

The Cornerstone

The Newsletter of the Rice Historical Society

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Allan Kaprow's Happening

by Sandy Havens

On April, 18, 2008 Tamara Bloomburg, with the Allan Kaprow Estate, wrote to Sandy Havens:

Dear Professor Havens,

I am writing to you at the suggestion of Bill Camfield as I am attempting to find out more about an event and the accompanying video of an Allan Kaprow Happening entitled "Baggage" which took place in various locations in Houston on April 21 and 22, 1972, and was sponsored by Rice University. I would like to know the name of the videographer and also whether he is the rights holder.

Any information that you may be able to supply will be very much appreciated and will greatly enrich our records.

I look forward to hearing from you and thank you for your time and trouble.

Sandy replied:

I remember the Kaprow Happening very well; in fact I still have a small jar with some of the sand shipped back to my home as part of my personal "Baggage." If you are interested, I can describe for you some of the anecdotes as well as some of the discoveries (for Mr. Kaprow as well as the participants) that came from the event.

As for the film maker—I think it was too early to have been preserved on video—I do not remember his name. I do think that he was the same person who filmed projects of several other artists who visited Rice University in the

early seventies under the sponsorship of Jean and Dominique de Menil. I know he filmed an exhibit of the French sculptor Tinguely. I believe there were at least a couple of others. It is possible that contacting the Menil Foundation here in Houston might lead you to the film of Kaprow's Happening.

I hope you are successful in enriching your records. If I can be of further assistance, do not hesitate to contact me.

As for my memories of the Baggage event:

I was Director of Theatre at Rice and a member of the Fine Arts Faculty. The Menils were very active at Rice in those days and brought many noted artists to the campus for exhibitions,



Sand from Galveston Island

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the history of Rice University

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The Rice Historical Society welcomes letters to *The Cornerstone*, its official newsletter. Rice alumni and friends are encouraged to contribute photographs and remembrances of historical interest that may be used in future issues of *The Cornerstone*. Items cannot be returned and will be donated to our archival collection.

Newsletter designed by
Starfall Graphics.

Allan Kaprow's Happening (continued from page 1)



Sandy Havens, 1971

concerts, happenings, installations, etc. It was an exciting period in theatre as well and I was doing my best to introduce new theatre artists to Houston audiences. When the opportunity arose to participate in the Kaprow event I signed up immediately and urged my students to do the same. Other members of the Art faculty did the same and we wound up with a group of about 30–40 people.

We all met with Kaprow—it seems to me that we gathered on the steps of one of the buildings on campus—and he outlined his plan for the Happening and spoke in general terms about his rationale. My recollection of his comments from almost 40 years ago is that he was exploring the multiple ways in which “baggage” affects our lives—literal baggage and figurative baggage. We can never truly be rid of it. The elements of the Happening would consist of our bringing some piece of luggage at a particular time to a large mound of sand which Rice’s Physical Plant Department had agreed to

make available to us. We were to fill our pieces of luggage with sand and ferry them in a caravan of our personal cars to the Houston International Airport. At the airport we would place the bags on one of the little passenger shuttles that runs an underground loop from terminal to terminal—thus sending them on a personal journey away and back to us. Then we would load it all back into our cars, and caravan to Galveston Island where we would spend the night at an all-night beach party/cookout—for which Kaprow would provide steaks for everyone—if someone would volunteer to cook. Since I was probably the most experienced cook and used to hosting large groups at cast parties, I agreed to cook the steaks. The next morning we would take our bags into the sea and dump them, refill them with sand from the Galveston beach and return to Houston. In Houston we would take our bags to the UPS terminal and ship them to ourselves—thus having completed the process of having moved our “baggage” around for a significant period of time, discarded it, replaced it, sent it away again, and still received it back—somewhat transformed but basically the same. We were sent off to get bags, gather food, prepare for a night on the beach, and, in the case of married faculty members such as me, persuade our spouses that we had not totally lost our minds. Kaprow headed off to buy steaks.

