

Schwäbisch Gmünd – A Noble Experiment

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INTRODUCTION

As the 1980s moved into the early 1990s, the European Division (ED) would find itself dealing with two major developments. The winning of several military education contracts from 1982 through 1992 would see the Maryland program in Europe grow to all-time highs in student enrollments, number of installations served, classes taught, and faculty and staff employed. From enrolling approximately 30,000 individual students in the early 1980s, for example, the ED would grow to approximately 50,000 different individuals in the late 1980s-early 1990s who took at least one class per academic year. This meant that at its peak, the ED student head-count for an academic year compared in size with the ten largest universities in the U.S. according to U.S. News and World Report. To be sure, the typical ED student was part-time, but still this meant serving a large number of students.

As the 1980s drew to a close, the ED would be scrambling to deal with another major development. Just as the history of Maryland overseas since 1949 mirrored the history of the Cold War, the late 1980s through the 1990s would see the ED transformed in a fundamental way to reflect US and global political realities. Because of Gorbachev's policy of "glasnost" (openness), the unraveling of the Soviet Union and the fall of the Berlin Wall in November 1989, the ED would have to confront the reality of what was first rumored, then speculated upon in Stars & Stripes and other media sources, and finally announced as official policy: the drawdown of the U.S. military presence in Europe. With service members departing from Europe what had been 50,000 students per year in the early 1990s fell to some 20,000 by the end of the decade and would continue falling.

It was in this context that Maryland launched an international campus in August 1992 in Schwäbisch Gmünd (SG), Germany.

This noble but star-crossed experiment lasted only ten years but had far reaching effects on those of us who labored to get the campus off the ground, keep it going, and then had to walk away. The more than three years I was associated with the SG experiment were by far the most intense of my 25+ year career with the European and Asian Divisions. So intense in fact that after I returned from SG to Heidelberg in summer 1994, I only made a few more trips to campus to include what for me personally was SG's "Last Commencement" in May 1996. I and perhaps many others so involved, did not really want to think about SG, did not talk much about SG. The SG experiment was so seared into my memory that I had to get away from the experience.

In late April 2021, however, I received a middle-of-the night e-mail from Joe Arden in Bangkok asking if I would consider drafting a memoir for the Overseas Marylanders Association (OMA) Memoirs Project about my early involvement with the campus. Joe, of course, knew all the Paul buttons to push when he sent his inquiry. "Paul, we have a real gap in the history of Maryland overseas. Paul, you are easily the best qualified in the sense of hands-on experience. Paul, only you can do justice to the critical role Ruby played at SG in those early years." I lasted all of five

minutes before firing back a response that said I would accept the challenge if he and John Golembe would serve as my sounding boards and editors.

After this, it was like an opening of the floodgates for me where SG was concerned. Matters I had not thought about for years came rushing back to me. I was up many a night, racing at all hours for pen and paper or to my computer to jot down yet another aspect of the SG saga, an antidote, some development, another nugget. I laughed, cried, chuckled, wept as one memory after another about those early SG years came flooding back to me. Attempting this memoir has been a very positive cathartic experience for me.

I can only chuckle about what “Paul's memoir” will look like after undergoing the close review of Joe and John. But they and others whom I was able to track down about their remembrances of our early SG days, have only served to make my memoir all the better.

Here I want to mention three other individuals who played critical roles in the early SG years and made excellent contributions to my memoir effort: Denise Sokolowski and through her partnership with her spouse, Rob Muñoz, and Helmuth (Mutt) Radig. But more on Denise, Rob and Mutt later.

What follows is not intended as a history of SG, much less *the* history of the international campus, as much as a highly personal, one-person account of my involvement with the early years of the SG experiment, really from January 1992 through what for me was SG's “Last Commencement” in May 1996. As such, my memoir may disproportionately focus on the “Mad Dash” in spring and summer 1992 that enabled SG to open its doors that August. Because of my largely administrative career—some initial full-time teaching in Asia and Europe, but then Area Director, South Germany/Berlin; Director, Student Services with the ED; Director, Administration; Area Director, Berlin; Director, Undergraduate Programs again with the ED, Associate Dean at SG during Year 2 (1993-94), and Director, Student Services and Area Director, Japan in the Asian Division (AD), this account will reflect my administrative perspectives. I make no apologies for having stepped away from my calling as a teacher when, like many others who attended graduate school in the 1960s and 1970s, I could no longer find a full-time faculty position. Somewhat to my surprise, the overseas Maryland program helped me develop a new calling as a college administrator. So, for a teaching perspective, I highly recommend you read the insightful memoirs of Lucia Worthington and other faculty who taught at SG.

And like others, I can only speculate about the many exchanges that must have taken place between Joe in Heidelberg and Ben Massey and Vida Bandis in College Park (CP), the key individuals back in Maryland who were so central to the SG experiment.

One final introductory note. At times I will purposely refer to Maryland's clerical, mid-level, non-senior staff individuals or positions and to senior-staff positions to suggest how all levels played vital roles in the SG experiment. As I do this it is my hope and goal not to display any senior-staff bias as such.

CONVERSATION WITH THE GENERAL

In early 1992 Joe asked me to accompany him to a meeting in Stuttgart held by the military on the drawdown. An amazing assemblage was there. There was no one under the rank of colonel, several lieutenant generals and generals sitting around the table presided over by General John S. Shalikashvili, the Supreme Allied Commander Europe, later to be Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He would in the 1990s also be a speaker at an ED commencement. Joe and I, along with representatives from Stars and Stripes, the Commissary, the PX and other affected agencies, lined the walls at that meeting as observers and to be available if called on by the military officials.

The military brass had their marching orders: advance the drawdown in Europe as quickly and efficiently as possible. Those around the table provided concise descriptions about how the troops under their commands were going about reducing the U.S. forces, rarely asked questions, and frankly acknowledged issues that still had to be resolved.

General Shalikashvili presided over the meeting in impressive style: he was all business yet chuckled frequently, occasionally asked other commanders how the plans being outlined would affect their areas of operation and made a point of thanking each speaker. He gave a brilliant summary: in effect, he said, 'We have decided on A, B, and C, still need to resolve X, Y, and Z, and will meet again soon.'

It was at this point, General Shalikashvili said, "Dr. Arden, if you could please stay a few moments after the conclusion of this meeting, I have something I want to share with you." After the military people filed out and I had been introduced by Joe, the General passed along that the German officials in the city of Schwäbisch Gmünd had expressed interest in the possibility of using the former American military installation, now deserted because of the drawdown, to house an international university, and "might Maryland be interested?"

Many of us may have secretly cheered the change in Cold War fortunes, even as we held our breath over what we knew would happen to the ED. For this normally gregarious Texan and someone in the Heidelberg HQ who was very involved in coping with Maryland's response to the drawdown, the General's comments were mind blowing. It was all I could do to keep from shouting something brilliant like "Really?! You mean it?!?"

Years later when Joe asked me to write a memoir about my SG experiences and we started having e-mail exchanges about various matters, I mentioned this meeting Joe, who had been involved in any number of meetings and decisions for the ED relating to the drawdown, may have thought I was inquiring about the precise date of that Stuttgart meeting because he initially indicated that he just could not remember "about that meeting." I realized that we were having an e-mail exchange but had we been together, I might have shouted something equally brilliant like "Joe, how could you have forgotten about that meeting?!"

After returning that afternoon to Heidelberg, I couldn't concentrate on my ED work or sleep a wink that night thinking about what General Shalikashvili had shared. Any number of us who worked in the ED and AD had long dreamed about the possibility of opening an international

program on the European economy. But with the realities of the Status of Forces Agreement (SOFA), ID cards and how UMUC overseas was legally required to operate (with few exceptions) within the American military community and never be a competitor with host-nation universities, such a program seemed impossible. But the dream was always there, and I have no doubt was shared by Joe, Ben, Vida and others who had ever worked in the ED and/or AD.

GERMAN INTEREST IN A MARYLAND INTERNATIONAL CAMPUS AT SG

Before getting into the “Mad Dash” that Maryland had to make between early 1992 and August 31 to bring the idea of SG into fruition by the time classes were to begin, it is important to understand why German officials in the city had informed General Shalikashvili about their interest in American international university on the former Bismarck Kaserne, which had been sitting empty since 1991 because of the reduction in U.S. Forces.

In part, city officials had mentioned the Maryland possibility to General Shalikashvili because of the city's long-standing, very positive relations with the U.S. Army in the Cold War era and valued interaction with the ED program in the post-World War II era. (For more about the history of the city-U.S. Army relations and city-ED interaction, see the part in Year 1 (1992-93) about the reemergence of the SG Freundeskreis.)

Two German political figures figured prominently in the steps leading to Maryland's experiment in 1992. One, more in the background than a driving force, was Manfred Rommel, son of General Erwin Rommel, famous in WW II as the “Desert Fox.” Manfred Rommel, a man with a calming presence, combined with the stature that the memory of his father still commanded, became a major political figure in post-War Germany. From 1974 to 1996 he was the Oberbürgermeister (Lord Mayor) of Stuttgart, during the same time the SG experiment was launched. The younger Rommel had always shown solid support for Maryland and as an ED Commencement speaker in the 1990s, regaled us with his childhood experiences of huddling with his mother in a basement room on the former Bismarck Kaserne where the “invading” American GIs gave him candy.

By far, however, the key official regarding German interest in the possibility of a Maryland international campus was Rommel's protégé, Wolfgang Schuster, the Bürgermeister (Mayor) of SG 1986-93, a town today of approximately 60,000 citizens some 44 kilometers/28 miles east of Stuttgart. A member of the Christian Democratic Union (CDU), Schuster had served on the Ulm city council in 1975 before acting as the personal assistant to Manfred Rommel from the mid-1980s onwards. Schuster was basically following a somewhat similar pattern as his mentor to climb the ladder of southern German politics.

Schuster had studied law and political science at Tübingen, Geneva, and Freiburg 1969-73, and he trained at Ulm before completing his doctorate in civil law. From 1976 to 1977 Schuster studied in Paris at the École nationale d'administration (ENA). Schuster would go on to be Oberbürgermeister (Lord Mayor) of Stuttgart 1996-2013. Along the way, Schuster's showed interest in economic development, intercultural dialogue and the promotion of child-friendly policies.

In 2004 he was the only active local politician nominated for the Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung Reformer of the Year award and was awarded a UNESCO Cities for Peace Prize. In 2008 he was considered for a World Mayor award, was voted the second most successful Mayor in Germany in a survey conducted by Wirtschaftswoche magazine and was named by German Chancellor Angela Merkel to the 12-member “Council of Wise Men to Rethink Europe,” headed by the former Spanish Prime Minister Felipe Gonzalez. In 2010 he was elected president of the Council of European Municipalities and Regions.

An engaging, very capable, highly likable individual, Schuster was interested in establishing an American international university at SG on the former Bismarck Kaserne in keeping with his background and personal interests and because of the very practical dilemma city officials faced: what could they do with recently abandoned Bismarck Kaserne in view of the unraveling of the Soviet Union, the fall of the Berlin Wall and the flood of immigrants flowing East to West? Would SG be forced, as many German communities were, to convert its former U.S. Military installation into a refugee center?

In the immediate post-war period, the city of SG had become quite familiar with military facilities in the area being used to house displaced Germans, French prisoners of war, etc. But this was after a major global conflict that had devastated Europe and left many displaced people. The new East to West flight by tens of thousands of people fleeing the former Soviet Union and East Bloc countries, going around, over and eventually through the Berlin Wall was a horse of a different color. Americans living in Germany may have snickered at the sight of “expired” (abandoned) Trabis and Ladas on the side of autobahns but not before these often scoffed-at Soviet-inspired decrepit vehicles had safely delivered their passengers into the West.

Most of us were amazed by the almost daily news coverage even before November 1989 when the Berlin Wall fell and afterwards at the image of countless masses of people fleeing East to West. But for many citizens of a very affluent West German society, these images were very real and no mere “interesting” matter, even if they involved fellow Germans from the East. Would they, the citizens of SG now wondered, have to house large numbers of these immigrants in the abandoned Bismarck Kaserne?

In this context, a Maryland international university certainly looked like an attractive alternative.

THE “MAD DASH”

After the meeting at which General Shalikashvili had shared what city officials in SG had conveyed, the **Mad Dash** to open the campus in a few short months was on. This made for a frantic spring and summer for a number of Heidelberg staffers, whether they were directly involved in the SG experiment or having to back up those who were.

First, Joe announced to the senior staff in the Conference Room that SG was on the horizon and that he would be having individual discussions about the tasks he wanted them to perform. They should expect to pick up extra duties related to SG and/or to cover for others undertaking SG efforts. All the while we had to deliver the ED's program serving the American military

community, which then was about at its all-time peak. And finally we had to cope with the realities of the military drawdown.

Thereafter the many quiet meetings in the Conference Room and elsewhere behind closed doors, the confidential individual exchanges, and the fact that various staffers started to undertake trips to SG meant that the news about SG did not remain secret for long. The famed Maryland Rumor Mill in Heidelberg went into overdrive, however much Joe may have preferred otherwise.

I recall several closed-door sessions with my secretary and assistant to update them and respond to their questions. I am sure I was not the only one being peppered with questions from staff members, friends and faculty, *“What am I hearing this SG?” “Why SG, why not Berlin, Stuttgart, Heidelberg or Munich?”* — Where we had long since run a residential campus for the military community — *“Can we be doing this with our contracts with the American military?” “Will this jeopardize our ID cards, my job?”* As I told my staff, “I trust that Dr. Arden would not do anything to jeopardize our jobs. I am doing this and I am not suggesting you lie if asked about SG. Just try to maintain a low profile, say as little as possible, and don't hesitate to respond with ‘I don't know’ or ‘If you really want more details, see Dr. Brewer.’”

