

WESLEYAN 71





Dear Classmates,

The very idea seemed like “Mission Impossible”:
to capture in the reunion yearbook,
the diverse experiences of the class of '71 before we arrived at Wesleyan,
during the four (more or less) years we spent as students,
and the five decades since!

Our years at Wesleyan took place during a time of upheaval and change.
The world changed, the college changed, and we changed.

A class like no other, a time like no other.

We hope this book will bring to our 50th Reunion
a broad-based view of the Wesleyan Experience with a theme of **Then and Now**.
The book committee reflects a small part of the diversity:
women (Pam), the arts (Blake), the sciences (Dick).

However, the essays remind us of the diversity of our class and a wider range of experiences:
Hoy's Revenge (Jake Weiss); Black Experience (Bill Boulware); Coeducation (Pam Kykra);
Music (Jonathan Kramer); Drugs (Henry Saunders); Science (Dick Plumb);
Posse Program (Robert Millner); Healing Mother Earth (Michael Brewin).

The **Then** is partly captured in the collages comprising *Argus* articles
selected by Steve Leinwand and Dick Plumb.

Then and Now is captured in the biographies,
showing what we have done over the past 50 years and the impact Wesleyan has had on our lives.
We look forward as well with Michael Brewin's call to action with “Healing Mother Earth.”

We hope the book will be a valuable snapshot of who we were and
how Wesleyan began to change us as we changed it.
Enjoy the photos and the essays.

So, as the introduction to “The Lone Ranger” said,
“Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear...”

Pam, Blake and Dick



Wesleyan Class of 1971 Reunion Committee

Blake Allison, Andy Baker, Bill Boulware, Michael Brewin, Graeme Bush, Katy Butler, Pat Callahan, Rodney Cash, Neil Clendeninn, Malcolm Cochran, John Cuddy, Robert Dewees, Wendy Fain, Stephen Ferruolo, Greg Friedman, Jeanne Hackett, Bill Hicks, Todd Jick, Joe Keller, Jonathan Kramer, Pam Kyrka, Steve Leinwand, Frank Leone, David Lindorff, Mary Davidson McWilliams, Robert Millner, Marty Obin, Fran Pawlowski, Vic Pfeiffer, Dick Plumb, David Rabban, Philip Rauch, Jim Repass, Jay Resnick, Henry Saunders, Dick Scoggins, David Siegel, Joseph Summa, Alan Van Egmond, Mark Wallach, Gary Walford, Joanne Young

Reunion Book Editors: Blake Allison, Pam Kyrka, Dick Plumb

We appreciate all of the members in the class who have helped this Committee by suggesting ideas, making phone calls, finding “lost” classmates, planning programs, attending virtual events, and supporting Wesleyan.

Special Thanks To...

Kate Quigley Lynch '82, MALS '20, P'17, '19, Director of the 50th Reunion, and Geralyn Russo in Wesleyan's Office of Advancement

Halpin Burke '24, Student Intern

Charles Spurgeon '72, whose photographs taken while at Wesleyan, are found throughout the book

Jennifer Hadley and Amanda Nelson in the Olin Library Archives

Ellen Maurer of Maurer Designs

Hitchcock Printing

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Freshmen and Freshwomen

Schedule of Opening Events

Sunday, September 10

- 9:00 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Admissions Office open. Dormitory keys may be obtained from the Office of the Director of Residence Halls, located in the Main Entrance of the Foss Hill Dormitories, from 8:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. After those hours it will be necessary to make contact with the night watchman, who will be available periodically throughout the evening in Room 404, Andrus Hall, Foss Hill Dormitories. Members of the Cardinal Key (the Junior Honor Society), and the Orientation Committee will be available for assistance.
- 9:00 a.m.-3:30 p.m. College Store and Post Office will be open. Mailbox keys will be issued.
- 12:00-1:00 p.m. Buffet Luncheon for students and parents. *McConaughy Hall*
- 2:00 p.m.-4:00 p.m. Open House for new students at President Etherington's home. All parents who are able to attend are cordially invited.
- 6:15 p.m. Welcoming Dinner for Freshmen and all other new students. *McConaughy Hall*. Coats and ties are expected at all evening meals. (See individual appointment cards for table number.)
Introduction of the Class of 1971 to President Etherington:
John C. Hoy, *Dean of Admissions and Freshmen*
Welcome: Edwin D. Etherington, *President*
Master of Ceremonies: Charles F. Gardstein '69, *Chairman, Freshman Orientation Committee*
- 8:15 p.m. Convocation, *Memorial Chapel*
Stanley J. Idzerda, *Dean of the College*
Eric D. Blumenson, *Class of 1968*

Monday, September 11

- 7:00-8:00 a.m. Breakfast, *McConaughy Hall*
- 8:00 a.m. Language Placement Tests for Freshmen
Instructions will be received in the Admissions Office when you arrive and will also be posted on the dormitory bulletin boards.
- 10:00-12:00 noon. Humanities Classes. Section assignments will be posted Sunday evening.
- 12:00-1:00 p.m. Lunch, *McConaughy Hall*
- 1:30-4:30 p.m. Guidance and Placement Tests for all Freshmen. Instructions will be received in the Admissions Office when you arrive and will be posted on the dormitory bulletin boards.
- 6:15 p.m. Dinner, *McConaughy Hall*
Speaker: Robert Benson, *Associate Professor of History*
- 8:00 p.m. Language Exemption Tests for qualified Freshmen. Announcements will be posted on dormitory bulletin boards.

Tuesday, September 12

- 8:00-9:00 a.m. Breakfast, *McConaughy Hall*
- 9:00 a.m.-12:00 noon. Humanities Classes
- 12:00-1:00 p.m. Lunch, *McConaughy Hall*
- 1:30-4:30 p.m. Guidance and Placement Tests for all Freshmen. Locations of tests are posted on dormitory bulletin boards.
- 6:15 p.m. Dinner, *McConaughy Hall*
"Athletics at Wesleyan"
Donald M. Russell, *Associate Professor of Physical Education*
- 8:00 p.m. Members of various campus activities will be available in the Freshman lounges.
- 8:00 p.m. Reception for Foreign Students

Wednesday, September 13

- 8:00-9:00 a.m. Breakfast, *McConaughy Hall*
- 9:00 a.m.-12:00 noon. Humanities Classes
- 12:00-1:00 p.m. Lunch, *McConaughy Hall*
- 1:30-4:00 p.m. Guidance and Placement Tests for all Freshmen. Locations of tests are posted on dormitory bulletin boards.
- 6:15 p.m. Dinner, *McConaughy Hall*
Introduction to the Undergraduate Government Structure: Remarks by representatives of College Body Committee, Honor System Committee, and Student Judiciary Board.
- 7:30 p.m. Discussion of Wesleyan Honor System in the dormitories.

Thursday, September 14

- 8:00-9:00 a.m. Breakfast, *McConaughy Hall*
- 9:00 a.m.-12:00 noon. Humanities Classes
- 12:00-1:00 p.m. Lunch, *McConaughy Hall*
- 1:00-5:00 p.m. Faculty Adviser appointments. List of Studies will be made out at this time. (see appointment card for time.)
- 1:00-5:00 p.m. Medical Examinations at the Infirmary for Transfers. (see appointment card for time.)
- 1:00-5:00 p.m. Open House: Music and Art Departments
- 6:15 p.m. Dinner, *McConaughy Hall*
"Fratemities and the University"
Christian Holmes '68, *College Body Rushing Committee*
Nason Hamlin, *Class of 1968*
C. William Kerr, *Assistant Provost and Lecturer in History*
Discussions with the faculty, fraternity members and independents will follow in the dormitories.

Friday, September 15

- 8:00-9:00 a.m. Breakfast, *McConaughy Hall*
- 9:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m. Registration for Class of 1971, transfer students, re-admitted students, foreign students and special students.
- 9:00-12:00 noon. Medical Examinations at the Infirmary. (see appointment card for time.)
- 1:00-2:00 p.m. Lunch, *McConaughy Hall*
- 2:00-4:00 p.m. Registration for Class of 1971.
- 1:00-4:00 p.m. Medical Examinations at the Infirmary. (see appointment card for time.)
- 6:15 p.m. Dinner, *McConaughy Hall*
Speaker: Robert A. Rosenbaum, *Vice-President for Academic Affairs and Provost*
- 8:00 p.m.-12:00 midnight. Rushing begins — Half-hour dates

Saturday, September 16

- 7:00-8:00 a.m. Breakfast, *McConaughy Hall*
- 8:00 a.m.-12:10 p.m. Rushing — Half Hour Dates.
- 12:00-1:00 p.m. Lunch, *McConaughy Hall*
- 1:15-5:15 p.m. Rushing — Half Hour Dates.
- 5:30-6:15 p.m. Dinner, *McConaughy Hall* (cafeteria style.)
- 6:00 p.m. Day Date preference cards due.
- 6:45 p.m. Buses will leave from the gymnasium for a mixer at Connecticut College. Return at midnight.

Sunday, September 17

- 9:00-10:00 a.m. Breakfast, *McConaughy Hall*
- 11:00 a.m. College Church, *Memorial Chapel*
- 12:30-1:15 p.m. Dinner, *McConaughy Hall*
- 1:00 p.m.-12:00 midnight Rushing — Day Date.

Monday, September 18

- 8:00-9:00 a.m. Breakfast, *McConaughy Hall*
- 9:00 a.m.-12:00 noon. Medical Examinations continued.
- 9:00 a.m.-12:00 noon Members of the Class of '71 and students entering with advanced standing whose names begin with A-J report to the Ground Floor of Fayerweather Gymnasium for assignment of locker and for swimming test.
- 12:00 noon-11:30 p.m. Rushing — Day Date.

Tuesday, September 19

- 8:00-9:00 a.m. Breakfast, *McConaughy Hall*
- 9:00 a.m.-12:00 noon. Medical Examinations continued.
- 9:00 a.m.-12:00 noon Members of the Class of '71 and students entering with advanced standing whose names begin with K-Z report to the Ground Floor of Fayerweather Gymnasium for assignment of locker and for swimming test.
- 12:00 noon-11:30 p.m. Rushing — Day Date.

Wednesday, September 20

- 8:00 a.m. Classes begin.
- 7:00 p.m. Rushing Choice Cards due.

ORIENTATION COMMITTEE

Dan Drykerman, Charles Gardstein, *Chairman*, Richard Grimm, Thomas Kapsiak, *Secretary*, Edward I. McDowell, Jr., Peter Meyers, Ray Solomon, Marshall Webb

Freshman Orientation Program

Class of 1971



September 10 - 20, 1967

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

ACCOUNT NO. 71 31356
DUE ON OR BEFORE 9/11/67

DESCRIPTION OF CHARGES AND CREDITS	STUDENT'S COPY	
	CHARGES	CREDITS
TUITION	900.00	
HEALTH FEE	105.00	
COLLEGE BODY TAX	30.00	
BOARD	300.00	
DORMITORY ROOM	212.50	
ADMISSIONS DEP		100.00 CR
WES SCHOLARSHIP		100.00 CR
	AMOUNT DUE	1347.50

COLLEGE FEES

College	1967-1968		Prospective for 1968-1969	
	Tuition	Board/Room Total	Tuition	Board/Room Total
Amherst	1,925	40-50 1,970*	600	375 2,945*
Brown	2,000	2,000	1,080	3,080
Harvard	2,000	25 2,025	620	550 3,195
Middlebury	1,900	101 2,001	550	450 3,001
Tufts	1,900	1,900	660	450 3,010
Trinity	1,850	150 2,000	545	450 2,995
Wesleyan	1,800	155 1,950	630	425 3,035*
Williams	1,800	100 1,900	650	400 2,950
Yale	1,950	1,950	650	400 2,900

*using mean of variable items



An Iconoclastic Cohort Called Hoy's Revenge

A Former Anthropology Major Looks Back at Wesleyan 50 Years Later

By Jake Weiss

Introduction

For four years, 1967-71, I lived among the people of the Southern Connecticut River Basin commonly referred to as the *Cardinals* or, in Linnean binomials, *Homo sapiens wesleyanus*. Recently, I was asked to reconstruct my field notes and extract highlights from that experience. Since my notes have long since disappeared, I am forced to rely on a far less reliable source, my memory. For that reason, I ask for your forbearance. This is my recollection of those tumultuous years. You, no doubt, will have your own.

As an ethnographer, I was embedded with the *Cardinals* during this turbulent period in our country's history.

The ideological currents of the day—marked by a profound opposition to the five “isms” of racism, militarism, capitalism, imperialism, and sexism—defined the world view and ethos of many on campus.

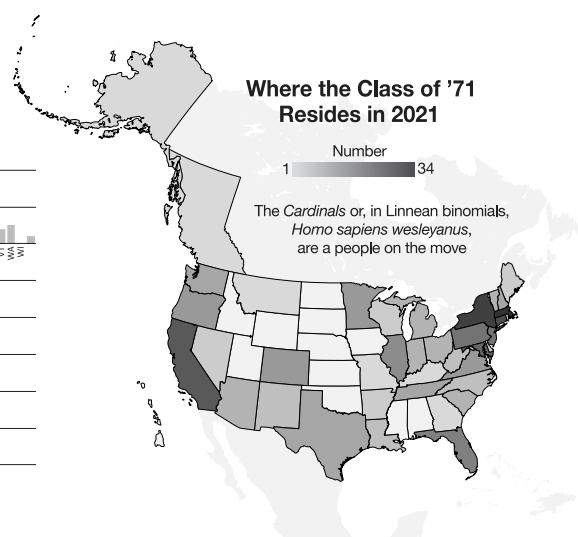
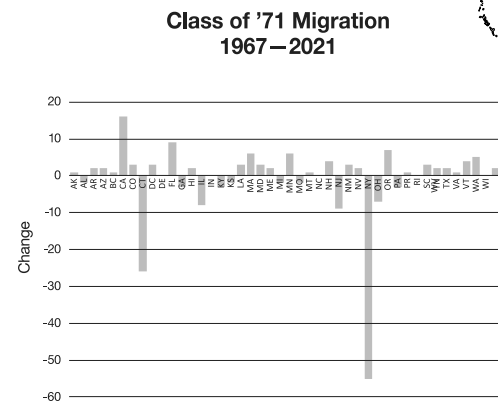
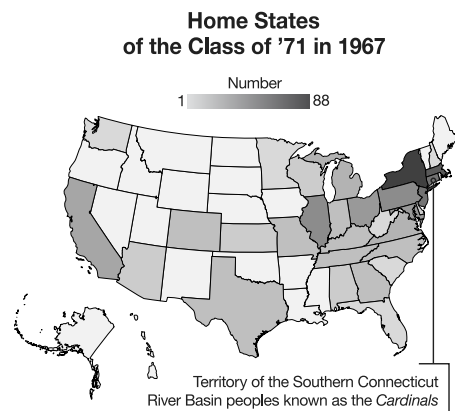
These ideas became, in effect, the University's unofficial curriculum, or its “Great Books.” But not everyone shared these views with the same level of enthusiasm. In fact, there were probably some who even disagreed.

How people reacted to these ideas—fully embracing, fully rejecting or somewhere in between—was the story of our years.

During this period, Wesleyan served as fertile ground for an important experiment in American higher education. Compared to its peer institutions in the mid-to-late 1960s, the University's efforts to expand the religious, economic and, in particular, racial diversity of its student body stood out. It was the remit of Jack Hoy, then dean of admissions, to make this goal a reality. According to unsubstantiated rumor, his efforts were a bit too successful from the perspective of the powers that be and, after learning of his imminent departure, the class of '70 (Hoy's Boys) gave rise to the class of '71 (Hoy's Revenge). Regardless of the accuracy of this story, we were viewed as a more diverse, creative and iconoclastic entering cohort than most.



Jack Hoy, Dean of Admissions



My goal as an ethnographer was to perceive *Cardinal* behavior through the eyes of my student informants and informed by the analytical concepts of the anthropologist. As a participant observer, the dominant methodology underlying ethnography, I was uniquely positioned to observe and interpret campus life. More specifically, I viewed behavior through a combination of cultural, social, structural, gender, and racial lenses. The types of questions explored included the values surrounding academic life, the social significance of homecoming, the broader function of the fraternity system, the values underlying male *Cardinalhood*, the threat a wartime culture posed to a largely peace-loving people, and the challenges involved in incorporating populations long denied admission. My findings, 50 years after the fact, are presented as follows:

- First Cultural Lens (1967-69): The Apollonian Versus the Dionysian
- Social Lens: The Silo'd World of *Homo sapiens wesleyanus*
- Structural Lens: The Segmentary Lineage Societies of Fraternity Row
- Gender Lens: Road Trips, Parietals and Other Quaint Ideas—The End of an Era
- Second Cultural Lens (1969-71): The Rise of the Counterculture, or “The Return of the Vanishing American”
- Sex, Drugs and Rock & Roll Lens: The Operationalization of Self-Medication
- Racial Lens: “Good Trouble, Necessary Trouble”—Congressman John Lewis’ Words of Advice

First Cultural Lens (1967-69): The Apollonian Versus the Dionysian

Let’s look more closely at how college—the archetypal rite of passage from late adolescence to early adulthood—was received by *Homo sapiens wesleyanus*. Culturally, life fluctuated between the two ends of a hypothetical continuum—for more on this topic, see Nietzsche’s *The Birth of Tragedy*. At one end stood the Apollonian characterized by “order, logic and reason.” This was epitomized by reading period and finals when the life of the mind—ostensibly the primary purpose of the community—was pursued with single-minded dedication. At the other end of the continuum stood the Dionysian where “chaos, madness and drunkenness” ruled. For more than a few, this was the better part of the year. Homecoming—when *Homo sapiens wesleyanus* battled either *Homo sapiens amherstians* or *Homo sapiens ephraims* for Little Three bragging rights—was the defining moment for the triumph of Bacchus.



But homecoming was more than a football game followed by a booze-cruise of a party (regardless of the game’s outcome). Symbolically, it served two distinct, but related, functions:

- One, as the archetypal ritual of maintenance and renewal, it allowed the elders from points north and south—Boston, Hartford, Greenwich, and New York—to return to campus and ensure that their traditions had been passed down successfully to their younger brothers.
- Two, homecoming also had the qualities of a morality play: if you played by the rules of the game and did everything right, you too might make it to the Connecticut Gold Coast with a Metro North ticket to Grand Central and a token to Wall Street (read investment banking) or a short walk to Madison Avenue (read advertising). (If this sounds too NY-centric for you, feel free to substitute a different commuter’s route.) The bigger question—Who was systematically excluded from this drama?—didn’t penetrate the conscience of the dominant culture for another two years.

Social Lens: The Silo'd World of *Homo sapiens wesleyanus*

Socially, we lived in a highly segmented or silo’d world. After freshman year, when roommates were assigned based on an algorithm that remains a mystery to this day, subcommunities formed along lines of socioeconomic status, race, religion, and special interest—most notably, sports (helmeted or niche) or the arts (fine or performing)—and the intersection of the four variables. Despite the admissions office’s best efforts to embrace diversity and maximize the heterogeneity of each entering class—most notably, the class of ’70 (*Hoy’s Boys*) followed by the even more richly varied class of ’71 (*Hoy’s Revenge*)—relatively little social interaction occurred across silos. Rare was the *Cardinal* who could comfortably cross subcommunity boundaries.

Structural Lens: The Segmentary Lineage Societies of Fraternity Row

Structurally, Wesleyan’s fraternity system resembled the segmentary lineage societies of Africa, Asia or the Middle East: fraternities would coalesce or fragment depending upon the magnitude of the external threat. The bigger the threat, the higher the level of integration and the tighter the bonds. Intense rivals during the week, fraternities would unite on weekends—particularly during the fall football season—to battle any and all rivals.

By the end of our senior year, the fraternity system—once the engine of social life on campus—had lost much, but not all, of its cachet.

*If you were in, you weren’t in;
if you were out, you weren’t out;
but if you were out and wanted in, then you were, indeed, out.*

Paradoxically, a somewhat streamlined version of the Middletown system remains to this day, while *Homo sapiens ephraims*, no less, adopted a no-fraternity policy in 1962.

It’s hard to know why there wasn’t more social interaction across silos. Clearly, the sociological principle of homophily—like (defined in many different ways) tends to attract like—had more than a little to do with it. Furthermore, we lived in a largely binary world where there was little tolerance for those who fell in the grey space between subcommunities. As Ken Kesey would say to a tardy Merry Prankster while driving cross-country in a psychedelically painted school bus: “You’re either on the bus or off the bus.” (For more on the topic, see Ihab Hassan’s lecture on Tom Wolfe’s *The Electric Cool-Aid Acid Test* from his popular course on contemporary American literature.)





Gender Lens: Road Trips, Parietals and Other Quaint Ideas— The End of an Era

Socially, with a male-to-female ratio of 1,500:0 our freshman year—and 1,600:40 our sophomore year when female transfer students were admitted—the odds of a male interacting with a female member of the subspecies were low. To remedy the situation, a road trip to a single-sex institution of comparable status—anything within a 150-mile radius of downtown Middletown was considered a short haul—was undertaken.

*On selected weekends in the fall,
the weary travelers' efforts were rewarded with a mixer
where male Cardinals, in full plumage, relied on a mix of wit,
charm and earnestness to make a favorable impression.*

If all went well, females were invited to make the reverse journey to Middletown the following weekend at which point the courtship ritual began anew. Here was where things got complicated. Female guests were, technically, not allowed to share lodge space with males after 12 midnight. At that point, they were required to find separate housing off-campus. Although an honor code violation and grounds for removal from the tribe, parietals were largely ignored even freshman year. By our sophomore year, the custom was formally abandoned.

On a recent field trip to Wesleyan, I asked a student if he knew the definition of the word, parietals. He said no, he didn't and, more importantly, he didn't think the SATs were a reliable predictor of sophomore, no less senior, year GPA.

One final note on romancing the *Cardinal*—although not widely known at the time, current research suggests that there were more than a few members of the subspecies, *Homo sapiens wesleyanus*, who had their need for grooming and bonding satisfied closer to home.

In a sophomore-year seminar on social movements—before the first four-year cohort of females was admitted—Phil Ennis, Professor of Sociology, described what we would call today the value system of a “macho” or hyper-masculine society: men were expected to be emotionally cool, distant and aloof; physically brave and strong; and exhibiting a certain swagger that females were purported to find irresistible. When asked—“What does this sound like?”—a student, after a long pause, answered, “Wesleyan.” Ennis said, “No, it wasn't Wesleyan; it was an inmate's description of life in an all-male, minimum security prison.”

This world was about to change forever when, in the fall of 1969, Wesleyan opened its doors to female *Cardinals* for the second time (the University had been co-ed from 1872 to 1912), and males were reminded that an institution that systematically excluded half the world's human population was not long for survival. This was a lesson that took many of its peer institutions another two, at minimum, years to learn. American higher education, no less Wesleyan, would never be the same.

Second Cultural Lens (1969-71): The Rise of the Counterculture, or “The Return of the Vanishing American”

By the fall of 1969, a sea change had occurred in the world view and ethos of *Homo sapiens wesleyanus*. Pre-professionalism, as traditionally defined, was out, while activism—a profound opposition to “The War” coupled with a deep and abiding commitment to racial justice—was in. Long gone were the jackets, ties and freshly scrubbed faces of *The Freshman Facebook*. (Just think how different our lives would have been if someone had the good sense to drop the definite article, get all those headshots on-line, and invite our brother and sister institutions to do the same.)

The leitmotif of the community, the “hippie”, found its roots in a highly stylized version of the Plains Indians. (These were actually displaced Eastern Woodland Indians, but now I digress.) The symbolic significance of the Native American rested in two sources: one, the release of biochemical energy (see, for example, the Peyote Religion of the American Southwest), and two, the archetypal journey of the hero. Just as participants in the Boston Tea Party had to dress up like Mohawk Indians to resist the oppressive policies of the British, so too the people of the River Basin had to take on a new skin to protest the bankrupt foreign policy of the U.S. government nearly 200 years later. (For more on this topic, see Leslie Fiedler, author of *The Return of the Vanishing American* and visiting scholar at the Center for Advanced Studies.)

*Many Cardinals wore their beliefs—
antiwar, antiracism, anticapitalism, antiimperialism,
pro free love, pro drugs, pro experimentation—
on their shirtsleeves.*

Self-presentation—the way people walked, talked, dressed, and groomed themselves—provided a type of sociopolitical shorthand. Just by looking at someone you knew, at a fairly high confidence level, on which side of the political aisle they sat. This changed in fairly short order as the symbols of the counterculture were “co-opted”—to use the language of the day—by mainstream society.

Sex, Drugs and Rock & Roll Lens: The Operationalization of Self-Medication

How did people get through the day and, more importantly, the night? Many relied on some combination of sex, drugs and rock & roll to numb the pain of feeling alienated and depressed. These were the ultimate forms of self-medication. Since experimenting with hallucinatory drugs was such an important part of many people's lives—Was there ever a better time than the Grateful Dead concert on Foss Hill? I hear some of you say—the Reunion Committee has asked Henry Saunders to write an essay on the topic. In addition, you may want to review Phil Ennis' article, “Ecstasy and Everyday Life” in the *Journal for the Scientific Study of Religion*.

Racial Lens: “Good Trouble, Necessary Trouble”— Congressman John Lewis' Words of Advice

My thumbnail sketch of the Southern Connecticut River Basin people has a decidedly monochromatic tinge to it—white and privileged. This was not everyone's story and, in particular, it wasn't the story of those African Americans, and other hyphenated Americans, who were the first-generation to attend college. For them, too much was at stake to not “keep their eyes on the prize.”

To understand the underlying issues more clearly, let's focus on one momentous day in February 1969. On the fourth anniversary of Malcolm X's assassination, a large proportion of the University's African American community took over Fisk Hall for a day-long teach-in. The message they sent that day was clear: This isn't your father's Wesleyan. Implicit in the events of the day was a critique of the University's efforts to integrate Black students into a predominantly white institution. Since the fundamental activity of an ethnographer is trying to view the world through the eyes of his informants, here is my attempt to capture that critique 50 years later. (For more on race at Wesleyan in the late sixties, see Jocelyn Maeyama and Jesse Nasta's “A Brief Representative History of African American Studies at Wesleyan,” and Richard Margolis' *New York Times* article, “The Two Nations at Wesleyan University.”)



There is one important caveat to insert here: an ethnographic exercise like this is an inherently risky undertaking. No one can actually view the world through someone else's eyes or, to mix metaphors, walk in someone else's shoes. Under the best of circumstances, it requires a leap of imagination to do this effectively when ethnographer and informant share much in common. It becomes that much harder to do when their life experiences differ dramatically. But it is this skill that defines the art and science of ethnography and, perhaps more importantly, what it means to be an empathetic human being. It is in that spirit that I wrote the following comments offered by two hypothetical *Cardinals*.

How would a Black student perhaps have experienced Wesleyan on that winter day?

If you thought your efforts at assimilating us would work, they haven't. Your actions have fallen somewhere between white indifference and white racism, and sometimes we don't know which is worse. No one should have their academic credentials, or sense of personal worth, questioned the way we have. Do you think it's easy surviving at a college like this when you graduate from a mediocre public high school, work after school, and have parents who struggle to put food on the table and pay the rent? It may take some of us a bit longer to catch up, but we will. Plus, if you haven't figured it out, most of us are already your academic peers, and this will become abundantly clear after graduation. And don't get us started on who does a better or worse job managing their respective personal lives given all the resources you have.

As well-intentioned as your liberal paternalism may be—and we get it, you opened your doors to Black students, and those from low-income urban areas in particular, well before the other academically top-tier schools did—it is choking us. We must have greater agency in defining our own existence. Here is a short list of our demands:

- Honor the memory of Malcolm X by cancelling classes and using the day to celebrate his life and teachings.
- Increase the number of Black faculty members, administrators and staff in addition to students.
- Create a center for Black studies that will promote our cultural survival and revival.
- End the ethnocentrism implicit in the current curriculum and create one that celebrates the history, literature, music and art of Africa and the African Diaspora.

If you don't feel the anger and pain behind our words, then something is wrong. And don't ask us to dial it back because we won't. As our brother John Maguire, Professor of Religion, said, "It's the University's morals, and not its manners, that are under assault."

How might a "typical" white student from that period have responded?

Just as you ask us to not stereotype you, we ask you to not stereotype us. We're not all racists. In fact, that characterization couldn't be further from the truth. The vast majority of people on this campus are deeply committed to creating a more just and egalitarian society. If your politics leans to the Left, you'll never eat alone on this campus.

But you're right, we don't all sing from the same hymnal. There are those on campus who seem to be tone deaf to much of what goes on here. It's not clear why this is the case; either they don't care, don't understand, or some combination of both. Regardless, we'd like to think their numbers are rapidly decreasing.

And we do hear the anger and pain in your voice—sometimes more controlled, sometimes less—and that can make it hard for us to have a conversation with you. Since it's difficult to openly disagree with you, we feel forced to agree and that feels condescending to us and, no doubt, to you.

Furthermore, people do make mistakes—even with the best of intentions—when interacting with one another. But, as a Wes professor once said, "Because someone isn't sensitive to all the nuances of the Black experience, it doesn't make him a racist."

Finally, I'd like to put the events of that day, from both speakers' perspectives, in a broader context by quoting the late Congressman John Lewis:

***Do not get lost in a sea of despair.
Be hopeful, be optimistic.
Our struggle is not the struggle of a day, a week, a month, or a year.
It is the struggle of a lifetime.
Never, ever be afraid to make some noise and
get in good trouble, necessary trouble.***

Conclusion

At our 40th Reunion, we met as a class to discuss the existential or "so what" questions of our lives: What do the sixties mean to us now? How did our college years shape our respective career choices? Was the intense concern for all things political a passing phase, or something that had a lasting effect on our lives?

For many, the answer seemed to be that Wesleyan had a profound effect on their lives. If anything, their commitment to creating a just and fair society—exemplified by their support of the Black, women, LGBTQ, Latinx, Native American, or environment movements and their intersectionality—has deepened over the years.

At the discussion, with my ethnographer's hat removed, I said that I thought our first two years were the last two years of the worst of the old, and our last two years were the first two years of the worst of the new. As I recall, my comment was not well received. It was not clear to me if people took greater offence at the first or second part of that sentence, but my sense is it was the second. I beat a hasty retreat—Who wants to offend people you see only once every five years?—and I would now like to reframe my comment.



...one, traditional and inward looking and the other experiential and outward looking—that combined to produce something stronger than either alone could.

We were in college during a period of profound social, cultural and political change at home and abroad. Rather than thinking of our years as being the best or worst of anything, I'd now like to think of them as a time when a dialectic emerged between two competing educational philosophies—one, traditional and inward looking and the other experiential and outward looking—that combined to produce something stronger than either alone could. Regardless of where you stood on the Left-Right, Dionysian-Apollonian, Traditional-Experiential continua, we were a collection of diverse, creative and iconoclastic individuals who were at Wesleyan during a norm-busting period and will always be remembered as *Hoy's Revenge*. ❖

If you thought your efforts at assimilating us would work, they haven't.

Just as you ask us to not stereotype you, we ask you to not stereotype us.

New Parietal System Announced
"Living Units" To Establish Rules

by John S. Wilson, Jr.
A new system of parietal hours emphasizing student self-government was announced Thursday by the CBC, President Etherington and the SAC.
75% Vote Required
The new system permits individual living units, by a 75% vote of those living in the unit, to establish their own hours after consultation with the Dean's Office and the CBC.

Team To Seek Views
On Parietals' Abolition

Conscious
In supporting their team, Etherington's point. Self-debating groups, he believed easier to achieve "less" and "shared chinery," particularly as issues as parietal hours, is a decision which Etherington is not taking until after the vote.

Ralph Nader Suggests Concern
For Consumer Is Needed Now

by Douglas Thompson
Ralph Nader expressed his concern about more fundamental aspects of American society, and suggested the inclusion of a needed consumer concern in consumer education.

Phi Beta Kappa
The Connecticut Gamma chapter of Phi Beta Kappa elected the following student from Wesleyan:

- From the class of 1970: Harry Kaplan, Richard Lopatin. From the class of 1971: Thomas Schwetzer, Clifford Dudley, Bernard Fischer, Richard Hillman, Mark Lerner, Thomas Donovan, Robert Miller, Richard Schenk, Richard Meloy, David Ribben, Michael Zuckerman, Steven Polansky, Jay Fliegelman, Scott Gilbert.

Etherington's Speech Cites Phenomenon Of Multiversity

by John S. Wilson
Edwin Douglas Etherington was inaugurated as the twelfth president of Wesleyan University Saturday in a short, impressive and smoothly run ceremony in the Cage.
The new president's inaugural address explained Wesleyan's flexibility in determining new policies and the place of a private university at a time when public educational systems have grown enormously.



Etherington: "An 'Anything Goes' Attitude Cannot Exist At School"

by Franklin A. Nachman
President Etherington linked the problems facing American society and its universities and called for a united effort by both generations to responsibly reconstruct the institutions of the country in his Matriculation service address Tuesday night.
The United States, the president observed, has experienced an unprecedented era of economic prosperity, of which Americans have been quite proud.

Policy Committee Calls For End Of Present Frosh Requirements

The following is a proposal made by the Faculty Educational Policy Committee to the entire Faculty concerning changes in the undergraduate curriculum on Tuesday, February 8. This text does not include amendments made since the floor.—Editor

Sixty-Five Percent Of Freshmen Enrolled In Humanities Courses

by Jim McPau
When course requirements for freshmen were abolished last year, there was some conversation concerning the fate of the Humanities program. Since Humanities III&IV was no longer required, several of the professors in the program felt that the number of Freshmen signing up for the course would drop off sharply.

Madalyn Murray Seeks "Equal Time For Atheism"

by Mark Estess and Cliff Saxon, Jr. Photos by D. T. Miller
Madalyn Murray is an American atheist. Anyone interviewing her experiences the sensation of being bargained with facts and figures from someone who has made a profession of knowing details.
She loves to talk. And in interview early becomes a monologist.



Reaction To 'Wesleyan Vermicide'

by Willard Walker
Surely a great university, built upon hypocrisy and indifference, cannot long survive; one can expect, I think, to prefer any real enlightenment or understanding, either to its students, or to the world at large. So now, as these first frosty days of the Etherington Administration pass into academic history, and while, or even before, the Wesleyan community draws yet closer to the fateful days of decision for (or against) coeducation, graduate programs, honors, students freedom for Freshmen, and the rest, so now, while there may yet be time, I would alert all who are capable of discerning justice when ever it exists (even on our own campus) to certain undeniable facts: (1) There are those among us who have long endured grievous and repeated injury in silence.

Only 203 Freshmen Pledge; Percentage Declines Again

A total of 203 members of the Class of 1971 pledged Wesleyan's twelve fraternities Thursday night, an Alpha Delta Phi pledge party has revealed. This represents only 20.4% of the freshman class, the smallest percentage in recent history.

Table with 4 columns: Year, Applied, Accepted, Enrolled. Rows include Applied, Accepted, Enrolled, Top 100, Freshmen SAT, Freshman SAT, Freshman SAT, Freshman SAT, Freshman SAT.

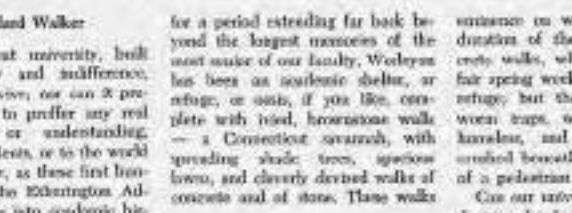
Table with 4 columns: Religion, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, Other, No Preference. Rows include Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, Other, No Preference.

Wesleyan Endowment Rated First In Nation

In a recent Fortune Magazine article on the financial status of private colleges, Wesleyan was rated highest in per capita endowment on a list of the nation's wealthiest institutions of higher learning.
Wesleyan is listed with a \$100,000 endowment per student and a total endowment of \$102,300,000. Cal Tech was second with 499,100—\$245,000.

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Idzerda Criticizes 'Anarchists'; Craig Supports 5-Man CBC

by Jim Drummond
"What Wesleyan students really want is a student government that will bring about anarchy. And what does anarchy lead to? Dictatorship of course."
Thus spoke Dean Stanley J. Idzerda in a recent interview. Many students fail to look at Wesleyan as a community in their zeal to expand individual freedom to the fullest, he said. They do not understand that they have a responsibility to obey the laws of the greater community in such matters as drugs and political issues, and that individual freedom can expand only to the point where it does not destroy the freedom of others, Idzerda emphasized.

Double Student Standards

Idzerda deplored the ability of students to see the double standard in their demands. "They expect to be allowed to do what they please without the Administration's interference," the Administration, they say, has no business issuing their social laws. Yet when they get into trouble with the greater community...



We Want Classes!

To the Editor:
By voting to suspend classes on Wednesday, October 15, our faculty has expressed a disregard for the educational function of this university. The faculty on Wednesday will in fact deprive the students of Wesleyan a portion of the education that this university has promised to provide.



Mark Willard '71
Jon Meyer '71
Harley Gross '71
They often fall to things which they do in their own minds.
(Continued on Page 4)

that her example, however unattainable in perfection, are not to be followed with lightly.
Madalyn Murray is an atheist and an anarchist—and strains of both thoughts permeate her thought.

problem so that you can solve it later." She scoffs at the possibility of religious value, however, saying "It would be better if everyone turned to alcohol."

except in the form of a classified set.
Mrs. Murray is particularly outspoken about church abuses into the federal anti-poverty program—trustees, school, etc., etc., etc., etc.

had done nothing" Church members who participate in social action groups do so on a purely individual basis, she says.
She feels that politics in the United States is totally dominated by Catholicism.
She is elected in an election if the Catholics.

Willard Walker, Asst. Prof. of Anthropology.

side trees are crucial here it, to the land. The first most serious city testify to the value of these trees, walk to appear in his own right.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT
Idzerda Criticizes 'Anarchists'; Craig Supports 5-Man CBC
by Jim Drummond

they feel they have a right to Administration protection from the law. They want full responsibility for their actions only so long as they are not called to account for those actions.

Idzerda regards this double standard as a disease in the student body.



Dean Stanley J. Idzerda
that can be cured, and emphasized that students are not villains, but are merely misguided, when they align themselves with this double standard.

He cited this as the major problem.



Reflections of a Black Student, Class of '71

By Bill Boulware

At Wesleyan, during the late sixties, early seventies, students of color were recruited and admitted to the University in an effort to address inequities that were prevalent in American society. Access to Wesleyan was hopefully to help us gain opportunities in the future that, because of racism, were not readily available at the time in mainstream America. In return, we were to integrate Wesleyan culture by intermingling with a white student body affording them an opportunity to experience people of color in a more realistic way than they would otherwise, possibly, ever have.

At the time I entered Wesleyan, in 1967, Black people were in the process of trying to shape their own cultural identity, while pursuing equity via the Civil Rights Movement.

In 1967, my freshman year, the nature of the Civil Rights Movement had started to change, from a peaceful, moderate activism to one that was radical and vocal, reflecting the growing anger of the younger Black generation. This accelerated with the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., during the second semester of my freshman year.

Against this backdrop, I, and other minority students, became a part of the class of '71. At the time, we represented the largest inclusion of minority students in any freshman class, which I believe was thirty-two of us—doubling the amount of the previous year when efforts began by the administration to make Wesleyan more reflective of the diversity that existed in the country. With the addition of my class, we were at least visible on campus.

To think this modest number would stand out, can now seem comical, but it represented a major effort by Wesleyan, one that was ahead of many such similar institutions, even those with larger student bodies.

It was a unique time, had it been another time or era, I doubt if my experience would have been the same. The times affected all of us, regardless of race and though isolated from the “real world,” Wesleyan was still a microcosm of those times.

What I imagine was not given much thought, was how we, minority students, would fare once in that social environment. That we should, for the most part, segregate ourselves, was probably a big surprise. However, we did not see ourselves there to educate the white students or to intermingle at every opportunity. Rather, we were there to take care of ourselves.



The issue was—how in the hell were we going to adapt to the Wesleyan environment?

Despite the many varied personalities within our relatively small group, we recognized ourselves as a distinct community within the student body. We were bonded by our own similar backgrounds and our differences from the majority of students.

As a group, we shared a belief in trying to rectify the inequities created by years of systematic racism—a reflection of what was relevant to the communities we came from. It became a lesson in building our own community within the Wesleyan experience.

This led to activism, the take-over of buildings, the development and demand for studies we defined as important to us. From that came the Black House, then the larger Malcolm X House; Ujamaa—our social and political lifeline—and eventually the Institute of African American Studies, which morphed further in the following years. I give credit to the Wesleyan administration for being cooperative in our efforts even though at times they did not agree with our methods.



I speak not, of course, for every student who was a person of color, but rather this is my interpretation of my time at Wesleyan. It was a vibrant, bloody, time of turbulence throughout the country and maybe that's why for me the Wesleyan experience was a coming of age that molded my attitude and efforts upon graduating. It helped me to define myself in the world and the community of my race. I have friends from those days that I still communicate with and who feel like family.

My take-away after all these years is that my experience at Wesleyan taught me much more about who I am than what I learned academically. I will be the first to admit, I could have put more time into my studies, as my grades, unfortunately, reflect. Yet, I treasure that time of my life at Wesleyan. The years there, from 1967 to 1971, were the most wonderful, painful, confusing time of my life and I would not trade any of it for anything.

The day of my interview in the admissions office, I remember walking back to the bus station amidst a coming twilight made dreary by a rainy grey day and thinking, "I'll never come here." I'm so happy I was wrong. ❖



Blacks Burn Olla Pod; Damn Racist Wesleyan

On The Steps of North College

By Brad Hanson and Jim Drummond

At 2:00 last night, twelve Blacks walked four copies of the 1988 Olla Pod into the Olla Pod building and ignited them. The most was done, but the incident was hard, like fire. The place was the entrance to North College.

Originally, the plan had been to

burn the Olla Pod building. However, the Blacks were there for one reason: to condemn the "documentary exhibition of the Black community at Wesleyan." The Communications Committee of the Afro-American Society does this yearly at night.

