell one win shy of the NCAA, losing in the A-10 finals 1-0 despite having 12 shots on goal to two for Charlotte. The football Flyers finished 9-3, second in the Pioneer Football League; it was the 22nd time in school history the football Flyers have notched at least nine wins.

In January, U.S. Men’s National Team head coach Bob Bradley named former Flyers standout and current Chicago Fire forward Chris Rolfe to the national team as it prepares its run to the 2010 FIFA World Cup.

FLYERS PLAY LIKE A BUNCH OF AMATEURS

The Havemeyer Cup is amateur golf’s most prestigious trophy. Though Rob Chappell and Zach Glassman did not add their names to it at the 2008 U.S. Amateur Championship, they did make history. They are believed to be the first UD golfers to qualify for the championship since Jack Zimmerman Sr. ’50, who played for three cups during his post-Flyer days, the last at Pinehurst in 1962.

Chappell and Glassman were among the 312 amateur golfers — out of more than 10,000 aspirants — who vied for the Havemeyer Cup. Chappell, the team captain and 2008 Atlantic 10 Player of the Year, made the cut of 64 but ultimately fell in match play.

SOME OF KISSELL’S STATISTICS:

- 16 seasons
- 20 teams reach postseason play since 1998
- 26 conference championships since 1998
- 22 conference coaches of the year
- 63% UD’s winning percentage in 2007-08 (the most successful year in Flyer history)
- 4.7 million dollars annual fundraising increase
- 9 million dollars department revenue growth
- 3.209 Flyers’ combined cumulative GPA (the highest in school history)

Top 5% Flyers’ rank among the nation’s 330 Division I institutions for graduation success rate.
A LIVE WIRE THAT ACTUALLY PREVENTS SPARKS?

That’s what Bob Kauffman and UD Research Institute researchers created. Kauffman also discovered — by accident — that wires send out radio signals before they fail, which ultimately inspired him to devise a simple “listening” device before they cause any damage.

The Federal Aviation Administration hired UDRI in 1999 to determine the cause of the center-wing fuel tank explosion that brought down TWA Flight 800 in 1996. The researchers determined that frayed fuel-sensor wiring likely played a role in the explosion.

Commercial aircraft contain “miles and miles of wiring, all bundled together,” said Kauffman, a UDRI chemist. “And when two frayed wires in close proximity start sparking, they can form combustible residues that eventually ignite.”

Kauffman’s solution is a Power-Activated Technology for Coating and Healing for wire insulation. PATCH’s chemical coating, when combined with electrical current and a water mist, transforms into a permanent repair when the insulation is breached.

“The liquid can be sprayed directly onto wire bundles,” Kauffman said. “If it comes into contact with any live wire with damaged insulation, the electrical current will transform the spray into an insoluble polymer coating. Any solution not coming into contact with exposed wire will wash away, preventing weight buildup from repair activity.”

Currently Kauffman is working to commercialize the product, believing the need for self-healing wire is as great in industry as in aerospace. “One of the biggest problems out in the field is intermittent electrical trouble,” Kauffman said. “The self-healing coating is so inexpensive to produce, it could easily be used in electrical applications ranging from home repair to industrial power boxes.”

**UD engineering’s enrollment defies the law of gravity**

While engineering schools nationwide bemoaned low enrollment figures this year, UD enrolled its largest first-year engineering class. “This is at a time when most everyone is going down. [Our increase] says something,” said Joe Saliba, interim provost and engineering dean. “We leave no stone unturned [while recruiting students].”
The snarl of traffic on the Stewart Street bridge, the gateway to UD’s campus, had been maddening students, faculty, staff, alumni, basketball fans and visitors for decades. With 16,000 vehicles crossing it daily, and the bridge constructed in 1912 showing signs of age, it needed to go.

It was demolished in July and will reopen in late 2009 with six motor vehicle lanes and one pedestrian and bicycle lane.

To get to campus between now and then, take the Main Street/ Jefferson Street exit off U.S. 35. Flyer fans can also use the Washington Street bridge to cross from the east to Edwin C. Moses Boulevard.
The chief of Mbo-Barombi village in Cameroon, West Africa, told a group of UD engineering students that without clean water, his village suffered. They promised help. Then they went back to Dayton to figure out how.
Deep in the Cameroonian forest in West Africa, an hour’s walk away from the nearest road or utility line, a young villager who goes by the name Sexy poured palm wine into bright plastic cups at Mbonda Philip’s two-room plankboard house.

Little children in soccer jerseys poked their heads around the curtain at the doorway to get a peek at the scene inside. A single bulb lit the main room, the generator that powered it drowned out by a television playing videos of African hip-hop acts like P-Square and Akon. Around the periphery, the men of the village sat in faded slacks and shirts on old couches and upholstered chairs whose cushions were supported by boards.

The middle of the room was filled with younger people, men and women in their late teens and early 20s dancing to the beat and making their way over to Sexy for refills.

As he poured the palm wine, locally called “white stuff,” Sexy threw back his head and declared to no one in particular, “I love de white stuff.”

The crowd was mixed in a way the village rarely, if ever, saw. Alongside the usual area boys — young men who answered to names like Sexy, Cliff, Francis, Da Game, Daddy Shaker and Gunshot — were six “whites,” UD civil engineering students living in the village for the early part of the summer. They danced. They sang. Sexy gave them refills. They shouted “I love de white stuff” over the music back at him.

Tonight’s white stuff was matango, sweet and light, tapped from a felled palm tree and brewed in the village. On this evening, the area boys called it by a new name they’d picked up from the students: moonshine.

Outside, the moon was shining only somewhere behind the clouds as the rainy season rolled in. The rest of the village was very dark and very quiet. Beyond its 30 or so buildings there were only footpaths through the jungle to link the village, called Barombi, with the rest of Cameroon and the wider world.

“When the sky is clear,” said Liz Kovalak, one of the UD students, “I can see more stars than I ever thought possible.”

A year before, Kovalak and three others had come to the village on a whim. They’d been working on a construction project in Kumba, a provincial town in Cameroon’s South-West province, and gotten curious about village life. A Kumba friend offered to take them across a nearby crater lake to a little village called Mbo-Barombi.

There, they met the chief, a slight man with deep lines in his face and responsibility for the entire village. He told them something that would change their lives.

“Our village is dying,” he said. “It is because we have no water.”

Hayley Ryckman, the daughter of a doctor, cried when the chief added, “We are a dying people.”

The students didn’t say it right then, but they all felt a call they’d in some way awaited since arriving in Cameroon. They would somehow bring the village clean water.

No roads run in or out of Barombi. You reach it by trekking an hour through the jungle on a narrow footpath or paddling more than a mile across Barombi lake. While the village is isolated, the villagers are not. The better-off among them have houses in Kumba, a provin-
cial town across the lake, but live primarily in Barombi because that is where their farms are. Others have a home only in the village, which is not connected to a power grid or sewage system. And, it has no clean water.

More than a billion people worldwide lack access to clean water, according to the World Health Organization. “Poor sanitation, bad hygiene and unsafe water — usually unsafe because it has fecal particles in it — cause one in 10 of the world’s illnesses,” author Rose George wrote in her 2008 study of hygiene, The Big Necessity. Daily, more than 4,500 children die worldwide from the effects of unclean water and inadequate hygiene.

In Barombi, the stream where villagers gather water is the same one they sometimes use for bathing and when nature calls. A great irony of life in Barombi is that the lake on which the village sits supplies water to Kumba, which has a water treatment facility to clean the polluted waters.

“There are a thousand villages in Cameroon just like it,” said Julius Amin, chair of UD’s history department — places too powerless to secure government services, too small or poor to fund infrastructure projects themselves.

Life in Barombi revolves around the lake. Its fish are a significant source of income for the villagers, who sell their catches in Kumba. The Barombi people migrated here when the Germans began colonizing the country in the late 19th century. The villagers say that when a Barombi man confronted the area’s inhabitants, the Bafaw, at the lake, he slapped the water without making a ripple and removed roasted fish directly from the lake. After seeing this, the Bafaw people left the Barombi man to live there.

But the lake is also a barrier. More than a mile wide, it separates the village from Kumba’s city services such as transportation links, electricity, and telephone and water service. The barrier is also psychological. The village’s small size and distance from Kumba make it easy to ignore. For the Barombi people, the village is home, but without clean water, they cannot thrive there.

“The heart of the people will change because of good water,” said Sylvester Makia, chair of the village’s water committee. “Good water is good. Many people were suffering because of bad water.”

After their first visit to Barombi, the UD students spent the next academic year in Dayton meeting over and over to work and rework designs, spending months on plans they would throw in the trash. What they developed was an ambitious plan for a pipeline to carry water to the village from a stream a mile away and point-of-use filters to make the water safe for drinking.

Illustration by Lindsey Gice; Photo by Hayley Ryckman ’09

Below: Barombi villagers and UD students pause for a picture and some “white stuff” before bringing supplies across the lake to the village. Opposite page: Canoes loaded with pipes and other supplies set out for Barombi.

encourages engineering and other students to apply their skills in ways that improve the lives of some of the people with the greatest needs. The program offers some financial support but, more importantly, helps students prepare for what they’ll face.

The service-learning coordinator in the School of Engineering, Brother Phil Aaron, S.M., tells a story about the challenges of development work. It’s about a group of Westerners who begin construction of a school in East Africa. It ends with them leaving with only the walls built after supply disruptions, cost overruns and other unforeseen complications.

His point is the difficulty of coming into foreign environments with Western expectations about how things work. Sometimes schools just don’t get built. Sometimes water pipes don’t get laid. Sometimes the pipes get laid, but there’s no hardware for water taps. If materials are available, there might not be a road to drive them in on. Sometimes — and the students learned this firsthand — you get 20-foot pipes halfway across a lake in an overloaded dugout canoe, only to watch them splash into the waters and sink to the bottom.

“This is a perfect example of an integrated learning experience,” Aaron said. “What they’re learning is whether or not this will work and whether it’s a good idea.”

Another form of expertise came from Amin, who has been bringing students to
Sometimes schools just don’t get built. Sometimes water pipes don’t get laid. Sometimes the pipes get laid, but there’s no hardware for water taps. If materials are available, there might not be a road to drive them in on.

Kumba through campus ministry’s immersion program since the mid-1990s. Kumba is his hometown. He grew up right up the street from the Kumbatown market where the Barombi fish are sold. As a child, he sold nuts and all sorts of things at the market from a tray balanced on his head. “You name it, I sold it,” he jokes. He helped the students understand that the project wasn’t about charity, but education and transformation for themselves as well as the village.

“The temptation is just to go over there and ‘help these people,’” Amin said. “The students must also realize what a tremendous educational opportunity it is for them. It’s also a test of their own abilities, endurance and patience.

