Dachau
by Jerry Mandelberg

I visited Dachau. One of the ladies on our Elderhostel tour couldn’t understand how I could do that. She knew I was Jewish and to her that made my visit even stranger and more horrific.

“How could I go?” she asked.

“How could I not go?” I said.

Looking back now I’m not sure why I answered her that way. I’m not really sure what she meant—but the compulsion—the need—the desire was strong. I was drawn to the place. I don’t believe it was just some macabre decision. Something inside me told me that it was absolutely wrong of me to be so close to Dachau and not confirm the unimaginable that I had been reading about for more than 50
years. Now, here was the reality—in 3D and color. To
go or not to go and see it with my own eyes was never
a choice. I had to go.

We took a train from Munich. Within about 20
minutes Selma and I arrived in the small town of
Dachau. It is a very attractive village with quaint,
typically German small private homes all lined up
in a row and painted in simple muted colors. All
had beautiful little gardens and were surrounded by
white picket fences. Everything—gardens, houses, and
roadway—was spotlessly clean, but not sterile looking.
As a matter of fact, if you did not know what lay at
the end of the roadway, you might not mind spending
some time there. A bus from the Dachau train station
took us about three miles down the main street to
the Dachau concentration camp now open as a, what
would you call it, museum? We walked through the
open gate and past the barbed wire fence with guard
towers every hundred yards. Close to the fence is
a deep ditch filled with water, making a run for the
fence nearly impossible. In contrast to the mood of this
place was its spotless, almost sterile appearance. The
grass was a brilliant green, or appeared that way to me.
What did I expect it to look like? More somber,
perhaps—some residue of what it once had been.
An unholy place like this did not deserve to look so
clean, so bright, and almost park-like. Some buildings
remained. Some were museum-like in that they
showed a pictorial history of what led up to Hitler’s,
and Germany’s, anti-Semitic attitudes before he came
to power.

The pictures concerning his “Final Solution” were
included, but saved for last. Much to their credit, they
told the whole unbelievable story. Nothing was sugar-
coated.

Other buildings were barracks, again spotlessly clean.
The Germans are a very clean, neat, and orderly
people.

Alles in Ordnung

Of course, there were the gas chambers disguised as
shower rooms, and the crematorium. Off to the side
was a lush wooded area where firing squads routinely
executed prisoners. Visible in the distance were several
memorials—Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant.

As I walked through this physical evidence of man’s
inhumanity to man I shed no tears and wondered why.
Was I numbed by the impact of this surrealistic place?
I don’t think so. I was upset when I entered the gas
chamber. But the rest … There was nothing new here.
We all had known about the concentration camps for
more than 50 years.

Some days later the answer came to me. Dachau
had been too sterile. It was operating room-clean
throughout, and should not have been. It should have
been dirty and filthy, as filthy as the purposes behind it,
but it wasn’t. And since it was sterile, our feelings were
sterile. As Selma and I discussed why we felt no strong
reaction, we agreed that the Holocaust Museum in
Washington was more stirring than what we had seen
at Dachau.

Another thought struck me. What I had seen here
and in the rest of Germany I had visited was an
uncommonly high sense of order. In almost every
city, village and town we visited, everything, almost
without exception, was clean, neat, and orderly. What
we had seen was the positive side of order.

Could a people like the Germans with such a high
sense of order be turned around again?

Could it happen again?

Kristen

by Julius Rosen

Suddenly I awoke with a start. When I opened my
eyes, sitting on the bench before me was Kristen!
My 12-year-old sweetheart of so long, long ago, the
shining light of my own 12th year! How could that
be? Kristen, back in the time, all over again? I’m so
much older today … resting on a bench … decades and
decades past that time … much advanced in years …
drifting in and out of reality … seeing, and not seeing,
hearing and not hearing … clinging and dreaming
to a lifetime of events. But, there she was … like a
and care for each other, forever. And I did ... and now, still do. Ah, Kristen! It couldn’t have been you sitting there. Yet I was so sure I saw you. Ah! Kristen, I know not where you are today. But I still think of you ... and I know you do think of me, too.