One Black student, when asked why he had not brought his own copy of the Olla Pod, replied: "I never got one of those things. I wouldn't buy one." The irony is that he had already bought one through the college book store, but he did not know this.

Administration Comments On Blacks At Wesleyan

by Jim Drummond

What is the Afro-American society at Wesleyan? What does it do? The Administration of Wesleyan University is not at all sure. However, it has its opinion, or rather opinions.

The society, it believes, is a healthy phenomenon.

President Edgewood said that he knew very little about the Afro-American Society until the name of its head, Eugene Lang III. Yet he felt that the society would turn out to be a "vehicle toward greater understanding."

Edgewood agreed with a proposition put forward by Dean McCreedy that the case of the Negro at Wesleyan and everywhere else is essentially no different from the situation of other ethnic groups in

the United States. Stewart said that this was probably due to a desire to keep clear of anything which would appear to be the cause of racial hatred or something which would not go to the benefit of the Negro.

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Malcolm X Honored By Blacks In Friday Fisk Hall Occupation

by Franklin A. Nathan

An action has not been taken by the administration, following the success of Fisk Hall Friday by approximately 100 Blacks, protesting the decision of the faculty not to cancel classes in honor of the death of Malcolm X.

The protesters entered Fisk at approximately 4:30 a.m. by breaking a pane of glass in the front entrance, and then they promptly

occupied the building. The action was not taken by the administration, following the success of Fisk Hall Friday by approximately 100 Blacks, protesting the decision of the faculty not to cancel classes in honor of the death of Malcolm X.



1500 Mourn Dr. King In Silent March; Community Stunned At News Of Slaying

Wesleyans reacted to the slaying of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. with shock, sorrow, anger, appreciation, and Friday afternoon, with prayer. Some 1,000 persons gathered at the Wesleyan Memorial Chapel Friday to hear Gene Lang "pay tribute" to a black saint and Dr. John Manning ask "How long America?"

Before the action team to go "beyond racism" and believe in the slaying of Dr. King. "It is one word, 'believe,'" he said. "Martin... believed that there will come a day when we will not be certain now."

Friday afternoon, some 1,500 persons, about a third from the Wesleyan community, marched silently from the South Congregational Church at the north end of Main Street to the south end of Main Street where the crowd heard prayers followed by Miss Edwina Anderson, pastor of St. John's Church.

The crowd marched back almost slowly up the street. Further order



Black Students Explain Actions Before Alumni At '92 Meeting

Stating that a Black man cannot get justice in a white court Kwesi Kyeiwaa led 150 Black students in taking over an alumni discussion meeting last Friday.

George Waller and Kwesi Kyeiwaa told the other 200 people present their analysis of the racial crisis at Wesleyan. The alumni discussion meeting at the '92 Dinner

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"Rowdy, Indecent"

To the Wesleyan Community: And you call us rowdy? We would like to inform the majority of the supposedly sophisticated Wesleyan Community that the whites, rowdy, and indecent display of obscenity, including the showing of red "asses," by some Whites at the Wilson Pickett Concert was not only disrespectful but insulting to the profession on stage. If Whites were, in reality, as sophisticated and dignified as they have feigned to be, they would not have been so impressed on the Black man's mind.



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Dick Gregory Describes Moral Pollution Of United States, No. 1 Racist Country

by Edward Hayes



Dick Gregory (Photo by Mike Maloney)

Black Organization Result Of Strengthened Identity

In a recent conversation held by the Communications Committee of the Afro-American Society, the Wesleyan academic community, long known as a citadel of enlightened White liberalism, was informed that it has a "latent racist philosophical, structural, and institutional bias." This news convinced many White students to realize for the first time that the Afro-American House was not just "another fraternity," but there was a far deeper motivation for the formation of such a House than merely been drinking and get-togethers. The large transfer of letters beginning the Afro office arose to the rescue of the organization; it has proven that the Black student community can no longer be easily ignored.

Not too long ago the Black student could be ignored at Wesleyan since so few of them were admitted. For many it came as a surprise to see that the decision to admit Blacks as a mere realistic act was made so recently. Even more extraordinary in the context of later oppression which had to be overcome in order to achieve even this minimal recognition of the existence of Black America.

The industry of this taken over was soon belied by the faculty racist policy of assimilation. Every effort was made to "integrate" the school by ensuring that not too many Black students were assigned to one dormitory, and that no two Black students shared teachers. Letters were sent to

Wes-Tuskegee Exchange Fails

by Jim Drummond

The second Wesleyan-Tuskegee exchange program, scheduled for Spring vacation (for Wes to visit Tuskegee) and April 13-19 (for Tuskegee to return the visit), has

Memorial Rally Attacks Racism; Six Speakers Eulogize Dr. King

A crowd of approximately 100 persons gathered on the steps of North College on Friday to honor a man who is widely regarded by the Student Action Movement, and devoted to the memory of the late Dr. Martin Luther King.

A total of six persons spoke at the rally, beginning with Wesleyan senior Elisha C. Sinden, who discussed the state of American society and the situation at Wesleyan. Senior Steve Dr. King's assassination. Speakers concluded with the statement: "I know that in 1970 I won't be free. I only hope that Wesleyan will be free."

One Student Views The Situation

What is it like to be a Negro at Wesleyan? Most of us will never find a complete answer to this question. You must sit and wait. Most of the time Negro undergraduates here are interested in educating the community about the lines of this question. One such student recently spoke to me about his view of Wesleyan life and the Negro—Frank Phillips, class of '81.

Question: Of course social life is generally not determined by one's race, but there are differences worth mentioning. As you might suspect, Negroes as a group are never without in line to such performers as the Mustang group, the Beatles, and James Brown than to the Whites and the Blacks. This is not because the lines groups are white, but because their music is. When we dance, we don't look at whatever it is that you do, we look out in the Bangalos, the Mustangs, the Stars, and the African Town. We are looking that one party realize it may mean farewell to the other; that's why the lines are so important. In saying that these are very definitely

Williams Administration Building Seized By 35 Black Students

The seizure of the Williams College administration building by approximately 35 Black students in the building.

The seizure of the Williams College administration building by approximately 35 Black students in the building.

Realizing Basic Rights Is Black Power—McKissick

by Frank B. Phillips

"To speak honestly and King's oppressed King as a white man, that the United States is the greatest enemy in the world." King was ready to die, but that he didn't die was a sign of his courage by which he died. He died for the world.

House For Black Students Gets Okay For Residency Next Year

A house for the Wesleyan Black Student's Association has been approved by the administration and has been provisionally located at 180 High Street.

The house will serve five basic purposes, as spelled out in the Black student's petition for the house, presented to the administration twenty a month ago. They are:

BEING BLACK AT WESLEYAN

Two distinct bags and the Negro at Wesleyan is generally more restricted in one than to the other. Consequently, in a big party weekend we go through the house-sipping thing and have a good time just as everyone else does. But since fraternities usually cater almost exclusively to white males, one often ends up at a "real" party somewhere on campus.

Question: Is the dating pattern somewhat different for Negroes than for whites?

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Edger Beckham, Lecturer in Genesis

"Negro" is the name given to the political activists today. He is not a strong Black "advocate." The "Colored" is trying to cause the Black man to not be the source of this nation. Beckham said that this nation is not new, but that it is the same as the one that existed in the White man's West. He said that the Black man is a healthy sign.



Coeducation and the Bumpy Road to Acceptance

By Pamela Kyrka

I got out of the car at #5 Foss Hill and was immediately surrounded by men asking to help with my stuff. My mother just looked at me. I grinned back. I know that some women in the class before us felt singled out, but I did not. I just wanted to get to know as many people as I could since this was now my new campus, and I was already a junior.

Several of us attended rush, not that I planned to join an eating club, but because when I walked across campus, I wanted to recognize faces, to feel I belonged. I had always had male friends and I missed that opportunity at an all girl's school.

*Here I developed men friends, not just for dates.
I enjoyed the stimulating atmosphere
with ideas and philosophies and just plain craziness.
Wes just felt so alive.*



**Did I feel singled out in class? No.
Did I feel accepted? Yes.**

It wasn't, however, a totally smooth ride, as I'm sure the rest of the women will attest. Some people were not happy that women were at Wes. I taught a swim class to local children, and the trainers would not give me towels. The other teacher, male, had to sneak them to me. I wasn't aware of a woman's locker room, so I had to undress in a room with the rest of the little girls. I had to laugh.

There were no women's teams, nothing like the vibrant female sports teams today. But Wes went coed earlier than some of the all male colleges so I didn't mind.

Another negative was that our buddies during the week brought in their girlfriends for the weekend. Apparently, the men thought all the women were already busy and so weekends could be a challenge.

Other women coped in other ways. Mary McWilliams said that she decided to go to concerts and functions at Wes whether she had a date or not. Also, she said that while the men were playing basketball at 4 p.m., she decided to swim every day, something she still does today.



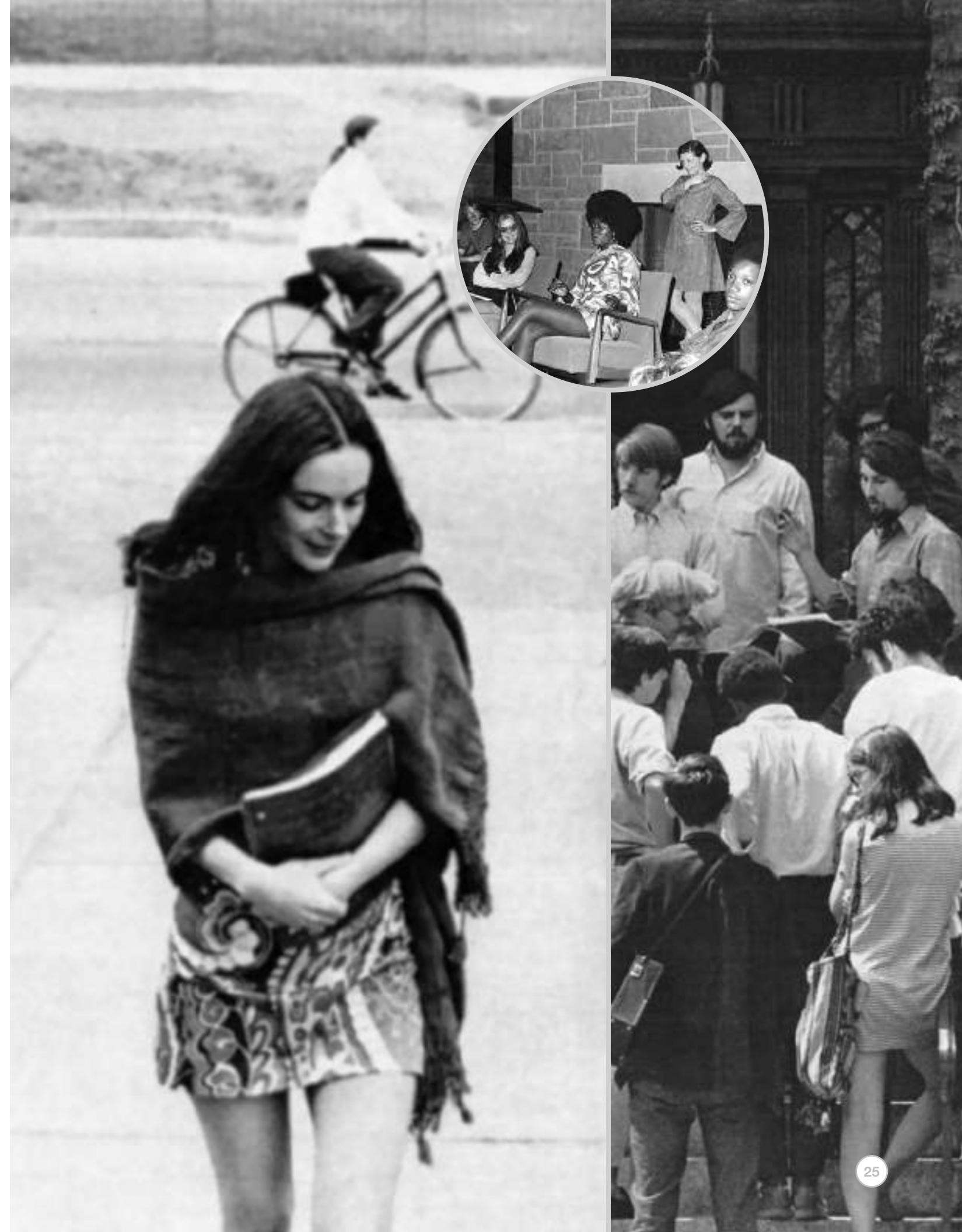
But there were other challenges as well for some women, ones not so minor. Katy Butler said that being a small minority was "a lot tougher than I realized at the time."

*One problem was
"the unaddressed and unrecognized sexism of the teachers.
And perhaps all of us."
Kate added "...I had some professors who were clearly
very uncomfortable with a female student.
I felt silenced."*

She went on to say, "The main exceptions were the classes I had with female teachers such as Phyllis Rose, a tutorial on Virginia Wolfe, and a couple of classes about race and gender that married psychology and theater, with Sara Winter, who later became a close friend..." She added that "I wish I had positive and wonderful things to say, but I just don't."

The problems mentioned here were serious and remain so today. I hope that Wesleyan continues to address and to combat the issue of sexism in academia and the larger community. My daughter, a 2004 graduate from Wes, enjoyed her time here, both academically and athletically. Was I unobservant? Naïve? Or just lucky to have good friends and unbiased professors.

In any case, I loved the atmosphere of those crazy years—1969-1971. There was always something going on, so many points of view. Dynamic. Anarchistic. Lively. Certainly not stuffy. I loved it. ❖



EXTRA

The Wesleyan Argus

100th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1968

Women To Return To Wes; Board Vote Decides

Student Center, MAT, Grad Study, CAS All Affected By Decision On Policy Study



President Edwin D. Eberington, chairs policy study this month ago was celebrated by the Trustees vote on Saturday speak to the community at McCoway

32 Liberated Women Discuss Concerns At Meeting Sunday

Thirty-two women attended the first meeting of the Wesleyan Women's Liberation group Sunday in the COL Lounge. Most were there, they said, because they were "curious." Several faculty and student wives, as well as female Wesleyan students were present.

Yes Women came to "observe" the meeting, but were ejected by the women when it was realized that their presence was not serving a useful purpose. As they left, they locked the doors of the lounge.

Freshmen Favor Lax Parietals, Women Students At Wesleyan

A large majority of the freshman class favors the addition of women undergraduates to the Wesleyan community in a co-ed or coordinate college atmosphere, according to a recently-conducted poll of 202 members of the class of 1971.

Of those responding to the questionnaire, 101 favor the establishment of a coordinate college, while 71 would prefer making Wesleyan co-ed, and 30 would like to see the University remain all-male.

Three Sarah Lawrence Coeds Commute To Wesleyan Campus

Three girls from Sarah Lawrence College are currently commuting to Wesleyan to take courses unavailable at S.L.C. The girls include seniors Barbara Bosary and Carol Weiss, and a third girl identified by the two as "Ellen."

When on campus, the girls share rooms in the women's M.A.T. dorms, Thursdays and Mondays. She estimates that it will cost her \$100 in transportation costs this semester.

Carol, who also returns to Sarah Lawrence for weekends, is quick to point out that her primary interest at Wesleyan is its course offerings, although she also very much enjoys meeting its students.

At times she finds that it is "exhilarating to see so many guys" but often, the victim of surprised stares, (Continued on page 7)

However, would be taught as a seminar each year similar to that used in the present university courses," since the seniors consider economics particularly difficult to master through independent study.

The sophomores would also take three colloquia, with only the first trimester colloquium required; on Marx and Marxism. The other two would be elected on the basis of faculty and student interests and would be structured like the present senior seminars, which are elective and which the writers find excellent.

The present generalization requirement would be retained for the sophomore year, except that it would be under close faculty supervision

300 Girls Expected To Apply For Seventeen Transfer Spots

Over three hundred girls are expected to apply for 17 places at Wesleyan in the Ten College Exchange Program, which will begin next fall.

With the deadline for applications having passed last Saturday, the Wesleyan admissions office had received 177 applications from Smith College, and 55 from Mount Holyoke. Applications from Wheaton and Vassar have not been sent yet by those respective schools, but Dean Daniel Lang, who is in charge of the

one hundred more. Connecticut College has contributed eight candidates, but assessed the prospective applicants before making recommendations.

Only fourteen Wesleyan students applied to take part in the program, and Dean Lang indicated that this was close to the limit set by the other men's colleges participating in the program. He also added that Wesleyan had received one application a piece from Amherst, Williams, Dartmouth, and Bowdoin.

Interview

Tobias Reflects On Women And Wes

by Katy Butler

"I think that some women students feel ignored by me," said Sheila Tobias, looking out of the window of her North College Office. Although she feels that she pro-

vides another role model for women students, she does not see herself as a counselor, nor as the organizer of women's liberation here.

"I refuse to be the one doing things," she said. But, she wondered, thinking about the low level of collective action on campus, "Did I impede it? Did they not do it because they thought I would do it?"

She mentioned, however, that she had received "negative feedback" all



Sheila Tobias, Associate Provost

the year, she has been associated with the women. Three courses about women have the faculty, and are still being

Social Role of women has produced, that intellectual humor. Several the course has while one male because he felt

women from the course, and awareness of the

in this year, she lack of interest about the problem. Seminars woman's attitudes ut, were very by faculty. "No to me about she said, with

Miss Tobias, like many other feminists, became most aware of the problems of sexism during work with the anti-war movement. "Women are used to being told what to do by a man older than them, or a man their own age," she said. "But when a man 10 years younger than you, and less qualified than you, starts telling you what to do, you know something's wrong. During the McCarthy campaign, after being ordered around by graduate students, she decided, "The next movement that I was involved in, would be one in which I could be a leader."

Miss Tobias, who is married but has kept her own name, shares all household duties evenly with her husband. There is no conflict about this because, she says, their time is equally valuable. She says, with pride, "I have never been supported by a man."

Students' Grades

These guidelines are relatively asymptotic, so much so that the sitting process of academic records could



Ellen Lubensky (left) and Barbara Bosary, S making pilot study of coeducation at Wesleyan, talk

basic research in the social sciences.

—Establish a new University Center for the Humanities devoted to exploring the relevance of the humanities for contemporary mankind and searching for new methods of humanistic inquiry.

The last two changes appear to spell the end of the Center for Advanced Studies as possibly coexisting

New Course On "Social Role Of Women" Offered In Spring

by Beckie Bryant
Wesleyan Argus Staff Writer

In the spring semester, a new course, entitled "Social Role of Women in America" will be offered by the American Studies Department. The course will be taught by Sheila Tobias, associate provost, and is open to all Wesleyan students.

Sheila Tobias has taught a similar course at Cornell University. However, in her own words, "The course taught at Cornell was all about women. The course planned for next semester deals more with the male society in which women live."

Among the topics to be covered during the semester are "Psychology Reconstructs the Female," which will be mainly a critique of Freud, whose theories about women are still generally held. Also to be explored is the subject of "Sex and

Backs."

To partially explain the relationship between these two topics, Sheila Tobias expressed the opinion that "in order to explain segregation and slavery in the South you must get into the role of Southern white women."

The course reading list is quite extensive and diversified. It includes works by such well-known authors as Margaret Mead and Elsdon Cleaver. There are also several new books incorporated into the list, such as *Semal Politics* by Kate Millet and *Sisterhood is Powerful* edited by Robin Morgan.

The lecturers for the class represent a wide variety of backgrounds and academic disciplines. A significant number of them are Wesleyan staff members or members of the Wesleyan community. Others are professors at other universities. Also invited to speak are such notable persons as Chloee Whisnant, who spoke at Wesleyan earlier this semester and Kate Millet. Stated Sheila Tobias, "The reading is the heart of the course. But the lectures should

Radical Studies Live



Music at Wesleyan: 1967, Before and After

By Jonathan Kramer

In 1967, I graduated from high school, already a committed musician in the Western classical tradition. I decided late to attend a liberal arts college rather than a conservatory, but having few options since I had missed all the application deadlines, I asked my guidance counselor where could I go? He helpfully responded, “Go to Wesleyan...it’s right down the road.” Following acceptance, I auditioned for the studio of the great cellist Aldo Parisot at Yale so I could keep that thing going. I knew nothing about Wesleyan except that it was indeed right down the road. I had never heard of “Ethnomusicology.” Upon arrival, I looked through the course catalogue and realized immediately that...well...I was no longer “in Kansas.”

*I saw that I could take lessons on Arabic oud,
South Indian mridangam, Japanese shakuhachi,
Native American Dance and Vocal Techniques;
and I thought naively that
all college music departments had such offerings.*



Alvin Lucier performing his composition for *Gamelan*, microphones, amplifiers, and loudspeakers. Photo courtesy of Special Collections & Archives, Wesleyan University.

I had no idea that I was to attend one of the most unusual, ground-breaking, life-changing and avant garde music programs in the world. I remember taking the “Intro to World Music” course taught by David McAllester and Bob Brown. They stood together on the stage of a large classroom and seemed to be having more fun than any teachers I had ever seen. They seemed to be telling us boys, telling me, that there is nothing more worthwhile in academia than to study music...music of the whole world. And what I could get at Wesleyan was something far more than what Juilliard could have offered me. It was sheer luck that I found my way to Wesleyan, down the road.



How had it happened that Wesleyan became at that particular time, the late 60s, the center for World Music on the East Coast?

In the 1956-57 academic year, Anthropologist David McAllester, one of the founders of the Society for Ethnomusicology, had defined music “as a universal phenomenon beyond the confines of Western European tradition.” President Victor Butterworth, looking at an endowment surplus, saw the encouragement of the unique and avant garde in the arts as a way to distinguish Wesleyan from amongst its peers. Inspired by McAllester’s vision to globalize the study of music, Butterworth hired a recent graduate of UCLA, Robert Brown, to join McAllester in creating a program in Middletown for the study of the “universal phenomenon.”

Ethnomusicology--New Sound in Area May Go To Ph.D.

By Arthur E. Jensen

Arthur E. Jensen, who is stationed in India, demonstrates the nature of the instrument which accompanies Indian musical performances.

David F. McAllester talks first in the Classics Study Group, which meets Thursday afternoon in the Stone House, 222 Wilson Street.

Robert Brown had come out of an Ethnomusicology program led by one of the pioneers of the relatively new field, Mantel Hood, inventor of the term “bi-musicality.” Hood’s vision for a globalized music education was for students already competent in performance of music from their own culture, to study with master musicians from another culture. The result would be a person with musical competence in two cultures: “bi-musicality.” The upshot of this vision was importing “a community of master musicians” to Middletown. My friends, whether majoring in History, Biology, or Political Science, were all caught up in the spell woven by the music of that place...World Music!



Ahhh...Music at Wesleyan in those days: there were avant gardists Alvin Lucier and Charles Lloyd; Peter Winslow and John Barlow on the academic side; and such visitors as Janice and Big Brother, The Dead on Foss Hill, (of course), Sun Ra and his Astro-Infiniti Archestra, Spider John Koerner and Willie Murphy, Taj Mahal, and the list goes on.



The cello for a time fell away in the swirl of Curry Concerts, *Gamelan*-accompanied puppet shows (*Wayang Kulit*), Inuit lullabies, and Navaho ceremonials. I chose to study the South Indian *vina*. Little did I know that the tall magisterial teacher who laughed when my legs fell asleep during lessons, and who taught me how to chew betel nut, was practically a god in South India. So it happened that fifty years later, I was visited by a mother and daughter from Chennai, both virtuoso *vina* artists, who wanted to interview me for a documentary retrospective of the life of Sri Kalyanakrishna Bhagavathar. I was the only American student of his that the producers could locate. They brought a *vina* with them to see what I could remember. It wasn’t much but it was enough to make me realize that Wesleyan had marked me for life, set me on my path, opened up for me the World of Music. ❖

Amazing Grace At Sunrise

by Douglas Thompson

A small multitude gathered themselves in a celebration of the Resurrection last Sunday dawn at the Taylor estate. For many, the morning became a celebration of living, of surging joy and renewed fellowship, a celebration garbed in flowers, dancing, singing, bread and wine, and above all, a spirit both glorious and ineffable.

Some arrived Saturday evening in anticipation of the service; others drifted in through the night, alone or in small groups, bearing blankets and wine. Some rode bicycles; some travelled in cars, and some walked.

They huddled before large fires in the kitchen and hall, talking, singing, some dozing. Others stole off to bedrooms to sleep. It was a quiet and cold night patched by fire, wine and the chatter of friends.

Early in the morning, a group logged a record player up to the tower. They played a John Lennon recording which is introduced by ringing bells, and soon they were repeating the rings, listening as the echoes of bells cascaded through the valley.

Quite an hour before dawn more people arrived and settled in the hall. Ram Chakravarty climbed onto a long table and played with his

star a morning song, a religious, meditative piece, directed by the feelings he experienced from the crowd. The hall was filled before first light broke through, lamed in fact, stage of it passing; more than the l or si tures past Sunday rain.

In the festi just path tery low Todd and bers were W by the Ross Han



"Blood, Sweat, And Tears" Set For Fall House Party Weekend

"Blood, Sweat, and Tears" is the headline group for this year's Fall House Party weekend.

The football season will be brought to a crashing (?) finale Saturday, November 19, at 8:45 p.m. in McCaughy Hall, with the music of "The Original TunaFish". The first Blood show begins at 10:00 p.m.; the second starts at 11:30 p.m. The TunaFish will play before and after each show.

Blood is a "melodic" rock group. Blood comes out of New York, and TunaFish originates in Boston. Blood has out two albums, and is nationally known—about as well known



Resounding star Wilson Pickett will appear at McCaughy Dining Hall November 19, starting at 8:30 p.m. Tickets at \$1.75 each are available at DeWey House.

Social Committee, Creeger Negotiate Free Dead Concert

Following a Monday afternoon meeting with the Administration, Social Committee Chairman Jack Kreindler has announced that the Grateful Dead will probably perform outside and free on Sunday afternoon. A few agreements still have to be worked out.

Dean George Creeger has told the Argus that the administration supports the idea of an outdoor concert but that there are many problems. A meeting this morning has been scheduled to conclude the negotiations.

The administration has given the Social Committee certain conditions to be fulfilled before the concert could be outside. The details of security, sanitation, and payment for damages that might occur have to be worked out. Also, the administration

Committee is now in arrangement where they would sign an agreement—certain amount of



Sen. Joe and his 11-piece "Introspectivity State Orchestra" will be among the participants in the Fall House Party on Jan. 14, to be held on April 11-12. Sen. Joe will appear in Memorial Chapel on Friday at 8:30 p.m.



Jerry Garcia

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
(HEREIN CALLED "FEDERATION")

Deposit paid

CONTRACT BLANK 3185

Local Number 493

THIS CONTRACT for the personal services of musicians in the engagement described below, made this 17th day of JANUARY 1968 between the undersigned Purchaser of Music (herein called "Employer") and FIVE (5) Musicians (herein called "Musicians").

The musicians are engaged severally on the terms and conditions on the face and reverse sides hereof. The leader represents that the musicians already designated have agreed to be bound by said terms and conditions. Each musician yet to be chosen, upon acceptance, shall be bound by said terms and conditions. Each musician must adhere to this agreement. The musicians severally agree to render services under the undersigned leader.

1. Name and Address of Place of Engagement: Wesleyan Univ., Dining Hall, Middletown, Conn.
2. Dates, starting and finishing time of engagement: Saturday, March 9, 1968 - Commencing 9PM - LAM. (Set-up time 7:30PM - No Later) Concert-Dance
3. Type of Engagement (Specify whether dance, stage show, banquet, etc.): Concert-Dance
4. WAGE AGREED UPON: \$500.00 (Twenty-Five Hundred Dollars) guaranteed.

This wage includes expenses agreed to be reimbursed by the Employer to be furnished the Employer on or before the date of engagement.

Name of Musicians	Rate
Peter Albin	0
James Garley	6
Janis Joplin	6
David Geta	6
Sam Andrew	6

Winter Weekend Features Concert By Miles Davis

The Miles Davis Sextet will appear in concert Saturday, February 13, in McCaughy Hall. The concert is slated to be the highlight of Winter Weekend.

Miles Davis is sponsored by the Social Committee as the first in a series of concerts that will take place over the spring semester. Tickets are available from the Social Committee Office at Night, College, and



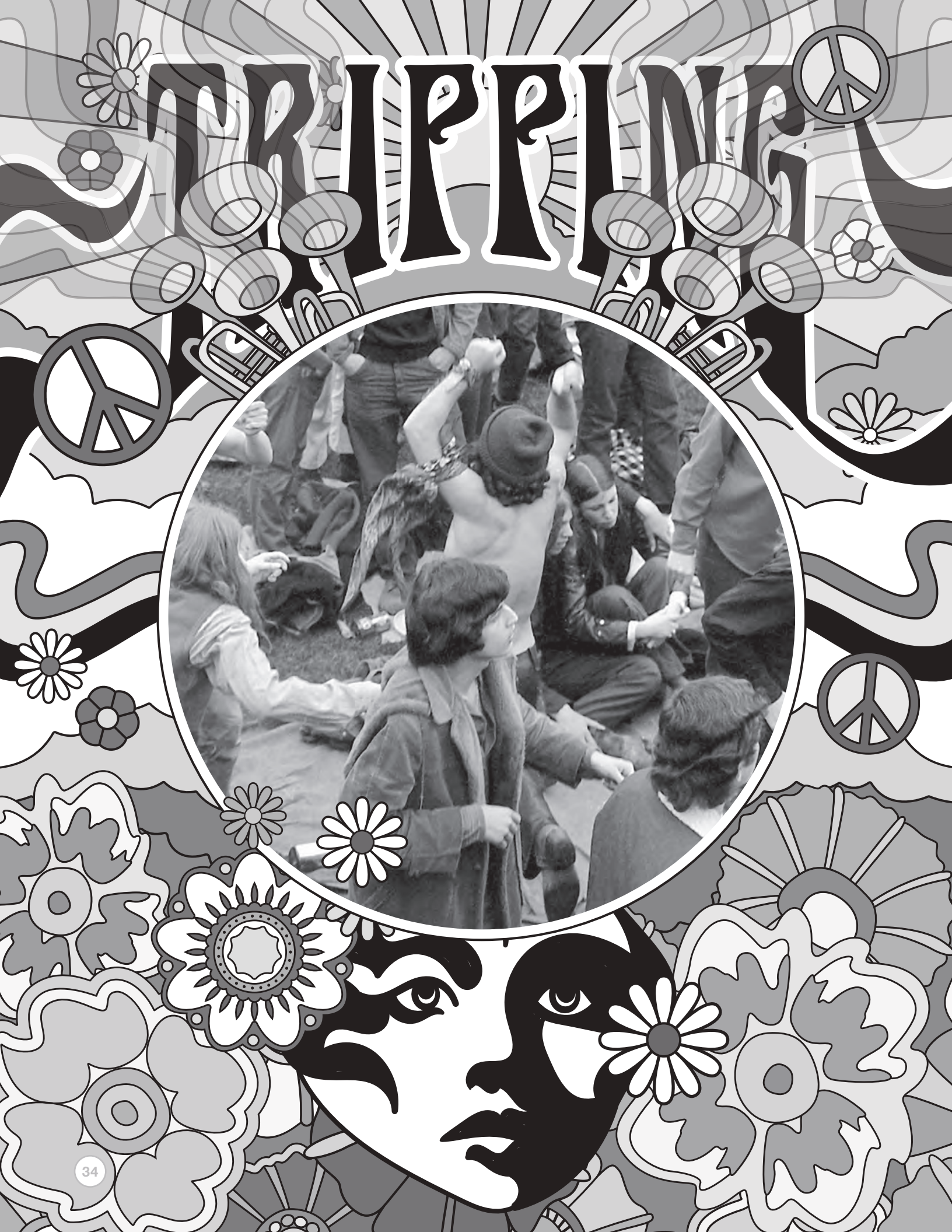
Miles Davis, whose Sex Saturday evening, February 13, lights Winter Weekend, are



The Young Ronals, whose hit record "Cool Lovin'" put them at the top of the charts last year will appear twice during the Wesleyan prom, which will be held from 8:30 p.m. to 11:30 a.m. on Saturday, March 4 in the cove. The Ronals, who got their start in clubs in the New York City area, are currently riding the success of their latest hit,



that heard of the m... taken by an special live... at at



Tripping Down Memory Lane at Wesleyan

By Henry Saunders

We termed it “acid.” We “dropped” it to ingest in a sugar cube or Kool Aid. It was LSD, a powerful psychedelic that we took to get high, and have an experience we called a “trip.” It was part of a significant subculture during those Wesleyan years. What was it like for us then? What, if any, were the long-term repercussions? At the time of our 50th reunion, perhaps it is time to take stock of that experience. What is the rest of the story?

My personal experience with LSD started my last year of high school. The Beatles, once Paul McCartney had joined Lennon, Harrison, and Starr in experiencing LSD, came out with Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Heart Club Band and gave us “Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds” and “A Day in the Life”. We knew we were not alone. My high school buddies were a supportive group of friends who chose safe environments for our drug taking and were “blown away.”

It was not hard to find kindred spirits once I arrived in the Freshman housing on Foss Hill. Marijuana use was an established diversion. Cigarettes and alcohol introduce young people to psychoactive substances, and, if “grass” was any more of a step toward use of psychedelics, it was only through the discovery that illegal drugs were no more dangerous and addictive than those of the legal kind. We just wanted to get high and were willing to experiment.

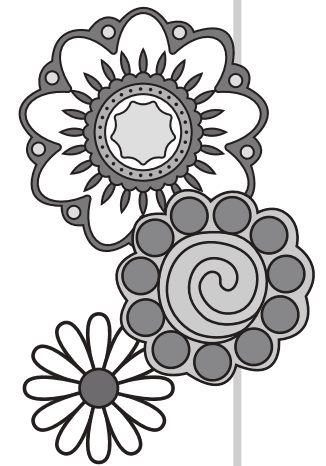
LSD is a potent hallucinogen which lasts for hours, so it was not something to be taken on any regular basis. We usually planned “trips” for outside venues during the daylight hours with a trusted set of friends. We did not want to drive or to make any decisions. Timothy Leary suggested having one companion who remained sober to help and guide others, but I do not remember anyone willing to skip the fun. The campus itself was a protected and safe place. We could walk around or go in a room and listen to music. Oh, the perceptions! We could see with our ears and hear with our eyes.

While some of our fellow students were making road trips for those mixers at the girls’ schools, we would pack in a car and drive for different adventures. More than once it was off to Maine, completing the seven hours drive so that we would arrive in the morning hours ready to drop our acid. Acadia National Park near Bar Harbor was a favored destination, but sometimes we would get use of a beach house or mountain cabin in the Smokies. But you can bet we stayed home for the Grateful Dead concert. I can still remember the feel of the grass and the bliss in my head while sitting on Foss Hill in front of that band.

The profound experience induced by those micrograms of lysergic acid diethylamide is beyond description, but many have tried, so I will too.

*Colors and sounds come alive. Textures too.
It is a dream in which you are awake, but not sure who is awake.
Smiles and laughter are understood.
Speaking is allowed, but not necessary.
Profound spiritual perceptions can occur.*

Mine was on a beach facing the ocean in Maine. My sense of self dissolved, overwhelmed by the Unity. It did not last long at the time, but it has lasted a long time.



Unlike some of the old gang, I did graduate with our class. I had done a pre-med program but did not apply to medical school and found myself in the Peace Corps to avoid service in Vietnam. The psychedelic days ended with no regrets. There was no withdrawal or psychosis, but I believe to this day that an altered consciousness persisted. I went to medical school and residency, married, had children, and moved to South Carolina where I had a solo primary care practice of Internal Medicine. I enjoyed only cocktails to stay on the right side of the law.

Thus, for years I have distanced myself from Wesleyan with ambivalence about excessive use of drugs, but after fifty years I find myself coming full circle. Being largely retired and home avoiding the pandemic, I have had time to reflect.

We only have one life so there are no honest bases for comparison, but I now believe unequivocally that my life was altered and enriched by those experiences with that transforming chemical.

I believe it helped me to remain in the present and be present with others. Finding peace in the face of suffering helped me with my patients. I believe it opened the door to spiritual study, Christian meditation, and that quest for enlightenment which always remains a journey.

The stories are emerging of the famous and creative people who have admitted using LSD. Steve Jobs, Jack Nicholson, Bill Gates, Phil Jackson, and DNA discoverer Francis Crick to name a few. My favorite story is that of Dock Ellis of the Pittsburgh Pirates who revealed in 1984 that the no-hitter he threw in 1970 was under the influence of LSD. He had not expected to pitch that day and says the plate moved around so he walked six, but he did strike out several players who looked like Richard Nixon.

No, I am not successful in the sense of those people, nor particularly creative, but I have enjoyed life immensely and hope to face death with equanimity. I did not go into medicine to get rich, and I did succeed in that. I needed no more than to be with my patients, my family, and friends without undue judgements or aversions. A weakened self, an underdeveloped ego, has fewer regrets about the past, less worry about the future, and more smiles in the present.

Could it be that part of my education at Wesleyan, part of what Wesleyan made me, was learned while tripping at Wesleyan?

I wanted to find out, so, in the spirit of this 50th reunion, I set out to get in touch with old classmates to share their stories and help answer the question.

Reggie (not his real name) was on my hall as a freshman and we used drugs together. He left school after a couple of years and survived use of some harmful drugs—heroin and methamphetamine, before rehabilitating himself, returning to Wesleyan, eventually graduating, getting a law degree, opening his own practice, which was quite successful. It allowed him to retire twenty years ago. When I spoke to him, he described himself as living simply and happily, just wishing we could all see the damage of anger and the power of love. I never pass over his thoughtful and beautiful Facebook posts and look forward to seeing him after so many years.

An old friend whom I will call Douglas wrote that “Psychedelics changed my life and saved my life, and their effect informs my life to this day.” His adolescent life had been to wear black, smoke cigarettes, read poetry, and contemplate suicide. But it all changed, and he is grateful.

Joe wrote to say, “LSD—I think my main takeaway was actually ‘seeing’ what science tells us, that we and our physical reality are just energy fields. I certainly look back on the 6 or 8 times I took it as memorable hours I’m very glad to have had.”

John was with me in Maine, a lifelong musician, artist, and teacher he describes our travel and trip as a quest for Beauty and Truth.

“I have always been aware that I walked on a holy mountain, once I received a dollop of Grace, and was transformed. Through all the ups and downs, I have maintained a hold on that place that psychedelics brought me in my late teens, where behind the passing show, Christ, the Buddha, Zorba the Greek, and Janis Joplin are laughing.”



This is not the forum for an extensive review of the therapeutic uses of what are now referred to as entheogens (seeing-god-ogens). The new name is in deference to their current and historical use in religions of indigenous peoples. While this is particularly known in the Americas, they also played a role in ancient Indo-European culture. Psychiatrists and psychotherapists are now treating depression, PTSD, and addiction with monitored mushroom sessions and having remarkable success. Unlike the daily diet of tranquilizers and antidepressants currently used with limited effectiveness, one or a few experiences with these powerful compounds can cause lasting and sometimes remarkable cures. I continue to work in hospice medicine and am intrigued by the effectiveness they show in end-of-life care. We all need help with that existential crisis—no more me.

Our generation grew up in a strait laced, competitive, materialistic society engaged in a pointless, bloody war across the globe. We grew up on a planet threatened by nuclear holocaust. Was our compliance with the advice to “turn on, tune in, drop out” due to the angst of that era or because of powerful mind-altering drugs? Did hippies gravitate to psychedelics or did psychedelics create hippies? The subsequent social and legal suppression of their use suggests that the latter may be the case. How could the Summer of Love shine so brightly and then fade away? And what will it mean for our future as these drugs emerge from the shadows for new therapeutic and, no doubt, recreational uses? Time will tell, and while we may not be around to hear the rest of the story, we once felt at Wesleyan a magical mystery tour. ❖

Administration Suspends Student; 50 Hold Vigil In South College

"Demonstration" SJB Decisions

More than 50 Wesleyan students and friends protested against a variety of issues—all relating to an SJB case—in South College Tuesday night.

The students congregated for about three hours in the lobby of South College outside of the Trustees' meeting room where the SJB

A Wesleyan student was suspended indefinitely by the Administration Thursday after the Student Judiciary Board found him in violation of regulations concerning drugs and general conduct as set forward in the Wesleyan Community Code. The case of the student, under consideration by the SJB for nearly a week, involved a series of allegations about the student's on- and off-campus conduct which the student readily admitted, according to SJB Chairman Dave Losen.

(Continued on page 9)

Officials Comment

Wesleyan University has suspended a student indefinitely for violating its Community Code, according to Dean Stanley Izzerla.

The action followed the recommendation of the Student Judiciary Board unanimously concurred in by the Faculty's Student Affairs Committee.

In keeping with University policy, the name of the student was not announced.

Professor Robert A. Rosenbaum, Academic Vice President, said that the action was prompted by a continuing course of conduct "in direct conflict with announced University policy on drugs" and "contrary to the Community Code through which undergraduates set standards and conduct their own affairs."

Professor Rosenbaum said the severe action was necessary because the student's admitted pattern of behavior tended to endanger himself, his fellow students, and others.

Mr. Rosenbaum added that "Wesleyan, as an academic community, encourages individual freedom and self-responsibility, but cannot tolerate gross irresponsibility which may have an adverse effect on others, on the community as a whole, and on the student himself."

Other participants in Wesleyan's largest demonstration since pledge night charged that the case had involved a violation of trust in the Dean's office to bring the case to the SJB's attention.

The gathering was orderly and there was little comment or conversation when the SJB recessed briefly at 9:30 p.m. The only difficulty arose when the students brought in a record player which disturbed the SJB proceedings after a short time. Selections from "North Indian Mas-

(Continued on Page 2)



Wesleyan activity in South College Tuesday.

THE ROAD TRIP

by Gene Legg

Of all of Wesleyan's hallowed institutions, perhaps the most talked about and yet the least studied is the "road trip."

For years this school has, to the discriminating eyes of road trip devotees, led the New England schools in "tripping." Yet it is amazing how many Wesleyan students are oblivious to the glowing reputation this select handful of men are giving the school.