“The villagers did not ask for this or apply for this. The students just wandered into the village. But before they know it, they will have running water. In bringing water to the village, the students will have transformed it.”

What drove the students all year was the memory of that first meeting in Barombi. All year, the students kept hearing the chief’s voice: “You see how we are suffering.”

When the students returned to Cameroon the following summer, they had about 10 weeks to make their plan happen. They had no idea if it would work. Neither did their professors. Neither did the people of Barombi. There was uncertainty on all sides, but also a willingness to give it a try.

Before they left Dayton, the students’ adviser, civil engineering assistant professor Denise Taylor, took them to Ben & Jerry’s on Brown Street for ice cream. Over Chunky Monkey and Cherry Garcia, she got choked up.

“It wasn’t the professor role anymore,” she said. “The mom role took over. ... I’ve always felt like an observer. They were always in control of their own project, their own dream.”

‘NO BE SMALL THING’

Two of the students, Kovalak and Justin Forzano, arrived in Kumba in mid-May as a kind of advance team. Known in Barombi as K-man and K-lady, they met someone they’d known up to this point only through e-mail, Feh Benjamin, whose long formal title, “the divisional chief of service for rural engineering and improvement of living conditions in rural areas for Meme,” belies his relaxed informality with the students. A soft-spoken husband and father, Feh was the students’ contact in Kumba while they laid plans from Dayton.

With Feh, they’d worked out plans for the better part of a year. The engineering of the project was practically Hydraulics 101: Build a dam and water collection chamber in the forest to collect relatively clean stream water, funnel it into pipes that run downhill, and retrieve the water from taps at the low end of the system. Once it comes out, run the water through biosand filters to make it safe to drink. It’s not a complicated system.

But the project wouldn’t be successful if the village didn’t understand it, use it and maintain it. Projects often fail when Westerners just parachute in with supplies and technology but leave without ever involving the locals.

The students realized early on that while the villagers couldn’t chip in on the cost of the project, they could supply labor. They could learn to maintain the pipeline and manage the distribution of the filters. But their contributions would happen only if the village was invested in the project.

The first step was the establishment of a village water committee. That committee organized the village’s contribution to the work, learned how to maintain and troubleshoot the pipeline, and managed the construction and distribution of the filters. Three men designated by the committee participated in design discussions and construction from the start.

After two weeks, four other students joined Kovalak and Forzano in Cameroon. Hayley Ryckman and Mark Ewalt had been in Barombi the summer before and knew the area. Katie Burgei and Marissa Dolle were making their first trip to Cameroon.

With the full team assembled, they took on the work ahead of them: building a concrete dam and water collection chamber in the forest, building a milelong pipeline, working with a welder in Kumba to build a steel form for making the biosand filters, and pouring concrete in the village to make the biosand filters. None of it would be easy work.

‘ASHIA’

Walking along the path that runs through Barombi village one Friday morning, Ryckman passed by a villager bent over the ground with a shovel. He was backfilling part of the pipeline trench the students and villagers had dug through the twisted roots of a cocoa tree grove and the heart of the village. Though still just morning, the air was hot and thick with moisture, and the work was hard, all done by hand with shovels and pickaxes.

“Ashia,” she said as she passed. He looked up and smiled.

“You see how we are suffering.”

“Thank you,” he replied.

“ASHIA” is an expression of sympathy, something like “I’m sorry that your work is so hard.” Hard work is everywhere here, and one doesn’t carelessly pass it by. The man Ryckman encountered likely had come from farm work earlier that morning to help move the water project along at the urging of Makia, the village’s water committee chair.

Opposite page: 1. Elizabeth Kovalak, right, works with plumbers from Kumba on the dam and water collection chamber in the forest. 2. Hayley Ryckman and Marissa Dolle work with Feh Benjamin and a plumber on a portion of the pipeline that runs through the village. 3. Mark Ewalt, right, helps load 20-foot pipes onto a dugout canoe for transport to the village. 4. Justin Forzano, center, and villagers pour concrete into a mold for one of three tap stands in the village. 5. George Munch, left, a member of the village’s water committee, and other villagers work in the chief’s palace to remove the steel mold from one of the concrete filters. 6. Ewalt, right, works with some of the area boys to backfill the section of the pipeline that runs through a cocoa farm. 7. During meetings at the chief’s palace, the village’s women learned how to use biosand filters and worked with students to make them.
Projects often fail when Westerners just parachute in with supplies and technology but leave without ever involving the locals.

But the villagers had other work, too. All of the arduous work of farming, building and repairing plank houses, washing clothes, and preparing meals in Barombi is done by hand. The water project was important for the entire village, but it was also just one of many things they had to do in labor-filled days.

Sometimes the students would ask Makia to arrange a work crew, but then no one would show up. They came to understand it wasn’t resistance or an aversion to hard work that kept them away. It was often simply some combination of busyness and exhaustion.

Adjusting took creativity and patience. Just getting tools and materials to the project site was an act of faith. The students cited it as their single biggest challenge. “Have-all hardware stores, like Home Depot or Lowes, do not exist in Kumba,” they rather dryly wrote in their final technical report. When they found materials, they had to get them out to the village.

Consider the journey of a single cement bag. Ewalt, for example, would pay a visit to Nweke Josephat, owner of the Jan Plumbing-Electrical-Hardware Store, a small two-room shop in the Kumbatown market. Mr. Joseph, as the students called him, was an immigrant who’d come to Kumba to escape Nigeria’s Biafra war in the late 1960s. Sometimes when the students were in Kumba on a Friday night, he’d take some of them out to Classy Burger, a restaurant that served American-style burgers and fries.

In his small office in the back of his store, Nweke would put on his reading glasses as Ewalt would order the bag of cement, a scarce commodity subject to government price controls and more commonly sold on the black market. Nweke would go off to buy the cement bag and pay a cart pusher to bring it back to his shop. Then he and Ewalt would pay an Okada, one of the motorcycle taxi drivers ubiquitous throughout the country, to deliver the bag to the edge of Barombi lake. Ewalt would follow on the back of another motorcycle taxi.

But the Okada couldn’t take the cement bag to the lake’s edge because part of the road is a steep, pothole-filled climb. The Okada would drop the bag at the bottom of the hill, and Ewalt would hop off to lug it up while the Okada crept around the potholes.

At the lake’s edge, the cement is only halfway to its destination. The next step is loading it into a Barombi villager’s dugout canoe to transport across the lake, about an hour’s trip. Ewalt and others would make the journey around the lake through the jungle on foot. At the lake’s far edge, the 100-plus pound bag of cement had to be carried as far as another mile to the site of the dam and collection chamber.

And that’s just one bag of cement. They followed a process like this for every one of their 50 bags of cement, loads of sand and gravel, and nearly 250 PVC and galvanized iron pipes, plus pipe fittings, taps, shovels and everything else they needed, including the clothes they wore and the bottled water they drank. Sometimes the students would assemble a caravan of Okadas to bring materials to the lakeside.

The team struggled to fabricate and transport one of its key tools, a 100-plus pound steel mold for making the biosand filters. A rectangular column that stood about waist-high, it was fabricated in Kumba and tested on Nweke’s front porch there. A video camera rolled as the team removed the mold from a filter for the first time. What the camera captured was a failure; the mold flexed and bowed when the team tapped and tugged to remove it from the heavy concrete filter. They finally broke the filter apart and reinforced the mold so it could bear the force of its removal from the poured filters.

Once the steel mold, tools and materials were in Barombi, the real work began. The students worked shoulder to shoulder with locals every step of the way. Ewalt and Forzano swung shovels and axes in the cocoa grove to dig the tedious trench, 40 centimeters wide and 60 centimeters deep. Ryckman, Burgei and Dolle, sometimes barefoot, worked alongside the women backfilling sections of it one morning. Kovalak and Dolle spent weeks at the dam and collection chamber with Feh and the plumbers. They chopped planks with machetes to make concrete forms and carried iron pipes and bags of cement on their heads through the twisting jungle paths. They held

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**Components of the Pipeline Project**

1. **DAM**
   - Water enters the pipeline at the dam and water collection chamber built in a stream in the hills.

2. **VALVES**
   - Pipeline has several air release and cleaning valves.

3. **TAP STANDS**
   - There are three tap stands in the village where villagers can get water from the pipeline.

4. **BIOSAND FILTERS**
   - Biosand filters are located in or near individual homes and at the schoolhouse. Villagers bring water from the tap stands to the filters and pour it in for filtering. When they do, an equal amount of already filtered water comes out.

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Illustration by Lindsey Gice
meetings with the women at the chief’s palace to share health information and build and demonstrate the biosand filters.

In a region with memories of forced labor at the hands of European colonizers, the willingness of “the whites,” as the villagers called them, to work and their exuberant embrace of village life earned the villagers’ respect and then friendship.

“They really get on the job,” said Nweke, the hardware store owner. “The first time they came, I wondered how they would keep up with the trek, the mosquitoes, the work, but they do it as well as the people here.”

The labor started not long after sunrise and lasted well into the afternoon for these college students.

“Ashia,” they would also tell each other when they passed.

‘I DE CHOP FINE-O’

By late afternoon, everyone was generally back at the two-room schoolhouse at the top of the village, their home away from home.

Julius Foleke and Mainsah Carine Bongfen came from Kumba to be the students’ eyes and ears in the village, translating pidgin when necessary, helping with daily life and providing Amin, UD’s history department chair, with some level of comfort at sending six students off to live in the village.

Mainsah, just 23 years old and a little more than 5 feet tall, was called “Mami Carine” (pronounced “mommy”), a West African term of endearment, by the students. She used her deep voice and patient persistence to look after them, to work and their exuberant embrace of village life earned the villagers’ respect and then friendship.

For Mainsah, the arrangement was simple: “I give them commands, and they do them.” Getting them to “chop,” pidgin for eat, after long days of work wasn’t a problem. Over an open fire or small gas stove, she prepared rice, greens, yams, plantains, potatoes, pineapple. They ate at a little table inside the schoolhouse in front of a chalkboard where they kept track of the week’s work. Fried fish from the lake, a type of tilapia about 5 inches long, was a favorite meal. Mainsah scaled and gutted them, then fried them whole in palm oil on a portable gas stovetop in front of the schoolhouse. The students snapped them in half with their hands and ate them tail to tip, pausing to kiss the lips before eating the head and licking the oil from their fingers.

“I love them because they’re just nice kids,” Mainsah said, “but they eat everything.”