Invariably, as we saw installations closing and the fortunes of the ED bouncing wildly up and down, the questions would start all over again: *“What am I hearing about an international campus at SG, totally separate from the military program?” “Can we really do this?” “We are really going to do this, right?!”* The dream that had always been in the minds of many Marylanders of an international campus, an actual campus, operating outside of the American military community, was going to become a reality. *“What about the Status of Forces Agreement (SOFA) and ID card requirements?”* — Which required working or teaching at least half-time exclusively for the ED — And most fundamentally, for Marylanders long accustomed to operating in the overseas military educational programs in its ID-card cocoon, *“Is SG legit?”*

Indeed, I had clerks tell me point blank, “This is illegal, Dr. Brewer” and “The ED can't do this.” They were convinced that they understood the ins and outs of ID cards, SOFA, and the ED's military education contract. These were definitely scared individuals.

Joe was at his best during Mad Dash in juggling everything, rallying staff members and offering calm guidance. He also conferred with key military education officials, as he did throughout his Maryland career, about SG. In quiet conversations he kept them abreast of our SG efforts, assured them that SG would in no way detract from our commitment to military education and the ED's high standards of operation, and conveyed that SG would not be receiving any Tuition Assistance (TA) dollars.

Werner Radig was one such military education official with whom Joe spoke. In early 1992, Werner was the number-two person for the Army Continuing Education System (ACES) in Europe. Besides asking tough questions about ED operations as his job required, Werner was a long-time supporter of Maryland and the father of Mutt Radig, a colorful individual who worked in our Heidelberg headquarters and who effectively began his SG career during the campus start-up. Besides, Werner's ACES headquarters were just around the corner from our Im Bosseldorn headquarters and across the street from the front entrance of Campbell Barracks, the main Army

installation in Europe through whose front gate Joe and any number of Heidelberg staffers passed daily, including John and me on our way to the gym for the reconvening of the Old Farts Fitness Club (OFFC).

But the “Mad Dash” was on. Ads were placed in the International Herald Tribune, Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung and elsewhere to attract students and staff for SG. Quiet conversations were held with certain faculty about their possibly teaching at SG and/or actually relocating to the campus. Systems had to be developed for handling telephone inquiries and mail sent to our SG address (University of Maryland University College, Schwäbisch Gmünd, Universitätspark, Postfach 2030, Germany +49-07171-180070) even before any staff were on site at the campus. Standard response letters and packages had to be crafted for prospective students. Arrangements had to be made, often on short notice, for someone to drive to SG to give an interested individual a tour of the yet-to-be-opened campus. An SG application and Catalog had to be drafted and printed, student costs calculated in U.S. Dollars and German Marks.

Many closed-doors meetings were held in the Conference Room. At one such meeting when the focus turned to the dorms, someone asked, “Since we will be overseeing dorms, don't we need to come up with policies on coed living and visitations?” The groans and snickers heard around the table were deafening. I am sure I was not the only one who silently pondered, “Is this why I went to grad school?”

This was only one of the occasions when our ED experiences provided little or no guidance.

Several Heidelberg staff members deserve special mention for their roles in the Mad Dash, all the while attempting to attend to their regular ED duties. Wally Knoche whose command of German was vital for conversing with officials in SG and on the economy, as would be the language proficiency of German-born, American-educated Monika Zwink. Joe Shapiro likewise began to be heavily involved in SG meetings and made numerous trips to the campus. Rinaldo Vachino, the ED's academic director of the Computer Studies Program, remained in Heidelberg where he was active in planning computer matters for the campus and coordinating the trips of those traveling down and back who worked in this area. Pierre Corre designed the Schwäbisch Gmünd campus logo and his Printshop crew had to produce official forms that the Publications Office, John Golembe, I and others helped design. Mike Maurer, the head of ED financial operations, had to cost SG in DMs and USDs, and help plan the campus' physical layout and financial operations. Denise Sokolowski, the ED's librarian, faced the challenge of setting up the SG library in a bare room in an era yet to have the full-blown worldwide web and online databases. Fundamentally this was to be a hard copy, book-based library. Ruby Kelly-King added to her ED aura by working behind the scenes evaluating SG applications and helping to plan student services at the campus to which she and several other staff members would relocate to the campus on a full-time basis that August.

Wally, Mike, Monika, Joe and Denise, along with David Harper, Dan Bennette, Ralph Atkins, Larry Arnoldy Sam Lawrence, Scott Culton and others began making trips back and forth to SG to transport supplies, inspect the facilities, check on computer needs and meet with German officials. In Heidelberg, Rinaldo worked with Dan, Larry, Sam and Scott on computer hardware and connections at SG. Kristine Leyboldt and Franny Kollenz in the logistics office went into

high gear attending to regular ED matters and new SG affairs. On the campus, Monika could be seen at times riding around the campus on the fold-up bicycle she brought with her. This all-out effort gave rise to a question that Area Directors had almost never previously encountered. The Mail Room, which oversaw ED's fleet of staff cars, on several occasions had to say, "There may be a shortage of staff cars on that date. Could you possibly delay or reschedule your TDY by a couple of days?"

In the background, John Golembe and I toiled away on any number of SG projects. All the while, Joe oversaw operations, offered encouragement, answered questions, and provided a calming presence while somehow juggling SG with his many ED responsibilities. It was Joe Arden at his best, clearly one of his finest hours in his legendary Maryland overseas career.

A Library Against All Odds

One of the biggest tasks faced during the Mad Dash to open the campus was the establishment of the SG Library. It illustrates many of the types of challenges, large and small, that had to be met. Denise Sokolowski has provided the facts and some editorial comments in the following text to which I have added some observations.

Denise was tasked to get the SG Library ready by opening day. This would involve many hours of planning and countless trips for weeks into the fall semester. Though she never held the title or a listing in the catalog, Denise was really SG's first Librarian.

What she faced among other challenges was setting up a campus library from scratch at a time when the Internet was in its early days and prohibitively expensive (dial-up access through the very costly Deutsche Telekom telephone system that charged by the minute). This was an era when Web and Internet-accessed databases were in their infancy. In other words, what Denise and Maryland faced was having to develop a basically hard-copy, book library in a matter of months. And when there was no endowment underpinning SG, whatsoever, no ready cash reserves on hand or even an operating budget. All this had to be done by the time the first student stepped on campus.

In spring 1992 Denise was called to the Conference Room in Heidelberg by Wally and Mike who had been asked to determine where to locate various elements on the campus. When Denise saw what Wally and Mike had designated as the location for the library--a bare room--she immediately asked, "Where is the workroom?" Wally and Mike replied, "What's that? Why do you think we need that?" Denise explained the workroom, however configured, was where the librarian ordered books, catalog them upon arrival, etc., while typically, student workers staffed the front desk. She also said she needed to see first-hand the space that had been designated for the library. She next heard, "Leave it to a woman to focus on spatial matters." Whether these two senior staffers were overly proud that they had determined where the library would be located, believed they knew how to set up a campus library, or were simply stereotypical males, one does not know.

But Denise made her case for the workroom and her need to visit SG, and thus began for her hours of planning and many trips to SG during spring and summer 1992.

Even when back in her Heidelberg office, much of her time was devoted to setting up the SG library. So much so that Arlene Pyatok, the assistant that Denise and John shared, like so many staff members not directly involved with SG had to pick up other duties for those staffers who were. Arlene commendably took over running the Faculty Loan Library (FLL) system for the entire ED. Denise all but lived at SG during the final weeks of the Mad Dash to get the library open before students arrived. And indeed, Denise would continue spending much time at SG into the fall of Year 1 (1992-93).

In addition to acquiring the library's volumes, through purchase and donation, Denise also developed for SG an adaptation of the electronic system used in Heidelberg to manage the ED's Faculty Loan Library. Using a large free-standing CD-ROM disc collection, she could assist faculty and students obtain and print the book and article references they needed. With no librarian permanently assigned to SG, Denise devised an electronic system that effectively replaced herself as the middle person. Rather than contacting Denise with their needs for support materials, SG faculty and students could themselves enter what they needed into a master CD-ROM that Denise linked to the large collection of available free-standing CD-ROMs she had ordered for SG. This was cutting-edge technology for 1992.

Needed book purchases had to be made, books cataloged using the Library of Congress classification system to determine where to place them on the shelves and space left so that future volumes could be shelved without constantly reshuffling books. Before that could be done, decisions had to be made about the library shelves themselves, the types needed and where to place them. Then they had to be ordered and set up. When a delivery person drove the shelves on campus a few weeks prior to when students started arriving, the final race was on to actually construct the library.

Additionally, Denise faced a plumbing problem. The bathroom nearest the library was not working. From her many hours at SG during the Mad Dash, she resorted to a bucket-flush method, but the thought of having to post an "Out of Order" sign on the bathroom door was not very appealing. She had placed several work orders to repair the bathroom but had not gotten any response. In later years I never had the courage to ask Denise if she had to put up such a sign but suspect she did.

Denise also erected an electronic security "gate" at the entrance to the library to make sure that all books and materials leaving the room had been checked out. This led to a humorous but understandable exchange during Orientation with one of the Nabor brothers who came from a historically war-torn region. When touring the library, one of the brothers asked Denise if the electronic security gate was to prevent weapons being brought into the library, something that someone from Jordan was used to encountering.

In the end, the library was ready when students started arriving on campus even if lots of needed work continued well into the fall.

The Mad Dash (Continued)

In late spring 1992, Joe arranged a one-day bus trip to SG so that staff working frantically on SG matters but had never seen the campus could view it firsthand. As the former Area Director, South Germany/Berlin who during the 1980s had made a number of TDYs (official trips) to the American installation in SG, I was in my element. I stood up as the bus drove around the campus to point out "There was the Education Center, over there was the exchange, there was the Rec Center." My fellow travelers tolerated my exuberance as we all took in a sight to behold.

The SG campus was gorgeous. A real campus! The old parade grounds were being transformed into a quadrangle. The long, rectangular campus was nestled up against a range of foothills that provided a fine vista. Many of us were so taken by our initial glimpse of the campus and its promise that we tended to overlook the unfinished walkways in places, the boards that had been laid down in other areas to keep pedestrians dry and out of the mud, and other "still-to-be-done" tasks.

The original structures on Bismarck Kaserne were a fine collection of German-styled three and four storied, sandstone buildings. The city had made retained the wrought-iron entry gate, converted the old parade ground into what would become a large lush, rectangular green quadrangle worthy of any American university, refurbished the dining area that would become the "Bistro" and repainted and rewired the high-ceilinged rooms that would become dorms and offices. Students and staff would have living spaces that only a handful of U.S. campuses could match.

The US military also played a major role in the upgrades to SG. America poured a lot of money and resources into the military during the Reagan-budget years and, to some degree, into those installations destined to be abandoned by the U.S. military in preparation for the transfer to host nation authorities. As the 1980s ended, a common speculation in ED circles was that any installation undergoing a lot of upgrades to its physical plant was possibly on the chopping block as the drawdown rolled on. RAF Bentwaters in England, Augsburg Sheridan in Bavaria, and SG in Baden-Württemberg were but a few of installations where this proved to be the case.

It is worth pausing this Mad Dash saga to note how the two key leadership positions were filled. First it was critical to appoint SG's founding Dean. With no time to recruit internationally and without an endowment or cash reserves, Joe convinced Ernie Hankamer to come out of retirement and assume this important role. Ernie possessed many of the required qualities for the job. He was fluent in German (as was his German-born spouse Frauke, which would only help with town-gown relations), had a distinguished academic background, was of fine personal character, had administrative experience as the long-time Area Director, United Kingdom/Iceland, was a good listener, paid careful attention when talking with students, faculty and was good about getting back to people. He was respected by faculty and staff alike, a gentle soul and importantly, a calming presence who presented a distinguished image. Some of us had known him well for years were aware that he was a lover of red wine, another quality valued by many Marylanders in Europe!

But by temperament Ernie was not drawn to leadership, had been talked into coming out of a retirement that he clearly was enjoying after a long ED career and, like many of us, had no real experience with recruiting international students. Ernie Hankamer was a fine Dean in many respects, but not a driving force at SG during his three-year reign.

To work with Dean Hankamer, Joe turned to Sam Thompson, one of the many senior staff members who was making trips to SG prior to August 1992. Like Ruby, Mutt and others, Sam made it known that he wanted to cast his lot with this new experiment. And to his credit, Sam had done a solid job for the ED as Director, Mathematics and Science Program. After taking a short leave of absence from Maryland he now was enthusiastically returning for a position at SG where he could be a valued colleague and administrator. Sam was named SG's first Associate Dean in preparation for Year 1 (1992-93).

The Mad Dash only intensified in the final weeks before SG opened its doors in August 1992. Ruby, Mutt and Sam moved permanently to SG as did Denise, effectively, well into the fall. Linda Tränkle who oversaw financial aid for the ED, I and others came down to help. As we approached the day before students began arriving, it never seemed like we could get everything done.

An example of how we had to function came the night before students started arriving. The Associate Dean asked, "Who's good at jigsaw puzzles? Great!" and shoved four large coffee cans brimming with all sorts of unmarked keys in front of the lucky individual and said, "Drop what you are doing and sort out these keys by rooms. We can't exactly escort arriving students to their dorm rooms if we can't open them." Not too long thereafter, most of us were stunned into silence when the Associate Dean announced that he had had enough, was leaving, going to eat and then to sleep. The rest of us plunged on with critically needed tasks, had a legendary dinner with lots of wine, and then returned to pull an all-nighter.

For me, the next morning was a genuine "Kodak Moment." It was the day (August 22, 1992) students would start arriving on campus. After the all-nighter, our small, weary band trudged across the campus to the Bistro to grab some nourishment for the big day ahead. In those early morning hours, we saw lights on in various rooms and offices and then witnessed the sun dawning over the campus. "My God, SG is really going to get off the ground!" even while silently asking, "Won't it?"

During New Student Arrival and Orientation Week, there was still much to do—making sure the dorm rooms assigned to the incoming students were ready, checking dorm restrooms to make sure they were stocked with requisite toiletries, finishing Welcome Packets, scheduling days and times for individual students to secure academic and financial aid counseling, keeping track of incoming trains and planes and deciding, usually at the last minute, who was free to drive to Stuttgart or Munich to pick up arriving students and ferry them back to campus, lining up people to take new students on tours of the campus, etc., etc. You know, just the sort of tasks we were not used to performing in the ED.