Come are the "party kings," but Wesleyan's road trip showmen have now formed a team whose exploits are surpassing marks established by

at about \$100 per quart, has been known to make the trip. The consumption of alcoholic beverages on road trips is so essential to the evening's activities that it is used as a kind of measuring device to enable everyone to communicate on the same level.

For instance, Smith is no longer steered as 75 or 80 miles away, but rather as a "4 beer school." Vassar, of course, would be a seven or eight beer school, and Elkins, West Virginia, is certainly worth a couple of kegs.

Of course the driver of the "bar car" will take it easy as far as al-

When this man goes one-on-one with his date, he usually can easily adopt either the intellectual manner of his brainy dancing partner or the naivety of Jean Paul on the seashore. At any rate, a passerby to said conversation undoubtedly hears something like, "And that, my dear, is what Wesleyan is all about."

The final show that occurs on a road trip is that induced usually by the aggressiveness of the



Three Road Trippers, complete with Acme Road Tripper KB, retailing at \$14,500 with one Old Bohemian beer can or a glass of water, whichever is cheaper.

several "trippers" of the past. To those uninformed undergraduates who are perhaps now missing out on a basic ingredient of a Western's education, it seems necessary to establish just what a road trip is, and what purpose it serves.

alcoholic consumption is concerned, but he will undoubtedly make up for his safety-first preoccupation with a record chugging performance of any available liquor at the crew's destination.

There are reasons for this orgy of which is that figures that he ate (loosely spoken though the jury than the as a Red while with as much "her up" sufficient dancing par-



Professor Jean Huston, author of *The Varieties of Psychedelic Experience*, will lecture on how LSD "provides the best access yet to the processes and contents of the human mind," at 8 p.m. Thursday in the COL Lounge. Currently an associate professor of philosophy at Hunter College (N.Y.), she has also taught psychology and religion at Columbia, Hunter College and the New School. She is director of the Foundation for Mind Research in New York City.

road trip kings usually have their own machines since friends of the "assistants" are aware of the hardships an automobile is put through during a trip. Land speed records

er himself is a petunia. Needless to say, this last example usually avoids the pre-show alcoholic intake. One more example of "putting on

80 Tackle Barriers Of Prejudice In Student Symposium On Drugs

by Jon Rober

Heads, straight people and friends, almost eighty of them met in OI PAC last night to break down barriers of prejudice and misconceptions where drugs are concerned.

The students-faculty were excluded—were not trying to solve the

He felt that we can go just as far in "inner space" as in outer space.

"Psyche Sophistication"

This speaker found a great deal of wisdom in Leary's statement, "Tune in, turn on, drop out." This is a good way to see what the world is all about; and it is a good way to see what a

The speaker concluded that LSD prove to one of the discoveries of the

Regarding the external method tests, he replied that

Experimental College

Drugs And Identity

by George Nash

What does the word "drug" mean to you? On February 3 at 4 p.m. fourth floor North College, the first meeting of a seminar group dedicated to attempting to answer this question will be held. The course is to be conducted under the auspices of the Experimental College by George Nash and Dr. Steven Bank, a Wesleyan psychologist. It is hoped that a schedule of regular meetings and readings can be arranged, but the direction of the group will be largely self-determining.

The course is somewhat unusual, apocalyptic in fact, in that its major premise is that people who take drugs, particularly in this community, often have good reasons for so doing. The relation of the problem of heavy drugs such as LSD to reality integration and in the identity quest, its archetypal psychological symbols which exist in this to the religious quest and other part of this concern. The legal problems as well. There shall also be an ex-

Huston: LSD Has Potential As Psychological Implement

by John S. Wilson

Professor Jean Huston spoke to an SRO crowd of Wesleyan students and faculty in the COL lounge Thursday night.

Her conclusion: Pharmaceutical LSD, as opposed to the "bathtub gin" variety with which most students are familiar, is a research tool of tremendous potential when used in a controlled environment.

She emphasized that a good experience is based on thorough psychological preparation of the subject by trained psychological personnel and an experienced guide to keep the subject from falling into hyper-paranoid or anxious states.

Pharmaceutical LSD, said Professor Huston, is industrial LSD and is no longer manufactured in the United States. The bathtub variety is made according to a gross formula which, according to professor Huston, is highly unstable. This is the type of LSD which is used by the hippies and sold on the black market.

The use of "bathtub gin LSD" is a partial factor in what Miss Huston called the "great chromosomal boogaloo." She referred to the wave

of unfavorable publicity surrounding psychedelic drugs and the stories of chromosomal damage, blood cancer and death following experiences with psychedelic drugs.

She asserted that in the 25 years LSD has been of cancer and have been attempted to know as people beat and attempting to have had have been taking they seems to retreat.

Author of a of the effects of of Psychedelic ton esmerant, psychedelic experience in her

The initial, marked by the the senses, pa, can be followed analytic stage, a ject concentrated "inner space" to materials in nally available

In the third subject sees his boundary



(Photo by Miles McElroy)

Rich, Apathetic Underachievers Smoke Marijuana

by Andrew Feinstein

C. Hess Haagen, Director of the office of Psychological Studies has recently completed a study entitled "Social and Psychological Characteristics Associated with the use of Marijuana by College Men." The thirty page report outlines the statistical conclusions that were reached from this study of 70 men from the class of 1968. The sample group was a randomly selected group that correlated very closely as a group in their test scores to the whole of the class. The test was conducted in the spring of 1968 and the data was compiled this fall.

The experiment correlated test scores from the battery of tests taken freshman year with the person's use of marijuana. Only three of the seventy had used marijuana before college, so the test scores were used as indicators of what type of person would take marijuana rather than psychological changes that might result from its use.

Smokers

The statistics were divided into three sections: non-users, those who had never tried the drug; infrequent users, those who used it once or less; and frequent users, those who used it weekly. 41 non-users; while 36% were infrequent users and 23% were frequent users. Students who had never tried marijuana had not used any other drugs. On the other hand, frequent users used a great variety of drugs and used them much more frequently than did infrequent users of marijuana.

Using psychological statistical measures, it was found that there was no significant difference in the scores on aptitude or achievement between users and non-users. However, in the case of all the tests measured, the mean score for users was higher than that of non-users. Dr. Haagen has commented that in a larger sample, a statistically significant result might be obtained.

The psychological tests taken at the beginning of freshman year, correlated with the usage of marijuana. The tests used were the Student Questionnaire, the Adjective Check List, the California Psychological Inventory, and the Myers-Briggs Type Indicator.

Results

It was found that users make earlier and more use of alcohol than did non-users. Nevertheless, whereas the use of alcohol by non-users decreased over their college years, the use of alcohol by users went up. It was also found that heavy cigarette smokers were much more frequent users of marijuana. This was also found to be with pipes and cigars.

The parents of users were more highly educated, more affluent and more often in professional positions than were the parents of non-users. Users also were more likely to report that their parents were authoritarian than were non-users.

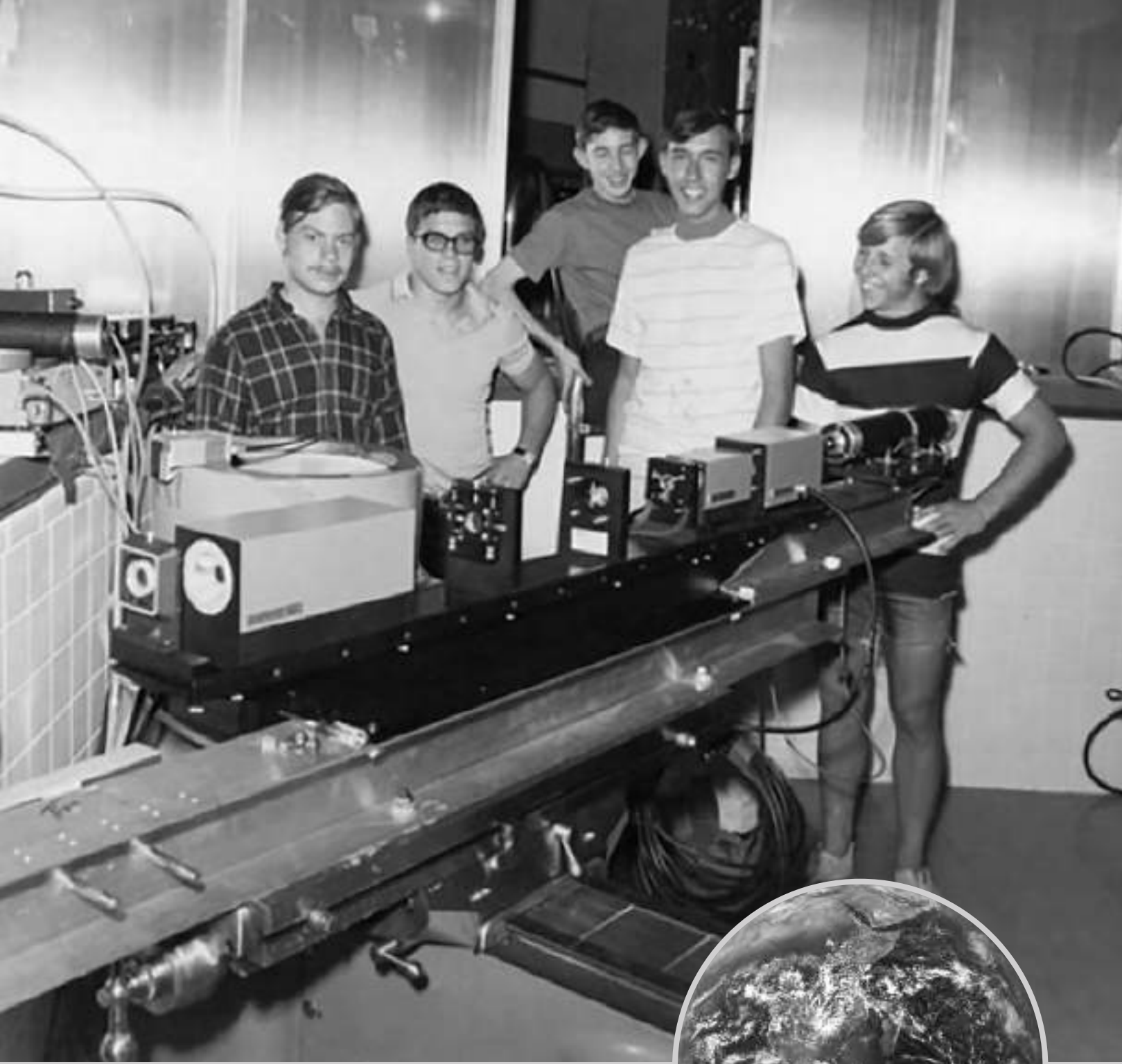
Users were less often involved with any organizations. They were more individually and a greater distrust for established values and ideas. They showed negative emotions such as dissatisfaction and anxiety much more and in many more contexts than did non-users.

"Users are open to new experience and actively seek and are more novel and unconventional," continues the report. "They place more importance upon the past and the future. This emphasis upon the past favors emotional sensitivity and responsiveness over practicality and commitment and contributes to a sense of personal instability and lack of control."

Despite their higher performance on their aptitude tests, users place less emphasis on academic work. They receive fewer citations for outstanding work than do non-users.

Finally, the report found that, in terms of attitudes, the scores of users and non-users become more similar after three years of college. The scores converge.

Dr. Haagen plans to do a much larger study of this sort during the coming spring. He plans to have 400 subjects who come from all four classes. In this way, he will have "more refined groups and more refined statistics," and he hopes to eventually publish his work in a psychological journal.



Serendipity at the Intersection of Physics and Geology

By *Dick Plumb*

Far out!

That was how a team of Wesleyan physics majors felt after we made the first laser distance measurement to the moon. It's hard to capture in words the wonder and sense of accomplishment we all felt.

My interest in physics started in 1964, in my high school library. Among the periodicals was an issue of *Scientific American* on lasers, a newly invented light source. Unlike conventional white-light sources that emit a cone of light, lasers generate a light beam of a single wavelength. The artist in me thought, cool! This is a pure color. Little did I know that four years later I would be building lasers at Wesleyan University and participating in the first human landing on the moon.

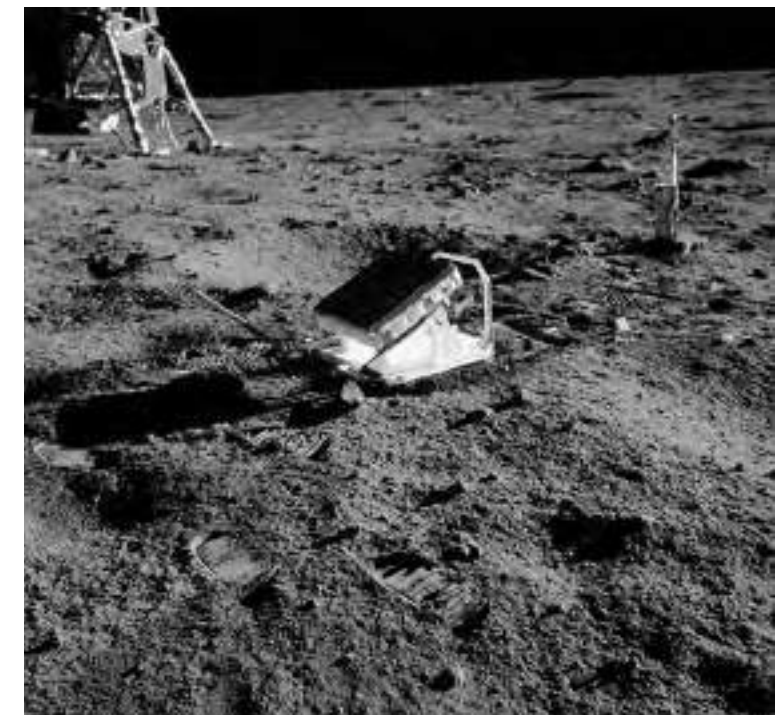
In 1968, I graduated from Middlesex Community College and was admitted to Wesleyan as one of the first Etherington Scholars. Unlike aspiring doctors and lawyers, I had no career plan. My only goal was to graduate from Wesleyan.

At Wesleyan, under Dr. James Faller's guidance, I continued work on a laser I had started building at Middlesex. That fall I helped prepare for a laser ranging experiment, part of the Apollo 11 mission, along with fellow students Barry Turnrose '69, Steve Moody '70, Tuck Stebbins '70 and Tom Giuffrida '71.

*Laser ranging is simple.
Point a laser at a reflector,
in this case one located on the moon,
and measure how long it takes
for a pulse of light to travel from earth
to the moon and back.
The distance is one half of the
two-way-travel time (TWT)
multiplied by the speed of light.*

In the basement of Lick Observatory atop Mount Hamilton in California was a billion-watt-ruby laser. The telescope at Lick served two important functions: it was used to point the laser beam at the reflector and it made the laser beam even more parallel.

On the moon, was a 46 by 46 cm retro-reflector package designed by Dr. Faller and placed there by the astronauts July 21, 1969.



Above: Retro-reflector package on the moon
<https://www.hq.nasa.gov/office/pao/History/alsj/a11/AS11-40-5952.jpg>

At left: Wesleyan physics team with laser at Lick Observatory

Our job was to measure the two-way travel time (TWT) of the laser pulses. During the day we prepared for measurements at night. Because the earth and moon are in constant motion, the TWT varied constantly. So, before every laser shot, we set a timer for the expected arrival of the reflected photons. This involved computing the TWT every thirty seconds given predicted times at 3-minute intervals. Calculations were done by hand as pocket calculators weren't yet available. Needless to say, we did not get much sleep.

After dark, the laser was fired at 30 second intervals. Upon exiting the telescope, the laser beam was 3.04 m in diameter; upon reaching the moon it had expanded to about 3.2 km. In order to get a return signal, the telescope must be aimed directly at the reflector. Initially, the precise location of the reflector was not known because the astronauts were unable to land where planned. For ten days we scanned a grid pattern trying to locate the reflector.

On August 1, 1969, the actual landing site was identified from photographs taken by the astronauts while on the moon. That night the Wesleyan team was the first of three teams funded by NASA to acquire return signals from the moon.

Far out!

A year later the Vietnam war was raging. So, to take advantage of the student deferment and Wesleyan's flexible education policy, I decided to double major in geology. At the time the theory of Continental Drift was a hot topic of research. And the Wesleyan Geology Department was at the forefront.

Two professors were inspirational, geophysicist Dr. James Balsley and structural geologist Dr. Jelle de Boer. Dr. Balsley was instrumental in developing the airborne magnetometer. Although designed to locate submarines, it was also useful for mapping the movement of tectonic plates over the past two hundred million years. We learned about the power of geophysical remote sensing and the excitement of working at the intersection of the fields of Physics and Geology. Dr. de Boer, was an expert on paleo-magnetics, an independent measure of tectonic plate movement. He taught us how rock deforms, how to recognize rock deformation in the field and how to interpret deformation in the context of plate tectonics. And, he was an advocate for using the latest measurement technology to study plate tectonics.

Following their inspiration, I went on to get my PhD in geophysics. Along the way I developed and deployed lasers to measure continental drift in Iceland and East Africa and to search for pre-cursors to earthquakes in southern California. The past forty-five years have been spent developing and using geophysical technology to map stress variations within tectonic plates.

Was it Wesleyan's plan or serendipity, that brought professors Faller, Balsley and de Boer to Wesleyan at the birth of the plate tectonic revolution?

I'll never know. I do know that these three were responsible for launching me on a career in geophysics. I attribute my ability to work effectively with physicists and geologists to Wesleyan's flexible education system, in particular the tutorial program. This program gave students the opportunity to define courses tailored to their interests. Whatever path students chose, they received a solid foundation in fundamentals in their field of interest, taught by engaging instructors working at the forefront of their subject matter.

Well done, Wesleyan! ✨



James R. Balsley
Professor of Geology



Jelle de Boer
Assistant Professor
of Geology



James E. Faller
Assistant Professor
of Physics



1971



2021

Posse Veteran Program

By Robert Millner

During Homecoming Weekend in October 2019, I attended a most unusual program: a panel comprised of U.S. military veterans who described their backgrounds, experiences as current students at Wesleyan, and future plans and aspirations. The panel was moderated by Professor Andrew Szegedy-Maszak, a professor of classical studies. The students had applied to Wesleyan through a program organized by the Posse Foundation. The program helps top tier colleges and universities locate and enroll promising veteran applicants. Professor Szegedy-Maszak is a Wesleyan faculty advisor to these students.

When we (the Class of 1971) were at Wesleyan, the military—and anything connected with it—was anathema, the subject of ridicule.

Our anti-military views were doubtless the product of the Vietnam War. But the world, and Wesleyan, have changed—perhaps as a result of 9/11 and a renewed sense of threat and appreciation for those who serve to protect us.

I should add that before writing this piece, I contacted a number of the veterans who are currently students, and they assured me that they have been accepted and welcomed by Wesleyan faculty, staff and other students.



Wesleyan Posse Veteran Program students Jordan Agricola and Edward Yanez are featured in photos throughout this essay. The Class of 1971 thanks both Jordan and Edward for their service to our country and allowing us to share their images in our reunion book.

Wesleyan welcomed its first group (“posse”) of 10 veterans to campus in fall 2014, and has admitted approximately 10 veterans each year since, in cooperation with the Posse Foundation. Wesleyan is committed to meeting these students’ full financial needs through a combination of federal funds available for veterans and Wesleyan financial aid.

“Our student veterans bring so much to campus life. We are grateful to Posse for helping connect them to Wesleyan.”

—Michael Roth, President, Wesleyan University

Posse Program Components:

Recruitment & Selection

Candidates for the Posse Veterans Program participate in the Dynamic Assessment Process (DAP), a unique three-stage interview process that identifies talented veterans who can succeed at highly selective colleges. Finalists attend a group interview and meet representatives from the participating institution of higher education.

Pre-Collegiate Training

Prior to matriculation, Posse Veterans Scholars participate in a one-month, pre-collegiate training program in New York City focused on leadership development, academic excellence, cross-cultural communication and team building.

The Campus Program

On campus, veterans meet weekly with a faculty mentor during their freshman and sophomore years. Posse staff visit with Veterans Scholars twice each semester to check in and offer additional support. During the spring semester, students from the general student body join veterans for the annual PossePlus Retreat, an off-campus event facilitated by Posse staff that focuses on a socio-political topic of national significance.

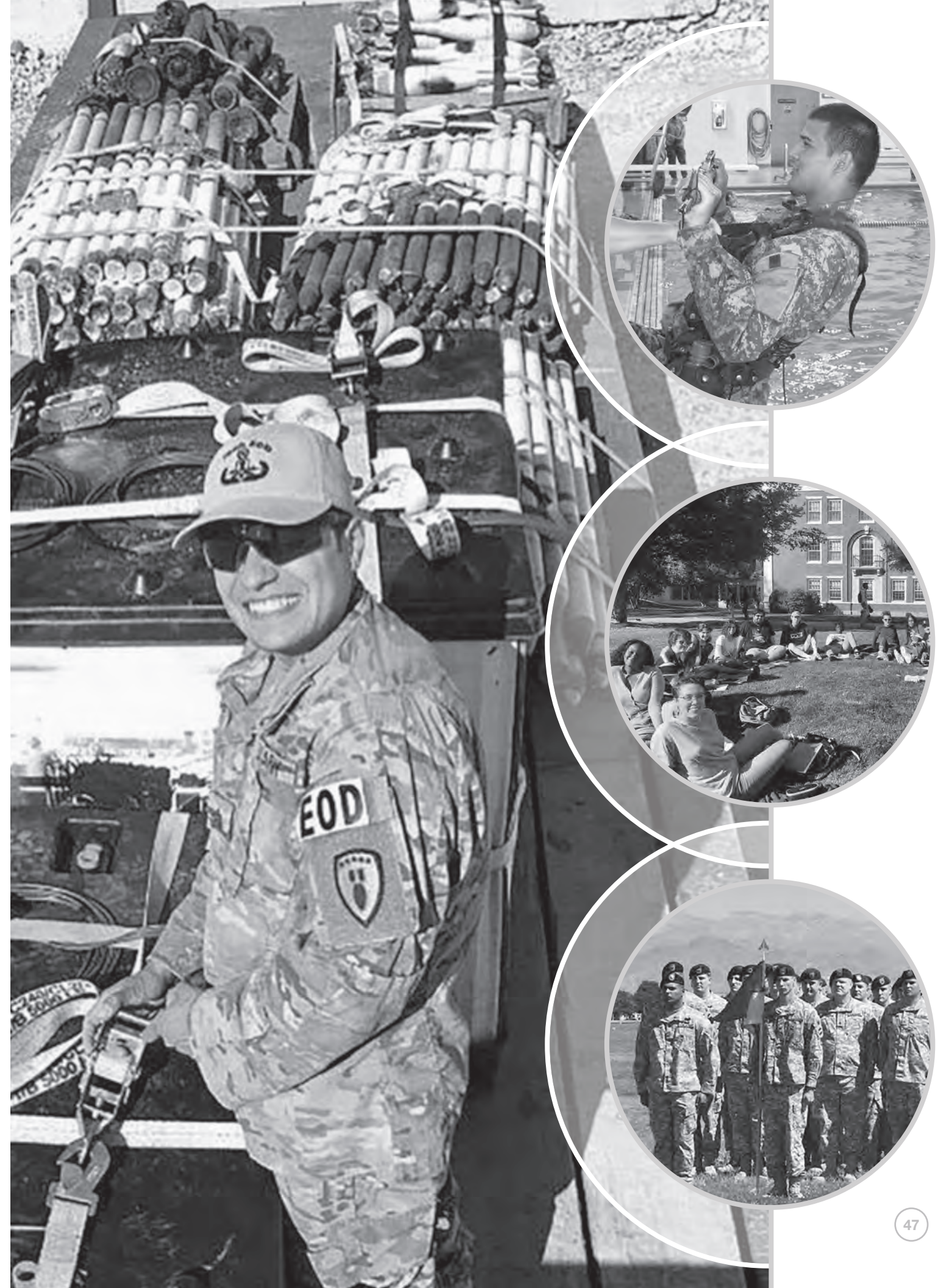
Career Development Support

The Career Program connects veterans to professionals in various industries through special events and other career-enhancing opportunities. The Career Program offers help with writing resumes, interviewing, and developing personal and professional networks.

The program I attended at 2019 Homecoming was memorable and has stayed with me. Typical students at Wesleyan are in their late teens and very early twenties. The veterans on the panel, male and female, were in their late twenties and early thirties. Some had deployed to Iraq or Afghanistan.

These students were mature, articulate and focused; they had perspective on the value of a Wesleyan education and on their goals and aspirations.

They were an impressive group. I have no doubt they bring a great deal to Wesleyan and will contribute more to their communities when they leave Wesleyan. ✦





Healing Mother Earth

Plant One Trillion Trees!

By Michael Brewin

There was a time when even we were very young, and our futures lay before us—a seemingly boundless, unfolding tapestry of our hopes and dreams.

The bounty of this earth, and all the sustenance that it provides for humanity, seemed virtually endless, too. Collectively, we had no understanding, yet, that there are limitations to what our planet can support, and what it can withstand.

Framed in the aftermath of a second world war, images of those early years come as recollections of intense growth, in every sector of society. Human population exploded, and to accommodate it there was vast construction—housing, industry, and infrastructure. Gasoline was plentiful and cheap, and advertising enticed us to crave the latest chrome-coated automobiles from Motor City. As newly-built interstate highways connected America in the 1950s, there was an ever-insistent push for larger, more powerful car engines. Similarly, even as toddlers, we were already barraged with overt media messages targeted at us, as consumers. Meanwhile, the very real omnipresent threat of nuclear war loomed over our heads for our entire childhood and adolescence, and continuing through adulthood.

Within this pervasive social context, it should be no surprise, then, that hardly anyone gave a thought to preserving our planet's environment. While there have always been conservationists, public attention and efforts in this area were directed mostly toward preventing forest fires, and to stop people from littering. Indeed, for our generation, U.S. Forest Service mascot Smokey Bear was a solitary voice crying in the wilderness. A half century earlier, had John Muir not lobbied President Theodore Roosevelt to expand and safeguard our national park system, federal forests, and wildlife refuges, we would probably have already lost the crown jewels of our nation's natural splendor.

It was not until the 1960s that our public consciousness was drawn to any abiding concern for the natural environment.

In a book entitled *Silent Spring*, U.S. wildlife biologist Rachel Carson delineated how industrial and agricultural pollution (especially chemical pesticides like DDT) was harming wildlife and habitat on a large scale. Carson's compelling argument (with supporting evidence) was that we needed to drastically change our industrial and technological approaches, since our pesticides and pollution were sickening, mutating, and eradicating other species—with dire consequences for the future of humanity, as well.

By 1970, other voices were expressing ecological concerns, especially regarding air and water pollution.

Earth Cry

Day breaks, steam rolls misty through the sky,
Smoke-stacked haze surrounds us, you and I.
When you look, your eyes grow distant,
You seem to scan the plain.
Though you know that's not good enough,
It only causes pain.

Tide rolls, murky water rushes past,
Hudson River flows to kitchens now at last.
When you sip, your face turns somber,
You seem to pray for rain.
Though you know that's not good enough,
Water don't taste the same.

Chainsaws, trees crash loudly to the ground,
Douglas firs left stumps for miles around.
We all know that we need the wood,
But rainforests revive the air.
When all the ancient groves are gone,
How will people fare?

—Michael K. Brewin ©1969, 2020
Composed at Wesleyan University



Drawing attention to ecological concerns, Senator Gaylord Nelson gained support to establish Earth Day (April 22). As students at Wesleyan then, we were accustomed to political and social activism. However, the notion of protecting the environment took a backseat to more pressing concerns—possibly being drafted to fight a war in Vietnam. So, there were only a few of us to organize Connecticut events or participate in that first Earth Day. Nevertheless, although the crowds weren't much that day, it was covered extensively by the media, and nationally. Later that same year, 1970, the U.S. Congress passed the Environmental Protection Act, and subsequently revised clean air and water measures, too.

Despite an increased awareness of ecological issues, scientists had not yet calculated the cumulative harm done to our planet (and the atmosphere) by unmitigated fossil fuel carbon emissions, wanton deforestation, and industrial water pollution. However, by 1975, the issue of unhealthy smog pollution in our cities led to the installation of catalytic converters in all new cars. Similarly, oil companies began selling unleaded gas. When scientists discovered that CFCs (chlorofluorocarbons) from aerosol sprays were harming the atmosphere's protective ozone layer, manufacturers gradually shifted away from using CFCs in products, too. During this early period of environmental awakening, notions about recycling also took hold on a wider public scale.

Fifty years later, our planet is in even more dire straits, as the human race has multiplied and placed overwhelming burdens upon the natural environment.

Here is a consensus of what environmental scientists have noted, and projected for the future—and the most logical plan, as an antidote: Numerous recent scientific studies have shown that, along with a naturally rising Earth temperature (beginning with the end of the Ice Age, 10,000-12,000 years ago), the CO₂ in this planet's atmosphere has risen more during the Industrial Age than at any time in the last few million years. Exacerbating this effect are fossil fuel pollutants, deforestation, and habitat destruction (and methane) caused by unprecedented wide-scale ranching (especially cattle), on a global scale.

Even if we were able to reduce and eliminate all fossil fuel pollutants by 2050, the studies all point to the same conclusions:

- 1) that the planet will continue to warm anyway for at least 200-300 years into the future, making survival for the human race very difficult on this planet;
- 2) that the sea levels may rise at least 3-5 meters in the next 100+ years, thereby wiping out countless coastal cities and communities worldwide;
- 3) that there is a very limited timeframe and path for humanity to join together to deal with this gradually unfolding ecological and human disaster.
- 4) The studies described how replanting trees on a massive scale, globally, could substantially reduce the CO₂ in our atmosphere by at least another 25%+.
- 5) The studies all point to such massive tree planting (re-forestation), combined with developing technology to capture carbon emissions at the industrial sources, and also extract CO₂ from the upper atmosphere (much more difficult), as the best approaches (combined with terminating fossil fuel usage by 2050) for restoring the planet's environment to a healthy and natural state—and hence suitable for the preservation of humans and other species.

Let's examine some of these factors:

CO₂ in the Atmosphere

Since 1900, the earth's climate has warmed 1 degree (Celsius). If the atmosphere warms another 2+ degrees in the 21st century, that will lead to global disasters—intense heatwaves, droughts, crop failures,

and mass extinctions of species. The main factors are due to man-made CO₂ fossil fuel emissions and deforestation. Therefore, we must address both of these problems immediately.

Carbon Emissions

It is estimated that about 56% of all greenhouse gas emissions are the result of energy production and industry. The concept of "carbon capture" was first proposed in 1938, but was not attempted industrially until 1972. CCUS (carbon capture utilization storage) has been proven effective in power plants; using filters, 90% of carbon emissions can be captured (mainly from coal and natural gas). However, only two coal-burning power plants have been retrofitted for carbon capture in North America (and 18 facilities worldwide). Still, those carbon-capturing plants account for a 1% reduction in power plant CO₂ emissions. Whereas only 35 tons of CO₂ are captured annually, it is estimated that to effect any substantial positive change, it will be necessary to capture 115 giga-tons annually by 2060. Hence, we must ramp up retrofitting all fossil-fuel burning plants with CCUS technology.

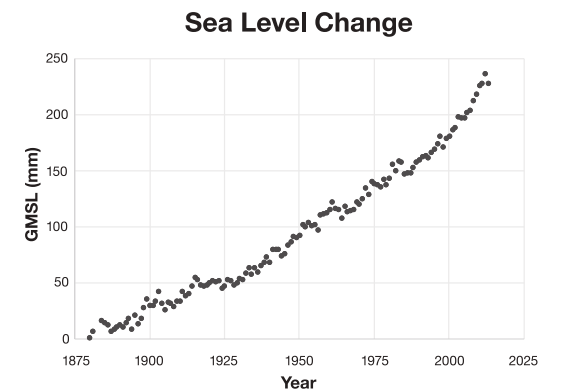
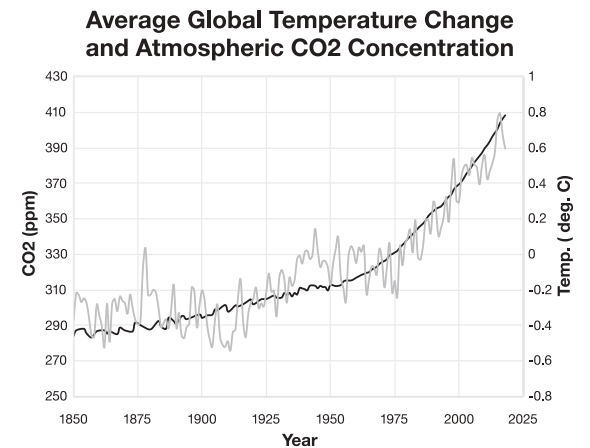
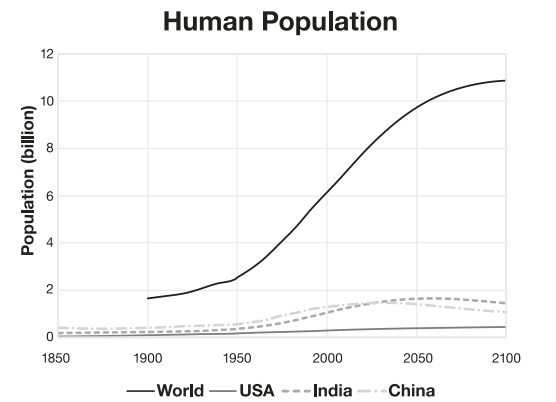
Along with capturing carbon emissions, global storage of up to 2000 giga-tons of CO₂ will also be needed. On the surface, storage of CO₂ poses enormous potential problems, such as storing it underground (where it might then leak). Scientists are discovering various methods to address such CO₂ storage problems. For instance, CO₂ can be converted into fertilizer, beverages, and concrete. The federal government even provides tax credits for carbon capturing power plants and firms that then process and utilize the carbon.

The shift away from fossil fuels to clean energy production is complicated by several other factors, relating to the dependability and conversion of the energy source, whether it be solar or wind (or geothermal, too). Geographically, some locations may be unsuitable for large wind farms. Likewise, some regions may lack sufficient sunlight to power solar cell networks. The main flaw with solar cells, though, is inefficient conversion of sunlight to electricity; this has been a fundamental problem from the outset with solar cells (from its invention in New York back in 1884). So far, commercial solar panels are only able to convert 20% of sunlight into electricity. Furthermore, after several hours' use, solar panel efficiency drops markedly (termed "light-induced degradation"). Recent experiments with solar cell energy conversion have achieved a 40% efficiency, but such solar panels have not yet been commercially produced. Still, by 2019 the total energy capacity of solar cells reached 630,000 megawatts.

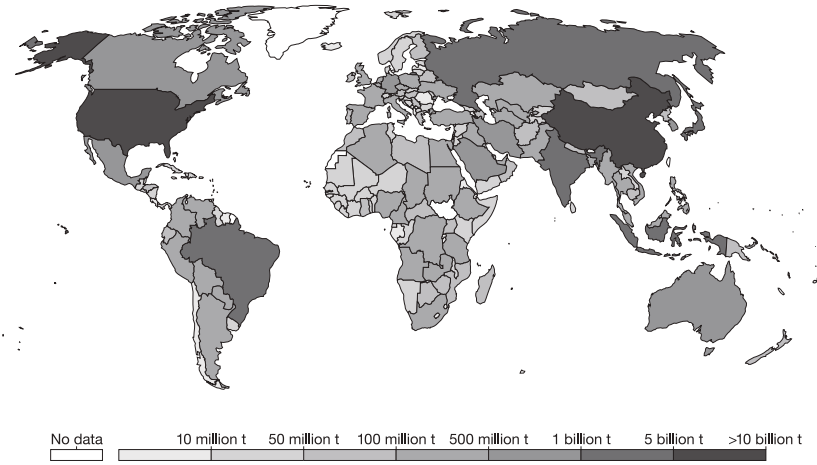
There are some proponents of nuclear power who advocate for reassessing it again as a main power source. However, history has shown that we have not yet mastered the technology (especially the safe storage of used radioactive materials for thousands of years), and incidents like the Chernobyl and Fukushima disasters only confirmed people's worst fears.

Hydro-electric power has been a dependable mainstay of the U.S. power grid since the 1930s. More than eighty years since the New Deal policies of the Great Depression led to the construction of huge dams and hydro-electric plants across America, these same water-powered utilities are still functioning, providing energy to millions of people.

In the Pacific Northwest, scientists have also been experimenting with wave power, by installing a series of giant buoys with wave-powered generators off the Oregon coast.



Total Greenhouse Gas Emissions in 2016



Source: CAIT Climate Data Explorer via. Climate Watch; OurWorldInData.org/co2-and-other-greenhouse-gas-emissions

Transportation accounts for another 14% of greenhouse gas emissions. Since 1975, the U.S. government has been addressing this issue, by mandating stricter vehicle emissions standards and more recently by encouraging the development of electric vehicles. As automobile manufacturers increase the driving range of battery-powered electric vehicles, gas-powered vehicle usage and ownership will certainly decline. Currently, several American firms have recently developed car batteries which can now extend the driving range of electric vehicles to 300-500 miles before recharging. For the public to shift en masse to electric cars, however, it will take years to build a national network of thousands of recharging stations, and thereby eventually replace gas stations.

Some have proposed developing hydrogen-powered vehicles. However, while hydrogen is well-suited for industrial and domestic heating purposes, it is less efficient than electric batteries for all but the heaviest vehicles (“energy vector transition”). Per 100 watts, hydrogen has a 30% efficiency, while electric batteries achieve 80%. For heavier vehicles, comparative energy efficiency for hydrogen power improves, due to the heavy weight of electric batteries sufficient to power large trucks and vans.

Aviation is another source of significant carbon emissions. Scientists are developing zero-emission aircraft (sponsored by Bill Gates), and the U.S. government has begun setting up new environmental regulations to force the airplane industry to adapt.

Methane emissions (CH4) from livestock (and natural gas, biomass sources) comprise about 16% of global gas emissions. On average, a cow produces the same amount of daily gas emissions (enteric fermentation) as a car. Moreover, the clear-cutting of forests worldwide to create livestock ranches has dramatically increased greenhouse emissions. In the short term, methane is more harmful than CO2 pollution; however, it dissipates more noticeably. Regarding the methane problem, an Australian farmer discovered that by adding a handful of seaweed to each cow’s daily diet, the methane is almost totally eliminated in the cow’s biological processing.

The ongoing proliferation of mountains of single-use plastics dumped into waterways and the oceans has created yet another set of ecological problems. There are about 50 trillion pieces of plastic in our oceans, and possibly zillions of micro-plastic particles, too, affecting 800 marine species. North of Hawaii, there is a huge floating island of plastics in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Plastic wastes in the oceans absorb CO2, acidifying the water, and harming coral reefs. Medical researchers have recently discovered such micro-plastics even in human placentas (which should be alarming to everyone).

Since we were born, the U.S. population has more than doubled (from 149 million to approximately 333 million+), largely due to immigration. Global over-population and the resulting increased depletion of earth’s resources is the major driving force behind all the environmental problems—engendering regional disputes, social-political tensions, and humanitarian crises. With limited available resources, it’s both destructive and suicidal for the human race to keep

multiplying on this planet at this pace. Immigrants coming from rural and undeveloped nations generally used less resources there; once settled in developed nations (like the U.S.), they become more wasteful and carbon polluters, just like other residents. It has been longtime U.S. federal policy to support population control efforts, reasonable border enforcement, immigration limits, provide assistance to countries in need (or in civil disorder), and not encourage unwise policies that simply increase population and exacerbate the collective carbon footprint.

Deforestation

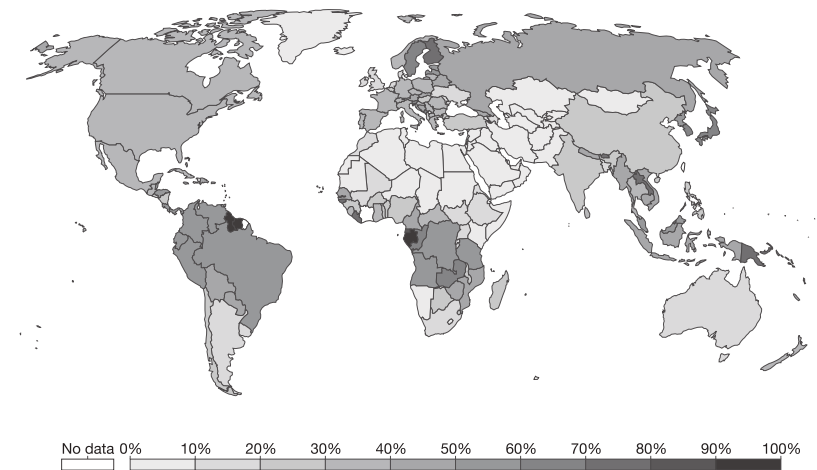
Since the end of the Ice Age, the earth has lost 1/2 of its trees. Today, there are about 3 trillion trees left; 10 billion trees are cut every year. Our large remaining rainforests absorb the CO2 and purify the oxygen for us to breathe (photosynthesis). We are not replacing these trees as fast as they are being cut. Further, it takes decades for a replanted forest to grow into mature trees. 14-20% of annual greenhouse emissions are due to deforestation. Therefore, it is imperative that we support and embark upon a combined global movement to replant trillions of trees! In 2020, the World Economic Forum and the United Nations encouraged all countries to join this effort.

It is estimated that, on average, each person’s annual carbon footprint equals 20 large, old-growth trees.

It should be obvious, then, that we need to plant lots of trees!

In the Pacific Northwest, the U.S. Forest Service plants millions of trees annually. Privately-owned forests comprise a large percentage of old-growth forests, too. In Oregon, after harvesting trees on private lands, the foresters plant 40 million seedlings yearly. While statutes mandate replanting 100-200 trees/acre, foresters typically replant 400 trees/acre, because some seedlings don’t survive and others are eaten by hungry deer and elk. Winter to early Spring is the best time to plant trees, when seedlings are dormant and the weather is cool and wet (best for root development). Unfortunately, that’s physically also the most difficult time of year for tree planters. Tree planters carry about 45 lbs. of gear, as they hike up steep terrain and bend over to plant seedlings, one by one. Technological advances are slowly changing this scenario. While a human can plant up to 2,000 seedlings/day, a drone can plant 100,000 seedlings in a day. Robot planters can also traverse treacherous, remote topographic locations, which might be dangerous or inaccessible for humans.