The first learning came when we gathered to fill the bags. Folks brought all sorts of luggage: briefcases, back packs, two-suiters, duffle bags, roll-ons, etc. We quickly learned that even a modest size suitcase filled with sand is too heavy to pick up. A flurry of re-thinking, sand dumping, partially filling bags, etc. when everyone had adjusted their baggage to something that they could actually carry, we set out for the airport some thirty miles north of

campus. By this time it was late afternoon and the freeway was bumper to bumper in the afternoon rush hour. Having struggled through the traffic, scrambled for parking, and hauled our baggage down to the agreed upon terminal shuttle, we gathered around Mr. Kaprow. You can imagine how we must have appeared to legitimate air passengers. This was the early '70s when folks travelling by air still made an effort to look at least somewhat respectable. Here we all were, a bunch of long-haired, bearded, sandaled, hippy freaks pumped up for a night on the beach.

When one of the little shuttle cars arrived we loaded all of the bags on it and sent them away, waiting for them to make the loop and return to us. Time passed and so did several returning shuttles—so many in fact that we began to wonder what had happened to our baggage. Finally, as we peered up the tracks, we saw a shuttle approaching with several uniformed officers leaning out of it, peering down the tracks at us. This was our second learning. They were airport security guards. Seems that so many unaccompanied bags aroused suspicion, especially when they were found to be loaded with sand. Legitimate travelers were anxious and complaining so the security forces came to investigate. Mr. Kaprow and we faculty members, presenting lots of personal and Rice IDs, were at great pains to explain to these extremely skeptical officers that what they were witnessing was “Art.” They agreed not to arrest us; we had to go to the next terminal and recover our bags and haul them overland to our cars. We were not allowed to put them all back on the shuttle. This too was a learning.

We gathered the caravan and set out for Galveston—now 75 miles away since the airport is 30 miles north and Galveston is 45 miles south of Houston. (There is an airport on the way to Galveston, but it does not have the shuttle system.) Baggage is already becoming somewhat of a hassle—too heavy, had to negotiate heavy traffic, endure possible arrest. It was now late in the afternoon. Everyone was feeling hassled, getting hungry, and food was a long drive and several hours away.

We gathered just at sunset on an isolated beach several miles west of the city of Galveston. I immediately started charcoal for several grills. Multiple coolers full of beer and other liquids were unloaded, variously clad (and unclad) students raced for the water, sack after sack of food was unloaded and roughly organized into food for supper and food for breakfast. It was all pretty chaotic and lots of fun—Mr. Kaprow was apparently enjoying the whole thing enormously. With the assistance of many willing hands (and to the accompaniment of many cans of beer and other recreational substances) food was prepared. The steaks provided by Mr. Kaprow were high quality and I cooked them reasonably well given that it was dark and I was pretty drunk by the time they got to the grill. We dined

well beyond fashionably late. I am unaware of the rest of the night having fallen asleep slumped over the steering wheel of my VW bus. I suspect that many others collapsed in similar states of intoxication and discomfort.

Dawn came, bringing with it many regrets, no coffee, and an intense distaste for anything associated with “baggage,” literal or figurative. Fortified by far too much sugar in the form of cold sweet rolls, cinnamon buns, and no coffee, we hauled our now impossibly heavy luggage into the surf and gladly emptied them. Back on the beach most of us refilled with far less sand than we had brought. This too was a learning. The caravan loaded up and headed back for Houston, now in the morning rush hour!

We arrived at the agreed upon UPS terminal and took our bags inside to ship them. The UPS clerk informed us that UPS does not ship an item unless it is in a box. No bags, suitcases, backpacks, etc. Another learning—your baggage has to meet certain standards.

UPS finally did cooperate. They provided us with many rolls of corrugated cardboard and many rolls of packaging tape. If we would wrap our baggage it could be shipped!

For a crowd of hung-over hippies this approached Enlightenment. To the accompaniment of a lot of “Oh, Wow’s,” we wrapped our baggage, filled out the address stickers, paid the fee, and sent our baggage off in the care of UPS. And returned gladly to our homes, rooms, apartments—and showers and sleep.

About three days later my front door bell rang. I opened the door as the UPS driver pulled away. On the doorstep was my weirdly-wrapped-in-cardboard suitcase.

“Baggage” was a remarkable experience. Obviously, since I remember it so vividly, it has had an effect on me. I still have a small glass jar filled with some of the sand from this event.

Tamara, I hope these recollections are helpful. I have thoroughly enjoyed revisiting that event.

Tamara replied:

Thank you very much indeed for your most interesting and amusing description of the details of the Kaprow Happening and also for the image of the jar of sand, which I am thrilled to have. It is extremely illuminating to read first-hand recollections of Kaprow pieces as the experiences of the participants were central to the artist.