When someone involved in the Mad Dash made a personal video in the weeks before students started arriving it gave testament to the potential and progress on campus, but also captured all

that still had to be done (empty classrooms, the as-yet-set-up library, the boards across damp and muddy patches on the quad, the trenches dug where piping had yet to be laid). A senior member of the Heidelberg staff also helping at SG asked to borrow the video even before a backup copy could be made. Whether the borrower or someone else became alarmed that the video might cast a shadow on student recruitment rather than show the progress, the video was somehow, misplaced, lost or suppressed, never to be returned to the individual who filmed it.

Students Arrive for Orientation

Clearly, there was a shared sense that we had to do everything possible to get the campus ready, even if we are figuring out on the fly the many things still to be done. And given the newness and fragility of the campus, there was a prevailing sense that we had to do everything possible to make the small group of incoming students feel welcomed. It was as if we felt we had to tread carefully around the new students, rather than saying, "This is how it's going to be."

No one, and I do mean no one, had a monopoly on one type of tasks or was exempt from being asked on the spur of the moment to jump from one area to another, with the possible exception of the Dean who played an important role welcoming new students when they were brought by his office on tour or simply wandered in. Virtually everyone in the small group of staff and "helpers," no matter what their official title or formal job responsibilities, quickly learned to speak up and make demands on anyone. "Paul, get over to the Bistro quickly to answer questions that several students on tour have about the meal plan options," possibly because the person directing me thought I knew more about meal plans than she did. These efforts were indicative of how, in today's NFL parlance, the "next-man-up" norm applied. Of course, for us it was the next man or woman up. Whoever was free or could temporarily be pulled away from his or her regular duties to attend to something more pressing, was asked to do so. It mattered not what the task was, how great or mundane, someone had to be found to take care of it.

Adding to our coordination issues was the fact that this was an era before cell phones were common. With no secretaries or staff holding down most offices, as soon as people began scattering across the campus to attend to this or that, it was virtually impossible to know where a given individual was at all times. I cannot overemphasize these points about no cell phones and the smallness of the staff. Cozy SG could seem quite large when trying to track down someone or someone was trying to find you.

You would be surprised what the Director, Student Services for the European Division was asked to do or was asked to master. One of the more enjoyable tasks I picked up, along with others, was driving to Stuttgart or Munich to greet new arrivals and bring them back to campus. One memorable trip stands out. It occurred early in "Arrival" or Orientation Week when we were stumbling off our all-nighter. A sleepy Paul managed to get to the Stuttgart airport and thoroughly enjoyed meeting three students, but I, occasionally referred to as "A.J. Brewer" for thinking the autobahn was a racetrack, was struggling to stay awake. On the return drive, we encountered a Stau (traffic jam) and at one point came to a dead stop. The next thing I remembered was one of the incoming students yelling, "Hey, we're rolling!"...as we were, straight toward traffic standing still some 30 meters ahead. That jolted me out of my stupor, and we eventually got back to campus safely. After all, I had three new students to deliver to SG.

Another staffer told of being pulled off what he was doing, racing to the Munich Hauptbahnhof only to find a tearful new student who had just had her purse and all of her money stolen. She made a prime candidate for financial aid.

During Orientation, Linda Tränkle and her staff members from Heidelberg had their first encounter with trying to figure out how the incoming international students could qualify for American federal financial aid programs. Or, barring that as often proved the case, Linda and company had the challenge of dealing with how an evolving student-worker program could be used to help students defray the costs of their college experience. Others, like myself, worked to devise individually tailored deferred payment plans. Not exactly what was everyday business for the ED. Perhaps as a memento to all the new hoops she and her financial aid folks jumped through to help launch Schwäbisch Gmünd, Linda for a number of years thereafter kept on her Heidelberg office bulletin board an inquiry from an individual asking about financial aid possibilities, addressed to “Swaybich Kaboom.”

I cannot say I was especially versed in deferred payment plans—just not done in the ED—and all the hoops our financial aid counselors had to jump through dealing with international students. I will also share that it never ceased to amaze me in those early years, some souls seemed to show up with only a vague idea how they were going to cover the cost of tuition, room, board, books and incidentals at SG, which was in the neighborhood of the \$13,900. As an ED veteran and native Houstonian who had attended Rice University while living at home back in the Stone Ages, I had been blessed to be able to cover the total costs for three of my four undergraduate years for about \$230 per year. Rice, because of a quirk how the university had been established, still did not charge tuition. In my eyes, SG costs seemed very real.

Whether through naivete or part of a calculated pitch to obtain financial aid, some souls arrived at SG hat in hand. At the very least they had high hopes about financial aid and, as word quickly spread, about the possibility of qualifying for a deferred payment plan. Somehow our new students and the campus limped along.

During that first Orientation, I had my own special experience with deferred payment plans, but with a most unusual twist. I remember talking with a very young Iranian student, who had been admitted provisionally, and his father. The student had not fully completed the application process, like a lot of other first arrivals for whom we had granted provisional admission. For him, we only had a collection of unofficial transcripts and partial information about his prior secondary education. But his smooth, savvy father, who conveyed that he had enjoyed considerable economic and international business success, was convinced that an American university conducted in English in Germany was the place for his boy. Without batting an eye, the father dropped DM 10,000 (in large bills) on the table. The issue of the son's admission status was settled on the spot, and I told those handling money matters to accept the cash, give the father a receipt and reconfirm what I said about getting back to him to set up a payment schedule for his son's remaining expenses. This was certainly not business as usual for Field Reps and the ED Business Office.

In addition to the challenge of trying to find a given staff member to attend to a sudden need, any number of staffers and "helpers" had the pleasure of giving campus tours for new students, their families and friends. It was fun, got us away from any other pressing challenges, let us show our pride in the new campus, and allowed us to give the impression that we knew a lot about the workings of SG. More than one person conducting tours, however, reported back several issues that none of us had anticipated or had any established policy on which to rely. One Finnish mother accompanying her tall, blond son was perplexed, "*My son is going to have to clean his dorm room?*" she asked in disbelief. What immediately came to mind was that back in the Stone Ages during the one year I lived on campus when I attended college, students cleaned their own dorm room. The Finnish mom wanted to hire someone to attend to her son's room until SG made arrangements to take care of all dorm rooms.

When giving a tour to young women accompanied by their parents, something else could happen. Some matters were pretty straight forward, e.g., giving the new student her room key, showing her the spacious, high-ceilinged, multiple windowed dorm room that would be the envy of most students on U.S. campuses, and pointing out the dorm's common study rooms, washers and dryers, etc. But as the light began to dawn for the parents, especially moms from the Middle East and other more conservative societies, more than one mother asked pointedly or did so effectively with a raised eyebrow, "*A coed dorm? You mean my daughter will have to walk to the end of the hall for shower and bathroom needs? In a common bathroom?*" Invariably when such questions were verbalized, father and daughter suddenly discovered an inordinate interest in the ceiling or floor.

A statistical profile or portrayal of SG's entering class is virtually impossible to provide, but I can offer some insights about that first group of new students. The new students from the Middle East were especially memorable—the quiet young Iranian student whose father had plunked down the DMs, two sisters from Turkey who were accompanied by their parents who had picked up a S-class Mercedes upon arrival in Stuttgart for the final leg into SG, the brother-sister combination from Turkey who explained the parents wanted older brother to "chaperone" (look out for) his younger sister, and the young women whose moms raised pointed questions about coed living and shared facilities. Already noted were the Nabor brothers from Jordan who asked about the purpose of the library's electronic security gate.

But the majority of entering students did share some traits with typical ED students. Most were young adults in their 20s (and into their 30s) who might have had some prior college and were determined to resume their university careers. But unlike ED students — beyond the obvious of lack of an American military connection (although a handful had US military backgrounds, host nation military experience and/or had earned prior UMUC credits), these students came from all around the world—Turkey, Syria, Holland, Serbia, Jordan, Iran, France, Finland, Kenya, Bulgaria, Saudi Arabia, the U.K., Norway, Sweden, Bosnia, Cyprus, Switzerland, Kyrgyzstan, Indonesia, Spain, and the Balkans. Relatively few in that initial class came from Germany or the U.S., and only two were from Asia (Japan).

Invariably more than a few entering students with European backgrounds were quite open about saying that they had never felt comfortable in their host nation's secondary educational system or had dropped out of their home country's universities.

A further word about some of the initial Americans who entered SG in August 1992. Some of these few U.S. students were products of the DODDS system who wanted to remain in Europe for their college education, not unlike those DODDS students since the early 1950s coming out of high school who opted to attend UMUC's Munich Campus for the first year or two of college. Other Americans came from families whose parents had lived and worked in Europe for some years and held dual citizenship. Given the short time span given to launch SG, the campus simply did not attract many Americans living stateside...and this would remain the case throughout SG's early years.

Some women from the Middle East and Southwestern Asia may also have felt that attending an American university in Germany was more appealing than the options they had back home. A few, like one German woman, had a family who bought her an apartment in SG where she could park her fancy sports car, keep her large dog (Airedale?), and attend to her studies. And study she did because she graduated within a year and a half.

Others of the first students stood out on their own. One, a Zonker Harris-like character straight out of the comic strip "Doonesbury" loved to erect tents inside his cavernous dorm room, marveled early on that 'this is the third college I have attended in the past four years, and I think this is going to be fun.' Perhaps it was for him but before the academic year was out even this full-paying student was quietly counseled that SG was not the place for him. Another, a statuesque Raquel-Welch-look-alike and a 30ish German single mom formerly married to a G.I. and who lived in SG, was making the big plunge of returning to college and trying to fit in with the student body.

During the final days of the Mad Dash and Orientation week, several non-staffers stepped up to make critical contributions that not only reflected on them but also on the small size of the SG staff and frankly, our inexperience running a residential campus.

When Sandy Vitzhum, the spouse of Tom Vitzhum, one of SG's German instructors, arrived on campus, she quickly realized that SG had no Resident Adviser (RA) system in place to counsel students on how to cope with dorm and college life. Having been an RA and understanding how critical RAs could be in helping students cope with adjustments to a campus setting, Sandy became quite concerned. In contrast, someone, possibly the Associate Dean, was heard to say, "They're adults. They'll figure it out." Sandy made a proposal that if she and their son could join her spouse in an apartment in the student dorm, she would volunteer to serve as RA. Her proposal was accepted on the spot, and thus began SG's RA system.

Another such situation involved Rob Muñoz, Denise's spouse. Rob had practically become a staff member in the days leading up to and during Orientation by pitching in wherever he could. On the first day when students and those with accompanying parents or friends started arriving, Rob noticed many lost souls wandering around the campus not knowing where to go. Their Welcome Students packets, which did contain a map of the campus, were awaiting them in the Administration Building, but who knew where that was? Rob took it upon himself to stand by the main entrance for some hours to direct people where they could park their cars, where the Admin Building was, and where the Bistro was in case the weary travelers first wanted to stop

for coffee or a soda. No one had thought that we needed someone at the front gate to meet arrivals or that a staff member could be freed up to stand there for hours as students trickled in.

Several early situations attested to the learning process everyone was going through. When Cherrie, a Black female staffer was asked at the last minute to pick up Muhammed, a Saudi student arriving in Munich, the student flinched when she offered to shake hands and would not look at her. Upon arriving on campus, the student indicated that he wanted to leave immediately. After several days of talk and counseling with Mutt and others the student decided he would stay on campus. He simply was coming from a culture in which men did not deal with women, at least not openly.

Another situation arose when a Middle Eastern student who had not known alcohol was invited out with a group of students. Whether anyone realized that the student was hopeless when it came to drinking or whether the student was encouraged to consume more than he should have, the individual became severely intoxicated and ended up black and blue after falling down dormitory steps. Everyone, most of all the student, felt badly about the incident.

Another student from the Middle East, who did not have such an encounter with western culture, was nevertheless in a panic when his very conservative parents were coming for a visit, lest they find out that he drank in moderation and conversed freely with women. We all had a lot to learn and adapt to SG's international community.

As the Friday at the end of Orientation drew to a close, available staff members and "helpers" enjoyed yet another memorable dinner accompanied by much wine and beer. There was still a lot to accomplish over the weekend, but we raised our glasses and steins to each other. We had gotten this far and on Monday classes would begin.

YEAR 1 (1992-93)

After the frantic efforts during the Mad Dash from the inception of the idea of SG in early 1992 through Orientation that saw students arrive on campus and classes start on August 31, 1992, **Year 1** was underway. SG's first classes started, faculty began conducting their courses in an exemplary manner, and staff continued to assist students (and each other!) in any way they could. Students displayed typical awe and trepidation at the opening of the AY as they started or restarted college careers at SG. We, the "helpers" from Heidelberg, departed to resume our regular jobs. Dean Hankamer and Associate Dean Thompson remained to preside over SG.

There was a lot of excitement, jitters and, frankly, relief that SG was off the ground. Entering students had been greeted enthusiastically by staff and others. But their numbers were painfully small. Well under 50 new students entered SG in August 1992 and this would be true in each of the early years of the SG experiment.

A word about the staff at the start of Year 1 and into Year 2. Barbara, a single German mother formerly married to a G.I., oversaw the dorm facilities. Rigmor, Ernie's Scandinavian secretary who was married to a Chinese computer expert, was quite efficient and beloved by students and staff. Marija, the colorful Yugoslavian culinary improviser, oversaw the Bistro staff and Food

Services often fielding the usual student complaints (“Why not more vegan options?”). She also had to scramble to deal with a variety of diets particular to various cultures, such as Muslim, Jewish, European, American, etc. All in all, on a very tight budget, Marija did a pretty remarkable job operating Food Services. Andreas was a German hire who came on board during the Mad Dash and employed a number of needed workers to help get the campus ready. One of Andreas' hires, Hapti, went on to become a valued assistant to Mutt. A rail thin Ethiopian, who had long before immigrated to Germany but like many new arrivals from Africa, Turkey and the Middle East did not find German society necessarily welcoming. Barron, an older American who had worked in the military library system and who wanted to remain in Germany, was named the first full-time Librarian at SG. Regina, a diminutive German woman and a mom with small children, was Ruby’s Assistant who worshiped her boss and sought to emulate her professionalism and dedication to students.

