

# Furman Magazine

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*The*  
**FURMAN**  
*Magazine*

SPRING 1980



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CONTENTS

Of London and her river  
*by Willard Pate*  
page 2

The Optimal Man  
*by Tommy Hays*  
page 9

Does anyone have a kind word for Congress?  
*by James L. Guth*  
page 12

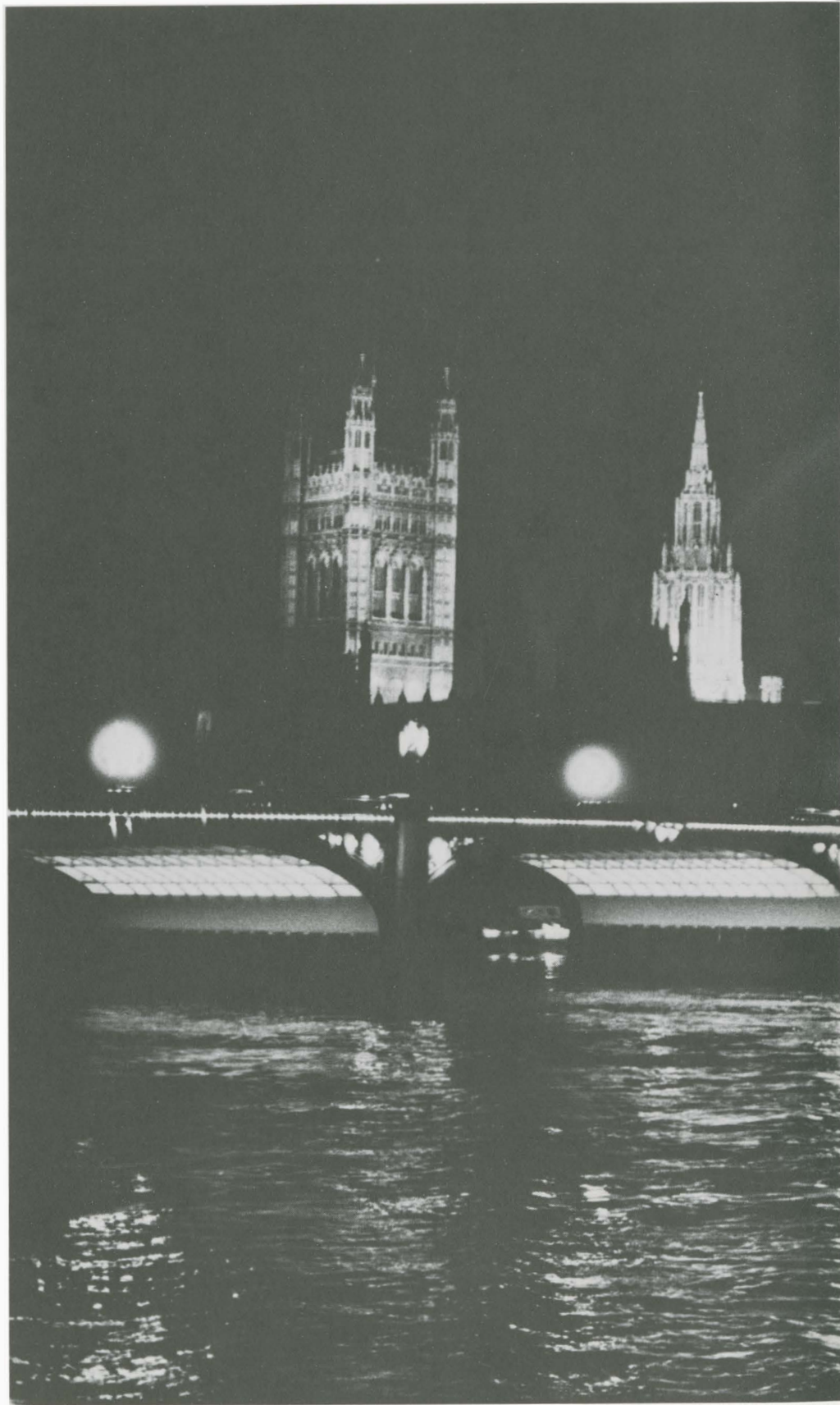
Reformer in the Governor's Mansion  
*by Marguerite Hays*  
page 16

Chiming out Bach to rock  
*by Jim Stewart*  
page 23

COVER

Standing in the middle of Waterloo Bridge, Professor Willard Pate took the photographs of London on the cover and on this page. Dr. Pate records her impressions of London in both words and photographs on the following pages.

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*Author-photographer Willard Pate captures a spectacular night view of London and her river (see story on page 2).*



# Of London and her river

by Willard Pate

*For Furman professor Willard Pate,  
London has a strong attraction—even  
after ten fall terms in England.*

Ladies and gentlemen," the pilot's voice crackles over the loudspeaker, "we are beginning our final descent into London's Gatwick Airport." For ten years I have spent nine months of the twelve preparing for these descents into the three months of Furman's Fall Term in England Program. By a mid-September afternoon the students have been selected and oriented, the reservations confirmed, and my friends driven one step closer to madness or murder by my nonchalant rush to the airport.

Privately, I always wonder if I shouldn't be checking in at the local insane asylum instead of the ticket counter. England is the country of Shakespeare and Keats, of stone villages that blend perfectly into the hills; but to be uprooted for three months, and with responsibility for 40 students, seems too high a price to pay for enjoying poetry and the picturesque. "I'm not going," I vow every year as I'm being driven to the airport. And every year I realize that's a vow that will have to wait to be kept. I've committed myself, and I always honor commitments. Besides, Furman probably can't find a suitable substitute with a valid passport and a packed suitcase who can be ready to fly in 30 minutes. So I say my good-byes and resolutely buckle myself into the plane for the nine-hour buffer zone between my past life and another unknown future.

Then that announcement, "Descending into London," comes to bring me out of no-man's land and back into responsibility. I am anxious about collecting 40 students and a hundred pieces of luggage, about meeting the coach and driver who will take us on a two-week tour of the countryside, about beginning once again. Yet I also have that lump in my throat that reminds me of one reason I've flown three thousand miles from home.

I love London!

When I was a child growing up in central Georgia, Atlanta was about as far away from home as reality could take me. Then in 1961 my father financed the grand tour, and I learned that Europe could become as real — or



Willard Pate

almost — as Atlanta. London, Paris, Madrid, Rome, Florence, Berlin, Vienna, Amsterdam, even Moscow — I touched them all. Yet it was London that most touched me. I stood one September day on the Tarmac at London's Heathrow Airport, my journey over except for the plane ride back home, and cried (literally), "I will come back to London."

It took me seven years to keep my promise to myself, but I have been back every year since 1968. And counting my private trips as well as the ten I've made with the Furman program, I calculate I've spent the equivalent of over three years in London. That's long enough to qualify me as something of a naturalized citizen rather than a map-carrying tourist rushing to see all the appropriate sights before I do my shopping at Harrods, London's most famous department store.

Yet I'm the first to admit that my equivalent three years have been the time span of an affair, not a commitment. I have no responsibilities to London. I earn no money there, pay no taxes and don't worry about the garbage piling in the streets when the collectors are on strike (which is often). In all honesty, I know little of the sprawling metropolis of seven million beyond the five or six mile radius that contains my interests in literature, painting, music and history. And to top it all off, I can even avail myself of the National Health Service in case I sprain an ankle or have a nervous breakdown. In short, I





*Looking east atop Christopher Wren's Fire Monument, one can see a small part of the panorama that is London.*

have the best of all possible relationships with London. She gives all while asking nothing of me, but for only three months at a time — long enough to make me feel secure, yet short enough to keep me from getting bored and tempted to move on.

The usual picture book offerings first infatuated me with London: Chaucer with the other literary greats gathered about him in one corner of Westminster Abbey; the legends and mysteries of the Tower of London; all those red-coated, precision-stepping figures made for pageantry; the Queen herself, waving wholesomely from a golden carriage driven by a liveried footman. In some ways, however, these outward trappings have almost become clichés to me now. It's not that I no longer care that the two little princes were probably murdered in the Tower or that Longfellow is the only American poet honored in Westminster Abbey. (William Faulkner would have been a much better choice, of course.) And despite my telling it not to be so silly, my pulse still beats a little faster when I see members of the royal family riding off to open Parliament or even a department store. It's that these are but the surface attractions of the city, there to beguile, but if the affair is to continue, to be integrated into a relationship that is deeper and more lasting.

It's probably the literature teacher in me that thinks in metaphors. It's definitely the Southerner in me that broods on time. Put the two together in London, and the river

Thames — that timeless, changing cycle of ebb and flow to the sea — best symbolizes the living city I love. In fact, I might say my deepest affection for London centers in the center of Waterloo Bridge and then reverberates from there.

Waterloo Bridge is not London's oldest or most romanticized bridge. Both those distinctions belong to London Bridge, or more accurately, to a series of structures some elaborate and some plain, built on the site where, from Roman times until 1747 when Westminster Bridge was completed, all highways from the south met the Thames and crossed into the city. Shakespeare crossed the London Bridge of his day to get from the city to his Globe, and Chaucer's imaginary pilgrims crossed it in their day to assemble at the Tabard Inn (which was not imaginary) before journeying on toward Canterbury.

In contrast, Waterloo Bridge has known little more than the horns and exhaust fumes of modern day traffic. Even if rhythm were not a problem, no one would think to sing "Waterloo Bridge is falling down, falling down" in celebration of so new and utilitarian a structure. Yet Waterloo Bridge, by virtue of a location that commands a panorama of the city, has transcended mere utilitarianism to become a magic gallery from which to view London. To stand in its center is to witness the paradox of timelessness and change, to unify past and future in the present moment.

To stand in the center of Waterloo Bridge is to look



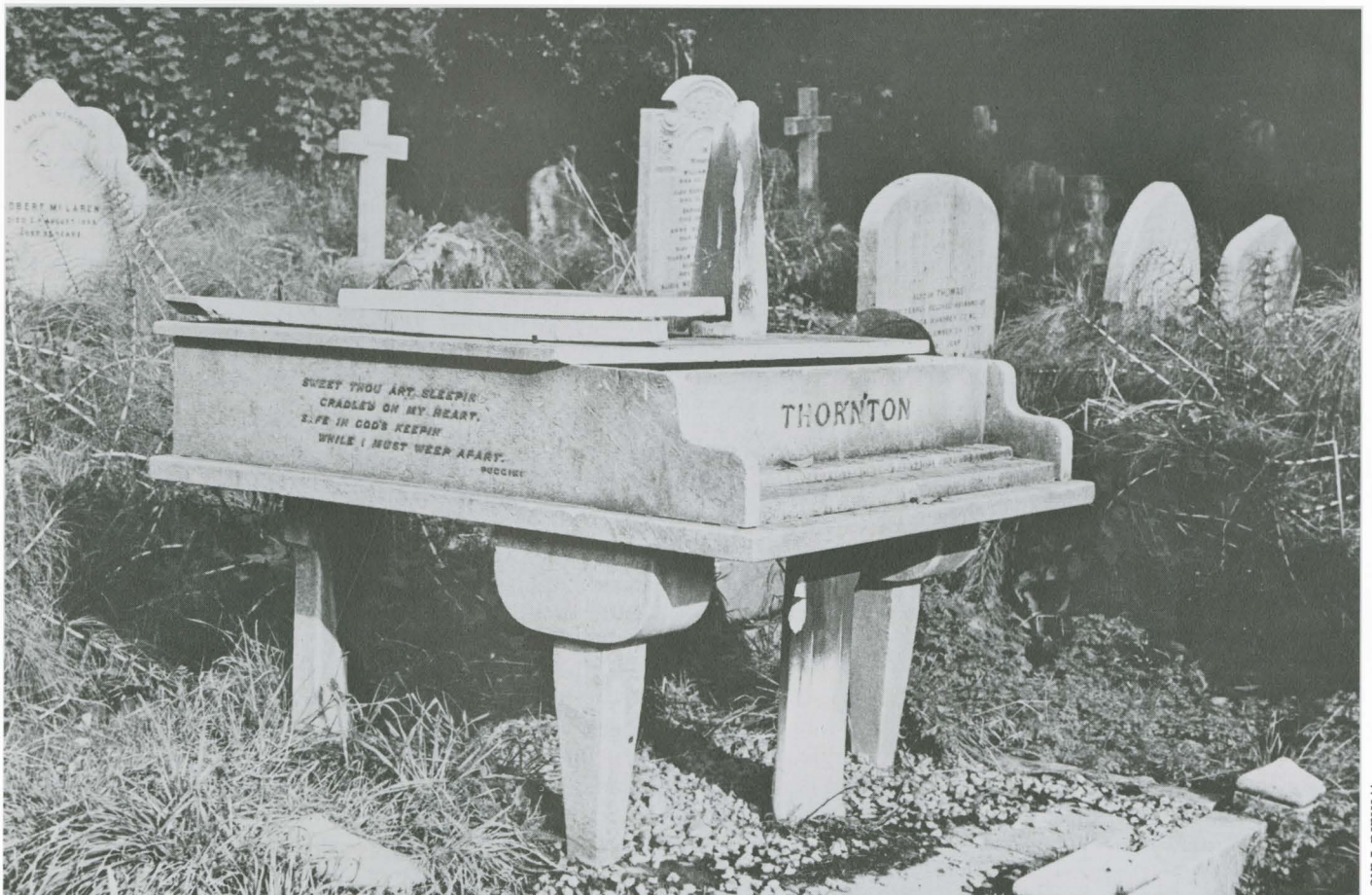
*If history can be said to be  
buried in Westminster Abbey, it lives  
in legend at the Tower of London.*

first at the Thames itself and be reminded of its changing, but permanent, role in London's life. The Thames once wound its way undisturbed through green fields and meadows. Man intruded to camp and fish, then to build and trade. By the time of Henry VIII, the Thames had become a highway to link London with commerce from the continent and the King with his palaces upstream — Windsor, Hampton Court, Richmond, Westminster. Yet people, as well as Henry's pet polar bears, still caught fish in its relatively unpolluted waters.