Share of Land Covered by Forest in 2020



Source: UN Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) and historical sources; OurWorldInData.org/forests

Planting trees can also be profitable by providing food (e.g. fruit, nuts, olives). For example, foresters in Asia have been planting coconut tree groves, which are hardy and a food-source. Similarly, planting trees strategically can also help to restore soil and agricultural land in areas on the fringes of deserts. Studies have shown that eucalyptus trees are among the most resilient and adaptable to desert conditions.



A Call to Action

Based on all the irrefutable scientific evidence available now, demonstrating how humans are seriously harming this planet—and thereby even jeopardizing the future survival of our species, too, it seems only fitting that we embark together upon a higher path, as a community once again, to help Heal Mother Earth.

Our generation promoted this adage:

*“Try and leave this world
a bit better than you found it.”*

(paraphrasing Emerson and Baden-Powell)

Accordingly, what are some ways in which we can help (both collectively and individually), and otherwise contribute to this monumental effort?

1. Recycle everything possible, and conscientiously.
2. Use recycled bags and plastics, Not single-use plastics.
3. Buy and use recycled paper products.
4. Before making purchases, research brands to buy ‘Green’ friendly products: made from recycled materials, using sustainable practices, and energy-saving devices.
5. Buy an electric car asap (if feasible).
6. Where possible, walk, ride a bike, or take public transportation vs. driving a car for short errands.
7. Install solar panels (if feasible), or switch electric utility billing to a ‘Green’ plan.
8. Buy “Organic” labelled food. Organic farming is Earth-friendly!
9. Consider adopting a vegetarian diet (or vegan). Nutritionists recommend this diet for health and longevity. Ecologists know that a vegan diet is the most earth-friendly. Love animals; don’t eat them.
10. Use ‘Green’ building materials on any construction or remodeling projects.
11. Volunteer for public environmental projects and committees.
12. Write and directly lobby elected public officials to do more for the environment (keep track of their voting records). Or, run for public office!
13. Review financial portfolios, and invest in ‘Green’ corporations and mutual funds.
14. Make annual donations to the National Forest Foundation: nationalforests.org. For each \$10 donated, the U.S. Forest Service will plant 10 seedlings in an endangered national forest!
15. In 2009, Wesleyan created a College of the Environment, and there is a Department of Earth and Environmental Sciences (CIS), too. Students of these important studies have gone into environment-related fields and public policy positions. Similarly, in a recent conversation with Wesleyan’s Michael Roth, he articulated the university’s costly efforts to retrofit the heating utilities for cleaner energy, install solar panels, and consider other ways to mitigate the university’s own carbon footprint. Thus it is fitting that, on the year of our 50th class reunion, those who can—please consider making a donation designated toward environmental studies/sciences research, the physical plant modifications, or any other related endeavor at our alma mater. ♣



Biographies

Morris B. Abram, Jr.

Ghost Records and Tapes
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Eugene A. Adams III



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Frank R. Alley III

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After graduation, I drove back to Oregon and wasted a couple of years working in politics. It became clear that there was no future in that (my side lost) so I went to law school (Puget Sound, later Seattle University) and managed to graduate in '76. I practiced in Medford for 18 years. In '95, I was appointed to the Bankruptcy Court for the District of Oregon and moved to Eugene. I served on the Court for 22 years, five as Chief Judge. Since retiring from the bench, I have been teaching part-time at the University of Oregon Law School. As noted in my U of O bio I have authored over 150 formal opinions, "some of which may have been scholarly." I enjoy the classes, but do not do well with exams: just like old times....

My wife Tammy and I met at work: I was doing real estate law, and she was a title officer. I first saw her at the County Clerk's office but was too shy to introduce myself. It took a long while after that, but we eventually got married. She's kept me and my lawyer's ego in line ever since: the day I got word of my appointment to the Court she greeted me at the front door and handed me a large package, saying "Judge or not, you're still taking out the garbage!". Best advice I ever got.

At last count we have two daughters, six grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. We live happily, if not quietly, in a big house in Eugene with several kids, two dogs and two cats, a garage full of junk, and a back yard full of birds, squirrels, raccoons and the occasional skunk.



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After graduation, I moved down the river to Centerbrook, one of the villages of Essex. I set up a sculpture and welding studio with Ron Cross in an old factory building. After Ron moved back to Maine, Trigger Lawrence moved in. Bob Julier and I started a small building company, with many Wesleyan friends working with us. This is also where I first met Lindsay Patterson, my life partner of nearly 50 years now! In 1976, I started a long adventure that took me through the West Indies on various sailboats, and around South America to Tierra del Fuego and the Galapagos. Back in Connecticut in '78, I realized it was time to get serious, so we moved to Cambridge MA and I started the Architecture graduate program at Harvard.

After working for several local firms, I started my own studio, and that has been my career for four decades. I thank my lucky stars that I survived being self-employed, and to have had many great clients. Covid has slowed down my architectural work, so at this point I seem to be semi-retired, at least for now. Lindsay had lived in Italy for junior year at Middlebury, so in 1996-97 we lived in Firenze where I worked hard to convert my gringo Spanish into something a little better than tourist Italian. It was a dream sabbatical, in the city of Giotto and Brunelleschi. We have two kids, Morgan also went to Middlebury and is an executive in fundraising for hospitals, and our son Sam, Wesleyan 2006, is a world-travelling artist now in an MFA program in Buffalo, NY.

We have an old family summerhouse on Martha's Vineyard, and it turns out that the Vineyard is loaded with Wesleyan friends, including Bob Julier, Peter Woodin, John Abrams, David White, Morgan Muir, and Dusty Carter. Our house in Cambridge is just outside Harvard Square, so we have been able to host nearly 50 young people over the years, from all over the world. We have stayed in touch with most of them, which has led to incredible experiences visiting them in Nepal, Zimbabwe, Italy, Norway, and India—sometimes to attend weddings! We have now been hunkered down on Martha's Vineyard since Covid appeared in March '20, and looks like we will be here for the foreseeable future. I feel incredibly fortunate and blessed to be healthy and have a wonderful family, and wonderful friends, many of them from those fantastic years at Wesleyan.

Memories from those years are mostly intertwined with places, like the concerts at McConaughy or in the '92 Theater (Jonathan and Jonathan), swimming at Miller's Pond and the Portland Quarry, camping at the stream in the woods near the Pratt & Whitney plant, O'Rourke's Diner, the sculpture studio on Broad Street, all-night poker games at Eclectic and Beta, and I'm glad to report that the poker game lives on more or less annually (although we don't seem to make it entirely through the night any more), weekly trips in the airport limo to Conn College for the dance classes, and of course the Kool-aid softball game and chanting with Bopal at The Farm.



Above: Blake Allison (far left in photo) and friends circa 1971. At right: Blake at Olympic Peninsula, Washington 2019. Photo by Samuel Allison.



Glenn D. Allison

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Clifton B. Anderson (Kip)

Spouse/Partner: Elisabeth Anderson

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: The past fifty years have gone by in a flash, much like my time at Wesleyan. Though fun and meaning have always been important, the greatest impact on my life has not been from Wesleyan per se, but from the contacts I made when I was enrolled there. My marriage to Elisabeth was brought about through the fact that Sandy Newmark invited me to join him in Blue Arizona, where he and his wife had bought a share in a riverside property in a traditional cattle ranching community. The locals there were the salt of the earth, who turned me from an unthinking liberal into a grit-and-elbow-grease conservative. Later, after several evolutions, I found myself back on the East Coast, in Massachusetts. Richard Aroneau, having settled in Maine, on many occasions invited me up to help him with his grand horticultural projects. My working vacations in Maine are still some of the best weeks of my life.

Where I am Today: I live in Maynard, MA, and I do what I have always done. I sow, I plant, and I prune. When the season is over, I clean up the mess. As time permits, I write poems. So far, I have two published volumes: *Mortal Soup and the Blue Yonder* and *Roots in the Sky, Boots on the Ground*, both from White Violet Press (and both available from Amazon). I am also a self-made expert on single malt Scotch whisky.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: There was nothing I can think of that was better than the time when the Grateful Dead performed below Foss Hill, though there were hundreds of other episodes just as wild, dropping acid with Dennis Dubin (R.I.P.) being but one of them. Every moment of Wesleyan life created memories I will carry with me to the grave (and, I hope, beyond).



Kip Anderson with his granddaughter Laraya

Stewart Scott Andrews (Scott)

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Waverly S. Andrews (Rocky)

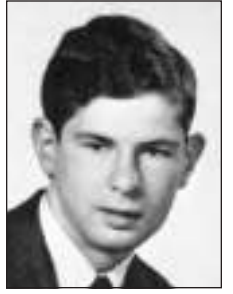
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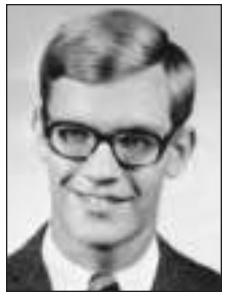
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Catherine D. Antoinet

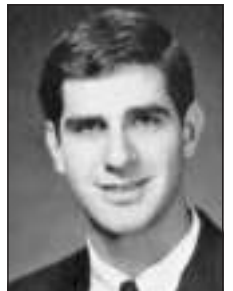
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Richard Aroneau

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No doubt I'm not alone among our classmates in skirting the questions posed. It would be nice to read this as a tribute to the iconoclasm and defiant independence of Jack Hoy's wonder boys. More likely, it just confirms we're still really bad at following directions.

Back in August 1967, during freshman orientation, Professor Willy Kerr told us that if we remembered our time at Wesleyan as the best years of our lives, the college would have failed us. Maybe so, but fifty years on, my short list of closest friends is top heavy with classmates like Billy Madden, Kip Anderson, Dan Nussbaum, Bob Becker, Brooks Edwards, and John Cady (all '71), Michael Bober, Peter Stern ('72), Claudia Catania, Sara Cady and courtesy of Conn. College Danna Mauch and Paula Harrington.

A few random memories, from a still vivid thousand: Midnights wrapped in stars atop the Meriden Tower; unwashed, unshaven, strip-searched at the Canadian Border after a mad weekend dash to Montreal for fresh baguettes; twice-weekly campus-wide dragnets for my shaggy dog Buff, left at the '92 Theater door, commanded to 'stay!' during Fritz DeBoer's acting class; weekend of the Cambodian Invasion/Student Strike/COL oral exams—Dan Nussbaum and Candy Lerman dancing atop a VW van at the base of Foss Hill while the Grateful Dead played on; Phil Zaleski proclaiming, a la Nietzsche, that we were 'Hyperboreans', to which Carol Hoey replied

(Richard Aroneau biography continues on next page)

“Oh, don’t worry boys. Who isn’t a hyberbore once in a while?”; testimony of English Professor Paul Schwaber, quiet soul on fire, that while reading the Book of Revelation he ‘saw God’.

After college, I dragged a few classmates home with me to start a theater company (didn’t happen), but fell in love with the ghost of a great 19th-century city. I spent almost 20 years restoring, rebuilding, helping reweave the urban fabric of Whitman’s *Beautiful Hills of Brooklyn*, married my *bashert*, Kit Remsen, and started a family. In 1991, we moved with our two daughters to Kit’s hometown on the coast of Maine. Been here ever since—November through May in a shingled house on the side of Bald Mountain, June through October at our summer ‘camp’ on nearby Alford Lake. Loons, kayaks, great white pines, velvet waters.

At 70, my once plus-sized personal ambition has slimmed down to this: surviving into old age in reasonable health, with enough of my “self” intact to be a pleasure rather than a burden to my family. And this: before we gather in reunion on Foss Hill in May, to strike the phrase “on completion” from my yellowing Wesleyan diploma, my hopes tied to the COL accepting, in lieu of a delinquent senior thesis, one of two works in progress, *The Kabbalah of Supernatural: Episodes 51-236* or *Anthroposophical Tropes in the Poetry of C.B. Anderson* (’71).



Richard Aroneau and family

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I entered Wesleyan over 50 years ago and to this day, my Wesleyan experience has continued to shape my life. At Wesleyan, I discovered sociology (as taught by the motley crew of Columbia trained sociologists) and even today, often view the world through a sociological lens. I am still very much interested in topics such as social class and inequality, topics that never seem to go away. Reality, as Berger and Luckmann noted in their seminal book, is socially constructed. As I view the contemporary political and social landscape in America, I find that construct to be as illuminating as ever.

After Wesleyan, I did graduate work in sociology at the University of Chicago with fellow Wesleyan alum, Dave Anderson ’72. We both subsequently discovered that we were not destined for careers in academic sociology, so we gravitated to deciphering financial markets. Dave left Chicago to trade commodities and I left to attend Harvard Business School. Unlike almost all of my HBS classmates, I spent my entire career with one company, Mellon Financial Corporation, working in a variety of positions in finance and capital markets. Interesting work and challenging responsibilities coupled with inertia kept me at Mellon for over 31 years. I married the love of my life, Melina, in 1977, and we raised our two children in Pittsburgh. I am happy to report that our kids have been “off the payroll” for many years.

Melina and I were fortunate to be able to retire early in 2007, (she from human resources at Macy’s and I from my position as corporate treasurer.) We currently reside in southwest Florida but spend a lot of time traveling. Our neighbors rightly claim (pre-pandemic) that we’re never home. Since retirement, we have traveled all over the world, many times with Rob Siegel ’72 and his wife, Elaine. We often spend summers in the Bay Area with our son and his family, babysitting our two grandchildren. When we’re not busy traveling, I spend my time serving on non-profit boards. I am currently on my second stint as a Wesleyan trustee, which takes me to campus four times a year. As a trustee, I get to “experience Wesleyan as an adult.” This is a very different take on the Wesleyan experience and one that is uniquely satisfying. We don’t go sledding down Foss Hill using dining hall trays, but we still manage to find other ways to have fun.

Allen Y. Baker, Jr.

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Andrew E. Baker

Spouse/Partner: Adina Kole

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Past 50 Years’ Highlights: Thirty years ago, as President of the Washington Board of Rabbis, I was invited to speak at a national, anti-Apartheid rally in Washington, together with Episcopal Bishop John Walker and Father Robert Drinan of Georgetown University. Although there were many prominent people attending and they were at the front of the march, the organizers decided that speeches would be limited to only our religious statements. So it was that after I spoke, I found myself singing, “We Shall Overcome” with arms linked to Paul Newman on one side of me and Harry Belafonte on the other.

Where I am Today: I remain in Washington, D.C., having moved here only a few months before Ronald Reagan took office. I continue to work for the American Jewish Committee as its director of international Jewish affairs. It has been my professional home for all these years, although my responsibilities have changed. My first years here were focused on local issues with particular attention on Black-Jewish relations and interreligious dialogue. I moved to a focus on European and international affairs in the decades that followed, which afforded me the opportunity to play a role in seeking redress for Holocaust victims, pressing Central and Eastern European governments to confront their Holocaust-era history, protecting and preserving Jewish heritage in Europe and the Middle East, and combating the resurgence of antisemitism. Through it all, I take pride in my four adult children, all successfully launched (even without the benefit of a Wesleyan education), regrets in a marriage that ended in divorce, and rejoicing in sharing these years with my new life partner.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: After freshman year I returned to Wes with a dog, a mixed breed mostly black Labrador from the animal shelter in my hometown of Worcester, MA. At the shelter, he was called “Spook”, a name that certainly would not find favor on campus in 1968. So, renamed “Gandalf” he took up residence with me in Lawn Avenue, accompanied us to class, and roamed freely around Wesleyan. In those days, the Administration was only marginally better at controlling dogs than controlling students, but credit goes to Robert Dunn, AKA “Dean of Dogs,” for his yeoman efforts.

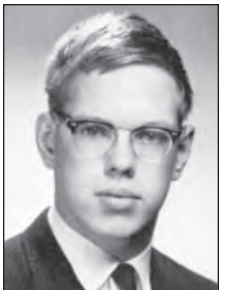


Above, clockwise from left: Andrew Baker with his sons; with Adina Kole; with Neil Young

James S. Baker

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Constance J. Balides (Connie)

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: When I was 23 I went off to Glasgow, Scotland for what was going to be one year and ended up staying for fifteen years. I went to art school, where I studied ceramics, and then taught ceramics in a program for unemployed teenagers. Being in the U.K. in the '70s and '80s changed my understanding of politics (socialism and feminism), introduced me to the emerging field of film studies, which turned out to be my life's work, and left me with a community of friends who I see every year. Serendipity can change the direction of your life.

Where I am Today: I am (still) working as a professor at Tulane University in New Orleans where I have been teaching film studies and doing research and writing on film for almost 30 years.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: I remember earnest, hilarious, and occasionally insightful conversations about philosophy (my major at Wesleyan), life, rock music, and the texture of food (a revelation) in various friends' rooms (one went by the name of "the smoke filled room"). I could not wait to take Louis Mink's "Phenomenology and Existentialism" class and when I did, I bought all the books, took them out of the bag, stacked them up on a table in Downey House, and said to myself "I am going to get to read all these books!"



Above, left: Connie in front of a silent film projection titled "Annabelle Serpentine Dance (1894)" at Tulane. Above, right: An etching of Connie Balides reading Nietzsche(!) while sitting in a rocking chair she bought in the Connecticut countryside with Barbara Danzger (Gross), Wesleyan classmate. Etching by Nancy Kay, Wesleyan roommate.

Robert M. Baranoff (Bob)

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Getting married (met wife Ronnie Kuzara in Middletown, CT); having children (Josh and Rebekah) and grandchildren (Flynn, Britton, and Sutton) and



watching them grow and develop; extensive U.S. and world travel (including African safari with balloon ride over Serengeti, white water rafting in New Zealand and Canadian Rockies, visit to Machu Picchu, two to three weeks in China and three weeks in the Middle East); teaching high school (1972-1980), including participating in an illegal teacher's strike; later serving on the local Board of Education, including two years as chair; career in marketing research for financial services industry, conducting research and/or speaking on five continents. I think Wesleyan helped me to think critically, which certainly became an asset in my career and in my world view.

Where I am Today: I'm currently retired, playing golf several days a week (how stereotypical, no?). Eight weeks a year I participate in the Great Decisions program of the Foreign Policy Association, which I highly recommend. My wife and I split our time between our home in Fountain Hills, Arizona (40 minutes from our daughter) and a new condo we bought in Fall River, Massachusetts (40 minutes from our son's family, including grandchildren). Normally we travel as well, but Covid-19 has put a damper on that.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Having grown up in a predominantly Jewish neighborhood and coming to Wesleyan at the ripe old age of 16 (far too young, but you could never have convinced me of that at the time), everything that happened Freshman year was a wonder to me. From my roommates (one's mother made the most delicious Swedish butter cookies, the other who put up a Swastika mobile—to him it was just a shape, not a statement of any kind), to the concerts in McConaughy Hall (complete with the omnipresent smell of marijuana), to the all-male atmosphere that suddenly changed dramatically on weekends when all the girlfriends showed up, to the Blacks sitting by themselves in the dining hall—all of these first-time experiences were eye-openers to me.



Bob Baranoff with wife Ronnie in Montenegro, 2018

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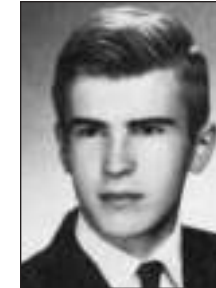
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My time at Wesleyan was a major struggle. It took seven years to work my way through, and it was a real life changer. I eventually came out "on top"; due, no doubt, from developing the ability for critical thinking and communication. Thank you Wes. Although I became a much better version of myself, my proudest moments have been from helping others since then. I did not teach subjects; I helped young minds to learn. And in sport, by directing personal growth from commitment to goals and through self-discovery in competitions.

G'day from Australia! I'm not hiding "down under"—it's more like living the dream. Went to New Zealand first to follow my passion for distance running and trained with an Olympic Gold medalist for a few years, then got married there, kids, a distinguished teaching career, etc. Moved to Australia in 1977 for better economic opportunities, bought a small farm, continued teaching and discovered a talent for coaching. Been involved with coaching since then; helping quite a number of athletes follow their passion with successful results; including many national champions, world championship medalists, and successful age group runners. Recently had both knees replaced so had to retire from my own running, but still active in sport admin and training others.

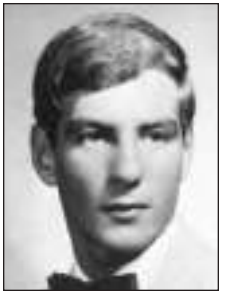
Antique automobiles have been my lifelong hobby. And it's appropriate that I have attached a current picture of myself with our 1912 Cadillac in the process of restoration.



Robert Beardslee with his 1912 Cadillac

Robert A. Becker

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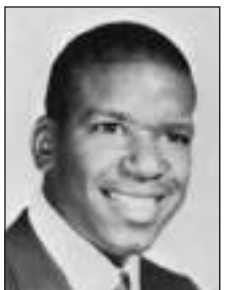
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Nancy Binkin circa 1971

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Wesleyan absolutely factored into my life in many ways! My time there put me on a trajectory that shaped my joy of the arts and my ability to pursue a great career in medical school administration. Although, at the point of my graduation, I had no idea where that trajectory was going! I really needed more time to find my way and Wesleyan's reputation as well as my academic record enabled me to get into the University of Pennsylvania Graduate School on Energy Management and Power (Carter era energy crises). It was an incredible program where I had a considerable amount of independence and freedom to develop my research interests. After graduating, I joined a consulting firm that provided energy conservation consulting to over 60 hospitals in the Philadelphia area. Philadelphia was my first "big" city experience and I fell in love with this city. I also fell in love with my current husband who was in the same graduate program. In 1986, we moved to Ann Arbor, Michigan with our two girls. I left energy consulting and focused more on administration at the University of Michigan Medical School, where I managed various departments in the course of my 30 years there. My last position as Department Administrator of Physiology was my favorite, because of the incredible research going on there. By the time of my retirement, the Department was first in the country (for physiology departments) in NIH funding. So the mathematical skills, the love of academic environment all played an important part in my career.

There was another very important aspect of Wesleyan life that I was very fortunate to experience. I was one of 50 transfer students who came to Wesleyan when it transitioned to coed. Olin Robison (the provost at that time) offered me a place to stay in his home in return for some childcare. Olin and Sylvia were wonderful to me, and the two (now three) boys were a joy to care for. During my senior year, after Olin took a position at Bowdoin, Richard and Betty Winslow offered me a place in their home in return for cooking once a week for their dinner parties. Richard insisted I take a music appreciation class, for which I was forever grateful. I emailed Dr. Winslow a couple years ago to thank him for expanding my appreciation of music.

Where I am Today: I just recently retired from the University of Michigan after 30 years in medical school administration. Horace and I love our home in Ann Arbor—such an incredible town!

Under normal circumstances, we'd be traveling a lot to see our children but Covid has changed our lives to stay safe. I bike on the many bike trails around town, kayak, swim, sew, walk with my neighbors (Covid has made us fast friends as we stay close to home). Our two girls are in Oklahoma and Colorado with their husbands and children (four, two, two). Since we cannot travel there this year, we Facetime a lot, reading books, having tea, doing jigsaw puzzles in tandem over the phone. I'm so impressed my four year old granddaughter understands why we can't see her in person. I'm also very active in Kiwanis—working at the thrift store and doing committee

work. Needed to find an organization that would allow me to give back to a community that has been so good to me. Also volunteer at the University Musical Society as an usher for student programs (once they begin again!).

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: My two years at Wesleyan were filled with many happy memories: spending time with my close friends at Chi Psi, listening to music while enjoying the spectacular fall foliage around campus; eating the best home baked bread ever from Evie, the fraternity cook; listening to ethnomusicology concerts such as the *Gamelan* concerts that were performed outside on the lawn. There was also political activism during those years that had a profound influence on my career decision to work in an academic environment.



Above: Francine Bomar and family.
At right: Francine and Horace Bomar.

Frederick H. Boness, Jr.

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Eugene Borgida (Gene)

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: First of all, I love what I do—interdisciplinary research and teaching, and there is



no doubt that I caught this scholarship bug while at Wesleyan. Great teaching and mentorship at Wesleyan (shout out to Karl Scheibe) and I have tried to do the same at the University of Minnesota for the past few decades. Second, I met my closest friends in the world while at Wesleyan and we have stayed in touch through ups and downs ever since then. Third, bad decision making on marriage #1 only to meet my DC soulmate in 1993 in Minneapolis, Susan Wolf; married since 1996—you ask what has been hugely important, fun, meaningful, memorable, it's Susan. Fourth, twin sons at age 50—challenging, but no prescribed route in life, go with the flow, be flexible, creative as a parent; no doubt the high tolerance for ambiguity induced by my Wesleyan education came in handy. Still does, just about every day.

Where I am Today: Still living in Minneapolis (since 1976) with my family: Susan M. Wolf (Professor of Law & Medicine at the University of Minnesota, Princeton BA and Yale Law JD), and our twin sons who are now 21 (Alex is in his senior year at the USC Marshall School of Business, and Jake is in his sophomore year at Trinity College in Hartford where he is on the men's ice hockey team after playing two years of junior hockey in British Columbia and Alaska). I am a Professor of Psychology & Law, in year #44, doing research, teaching and consulting full-time.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Lots of great memories from two years living off-campus on Brainerd Avenue with my closest friends. Not sure about the statute of limitations so we'll let it go at that. Being arrested at the end of 1970 for possession in Toronto while doing my senior honors thesis in Psychology (on draft dodgers and deserters and identity issues). Returned to campus as a minor celeb ("Free the Toronto Two"; Thanks to David White for "spiritual" guidance). Karl Scheibe and Colin Campbell came to the rescue, provided support and legal counsel, and charges were dropped.



Above: Gene Borgida's sons, Alex and Jake.
At right: Gene and wife Susan.

William H. Boulware (Bill)

Spouse/Partner: Judy Boulware

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: After graduating from Wesleyan my first job was as an Admissions Officer at Syracuse University. My years of being active in African American affairs at Wesleyan continued at Syracuse. I was responsible for minority student recruitment and selected which of those students were admitted. I was able to increase minority enrollment each of my three years with the University and created means for systematic support while they were there.

The biggest surprise was that I would end up in Los Angeles, making a living as a writer/producer for sitcoms. I had dabbled in creative writing, both in high school and my first two years at Wesleyan, but never did I think I would make a living at it and thus pursued a number of other endeavors before heading to LA in 1978.

I suppose the next biggest surprise is that after retiring a number of years ago, I presently find myself again working on a TV show. You never know. As a high school student, after a visit to campus on a dreary, cold day, I remember thinking I'm not coming here—only to find myself there during freshman orientation—which I have been most grateful for ever since.

Where I am Today: See above.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: My sophomore year the Black House gave a party where a number of females from various colleges showed up. There was a huge snowstorm that night and many of the women were trapped there. I lived at Lawn Avenue and took maybe four women to stay in my suite. It was a few days before the roads were clear enough for travel and during that time, despite the many feet of snow, guys, who never dropped by before, started showing up. Suddenly, I was their best friend—until the ladies left.



Bill Boulware



Philip C. Bowman

Spouse/Partner: Anne L. McIntosh

William S. Brandes

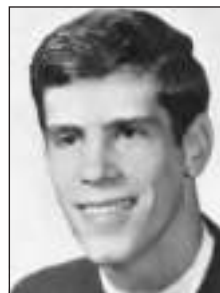
Spouse/Partner: Patricia Brandes

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Paul L. Breger

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Jose A. Brenes Andre

Michael K. Brewin (Mike)

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Moved to Boston and performed nightly in a show with guitarist Jeff Baxter (Steely Dan), and gave him the nickname "Skunk". Moved to New York and played lead guitar in a band produced by John Lennon (Beatles); quit right before recording when Lennon decided to call the album *The Pope Smokes Dope*. Had a profound spiritual experience (inner light) and became a devoted vegetarian and meditator (breath and inner light). Was sent on tour by the young Guru Maharaji. Lived in Santa Barbara for several years, before relocating to Seattle and then Portland. After jamming with guitarist Carlos Santana at his home, Carlos asked me to teach his brother (Jorge) jazz guitar. Worked as an aide to Ron Wyden (U.S. Senator). Worked as a newspaper editor and jazz magazine editor. Went to grad school (history), and then taught college—History and Music. Have served on various civic and non-profit boards and committees. Wrote a jazz appreciation book, *SOULJAZZ: The Heart of the Music*. Have produced hundreds of large concerts, some recording projects, and for



decades played jazz at concerts and festivals. Played guitar in famed jazz pianist Mose Allison's quartet. Have a son, and two grandkids.

Where I am Today: Have lived in the beautiful Pacific Northwest for 40 years. Have been working on music recording projects, including my recent guitar album, *GUIARSOUL* (available at amazon.com). Am updating my music website, too: michaelbrewin.com. Am currently a design advisor for a central public plaza and park project here. Today, just composed some haiku poems for an illuminated public display.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Hanging out with my friends, going to many concerts, organizing and performing at the very first Earth Day events in Connecticut (1970), performing my own music at Wesleyan venues and the Seven Sisters colleges, writing all of the university's national press releases and news articles for the undefeated 1969 Wesleyan Cardinals football team, thumb-wrestling and partying with writer Norman Mailer.



Michael Brewin with grandkids ZZ and Emmett Brewin at Birch Bay, WA

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Spouse/Partner:
Patricia Martin-Brown

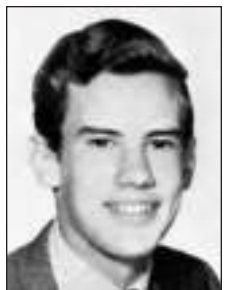
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William E. Bruner II (Bill)

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: When cut, I bleed red and black: my grandfather, William Evans Bruner, MD was Wes Class of 1888 (and both his brothers also went). My father Clark Evans Bruner was Class of 1936 (and all his first cousins also attended). I was of course an alum. My dad used to say I could go to college anywhere but he'd pay for Wesleyan. However, it doesn't end there: both my children, my daughter Amanda Bruner Vodraska '02 and my son Andrew Evans Bruner '04 are Wes grads. My grandchildren, Jamie Bruner (almost two), Abbie Vodraska (age two and a half) and Colin Bruner (age four) are potentials, but we've got a ways to go. I hope I'm around to find out!

I attended my dad's 50th reunion with him in 1986 (my 15th). I still remember a toast I made with his classmates saying I hoped I would have as much fun at my 50th as they had at theirs. Obviously many events stand out in my past 50 years: Graduation from Case med school in 1975 and marrying my wife Susan a month later. (Her college had a red W, too, but it happened to be Wisconsin.) Next was the birth of my children in '79 and '82, followed by the grands much more recently. Family is most important!

Where I am Today: I continue to practice ophthalmology (now part time) here in Cleveland and hope to continue for a few more years. My grandfather practiced until his 90th birthday, then retired and lived another 8 years. I'd like to beat

(William E. Bruner II biography continues on next page)

that record! I am a Clinical Professor of Ophthalmology at CWRU and really have enjoyed my 40 years of teaching residents and med students. For fun, we have a small house on Kelleys Island in the western basin of Lake Erie. It's a two hour drive and with four day weekends, we try to get there as often as we can to enjoy the lake. My son-in-law owns an orchard and winery/hard-cidery (Rittman Orchards) near Akron, so we also enjoy visits there as well as an unlimited supply of fruit! We used to travel, but not much now. We did see our grandsons in Philly last week. I hope we can have a "real" 50th reunion, but if not we will all toast Wes virtually in May!

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: In my freshman year and part of my sophomore year I played in a rock band with some high school friends who were at Yale. We had a blast and played mixers and frat parties in southern New England—the band was called The Cheshire Cat and one of the members went on in music and was on the Jefferson Starship album.

I also loved to ski and arranged my winter schedule sophomore year so I had no classes Tuesday or Thursday, and was able to ski some of those days at Mt. Snow and other Vermont places.



Above, left: Bill Bruner with wife Susan, daughter Amanda, and granddaughter Abigail. Above, right: Bill with son Andrew and grandsons Colin and Jamie in Philly, October 2020.

Ronald P. Bruninghaus

Spouse/Partner:
Marie Bruninghaus

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Bartlett M. Brush (Bart)

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: In 1990, we spent six weeks in Peru adopting our daughter during the height of the Shining Path insurgency, when they controlled about a third of the country. In the Lima area, we experienced frequent power outages,

and a car bomb every day or two. On the plus side, tourism was way down, so we were able to spend a contemplative week around Cuzco/Machu Picchu, and another on the upper Amazon where we saw the forest being burned and cleared.

In 2000, I made a career change and became a public school music teacher of grades K–6. Influenced by the music department at Wesleyan, I devised a curriculum to teach music through age-appropriate performance in world music ensembles. These included African drums, four-note *Gamelan angklung*, marimba band, fifes and drums, ukuleles and dulcimers, Native flutes, and jug band instruments, in addition to the usual recorders, singing, and Orff instruments.

Due to lack of funding, I had to make classroom sets of most of these instruments, including the *Gamelan*, Native flutes, dulcimers, marimbas, and some of the African drums. Luckily, I had had woodworking classes in grades five, seven and eight during my own public school education, and was able to continue experimenting at Wesleyan in the theater shop, the physics department student machine shop, in a basement room under West College, and in the former kitchen in the Alpha Chi Rho house after it was converted to a music interest dorm. Remembering these opportunities, I have also taught after-school woodworking with hand tools during most of my years as a teacher (without pay of course, due to lack of funding).

All of my employment has been in Title One schools, including an inner city school in Utica, NY and a rural school in central AZ. For the last two years, I've taught grades 5–12 on the Navajo Reservation. Unfortunately, I found it necessary to retire after this past school year, due to the switch to online learning with no training and little tech support, resulting in my inability to provide anything to justify my salary.

Where I am Today: Having just retired—unwillingly—from teaching music, I am waiting to see what the situation will be after the virus is under controlled. If feasible, I will probably move to another part of the country and resume teaching.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: It was a very warm evening during senior year, when Roger van Damme (spelling?) and I unwittingly invented streaking. We decided to ride our bikes to Miller's Pond State Park for a late night swim. The pond was six miles south of Middletown, so we hopped on our bikes and took off. After a refreshing swim, we discovered that we had forgotten to bring towels, but no problem; it was a dark country road with hardly any traffic. We could dry off while riding, then stop and put our clothes on when we reached the outskirts of town.

However, after the hot day, the cooling swim, and the wind on our bodies, it was just too exhilarating to stop. It was late at night, and we decided to sprint back to the Alpha Chi Rho dorm naked, staying off the main streets in Middletown. We arrived safely at the back door, put our bikes with the others inside the back door, went into my room, and had just put on our clothes when there came a knock at the back door. It was a campus security guard. "We've gotten reports of naked bike riders in town and on campus. Would that be you?" he said, looking at the half-dozen bicycles lined up in what had once been the fraternity dining hall. "Uhhhh...no," we said, "we've just been sitting in my room talking...must have been somebody on the upper floors. There are about 20 other students who live here." The security man nodded and said, "Well, if you find out who it is, tell them this is against the law, totally inappropriate, and an embarrassment to Wesleyan. I'll tell the Middletown police officer outside in his car that I've taken care

of this. Usually they defer to us, but they can come on campus and make arrests. Good night."

We breathed a sigh of relief. If you look up streaking, you will find that it supposedly did not start until 1973 or 74, so—chalk up another first for Wesleyan, dubious though it may be.

At right: Bart Brush



William B. Bryant, Jr. (Chip)

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Katherine A. Butler (Katy)

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Driving foolishly through a Colorado blizzard in a Driveaway car, leaving the East Coast forever for California at the age of 22, taking risks you only take when your forebrain is undeveloped. Becoming a starving journalist for an alternative



paper in San Francisco, and then wriggling up the greasy pole to a real union reporting job on the *San Francisco Chronicle*, at a time when women reporters were regarded as interlopers. I guess some Wesleyan professors normalized that experience for me, hardened me, and gave me a taste of what was to come.

Discovering Zen Buddhism in a meditation hall at Tassajara Zen Mountain Center in the Ventana Wilderness inland from Big Sur at the age of 28. Prefigured by James (now Gabriel) Campbell, Class of '68, who briefly introduced me to sitting meditation via HIS exposure to a well known Wes professor whose name now escapes me, who taught comparative religions, including the great Taoist master Chuang Tzu. A couple of enlightenment experiences, one spontaneous, the other in the presence of my root teacher, the Vietnamese Zen Master Thich Nhat Hanh, at his retreat center in Plum Village, France. Perhaps my experiments with mescaline and LSD at Wesleyan helped me open the doors of perception and seek a way to ground those brief intimations in a real, cultivated human life.

Fulfilling a lifelong dream to write a book—two so far: *Knocking on Heaven's Door* and *The Art of Dying Well*, both about modern medicine's inadequate response to the realities of aging, serious and chronic illness, and yes, death itself. Getting to go on book tours with my husband Brian, who finds joy in any situation. Overnight success at 64.

During my parents' final years, I returned frequently to Middletown, as my father was a retired professor, to help take care of him. I saw how beautifully the Wesleyan faculty community cared for and loved their own.

Where I am Today: I live in Mill Valley, California, with my second husband Brian Donohue, a retired hospital equipment salesman reborn as a musician, who played and sang in retirement homes until the pandemic lockdown. I write occasionally, for places like the *Wall Street Journal* and am remodeling the kitchen/house to prepare us well for even older age. My interests are shifting. I'm fascinated by the need for ritual in modern life. I'm considering another hybrid memoir/investigation about the historical origins of the #MeToo movement, and the effect of women entering journalism in large numbers.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Having a beautifully prepared French dinner, complete with French cheese, in Lawn Avenue hosted by John Rothman, who'd recently returned from a COL semester in France. Forming friendships with my off-campus roommates' Andie Ostheimer and Deirdre English (transfer student from Sarah Lawrence who returned there) and with Steve Talbot, Dave Davis, Bill Tam, and others involved in the National Student Strike.

At right:
Katy Butler



1967 YEAR IN REVIEW

On Our Minds



- Eugene McCarthy announced candidacy for President on a peace platform.
- Military coup in Greece installed right wing generals.
- Biafra proclaimed independence from Nigeria; civil war lead to famine.
- John McCain shot down.
- U.S. General Westmoreland: *"I am absolutely certain that whereas in 1966 the enemy was winning, today he is certainly losing."*
- The U.S. and U.S.S.R. propose a nuclear nonproliferation treaty.
- Hundreds of thousands of demonstrators stormed the Pentagon.
- U.S. troops in Vietnam approached 500,000.
- Riots occurred in many American cities.



Changing Life As We Knew It



- Thurgood Marshall named first black supreme court justice.



- Loving (Richard and Mildred Loving) v. Virginia: The Supreme Court ruled that state laws barring interracial marriage are unconstitutional.



- First successful human to human heart transplant performed by Christian Bernard in South Africa.

Making News in Sports

- First Super Bowl: Bart Starr and the Packers defeat the Kansas City Chiefs; win in '68 as well.
- Muhammad Ali stripped of title for refusing army induction; *"I ain't got no quarrel with the Vietcong."*
- Nate Northington (U of Kentucky), first Southeast conference black football player.



Then and Now

- A first class stamp in 1967 cost **5¢ vs. 55¢** in 2021.



What Moved Us

- Frank Sinatra won five Grammy awards.
- *Doctor Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb.*



OTIS REDDING THE DOCK OF THE BAY



YOU AIN'T WOMAN ENOUGH - LORETTA LYNN



John W. Cady

Spouse/Partner: Claudia A. Catania

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Living with the brilliant Claudia Catania '74 for 35 years. Listen to her podcast—PlayingOnAir.org

Raising two creative, caring sons who have made the world a better place by taking risks in their careers. (Max, 33—Liger, High Tech High; Gavin, 31—1,000 Figs).

Being handed three women's coats of my design by a sample maker.

After about 25 tries, finding a job that was a very snug fit with my brain—doing research for investigative reporters at *BusinessWeek*.

Where I am Today: I'm retired in Hillsdale, NY two hours north of NYC in idyllic surroundings—two mile view, cows across the road, potable stream, Audubon preserve on two sides of the property. I take care of Claudia, maintain the property, serve on the board of the local library, take care of a rental cottage, walk my dog, tend the wood stoves and take a lot of photographs. For the past 17 years I have maintained regular correspondence with far-right, tenth grade dropout, holy roller, career Navy guy in Tennessee.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: To party!



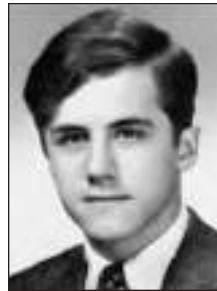
John Cady and family

Patrick M. Callahan (Pat)

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My connection to Wesleyan began in 1963 when my family and I dropped



my brother, Bob Callahan '67, at Foss Hill to start his freshman year. He was the first one in our family to attend college. Four years later, he dropped me off at Foss Hill. Competing on the swim team provided a home base for me during the four years, and I majored in music with a concentration in world music. What a unique and exciting time to experience Wesleyan.

I returned to Wesleyan in the fall of '73 to help out "for a year" with the men's swim team following the death of my coach John Edgar. For nearly 15 years, I coached the men's and women's swim team and the women's crew team and also taught swimming, lifesaving and scuba diving. I met my wonderful wife, Ann Goodwin '79, at Wesleyan, and we married in 1987.

We moved to Boston late that year for Ann's new job at The New England and I began working in real estate sales. Our beloved daughters, Caitlin and Dana, were born in 1989 and 1991, and Boston was a terrific place for our young family.

After five years, we returned to Essex, where I continued in real estate and joined the board of our local YMCA. I also coached a master's team and ran my daughter's age group swim program for a few years. Ann has worked at Wesleyan since 1995, except for stints at Connecticut College and Dartmouth between 2014 and 2019. We moved to New London, NH for the Dartmouth job and had a great time there, taking full advantage of the cross-country skiing and other outdoor opportunities.

