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The suspense ends, as the South Carolina Baptist Convention votes to sever ties with Furman.

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Homozel Mickel Daniel

On June 22, 1992, Homozel Mickel Daniel, grand lady and longtime friend of Furman, died at age 89. She was the widow of Charles E. Daniel, the founder of Daniel International Corporation which constructed many of Furman’s buildings.

Soon after her death, Furman officials learned that Mrs. Daniel had left more than $21.4 million in property and financial assets to Furman. This is by far the single largest gift ever received by Furman; the next largest was $4.35 million from the Daniel Foundation for the Homozel Mickel Daniel Music Building.

According to her will, Furman will receive the Daniel estate near the Furman campus and an endowment of $1.5 million to support the estate. The university will receive $5.5 million to construct and endow the Charles E. Daniel Memorial Chapel, $1.5 million to create two faculty chairs (the Charles Ezra Daniel Chair of Chemistry and the Charles Ezra Daniel Chair of Music), and $300,000 for a scholarship fund in memory of Alester G. Furman, Jr. Furman will also receive $10,000 for furniture to display Mrs. Daniel’s “Doughty Bird” collection in the trustees dining room. Finally, Furman will receive one-third of the residual of the estate, or approximately $10 million.

Mrs. Daniel left more than $55 million to 14 colleges and universities, 12 of them in South Carolina. Besides Furman, the colleges receiving the largest gifts are Wofford and Erskine, which will receive approximately $12.25 million each.

“Mrs. Daniel’s remarkable gift will have a permanent impact on Furman University,” said President John E. Johns. “She was a wonderful friend of Furman and a true benefactor of higher education.”

Full details of this gift will be included in the next issue of Furman Reports.
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36 WHAT IS A PALADIN?
It’s time to separate fact from fiction and discover the real story behind Furman’s athletic name. By Francis W. Bonner
Although it’s too soon to know for sure, 31-year-old Moses Lee may have created a molecular structure that can be used in the treatment of cancer.

Molecule AR–1–106 is rotating in slow, three-dimensional detail on the computer screen. Since the image is displayed in an array of vibrant colors and one end of the molecule now appears to be coming out of the computer screen, an effect achieved with the aid of special glasses, it looks like nothing one ever saw in chemistry class during the ancient days of plastic models and overhead projectors.

Dr. Moses Lee punches a couple of keys on the computer keyboard and freezes the image on the screen. He measures the distance between the two atoms, the angle of the bond that connects them, and the relative strength of that bond. The computer then produces the image of a DNA molecule and, after entering a few more commands, Lee watches as molecule AR–1–106 bonds to a particular part of a DNA molecule.

“As you can see, the molecule fits into the DNA very well,” Lee says, pointing to a precise, curved area of the DNA molecule. “But, of course, this is our star molecule.”

The computer is new to the department and Lee cannot help but smile at the machine’s wizardry. Because if anyone can appreciate a new technology
Photographs by Charlie Register
"He is very demanding and he keeps his students busy. But his students learn a lot and they are very loyal to him."

that provides such a vivid picture of molecular structure, it is a chemistry professor who is trying to build a molecule that will interact with the nucleus of a cancer cell in such a way as to alter it. “If you can change the structure of the DNA in a cancer cell,” Lee explains, “then the DNA is no longer useful to the cell. If the DNA is no longer useful, the cell will die.”

Lee, an assistant professor of chemistry who came to Furman in 1989, spends a good deal of his time each day trying to create a molecular structure that will make cancer cells die. If he is successful or if anyone else in the field is able to build on his published findings, then the implications are obviously enormous. The molecular compound could ultimately be the basis of a new drug that could effectively treat certain types of cancer.

So far, his work has been very promising, which is why, in Lee’s words, AR-1-106 is such a star. The Research Corporation, which has awarded Lee more than $30,000 in grants for his research, has filed for a patent with the United States Patent Office, and the National Cancer Institute (NCI) recently found that the AR-1-106 compounds tested extremely well as a possible treatment for skin cancer. As a result, the NCI has awarded Lee a three-year grant worth $97,000 to carry on his project, and the organization is currently conducting further tests on the compounds. “We are very excited about these molecules,” Lee says. “More importantly, we are excited about where we might go from here, about where these compounds may be able to lead us in the treatment of cancer.”

The first thing one notices about Moses Lee is his energy. It is there in his every movement, in the tone of his voice. It doesn’t matter whether he is talking about the latest breakthrough in his research or the excitement he and his wife felt the day their infant daughter moved up
Mike Wyatt, a 1991 Furman graduate who assisted Lee with his research last summer, says that she would usually come in at 8:30 in the morning, break for lunch, and then stay until six or seven that night. And while that much time in the laboratory may seem overwhelming for some, it was that experience that convinced her to go on to graduate school at the California Institute of Technology, where her primary interest is in cancer research.

"Dr. Lee was very involved," she says. "He was always there and he would come down to the lab to check on us. He is pretty demanding, but he knows when to let up and he doesn't push you too far. He demands as much as he knows he can get from a student."

Mike Wyatt, a 1991 Furman graduate who is currently taking graduate courses in the chemistry department and plans to earn a Ph.D. degree at the University of London School of Medicine, says that Lee doesn't ask a student to give any more than he is willing to give himself.

"He doesn't require you to be here any set amount of time," Wyatt says of Lee. "But I spend a lot of time here because I love the research. He has an incredible amount of knowledge in the field and if you are willing to work hard for him, he will do anything for you."

Because Lee's research is less theoretical and more practical than much of the research done in undergraduate chemistry labs, Knight says that Lee's work has attracted a great deal of student interest and generated much excitement.

"His work is especially good for students since it involves both applied research and direct research," says Knight. "They can see the research aspect and then see where it leads. It is sort of like taking a project from the textbook to the hospitals."

It is a long way, however, from the textbook to the hospital. And since all of Lee's research is done at the molecular level, he relies on two scientists (and friends) who live and work in Europe — Drs. John Hartley in England and Maurizio D'Incalci in Italy — to let him know if his research done in undergraduate chemistry is effective. Hartley, a biochemist at the Middlesex School of Medicine, tests the compounds to see if they will kill cancer cells and how well they work in comparison to a standard chemotherapy agent currently being used in hospitals. D'Incalci, who works as an animal pharmacologist at a research institute, takes the process one step further by testing to see if the compounds are effective in treating cancer in animals.

"We are always exchanging information over the phones and sending faxes to one another, but it is never the same as being able to sit down together and talk things out," says Lee, who made a six-week trip to Europe last winter to study the results of his research more carefully with the pair. "We have to get together on occasion so we can work out problems."

Is it really possible that Lee, a 31-year-old chemist teaching at a liberal arts university and using undergraduates as his assistants, could discover an effective treatment for cancer? According to Traupek, such a question does not have a simple answer.

For one thing, Lee is involved in a very heavily studied area of research. For another, a lot of what is done in scientific research is incremental. Traupek says that it is rare for a scientist to start from "practically a base of nothing" and then achieve a revolutionary breakthrough. It is usually a matter of smaller strides and mini-breakthroughs.

"But," Traupek says, "the fact that Moses..."
is getting research funding and patents and having people test his compounds tells me that he is among those people who can be expected to come up with something that might end up in a doctor’s bag or in a pharmacy in a hospital.”

And if the AR-1-106 compounds one day prove to be the chief building block in a drug that effectively treats cancer, then Lee, along with Furman University and the Research Corporation, will hold the patent.

Why, exactly, does a chemist who is involved in serious cancer research choose to do his work at an undergraduate, liberal arts university like Furman? If such research is one’s primary interest, why put up with the bother of teaching chemistry courses and relying on 20-year-old undergraduates to help carry out experiments?

Well, in Lee’s case, he found that the academic environment was more conducive to research than the corporate environment. He also found that undergraduates were often more excited about working in the labs than were paid professionals. Besides, he loves to teach.

So even though his work at a pharmaceutical company in Canada was highly successful and led to a patent for a drug now being studied for use in the treatment of AIDS, he decided he would look into the possibility of teaching at a university in either Canada or the United States.

“I was scanning the journals when I noticed that Furman had an opening in the chemistry department,” Lee says. “I didn’t know that much about Furman, but I had read about Lon Knight and his various awards. So I thought that maybe this would be a good place to teach and do research.”

When Lee arrived for his interview in February, it was 70 degrees in Greenville. It had been snowing when he left Edmonton that morning.

“The weather was nice and that didn’t go unnoticed,” Lee says, smiling, “but I was really attracted by the caliber of the department and its facilities. Besides, I had always had a good experience with undergraduates.”

However unusual the circumstances that brought Lee to Furman from Canada, a stranger set of circumstances led him to Canada from his birthplace of Brunei. Lee grew up on the island of Borneo, where he was the youngest of eight children and the only brother to seven sisters. His father was a cocoa farmer, and even though his parents did not have much education, they made sure their children did.

When Lee was 17 and had completed his junior year in a Malaysian high school, he left his homeland to attend a private high school in Canada. A Malaysian alumnus of the Canadian school had recruited Lee and several others for the honor of going to North America. Although Lee didn’t know anyone — not even the other Malaysian students — he did not regret leaving home.

“It was exciting,” he says. “Ever since I could remember, traveling was something I wanted to do.”

Once Lee graduated from high school, it was on to the University of Guelph in Ontario. There were two basic reasons he stayed in Canada. One, Guelph had a good agricultural program whose lessons might help Lee with the management of his father’s cocoa farm, and, two, a degree from the United States did not carry much weight in the British-based educational system of Malaysia. But Lee was not long for the world of agriculture and, as he would soon discover, he would not be returning home.

