

Elizabeth H Dow, MA –History, 1985, PhD.--Library and Information Science – 1988.

Sam Hand was the third most important man in my life, after my father and first husband. I grew up in the fifties, and Sam was the first person who forced me to take myself seriously. I accepted a fellowship for a Ph.D. At Pitt before I finished the thesis, and when I learned that computing was free for students at Pitt, I changed the focus. I can't imagine he was very happy. But I worked on it anyway, and when I came back to Vermont in the summers, he would clear his calendar for one or two days and beat me about the head and shoulders until I finally produced a thesis he, and I, could be proud of.

When it came time for my dissertation, I worked with a committee of five. Two weren't at Pitt, and the three that were didn't want me to disturb them. So, when I had a problem, I would just ask myself what Sam would say, and he would come roaring back in my head. He not only advised me on my thesis, but also on my dissertation. Sam Hand is one of the Gods in my life.

*Not thought of until later:* As a faculty member educating new archivists at LSU [Louisiana] I treated my students the way Sam had treated me – unending support while insisting on high standards. It did not occur to me at the time that I was merely channeling Sam.