Many evenings, Kovalak joined Mainsah at the outdoor kitchen, learning recipes for ndolle, egusi, plantains and grain-nut chicken. The village children came to the schoolhouse every day to play with the UD women, blowing bubbles and taking turns braiding hair. Sexy was often a fixture with his transistor radio tuning in some pop music or playing cards. Most evenings, the front porch of the schoolhouse wasn’t much different from one on Stonemill. Neighbors dropped by for no particular reason, just to hang out, play cards and pass the time until the sun went down.

Just about every afternoon, Ewalt and Forzano were out on a bumpy pitch with the area boys playing soccer, a national obsession. The nicest sign in many Cameroonian villages along major roads is a billboard with a picture of Les Lions Indomptables, the national soccer team. Barombi has no billboard, but it takes its games seriously enough to designate a sideline official to call them. Foleke, tall and thin with an easy smile and the nickname Wise Dog, usually stood guard in goal while Ewalt and Forzano were forwards. As the sun was setting late one Thursday afternoon, one of the area boys put the ball through the bare goal posts, ran to the side of the field, crossed himself and pointed to the sky as if he had just scored in the national stadium in Yaoundé.

Though the water system was the impetus for the trip, these evenings in the village were just as much its purpose. As in other places across the world, many Cameroonians look down on rural life. Young people grow up trying to escape the village, sometimes trading life there for sprawling urban slums in cities like Yaoundé and Douala. The UD students sometimes decided to stay in Barombi over the weekend rather than return to Kumba, giving up the comfort of Kumba’s showers, toilets, nightclubs and Internet cafés for the chance to stay just a few more days with the village friends they’d come to know.

“There is a legacy of white supremacy here,” Amin said. Colonial rule in Cameroon ended only two generations ago with full independence in 1961. “So when people see the whites living in the village and doing work they think of as dirty, it sends a message that the work is worthy.”
Photos by Haley Ryckman '09
The education ran in both directions. After weeks of working and playing in Barombi, of peeling seeds with Mainsah and taking goal kicks from Foleke, of digging trenches and sharing fish and white stuff at a common table, they had become part of the rhythms of village life. They were learning what no classroom in Dayton could ever teach them.

“Honestly,” Kovalak said a couple of weeks before the project finished, “I don’t want to go home.”

‘WE DON FINISH’
After days of rain and cloudy skies, the morning of July 23 was bright and blue. At the foot of Barombi village, the chief, dressed in black slacks, a graceful white tunic, a red scarf and a black cap with a red feather poking up over his ear, greeted the region’s senior divisional officer and the government delegate of Kumba City Council as they stepped off a canoe. He escorted them to a shelter of bamboo poles shaded with palm leaves. The six engineering students were there, the men in slacks and button-up shirts, the women in traditional African kabbas hanging from their shoulders. The entire village was gathered for a celebration.

The pipeline was backfilled, the concrete cured. The village’s traditional council had bought two goats and all the palm wine in the village to host a feast. Today was a day of celebration. Today, they would finally turn the water and mother of the lake,” he told his ear, greeted the region’s senior divisional officer and the government delegate of Kumba City Council as they stepped off a canoe. He escorted them to a shelter of bamboo poles shaded with palm leaves. The six engineering students were there, the men in slacks and button-up shirts, the women in traditional African kabbas hanging from their shoulders. The entire village was gathered for a celebration.

The pipeline was backfilled, the concrete cured. The village’s traditional council had bought two goats and all the palm wine in the village to host a feast. Today was a day of celebration. Today, they would finally turn the taps.

Speeches and traditional dancing began the formal ceremony. Then the chief asked each of the students, one by one, to sit on a small stool in front of him. He gave them each a rope necklace and tapped their shoulders with the students in front of the last of the students, one by one, to sit on a small stool in front of him. He gave them each a rope necklace and tapped their shoulders with his cane, “You are Nyang’ Malef, father of the water and father of the lake,” he told the men. “You are Sang’ Malef, mother of the water and mother of the lake,” he told the women. On the men’s heads, he placed fuchsia caps that flopped to the left, covering their ears. Groups of dignitaries posed with the students in front of the last of the three taps.

Then the students did something they’d done thousands of times in their lives: They turned on a water tap. There was no grade at stake, no quiz question to answer or graduation requirement to check off. There was just the sound of running water.

The next morning, the students cried as they packed their belongings and trekked out of Barombi one last time. Some of them took boats back across the lake, jumping in for a swim with Foleke and their Barombi friends. Mainsah watched from the boat.

Back in Kumba, they spent days saying goodbye to friends before driving to the airport in Douala and flying home. There were Mainsah and Foleke, of course, but also Peter Ngwane, a schoolteacher Forzano met the year before when waiting to rent a cell phone at a streetside call box. He had been accepted to a graduate program in Belgium and was trying to arrange his finances. There were Derrick Amin, Sabina Obenakem and James Odine Nkwetta, the immersion program’s three in-country coordinators who had introduced the students to Cameroonian, Kumba and Barombi. There was Caroline, who ran the Internet café the students had used the year before, and Katrine, Mainsah’s sister and a seamstress who’d made some of their skirts and kabbas. Forzano had joined Clicks, a social club that sponsored children in local schools. There was the entire Eben household, with whom they lived while in Kumba. Their Cameroonian network of friends was deep and wide. Those last few days were a blur.

By the time it was all over, the students had left a lot behind in Barombi. There was a concrete dam and collection chamber in the forest, a pipeline, and three water taps. There were 10 finished biosand filters, plus materials and know-how for making 20 more. There were soccer cleats and UD T-shirts, card games, in-jokes in pidgin, words like “moonshine” and nights like the one at Mbonda Philip’s two-room plankboard house.

And there was something more: clean water.

Today in Barombi village, clean water is flowing. UD

Matthew Dewald wishes this article could be twice as long so he could have written about price haggling in the Kumbatown market, the fresh spices and papaya, the loveliness of a Sunday morning pidgin-language Mass, and the kindness of the ETHOS students and their Cameroonian partners to him every moment of every day. He is managing editor of University of Dayton Magazine.
THE RISE OF THE MACHINES

Following the rules of engagement in cyberwar gets tricky when you don’t know what or whom you are engaging.

This essay is adapted from Susan Brenner’s book *Cyberthreats: The Emerging Fault Lines of the Nation-States*, published this winter by Oxford University Press. In her book, Brenner elaborates how the principles and strategies that have been developed for real-world threats are not effective for cyberthreats. It also considers how, in Brenner’s words, “societies can improve their ability to control cyberthreats without encroaching on individual liberties or the constructive anarchy of cyberspace.” Brenner is an internationally recognized cyberlegal expert (See Page 6 for her advice on how to prevent becoming a victim of personal cybercrime) and the NCR Distinguished Professor of Law and Technology at the University of Dayton School of Law.
At first, they thought it was the Russians.

Who else could or would have launched such an attack? On April 26, 2007, began a sustained, huge digital attack on the country of Estonia. Within three days, a flood of data shut down the Estonian Parliament’s e-mail server. In early May, data traffic to Estonian servers increased to thousands of times its normal flow. A site that usually received 1,000 hits a day was being bombarded with 2,000 hits a second. Down went government sites, including that of the president.

The attack did not spare civilian targets: newspapers, television stations, phone systems, schools, businesses and financial institutions. The nation’s largest bank shut down. To maintain some internal Internet service, authorities blocked most access to Estonian sites by people outside the country; Estonians traveling abroad lost access to their e-mail and bank accounts.

Estonian authorities at first believed the attack must have come from Russia, not only because of enmity between the two countries but also because of the enormity of the attacks. The attacks were of such magnitude, how could they have been carried out by mere civilians? Only a state, it seemed, could have been responsible for the attacks.

Unfortunately, that is no longer true. Civilians can wage cyberwarfare, and civilians can be their targets. And attacks on states can come from a “place” where geography is irrelevant; they can come from cyberspace.

The attacks on Estonia took the form of what is known as a Distributed Denial of Service. In a DDoS attack, attackers use a network of compromised computers — known as “zombies” — to send massive bursts of data to overwhelm Web sites and servers that are the targets of the attack. Zombies are computers that have been captured by “bots” — software that infiltrates a computer. The owners of computers recruited into bot networks, or “botnets,” usually have no idea of their computers’ moonlight zombie work.

Since bot programs give attackers remote control of compromised computers, zombies can be anywhere. Not only is geography irrelevant, so is size. Botnets can be enormous transnational armies of slave computers. A little over a decade ago, an average botnet had only a few hundred computers. By 2005, the average rose to 1,000. The following year the average rose to 20,000, with the median size being 45,000. An estimate of the number of zombie computers used in the Estonian attacks is 1 million. Some experts predict botnets of many millions of computers; other experts say that is already reality. One even estimates that 25 percent of the world’s networked computers could be zombies.

Because of this increasing size and botnets’ dispersed command structure, law enforcement officers have difficulty finding and nullifying these armies of slave computers and their masters. Botnets have evolved into massive, amorphous, moving targets that exist transiently in the unbounded regions of cyberspace — as the Estonians learned to their frustration.

Security experts agree that Estonia — a country so technologically savvy that it likes to call itself E-stonia — did an excellent job of dealing with the attacks. It also was lucky. Estonia’s defenders were able to react as effectively as they did not only because of their unusually sophisticated expertise but also because their attackers recklessly put their plans for the attacks online.

That those plans were posted on Russian-language sites lent some early credence to the belief that Russia was responsible. As time passed, however, the possibility and then the likelihood emerged that the attacks were not from a country but were criminal activity.

What was never ambiguous was that the country of Estonia was attacked, repeatedly and maliciously. What was, and remains, ambiguous is what kind of attack it was and who was responsible. × × ×

Estonia will never know who was responsible for the attacks or why they were launched.

In the physical world, when a country is at war, it knows it is at war and, most likely, with whom. When Germany invaded Poland in 1939, Poland knew it was at war with Germany; when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor in 1941, the United States knew it was at war with Japan.

Activity in the physical world is visible. Armies invading and planes bombing translate into war, the responsibility for which is usually also apparent. Murder, theft and rape — crimes generally reveal themselves as what they are upon commission though their authorship may remain obscure for a time.

The same is true for terrorism: When two planes flew into the World Trade Center, it was immediately apparent this was terrorism, not war, not crime and not accident. Nation-states do not use commercial airliners to wage war, and criminals do not engage in destruction
The law-abiding, stable societies most of us enjoy are the product of centuries of struggle against chaos. Some of the methods we employ to deal with chaos are ancient; others, such as professional policing, are relatively new. All, however, are well-rooted in history, tradition and culture; we are so accustomed to having the military deal with war and a professional police force deal with crime and terrorism that it is difficult for us to imagine anything different. What we have seems “right” — inevitable.

And so it may be. But since what we have is clearly not enough for the world we are beginning to confront, we need to think about what we can do differently to make that world as safe as possible for us and for those who come after us.