First Born Sons
by Liz Lehmann

Many first-born sons I have known have disappointed their mothers. I began to wonder why. My older brother, a first-born son, married out of our faith and broke my mother’s heart. First-born sons I know got divorced, which is shameful in our community, or they married mates not suitable or compatible.

Some chose careers that were not satisfying or didn’t allow for financial success. Others moved far away from family so they see each other infrequently.

Then there are other first-born sons who never marry and don’t have a family. The good book says it’s not good for man to live alone. Perhaps, I thought, sons were subconsciously unforgiving when their moms had other children.

In one of my Judaic classes the rabbi read a short poem that seemed to be one answer to my question. The title was “Some Things Don’t Make Any Sense At All.” It goes like this:

My mom says I’m her sugar plum,
My mom says I’m her lamb.
My mom says I’m completely perfect
Just the way I am.
My mom says I’m a super special, wonderful, terrific guy.
My mom just had another baby,
WHY?

Could that be an answer to my theory that first-born sons often disappoint their mothers?
Secrets of a Long Marriage
by Janet Schutzman

What’s the secret of a long marriage? “That’s easy,” said my friend at her son and daughter-in-law’s wedding. “Just pick the right person.”

On Picking the Right Person

Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your reputation, for tis better to be alone than in bad company. George Washington

Never sleep with anyone whose troubles are worse than your own. Nelson Algren, Author

From birth to age 18 a girl needs good parents, from 18 to 35, good looks, from 35 to 55, a good personality, and from 55 on, cash. Sophie Tucker

Get to know his credit history before saying ‘I do.’ Eileen Ambrose, Financial Columnist

The trouble with too many women is that they get all excited about nothing—and then they go ahead and marry him. Cher

When parents say, what we think doesn’t matter, you’re the one dating him, it means they hate the guy. Creators Syndicate

Only a fool would not judge by appearances. Oscar Wilde

No romance without finance. Brothers and Sisters. Bebe Moore Campbell

Respect and admiration are musts. Janet Schutzman

Marry the one you would least mind being with in a traffic jam or lost on the way to an important engagement. Janet Schutzman

Test the Waters

Solve a problem together of significant importance.

Learn if or how he takes over your load when you are unable to function well due to illness, fatigue, or emergency.

Learn if there is room for your interests in the relationship. Do you enjoy talking together about ideas? Are you available to hear about each other’s feelings?

Are you playful with each other beyond sex? Is this fun for both of you?

Realize no one person can meet all your needs.

Understand that no one is without flaws, even the one you choose to be your life partner.

The Unsympathetic Protagonist, or Is Likability Overrated?
by George Clack

A blog post titled “The Unsympathetic Protagonist” recently caught my eye. The Smart Writer blogger lays out the conventional wisdom about a story with a not-very-likable central character.

We know that editors and agents will reject a manuscript with an unsympathetic protagonist. They won’t want to read the novel; they believe, rightly so, that readers won’t like the protagonist, won’t want to spend 400 pages in close association with that character.

The Smart Writer goes on to explain:
In a novel or movie, we like and identify with the protagonist in some way—in their search for justice, for love, for escape, for growth—including their desire and efforts to reach their goals, their dreams, despite their imperfections and the odds against them. We root for them when obstacles stand in their way. Conversely, the unsympathetic protagonist … [has] qualities we don’t like or admire, and they don’t have enough positive qualities that would balance out what we don’t like. Further, they may also have done something we don’t like or that we find reprehensible—their actions are disquieting. We can’t connect with the character, and we can’t empathize with them or their pursuit of goals and dreams, so we can’t root for them.

That’s the usual advice to rookie writers, but I got to thinking about the fiction I’ll be teaching this fall in my course, “The Quest for Meaning in Contemporary Fiction and Film.” I know from past teaching experience that four of the six novels in this course feature an unsympathetic protagonist, or better said, a protagonist who will alienate some readers because she/he is not a conventionally likable person.