We value and have benefitted incredibly from our long association with Wesleyan through long-lasting friendships with classmates, students and colleagues.

The picture below is of Ann and me on the Connecticut River in Essex. We love the town and the area and have enjoyed our 40-plus year project of renovating an 1835 Federal in the village.



Pat and Ann Callahan

Barbara Casey

Spouse/Partner: Michael P. Casey

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Roderick W. Cash, Jr. (Rod)

Spouse/Partner: Paulis Waber

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A major highlight of my life was meeting my wife of course, and Wesleyan had a role in that. I met Paulis at Bennington through our circle of mutual Wes and Bennington friends. We have three children: Mason, Anna and Rachel. I was thrilled that Anna chose to go to Wes, graduating in 2011 (so we are in the same reunion year). My wife and I have also become friends with one of Anna's college friends and her husband who recently moved to D.C., despite the 40 year age difference.

My career has been varied. I started as a lawyer, first at the Treasury Department, and then in private practice. In the late '80s/early '90s I built and sold houses in my Chevy Chase, D.C. neighborhood. In the mid-nineties I became an internet hobbyist before the development of the web browser, and joined an early start-up internet service provider. I then worked in the broader technology sector, and spent the last fifteen years in technology management consulting at Booz Allen and Deloitte. Most of that time has been working with federal government national security clients.

I was a recruiter once for Booz Allen at Wes. It was a great experience interviewing the very clever and fascinating students, one of whom has become a personal friend as well as a colleague.

I have lived in Washington since college, and retired in July. As I write in late November I am still adjusting to retirement, mostly still taking care of long-deferred personal catch-up stuff. I did some phone banking and texting before the election, but probably like many of us spent a lot more time glued to the news. My wife and I share an apartment in NYC with friends, and I had hoped to spend more time there after retirement, but that's on hold now. One of the very few people I am getting together with currently is Andy Baker, who I have been close friends with since sophomore year. We lived half a block from each other in D.C. for twenty years, and are still within walking distance.

I had fallen out of touch with a few of my close college friends until 2013. What precipitated our getting back together was the death of one of us; Gus Ayer, a dynamo and a mensch. Andy, Mark Paul, Jack Lebowitz, Marty Obin and I decided to start taking long weekends together every six months or so at Airbnbs in various east coast locations. These have always been terrific fun and lots of laughs. When the pandemic started, we canceled our scheduled weekend and shifted to Sunday afternoon Zoom sessions. Howard Dubner recently joined these as well.

I will refrain from reminiscing about my wildest experiences at Wes, but I still remember the great live music at McConaughey during our time there: the Youngbloods, Big Brother, Joni Mitchell, and Ben E. King, as well Ravi Shankar in the chapel. Some other band on Foss Hill in May, 1970 was also good.

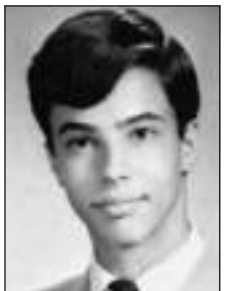


Rod Cash and family at Big Sur, 2018

Philip L. Casnoff

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Bradbury Clark circa 1971

Neil J. Clendeninn

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Wesleyan has factored into my life in so many ways. It inspired me to never stop learning. After leaving Wesleyan, I went to NYU Medical School and received my MD and PhD, in pharmacology. I then went on to the University of Washington, where I completed my internship and residency in Internal Medicine. Went to UCSF to do a Clinical Pharmacology program followed by NIH in Bethesda for pharmacology and oncology fellowships. More education receiving an applied MBA at UNC while at Burroughs Wellcome Pharmaceutical Company. There I worked on many new cancer therapies and helped with the development of AZT, the first therapeutic for AIDS. Moved on to Agouron Pharmaceutical in San Diego where I developed nelfinavir, an AIDS protease inhibitor. This drug converted AIDS from a death sentence to a sustainable disease. It was gratifying to see how one's work can be so impactful for so many people.

Also, an interesting tidbit on the nelfinavir development. My company was in competition with Vertex, run by none other than a lab partner in Peter Leermakers lab, Josh Boger, who later became Chairman of the Board of Trustees at Wesleyan. Happy to say I beat him to market, and I think with a better drug! A little friendly Wes Science jock competition.

After retiring at 52, I went back to school to do what I thought I went to Wesleyan for, to become an architect. I got my BS in Architecture with a specialty in Urban Planning and proceeded to help design Lihue, Kauai to make it into a more desirable town. Its slow going but happening.

My biggest highlight however in the last 50 years has been raising three wonderful, smart, and successful children: Anderson, Dallis and Martha. They are a joy and I feel so blessed to have them in my life.

Today I am consulting with biopharmaceutical companies. I work with them in the therapeutic areas of Oncology, HIV/AIDS, Covid-19, pain and others. So, while I retired, that was only from a nine to five gig. Now I work multiple hours a week, but time is more of my choosing. I was doing remote work before it became the thing.

At Wesleyan I remember being the Dean's student intern. It was quite an interesting job and was very influential. I was able to use the stretch limousine and take large numbers of brothers to the female colleges for mixers. When the limo from Wes arrived, the ladies knew the party started. I guess I was also the inside guy who kept Ujamaa informed of what policies and issues the school was undertaking. Came in useful for the takeover of Fisk Hall. That event was extremely educational as we held "classes" all day and discussed how we wanted the university to respond to its diversity in education.

I started this with describing how Wesleyan taught me to continue my education throughout life. I have done that. It was one of the most rigorous and challenging experiences of my life. It made me the person I am today. I was very inspired and developed a summer program in 1969 for incoming freshmen who were pre-med. How brash of a sophomore to go to the science faculty and ask them to teach a summer program for

incoming students. If I recall, there were 24 black students who indicated they were pre-med, and I believe 18 or 20 of the class of 1973 went on to get their MDs. A record number of minorities in medicine and I hope I was a little bit instrumental in helping them complete their Wesleyan education and achieve what many thought impossible. I loved my Wesleyan experience!



The Clendeninn families on tour at the Great Barrier Reef, Australia; Neil's daughter Martha; Neil's son Dallis with wife Kayla; Neil's son Anderson with wife Nicole and children, Cooper and Beckett.

John W. Coakley

Spouse/Partner:
Margaret B. Coakley

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Where I am Today: I live with my wife Margaret, a teacher, in Highland Park, New Jersey. I retired in 2016 after a career that included ten years as a pastor of Congregational churches in Massachusetts and then thirty-two years on the faculty at New Brunswick (NJ) Theological Seminary. There my field was the history of Christianity, and though I'm not actively teaching now, I'm still writing and doing research. We have a son (Phil) and a daughter (Mary '01) and three grandchildren.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: One Saturday during the student strike of 1970, Brian Sullivan '70 and I were among the many who went door to door in Middletown to raise consciousness about the crises facing the nation. I especially remember standing on a doorstep explaining our view of what had been at stake in the trial of the Chicago Seven,

to a woman whom we were making nervous but who kindly didn't dismiss us. Then later that day at a rally we heard Richard Wilbur read his poem "For the Student Strikers," with the words, "Let the new sound in our streets be the patient sound/Of your discourse." It occurs to me now that we students were not the only patient ones.

At right: John and Margaret Coakley



Malcolm H. Cochran

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: My Wesleyan education instilled in me the confidence to embrace change and expand my horizons. I arrived in the fall of 1967 sporting a tweed jacket with leather elbow patches and smoking a pipe destined, I was certain, to become a writer. A chance discovery of Wesleyan Potters (an off-campus co-op) ignited a passion for studying ceramics and majoring in art, and being a studio artist has remained at the core of my existence. Now to the highlights and pivotal moments: on the heels of Wesleyan, I earned a MFA at Cranbrook Academy of Art where my work shifted from functional to sculptural. From there I returned to my home state of New Hampshire where, working alone in a barn studio, I found my voice as a sculptor far from the centers of the art world. After 13 years as Curator of Exhibitions at the Hood Museum of Art, Dartmouth College, I was fortunate to land a tenure-track teaching job in the Department of Art (Sculpture) at The Ohio State University, Columbus. Teaching highlights: wonderful students, undergrad through grad school (I keep in touch with many of them); a teaching exchange in The Netherlands autumn 1993 with the whole family on board; and fast forward to 2017, being awarded Educator of the Year by the International Sculpture Center. Professional: In the mid-'70s I began making large-scale constructions—"Grand Objects," one curator called them. This led in 1981 to doing a project in the landscape at Artpark, Lewiston, NY. For 40+ years now I have pursued sculpture, installation, and public art. I have exhibited widely in the U.S. and Europe. Some of my most significant works have been for alternative spaces, most notably the Eastern State Penitentiary in Philadelphia. I have permanent public commissions in Brattleboro, VT, Cleveland, Columbus, and NYC. Personal Cliffs Notes: A summer in Jerusalem with a Sabra love, 1972; marriage in 1975; daughters born 1979 and 1980; facing facts and coming out in 2001; divorce 2003; facing facts to get

sober (and stay that way), 2005. I have wonderfully close relationships with my daughters and my two young grandsons.

Where I am Today: I'm happily settled in Columbus, OH. Retired from teaching at the end of 2012. In 2017, I bought a unique 1.18-acre property close to downtown to realize my life-long dream of studio and living together. The compound was built post-war for an electrical contractor, and it includes buildings that generate rental income. After living 14 months in a rented RV (not recommended, especially in winter!), I got into my own digs in August 2019. A 4,000 s.f. studio, additional renovations, and plans for gardens, will keep me future-oriented, the best frame of mind for this 72-year-old.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Much to my roommate Jake Weiss' shock, I'm sure, I cooked on a hotplate set on a board spanning an open drawer in our shared space. Miraculously, I pulled off a spaghetti dinner for (then visiting faculty) poet Tony Connor and his wife who gamely accepted my invitation. Sophomore year (spring and summer 1969): as friends were making plans to study abroad in Paris, I placed an ad in the Manchester (England) Guardian looking for a pottery where I might study... ended up at a hole-in-the-wall spot in London run by two women, one of whom had had an affair with a potter. I already knew more than they did. I made frequent trips to Paris, and that summer, George Lehner and I hitchhiked around Europe. The most insane part of that trip: we went in together on a used Fiat 500, convinced we could share her. The hood blew open when I was driving it in London (steering wheel on the wrong side, but no accident), and I think it died with George behind the wheel somewhere on the continent. Junior and Senior years: I was one of the servers for dinners at Honors College that preceded presentations. Mrs. Landell (sp.) was the caterer. She would pull up in a huge blue Buick sedan with dinner in foil-covered stainless-steel pans ready for buffet serving over sterno. Mrs. Landell was a large woman, and the suspension on her aging Buick was shot. As it rocked and swayed through turns, juices had sloshed, leaving the trunk stained with beef stroganoff- and Swedish meatball-scented grease—elegant fare in those days. Before the meal, she gave us tastes: "Now that's good eatin', boys. That's good eatin'." About 15 minutes before the event was over, she'd open a bottle of wine—"just in case" the guests wanted more—but we knew it was so she could take it home; we headed out with packages of leftovers. I remember the fun Simon Vincent and I had living off campus. My bedroom was on the second floor; Simon's quarters and our kitchen were in the basement. The dining table sat next to the oil tank. Bliss! Final wonderful year: renting a house on Butternut Street with my buds George and John Rothman.

At right: Malcolm Cochran, 2020



Demetrie George Comnas

Spouse/Partner:
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I joined Chase Manhattan Bank in 1974 and to my surprise stayed 25 years. It was a good place from which to observe and even participate in some notable moments in modern economic history: the aftermath of the first oil crisis, trade with the Soviet Union, the boom and bust of the gold and silver markets, the advent of derivatives and financialization of the planet, the Latin American debt crisis, the crash of 1987, European integration, the breakup of the former Soviet Union. It was never boring.

I finally married at age 39, to the lovely Ann de Alvarez, who has been my closest companion ever since. We moved to London in 1990 and stayed 12 years. I took early retirement at age 50. We moved to Greece for 7 years and built a home on our family farm in Epidaurus. The most challenging project ever, and the most rewarding (see www.highgroves.com).

Today we live in West Palm Beach, Florida, where we enjoy the beach, golf, cycling, developing new friendships and rekindling some old ones (Carey and Cecily O'Laughlin live nearby).

My fondest Wesleyan moments were political discussions in the dining hall at Eclectic, political discussions in the drawing rooms at Eclectic, Fall and Spring House parties, the many fabulous on-campus concerts, the freedom after a few years of boarding school, road trips with comrades from Eclectic and Psi U, and the student strike in the spring of 1970.

The courses that stand out include "Modern Dance" with Cheryl Cutler and "Verse Writing" with Richard Wilbur (Poet Laureate of the day).

It was a time of friendships, awakenings, experimentation and meaning.



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Past 50 Years' Highlights: I can now reveal that I joined the Central Intelligence Agency in December 1971. Wesleyan made me curious and I ended up pursuing a 43 year career with the CIA. Along the way, I earned a Master's Degree in Economics at George Washington University and spent a year of post-graduate studies at the Colorado School of Mines. My backup to joining the CIA was to be a ski-bum.

Where I am Today: Currently I live with my wife in Potomac, Maryland, and I am working part time with the Atlantic Council, a think tank in Washington, D.C., and do some consulting on security issues. My wife and I spend a lot of time with our two grandsons and I am still playing soccer. I avidly pursue my passion for skiing and reached a rating of 6th fastest amateur racer nationally in my age group of 40 to 49 years old in 1991.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: My fondest memories are rowing crew with my fellow rowers, especially the time we hosted a regatta on the Connecticut River and put out a generous spread of wine for our guest rowers. It turned out that our guest rowers weren't allowed to imbibe so we had to drink it all ourselves.



Bud Coote and wife Debbie at a 52nd High School Reunion in San Diego, October 2019

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: The major milestones for me have been a) marrying Lois Camberg in 1976, staying happily married for 44 years and raising two children (Aaron, now 41, and Leah, now 38). Like everyone, there have been both great times and challenging times, but my biggest accomplishment has been participating in the creation of a family that continues to be a source of joy and pride. Both children (and their families) live close by and we enjoy each other's company. b) becoming a lawyer and building a successful practice. It has often been aggravating and frustrating (all of the other Class of '71 lawyers will know what I mean) but I feel like I have done a good job and helped a lot of people. I don't think I have ever been bored practicing law, and have enjoyed trying to figure out how to accomplish the goals of each case I worked on, c) I have always been interested in environmental protection and served on the conservation commission in my town for 24 years—23 as Chairman—and worked with others to preserve many acres of open space, and d) have been able to do a lot of traveling, which is something I always loved. One memorable trip was to Madagascar with my son in 2013. When he was a kid his favorite animal was the lemur, and I offered to take him to Madagascar when he was ten. He refused to go because the trip would have been during Halloween and he had already picked out his costume. I asked him again 25 years later and he said yes instantly, telling me that he always regretted his initial decision.

Where I am Today: We have lived in Needham, Massachusetts (a suburb of Boston) since 1977, and are about to move to a condominium for the next phase of our lives. I am semi-retired and expect to retire completely in the next year or two. (I became a grandfather this year and love spending time with her and watching her grow.) I continue to be involved in environmental protection. I spend the rest of my time NOT going to concerts, movies, restaurants, etc., during the pandemic. I am still fighting a losing battle of wearing a mask without having my glasses fog up.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: I had a wonderful time at Wesleyan. In addition to meeting a lot of very interesting people and making many good friends, I got to read a large number of books. What's not to like? As far as concerts go, Janis Joplin actually said hello to me (or maybe it was to the

guy standing next to me) and Tracy Nelson of Mother Earth shook my hand. Another memorable experience was driving two to three hours to Sarah Lawrence with some roommates for what was supposed to be a wild Saturday night party, only to find out that the party was on Friday night.

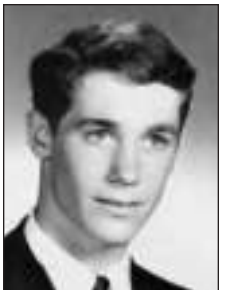


Roy Cramer with wife Lois

Paul R. Crotty

Spouse/Partner:
Christine V. Brown Crotty

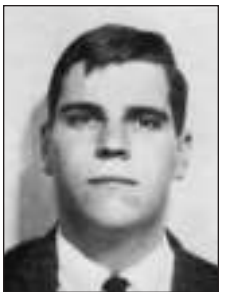
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John F. Cuddy

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: The biggest highlight was the birth of my son. Period. One of the things about raising a child is you get to revisit your own childhood, both happy memories and sad. You get to forgive yourself for things you thought awful when you were little, but were just part of growing up and parents actually thought were cute. You also get to enjoy again the fun things of childhood, like playing a simple game or exploring the woods together.

Another was finally (!) deciding on a forward path and ten years after graduation going back to school for an MBA. Two things I said I would not do were to work in healthcare or real estate. Naturally, this led to a career in healthcare administration in an outpatient psychiatric rehab company working in collaboration with the Maryland public mental health system. We also developed housing for disabled adults, buying about 75 condos and housing 140 people.

(John F. Cuddy biography continues on next page)

Wesleyan's biggest impact was to have learned to welcome learning new things. So, I learned to ballroom dance and met my second wife, we became exercise nuts and did the "triple crown" of three different fund-raising activities for Team in Training for the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society. And, of course, I continued a lifelong interest in learning by reading. I have a 35 year backlog of books on my shelves to read. I finally had learned to read between junior and senior year of college when working as a dorm counselor for the local Upward Bound program. I read about 40 books that summer and learned to argue with and evaluate authors.

Another highlight occurred when my young neighbor came running down the steps yelling "Somebody help me. My baby stopped breathing." I was home sick, opened the door and said "Have you called 911?" "No." "Get in here." 911—lay baby on hard surface, head back—he started breathing again, high temperature seizure had rolled his tongue back. Baby was fine as far as I know; I got very little sleep especially since the smoke alarm battery decided it needed replacement all night.

Where I am Today: After a 30 year plus career in mental health and development of housing for disabled adults, I retired to being an adjunct accounting professor at Towson University. Now I have been learning all about on-line instruction.

My wife and I have reinforced especially our friendship as we have spent more time together. I do a lot of the cooking (such as Chocolate chip pumpkin buttermilk pancakes—delicious), and have discovered long hidden abilities to be a home handyman for minor repairs.

Other major activities include gardening—my wife claims we have the best garden ever due to COVID quarantine. Our goal is to have bloom from early spring to frost. Next year we will expand to raised bed vegetable gardening.

We also do online exercise from YouTube six days per week. As a result, I have lost 20 pounds since COVID started. It is so important to try and maintain agility and balance and strength for as long as possible, especially as health challenges loom up. As the Little Sisters say, getting old is not for wimps.

And, of course, people ask—Wesleyan? Wasn't that a girls' school? Ohio Wesleyan? West Virginia Wesleyan? Oh, W on your cap—did you go to Wisconsin?

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: My college girlfriend was President of the Holyoke outing club. She got me to go in a canoe for the first time in my life at night in December on the Connecticut River. What were we thinking? When finished, we chained the canoes (three other people also did the activity) to a tree. They disappeared, and when the police inquired in the neighborhood, they suddenly re-appeared.

The student strike of 1970 was probably one of the wildest, weirdest times on campus. (I had over 100 pages of papers due in two weeks, and suddenly that problem disappeared.) It was so intense with daily meetings, worries about the government, the Bobby Seale trial in New Haven. Academics seemed trivial at the time.

One year we had a dorm discussion about Heinrich Schutz's quote that before we are the citizens of any republic, we are citizens of the republic of daily life. Naturally, this was a challenge, so we had a flag, which may have featured a hammer as its central symbol, and the national motto was "At home or at work, use the right tool for the job." This was good entertainment for several weeks.

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: After 50 years, my closest friend (Hampton Cross, Class of '72) lives six blocks from me. Love and support for a lifetime.

Where I am Today: I retired after 41 years of service and commitment to the African American community in Washington, D.C. One colleague insists that I "tried to save the world, one patient at a time."

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: The takeover of classroom building in 1969 was the beginning of a life of protest and getting into "good trouble."



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Past 50 Years' Highlights: One night on Foss Hill, I read Creel's *The Birth of China* straight through, all 380 pages, transfixed. Overnight my world doubled in size—just what a good college ought to do to an 18-year-old provincial. That book provided a rich context for my commercial travels over several decades through Taiwan, Indonesia and Malaysia, where local businessmen often named as "home" some remote Chinese village, a dozen generations removed.

Where I am Today: I'm retired, living in the house we built 20 years ago near Chicago. Homebound during the pandemic, I began staring at all the defects ignored for years. So I'm juggling a dozen contractors, inside and out, top to bottom, tripping over each other, painting, roofing, wiring, plumbing, caulking.... We've almost caught up with the squirrels, who now in mid-November are hustling their final winter acorns across the yard.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: A friend and I were in my room on Foss Hill. Someone knocked persistently on the window. I opened the blind: There, three sheets to the wind, was my high school English teacher. He was not his usual sober master of precision prose. He waxed nostalgic over our long ago class and laughed endlessly over interrupting my date. Eventually he stumbled off. I closed the blind.



Francis B. Day



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Past 50 Years' Highlights: My wife, Cheryl, and I have two sons, Ned and Luke, with whom we have had a wonderful family life. For many years we lived in Sherborn, Massachusetts, and in 2017 we moved to a farm, our long time seasonal home, in Albany, Vermont, a town of approximately 900 in the Northeast Kingdom. I have had a varied and interesting professional career practicing energy and environmental law. I was an Assistant Attorney General for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and then joined the law firm, Nixon Peabody, where I became a partner and practiced law for 38 years.

My family connections to Wesleyan have been important to me, as my younger brother and two nephews attended Wesleyan, and my son, Luke, is now a junior at Wesleyan. I continue to be close friends with several of my Wesleyan classmates. At Wesleyan I learned squash, playing on the team, and I still play competitively today, resulting in many long lasting friendships over the years and plenty of exercise.

Where I am Today: My family now lives on a farm in Albany, Vermont where there is no end to farm work, such as helping our son, Ned, hay the fields this summer, and gardening. I am involved in rebuilding and reopening the only general store in our town, the town's COVID-19 Food Share program, the town Planning Commission and a local senior residential care home.



Rob Dewees, Jr. and wife Cheryl on their Vermont farm

James Dingeman

Robert C. Director

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Many of the highlights of my life revolve around travel and vacations. Beginning with a trip around the country with Wesleyan friends in a VW minibus, I traveled around Europe three years later in a VW minibus. I live for the trips I've taken since, with family and friends, skiing, the beach, the Caribbean, and multiple trips to France and Italy. Other memorable experiences were going to a Gato Barbieri concert for the first date with my wife, and skiing for the first time with my children. I also remember taking my first paycheck after graduating dental school and buying my first color TV. It was also meaningful to me to serve on the board of my prep school, as well as being elected president of our state dental society.

Where I am Today: I am still in Wilmington, DE drilling teeth for fun and profit. I've mostly given up photography, and I'm still lousy at playing the guitar. But I love to ski and I hope to get some more days on the slopes this winter. I've also taken up house painting.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: I'm going to be the only person in this book to say the Grateful Dead concert was one of the best memories. Road trips to Connecticut College were always fun. Group Psychology classes were always amusing and probably therapeutic.



Robert Director and family, from left: Son Dan, Robert Director and his wife Debbie, son Corbin and his wife Megan

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O'ROURKE'S: COUNTER-CULTURE

by Tim Smith

"O'Rourke's is a state of mind." This is probably the nearest thing to a consensus that Wesleyan can manage with respect to the famous diner at the north end of Main Street. Although O'Rourke's will never be mistaken for Eric Heller ("Middletown doesn't have any real problems 'cause we've got some a railroad") and although Vinnie never made it into a Duran Duran story, Wesleyan apparently have discovered an earthy charm about the place. In fact, it might be argued that as O'Rourke's cult has expanded and the affection of its patrons has turned into talk shop over the years.

In 1963, the captain of the Wesleyan football team invited O'Rourke's four top short-order cooks (John, Bill, Vinnie, and Eddie) to his wedding. John remembers the occasion well. "She was from some place at a college in Massachusetts. South College?" About this time, a Wesleyan M.A.T. discovered and classified a trikkie fossil embedded in the granite counter.

In 1966, Duran Duran, now a senior, wrote a highly successful anthropology paper on O'Rourke's. In it, he detailed such facets of the diner as the development of the standard cheeseburger, the "counter people," and management-customer relations.

which can be described neatly as, if you get it, you ordered it. It might be said with some truth that O'Rourke's is the only restaurant where the customer is always wrong."

First Jack's Place and now O'Rourke's, for almost fifty years have had no lock on their doors. For twenty years, O'Rourke's has been open day and night the year around, except on Christmas and New Year's Day. O'Rourke's proudly relates that even during the blackout of 1966,

baseball field and town children weren't allowed to come to games. Young children weren't allowed to walk across campus, he said. Now, he feels, Wesleyan students do not look down on Middletown or at least see more friendly.

Some students, it must be added, avoid O'Rourke's not out of snobishness but as a gastric precautionary measure. The standard criticisms of diners: greasy food, dirty spoon, and a hair in the soup are perpetuated by this group. Since point out that



Inside O'Rourke's: the proprietors

he remained open, using candles and lanterns for light—"My coffee machine, you see, uses gas."

"Little Old Wise Dicker Me" by Dean Martin typifies the jukebox. Other objects to what they consider the "house diners." A waitress says simply, "I'm not in love here."

their small but active group—it is hard to believe—pines O'Rourke's for establishments are "more hard-core" such as The Tapped only by Buzz (where up Main Street), Joe's (Lindner Shop, or Sam's Bar and To this group, Friendly's is, um, out of the question.

why, a veritable O'Rourke's, diagnosed with both critics. He feels that "O'Rourke's runs spontaneous and good dinner and Bill is perhaps the fastest

MIDDLETOWN MOVIE BRIEFS

A Man And A Woman

A Man and a Woman is a gloomy film, a happy film. Mary Foyette was also happy in a way, but the joy in Mary Foyette was in the extraordinary, in fantasy. The virtue of A Man and a Woman is that it finds beauty in reality. The story is simple: a woman is in love with a man, but is separated from him by her necessity of her late husband. Only when she is afraid of losing her love is she able to reconcile herself to the present. She discovers that, "L'amour est bien plus fort que nous." Love is stronger than we are.

But life is never so simple. There is ecstasy and delight in the film, but there is also pain, sorrow, death. The film recognizes that neither can exist without the other, that joy and sorrow are equally important and equally beautiful. Anouk Aimée is lovely, and not just physically. Her performance is remarkably sensitive, as are those of Jean-Louis Trintignant as her lover and Pierre Barouh as her husband. They do something unusual for films: they live. The photography, which relies heavily on the interesting device of rubbing monochrome and color to create a mood, is magnificent; the music is hauntingly evocative.

There is in the movie a quotation from Giacomo Puccini: "If I were in a fire and had the choice of saving a Rembrandt or saving a cat, I'd take the cat." Between Art and Life, I would choose Life. A Man and a Woman has both.—Mark Morris



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James M. Enelow



Colem M. Enge, Jr.



Alan L. Epstein

Spouse/Partner:
Lindsay M. Epstein

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: My son Aaron graduated class of '97 from Wesleyan and then went on to medical school. I have retained some important friendships from Wesleyan and treasured the time I spent on campus. Memorable moments for me in the last 50 years include finding a wonderful spouse, Lindsay, who has made my life so much more enjoyable and having two handsome sons together. Highlights with my family include my son Seth, drafted and playing professional baseball; my son Aaron, graduating from USC School of Medicine and seeing his career blossom; attaining four wonderful, beautiful grandchildren, and two incredible goddaughters, all of whom I love so much. In my career, I have achieved acknowledgement in my field of cancer research and have trained numerous MD, PhD, and MD/PhD students which is very gratifying. I still hope to make significant contributions to cancer research and therapy with the time I have left. Other key moments are trips with my family to Hawaii, enjoying a summer living in Basel, Switzerland working for a biotech company with three close friends, and my experiences in the Rockies and Sierra mountains hiking with friends. Summer of my Freshman year, my roommate at Foss Hill, David Van Alstine and I performed a 50 mile hike from Mt. Baker to Hope Lake in Canada which was an experience of a lifetime.

Where I am Today: I am currently a full Professor of Pathology at the USC Keck School of Medicine where I perform full time research and teaching. I decided early on in my career

to focus on research instead of clinical work, a decision that changed the course of my career for the better. I also work closely with biotech companies as a cofounder and collaborator and look forward to seeing some of my inventions being tested in patients. I live in Pasadena, just one mile from the Rose Bowl and enjoy all the incredible opportunities Los Angeles has to offer, including proximity to Palm Springs, Lake Arrowhead, Big Bear Lake, San Diego, and the ocean.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: My fondest memories include getting to know many of my classmates, my dorm experiences and roommates, Olin Library, Shanklin Hall where I had a small laboratory senior year in the attic, and many Friday nights in the old Physics building studying. Most funny experiences were definitely the long road trips to girl schools such as Vassar, Sarah Lawrence, Mt. Holyoke, Smith, where meeting girls was a priority but, pretty much never happened. I also have fond memories of walking down to Middletown to go to the Greek pizza place or Paradise Restaurant with friends. Being lonely was an art form in those days on an all male campus and a wicked sense of humor was all we had from going crazy.

At right:
Alan Epstein



Wendy B. Fain

Spouse/Partner: Paul S. Feldman

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George W. Fenton

Spouse/Partner:
Nancy Gollinger Fenton

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Past 50 Years' Highlights:

- Married Nancy Gollinger in 1972 and had two sons and a niece who grew up with us.
- Worked in family art glass business and became President in 1986. We tripled the business in size through the '90s up to over 700 employees but suffered from loss of market and increase in energy costs and had to stop glassmaking in 2011 after 106 years.
- Live in same town as four of our grandchildren and enjoy being closely involved in their lives.
- Trustee of Marietta College for last 27 years and just finished five-year term as Chair of the Board.
- Many opportunities to travel with Nancy through Europe and China for business and pleasure.

Where I am Today: I'm on the Marietta College board. I recently took several courses in Astronomy at the college and trying to find an opportunity to be involved in current research. I'm still playing full court basketball twice a week (although Covid has interrupted this) and continue to lose to my grandson on the golf course.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: The tradition of the crowd throwing dead fish on the floor at the Wesleyan/Amherst basketball games. Pulling an all-nighter and seeing three fire bombs on campus.



George Fenton and family

Stephen C. Ferruolo

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: I had a sequence of different careers



—as a professor of medieval history, business attorney specializing in representing tech and biotech companies, and law school dean. I would say that the experience of being at Wesleyan during our four tumultuous years gave me the resilience and skills to adapt to change and take on new challenges. I can also say that some of the very smartest (in the broad sense) people I have met, wherever I have worked, have been Wesleyan grads. However, at the very top among the highlights of the past 50 years, was having my son, also called Stephen, enter Wesleyan 49 years after we did and sharing the Wesleyan experience again through him.

Where I am Today: This is our 21st year living in San Diego (La Jolla) and 41 years since I moved to California (I thought temporarily) to join the Stanford history department as an assistant professor in 1979. In 1987, I switched from being a teacher to a student, graduating from Stanford Law School in 1990 and clerking on the First Circuit (which is what I was doing at the time of our 20th reunion, the last one I attended). After returning to California in 1991, I practiced law for 20 years at law firms in LA, Silicon Valley and San Diego, and then spent nine years as dean of the University of San Diego School of Law (2011–20) before returning to legal practice this past August as a partner at Perkins Coie. Like everyone else, I wonder what the other side of the COVID-19 pandemic will look like, but I hope that I will continue to remain active for several more years combining teaching, legal practice and community service.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Above all and most fondly, frequent and endless discussions, always at a high level of intensity, about important issues and ideas, in and outside classes (and at memorable places like O'Rourke's), with people I admired and respected (however much we disagreed at times) and from whom I learned so much.

My most vivid memory is the morning I woke up to find my suitmates missing, finding out that they were occupying Fisk Hall, and then all that followed over the next months and years we were at Wesleyan. A time made all the more vivid by recent events revealing how little progress our society has made addressing the issues that our Black classmates were protesting.



Stephen Ferruolo

Kathy Ann Fitzgerald

Timothy C. Flood



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Past 50 Years' Highlights: I went to a midwestern public high school and was not prepared for the academic demands of Wesleyan during my freshman year. However, by the time I graduated I had the education to attend an excellent graduate program in business. This education enabled me to develop and grow a successful business. I also participated in three sports throughout my Wesleyan years and these sports taught me the importance of teamwork, relationships, and perseverance.

Where I am Today: I sold my business and retired from it when I was 50 and then enjoyed a part time role in real estate development. My original career was in Michigan and then I moved to the Colorado mountains for real estate development. I now live in Florida and spend time in the summer and ski season in Vail, Colorado. I am married to a wonderful woman and we have a combined family with six kids and 13 grandchildren.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: I will never forget attending my first history class called "War 1". We had about ten students in the class and the professor always would provide cigars on the main table for everyone to smoke during class. I have never been a smoker except during that class. I don't think that would work in today's world. I also remember returning with our football team on a bus ride from Hamilton.

We "lucked" out a victory and were very proud of ourselves. When we arrived at Wesleyan Coach Russell told the bus driver to turn off the bus and keep the doors locked. Coach Russell then proceeded to strongly criticize us for giving up toward the end of the game when it looked like we would not win. I learned the lesson to never give up and that lesson has helped me in life. Thank you Coach Russell.



Gregory Forbes and family

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In the fall of 1968, Saul Shapiro and Karen Fenholt got a blind date for me with Linda Huth from Connecticut College. Karen: "Who can we find who is as boring as Linda?" Saul: "Hey, I know! How about Foster?" 1968: a few movie dates and listening to Charles Lloyd in the COL house on Washington Ave. 1969: carrying on *une affaire aeropostale* while I did the COL semester in France and summer on the road in Europe. 1970: bouncing back and forth between dorms in Middletown and New London. 1971: getting married in Milwaukee, settling into grad school in Madison. 1975 and 1980: Vanessa and Brittany arrive; I get a job with Digital Equipment Corp. 1990: we move to Minneapolis and I join Oracle as a software consultant.

In 2003, Linda was diagnosed with younger onset Alzheimer's disease. In the ten years that followed, I became a caregiver for her and a volunteer/activist, while Linda gradually lost all the abilities of daily living. In 2009, I placed her in a residential care facility, and she died four years later. The experience transformed my life in many ways, too many to describe here. Ask me sometime!

At Wesleyan, I was introduced to a method of analysis called structuralism. I found that I had a lot of fun applying structural

analysis to literature and myth, and I went on to grad school at the University of Wisconsin in comparative literature. Sometime during my slog towards a doctorate, however, academic fashions changed. I found I was an obsolete structuralist in an ocean of deconstructionists, and the fun was gone. I bailed and wound up in commercial software, which was in the process of being invented. Within a few years, I became an expert in the use of relational databases to solve business problems. I realized finally that relational database technology is really the application of structuralist methods to the analysis of information.

After living in Minneapolis for 26 years, I met a delightful lady named Andrea, who has spent her life in Orange County, California, so today I live with her in Brea (near Anaheim). I still spend some weeks every year in Minneapolis, hanging out with my kids and friends, but not so much in February.

I retired from Oracle in 2015 and now pursue normal old-guy activities: travel, Blue Apron, Netflix, laps in the pool, biking in the hills. Inspired by my experience with South Indian drums at Wesleyan, I recently took up hand percussion instruments, starting with the African drum called a *djembe*, and then *pan-deiro*, bongos, *cajon*, and now congas. And I still tinker with database technology as if it were an antique Ford in the garage.



David Foster and Andrea Nesbitt

Stephen D. Freniere (Steve)

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This is my first communication with the Class of 1971 since I left Middletown in 1968. I'll keep it brief. When I got back from the Army, I spent three more years on campus and graduated with the class of '75. I have lived in Georgia since 1975. I was an anesthetist for 38 years and retired from Emory University Hospital in 2014. My wife Janice, a graduate of Peter Bent Brigham Hospital School of Nursing, and I just celebrated our 33rd anniversary. I planted a millennium grove of 100 black walnut trees in my back yard in 2000. I have learned how to grow garlic properly.

My unnumbered memories from freshman year 1967 and 1968 are of an astounding world of music, people and ideas. I remember Downey House, dynamic graffiti in the Foss Hill



tunnels, shadow puppets, Ravi Shankar, the "Great Books" course and Magister Ludi. I remember O'Rourke's Diner, the Connecticut River and *gelato pipó*. I remember Sandy Sarson, Dwight Greene and Juan Dandridge. I remember Matias Tembe and Fred Dubose. I remember Manfred Stassen and Richard Wilbur. I remember Norm Shapiro. I think of Wesleyan all the time.



Steve Freniere

Greg B. Friedman

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: My Wes experience contributed to the development of a capacity for critical thinking that carried me through graduate school and even more significantly to a post-doctoral fellowship at The Menninger Clinic where I was taught, supervised, and mentored by the sharpest psychologists that I have ever been around. The acuity of their perspectives inspires me and encourages me all these many years later. And, the icing on the cake is that the Fellowship led directly to my first position at Northwestern University Medical School in Chicago, the city where I met my wife and has been home ever since.

Where I am Today: I work as a clinician and administrator at The Family Institute at Northwestern University where I have been for the past 20 years. In my spare time (whatever that is), I volunteered with a group that founded the first new and truly community mental health center in Chicago (and perhaps anywhere in the U.S.) which I am proud to say is now a vital part of a Chicago community that had lost its mental health services. This effort required not only a door-to-door survey, but also legislative lobbying and passage of a new state law so that the CMHC could function independently of political pressures.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: I take the fifth on answering this question, but will mention that going on road trips with whoever had a car going to the "girls' school" of interest led to milder versions of many of the adventures depicted in *Animal House*. The film may seem gross or stupid to the uninitiated, but probably too well reminds classmates of those days.

(Greg B. Friedman biography pictures continues on next page)



Clockwise from top left: Greg Friedman as a freshman on Foss Hill; John Hastings, Greg and Dave Segas as actual seniors; Greg, John and Dave as seniors on High Street.

Bernard D. Frischer

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: If I had to single out the most impactful experience I have had these past fifty years it would have to be my Rome Prize Fellowship at the American Academy in Rome. The two years spent in Rome (1974–1976) determined the future course of my career and lifestyle. I changed from a humanist primarily interested in written texts to one much more engaged with material culture. In my first month at the Academy, I was taken on a tour of the Museum of Roman Civilization, where I saw the physical model of ancient Rome that consists of about 7,000 buildings as well as the Tiber River, the seven hills and other topographical features. Viewing this model made a lasting impression on me and started me on the road that was to reach its final destination in 2019 when I completed a digital model showing the city at the same moment in time (the year AD 320; see www.romereborn.org). The model was presented at a press conference in Rome held in November 2019.

Other memorable events include meeting my future wife at a wedding in Westwood, California during my second year of teaching at UCLA (1977); being invited to hold two press conferences with two mayors of Rome, and one with the Director of the Uffizi Gallery in Florence (the latter for the public launch of my project to digitize all the ancient sculpture in the museum; see www.digitalsculpture.org/florence). I gave many keynote lectures, of which the most memorable were in the Pantheon in Paris and in the Roman Theater in Italica, Spain very late on a hot summer night.

Finally, I must mention my long friendship with the American sculptor Peter Rockwell, whom I met in 1981 and to whom I remained close until his death in 2019. He was famous for sculpting monster statues. Among the many memories I have of Peter, perhaps the one I cherish the most, is our project to create two statues inspired by Horace's longest and most enigmatic poem, "The Art of Poetry". Peter sculpted a statue of the female monster described at the very beginning of the poem as having the head of a woman, neck of a horse, wings of a bird, and tail of a fish. He also carved a herm representing the poetaster described in the middle of the poem who thinks he can become a great poet by pretending to be mad. This he does by never going to the barber, never cutting his fingernails, and never taking a bath. These statues were carved in Peter's studio in Rome, shipped to Los Angeles, where they were intended to decorate our swimming pool, then, fifteen years later, were crated up and accompanied us to the University of Virginia and finally erected next to our big pond in Bloomington, Indiana. Every time I see them (so, about ten times a day), I think of all the wonderful conversations, meals, and visits to museums I had with Peter and his wife Cynthia, both now buried in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome.

Where I am Today: Today, my wife and I live in Bloomington, Indiana. I was recruited here by the president of Indiana University in 2013 to start our country's first doctoral program in the new field called Virtual Heritage, or the study of ways that new 3D digital technologies can be applied to such traditional fields of cultural heritage as Architectural History, Art History, Conservation Science, Egyptology, etc. I am also the founder and president of a company called Flyover Zone (www.fly-overzone.com) which has the mission of using 3D technology to present world heritage sites and monuments to students and the general public.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: My best memories of my time at Wesleyan are connected to English Prof. John Hackett. He mentored me and became my friend, inviting me to dinner with his lovely wife many times. Probably the most memorable dinner was the one at which the author Jerzy Kosinski (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jerzy_Kosi%C5%84ski) was present. He told uproarious stories and also gave me a tip I've passed on to many students about how if you want to get a quick start in learning a new language, go to the cinema and see the same film three or four times a day for a week. He claimed that that was how he learned English when he first arrived in our country as a refugee from Communist Poland. A second memory is sitting on a couch in the Honors College next to Jorge Luis Borges, who was already one of my favorite authors, when he was giving a talk at Wesleyan. Finally, I recall an event held early on a Saturday morning in the College of Letters when the first speaker was Prof. Harold Bloom of Yale. After his talk, he stretched out on a couch and promptly fell asleep for the rest of the morning.

At right:
Bernard Frischer



John R. Fuller



Milton A. Galamison, Jr. (Corky)



J. Michael Gee (Michael)

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Scott F. Gilbert

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Soon after graduation, I married Anne Raunio ('72), who was one of the first women at Wesleyan. We went to Johns Hopkins together and then to Madison, Wisconsin, for my postdoc and her medical residency. We remain cheeseheads. We have also been fortunate to raise three very interesting, very different, and very talented children, each of whom listens to NPR. I have had the privilege to teach biology at Swarthmore College and pursue research at the University of Helsinki. My research questions concern how evolutionary novelty arises through changes in development. Since I was both a religion and biology major, the culmination of my academic career was probably in 2016 when I went to India to present a lecture to the Dalai Lama on fertilization and embryology. So, after teaching developmental biology and history of



biology at Swarthmore College for 35 years, I will count him as my last student.