Both your recollections and the image are extremely important and they will now be part of our records.

Kevin Tran, a Rice senior and resident of Martel College, presented the following paper in Dr. John Boles' "History of Rice" seminar in the fall of 2010. The first section is printed below; the conclusion will appear in the summer issue.

Incorporating New Colleges into the Rice University College System

by Kevin Tran

The College System

In a national survey conducted by The Princeton Review, Rice University was ranked number one in "best quality of life" in 2010 among 371 other universities. This is a category in which Rice has consistently ranked in the top ten in the last several years, to no surprise among many of the students who attend the university. In fact, it would be rather surprising if Rice were not ranked among the top of the nation for this particular honor. In asking students at Rice what sets their university apart from others, the answer most assuredly involves the residential college system in some way.

The system, however, was not in place when the university began, despite Rice's first president, Edgar Odell Lovett, who insisted on establishing one from the start. It was not until the spring of 1957 that the college system really began to take its form. The three years leading up to its formation and integration into the then Rice Institute culture served as a period of research for the administrative committee that was spearheading the movement. During this time, they attempted to model the system after the English originators of the idea at Oxford and Cambridge Universities, as well as American adaptations of the system found at Harvard and Yale. The level of detail that the committee had to consider ranged from student government and organization to housing and culture. In the end, this residential college system that was put into place at Rice was adapted such that each college was individually responsible for fostering and integrating all aspects of university life, including but not limited to academics, sports, leadership, social networking, and personal support. The general system that was proposed and executed over fifty years ago has remained relatively the same to this day.

Among many of the goals that the residential college system were meant to fulfill was to increase the "contact between students and faculty in and out of class," something that the first Master of Baker College, Carl Wischmeyer, associate professor of Electrical Engineering at the time, thought was possible with the introduction of the college system. On a basic and fundamental level, the role of the master at each college, according to Wischmeyer, was as a "next door neighbor who students

can enjoy common interests with." Since then, the role and responsibility of the masters have increased beyond student interaction, though it is an expectation that still holds strong today. In addition, the masters are the impetus behind the overall goals of the colleges stated above: academics, leadership, personal support, and networking. Before the introduction of this culture, "the men's dormitories...[lacked a] home-like atmosphere—present dorm life was only a place to eat and sleep. There was a need for developing the potential leadership ability in many students."



*First College Masters of the Rice Institute
Calvin M. Class (Jones), J. Street Fulton (Will Rice),
William H. Masterson (Hanszen), Roy V. Talmage (Wiess),
Carl R. Wischmeyer (Baker)*

As with any change that occurs, particularly at Rice, the students were both skeptical and fearful. Though there were definitely students who were supportive and excited for the conversion of East Hall to become Baker College, South Hall to become Will Rice College, West Hall to become Hanszen College, and Wiess Hall to become Wiess College, and the newly-constructed women's dorm that would be Jones College, skepticism and doubt remained. In an open forum of the newly selected masters of the new colleges, students were able to ask them questions regarding housing, culture, and organization. It was reported, "many students who hoped to get pertinent answers to their questions... were disappointed." The masters, the present and only leaders and representatives of the colleges, were unable to answer many of the student questions with definitive answers. This caused great fear among the student populace and placed much doubt on the success of the system. Fortunately, students who sought to see success in the system emphasized that their peers' ability to "relate [themselves] to new surroundings and accept temporary inconvenience with good-will [was] essential." However, those same students who challenged "the students, administration, and master who are to inaugurate [the] system [to] do everything possible to provide informed leadership."

Despite fear of the unknown, the true concern of the majority of the student population was housing and college placement. Students, having grown comfortable making friends with people they had previously lived with in the original dorm system, asked many questions regarding their individual situations and placed tremendous pressure on the masters and the dean's office, both of which were charged with the placements. Many of these concerns stemmed from one of the goals of the college system, in that placements would take "into consideration majors...hometowns, etc. in order to establish a heterogeneous distribution among the colleges." Though this placement was primarily geared toward the fall 1957 matriculating freshmen class, current students were still worried. Eventually, the placements were announced through the *Rice Thresher*, in huge full-page spreads listing all of the students within a college (both resident and non-resident members). "Almost everyone was pleased with his College assignment and his College-mates, and the general opinion on campus was to vote the Masters a token of thanks for preparing so well the College rosters. From now on the Colleges will not be considered as a group, but they now become individual organizations completely independent of each other. Their only connection will be working together on the Inter-College Committee of the Student Association."