None of this is true in cyberspace.

Our system breaks down when neither the nature of the activity nor the identity of those responsible is apparent. Not only do we not know whom to target with our reactive efforts, we do not know what kind of reaction is appropriate. The Estonian authorities believed they were engaged in cyberwarfare with Russia, but their belief did not rise to the level of certainty that would have warranted an offensive counterattack with real-world weapons. Their belief was, apparently, erroneous. But what if it had not been? What if Russia had really been engaging in cyberwarfare against Estonia? What if (hypothetically) the attacks were the first of a series of cyberwarfare assaults by Russia? Uncertain whether it is, in fact, at war, Estonia passively tries to fend off the never-ending, increasingly sophisticated attacks until its economy and society are so weakened they collapse, at which point Russia kindly offers to send troops to stabilize the situation.

That scenario may seem absurd, but it probably is not. Countries are preparing for cyberwarfare, and it appears cyberwarfare will look nothing like its real-world counterpart. Real-world warfare is overt and destructive; cyberwarfare will be subtle and erosive. China, for example, has already articulated plans for cyberwarfare that involve using civilians and civilian entities in attacking foreign corporate and financial institutions. In the real, physical world, warfare is like professional football: Only the designated players participate. In the cyberworld, warfare will be much more catholic; civilians are likely to be prime players and prime targets.

Because it is becoming increasingly apparent that our threat-and-response hierarchies are not effective against cyberthreats, we must develop a new approach for cyberthreats. We must devise principles and strategies that are effective in this new threat environment.

The law-abiding, stable societies most of us enjoy are the product of centuries of struggle against chaos. Some of the methods we employ to deal with chaos are ancient; others, such as professional policing, are relatively new. All, however, are well-rooted in history, tradition and culture; we are so accustomed to having the military deal with war and a professional police force deal with crime and terrorism that it is difficult for us to imagine anything different. What we have seems “right” — inevitable.

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A site that usually received 1,000 hits a day was being bombarded with 2,000 hits a second.

Down went government sites, including that of the president.
Susan Brenner, the author of *Cyberthreats: The Emerging Fault Lines of the Nation-States*, answers questions about threats to our security and our problems in countering them.

**Q:** How did you get involved with the issue of cyberthreats?

**A:** I’ve always liked computers, and I’ve always done criminal law (mostly white-collar criminal law). In 1997 the two came together; I taught my first seminar in computer crimes. Cybercrime is very different now; it changes as a function of technology.

Then, it tended to be the function of the War Games hacker, the lone, intelligent adolescents who wanted to explore as many computer systems as possible — and, in some cases, cause a little havoc. Now it’s almost exclusively the province of sophisticated professionals whose focus is making money. At some point, we’ll see terrorists begin to use cybercrime for their own purposes.

In learning about the subject, have you met exceptionally interesting people?

Yes, too many to describe — and often people who do not want to be described.

Are technology people interested in the legal issues? And lawyers, in the technology?

Yes to both. Most of the tech people I talk to — who are usually involved in computer security — are amazingly knowledgeable about the legal issues involved in cybercrime. And a lot of lawyers in this area either have a formal computer science background or become fascinated with computers.

Sometimes people get into the cybercrime field almost by accident. A friend of mine — a highly respected cybercrime investigator in the international community — began as a Los Angeles police officer. He was assigned to start a unit on computer crimes because he was the only one in the office who knew how to run spell check on WordPerfect.

**How aware of the issue are your students before taking your courses?**

A few — including some one might describe as hackers (the good kind) — have some idea what is going on out there. Most, though, do not. This is not surprising, since it seldom makes the mainstream media. Most of the attacks — even attacks on the White House and the Pentagon — tend to be ignored or glossed over.

The Estonia example described in the accompanying excerpt from your book shows some of the potential of cyberwar. How bad is cybercrime?

In 2004, the Federal Bureau of Investigation estimated that cybercrime cost U.S. citizens about $500 billion, and in July 2007 FBI Director Robert Mueller said he believes only about one-third of cybercrime in the U.S. is actually reported to the FBI. I have heard cybercrime cost estimates that are much, much higher than the figure cited for 2004; and as everyone involved with cybercrime knows, it has dramatically increased in the last four years and will continue to increase unless and until governments begin to create realistic disincentives for cybercriminals.

I also believe, based on reliable anecdotal evidence, that the reporting rate for cybercrime in the United States, anyway, is much less than Mueller estimates.

**How many kinds of cyberthreats are there?**

Three; cyberwarfare, cybercrime and cyberterrorism.

**Warfare** in that physical, tangible environment called the “real world” consists of a military conflict between two nation-states.

So too does cyberwarfare, which exists in the “virtual” world of cyberspace, a world no less real though far more elusive.

Cybercrime, like its real-world counterpart, consists of private citizens’ intentionally engaging in activity that threatens a society’s ability to maintain internal order.

Terrorism is often indistinguishable from criminal activity because, like criminals, terrorists cause death and injury to people and damage to property; the distinction between the two consequently lies not in the conduct involved nor the result achieved, but in the motivations for the conduct and its result. Terrorists act to promote ideological principles, not to enrich or otherwise benefit themselves as individuals.

Other than using computers, how do cyberwarfare, cybercrime and cyberterrorism differ from real-world war, crime and terrorism?

With cyberthreats, it is difficult for the attacked to know the identity of the attacker or to determine the nature of the attack — whether war or crime or terrorism. If we don’t know who is attacking, how do we counterattack? If we don’t know whether the attack is a crime or an act of war, we don’t know whether to use the police or the military.

**What are the consequences of that?**

It undermines the conceptual, legal and practical strategies we rely on to defeat chaos and maintain order within and among our societies.

Crime and terrorism are civil — civilian-on-civilian affairs — while war is the exclusive province of the military. Armies, which are often composed of erstwhile civilians, fight wars; “pure” civilians do not. Civilians are, of course, caught up in warfare, but we have developed an elaborate set of rules for how noncombatants are to be treated.
In cyberwarfare, there may be no room for noncombatants. If civilians are legitimate targets in cyberwarfare, then how can a country tell whether it is dealing with war, crime or terrorism? The distinctions are of profound importance. They determine who will respond to an attack and how they will respond. In the United States, our law bars the military from participating in civilian law enforcement; we have an absolute, unbreachable partition between civil and military threat response strategies. And we, like every other functioning country, have a carefully calibrated hierarchy of threats and an equally carefully calibrated hierarchy of threat responses for the real world.

And in the cyberworld?
The tactics we use to control chaos in the real, physical world are generally ineffective in the cyberworld. If chaos evolving in the cyberworld stayed in that virtual environment, we would be little concerned. But what happens in the cyberworld does not stay in the cyberworld. Cyberspace lets the worst of everyplace leak out into anyplace.

What is the underlying reason making the traditional strategies ineffective?
The concepts and strategies we use to maintain order in the physical world are all based on the concept of place, of geographical territory. Our notions of security are enclave notions; we control chaos by limiting its ability to manifest itself in a particular area. Our world is made up of a patchwork of enclaves in which chaos is being controlled more or less successfully.

Cyberspace presents us with what is, in essence, a fourth or maybe fifth dimension — a behavioral dimension rather than a spatial dimension. Cyberspace is not real in any tangible sense, but, as with the Estonian attacks, it can have very real effects. But because cyberspace is not a real, tangible place, it is not subject to the terrestrial rules and strategies we use to control chaos within and among our physical enclaves.

The individuals responsible for cyberspace attacks are located in physical enclaves and so can be subject to those rules and strategies. But those individuals can be subject to our rules and strategies only if we can identify them and find them.

So what do we do?
If we decide cyberthreats are merely a new and distinct category of threats — an analogue of crime, war and terror — then the approach we devise will be additive; that is, it will supplement the principles and strategies we employ for these traditional, real-world threats.

If, on the other hand, we decide that cyberthreats are not a distinct category of threats but are, instead, evolving variations of the three traditional threat categories, then we will either need to upgrade our current discrete threat-and-response hierarchies with new, expanded versions or implement, instead, an entirely new, holistic approach to controlling chaos offline and online.

Is it time to panic yet?
In one of the later chapters of the book, I analyze "cyb3rchaos," a term I use for the potential disruption attributable to new, elusive threats emerging from cyberspace. When I discuss this potential disruption, I by no means intend to suggest that we are on the brink of a complete social and cultural meltdown. As far as I can tell, the Cyber-Vandals are not at the gate, and we are not the Roman Empire in the early fifth century A.D.

But meltdown is not the only hazard that evolved civilizations face; contumacious, erosive threats can ultimately prove to be, if not equally devastating, devastating enough to present cause for concern. The British Empire, after all, never fell; it declined to a shadow of what it had been.

Do you know things that if you tell us they will have to kill you?
I can’t tell you that.
2008 marked a historic election — and a historic year for satire.

Visual satirists Chip Bok ’74, Jeff Darcy ’86 and Paula Scher discuss the year’s memorable moments, as well as the art of mockery.

BY BRADLEY FAILOR
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LINDSEY GICE & TOM AMMON

“I draw a cartoon to say, ‘This is the way it really is,’” he said.
Three award-winning practitioners of visual satire — Chip Bok ’74, a nationally syndicated editorial cartoonist who drew cartoons for the Akron Beacon Journal for 22 years, Jeff Darcy ’86, The Plain Dealer’s editorial cartoonist whose work has appeared everywhere from Newsweek to Meet the Press, and Paula Scher, lead designer of The Daily Show’s America: The Book and partner at the international design firm Pentagram — shared their work with University of Dayton Magazine and their thoughts on drawing controversy.

“Cartooning and satire have quite exactly the same purpose, which is to poke holes and ridicule,” Scher said. Whether the vehicle is a parody of a U.S. high school civics textbook, the exploitative (sometimes literally), media-mocking video graphics seen on The Daily Show and The Colbert Report, or the traditional political cartoon, most experts regard the satirist’s primary agenda as one that exploits irony and hypocrisy in public life.

Bok agreed, saying, “It’s to show truth as I see it. Everybody has their point of view, and the people in the news try to put out their point of view and see it reported and prepared in a [pre-packaged] way. I draw a cartoon to say, ‘This is the way it really is.’ I draw a cartoon with humor. And I draw a cartoon with a little twist of irony.” And yet, like many satirists rebelling against the conventional narrative in the mainstream media, Bok insists his work should not be taken as a serious attempt to influence the electorate and effect meaningful change. “It’s not my goal to cause [the reader] to vote for someone. I try to point out things that are really ridiculous,” Bok said.

That is the rub of satire. Because while satirists may insist that they are merely unserious observers — just trying to make people laugh by pointing out the ridiculous — they often arrive at truths greater than the narratives the politicians and the media provide. And if the silly satirists are more truthful than the sober senators or news anchors, shouldn’t we take them seriously?