“I lost interest very quickly in agriculture,” he says with a smile, “especially after I had to measure the length of a plant’s roots every day for a couple of weeks. But I was really enjoying my chemistry courses. So I got my undergraduate degree in biochemistry and started getting interested in cancer research. By that time, I knew that chemistry was going to be my career.”

Lee received his Ph.D. in organic chemistry from Guelph and won the department’s R.H.F. Manske Prize in 1985. He served one year as a Postdoctoral Fellow at the University of Alberta and then joined Synphar Laboratories in Edmonton as a research scientist in 1987. Two years later, he moved thousands of miles south to a university that was even farther away from his birthplace.

“Coming to Furman was a good move for me,” Lee says. “There is often a real misconception about the kind of research that is done at a primarily undergraduate school like this. People say, ‘Well, what you guys must be doing is second-grade research.’ But that is certainly not true. We can do anything at Furman that people do elsewhere.”

Lee is sitting in the floor in the middle of his office. Close by, within easy reach, are a diaper bag and a couple of toys. His 11-month-old daughter, Lauren, is alternately sitting and crawling in his lap while eating pieces of sliced banana and waiting for her mother to finish her 12 o’clock class. Amazingly, the mayhem of a little person who has just learned to walk has not marred the neatness of Lee’s office.

Every day at this time during spring term, Lee ceases to be a teacher or a scientist and becomes instead a full-time father. When his wife, Jane, decided to take a noon class at Furman, Lee inherited the babysitting duties for an hour.

But if there is anything Lee may love more than being a teacher or a scientist, it is being a father. There are five pictures of his daughter in his office, all at ages two months apart, including one with the periodic table in the background. Whether he is following Lauren around the chemistry seminar room imploring her to drink her bottle of juice or squiring her to ground-breaking ceremonies for a new academic building, he appears to be infinitely happy about it.

“I love it,” he says. “I always look forward to the part of the day when she comes. She really doesn’t slow me down, either. I have to eat lunch anyway, and if I have to go somewhere I just take her with me.”

And, of course, having a child has taught him things he could never have
learned in the lab. For instance, whenever Lee has to leave his daughter for any length of time, he remembers his own experience of some 15 years ago, when he was just 17 and headed for another part of the world.

"Whenever we leave Lauren for even a short period of time, we miss her tremendously," Lee says. "I know now it must have been very hard for my parents when I just came up one day and said, 'Well, I've decided to leave home now.' As a parent, I can see how hard it must have been. But then I couldn't have guessed."

Lee makes an extra effort these days to get back to Malaysia to visit his family, all of whom still live on the island. He and Jane and Lauren also make frequent trips to visit her family in Canada. He was there during Christmas, in fact, when he and Jane and some friends had dinner at a Chinese restaurant.

If Lee's compounds prove to be the chief building block in a drug that effectively treats cancer, he – along with Furman and the Research Corporation – will hold the patent.

If there is anything Lee loves more than being a teacher or a scientist, it is being the father of 11-month-old Lauren.

"My fortune cookie said that things would turn around for me in January," Lee says. "Since then, I have gotten good news about the patent, received the grant from the National Cancer Institute, and got some exciting new data from our experiments in Europe."

Lee is a scientist and, therefore, not the type to put much stock in a fortune cookie. But so far he can’t complain about the way things are working out.

Vince Moore is director of the news service at Furman.
Mary Camilla Judson, Lady Principal of the Greenville Female College, 1874-1910
THE DISCREET FEMINIST

BY JUDITH BAINBRIDGE

Despite her ladylike demeanor, Miss Mary Judson harbored the shocking notion that young women should be educated like young men.

Outwardly, at least, Mary Camilla Judson appeared to be the very model of a proper Southern lady. Her students remembered her as plump and erect, always wearing a well-fitting plum or wine-colored merino dress with soft ruching around the neck, her face framed by artificial curls.

Yet Mary Judson, who served as "Lady Principal" of the Greenville Baptist Female College from 1874 to 1910, was not Southern by birth, nor did she share many of the prevailing views about Southern women.

A Connecticut Yankee, a Baptist, and for her time and place, a feminist, Miss Judson believed fervently in educational equality for men and women and in the God-given right of women to develop their brains as well as their souls. At a time when virtually all Southerners felt a woman's place was in the parlor, Miss Judson believed that women should be well educated, physically fit and active in public affairs. To her, women's minds — like their brothers' — were given by God, and equality was a divine revelation.

As she once wrote, "When men shall cease to regard woman as an inferior, and taking her by the hand as an equal, his true helper and companion, shall help her in her efforts to develop that which is highest and best in herself, then may we look for the glory of a perfect womanhood — and then, and not till then, may we also look for the glory of a perfect manhood."

She brought these ideas to the struggling little college in 1874, and for the next 38 years she committed herself to its survival and progress. Alexander Townes, president of the college from 1878 to 1894, said that Miss Judson introduced "the wonderful rigor and stern morality and forceful personality of New England to the little struggling school; ... she breathed into it through her pupils the will to do and dare for... intellectual freedom."

Miss Judson combined a sense of humor with a deep concern for the young women from the villages and farms of upstate South Carolina. Her classroom was a challenging place where discipline was consistent, quiet and kind, but she could be quite intimidating as well, especially with careless students. One recalled that Miss Judson wore long gold chains around her neck, "and when she ran her fingers up and down one of them, and snapped her eyes, I trembled."

Upon her retirement, scores of students testified to her rigorous mind, broad reading and insistence on excellence, but they also spoke of her as loving, supportive and encouraging. She lived on the second floor of the college building, and her room was known as a place where homesick girls could find a friend. Today, the only vestige of the Greenville Baptist Female College, which became the Greenville Woman's College in 1914 and was coordinatized with Furman in 1933, is the GWC seal. It sits above the central entrance to the women's residence halls, which bears the name Judson in fitting tribute to a woman and a family who contributed so much to the development of the university and of higher education in Greenville.

Born in 1828, Mary Camilla Judson was reared in Monroe, Conn. She was educated at the village school until she was 14, when her family sent her to a new private school, opened by a Yale graduate, where she studied Latin, rhetoric and sciences.

In 1845, when she was 17, the family moved to New Haven, where she worked with private tutors and on her own in the Yale library. She developed a good command of French, read extensively in English literature, studied art under several teachers, learned Greek and had a course in higher mathematics. Because she was a woman, however, she was not allowed to enroll at Yale, and this slight seems to have awakened in her a fervent feminist consciousness. She recounted her feelings to the Greenville Thursday Afternoon Club in 1897:

It will readily be seen...that the dawn
of higher education for women had not yet come. It has been said that the civilization of a nation is measured by its attitude toward women. Gauged by this standard, the world... was in a semi-civilized state, in that it had not yet arrived at a belief in the capacity of women to receive such an education... But though colleges for women had not yet been dreamed of, occasionally it would be borne in upon some woman’s consciousness that she had, not only a soul, but a brain, and that its development was her God-given right as truly as it was her brother’s.

In 1857 she moved with her parents to Greenville at the invitation of her brother, Charles Hallette Judson. A mathematician and scientist, Charles Judson joined the Furman faculty in 1851 and began a distinguished career as teacher and administrator that would last for over 50 years.

Armed with her beliefs in women’s education, Miss Judson spent the next 11 years teaching at the Female College and at schools in Anderson and Columbia. But by 1868 she had decided there was little hope for women’s education in the South; she returned to the North, where she taught in several private academies. Six years later, however, her brother, who had become president of the Female College in 1864, asked for her help. Despite her misgivings, she agreed to return.

Small, poor and inadequately equipped, the Greenville Baptist Female College (“Baptist” was quietly dropped in 1878, when Townes replaced Charles Judson as president) was a neglected institution when Miss Judson arrived in 1874. A gateless picket fence surrounded the school, which consisted of a single dilapidated building furnished with bare wooden benches and a library containing her brother’s personal books. There was no laboratory apparatus; enrollment consisted of 75 students, six of whom were boarders. The school had no endowment and was expected to be self-supporting (yearly fees for room, board and tuition were $175 in the 1890s). Although it had been established in 1854 by the South Carolina Baptist Convention under the control of the Furman board of trustees, the school had never received financial support from the convention.

The college’s problems were, in fact, typical of denominational colleges for white Southern women. It was located in a state in which whites struggled unsuccessfully to pull themselves out of the despair and desolation caused by the Civil War and Reconstruction, and it was charged with the education of women in a region in which even the female leadership insisted that their place was in the home.

What was different, in this case, was that the Greenville Female College had Mary Judson. Because of her, the college endured.

A s a feminist, Miss Judson was discreet and practical. She favored women’s suffrage, but she worked behind the scenes rather than stating her feelings openly. A 1913 GFC graduate recalled that Miss Judson encouraged her to participate in the women’s suffrage movement in Greenville, and the “First Honors Graduate” of 1887 commented some 50 years later that Miss Judson had suggested she use her valedictory address to discuss a woman’s right to equal education.

Of course, no Southern gentleman would knowingly send his daughter to an institution guided by a militant feminist. As one Furman trustee thundered in 1894, “May our land be saved from women who are advocates of female suffrage and who clamor for a place in our pulpits and upon the rostrum!” So Miss Judson’s feminism was quietly directed at expanding the potential, the independence and the self-assurance of the young women she taught.

