

2017 Opportunities in Retirement Network Lecture

Introduction

Ronald E. Anderson

The "A Life in Sociology" lecture is the highlight of the ORN activities at the ASA annual meetings. This year, ORN is very proud and honored to have Bill D'Antonio speak about his life in sociology.

Before graduate studies, he took a job teaching Spanish at the Loomis School for boys in Windsor, CT. There he not only distinguished himself as a teacher of Spanish, but also as a winning wrestling coach. When asked the secret to his success as a coach, Bill said I read the boys excerpts from *Winnie the Pooh*.

In 1950, Bill married Lorraine and they had six wonderful children, no doubt from getting the *Winnie the Pooh* treatment.

William V. D'Antonio (Bill) earned his PhD in Sociology and Anthropology from Michigan State University and then joined the faculty of the University of Notre Dame. He served as Professor and Chair of the Department there from 1966-71. He moved to the University of Connecticut in 1971 as Professor and Chair.

In 1982, he took a leave from Connecticut to become the Chief Executive Officer of the American Sociological Association, where he served until his retirement in 1991. He received Emeritus Professor Status from the University of Connecticut in 1986. He was a Fulbright Senior Fellow in Italy in 2004 and served as president of the Society for the Scientific Study of Religion; and as editor, during 1980-82, of *Contemporary Sociology*.

In 1993, he joined the Sociology faculty at The Catholic University of America as a visiting Research Professor, and he remains there as a Senior Fellow of the Institute for Policy Research and Catholic Studies. Dr. D'Antonio is the coauthor or coeditor of a large array of books including *American Catholics Today: New Realities of Their Faith and Their Church*. He continues to write dozens of articles. Bill remains an unusually amicable, kind, generous, warm and genuine person. He also is well known for his smile and wit.

My Life and Sociology, or How Did a Third-Generation Italian-American Catholic Find His Way to the ASA's Executive Office?

By William V. D'Antonio

I begin with three readings that are selected to help you grasp the message in my reflections:

(1) The first reading is taken from the writings of Jonathan Edwards, an 18th c. theologian for whom one of Yale's Colleges is named, and of which I and my daughter Laura are alums. "A man of right spirit is not of a narrow, private spirit; he is greatly concerned for the good of the public community to which he belongs and particularly of the town where he dwells."

(2) The second reading is from a lecture that the late Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts gave at Yale in 1995. He stated; "In the end, there must be purpose to our journey. Human endeavor cannot consist simply of random acts and happenstance. There needs to be meaning beyond self that gives our limited days definition and direction."

(3) And finally, I quote from Robert K. Merton: "The narratives [that constitute the stories of our lives] and their interpretations tell of reference groups and reference individuals, the significant others that helped shape the changing character of thought and inquiry. . . . Full fledged sociological autobiographers relate their intellectual development both to changing social and cognitive microenvironments close at hand, and to the encompassing micro environments provided by the larger society and culture....such accounts bear witness that one's experiences and foci of interest, one's accomplishments and failures, were in no small part a function of the historical moment at which one has entered the field." (Taken from "Some thoughts on the Concept of Sociological Autobiography," by Robert K. Merton, in *Sociological Lives*, edited by Matilda White Riley. Sage Publications. 1988.

The Catholic Italian-American heritage contributed greatly to the micro environments of my early years.

I was born in 1926, (the second of 4 sons) and brought up in New Haven, CT. in the same neighborhood that my father had been born into, some 27 years earlier. By 1926, the neighborhood was overwhelmingly Italian, with an Irish family remaining here and there at the fringes; vestiges of their earlier dominance of the area. My father was the third of nine children. He finished high school and spent 45 years in the US postal service, most of it at Yale Station. My Mother, the oldest of five, went to work at age 12 out of necessity, sewing in a lady's garment factory because her father had been injured at work and was unable to work for several years. So she became the someone who had to support the family. My mother continued her education by going to night school, and in time became a nurse's aide. She also had a very good singing voice, and was determined to find a group to sing with; so, when not able to sing in a Catholic Church choir, she joined a choir of an Episcopal Church nearby.