Then came the industrial age — coal, oil, smoke, smog, tar and no fish. In 1802 when William Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy crossed Westminster Bridge on their way to Dover and London, the Thames in the very, very early morning could still be "all bright and glittering in the smokeless air," but by mid-century the river had become a cesspool. All the city's raw sewage emptied into it, and the stench was awful all day long. In fact, in 1858 when the temperature was unusually high and the rainfall

unusually low, the Thames became an almost stagnant mass of filth. All traffic on the river stopped, Parliament adjourned and the year became known as the year of The Great Stink.

Today the Thames still "sweats oil and tar," to borrow the words of T. S. Eliot who wrote of the river in "The Wasteland" in 1922, but only in a token way, for the Thames has once again changed its function. Bridges and roads and buses and commuter trains are the new transportation system; most international commerce has moved to Heathrow Airport, or at least stopped far downstream; and, thankfully, the sewage has been treated and re-routed. So the bits of "oil and tar" now result from a few barges, some pleasure boats and many tour boats transporting visitors from Westminster Pier to the Tower of London or on down to Greenwich. Even the fish are returning, the ecologists say as they tell one of their greatest anti-pollution stories. (Personally, I've seen many fishermen, but not a single fish.)



Willard Pate

*"A genius" who died young lies beneath a grand piano in Highgate Cemetery.*



Willard Pate

*Dick Whittington's cat*

To stand in the center of Waterloo Bridge is not only to recall the history of the Thames, but to watch the Thames thread its way through the monuments erected to London's history as well. Though their order of appearance is not quite chronological, many of the city's finest structures from the past are visible from Waterloo Bridge. Upstream, Westminster Abbey, ancient repository of royal and common bones, raises its relatively new Victorian towers just behind the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben. Next comes Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square. Trafalgar Square is, speaking in American measurements, a long block back from the Thames, but one-armed Nelson stands a steady post above the Square and against the sky.

Downstream from Waterloo Bridge, the Thames rushes on past the three monuments of Sir Christopher Wren. In 1666 the great fire that raged three days destroyed medieval London; Wren created most of the phoenix that rose from its ashes. His greatest splendor remains the massive dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, but he also penciled the skyline with the delicate steeples of numerous parish churches. And he created a monument to the fire itself — or more accurately, I suppose, to London's triumph over the fire. The Fire Monument, as it's called, is exactly 202 feet tall and stands exactly 202 feet from the spot where the fire started in Pudding Lane. At its top, golden flames gleam in the sun and burn upward, permanently consuming nothing.

Past the Fire Monument, at the final spot before the river bends out of sight almost two miles from Waterloo Bridge, the Tower of London and Tower Bridge appear in miniature. If history can be said to be buried in Westminster Abbey, it lives in legend at the Tower. William the Conqueror founded it, Elizabeth I was imprisoned there and Sir Walter Raleigh lost his head there. Tower Bridge, constructed during the Victorian era, can claim no such ancient past. It is, however, the most photographed of all of London's bridges and the one most often noticed by tourists. In fact, because it alone among London's present bridges seems designed for picture postcard display, it is often mistaken for London Bridge. (The Americans who bought the old London Bridge and reassembled it to span a few yards of the Arizona desert thought they were buying Tower Bridge.)

The panorama of London viewed from Waterloo Bridge is not, however, mere preservation of history. London's skyline from Westminster Abbey to the Tower of London, like the Thames that flows by it, attests to life, not a dead past. The monuments themselves function. Parliament sits in its houses, Big Ben faithfully strikes the hour and Westminster Abbey crowns kings and queens attuned to the modern age. Nelson may stand above Trafalgar Square in lifeless command of the seas, but below him people and

pigeons spoiled on peanuts and popcorn mingle in constant waves of change. St. Paul's has well-attended services and, like Fire Monument, offers an obstacle course of steep steps up to a spectacular view of the city. Even the Tower of London is not quite just a relic of history, for the British Army maneuvers about the grounds of what is still a military establishment, even if no longer a fortress to deter an enemy on horseback.

Modern age construction adds its contribution to the skyline also. In the distance, probably about a mile and a half from Waterloo Bridge, the Post Office Tower, looking like some space station that never found a rocket for blast-off, rises on a chrome and glass pillar to replace St. Paul's as the tallest structure in London. Despite the implications of its name, the Post Office Tower is not an innovation designed to encourage either exercise or captivity as prerequisites for buying stamps or mailing letters. It is, rather, the headquarters of the Post Office Department, which includes not only Her Majesty's Royal Mail, but Her Majesty's Royal Telephone and Telegraph Service as well.

Just to the south and left of the Post Office Tower, Centre Point juts into the sky. Centre Point is unique among London's buildings because it has absolutely no function (unless creating speculation about why it has no function could be called a function). It is a trim, predominantly glass structure, complete with its own fountain to make spray and rainbows — an office building that appears not unworthy of Greenville, or even Atlanta. Yet it is without tenants. One explanation is that a loophole in tax laws gave the owner a tax break for keeping the building vacant for ten years. But ten years have come and gone, and the present explanation is that the architects created a permanent folly when they designed the building without lifts (*elevators*, in American).

Yet functional or not, Centre Point remains a fixture of the skyline and a landmark for a decade of Furman students. To each year's group, I always counsel, "If you're lost on foot and without a map, look for Centre Point to guide you." And indeed it will, for the Ivanhoe Hotel, our London home, is almost under its shadow. Then, too, the steps out of Tottenham Court Road Tube Station (*subway station* in American), our stop, seem to lead directly to the top of Centre Point. We probably contemplate it more than any other building in London, even if unconsciously.

The list of modern structures that have risen beside the old could go on indefinitely. Every day, cranes fly high



*To do justice to the small wonders  
and scenes of London would probably  
require a lifetime of exploring.*

into the sky and construction continues to keep London's panorama ever changing, ever living. For me, however, the South Bank Arts Complex is the single most important new group of buildings constructed in London. Located just at the south end of Waterloo Bridge, on a site devastated by German bombs during World War II, the complex provides the finest of modern facilities to further the ancient traditions of music, painting and drama.

Royal Festival Hall, the oldest of the five buildings in the group, is home to five symphony orchestras — the Royal Philharmonic, the London Philharmonic, the BBC Symphony, the London Symphony and the New Philharmonic — and host to numerous others. The performances there, along with the opera and ballet at the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden and the opera at the English National Opera in St. Martin's Lane, keep London one of the major music centers of the world. Leontyne Price, Margot Fonteyn, Artur Schnabel, Janet Baker, the London Symphony, Brahms's *Second Piano Concerto*, *Romeo and Juliet*, Wagner's *Ring* (I've experienced the ecstasy of the entire cycle three times now) — all within walking distance — would make me love London even if I had no other reasons.

The Hayward Gallery in the Southbank Complex houses contemporary painting. To see the old masters, including England's great Gainsborough, Turner and Constable, the places to visit are the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, the Victoria and Albert Museum and a host of smaller museums and galleries. Yet the very presence of a gallery in a modern complex dedicated to the arts is a reminder of the value London has always placed on the visual arts.

Important as painting and music are and have been, London is best known for its drama. After all, England produced Shakespeare, and Shakespeare created his Globe on the banks of the Thames. And through the centuries other actors, authors and theaters have contributed to the tradition. Drury Lane, Ben Jonson, the Haymarket, George Bernard Shaw, Edith Evans, the Royal Court, Sarah Giddons, John Dryden, Ellen Terry and the Old Vic are but a few of the great names. Today the new National Theater (actually three stages are housed in one building) in the South Bank Complex is only one of countless theaters still vital in London. But its newness and even its costliness (approximately \$32 million) represent London's continuing commitment to one of its greatest heritages. The classics and the contemporary are produced there; Laurence Olivier, Paul Scofield and the incomparable Maggie Smith perform there; and the house is consistently sold out to audiences equalitarian enough to accommodate the blue-jeaned student side by side with the mink-draped American tourist.

Because Waterloo Bridge offers a panorama, it

necessarily omits the small details that are as integral to London as the theater or even the Thames itself. London seen in breadth from the Thames is timeless in the midst of change; London seen in depth and up close may still be timeless, but it is also immediate, flavorful and often constantly changing. To do justice to the small wonders and scenes of London would probably require a lifetime of exploring, rather than a mere three years. Still, I have come to have some favorites.

The statue of Dick Whittington's cat is my favorite of all London's fixed and whimsical animals. The Tower of London displays a cannon with a base incongruously supporting the life-sized figure of a dog. The armrests on some Thames-side benches are fashioned as seated camels. Dolphins swim down some London lamp posts. Dick Whittington's cat does not decorate utility; it just sits. True, it sits atop a stone that marks the spot where Dick Whittington supposedly heard the Bow Bells calling him to "turn again" to London and fame as Lord Mayor. But I, cat-lover that I am, prefer to think the monument is really to the cat — and cats in general.

Not far from Dick Whittington's cat, at the top of Highgate Hill, Highgate Cemetery sprawls through 20 unkept acres. Highgate is not just my favorite London cemetery; it is my favorite cemetery period. Karl Marx is buried there, and so is George Eliot. But more fascinating are the graves of those who have achieved a measure of immortality not through their works, but by their tombstones. In one sense, all the tombstones in Highgate are interesting, for fallen crosses, broken angels and leaning obelisks mingle with uncontrolled weeds and ivy in perfect gothic disarray. Earth provides no better spot for the romantic imagination to brood on the impermanence of life! Yet Highgate also offers some very special tombstones to delight the cemetery buff. Harry Thornton, "a genius" who died young, lies under a grand piano inscribed with a line from Puccini. Another musician rests below his violin. Several faithful marble dogs stand guard above their masters, and at least one horse waits for his rider. One tombstone could even double as an advertisement; it tells that the deceased founded the Cathay Chinese Restaurant in Piccadilly Circus.

Of course, animals and tombstones are not the only interesting inanimate details in London. They just happen to be my favorites. I need only to round a corner, cross a street, peer up or down to discover other small London treasures. Above Twining's tea shop in the Strand, two tiny, meticulously painted Chinamen perch to remind the drinker of one of the origins of his tea. Shakespeare, on the other hand, peers down from a niche above Carnaby Street, not because he has any connection but because he gave his famous name to the pub, *The Shakespeare Head*.





*A timeless scene: three elderly women stop to talk in a London park.*

Willard Pate

The small treasures of London are more than just inanimate, however. The flavor of London is also in its scenes and sounds: children rolling in delight through freshly fallen autumn leaves in Hyde Park, a policeman standing in contemplation on a street corner, the chatter from a Chinese restaurant in Soho, a blind man selling newspapers on Tottenham Court Road, the Pearlie Kings and Queens at their annual Harvest Festival, black swans gliding in the canal at Regent's Park, the shoving tide of people on Oxford Street.