She was responsible for introducing training in calisthenics at the school, allowing students to loosen their corsets, remove their stays and bustles and, as a result, become healthier and more poised. She instituted and taught a required course in elocution so that young women would have the skills to speak in public. She began the first woman’s club in Greenville, the college’s Judson Literary Society, to encourage intellectual activity among students and graduates and help them learn to argue and debate. She started a student newspaper and a magazine, and she established the college library by assessing Judson Society members dues of 25 cents a term and using the money to develop a “choice collection of high-toned literary works.”

Until the age of 82, she also continued to teach nearly every course in the college curriculum — from English composition and literature to physics, astronomy, botany, physiology, logic, French, drawing and painting, elocution and calisthenics. President Townes wrote later that “no matter what she taught, no student in her classes left GFC in those years without carrying away on her mind the lasting impress of a great teacher.” Nellie Hoyt Furman, a graduate of 1887, commented that each year Miss Judson taught the classes other instructors felt unprepared to teach.

The range of her classes was always broad, but her knowledge did not have to be especially deep. The college catalogue made it clear that instruction in the sciences was “only an outline of the subjects,” with “the first principles...thoroughly taught in such a manner as to secure a healthful mental discipline, and to give the students some adequate idea of the nature and extent of those subjects.” In botany, for example, Miss Judson’s class collected, analyzed and classified flora, and her astronomy students learned “to name the heavenly bodies as well as study their laws in their textbooks.”

When President Townes suggested the establishment of a literary society, Miss Judson seized upon the idea and in September 1878 met with the boarding students to start an organization in which students would write essays, read them aloud, and enjoy entertainment while they learned. The society was named in honor of her brother, but many students in later years assumed that it was named for Miss Judson, who was its inspiration and director for more than 30 years.

The society was compulsory for boarding students only, but 60 girls — almost the entire student body — joined the first year. They, and later graduates, were proud to participate in the group’s annual commencement exercises and to wear its gold pin (designed by Miss Judson) with the motto “Polished After The Similitude of a Palace.”

The Judson Society was criticized by both Furman students and Baptist elders who did not believe that women should be encouraged to speak in public. “True,” one young woman reported in 1879, “we were laughed at by our friends of the opposite sex, especially those attending the university, who seemed to think it absurd that girls should attempt to organize a literary society, and expect to keep it up...” The pages of the Baptist Courier, the newspaper for South Carolina Baptists, carried letters fulminating against the idea of women speaking in public. But male protests and Baptist preachers were ignored, and the women at the college were encouraged to speak and write.

Judson Society meetings usually consisted of a debate based on papers about a topic of current interest. A popular subject was to prove or disprove that girls should
As Lady Principal, Mary Judson was, in effect, Dean of the College for more than 30 years. During that time enrollment gradually rose, a wing was added to the old main building, and dormitory accommodations improved tremendously.

But Alexander Townes, like Charles Judson, only leased the college from Furman; the university’s trustees controlled it. By the early 1890s it was in a relatively flourishing condition, and Townes wished to extend his lease for 10 years. The trustees refused, and Townes unexpectedly resigned in the summer of 1894.

He immediately announced the establishment of the Greenville College for Women in a building he owned next door to the Female College. He took with him almost half of the students, most of the faculty and all of the furniture. The new school survived for a time because of Townes’ popularity, but it closed in 1908 when he became ill and died. In 1909, the Female College purchased the facilities and used them for additional housing.

Also in 1894, Furman opened its doors to women. The Baptist brethren of the state were incensed, particularly because the Furman faculty had decided unilaterally to admit women and presented the decision to the South Carolina Baptist Convention as a fait accompli. However, this experiment in coeducation proved brief; it ended in 1900 and was not introduced again until 1932.

Although the combination of Townes’ competing institution and the admission of women to Furman could have destroyed the Female College, it instead grew stronger. For the first time there was a surge of Baptist support and even an assurance that funds from the convention would be forthcoming to support the institution it had “sponsored” since 1854. Mary Judson was vacationing in New York when Townes announced his resignation, but she wrote an open letter to GFC alumnae, stating that the Female College was not dead or dying, that it was simply undergoing a crisis, and that she would remain with it. She asked for their continued support, their prayers, and especially their dollars.

And, at the age of 66, she loaned her life savings of $3,000 (saved from her monthly salary of $25 to $35) to the school with the agreement that she would be paid the interest from the money in the future. No interest was ever paid, and eventually she made the money a gift to the college.

She continued as Lady Principal and, briefly, Associate Principal until 1912, when she was named professor emeritus of English. In 1914 the trustees finally bowed to pressure from alumnae to change the name of their alma mater from “Female College” to “Greenville Woman’s College.” Although the graduates had strongly supported the name “Mary Judson College,” the trustees considered that choice too radical.

Miss Judson lived on at the college until her death in December 1920 at the age of 92. Just one month before, she had proudly voted for the first time and was featured in the local newspapers as the oldest woman voter in the state.

Mary Camilla Judson made an impact on women’s education in South Carolina. She helped timid rural girls reach their potential. She created, almost single-handedly, an educational institution devoted to encouraging their intellectual growth, and she worked within the rigid system of Southern mores to develop educational opportunities that would allow young women to be self-supporting.

The college she loved no longer exists. But the legacy of Mary Judson continues to enrich the lives and the education of Furman women today.

Dr. Judith Bainbridge, director of educational services and associate professor of English at Furman, is working on a history of the Greenville Female College.
After 166 years as a Baptist institution, Furman prepares for the future as an independent college.

By Jim Stewart

At long last, John E. Johns has some time to relax. The heated phone calls have stopped. The marathon negotiating sessions are over. The stream of proposals, counterproposals, speeches, debates and closed-door meetings has ceased. Life in the Furman president’s office is getting back to normal. Now, if only he can remember what normal is.

After spending the greater part of two years in a tense battle with the South Carolina Baptist Convention over control of the university, Johns has earned a grace period to clear his mind and regain his bearings. When such an emotional issue has consumed virtually all of your energy for so long, it can take a while to realize you’re back on course.

But as of 2:43 p.m. on May 15, 1992, the uncertainty that had clouded Furman’s future ended when almost 5,000 South Carolina Baptists, gathered in special convention, voted overwhelmingly to cut the ties between denomination and school.

Furman’s 166-year relationship with its founding body had lasted through wars, Depression, and squabbles over issues ranging from the trivial, such as dancing on campus, to the substantial, such as integration. It could not, however, endure the financial threat to the convention’s Cooperative Program and its many worthwhile missions that was a direct result of the fight over Furman’s governance.

“Everything started over the issue of power, but it ended over the issue of money,” says Johns.

Independence did come with its own price, as the convention chose to reserve for its affiliated institutions funds that were originally designated for Furman but held in escrow pending resolution of the controversy. “My greatest regret,” says Johns, “is that the convention voted immediately to stop all scholarship money to students attending Furman. I can only interpret the vote as an effort to punish
Furman, but our Baptist students are the ones who will be hurt the most."

Yet despite the monetary loss (approximately $3 million), Johns believes that separation will ultimately strengthen Furman's financial position. He says the university has already started to receive gifts that had been promised if Furman kept control of its board. "Many people were waiting to see what would happen before they followed through with their commitments," says Johns. "I hadn't even made my pledge to the Partnership for Excellence Campaign until I knew who would be controlling the money."

Johns sees benefits in other areas as well, one of them student recruiting. "I believe separation from the convention will help us in attracting more students from different areas and diverse religious backgrounds," he says. "And I think Baptist students will still come here if they meet our academic standards."

Independence also brings new challenges. Although Johns stresses that Furman plans no major changes in its policies and procedures, he acknowledges that the university will now have to confront certain issues it might previously have avoided or glossed over in deference to the Baptists. Students are almost certain to become more vocal about such campus issues as birth control, sexual identity and women's rights. "With freedom comes more openness. We should expect more debate about these kinds of topics," says Johns. "And we'll have to make some decisions."

One area certain to stir interest among students and alumni is that of "social clubs," or fraternities. In the early 1960s the Furman board, bowing to years of pressure from the convention over the existence of fraternities on campus, changed the university's charter and banned national affiliation with Greek-letter fraternities. (Interestingly, there is no record that the South Carolina Baptist Convention ever acted to approve this charter change.) Fraternities became social clubs. Many alumni still resent the decision, and students have consistently questioned the policy in the intervening years.

Johns, however, doesn't view the fraternity issue as a major concern. "I'm for amending the charter to allow fraternities to be openly affiliated with the national organizations," he says, well aware that many social clubs have covertly maintained national affiliation for a number of years. "It will make the affiliation legal. It won't change the way they operate."

Johns seems ready to address these and any other issues that might arise. But having been at the center of the often intense debate that started October 15, 1990, when the Furman board voted to change its charter and elect its own members, he also welcomes the chance to step out of the spotlight and resume the role of presiding officer rather than target.

Indeed, throughout the controversy Johns was often the object of scorn from fundamentalists in the state convention who had anticipated, their protestations to the contrary, taking control of the Furman board of trustees and, in the process, redefining the university's scope and mission. "At times it was extremely nasty," Johns says. "I was consigned to hell, informed that I'd be accountable for the downfall of the university, things like that."

The venomous attacks did not really take him by surprise, however. He realized he would be on the hot seat as early as the summer of 1990, when he first met with a group of Furman alumni who were worried about the school's future in light of the fundamentalist takeover of the Southern Baptist Convention. The group reported that several attorneys (also alumni) had conducted research into South Carolina law and found that, despite a clause in the school's charter prohibiting any charter changes without the consent of the South Carolina Baptist Convention, the Furman board of trustees actually had the legal right to change the charter at any time — and to elect its own members, a duty that the state convention had always assumed.

