IN MEMORIAM

ROBERT CLARENCE MCLEOD STEPHENSON

R.C. ("Sing") Stephenson, formerly of the Departments of English and Romance Languages, died in Austin, Texas, on July 7, 1978. Survivors include Mrs. Ona Kay Stephenson, their daughter Deborah Forsman (Cambridge, Mass.) and grandchildren Robin Forsman (Austin) and Sigrid Fuchs (Wörthsee, West Germany).

An official biographical data sheet--then as now required on first appointment at The University of Texas--bears the date 26 August 1925. Written in his own hand, it supplies the following early background:

Born May 6, 1893, San Francisco, California; son of Janet Margaret McLeod and Robert Philip Stephenson. Reared at Oakland and Stockton, California. Married Ona Kay Gorman September 12, 1921, in Austin, Texas; one child, Deborah Ann Stephenson, born August 1, 1922. Church membership or preference, Presbyterian.

Entered Stockton High School in 1908 and was graduated as valedictorian in 1912. Editor of "Guard and Tackle," President
of the Latin Club, President of the German Club. [The football injury that led to the loss of his left leg to the hip occurred while he was still quite young—probably during his high school years.]


Began graduate study at Harvard University in 1916, but withdrew before the end of the year for financial reasons. Attended The University of Texas summer school sessions regularly from 1920 through 1925 [at which time he was appointed Instructor in Romance Languages; the remaining data are based primarily on his Annual Reports preserved by The University.]

Stephenson, known first to his wife and later to numerous friends as "Sing", continued his graduate study during the U.T. long sessions 1925-1930, identifying Miss Lilia M. Casis and Dr. Robert A. Law as the "leading teachers under whom academic work was done," and Spanish, French, and English as his major subjects. In June 1930, on completion of his dissertation entitled Miguel Sánchez: A Contemporary Terentian Influence upon Lope de Vega [Austin, 1930, iv + 372], he was awarded his doctorate. Stephenson's was the first Ph.D. to be granted by The University of Texas in any of the Romance Languages. [Legend has it that his final or "comprehensive" examination was written entirely in rhymed octosyllabic Spanish verse—the so-called "romance" meter of the Spanish ballada.]
His first teaching post was at Allen Academy, in Bryan, Texas, where he taught English, Latin, and Mathematics from 1920 to 1925. That fall, as indicated above, he began a professorial career at The University of Texas that lasted through the summer of 1957. For fall of '57 and spring of '58 he took a leave of absence from Texas, and then resigned. Two years later he was appointed Professor of English (Conferenciante de Inglés) at the University of Puerto Rico, in Río Piedras. There he was highly esteemed as first director, and one of the founders, of the Programa de Estudios de Honor (similar to our Plan II). He continued in that post while his health lasted, from August of 1960 through January 1974. At that time, at the age of 80, he returned to Austin, where he spent the last four years of his life in the care of Ona Key.

Reviewing his service record, and having known the qualities of the man, one is immediately struck by the slowness with which The University of Texas rewarded him, either through promotion or by salary increase.

Stephenson was no mere time-server. For the first ten years he taught Spanish and French; thereafter, his time was divided between Romance Languages and English, with emphasis on Comparative Literature, this latter being his field of preference. The records show at least 44 M.A.'s and 4 Ph.D.'s completed under his supervision. He learned Russian superbly well, and also Arabic and Japanese to the level of being able to make puns in each of
these very different languages. In addition he maintained his interest in mathematics, and for his own enjoyment he liked to work out differential equations—"to keep his brain cells oiled," he said. But he was also visible, and vocal, in the wider arena of University affairs. Chancellor Harry Ransom, in his Report to the General Faculty on October 19, 1967, nostalgically recalls the heady and formative experience it once was for young faculty to be in the company of their elders assembled:

When first I attended General Faculty meetings in 1935, they were academic forums in which nearly everything concerning the Main Univeristy, from office furniture to the future of higher education, was discussed. The discussion was completely free. Occasionally it was furious.... Now and then it was terminable only by President Harry Benedict's arbitrary ruling that at 6:30 intellectual hunger stood recessed for dinner at home....

In that long retrospect, I recall gratefully the voices of Mather and Dobie, Schoch and Law, Taylor and Hildebrand, Stephenson, Gutsch, Battle, Parkin, and many others whose verbal pyrotechnics gave new faculty members a sense of what the University community was, even when reticent instructors seldom knew what the University was about.