Let’s consider Penelope Lively’s 1997 Booker Prize-winner, Moon Tiger, the story of a British journalist/historian, Claudia Hampson, lying on her deathbed and remembering her life. Claudia is one of those literary characters whom you do not forget. By most conventional standards, Claudia is, morally speaking, well, reprehensible. This is a woman who refers to her daughter on first mention as “a dull child” and as “Lisa, my poor Lisa, a silent and pasty little girl.” Besides being an admittedly lousy mother, Claudia could also be charged with snobbery, vanity, egomania, willfulness, and being a terminally argumentative person. And I won’t dwell on her youthful experimentation with incest. In short, Claudia is not very nice in the way bourgeois British society of her era expected women to be nice.

What’s interesting, though, is that the women in the “Novels of Aging” class I taught liked the novel very much and rather admired Claudia. It’s true that Claudia has certain virtues: intelligence, frankness, a clear-eyed realistic view of herself, a deeply ironic nature, a streak of well-hidden romanticism, and, of course, in her youthful incarnation, beauty. Claudia, as one of her lovers thinks, “is the kind of woman people notice.” For me, Claudia’s most attractive trait is that, unlike most people in this world, she chooses not to sit out history. She plunges into it, History with a capital H, the primary example being the way she wangles a post as a war correspondent during the Sahara Desert campaign in World War II.

My class’s view of Claudia is seconded by the novel’s many fans on the book blog run by the British newspaper The Guardian. They’ve said things like:

“Claudia is … confused and irascible, and not particularly endearing,” yet the same reader says she’s “one of my all-time favourite literary heroines.”

From the very beginning there’s an impish, bloody-minded charm that is extremely alluring … I think a truly unsympathetic protagonist would be someone lacking the kind of charisma that Claudia has. I remember reading this book when it first came out and thinking—yes! Someone else is a bad mother!

Writing on the bibliophile blog Vulpes Libris, a young writer named Nikki tells how she first encountered the novel between her freshman and sophomore years of college.

There are some books that define you at a certain moment in your life. Some, on the other hand, illustrate what you want your future to look like, who you want to be “when you grow up.” For me, Moon Tiger was the latter… I am the opposite of Claudia, I knew it then and I know it now. But that is why this book had such impact on me. I saw in it what I needed to learn—I needed to learn to be tougher, to take things less to heart, to be willing to open my mouth and voice my opinions. And that is exactly what I did. I have never cut quite the same dash that Claudia has, but I have argued for what I believed in, I did finally put pen to paper. Most of all, I stopped caring so much about what others thought.

Wow, all this devotion for a tough-as-flint character who goes through life confronting nearly everybody she meets! Something in that likability equation for protagonists has to be off.
But what about an unsympathetic male protagonist? Readers in our “Quest” class this fall will also be meeting Trond Sander, the anti-heroes hero of Per Petterson’s 2008 novel, Out Stealing Horses.

Trond is a 67-year-old Norwegian who’s gone to live by himself in a cabin next to a river in a sparsely populated part of the country. Over the course of the novel, we learn that he’s returned to the same cabin where he spent the memory-rich summer of 1948 with his father. Trond was 15 then, and his father seemed a masculine ideal—a Resistance fighter against the occupying Nazis in World War II, and a good man with his hands who could handle any task. But the father is also an enigmatic character, one who conceals much and at the end of that crucial summer will leave his family for another woman. When I asked the class I was teaching what they thought of Trond, a woman laid into the character of Trond. She didn’t like him and she didn’t like the novel. For her, he was a classic unsympathetic protagonist. Her indictment:

1. Trond deserted his adult daughters when he ran away to that cabin in the woods, not telling anyone where he was going, not even having a phone where he could be reached. We first learn Trond has a daughter when she tracks him down at the cabin on page 190 of a 238-page book. He’s not a good father.

2. Trond is self-absorbed. Much of the novel is spent inside his mind in flashback as Trond recalls the key events of his life, above all that summer when he was 15, and meditates on the meaning of these events and by implication his life.

3. Trond allows his dog Lyra, his chief companion in the cabin, to eat only after he’s eaten. Lyra is a very well-behaved dog and he likes her subservience.