One scene in particular links the individual life of the present moment with the timelessness of London itself. I have watched often, for though the participants change, the scene remains the same. Two old women, shapeless but sturdy in the heavy coats they wear against both the winter chill and the summer sun, walk arm in arm. They step, always together in perfect harmony. They stop to talk with a third, or perhaps they sit in silence. Finally they continue in unity toward an unestablished destination. My imagination often wonders about the trials of their lives. Did they live through the bombs of World War II? Did they love and lose love to time? The explicit answers would probably be dull. But I quickly forget dull possibilities and return to metaphors: two old women, by yielding and adapting to change, have become as timeless as London and her river.

Every year when my three months in London have

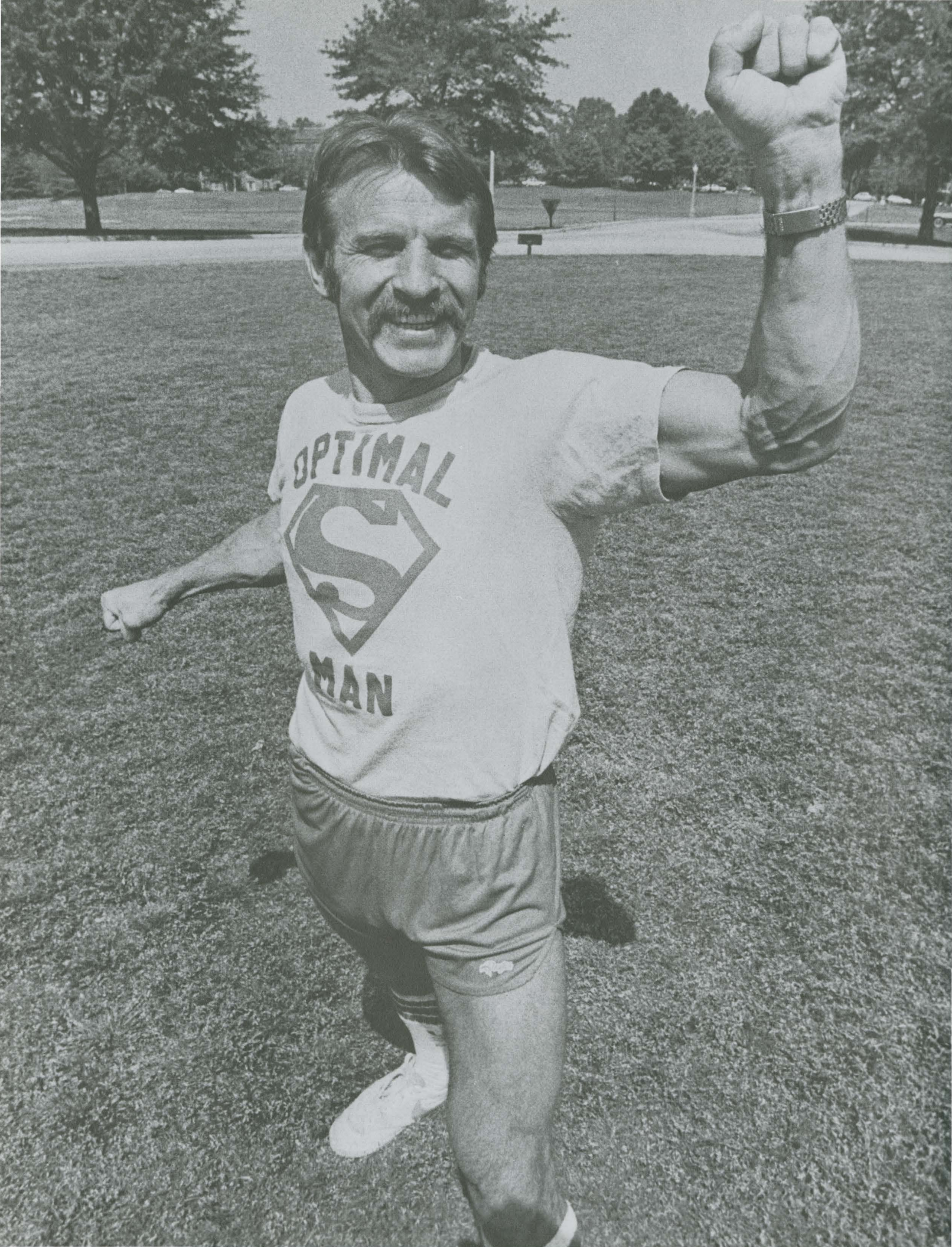
ended and the moment for me to collect my wits and my purchases for the long flight home has almost come, I make one last sentimental journey to Waterloo Bridge. Sometimes I go when the sky is clear blue with just a bit of pastoral cloud. Sometimes I go when the setting sun is glowing through a thick mist. Usually, however, I go when night has cast its spell of enchantment. Westminster Abbey, Big Ben and St. Paul's are lighted in the distance. Closer by, lights from street lamps shimmer along the surface of the Thames as it rushes to the sea. An occasional half-empty train rumbles into Charring Cross Station, and an occasional car whizzes by in back of me. The music from Royal Festival Hall has ended, but the haunting loneliness of a London bum's harmonica prolongs the spell for a moment longer. Then it is eleven o'clock, time for the lights on the monuments in the distance to be turned off, and time for me to move on.

In less than 24 hours the pilot's voice will crackle over the loud-speaker, "Ladies and gentlemen, we are making our final approach into Atlanta, Georgia." I will be glad to get home. But I will come back to London and her river because — well, to change Samuel Johnson's pronoun but not his sentiment — "when a woman is tired of London, she is tired of life!" □

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*Dr. Willard Pate, associate professor of English, has taught at Furman since 1964.*





OPTIMAL  
S  
MAN



# The Optimal Man

by Tommy Hays

*The only way to find happiness,  
says Sandor Molnar, is to exercise  
and take care of your body.*

Sandor Molnar does most of his fat-fighting at Furman University but, like a miniature Grendel loose in a mead hall, Molnar is likely to smell out and devour Lethargy and his overweight son, Body Fat, wherever the two congregate.

Sandor Molnar is Hungarian. He looks Hungarian. Though he is short, he also looks deceptively like the typical phys-ed professor-jock, with biceps and thighs the size of tree trunks. He wears a mustache and some gold-striped Nike running shoes that match his navy blue, gold-striped running suit. In this innocent guise, he terrorizes Furman.

One day he walked into an art studio unannounced, went up to the lecturing professor and patted the man's stomach. "How's that spare tire, Joe? Got a little extra air in there? He spotted a rolling pin on someone's desk, and while the professor stood there helplessly, Molnar ran the rolling pin up and down the professor's stomach. "Now let's see if we can get some of that air out!"

Not a day goes by without Molnar giving his peers a little trouble. Seeing a thin professor jogging around the mall, Molnar calls out, "I don't believe it! Old Chicken Legs is jogging. Go get 'em skinny boy!" Or passing a rotund academician trying to work off a few dignified pounds, Molnar screams at the top of his respiratorily efficient lungs, "That's it, Joe! We're going to work that belly off yet!" Molnar likes to call people Joe.

He may offend and occasionally upset the sensitive, but behind his apparent insanity thrives a healthy, even humanitarian, rationale. Ask him why he thinks it's important to exercise, eat right and not take Geritol, and he's liable to point to a small clear plastic pyramid on his desk. This model stands at the "cardiovascular center" of Molnar's physiological philosophy. It is his "trichotomous model of the Multidimensional Man, representing the physical dynamic existence, its intellectual rigor and spiritual aspirations." Molnar's polysyllabic jargon clothes and often disguises his deep concern for the health of the "average Joe." He wants Joe happy and the only way Joe is really going to find

happiness, according to Molnar, is to exercise and take care of his body.

"The human body is designed for continued work. Unlike the internal combustion machine, the more it is used, the better it gets." So Molnar uses his body — runs 50 to 80 miles a week and can do 200 sit-ups, 100 push-ups and a couple hundred pull-ups at the drop of a barbell. He calls himself the "Optimal Man."

Molnar arrived at Furman in 1971 with his plastic trichotomous model in one hand and a Ph.D. in the other. Since there was no physical education building at the time, Furman had a limited physical fitness program. While the Lay Physical Activities Center was under construction, Molnar, along with a biology professor, applied for a \$20,000 grant from the National Science Foundation for a human performance laboratory. When they received the money, they used it to purchase equipment which measures body structure and composition, heart and lung efficiency and nerve and muscle functions.

As soon as the lab was set up, it became an integral part of Furman's physical education program. Now all students entering the required physical education course take a battery of tests to measure their overall physical fitness. Based on an evaluation of test results, phys-ed instructors set up an exercise and nutrition program to meet the needs of each student.

Students work toward certain goals throughout the term, Molnar says. They learn how the body works and how to achieve a healthier life. The form of exercise they take is irrelevant, he says. It can be almost anything — volleyball, racquet ball, swimming, jogging or riding bicycles.

At the end of the term Molnar tests students again. "We measure the fruit of their work. You can see tremendous benefits in ten or twelve weeks — less body fat, better endurance and so forth. The lab is a great motivational tool. Students can see how they've changed. If they did the work, they're different people."

Molnar continues to find teaching exciting, fulfilling.



*“If my family doesn’t exercise, I beat them.”*

“Each term I see all kinds of human beings with all kinds of interests, all mixed together. It’s exciting to guide them and see the contribution the course can make to their quality of life.

“Besides, I get benefits myself because I work with them. They make me work and help maintain the Optimal Man.” He flexes a bicep and grins.

Molnar’s lust for health may stem from the struggle he faced as a teenager simply to survive. He was born in a small town 20 miles south of Budapest in April 1938. In grammar school he spent a lot of time designing and building experimental gliders, doing so well that the Hungarian government selected him to be a training pilot at the age of 13. While Molnar was purely interested in advancing his own knowledge in aeronautical engineering, he did not realize the local Communists had something else in mind. They wanted him to be a fighter pilot.

About the same time, Molnar was awarded a scholarship to attend one of the few high schools in Hungary. “It was a boarding school much like Furman, except it was very exclusive and only a few students in the whole country were selected.”

Molnar did not want to be a fighter pilot, yet he had to be careful not to rub the government the wrong way. “Once you are picked to be what the Communist regime wants you to be, you have to go that way, otherwise they’ll blacklist you and won’t give you a shot at anything at all.”

Realizing he had little chance of becoming an aeronautical engineer, Molnar turned to sports — a prestige field in wrestling and gymnastics, competing internationally. He became fascinated with the human body and how it works, and his family urged him to go into medicine.

While Molnar was undergoing his “physiological” revolution, the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 was about to erupt and Molnar, like most Hungarian students, sensed social tremors. He had just graduated from high school and was about to enter college, when he noticed “something in the air, an unrest among the people, particularly the intellectuals. I began to learn there was an underground movement working toward freedom of the Hungarian people from Russian dominance.”

Molnar listened closely to the revolutionaries and became sympathetic, going so far as to join the underground. Within three months, the protests had swelled to an armed conflict. After a proposed truce, during which Russia poured in more troops, the revolution was crushed, and the Russians began searching for the original dissenters.

“A lot of my buddies in the underground began to disappear. We couldn’t find them. We found out they

were being hunted down by the secret police. I wasn’t very worried because I thought they wanted the main leaders, and I had played only a small role. But no, the Russians were after anybody who was some part of the organization.”

The secret police sought out and interrogated Molnar in his college dorm. “After the third interrogation I made up my mind to quit school and try to get out of the country.”

So Molnar, at the age of 18, prepared to leave his family and his homeland. “I made my break about 12:00 or 1:00 at night and began making my way to the Austrian border, which was a couple hundred miles away. I was hitchhiking, getting rides on horse-drawn buggies and trucks on side roads and there were places where I could catch a train. But I had no money, nothing. I just hoped I didn’t get arrested.”

Once in Austria, Molnar was directed to a refugee camp with thousands of other homeless Hungarians; approximately 100,000 fled Communist oppression. He spent several weeks at a camp in Vienna and then moved to Salzburg where refugees were being dispatched to countries all over the world. After a lot of consideration, he decided New Zealand would be his new home.

A long six-week ocean voyage later, Molnar arrived in New Zealand in April 1957. Not knowing a soul, unfamiliar with the language and completely ignorant of New Zealand customs, he had to start “an entire new life. Start everything from scratch.”

After working on the waterfront a year loading cargo, he saved up enough money and picked up enough English to enter the University of Otago. He received his bachelor’s degree in health and physical education and taught high school in New Zealand for three years.