That recollection has persisted elsewhere, as well. Recently Miguel González-Gerth, a former student and now himself a Professor and Associate Dean at The University, said of Stephenson, "He is the closest thing to a genius I have ever known." Yet it was ten years before Stephenson was elevated to the rank of Assistant Professor and ten more before he was made Associate, the highest rank he was ever given in his thirty-two years on this faculty.

It is the gift of inspired administrators to find appro-
appropriate, creative-type work for geniuses; to recognize rare talent and put it to work. Stephenson would have been a heaven-sent director for a Translation Center, but there was not enough academic imagination during the years of his tenure to conceive such a development; and when, later on, it came into being it foundered for lack of the kind of direction and standards he could have given it and would have been happy to give.

It is known that in December of 1953 a move was made to promote him to the rank of Professor, but the recommendation did not succeed. In terms of salary, having begun as Instructor at $2,000 for nine months in 1925-26, he was raised to $2,200 on receipt of his Ph.D.; but from 1933 through 1935 he was then dropped back to a meager $1,650. The Depression cannot be forgotten, of course—cutbacks were the order of the day—nor can the belt-tightening years of World War II. Yet it is difficult to understand that his salary did not reach $3,000 until 1945-46. One can scarcely escape the thought that other factors may have been involved: particularly his directness and wit, and the absolute intrepidity with which he wielded them as the occasion required, often in defense of civil or academic rights.

Persistent evidences of this aspect of his character appear in the records. Announcing on 1.31.54 that RCS "will speak on the vital subject of book censorship" to the Austin Library Club in Townes Hall, the Austin American-Statesman notes he "has participated in previous discussions of this issue. He is well known as an exponent of freedom of expression...."
On 3.21.56 Texan editor Willie Morris praised Stephenson for his "courageous words in favor of student rights at the Faculty Council meeting Monday"--words the writer lamented "seem but whispers in a quiet lagoon." The context was the Regents' position vis-a-vis restrictions on the Texan:

He said that a full discussion on the Texan question and its implications was needed.
There was no discussion.
Stephenson is a man of conviction and courage. ... We wish he were many.

Two months later, on 5.8.56, the Daily Texan ran pictures of RCS, Clarence Ayres, and Frederic Meyers with a story about proposed "clarifications" of the University rule concerning political activities of faculty members. In an extremely sensitive climate, the Committee of Counsel on Academic Freedom and Responsibility had voted to "clarify" the stated rule that a staff member "should refrain from involving the University in partisan politics" to mean that staff "should refrain from public advocacy, or opposition to, the candidates for governor, lieutenant governor, and legislature...." RCS, Meyers, and other protestors believed the "clarification" was in fact imposing new restrictions on the faculty; and while acknowledging that an individual professor should not presume to act as an institutional spokesman, they maintained no restriction should be placed on the citizen's public advocacy of, or opposition to, candidates for state office. Visiting Associate Professor of Law Charles Alan Wright, as quoted by editor W. Morris, agreed:
This additional restriction on the freedom of members of the faculty is one...which it is incomprehensible that a faculty should itself impose.... We are living at a time in which the compelling forces of reaction have never so collectively opposed professional rights. We have never so needed assertive, enlightened voices--voices which realize that timidity, subservience, and budgetary appeasement constitute surrender....

On these and other occasions, the political clout a given adversary might have did not escape Stephenson, but its value as a deterrent seems to have been minimal to nil. Terrell Guillory, Sing's reader and friend the last two years he taught at U.T., remembers not only the impressive courtesy with which he used his potentially devastating intellect when dealing with students but also the sheer courage of his convictions:

...Stephenson was the soul of courtesy. If there was ever a thrust from a scarring sword, the hapless fellow had drawn his first, or had stumbled into a fencing master who could lop off his head and it would fall to the floor three days later when he least expected it. Once, at Scholz Biergarten, a State senator invited himself to sit at Stephenson's table and raised the matter of the recent Supreme Court decision regarding desegregation. The poor fellow asked Stephenson if he would really want his daughter to marry a nigger. Stephenson drew on his cigarette, blew out the smoke gradually, carefully, and said, "I'd rather she married a nigger than marry you...." I'm not sure where the senator's head fell, but he did adjourn, sine die, and pronto, at that.