Johns says, "I had to take the position that these people were cheerleaders who were looking for certain results. I told them that after the game the attorneys would go back to practicing law, and I would be left holding the ball. So I wanted someone else to look at their opinion."

Once confirmation came from other law

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Almost 5,000 South Carolina Baptists gathered in special convention in Columbia on May 15 to consider severing ties with Furman.

Despite the loss of convention funding, Johns believes separation will ultimately strengthen Furman's financial position.
firms with less of a stake in the outcome, Johns and the board, led by chairman Minor Mickel, had to determine what would be best for the university.

He admits that they grappled with the decision. They knew that any attempt to change the charter without convention approval would evoke a strong reaction from state Baptists, and they realized that such a move could seriously disrupt the relationship between school and denomination.

From a personal standpoint, Johns was also torn. A lifelong Baptist, he grew up on the grounds of the Florida Baptist Children's Home, which his father directed, and had always been active in church work.

But the issue of control, and especially the potential threat from politically active fundamentalists in the convention, served to override other considerations. Furman had come a long way since the days when it was almost totally dependent on the convention. It had expanded its student and financial base and earned a reputation as one of the nation's leading liberal arts schools. It had come too far to become a pawn in a denominational power play.

Furman officials were not so concerned about the religious beliefs of fundamentalists, which are based on their insistence that the Bible is inerrant. More troubling was the fundamentalists' mindset, with their tendency toward inflexibility and hostility to any person or idea that deviates from what they consider "correct." For a liberal arts college, where the open pursuit of truth and freedom of intellectual inquiry are championed, imposition of such an intolerant, narrow attitude could be devastating.

Johns says he began to realize in 1986 that Furman might eventually face a threat from the fundamentalists. It was then that Furman first asked convention leaders about giving the university more of a say in trustee selection. Although Furman could make suggestions, the actual decision on board membership was controlled by the convention. But the request for more input was rebuffed, as were subsequent requests.

Events in the fall of 1988 brought matters into sharper focus. The night before the meeting of the convention's nominating committee, which proposes candidates for each institution's board of trustees, fundamentalists on the committee met secretly and decided on the slate of candidates they would support. They succeeded...
in electing three of their own to the Furman board and in demonstrating their growing influence. "That's when we knew things were serious," says Johns.

As three other fundamentalists were appointed to the Furman board in the following years, Johns took note of what was happening at denominational seminaries. Most alarming was the situation at Southeastern Seminary in North Carolina, where a fundamentalist board had introduced so many disruptive changes that enrollment dropped by half, two-thirds of the faculty left, and the institution's accreditation was and still is in jeopardy.

Johns, Mrs. Mickel and the trustee leadership did not want to risk the possibility that the same thing could happen at Furman. They became convinced that they needed to act to save the university. If fundamentalists took control, it was apparent that they would attempt to bring the university in line with their narrow agenda — and destroy what Furman had become.

"We could not wait; it needed to be done during my administration," says Johns. "Because of my age [now 70] and other factors, the fundamentalists would not be able to retaliate against me. But a younger person's future, certainly in Baptist education, would have been ruined if the move failed."

So the decision was made. "If our board had not taken the steps it did, I am sure Furman would have lost its academic freedom within five years," says Johns. "We likely would have had board members interfering in hiring and firing policies, trying to determine textbook selections, and introducing faculty oaths and other restrictions."

Johns anticipated a harsh reaction to the charter change. What he did not expect was the final outcome.

"I never believed we would have a complete separation," says Johns. "I felt we would emerge with a workable compromise."

Just such a compromise appeared to have been reached with the covenant, which was hammered out in the spring and summer of 1991 with a specially appointed convention committee. The covenant would have given Furman control of who was elected to the board while assuring that 60 percent of the trustees would always be South Carolina Baptists. Furman would also continue to receive funding from the convention.

"Everyone who worked on the covenant felt the convention would approve it," says Johns. "What we did not know was that the fundamentalists had a deep resentment toward the committee because none of them was on it, and they saw the covenant as a way Furman could have its cake and get its money, too."

No one realized how strong that sentiment was until the convention of November 1991, when the covenant never came to a vote. Instead, the messengers narrowly approved a substitute motion authorizing a new committee to pursue legal action against the university.

And in doing so, they inadvertently set in motion the final chain of events.

Says Johns, "No one took time to analyze the substitute motion, which is what separated us from the convention. There's no doubt about it. The vote to sue us angered the most conservative of fundamentalists and all of the moderates. The motion to sue would never have been made if anyone had realized what the backlash would be."

Reaction to the idea of a lawsuit was swift and angry. Moderate Baptists already tended to support Furman, but many funda-
Playing key roles at the special convention in Columbia were the Rev. Eddie Greene (top left), president of the convention who moderated the special session, and the Rev. Robert Shrum (top right), chairman of the convention's general board who presented the motion to sever legal and financial ties with Furman. Serving on the convention's committee to pursue legal action against Furman were the Rev. Tim Head '73 (bottom left) and Chip Campsen '82 (bottom right), who made the motion to set up the committee at the 1991 convention.
mentalists who disapproved of Furman's action also opposed a lawsuit on Biblical grounds (1 Corinthians, Chapter 6). Suddenly, Baptists who had been at odds throughout the years of denominational infighting discovered common ground. "They found something they could agree on," says Johns, "and they stopped giving to the Cooperative Program." Others even threatened to sue the convention if it attempted to use money allocated to Furman to fund a lawsuit.

Clearly, South Carolina Baptists were deeply divided. As early as February 1992, Johns says convention officials expressed dismay about the drop in funding for the Cooperative Program. The budget for the program is pledged annually; failure to meet the budget can lead to serious financial woes for its various projects and missions.

When it became increasingly obvious that the Cooperative Program was in trouble, a group of 34 pastors, representing all factions among state Baptists, met and drafted a resolution calling for the special convention. Their proposal quickly gained widespread support, coming as it did just days after the committee formed to sue Furman announced that it was unable to negotiate a settlement and would pursue legal action. Five weeks later, the special convention met and acted.

Since the separation, some fundamentalists have predicted that Furman will become a secular university, that without the Baptist influence the school will forget its Christian mission. In response, Johns points out that the board of trustees has adopted a statement of character and values for the university that defines and supports the concept of Christian higher education. Moreover, Johns says he senses a genuine concern on campus that the university remain true to its origins. He points to the church-related vocations program, Collegiate Educational Service Corps and the annual Pastors School as examples of how Furman will continue to affirm its heritage.

He even predicts that now that Furman and South Carolina Baptists are no longer adversaries, both sides will be more tolerant of each other. "A lot was written and said out of frustration," he says. "That need not last now. I suspect we'll be better friends than most people think."

Johns also disavows any notion that, as some have claimed, independence was what Furman wanted all along. He says, "For now, separation was best for both groups. The convention will be more harmonious, and Furman will not be distracted. History will determine whether separation was ultimately the best decision."

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Three Greenville attorneys, (l-r) Larry Estridge '66, Lindsay Smith '74 and Neil Rabon '81, were members of an alumni task force organized in 1990 to seek ways to prevent a fundamentalist takeover of Furman and later served on Furman's defense team.
Furman's Iron
The first woman to head the board of trustees, Minor Mickel remained both firm and gracious during one of Furman's most troubled times.

BY MARGUERITE HAYS

When Minor Mickel agreed to serve as chairman of Furman's board of trustees, it had not occurred to her that she would be the first woman to do so.

"It really and truly didn't enter my mind," she says. "I just tried to decide if it was a job I could handle well for Furman, without neglecting my family.

"Then, afterward, it hit me that there had not been a woman in that position before," she says laughing.

As it turned out, not only did she make history by becoming the first female chairman of a board that has traditionally included few women, but she also headed the board during one of the most crucial periods in Furman's history. Under her leadership, the board in October 1990 took the extraordinary action of amending the university's charter to allow the board, rather than the South Carolina Baptist Convention, to elect Furman trustees. This move led eventually to the end of all official ties between Furman and the convention, after 19 months of controversy. (See article on page 12.)

During this time of crisis, the position of chairman took on new dimensions, requiring far more than Mrs. Mickel had ever imagined. In fact, it became her responsibility to preside at the most difficult, nerve-racking board meetings in recent years and to attend countless other meetings with the board's executive committee, Furman's lawyers and administrators, and convention representatives. She was also called on to speak at faculty meetings and press conferences and to talk with numerous reporters in person and on the telephone.
"It has really been a full-time job," she says. "But I've learned a lot. I've learned that you have to keep your composure no matter what happens. And I'm a great believer in doing your homework."

Those who have observed her in action describe her leadership style as calm, gracious and firm. And, they emphasize, she is thorough.

"She is one of the most thorough people I have ever known," says B.O. (Tommy) Thomason, who headed Furman's legal team. "When you discuss a matter with her, you'd better be prepared to answer some tough questions.

"I think she learned this approach during years of personal involvement in making business decisions," he continues. "Being around her husband Buck, an outstanding businessman himself, she has observed this process very well and knows how to make sound decisions and how to deal with crisis."

Mrs. Mickel's determination and businesslike approach served Furman well during the months of exhausting negotiations with two different convention committees. If those who opposed the board's action in 1990 had hoped to wear down her resolve, they were disappointed.

She admits that she became weary of all the procedures they had to go through. "Sometimes I said the same thing so many times I felt like a broken record. ... going over and over the same thing," she recalls. But she was never tempted to give in to the fundamentalists' demands in the interest of reaching an agreement.

"I truly never thought we would not come out well in the end," she says. "I knew the worst that could happen would be a lawsuit, and that would have been a terrible thing, but I felt so strongly that we were legally right that I was sure the courts would rule in our favor."