In 1966 he applied to physical education graduate programs in the United States. “The United States was the best place for human-performance research. It was the most advanced country in terms of administrative support, equipment, facilities, research and scholarships.” He was accepted by several schools, but decided on the University of Illinois because it was “the most prestigious and the most promising.” In four years he had his master’s and his doctorate in physiology.

In 1970 the young man went West, accepting a professorship at the University of Northern Colorado in Greeley. But because the towering Colorado Rockies reminded Molnar how short he was and because his training at the University of Illinois had prepared him for much more than Northern Colorado seemed to offer, he began casting about for another place to set up his trichotomous pyramid.

“I got a call from this little university in the South. Couldn’t even hear what the person on the other end of the line was saying. It was Dr. Ruth Reid.” Despite the



Bill Henry

*Molnar demonstrates warm-up exercises for his phys-ed class.*

bad connection, Molnar took the job and in 1971 the Optimal Man, riding atop a cyclone he lassoed in Kansas, blew into Furman.

For seven years (he spent two years at the University of South Carolina) this little man has been harassing everybody at Furman. For seven years he's been shouting, "Joe, you're *fat!* Look at that *gut!* How are you going to lose it? Joe — all the way around the lake! *Now* you're looking better! One day you might be *skinny*, Joe!"

Has Molnar's multidimensional jazz had any real effect at Furman? Is he nothing more than a physical education showboat, spewing all those cardiovascular histrionics? "Sure I show off. You have to. When you're in front of a group, you're like a stage actor. That's part of the job."

Molnar isn't all brawn. He has put together a lab manual with Furman physical education professor Frank Powell, and another manual on "health enhancement" is being printed at the University of South Carolina. He has also published several articles on human physiology. At the University of South Carolina he invented and built a machine that determines the percentage of a person's body fat.

But Molnar's most important contribution to Furman can be seen most any time — day or night — on the mall, across the lake, over the golf course. Hundreds of people, students and faculty, young and old, are jogging around Furman.

Molnar doesn't claim to be responsible for all of this exercising, but he has had a definite influence. Several years ago, he remembers, he preached to a group of professors about the benefits of "an active lifestyle." "They understood all I said. These are very intelligent people, these professors. While they were polite, they still went back to slumping into their chairs.

"Of course, I didn't try to bully them. I was very

patient. Sure enough, who comes back and takes up some exercise programs? The very same professors I counseled three years ago. They began to see the tremendous benefits. They had more energy. They could do more work. They could be more alert."

Molnar is optimistic about physical fitness in this country. "The physical decadence in America set in a long time ago, but now I'm seeing the light. Our population is looking for a healthier way of life, and we are in a position to give leadership."

His exercise evangelism goes home with him at night to his Paris Mountain retreat. "If my family doesn't exercise, I beat them," says the Hungarian smiling at his own optimal sense of humor.

His wife, Lynda, jogs across Paris Mountain every other day with some running friends. Piri, his seven-year-old daughter, ran in Liberty Life's race, "Run Jane Run." But it is Molnar's son, ten-year-old Shandor, who is the problem. "Right now all he likes is baseball and doesn't care too much for running, but he'll shape up." Undoubtedly.

Almost a quarter of a century has passed since the Russian secret police interrogated Molnar in his dorm room, forcing him to leave his native country, friendless and penniless. Perhaps all he endured was a metaphysical obstacle course set up by the gods to test him, to see if this five foot, four inch Hungarian was worthy. If so, Molnar passed with flying colors.

Twenty-four years later, students, professors, his family and friends can all attest to the fact that Sandor Molnar is, indeed, the "Optimal Man." □

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*Tommy Hays, who graduated from Furman in 1977, is a free lance writer in Greenville.*



# Does anyone have a kind word for Congress?

by James L. Guth

For political scientists, public opinion polls are a constant source of information, amusement and even edification. But sometimes even George Gallup and his friends get boring. Consider the regular surveys on public attitudes toward Congress: “Only Eighteen Percent of Public Says Congress Does Good Job,” “Poll Finds Congress Lacks Public Confidence” or “Congress Falls in Public Esteem.”

To some, such headlines occasion no great surprise. Americans have always flaunted a certain practiced distrust of politicians in general and congressmen in particular. Humorists and comedians have mined this vein for years. Mark Twain: “Congress is the only distinctly native American criminal class.” Will Rogers: “I was visiting Rome last week. I never knew why it fell until I found out they had senators.” John Ehrlichman: “Anybody got a dime? I want to buy a congressman.”

Still, current popular mistrust of Congress has run beyond traditional bounds. From the late 1930s to the mid-1960s Congress fluctuated within a range of 30 to 60 percent approval, but in the last decade it has seldom satisfied more than one citizen in five. Although analysts are just beginning to explore the full implications of political cynicism, the extent of popular disenchantment with “The First Branch” has become more than a little disquieting.

Explanations for cynicism are as complex as the phenomenon itself. One approach suggests that Congress’s low ratings simply reflect growing public distrust of all institutions. The Vietnam War, the social upheavals of the 1960s and early 1970s, the Watergate crisis and unremitting economic and foreign vicissitudes have strained Americans’ faith in the political system, business, labor, the professions, the press and even the church. But government has been hit the hardest. In 1964, for example, the University of Michigan’s Center of Political Studies found that only a few Americans thought that “the government wastes a lot of tax dollars,” that “government is run for a few big interests rather than all the people,” that “the federal government cannot be regularly trusted to do what is right,” or that “government is run by people who don’t know what they are doing.” By 1976, a majority of citizens agreed with *all* these statements, often

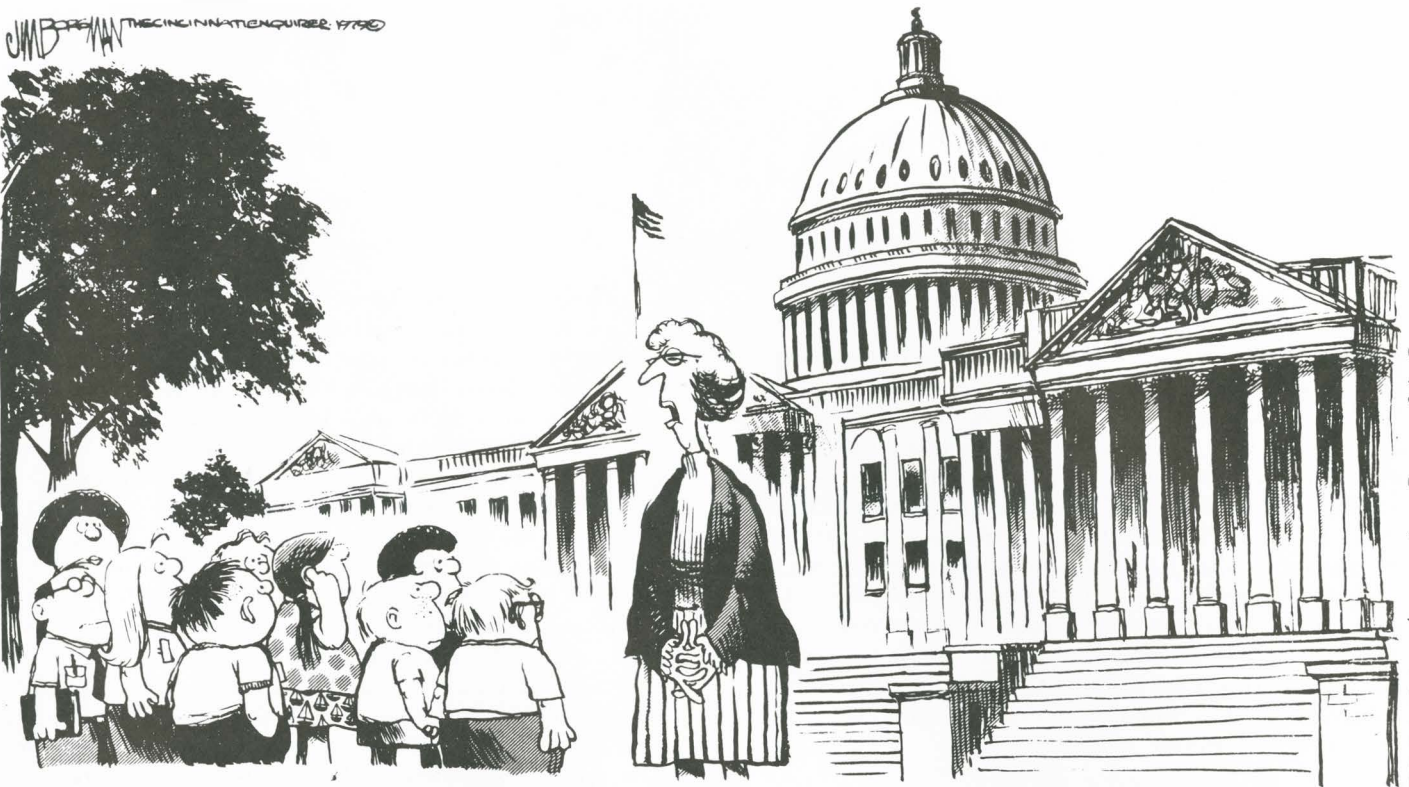
in overwhelming numbers. Congress, then, it might be argued, merely shares the plight of all our national institutions.

In a more specific sense, Congress may suffer from declining public reverence for the presidency. For years, polls have shown congressional popularity rising and falling in tandem with that of the president, regardless of the partisan identity or ideological tendencies of either. Why this occurs is not exactly clear. Most citizens apparently have neither the information nor the political sophistication to distinguish the policy contributions of each branch. When the president is popular, so is Congress. When the president is hurt by popular opprobrium, so is Congress. This is true even when Congress is of the opposition party and is vigorously contesting presidential policies. For example, as Richard Nixon struggled to survive Watergate in the face of rising public criticism, Congress was also condemned by a vast majority of the public for doing a poor job, despite its attempts to block Nixon’s programs and (some would say) his abuses of power. Presumably, if the public hated Nixon, it should have loved the Democratic Congress. But it was not so.

Whatever the source of the link between presidential popularity and public approval of Congress, it bodes ill for Congress. Recent chief executives have not been able to sustain high levels of popularity. The public expects more, candidates for the office promise more, but incumbents are unable to fulfill the expectations or deliver on the promises. And scholars have discovered, as the citizenry becomes more educated, mobile and urban, that the number of those who “support the president, right or wrong,” declines rapidly. All this indicates that Congress, too, is likely to suffer from even lower levels of popularity in the future.

But the public’s distrust of large institutions and the flagging popularity of recent presidents do not account for all of Congress’s image problem. Congress never surpasses the poll standing of even the most unpopular president and usually lags well behind the Supreme Court, the military, big business and sometimes even advertising agencies. Perhaps something intrinsic to Congress accounts for the public’s attitude.

JMB:REMAN THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER 1979



Drawing by Jim Borgman; courtesy The Cincinnati Enquirer

"... AND THIS IS WHERE CONGRESS MEETS! AS WE STUDIED IN CLASS, CONGRESS REPRESENTS THE PEOPLE ..... THE AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY PEOPLE ..... THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION PEOPLE ..... THE BIG OIL PEOPLE ..... THE AFL-CIO PEOPLE ..... THE CONSUMER LOBBY PEOPLE ....."

Many would say that Congress deserves its bad ratings. Citizens typically complain that congressmen have low ethical standards, that Congress is "too slow," "just doesn't accomplish anything," or that its members spend too much of their time squabbling with each other and the president. Are these perceptions correct?

Recent scandals involving Wayne Hays, Wilbur Mills, Herman Talmadge, "Koreagate" and the "Abscam Eight" lend plausibility to the charge that congressional ethical standards are abysmal. In fact, however, these revelations may indicate something else: that the press will no longer blink at, nor the public tolerate, behavior that once was commonplace. Longtime observers of Congress will often say (but only in private, lest they be thought fools) that ethical standards on the Hill are much improved. Pistols are no longer brandished on the House floor (as they were in the last century), senators do not routinely engage in fist fights and alcohol consumption is on the decline. The disappearance of urban and rural "political machines," recent income disclosure and restriction rules and various "sunshine" reforms have all yielded a "cleaner" Congress. Surely, "special interest" campaign contributions still raise important issues, but on the whole, Congress's ethics have improved as constantly as its popularity has plunged.

What about the claim that Congress "just doesn't seem to accomplish anything"? Polls show that to the public a Congress which "works" is one that passes the president's legislative program. When the president and Congress are fighting, Congress falls in public esteem. Survey

respondents often criticize Congress for "not supporting the president" or not passing "important bills." Few citizens understand or approve of the legislature's constitutional role as a check on executive action. Given the constant strife between recent presidents and the Congress, persistent low poll ratings for Congress are understandable.