But not all of his wit was adversarial; it could be altogether playful at times. The DOCUMENTS AND MINUTES OF THE GENERAL FACULTY have seldom offered better reading-matter than in the account of the meeting of January 6, 1955, at which the chief business was to consider a proposal that the "Cafeteria Annex" be named the "Varsity Cafeteria." It was a now legendary speech by Professor Stephenson which brought the issue to a head and then,
to continue the medical figure, skillfully lanced it. Space is insufficient here to report the whole proceeding, but some idea may be gleaned from a summary.

The special committee's chairman, Professor H.J. Leon, reviewed the history of discussion and moved to name the then new cafeteria building the Varsity Cafeteria. Objections to the name "Varsity" were raised by faculty members who called it "a mutilated term...not sufficiently dignified to designate University buildings," pointing out that the word "was used first at Cambridge and was applied only to athletic teams; it ought not to be applied to something dignified." A motion to substitute the name "El Comedor" came next, and was defeated. Stephenson then rose, after further discussion, and observed that the faculty had before it "a truly academic question," concerning which he was "happy to come to the support of the gentlemen who have protested the name 'Varsity Cafeteria,'" even though it might be presumptuous "to suggest that I understand the workings of their minds even better than they do," and continuing:

Some of them are certainly much, and the rest at least a trifle, more learned than I am. Certainly they all handle the academic style more effectively than I do. But it is just because I know out of what deep, obscure and mysterious depths that style comes, that I hazard an explanation. It was no accident that led them to associate a cafeteria with athletic contests. It was part of the sure but devious association of ideas by which we arrive at our good phrases. I more than suspect, I feel sure, that in coupling the words "cafeteria" and "athletic contests" they were about to hit upon some splendid substitute of a name, but lacked the time to grope their way quite to it....
Intuition was working for them but not fast enough. For how
may we define an athletic contest? Is it not mass hysteria
and mass intoxication at the scene of mass mutilation? And
what is a cafeteria? Is it not the clattering, jostling
scene of mass mastication? The correspondence is striking.
It raises the problem of what we mean by "dignified" in such
a case. And dignified is related to a Latin adjective that
means, among other things, suitable. What is suitable here?
I am reminded of the American Stud Book, which has the
answer. The Stud Book stipulates that any colt registered
in it must have a dignified name. So if a colt is listed in
the Stud Book it has a dignified name. Very well, then.
Let's consider the names of some of the horses that were
running last fall: Summer Tan, Apache, High Gun, Jet Ac-
tion, Bicarb, Devil Diver, High Voltage (who is a matron,
incidentally), Pet Bully, Iceberg II, Dash for Cash, Bun-
ny's Babe, and Brother Tex.... To tell the truth, there is
no possible way to prettify or dignify such a frankly
comical word as "cafeteria." "Varsity," by comparison, is a
highly respectable term--just as it is a vastly older one in
our language. In the 18th century, universitates were called
"versities." "Varsity" is on record since 1846 at least.
And ever since 1872 the professors have been objecting to
it. It must be a pretty useful and hardy word to have
survived countless such attacks as have been made upon it
this afternoon.

No, there is simply no way to dress up the word "cafeteria."
Either accept "Varsity Cafeteria" as dignified in the sense
of suitable or get rid of both terms. The only satisfactory
alternative is utter euphemism. Hide the place in really
fancy language. [A point illustrated by quotation from a
current story in The New Yorker.] ...If you have something
course and common to name, like a gent's wash room or a
greasy spoonery, call it by a goodnatured, comfortable piece
of verbal impudence and have done with it, or else disguise
it, hide it, utterly submerge it in pompous language--the
way some women hide their telephones away in little poke
bonnets or crocheted diaper bags.

Believing that, all things considered, this latter is the
really elegant solution of the problem, Mr. President, I
have crocheted such a diaper bag and if I get a second to
it, I promise to let it come to a vote without further
argument. I move, Mr. President, that the eating place in
question be named The Mermaid Tavern, and that the waitres-
sees be required to serve in tails.
The speech had been delivered quite "dead-pan," and Professor Joe Frantz delights in recalling that one befuddled colleague leaned over to ask, "What in hell is he talking about?"