Carola who came to oversee financial aid, was another German-American single mom with a prior G.I. connection and whose mother Dot worked in the ED headquarters. Carola herself had been a Field Representative. She would have us in stitches with her stories about her daily commutes from west of Stuttgart when she and two other German women all but commandeered a train car for themselves as they proceeded to manage hair curlers, finish dressing and attend to make up. Once a middle-aged German man, Carola recalled, opened the car door only to close it quickly upon seeing her and her companions going about their morning toiletry routines (“As if he would dare to enter our car!”).

There were other staffers as well in SG's early operations. One easily remembered was Virginia, Ernie's first Assistant, an American married to a German who in many ways was more German than American. Upon discovering in Year 1 that she was expecting, she used the German social system, under which SG staff fell, by going on paid maternity leave for the next 2+ years.

Generally, what was notable about many of these staff members was their prior American military connection and where they found themselves in German society. For people like Carola, the lengthy daily commute to SG was a price she was willing to pay for the chance to return to a familiar realm. The reality was that it proved easier to attract such employees than students. Even with an appealing basic student recruiting theme – portraying SG as an American university, an international campus, conducted in English, and located in the heart of Europe – prospective students were not as quick to flock to SG as we had hoped.

As Year 1 started, almost everyone had to adjust or adapt to unusual circumstances. Students and staff become skilled at walking on the boards laid down in damp or muddy places. Likewise, everyone learned to avoid the trenches where pipes were being laid. Women staff and faculty living on campus in the building adjacent to the Administration Building had kitchens and a shared bathroom, but when the sink in the kitchen in one such apartment was not in working order, these women designated one of the basins in their shared bathroom for washing dishes. When one female faculty member came to realize that she could not afford to pay rent for both her campus apartment and her house in the north where her son resided, she took to sleeping in her office and showering elsewhere on campus. The shower in Ernie's apartment had a window that faced the quadrangle; he may have been slow to realize that he could be seen from the

shoulders up when he showered, but students were amused that they could see their dean showering away. I don't know when the bathroom closest to the library was fixed.

When several years later a cluster of the original students were about to have their degrees conferred, they sat in the middle of the quadrangle, decked out in their caps and gowns, and took delight in regaling themselves and anyone within earshot with war stories about the bad old days when the campus first opened.

On a more serious level, the Bistro was not fully functional when classes started and for some weeks into the fall. This made it difficult for SG to deliver on the various meal plans sold to students. Food in aluminum containers had to be brought on campus for each meal. More than one student said he or she never got enough to eat. Until the Bistro was fully operational, two American students were known to make daily treks to a nearby Turkish imbiss (food stand) where for DM 5 they could purchase a generous portion of brötchen and wurst.

Early on, Mutt began to make contributions to the Schwäbisch Gmünd experiment far beyond what a facilities manager would be expected to do. During that first Orientation and the arrival of the campus' initial class of students, Mutt came upon several students who were passing around a big, fat joint while talking with the Dean, who did not seem to be aware what they were smoking. In his style of trying casually to make the best of situations, Mutt pulled the students aside afterwards to counsel them that this was the Dean before whom they were sharing a joint and this was simply not what they should be doing.

In another early situation, after the campus belatedly recognized the need to have pay phones installed in the dorm—remember, this was a time before cell phones—so students could call home, it was discovered that a student from Bulgaria, as students are known to do from time to time, had tapped into one of the pay phones so he could call anywhere free of charge. When confronted about this, the student was genuinely aghast that what he had done might warrant expulsion. As the student said flat out, this was exactly what he and his counterparts back home in Bulgaria were used to doing—whenever nearby there was a live electrical connection or working phone line, it was seen as fair game to tap onto the line. This was but one of the many early examples of how we and our international students were having to adjust to life on an American campus in Germany.

One other early Mutt situation that deserves mention was when he went to lunch one day at the nearby Sportsplatz when the Bistro was still not fully functional. He noticed that a collection of women staffers was already well into their cups and loudly moaning, some actually crying, over problems at the campus. Not knowing exactly what to do, Mutt literally ran back to the campus to consult with the Dean for fear that a sizeable portion of the staff was on the verge of quitting that day. Mutt suggested that he join the women, encourage more drinking while trying to calm them and talk them down from any rash action. The Dean agreed that this was a short-term solution. Mutt and the women staffers may have arrived back on campus less than fully sober, but Mutt's counsel and support had gotten through and no one resigned.

A problematic development surfaced early in Year 1. The behavior of the Associate Dean toward female faculty and staff, indeed his attitude toward women, made more than one female at SG

uneasy. Any number of women, both staff and faculty, experienced, observed or reported on the Associate Dean's tendency to touch women in ways beyond socially acceptable pats or hugs.

In spite of regulations governing and greatly restricting, virtually no campus is immune from the existence of relations staff-to-staff, among students, faculty-to-student, upper-level administrator-faculty, staff or students. With regard to this situation, however, a group of five women (two faculty members, two staff members, and another woman) were so concerned about the Associate Dean's behavior that they felt they had to seek redress. In a meeting with Dean Hankamer to initiate this process, it was decided that the group would take their concerns directly to the Associate Dean.

The five women, who saw no alternative to meeting with Associate Dean Thompson, went to his office, sat down and invited him to do the same. The Associate Dean said he preferred to stand and paced back and forth while the five women laid out their concerns. Without addressing the accuracy of what they described, without indicating that his touching women was inappropriate, and without acknowledging any wrongdoing, the Associate Dean said, in effect, he would change his ways. The five women left, hoping he would.

(Let us turn to other Year 1 developments at this point.)

Year 1 (Continued)

I went to SG early in the fall 1992 at Joe's request to preside over a meeting open to students, faculty and staff--where wine was served--and invited all to share their frustrations and suggestions. Town hall sessions like this meeting were commonly held at SG in the early years of the small community. In light of what we already knew, the thinking was that it was better for an "outsider" to chair this meeting, even though a number of people remembered me well from my help during Orientation.

Most of the students had only a hazy notion about the Heidelberg-SG connection; I referred to "Maryland" often in my responses and almost never to the ED or UMUC. I tried to point out what improvements Maryland had underway or in the works and asked for people's patience on issues that would take longer to address. The multiple-page summary report I gave to Joe and Ernie was entitled, "What's Wrong with SG."

As my report indicated, by far the most positive comments students gave were reserved for the faculty and the courses they were taking. As I had on any number of occasions as an Area Director and Director, Student Services when I visited ED classes, I told the students that it would not matter a whit what I promised or what Maryland said it was going to do if the university was not delivering a quality education program, most notably if the faculty and their efforts were not up to high standards. That night in Schwäbisch Gmünd before I fell asleep, I again said thanks to the faculty for a job well done.

Faculty, I might add, had voiced relatively few complaints at that meeting, although later that night over more wine, a number unloaded. Their primary concern was an academic unease that more than one veteran European Division faculty teaching at SG had sensed even early in that

first semester: that many international students might have a different idea about what was honest and what was not in the academic setting. Not unlike European Division faculty teaching for the first time in Bonn encountered when they were teaching primarily international students who were eligible to take Maryland classes because of their embassy connections, a number of their students came from educational systems in their home countries where “collaborative” work and even outright cheating was considered normal. That those teaching at SG had sensed this norm early in the fall attested to their real concerns in this area.

I advised the SG faculty in attendance that night at our dinner to talk openly with their students about American university norms. I explained that in light of all the praise heaped on them by the students at the town hall meeting and the quality of the courses they were conducting, one could fairly easily at the next class meetings thank the students for their very positive comments and then go into a discussion about what were American university standards without beating the students over the head regarding plagiarism, cheating, etc. My sense was that over SG's early years, faculty handled this situation fairly well.

There were more ups and downs at SG as the fall unfolded. The RA system under the guidance of Sandy, would only become more organized and regularized as Year 1 progressed. By late fall announcements were put out to recruit student RAs for the spring semester, and again that spring for Year 2 (1993-94).

The student worker system, born out of necessity during the last stages of the Mad Dash, expanded during Year 1. Because of financial aid needs, the appeal of putting a little money in one's pocket, and the continuing need to throw warm bodies at the many tasks that needed to be done (and at cheap wages), the student work program was a natural. When word reached me about how well SG's student work program was going, I had to smile as I recalled my days in the 1960s as a graduate student at the University of Virginia when I worked in the library for \$1.10 an hour as part of my financial aid package.

By far, one of the early success stories of Year 1 was the emergence of the drama club under the guidance of Professor Margaret Shepherd. From the beginning, Maggie and her thespian troops presented the SG community with a wonderful mix of stage classics—*12th Night*, *Romeo and Juliet*—and popular productions like *As You Like It*, *Alice in Wonderland*—that enthralled students, staff, townies and visitors alike. Maggie and her budding actors had to honor the overseas Maryland tradition of scrounging for donations, costumes and props. This included a midnight foray when she and Mutt traveled to a neighboring installation to “borrow” various stage settings and props. Many of the items were found in the cache of furniture left behind by the American Army in an unused SG building and elsewhere. (This is also how offices and dorms were furnished and proved to be a real god-send for the cash strapped campus, even if these furnishings conveyed a “government” or “military” look.) That Maggie and her troops could put on entertaining productions under these conditions said a lot about her spirit and direction.

The SG Freundeskreis Returns

Another development in the campus' early history was an unexpected but pleasant surprise: the reemergence of SG Freundeskreis (FK).

Hip-hop fans will be disappointed to learn the (SG) Freundeskreis had no connection whatsoever with the popular German group from Stuttgart of the same name that produced three top-20 albums in the 1990s and early 2000s and which is probably best remembered for its hit single "A-N-N-A," and which Wikipedia waxes on about.

This "Circle of Friends" was a group of German women in and around the city of SG, largely from the upper-strata of society. They had formed their organization in the Cold War era to show support for the U.S. Army, especially the young American GIs,

The city had an interesting history going back centuries in which SG preferred to yield to a larger, hostile oncoming force bearing down on the town rather than fighting and running the risk of seeing the town sacked. This is a contributing factor why to this day, unlike other German communities, the city boasts such an eclectic collection of historical structures on its city center, the Marktplatz. This pattern was not exactly repeated in World War II, but the city emerged from the conflict basically unscathed and in the Cold War setting when it quickly became evident that the U.S. Army was there to stay and was by no means a hostile or threatening force, the Freundeskreis emerged as a way of showing support for the Americans by welcoming interaction with GIs.

The Freundeskreis held socials, fests and tried to convey German support for the U.S. What was originally "Adolph Hitler Kaserne" had been renamed "Bismarck Kaserne" by 1937 and was used primarily for training German officers. The FK continued to interact with the Americans during the 1960s through 1991 when the U.S. Army departed after the onset of the military drawdown. The departure of the Army from Bismarck Kaserne effectively closed the FK down.

The FK could now reemerge, and its members were delighted that their social organization could again function. SG's student body might be primarily international rather than American, but after the fall of the Berlin Wall these were young students, and this was an American university. In the early years of the campus FK members repeatedly expressed how pleased they were that an American university had opened in August 1992 on the old Bismarck Kaserne. Before I really knew what the FK was, I was struck at an informal campus barbecue toward the end of SG's initial Orientation by several older German women in attendance and how they were so praising about the campus. I later learned they were FK members.

As I attended more FK events and was around its members, I was also struck about how the group fit into SG's social scene, The leaders of newly reemerged organization had been active in the 1970s and 1980s and had risen to the top strata of SG society. And now they made a conscious effort to bring in their daughters and nieces and other young women of note in the city as part of their inculcation into the ranks of SG society. These younger women, I sensed, understood the social process and were only too happy to take this step as they sought to move up in city strata.

I should also add that in the 1980s when anti-American sentiments were on the rise—demonstrations, protests against the continued presence of the U.S. military, and occasional bombings that occurred in larger cities like Berlin, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, Munich, and even Heidelberg, the city of SG was largely immune from such anti-American sentiments.

There were, of course, some demonstrations and protests about the continued presence of the U.S. Military around the city in the 1980s, but these primarily occurred at the former Mutlangen Army Airfield to the north of the city and other satellite locations where Pershing II missiles were housed rather than at Bismarck Kaserne. Possibly as a smaller, more conservative municipality which had long standing positive interaction with the American military, such sentiments were slow to take root in SG prior to the fall of the Wall. Clearly, the city of SG and the Freundeskreis welcomed the new American campus with open arms.

The key figure for the campus where the FK was concerned was Frauke Hankamer, the Dean's wife. German born, familiar with German social mores, fluent in the language, and a most charming, gracious and captivating individual, Frauke made an ideal liaison with FK. Members positively loved Frauke who worked hard in the city to maintain good relations.

The reemerged FK established a tradition that literally took the breath away from many early SG graduates. At the preparations for Commencement approached, Frau Rohacek, whom I always viewed as the head whether she held that title or not, made it a point to come up to each degree candidate and present him or her with a beautiful, 3" inch solid silver unicorn rearing on its hind legs, a replica of the unicorn on the city's Wappen (coat of arms) and symbolic of Schwäbisch Gmünd's long history as a center for silver and gold smiths. This symbolic mascot of the city could be crafted into a dazzling necklace or a handsome desk mounting. More than a few jaded degree candidates who were ready to march forth into the world, were awe struck by this striking rendition of the city's mascot and stuttered and stammered to say thanks.

When the May 1996 SG Commencement approached what would be the last SG ceremony Ruby and I would attend, I asked Frau Rohacek if I might purchase two of these silver unicorns. She proceeded in good German style to explain that her group did not sell the unicorns it had commissioned and that they were only given to SG graduates as part of a special tradition. I explained that I wanted to present them to Ruby in recognition of all her contributions to the campus. Ruby, whose command of German and her genuine efforts on behalf of the campus had long since made her a favorite of the FK, and her announcement of her plans to leave the campus in summer 1996 was common knowledge. Frau Rohacek simply smiled and said that my request could be accommodated. Ruby had her unicorns made into a stunning pair of earrings.