These executive-legislative conflicts are partly due to partisan, ideological and institutional differences in perspective; these are always present. But recent transformations in Congress have made conflict more likely and decisive action more problematic: the decline of party loyalty and the burgeoning number of young, independent and aggressive legislators; the decline of the seniority system as a means of allocating power to a few experienced members; the passage of "reform" legislation requiring open committee proceedings, encouraging recorded votes, and allowing TV coverage of more deliberations; and the rise of "political action funds" by which interest groups fund congressional campaigns. All these developments have discouraged party cohesion, allowed greater public and interest group access, made leadership by president and party leaders more difficult and generally slowed congressional action. Combine a fragmented, decentralized institution with intractable problems and a demanding public, and the ingredients for frequent stalemate are all there.

Of course, citizens evaluate both congressional ethics and performance using second-hand information (and precious little of that). Most depend on the press,



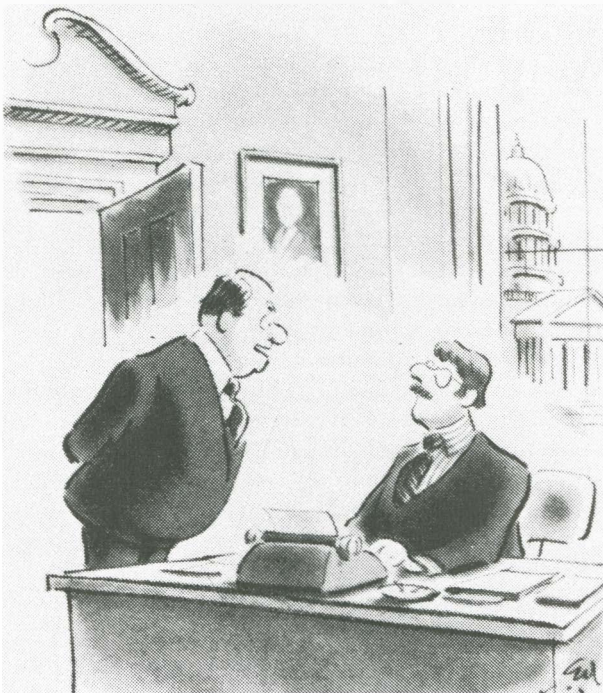
*The more people hear and see of Congress on TV, the more cynical they become.*

especially the evening TV news broadcasts, for facts and interpretation.

Congress certainly gets little help from the electronic media — the only real source of political enlightenment for most Americans. Not only does the Congress enjoy far less air time than the president, but the treatment is typically less sympathetic. To begin with, congressional coverage suffers because of the nature of the institution itself. Despite recent difficulties, Congress at its best still nurtures a legislative process which, whatever the result, puts a premium on thorough exploration of issues, on opportunity for all the diverse interests of the country to make themselves heard, and on the time-consuming and often frustrating work of consensus-building. Electronic journalists find it difficult to portray this process accurately and, in fact, seldom try.

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*"I want you to draft the bill with all your usual precision and flair. Explain its purpose, justify its expenditures, emphasize how it fits the broad aims of democratic progress. And one other thing: Can you make it sound like a tax cut?"*



Drawing by Ed Fisher; ©1979 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

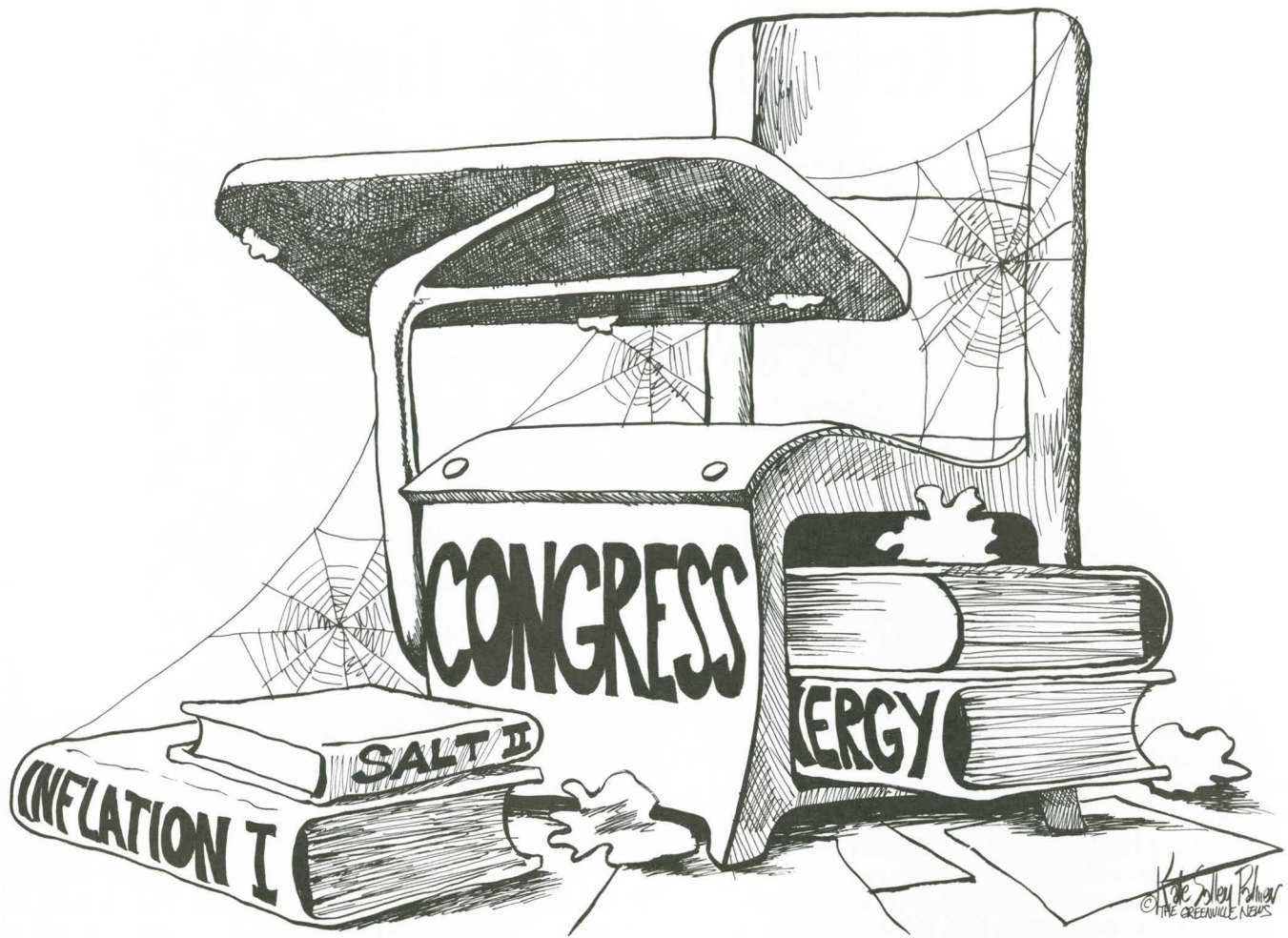
Congress is also very difficult to “personalize.” “The administration” is easily symbolized in the public mind by the person of the president; the executive branch thus seems less inchoate than Congress. In fact, of course, the administration is even more complex and far less cohesive, but at least Jimmy Carter stands in the center of public and media attention in a way that Tip O’Neill, Robert Byrd, John Rhodes and Howard Baker do not.

Covering the Congress is not only a difficult job, but one that offers TV newsmen and editors full-blown opportunities to exhibit some characteristic inadequacies. Well-known journalistic preferences for color over substance, conflict over consensus, personalities over institutions and bad news over good find ample scope for expression. The Watergate-fed growth of “investigative journalism” (formerly “muckraking”) has added to public cynicism by exaggerating all these biases and by recruiting a new generation of reporters whose understanding of political life hardly rivals that of even their semiliterate predecessors.

Would more extensive and thorough public affairs programming stem the tide of public distrust? Probably not. Michael Robinson of Catholic University has conducted extensive experimental and survey studies which strongly suggest that as long as citizens depend primarily on TV for their political information, expanded coverage would only intensify cynicism. TV news is characterized, in Robinson’s words, by “negativistic emphasis,” stress on “conflict and violence” and “anti-institutional” themes, and reaches a mass audience possessing few other sources of information and analysis. As these viewers attach high credibility to Walter Cronkite and his counterparts, such biases not only influence their perceptions of politics, but typically induce a feeling of helplessness, an inability to understand or influence the political process.

Thus, the more citizens hear and see, the more cynical they become. Perhaps it is not coincidental that the drop in support for Congress and other political institutions began at the same time the major networks began to attract a large audience to their half-hour evening news broadcasts. Many of the solutions offered to improve Congress’s public image, then, would likely be counterproductive. Documentaries on major congressional issues, TV coverage of House and Senate debates or more “interpretive” reporting might well serve to deepen cynicism, especially if citizens could be induced to watch.

Not all the blame for Congress’s bad “press” can be laid at the feet of CBS, NBC and ABC. Congressmen themselves are prime villains. The president naturally and understandably tries to improve his own public standing and the prospects for his programs by attacking Congress; it is more surprising to learn that congressmen do the



Drawing by Kate Palmer; courtesy The Greenville News

same. Even in the past, when “institutional loyalty” was a byword among members of the House and Senate, that commitment stopped at the constituency’s edge. Richard Fenno summed it up well in his observation that politicians “run for Congress by running against Congress.” Every challenger asks for a mandate to “clean up the mess in Washington;” every incumbent asserts he is making progress in that Augean task — but needs at least another term. If public policy is not entirely to the liking of a legislator’s constituents (and when could it be?), he has explanations at hand: Congress is slow and inefficient, Congress lacks strong leadership, or Congress is dominated by big labor (or big business, environmentalists, do-gooding-bleeding-heart liberals, reactionary conservatives, or if all else fails, “special interests”). Certainly, this continual public flagellation of the Congress by its own members does nothing to improve its public standing. Perhaps it does explain why every poll shows that individual congressmen are far more popular than the institution in which they serve.

Where does all this leave us? Quite clearly, the blame for Congress’s popular image can be spread quite widely: the institution has its blemishes, the press tends to find and magnify them and congressmen exaggerate these flaws for their own political purposes. Perhaps in the last analysis, however, Pogo had the surest grasp on the

problem: “We have met the enemy and he is us.” The crisis of confidence in Congress and our other political institutions is largely of our own making. We have looked to government for solutions to more and more problems. We expect men like ourselves to find answers where we have found none. We assume that all issues can be resolved if government would only do the “right thing,” but then we refuse to accept partial solutions when they are offered us. Instead we retreat into cynicism.

Nor do we appreciate the inherent messiness of the democratic process, even as we contribute to that messiness by our rising demands. We fail to understand the role of debate, conflict and ultimate compromise in the democratic way of life, withdrawing instead into a solipsistic expectation of policies tailored perfectly to our personal preferences. Perhaps we need to improve before our institutions can. Congress is certainly not perfect, but is perhaps (apologies to Jimmy Carter) “government as good as the American people.” □

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*Dr. James L. Guth, associate professor of political science at Furman, spent part of last summer in Washington as a Lyndon Baines Johnson faculty intern. He served as a consultant to a member of the House Agriculture Committee.*



# Reformer in the Governor's Mansion

by Marguerite Hays

*Elected in spite of early opposition from the Establishment, can Dick Riley succeed as governor of South Carolina?*

If you got the same answer that Dick Riley did on an algebra problem, you knew you were right," says a former high school classmate of his.

Riley was the star pupil in Miss Louise Austin's senior algebra and trig class at Greenville High in 1950. While other students struggled to memorize formulas and work equations, Riley understood the principles behind the formulas and solved problems with the greatest of ease.

"I've always had a fascination for numbers," says Riley, now governor of South Carolina. At Furman in the early fifties he majored in economics and took several courses in accounting. "It isn't the kind of thing you would think of as being important to someone going into law, but it has been a tremendous help to me," he says.

As lawyer, legislator and governor, Dick Riley has applied the same logical mind which grasped mathematics so easily to everything he has attempted. George Short, a C.P.A. who graduated from Furman in 1954 — the same year Riley did — says, "Dick looks at situations the way most business-oriented people do. What is the problem? What are the possible solutions? Which solution will provide the most benefits? Then he starts on the most direct route he can take to get there. I've found this to be true in every situation I've ever been in with him — whether it was in high school, college or the business world."