Stephenson's sphere of activities was not limited to the University campus. Among the local organizations and societies to which he lent support was the former Fortnightly Club, of which he was Secretary and later President.

There were also, from the early forties and into the mid-fifties, the famous Tuesday evening soirees, where Stephenson served as rallying point or center. The discussions were principally either literary or political. Held at various sites including Caruso's, the Spanish Village Restaurant and Scholz's Biergarten, these gatherings were frequented by such luminaries as J. Frank Dobie, Lon Tinkle, Henry Nash Smith, Bagby Atwood, and Katherine Wheatley, as well as by other friends and students. A reference in the Winter 1944 Southwest Review remarks: "His little group... is said to attract Samuel Johnson's ghost."

Stephenson was, in addition, chess champion of the State of Texas for a number of years, and he happily spent hours on end engrossed in the game. It is reliably said that he could play as many as ten games simultaneously, while blindfolded. In 1949, when the University Club was to host Newell W. Banks, Stephenson was the only pre-announced local opponent to have
agreed to meet this self-styled "world checkers and chess champion," who reportedly had played 140 games of checkers and chess simultaneously in 2 1/2 hours at the '38 Chicago World's Fair without losing a game. U.T. Professor Jesse Villarreal recalls another occasion when Austin was visited by I.A. Horowitz, U.S. Open Champion 1936, 1938, and 1943. Horowitz simultaneously played all local challengers, walking around inside the circle in which they were ranged. The evening wore on, and finally, after all the rest had fallen by the wayside, Stephenson and Horowitz agreed to call it a draw. Recalling these incidents, Professor Villarreal remembers also his own encounter with Stephenson in the rounds at a local chess group that met at various members' houses. Villarreal, who modestly calls himself a duffer, says he did not much look forward to playing RCS, lest he be too quickly defeated. Knowing that the shortest game theoretically possible, if one player makes all the right moves and the other makes all the wrong, is three to "fool's mate," Villarreal hoped to salvage some self-respect by staving off the inevitable as long as possible. He kept careful count as the tally of moves rose; and when it was over he said in relief, "Well, at least it took you 42 moves." "Yes," said Stephenson quietly: "I could have done it in twelve, but I wanted to find a more aesthetic way." He was a man to whom style, of language and of thought, was not a useless frill.

The years at the University of Puerto Rico were among the
most rewarding, intellectually, of Stephenson’s life. The high regard in which he was held by the administration there, as well as by colleagues and students, shines through individual appreciations we have received. Lavoisier Lamar, Chairman of the Department of English in the College of Humanities there from 1962 through 1967, writes:

It was a fortunate day indeed for the University of Puerto Rico when Professor Ralph B. Long helped persuade Professor Stephenson to join the faculty of our English Department. Not only did RCS do a fine job teaching, inspiring, and—in the noble sense of the word—amusing his students. He was equally effective in teaching, inspiring, and amusing his colleagues. All of us were enriched by him.

Marshall Morris, present Director of the Programa de Estudios de Honor, gives us a clear and lively picture both of the man and of the enterprise he was engaged in:

When I first came here...I would join Sing on the shady porch where he was always comfortably settled in before his guests arrived, with his books close to hand....At these times, Sing’s wit and erudition, but especially his sense of humor and love of language, were on full display. These sparkling and even joyous encounters I observed with wonder.

That was some 17 years ago and I have had reason to think of Sing often....Sing was the first director and one of the founders of the program in 1960-61, with Jorge Enjuto, Tom McMahon, Charles Rosario. It was a special project of Chancellor Jaime Benitez....The intention, as Tom wrote some years later, was to provide a few very talented young people opportunities comparable to those offered in excellent universities abroad, to send them away for graduate study and then to bring them back as faculty. It was a long-range development project, it was an investment in Puerto Rican youth, and it was fun....it is still fun....But the extraordinary leisure with which one could attend to students and to ideas, extraordinary even then, is vastly more difficult to achieve and the product more modest in today's conditions and if one is not Sing Stephenson, the Sing Stephenson who read War and Peace and the Quijote every single year for the pleasure of it. He communicated that pleasure in deep ways and twenty-seven years later I still discover graduates of the university who say with
eagerness and pleasure that they studied with Sing, "the best thing that ever happened to me," or words to that effect.