New Haven enjoyed two newspapers, the morning *Journal Courier* and the afternoon *New Haven Register*, and both were delivered to our door, so we were avid readers beginning with the comics, then the sports pages, and slowly but surely the front section raising our awareness of politics and the world. Meal time was active talk time, most often about sports, and slowly but surely about politics; our family was deeply embedded in the Democratic Party, and FDR was highly regarded.

Religion played a significant role in the microenvironment of my early years. In 2nd grade: we began the morning with saying "The Lord's Prayer:" The Teacher was Protestant, one of the many Protestant "nuns" who taught in the New Haven public schools in the first half of the 20th century; the classroom was mixed—8 or 9 Italians, 10-12 Irish, 5 or 6 Protestants, and Jacob C, the only Jew. Ms. H began with "Our Father which art in Heaven—the Catholics said "who art"; she said forgive us "our debts", and we said "forgive us our trespasses," and after we all said "and deliver us from evil," the Catholics stopped, having been warned by our parents and the Sunday School Sisters that to say the Protestant part of the prayer could mess with our souls. Looking back, the most interesting effect of the morning prayer was that for a minute or two every day the Irish and the Italians stood together against the dangers of sin and hellfire. And then of course there was Jacob, the one Jew in the class. So in retrospect, this event that

went on until the 6th grade probably helped plant the seed for my interest in the sociology of religion. Of course, at the time, I was just concerned about my soul. But there was another threat, whether to my soul or to being Catholic, caused by a radio priest named Fr. Coughlin. It seemed at first that my parents liked what he said, but things changed, and he said things that disturbed my parents and thus my brothers and me. I learned more about him and his prejudices later in life.

In 6th grade we had our first Catholic teacher, and I knew that because she went to the same Mass as we did. With regards to academics she introduced me to the ideas of social mobility and the American Dream while reminding me also of my Italian heritage. How did she do that? As we approached the two birthdays of February--Lincoln's and Washington's -- she gave me a short story in poem form, to read to the class. It was written by Thomas Augustine Daley. Mr. Daley was born in Ireland, moved to the USA and lived in the Philadelphia area. He wrote poems and short stories in dialect about Irish, Italians, Poles etc. which enjoyed broad popularity at the time. The poem Ms. Brown gave me to read to the class was titled "Leetla Giorgio Washeenton," written in 1901. "You know w'at for ees school keep out dees holiday, my son? Wal, den I gona tal you 'bout dees Giorgio Washeenton." The poem tells da story of how leetla Giorgio chopped down da cherry tree. He splaina to hisa pop that he did it justa to help "hisa poor ol pop hava wood for da fire place—keepa da housa warm. The poem ends with the following line: Like leetla Giorgio "Don't play so mooch, but justa stop, Eef you want be som' good, An' try for help your poor old Pop, By carry home som' wood; An' mebbe so like Giorgio You grow for be so great, You gona be da President Of dese Unita State'!"

Wella, I dida maka it to Washeenton DC, not to 1600 Penn Ave, but to 1722 N Street NW, de olda ASA House. That's a notta so bad-you know.

New Haven's Hillhouse High School had an excellent academic faculty, sending more than 50 students (out of 200 in the college prep program) each year to Ivy League schools. It also had an active "Greek" life with sororities and fraternities organized along ethnic lines. We had two Irish fraternities and two Irish sororities, two Italian fraternities and sororities, two Jewish fraternities and sororities, one WASP and one black fraternity

and sorority, providing – continuing evidence of ethnic social identification and stratification....

To my knowledge no one was ever pledged outside her/his ethnic group. However, in my senior year, my fraternity joined with a Jewish fraternity to sponsor the big Winter dance, with two bands, in the largest dance hall in the city. Our parents were shocked; “it’s a bad idea; why are you stirring things up? Leave things alone.” In the end, it turned out to be the biggest dance of the year. As it was now 1943 and with class members being drafted in big numbers, our senior prom was cancelled until it was finally held 70 years after the fact, making the NBC and ABC news.