Where I am Today: We have followed our granddaughters and have retired to Portlandia, one of the three centers of anarchy in the USA. Actually, Portland is a very law-abiding city with great restaurants and incredible concerts. We are a ten-minute drive from our two granddaughters, a twenty-minute walk to Powell's bookstore, and a 45-minute drive to the waterfalls of the Columbia River Gorge. During the time of Covid, we take a walk in the rainforest each day. On days without rain, (there are some), we see Mount Hood rising majestically into the sky from our living room window. For the past four years, I've been active in the indivisible political action group in Portland. I'm still writing articles in developmental biology and in the philosophy of biology, and I have three books in print. Prior to retirement, I played piano in Knish, Swarthmore's premier klezmer band; but now I just play for fun and therapy. We also spend some of our summers in Finland, where I used to work. (<https://www.swarthmore.edu/profile/scott-gilbert>).

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: It's amazing how much I associate Wesleyan with music—curry concerts, *Gamelan*, *Navaratri*, Chorus, Grateful Dead, Sun Ra, Butterfield Blues, and the ever-present background music of Crosby, Stills, and Nash, Janice Joplin, the Beatles, Frank Zappa, and Jefferson Airplane (OK—I was in Alpha Delt). Of course, there was the impromptu Grateful Dead concert on campus; but one of my religion courses (Randy Huntsbury's course on religious communes, which had a lab component where I learned "Sardines") went as a group to the Dead's Manhattan Center concert, as well. The wildest time may have been during the complete solar eclipse in the spring semester of 1970. The dance troupe on Foss Hill brought the sun back from the jaws of the dragon, and we joined the entire earth in celebration.



Scott Gilbert

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Thomas S. Giuffrida (Tom)

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: I married and had two kids before I graduated from Wesleyan. I was able to continue at Wes in the MAT program, which led to a Masters in 1972. This was a wonderful small program, and it gave me a framework for teaching for the next decade. But I divorced in '78 and became a single parent. I could not afford to stay in teaching and left to do high-end renovation work, which led to designing and building custom furniture.

Where I am Today: I met a wonderful woman, Roberta Adams, who was in her residency in Boston. She owed time to the U.S. Public Health Service (in exchange for medical school support) and in 1984 the four of us moved from New England to the Navajo Reservation in Arizona. I began to make furniture full time. We started white water rafting (we have our own boats and lead trips), four-wheel driving and skiing in the mountains of the west. We spent three fabulous years there, then moved to Salt Lake City, where Roberta did a fellowship in Hematology and Oncology. I continued making furniture and became active in several community non-profits. I was on the Board of Trustees for The Furniture Society, a national studio furniture organization and served as President of the Board for two terms. We were in SLC for 15 years when she took a position with The Mayo Clinic as the Director of Blood and Marrow Transplant in Phoenix, which is where we are today. I am still making furniture and furnishing. I write and teach as well. We have been fortunate to be able to travel (pre-COVID) to a host of wonderful places in the world and I look forward to a time when we can again feel free to travel.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: I made several lasting friends at Wesleyan: Charles Dawe, Jay Resnick and Bennett Blackburn. One of the joys in my life is my continued friendship with them and their families. I was married and had kids quite young, so I was not exactly wild as an undergrad, but those were wonderful years with my little children. I remember the student strike and the Grateful Dead/New Riders concert fondly, but the whole music scene—*Gamelan*, *Wayang*, African Drumming—was a remarkable experience. I even tried playing Japanese flute for several years. I was patently awful.



Andy Glantz with wife Roberta

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Brett S. Goldstein

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Too many to list. Wesleyan was certainly a factor when my son Daniel was a student there in the 1990s.

Where I am Today: I am retired and spend most my time making furniture.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: The Grateful Dead Concert.



Miguel Gomez-Ibanez

James A. Goold (Jim)

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Homecoming weekend of our freshman year, I remember watching a group of what looked like doddering gents in the parade behind a banner that said "50". How can it possibly be that I now am one?

I entered as a '71, then finished in January '72, and married my wife Dabney in June '72, whereupon we went off to work on archaeological digs in Italy. Plan A was that I would go on to a PhD in archaeology. But we realized soon enough that would be too confining a way to make a living and activated Plan B,



a law degree at the University of Chicago Law School in '76, while Dabney became an architect.

In due course, I became a litigation partner at Kirkland & Ellis, a big Chicago-based firm, then went inside with a client in North Carolina in search of a better quality of life, but within a few years went back into the fray with the law firm of Covington & Burling in Washington, D.C.

I remain active at Covington, with about half of my time defending major corporations on mass tort claims and doing international arbitrations in London to enforce their insurance policies.

We live in Somerset, MD, which thinks of itself and looks like a small town, but is tucked up against the District of Columbia border and is a short Metro ride to downtown D.C.. We raised daughter Catherine (Amherst '07) and son Carleton (Harvard '04) here. They are in finance and neuroscience, respectively, in the San Francisco Bay area, while we still live in Somerset and miss them terribly.

Fortunately for me, Plans A and B converged pretty quickly. Even in laws school, I began working on underwater archaeology projects in Turkey and elsewhere. As soon as I had my law degree, I began representing *National Geographic* and other clients seeking to protect ancient and historic shipwrecks from looting and treasure hunting. The latter evolved over time into representing clients such as Spain, France, Italy, and the UK in a series of cases that have pioneered legal remedies to protect historic shipwrecks for archaeology and as gravesites, and have culminated in crazy events such as military flights taking tons of silver and gold coins back to Spain from Florida. Happily, I have not lost one yet. For services to Spain, I have been dubbed a Knight in the Order of Isabela Cattolica and a Commander in the Order of Merit.

In 2001, I cofounded nonprofit RPM Nautical Foundation, which operates a 37-meter research vessel based at Malta that uses new technologies to explore below scuba depths (scuba diving is now a thing of the past for me) in the Mediterranean and Adriatic. Examples of the many projects I have done in this regard include the D-Day Beaches in Normandy, the Battle of Trafalgar in Spain, the Ulu Burun Bronze Age shipwreck in Turkey and ongoing work involving Bronze Age, Classical Era, WW1, WW2 and Cold War shipwrecks in Albanian waters. My principal current projects are a 12 year long (so far) project to map and recover the remains of the 241 BCE Battle of the Egadi Islands, in which the Roman Navy defeated Carthage to win the First Punic War, and a series of projects for the US Department of Defense in the various European waters to locate remains of missing U.S. World War 2 bomber crews for repatriation.

At right: Jim Goold



Joel R. Gorman

Spouse/Partner: Diane Heller



Donald L. Graham (Don)

Spouse/Partner: Barbara P. Loh

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Met my wife (a Wheaton grad) while at Wesleyan. Married in 1973. Two wonderful children (one now in Houston and one in Boston) and two adorable grandchildren.

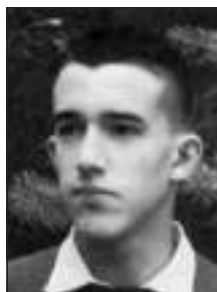
Where I am Today: Pretty much retired from the practice of law after 45 years. The last twenty-two with a midsized law firm with offices in Boston, Quincy and Springfield.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Big Brother and the Holding Company, Laura Nero, The Grateful Dead, BB King in the chapel, *Gamelan*, bumping into my college roommate unexpectedly at Woodstock, the student strike and many other funny, happy and wild times.



Don Graham with wife Barbara and grandchildren

Douglas Gran



Barbara Gross

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: In these past 50 years, I have thought often about Wesleyan. The primary reason is that my daughter Karen (class of 2001) and I both graduated from Wesleyan. We believe we are the first mother-daughter pair to have achieved that honor! We have had so many occasions to reflect on our good times at Wesleyan. Both of us, additionally, have friends who are also WES graduates, so they are mentioned often in our conversations. Family is probably the most meaningful part of my life—I have two wonderful children and am the grandmother of one grandson. I have had numerous career “chapters” in my life, including child development specialist/psychologist, restaurant owner, and Director for a community-based drug and alcohol abuse prevention program, focused on youth.

Where I am Today: Today I am retired and living in Pennsylvania, on a rural property about an hour from Philadelphia. I enjoy taking walks all year round and love volunteering at a local wildflower preserve. I enjoy reading, listening to jazz on a local jazz station, and spending time with friends and family.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: I spent two years at Wesleyan, having transferred from Connecticut College which was, at the time, an all-women's college. I was part of the ten-college exchange in my junior year and was allowed to stay to graduate. My memories of my two years at Wesleyan are predominantly positive—I was one of a handful of women on the campus at the time, so that brought joy and posed challenges! My happiest times included the wonderful professors and classes. I can still remember many of my favorites—I particularly appreciated the small size of most of my classes, which afforded me the opportunity for lots of interaction with classmates and teachers. I remember the good food at Downey House, the concerts and movies on campus, and just hanging out in my room with my friends—listening to music, talking, and dancing!



Barbara Gross

Brian W. Gross

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: While I'm inclined to skip this question, if pressed I'd say that travelling (Africa, Antarctica,...) fostered a keen appreciation for our country, sadness over all that was lost post-9/11 and during the reign of Trump, together with gratitude that we were able to live most of our lives in more carefree, liberated times. (Other than contributing to an inquisitive outlook, I'm not sure Wesleyan factored into this.)

Where I am Today: I'm a retired attorney who focused on communications law, mostly serving small, independent radio clients, including many local, non-commercial stations. Now I have more time to devote to my classicalnotes.net music website and catching up on the last 50 years or so of foreign movies.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: As the WESU Program Director, in December 1969 I broadcast live the first Vietnam draft lottery, in which paper slips bearing each of the 366 birthdates were drawn (presumably at random) from a jar by the Selective Service System. As the results spurted out, in clusters of five on a roll of yellow paper from our clanging mechanical teletype printer, I announced them over the air and would repeat the list up to each point while we awaited further numbers. To this day, I vividly remember the agonizing, heart-pounding tension of that life-determining night and my (all too audible) sigh of relief when my August 3 finally arrived as #261. (It was anticipated that only the lower third

or so would be called up.) Others were far less lucky; I seem to recall that a desperate classmate with an early number mutilated his foot to avoid conscription. I truly do not know what I would have done had the fates proven less kind, although I might well have jeopardized our FCC license with an impulsive, harrowing “Oh, F**K!!”



Peter Gutmann and family

Jeanne Hackett

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1968 YEAR IN REVIEW

On Our Minds



- North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops launched Tet offensive against 36 South Vietnamese cities.
- Martin Luther King, Jr. assassinated at Lorraine Hotel in Memphis where he was supporting striking sanitation workers.
- LBJ declined to run for second term after barely beating Eugene McCarthy in New Hampshire primary.
- Huge protests met bloody repression in Chicago as Democrats nominated Hubert Humphrey as Presidential nominee.
- Nixon defeated Humphrey for President; George Wallace, running on a segregationist platform, received 13.5% of the vote.

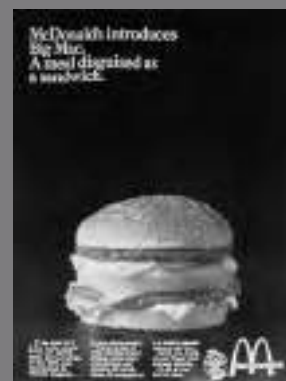
Presidential Candidate	Vice Presidential Candidate	Political Party	Popular Vote		Electoral Vote	
Richard Nixon	Spiro Agnew	Republican	31,783,783	43.42%	301	55.9%
Hubert Humphrey	Edmund Muskie	Democratic	31,271,839	42.72%	191	35.5%
George Wallace	Curtis LeMay	American Ind.	9,901,118	13.53%	46	8.6%
Other (±)	—	—	243,259	0.33%	0	0.0%
Total			73,199,999		538	



- Bobby Kennedy assassinated at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles.
- Lt. William Calley and fellow soldiers massacred over 400 civilians at My La, Vietnam. Anti-war protests spread across the U.S.

Changing Life As We Knew It

- Intel Corporation founded.
- Buckminster Fuller published *Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth*.
- Alabama Senator Rankin Fite made the first 911 call in the U.S. in Haleyville, Alabama.



- Big Mac introduced nationwide.



- Three astronauts aboard Apollo 8—Jim Lovell, Bill Anders, and Frank Borman—became first humans to orbit the moon.

What Moved Us



- Jackie Kennedy married Aristotle Onassis.
- *In the Heat of the Night* won best picture Oscar.

- One of three McKuen poetry books among top 10 best sellers.

- Motion pictures start labeling films G, PG, R or X.

Then and Now

- Los Angeles before and after the Clean Air Act was passed in 1968.

In 1968, before Act was introduced.



Effects of Clean Air Act recorded in 2005.



Making News in Sports

- Medalists Tommie Smith and John Carlos raised black-gloved black power salute at Mexico City Olympics.
- Meanwhile, Mexican students were massacred in Mexico City for protesting lack of democracy and wasteful Olympics.



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Past 50 Years' Highlights: For the past fifty years I have worked with children, mostly as a special education teacher. For the greatest part of my career I was employed by the Middletown Public Schools. While I was employed as a classroom teacher, I also coached cross country, indoor and outdoor track. I spent eight years at Wesleyan as assistant to my coach, J. Elmer Swanson. I also coached for 30 years at Mercy High School in Middletown. In our time away from work, my wife, Jackie and I have done a considerable amount of traveling. We have two wonderful children Hannah '08 and Daniel. I will be forever grateful for my educational and social experience at Wesleyan.

Where I am Today: My wife and I live in Durham, Connecticut, which is five miles from the Wesleyan campus. We spend our winters in Oaxaca, Mexico.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: I will never forget the friends, roommates, classmates, faculty, and staff that I met at Wesleyan. I was particularly connected to the cross country and track teams as well as my fraternity, KNK.



John Hastings and family

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: My experiences at Wesleyan—the education received, the friendships forged—have been and always will be the backdrop upon which most of my experiences—personal, professional, “religious”—will draw contextual meaning and significance. A few highlights over the past fifty years: five wonderful children and two grandchildren; a wonderful marriage after a dismal failure (that was on me); a Master's degree in Public Health; the writing and publishing of two (2) books...and counting; having the opportunity to meet and whisper in the ears of two (2) presidents of the United States. Maybe the most memorable outflow of my Wesleyan experience has been the ability and willingness to meet and walk with “kings and queens and commoners” and treat each with the love and respect due all human beings.

Where I am Today: Today, I live in Chattanooga, TN (who would've thunk it?). I am retired, nowhere near wealthy but happy and joyful and thankful. I am retired after a 40+ year career in public health and, ever since graduation, a constant response to being sent out to minister the Gospel of Jesus Christ to any and all with whom I come into contact. I am blessed to be a pretty good writer; in addition to the books, I have written for print and online publications on several subjects ranging from religion to public policy/politics to interpersonal relationships.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Only one or two? Impossible to do. However, fondest: my roommates: Glenn McCrea, Emilio Bermiss, Colem Enge. Reverend William H. “Bill” Spurrier. Spending all four years in residence on Foss Hill. Funniest: too many to pick one that stands above the others. Happiest: making my mother and Dad proud as I walked across the stage with my cross and my Korean War veteran father's American flag coffin shroud on my shoulder to receive my degree, the first person in my family to earn a college degree. Wildest: the one I'll mention: the night the Grateful Dead came at midnight and played at the foot of Foss Hill. Uncategorizable: The Strike of 1970.



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Past 50 Years' Highlights: My draft number was 176. In February of '71, at my first interview for a job after graduation, set up by the Wes Career Counseling Center, I was asked, “John, what's your draft number?” I replied, “176!” The interviewer said, “At the moment our country is drafting students with numbers under 200. We're sorry! We are only hiring graduates whom we know definitely won't be drafted. Thanks for coming in.” I signed up for no more interviews.

After graduation, I worked for a contractor in my home town of Natick through mid-June of '72. He didn't care about my draft number. In late June of '72, I went back to work as the head trip leader at a summer camp in NH that I went to as a kid and where I had worked several previous summers. The camp was run primarily by independent school teachers. I had a great summer and loved working with the 10- to 13-year-olds that I led on canoe and hiking trips in the White Mountains.

I started my job hunt to become an independent school teacher in early September and began my first independent school teaching job in early October of '72 at the Fessenden School in W. Newton, MA to teach math, to be an advisor, to run a seventh grade dorm with 22 students, to coach fifth grade soccer, varsity basketball and assist with varsity lacrosse. Once I figured out how to do it all, I loved it! I stayed in independent education for 41 years.

My second job was basically the same at Groton School, in Groton, MA that transitioned to coeducation for the first time in September of 1975, the fall that I was hired. The day I arrived on campus to the once all boys school, I was thrilled to meet Joan Ogilvy, a history teacher, advisor, dorm parent and head coach of Groton's first ever varsity field hockey team and head coach of the JV boys ice hockey team, as she came walking out of the gym after practice with a field hockey stick in hand. We were married on July 3, 1976, a day short of the 200th anniversary of the USA.

(Robert Johnson Holden, Jr. biography continues on next page)

On December 7, 1983, Joan gave birth to Ashley, the first of our four children. The same day Joan gave birth to Ashley, the Board of Governors of the five Church Schools owned by the Episcopal Diocese of VA to be the Head of School of St. Agnes School, Alexandria, VA. confirmed her. Joan started in July 1984. While Joan was Head of School, she gave birth to Jennifer, Abigail, and William.

Naturally, Joan and I moved to Alexandria in late June 1984. I taught math for two years at Georgetown Day School in the Upper School, and then was hired as the Assistant Head of School, Academic Dean, math teacher, and assistant varsity boy's lacrosse coach at St. Andrews Episcopal School, in Potomac, MD, a Pre-K through 12th grade coed, day school, a job I held for 28 years before retiring in June 2014, the same time that Joan retired.

Did Wesleyan factor into any of these? Definitely yes! I was a sociology major that helped me to understand independent school educational programs/systems. Also, my sophomore year at Wesleyan I tried out for the Varsity Men's Lacrosse Team having never played before. Luckily, I learned the game quickly. I loved learning a new sport in college after playing football, basketball and track in high school. I started my junior and senior years. Learning lacrosse helped me greatly to get the teaching/coaching/dorm parent/advisor job at the Fessenden School and Groton School. I also played club lacrosse for the Boston Lacrosse Club for five years after graduating from Wes.

Where I am Today: I live in Cataumet, a hamlet of Bourne, MA about 10 minutes across the Bourne Bridge on Cape Cod. I love being outdoors. I plant a vegetable garden each year, I maintain hiking trails for the Bourne Conservation Trust, I am the treasurer of the Cataumet Club's summer camp, I volunteer at the local food pantry, and I just retired after five years being on the Board of the Cataumet Civics Association. I am an avid cyclist of a recumbent bike I affectionately call "Big Blue." I rode Big Blue across country from San Diego to St. Augustine, FL, 3,000 miles with a group of 45 others in March and April of 2015. To date, I have ridden Big Blue 28,700 miles since I purchased it in May of 2014. I know the roads and bike paths on Cape Cod very well. I have also climbed up 32 of the 48 4,000 foot mountains in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. I am still hopeful to hike the last 12, but my body is creaking mightily, especially my knees.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: As said above, I loved learning to play lacrosse. I lived for three years in the Chi Psi fraternity after my freshman year and loved the comradery of the brothers of Chi Psi. One of my most exciting memories was from the fall of my junior year when Bob Kyrka '71, my best friend from high school who attended Wesleyan with me and was my roommate for three years in the Chi Psi Lodge, and I lifted up a manhole cover outside the Lodge and explored the tunnels under the Wesleyan campus. That was quite the night of adventure. We never found the Douglas Cannon. Also, Bob met Pam Stevens, '71, a transfer student from Smith, our junior year. Pam and Bob were married in Middletown after graduation, as Bob was earning his PhD in Biology at Wes.



John Holden and family

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Where I am Today: Deerfield, NH in the homestead we built in 1976. Retired teacher and software engineer. Obsessive woodworker and builder, grandfather, gardener, cyclist, and supporter of educators.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Rafting down the Connecticut River from Middletown to Long Island Sound with Peter McGehee. Over several weekends, we built a raft with a square-rigged sail on an island in the river, and then took two days to make it to the ocean. Riding a motorcycle in the hallways of Foss Hall. Chill nights in a sleeping bag atop a table tomb in the cemetery on the hill. Nighttime hitchhiking to Connecticut College to overnight in the arboretum with Aida Walqui.



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When I graduated from Wesleyan as an Anthropology major, I had no idea what I wanted to do. So I went to a job agency to explore. They informed me that there was little value in my esteemed degree at that point! There was however a summer job opening for a Shoe salesman trainee but without a guarantee of a job to follow. Well, suffice it to say, the road not taken was a good one, because I then packed my bags and moved to Israel (Andy Baker roommate!) to see if I could find a path away from my ill-destined shoe career.

That fateful decision led me to work at an educational institute in Jerusalem focusing on cross cultural integration of immigrant groups (well suited to my degree in fact) and in a short time, I was assigned a project to study the assimilation of Soviet Georgian (socialists) into a very capitalist Tire Manufacturing Plant. The rest as they say is career history, as that led to a

(Todd D. Jick biography continues on next page)



PhD in Organizational Behavior and 40 plus years as an academic and consultant helping companies and leaders create effective and humane workplaces. I have had the privilege of teaching ten years at Harvard Business School and currently 15 years at Columbia Business School as well as teaching in London and Paris. So much for shoes!

I love what I do. I could have retired already, but I love teaching. The students every September are always 28 years old and hungry to learn, and remarkably, as I have gotten older, they remain young. And throw in smart colleagues at Universities and I have been stimulated endlessly.

I also graduated Wesleyan with music and arts in my soul. For those four years as "TJ the DJ" at WESU, I played music and hosted musicians in the studio like Tim Hardin who stripped naked at the piano due to the overheated ventilation! That love of music has never ebbed. My wife and I attend music festivals regularly like JazzFest in New Orleans (ten years in a row). And if you remember Friday night film night in the Science Center, we go to Film Festivals in New York, Berkshires, and Middlebury regularly.

One thing that I was not trained for at Wes was becoming a husband and parent. When was that course offered? Fortunately, the trial and error method of parenting worked out with my eldest Zoe (Wes '11, Harvard Divinity MS) and youngest Adina (getting her PsyD in Clinical Psych), and both happily married. And with my wife Wendy by my side, we have forged a relationship that includes both the honest "talks" as well as the playful laughs. It works!

I have been fortunate to have a well-balanced personal and professional life, with lots of freedoms and daily choices. I have not been waiting for the chance to do what I always yearned to in retirement. So, thanks Wes for the study of "Humankind" in Anthro and for the time to enjoy my passion for music. And when life of course also sends a few curves, I anchor back into Van Morrison's "Moondance" for nurturance and recall my late night WESU offerings.



Todd Jick annual gathering of family and friends, with many Wes connections

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Retired carpenter living on Martha's Vineyard. Reading, walking the puppy and dabbling in cartoons.



Bob Julier cartoons

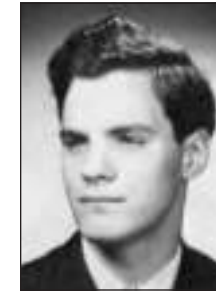
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Past 50 Years' Highlights: My career has been an eclectic one comprising the practice of medicine (rheumatology, internal medicine, emergency medicine) in rural and urban areas, becoming a senior executive in the top managed care firms nationally and in Boston responsible for medical policy and emerging medical technology, and then further transitioning to pharma/biotech, where I also held senior global positions in management and research in several companies. I attribute this unusual mobility in a medical career to Wesleyan's having instilled in me a sense of curiosity, intellectual restlessness and the confidence to take risks.

Where I am Today: I am officially retired from my medical career and devoting my time to defending Israel, the Jewish people and Western civilization. There is a failure of Jewish leadership in the mainstream major Jewish organizations, as they have devoted their resources to aligning with progressive peer groups and defending, often irrelevant, progressive principles that protect other minorities but leave the Jewish community defenseless and unprotected against the onslaught of anti-Jewish sentiment emerging in our culture and politics. Hence, I am part of multiple grassroots organizations that remain unapologetic in their defense of Zionism and give no latitude to antisemitism. Additionally I am fighting the cancel culture and radical left principles that have emerged in our universities, media and now government and corporations. I wholeheartedly accept American exceptionalism and believe in the principles of 1776 rather than the fallacies of 1619. All this from the leftist class of '71 that I was part of!

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Freshman year McConaughy Hall and Freshman dorms overlooking Foss Hill were funny, wild and happy communities for the most part as were the dorms at Lawn Ave in later years. Eating clubs at the frat houses were always interesting experiences as were

(Jeffrey L. Kraines biography continues on next page)

their parties. Downey House was a wonderful place to meet new friends. Olin Library was a treasure of self exploration and inquiry.

One cannot leave out that Wesleyan was also a depressing experience for many given that it was all male at the time, isolated and lacked organized weekend activities. There were little mental health services at the time, which in retrospect was greatly needed. Also Wesleyan's attempt to racially integrate failed miserably in those years.



Jeff Kraines

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: I was only enrolled at Wesleyan for three semesters, and for one of them, I skipped every class except David McAllester's "Native American Dance and Vocal Techniques". While at Wes, I took cello lessons at Yale with Aldo Parisot, and *vina* lessons with Kalyanakrishna Baghatavar; and I think my entire life and career were polarized between cello performance and ethnomusicology—Wesleyan-style. Near the end of my third semester, I met fellow musician Jonathan Rome and together we hit the road for two years as a duo, with some twenty instruments between us. When we returned to Middletown for the last time and called it quits, I took up dishwashing at Alberti's Italian Restaurant in Greenfield, Mass and started a family. Eight years later, I enrolled as a freshman Cello Performance major at the University of Arizona; there I met my cello mentor, Gordon Epperson, the only teacher who didn't say, "It's too late." Two years later, I won the national auditions for the San Francisco Opera Orchestra. The other contestants were mostly from New York and knew each other. At the finals, I was known as "the unknown cellist from Tucson."

While in San Francisco, I studied classical Hindustani music with the great maestro Ali Akbar Khan. Fast-forward ten years to 1994, when I finished my dissertation on traditional Korean music. By this time, I had joined the faculty at North Carolina State University where I was both conducting the university orchestra and teaching courses in World Music. My private cello studio had 27 students.

I spent fourteen years writing a textbook on music appreciation/world music with my wonderful colleague Alison Arnold. We went to some twenty countries on five continents, including China, Ethiopia, Uganda, India, and Suriname doing research. You can check it out at: [What in the World Is Music?](https://routledge.com/textbooks/9781138790254/default.php) (<https://routledge.com/textbooks/9781138790254/default.php>). It is dedicated to our teachers David McAllester, Gordon Epperson, and Bruno Netti (Alison's mentor). And to my Surinamese friend, the great playwright Henk Tjon. The State Department flew me and my cello down to Paramaribo to play at his funeral.

"When you pray...you thank God, you thank your ancestors, and you thank your teachers, whether they are alive or not alive." – Henk Tjon, *The Griot of Suriname*.

Where I am Today: Although I retired in January, 2020, after 35 years at State, I'm back teaching two courses as adjunct on Zoom—Covid-style; also a course on Music of Africa for a NC State lifelong learning program. I still have a few cello students but that's mostly phased out. In fact, two nights ago (11/16/20) I played (badly) at what may be my final public concert; the humiliation was a reminder that it is time to check that part in. The trio was masked, distanced, and played to an empty house and a video camera for later streaming. Too discouraging; I'm winding down.

My two daughters, Radha and Kahlila, and son Matthias are all doing well. The daughters are married to wonderful men and are artists and visionaries in their own right; my son—born when I was 45—is now a Ph.D. candidate in Comp. Lit. and Japanese at University of Oregon. I couldn't be more proud of them. They survived my distracted "no frills" parenting! I now live with a most wonderful partner Lisa, also a cellist, and a tiny dog and 21-year-old cat.

Fundamentally, I am happy and waiting at peace for the last round-up, the final cadence, although concerned about the world and its sorry state. But all in all, it has been a wonderful life. Returning from the Amazon rainforest in Suriname in a four-seater after a research trip, the pilot told me to take the controls—he had paperwork to do. "Pull up to go up, push down to go down. Nothing to it. What's hard is taking off and landing." So I flew right into a towering thunderhead, as directed. Lightning was hitting the wings, the world was invisible; we were completely enveloped. The young pilot said matter of factly, "I'll take over from here." I let him find the way down, and I thought to myself, "If I die now, fine! I've done everything I ever wanted to do. Hell, I've even flown an airplane!"

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Playing baseball at the Farm with all my friends, after sharing a gallon of acid-laced apple cider.



Jonathan Kramer

Carlos V. Kronberger

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Memories of Wesleyan: In the autumn of 1967, just two days before my eighteenth birthday, I traveled to the United States from Lima, Peru. My destination was Wesleyan University where I would study psychology under a Fulbright-Hays scholarship awarded by the Institute of International Education.

At Judd Hall, I was taught by Professor Jules D. Holzberg from whom I took introductory courses in psychology and received a thorough grounding in psychoanalytic thinking. My passion for the study of psychology was greatly enhanced by the excellent quality of the faculty and opportunities for clinical activities at Connecticut Valley Hospital in Middletown. Other memorable experiences for which I am grateful, include classes with Professors Ben Braginsky (Psychology), Barry Kiefer (Biology), Louis O. Mink (Philosophy), David McAllester (Anthropology), Sara Winter (Psychology), David B. Adams (Psychology) and Hubert J. O'Gorman (Sociology). The support of faculty, including Provost Bob Rosenbaum, made it possible for me to continue at Wesleyan. I was also fortunate to receive a senior tutorial in clinical psychology with Dr. Jerrald W. Goodman and violin lessons by an inspirational master teacher from Juilliard, Andrew Svilkos.

Among my most cherished memories, is my serendipitous meeting with Jorge Luis Borges at Wesleyan. Borges came to deliver a lecture on "The Metaphor" at Russell House. The giant of Argentinian literature was, at the time, a visiting scholar at Harvard giving the Norton Lectures on Poetry. The room was packed that evening. I remember that the soft-spoken Borges, who was of medium stature and blind, appeared fragile. Following his presentation, a couple of English Department professors were keen on testing his knowledge with rather pointed and arcane questions. They must have been unaware that, since his childhood, Borges had been an inveterate bibliophile. As director of the Biblioteca Nacional de Argentina for nearly two decades, he was undaunted by their challenging questions. Borges demonstrated his brilliance and command of the subject by pointing to specific passages offering deeper interpretations from the books that the professors cited. The Argentinian's knowledge of multiple languages and expertise in translation enhanced his grasp of the English language. By the end of the gathering, I was one of a handful of Spanish speaking Wesleyan students surrounding the master and wanting to hear more. Borges took my hand and invited me to sit by his side in the parlor room. He spoke at length about his current life including his struggle with insomnia. I remember Borges describing how he reminded himself during the night that he was able to rest even though he was not actually asleep. It was an unforgettable evening. We witnessed a man with frail demeanor and vision impairment from whom emanated the most amazing clarity of thought.

Past 50 Years' Highlights: After Wesleyan, I received a M.A. degree in psychology at the New School for Social Research, as well as M. Phil. and Ph.D. degrees in psychology from Columbia University in New York. A post-doctoral fellowship at the Postgraduate Center for Mental Health in New

York came next. My psychoanalytic training was completed at Tulane University's Department of Psychiatry and Neurology, where I later joined the faculty as Assistant Clinical Professor.

I am a board certified clinical psychologist and forensic psychology expert in active private practice for more than thirty-five years. In 1985, I moved from New York City to New Orleans where I worked for a decade at JoEllen Smith Psychiatric Hospital. Early on, I developed and directed one of the first multidisciplinary dual diagnosis programs in the South and subsequently managed a variety of innovative inpatient, outpatient and day patient clinical programs in other New Orleans facilities.

Over the years, my forensic practice has included psychological assessments for criminal and civil courts. The most notable case was the insanity defense of a Mexican national facing first degree murder charges and the death penalty. After years of coordinating post-conviction relief efforts with pro-bono lawyers from the firm Arnold and Porter in Los Angeles, this landmark case, *Cain vs. Perez* (<https://caselaw.findlaw.com/us-5th-circuit/1389153.html>) resulted in Perez's life imprisonment sentence being overturned by the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals.

Most important milestones and significant ongoing experiences: meeting and marrying, Terry Miller, in New York City. We have enjoyed raising our son Alexander together and seeing him become successful.

Where I am Today: My current clinical practice includes psycho-diagnostic assessment, psychodynamic psychotherapy, supervision and teaching at the Department of Psychiatry, Tulane University Medical School. Telehealth allows me to continue working full time during the ongoing pandemic. It is a rare privilege to be engaged in work that centers on the existential issues and feelings that matter most to individuals.



Carlos and Terry Kronberger, Maine 2019

Pamela S. Kyrka (Pam)

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: While there is no one thing that stands out, I know that attending Wesleyan changed, at least partly, how I've viewed people and lived my life. I met Bob Kyrka ('71), and John Holden ('71) and his wife Joan are two of my dearest friends. I have two wonderful, smart and funny children who have been open to different people and experiences (Kristin '04 and Morgan '07, UNH), just as Bob and I have been—because of Wesleyan. Wesleyan pushed me to see things in a different way, to meet people who broadened my views, who asked questions I had to think about. That's learning in and out of the classroom.

Where I am Today: I am a retired middle and high school English teacher living in Holliston, MA. I taught in a number of different places—southern Chester County, PA, a Quaker school in center city Philadelphia, a wealthy town in MA, and finally for the last 22 years in a high school located in Upton, MA—half way between Boston and Worcester. I've also been writing children's, middle grade, and young adult literature since the 1990s. It's been fun, challenging and at times very frustrating, but I have a great critique group that keep me going. I'm typing this instead of working on my fourth novel!

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Traying on Foss Hill. Singing in the shower with Debbie Vittum (sp?) after dance class and serenading everyone in the building. (We had no idea.) Working at the dining hall (McConaughy) (I met a lot of great people there), and simply having my experiences and my brain expanded.



Pamela Kyrka's granddaughter Hazel, daughter Kristin, husband Bob Kyrka '71, son Morgan, and Pam '71

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For most of our 50 year marriage, Alice and I have lived in northern Connecticut, in the woods, close to Massachusetts. Since we each retired from our professional practices, we are now reading and studying things we never had time for before; and for the past four years we have become more politically involved: active in our town Democratic Committee, recently helping to organize a BLM march/protest and both of us serving as absentee-ballot counters during the November 2020 election. Starting in 2017 we had several discussions with both U.S. Senators from Connecticut encouraging them to pursue impeachment proceedings, and have been committed to doing what we can to return the rule of law to this country.

So what else am I doing? Since my junior year at Wesleyan, Alice and I have been involved in breeding and showing purebred dogs. Since 1971, we have bred and shown Komondorok, Pulik and Havanese—rare breeds which have dreadlocks or “cords.” Our dogs have won at Westminster and the National Championship dog shows. We have set many records in the “dog show world” over the years, and were named by the American Kennel Club as Herding Group Breeders of The Year in 2011.

I have always had to balance my dog breeding/showing activities with my professional career. After getting my PhD from Syracuse University, I was a school psychologist for several years and then opened my solo private practice in clinical psychology. Seeing patients with a wide variety of problems, I developed a sub-specialty in child custody issues as well as PTSD treatment. The grounding in applied psychology, which came from my psychology major at Wesleyan continued to inform my professional practice throughout my career. Most importantly, I found that some people easily show you who they are, if you look; while others can conceal the most important parts, unless they choose to reveal themselves. When you think you know a person, you don't know, until you know.

A few of my most memorable experiences—my marriage to Alice in 1970; passing my licensing exam to be a Clinical Psychologist; winning my first Best In Show in 1976; buying a sailboat; selling that sailboat; many cold and sunny days skiing in the Rockies; various political protests and demonstrations, ranging from 1968 in Paris to 2020 in Connecticut. My *Gamelan* instructor, Prawotosaputro, gave us an introduction to Prof. Heinz at the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, and we were invited to a memorable behind-the-scenes rehearsal of the Amsterdam *Gamelan* players.

And of course while there were many experiences at Wesleyan which should never be mentioned, I do remember with great joy some of the concerts at fabled McConaughy Hall—especially Janis Joplin, when few people knew who she was!



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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Considering that time span as one must, from the (unusual) 30,000 foot view, I'd have to say it was being lucky enough to discover the Grateful Dead during my Wesleyan years and then keep going to Dead shows long enough to get in on the “ground floor” of the Dead's (IMO, improved) successor in the “jam-band genre,” Phish, in early 1993 when they were still playing in small theaters. That interest also led to being involved in the related peripheral “dawn of the internet” phenomena such as fan websites, mailing lists, online discussion groups and the organized taping and trading of Phish shows on cassette (something the Dead and its fans pioneered).

In 1993, the Dead tapers were posting a lot online in GD discussion groups about this new, more exciting band called Phish they were migrating to. I saw those threads and as luck would have it, heard on the local FM rock station they were playing locally in Albany's Palace Theatre in several days. I called the box office the day before the show, May 6, 1993 and got center orchestra seats five rows back. (This is, of course, a unicorn story today: if you've tried in recent years to get TM tickets online for popular acts, you most likely will get “shut out” as the shows sell out in 15 minutes and most customers don't get anything but an obscure seat chart diagram showing “no available seats” with maybe a few “VIP/Preferred” seats at five times face which is more than you'll pay StubHub if you decide to go to the show.)

Besides my wife, (sometimes) kids and I attending over 120 Phish shows and festivals all over the country, I also became active in the management of the fan website, phish.net (founded 1994, still robust), and was a founder and longtime director and officer of the related Phish fan charity, The Mockingbird Foundation (<http://mbird.org>), which published three books about Phish and raised over \$1.7 Million to support music education for underserved kids.

When I think of all the joy Phish's shows and festivals has brought, and all the friends I've made and experiences I've had traveling to see music and festivals, and also doing creative and charitable work because of that fandom was truly an unexpected gift. Especially because it came at a midpoint in my working life, in my early 40s, where the law firm thing was a long, Sisyphean uphill grind and family life could be stressful, with midlife blahs, adolescent kids and their issues. Ironically it was prophesied by our counselor, who said we (my wife and I) needed more fun in our stressful lives and suggested “dinner and a movie,” which happens to be the title of a well-known Phish song that's on their first album, which song we heard within months of that advice.



So, I'd have to say the most memorable thing in the past fifty years has been to get into Phish in a big way, and the most memorable moment of that 27 year fandom (mine as well as the band's per interviews) was being front of house when the band played all night (11:45 p.m. to 7:15 a.m.) on New Year's Eve December 31, 1999 to welcome the “Y2K” in a huge field in the middle of south Florida's Big Cypress Seminole Reservation. Per the Phish.net write-up at <https://phi.sh/~39xbt5r>. After the show closed with yet another version of “Meatstick” [that is, the same song they opened the set with more than seven hours before], the Beatles song “Here Comes the Sun” was piped through the crowd [as walk out music on the p.a.] at sunrise.... That was definitely “peak experience” memorable.

Where I am Today: I have used the pandemic shutdown to be the final impetus to cease the practice of law, declare victory, and retire. I had been winding down the past several years, but needed the cover of COVID to shut down without too much guilt or second guessing in that decision, which turned out to be a good one. I am enjoying my retirement in quarantine in my hometown of Glens Falls, New York, in a lovely little white, slate roof pre-war cape colonial with a big yard, trees and many gardens (my wife's work) and a herd of four to six cats. I read a lot, often doing deep dives on subjects of interest and ride my bicycle when the weather's nice, typically a hilly but scenic nine mile bike trail to Lake George.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: The road trips, some quite Hunter Thompson-esque, creative endeavors (making films and weekly radio theatre recordings at WESU and a one issue satire paper, “HumDrum”), general hijinks and hanging out with a close knit group of friends I lived with at Wesleyan. Too many moments of joy and mirth to mention all, but the trips down the Merritt Parkway to see the Dead at the Capitol Theatre in Port Chester, painting a “Yellow Submarines” inspired mural on the CSS dining room wall late one night, conga dancing under the stars at similarly-wacky Bennington College, driving up to Montreal one weekend and hanging out at McGill, summer in the California desert, diving off cliffs on the Merced River, and seeing the Dead play until the wee hours of the morning at The Fillmore ballroom in San Francisco on 8/18/70 with the Wes '71 Mariposa crew and friends. Good times.



Jack Lebowitz selfie with son Gavin (foreground) taken on a warm, sunny Indian summer day in September 2020 on a state park island on Lake George, deserted because of the pandemic

Volunteers Help In Middletown Hospitals, Schools, Communities

Stating that "the Wesleyan Volunteers have had a remarkably good year," Richard Gross, '79 Staff Director, summarized the year in a recently issued report.

The Volunteers have grown from 55-60 members in the fall of 1988 to more than 130 members this fall. Warren and freshmen students were a total of 27 Volunteers in the school's area.

40 people are working either as Big Brothers or as Urban 4H Group leaders. Don Gratz, '72, Box 195 and Dan Simms, '71, Dele lead this project. The Wesleyan students are assisted by several nurses from Middlesex Memorial Hospital. According to Gross, nearly all of the

Cards Dump Trinity, 21-18, To Go Undefeated

Waters, Revenaugh Lead Third Quarter Comeback

by Pete Michalczuk

Another of their patented, come-from-behind drives gave the Wesleyan Cardinals a 21-18 victory over Trinity Saturday at Jesse Field. It was a perfect ending to a perfect season, in which a Wesleyan football team went undefeated and untied for the first time since 1948.

The win keeps the Cards as the top Division II squad in New England, and coupled with Delaware's loss, it is highly conceivable that Wesleyan will win the coveted Lambert Cup, which is awarded annually to the number one middle-sized college team in the East.

his team back in the game. He immediately pitched to soph end Mike Carlson for seven yards. Then, after being knocked unconscious on a hard tackle, he got up and, in perfect Narnabian tradition, pinned to senior Frank Waters for a 23-yard advance.