"Dick has a good, sound mind," says his father, E. P. (Ted) Riley, who received a law degree from Furman in 1926 and is also a lawyer and a politician. "He thinks things out. He likes to work things out to a mathematical certainty."

But logic and common sense alone are not enough in politics, Dick Riley learned early in his career. After entering state government in 1963 as a Democratic representative from Greenville County, he realized that many state laws were completely out of date and that there

were glaring abuses in some existing political practices. The South Carolina Constitution, for instance, had not been basically revised since 1895. But when he joined with other "progressive" legislators in the House — and later in the Senate — to bring about reforms, he ran head-on into the low country political establishment, embodied in House Speaker Solomon Blatt and Senators Marion Gressette, Rembert Dennis and Edgar Brown. The "Old Guard," he discovered, liked things the way they were.

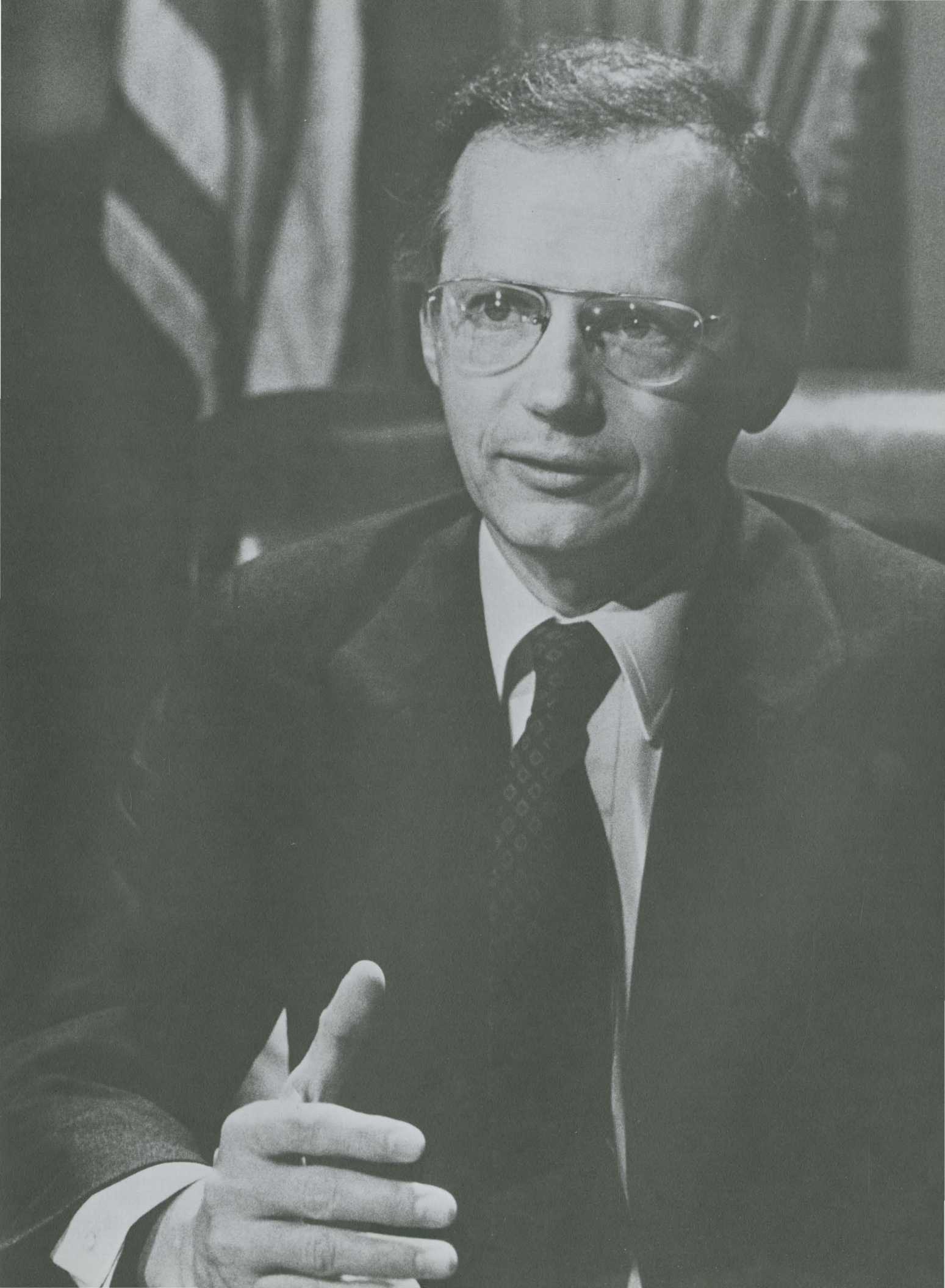
Although Riley remained at odds with the establishment as long as he was in the General Assembly, he learned how to work within the system. He became the leader of the "Young Turks," who were determined to influence legislation. When his proposals were defeated time after time by the opposition, he did not give up but tried other ways of achieving his goals. "Dick has great tenacity and determination," says a former Senate colleague. An exasperated adversary once said that Riley is like "a gnat who won't go away."

"If you really believe in something, you don't get beat," Riley told a reporter for the *Columbia Record* during his campaign for governor. "You just get sidetracked temporarily."

While in the Senate, Riley was a member of the Judiciary Committee, the committee through which many bills must pass. Headed by Senator Gressette, the committee is known as "Gressette's Graveyard," since Gressette can kill any bill he dislikes simply by not letting it out of committee.

The story is told about the time Riley attended a Judiciary Committee meeting called to recodify South Carolina's statutes. Senator Gressette did not show up for the meeting. Neither did any of the senators on the committee with more seniority than Riley. So Riley presided.

"In three hours we reported out 85 old, antiquated







Mary Louise Williams

*Riley testifies before the United States House of Representatives Rules Committee.*

statutes that needed to be scrapped,” Riley said later. “I don’t think Marion Gressette let me attend a Judiciary Committee session without him there ever again.”

While in the legislature, Riley succeeded in pushing through important legislation on home rule, reapportionment, judicial reform and constitutional revision. But after fourteen years — four in the House and ten in the Senate — he felt he had accomplished all he could and decided not to run for the Senate again.

Ted Riley likes to tell how he “helped Dick get out of politics.” He says he told his son he thought he had served in the General Assembly long enough and that he should “come on home, go to work to build up his law practice and make some money” to educate his four children. Then attorney for the Greenville County School District, Riley senior and his wife Martha left town to attend a convention in Park City, Utah, before they knew Dick’s final decision.

“During the big banquet, they called me to the telephone and it scared me and Martha to death,” says Riley. “Who in the devil would call us way out in Utah? When I answered the phone, it was Dick. I said, ‘What in the world’s the matter?’

“He said, ‘Nothing. I just wanted you to know that this is the last day to file for reelection and I wouldn’t have any opposition — Democratic or Republican. But I’m taking your advice and I’m not going up for reelection.’

“I said, ‘That’s fine, son. Now come on home and let’s go to work.’

“But when I got home, I found out he had agreed to head up Jimmy Carter’s campaign for president, and before he finished that, he had announced for governor. So that’s how I got Dick out of politics,” Riley laughs.

In 1976 Dick Riley put his mind to getting Jimmy Carter nominated and elected in South Carolina. He

organized the state so thoroughly that in November of that year the majority of South Carolinians voted for Carter as president. It was the first time South Carolina had gone Democratic in a presidential election since 1960, when Ted Riley was chairman of the South Carolina Democratic Party.

When Dick Riley decided to run for governor, a poll indicated that he had the support of three percent of the South Carolina Democrats. A later poll showed that he had eight percent recognition in the state. Undaunted by these statistics, Riley waged a vigorous campaign, traveling throughout the state and attacking the political establishment.

In a three-man race in the first primary Riley received enough votes to force a runoff election with front-runner Lt. Gov. Brantley Harvey, who was backed by the political establishment. In the second primary Riley defeated Harvey by more than 20,000 votes. Almost as an anticlimax, Riley defeated his Republican opponent, Ed Young, in November.

After the second primary, the *New York Times* said, “The Riley victory was indicative of the increasing political power of the upstate Piedmont region of the state and also a rejection of ‘good ol’ boy’ politics — the courthouse and legislature clique that has dominated the state — that Mr. Riley repeatedly assailed.”

Inaugurated in January 1979, Riley attacked his new job with characteristic vigor. Being thoroughly familiar with the South Carolina Constitution and having observed governors for 14 years, he knew what his responsibilities — and limitations — were before he took office. He knew that historically the governor of South Carolina has had very little power, while the legislature has virtually run the state. He also knew that state agencies have proliferated and grown large and powerful.

*In his first year, Riley surprised legislators when he vetoed 15 of their pet projects, totaling \$61.5 million.*

As governor, Riley presides over the Budget and Control Board and is the chief administrative officer of all executive offices and 130 state agencies and commissions. He sponsors a legislative program and has responsibilities on the local level with cities and counties and on the federal level with Washington.

"I've tried to approach all of these responsibilities in a balanced way," says Riley more than a year after taking office. "I've set up my office so that I have six executive assistants that deal in these various linkages up and down and they have access to me any time. In this way I have complete access not just to one or two people but to every agency, every city and county, the legislature or whatever."

According to Riley, he spends about 75 percent of his time on executive duties, which the public hears little about. He arrives at his office about 8:00 each morning and works straight through the day, eating a sandwich at his desk for lunch unless he has to go out to make a speech. He usually leaves the office about 7:00 or 7:30 at night. If he does not attend a meeting in the evening, he works after dinner at his desk in the mansion until 11:00 or 11:30.

State Senator Harry Chapman, who served in the House and Senate with Riley says, "Dick Riley has a very disciplined personality to deal with the problems that confront a governor. A lot of the job is just drudgery, sitting in there 12 hours a day talking to agency heads and staff people and working on legislation and doing things that are very dull. I've been down there and observed him and he just relishes that type of thing. He has a disciplined mind and a very keen intellect."

Instead of trying to reorganize the massive agency system, which Riley says would take ten years, he has grouped the agencies according to functions — human resources, natural resources, education and so forth. Although many of these agencies have never worked together before, he holds regular meetings of agency heads in each group. "If there's anything I'm working on hard," Riley says, "it is to break down those barriers and get them to work together on common priorities."

Riley is pleased with the results of these meetings. "It's amazing how these people seem to thrive on this kind of thing. I think you can accomplish a lot if you handle it right. You don't just tell people what to do, you listen to them and let them be part of a major thrust."

In relation to state government, Riley's main goal is to stop its unbridled harum-scarum growth. He particularly deplores the passage of bond authorization bills to build buildings without any notion of how much the buildings will cost in the long run.

"You pass some bill that you don't have to pay for at the time and the building gets built over three or four

years. Then you have to fund it — the people in it, utilities and all the rest. Right now it's a very heavy job to fund the second medical school that was passed a number of years ago."

Last August, Riley surprised legislators when he vetoed 15 of their pet projects totaling \$61.5 million in a \$165 million bond authorization bill. The items he vetoed included a \$48.4 million children's hospital wing at the Medical University of South Carolina, a \$2.5 million dormitory at Coastal Carolina College, a \$4 million business school at the University of South Carolina and a \$7 million state office building.

Explaining his actions, Riley said that although he was not necessarily opposed to any of the projects, he felt it would not be fiscally responsible to proceed with them at the time, considering the economic outlook. He also pointed out that it would be irresponsible to approve new buildings for the state's colleges before seeing the recommendations of the South Carolina Commission on Higher Education, which was then in the midst of a study of the state's higher education system.

The House upheld his veto and newspaper editors throughout the state applauded his action. An editorial in the *State* newspaper said, "The governor, still in his first year, showed some steel in his handling of this bill. It's not easy to say 'no' to your old friends and colleagues. We are convinced, however, that he has the support of taxpayers."

Riley admits to being more conservative than liberal, when it comes to financial matters. He thinks maybe it's because of where he was raised. "I think a person who grew up in the Piedmont section of the state has natural instincts for hard work, fair play and not living beyond his means. I think that's a basic feeling of the people I was raised with. When I was little, I didn't go to a movie if I couldn't afford it. That's the same way I handle the state's business."

As far as the budgetary process is concerned, Riley would like to develop a system based on logical planning which would be less vulnerable to the whims of legislators or special interest groups. "I'd like to see a process that can set goals and objectives and systematically identify priorities based upon what we want to accomplish in the state. Then a governor — whoever that may be — can come in and set priorities based on these goals and build a budget to go in that direction."