4. Trond has a huge thing about masculinity—that is, about his father and understanding what it means to be a man. There are a few female characters mentioned in the novel, but the screen time these women get is very limited. Petterson’s novel is weighted about 95:5 in the words devoted to male versus female characters. And the women are seen through Trond’s masculine filter from outside, as exotic, baffling forms of the Other, not as well-rounded characters. The fullest, most exuberant passages in the novel are accounts of men working together in mostly silent camaraderie—logging, riding horses, doing tough, dangerous physical tasks. And yet most of the class, 80 percent of whom were women, did not see Trond in these terms. As we discussed Trond, it became clear that a well-drawn, albeit “unsympathetic” protagonist offers several compensations. First, complexity. One of the hallmarks of the High Literary Tradition, as opposed to pop schlock, is a dramatic conflict that has no pat solutions and, in fact, may remain unresolved at story’s end. One of the best conflicts of all is within the self.

Any attempt that I could make to paraphrase Trond’s inner life would do a disservice to the novel, so it’s best to stick with Petterson’s words. Here’s Trond thinking about why he wants to be alone at the end of his life:

To solve my problems alone, one at a time, with clear thinking and good tools, like my father probably did those times at the cabin, took on one task after another, assessing it and putting out the tools he needed in a calculated order starting at one end and working his way through to the other, thinking and using his hands and enjoying what he did, in the same way I want to enjoy what I do, to solve the daily challenges that may be tricky enough, but within clear limits, with beginnings and endings to them that I can foresee, and then be tired in the evening but not exhausted, and wake up all rested in the morning, brew my coffee and light the stove and look out at the light that comes pink over the forest towards the lake and get dressed and walk the paths with Lyra, and then get on with the tasks that shall fill that day. That is what I want, and I know I can do it, that I have it in me, the ability to be alone, and there is nothing to be afraid of. I have seen so many things and been part of so much in my life although I will not go into details now, for I have been lucky too, I have been ‘the boy with the golden trousers,’ but it would be nice finally to have some rest.

If this sounds like Thoreau crossed with Twain and Hemingway, that’s not surprising: Petterson is tapping into a deep tradition and set of emotions where many a male writer has been before him. Call it the Men Who Go to the Woods To Escape syndrome. Escape what? For Trond, it’s a whole array of things: emotion, pain, other people, civilization, women. But for Trond, as for many at the end of their life, there’s also the need
to simplify—to get down to nature and elemental forces and physical existence—and then to understand the meaning of one’s life.

Trond is living out in almost textbook fashion the final stage of adult development, what the psychologist Erik Erikson called Integrity—a passionate quest for understanding one’s life in the face of death. This is the stage where people seek a sense of peace with their own life and the world as it is and ask, What has my life amounted to?

The second virtue of an artfully drawn unsympathetic protagonist is credibility. There’s no better route than psychological realism and telling a story from a particular character’s point of view for hooking a reader. In Trond, Petterson has created a protagonist who seems fully alive, with all his human ambiguities, flaws, uncertainties, and dithering intact. By the end of the novel we know Trond better than we know most of our good friends in real life.

Do I “like” Trond? That’s not the word I’d use. Would I stop by for a chat with him if I lived the next cabin over in the Norwegian woods? Probably. Do I find him fascinating as a literary character? Certainly. Does he make me think hard about my own life? Absolutely.

The Forgotten War

When asked what they know about the War of 1812 the average American would most likely respond, “Not very much.” Certainly, when asked such a question, the first things to jump to are the typical stereotypes of warfare from this time period: cannon and musket fire, bombs bursting in air, possibly Baltimore clippers engaged in naval battles or local militias mustering to face the invading British forces, etc. in the Chesapeake region, the particulars that most seem to recall tend to be burning of the White House and Washington, DC, the conflict at Fort McHenry, and Francis Scott Key’s writing *The Star Spangled Banner*. From slaves escaping to nearby British warships to local citizens whose travel was interrupted by naval blockade, the War of 1812 on the Chesapeake challenged American ideas about freedom in new ways.