Ross by Graham and Revenaugh got the ball at the 14, and soon thereafter "Natali Peto" rifled to Waters sandwiched between three defenders in the end zone. For Panciera, who was decked as soon as he released the ball, this was probably the finest pass of his career.



Football, Soccer Squads Gunning For Williams

Soph Panciera, Defense Key To Upset Plans

by John Hunter

"The Hamilton defense was as tough as any we could have faced," declares Head Coach Don Russell, but the Wesleyan Cardinals rose to the occasion and fought hard for a 10-8 victory over the Continentals last Saturday.

Defense, Passing, Keys to Victory

Although Hamilton's defensive unit did not boast of any outstanding individual players, Russell respects them as probably the toughest defensive combination that Wes will meet this season. The powerful Carl offense was able to tally only six points against Hamilton, Wes's lowest single game point production of the season. Through an equally stubborn defense and the undisciplined

Team Totals—6 Games

Wes Opp.	144	140
First Downs	93	97
Rushing Yardage	787	910
Passing Yardage	1215	937
Total Offense	2002	1847
Pass Attempts	188	152
Pass Completions	88	80
Percentage	468	454



Sophomore quarterback Pete Panciera prepares to pass in the game against Amherst. Tomorrow Pete will be one of the keys to success. Cards face their other Little Three rival Williams.

Harriers Seek Little Three Title In Meet At Williams Today

by Bob Gray

The Cardinal cross country team today traveled to Williamstown to try to regain the Little Three title from Williams, and put away its eleventh title in twelve years. Wesleyan was favored over the Ephraim, who have not yet faced Amherst. Amherst fell to Wesleyan 28-29 two

The top five of Silas Williams, Bill Rodgers, Tim F. Chip Applebaum, and John F. are facing a squad known for four or five runners of superb but not outstanding ability. Wesleyan's chances brightened when it was found that Tim B. who missed the Springfield meet Saturday, would run along with Hastings. Hastings had a persistent thigh injury.

David Barrett Is Editor-In-Chief Of 1969 Edition Of The Argus

by John Gray

Over the last two weeks, the Wesleyan soccer team has won its last two games and has not allowed a goal in over ten periods. This Saturday the team plays at Williams against a team that has had

in took crisp shots from close in. The team appears to have begun to get its shots off quicker from within the penalty area, a trouble it has had all season. Furthermore, offensive play as a whole has become more aggressive.

But Coach Jackson is the first to



(Photo by Brooks Edwards)

David Barrett, newly appointed Editor-in-Chief

Nachman, RePass, Alley, Borgstrom Made Editors

by John S. Wilson, Jr.

David S. Barrett has been appointed editor-in-chief of the 1989 Argus. It was announced today by the retiring senior editors.

Barrett, a sophomore, will replace James A. Drummond, editor of the 1988 Argus.

The new editor is a classic major from Scarsdale, New York. He served this semester as photography editor and previously worked on the arts, sports and photography staff.

Franklin A. Nachman, a sophomore from Glenview, Illinois, will be the new managing editor, replacing Tom Mohr. Nachman has served as Friday editor and assistant sports editor in his year and a half with the Argus.

He will be in charge of assignments and the overall staff for the next Argus.

James P. RePass will become the associate editor for the next year. He will be in charge of layout in addition to reporting duties. RePass was a Tuesday editor and faculty



(Photo by Brooks Edwards)

Frank Nachman, Managing Editor

News Briefs . . .

Disruption

A new subcommittee of the Educational Policy Committee has been

After 15 Years, It's Finally 'Wesleyan On Ice'

by Gilbert L. Hamberg

Culminating fifteen years of planning and persistent student interest, the Wesleyan University Skating Rink, located on Knowles Street, will open informally tomorrow to the Middletown community and formally on December 5 at the first Cardinal home ice hockey game.

This weekend, 10 a.m.-4 p.m. tomorrow and 2-5 p.m. Sunday,

commemorate the general Middletown among faculty and students, and it community.

The original plans for a skating rink in 1965 called for a purpose building which exhibited a "twice the ice" An outer, so-called "true" would have encircled the rink. The outer ring of ice has utilized for individual while a game was in session.

Academic Report Update

Summary Of Grades

Three-quarters of first semester grades were A's or B's, according to a report sent out to all faculty members by Dean David Adamany. This new report is a statistical update to the Academic Report issued in January.

Of the 4279 letter grades given out, 28% were A's, 40% were B's, 20% were C's, 3% were D's, less than 1% were E's, and 2% were F's. On the other hand, of the 1159 pass-fail marks, only 22 were failures. The figures for the major departments are:

Dept.	Total	A's	B's	C's	D's	E's	F's	Pass-Fail	Failures
Human.	140	26	85	28	4	1	0		
Afro-Am.	14	14	0	0	0	0	0		
Amer. St.	49	8	27	13	0	1	0		
English	614	149	338	105	15	9	14		
German	103	30	45	17	4	3	0		
French	140	31	60	33	4	1	37		
Italian	53	10	21	11	1	0	0		
Russian	59	15	28	11	2	0	2		
Art	143	47	70	22	3	1	220		
Music	102	60	60	0	1	0	354		
Theater	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	123	
Division I	1365	404	685	219	33	24	773		
Econ.	178	35	83	46	10	1	1		
Govt.	289	38	118	67	3	2	49		
Hist.	248	55	151	34	4	4	50		
Phil.	183	46	88	36	6	7	6		
Rel.	198	43	104	31	5	7	8		
Soc.	165	27	83	50	5	0	0		
Division II	1153	249	612	244	38	22	178		
Math.	294	130	74	49	22	10	2		
Act.	25	23	15	12	1	3	0		
Biol.	140	35	62	35	11	7	17		
Chem.	197	16	49	27	11	4	46		
Geol.	84	10	38	14	2	0	0		
Phys.	151	30	59	46	5	2	1		
Psych.	490	82	296	99	12	0	23		
Anthro.	207	59	65	41	5	7	2		
Col.	99	15	31	11	0	2	17		
Division III	1534	420	683	541	60	41	224		
Grand Total	4279	1124	2078	841	138	89	1237		

Note: All the grades do not sum up correctly because of incomplete and deferred grades.

Burfoot First Collegiate BAA Marathon Winner

by Tony Bala

A dream came true for Wesleyan's Andy Burfoot last Friday—he became the first American to win the world-famous Boston Marathon since John J. Kelly earned the laurel wreath in 1957.

Kelly, Burfoot's former coach at Fitch High School in Weston, crossed the finish line beneath this year. The first words he said after the race were to Burfoot: "This is wonderful, marvelous, great! If I could jump right now, I'd jump for joy!"

Burfoot, who finished 25th in 1985 and 17th in 1987, he had no chance mile 3:55 yard thought he could ten.

His closest competitor was William Clark of

Wes Senior Outpaces 890 Competitors In Boston

His and Burfoot ran shoulder to shoulder in front of the pack for most of the race.

The turning point came at Adams Heathbreak Hill, the final incline leading toward Boston College. Here, Andy, jogging along with his superior competitors, passed Clark and out-paced him to a

Garrido.

Ron Davis, the 1987 National AAU champion was fifth. He commented after the race: "This Burfoot kid is Olympic caliber. He's extremely strong, a tough guy-type runner."

The Patriots Day crowd of 200,000 that lined the route, likely came from Hopkinton to Boston would have to agree as they watched the Wes track captain run a steady, intelligent race.

890 runners in the marathon. Only 3 other boys ran under 3 hours. Andy finished in 2:52:22 in 22 minutes and 22 seconds.

It was a 72nd year for the Argus.

James P. RePass Elected Editor-In-Chief As Reins Of Argus Pass To New Board

Gross, Feinstein, Hunter, Mark Chosen To Sit On New Board

by Gary Jacobson

James P. RePass has been elected editor-in-chief of the 1989 Wesleyan Argus. Other new senior editors include Bradley I. Gross, Andrew A. Feinstein, John D. Hunter, and Laurence M. Mark.

RePass, a junior from Stratford, Connecticut, fills the position currently held by David S. Barrett. Until his resignation in October of this year, RePass served as Associate Editor of the Argus. A government major, the new editor was the Newspaper Fund Recipient for 1988, and

a reporter for the Middletown Press during the past summer.

As Managing Editor of the 1970 Argus, Harley Gross replaces Franklin A. Nachman. A government major, Gross resides in Shaker Heights, Ohio, and is a member of the class of 1971. He was previously Argus family-administration head chief.

Continuing in the position he has held for the past two semesters, Laurence Mark was re-elected Arts Editor. A resident of New York City, Mark is a junior and an English major. Previous to his current position, he was Assistant Arts Editor.



(Photo by Hal Simms)

James P. RePass, who has come back to head the Argus for the next year.



Andy Burfoot, wearing his usual painter's cap strides across the Wes campus in cross-country competition last fall. He no longer wears his "We try harder" button but commented that he almost wore a McGuffey pin during the Marathon on Friday.

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: The Wesleyan Factor: Taking my daughter to Middletown and learning that her freshman year dorm room in West College was the same room, but one floor above, my freshman year room. And then four years later, sitting on the field, looking up at the library and watching her graduate. A proud day, a day full of memories. Landing in Nairobi—September '71—and traveling a year through Africa on a Watson Fellowship, which I received, in large measure, because Dean Beckham had read my application (liked it) but strongly suggested I should carefully proofread it before submitting it. He was right. COL and Law School—the two could not have more different—but the combination worked well for me. Starting my career at the Department of State in D.C. and finding that my first boss was a Wesleyan grad and roommate of Paul Schwaber—my COL adviser. Other highlights: joining the John Anderson's presidential campaign in 1980 as his speechwriter and traveling with him across the country and to Europe. Starting my own law practice in D.C. and then back to State Department and then back to private law practice. Coaching my daughters' soccer team for 12 years—kindergarten through 12th grade.

Where I am Today: Spending more and more time playing tennis, tending our garden on Cape Cod when there, working with RefugePoint, the Fund for Peace, the Geneva Global Initiative and, in Washington, still doing legal work for the White House Correspondents' Association.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: My first Wesleyan memory is listening to Professor Willie Kerr talking to the Freshman class in McConaughy Dining Hall. He spoke about finding joy and ended by wishing everyone "great joy". Of course, his talk was humorous, witty, well-sourced, but what I remember is how welcome, how personal—and odd—it felt to have someone wish me "joy". It felt like a gift. Fond, funny, strange and other welcome memories: Cooking on an electric skillet in the dorm on Foss Hill and opening a bottle of Mateus. Working round the clock to bring out the first edition of "Strike News"—spring 1970; Bus trip to Conn College the first week or so for a "mixer" (we did that) and hitchhiking back to Middletown.

At right: George Lehner



Steven J. Leinwand (Steve)

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: It's been a very full 50 years of being a teacher, supervisor, researcher and change agent for K-12 school mathematics. I taught at Middletown High School in the '70s, served as state supervisor of math in the CT Department of Education in the '80s and '90s, and have been a Principal Research Analyst at the American Institutes for Research since 2002. I've been blessed with exactly these three jobs, each of which I was happy to remain in forever. A fun fact for which I am very proud is that I have NEVER been promoted; I actually threatened to quit if the powers pushed an unwanted promotion on me.

Through it all, I've tried to keep my focus on supporting students and teachers and finding ways—both macro and micro—to make math far more accessible, engaging and relevant to all students. It's been a ride of much travel, lots of writing and speaking, and even some humbling recognition.

I spent six years back in '80s on the Middletown City Council, chairing the challenging Finance and Planning and Zoning Committees working hard to make Middletown a better place to live and go to school. I've served in the '90s as President of the 2,500-member National Council of Supervisors of Mathematics. And I've had the opportunity to write several math textbook series, numerous articles and even a few books. And I've been a national leader in the move to allow students to use technology on high-stakes assessments and to move away from the limitations of multiple-choice testing formats.

Where I am Today: After staying in Middletown until 2001, we moved to downtown Washington, D.C. a few weeks after our oldest graduated from Wesleyan and about 24 hours after our youngest graduated from Middletown High School and three months before he started at Wesleyan. We take advantage of the convenience of National and Dulles, the many incredible restaurants and museums in the neighborhood, and a slew of theatre subscriptions. I'm still consulting, writing, volunteering and trying to make a difference, with little inclination to slow down.

At right: Steve Leinwand



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Past 50 Years' Highlights: I am very fortunate to have made numerous and valuable friendships at Wesleyan; and during the past fifty (50) years, I have been able maintain many of these friendships through visits, golf excursions, and family events, such as baptisms, weddings, and sadly, in some cases, funerals.

Where I am Today: I continue to practice law at the small East Hartford (CT) firm that my late father founded and where we practiced with my late brother, Bill (Wes Class of '66).

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: At the risk of stating the obvious, my years at Wesleyan were the most formative years of my life. It is difficult to focus upon one particular event or aspect of those years; rather, I would say that my memories are somewhat categorized: the anxiety of freshman orientation week to the emotionality of the Vietnam War, the draft, the student strike, and racial issues, all of which provided a rather tumultuous backdrop to the every day experiences of college life that included academic and athletic opportunities.



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Past 50 Years' Highlights: I married Inna Loyferman on November 9, 1997. Our first son, Misha, was born on September 27, 1998. Our second son, Sammy, was born on August 15, 2001. I was an intern for Rep. Robert Steele in the summer of 1972. I graduated from the University of Connecticut School of Law with honors in 1974 and was admitted to the Connecticut Bar that year. I was a law clerk for the intermediate appellate court in Connecticut in 1974 and 1975. I became an attorney for the Division of Occupational Safety and Health, Office of the Solicitor, U.S. Department of Labor, in Washington, D.C., on June 9, 1975. Wesleyan was an important factor in this education and work because it gave me the background learning necessary

for these activities. I was a political science major. The most relevant course was the constitutional law course with Professor Clem Vose. We heard the oral argument in Shapiro v. Thompson in the U.S. Supreme Court. I also took a course on Law and the Poor.

Where I am Today: I live in Bethesda, Maryland, with Inna. Our sons are in college—Misha in Reed College in Portland, Oregon, and Sammy in Washington and Jefferson College in Washington, Pennsylvania. I am a senior attorney in the Division of Occupational Safety and Health, Office of the Solicitor, U.S. Department of Labor. Most of my work involves giving legal advice to OSHA and attorneys in the Solicitor's Office on whistleblower protection laws, the protection of workers from bloodborne and other pathogens, and Occupational Safety and Health Act coverage issues.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: I remember getting installed in Phi Beta Kappa. My parents, whose store was near the campus, wanted to attend, but the ceremony was closed to outsiders. Nevertheless, they were very proud. I remember building a *sukkah* (hut used for the Jewish holiday of *Sukkoth*). A Black Christian student passed by and said that we live not only by faith, but also by works. That was very meaningful.

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**David P. Lindorff, Jr.
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I discovered soon after arriving as a freshman at Wesleyan that I'd made a mistake choosing a male-only college. Spring term when I saw Sarah Lawrence was admitting ten guys for the coming year I applied, got accepted and ended up there the next fall along with two other Wesleyan guys and seven from other schools. I met my future wife Joyce Zankel there, though at the time she was seeing another of the guys.

I ended up back at Wesleyan though in the spring, after breaking my leg in a ski accident that put me in a full leg cast through June. I had begun studying Chinese at Columbia while at SLC and wanted to continue but negotiating NYC with crutches and a leg case seemed too much, and Wesleyan, loaded with funds at the time, offered me a car from the school fleet to drive down to New London four days a week to study at Conn College's excellent undergrad Chinese program. Wesleyan provided two full summer grants to take 10-credit intensive Chinese classes at Columbia U ('68 and '71).

In January '70, my leg healed, I dropped out for a year to be a semi-trailer driver out of Boston. While on that job, I re-connected with Joyce who was temporarily at Brandeis. We fell in love and decided to get hitched, partly as a rebellion against her Jewish parents who were outraged that she was living with a goy. We eloped in June with a morning marriage at Cambridge City Hall after which we hitched down to Middletown, met a few Wesleyan and Sarah Lawrence friends at Rob and Fran Julier's house, and partied there most of the evening, getting up early the next day to climb the biggest maple tree on the Foss Hill, just down the slope from the observatory. Ten of us climbed into the tree, we said a few words to each other, had some songs and flute music courtesy of two SLC musician friends, and then descended to share wine and cheese on a blanket as the sun's yellow glow peeked over the High Street Row buildings and cloaked the hillside in gold.

Joyce worked as a secretary in the student government office as I finished my senior year, and then we moved down to Yonkers where I worked at buildings and grounds while Joyce finish her senior year as a piano major at SLC. In my last semester at Wes, needing one more course to graduate, I found a journalism course taught by *Middletown Press* editor Derry D'Oench. Derry was an inspiring teacher and I decided journalism was what I was made for. Luckily, after I badgered him all through Joyce's senior year, he finally offered me the bureau reporter job covering Essex, Deep River and Chester. We lived for a year and a half in Essex. It was the start of a half century (so far!) career in journalism. Other great teachers I had at Wes: Phil Pomper, Jim Millinger and Emory Fletcher.



*Joyce Zankel Lindorff and Dave Lindorff
exchange the same gift at Christmas*

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: I spent my entire career working in (or in support of) higher education because it was a professional environment in which I felt I could have meaningful impact and for which I felt particularly well-suited. My belief in the value of higher education and my comfort working within it were no doubt a product of my years at Wesleyan (both undergraduate and master's).

My career culminated in serving as president of the Council for Advancement and Support of Education (CASE), the second largest association of educational institutions in the world. During my 11 years as president (the longest presidential tenure in the organization's history), I oversaw the expansion of CASE's international operations in Europe, Asia and Latin America, while strengthening its domestic programs and financial standing.

I began my career teaching in community colleges and, in many ways, that was the most gratifying work because the

impact was personal and immediate. Nearly 50 years later, I still hear from my students.

Where I am Today: I live in the Maryland suburbs of Washington, D.C. with my wife, Joan, of 48 years (we dated while I was at Wesleyan and she was at Vassar). I have two grown daughters. Sarah (Wes '07) lives in the Pioneer Valley of Massachusetts with her husband Brendan O'Connell (Wes '08). Sarah recently gave birth to our first grandchild, Delphine. My younger daughter Meg (Vassar '09) lives in LA where she is a corporate litigation attorney.

I am almost fully retired, doing a bit of consulting work with universities and editing a book for the Association of Governing Boards of Colleges and Universities on fundraising campaigns. Joan and I had planned to do some traveling in 2020 following her recent retirement. We did get to spend a month in Hawaii early in the year, but since then we have been staying close to home due to the coronavirus.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Fondest memories are of concerts in McConaughy (Miles Davis, Mahavishnu Orchestra, Blood Sweat and Tears), in Fayerweather (Taj Mahal, NRBQ), in the frats (Spider John Koerner) and, of course, on Foss Hill (Grateful Dead and New Riders of the Purple Sage). I also enjoyed hosting a middle of the night radio show on WESU.

More than anything, I remember the wonderful adventure of living and learning at Wesleyan in the late '60s and early '70s. It was a time of self-discovery, experimentation with lifestyles, political activism, as well as the exploration of ancient ideas and new ways of thinking. I remember fall days walking along College Row, playing frisbee outside the COL, studying in the carrels of Olin library, and wandering in the "secret" tunnels under the campus.



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I retired from the English Department at the University of Connecticut in 2019. I'm happily married to my partner of 43 years, Harold Steever.



Glen MacLeod and Harold Steever

William P. Madden

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After Wesleyan I went to Columbia (MFA '75) and Yale (MBA '81). I live in New York City and Merida, Yucatán, Mexico.

As for memories... I would gladly relive a night during the 1969 COL semester in France—I took LSD and roamed around Paris.wSw.



William Madden, Thanksgiving 2020

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Since fifty years is quite a long time, here goes.

I have produced thirty-seven movies which include (starting with the most recent): *The Greatest Showman* (\$425 million worldwide gross—the third highest-grossing movie musical of all time); *Last Vegas*; *Julie & Julia*; *The Lookout* (Independent Spirit Award—Best First Feature); *Dreamgirls* (Golden Globe Award—Best Picture; eight Academy Award nominations, winning Best Supporting Actress for Jennifer Hudson); *Last Holiday*; *I, Robot*; *Finding Forrester*; *Center Stage* (and its two sequels); *Anywhere but Here*; *The Object of My Affection*; *As Good as It Gets* (seven Academy Award nominations including Best Picture, winning Best Actor for Jack Nicholson and Best Actress for Helen Hunt); *Romy & Michele's High School Reunion*; *Jerry Maguire* (five Academy Award nominations including Best



Picture, winning Best Supporting Actor for Cuba Gooding, Jr.); *Black Widow*; and *Working Girl* (six Academy Award nominations including Best Picture).

I've also produced nine television shows including: *Sweet Bird of Youth*; *When We Rise*; *Oliver Twist*; "The 81st Academy Awards" hosted by Hugh Jackman (ten Emmy nominations including Outstanding Special Class Program, winning four of them); *Political Animals* (five Emmy nominations including Outstanding Mini-Series, winning Best Supporting Actress for Ellen Burstyn).

Am currently producing *Vivo*, an animated movie musical with music and lyrics by Lin-Manuel Miranda who is also voicing the title role and is due in theatres next year.

When it comes to producing movies and television shows (each endeavor being to some extent "important" and/or "fun" and/or "meaningful" and/or "memorable"), one calls upon various life experiences—and in many ineffable ways, that would certainly include my momentous time at Wesleyan.

Where I am Today: In my house in Los Angeles—missing my apartment in NYC because of the current state of affairs—and in the final stages of producing *Vivo*, an animated movie musical with songs by the consistently amazing Lin-Manuel Miranda, also a Wesleyan grad.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Anything to do with the film and theatre classes and programs—and with the remarkable English Department that featured the likes of Ihab Hassan, Richard Slotkin, Phyllis Rose and Joe Reed. I also cherish the times spent with my Senior year suitemates: Mike Thompson, Pat Callahan and Jonny Felt.

At right: Larry Mark



Helen Hubbard Marr

Spouse/Partner: John Marr

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: After graduating from Wesleyan, I began graduate work at the Folklore Institute at Indiana University. Because of my background and coursework in ethnomusicology at Wesleyan, I was awarded a teaching assistant in World Traditional Music. We focused on different cultures each semester, and I found teaching made me master the material in depth. Nothing like having to answer questions from 100 plus enquiring undergraduate minds! The ethnomusicology program at IU was theoretical, rather than performance practice at Wesleyan.

After receiving my M.A. in 1976, I worked at the Museum of the American Indian (Heye Foundation) which is now part of the Smithsonian Institution. I was a member of a team that

catalogued and rehoused the Northwest Coast Indian collection. An amazing hands-on education in material culture! (In its entirety, the Heye Collection consists of over 1 million Native American artifacts.)

From there I moved to the Musical Instruments Department at the Metropolitan Museum of Art where I worked for six years funded by NEA and NEH grants, cataloging the Native American portion of their permanent Crosby Brown collection.

In 1979, I was awarded a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship in Museum Education through the Museum. I travelled to the Pacific Northwest and Alaska, visiting major museum collections of Northwest Coast art en route. Highlights included several organizations that were founded and maintained by Native tribes in Alaska. The end product of this research was a slide/tape kit on Northwest Coast musical instruments with an accompanying printed text accessioned in the Metropolitan's Education Department.

Little did I know that my fieldwork and research for the Rockefeller fellowship would prepare me to later curate an exhibit in the mid-1980s at the Bruce Museum of Science and Art in CT: "Voices of the Ancestors: Music in the Life of the Northwest Coast Indians". The exhibit was reviewed favorably in the *New York Times* and led to a teaching position in Native American art at Fairfield University in their Art History Department.

After subsequently working for several years at The Brooklyn Museum in Department of African, Oceanic and New World Art, I finally left the museum world to work with living cultures in the Folk Arts Program at the New York State Council on the Arts. Again, an amazing learning experience involving non-profit organizations from all over the city and state, representing incredible ethnic and cultural diversity. I remained there for ten years and enjoyed both the work and my colleagues immensely.

During my stint at NYSCLA, I was honored to become a site visitor and later a panelist for the NEA Folk & Traditional Arts program. It was gratifying to gain a national perspective on folk arts activity after being focused on NYS.

My two years at Wesleyan studying ethnomusicology and Native American culture were no doubt instrumental in launching me on my career journey. As a result of my inspiring academic experiences there and at Indiana University, I became one of the first folklorists to pursue museum work, rather than musical recording, documentation, transcription and fieldwork. My husband, John Marr, an epidemiologist, and our daughter, Jess, a photographer, both cheered me all along the way.

Where I am Today: John and I live in Mid-Coast Maine where we are both retired. Our daughter, Jess, lives in Albuquerque, where we plan to spend several months each winter post-Covid. I continue to practice yoga and Nia, as well as landscaping our beautiful rural property on the St. George River.

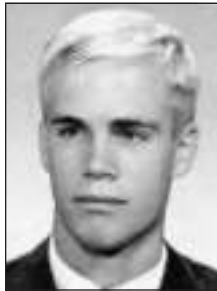
My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Dancing around the bonfire below Foss Hill on the athletic field for David McAllister's Native American music course. Playing in the Javanese *Gamelan* and *Wayang Kulit* and in West African drumming ensemble with Abraham Adzenyah. The Taj Mahal concert. Participating in an experiment conducted by composer Richard Teitelbaum measuring my brain waves for his brain-wave music.

Diosdado Marrero



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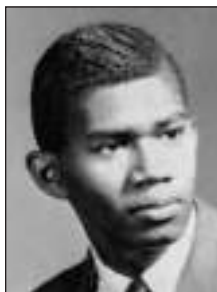


Linus S. Masouredis



Glenn J. McCrea

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: I pursued my interest in writing novels, publishing two well-reviewed works of literary fiction: *Mount's Mistake*, and *The Minus Man*. The former is a picaresque tale, set at the end of the 19th century and the start of the 20th, concerning an addled young man named J. Fielding Mount. Mount flees his small Ohio town and eventually joins a circus where he cares for a beloved old elephant named Chloe. Late in the book, a moment of pique with Chloe leads to very poor impulse control. Mount stubs out his cigarette on Chloe's tongue. She snatches him up in her trunk, dashing him to the ground and killing him instantly. For this plausibly excusable crime, Chloe is electrocuted at Coney Island by minions of Thomas A. Edison, seeking to demonstrate the lethality of alternating current, the system advanced by Edison's rival, George Westinghouse. An appalling motion picture of the electrocution is made by an Edison camera crew, amounting to an elephant snuff film. *The Minus Man* is a first person journey into the mind of a serial killer who dispatches his victims by offering them sips from his flask of poisoned Southern Comfort. It was made into movie starring Owen Wilson as the deceptively amiable killer. (I was cast as one of his victims.) In a *New York Times* review, novelist Anne Rice called it "...deliciously satisfying page-by-page ... a challenging, disturbing, and deeply memorable novel".

I've written eight other books over the years and am spending part of my retirement revising some of the more promising ones to see whether I can get them published. It feels like a vain undertaking, but that and regular exercise probably keep me a step ahead of dementia.

Besides fiction writing, I enjoyed a 30-plus-year career as an editor and launcher of business magazines. Most centered on how to successfully use IT in the service of business strategy, which is harder than it seems. I finished up as a senior editor at the *Harvard Business Review*, where I made enough contacts to fuel several years of freelance ghostwriting, working at home in preparation for both retirement and the pandemic.

Apart from the pleasures of writing and editing, I found being a parent more wondrous and rewarding than I had imagined it could be. My two daughters, Molly (now 32) and Hannah (29), live in Madison and Seattle, respectively. Molly works for the Democratic Party of Wisconsin as a field organizer, now putting in 60+ hour weeks until Nov. 3rd. Hannah is in the architecture program at the University of Washington. Molly's two-year-old son, Desmond, is my sole grandkid to date. He is sweet and funny, and I wish he lived down the street instead of halfway across the country (see below).

Where I am Today: My wife Marcy and I live in Hull, Massachusetts, an appendix-shaped peninsula that pokes up into Boston Harbor from the northern shoulder of the South Shore. We also spend time in a house on Nantucket. We thus have front-row access to the prospect of oceanic inundation. Between us, we each have two daughters from previous marriages. We enjoy the Zoom illusion of togetherness with our daughters (in Seattle, Madison, Nashville and LA) during this time when travel is risky and complicated by quarantine edicts. It is strange to be facing an interval of unknown duration during which contagion is a daily reality. So I think the answer to the question of what we are doing is "a lot less than we would like".

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories:

Funniest: One morning, while waiting for my breakfast at the Downey House counter, I noticed that my voice seemed stuck

in an unusually low register. To test the hypothesis, I discreetly tried out a few bars from the opening of "Old Man River". I was surprised to hear another voice join in. I turned my head and saw beloved sociology professor, Vernon K. Dibble, smiling broadly.

Happiest: During my time at Wesleyan, our version of the student strike offered the opportunity for students to create their own classes as long as a professor would agree to sponsor them. Vin Suprynowicz, an exuberant genius, thought it would be fun to write and perform radio plays. To that end, he wrote episodes of "The Adventures of Sam Bennett, CIA." He got together a group of friends to play the parts (David Boeri, Jack Lebowitz, Rod Cash, me, maybe one or two others). Vin played Sam Bennett, a bungling CIA agent. We enlisted writing prof. Ron Fair as our enthusiastic sponsor, and we recorded the episodes in the studios of, and for broadcast over, WESU. (Vin also scripted a student film that I believe was called *Due to Circumstances Beyond our Control*, about the end of the world if it occurred during a televised golf tournament in which the President was a participant. Again, he roped friends into the production. That, too, was great fun.)

At right: Lew McCreary



Edward P. McGehee

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Charles D. McLean Jr. (Skip)

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Wesleyan changed my life. I arrived in Middletown in the fall of '67 as a small-town boy from

Allentown, PA and graduated (in '72, finally) as an anthropology major ready to explore the world. For me the Wesleyan experience—the professors I had, the friends I made, the history we shared—was transformative.

I was a journalist for more than two decades, first in local TV in Boston, then for 15 years with *NBC News*. I was a field producer for most of my career, rarely on air, but I was lucky to get posted in New York, Miami, London and Johannesburg, and to have the opportunity to cover the news in about 60 different countries. I met my wife, Terry-Jane, during my London years with *NBC*. She was an Australian nurse who (surprisingly) agreed to move to South Africa with me, and then (even more surprisingly) to marry me in 1988. Our two daughters were born in Johannesburg, but grew up in Washington, Geneva, London, and finally Connecticut, as I pursued a second career in public relations.

Where I am Today: I'm now semi-retired, consulting for some of my former PR clients from my home office in Denver. TJ and I recently moved to Colorado to be near our older daughter, her husband and our first grandchild. Mallory has since had twin girls, which helped persuade our younger daughter, Olivia, and her husband to join us all in Denver.

When the Covid crisis hit, Demetrie Comnas thought it might be fun to link some of our Wes classmates together on a Zoom call. He rounded up Donny Graham, Pat Callahan, Mike Thompson, Andy Sutton, Rick Lawler, Carey O'Laughlin, John Billock, Jim Gould and Phil Richardson, and we've been "meeting" on Wednesday nights ever since. Dem's weekly Zoom call brought some of my dearest friends back into my life—an unexpected and treasured gift during these crazy times.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: I remember folding myself up in the back of Casey Waters' sports car for road trips to Conn College freshman year, frat parties—the kind that are now out of fashion—at Psi U, studying for art history exams on the stairwell of the Davidson Art Center, anti-war demonstrations and the student strike in the spring of our junior year, and a memorable summer working on a Wesleyan-sponsored archaeology dig in Italy. And I remember the music. Wilson Pickett, Richie Havens, Janis Joplin, BB King, Ravi Shankar, and, of course, the Dead. How did all of these incredible musicians find their way to our small liberal arts college in Middletown?



Skip McLean

Mary O. McWilliams

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: One of the biggest privileges of my life was serving as a Trustee of the Wesleyan Board. The friendships I made through that experience over 15 years have been lasting. Moreover, I was gratified that the culture and perspectives that I valued as a student had endured. Joining the board early in my professional career, I also learned a great deal from my colleagues and from the board-management interaction that informed my later experience.

As a member of the Facilities Committee with Steve Pfeiffer '69, we felt we had an impact on campus by objecting to a glass curtain wall addition to the library proposed by architects. We held out for brick material that was more fitting for the historic McKim Mead and White structure so we wouldn't have Bloomingdale's on Foss Hill.

Where I am Today: I am living in downtown Seattle, retired from full time work in health care management but still active in civic life and on a couple of boards. Having been widowed 20 years ago, I finally found the second love of my life with whom I also spend time in the summer at his place in Hayden Lake, ID. We plan to escape the weather and confinement of a hallowed out downtown Seattle in the coming winter by spending time in Palm Desert, CA. Sadly, the pandemic has limited my exposure to my daughter and grandson in Seattle as well as my son and his family in CA.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: One of my fondest memories was an Easter sunrise service at the Taylor Estate. It started as an overnight camp out with blankets, wine and chatter by a campfire late into the night and wee hours of the morning. I remember the dawn at sunrise and festive music wafting from bagpipes and recorders. My recollection is boosted by a lovely description of the experience written by Doug Thompson '72 for the *Argus*. Doug had a gift for capturing the details; e.g., in the cold morning the Easter hymn "was as much shivered as sung". I wish he were still here so I could tell him.

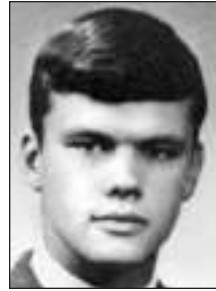
The social life on campus for the handful of coeds was odd. Boys who were friends during the week still imported dates from women's colleges on the weekend. However, at least I got to go to O'Rourke's Diner after midnight with Peter Michaelson after his dates. I also remember a Saturday night when there was a concert at McConaughy that I wanted to hear. I didn't have a date, but I decided that I wasn't going to let that keep me from what I wanted to do, so I went by myself. It was a good lesson for the future.



At right: Mary McWilliams

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After graduation, I married Ai-Ling Louie and began the Ph.D. program in physics at MIT. After six years, I graduated with a physics Ph.D. in High Energy Physics. I was a post-doc at Rutgers University (NJ) for three years in Dr. Richard Plano's bubble chamber group. After three years of living on a post-doc salary, my wife and I concluded that I should work elsewhere, so that we could have children. We have a son Wesley and a daughter Melanie. Ai-Ling and I divorced in 1999. I remarried in 2000 to Lucy Thomas. I have three grandsons from my first marriage. Lucy and I have raised four German Shepherds (but no more than two at one time).

Next, I worked for various telephone companies: Bell Laboratories, Bell Communications Research, and AT&T Laboratories. At these companies, I worked at various systems engineering and planning projects, including the Total Network Operations Plan, a circuit testing system, new services planning, and a service order processing system. I received a U.S. Patent for a method of accessing one's extra telephone services by dialing one's own telephone number from one's own phone. Many telephone companies now use this method. Try it from your own phone; you will probably reach your voice mail.

The best part of my time at telephone companies was learning about how the telephone system works; it is an amazing machine. The worst part was the constant worry about losing one's job. Thanks to deregulation, the existing telephone companies were laying off millions of employees. I got caught in two layoffs.

In 2005, Lucy and I moved to New York City, Brooklyn borough, and lived in an old brownstone in the Park Slope neighborhood. I swore off working for phone companies and have managed to survive on part-time and temporary teaching jobs, including as a postdoc Assistant Professor of physics and mathematics. I fully retired in at age 65. Since then I have received an MS in education from Brooklyn College and taken graduate math courses at the City University of New York. Perpetual student!

The achievement that I am most proud of has nothing to do with any of the above. I accomplished it without assistance from anyone. I discovered an equation that predicts the value of a complex function at a future point just by multiplying and dividing together values of the function at previous points. Sounds simple, but it is not for the timid. It is an infinite product of infinite products, a type of object that I have never seen in a math book. After working on it in my spare time for ten years, I finally got it published in *The International Journal of Mathematics and Computer Science*. Not bad for a 70 year old!

My big break in life is when John Hoy, Director of Admissions, came to my high school. Wesleyan had the financial muscle to admit candidates from financially challenged families. My family always had food, shelter, and clothing, but not much cash for anything else. (I had six brothers and sisters, and my mother couldn't work, so my dad had to feed nine mouths on one salary.) Wesleyan was a godsend. Without Wes, I would never have accomplished what I did.

Heath Millinger (Sunny)

Robert B. Millner (Rob)

Spouse/Partner: Susan B. Millner

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: The single most important event in my life in the last 50 years was meeting my wife, Susan, in August 1982. We were married in June 1983 and are happily married today, with three grown children and five grandchildren. Susan and I met on a blind date, arranged by the wife of one of my law partners, whose series symphony tickets were next to mine. As I later learned, my partner's wife did not like any of the women whom I invited to the symphony, and took matters into her own hands to find a more suitable symphony companion for me. She succeeded. Among other things, Susan has a degree in music (piano performance), and we have since then continued my subscription to the Chicago Symphony, and have almost regularly gone to symphony and opera performances not only in Chicago but also in New York, San Francisco, London, Paris, Rome, and Tel Aviv.

Where I am Today: Susan and I live in Glencoe, Illinois—a suburb of Chicago. Susan is a senior fundraiser for the Birthright Israel Foundation, which brings 50 thousand Jewish young adults to Israel every year, with no cost to the participant, and I am a Senior Partner in the firm of Dentons US LLC, a major international law firm. I have been with Dentons my entire legal career, starting in Fall of 1976, when the firm was known as Sonnenschein Nath and Rosenthal—with the exception of 1975–76 when I clerked for a judge on the U.S. Court of Appeals. I plan to retire at year-end 2020, and Susan will retire shortly thereafter.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: My most lasting memories of Wesleyan are not events but conversations and dialogue—with classmates and teachers. As to teachers, Carl Vigianni in freshman humanities did a wonderful job in showing the most basic motifs that underlie western civilization and thought, as developed over more than two thousand years. Louis Mink, in the existentialism seminar, showed how fragile our institutions are and how all can change and even fall apart very quickly, and Richard Buel showed that from the very beginning of our republic we were highly divided and polarized and our politics were very rough and often mean spirited. As for classmates, David Rabban had significant thoughts on everything, from psycho-history, to phenomenology, to medieval studies. The one thing he could not understand was how I was able to master Russian language so much better than he. (We were both among the four members of our class elected to Phi Beta Kappa at the end of our junior year.) Mark Wallach was skeptical of almost everything I had to say—and probably still is. Steve Leinwand's nickname (at least when we were freshmen) was "Roach" and he spoke loudly and with authority about everything.



Robert and Susan Millner, Amalfi Coast, Italy, 2016

Bruce Moccia



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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Worked in Los Angeles in the film business on TV commercials. Some of the years, I was based on the Warner Brothers backlot in my own company. Projects included some names such as Bob Hope, Walter Matthau, Linda Evans and Steven Frears. My majors in Film and Architecture paid off as, in my senior year, I had stayed on at Wesleyan to do a film for the Arts Department entitled *What is Art?* Not sure we answered the question, but it taught me how to shoot a film camera and how to edit.

Where I am Today: After 22 years in the film business, I moved back to Woodstock, New York and picked up on my Architecture major by designing and building my own house. I was so happy with it that I have now been in Woodstock for over two decades and have built a dozen houses and many additions for clients.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: I remember rowing at the Nationals in Philadelphia along with Michael Ronan and Buddy Coote. We were wearing black armbands in protest against the Vietnam War. Those were great days as oarsmen, and politically charged as citizens with a common cause to protest.

I also appreciated my fraternity brothers and the family we created as a group sharing a house on campus.



Mike Mullally and his love of 22 years, Ginette

Burk C. Murchison

Spouse/Partner:
Elise Keeney Murchison

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1969 YEAR IN REVIEW

On Our Minds



- Prague Spring in Czechoslovakia ended by Soviet intervention.
- British troops sent to Northern Ireland.
- Manson family killed five in Los Angeles.
- Trial of Chicago 8 began.
- Nixon announced Vietnamization, "I am not going to be the first U.S. President to lose a war."
- The Woodstock Music Festival took place.
- Vice President Spiro Agnew denounced war critics as "nattering nabobs of negativism."
- Draft Lottery—two words that spoke volumes.
- Black Panthers Fred Hampton and Mark Clark killed by police in Chicago.
- Gay community resisted police assault on the Stonewall Inn in Greenwich Village.
- 550,000 U.S. troops in Vietnam.
- Paul McCartney announced that he was not dead, contrary to rumors.

Changing Life As We Knew It

- The Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) was founded.
- California was first state to adopt no fault divorce allowing couples to divorce by mutual consent.



△ The first test flight of the supersonic Concorde.



△ Apollo 11 and three astronauts land on the moon; "a small step for man, a giant leap for mankind."

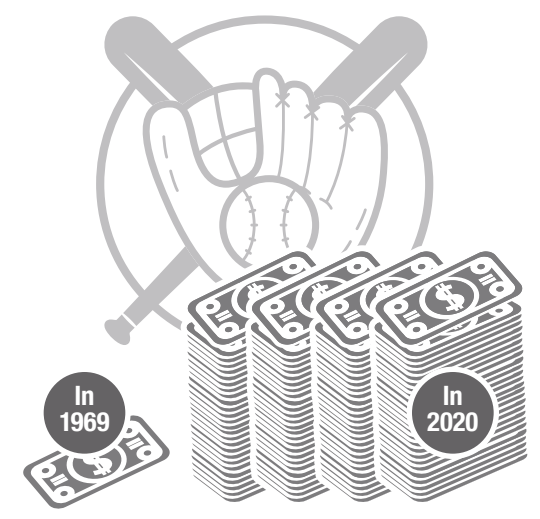
Making News in Sports

- The University of Texas was the last all white team to win the NCAA National football championship.
- Curt Flood declined to be traded, sues major league baseball, and started process that five years later lead to free agency.
- The Miracle Mets won the World Series.