As appealing as the reemergence of the FK was, it proved harder in practice to parlay this support into increased student enrollments, SG's most pressing need. FK members, even the younger members, as good Germans would of course direct their daughters, sons, nieces and nephews to German universities. And even the pro-campus events the FK staged would not necessarily translate into more students. When the FK graciously hosted a holiday gala in December 1992 for SG students, the campus all but had to bribe a handful of undergraduates to dress up and attend, the allure of unlimited drink and hors d'oeuvres notwithstanding. Those

that did attend, especially SG's German students and the European students may have been uncomfortable because of the way the elites of SG society fawned over them.

The FK remained a fascinating but hard nut to crack.

The First Commencement

As the fall semester in Year 1 drew to a close, SG realized that it would have its first graduate. The student, someone with a German professional basketball background who had traveled all over Europe, had arrived at SG ideally positioned to earn his degree that December. He came in with the perfect 90 s.h. of transfer credit, had some prior UMUC course work, and thus with hard work that fall he was able to complete his remaining UMUC credits to earn his Maryland degree.

Plans were made to hold SG's first Commencement, both to honor the student and to demonstrate to the other students that their dream of a college degree was possible. For a Ceremony for One, the decision was made to hold the Commencement in one of SG's larger classrooms rather than the cavernous auditorium where Maggie and the drama group staged their productions. Flowers were arranged around the room. The student, the Dean, and the Associate Dean were dressed in traditional commencement regalia (caps and gowns) but there was no procession involving faculty, the stage party and the degree candidates (one student!). The degree candidate simply walked in with the Dean and Associate Dean through a side door and took a seat in the front row.

The Dean was not only the master of ceremonies but also SG's first Commencement speaker. When it came time for the conferral of the degree, there was no traditional march across the stage. The degree candidate simply was asked to step forward. The appropriate commencement verbiage was given ('by the powers conferred by the state of Maryland and given to UMUC and transferred to me, I formally award you your Bachelor of Arts degree, with all rights, duties and privileges appertaining to that degree.'). A handshake and a diploma were given to the happy graduate, photographs were taken, and everyone stood to applaud. After the ceremony, Marija and her Bistro staff provided wine and light hors d'oeuvres in a nearby classroom for the reception.

The most notable feature about SG's first Commencement was the large portion of the student body who attended. Some actually dressed up, though most came in jeans, sweats and sneakers. They wanted to be there, even if most did not know the graduate well, to honor one of them, a fellow student who had achieved their dream of a college degree.

University System of Maryland Scholarships

Early in 1993 one of the more creative efforts to attract students to SG emerged. Joe, Ben and Vida, developed SG's University System of Maryland Scholarships. The idea was to appeal to students at the other ten undergraduate University System of Maryland (USM) institutions to come to SG for a semester or year abroad and earn Maryland credits transferrable back to their

home campus for not much more cost than the tuition at their home campus. Two SG scholarships were made available at each of the other USM institutions.

For example, for a student at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County (UMBC), USM's fastest growing campus in the 1980s, the amount of SG's USM Scholarships would be the cost of SG tuition minus the cost of out-of-state tuition at UMBC. Students would still need to cover dorm, meal plan and transportation costs, which they may or may not have incurred if they lived home while attending UMBC. But if the student had planned to go on spring break to Fort Lauderdale or South Padre Island, would not such "normal" college expenditures be essentially comparable to transportation costs to and from SG?

One can debate whether the USM Scholarships were effectively or extensively advertised in the State of Maryland. I suspect not, but that was beyond our control in Europe. The number of USM Scholarship students at SG was never large; I recall only a handful in Year 2 (1993-94) when I was at SG as Associate Dean. One such UMBC recipient seemed to make it his personal mission that year to give the Associate Dean guff ('Hey, UMBC lets us do ____, why doesn't SG? I didn't have to do that at UMBC.'), but we will return to that student later.

What was noteworthy about the SG's USM Scholarship program was that in the 1990s, SG, the ED and UMUC were not thinking in terms of "discounting tuition," which today has become a cornerstone of post-secondary student recruiting. This has become especially true as American colleges and universities have become locked in fierce competitive battles and often face declining numbers of potential students. I would not be surprised, however, if the concept of "discounting tuition" is still not heard in Adelphi hallways the way it is and practiced by many U.S. institutions of higher learning, especially private universities. UMUC/UMGC has been impressively successful in expanding its worldwide DE program without having to resort to "discounting tuition."

There are probably laws in Maryland and other states that prohibit "discounting tuition" by public universities receiving state funding. Only in retrospect did I come to view a scholarship program from the perspective of "discounting tuition." If a student receives a scholarship from the institution who could somehow cover his or her other college costs, do not such grants represent a form of "discounting tuition?"

My personal "experience" with the concept of "discounting tuition," even if I would not have understood the term nor necessarily been drawn to it in the 1980s came when Ruby and I worked with Joe to develop an extensive ED scholarship program. By advertising a wide range of modest \$200 scholarships in as many categories as we could conceive to attract first-time college students, get existing students to take another class or continue in the next term, active-duty navy spouses, why I want to study psychology or business or..., new to the ED students, etc., we were, in effect, "discounting tuition."

I wore out my welcome mat with many Heidelberg staff trying to attract them to be on committees to review applications for a particular scholarship. ("Paul, I've done this before," they would say. "Paul, this new-to-college applicant can't always write a grammatically correct sentence." I would reply, "Well, maybe he will sign up for ENGL 101!")

So recruiting we did go as we worked to boost ED enrollments, even if none of us would have known the term in the 1980s or been drawn to the concept of "discounting tuition." These ED scholarships were in my mind exactly that, scholarships for deserving students. As I recall, we created upwards of 20 such scholarship categories aimed at appealing to students or potential students in a variety of categories.

While I cannot prove statistically that the ED's scholarship program actually boosted ED enrollments, especially in the 1980s when ED enrollments were booming, I can say that at Commencement time in Heidelberg, many graduates and family members thanked Maryland for making their success possible. ("If I hadn't received scholarships for three years running [a grand total of \$600!], I doubt that I would have continued.").

Would this have worked at SG? The ED's total number of scholarships award represented effectively a very modest cost. For SG it would have involved much larger "costs" at a time when the campus was cash poor and lacked underpinning funds. Could SG have afforded to expand a USM Scholarship program but not called that and market it heavily throughout the U.S. as a 'year abroad' program? The problem fundamentally was, as with the endowment issue, SG had no established scholarship fund. A lot of "what ifs" for this Monday morning ex-quarterback.

Decision Time

As Year 1 drew to a close, two important staffing decisions had to be made. The first centered on the status of the Associate Dean. The second was the hiring of a full-time director of student recruitment for SG.

It had become apparent that SG's first Associate Dean was not a good fit for the campus. His lone-wolf ways, his comparative lack of support for and attention to SG staff, and his general attitude toward and treatment of women displayed early on had been bothersome enough.

In the spring semester, however, his excessive attention to a potentially vulnerable female student proved especially disturbing. The bright, outgoing woman was studying art and psychology at SG and known by some to have problems at home. After confidentially discussing her personal situation with the Associate Dean, he began to take her to dinner frequently and then to brunch on weekends. It was when the Associate Dean suggested that they go away for a weekend that the frightened student sought advice and counsel from one of her professors.

The professor, who had been one of the five women at SG to confront the Associate Dean early on in Year 1, reported the issue to the ED's Director of Personnel who undertook a swift but thorough investigation, including having the student brought to Heidelberg to confirm what had taken place. Thereafter, the Director of Personnel presented her findings to the Director of the European Division. Subsequently, the Associate Dean was summoned to Heidelberg (driven by the Dean) and the two of them met with the Director of the ED and the Director of Personnel. At that meeting, the Director and Director of Personnel informed the Associate Dean that he would no longer be continuing in his role at SG.

The other development in spring and summer 1993 seemed so much more positive: the decision to hire SG's first full-time student recruiter (International Admissions Counselor). This would be, to my knowledge, the first such position in the overseas history of UMUC. One of the sad realities was how slowly it dawned on us to acknowledge that we were inexperienced when it came to recruiting international students. Many of our tried-and-true methods within the ED (putting signs up in the PX and around the installation, contacting former students living in the area, etc.) simply did not apply. Based on our European Division experiences, we had placed too much unabashed confidence that we knew how to attract students. But ED students, who were individuals within existing military communities that we had served since 1949, were very different from international students.

This is why a number of us breathed a sigh of relief when the decision was made to hire a full-time director of recruitment at SG. Announcements went out, applications came in, candidates were screened and individuals were interviewed. By far, one applicant stood out over all others: an American woman, conversant in German, keen to return to Europe, who had some experience recruiting international students, someone who received glowing recommendations when we called her references, and someone who was comfortable with the salary we could offer. Her application was as good as you could imagine, and she was dazzling in her interviews, both on the phone and in person when she was brought to SG that summer. Vida, John, I and others were wowed by that applicant and believed SG would at last have an effective student recruiter, even if she would not be able to have real impact on student numbers until Year 3 (1994-95).

SUMMER 1993

That the new Associate Dean on the scene at SG for Year 2 (1993-94) would be “moi” was a major, unanticipated surprise. Though I was one of several European Division staff members who helped launch the Schwäbisch Gmünd campus, I had not planned to seek a full-time position there. My appointment was made necessary by the need to resolve a serious problem.

In the ED tradition, I remained the Director, Student Services in Heidelberg, at least in title. (And my move to SG as Associate Dean was at no real or immediate salary increase, another ED tradition as many of you can appreciate.) When Joe approached me in summer 1993 about the possibility of sliding into the slot at SG, he understood that I needed to consult with my family. When my spouse, our two young sons (ages 9 and 11) and I discussed the matter, I explained that I would regret not being able to attend their school functions and sports team activities. I outlined how we might function; in SG during the week, at home in the Heidelberg area on weekends. I really cannot remember whether it was Valerie, Erik or Mark who said, “Well, we really won't see you much less than we do now.” Thus, I told Joe that I was ready to go to SG.

Before I relocated to SG, Joe suggested how I might handle my ID Card. With a spouse who worked for the DODDS school system who could qualify on her own for an ID Card and sponsor eligible family members for one, I turned in my Maryland ID Card to our Heidelberg Logistics Office and Valerie secured one for me as her “dependent.” Joe also kindly had an ED staff car assigned to me for Year 2, and I was provided an apartment in the basic student dorm near where

Ernie and Frauke and Ruby had theirs. (Luckily, my shower did not have a window facing the quad, so students would not be amused to see their new Associate Dean showering.)

YEAR 2 (1993-94)

Year 2 began much the same as Year 1. Orientation Week continued to see new students picked up in Munich and Stuttgart and ferried back to campus, early social activities were held for new and returning students alike, and classes started again. A second student dorm was opened, although the total number of new and returning students (about half of those starting in August 1992) remained small.

As I settled into work at SG, my typical workday was 0600-2000. Ruby was usually the only person on the staff still around when I knocked off for the day. It was pretty logical for us to dine nightly when both of us were ready to call it a day. And we never had a shortage of SG topics to discuss. Ruby had been my Assistant in Student Services in Heidelberg before she shifted to SG and was a friend and compatriot of longstanding. It was through this pattern...and our mutual love of wine...that we began to explore restaurants around SG.

Our favorites included two Italian places, two Greek restaurants and one Turkish place. We became such regular patrons of these places that often were greeted like long lost friends upon entering, invariably chatted with owners and waitstaff, were often served our wine without having to order, comped extras or specials, and were known for our preferences ("nur verdura," as the waitstaff at one Italian restaurant came to say with a knowing nod when I placed our customary antipasti order). Our familiarity in restaurants around the city could be an advantage securing a table at the last minute or on a crowded night when a lunch or dinner with a staff or faculty member could be used to discuss a matter best handled outside of the office.

The staff car Joe had arranged for me, and my work-lifestyle pattern gave birth to what became known unofficially as Brewer Express GmbH (BEGmbH). Word was put out in Heidelberg that if anyone had something to go to SG, get it to my Heidelberg office by close of business on Friday or at the absolute latest Sunday by 1500. I often made a swing by my office on Sunday, and found books, packages and envelopes piled up against my locked office door left by staff members (many of whom had a key to the front door of the ED headquarters) who had not been able to meet the Friday deadline. Sometimes BEGmbH hauled items SG needed to be taken to Heidelberg, but during Year 2 the majority goods and materials still flowed south.

And thus, BEGmbH rolled on week after week during Year 2. Before going into detail regarding some of the more memorable trips down and back, I want to mention two related matters.

Friday afternoons after I arrived back the ED headquarters were pretty wild at first. There were times as I was dashing down the hall toward my office when various Student Services staff members were literally trying to grab or catch me by the coat tails in an effort to consult about this or that. As these individuals came to understand that I would no longer be as available to them as in the past, they had to step up. Various Student Services staffers in Heidelberg who rose to the challenges that increasingly occurred when the Director was available in name only, and who by stepping up really helped make BEGmbH possible.

Linda Tränkle emerged as a more capable head of the complex financial aid world for the ED. Kat Wesolowska, as the supervisor of the advising staff and the Records Room that housed incoming transcripts for the thousands of ED students who wanted academic counseling, learned, as Linda had, to coordinate requests for staff visits from Area Directors and ESOs. Both also learned to go to John Golembe and Publications for print needs. Linda and Kat made virtually all hiring decisions that year on their own.

When Ruby left the office as my Assistant, Rebecca Knowles, my secretary, knew as did I, that we no longer had Ruby to make us look good. Rebecca had long developed a system when I returned from TDYs that was the envy of many senior staffers. She would stack items on the conference table in my office with signs saying "read/attend to first" (if she had not already handled these pressing matters during the week), "can wait until later," and "personal" (bills, junk mail, etc.). During the week when I was away, she took it on her own to contact various offices about Student Services and SG needs, gently cajoled senior staffers about requests I had made, and constantly reminded fellow Heidelberg colleagues about the BEGmbH deadline(s) for anything they wanted to be delivered to SG. A secretary?! One of my and ED's real failings about not being able to, being slow to recognize (and reward) the secretaries, clerks and staffers who were in many ways the real backbone of the Heidelberg staff. BeckBeck was in a class by herself.