**Promise of Refuge**

The Royal Navy did not come to the Chesapeake Bay with a defined purpose of emancipating its enslaved people, but many slaves acted as if the British were liberators. In the early 1800s, the Chesapeake Bay region—due to its central location on the eastern seaboard, network of navigable waterways, diverse natural resources, and fertile agricultural lands—served as a hub for trade, industry, and government, making it a prime target for the British. The impetus of the British actions was to impede economic activity. In April of 1814 the British issued a proclamation that offered freedom, as well as land, to any slave who was able to escape to a warship. At the beginning of the conflict the naval officers reluctantly took runaways in hopes of attracting new fighters and taking advantage of local knowledge. The proclamation was a significant change that officially allowed entire families to leave as a group, as opposed to limiting escape to individuals seeking freedom alone. No one knows for certain exactly how many slaves were able to take advantage of this opportunity; the official count based on property claims filed with the United States government stands at approximately 2400, but new research has increased the number significantly, to about 3000 and possibly even more. This situation had a profound effect in a number of ways in the Chesapeake region—it not only changed the lives of enslaved individuals and families, many of whom settled new communities in the Caribbean or Nova Scotia, but the landowners as well who found, in some cases, their farms suffering from a significant loss of labor, and in other cases, former slaves returning as pilots or guides to lead raids with the British on their plantations.

The Maryland State Archives’ Study of the Legacy of Slavery program is generating new research for us related to this theme. One example of such a case study is that of Frisby Harris, a slave in Calvert County who used the conflict as an opportunity to

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**Navigating Freedom: The War of 1812 on the Chesapeake**

By Robert Forloney

*The Forgotten War*

When asked what they know about the War of 1812 the average American would most likely respond, “Not very much.” Certainly, when asked such a question, the first things to jump to are the typical stereotypes of warfare from this time period: cannon and musket fire, bombs bursting in air, possibly Baltimore clippers engaged in naval battles or local militias mustering to face the invading British forces, etc. in the Chesapeake region, the particulars that most seem to recall tend to be burning of the White House and Washington, DC,
seek freedom. Born around 1796, Harris was a slave whose labor may have been hired out by his owner, a practice fairly common at the time. He was living on the property of a doctor overlooking the Patuxent River in the summer of 1814, when Captain Joseph Nourse sailed the British frigate Severn up the Patuxent to reconnoiter the river and raid the area. Upon the arrival of the British troops, Harris assisted with the looting and burning of the manor house before escaping with them later that day. Apparently Harris immediately joined the British as a soldier because, less than a week after his escape, Robert Yoe saw Harris “acting as an officer” when the British burned down the Calvert County courthouse and jail in Prince Frederick. Barbara Fowler, another witness at the burning, reported that she saw him “in company with said troops with a sword by his side.” In a very short time Frisby Harris went from living as an enslaved person to a formal promotion, serving as a Corporal in the Colonial Marines. Unfortunately, Harris’s whereabouts after the War of 1812 are currently unknown. The name Frisby Harris did not appear on the lists of refugee slaves on Tangier Island, Maryland, or in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where the British sent many of the African American slaves that fled to their ships. Though an amazing story, the account of Frisby Harris is only one of many narratives documenting how the War of 1812 was transformational to those living in the Chesapeake region during this time period.

Karma
by Missy Comley Beattie

Most summer Sundays after Sunday school, we went to Daddy’s home place in Pollard to spend the afternoon with our grandparents. Changing clothes, sister Laura and I placed our dresses on the feather bed in the back room of the grim, four-room house with low ceilings and uneven floors.

Memory preserves that interior in black and white, a stark prelude to what awaited outside.

Papaw would head to the chicken yard. Laura and I followed. When we entered their arena, the chickens chattered and scattered. Some took brief flight, their feathers swirling against a pale blue, sun-split sky. Laura and I lured them back with handfuls of corn. Briefly there was quiet, a soundless few seconds of opaque whiteness. Then, suddenly, Papaw’s arm darted, grabbing a bird whose “bwak bwak” battle cry caused a general arousal, eliciting a chorus from the rest of the chickens. All hell broke loose.