From this point on, the colleges began to blossom. Elections for the college governments started as soon as

college assignments were released and plans for the first full academic year of this new residential college system (1957-1958) started to come to fruition. Over the years, college identities and traditions were formed to center on a variety of things, including the architecture, intramural sports, college rivalries, cheers, orientation week (O-Week), Beer-Bike, minute instances of victory and failure, and simply the students of the current times. These traditions and identities most certainly did not happen in a few years, but rather, over many decades.

New Colleges and Diversification

Over the course of Rice's history since 1957, enrollment into the university steadily increased to the point that there was not enough housing for all of its students, particularly the women who only had Jones College whereas the men had four other colleges. As a result, Brown College was opened in 1965 in order to accommodate all of the women who were enrolled at Rice University. In order for the college to have some form of leadership within its building, populating Brown College was done on a voluntary basis, allowing for students who desired to start a new college to do so. Over the next decade, two more colleges followed suit. Lovett College opened in 1969 and Sid Richardson College, in 1973. Both Lovett and Sid Richardson were originally all male and were populated through a voluntary basis similar to Brown.

Another factor worth mentioning in the maintenance of college traditions, culture, and identity was the integration of co-educational colleges into the system. The first to become co-ed were Baker College and Hanszen College in 1973, followed by Will Rice College in 1977, Jones College and Lovett College in 1980, Wiess College in 1982, and finally, Brown College and Sid Richardson College in 1987. Like any other change, there was both great excitement and apprehension in turning the colleges co-ed.

Though the mixing of genders seemed like a wonderful idea for many college-aged students, except for some students who were accustomed to their single-sex living arrangements, the main concern was how it would change the culture of each college. For example, Sid Richardson College was known to be quite a rowdy male college before the decision to go co-ed. However, once the transition occurred, beginning with the 1987 O-Week, Sid Richardson master Dr. Jimmy Disch reported "there's no substantive difference in the college...Sid may be a little quieter, but not substantially." In fact, Disch had also mentioned that "the women are a robust bunch," an observation that was supported by Josh Reiss, the Sid Richardson O-Week coordinator that year. According to Reiss, "The girls seem to be enjoying the fact that they're



Students from Martel College, 2003

the first females to matriculate here...Every freshman girl was at our first Powderpuff practice during Orientation Week...A lot of people were really worried that the college would be a lot less spirited once we went co-ed, that we'd become a generic-type college...That doesn't seem to be happening this year." That same year, Brown's co-master, Carolyn Aresu, reported similar findings during its first year as a co-ed college, "Brown seems livelier, more upbeat...I feel in many respects that the college is happier—there's no one here who doesn't want to be here." Such a significant change within Rice's residential college culture would not come for thirteen more years, when a new college was founded thirty years after Sid Richardson College.

Martel College

Though the need for housing expansion was indeed a contributing factor, the introduction of Martel College to the residential college system of Rice University was not based purely on reasons that resulted in the building of McMurtry and Duncan Colleges. Simply put, the catalyst for building this college was a result of a generous altruistic \$15 million gift from the Marian and Speros P. Martel Foundation to the university. Rice trustee and the then chairman of the foundation, Ralph O'Connor, who was aware of the need for expanded residential opportunities on campus, largely directed this gift. As part of the terms of the gift, a portion of the sizable contribution was to be set aside to build a new residential college in honor of the foundation's founders. The groundbreaking for Martel College took place on April 10, 2000. Notable members in attendance were the newly appointed masters of Martel, Joan and Arthur Few, who had recently finished up their term as masters of Baker College, as well as the building's architect, the highly acclaimed Michael Graves.

Graves is a self-proclaimed "general practitioner" of design [as he] had never limited his work just to buildings. He has achieved the status of household name by turning his hand to everything from master planning to interior design to creating useful objects for the home. As a result, the Fews recount Graves' taking particular interest in the Martel College project, putting in a lot of time researching the residential college system and understanding how the building would best suit the needs of the students. Graves, true to his self-proclaimed title, was highly invested in this project and went so far as to design the Martel College crest, which is used to this day.