Both she and President John E. Johns remember the moment when a lawsuit seemed most certain. It was on the morning of March 30, the Monday after Furman's executive committee had met with the convention committee appointed to pursue legal action against the university. Furman's representatives had turned down two proposals and presented a counterproposal to the convention committee. The meeting adjourned with the understanding that Tim Head, who was chairman of the convention committee, would call Mrs. Mickel and Johns on Monday morning in Johns' office.

"When Tim Head called on that conference call, he asked Dr. Johns to let him talk to me," she recalls. "When I took the telephone, he said he wanted to ask me one question. He said, 'Mrs. Mickel, are you adamant about not giving up control of the board of trustees?' I said, 'I am absolutely adamant and with no equivocation. We will not do that.' Then he said, 'Well, I don't think we have anything else to talk about.' I said, 'I don't think we do either,' and that was the end of the conversation."

"During that conversation, I watched her face," says Johns. "I knew what Head was saying, and I knew what her answer would be. "Minor Mickel has been Furman's iron lady," he adds, with admiration.

Sitting in her den two months after that telephone conversation, Mrs. Mickel seems anything but an iron lady. Surrounded by the handsome furnishings of a home that is often used for entertaining, she is relaxed and friendly and easy to talk to. The conversation is interrupted several times by the telephone, and
two of her children and a grandson stop by.

For a woman who has entertained the
Vice President of the United States in her
home and who has been entertained at the
White House, she is remarkably unaffected
and down-to-earth. She wears her light
brown hair brushed back casually and seems
to prefer tailored suits and dresses. She
speaks in a pleasant, rather low-pitched
voice with an accent that echoes the
plantation speech of upcountry Georgia.

A Georgian by birth, she grew up in
Elberton, where her father owned a building
supply and construction company and
served as mayor. She attended Wesleyan
College in Macon (as had her mother and
five aunts before her) for two years and
graduated from the University of Georgia in
1946. She and her childhood sweetheart,
Buck Mickel, were married that spring and
lived in Atlanta while he finished Georgia
Tech after having served in the Army. In
January of 1948, Mickel started to work for
Daniel Construction Company, which was
owned by his aunt’s husband, Charles E.
Daniel. The Mickels lived in Anderson,
S.C., until Buck was called back into the
Army during the Berlin Airlift.

The Army flew Mrs. Mickel and their
baby daughter Minor to Germany, where
the family stayed for two and a half years.
“It was a marvelous experience,” she says.
“We just put Minor in the car and went to
various countries on weekends and holidays.
I’m sure that’s where our love for travel
originated.”

When Mickel was discharged, he re­
turned to his job with Daniel, and the
family moved to Greenville. Two sons,
Buck, Jr., and Charles, were born in the
fifties.

Buck Mickel rose rapidly through the
ranks at Daniel to become chairman of the
board of Daniel International Corporation
and vice chairman of the board of Fluor
Corporation, which acquired Daniel in
1977. He retired from an active role with
Fluor Daniel in 1987 and now serves as
chairman and chief executive of RSI
Corporation, a diversified holding company
he helped to found.

“In our early days in Greenville, my time
was spent raising my children and doing
whatever I could to help Buck get ahead,”
says Mrs. Mickel. “He traveled a lot and we
entertained a lot of guests in our home. I
enjoyed that very much. I’ve always enjoyed
meeting new people.”

As her children grew older, Mrs. Mickel
began to devote more and more time to
community service. From president of the
PTA and treasurer of the Junior League, she
went on to serve on the boards of Travelers
Aid, Phillis Wheatley Community Center,
the Maternity Shelter, United Way and the
Community Foundation of Greater
Greenville. She now serves on the boards of
Greenville’s new Peace Center for the
Performing Arts and the Greenville
Hospital Foundation.

She is also involved in several busi­
nesses. “I’ve always had a keen interest in
business,” she explains. “I am on the board
of RSI, and the children and I have an
investment company called MICCO
Corporation. I am the chairman, but we
always make investment decisions to­
tgether.”

The Mickels live in a large, imposing
house on Crescent Avenue, near downtown
Greenville. The house was originally the
home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Daniel and
was later owned by Judge and Mrs. Clement
Haynsworth. While the main part of the

At a press conference on October 15, 1990,
Mrs. Mickel announced that the board of
trustees had amended the university’s charter
to give the board the sole power to elect
Furman trustees.
house contains beautifully decorated rooms suitable for entertaining large numbers of people, the Mickels added a wing that provides more casual living quarters.

The Mickels' three children also live nearby in Greenville. Minor is married to Dr. Hal Shaw, and they have three children. Charles and his wife Rachelle have one son. Buck, Jr., works for RSI, and Charles works for Insignia, another business his father helped to start.

Every other year, the senior Mickels take the whole family on a trip abroad. They have traveled in Europe, Africa, the Soviet Union, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Central and South America, and many other places. Last summer they were in Moscow two days before the unsuccessful attempt to overthrow Gorbachev.

"We used to get a car. Now we get a mini-van. We usually have a driver and an English-speaking guide," Mrs. Mickel explains.

"We have a wonderful time. You know, about all you can give your family is love and a good education — and travel. Travel is a good education. It broadens your horizons to see how other people in the world live. What you really see is how lucky you are to be in this country and have the opportunities we have."

Through their generosity and public service, the Mickels have played a major role in improving the quality of life in upstate South Carolina. Together, they have probably held leadership positions in every major community organization and project in Greenville in recent years, and they are benefactors of many cultural organizations.

They also have a special interest in education. Between them, they have served on various boards at Clemson, Converse, the University of South Carolina, Georgia Tech and The Citadel, as well as Furman. Buck Mickel also serves on the board of the South Carolina Foundation of Independent Colleges.

"Education is our main thrust," says Mrs. Mickel. "We have set up lots of scholarships at various colleges and we give some scholarships at Elberton High School in honor of my father and Buck's mother."

At Furman the Mickels established the prestigious Presidential Scholarships, which pay all university costs for top students. In addition, Buck and the children have made substantial gifts for the construction of The

One of Mrs. Mickel's more pleasant duties as chairman of the board of trustees was speaking at the ground-breaking ceremony of Richard W. Riley Hall, which will be named for the Furman alumnus and former governor of South Carolina (seated behind her).
Minor Herndon Mickel Court, which will include two new residence halls.

Minor Mickel has been associated with Furman since 1978, when she became a member of the Advisory Council. In 1981, she was elected to a five-year term on the board of trustees, and in 1987 she was elected to a second term. She has served as both vice chairman of the board and chairman of the executive committee.

In 1985-86, she represented the board on the steering committee of Furman’s institutional self-study, which is required every 10 years for accreditation by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools. This responsibility entailed attending weekly meetings and reading reports about every aspect of the university.

“It was very time-consuming,” she says, “but it was one of the most interesting things I’ve ever done. I learned a lot about Furman, especially the academic side.”

Although the issue of Furman’s relationship with the South Carolina Baptist Convention has been settled, the board now faces the sensitive task of deciding what the qualifications of future trustees will be. At the last board meeting, Mrs. Mickel appointed a committee of trustees, faculty, administrators and alumni to consider this matter.

“A lot of people have different ideas about the qualifications of trustees, but I don’t foresee that as a problem,” she says. “We just have to go at this thing very carefully and come up with a method that will allow us to get the best trustees possible. We have such a wonderful opportunity now, we can’t afford to allow anything to stand in our way.”

Mrs. Mickel’s tenure as chairman ends December 31, when her current term on the board expires. Looking back to the time when she agreed to serve, she says she never would have imagined then that the ties between Furman and the convention would be severed. But she believes Furman’s new status as an independent college will give the university the freedom it needs to move ahead.

“I think Furman has a great future,” she says. “I really believe Furman can become the finest university of its size in the country. So it’s a great challenge. A lot of people are watching to see what we will do.”

And she doesn’t regret the time she has spent on behalf of Furman. “It’s been a very stressful time,” she says, “but I honestly have enjoyed every minute of it. I’ve made wonderful friends and gotten more out of it than I could possibly give. I’m glad I was able to be part of this historic process.”

As the first woman to serve as chairman of Furman’s board of trustees, Minor Mickel has prepared the way for other women to attain top leadership positions. Yet her success depends less on her gender than on the kind of person she is. Her gracious manner and moral courage have earned the respect and admiration of everyone who has worked with her.

“She is a strong leader and a sound thinker,” says Johns. “We could not have had a better chairman.”

No matter what her other interests may be, Minor Mickel’s family always comes first. Posing for a family portrait are: (seated, front row, l-r) Rachelle Mickel holding Clark, Minor Mickel and Minor Mickel Shaw; (seated, second row) Charles Mickel, Dr. Hal Shaw and Katie Shaw; (standing) Buck Mickel, Jr., Buck Mickel, Hal Shaw, Jr., and Carter Shaw.
The Ostrich
"I had a sense of being in another time, another place, amid the centuries-old architecture that is safe sanctuary for patients with one of the oldest diseases known to humankind..."

BY ALLISON GREENE

Under the enormous antique-crystal chandelier in the hotel lobby, a group began to assemble. It was 7:30 a.m. in Baton Rouge in a part of town where cabs are two-manned, and the antebellum styling of dark brick and reaching white columns seemed a mockery. By the time we boarded the tour bus, I had met Chen, a Chinese dermatologist practicing in Jamaica; Diane, an occupational therapist working in Nepal; Kim, an R.N. at Toronto General Hospital; and Bob, a private-practice physician from Virginia.