Fifteen students from Hillhouse received scholarships to Yale in 1943, including me. But just as I was beginning to enjoy what Yale and New Haven had to offer, in 1944 I was drafted and joined the Navy. I was sent to signal school and then landed on a destroyer escort, whose main duty was protecting convoys of ships going to and from Norfolk, VA, and Africa, namely to the port at Oran, North Africa. The second in command in the signal gang was a Boston Irishman who loved being both Irish and from Boston, but especially that he had gone through 12 years of Jesuit education. And when he learned I was Catholic, and not Jesuit trained, he took it upon himself to enlighten me. For better or worse, his enlightenment included some unique ways of defining sin. Seemingly, the sin of being drunk overrode the sin of visiting “the ladies of the night”, so an evening that included both activities only counted as one sin from a confessional perspective.

August 6, 1945, the war with Germany was over, and our ship was in New London, CT working with submarines and airplanes simulating the submarine and Kamikazie attacks of the Japanese, to get ourselves ready for going to the Pacific. On that day I was one of about 25 sailors going on overnight shore leave. As our ship to shore boat reached the New London dock, we heard a kid shouting something about a bomb having been dropped on Japan. We ran up to him, looked at the headline about an atom bomb being dropped on a Japanese city, cheered, and went home for a victory party.

Some 45 years later, Lorraine and I were in Japan with Ed and Marie Borgatta, to attend the bi-annual meeting of the International Institute of Sociology. A former student of

mine, Fr. Robert Reiner, was at that time the President of Nanzan University, in Nagoya, Japan, and when he saw my name on the program, he wrote and offered to be our tour guide.

He arranged to take us by train to Nagasaki, where we toured the city, and witnessed its remarkable rebirth, and met the mayor, a devout Catholic who had been a Japanese military officer during WWII, struggling between conscience and duty, especially regarding the Kamikaze attacks (i.e. suicide bombings of the Japanese), but after the war became a leader in World Peace movements.

I finished my military service in July, 1946, and quickly reenrolled at Yale taking advantage of the GI bill, and my continuing scholarship.

As an undergrad, I took only two courses in sociology, the more impressive one being Raymond "Jungle Jim" Kennedy's "Race and Nationality." It is still voted one of the top courses among my still-living classmates. Even George H.W. Bush listed it as an important course. But at that time I never thought about sociology as a possible major.

My attention was focused on Latin America, and my senior advisor was an anthropologist, prepping me for a doctoral program in anthropology someplace. I was trying to decide where to go to pursue a graduate degree, while also thinking about taking the exams for the State Department.

Sometime during the Fall of 1948, as I was thinking about graduate school, or a job, perhaps with the state dept., I dropped by the Yale Placement Office for an interview with personnel from W.R. Grace and CO. They were impressed with my Spanish, but not my business acumen.

I was about to leave the second floor when I noticed a sign ahead on the right that said "Teacher Placement Office." Oh, I said to myself, I wonder what that is about. The woman in charge told me all about the many prep schools mostly along the East Coast, that hired Yale BAs to teach history, English, French, etc. I suggested I could teach Spanish perhaps, and she said there usually were inquiries in the spring. I decided to fill out a Form, listing Spanish as my teaching skill.

A day or two after Christmas I received a phone call from the Yale Placement Center. The woman in charge said there had been an unexpected opening for a Spanish teacher at the Loomis School, in Windsor, Ct. A teacher had had a nervous breakdown and had resigned. Would I be interested in teaching Spanish for a semester? Having just about finished my senior thesis and undecided about the state dept. or grad school, I said "sure." The next day I took the train to Windsor, CT., walked a mile to the school, and discovered that the chair of the Modern Language Dept. was more interested in my mental health than in my Spanish accent. He took me to meet the Headmaster, a Unitarian, Harvard bred. Mr. B., the Headmaster decided I would not have a nervous breakdown, and offered me the job., room and board, telephone, laundry, and \$200 a month. I said yes, and moved to Loomis

Loomis was challenging, it was fun, it was a post-graduate education, with a talented faculty of 36 living in close quarters. And it had a strong Unitarian/Protestant ethic about it, all of which I found interesting and challenging. And most of all, Loomis taught me how to teach, and more than that how to enjoy teaching, in part through finding ways to motivate students.

