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It Was Twenty Years Ago Today

Well, it was close anyway. The first group of freshmen to enter the Residential College arrived at UNCG on Sept. 11, 1970. That's right--1970. We were the guinea pigs in this experiment in living and learning, now one of the flagship programs of the University. Take a minute and remember just a few of the highlights of that first year.

Move-in day was the usual chaotic scramble, the more so because parking at the end of College Avenue was (and still is) practically non-existent. Parents struggled equally with luggage and with the realization that Foust was a coed dorm. (Yes, they'd read the brochure, but somehow the knowledge really hit home as they watched their daughters stand in line with boys to get room keys.)

Classes began after a few days of orientation. We were lucky to have English and history classes in the dorm--those extra five minutes of sleep could make all the difference. Remember the three tandems--Ashby/Tisdale, Pfaff/Helgeson, and Windham/Bragg. Even those of us in other sections knew all about the "Ashby opportunities" and could parrot "It will all balance out in the end." What we called simply "Lecture" took place in the Nursing Auditorium, where a bell rang promptly at 9:10 and woke most of us up. (Dr. Pfaff got the same results by slamming his hand down on the podium.)

Murray and Fran Arndt were our long-suffering houseparents, bravely giving up their home to spend a year ministering to the incredibly varied needs and wishes of 100+ college students. They witnessed more beer parties in the parlor than anyone should have to experience; we tried to make it up by serenading them by candlelight at Christmas and by giving Fran a surprise baby shower that nearly sent her into labor. All the baby clothes were yellow, non-sexist as we were. Remember, too, that we urged them to name a boy Murray Foust? (For those of you who don't already feel old, Emily Arndt, who was born in February of our freshman year, is now a sophomore in college.)

Supernews was born that year too, and just about everybody at one time or another got Betty Rogers to sign Dr. Ashby's name on

a drop/add slip; recordkeeping was a little more casual back then. Soup suppers, touch football, and study break kept us going, along with the 25 cent draft and \$1 hamburgers at the Filling Station. (Hardly anyone had a car, so we relied on the businesses at the Corner for the necessities.)

Things have changed, of course, although the dorm looks remarkably the same. Faculty, students, committees, and curricula have come and gone. Most importantly, Dr. Ashby's death in 1985 was a major loss. Various programs flourish in his memory, though, like the Ashby Scholarships. In fact, RC itself is a kind of permanent memorial.

As the Residential College celebrates its 20th birthday, look back on your old memories and do something to keep in touch--join Friends of RC, make plans to attend the reunion in May, or just call up your old roommate and reminisce. It really has been 20 years. Can you believe it?

--Gaylor Callahan



Director's Letter

Dear Residential College Alumni:

To quote that great American philosopher Casey Stengel, it is deja vu all over again. It was 11 years ago that I left this job and now I find myself sitting in for Murray Arndt while he takes a much-deserved leave of absence.

It is reassuring to find Residential College quite alive and well. I think you would like the 125 students this year. They are different and yet, somehow, not so different from what you once were--perfectly normal and slightly crazy in that special RC way. The core course (surely, you remember) this semester focuses on the American Experience from post-Civil War through World War II. Students still sit on the floor of Ashby Parlor and try to make sense of the lectures of folks like Fran Arndt, Bob Calhoon, Clyde Ellis (who specializes in Native American history), Charles Headington, and myself.

It was really nice seeing so many of you at the reunion last May. If you were not able to be here then, perhaps you can make the next reunion. In any event, we want you to know that you are always welcome at Mary Foust Hall. We are grateful for your moral and financial support. To those who have donated to the Residential College Discretionary Fund, many thanks. To those who have given to the Warren Ashby Dialogues Fund, you will want to know that the Ashby Dialogues student group (with faculty leader) met last year with the topic "Inequalities" as its theme. This year, the Dialogues are organized around the theme of "Environmentalism and Human Values." I think you will find that the associated funds are being spent wisely and in the interest of students, so that the Fund truly honors Warren's memory.

Elsewhere in this newsletter, you will find the news as we know it of ex-RCers and what they are up to. The news as I know it is that RC strives, as always, to be a place where ideas still matter, where the spirit of community still lives, where friendship is important for its own sake. Most of all, we in the Residential College still try to nourish the roots which Warren Ashby, his colleagues, and many pioneering students planted more than 20 years ago.