Thirteen of us rode out in the early morning mist through the bayou country as gospel-rock blared from the bus radio. The flat land, lush and green, unfolded beyond the dew-spotted windows. Soon signs pointed one way to Sunshine, the other to Carville. White Castle Ferry crossed the Mississippi just over the left rise. Then signs appeared on the right, and the beginning of a high chain-link fence. The U.S. Public Health Service Gillis W. Long Hansen’s Disease Center, Carville, La.

I recalled the history I knew of the place.

In 1893 John Kendall Smith, a cub reporter for the Daily Picayune, revealed a place in New Orleans known as “Dr. Beard’s Pesthole” where 12 leprosy patients were kept. His aggressive reporting prompted the Louisiana legislature to address the problem. So in 1894, Dr. Isadore Dyer, a young professor at Tulane University School of Medicine, transported seven of these patients by coal barge to the crumbling ruins of Indian Camp Plantation, 85 miles upriver. Being housed in old slave cabins adjoining the decaying manor home may not have seemed much better, but it held hope for improved care.
and treatment — even though still in seclusion. Dr. Dyer had leased the land under the pretense of running an ostrich farm.

In 1921 the federal government acquired the facility, which remained in quarantine until the early 1960s. At its peak in the 1940s it was completely self-sufficient, with nearly 500 patients operating a slaughter house and dairy farm. Many of these early patients still live at Carville, like Mary who remembers her father leaving her at the gate when she was 15. In her 65 years at Carville, Mary recalls escaping with another patient to get married, being “caught” by a doctor and brought back in handcuffs, having her mail sterilized, being denied the vote, sudden stops to softball games when the ball crossed over the fence and no one was allowed out to retrieve it.

Today the Gillis W. Long Hansen’s Disease Center (named after a former congressman) is vastly different. It functions efficiently as a research, evaluation, treatment and rehabilitation center for nearly 200 patients. Also, because of its success in leprosy treatment and control over the entire United States, Carville is in the initial stage of a long-term phase-over. To maintain budgetary funding, part of the 337 acres has been leased to the federal prison system and 250 inmates are now living at the facility, sharing the infirmary, cafeteria and chapels with patients.

Leaving the bus I was aware of many sensations: the feel of loamy sand beneath my white Keds. A strange odor, indistinguishable yet distinct, that seemed to come from the land itself. Hazy stretches of shady lanes outlined by low-hanging trees, alternately striped with grassy expanses.

We walked toward the Training Building, a white frame plantation-style house stained green from the constant moisture and humidity. Like the traditional lady of the manor, the conference director welcomed us from the porch. Her long hair was beautifully steel-streaked; her floral print dress was full-bodied and cinched-waisted. Determined to get the day’s activities started on schedule, she propelled us forward with her professional intensity and well-modulated speech. In sharp contrast to the old plantation-style setting, she is black.

By lunch time I felt inundated with lectures on immunology, bacteria, research, diagnosis, methods of treatment. Walking across the grounds between a young pathologist from southern California and a physician resident from Tulane’s infectious disease program, we were cautioned to respect the patients’ privacy (many are still listed under assumed names) and not to talk to any of the prisoners we might encounter.

We walked through the infirmary to get to the dining room. We smiled and responded to patients — some walking stooped, amputees in wheel chairs, others riding old bikes or even large iron tricycles. Again I was assaulted by smells: medical smells, disinfectants and insecticides, frying garlic.

The menu was full. Pasta, meat or vegetarian pizza, vegetables, salad, bread, cake. I realized the urge to wash my hands, again and again. Squeamishness gave over to queasiness, and I wished for a Diet Coke, frosty and safe in a can, and a pack of crackers. Sitting by a Brown University resident from the Philippines, I managed a small dish of zucchini and iced tea.

Rain began to fall suddenly, unannounced and almost unnoticed, outside the large screened windows. We walked through the concrete-and-screen exterior corridors of the complex — two and a half miles of them — with the high arched windows, lofty ceilings, curved corners.

The rain was silent, soft, and soaking the

__Rachael and her husband, who met when both were patients at the Hansen’s Disease Center, lived normal lives on the “outside” for several years — until they were forced to return by the recurrence of her illness.__
semi-tropical plants and the grape arbor in the courtyard. I had a sense of being in another time, another place, amid the centuries-old French-style architecture that is safe sanctuary for patients with one of the oldest diseases known to humankind: leprosy.

When ALM International (American Leprosy Missions) moved to Greenville from the New York area in 1990, local business people vying for service contracts joked among themselves. Would they catch anything by entering the building? Were ALM staff scarred and fingerless? Most people had no idea leprosy still existed.

I didn't either. Then I learned how horribly so it does.

Although no longer a public health problem in the United States (only about 6000 cases), there are approximately 10 million persons with leprosy, living mostly in Third World countries. Leprosy continues to maim and mutilate, separate families, be a living death for those infected. Tragically, leprosy today is not very different from the Bible accounts I remember. Since earliest times it has been symbolic of the worst that could happen to a person: physical suffering, bodily decay, ugliness, loss of worldly goods, social rejection. And for thousands of years the only aids were prayer, befriending and comforting, anointing with holy oil.

Leprosy, or Hansen's Disease, is caused by a bacterium that affects the body's cooler tissues, particularly those of the hands, feet and face. The skin thickens, lesions appear, nodules form. Since the disease attacks the nerves, the resulting lack of feeling can cause severe ulcerations, bone absorption, infections of the eye. These secondary problems can lead to disfiguring deformities, disabilities and even blindness if the disease goes untreated.

In itself leprosy is not a fatal disease; neither is it highly contagious. Ninety-five percent of the world's population seems to have a natural immunity to the bacillus. Although it is believed to be transmitted by droplet form in the air, only 5 percent of spouses of patients ever contract the disease. It is rare that health workers living in close proximity with patients are ever infected with Hansen's Disease.

Because the bacillus cannot be cultivated in the laboratory, much about Hansen's Disease is still a mystery. The armadillo, which manifests leprosy in the wild, has been valuable to researchers in treatment and cure.

Today there is a cure. In the early 1980s, MDT (multi-drug therapy), or three antibiotics in combination, proved effective in killing the bacillus Mycobacterium lepraem that causes leprosy. One hundred and fifty dollars (world average) supplies the necessary elements to cure one person of the disease — with no crippling effects, if used in time. (Sulfur drugs, such as Dapsone, were introduced in the 1940s but did not prove to have lasting effect.)

ALM International is the American fund-raising body for the world problem of leprosy. It doesn't have a bandwagon cause. Just a mission for a disease where even supplying money for a cure carries its own stigma.

A week last September at the Carville center afforded me the chance to experience the leprosy problem firsthand. I had

Today $150 (world average) supplies the necessary elements to cure one person of leprosy — with no crippling effects, if used in time.

the opportunity to talk with patients, medical personnel and even prisoners. To say that it was "life changing" sounds somewhat trite. Yet without question, it gave me a personal understanding of the plight of those with the disease, and the realization that leprosy is not something that happened centuries ago, or even a hundred years ago, but is continuing to occur right now.

... As in Jenny's case. Jenny was spending her summer at Carville rather than in New York City with her family. Her friends thought she was at summer camp. Only her immediate family knew the real reason.

At age 13 Jenny developed what she thought were large mosquito bites on her arms and legs. When they didn't go away and the pain and itching worsened, her mother took her to a doctor. He prescribed some topical cream. After several months, she went to a dermatologist who did a skin biopsy and diagnosed leprosy.

Her mother wouldn't believe the diagnosis, and they went to a third doctor. After the third skin smear confirming leprosy, Jenny began taking the prescribed regimen of three antibiotics. The doctor cautioned them not to tell anyone of the diagnosis or the Public Health Service would take her away.

Jenny had never known anyone with leprosy. Her grandfather had worked as a medic in Panama with leprosy patients, but he had died when she was six and she had had minimal contact with him.

Jenny's case was more unusual than some. She did not get well quickly. After three years she started taking prednisone, and after almost five years — in May of her senior year — had come to Carville to be hospitalised to begin further chemotherapy. She was allowed to go back for her high school graduation, and last summer at Carville she celebrated her 19th birthday.

Jenny was to be released in September, and she hoped to resume some schooling. She retained 30 percent nerve loss in her lower left leg and striation on her skin.

Touring three of us around the lovely grounds of Carville on a golf cart, past the lake with alligators and the cemetery full of thousands of carefully kept graves, the lonely teenager remarked, "Life with leprosy is hell."

Many millions throughout history would agree. The problem of leprosy is actually more than finding money for a cure. It is also a problem of ignorance and mystery and fear.

Recommended treatment today in the United States is outpatient, at contract centers across the country. Patients refuse to use their insurance, however, for fear of being dropped or even fired by their employers. Patients who left their "outside" lives in their teens have nowhere to go and no living skills 50 years later.

An older resident at Carville remembered experiencing much of what Jenny feared. The gentleman in the wheelchair brightened the room. His white shirt was brilliantly printed with flame- and gold-colored leaves. His dark hair was tinged with gray, his elegant mustache was gray, his goatee almost white. I noted the tilt of his head, the aristocratic nose, the steady eyes that focused on me as he began to speak.

"I was born in Spain in 1914, but my family came to this country, through Cuba, when I was 16. I started working in a cigar factory in Tampa, Fla., and after several years I began noticing numbness in my hand. Everyone thought it was just from cutting the tobacco. When I was 20, I finally saw a doctor who told me, 'Mr. Martinez, I'm not sure, but I think you might have leprosy.'

"'Leprosy?' I couldn't believe it. What would I do?"