With flushed faces, we watched our grandfather’s chaotic war dance. And we danced along.

“Bring the hot water,” Papaw would shout to Mamaw, as he held high our entree. Gently, he tucked the chicken’s head against his body and welcomed it to the warmth of his armpit.

“It’s getting sleepy, very sleepy,” he would say.

Shifting, Papaw would slip the chicken out to his side. With his right hand grasping the neck, Papaw twirled the bird—round and round—until the head and body separated, the body dropping to the ground. Its neck spurting blood, the chicken ran, ran, ran, as Laura and I squealed a refrain. When the chicken slowed, almost swaying back and forth, Papaw took it by the legs, plunged it into the water, pulled it out, passed it to Laura and me, and we plucked the feathers until it looked almost human.

Years later, when my grandfather was dying of cancer, my grandmother brought him from the hospital to our house. Each day, she bathed him, using a bowl of hot water. He lay in the back bedroom, coughed blood, spoke words nobody understood, slept, and wasted away until he resembled a plucked chicken.

I could imagine God’s arms, reaching down through the summer’s pale blue, sun-split sky, one hand closing around my grandfather’s neck, wringing, wringing, wringing, while background angels with flushed faces shrieked.
The Roaring Forties
by Leight Johnson

“Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be.”

I’m referring to the fifth decade of our lives, not a date in history. The teens can be great, of course—falling in love for the first time (maybe the second and third as well), high school dances, learning to drive, going off to college—all those joyful things.

Your 20s may be even better—graduation, your first adult job, falling in love for real this time, marrying and starting a family, adjusting to life as a couple instead of a footloose single.

Thirty to 40 is a settling-in period. More children on the way perhaps, some progress in your career, lasting friendships established—a good time of life.

But the next ten years are, I believe, the best. Your children are now out of the toddler stage and don’t need baby-sitting any more. They still believe that you know almost everything worth knowing, and are stronger and wiser than anyone else.

You can safely take them to a restaurant without packing diapers or milk bottles. The elder ones are in their teens, and the youngest are big enough to join in family activities like ski vacations or boating.

By now you’re established in your career, and making enough money that you needn’t wonder if you can afford to dine out, or take a trip abroad, or buy the boat you’ve long wanted. You drive late model cars that won’t break down when you’re far from civilization.

You’re still healthy and vigorous—still an active skier or tennis player or golfer, without arthritis or joint replacements or pacemakers. All that may come later, but not yet. And the sex is still great.

But what makes this the best decade is that your children are still in the nest. You are becoming friends with them, rather than bossy parents, and you can do things together as equals. The older ones are now better skiers than you ever were, but are gracious about waiting for you to catch up. They can be trusted to go sailing without you or to drive themselves to rock concerts or student jobs.

As you approach 50, the family fabric starts to tear. Your eldest goes off to college, never to really come home to live again. The older ones become more involved with their friends and spend less time with you, but Christmas is still a family affair and so are birthdays.

The next 20 years see unwelcome changes in yourself—diminishing strength and energy and increasing reliance on the medical community. You spend a lot of time in waiting rooms, and more money on healthcare than you did in the previous 60 years. It’s not all bad; there’s something to be said for retirement. You have the time to pursue other interests, to take long trips or enjoy a second home, or even take naps.

But it isn’t like the Roaring Forties. Browning was wrong.

Uncle Charley
by Wayne Faulkner

This is a story about Sol Chan’s little boy. Sol doted on this little critter and gave him a lot of stuff including kangaroo pajamas and bear slippers. Sol ran a very nice gift shop with oodles of imported things. It was the best gift shop in San Francisco. One of the attractions were his teaks. Sol had little teakwood houses, little gardens, little men, little women, children, monkeys,
parrots, kangaroos. All imported from China. The best he kept in a glass case.

One morning, as he dusted off his teakwood collection, he discovered that someone had lifted, stolen, one of his oldest and most valuable teaks.

Sol was bereft. That very day he locked his glass case and hid the key behind the cash register. To his astonishment the next morning, another teak had gone missing.

That day he called his uncle in Hollywood.