The performance by various Student Services staff filled me with great pride, and yet was somewhat humbling. Imagine, Student Services not only survived but actually thrived when its esteemed Director was nowhere to be seen.

Meanwhile, at SG, Maggie Shepherd continued her fine direction of the campus' drama group. At least one major production was staged each fall and spring under her skillful direction as she continued to present an effective blend of the Bard's classics—*Hamlet*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*—and popular favorites—*The Importance of Being Earnest*, *Scrooge*. Word about these performances had spread in the community so that more townies (to include Freundeskreis members) and students made a point to attend these productions. The campus realities, however, were that a donation box was placed in the lobby entrance to the theater at each production. Several people in Heidelberg asked me to make a donation on their behalf when I made mine. In later years, SG Catalogs would list Maggie not only in the faculty section with her impressive academic credentials, but also as Director of the Theater.

SG's first student recruiter arrived shortly after classes began in Year 2. Hopes were high among the staff that she would be the answer to SG's desperate need to boost student numbers. The International Admissions Counselor seemed to get off to a good start when in her upbeat manner she raised various recruiting ideas and learned, as other staffers did, to help out colleagues and offer words of encouragement. But in only a matter of several months, it became clear to the new Associate Dean that the new International Admissions Counselor was coming by less frequently--she reported to me--and was not asking about the technical or financial feasibility of this or that possible recruiting effort. I shared my concerns with Joe, Ernie and Ruby. Finally, I asked the International Admissions Counselor to provide me with a written, overall recruitment plan. She could not.

I saw no recourse but to fire her on the spot. Thereafter, I took the steps I had to take. After informing Joe and Ernie, I called a meeting with key staffers, explained the situation including that I was going to assume student recruiting responsibilities for SG, and asked anyone who had suggestions or ideas to bring them to me. Was that ever a long day for the Associate Dean! Even with considerable experience as a former Area Director and Director, Student Services, I was not an experienced international student recruiting guru. Lots of late-night dinners and wine followed thereafter.

Whether the International Admissions Counselor had merely talked a great game during the application process leading up to her hiring, and/or upon arrival at SG was overwhelmed by the enormity of the challenges facing anyone in her position, I am not sure. I did make a mental note that in the future I needed to take with a bigger grain of salt what was said on an application, during interviews, and by references.

Planning and organizing student activities (SA) in Year 2 continued to face special challenges owing to the small size of the student body. Beyond the usual need to determine what appealed to students and then getting them actually to participate, issues that any SA program faces, the small number of students at SG only added to the challenges of planning and running activities. Holding a successful volleyball or basketball tournament, or even a frisbee-golf tournament for a student body of about 75 individuals would require a sizable portion of the student body to participate.

The student versus faculty/staff basketball contests begun in Year 1 continued to be a favorite event. Students not on the team turned out in droves not only to cheer for their fellow students, but also to heckle and razz their “favorite” faculty and staff. At best, though, this was a once-a-semester event and on SG's outdoor court the weather could play havoc with anything scheduled. Besides, the faculty-staff team was still licking its wounds after its Year 1 drubbing by the student team.

The RA system was more regularized and organized in Year 2, but as with any RA system, breakdowns could happen from time to time. I remember coming across a very tired, haggard looking Mutt early one morning when he was sitting on the quad. I started teasing him about possibly trying to recover from having tied one on the night before. He said he wished that were the case, but the reality was that he had stayed up all night with a troubled student in the second dorm which had opened in Year 2 and where his apartment was located. He listened to her as she cried and lamented about her difficulties coping with college life. Mutt simply felt he had to stay up with her and offer what comfort he could. Eventually he directed the student to the Counseling Center which would open the next morning. Commendable what Mutt did and the campus' support systems could not catch all situations, but...

With so many nationalities represented on campus from the start there was always the issue at SG what holidays to celebrate. To deal with holidays in the state of Baden- Württemberg and German national holidays, under which our American campus in SG fell, we settled on allowing our German staff to take the day off. Not unlike many American campuses, SG went with a basic Fall and Spring Break approach.

A Special Thanksgiving

By Year 2 when the campus was on a steadier footing and BEGmbH was in full operation, we decided to treat our international campus to one of Americans' favorite holiday traditions, the annual turkey-day feast. We had to have our Thanksgiving dinner late Wednesday afternoon, of course, after we gave the entire campus Thursday-Sunday off.

Our international students and staff in attendance were greeted that Wednesday at the Bistro door by the Dean and Associate Dean, were escorted by an attentive wait staff all decked out in their serving finery to tables adorned with candles, tablecloths, and cloth napkins, and were served a traditional American holiday meal complete with turkey, ham, gravy, stuffing, cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, green beans, yams, apple and pumpkin pies. Wine flowed throughout the meal. The campus might have been struggling to pay its bills, but we were determined to make that Thanksgiving dinner memorable for our small international community.

When invitations went out about the complimentary dinner, including the news that we were giving everyone the long Thanksgiving weekend off, students, staff and faculty (who could attend) arrived in a festive mood. Some students actually dressed up for the occasion, although most came in their traditional hoodies, sweats, jeans and sneakers. Most in attendance enjoyed the celebration immensely, as many said afterwards in somewhat of a departure from the SG student norm.

Getting to that Thanksgiving feast set in motion one of the most memorable events in BEGmbH's brief history: the build up to that feast and the wild BEGmbH trip back to SG on the preceding Sunday evening. In order to secure everything needed for the feast, Heidelberg staffers, even some heretofore not directly involved in SG events, were asked to purchase various items at the U.S. Commissary. With Joe's full support, I began making requests ("Paul, it's been a while since I've heard from you. You want me to buy two frozen turkeys or six cans of cranberry sauce...for what? And deliver the items by 1500 on Sunday to your staff car that will be parked at the south end of the Commissary parking? How nice to hear from you, Paul."). BeckBeck ran around rallying the troops ("Yes, Dr B really needs those frozen pies.")

In a scene forever etched in my memory, I thought I saw half of the Heidelberg staff at the Commissary that Sunday afternoon. Some wags even flashed the conspiratorial two-fingers-to-the-nose sign, added a wink or a nod, and moved on. Some, like my good friend and fellow charter member of the OFFC, John, with his head down, his trench coat collar turned up, and a worried expression slowly made his way to the checkout stands looking as if he was thinking that it would be just his luck to have the checkout staffed by a sharp-eyed friend of his son or daughter ('Dr G. Good to see you. Say, isn't that the fourth frozen turkey you have purchased this week?'). Not everyone remembers that Sunday as vividly as I do, but some Heidelberg staffers would chuckle later about their shopping adventures that day.

With the back seat down and the staff car fully loaded, BEGmbH rolled into action. I was a bit late starting the return trip that Sunday. More critically it was a biting cold day, as sometimes

happens in Germany in early winter. As the sun set and darkness was upon me, I left the autobahn for what normally is the final 60-90-minute trip on the feeder highway into SG.

I had been thinking all day about one particular hill in a wooded area that had a curvy, winding, rather steep downhill stretch on the backside that had to be taken very carefully even in the best of weather. I had some difficulties getting up the hill because, as I feared I might, I encountered black ice on that cold day. At the top, "A.J." Brewer paused for what he sensed would be the most challenging "race" of his career.

No matter how slowly I tried to proceed and stay off the brakes, the downhill slope, ice, blackness and sharp turns took over. Skidding wildly, at times coming dangerously close the trees on both sides of the road, kissing the guard rail and drop offs that made a tree seem like my best friend, all the while hearing the sound of frozen turkeys and cans of cranberry sauce careening around in the back of the car and hoping that I would not encounter any oncoming traffic, I finally reached the bottom. The downhill run seemed like it lasted an eternity, but in reality it took only 10-15 minutes. Upon reaching the bottom, I pulled off the road at the first chance and spent another 10-15 minutes catching my breath and slowing my heart rate. I could live with my "deer in the headlight" expression for the rest of the journey to the campus because I knew I was going to make it. I am not a praying person, but that night I briefly reconsidered my approach.

As I neared the campus, the combination of nerves, the lifetime supply of adrenaline coursing through my veins, and my sense of relief kicked in. I started pounding on the horn for all it was worth what seemed like four blocks out, but I am sure it was closer. As I raced through the gate adjacent to Ernie and Frauke's apartment and screeched to a halt, I briefly wondered if I might be cold-cocked by a frozen turkey flying toward the front. I was not.

Whether alerted by blaring horn or otherwise, the SG faithful had been told the Associate Dean would probably need help unloading the goodies upon his return to campus. Ernie and Frauke came racing out with little more than light windbreakers in hand. Thereafter I have only vague memories of people, possibly students, rushing up, grabbing a frozen turkey or cans of cranberry sauce, and sprinting off in the darkness across the quad toward the Bistro where arrangements had been made to unlock the facility and the frozen food lockers and put away the rest of the items.

I have no doubt that Mutt and Ruby helped coordinate matters on the campus end, as they usually did. I can only recall Ernie and Frauke all but leading me by the hand back to their apartment, tossing a coverlet on me to help me regain some degree of normalcy, and keeping me supplied with generous glasses of red wine.

Thanks to all the Heidelberg staffers who helped on the front end, the campus community on the receiving end and BEGmbH's faithful steed, the Thanksgiving dinner was on.

Years later I had a wonderful telephone exchange with Frauke on the eve of the fifth anniversary of Ernie's passing. I regaled her with my memory of that legendary trip. She did not recall the details that led up to my arrival back to SG but chuckled and remembered fondly what transpired

once I drove on campus. That Sunday evening in their apartment I may have attempted to convey the saga of the return trip, but I doubt that any such effort was complete or entirely coherent.

Chairs, Computers & the German TV Tax

There were several other situations during Year 2 that this new Associate Dean, try as he might to deal with SG needs, would find himself one step behind.

Chairs: One morning Mutt conveyed that SG needed to secure new office chairs for various staff members and showed me some German brochures on office furniture. He also explained the cache of furniture left behind by the American Army when it exited SG unfortunately did not contain any suitable office chairs. My chair experiences in Heidelberg had been limited to when I went to Joe to request new office furniture, he approved it, and someone else purchased the item(s). I cringed a bit when I looked more closely at my own SG office chair which was easily the fanciest and most comfortable one I had ever had in my overseas Maryland career and began to ponder the DM costs of securing even several additional chairs.

The brochures Mutt had brought confirmed my cost concerns. “Mutt,” I added, “all these chairs have five legs” (points of contact with the floor). My faithful swivel chair in Heidelberg only had four. Mutt patiently explained that German law required five-legged chairs ”Required?” I asked. Since the ED headquarters came under the U.S. military, we were effectively exempt from such German regulations. In Heidelberg, we relied on surplus military furniture or, if we had to make a purchase, went through Army/Air Force Exchange System to purchase American chairs. Thus, we had not had to face this issue.

The dazed Associate Dean thought to himself, “It sure had been easier working with faculty who needed a particular map or Field Reps who requested a second projector or power-point machine to support the Maryland program at their education center, compared to dealing with chairs at SG.”

Computers: When Rinaldo Vachino, the ED's Director, Computer Studies Program approached me with an intriguing proposal about equipping staff and faculty with Internet capabilities and linking everyone. Rinaldo was another Heidelberg staffer who would shift to SG to teach and provide academic oversight.

I was long familiar with e-mail in Heidelberg and used it extensively to communicate with faculty, staff, Field Representatives, ACES personnel and others. It was not uncommon for me to arrive at my Heidelberg office in the morning and find 50, 100, or even close to 200 e-mail messages waiting for me.

To be honest, in the early-to-mid 1990s I was not very Internet savvy and only vaguely grasped the Internet and e-mail connection. The ED was able to provide extensive e-mail access to the Heidelberg staff, faculty and Field Representatives because the U.S. military allowed Maryland, at no cost, to piggyback on the military's e-mail system. The ED did not have to incur what

would have been the cumbersome and very expensive Internet dial-up process through Deutsche Telekom to establish its own e-mail system.

Several times I had sought to arrange a private Internet account so that I could access the Maryland e-mail system from my home, thus potentially helping me to reduce the time I needed to spend in the office. Even when I did flirt with a German e-mail account, I invariably backed out as soon as I could because of the cumbersome steps one had to go through (dial-up through Deutsche Telekom) and the very real costs involved when charged by the minute by the German telephone system.

At the end of our exchange, I told Rinaldo that personally I had been intrigued by his proposal, we would consider it, but with the likely costs involved I was not sure if SG could afford it. And then the Associate Dean added, 'just to be sure, Rinaldo, that I have the right terminology when I discuss your proposal with Ernie and Joe, this would be a system based on Internet access?' I do not doubt that my longtime colleague and friend, Rinaldo, left shaking his head in wonderment.

The German TV Tax: One day early in the second semester a highly agitated Mutt burst into a meeting Ernie, Ruby and I were having. He reported that he had seen a mysterious looking, windowless van with German license plates and all sorts of antenna and devices on its roof slowly cruising around inside the campus. For a while, it was on the wide walkway around the quadrangle, in front the administration building, the Bistro . . . and the two student dorms. Upon spotting the electronic equipment in the back of the van, Mutt realized that this was a government effort aimed at detecting who had TVs, stereos and other such items in their places of residence to determine whether the resident had paid the required German "TV Tax" (a tax on German TV and radio that every household has to pay to finance the production and broadcasting by TV or radio stations). I could recall seeing a similar vehicle driving around St. Leon, my quiet, small town outside of Heidelberg, but had no clue what it was.

"I just lied. Flat out lied, again and again," blurted out Mutt, who explained he repeatedly told the people in the van he was certain that none of our dedicated, hard-working international students who were serious about their studies owned any such electronic devices. On a college campus in the 1990s?! Whether the van occupants were impressed with the creativeness and/or vehemence of Mutt's repeated claims or whether word was to come down from SG city officials saying that the campus was off limits, the van exited the grounds, and nothing further was heard about the applicability of the TV Tax.

A Family Visit

One spring weekend, the decision was made to give BEGmbH a rest. Possibly the faithful workhorse underpinning BEGmbH needed an annual inspection or some routine maintenance or just needed some quiet time in the pasture to graze and rest. But the fundamental reason was that Valerie and I agreed it was high time that our sons, Mark (11) and Erik (9), had a look at "Dad's university." It was over that weekend that my bright sons asked a number of questions about the campus that went at the heart of many challenges SG faced. If ever the expression "out of the mouths of babes..." applied, this was it.