Scher ran into this very problem creating news graphics for The Daily Show. “I was making something look like a specific form, making it look real. And Jon Stewart rejected it. He wanted [the graphics] loud and really over-the-top.” Scher’s desire to give The Daily Show a sheen of reality is rooted in her belief that not only is satire more outrageous the more real it looks but also that Stewart and company deliver the truth better than any legitimate news organization. “It’s like the Dylan song said: ‘To live outside the law, you must be honest,’” Scher said.

This dark art of irony also revealed its shades of gray when The New Yorker featured Barry Blitt’s cartoon “The Politics of Fear” on its July 21 cover. The cartoon, which attempted to lampoon prejudicial attitudes toward Barack and Michelle Obama by depicting them, respectively, as a Muslim terrorist and a machine gun-toting Black Panther, caused a nationwide furor. Both campaigns publicly denounced the cartoon, and the media — not to mention thousands of readers — put The New Yorker in the unenviable position of having to defend its satire.

Darcy saw the inflammatory cartoon as powerful — and powerfully flawed — saying, “Barry Blitt’s illustration worked in that it showed the power of the cartoon is still alive and well. It didn’t work, in that it looked like it was drawn by Rush Limbaugh. And it further fed and propagated dangerous myths about the Obamas — which I don’t think was the intent of the illustrator or magazine.
‘It’s not my goal to cause [the reader] to vote for someone. I try to point out things that are really ridiculous,’ Bok said.

‘... It’s true that editorial cartoons distort and exaggerate. But usually there’s a seed of truth in the commentary that makes it work and defensible. That was lacking in Blitt’s illustration.’

Bok, on the other hand, thought the controversy was caused by people who did not get the irony — or do not have a sense of humor. “[Some] people just want to be offended,” he said, “It was just a funny cover. [The New Yorker was] parodying all the smears and stupid things people on the right had to say about [the Obamas]. I thought it was really well-drawn, too.” As for Scher, she said the problem was that the cartoon did not succeed as satire because it was not offensive and outrageous enough to be an obvious joke. Scher said that if it had been a doctored photograph instead of an illustration, “The Politics of Fear” would have succeeded. “A cartoon of a stereotype is still a stereotype,” she said.

The broad success and spectacular failure of various forms of satire during this last election cycle proved a heartening fact. “People are actually paying attention, so for people like me, that’s good,” Bok said. “It’s amazing. It’s the craziest election I’ve ever seen.”

Darcy also noted that his work receives more eyes — and a much higher level of scrutiny — in years when people are heading to the polls: “Readers are really more tuned-in and sensitive about cartoons during presidential elections. The feedback’s more intense. It speaks to the power they feel the cartoon will have in shaping people’s opinion about their candidate. The cartoon is the first thing people see and read when they turn to the editorial page, and sometimes, the only thing. And now because of the Internet ... cartoons are sent and shared all over the country. So I’m as likely to hear from someone in New Mexico as I am [from someone] in Cleveland.”

What did Scher find fascinating about the election? “Well, for one, the American Idol-ization of the Sarah Palin choice. It’s just outrageous,” she said, referring to the perceived beauty contest adulation showered upon the vice presidential candidate. Scher expressed a desire for the body politic to take things more seriously, noting the past eight years of turmoil, as well as crises at home and abroad. “Frankly, [a lot of what happened this election cycle] wasn’t very funny,” she said.
Class notes are available only in print. To submit your class note, e-mail classnotes@udayton.edu.
“Did you really grow up in McMahan’s trailer park?”
Christine Haaker knew what was behind the young girl’s question:
that she — and others growing up in the area of Stebbins High School in Riverside, Ohio, near Dayton — had no place to go.

But Haaker had spent many years of her life in the mobile home park and was back at Stebbins to accept an alumni award from the school for a career proving that she and that young girl can go places.

The wealth of Haaker’s parents was not a good predictor of her gaining an accounting degree from UD and a law degree from Ohio State, being named a partner in the law firm of Thompson Hine LLC nor becoming the youngest attorney ever to hold the position of president of the Dayton Bar Association. Her mother, a secretary, graduated from high school; her father, a janitor, finished eighth grade.

But, Haaker proudly said, “they taught me the value of hard work and common sense.”

Their daughter may have appeared lacking in the latter when she applied to only one college, UD. After applying for every scholarship she could find, Haaker received news of a full-tuition scholarship to UD. “I remember,” she said, “waiting on the steps with my letter for my mom to come home from work.”

Helping others in need has been part of Haaker’s volunteer work locally, serving on the boards of United Rehabilitation Services of Greater Dayton and the Juvenile Diabetes Research Foundation. With her husband, Christopher, a 1991 visual communication design grad, she serves on the associate board of the Dayton Art Institute.

This fall, she gave advice not only to a young girl from her old neighborhood but also to law students at her old college. Part of it, she said, was the same advice: “You can’t just hope to be in the right place at the right time. Plan on being in the right place at the right time.” — Thomas M. Columbus

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After 30 years in the electric power industry, George Hoguet wanted a change. He found it at NativeEnergy Inc., an 8 year-old Vermont firm that expedites green energy projects on small farms and Native American reservations.

Farmers and tribes need financing to build their projects, which range from windmills to facilities that make electric power from manure, said Hoguet, an electrical engineering graduate. However, banks are reluctant to make loans unless potential borrowers can show in advance that their projects will make money.

Fortunately, green projects have several ways to make money, including an innovative system that lets green project owners sell emissions credits for reducing greenhouse gases, he said. These credits are sold to manufacturers and other ventures that want to offset the greenhouse gases they produce. Ben & Jerry’s Ice Cream, for instance, has bought credits to offset greenhouse gases generated by ice cream production.

Hoguet oversees the process that calculates how much greenhouse gas is being produced by an interested company and how much greenhouse gas is being offset by a given green project. The second calculation determines how many emissions credits are distributed.

These credits, which are issued by NativeEnergy, can help a company obtain a bank loan. One credit worth $12 is sold for each ton of CO₂ that is offset. Out of that $12, most goes to the farmer, the rest to NativeEnergy to pay for its work. The price goes down as volume goes up.

Among the most innovative projects Hoguet works on are manure-to-power ventures. Normally, manure sits in a holding lagoon emitting the greenhouse gas methane, which is more than 20 times more harmful than carbon dioxide.

"With bank financing, the farmer can buy a digester which breaks down manure and releases methane," he said. "But the methane is captured to run a natural gas power plant on the farm. And the manure still serves as fertilizer.

"If the system produces more power than the farm needs, the surplus can be sold back to the electric grid. You can sell emission credits on top of that." One more thing — manure-to-power systems produce power 'round the clock.

"The cows," Hoguet said, "don't take a break."

— Doug McInnis
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“I try not to talk about work because I think it bores everyone,” said Ronald Rodgers ’83, a graduate of UD’s law school.

And no wonder. There are the mornings that begin at 4:30 a.m., the commute into Washington, D.C., sky-high caseloads and the all-too-common 11-hour workdays. Plus, he’s an attorney, a dime a dozen in D.C.

Outside the office, Rodgers leaves it behind. He puts on his work clothes to get some things done around his house or at his girlfriend’s, or he hangs out with his dog and has a beer. Out of his suit, “no one knows I am a lawyer, which is how I like it.”

Though he’s not a household name, many Americans know the work of Rodgers’ office at the U.S. Department of Justice. In April, Attorney General Michael Mukasey appointed Rodgers U.S. pardon attorney. The office he oversees is responsible for reviewing petitions for executive clemency and preparing recommendations for the president.

This year, clemency requests are at record levels. Rodgers expects his office to review more than 2,000 and forward recommendations to the president, who makes the final decisions. Clemency requests typically take one of two forms: commutations, or grants of early release, and pardons, or forgiveness of a crime for which the penalty has already been served.

Though Rodgers is a career attorney, not a political appointee, clemency decisions sometimes become political issues, as when President Carter granted amnesty to Vietnam War draft evaders. Perhaps the best-known pardon in recent memory was President Ford’s pardon of President Nixon for misconduct related to the Watergate investigations. Presidents are free to make decisions with or without the advice of the pardon attorney, as President George W. Bush did when he commuted the sentence of former aide I. Lewis “Scooter” Libby.

But that’s not what Rodgers wants to talk about. Given the choice, he’d rather just tell people about his children — “I raised all three by myself for the last seven-plus years; all are in or finished with college” — and his beloved Boston Red Sox.

— Matthew Dewald

A thousand pardons, and then some

RONALD RODGERS ’83
With a cooler of clementines for her son’s sports team, Maureen Fay Geraghty is making a decision based on nutrition. They are the same decisions she makes when she eats soy — to reduce a family tendency toward high cholesterol — or serves her sons milk at every meal. “We can’t help the nature part,” she says of the genes with which we’re born, “but we can help the nurture part.”

In 20 years as a registered dietitian in clinical and laboratory settings, Geraghty has researched herbal supplements, led education sessions for cancer patients and received four patents for calcium supplements. She investigates the relationship between prebiotics — supplements like fiber — and probiotics — the bacteria in our guts.

Her doctoral research showed eating soy improves the good vs. bad bacteria, good news for postmenopausal women since bacteria influence nutrient absorption including calcium. She has also found that intestinal bacteria look especially different in children with autism, the focus of her current research at Ohio State University in conjunction with OSU’s Nisonger Center. Theories are that this could affect a child’s digestive system or even behavior, she says.

As an assistant professor at OSU’s School of Allied Medical Professions, Geraghty blends the molecular science with the practical applications, using her varied professional life to illustrate the potential of her field to her students. “I love hearing not only that I’ve made the difficult understandable but also that I made them excited about it,” she says.

Her teaching style works with many audiences. When husband Edward started coaching soccer, parents asked for a sports nutrition lesson. She’s now using what she learned with sons Tommy, 13, and Connor, 16, who at 6 feet 3 inches could use an extra 10 pounds on the football field. “I’m trying,” she says, with protein shakes and a daily 3,500-calorie diet.

When feeding her own family, she calls herself a pragmatist: “I learned through studies on diabetes that we crave what is withheld.” Strawberries make an excellent dessert, but she says there’s still room for an occasional soda at the ballgame.

— Michelle Tedford

Gut check

MAUREEN FAY GERAGHTY ’82
“I thought, ‘How hard can it be? It’s just a movie.’ I soon found out. They had us running 40s and everything. It was like trying out for a football team all over again.”

Acting is just one of many electives leadership graduate Chris Cowan has on his UD transcript, so when he read about a casting call in Chicago for football player extras for The Express: The Ernie Davis Story, he didn’t hesitate to show up for the audition.