Riley has already had considerable success with his legislative program. In his first "State of the State" message, he outlined a seven-point program, and during the following year his forces in the General Assembly achieved six out of seven of his goals — in one way or another.

By far the most controversial legislation he proposed



*Riley received national attention  
for his crusade to prevent South Carolina  
from becoming the nation's nuclear dump.*

concerned selection of the South Carolina Public Service Commission. Until this time the legislature selected members of the PSC, frequently electing members of their own body to the commission despite charges of conflict of interest and 'good ol' boy' politics. During his campaign for governor, Riley vowed to change this method of selection and proposed that the governor appoint a merit selection panel which would in turn select members of the PSC.

Soon after his election, Riley sent a bill to the House proposing the creation of a five-member merit selection panel to be appointed by the governor. More than five months later — after weeks of stormy debate and countless revisions in both House and Senate — the legislature passed a measure creating an eleven-member selection panel, with five members appointed by the governor and three each by the House and the Senate. The bill prohibits legislators from being members of the PSC until they have been out of the legislature for four years.

Both sides claimed victory with the passage of this bill. The opposition claimed Riley did not get what he wanted, but Riley said he was satisfied with the compromise.

"This law, for the first time in this state's history — and I hope not the last — brings significant reform to a system symbolic of the old way of doing things," he said at the signing ceremony. The bill was, he said, "a radical departure from what I have called the 'good ol' boy' method of selection. It passes my test of merit, as it finally passed the test of the General Assembly yesterday."

In a recent interview Riley said he considers the passage of this bill his major legislative accomplishment. "It accomplished a lot more than simply the reform of the Public Service Commission," he said. "We took on some longtime problems, some long established ways of doing things. It showed that the system can adjust and it can change in those heretofore untouchable areas, when change is shown to be needed."

Commenting about Riley's first year and three months in office, Bob McAlister, news director of WIS Radio in Columbia, says, "When he was elected governor, despite the fact that most of the power structure supported Lt. Gov. Brantley Harvey, I really thought he was in for some tough times. I still think he probably is, but last year Riley got pretty much what he wanted, and that is carrying forward this year — to my utter amazement.

"He is getting along with the power structure much better than I thought he would. He has been able to maintain his reformist positions while at the same time not alienating the people in the legislature who really are pushers and shakers."

When asked about his goals for the state, Riley says he thinks South Carolina will develop rapidly over the next ten to twenty years. "We have the good fortune to be in a

growing area, instead of a decaying area," he says, "and it's very important that we grow right." To grow as it should, he says, South Carolina must develop in a balanced way — from the standpoint of the environment, jobs and capital investment.

The State Development Board, under the leadership of former Greenville Mayor Max Heller, a Riley appointee, has already set a record for industrial development. In 1979, 726 new and expanded plants totaling \$1.5 billion in new investments created 21,598 jobs in the state.

But Riley worries that some young people in South Carolina are not well educated enough to handle the highly technical jobs that are coming into the state. If they can't take advantage of these jobs, he says, industrial development will not be successful.

"My chief interest as governor of South Carolina is public education. I think it's the most important function that any state has. I think it's the factor in South Carolina that can best enable us to give everyone a fair shot at life."

Riley has concentrated his efforts on strengthening early childhood education because research shows that this is the most crucial period in a person's intellectual development. "If a high school student is having trouble reading and writing," he says, "it didn't come out of a ninth grade problem. That student didn't get the right start. You have to start at the starting place and know 15 years from now that you'll have people with a good education."

Because of his reputation for sound thinking and his friendship with Jimmy Carter, Riley has begun to attract national attention. Last spring, Carter appointed him to the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, a high powered group which drafts policy on working relationships among federal, state and local governments.

He also heads the Executive Management Committee of the Governors Association and is chairman of the Southern Growth Policies Board, a 14-state regional body. In the latter position, he is the spokesman for the South to the federal government on matters dealing with research and development.

Riley has received the most national publicity for his crusade to prevent South Carolina from becoming the nation's dumping ground for nuclear waste. As governor of the state which until then had received 85 percent of the nation's nuclear waste, Riley met with U.S. Department of Energy officials soon after his election to advocate a national plan for the disposal of nuclear waste and to suggest that possibly each state should dispose of its own waste.

Last summer he and the governors of Washington and Nevada, the states where the other two dumps are located, notified the Nuclear Regulatory Commission that they



Bill Henry

*Riley reminds visiting students that the real power in state government belongs to the people.*

would close their dumps unless the government imposed stricter regulations. In October the three states temporarily closed their dumps to all nuclear waste, and nuclear waste generators nationwide began to feel the pinch. In November Riley announced a two-year plan to cut in half the amount of waste that will be accepted in South Carolina.

Riley's efforts finally paid off. In February of this year President Carter asked Riley to head a newly created State Planning Council on nuclear waste. Composed of eighteen members — seven governors and eleven other state and local officials, the council will advise the executive branch and Congress on the disposal of nuclear waste.

Riley hesitated a little while before accepting this responsibility. "I couldn't justify spending as much time as I'm going to have to spend on this if it weren't for the fact that unless we come up with a national plan that's fair and makes sense, South Carolina is going to be that plan. I don't want that to happen. This is a good

opportunity for the state to be involved in a national decision."

Asked recently if there were any surprises about being governor, he replied, "Dealing with emergencies, which is something you can't plan for. When an emergency comes up, it doesn't matter if you're working with the budget or whatever, you have to flat get out and leave it to your staff and have a good emergency operation. You have to make quick decisions and they have to be right. You never know what the next emergency is going to be, but there will be something."

So far Riley has successfully handled several major emergencies, including preparations for Hurricane David, the controversy and demonstrations following the death of a young black man in Chester County and a national truckers strike that threatened to ruin peach growers and farmers in the state. In the last case, Riley broke the nationwide strike by holding talks with truckers in South Carolina.



*Since leaving Furman, Riley  
has waged a personal battle which  
he seldom talks about.*

Despite all the problems, Riley says he likes everything he does as governor. "There's not a light moment during the day. You have different kinds of pressures and that doesn't bother me at all. I enjoy it."

Making speeches doesn't bother him either, he says. In fact, a test once taken when he was in the General Assembly showed that his blood pressure actually goes down instead of up when he makes a speech.

"I don't care how tough the day has been, how many people have jumped all over me — when I go to bed at night, I go to sleep. When I wake up the next morning, I can't wait to get to the office. This is what I've prepared myself for."

Those who know Riley would agree that he has been preparing for a job like this all his life. "Dick has been outstanding since kindergarten," explains his mother.

In junior high school young Riley began winning declamation contests. At Greenville High he was president of his senior class. At Furman he was president of the student council and a member of Blue Key and Quaternion. After serving three years in the Navy, he was president of his law school class at the University of South Carolina. In 1968-70 Riley served as president of the Furman Alumni Association.

At Furman he took a lot of political science courses, in addition to economics and business administration. He describes as "impressive" many of his professors, including D. H. Gilpatrick, Ernest Harrill, Carlyle Ellett and Schaefer Kendrick. He remembers a two-term Shakespeare course under E. P. Vandiver as one of the best courses he ever had.

"Since I graduated from Furman, I have never felt that I was less educated than anyone that I had to deal with on any level and that's from the very top right down to the very bottom. I am absolutely convinced that I had as strong an opportunity for education as anybody did anywhere."

Almost since leaving Furman, Riley has waged a personal battle which he seldom talks about. In the summer of 1954 while he was on active duty in the Navy, he was stricken with rheumatoid spondylitis, a disease which attacks mostly young males and causes pain and stiffness of the spine. Doctors told him that although there was no cure for the disease, it would run its course in ten or fifteen years and the pain would subside.

Accepting his condition, Riley made up his mind that he would not let it prevent him from leading a normal life. In and out of hospitals in the Navy, he returned to South Carolina to get his law degree and in 1957 married Anne Yarborough from Florence. After law school, he worked in Washington a year in order to get physical therapy at Bethesda Naval Hospital. When he began practicing law in Greenville in late 1959, the disease was

at its worst, but he never missed a day's work or took a painkiller (not even aspirin) for fear of becoming dependent on drugs.

Now that the disease has run its course, he is free from pain, but his spine is permanently fused and he appears slightly stooped. To offset doubts about his health during his campaign for governor, he kept up a brutal schedule of personal appearances, exhausting his aides in the process.

Throughout his political career and his illness, Riley has kept his sense of humor, never taking himself too seriously. During the campaign he was entertained by aides with several fake slogans, such as "Stand Tall for Riley" and "Riley Is a Forward-Leaning Man." When he was campaigning in a little backwater town, the proprietor of the country store took one look at him and said, "Son, you must have had a tough time in the war." Instead of trying to explain, Riley said, "Yeah, war is hell."

When Riley was asked to sponsor the first frog in the 13th annual South Carolina Governor's Frog Jump contest last April, his office issued a statement that the governor would select his frog on the basis of merit, not on the basis of politics.

"There has been a lot of arm twisting going on, trying to get the governor to select a frog from certain counties, but Governor Riley has said he'll have none of that, that he wants to enter the best qualified frog," said Marion Brown, his press secretary. Brown said that Riley had put together a task force to recommend a frog, but a final decision had not been made at that time "because we're looking to see how some people vote on the Public Service Commission bill."

In an article in the *Furman Magazine* in 1971, James L. Walker predicted that Riley would become governor one day. The question now is: what will Riley do next? Although he supported a bill in the legislature to allow voters to decide if a South Carolina governor can serve a second successive term, he has not announced that he will seek a second term if he is allowed to do so. There has also been speculation that he will run for the U.S. Senate seat now held by Strom Thurmond when Thurmond retires in 1984.

But for the moment, Riley isn't saying what he intends to do. Speculating on his son's future, Ted Riley says, "He's talking now about when he comes back home to practice law. I don't know whether he will or not. It's pretty hard to say."

To observers it seems unlikely Riley will resume his long interrupted private practice, while there are many jobs — especially in Washington — he could handle so well.

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# Chiming out Bach to rock

by Jim Stewart

**W**ho's playing the Bell Tower?"

The question has become a common one at Furman since a freshman from Stone Mountain, Ga., arrived on campus last fall and was issued a set of keys to the school's carillon.

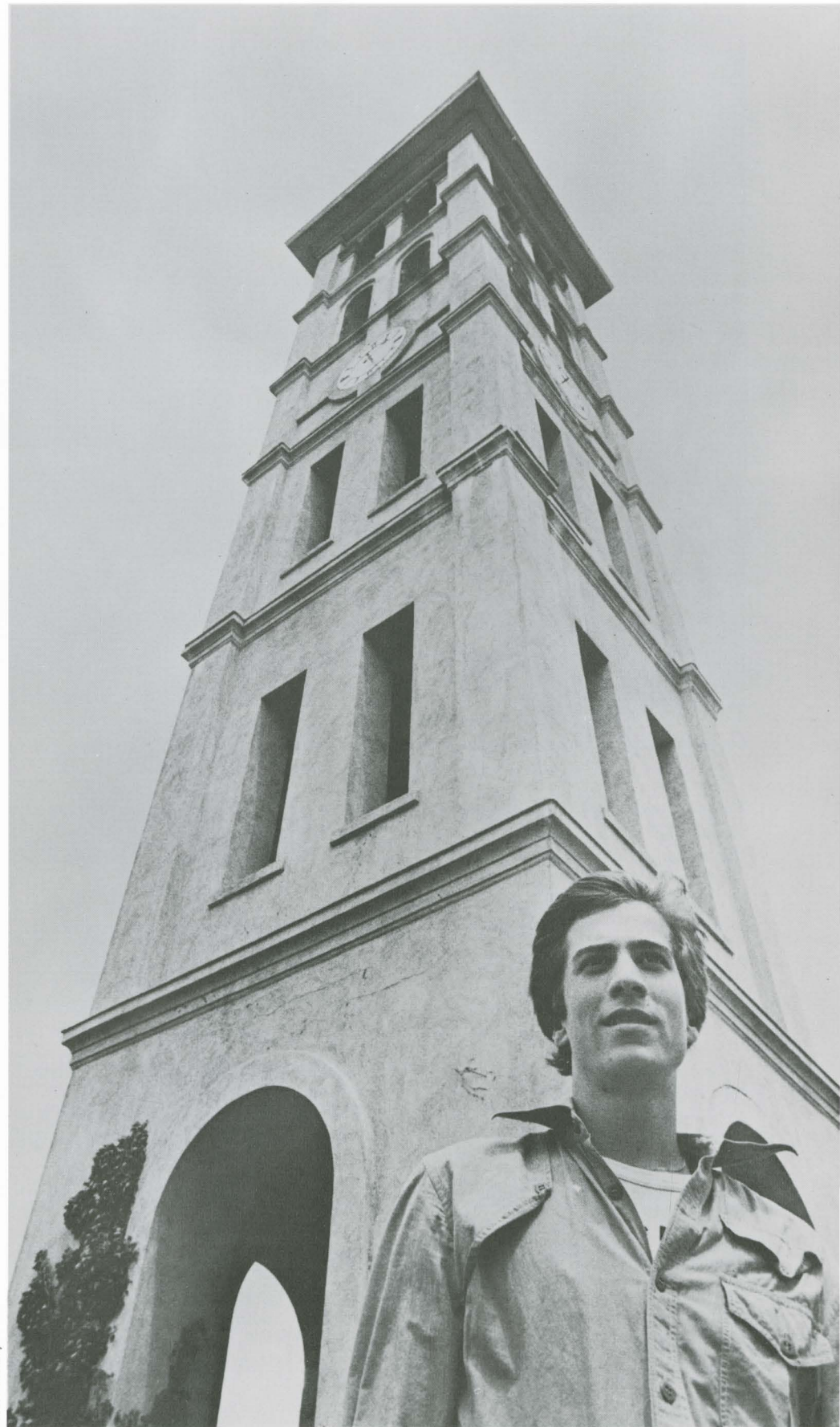
Andy Gammon, a typical music education major with an unusual musical talent, has injected new life into Furman's oldest, most recognizable symbol. No longer is "Westminster Chimes" the only music heard from the bell tower. With Gammon at the controls, the bells now peal forth everything from Bach to rock, from immortal classics to "The Stripper."