When Valerie and the boys arrived, we had a relaxing, catch-up dinner that Friday evening at one of "Dad's favorite restaurants." After a stroll in the city the next morning and around Marktplatz, with its eclectic and historical structures, we went to the campus for the grand tour. Armed with my master key that opened most doors and a host of other keys, we started going into room after room--my office, my apartment, a typical classroom, the Bistro, the theater, and a typical dorm room (I had asked a student if we could look into her room to show my sons what a typical student dorm was like; her room was widely known for all the decorative touches she had added, so I am not sure that hers was a "typical" student dorm room). The boys seemed suitably impressed, especially at the way Dad had keys that gave us access to virtually everything. They were also impressed when Dad took them to the Bistro for a break, went to the soda machine, calmly poured drinks for all of us without paying anyone.

Throughout the tour, the questions came nonstop: "*Dad, so this is your university?*" "Well no, not exactly, son, but it is where I work during the week, and where I and many people are working hard to get the campus going." "*Dad, students in the dorm have to walk down the hall to pee?*" I noted that this situation was sort of like the way at home any of us has to walk to a bathroom. (Careful, Dad, don't get into coed dorms and common bathrooms, although I thought I could handle this in a similar fashion.)

"*Dad, you built this university?*" "Well, no son, this used to be an American Army installation and when the Army no longer needed it and left, the city took it over and lets us use the buildings for our campus." (Careful, Dad, your 9- and 11-year-olds don't need historian Dad to launch into a lecture on the effect of the fall of the Berlin Wall, the drawdown, and the origins of SG, lest my perceptive sons make the leap to questions that Dad really preferred not to have to address: "*The Army left? Could that happen to [Heidelberg's] Campbell Barracks? To Mark Twain Village and Patrick Henry Village where most of my friends live?*")

When asked if they wanted to shoot some hoops, the boys responded enthusiastically. They were also suitably impressed when we swung by the room where the campus stored its sports equipment, Dad unlocked the door and we walked off with several basketballs. That room housed SG's sports equipment in reality contained a collection of balls, frisbees, rackets, nets, shuttlecocks, etc. that we had managed to stock mainly through donations. It was also where students could check out whatever sports equipment they needed to go play basketball, badminton or volleyball. The boys were most impressed with the size of the cache of sports equipment.

With no gym on the campus, we went across the quadrangle to the somewhat elevated, outdoor, hard-surfaced, all-sports court, and started shooting hoops and having fun. With the sound of balls bouncing and echoes reverberating off the ridge of hills bordering that side of the campus, one of my sons asked, "*Dad, is this your basketball court?*" "Well, no, son. How I wish it were but it's the campus court that we set up for basketball and all sorts of student activities." I tried on SG's outdoor court to display flashes for my former "legendary" career as a basketballer but alas, to no avail.

("Thump-Thump," as my family sometimes referred to me in my junior-high and high-school basketball playing days, recalled fondly the many hours spent on hot, humid Houston evenings,

under the spotlight trained on the backboard, hoop and net I had set up on the garage, with only Texas-sized mosquitoes and June Bugs keeping me company, toiling away trying to perfect my shots. Move over Dr. Anthony Fauci. You are not alone in having to put aside dreams of playing in the NBA; I too had long ago realized that a professional career was not in the cards for me. The Heidelberg area Brewers did not even have a driveway or garage suitable for a backboard, nor were portable models widely available that might have allowed the Brewer boys to play in the street. Valerie and I had, however, done a pretty good job inculcating Mark and Erik with a love of basketball.)

While playing on the court came the most fundamental question of all, the one I had been dreading since the questions started coming nonstop: *“Dad, where are all the students?”* Our tour of the campus had been conducted in the absence of almost anyone else. I did not want to get into the sad reality of the small size of SG's student body for fear that any numbers might trigger from my perceptive sons' comments or questions to the effect, *“Dad, my elementary school, my middle school has a lot more students than that!”*

Dad chose to respond by saying the pattern of leaving the campus on weekends was pretty common at many American colleges and universities. Students wanted to visit their families or friends back home, take a trip, possibly invite fellow students to come home with them (hop a train to Switzerland, France or Holland, as our students could do), or simply wanted to take a break from their studies. As Dad tried to explain why there no students were around, the sound of balls bouncing and the echoes reverberating off the nearby hills seemed to grow louder.

When Valerie, Mark and Erik departed for Heidelberg that Sunday, I was genuinely sorry to see them leave. But with all the questions asked, for Dad this seemed hauntingly like another working weekend.

A Special BEGmbH Trip and a Very Unusual Request

There was another situation in Year 2 (1993-94) in which BEGmbH made a memorable trip. On this occasion it was less what I was hauling than whom I was escorting. It also was another example of how Ben and Vida supported SG on issues great and small. The trip probably occurred during spring 1994 as part of an annual visit for European Division graduation ceremonies, usually escorting a University System of Maryland (USM) Board of Regents member and other State of Maryland dignitaries and politicians. The exact timing of this trip, though, is the one detail that eludes me.

On their visits, as well as in telephone exchanges whether in Heidelberg or SG, Ben was always gracious. He would make a point of dropping by my office, among others, to ask how matters were going, and invariably offer a word of encouragement. He and I would talk briefly about any number of matters, including lower-back problems that occasionally plagued both of us. Usually, our exchanges would touch upon our mutual love of Earl Grey tea. When in Heidelberg, I tried to make a point of securing for Ben a large tin of the Twinings' Black Gold from the Canadian PX in Lahr to give to him. Ben, in his soft North Carolina twang would respond, *“Paul, you shouldn't have done this”* or if he was feeling especially presidential, *“Paul, I can't accept this,”* all the while nodding and tucking the tin of tea under his arm.

It was on one such visit by Ben and Vida to SG that one of the most memorable events in the brief history of BEGmbH occurred. I was asked to drive Vida back to Heidelberg. Like Ben, Vida was always gracious in her interactions with me. She frequently asked a tough question or pressed for an answer, as was her style. She began her Maryland career in 1960 in a clerical position when she came into the ED headquarters on a Thursday simply to inquire about possible openings, was interviewed and hired on the spot, and started work on Monday. She had earned her bachelor's degree in accounting at the University of Illinois and later completed a master's in finance. It was while in Heidelberg that she began her long working relationship with Ben. She returned to the home campus in College Park in 1981 where Ben had become UMUC's president. Vida eventually rose to the position of Executive Vice President for UMUC worldwide.

From the start of her Maryland career in Heidelberg, Vida was recognized as an exceptional employee --intuitive, bright, someone equally at home with details and large issues who asked penetrating questions. The "Vida Stare" was widely known and feared by many. In Heidelberg stories circulated years later that on occasions Vida would stand in the front entrance of headquarters as people returned from lunch, look down at her watch, and comment to clerical workers and senior staffers alike, "You're five minutes late." And if truth can be told in our current PC world, Vida was a striking beauty, then as now. In all respects, Vida was a formidable presence.

Back to that BEGmbH trip. The journey got off to a shaky start when I managed to lock the keys in the car and a locksmith had to be summoned. Vida handled this setback with aplomb, and we were eventually on the road. We chatted about a variety of matters. And on a purposely chosen long, lightly traveled straightaway stretch of the feeder highway leading to the autobahn, the normally unabashed Associate Dean drew up his courage to say, "Vida, I want to raise a rather delicate issue with you. I want to talk with you about condoms."

The silence that followed seemed like it lasted four years, but I am sure it was less. Turning in her seat toward me with a twinkle in her eyes and a smile emerging that all but conveyed, 'PAUL, WHY do YOU want to TALK with ME about CONDOMS?' Vida actually responded, "Paul, you have my complete attention."

I rushed to describe a situation at SG that Mutt had brought to my attention after a student friend had alerted him. Our adult students from all over the world, who were living in co-ed dorms and well past the sexual revolution of the 1960s (with but a glimmer of the dangers of STDs), had developed an unofficial system to address their protective needs. A student could slip an envelope with money and instructions about the type and quantity desired under the door of a particular fellow student who was accustomed to dealing on the German economy. Then several days later an envelope with the product and any change would be appear under the door of the student making the request.

Mutt, his friend and I all agreed that this was a situation the campus should address. I proposed to Vida that a condom-dispensing machine be located in the dorms, under the Bistro, anywhere.

Vida said she understood the issue, thanked me for raising it with her, and promised to get back to us. SG got its condom-dispensing machine.

The Student Recruitment Challenge Continues

Two steps were undertaken in the latter part of Year 2 dealing with efforts to boost student enrollments that seemed to hold some promise. One involved the production that spring of a professionally done promotional video on SG. The second, later in Year 2, was the worldwide search in 1994 for a new full-time student recruiter.

The Promotional Video: There were still some staffers who were not really into the promotional efforts: "Oh, you'd like film me or my office?" As Associate Dean, I and others, had been lobbying for some time for such promotional piece, and Joe listened. John and I, with the approval of Joe, Ben and Vida, interviewed and hired a filmmaker who had previously applied for the ED Publications Coordinator job. That spring, working with a camera team from Kaiserslautern area, she produced a video that could be sent to international secondary schools around the world and to individuals who expressed interest in the campus.

The tape in VHS format struck me as well done: sunny scenes of students wandering around Marktplatz in the heart of the city with its impressive buildings, panoramas of the campus, etc. Some of the student vignettes conveyed a real sense of the international flavor of the campus, the diversity of SG students and where they had come from. Seeing various students comment on what drew them to SG was quite effective. Amy, for example, a DODDS product and a popular student on campus, came across very well explaining why she wanted to pursue her college career in Europe and how much she valued her international friends. Throughout the video, the narrator kept pounding away at our basic student recruitment theme: an American university, located in the heart of Europe, conducted entirely in English.

In the years since being at SG, I have enjoyed playing my copy of this VHS . Sitting down with a glass of wine and viewing the tape always brings back lots of memories. As the years have gone on, however, I have at times struggled to put my hands on a VCR to play the tape. Videos made in this format were not cheap, quick, or easy to copy, much less easy to mail to potential applicants in Sweden, Brazil, Taiwan or even California. But VHS it had to be in 1994.

Most critically, the promotional tape came late in those formative SG years. Filmed and produced in spring 1994, moved into mass production that summer, and began to be used in student recruitment the following fall and spring, meant this promotional piece could not begin to have any real impact on student enrollments prior to August 1995 (Year 4). A fine effort, but it simply came too late to address the early SG's struggles to attract students.

A postscript on the promotional tape. After I was back in Heidelberg following my stint as Associate Dean at SG in Year 2, I received a report from stateside about one of SG's original USM Scholarship recipients. Generally speaking, as I have noted earlier, students awarded a USM Scholarship were among the most vocal critics of the campus while at SG — "UMBC allows us to..., why won't SG?" One early USM Scholarship recipient during Year 2 almost seemed to make it his mission to pepper the Associate Dean with questions like this. Then came

the report that seemingly never-happy Nate, upon first viewing the promotional tape, leaped up and said, "My SG!" And thereafter, wept. True or not, the former SG Associate Dean could only smile.

Student Recruiter Search: The second major effort in Year 2 was the worldwide search launched in spring into summer 1994 for its second full-time student recruiter. After the disappointment with the first SG student recruiter, something had to be done. We advertised the position and applicants ranged from fascinating to scary. One individual, a Fortune 500 CEO type, with extensive international marketing experience, said he wanted a new challenge. He went to great lengths to convince us how his extensive marketing experience would make him an ideal student recruiter. In telephone exchanges Joe and I had with this individual he stressed repeatedly, "Don't worry about the salary, I don't care about what the SG is offering."

Another applicant who had direct experience with international student recruiting, frankly, scared the shit out of me. Especially when he started saying, "Need students? I can guarantee you 20, 40, 50 full-paying students from Taiwan alone," with the not-so-subtle underpinning message of, "Just leave me alone, no questions asked, don't talk to me about applicant qualifications or academic standards." He may have been or liked to fancy himself as a student recruitment SHARK, but as much as SG really needed an effective recruiter, I do not think I was alone in wanting to run as fast as I could away from this SHARK.

The person eventually hired as SG's second International Admissions Counselor, Tom Shea, could live with salary SG could afford pay and was not without some talents and experience in the realm of student recruitment, but was not a guru, much less a SHARK. He would be onboard by the start of Year 3 (1993-94), but this meant that realistically, as in the case of the promotional video, he could not influence student numbers until some time later.

At the end of Year 2 when I returned to Heidelberg and turned in my staff car. But not before giving that faithful workhorse an affectionate pat on the nose for having helped bring BEGmbH into existence, made my time at SG possible, and for having run a race well done. And as I turned my sights more toward Heidelberg and ED matters, as I needed to do, I could not help feeling, to adapt from a John le Carré book title, I was a bit like a person coming "in from the cold."

YEAR 3 (1994-95) AND BEYOND

I will but briefly touch on events at the campus in Year 3 and Year 4 before sharing remembrances of what was personally for me, SG's "last Commencement" in May 1996.

Year 3 would begin in typical SG fashion. But changes were on the horizon in the months to follow. I had returned to Heidelberg to resume my full-time duties as the ED's Director, Student Services before sliding over to the positions of Director, Administration and later still Director, Undergraduate Programs. Tom Shea, the new International Admissions Counselor (and subsequently the Director of Enrollment), would arrive to take over student recruitment at SG that August. Year 3 was also Ernie's last at the helm of SG. He and Frauke departed the campus in summer 1995, never to return. That spring and early summer saw an intense, worldwide

search for a new Dean, and Willard Martin came on board by August 1995. Ruby would eventually return to the European Division as the Director, Student Services. Subsequently, Joe would relocate to Asia in summer 1996 when he and Paula Harbecke swapped places as the Directors of the ED and AD. Two years after that, Ben and Vida were shown the door in College Park and the Adelphi-era for UMUC began.