On February 4, 1985, the University of Puerto Rico celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Programa. At that time, Professor Gerald Guinness of the Programa spoke at length in memory and honor of RCS. The following excerpts are translated from his address in Spanish:

During the three years I knew Sing Stephenson, he was almost always sitting down....[But] his physical immobility was an expression of inner calm, of being collected, in every sense. He thought a great deal before he spoke, and he thought in the very course of speaking, with the result that a conversation with Sing was a series of pauses. One waited and waited for the culmination of a thought--until it was all complete with a touch of wit, or, many times, with some very beautiful flash of literary insight. Always, always, it was worth the wait....

My age in those days--well, let's say I was in my first youth, now that I've reached my second. Sing was already a mature man, with all the dignity of some fifty years of reading about him. Lord! How impressed I was by the number of books that man had read! He seemed to know everything that had ever been written in English, French, Spanish, and Russian. The worst part was that he remembered everything he'd read. His memory was like that of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who once read a poem in Greek that somebody lent him at the theater one afternoon, and ten years later he still knew it by heart. That ability to quote has always impressed me as one of the highest achievements of culture, when the reading has been thoroughly digested and become part of the reader's intellectual experience.

Well, all that digested literature intimidated me a bit, but I soon realized that here was a man who had very little of the academic about him, in the pejorative sense of the word. What animated Sing was literature as pleasure--as play--as a vital expression of life.

[Guinness describes how he and RCS began to exchange limericks, sonnets, clerihews, etc., for the pure fun of it. Among his own papers is a postcard from Sing, commenting on Partridge's new book on catch phrases in English. "I myself," writes RCS, "prefer the expanded proverb, like: 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush but doesn't have as much fun.' Or the clerihew, like:
'Katherine Wheatley
died incompletely,
leaving her Texas
accent to vex us.'"

RCS adds that Miss Wheatley was a former colleague of his at
Austin; but only those who knew how the two of them enjoyed
sparring with each other, and knew Miss W. also to be a consum-
mate mimic of Texas and other regional dialects, probably can
enjoy this little production to the fullest.

Another of RCS’ a clerihews reads as follows:
'The shaved—the younger—Shaw
Inspired little awe,
But afterwards the beard of him
Had other writers akeered of him.'"

I would have to talk about his serious work—for example,
his criticism of Russian writers such as Chekhov and Pushkin;
about his love of music...; above all, about his genius as
translator and as teacher of translation—about all of that to
give a complete impression of his range as a lover of litera-
ture....

From time to time I think about Sing as an example of a now
nearly extinct genus..."Reading Man". Where can you find this
phenomenon nowadays, the person who lives to read, who lives by
reading?...People don’t trust them now. They are the new
subversives, the ones who call into question the "instant fix"
of television, easy reading, music...you can’t hear, and endless
talk. (To quote Dr. Johnson again: "We had talk, but no conver-
sation; there was nothing discussed.") The world today is a
world where one doesn’t have to pay attention. But attention is
what Sing required, and what he gave. A relationship with him
involved the necessity of paying attention, in an unhurried,
sensitive way. It’s because of that, most of all, that I miss
him now.

It it perhaps fitting, before closing this memorial state-
ment with the usual academic bibliography, to speak of the fact
that Stephenson published no original book-length studies in his
chosen field of literary criticism. That he had the ability,
there is no doubt: see for example the ease with which he repeat-
edly found space in the Kenyon Review under the editorship of
John Crowe Ransom, Eric Bentley, Cleanth Brooks, Lionel Trill-
ing, and Robert Penn Warren, and in the company of the likes
of René Wellek, William Empson, Paul Goodman, and Suzanne K. Langer. But he set his own agenda, and publication for the sake of mere advancement was not on the list.

Artistry and polish were, however; and we will end with two of his unpublished poems. The first is a translation of the very famous traditional Spanish "romance" known as the "Conde Arnaldos." In 1972, Stephenson gave it as an example of the métier to his students of translation, without revealing to them that he himself was the translator:

Arnaldos, on St. John's Day,
A lucky man was he,
To be there at the seashore
And looking out to sea.

As he stopped there from hunting,
His falcon on his hand,
He saw a galley coming
That headed for the land.

The sails were silken on it,
The shrouds of golden braid,
The anchor was of silver,
The decks with coral laid;

A sailor steered the galley
And sang as he drew nigh
A song that stilled the water
And taught the wind to die,

And from below brought fishes
To play around in crowds,
And from above brought sea-birds
To perch upon the shrouda.