So did 700 other former college and even professional football players — tough competition for an audition.

Cowan survived the weeklong tryout, making the daily cuts until he was one of only 35 players used in the film about Ernie Davis, the two-time All-American Syracuse halfback and the first black player to win the Heisman Trophy.

“It was really competitive,” Cowan said. “I’m a runner, so I’ve stayed in shape, but my football was a little rusty.”

Cowan and the other players filmed in and around Chicago for 65 days for the movie, which opened nationwide in October. He was on set at 4:30 a.m., a far cry from his typical medical sales work schedule.

Ice sculptures, sushi and filet mignon were commonplace on set.

“It was like a circus,” Cowan said.

But for all the excitement — Cowan, who wore No. 44 for the Flyers, the same number Davis wore for the Orangemen — was most impacted by Davis’ inspirational story.

“It was cool to be part of a film about a guy who broke racial barriers like he did,” Cowan said.

Cowan’s enthusiasm led him to be tapped to do some diving and flipping during a day’s shoot. He even got a line: “Shift, shift, shift.”

“I don’t know if most of it is on the editor’s floor or in the movie, but it was a great experience,” he said. “Everyone who was a part of it was so inspired by this story.” — Debbie Juniewicz ’90
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Some engineers build things. Others make sure they do it right.

Melinda Crum makes sure they do it with the environment in mind.

Crum is an environmental engineer for PPG Industries, a Fortune 500 company with 150 manufacturing locations worldwide. She helps ensure the facility where she works in Cleveland adheres to the government’s emissions requirements.

“It’s the softer side of engineering,” Crum said, “but it’s also very challenging.”

Crum’s plant makes paint and other coatings for automobiles, so there is a high rate of emissions and also a relatively high risk of fire. Her job isn’t dangerous, she said, but safety is paramount. It’s one reason she joined the plant’s fire brigade.

“Part of my position with health and safety is responding to events, so I thought receiving fire training would let me do the fun stuff,” she said. When a fire breaks out in one of the plant’s 52 buildings, she joins a team of other plant employees — 95 percent of whom are male — to fight the flames.

Luckily, there have just been a few minor fires since she started at PPG, formerly known as the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., shortly after she graduated from UD with a dual degree in chemical engineering and geology. Much of her time has been spent dealing with the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency to renew the plant’s Title V operating permit. She also travels to other plants to train with engineers in similar positions.

A native of Pataskala, Ohio, a small town 20 miles east of Columbus, Crum’s interest in engineering first developed during high school at the Women in Engineering camp at UD. She joined Phi Sigma Rho once on campus and now recruits for PPG at various colleges and universities, including UD.

“When you feel strongly for a company or organization, you just want to reach out and share that with other people,” Crum explained. “That’s what I try to do.” — Lauren Pauer

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“I had two real dreams at UD,” Joe Vance ’91 said. “One was playing drums for Iron Maiden; the other was working for Walt Disney Animation. I honestly thought I had a shot at both.”

He’s made one dream come true, and he’s not ready to give up on the other.

In 2005 Vance was hired by Disney Animation in Los Angeles as part of the visual development team for films including Chicken Little, Meet the Robinsons and Bolt. There he worked with some of the top storytellers, animators and directors in the business. A recent promotion to studio art director for Disney Interactive has taken him back to his professional roots.

The visual communication design graduate started out doing T-shirt designs before moving on to video games with Tiburon Entertainment, which later joined EA Sports. There he helped create the popular Madden NFL franchise.

“I am listed in the NFL Hall of Fame as part of the video game legacy, so that is a huge honor for me,” he said. “I worked on many types of games and systems, and being an art director for EA was pretty amazing, but after 12-plus years, I felt I had done all I could and was ready for new opportunities.”

The Disney dream is that new opportunity. Vance now lives with his wife and two sons in Southern California, where he still pursues his second dream.

“I am still a voracious drummer and have played in many bands over the years and studied under some true drumming giants. I am honestly much better today at 39 than I was at 18 — apologies to my UD housemates who had to put up with my bad playing then.”

So while some dreams have blossomed into reality on both big and small screens, others are still waiting in the wings. But all is not lost, Vance said.

“I am still hopeful on the Iron Maiden gig.”

— Jeaneen Parsons

From doodles to Disney

JOSEPH VANCE ’91
Class notes are available only in print. To submit your class note, e-mail classnotes@udayton.edu.
For most Americans, turmoil in West Africa is no more than occasional news broadcasts. For Morris Anyah, it is as familiar as the courtroom, where he is a co-counsel defending Liberia’s former president, Charles Taylor.

Anyah’s career went international in 1999 when he joined the United Nations international criminal tribunals for the former Yugoslavia and Rwanda. There, he argued in a genocide case against Jean Kambanda, the former prime minister of Rwanda, and worked on the “Siege of Sarajevo” case for alleged crimes against humanity by Maj. Gen. Stanislav Galic.

Six years later, he joined the team defending Taylor against accusations of fueling a civil war in Sierra Leone. Anyah joined them and found the setting familiar, but the case was different from most.

“Mr. Taylor has not been charged with committing any crimes against his own people of Liberia … and it has not been alleged that he personally executed … any victims of the awful conflicts in Sierra Leone,” Anyah said. Because of this, Anyah said, Taylor’s case is different from the “run-of-the-mill capital cases.”

Anyah’s biggest challenges will be the ethical and legal disputes arising from the 11-count indictment involving charges of war crimes and crimes against humanity. He said he must be careful not to overstep protective measures barring disclosure of witnesses’ identities and promises to nation-states limiting the disclosure of sensitive information.

Anyah will continue to split his time between The Hague and his Atlanta criminal defense practice for at least several more months. His assessment thus far is that it is “too early to fully appreciate and reflect on all that has happened, all that is still happening, and all that is yet to happen.” — Jennie Szink ’09

War crimes, genocide not ‘run-of-the-mill’ cases

MORRIS ANYAH ’96
For mental health patients, a respite

JAN EVERTS ROELOFS ’77

In a class on abnormal psychology more than 30 years ago, social work major Jan Everts Roelofs discovered her call to serve.

“That was the class that sort of defined my life, in a way,” she said. “It led me on this path. It made me realize how much I wanted to work with the mentally ill.”

Today, Roelofs is the clinical manager of Fellowship House, a nonprofit Miami mental health facility that specializes in psychosocial rehabilitation, a care approach that addresses both the organic aspects of a severe mental illness — treating it with medication and recognizing its symptoms — and the functional aspects of it — how to live and work in society.

“We have more than 1,000 clients — we call them members — and about half of them are part of the psychosocial rehab program,” Roelofs said. “We recently added onto our facilities, but the needs are much greater in the area than Fellowship House can provide.”

In essence, her staff helps members live with their illnesses, which in many cases are bipolar disorder or schizophrenia.

“We work on compliance with medication, since most of them will have to be on medication the rest of their lives, and then we can teach them about their symptoms and how to respond to them,” Roelofs said. “For example, when they hear a voice, we can teach them it’s not really a voice, what’s causing it and how to cope with it. … We work with them on social skills and job readiness, and we help them with either looking for a job or applying for the benefits they’re entitled to with a psychiatric disability.”

Seeing members succeed in stable jobs and healthy relationships is what she called a spiritual reward.

“I feel I’m in the place I belong,” said Roelofs, who lives in Miami with her husband, Chuck, and their two children, ages 15 and 18. “I feel my whole life has led me here. I get to come to work every day and love what I do.” — Maureen Schlangen

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After graduation, Diane Graham wanted to give back and thought she might help out a little with Habitat for Humanity’s newsletter. More than two decades later, Graham is helping out more than a little, serving as executive director of the Dayton Ohio Habitat for Humanity.

One reason for her commitment to Habitat for Humanity was a lesson she learned early. During her first year helping with the newsletter, Graham got to know a lot of current UD students who volunteered regularly.

One of those students, bitten by the nonprofit bug, worked for a food bank after graduation. After several months, the student came back for a weekend build and told Graham about an issue she wanted to square.

“She was surprised by her work at the food bank — which is very altruistic and certainly necessary — and the fact that she wasn’t seeing the major transformation in people’s lives that was so easy to see at Habitat. She said, ‘I see the same faces every day, every week, every month.’ No one’s situation seemed to be getting any better, and that’s what she saw at Habitat — real change,” Graham said.

Graham has been changing lives ever since.

“People always associate Habitat with the buildings, but our focus is the family. Sure, we’re helping people build and buy their own homes,” Graham said. “But when you consider our work from the perspective of time, most of what we do isn’t actually building. We have the opportunity to prepare people for every aspect of home ownership, from paying the mortgage and doing routine maintenance to teaching family nutrition.’

Graham’s long tenure at Habitat has provided her with a number of opportunities for joy.

“You think a home dedication is special?” Graham asks. “Just wait until one of the young families you helped invites you to their daughter’s graduation.” — Mike Dunekacke

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The Lovett sisters had waited long enough. In 2003, Sharon Lovett ’83 and Angela Lovett Murray ’92 attended UD’s first African-American Alumni Reunion in recent memory. In fall 2007, they still hadn’t heard about a repeat, so they picked up the phone.

That initiative, plus a growing circle of volunteers, brought approximately 250 African-American alumni to campus in September for a three-day reunion to see old friends, poke around dorm rooms and learn about the experience of today’s African-American students.

“Most of these alumni were educated by Marianists in this very environment where asking the tough question was your responsibility to your community,” said Kathleen Henderson ’86, director of UD’s office of first-year student engagement.

And ask they did. President Daniel J. Curran fielded questions during a Friday night reception. Alumni asked why UD’s African-American enrollment isn’t higher. They asked about recruitment and retention strategies. And they asked what role they could play.

“Dr. Curran’s presence demonstrated the University’s commitment to the success of African-American students, which is important to us as alumni,” Murray said.

This reunion marked a milestone. Five years ago, the African American Alumni Organization committed to raising $25,000 to endow the Black Alumni Scholarship started by Michelle Saunders Wright ’83. They reached the goal over the weekend.

Equally important, Murray said, was mingling with current students. More than 50 attended the Friday night reception, including current BATU president Autumn Williams, a junior communication management major. She found herself talking with the BATU’s first treasurer, Kirk Mudd ’77.

“Back in his day, they called him the ‘minister of finance,’” Williams said. “I can’t wait to come back as an alum and talk about my ‘remember when’ days.”

As Murray and co-chair Kemba Hubbard ’96 watched the weekend unfold, they were already thinking ahead.

“A lot of people left the weekend saying, ‘What’s next?’” Murray said.