"Don't worry,' the doctor said. 'I have the only medicine there is for it.' And he gave me a small wooden box of tubes (for shots) of chalkmoogra oil.

"I went back home to my 17-year-old wife, my grandparents who lived with us, my job — and tried not to worry.
That next day was horrible. Patients would flash a flashlight out the window to locate house numbers. It stopped in front of my house, and a man came up on the porch.

He told me he was a doctor and that I would have to go with him to a special place where they would treat my leprosy. I told him I had a doctor who was treating my leprosy — that he wasn't even sure I had it — but he said, No, I had to go with him the next morning, to pack my suitcases.

That morning he came to pick me up. He wouldn't touch my suitcases. I was worried about leaving my young wife and my elderly grandparents. We drove for several hours. He wouldn't let me go in any place to eat, but brought me a plate to go. He said, "You're going to look.'

"When I first saw the attendants — Sisters of Charity — in their long white dresses and tall peaked hats, I was so scared. I thought they had taken me to a Ku Klux Klan hospital! That next day was horrible. Patients in the worst condition imaginable came to my room and peered at me and said, 'Look at me. This is how you're going to look.'

"When I finally saw a doctor, he examined me and then handed me that same kind of wooden box, with those same tubes of chaulmoogra oil, that I'd been using at home. They made me come here and there was nothing more that they could do for me than my doctor had been doing.

"It was 1934. When I realized I was here to stay, I made my wife divorce me. [Spouses were not allowed to enter the complex.]

"I made friends with about six people here, we shared the same house. We did things for fun, played tricks on each other — like moving a fellow's furniture out, things like that — to pass the time. And we'd go out through 'the Hole' (a gap in the fence) into town sometimes, to football games and bars. We helped a lot of people escape.

"I tried to leave once, when I got word my grandfather was dying in Tampa. In those days you had to get permission from each state to travel through. The Medical Officer in Charge wouldn't let me go; too much trouble to get permission from that many states. So I went out the Hole. I was stopped somewhere along the line and sent back. I never saw my grandfather again. But they didn't put me in the jail. [A jail was kept on the premises under constant guard.]

"I married a girl [another patient] I met from Texas. We had to go out the Hole to get married, because marriage wasn't allowed then at Carville.

"Pretty soon after that, the sulfone treatment started working for people. After 12 consecutive monthly negative tests, we could leave. So we went to Waco where I worked in a dry goods store for a few years.

"Tell me about when you came here," I prodded.

"It was March 16, 1949. I was 12 and living in Texas. A doctor diagnosed the skin patches as leprosy. A deputy sheriff and a public health nurse came and took me away from my parents. My mother didn't even speak English. I had to live here."

"Did you ever leave?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. In the sixties they kind of 'opened the doors' around here. You know, Dapsone was having some effect by then. I had married another patient in 1960 and we left in 1961. He got a job working on computers for the railroad and we moved to Phoenix, where we lived for six years. During those years I came back to the doctors here at Carville every year for check-ups. Then we moved to San Francisco. We were both working, had a nice house, friends, swimming pool, normal lives.

"Then I started having trouble again. I went to a doctor who was supposedly a leprologist. The first thing he did was change my medication from 700 milligrams per day to 50 milligrams per week. I got worse and worse: lesions on my arms, legs and face. He said I had a form of eczema. I began to lose sensation. Finally, I had to make him do a skin smear. He kept telling me, 'You don't have leprosy anymore.'

"He called in 48 hours to say it was positive, and he started me on mega-doses of six different drugs. I found out later that three of them were experimental and that he was required by law to tell me that. (When I confronted him about that later, he said, 'So what? You won't sue me.') I got a terrible reverse reaction — and was much sicker than I had ever been. I called Dr. Jacobson and we came back to Carville. I

Twenty-two percent of new Hansen's Disease patients identified around the world are children.
A patient at Carville for most of his life, this 77-year-old Spaniard is concerned about the future of the people who live at the center.

had been 'out' 18 years.

"I am still very bitter. I feel I received cruel and unusual punishment. I was incarcerated for 11 years — from ages 14 to 25. I was robbed of the love of my mother and father, the fellowship of my brothers and sisters, my youth and freedom. I can never forgive the public health department for that."

"Hey, Rachael!" Oscar, the young recreation director, yelled from across the room. "Do you still love me?"

With a slightly bemused calmness — not of serenity but with a tightness born of both fight and acceptance — she answered quietly, "I love me." And then quizically, glancing around the room where people are in varying stages of age and disability, she asked no one in particular, "Who do you love?"

Toward the end of my visit, following one of the turn-offs in the corridor maze, I approached the Catholic chapel. The heavy wooden doors snapped inward as sensors — accustomed to accommodating people without full use of hands and feet — noted my tread. In the dim interior of dark brick walls and wood paneling, candles flickered and late afternoon sun filtered through ornate colored windows.

Immediately across from me, at the back of the chapel and directly beneath a long stained-glass window, sat a small figure in a wheelchair. I recognized her as the aging nun I'd seen earlier in the patients' crafts area.

Light in patterned colors fell across her white, draped figure. Her face, discolored a dark blue, peeped out from her hooded cap. Tiny hands with only a few nubs for fingers lay on top of her robes. I remembered her loving smiles and hugs to workers earlier that day, as she spoke only in her native Spanish, hearing little, seeing less.

I walked softly past her on the smooth marble floor and knelt in a pew in the silence.

In the darkness and the light, it was all here. Human frailty. Inspiration and service. Struggle and helplessness. Personal identification. Comfort and union.

A child of God praying.

Allison Greene (Jane Allison Garrison Greene '75), currently director of public relations at Greenville's St. Francis Hospital, formerly served as associate director of communications for ALM International. Founded in 1906 as an independent Christian medical mission, ALM operates on private donations to send aid to Protestant, Catholic and government programs in 26 countries.
Sam Hodges –

*B-Four* and After

A veteran reporter’s first novel earns critical acclaim.

BY JIM STEWART

A veteran reporter's first novel earns critical acclaim. Hodges experienced one such moment recently when he was invited to Birmingham to discuss his novel, *B-Four*, on a local television show — and was promptly introduced as the author of “Before, a book about the Civil War.”

You would think they could get the title right; after all, *B-Four* is set in Birmingham. And yes, Civil War reenactments contribute to the plot, and a Confederate general does grace the book cover. But these are peripheral elements in the story of cub reporter Beauregard Forrest, whose struggle to cope with life, love and “Pet of the Week” duties forms the heart of Hodges’ funny, perceptive novel.

At least Hodges got to appear on the same show with the world’s fastest omelet maker, plus a blind man who received a message from above telling him to walk the Appalachian Trail. Hmmm — might they be characters just waiting for another book?

The early reviews of *B-Four* certainly would justify a second effort. *Publishers Weekly*, an important guide for bookstore owners, issued a strong endorsement, as did the *Library Journal* and newspapers throughout the South. And it can’t hurt sales to have such a major newspaper as Atlanta’s *Journal-Constitution* describe you as “a fresh new voice in Southern literature, one that will be heard for a long time.”

This is the stuff from which great expectations arise. But Hodges accepts the praise with equanimity. “There’s a little pressure, but I think I can handle it,” he says. “It’s not as if I’m being hailed as the next Norman Mailer. I just try to take encouragement from the kind words.”

The idea for *B-Four* originated in the early 1980s during Hodges’ three-and-a-half-year stint at the *Post-Herald* in Birmingham, his third stop in a five-state journalistic trek across the South that began after he graduated from Furman in 1977. He credits reporter Mike Mayhan, a *Post-Herald* colleague who was suffering through a story slump, with coining the name “B-Four,” and light-hearted exchanges with
Mayhan and other reporters brought out more possibilities. Hodges began to jot down ideas, but finding time to act on them was a problem until 1985, when he received a journalism fellowship to the University of Michigan. There, he spent nine months attending classes, participating in workshops, learning about writing — and completing his first draft.

He worked on revisions when time permitted over the next few years, then received a boost in 1989 when he enrolled in the Master of Fine Arts program in creative writing at Warren Wilson College in North Carolina. The program gave him the chance to talk with published authors, who read chapters of the novel and offered advice. He earned his M.F.A. in 1991 and completed the final version of B-Four that June.

One problem Hodges faced along the way was in making the transition from reporter to novelist. Although he had written about many different subjects and understood the basics of good writing, he found he was lacking in a key area — imagination.

"Contrary to what people may think, reporters don't manufacture stories," he says. "I was used to working with facts. Now I had to create people and make them real. I had to give myself permission to make things up." In the end, however, he met the challenge, as almost all reviewers have commented on his richly drawn characters.

Hodges' own literary tastes run to such authors as Larry McMurtry, Flannery O'Connor and J.D. Salinger. But he reserves his highest praise for Charles Portis, an Arkansas novelist who wrote True Grit. "He is unjustly unknown," says Hodges. "He is a funny writer with his own perspective and sense of timing, and he's willing just to write and let his books find an audience."

After six years as a feature writer for the Orlando Sentinel, Hodges is preparing to move to Washington, D.C., where his wife of three years, Kit Lively, is a reporter for the Chronicle of Higher Education. He plans to do freelance work and begin writing a second book.

In the process, perhaps he can redress B-Four's one glaring flaw. Beauregard's somewhat complicated life is made more so by his father's obsessive desire for him to attend — gulp — Washington and Lee. Whatever happened to alma mater, Mr. Hodges? Whither the Harvard of the South?

"Oh, I have plans for Furman," he says. "The definitive Southern Conference novel is still to be written. I may take a shot at it."
ne would think that given Bennie Lee Sinclair's credentials, companies would have been clamoring for the right to publish her first novel.