"Yeah, I got a pretty good reaction from people after I played that one," says Gammon, who presented carillon concerts throughout the school year.

He was first attracted to the instrument while growing up in Rumson, N.J., where his church's 23-bell carillon piqued his already established interest in music. He began making regular visits to the church tower to watch the carillonneur at work; eventually, he became the assistant bell ringer and later inherited the job when the carillonneur died. The church also gave him a scholarship to study with Frank Law, a noted carillonneur from Valley Forge, Pa.

But in 1976, Gammon's family moved to Stone Mountain, which has no manual carillons. Gammon had to be satisfied with occasional visits to Valley Forge for lessons with Law.

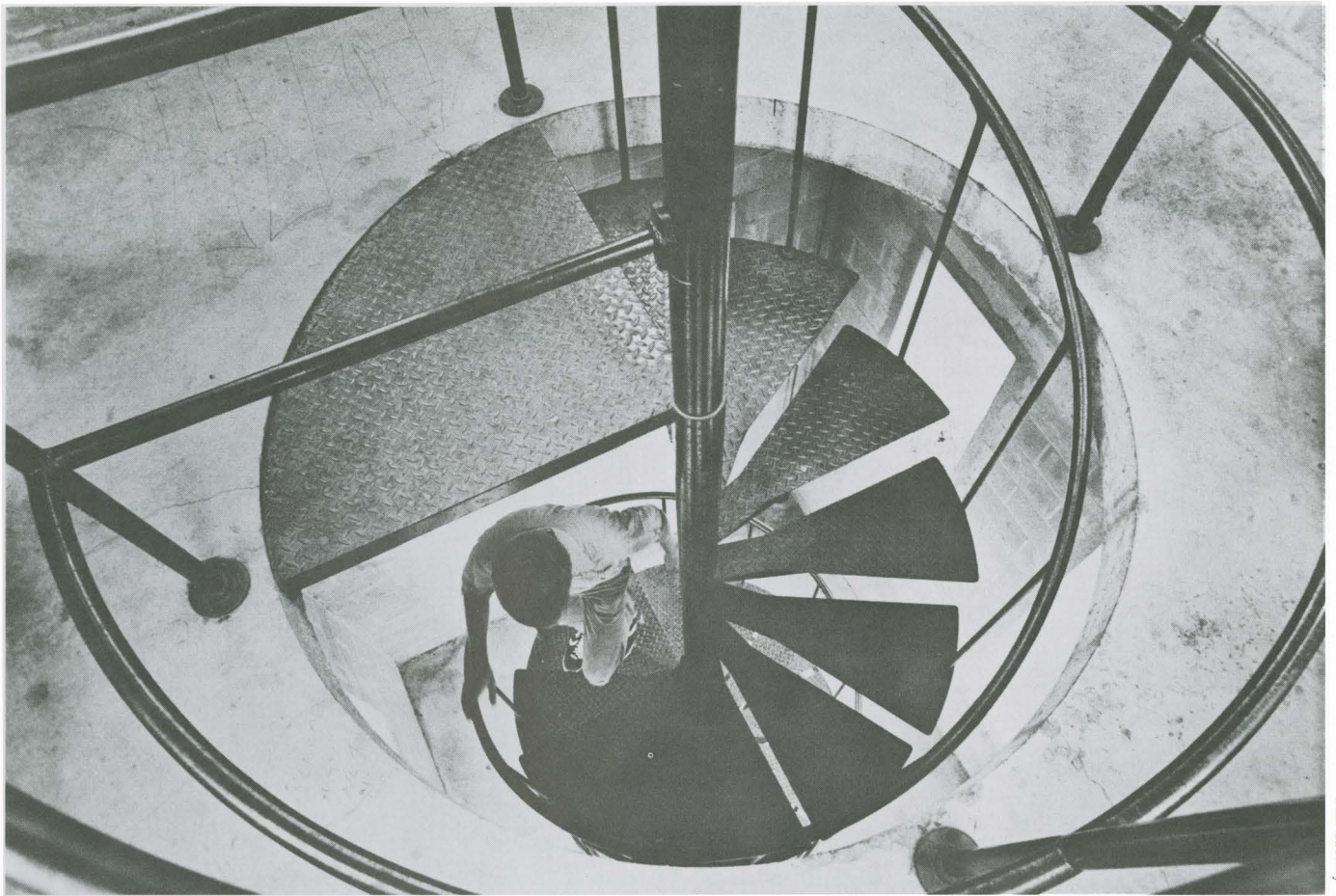
When the time came to consider colleges, Gammon looked to schools with strong music departments (he hopes to teach choral music). That was the main reason he chose



Bill Henry

*Freshman Andy Gammon is Furman's first trained carillonneur.*





Bill Henry

*Gammon climbs the steep spiral staircase to the clavier in the bell tower.*

Furman, although the decision was made easier after Law told him about the school's carillon.

"Before school started, I called Dr. Milburn Price and asked him if it would be possible to play the carillon. He said "great," that no one had played it regularly for some time. So I got a set of keys, found out Sunday recitals would be fine, and that was that."

Getting permission was easy. Things weren't so simple once he inspected the tower.

The bells were in good shape, but the clappers to the bells were broken. The estimated cost for complete repairs: \$34,000-\$46,000. Since he didn't have that much cash on hand, Gammon had to do his own maintenance work, and though he's hardly a carillon-repair expert, he was able to make it usable.

"Still, it's very difficult to play," he says. "With all the broken linkages, spider webs and other problems, you can't get the musicality out of the instrument that you get from a well-

kept one," like the 58-bell carillon at Valley Forge. Comparing the two is "like comparing a Kimball with a Steinway."

Even without broken wires and rusted clappers, the carillon is not a simple instrument to learn. Granted, the technique seems easy enough: sound is produced by striking wooden pegs (batons) with one's fist. The batons are attached to a clavier, which in turn is attached to the bell clappers.

However, all carillons do not have the same number of batons — nor are the batons always arranged in the same order. Then there's the matter of the foot pedals.

"It's a very different instrument that takes a lot of practice," Gammon says. "You can't expect to play it the first time you see it. But it's important to be able to read music and to be familiar with the keyboard.

"It's tiring, too. Some pieces are very ambitious, and it's a workout to play them. I sometimes feel like a pretzel. And if it's real hot or real

cold . . . well, let's just say it's treacherous."

Barring any major disaster to him or the tower, though, Gammon will continue to refine his art. And he refuses to despair over the current condition of Furman's carillon. He's trying to enlist administration support for the repair work on the 59-bell instrument which he has discovered is the 10th largest in the country.

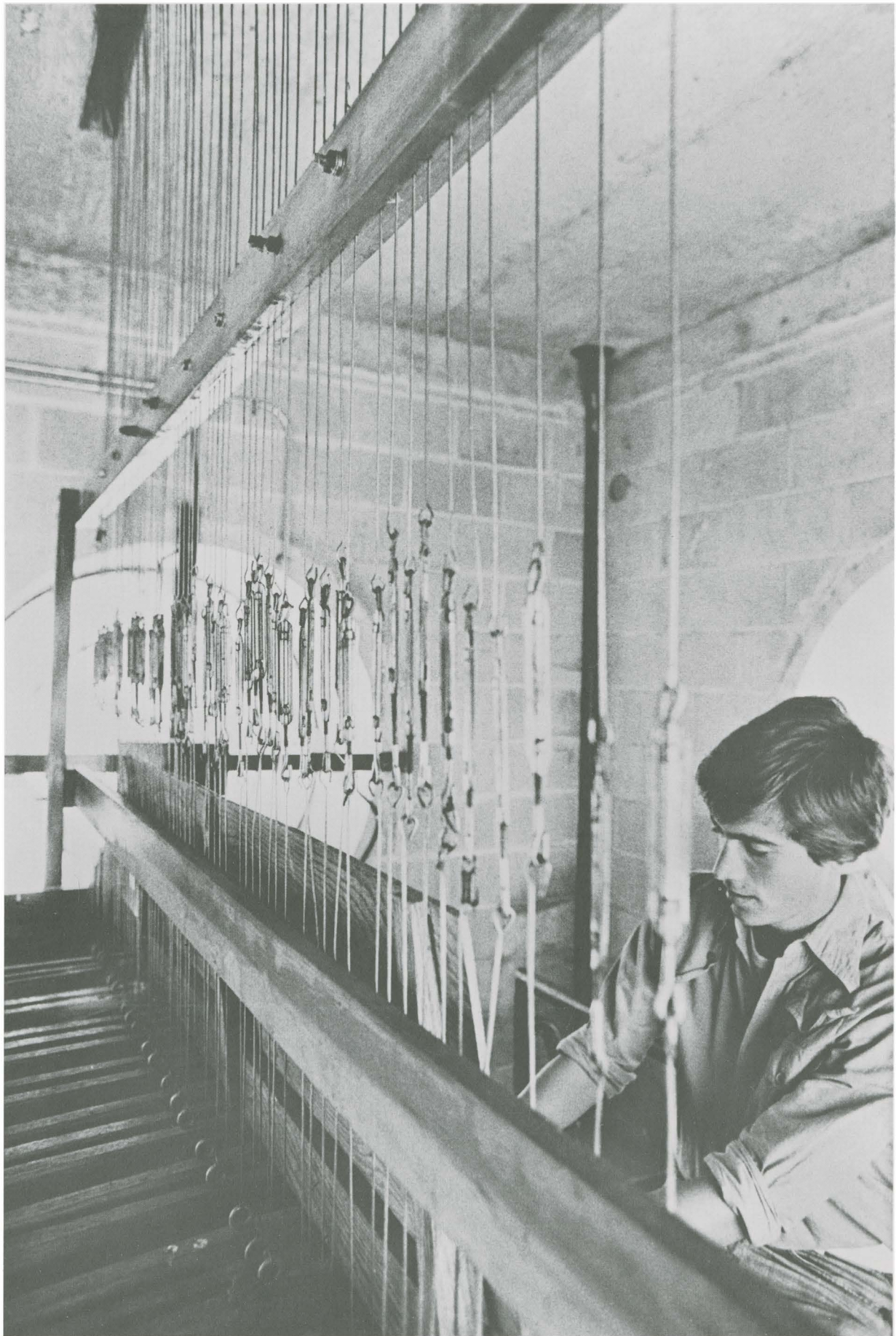
"I've talked with Dr. Johns and we agree that it's important to have the carillon in good shape," he says. "The tower is such a well-known symbol of the school, but people don't know that it's also a musical instrument. If we could let the public know it's here, I think people would flock to hear it. It's just so unique."




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*Jim Stewart, class of 1976, is news director at Furman.*





Bill Henry



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