Within a few weeks the Language Dept. asked me if I wanted to stay on, as the primary Spanish teacher, and I said yes. In the summer of 1949 I went to Mexico with 2 college classmates, using GI Bill Money, to take three courses at Mexico's National University. Mostly I improved my Spanish, and began to get a better understanding of the Mexican Revolution of 1914-17, and the control of Mexico by the Partido Revolucionario I.

By the late Fall of 1949, Lorraine had become a frequent visitor to Loomis and was welcomed by faculty as an overnight guest; we decided to get married, and we talked about the adventures that would lie ahead if and when I applied for and got a job with the State Dept. Meanwhile, Loomis found a small married couple apt. for us. We married in June, 1950, with the entire Loomis faculty in attendance.

Loomis had just established a program to help encourage faculty to seek higher degrees, at least M A's. So we decided to begin Graduate School in the summer of 1950, as part of our honeymoon. The U. of Wisconsin, Madison, had a distinguished

program in “Hispanic Studies,” so with my GI Bill money still available, and aid from Loomis, Lorraine and I set forth to Madison and an extended honeymoon.

We spent four summers at Wisconsin, learning to do Mexican, Spanish and related dances; I became “a star” in the summer softball league; and worked on my Master’s Degree in Hispanic Studies

The summer of 1953 turned out to be career changing; I had one elective course to take outside my remaining requirements, with major focus on my Master’s thesis. I noticed a course titled “Latin American Social Organizations and Institutions” taught by Charles P. Loomis, visiting professor in the U.W. Sociology Dept., a good friend of Wisconsin’s Chair of Rural Sociology at that time, Bill Sewell (who is known for having missed the ASA annual meeting only three times in his career). Loomis was Chair of the Sociology and Anthropology Dept at Michigan State. The course title seemed interesting, and the name Loomis intrigued me. So I signed up for the course. We met Charlie, and his wife Zona, and their three adopted children (from Costa Rica). I found the sociological literature fascinating, and spent a lot of free time chatting with Charlie, Lorraine becoming a friend with Zona and their children. He had a research program in Turrialba, Costa Rica. Charlie mentioned possible RA opportunities in Turrialba with extra funding to help support our growing family. I was somewhat interested, but the State Dept. was still first in my mind. I had taken and passed the written exams and was going to have the oral exam in DC in the Fall.

Meanwhile, I was enjoying writing my Master’s Thesis: “The Political Philosophy of the Mexican Revolution” seen through its Novels and other books; My thesis advisor was a Political Scientist (Wild Bill Stokes), with whom I had taken several courses during the four summers though I never considered Political Science as a possible major.

But again, trying to cover a number of possibilities, I had also made an appointment to meet with my senior advisor at Yale, prof. Wendell Bennett, the anthropologist working in Peru. I had kept in touch and he said he could review with me my emerging interests and help me find the spot that was right for me. When I arrived at his office on Tuesday following Labor Day, 1953, I found the secretaries crying, and they explained that

Professor Bennett had died of a heart attack on Cape Cod, trying to save his daughter, who had been caught in an undertow; she survived. And that ended my possible career in Anthropology.

Back to the State Dept. I had passed the written exam, and was invited to DC for the oral exam.

On a sunny Monday morning I met with the State Dept panel of six men. After a two hour session, and a long waiting period, the gentleman in charge called me in, and said that the panel had split 3 to offer me a position and 3 not to. They decided to offer me a second meeting with another panel, any time after six months within the next two years. There were questions about my appreciation of the complex role played by state dept. personnel, especially involving business matters.

I had notified the Headmaster at Loomis School that we would be leaving with the graduation of the class of 1954. So now what were the options? Oh, yes, Charles P. Loomis (no relationship to the Loomis School). With the State Dept. job less certain, I made contact with Dr. Loomis, and he seemed eager to have me join the Turrialba Project. In January of 1954, he invited me to meet him for lunch at Columbia University.

At lunch at Columbia, he informed me that he had just received a grant for \$150,000, from the Carnegie Corporation, for the Study of Social Change; the focus would be a study of relations across the U.S./Mexico border, with four possible sites, beginning with El Paso and C. Juarez. He mentioned that one possibility for study could be the diffusion of a new cotton plant that had been developed in the U.S., and was slowly finding its way to farms in Mexico. I had limited interest in plant diffusion.