Back in Heidelberg, Joe, John, I, Publications, the Printshop and others continued to do what we could for SG. People were dispatched to conferences for secondary international school teachers and principals in hopes of introducing them to SG and in turn seeing them direct their students to the campus. Jane McHan and Rick Hess traveled to Istanbul, Ruby and I went to Amsterdam, I flew to Sri Lanka, John visited a college fair in Oslo and then with Ruby Kelly-King and Joe Shapiro in Brussels. John and I reactivated the Old Farts Fitness Club for daily trips to the gym on Campbell Barracks.

On campus in Year 3, Ernie, Ruby, Mutt and the faculty carried on. By Year 4 (1994-95) Willard slid into the slot Ernie had vacated and Tom would enter his second year as SG's student recruiter. Then and subsequently, there was not much focus in SG or Heidelberg on recruiting students from Asia and the subcontinent, especially India, Taiwan and the PRC.

Faculty teaching at SG faced an especially difficult decision during Year 3. Because of the drawdown and for other reasons, ID Card eligibility was increasingly coming under a bright spotlight. Joe explained to faculty teaching at SG that they had to make a choice: 1) Continue to teach at SG (as many would love to do) but give up their ID Cards which were always such a lifeline for overseas Marylanders. 2) Or retain their ID Cards by returning to the ED.

Faculty learning toward the ED option also had to weigh whether in the drawdown era, they could secure enough classes (a minimum of five face-to-face courses per AY or 15 s.h.) to continue to be eligible for an ID card. Some faced the prospect of having to relocate themselves and families to another location in the ED where they might secure enough courses to retain an ID card. With the ED's Distance Education (DE) program still in its infancy and the issue of whether DE teaching could apply toward the faculty ID Card stipulation formed in the era of face-to-face classes of needing to agree to "go anywhere, anytime." A story that circulated in Heidelberg was that one veteran ED faculty member had asked Joe if he could relocate to a beach on Bali, teach the requisite number of s.h. of ED DE classes so that he could retain his ID Card. NO.)

For ED faculty in southern Germany who had come to love teaching at SG and whom I had known and worked with for years, this choice was especially difficult. In the context of the military drawdown, the First Gulf War in 1991 only accelerated the drawdown. When troops were dispatched in anticipation of the start of the conflict, most never returned to southern Germany. When a spouse was deployed to the Middle East, family members, many of whom were ED students, were sent back to the U.S. The handwriting was on the wall: the ED was rapidly shrinking.

The calls I received in Heidelberg from some faculty, and not just those in southern Germany, I had known for years were excruciating. "Paul, what should I do?"

SG's "LAST COMMENCEMENT" IN MAY 1996

There would, of course, be subsequent Commencements at SG each May during the campus' ten-year experiment. When it was announced in early 2002 that Adelphi was pulling the plug on the campus at the end of Year 10 (2001-2002), that meant that the May 2002 Commencement would be the campus' final ceremony. For me, though, and I suspect for Ruby, the ceremony in May 1996 was SG's **"Last Commencement."**

I had long since returned to Heidelberg in summer 1994. During Year 3 and Year 4, I came down to SG infrequently until that "Last Commencement" in May 1996. In the summer following the ceremony, Ruby would be off to South America to be in a modified version of a Graham Greene title, "Our Woman in Montevideo." Joe had planted the ED flag in the U.S. Embassy in Uruguay several years earlier and had dispatched Jim Moss, Richard Adams and Pat Glass among others as full-time faculty and he and David Glaser visited administratively to get the program off the ground. This was similar to what the ED would do in Honduras when no one stateside wanted to respond to the interest expressed by U.S. embassy personnel for a Maryland program. Ruby was sent to Uruguay to try to bolster the fledgling program.

The SG Commencement in May 1996 was a grand affair. The day was sunny, the mood was festive. This was a celebration.

Those who spoke at the ceremony, with one exception, tried to keep their remarks brief and traditionally appropriate. Dean Willard Martin and former Bürgermeister Wolfgang Schuster made a point to praise, among others, Dr. Arden for all he had done for the campus. Both also kindly acknowledged Ruby and me for being present and thanked us for our efforts on behalf of the campus, as did the keynote speaker.

Ruby had already informed Willard and the SG staff that she would be leaving SG in summer 1996. We sat in the back of the audience. Ruby had declined an invitation join the dignitaries as part of the stage party, as she done at previous SG Commencements as the campus' Director, Student Services. She explained to Willard that she strongly preferred to sit in the rear of the auditorium because, as she told me privately, she did not want everyone to see her as "a bawling mess."

Maggie Shepherd had been asked to be the Commencement Speaker, and did she ever deliver. This was "Dame Maggie" at her best. In an outspoken, bombastic, at times humorous, occasionally weepy delivery, Maggie was not above naming names but never casting blame, conveyed her love for the students, portrayed what a noble experiment SG was, and urged the degree candidates to go forth proudly with their heads held high. Her remarks were frequently interrupted with applause and shouts from students of "Yes!" and "You tell 'em, Maggie!" Her audience ate it up, the graduates felt properly feted, and when she finished the applause was thunderous.

Afterwards on what a beautiful, cloudless afternoon, whether standing individually or in clusters with fellow students, friends, or families, the new graduates were congratulated again and again

by faculty, staff, members of the Freundeskreis, city officials, and Ruby and me. Lots of laughs, tears, handshakes, hugs and kisses were exchanged as the celebration continued into the evening. Many of the graduates were part of the original entering class of 1992.

The city, the FK, and Marija went all out for the Commencement celebrations. The city provided landmark buildings and grounds for the ceremony itself and the celebration that followed. Many graduates, faculty, staff and members of the audience walked over to the reception on city thoroughfares which stopped traffic cold. We presented quite a spectacle. Marija and the FK saw to it that wine, beer, and hors d'oeuvres were served. Tables and chairs were everywhere as the party spilled outside on that glorious afternoon.

Several of the staffers, especially those in Student Services who knew they would soon be losing Ruby made a point to bring their spouses and children to see what “Mutti” had been doing. For them, this was a command performance so they could fete Ruby as well as the graduates. I recall joining Regina, her spouse and their little ones and Carola with her children as their kids ran around shouting and giggling. Even good German mothers were pretty tolerant that afternoon.

Celebrations continued into the evening as graduates, families, friends and fellow students relocated to various restaurants around the city. Ruby and I tried to visit as many such gatherings as possible, and invariably this started round after round of more toasts, congrats, handshakes, tears, hugs and kisses. And of course, more wine. More than once, new graduates with their groups would leap up to introduce Ruby (and me).

As the evening wore on, a refrain from one of the most popular songs from My Fair Lady, came to mind: “I Could Have Danced All Night.”

CONCLUSION

The graduates that May were not necessarily all part of SG's initial August 1992 entering class, though many were or had received their degrees at earlier graduations. Some individuals who earned their UMUC degree while at the campus stood out. I recall Desirée the German student who was frequently seen on campus with her dog....SG's first graduate at its Commencement for One in December 1992....Amy, who starred in most of Maggie' stage productions, went on to flirt with the London stage after leaving SG....The female student, whom the first Associate Dean fawned over to the point that he was told that he no longer be welcomed back in any capacity with Maryland in Europe, had a fine academic career....The dashing Spanish brother combination, who liked to party. Women at SG knew who they were. Juan graduated from SG and went on to a career in his family's import-export business....Sandy, who had greatly mellowed as she stood at the finishing line of her collegiate race....The Iranian student who entered in August 1992 who had qualified for his country's Olympic swim team, but his host nation authorities would not allow to go to the games because women swam in the same pools. He joined a local swim club in SG and had his exploits written up in the local newspaper. SG may not have had its first Olympian, but the student enjoyed a fine academic career at the campus.

...Mike, Mutt's good student friend, went on to a career as a risk manager for a large German financial institution....Anita, the daughter of the Kenyan Ambassador to China was, like Sandy, much less critical of the campus and was positively dancing with excitement when about to walk across the Commencement stage....Daniel, a very polite individual, went on to become a CEO for a large German racetrack....Marcus, the truly brilliant Swedish student whom most of his professors at SG felt really pressed to challenge academically, even while he battled personal demons....Rick who pursued a computer degree at SG and subsequently was hired as Network Administrator for the campus....Ron has since written numerous books and treatises on the IT world....Jennifer, a DODDS product who for some years after graduating, organized annual reunions for SG students, staff and family members in Amsterdam. These gatherings at times attracted upwards of 40-50 people who felt a real bond because of their SG experience. In its final years, SG had some 42 nationalities represented and over 300 students.

And if you will permit me to add, as someone deeply steeped in the ED and AD's program for active-duty military personnel where part-time students and those who never earned a UMUC degree represented another form of "success" stories, not quantifiable by any stat(s), is how Maryland and the campus helped to introduce its students to the value of a university experience and/or who went on to earn their degrees at other universities. These people, to me, also represented important "success" stories in their own right. As much as I celebrated students in the ED, AD and at SG who earned their UMUC degrees, I also celebrated those students, especially first-time-to-college or relatively new students whom we helped to show the value of higher education. In this sense, to me, many of the students who earned 15 or 18 or 30 s.h while with us, were "success" stories. I can recall vividly in the ED and AD and while involved with the SG experiment, those occasions when students said in effect 'I may not have achieved everything I could or should have accomplished here, but I can't say enough how much Maryland has helped me appreciate, has turned me on to the importance of a college education.'

In addition to statistics and individual student "success" stories, I would be remiss if I did not note several other "success" stories involving individuals at SG. I hope I have already done justice to all that Denise Sokolowski did almost single-handedly to establish the campus library, even if her efforts were not fully appreciated or recognized at the time. Denise really was SG's first Librarian.

Two other individuals deserve special mention, Helmuth (Mutt) Radig and Ruby Kelly-King. Both enjoyed extended careers with Maryland overseas. Neither was a "success" solely because of their involvement with the campus experiment. Both Mutt and Ruby might never have gone to SG, though, and still be long and fondly remembered for their overseas careers with Maryland. But both Mutt and Ruby contributed mightily to what SG was able to achieve.

Mutt continued as Facilities Manager at SG almost until the campus closed at end of Year 10 (2001-2002). After Willard and Ruby had left SG in the 1990s and another Dean came in who never understood, shared in the dream of SG or ever really fit into the SG experiment, Mutt emerged as the voice of reason on the campus, as my good friend John Golembe in Heidelberg and fellow charter member of the OFFC, often commented.

Possibly in part because his work at SG since the Mad Dash had been so overwhelming and never felt like it would be done, Mutt postponed the completion of his own university studies. As he put it some years later, “The chance to be part of a group of dedicated individuals, to work with this unique group of people participating in the SG experiment who shared a common goal of where they wanted to see the campus go, even if they did not always agree on how to achieve this dream, the chance to transform this former missile base into an international campus was simply an opportunity I could not turn down.”

Through the ED and at SG, Mutt earned his UMUC Bachelor of Arts degree in English. He has continued with UMUC (renamed University of Maryland Global Campus in 2019), and currently serves as UMGC's Regional Director for the Germany II Region. Carry on, Mutt.

As for Ruby, she was not a success story solely because of SG. She was, however, the real glue on the campus in the early years of the SG experiment who kept everything and everyone together. I will simply add that a little more than a decade after she made her final appearance at our “Last Commencement” in May 1996, Ruby Kelly-King became Ruby Kelly-Brewer. RIP Ruby.

The “failures” or shortcomings of the noble SG experiment have been painfully noted in the above portions of my memoir, so I will simply make brief reference here to some of the more major “failures” and then go on to the general underpinning factors involved. SG's most notable “failures” included never attracting enough students and our inexperience in so many ways--recruiting international students, running a residential campus, etc.

As to what underpinned the “failures” of the SG experiment, several factors stand out: The inescapable fact that SG was attempted without any endowment or ready cash reserves. Additionally, Joe Arden was no longer on the scene in Europe after 1996. But even if he had remained in Heidelberg or Paula Harbecke had been given more support where SG was concerned, it was virtually impossible for someone in Heidelberg who was overseeing the rapidly shrinking ED in the face of the military drawdown to provide the direction SG needed. Nor did those of us who toiled on the campus ever provide SG the leadership and guidance the campus needed.

More generally, when Ben and Vida were shown the door in College Park and the new leadership was increasingly committed to a basically DE-oriented worldwide program centralized in and run from Adelphi, a small, residential, international campus in Germany seemed quite distant in both concept and fact. SG was not going in the direction UMUC was moving. Ben's successor as UMUC President made but one visit to SG and that was on a swing to Heidelberg to shake the leadership of the ED **as the first step in deposing leadership in ED and AD** as part of Adelphi's interest in centralizing control and direction of UMUC.

No doubt throughout its ten-year existence SG had operated each year at a financial loss, but whether it was the actual losses or the fear that this odd duck in the new UMUC perspective might become an even greater drain on UMUC operations, or both, or simply that the new leadership in Adelphi did not see how SG fit into its highly successful and expanding DE program. The Wikipedia obit piece about the closing of the campus at the end of Year 10 (2001-

2002), reads, in my view, like a PR account written by someone in Adelphi with its emphasis on the continuing financial losses and the praise lavished on SG city officials for all their efforts on behalf of the campus, without any mention of the new direction of UMUC. If this is how the Provost and Chief Academic Officer of UMUC who came to Germany in early 2002 to announce to SG city officials that UMUC would no longer sustain the campus, it is no wonder he encountered such an angry reaction from city officials.

Could SG have continued under any circumstances? Probably not. There was just too much working against this noble experiment.

Put another way, the very successes of Maryland overseas in Europe since 1949 and in Asia since 1956 worked against us where SG was concerned. Starting a university program on a shoestring, expanding whenever we could, not having an endowment much less state funding for many decades, it is no wonder that when a University System of Maryland Board of Regents member who came to Heidelberg for an ED Commencement, he joked but was quite truthful in saying that from the Board's perspective, UMUC was the darling among the state's extensive university system.

We were inexperienced in critical ways when it came to establishing and operating an international campus and, frankly, entered into the SG experiment overconfident that we could succeed. We were simply in over our heads. We tried but....

For me, attempting this memoir has been, in military parlance, an honor and a privilege to do.

RIP Schwäbisch Gmünd.