“What can we do as alumni to keep this momentum going?” — Matthew Dewald
A little like Oscar night, but over breakfast

At the annual Alumni Leadership Conference in September, the National Alumni Association announced its awards for alumni chapters. Top honors went to the Boston chapter, named this year’s Alumni Chapter of the Year. Program of the Year honors went to the Tampa chapter for bringing associate professor Peter Titlebaum to nearby Clearwater, Fla., for a night of networking and career advice. Political science lecturer Father John Putka, S.M., traveled to Indianapolis’ Conner Prairie museum for a discussion of politics, earning that chapter the Learn Lead Serve Program of the Year Award. The High Flyer award honoring chapter revitalization went to Atlanta, which added service and leadership events to its annual Christmas off Campus program.

BOARD-READY

Two new members joined the National Alumni Association’s board of directors at the Alumni Leadership Conference. Attorney Gary Gottschlich ’68 joined the board as at-large director, and Indianapolis alumni chapter president Mandy Nash Haslin ’00 is the new at-large chapter council representative. They succeed Washington, D.C., attorney Larry Harris ’72 and former Denver alumni chapter president Bill Boesch ’91.

RECORD-SETTING REUNION WEEKEND

Reunion Weekend 2008’s 2,415 attendance was the highest turnout ever. The annual event has drawn more than 10,000 attendees during the past five years. Plans are under way for Reunion Weekend 2009, June 12-14.

FAMILY-FRIENDLY

Five first-year students received more than $27,000 in scholarships from the National Alumni Association this year. Another $15,000 went to returning upper-class students. The scholarship fund — supported by programs such as UD license plates, affinity credit cards and sales of the Alumni Collection at the bookstore — supports children or grandchildren of UD alumni. For more information, contact alumni relations at 888-UD-ALUMS.

ALUMNI BOOKSHELF

Haiku Baby / BETSY SNYDER ’98 /


Not in My Classroom / FREDERICK WOOTAN ’76 /

Former insurance executive Frederick Wootan ’76 describes his experience bringing business management techniques into the high school where he began teaching after he heard God’s call one morning while jogging. “The key to [teaching] is respect. You give it to [students], and they’ll give it back.” His next book, No Fear in the Classroom, is scheduled for a May release.

Teaching Hemingway’s A Farewell to Arms / LISA TYLER ’85 /

Educators teaching Ernest Hemingway’s famous novel about an American ambulance driver during World War I have current points of reference, said editor Lisa Beery Tyler ’85, professor of English at Sinclair Community College. “A lot of themes in A Farewell to Arms resonate with students who have friends and family in Iraq,” she said.

Great Expectation: A Father’s Diary / DAN ROCHE ’81 /

Dan Roche ’81 became a father for the first time at age 39. At 45, he welcomed his second child and chronicled his reflections during his wife’s second pregnancy. The book’s final lines are breathtaking: “Almost uninterrupted, though, he slept, and I held him, saying his name again and again silently to myself, thinking son, son, son.” [Read a longer excerpt in ‘Perceptions’ on Pages 62-63.]
Thirty-one alumni chapters across the country hosted Christmas off Campus celebrations in December, doing everything from Christmas caroling and toy-wrapping to hosting parties at local shelters, community centers and assisted living facilities. Here’s a guide to what they were up to.
This issue we look at Boston — land of chowder, winning sports teams and a refusal to pronounce many R’s — headed up by chapter president Alisha Perdue ’00.

“Ninety percent of the people are not from here,” said Columbus, Ohio, native Alisha Perdue. “One of the reasons [UD’s Boston alumni chapter] works is that so many people want to form relationships.” The Boston chapter shows an estimated 700 area Flyers a good time and introduces strangers to each other. It does these so well that the National Alumni Association named Boston its 2008 Alumni Chapter of the Year.

“Boston is a hub of activity and fun things to do, and we try to grab onto that,” Perdue said. The chapter functions as a virtual tourism board, where alumni can take a culinary walking tour in the South End, cheer the Flyers on the road against UMass and URI, enjoy a pre-concert conversation with the conductor of the Boston Philharmonic, make a pilgrimage to Fenway Park, or be guided through the Institute of Contemporary Art by assistant curator Emily Moore Brouillet ’99. Other events, such as a career networking night and the annual Christmas off Campus at an assisted living facility in South Boston, focus on professional development and service.

“We want to engage as many new alums as possible and put into place fun and creative events that draw people out, connect with each other and have the UD spirit alive out here,” Perdue said.

Her newest event in the works? A wine-tasting event.

— Bradley Failor

LAY OF THE LAND: THE TOP 5 THINGS TO DO IN BOSTON

1. THE BEANTOWN PUB
It’s the only place you can drink a Sam Adams while looking at Sam Adams (grave) and eating sandwiches named after famous American revolutionaries.

2. BELL IN HAND
America’s oldest continuously operating pub turns into a live music venue and dance club on the weekends in Faneuil Hall.

3. PIZZERIA REGINA
In the North End. The best pizza in Boston.

4. FREE DAYS AT MUSEUMS
The Institute of Contemporary Art is free on Thursday evenings and on the last Saturday of the month. The Museum of Fine Art is free on Wednesday evenings. And if your name is Isabella, you get into the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum for free.

5. MARATHON MONDAY
Camp out at the finish line on Boylston Street. The restaurants and pubs open their windows or have patio seating. We suggest a red or blue margarita bowl at the Cactus Club — similar to a Fishbowl at the Fieldhouse.

Clockwise from the top: Paul Revere statue; cornhole at Carson Beach in Boston; making crafts with the residents of Marian Manor for Christmas off Campus 2007; a lobster; duck boat; tour of the Institute of Contemporary Art; Flyers at Harvard Alumni Club happy hour; Old State House.

For more information about your chapter, visit the chapter pages at: www.udayton.edu/alumni
Tears streamed down her face even before she finished reading the letter.

Not only was Hinda Abdullahi accepted to the University of Dayton, she had received a scholarship.

“I was in total shock. I told my mom and she started crying. I couldn’t believe it,” the Dayton native said. “It’s just me and my mom, and she sacrificed everything just to get me through Chaminade-Julienne High School. This was unbelievable.”

Many miles away in rural Ohio, there weren’t tears but plenty of joy for Rebecca Marek as she opened her UD envelope.

“I remember opening the letter and jumping around and screaming,” Marek said. “UD picked me. It was just incredible.”

Abdullahi and Marek are not alone, as 1,300 University of Dayton students received financial assistance through endowed scholarships during the 2008-09 academic year. The University annually awards $4.1 million in funds from endowed scholarships. But it’s not about dollars and cents; it’s about dreams and potential.

“I’m a first-generation college student, so I think I always held back because I didn’t know what was possible,” Marek said. “After receiving the scholarship, it was the first time I was able to think long term.”

Scholarship donors and recipients alike shared their experiences at the annual scholarship dinner Oct. 16 at UD’s RecPlex. More than 400 guests heard student stories, listened to performers and learned firsthand about the impact of scholarships.

“I wouldn’t be here if it wasn’t for scholarships,” engineering major Ryan Compton said. “And I wouldn’t want to be anywhere else.”

Compton was commissioned an officer in the U.S. Air Force when he graduated in December 2008. Many UD graduates, like Compton, choose service both as students and as graduates.

“I believe that God moved me to come to UD, and my dream is to have the ability to make change in my community,” business major Matt Lakes said. “My family provided me with a lot of opportunities. They never told me I can’t do anything, and that encouragement continued at UD.”

The more than 500 endowed scholarships do more than help current and future generations of University of Dayton students.

“Their generosity turns into a ripple effect,” Marek said. “These students will turn around and do good for others.”

Senior Alex Orlowski already has his Teach for America application in.

“I have a call to serve the greater good and serve the public interest in some capacity,” Orlowski said. “UD has affirmed me and helped me believe that my efforts can have a large impact.”

— Debbie Jusiewicz ’90

INVESTMENT RETURNS

An anonymous donor has made a $10 million gift to the University of Dayton — the largest gift dedicated to scholarships in the University’s history. Half of the money will aid students in the School of Education and Allied Professions.

“Through this fund, the donor has strengthened the reach of our educational mission by helping remove economic barriers for students with potential and the drive to succeed,” said Deborah Read, vice president for University advancement. “This gift is a substantial contribution to our ability to educate the next generation of teachers, engineers and business leaders.”

The fund will be named the Class of 1965 Scholarship. The donation adds onto the more than $39 million committed to UD during the last fiscal year — nearly $4 million of which was given specifically for scholarships — and positions the University well ahead of the 2007-08 fiscal year’s strong endowed scholarship figures:

$3,838,763 contributed to University of Dayton scholarships during the last fiscal year

552 endowed scholarships

22 endowed scholarships established in 2007-08

1,300 students receiving endowed scholarship assistance during the 2008-09 academic year

DONOR GIVES UD $10 MILLION (BUT NO NAME)

Clockwise from top: Ryan Compton, Hinda Abdullahi, Rebecca Marek, Alex Orlowski, Matt Lakes

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HIDDEN TREASURE

From the significant to the quirky, the unexpected and the delightful, UD’s archives open up windows into the University’s history.

Roesch Library’s oldest printed book is a blog from the 15th century. It may prove more enduring than its digital counterpart.

Its title, translated from the Latin, is *Small and Very Ornate Lucubrations of Peter Schott, Patrician of Strasbourg, a Man Learned in Both Laws (Civil and Ecclesiastical), Very Elegant Orator and Poet, and Well Learned in the Greek Language.*

As Schott was jotting his opinions, the printing press was spreading throughout Europe. It had been invented in 1450 in Mainz by former Strasbourg resident Johann Gutenberg. In 1498, eight years after Schott’s death, his opinions met the printed page.

Nine libraries worldwide have a copy of this late incunable — literally, “cradle book,” from the first 50 years of moveable-type printing — with still-visible indentations made as each lead letter pressed onto the page.

Its cover is ragged, its pages water-stained, clues to its 500-year journey. The last leg — from Europe to Dayton — is known only in lore: A priest supposedly pulled it from the rubble of a bombed German city and donated it to UD.

“Now that so much is available electronically, special collections mean so much more than they did in the past,” says Nicoletta Hary, curator of special collections at Roesch Library. “Having the real thing is very meaningful.”

The University’s rare book collection has little money for restoration, which is why, if you finger the title page, you’ll find a centuries-old worm-hole through the center of the “p” in Poetæ. The little guy made it through to Page 15.

— Michelle Tedford

Photos by Larry Burgess
Reconciliation

I was stood up for an interview one day in October.

But I was put out for only a moment. The unexpected gap in my schedule was a welcome one. Consumed lately at the “macro” level with the powerless observation of worldwide financial collapse, I have been gradually preoccupied, too, with its impending effects on a “micro” level — on my family, my community, my work ... my future.