Luckily, he also suggested I might like to find my own topic. Mostly, he put forth enough financial aid, and suggested I could accomplish a number of goals with a year on the border. He assured me I would be working with a professor, a senior sociologist, who would be leading the project---and given my fluency in Spanish, I would probably be able to gather enough data in a year on the border to have the basis for a dissertation in sociology ---- this was despite my having never seen a Research Methods book, much

less done any in depth reading of Weber, or Durkheim, or any other sociologist for that matter.

I was enthusiastic because I had become fascinated by the readings I had done about the Mexican Revolution, and I had no idea how unprepared I was for such an undertaking. By late spring Charlie Loomis informed me I would be working with Bill Form and we would spend the Fall semester in El Paso/ Ciudad Juarez. And in January, Bill would move on to Mexico City area to interview leaders and workers in a new Auto plant, leaving me in charge of the border project, after only a few months under his tutelage. Lorraine and I talked it over and decided it would be a way to build my knowledge about Mexico, and probably help prepare for the second interview with the State Dept. So it was off to El Paso with daughter JoAnne a bit under 2 years old and Albert about 7 months old, and no such thing as air-conditioning in the car.

Bill Form and his wife Millie and their two daughters—just slightly older than our two—were there to greet us. We learned quickly that Bill and Millie were second generation Italian-Americans, and that Bill treated me as a colleague (not a lowly grad student); I could not imagine anybody who could have been better suited to literally tutor me in the basics of sociological theory and research. Bill recognized my enthusiasm for studying the different ways El Paso and C. Juarez strived to solve problems like building new hospitals, holding elections, and encouraging cross border business and politics. And then Bill gave me a copy of Floyd Hunter's *Community Power Structures*, probably the first major study of Community leaders "solving community problems" providing me a much-needed model into the study of community power.

Bill Form was highly respected by the Michigan State Sociology department and he helped me get accepted as a somewhat unconventional grad student. Charlie Loomis meanwhile was rapidly building the department and gaining national attention with his high-level contacts in the Department of Agriculture and the Carnegie Corporation. In East Lansing, Lorraine and I learned to adapt our partying style from east-coast martinis and finger food to mid-western beer and chips. I was soon seen as a plus in the department, largely due to my teaching experience. And within two years I was in charge of helping other graduate students learn to teach. At the same time, there were

only one or two other grad students interested in the border, so Charlie gave me extra money for summer work there. The data gathered eventually became my dissertation, about how business and political leaders on both sides of the border saw each other (National Images of Business and Political Elites in Two Border Cities, 1958).

Meanwhile, as I was finishing up my dissertation, I became aware that there were only one or two sociology teaching jobs open across the country. What to do? Now with four kids and plans for a couple more, it was time for a real job. I headed to Chicago for my second verbal exam at the State Department. By the late 1950s, it was John Foster Dulles time and the cold war was in full swing. The response from the state department to my second interview went something like this: "Mr. D'Antonio, ours is a Free enterprise system, and we do not feel that you could help sell Free Enterprise Abroad." So that took care of the State Dept., probably a good thing for them and for me.

Glen Taggart, Dean of International Studies at Michigan State, and a regular partner or adversary on the Handball Court, became curious about where I might be going. Shortly after my Chicago trip he asked if I had given any thought to the CIA—remember this was 1957— and I responded that "No, I had not." And in fact I had never even thought about it. Glen seemed to know a lot about it, and before I knew it he had arranged for me to take the written exam in late March or early April, which I passed. Within three weeks I was invited to DC. It was an amazing experience with seven men from the Latin American Desk. After a full day of discussion they asked me to stay over, and arranged to change my hotel and plane ticket.

The next morning, after an hour plus meeting with a psychiatrist, which I was sure I had failed, I was invited in to meet the key decision makers. I was offered a position at GS 11, with a generous salary of \$5,800 a year and time to finish my dissertation. I would work at the Latin American Desk with the opportunity to maintain an adjunct position at one of the area universities. They gave me a contract to sign and mail back. So I returned to E. Lansing, talked with Lorraine, then with fellow students, then Glen Taggart, and in two days the offer was signed and mailed and I also called them in DC to say yes to a job with the CIA. They said they would begin background checks, and I should expect a waiting period of two or three months.