“Charley, you’ve got to help me,” and he explained what had happened. Charley was between pictures and agreed to take the train from Los Angeles immediately. He arrived that evening and the first thing he did was sprinkle talcum powder all over the floor of Sol’s gift shop. The next morning, Lo! There were bear tracks leading to the cash register, but nothing was missing from the register. But another teak was missing from the glass case, and there were tracks around the case.

Charley Chan said, “I have never seen a case like this. A small bear has stolen your antique teaks.” Sol looked at his little boy in wild surpris. They went upstairs and looked under the boy’s bed. Nothing was there but a pair of slippers that looked like bear paws. But Charley Chan was persistent and not to be fooled. He went to the closet. On the floor, in the corner were all the antiques. Charley said:

“It was a bear-foot boy with teak of Chan.”

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Long-time Faculty Member Honored by Supreme Court

By Linda Middlestadt

At the annual meeting of the Supreme Court Historical Society this past June, Jim O’Hara was surprised to be called up after the usual awards to state chairmen and generous donators to the society. Justice Scalia presented Jim with a special award for his long and distinguished service to the Supreme Court Historical Society and the Supreme Court. Such an award has been presented only three times in the history of the society. The award consists of a large plaque with a shield on red velvet. The velvet was cut from the curtains that had hung behind the justices before the recent Supreme Court renovations.

Jim O’Hara obtained his law degree later in life, in his 50s, from the University of Baltimore. He was
not interested in practicing law, but became interested instead in the development of the law, especially in case law from the Supreme Court. His many books on the subject were donated to the historical society in the 1990s and became the foundation for the Goldman Library, which contains books on the Supreme Court Justices, the Presidents of the United States, and the history of the Court. Books were recently removed from the library to repair damage from the earthquake, so Jim has been going to the library once a week to replace and organize the collection.

The Supreme Court Historical Society was founded in 1974 by Chief Justice Warren Burger. Its headquarters is located at the Opperman House in Washington, D.C. Its mission involves educational programs, historical research, and the collection of resources and artifacts. Jim has been a member of the Society for over 25 years as a trustee and a member of the executive committee; presently he is Chairman of the Library Committee. He has given lectures in their lecture series and has become friends with those who run the court. For Osher's October 24 trip to the Court, Jim arranged for our group to meet the Supreme Court Marshal, Pamela Talkin.

Jim O’Hara, retired teacher and administrator from Loyola University, has been involved with Johns Hopkins continuing education since its inception, when it was called the Evergreen Society. He teaches courses in the history of the Supreme Court and the Presidents of the United States. This fall semester he is teaching The First Ladies II at the Baltimore campus. Prior to coming to Johns Hopkins University, Caiti was a Sales Representative at Bloomingdale’s department store in Chevy Chase and worked for the U.S. Food and Drug Administration in the Center for Drug Evaluation and Research (CDER) as an Operations Research Analyst.

Caiti attended The Georgia Institute of Technology, where she was a student athlete, swimming distance freestyle and individual medley events for the Yellow Jackets. Caiti graduated from Georgia Tech in May 2012 with a Bachelor's degree in Biology.

Michele Gomez is also a program assistant for Osher at JHU. She recently obtained her bachelor’s degree in Environmental Science from the University of Maryland, College Park. Michele travels between the Montgomery County, Baltimore and Columbia campuses, assisting with the programs and logistics at those three locations.

Prior to joining Johns Hopkins University, Michele devoted all of her time to finishing her studies. While attending school, she worked part time at multiple retail stores.

Michele is an active volunteer at different establishments including churches, retirement homes, and children’s centers.

**Osher at JHU Welcomes Two New Employees. Here they introduce themselves:**

**Caitlin Lewis** is a program assistant working for the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute at Johns Hopkins University. Caitlin works at the Montgomery County Campus and will assist Osher with that portion of the program, as well as with the Asbury and Ingleside program locations.
The Osher at JHU Journal, the newsletter of the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute at Johns Hopkins University, is published under the auspices of the Krieger School of Arts and Sciences two times per academic year.

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