As I crossed the library lawn and passed by the monument to the Blessed Virgin Mother with casual disregard, my brisk stride slowed at a sudden awareness of the divine: I was alone. The normally bustling central campus was quiet, the students away on a four-day midterm break. In that peaceful moment, I was taken by the serene beauty of creation. A warm breeze quietly rustled the leaves, mostly still green under the sun’s autumn brilliance. As I glanced toward the flawless blue sky, extremes came to mind. Despite our best efforts to pollute the world and abuse its abundant resources, God’s creation has not lost its stunning majesty, holy and perfect. It stood in direct contrast to the man-made cesspool of a world economy that had polluted my outlook for the past few weeks.

When I got back to my office, the phone rang. It was my interviewee, sincerely apologetic. No apology was necessary, I said. No harm was done. In fact, the net effect was the opposite, I told her, for the circumstance had brought about a revelation I desperately needed.

“How does one reconcile such perfection and such discord in the same realm?” I asked her, rhetorically.

To this world-class scholar, the question wasn’t rhetorical. She shared that she’d had a similar epiphany just the day before. As the Dow was recording its largest seven-day percentage decline in 21 years, she’d been filled with fear — for the world, for our country, for her children, for her future.

But she’d spent part of the day at temple in prayer. It was a High Holy Day — Yom Kippur, the Jewish day of atonement. On Yom Kippur, she said, one seeks to make reparation with God and with the community. But to receive true peace, one also must make things right with those who have been harmed.

The desired effect: tikun olam — translated from Hebrew, “perfecting the world” or “world repair.”

In our common glimpse of God’s perfection and our shared experience of it, hopefulness prevailed above the fear and uncertainty.

Tikkun olam.

— Maureen Schlangen

— Illustration by Renee Nault
A father’s diary

[Editor’s note: The following excerpt from Great Expectation: A Father’s Diary, by Dan Roche ’81, portrays the anticipation of a new child into the lives of Dan, his wife, Maura, and their young daughter, Maeve.]

JULY 31
A robin has built a nest in the hanging petunia on the front porch and has been sitting there the last couple of days warming a single blue egg. There’s not much privacy in that location, and when the wind blows the pot swings back and forth and twists from side to side, but she doesn’t seem to mind, not even when Lila, our younger cat, sprawls on the porch and looks out the tops of her eyes at her. We’ve been checking every hour or so to make sure Mommy-Bird is still there, and it’s added a small bit of drama to the doldrums of Maura’s own pregnancy. We can see the bird’s head and tail feathers above the flowers and leaves, and she’s sitting there with a stately Zen-ness. I like to think she was drawn to that site by the pregnancy vibes flowing out of the house.

After watching her for two days, I wondered aloud to Maura whether the bird might be bored, or whether she was in some state of bliss.

“That’s what parenthood is, isn’t it?” she said. “An oscillation between boredom and blissfulness?”

I talked to my friend Karl last night, whose little boy, John, is way off the scale of cuteness. Several of us have already planned his and Maeve’s wedding. Karl reported that John has taken a sudden and intense interest in things that shoot — guns, bows and arrows, slingshots, straws, and spitwads. I’ve read enough about these transformations to accept readily that it’s inevitable, maybe even healthy in an anachronistically evolutionary way. But we’re going to be visiting them this weekend, and we’ll just have to see whether John is still marrying material, or whether he’s shot himself right out of the running.

Talking with Karl reminded me of an Art Spiegelman comic in which a father wants to get his little daughter to play with something besides dolls — the endless nurturing is driving him nuts — and so he buys her a fire truck and shows her how it can zoom around the room and make all kinds of loud noises. The strip ends with her cradling the fire truck in her lap and rocking it to sleep.

Maeve has finally learned how she scares Maura when she comes into our room in the middle of the night and puts her fingers on Maura’s face. So now she announces herself: “It’s your daughter.”

In the dark, emerging clearly from a deep sleep, the pronunciation is like something from a strange movie.

— Dan Roche ’81

The real Pakistan

LAHORE, Pakistan — My niece and I donned sweat pants and T-shirts and jumped in the car, determined to hit the treadmill at the gym.

In Pakistan, such an ordinary moment feels extraordinarily liberating. We passed through a security guard at the entrance of an upscale co-ed health club where men wear shorts, treadmills are outfitted with TV screens, and the trainer brings you ice water — a custom so civilized that it should be adopted worldwide.

In my first journey back to my husband’s homeland in three summers, I was struck by the two contradictory faces of Pakistan.

An armed security guard stoically stands watch inside the gate of our family’s home in Lahore. In the past two years, he’s only shot at a crow, but his somber presence is unsettling.

For a fleeting moment, I forgot that the military is fighting the Taliban on the Afghani-stan border where suspected spies are publicly executed and women are hidden. Militants in Swat — a once-idyllic valley described as the Switzerland of Pakistan — had torched more than 130 girls’ schools in the weeks before we arrived. And in a country that had been spared suicide bombings, more than 60 such attacks, including the assassination of former Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto, have terrorized Pakistanis in the last year.

Closer to home, an armed security guard stoically stands watch inside the gate of our family’s home in Lahore, a bustling city near the border of India. Under his watchful eye, our boys play a boisterous game of cricket with their cousins in the front yard. In the past two years, he’s only shot at a crow, but his somber presence is unsettling.

“Whatever you see is the real Pakistan,” says Hassan Askari Rizvi, a relative and a political analyst who’s writing a book, Pakistan After 9/11. “Pakistan used to be a moderate, liberal country. In major urban areas, the situation is more or less like that. Women wear jeans and drive cars. In other parts of the country, you’ll see schools for girls being burned. There are still people in this country who don’t realize the Taliban are a threat to the existence of this state.”

Emboldened, the Taliban are slowly moving from the lawless tribal region, where the militaries have found a sanctuary, into the heart of the country. Just days after we left, a suicide bomber near a Lahore mosque killed eight, and twin bombings at a weapons manufacturing plant near the capital of Islamabad took another 67 lives. “They’re like a Frankenstein monster,” notes Rizvi, often tapped by the international media for his viewpoints. “They’ve changed the direction of their guns from Afghanistan to Pakistan.”

In numerous conversations with Pakistanis during our 10-day trip to Lahore for our nephew’s wedding in August, most didn’t talk about the rising tide of violence. There’s little outcry against the Taliban — as though atrocities are being committed in some faraway land instead of a mere 300 miles away in a region where armed religious extremists have set up a parallel government and imposed the strictest form of Islamic law. Some see the War on Terror as someone else’s war, a war America has waged on Islam. Some believe the Taliban should be placated in case the country needs these warriors for its on-again, off-again conflict with India.

Much like here, the economy and political future of the country weigh on people’s minds. Annual inflation tops an alarming 24 percent. Electricity outages have become so frequent that families buy generators. A fragile democracy appears to be in disarray following the resignation of President Pervez Musharraf, who overthrew the elected government in a bloodless coup a decade ago.

It’s remarkable how the human spirit triumphs in the face of such uncertainty.

In nightly rehearsal sessions leading up to three days of elaborate wedding festivities, our nieces and nephews gathered around their cousin, Sarah, as she played the dholki, a traditional barrel-shaped drum, and led them in joyous wedding songs. They dressed our sons in sherwans, long, embroidered coats, and khussas, Aladdin-style shoes. We feasted on chicken curry and spicy biryani. As part of one offbeat ritual, they stole the groom’s shoes and demanded he pay them or go barefoot.

This face of Pakistan — ordinary people finding joy in everyday moments — remains invisible to most of the world in the face of militant extremism that now dominates the headlines.

As we bid emotional farewells to our family, our son Ali impulsively gave an enormous bear hug to Tassaduq, the security guard who’s been spared suicide bombings, more than 60 such attacks, including the assassination of former Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto, have terrorized Pakistanis in the last year.

In the dark, emerging clearly from a deep sleep, the pronunciation is like something from a strange movie.

— Teri Rizvi
New times, new methods

University of Dayton students who travel outside their comfort zones return to campus forever changed.

I know that feeling of seeing the world with new eyes. When I ventured to China two decades ago to study urban migration, it opened up my world. Later, as a concurrent professor of sociology at Nanjing University, I observed an agrarian country on the verge of transforming itself into a major global economic force. I marveled at how new ways supplanted old ideas.

That mirrors our maxim at the University of Dayton, where the Blessed William Joseph Chaminade's words, “New times call for new methods,” guide us through today's uncertain financial times and into a future that holds great promise.

As a university, we are blessed with strong finances, healthy enrollment and a tradition of responding to the signs of the times with faith and confidence. The University of Dayton remains on solid financial footing. Applications for the first-year class are running ahead of last year's record pace and, thanks to the support of alumni and friends, we continue to attract millions of dollars in private support to help students who need financial help and to build upon a learning-living environment unmatched anywhere in the country.

Chaminade — through vision, persistence and an uncanny way of uniting people from all walks of life in a common mission — understood that change is not to be feared but embraced. Two presidential candidates this fall told us that change is coming. We challenge our students to change the world.

Six engineering students featured in the debut issue of University of Dayton Magazine took those words to heart. Using their technical know-how and community-building skills, they journeyed halfway around the world to build a pipeline to carry fresh, safe drinking water to villagers in Barombi, Cameroon. Every year, 2.2 million people die of drinking unsafe water, according to the World Health Organization. It's a major humanitarian crisis.

These students are part of the ETHOS (Engineers in Technical Opportunities of Service-learning) program. Through the generosity of alumni, we offer Learn, Lead and Serve grants to students who use their technical expertise in service to people with the greatest needs on our planet. They’ve developed ecological wood-burning stoves in Bolivia, harnessed photovoltaic power in Pakistan and built solar cookers in Guatemala.

It’s a transformative program, an exemplar of what a University of Dayton education is all about. As faculty adviser Margie Pinnell observes, “The students go in thinking they will save the world. In the end, the world saves them.”

In 2008, a record number of our students traveled around the world to study and serve in cities as diverse as Shanghai, Segovia and Lubwe. They are learning what it means to be part of a community beyond themselves — and to serve others.

This is change that makes a real difference.
You might think you found community at UD.

Actually, you helped build it.

Community. It’s more than just a word here.
It’s the professors who opened up your world.
The Marianists you broke bread with.
The friends you met in the classroom and the residence halls.
The deafening noise you made in the Arena.

It’s the problems we solve.
The lives we make better.
The changes that make a real difference.

And each time you give to the University of Dayton, you ensure the sense of community will be experienced for generations to come.
While the hope and anxiety of registering for classes have stood the test of time at UD, actually standing in line for registration has not. Long lines, as seen in the top photograph, circa late 1940s, are a thing of the past. Students of today’s generation can sign up for classes online using laptops in more comfortable environs alongside their peers.