About a week or so later, Charlie Loomis called me to his office; “you know, Bill, you like to talk” he said, “but in the CIA you do more listening than talking.” Then he talked about his years in the Dept. of Agriculture, the pluses and the minuses of working for a government agency. Then he asked what the CIA salary was, and I said “\$5,800.” He asked if that was annual or what. And when I said it was annual, he said he would like to have me rethink my decision while he would see what he could do. Within a week, he called me in: the university had made possible a joint position in the Sociology Dept and the Basic College Dept. The salary would be \$5,800 for nine months, and for the summer I would receive \$2,000 to head the border project. And just to take the pressure off (maybe for Lorraine more than me) he would assign me a secretary to type my dissertation as I moved along – a huge relief in the days before word processing. The semester after obtaining my PhD. I would move from instructor to Asst. Prof. in SOCIOLOGY!

So Lorraine and I talked it over, and within the next two days we decided to stay at MSU, and so notify the CIA. The CIA sent a positive letter, assuring me I could reopen my request for a job within two years with their support. I continued to work on the border from then until 1970. As the project and financial support took twists and turns, it produced several articles in the ASR and Social Forces, and a well-received book, *Influentials in Two Border Cities*, co-authored with Bill Form, as well as *Power and Democracy in America*, co-edited with Howard Ehrlich. Community power studies had their moment of Fame.

By this time, one of my collaborators on the border project was Julian Samora, an Asst. Professor in the Dept. who was to become a close and lifelong friend and colleague. Bill Form meanwhile was participating in a program on “Values in America” at Notre Dame and Bill convinced Charlie Loomis to pay for Julian and me to attend. While at the conference, which related closely to topics from the border project, we got to meet the sociology faculty at Notre Dame. By the time we were ready to return to E. Lansing we were being invited to Notre Dame for interviews. Julian and I were both offered jobs at Notre Dame. There were naysayers. Milt Rokeach, the Psychologist of Dogmatism Scale fame, and one of my friends and competitors on the handball courts, was upset—

when I told him of the offer from ND,--- he reminded me of Vatican I and its conservative, even reactionary impact on Catholicism. With John XXIII just having called for a Second Vatican Council, Milt assured me it would be nothing but a repeat of Vatican I, potentially curtailing my ability to pursue my research interests at Notre Dame. He actually knew more about Vatican I than I did, but I kept assuring him this new pope was different. And I took the leap and signed on with ND. A year later I invited Milt to give a lecture or two at ND and to resume our games on the handball courts, both of which he did.

Fr Hesburgh was serious about building a strong Sociology Dept, and assured Julian and me of his support. With Fr Hesburgh's support, in the period 1959-1971, my research focus changed from Community Power Structures to Church power structures and the sociology of religion. An early book reflecting this new direction in my research is *Religion, Revolution and Reform* with Frederick Pike. It was also a time when the Black movement was becoming more active and as it did so I found myself disturbed by the anti-Black sentiments in South Bend especially with regards to housing. So I wrote a paper about "The Race Myth and the Christian Conscience," and the Notre Dame Magazine published it. I sent my father a copy, and as I expected, he took issue with my thesis; he thought the Blacks should wait their turn, as the Italians had had to do vis-a-vis the Irish. We agreed to disagree. But about two weeks later, he called me and asked if I had a dozen or two copies of the Notre Dame magazine that included my article.

I said, "I thought you didn't like the article," to which he replied, "It doesn't matter what I think about it; a friend of mine likes it and asked me if I could get some more copies from you. So send me as many as you can."

Despite evidence to the contrary (i.e. my six children), at this time I became actively involved in Planned Parenthood. I was encouraged to organize a national committee of Catholic academics on population and government policy; I was invited to testify before Congress in May 1966 in support of a legal brief (prepared by a Georgetown Jesuit Law Professor) that assured everyone that family planning could be acceptable and funded by the federal government if its program would provide women accurate information about every method of family planning. The Bill passed Congress in Nov. 66 and was

funded in 67—with bi-partisan support. It's a little mind boggling to think of the current political threat to Planned Parenthood after so many years. I even helped the family planning group of South Bend to find a place to set up their office. I remained a strong advocate of women's reproductive rights, and co-authored a textbook on Female and Male Sexuality with Elaine Pierson-Mastroianni in the mid 1970s in part in an effort to educate young women and men about their bodies, their sexuality and their choices.