With warmest regards,

Dick Whitlock



RC's Competitive Scholars

Each year, UNCG's top scholarships go to entering freshmen who are selected from an applicant pool on the basis of past records, future promise, and a day-long interview process. The recipients representing various academic realms are UNCG's Competitive Scholars. For the academic year 1990-91, 34 scholars were chosen from UNCG's freshman class, and eight of those 34 are RC freshmen. Congratulations to the new Residential College Competitive Scholars:

Robert Fries	Erin Howard	Jeffrey Richey
Thomas Hope	Dana Kepple	Stephanie Shaw
Pamela Houston	Darrell Propst	



Reflections Upon Returning Home

Most people consider the confines of a house or an apartment to be their home, but for those who have lived and do live in Mary Foust, the word "home" has come to mean the sense of security and belonging and the innate comfort of this unique community. From the late-night conversations to the peace of Valle Crucis, the RC experience is what sets us apart as a group of diverse people working for unity and understanding.

Upon returning after a summer, after a decade, the halls reveal to us nights and days, all the times spent in reflection and anticipation in this place where we've all done a little changing and a little growing up. Residential College remains more than a place of education--it is a birthplace of lasting connections, where acceptance, learning, and the spirit of togetherness transpire, and we are better able to understand each other and ourselves.

--Ben Billingsley and Kathryn Wilson
(current RC sophomores)

Calendar for 1990-91

<u>Wednesday, Oct. 24</u>	6:00 p.m. RCA Pizza Party 7:00 p.m. Alumni Meeting
<u>Monday, Dec. 10</u>	Alumni to stuff goodie bags for current RCers
<u>Tuesday, Dec. 11</u>	Reading Day
<u>April 12-14</u>	Valle Crucis Retreat Alumni invited (\$58 per person)
<u>May 10-12</u>	20th Anniversary Reunion

The View from the Copy Desk

As I sit here at the computer, keying in our very own version of "All the news that fits, we print," I'm privy once again to the ebb and flow of a typical day in the RC office. And I'm eavesdropping like mad.

The questions and concerns seem eternal--"When's the last day to drop a class?"--and they are handled with the same wonderful RC blend of intelligence and attentiveness.

The good news is that RC is still in good shape. There are changes, of course. Many of them are purely cosmetic, and you can take 'em or leave 'em, as you wish. (As far as I'm concerned, whoever provided the blue paint used to paint the halls should be fined for illegally prescribing a depressant.) But there is disturbing news: Today's RCers will not have some of the same advantages that we took for granted.

As most of you know, the NC General Assembly has imposed budget cuts on the entire university system. At UNCG, the early signs of trouble include a drop in the number of course sections being offered and an increase in the size of individual classes.

Jackson Library has had to cut 18 hours out of the weekly schedule. On Saturdays and Sundays, the library is only open from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m.--how's that for an institution of higher learning?

Special programs, such as master classes, are falling into the category of non-essential luxuries, and funding for graduate students, non-tenured faculty, and part-time faculty is even more precarious than usual. Even the campus health center is struggling, hoping to hang on to 24-hour service.

Come spring, the budgetary pressures are expected to intensify. Some courses may simply not be offered. (Would you care to be a senior this year, wondering whether you'll be able to fulfill all your requirements?)

What about the Residential College? Reduced funding means

that departments are unable to be flexible about releasing faculty to teach RC courses. (One department head noted that he may have to block all such releases--his faculty members are that overextended.) As a result, RC is having to rely on more cross-listed classes. Although most of those seminars are still taught here at RC, cross-listing isn't the ideal, as it changes class dynamics and dilutes the RC experience.

Funding cuts also mean that RC will have a harder time trying to hire people who are not formally affiliated with UNCG departments. Furthermore, RC may not be able to guarantee that all classes will stay small in size. One course that may be offered in the spring would be the only one of its kind on campus. If that's the situation, it would need to be cross-listed, and a cap on enrollment would be difficult to justify.

These are only a few examples of what is happening. What can be done? You should know that, while a number of student-led protests and rallies have taken place at Chapel Hill and other campuses, UNCG students are, for the most part, quiet.

That doesn't mean that we need remain silent. Clearly, there are no quick solutions at hand. But I think it can be said that we remain a reasonably articulate bunch, and that our commitment to education still holds. It is time to be heard, to let our legislators know that we care about the quality of undergraduate education in this state. They may still decide to set that \$9.8 billion aside for the highway fund, but at least they'll know that we had one or two other ideas about monetary priorities.

--Jean Shaw

RC Donors

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