As the groundbreaking of the college and the selection of its first masters took place a full two years before Martel was to be officially opened, this presented the masters an interesting advantage in starting the groundwork for their new residence. With the present leadership of Joan and Arthur Few, they decided that having the building was not necessary for forming the college and had begun to form the Martel Founding Committee, consisting of the Fews, twelve faculty or staff associates – with previous college affiliations, and two student members from each of the existing colleges. "We are looking for...people with leadership, because they have to write a constitution, recruit other members and new associates," Arthur Few said in a September, 2000, interview with the *Thresher*. Many jobs that the founding committee had to do required students with leadership and vision. During the recruiting process, Martel also filled various positions within the college. Martel's first parliament was elected with then-junior Alice Hill as president. Maria Byre, who had worked with Arthur Few in the Space Physics and Astronomy Department, became the first Martel College coordinator.

The Founding Committee consisted of students who possessed the very vision that Arthur Few had called for. In a retreat in the fall of 2000, the committee decided how they would go about forming Martel and later presented their organizational plan to the Rice student body in the spring of 2001. Their plans included student and associate recruitment, constitution-writing, and social and cultural planning. Though months were put into the writing of Martel's constitution and by-laws, which are highly organized documents that help the college run the way it does, one of the most important tasks that was on the committee's minds was student recruitment. In the same way that the selection of the Founding Committee student members was the result of a process of careful scrutinization, the committee found that it was important that the student body that was to first constitute Martel be

put under the same scrutiny. Thus, though the recruitment process was on a voluntary basis, a thorough application helped the Founding Committee screen candidates for transferring to Martel.

Transfer candidates were chosen on the basis of their potential contributions to the college and with the goal of creating a heterogeneous cross-section of the university, resulting in the rejection of some transfer candidates. However, it is impossible to have a college without numbers and some students, most assuredly, were still able to transfer with selfish motivations. There were a variety of reasons why students would want to transfer to Martel. Many students truly desired to be part of something new, to have the honor of being the first to implement a new culture and college identity. Interestingly, many of Martel's first student leaders came from Will Rice College, as the first three presidents of Martel were transfers from that college: Alice Hill, Anna Friedberg, and Robert Gillette. However, there were also many students who were simply attracted to the building and what it had to offer. As mentioned before, Michael Graves sought to cater to the needs of the students, and what most students found appealing were single bedrooms. Therefore, the idea of transferring to Martel was, to many students in varying degrees, based on rooming situations. This was a result of colleges not having single-bedroom options for upperclassmen or students who did not feel connected to their assigned colleges, or both. In spite of allowing transfers who were moving with the less-than-ideal reasons to come to Martel, the Founding Committee and newly appointed Parliament, Martel's student governing body, were optimistic about meshing together a college community once the building was completed.

Unfortunately, disaster struck Martel in the form of Tropical Storm Allison in June 2001, which caused \$1 million in damages and a delay in the construction of Martel. The new Martel transfers had already planned to be living off campus during the fall of 2001. Construction, however, was going into the first two weeks of the spring 2002 semester, thus creating a limbo for the new Martelians who had expected to move into the new building at the beginning of the semester. According to the *Thresher*, "Rice administration and Martel students worked out three options for housing during those two weeks. The students could either stay in their current housing situation from the end of last semester, live with an on-campus friend through the Adopt-a-Martelian plan, or stay at the Warwick, the same hotel where Speros and Marian Martel made their home more than half a century before." Though it was quite a scramble to coordinate housing for the incoming Martelians, Alice Hill, president of Martel, reported that it was nothing the Martelians could not handle. It was not until January 28, 2002, that all

Martelians were able to move into their new college for the first time.

Despite the relative success of the crisis control, many students at the time struggled with the transfer. Since Martel was the first college in over thirty years to open the idea of leaving one's previous college for another was a rare instance. Michelle Brock, a transfer from Jones College, recounted her first semester at Martel during the spring of 2002: "When we all moved in, it was very awkward. There were people from all classes and all colleges, [so] no one knew each other and there was no O-Week to bond us all together. So at the very least, you could say it was hard to meld. Many people would still go back to their old college serveries and hang out with their old friends. When I went back to Jones, people would often call me 'traitor,' which I think was said mostly in jest, but you can imagine, with college loyalties as they are, that at times I thought people really meant it." These issues with college loyalties were so intense that they permeated beyond the students, even among the adult leadership in the colleges. Maria Byrne recounts times when new Martel transfers who still received mail at their former colleges would have to go to their previous college coordinator's office to get their mail. "Those first few Martelians' mail was never forwarded to the new Martel office by some colleges, and they were forced to sift through unsorted mail while enduring a very cold attitude from their former coordinator."