In 1970 came a call from Charlie Glock, then of Columbia University and president of the Society for the Scientific Study of Religion, asking me to become the Society's Executive Secretary. In March I took over the SSSR., and hired Lorraine to help straighten out the books. When she took over in 1970 the SSSR was without cash and had no cash flow with too many members and libraries not paying dues. Fr. Hesburgh gave us a gift of \$5,000 and in two years, under Lorraine's careful administration (and bill collecting skills), SSSR was out of debt. It soon had money in the bank, and in the stock market. She served also as business manager of the Association for the Sociology of Religion and the Religious Research Association where she served for 29 years.

The invitation to join the Univ. of CT in 1970 was one of those offers you cannot turn down. I was able to hire several new faculty, including the first woman and first African-American sociologist at UCONN reflecting changing social and academic trends.

As I look back on my 11 years at UCONN, a couple of things stand out. When I took over as Chair, the sociology dept. was in trouble with the administration because of a protest against some recruits from Dow Chemical. The protest (in 1970) got out of hand, and as a result one sociology visiting professor was dismissed, another tenured faculty member was put on probation, among other things. My job was to try to mend fences, and rebuild the dept. The Dean of the College was a Historian, with nothing positive to say about the Sociology Department. He called me in shortly after my arrival, and let me know his negative feelings and that he would not tolerate any misbehavior.

He was particularly upset by the popularity of a young faculty member who packed the big auditorium with more than 500 students every semester. He assured me that

professors like the popular Prof. Colt Denfeld's career at UCONN would be brief. When he had finished and indicated it was time to close the discussion, he said, "Well, Professor D'Antonio, the old order changes, yielding place to new." I recognized the reference, and replied "yes," Slowly answered Arthur from the Barge, "and God fulfills himself in many ways lest one good custom should corrupt the world." He stopped and looked at me and said, "I see you have read some literature, and that's a good sign."

This just goes to show you never know when those lines of poetry you memorized in high school can come in handy. And in fact we eventually developed a strong working relationship as he came to view sociology as an area of serious academic study that made a valuable contribution to the College of Arts and Letters.

In addition to writing a leading (at the time) Sociology textbook with Lois DeFleur and Mel DeFleur (the proceeds of which helped fund the college degrees for our six children), perhaps the most important thing we did at UConn and which might be even more relevant now was to find a way to introduce high school students in CT to their own and their neighbors' ethnicity, long an area of interest to me. I applied for and received a grant for \$100,000 to study CT's Ethnic heritage. In the time between 1974 and 1981, we produced a dozen study guides, each one focused on one of CT's 12 ethnic groups,

The study guides were produced by members of the ethnic groups working with our faculty team; our team included other social scientists and historians, and faculty from the school of education. The purpose of the project was to help students see themselves as descendants of parents or grandparents who left Europe (or Africa) to find themselves in CT, in a town or city in CT, and to see themselves as a part of CT's history. The study guides were well received. I still have copies of several. Perhaps we could benefit today by reviving this project at a national level—with aid from Ford or Rockefeller - given the present political situation, and new racial/ethnic tensions. Perhaps we need to again be reminded of our ethnic roots. One of my favorite lectures during the 1970s was "We Made It, Why Can't They?" Maybe we need to revive the reality behind that phrase. I Traveled a lot, visited other colleges and universities, usually to review ----their programs, and slowly became involved in the evaluation of

sociology programs nationwide, working with Hans Mauksch and Carla Howery. During the 70s and early 80s I was an active part of ASA's program aimed at improving undergraduate education emphasizing teaching. I traveled to evaluate and assess departments, too many of which looked at intro courses of 300 and 400 students as "throw away" courses with TAs and young faculty giving lectures and multiple choice exams. I tried to show how they were missing an opportunity. My pitch was this: "imagine the future governor is in your intro soc course and he is sitting there thinking how meaningless it was." "Do you think he's going to want to fund your sociology department in the future? You never know who will be sitting in your classroom and what their potential is."