After all, she is poet laureate of South Carolina, a Pulitzer Prize nominee for her poetry, winner of a Best American Short Story citation and a 1961 Furman graduate. This is a rather impressive résumé. She should have her choice of publishers, right?

Not exactly. "It was difficult to find a publisher," Sinclair says. "As a first-time novelist, no matter what else you've accomplished, you're still in competition with so many other writers." In fact, *The Lynching* went through 12 publishers before finding a friendly editor at New York's Walker and Company. And even then, it ran into some rocky times.

As Sinclair tells the story, the folks at Walker weren't sure how to categorize *The Lynching*. "First the crime editor had it, then the mystery editor took it away. Then she left the company to work for a magazine, and the book became sort of a red-headed stepchild and more or less sat there for a while. But somehow, it hobbled through."

Once published, *The Lynching* overcame its erratic start to earn a positive reception and favorable reviews in trade publications such as *Publishers Weekly* and *Kirkus Reviews*. "Sales seem to be better than for a lot of first novels," says Sinclair, "and it has made a number of best-seller lists." One friend reported seeing the book prominently displayed at a store in Maine, and a cousin was thrilled to discover three copies of *The Lynching* in a Palm Beach, Fla., library.

There is also a possibility that the book could become a film. Sinclair's literary agent, who has a Hollywood connection, has shopped it around the entertainment capital, and one company actually considered it for a mini-series before turning it down.

"They said it was too racy," says Sinclair. "I wanted to know, did they mean racely or racy?"

The adjective might indeed require clarification. Sinclair's tale of Tom Levity, who returns to Green Hills, S.C., to investigate the lynching of his father 30 years before, does consider the nature of black-white relationships in the South. Based in part on the last lynching in South Carolina, which took place in Greenville when
Sinclair was nine, the book also examines, sometimes in intimate detail, the intertwining secrets of several prominent Green Hills families. But racy? Or racey? Either way, it seems rather tame by Hollywood standards.

Certainly, the book's success should bode well for its sequel, which Sinclair is currently writing. "I didn't get to do everything I wanted to in the first novel," she says, in part because Walker wanted the book to be a certain length. The sequel, she says, will carry through some of the same characters and further explore the issue of black-white relationships.

"I've gotten some nice comments from the black community about The Lynching," says Sinclair. "And I want to write about black and white characters."

For Sinclair, the process of writing a novel required a shift in approach and energy from her first love, poetry. "With poetry you can think and work in spurts, hampered Sinclair's ability to work. A diabetic, she is blind in one eye and in need of a kidney transplant. Her eye problems make it resonant with every reader who has ever lost a loved one or had a family member taken away by violence."

That has never been a problem for Bennie Lee Sinclair. She looks forward to writing an autobiographical novel one day, and while she works on the sequel to The Lynching, she is preparing to issue a collection of new and selected poems titled The Endangered. Ninety-Six Press, founded last year by Furman English professors Gil Allen and Bill Rogers, will publish the book later this year.

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**The Lynching: A Look at the Dark Past**

BY LINDA JULIAN

A voodoo-practicing black woman who sells jewelry made from chicken bones, an aristocratic family who have more than skeletons in their closet, an ancient black housekeeper who serves up dishpan cobbler as she rations out the dark truth of the past, a young white governor's aide who risks her marriage and family name as she investigates her father's death, a young black poet and elementary school teacher who peppers back the layers of mystery surrounding the lynching of his father — these characters alone more than justify the purchase price of Bennie Lee Sinclair's first novel, The Lynching.

"I find that fiction is a matter of distance," she continues. "You pull your readers to you, then push them away, but you need to maintain a rhythm. If they have to stop to figure something out, or get lost, then you've lost them."

Judging by reaction to The Lynching, she found the right rhythm. Particularly gratifying, she says, has been the encouragement she has received from fellow writers, such as novelist Phyllis Whitney.

Of late, serious health problems have hampered Sinclair's ability to work. A diabetic, she is blind in one eye and in need of a kidney transplant. Her eye problems make it resonant with every reader who has ever lost a loved one or had a family member taken away by violence."

"I think through as much as I can in advance, at least through the next scene," she says. "Then it's still a matter of finding the right words."

That has never been a problem for Bennie Lee Sinclair. She looks forward to writing an autobiographical novel one day, and while she works on the sequel to The Lynching, she is preparing to issue a collection of new and selected poems titled The Endangered. Ninety-Six Press, founded last year by Furman English professors Gil Allen and Bill Rogers, will publish the book later this year.

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Dr. Linda Julian is an associate professor of English at Furman.
WHAT IS A PALADIN?

BY FRANCIS W. BONNER

Several times during telecasts and radio broadcasts of Furman's football and basketball games I have heard an announcer or commentator ask that question. Sometimes the answer has been an "I don't know" or a vague story about a "Count Palatine" of the Emperor Charlemagne's court. That annoys me a bit, because I contend that there was no such person — no member of the Emperor's retinue whose name was "Palatine." Before explaining that, however, let us recall how Furman's athletic teams came to be called "Paladins."

In 1927, Carter (Scoop) Latimer, sports editor of the Greenville News, referred to Furman's basketball team as the "Purple Paladins" and the "Paladins of the court." He had previously labeled the football team the "Hurricanes." In time, those names stuck. The baseball team became the "Hornets," and the cross country and track teams were the "Harriers." In 1961 the students voted to apply the name "Paladins" to all the athletic teams, and the student newspaper became the Paladin.

But what is a "Paladin"? First, let's explain why the name was not derived from a (non-existent) "Count Palatine."

The term "palatine" derives from the Latin palatinus, which means "belonging to the palace." Under the Roman Empire the chamberlains of the emperor and the troops guarding the palace were described as palatine, and in medieval Germany the Palatinate was a territorial name applied to the lands of the Countship Palatinate of the Rhine. This Rhenish Palatinate grew out of the jurisdiction of the "count palatine" of Lotharingia. The count palatine of the Rhine was the foremost secular prince of the Reich!

According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, in Carolingian (Charles) times the count palatine was an official of the sovereign's entourage or household, in particular of his courts of law. In Germany the counts palatine had other duties.

In short, "count palatine" was the title of an office, not the name of an individual. So let's abandon the idea that our Paladins have any connection with some medieval count named "Palatine."

It is interesting, however, to see how even some "authorities" have been led astray in this matter. For example, we find this definition of paladin in The Oxford English Dictionary: "In modern forms of the Charlemagne romances, One of the Twelve Peers or famous warriors of Charlemagne's court, of whom the Count Palatine was the foremost; hence sometimes [by transfer] a Knight of the Round Table; also a knightly hero, renowned champion, knight errant."

But, again, what is a Paladin?

Webster's Third New International Dictionary defines paladin as "a champion of a medieval prince; a legendary hero; a person of outstanding worth or quality who is firm in support of some cause or objective." But who were the original paladins? For the answer, we do go back to Charlemagne.

The Charlemagne Cycle is one of four great cycles of legends in poetry and prose which originated in medieval Europe. The others were the Arthurian tales, the classic romances of Alexander and of Troy, and the Germanic system of hero tales. In his Shorter Cambridge Medieval History, C. W. Previté-Orton says:

"Of the Charlemagne Cycle some seventy Chansons de Geste are preserved. Charlemagne, a composite figure of the Emperor himself and other Carolingians, as a rule is a minor figure in them. The real heroes are the paladins, typical figures of the war-like, independent barons of the heyday of feudal disorder. Valour, loyalty to lord and kindred, zeal for the Faith against the infidel, an insatiable appetite for battle, and reckless pride mark their careers. They give the feudal ideal of the crusading years round 1100. Legendary or fictitious as their stories are, the personages were as often as not real nobles of the preceding centuries, bewilderingly transformed."

The most popular of the poems about Charlemagne was the Chanson de Roland, or Song of Roland. It is there that we find the paladins — the Twelve Peers, or nobles. Composed between 1066 and 1097, Chanson de Roland is the stirring story of the battle of Roncevaux, which took place in Spain in 778.

The "plot" is simple. Charlemagne, who has been laying waste to Spain for seven years, is persuaded by a traitorous knight, Ganelon, to take his army back to France. Charlemagne leaves Roland, his greatest warrior, in command of a rear guard of 20,000 men. Following Ganelon's plan, the Spanish attack the rear guard and, after suffering tremendous losses themselves, kill Roland and all of his men. Before he dies, Roland blows his trumpet, which summons Charlemagne, who arrives too late to save the rear guard. But Charlemagne defeats the Spanish at Roncevaux, as well as an even greater army which attacks him later. The poem ends with the trial and execution of Ganelon.

The poem deals primarily with the heroic deeds of Roland and his friend Oliver and of the Twelve Peers — the paladins. These Peers are Gerier, Oton, Berengier, Samson, Anseis, Ivan, Ivory, Gerard, Engelier, Gerin, Gaulter and Geoffrey of Anjou.

Repeatedly, the poem speaks of "Roland and Oliver and the Twelve Peers," although some scholars seem to think Roland and Oliver are among the 12.

But let me rest my case — that there was no person named "Count Palatine" in Charlemagne's court, and that the Twelve Peers at the battle of Roncevaux were the original paladins. And Furman's Paladins are — as defined by the dictionary — persons of "outstanding worth or quality who are firm in support of some cause or objective."

Dr. Frank Bonner retired as vice president and provost of Furman in 1982.
In his study of the molecular structure of compounds, Moses Lee is looking for a way to treat cancer.