

The Lost Work

Last night in a dream—I wrote a Tolstoy epic—set in my time—
all the details—exact—just right. There was an entire chapter
about the dull sound of marbles rolling across the linoleum floor.
Then—the desire for water became a recurring theme which led
to some confusion about the sex scenes—many of which took place
in frothy hot tubs at a Motel 6 just outside of town. I had to
rewrite—forever—the part where Death showed up at the corner bar—
she finally wore a black satin gown—drank warm tap water from a goblet.
The protagonist’s devotion to aspirin did not go unnoticed—that—
along with his compulsion to frequently change the furnace filters.
When the terrorists arrived, they arrived unexpectedly—as expected—
yet—who would think they would wear the various faces of my cousins?
The epilogue ended up being far too long—much longer than the book itself—
which caused me—to remember—how much—I wanted to know the end.

-Timothy J. Nolan



After his return, Krauskopf wrote to Tolstoy on several occasions and even sent him the early annual reports of the school to show the progress being made. His letters were never acknowledged, however, and Krauskopf was certain that as a *persona non grata* the censors never let his letters through to Tolstoy.

Rabbi Krauskopf set off to meet a famous man. He met an even greater one instead. In the process, Krauskopf became a more impassioned social reformer and humanitarian.

In 1896, Krauskopf bought a hundred-acre farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, just outside Doylestown and about thirty miles north of Philadelphia. He arranged for construction of a small classroom building, hired two faculty members, enrolled six students, and started The National Farm School.

Rabbi Krauskopf died in 1923. By then, The National Farm School provided a three-year program combining academics and farm work. It stayed that way through World War II, becoming a junior college in 1945 and adding the senior year of undergraduate studies in 1948. At that time it became the National

Agricultural College. In 1960 it was renamed Delaware Valley College of Science and Agriculture, which was shortened in 1989 to Delaware Valley College.

Today, Rabbi Krauskopf’s school has expanded to 550 acres and has a full-time enrollment of about 1,600 students. Majors are offered in arts and sciences, education, business administration, criminal justice, pre-professional studies, and, of course, agriculture. Only about a dozen private colleges in the United States still have working farms as part of the educational curriculum, agriculture having been ceded by American higher education, in large part, to large public land-grant institutions.

Delaware Valley’s farm includes approximately sixty milk cows, forty beef cattle, fifty sheep, fifty pigs, and fifty-five horses—fifteen of which comprise a breeding herd of Standardbreds. In addition, sixty acres are devoted to apples, peaches, various vegetables, flowers, and research on topics such as crop rotation and manure use.

The college that had its unlikely start when a rabbi spoke with the author of *War and Peace* has not forgot-