In a similar manner, the feelings of betrayal and jealousy by the other colleges were fueled into an anti-cheer that comes to affect Martel to this day. As a result of those first few weeks in the spring of 2002 when Martelians were literally homeless, "Martel is not a college" became an intense, recognizable cheer that is chanted by every college as an attack on any Martelian in any situation. In addition, another cheer that stemmed from the impression that only individuals who were outcasts at their college were transferring to Martel also began to permeate throughout the Rice campus—"Social Rejects." Every year, the freshmen across campus are immediately indoctrinated into believing that Martel is inconsequential. Though disheartening to both upperclassmen and freshmen alike, in recent years Martel has made strides in discrediting those claims. Martel is far from being an aged and well-established institution. Though many traditions and customs have been formed in its ten years, the phrase that Martelians often say to describe their college is this: "Though we are no longer in our infancy, we are still going through puberty. Much still needs to be learned before we reach our full potential."



The Rice I Remember

by Marjorie Bray Chapman

The first thing I can remember about Rice is the lovely playground it provided for the neighborhood children in Southampton. At least half of the campus was covered by southeast Texas coastal grassland. A small bayou named Harris Gully ran through it, and poor, hungry fishermen used it as a food source. (The Great Depression was going on at this time.) There were wild flowers, birds, and butterflies in the spring and it was most enjoyable.

The other half of the campus was occupied by Rice Institute and was composed of eight or nine buildings: Administration Building, Physics Building, Chemistry Building, Engineering Building, plus three dormitories (South Hall, East Hall, and West Hall) which were for men only. I will save Cohen House for later. The women were required to be off campus by sundown.

Of course, the first president of Rice was Dr. Lovett. Since there was no president's home, he lived off-campus in the Plaza Hotel on Montrose Boulevard. He looked very distinguished in his Homburg hat and his walking stick. Dr. Lovett was admired by everyone—especially the faculty! My dad wrote a playful limerick in his honor:

*A great man was Edgar O. Lovett.
His office had nothing above it.
It was three stories high,
As near to the sky,
As William Ward Watkin could shove it!*

Dr. Lovett was the only faculty member who was called "doctor." In the early days professors were called "mister"



Wedding reception of Marjorie Bray and Alan Chapman, 1950

or just by their last names. (That changed by World War II. Many new faculty came and expected to be called "doctor.") I remember that all professors wore suits and ties on campus. Now, I have saved Cohen House for last because of its special memories. The Easter Egg Hunt was held in the garden. Many parties, dances, and wedding receptions make it special to many of us. [Also, the faculty meetings were held in the faculty chamber in the Administration Building and the Faculty Women's Club meetings were held in Cohen House where they still meet.]

I believe a special appreciation is due our students, faculty, staff, alumni, governors, trustees, and benefactors for all that they do to make us glad to be associated with Rice University, which is well respected around the world.

Marjorie Bray Chapman read this remembrance of the Rice Institute of her childhood before the Rice Faculty Women's Club at their March 2011 meeting.

In Memoriam—Annie Ray Watkin Strange

Rice lost a devoted champion when Annie Ray Watkin Strange died on March 21, 2011, at the age of 95. She was born in Houston on May 11, 1915, the daughter of William Ward Watkin and Annie Ray Townsend Watkin. Her father had come to Houston in 1910 from the firm of Cram, Goodhue, and Ferguson in Boston to supervise the building of the new Rice Institute campus. He stayed on to found the architecture school. President Malcolm Gillis said in 1999, "Mrs. Strange's life and that of Rice have been, from the beginning, interwoven. As a young girl on the Rice campus, her earliest companions were the children of other Rice faculty. As she grew, so did Rice."

Ray, as she was known, graduated from Rice in 1936. In 1975, she and others formed the Rice

Historical Commission for the purpose of preserving Rice history and sponsored the publication of the first official history of the school: *A History of Rice University: The Institute Years, 1907-1963* by Fredericka Meiners. She served on the Rice Historical Society board and was an honorary member at the time of her death. Her efforts to preserve memories of Rice's past and her encouragement of others to do the same were a powerful inspiration to us all.



Annie Ray Watkin