

## **A MARYLAND MOMENT**

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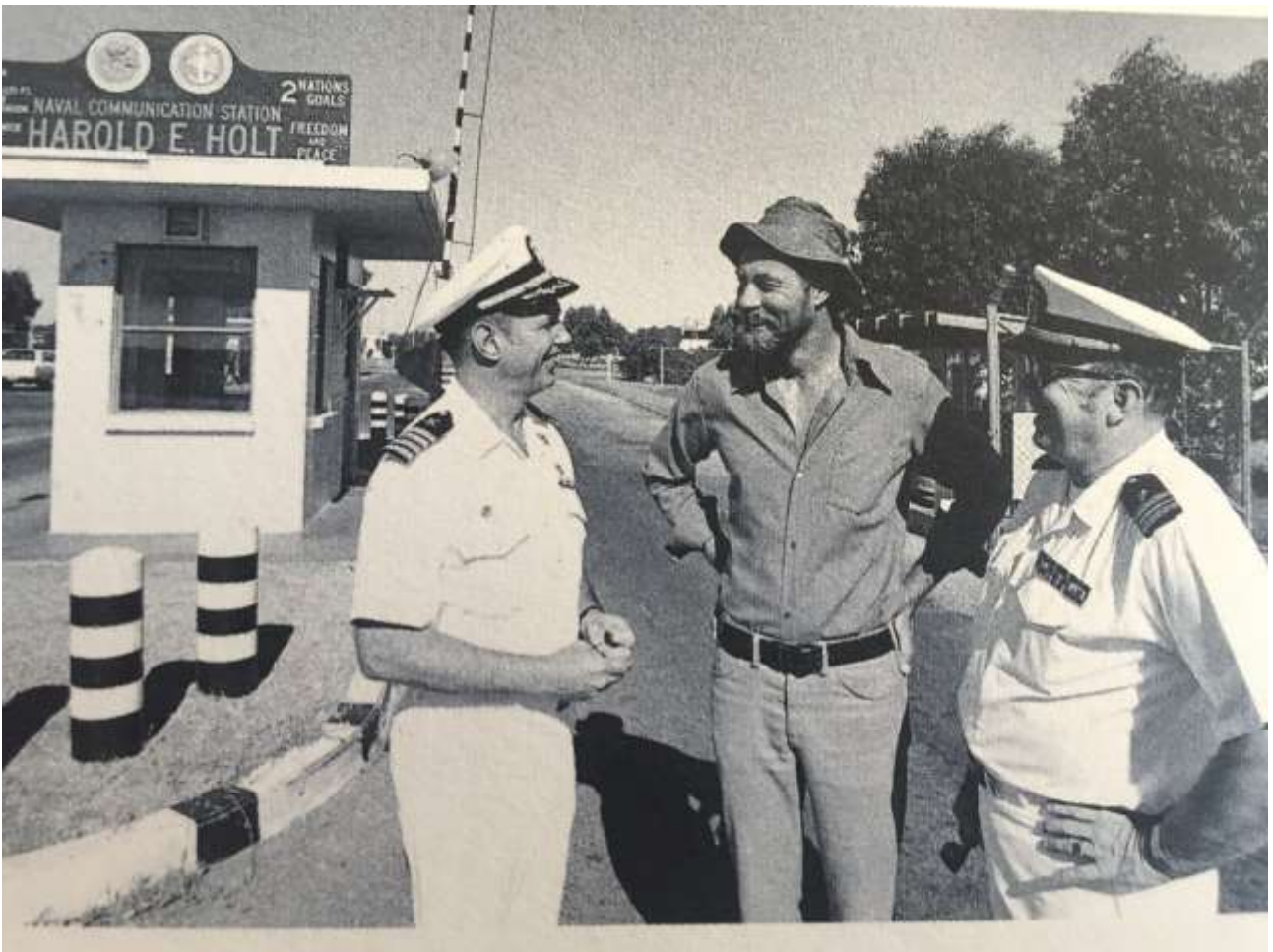
The following is submitted as an example of the lengths Maryland would go to send faculty to support faraway military programs. It also is a fine example of how our academic efforts with our students resulted in unexpected long-term positive results beyond the classroom.