Then up spoke Count Arnaldos,
Thus spoke Arnaldos then,
"Good sailor, I entreat you,
Sing me that song again."
The mariner responded,
   This answer vouchsafed he,
"I only do my singing
   For those who sail with me."

The second poem is original. Dictated by Sing to Ona Kay in 1978, it was his last:

What is this state that we call consciousness,
Which lets us feel but not quite comprehend?
Is it a secret we are meant to guess,
And one self-justifying in the end?
I listen to the poets when alone,
Still hoping they can somehow tell me why;
But what they write I have already known:
We live a little while and then we die.
Publications, Including Public Lectures and Papers

(Note: At his death, Stephenson left unpublished the completed manuscript of what he considered to be the best literary work of his life: a 101-page verse translation of Dushenka, by the Russian eighteenth-century poet Ippolit Bogdanovich. This manuscript is in the possession of Ona Kay Stephenson, as are numerous unpublished original poems and short translations by RCS.)

1936:
"Pushkin and Spanish Literature", paper read before the Romance Club, The University of Texas, April, 1936.

1937:
"Russian Translations of Spanish Classics", paper read before the Romance Club, The University of Texas, April, 1937.

1938:
"Lope de Rueda’s PASO SEXTO", Hispanic Review, VI (1938), 265-268.
"Pushkin and Spanish Literature", paper read before the Fortnightly Club, April, 1938.
"The English Sources of Pushkin’s Spanish Themes", The University of Texas Studies in English, 1938, 85-111.

1940:
"What Spanish Owes to Latin", paper read before Latin Institute, Austin, Texas, July, 1940.
"The Picaresque Novel Reaches Russia", paper read at Fortnightly Club, Spring, 1940.

1941:
"Turgenev Rewrites a Page of the Heptameron", paper read before Romance Club. [n.d.]

1943:
Contributing Editor, Dictionary of the Arts. [Publication data unknown.]
"Péguy Pared Down", review of Ann and Julian Green’s
Charles Péguy: Basic Verities (translations by the Greens from Péguy); *Kenyon Review*, vol. 5 no. 2 (Spring 1943), 307-309.

"Caribbean Horrors", review of Ramón Sender’s *Dark Wedding*, *Kenyon Review*, vol. 5 no. 3 (Summer 1943), 458-461.

"The Spirit of Russian Poetry", public lecture for Public Lectures Committee of The University of Texas, February, 1943.

1944:

"The Spirit of Russian Poetry", *Southwest Review*, XXIX (Winter 1944), 252-275 ("a reworking of the public lecture given February 1943").

1945:


"Russian Poetry Is Translatable", review of Vladimir Nabokov’s *Three Russian Poets: Pushkin, Lermontov, and Tyutchev*, *Kenyon Review*, vol. VII no. 3 (Summer 1945), 511-515.


1949:


1950:

"Chekhov on Western Writers," paper read before Comparative Literature Section of the South Central Modern Language Association in Houston, November, 1950.

1951:

"Chekhov on Western Writers," The University of Texas *Studies in English*, XXX (1951), 235-242.

"The Russian Ballada and the Western Ballad," paper read before Comparative Literature Section of the South Central Modern Language Association in Baton Rouge, October, 1951.
1952:
"Los versos con Prudencia," paper read at SCMLA in Denton, Texas, October, 1952.

1953:


"The Proletarian's Progress," The University of Texas Studies in English, XXXIII (1953), 148-162.

1954:

"Anti-Intellectualism: Can College Teachers Combat It?" The Alcalde, December 1954, 80-82.

1955:

"Farce As Method", paper read at Modern Language Association in Chicago, Christmas meeting, 1955.

1956:

1957:


[Note: data on publications after RCS resigned from The University of Texas have been gathered from various sources, and are believed to be incomplete.]

1960:
"Farce As Method," Tulane Drama Review, vol. 5 no. 2 (December 1960), 85-93. [See MLA paper delivered 1955.]

1961:

1962:

William H. Cunningham, President of The University of Texas at Austin

H. Paul Kelley, Secretary The General Faculty

This Memorial Resolution was prepared by a special committee consisting of Professors Mildred Vinson Boyer (Chair), Joseph J. Jones, and Miguel González-Gerth.