I spent a brief year as editor of the Sociology Book Review journal, then was invited to be the Executive officer of the ASA. I Took a five-year leave from UConn to finally get to Washeeton, just like Daly's poem predicted so many years earlier.

I arrived in DC as Reagan and his Budget Master were in the process of zeroing out all the social sciences from the federal budget. Sociology suffered especially. In 1983 Reagan appointed a new Head of the National Science Foundation, a physicist who had worked on the Atomic bomb. The head of the Consortium of Social Science Associations arranged for the social science Executive Officers to meet with the new Director. We began with the Director saying a few things about his interests, and that this was a new experience for him, that is, interacting with social scientists. He asked us to identify ourselves, so we did. When I said my name as head of the American Sociological Association, he retorted with a smile, "Oh, yes, Bill Buckley is my favorite sociologist." And I saw the light at the end of the tunnel go out!!!

I enjoyed my nine years as ASA's executive officer; well, most of it. Alice Rossi was President-elect in 1982 and most adamant about the need for the sociologists to gain control of the ASA, and esp. of its budget. That may sound surprising unless you were a member of the ASA Council back before 1983. I believe the most important thing I did was request that Council in the Fall of 1983 find an outside person or team to interview all members of the ASA staff, and propose to Council whether to stay put with the structure then in place, or ask the Executive Officer to restructure the ASA office.

The outside committee consisted of the President of the American Council on Education and a woman from his office. The report recommended that the EO restructure, and ASA has lived happily ever after. The two most important actions taken in that restructuring were to appoint Janet Astner as manager of Annual Meetings, and Karen Edwards to organize and head publications. They have been mainstays of ASA for more than 30 years.

1991—I retired from the ASA at the end of the August meeting in Cincinnati. I had a couple of years to get myself ready for the Centennial meeting of the Institut International de Sociologie, to be held in the Sorbonne, where it had been born in 1893. Ed Borgatta and I had become friends during his period as VP of the ASA in the 1980s. He had become interested in giving new life to the Institut International de Sociologie, that had been founded in the Sorbonne in 1893, not by Durkheim, but by Rene Worms. Paolo Ammassari (University of Rome) had been elected president of the Institut, and I was elected vice president. Paolo began to make plans for the centennial celebration of the IIS in 1993; but he was stricken with cancer. Nevertheless, he had begun to work with Prof. Michel Maffesoli of the Sorbonne. With Ammassari's death I became President, and with the great assistance of his widow Elke Koch-Weser Ammassari, and Prof. Maffesoli we had a magnificent five days at the Sorbonne---among the best five days of my life as a sociologist. My especial thanks go to Bill Form and Joan Huber, John and Matilda Riley, and Amitai Etzioni, as well as colleagues from England, France, Italy, Germany, and Japan.

In 1992 I became a Fellow of the Life Cycle Institute of Catholic University; The Institute eventually became The Institute for Policy Research and Catholic Studies. With a number of colleagues (Dean Hoge, Jim Davidson, Ruth Wallace, Mary Gautier, Michele Dillon, Fr. Tony Pogorelc, Steve Tuch, and Josiah Baker I have been able to get my name on a bunch of books. There is at least one more —I hope. One of the most important features about being a member of an “Institute” or “Center” or whatever else you may call it is that it makes it easier to raise funds to carry out “your research.” One important thing I have discovered is that there are many “Family Foundations,” able to provide financial aid with donations ranging from \$1,000 to as much as \$20,000. And

you may be able to obtain donations every two or three years in small amounts, if you focus on topics that appeal to potential donors. In the past several years I have received donations ranging from \$250 to \$20,000 from Family Foundations. Every dollar counts

All of this has been possible because Lorraine was not afraid to support whatever came across our path, and with her financial skills not only kept the family clothed and fed, but also became known to scholars interested in the sociology of religion as the treasurer who was the key person in getting their organizations functioning effectively.

So I end by saying that what is clear about my life in sociology is that I have embraced the ethnic/religio/political roots grounded in New Haven, CT., and continue to enjoy the day-to-day routine. Thank you for Inviting me to give this talk.