Some referred to it as academic missionary work. Others, perhaps more accurately, called it “college out of a carpet bag.” Certainly, the University Maryland program, as originally conceived, flung its faculty to the far corners of Europe, the Middle East and Asia, often every eight weeks, working at its height with military students on over 100 different locations from Lisbon to Vietnam.

So, when the director of the Asian program came to Misawa, Japan and told me of my next teaching assignment in the fall of 1977, it was only mildly surprising. We would begin a program in Australia. I was to travel to the U.S. Naval Communications Station Harold E Holt in Exmouth, Western Australia. Exmouth is on the North West Cape and fronts the Indian Ocean with the Great Sandy Desert at its back. The base at that time consisted of 300 men and 50 women whose accommodations surrounded a single 100-foot radio tower. With this they converted radio signals from Washington D.C. into extremely low frequencies for transmission to submarines in the Indian Ocean.

Getting there involved one of the more memorable Maryland commutes. I would first travel by train from Misawa to Tokyo.

Then I would board a plane at Yokota airbase and fly to Hawaii. In Hawaii I would transfer to a military aircraft flying to the Samoan Islands. There an Australian military plane would fly me to Sydney. In Sydney one boarded the Indian Pacific express for a four-day journey across Nullarbor Plain and the Australian continent to Perth. In Perth a military C-12 would fly me 789 miles north to the Harold E Holt. I was just another academic carpetbagger with notes for American Government 170 and American History 156 in hand.



While the commute was unusual by Maryland standards, it was not unique. Years later, as Director of the European Division's Mediterranean and Middle East programs, I would dispatch faculty on demanding journeys myself. There was the instructor from New York who, terrified of the Alps, had to be led by an 84-

year-old Marylander in a Volkswagen beetle to her assignment in Naples. There was the instructor who had never driven before and was assigned to travel from Heidelberg to Rota (Cadiz) Spain, went in the wrong direction and ended up in Trier, Germany. This was after destroying his automobile on the autobahn by putting diesel fuel in his gas tank. There were the faculty I had commuting between Manama, Bahrain and Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. This could only be done by driving over the causeway between the two countries, itself a challenging cultural and logistical challenge.

Perhaps the closest parallel to my journey to Australia, however, was my effort to sustain our program in Bosnia during the conflict there. Faculty who were selected, both men and women, had to first undergo arduous military training and indoctrination at an Army facility in Germany. There they were issued complete military equipment (less rifles) and marched about extensively, despite perhaps being in their late 50s.

Having survived this, they then boarded their own C-130, landing at the Tuzla Multinational Division headquarters in Bosnia 120 kilometers from Sarajevo. Not permitted to leave the base, they were dressed in full military gear to include a flak jacket, which had other nation's military contingents label them "Michelin men". They were without amenities such as alcohol, or social comforts, and in drafty tents in winter conditions. All this made for a challenging teaching assignment indeed.

However, if my own journey almost two decades earlier was not so unusual by Maryland standards, the academic experience that followed in Australia was. The government class was about seven students and the history class about ten. One student was

especially bright and I encouraged him to continue on with his undergraduate education. This was in term two of 1977.

In term one of 1995, 18 years later, I was now the director of the Mediterranean Division of Maryland University in Europe. At our headquarters in Heidelberg, Germany we welcomed the new faculty that fall with a traditional cruise down the Neckar river. One of them, Randy Doyle, and I were discussing why he had joined Maryland upon receiving his PhD in history from the University of Idaho in Moscow, Idaho. Paradoxically, this was not only my discipline but my *alma mater*. He then said one influence on him had come when a Maryland instructor encouraged him to continue his education while he was a navy seaman. This was at the Harold E Holt in 1977.

Dr. Arden, by then the European director, consulted the record and discovered that Dr. Doyle had indeed been in my government class those many years ago in 1977. But Randy had also failed to pay the 25\$ tuition required for the class. Joe accordingly sent him a bill. Randy sent his check back and with it the note that it was the best 25\$ he had ever spent!