Then and Now

- In 1969, the average baseball salary was **\$24,909 vs. \$3,890,000** for Major League Baseball players in 2020 (if a full regular season had been played).
Source: ESPN.com



What Moved Us

- John and Yoko bed in for peace.
- BBC introduced *Monty Python's Flying Circus*.



- Robert Crumb introduced *Fritz the Cat*.



- #1 nonfiction best seller.
- *Midnight Cowboy* received best picture academy award and X rating.

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: My Wesleyan experience was intense. The "highs" were high, and the "lows" were low. But Wesleyan made me fearless. The four years launched me on a trajectory and established the expectation that life should be challenging and transformative and lived with intensity, joy and personal connection. No challenge too difficult. No idea too impractical. Over the last 50

years, disappointment and circumstance have made these expectations less of a mandate and more of a whispered suggestion. No doubt, my life would have been less meandering and certainly less interesting if I had not imbibed the Wesleyan Kool-Aid. It was delicious, and the memory of it reminds me to be my better self.

Where I am Today: I have lived in Boston for five years after residing in Newton, MA for 28 years. I am semi-retired academic. I teach a required graduate course in Biotechniques at the Tufts University Friedman School of Graduate Nutrition Science and Policy (martin.obin@tufts.edu). The course focuses on biochemistry and molecular biology and their integration in Systems Biology. I was married to a lovely and inspiring academic physician who passed away in 2015. We had no children. I am now supervised by a terrific lady (Kate Merritt) whose love provides yet another example of how ridiculously lucky and blessed my life has been and continues to be.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Resident life and life-long friends:

"Hotel Paradiso": This was the name given (by ??) to the sophomore year Lawn Avenue suite occupied by myself, Todd Jick, Mark Paul, Rod Cash, Andy Baker and a constant stream of guests (Bennington preferred), campus philosophers, CSS lost souls and musicians traveling between New York and Boston. We started a university-funded humor magazine (*Humdrum*), which I believe actually produced two issues in addition to sending "reporters" to Chicago for the Chicago 8 trial, throwing the iconic winter '69 Spider John Koerner/Wille Murphy concert/Be-In at Eclectic, and sponsoring a "paint by numbers" mural project (dates welcome) in the CSS dining room under the artistic direction of Rabbi Baker. Fueled by pizza and other consumables, everyone was assigned a number-designated color, a brush and instructed to "paint only within the lines where you see your number." Two days later, voila! CSS Mural.

Leermakers Ranch, Mariposa California: In June 1969, Andy Baker, Steve Leinwand, Howard Dubner, and I drove cross-country to build a cabin on Peter Leermaker's 100 acres in the Sierras near Yosemite. Despite Manson-related push-back from locals, "Frog Hollow Day Camp" was thus established, with a floating roster that included other Wes luminaries Mark Paul, Brooks Edwards, Mike Gee, Peter McGehee, and Rob Director. Leermakers would drop in occasionally to "take the edge off" with his hollowed out Old Spice bottle full of Moroccan hashish. And of course, the three hour ride in the back of the pick-up for Dead shows in the Bay Area. Magical times.

100 Washington Street: In 1969 I was invited to be the RA of a new off-campus coed housing situation for freshmen and sophomores being established at 100 Washington Street. The converted sea captain's house (complete with widow's walk) had huge living rooms, a sweet roofed porch, a large kitchen, and of course, parking. The mix included upperclassmen (Mark Paul, Peter McGehee, Jim Vizzini) in addition to ~20 freshmen and sophomores. An interesting two years to say the least. The Washington Street 'incubator' spawned a film thesis (*Due To Circumstances Beyond Our Control*), a weekly WESU private eye radio drama, the Oso Family Band, and several senior theses. Somehow, all the resident freshmen ('73 and '74) survived.



Marty Obin "Takes a Lickin' and Keeps on Tickin'"

Carey A. O'Laughlin

Spouse/Partner: Cecily O'Laughlin
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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Spent the last 50 years married to Cecily H. O'Laughlin. Three children—Ashley, Andrew, and Peter. Professional career as Mortgage Banker, Professional Builder and Developer.

Where I am Today: Presently living in Stuart Florida, retired and working with national nonprofit.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: My fondest memories of Wesleyan are football, Psi U, the Government Dept., and living at the farm in Durham senior year.

I didn't graduate with Honors but I did graduate with my future wife.



Carey O'Laughlin and wife of 50 years, Cecily

Daniel F. Olim

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Morris Pasternack, Jr. (Maury)

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Like so many of us, I was a slacker at Wesleyan. A middle-of-the-road slacker—I had my moments, but lacked the flare and the *joie de vivre* of the greats. (You know who you are!) I did buckle down a bit during junior year. Thanks to Kermode, Mink, Reed, West, I learned how to think and how to read and to write. I spent all of senior year in Paris, learning some French, playing some pinball, and enjoying great cheap and raucous dinners with friends, American and French.

For the first seven years after graduation, I did this and that: photocopied, graduate student (English), advertising copywriter. Along the way, rather suddenly and due to a complex series of events, I realized I wanted passionately to become a doctor. After a couple of years of pre-med coursework, I studied medicine at Boston University, and then trained in internal medicine and pulmonary/critical care at the University of Iowa. Steeped in the humanities at Wesleyan, I ended up with a more highly developed right brain than most lung docs—and I am glad of it.

Following five years in the lab, I practiced in the Mayo Clinic Health System in Eau Claire for 24 years, retiring in 2019. Work was good. As the pandemic rages in the upper Midwest, I am about to return to Covid-19 duty at Mayo, well behind the front lines.

Surprisingly, Shelley Fredson, the love of my life, has tolerated me for 40 years. Our great and amazing daughter, Bianca, has tolerated me for 31.

As I think back to freshman and sophomore year, I remember with fondness our launching sky lanterns (dry cleaner bag, drinking straw crosspieces, solitary burning birthday candle) into the night sky from Foss Hill. Looking back with a bit of pretense, Wesleyan-style, I guess you could say we were sending aloft our hopes and dreams, blissfully unconcerned about the houses and barns that we might be setting ablaze when our UFOs floated back down to earth.



Maury Pasternack and family

Mark L. Paul

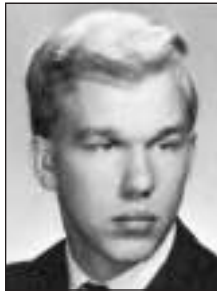
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Francis J. Pawlowski (Fran)

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Since graduating from Wesleyan, my wedding to Delphine Yazzie has been the highlight of my life. We are blessed with seven children and nineteen grandchildren. Except for our oldest and youngest children, the others and all of the grandchildren live near our home in Gallup, New Mexico.

My years at Wesleyan gave me the courage to move to the Navajo Reservation in August 1971. I wanted to begin a teaching career and fulfill my military obligation as a conscientious objector as well. Teaching at St. Michael Indian School near the Navajo Nation capitol in Window Rock, Arizona for three school years allowed me to learn how to teach. I subsequently received a letter from the Middletown Draft Board stating that my years at the school replaced my obligation to serve in the military. More than fifty years later, I am still in the Southwest.

In the mid-1970s, I decided to begin a career in advertising. I had no sales experience, but I found a partner who did. We worked in print media but also did some radio projects and on-site presentations as well. In 1992, I sold my part of the business to my partner and began a Masters of Arts in Secondary Education program with the goal of becoming a certified teacher in secondary education. In 1996, I received my Masters, twenty-five years after leaving Connecticut with my Wesleyan diploma to begin teaching primarily Navajo students.

In 1981, a fitness center opened in Gallup and featured racquetball, basketball, and weight lifting. Racquetball looked like an interesting sport, so I began playing in 1985. Until the Covid virus closed the facility in 2020, I played racquetball five or six times a week. Not playing racquetball since then is a difficult adjustment. Compared to what others are enduring during these difficult times, however, it is a very minor adjustment comparatively—and I know and understand that.

Where I am Today: Gallup, New Mexico has been home since 1974. At age twelve, when I told my father I wanted to become a teacher, he suggested I get a second job as well. I did not understand what he was saying at the time. By 1978, I understood him clearly and began my own law business, Gallup Process Service; forty-two years later, GPS is still in gear. In 1995, I began teaching at the University of New Mexico

—Gallup Branch. Subsequently, I taught at the Middle College High School on the UNM-Gallup campus for five additional years. I retired from full-time teaching in 2016 but occasionally teach one course a semester for UNM. My years at Wesleyan guided me throughout my teaching career because I learned how to listen and, more importantly, I understood that not everyone was like me.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: During the 1969 spring semester, I was a student in Wesleyan Semester Abroad program. After stopping in Iceland, our group arrived in Luxembourg in January, a week before the inauguration of Richard Nixon. About ten of us left for Munich, West Germany while other classmates continued on to other various countries. After three months of extensive language instruction at the Goethe Institute near Munich and four months of courses in Bonn, West Germany, I returned home without any other Wesleyan classmates on July 30. I immediately heard about a rock and roll concert planned for the middle of August somewhere in New York state, but I decided not to go and never regretted that decision. I knew that the event would include many of my favorite groups and solo acts; but I did not have the money nor the energy to attend the rock and roll concert that eventually became known throughout the world as Woodstock.

Playing soccer at Wesleyan is another of my fondest undergraduate memories. At that time, freshmen were not allowed to play varsity sports at our alma mater. When the 1968 season arrived, Terry Jackson was the new varsity soccer coach. Jackson also coached lacrosse and a young man named Bill Belichick played on his team. The two have remained friends since those years in the mid-70s. Several years later, Coach Jackson contacted Coach Belichick with a request. His wife was very ill but still wanted to attend a Super Bowl game. Was there a way that Coach Belichick could get tickets for them? Coach Jackson and his wife sat directly behind the Patriots bench in the second or third row. The Patriots won.

A few years ago, my wife and I flew to Oregon to visit Brian Gross, the goalie of our Wes soccer team, and his wife. The previous week, Dr. Gross invited Coach Jackson to stop by for a visit when they were in the area but omitted the detail that Del and I would be there as well. Stepping out into the backyard, Coach took one look at me and said, "You look a lot like Fran Pawlowski and I feel sorry for you. Tell me it ain't so. This beautiful woman is your wife? I hope you used a lot of your money to persuade her to make that decision. If I knew you were going to be here, we would have kept driving." The next two or three days which followed contained the kind of experiences and conversations that memories are made of.

Unforgettable...

*At right:
Francis Joseph
Pawlowski with
wife Delphine
at Job's Pond in
Portland, CT*



Lanny Paykin

Spouse/Partner: Laura Hamilton

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: I've had a career as a professional musician (cellist) since graduating Wesleyan. I've lived in the New York City area, and have performed at the major venues there, including Lincoln Center, Carnegie Hall, numerous Broadway shows, and in recording studios.

Where I am Today: I live in New Jersey, waiting for the pandemic to end. I'm zoom teaching, and slowly beginning to perform again, as smaller venues begin to open.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: One of my funniest (and embarrassing) memories was going to Sarah Lawrence with a group of Wes students, promising the owner not to take his car and of course taking it into NYC with a group. We came back so late that the owner had to get another ride back to Wesleyan.



*Lanny Paykin and family, front row: Laura, Lanny, and Ginny.
Back row: Son Adam and daughters Jennifer and Susan.*

James M. Perry

Spouse/Partner: Romye Basista

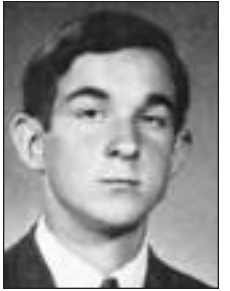
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B. Victor Pfeiffer, Jr. (Vic)

Spouse/Partner: Patricia Pfeiffer

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: How does one choose the most significant events of a 50-year span? The obvious highlights are of meeting and marrying my wife of now 40 years, and having our two kids—one of which, our daughter Alex, who also graduated from Wesleyan—allowing us to re-immense in Wesleyan in a different way. I've been fortunate to have found someone (an Army brat art director, no less)—or she me—with whom I've been able to share these years.

I was fortunate to have met some fabulous people at Wesleyan, many of whom have remained friends throughout these 50 years, and with whom I have shared bits and pieces of my life's highlights and lowlights along the way—John Stinchfield '69, John Ketcham '70 (deceased '06), Marc Pickard '70, Pat Callahan '71, Harry Glasspiegel '72, Rick Ketterer '69 (deceased '20), Jerry Parker '69 (deceased '18), John Hester '71, Jeff Thomas '71, Bob Stone '70, Alan Van Egmond '71, Larry Mendelowitz '72, Jim Hoxie '72, Pete Seigle '71, Peter Michaelson '71, Lew Rumford '72, Jim Lynch '71, Mitch Willey '72.

Brother Steve '69 and his five kids (four of whom also graduated from Wesleyan) have lived much of their lives also in the Washington, D.C. area and we have happily shared our lives and connection to Wesleyan throughout this 50-year span.

But without a doubt, the event that most shaped my 50-year "adult life" was having a severely autistic child in 1986—and (B. Victor Pfeiffer, Jr. biography continues on next page)

navigating everything that it has taken to understand, care for, and survive this relatively (it depends upon who you ask) intact. Living with and caring for Nick took all of my and Patricia's attention, energy, focus, understanding, patience and unconditional love. It still is a major focus of our lives.

Where I am Today: After John Ketcham died of pancreatic cancer in 2006 and my wife got the call that she had stage four colon cancer as we were driving to NJ for John's funeral, I decided that life was short, and I better get on to doing some of the other things I wanted to do. So I retired from my human resources consulting firm (The Segal Company) in 2008 and moved to a small historic town (Chestertown, MD) on the Chesapeake Bay—about 1.5 hours from Washington, D.C. where I had lived since graduation.

For six years I took a full-time job as a job coach for intellectually disabled adults. It was less taxing, unlike one's career job, and totally delightful. I made a whole new set of friends, and worked to help intellectually disabled people get and keep jobs in the community. In 2014, however, my daughter in San Diego, California had her first child and we knew that we would want to be there a lot. So I "retired" a second time.

So now, pre-Covid pandemic, we spend the months of March and August and two weeks at Christmas in San Diego. While home in Chestertown, however, I serve on the Chester River Watershed board of directors of our local environmental group called ShoreRivers; just stepped down as treasurer of our local performing arts organization, The Garfield Center for the Arts; am the incoming board president of Rebuilding Together Kent County (we repair the homes of low income county residents); and am a member of the James Taylor Lynching Remembrance Coalition which educates, fosters discussion and commemorates—in accordance with The Equal Justice Initiative's process—a lynching that took place here in Chestertown in 1892. I also teach adults and kids how to swim in June and July.

A friend and I just completed kayaking (in stages) the 43 miles of The Chester River, I bicycle a good bit, have become a yoga fan, and pre-Covid, go to the YMCA several times a week.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Several are on my list:

My sophomore year at Wesleyan, we had a cadre of good swimmers (Boo Gallas '69, Steve Broker '69, John Ketcham '70, Bob Stone '70, Pat Callahan '71, Greg Forbes '71, Jim Perry '71, Fred Lieberberg '72, Art Wein '72, Larry Mendelowitz '72, and others), we all got along well and enjoyed our coach John Edgar's leadership. But up until then we had not won the Little Three nor beaten Southern Connecticut in many years. We swam both at home in that small and noisy little pool and beat both. But what was unique was that we had a following of friends mostly from Delta Tau who, when each of these two meets was over, jumped into the pool fully clothed from the pool's balcony. That team went on to finish second in the New England's and fourth in the NCAA Small College nationals.

I'd say the many fun concerts at McConaughy Dining Hall hold a fond place in my memory—who could forget racing back from the New England Swimming Championships in Storrs with Pat Callahan in the Spring of 1968 to see Big Brother & The Holding Company, or Sam & Dave, Wilson Pickett, Laura Nero, Blood Sweat & Tears, Sonny Stitt and others.



Above, left: Vic Pfeiffer and Bob Stone '70, half of the 1969 New England Medley Relay Swimming Champions in CA 2019. Right: Wes get together in Florida, November, 2019. In photo: Vic Pfeiffer, Rick Ketterer '69, Marc Pickard '70, John Stinchfield '69, and Steve Pfeiffer '69.

Robert C. Platt



Richard A. Plumb (Dick)

Spouse/Partner: Nancy G. Porter

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Most important was admission to Wesleyan as an Etherington Scholar and graduating with a double major in Geology and Physics. Wesleyan taught me to be open minded, to listen carefully, and to think critically. Wesleyan gave me the background and confidence to pursue a career in geoscience (MA, Dartmouth '74; PhD, Columbia '82). After Columbia I spent 38 years with Schlumberger Oilfield Services developing geophysical measurements and in 2001 launched their Geomechanics Services business. The highlight was participating in the Apollo 11 Lunar Ranging Experiment. Five of Dr. Faller's physics students used a billion-watt ruby-laser to measure distance to the moon using a reflector, left there by the astronauts.

Where I am Today: Nancy and I now live in Cambridge, MA, after postings in Ridgefield, CT, Cambridge, UK, and Houston, TX. We have two wonderful children Emily and Ben and one grandson Sam. I retired from Schlumberger Research in 2010 and consulted until 2019. Currently, I'm a Visiting Scholar at Tufts University working with graduate students in the Civil



and Environmental Engineering Department, and also rediscovering an interest in painting and longing to travel again.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Fond memories include time spent at Downey House, nattering over coffee with Howie Borgstrom and friends, and dinners of tuna fish sandwiches. Thursday nights often found us at Krenz's Bar and Grill.



Dick Plumb with wife Nancy

Steven M. Polansky

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Joseph Pullman (Joe)

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David M. Rabban

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Publishing my two books about legal history has been a professional highlight of the last fifty years: *Free Speech in Its Forgotten Years, 1870-1920*, and *Law's History: American Legal Thought and the Transatlantic Turn to History*. Both were published by Cambridge University Press. In writing them, I relied heavily on skills I learned in history, philosophy, and religion courses at Wesleyan. I've just finished a draft of another (final?) book, tentatively entitled *Academic Freedom, The First Amendment, and the American University*. Much of this book derives from my experience as a lawyer for the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) from 1976 through 1982, and from various volunteer positions I've had with the AAUP since I became a law professor in 1983, including general counsel and chair of its Committee on Academic Freedom and Tenure. My work with the AAUP has been very meaningful to me, as have my volunteer activities as a Wesleyan alum, including a term as Chair of the Alumni Association.

I've also enjoyed the many opportunities I've had to travel. Two highlights were spending six weeks in Israel at the home of George Sobelman (who became the first Rabbi at Wesleyan while we were students) and his family in the fall of 1974 after I graduated from law school, and spending an academic year in Paris in 2013-2014 as a visiting professor at the law school of Sciences Po.

Where I am Today: I have lived in Austin, Texas since 1983, when I became a professor at the University of Texas School of Law. I'm still teaching full time, but I have started to think about moving to part-time teaching in the next few years.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Among my fond memories of my years at Wesleyan are bull sessions in the dorms, the Grateful Dead concert, and the movie nights hosted by Jeff Richards '69.

At right: David Rabban



Walter B. Rassbach

Spouse/Partner: Nancy Rassbach
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Philip J. Rauch (Phil)

Spouse/Partner: Lynn Rauch

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: My highlights of the last 50 years include:

1) Getting married to a wonderful woman, Lynn in 1975 and having two wonderful children and four grandchildren. Lynn and I met when I was at Wesleyan and she was at Wellesley. During the pandemic, we have spent many hours with our extended family which has been great. 2) Having a great, successful career in the investment business and developing excellent long term relationships with clients and friends. Wesleyan sparked my interest in economics and markets and also how to interact with people. 3) Travelling to many different places in the world and meeting a lot of different people. At Wesleyan, I spent a semester abroad and developed a passion for travel. 4) Being involved with many non-profit organizations, including Wesleyan, and helping to guide these organizations. Wesleyan taught me the importance of giving back. 5) Thanks to my Wesleyan education, I have developed many diverse interests—theater, art, music, film, reading and enjoying the outdoors.

Where I am Today: Today, we live in Maryland and Vermont (summer and fall). I spend time working with clients, helping with grandchildren, playing golf, hiking, and watching movies, lectures, and sports. I am also still involved with several not for profits.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: My fondest memories include: a) many happy hours spent with my brothers at the Beta house—we had long discussions, played a lot of bridge, played sports and hosted parties; b) getting up early to row on the Connecticut River as part of the crew team and; c) interesting discussions in various small classes.



At right: Phil Rauch

Jan R. Reber

Spouse/Partner: Patricia Ann Reber

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Jay A. Resnick

Spouse/Partner: Judy Sarubin

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Past 50 Years' Highlights:

- Working as an ethics attorney in the Obama White House Counsel's Office (2010–11);
- Marriage to Judy Sarubin in 2005;
- My clerkship for Dan Herrmann, Chief Justice of the Delaware Supreme Court. A true mensch, who told me to leave the office at suppertime, so I could spend the evening with my late wife, Claudia.
- Spending my senior year at Vassar, living in Jewett, with, among others, Meryl Streep. Then, while in grad school at Yale, seeing her (and John Rothman '71) in the Yale Rep. The highlight was Meryl as Constance Garnett (translator of Russian novelists); she played it as an elderly Constance in a wheelchair. Also, the performance of 'Aristophanes', "The Frogs" in the Payne Whitney gym pool.
- Camping in Monument Valley with my family and Andy Glantz (Wes '71).
- Learning to walk again in 2017–18 (following two brain bleeds and three brain surgeries): after seven months, my walker went in the basement, and my golf clubs went into my car.
- Becoming a Zeydeh.

Where I am Today: I live in Annapolis, Maryland with my wife, Judy, stepson Nick, and two big black dogs, Sheyneh and Tevyeh. I am a Watershed Steward Candidate in Anne Arundel County. For my Capstone, I have partnered with another candidate. We are rejuvenating a bioretention practice at the local public library, plus planting 40 native trees, 100s of native perennials, and installing rain barrels.

I am also involved with our local community college, where I enjoy taking and teaching classes. I just submitted proposals to the curriculum committee to teach two classes this winter: a short Yiddish Film class (a repeat of a class I taught last year, but with different films), and a Yiddish Reading Circle Class entitled, "Found Treasures: Stories by Yiddish Women Writers." I am also studying Yiddish in classes with YIVO and The Workers' Circle.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories:

- Sunday nights in Howland 800, gathered with hall mates for hall frisbee and then to watch *Mission Impossible* on Rolf Arend's (or was it Al Cover's) TV.
- Living in Mystical Seven and watching the moon-landing on my small B&W TV.



Above left: Jay Resnick.
Above right: Jay Resnick with wife Judy Sarubin.

David R. Reynolds

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John A. Reynolds

Spouse/Partner:
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The last 50 years have flown by. Christine Holter, a frequent visitor during my senior year, and I were married soon after graduation. Two children and four grandchildren later, we are enjoying retirement in Great Falls, VA. Luckily, our children and their families have stayed in the area and we see a great deal of them.

Wesleyan's liberal arts education was right for me. I came to Wesleyan without a game plan. I signed up for a great variety of courses, ones that just seemed interesting at the time. By junior year, economics was particularly appealing. My economics major at Wesleyan, supplemented later by an MBA, proved to be an asset throughout my working career. Much of this career was spent as an economist with the Postal Service. I finished my Postal career as Deputy Secretary to the Postal Service Board of Governors. (Glad I'm not there now!)

I made some good friends at Wesleyan and have kept up with a number of them. These days, liaisons with Bud Coote, Rob Dewees and Moe Benson are via email. We look forward to renewing our friendly competitions on the golf course and tennis court when Covid-19 permits.

The fond memories of my Wesleyan days that spring immediately to mind involve trips: trips with Don Long and the tennis team to Florida, trips with roommates to mixers and dates at neighboring schools, and trips to NYC for events at MSG and restaurants we could not afford. Trips of almost any sort were exciting escapes after the confines of school.

My roommates and I thought we had truly arrived when we qualified for a suite of single rooms on Lawn Avenue for our junior year. We had a refrigerator, our own bathroom and a proper living room. I can't say that living room was used for much learned debate of academics issues. I do remember a lot of cards being played there. It's amazing how interesting card games were when reading and writing assignments were the alternatives.

There were plenty of memorable occasions on campus. The events organizing committee had an uncanny ability to identify great bands/singers just before they became famous and too expensive for our small weekend concerts. I remember seeing Wilson Pickett, Big Brother and the Holding Company with Janis Joplin, Blood, Sweat and Tears with David Clayton Thomas, Joni Mitchell and many others.

Less fondly remembered is the turmoil created by the Vietnam War. After the shooting of protesting students at Kent State University, we joined other college campuses in a general strike. We all went home midway through the second semester of my junior year and did not return until the following school year. The War created a disillusionment with the establishment that put a damper on our expectations for college. But that disillusionment did not erase the many fond memories I have of the school and my fellow students.



John and Chris Reynolds

James A. Ribble



world and that all encounters are holy regardless of how they might seem in the moment of unfolding. I learned our inner-most purpose in life is to bring consciousness into this world. This awareness has led me to shape anything of significance I have undertaken toward that end.

The Power of Music: Wesleyan gave me the opportunity to seriously study classic guitar with an accomplished concert master from the Brussels Conservatory. Learning to play the guitar well had been a passion for me since I was 11 years old. At Wesleyan it was realized.

I'm 75 now and still play the guitar almost daily. My fine motor skills have waned some but I still record now and then and even give an occasional small, informal performance. The real thing is, though, I sometimes still find "The Zone" when I play. That remains a huge high.

Awakening the Artistic Eye: There are no ordinary moments. That is because all of life only takes place in this present moment, right here, right now. There is no other time. I came to see this through the practice of visual art, primarily drawing and photography. In order to spot the extraordinary in the ordinary, one must learn to really see, to look beyond the conditioned, unconscious movement through this world where there is almost no "seeing" at all. I even wrote a song about this some years ago. The powerful stories that are all around us need to be seen, unveiled and presented in a way that reveals what they truly hold.

Peace in Nature: In the past 50 years I discovered I am a mountain man. I spent 19 years in Montana and was in the mountains as often as I could manage. It was a halcyon time. I so loved the relatively untouched, natural places I found there. Immersed in it, I often wept with gratitude for the chance to be a part of it for a while and wept more yet as I witnessed the destruction of much of it. How badly the world needs conscious awareness, firmly holding at its heart, before thought, before reflection, the realization that there is no separation.

All else, the jobs and positions I've held, the occasional recognition for my performance or a special accomplishment; these do not matter to me nearly so much.

Where I am Today: My wife, Sandy, and I live in Avondale, Arizona. I was obliged to retire from paying work in 2005. Since then I have done music, visual art, studying and writing on topics that aim to reveal the heart of what is, both mystical and rational, and I have spent a great deal of time helping family and friends in a variety of ways.

In addition to playing music on the guitar and doing semi-serious photography, metal work, wood work and other art, my passion has been discovering the true nature of reality. This has entailed reconciling and relating mystical revelations about reality with theoretical thought systems like quantum physics, which attempt to do the same.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: In 1971, I received a grant from Wesleyan to attend an international conference in Cuernava, Mexico on alternatives to existing healthcare practices. The six week-long conference was headed by Ivan Illich, one of the most intelligent people I have ever met; a brilliant man and a fascinating teacher. So the healthcare practices conference, and others going on simultaneously at the ranch where it was held, were superb. Great seminars, exchanges, lectures, discussions, shared stories and shared studies. It was an incredible experience. It also had a humorous aspect and a..., "wild" aspect.

My wife, Sandy, accompanied me to the conference. We stayed with a family in Cuernavaca. They had signed up to provide room and board for conference attendees at a very fair price. The house where we stayed was once grand but had fallen into disrepair. We lived with termites, rats, cockroaches, faulty (dangerous) electrical wiring and unsanitary conditions in general.

The couple that owned the house was very politically connected to Mexico's President Luis Echeverría. As near I could determine Alejandro, our host, was in a similar position to a White House Chief of Staff here in the U.S.

Alejandro loved to party. Well, mostly he liked to drink tequila. There were six other roomers from different countries also in the house, but Alejandro took a liking to me. It seems I made him laugh and he definitely liked that. His biggest delight came on the evening I tried to teach him how to wiggle his ears. I told him this was one of the ways young men in the U.S. attempted to impress young women. After a few shots of tequila he thought this was just hilarious. A couple of weeks later I learned Alejandro apparently shared this story with President Echeverría. Alejandro told me Echeverría also thought it was hilarious. There were, however, several, notable counter points to my often funny exchanges with Alejandro. Most were minor, anti-American sorts of things. But one was serious.

Sandy and I had agreed to meet a Filipino couple at a sidewalk café in the center of Cuernavaca one evening. They were attending the same conference that I was. We sat talking, getting to know each other, when a policeman pulled up to the café on a World War II military motorcycle with a sidecar. He was a gruff, paunchy man dressed in a rumpled, soiled uniform. He staggered up to a tiny table right next to ours, joining two men already there.

Soon he took a liking to my wife, Sandy, and began trying to get her attention. She became obviously uncomfortable. I hoped he would get the idea when she ignored his advances. But then he started to try to turn her toward him, physically taking a hold of her shoulders. I held up my hand and leaned over, smiling, and asked him politely to please leave us to our conversation. Then I offered to buy him a beer. He did not take my request nor my offer of a beer well. He arose, pulled out his .45 caliber Colt 1911 pistol, cocked it and pointed it at my head. One of the two men he was with said to me I should not worry, he was just drunk and usually quite harmless. Perhaps, I thought. But that gun isn't a toy. I had noticed he had a guitar in the sidecar of his motorcycle. So I asked him if he played. My question seemed to take a few moments to register. He glanced over at the guitar, then back at me, his expression blank. I asked if he knew the music of the only Mexican classic guitar composer I had ever played – Manuel Ponce. His eyebrows shot up and he said, "YOU know the music of Manuel Ponce?" OF COURSE, I replied as if it were a silly question. I continued—a great musician, a wonderful composer. All the while I had my fingers crossed that I had stumbled onto a way to defuse his impulse to shoot me.

He broke into a big smile, holstered his gun, waddled out to the sidecar, retrieved his guitar, waddled back to our table and pulled up a chair. He proceeded to struggle through a simple, Ponce composition for us.

When he was done I lavished praise on him. He was delighted. We had successfully morphed from arrogant gringos into his best compadres.

He ripped open his Old Gold cigarette pack, took a pen out of his breast pocket and wrote, "My Dear Friends, when you hear the beautiful music of Manuel Ponce, remember your old friend, JORGE!" "Jorge" was signed with an impressive flourish. I still have that cigarette pack somewhere.

We parted with smiles, handshakes and much backslapping.

PHEW!



Above left: James Rizza. Above right: Rizza family gathering.

Lee C. Riggs

Spouse/Partner:
Lynn Holcomb Faford Riggs

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James P. Rizza (Jim)

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Past 50 Years' Highlights:

- Life Changing
- Love of Learning
- True Nature of Relationships
- The Power of Music
- Awakening the "Artistic Eye"
- Finding Peace in Nature

Life Changing: My Wesleyan experience awakened me to a world that might be worth living in, something I had not found anywhere before, given my life experience up to that time. I will be forever grateful for that enormous turn-around. At Wesleyan I met so many bright, talented, knowledgeable people who really seemed to value me from the moment I arrived on campus and who welcomed my thoughts and contributions. That was life changing.

Love of Learning: Wesleyan also instilled in me a love for learning. I study regularly to this day across a broad range of interests. This 50 year old practice has cultivated a fairly large set of competencies that have allowed me to help a lot of people in a great many situations, from all of which I have also grown.

The True Nature of Relationships: Sandy Cabrini and I married my second year at Wesleyan. We were 23 years old. Today we have children and four, inspiring, phenomenal grandchildren. Each relationship has been an enriching classroom. So it became apparent that relationships are the classrooms of this

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Wesleyan gave me the confidence that I could do anything. The question was: what should I do with my life? I hadn't a clue. After graduation, I bounced around for years, looking for a fit. Corporate banking, too tight. Peace Corps Colombia, nice and loose, but no dinero. Novel writing, too big. Bartending, too small. Marketing, too flashy. Along the way, I picked up an MA in Literature and Creative Writing, and as a last resort, tried teaching. Voila! Tailor made. At a diverse community college, it was Peace Corps again, but with enough to live on. Along the way, I picked up skill sets that could make a difference, and I loved being a mentor. What else? Children. From home birth through each rebirth, a challenge and a joy. More? Daily meditation gave meaning and supported me along the way. Living in Colombia and later in Mexico opened my eyes to a less stressful concept of time, one I never found in the States.

Where I am Today: Pam (the love of my life) and I have a small craft coffee farm on the side of Volcan Barú in Western Panama. We are quite happy to, as Candide concluded, "tend our garden." Our worker Aquile does 95% of the physical labor while I manage the coffee drying, shucking, and roasting as a hobby and, as needed, harvest fruit from the orchard for juices and to garnish cocktails. A metal artist, Pam has a workshop but spends a lot of time on her flower gardens. We eat our own and local vegetables and, of course, seafood. For fun, we hike the mountains; picnic, snorkel and swim on island beaches; and travel. The large expat community offers the most interesting and diverse friends I've had since Wesleyan.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Immature and undirected, I needed a year or two off before attending college, but a low draft number said otherwise. Anything associated with the "Lodge" was wild. Staging football parties, mixing and emptying garbage cans full of "punch," singing fight songs on and around the piano, taking road trips to mixers, hosting Monte Carlo parties, joining in a toga night (the Janis Joplin Concert?) etc., etc. Classic.

My fondest moments were on the water. I liked being number seven of eight and part of a team that had no stars. Crew requires the same skill sets and resolve from each oarsman. A club then, not an official sport, we drove in members' cars to Boston and Philly and Washington, wind in our hair, ready to bet our shirts and give our all. It was a blast.

Richard C. Ross

Spouse/Partner: Sigrid R. Ross

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John M. Rothman

Spouse/Partner: Susan Bolotin

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: I have been an actor since I left Wesleyan. I was an actor in high school, but was determined to explore other possibilities when I got to Wesleyan. I entered The College of Letters, spent an amazing semester in Paris, studying with Roland Bart among other greats, I wrote a novel for my senior thesis. I was also in the first film production class at the University, and in my senior year auditioned for and got the lead in *Gammer Gurtin's Needle* at the '92 Theater. I walked onto that stage and had an epiphany—this was where I belonged. I don't think the theater critic for the *Argus*, one Laurence Mark, agreed. But in spite of my first bad review, I went on to win a fellowship in Acting at Center Stage in Baltimore and from there to Yale where I got an MFA in 1975.

I went from there to New York, where I have been living and working on Broadway, off Broadway, in films and on TV ever since. Another Wesleyan connection: my first film as a professional actor was Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories*, where I played the boyfriend of one of the stars—Jessica Harper, who I met at Wesleyan—although she was not enrolled. *Stardust Memories* was the first of over 100 films I have appeared in: check (johnrothmanactor.com) for more.

Another very important Wesleyan connection for me was David White, who was the artistic director of Dance Theater Workshop and also founded and ran The Economy Tires Theater. He produced my one man show *The Impossible H. L. Mencken* and that show moved to The America Place and earned enormous critical acclaim—Jeffery Richards was the press agent! My closest friends to this day are friends I made at Wesleyan: My fellow actor and classmate Philip Casnoff and I talk almost every day. I am still close to Graeme Bush and Gene Borgida. These friends are the most enduring legacy of my years at Wesleyan.

Where I am Today: I am still acting, living in New York with my wife, Susan Bolotin (publisher and editor in chief of Workman Publishing) and our two kids, both of whom are married and one of whom is expecting a baby in November. I will, god willing, be a grandfather by the time this book is published. I was working in a wonderful production of *Timon of Athens* at the National Shakespeare Theater in Washington when the pandemic closed the theaters. I am spending a lot of time doing zoom theater and acting in zoom productions all over the world, looking forward to getting back to working for a live audience.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Grateful Dead concert on Foss Hill the night before Junior Comprehensives for the COL. I stayed sober and went to bed early. I remember the classmates who came to tell me we would be joining the national student strike in the morning. The meeting on College Row that morning and the professors who took part. Watching Walter Cronkite on the TV at Downey House and realizing we had the power to end the war. I also have a very fond memory of a concert in McConaughy Hall (the freshman dining hall) in my first weeks at Wesleyan: Janis Joplin, Big Brother and the Holding Company. OMG!

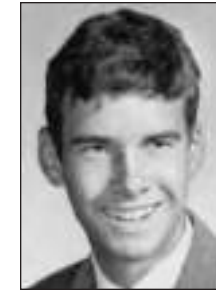


John Rothman family expands: Lily Rothman marries Elihu Deitz—soon followed by Noah Rothman and Jessie Toback

Mark D. Rucker

Spouse/Partner: Alison Moore

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Harrison Bright Rue (Hank)

Spouse/Partner: Cindy Rue

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: 1973–present: Sole proprietor of J. Sarbaugh & Co., doing restoration and rehabilitation carpentry and contracting. Married (1986). Two sons (b.1986 and 1988). One grandson (b.2020). Co-parenting and raising two sons is the most challenging and rewarding work I've taken on. Our sons are now in their thirties—so far, so good.

Reflections on Wesleyan Years: Wesleyan was an exciting and challenging place to try to make a mesh of things. It was a blindered place wanting wider vision; a place with greater shared mythos than ethos, a place of white male privilege wanting

greater diversity. As much as its students, Wesleyan was trying to work its way through an uneasy stage of development.

Like many who go to college, I probably learned more of lasting value from peers than from class work. Women, Black, and American Indian students were largely responsible for making complex social and political issues part of campus intellectual and social life. Like most students, I felt a deep sense of urgency for conscientious action as we saw people being oppressed and killed, and the environment being degraded. Wesleyan had opened itself to these influences, but proved little prepared, and in many ways resistant, to cope with them.

It was a contentious, exhilarating, and seductive time of hope-filled new directions, laced with great uncertainty, anxiety, and dread. Weaving around and through it all was the music that both reflected and helped to shape who we were and wanted to become.

I encountered many very good scholars, and not many very good teachers. Anthropology seemed a welcome bridge between formal studies and the larger world. Fieldwork with Cherokees opened to me whole new ways of knowing and understanding.

Later Life Notes: After graduating, I worked as a carpenter as a way of earning an income while I decided what to do next in life. Work in preservation became a way of making-a-living in broader terms. Hands-on work itself has been richly satisfying; and preservation work has gotten me involved in a number of issues from energy efficiency in buildings to planning issues in the greater Middletown area. Collaborating with others on the boards of several non-profit organizations has brought further education and rewards.

Over the years, I've worked on projects with classmates Bob Julier, Blake Allison, Simon Vincent, and Peter Woodin, as well as George Amarant '70, John Hickenlooper '74, Alain Munkittrick '74, several later graduates, and a number of faculty members. In collaboration with Bill Walker (Anthropology 1965-89), I've continued studies in social anthropology and ethnohistory that have brought other stimulus and satisfaction.

Plans and Aspirations:

- Work for as long as I am able to do the work well.
- Contribute what I can to promoting sustainable life-ways.
- Be as much a part of the lives of my family and friends as they will allow.
- Complete the book-length study begun many years ago with Bill Walker that is centered around the impact of native literacy on Cherokee society.
- For as long as I'm able, retain and value the youthful trait that Mark Twain described as the ability to "re-member anything, whether it had happened or not".

At right: Jim Sarbaugh



EXTRA

President Resigns To Run For Senate



John C. Hoy, President of Wesleyan University, is shown in a portrait. He is a man with dark hair, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and a striped tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression.

It is more than a year since John C. Hoy, President of Wesleyan University, announced his intention to run for the U.S. Senate. Hoy, 42, is a member of the Republican Party in Connecticut. He was elected President of Wesleyan in 1968. Hoy's resignation was announced last week. He will leave Wesleyan in July 1970 to take office in the U.S. Senate.



The rubble from the destroyed E.Q.V. House is shown in this photograph. The debris consists of twisted metal, broken wood, and other structural remains.

E.Q.V. House Now "Uninhabitable"; Cause Pinned On Carelessness

The Middletown Board of Health has officially declared E.Q.V. House uninhabitable as the result of the \$100,000 fire which swept through the second floor and attic of the building last Monday night.



The interior of the E.Q.V. House is shown in this photograph. The room appears to be a laboratory or office, with various pieces of equipment and debris scattered around.

E.Q.V. Wreckage Reveals Path Of Recent Fire



The exterior of the E.Q.V. House is shown in this photograph. The building has suffered significant damage, with large sections of the facade missing and debris piled up.

Bids Are Let For Construction Of The 16-Building Arts Center

With the letting of bids, Wesleyan's proposed new multi-million dollar Creative Arts Center has taken one more step toward becoming a reality. Three weeks ago, architect's plans were made available to prospective bidders on the project. October 7 has been set as the last day for acceptance of bids, and within a few weeks after the selection of the winning bid, construction is expected to begin.

The addition project, to be located on land bounded by Wells Avenue and High Street, will consist of 16 full-size buildings, and the cost has been set at approximately \$12 million.

University Architect Robert Williams gave out bid forms for the construction of the center, but previous efforts have been unsuccessful.

EQV House now "Uninhabitable"; Cause Pinned On Carelessness. The Middletown Board of Health has officially declared EQV House uninhabitable as the result of the \$100,000 fire which swept through the second floor and attic of the building last Monday night.

Howard B. Matthews, Wesleyan treasurer, said Thursday he did not see how the building could be used "for the rest of this semester." At that time, he could not say what the possibilities were for use as a laboratory.

WESU, established in recent months for its "non-Wesleyan" orientation and planned by staff members, is trying to attract students by programming and to appeal more directly to the Wesleyan audience.

Since last year, most of the program's responsibilities have left the station, and last month, Don Davidson, FM program director resigned. With the present board members of services, except for the new FM program director, Peter Gorman, most WESU staff members have expressed concern over the future of the station.

Trustees Name Colin Campbell President By Unanimous Vote

By a Wesleyan Argus Staff Writer. Executive Vice President Colin G. Campbell, 34, was named the new president of Wesleyan University by a unanimous vote of the University's Board of Trustees, effective immediately.

Campbell, at 34, is the youngest president in Wesleyan's history, and the second Cornell alumnus to hold the post. Victor L. Danczberg, who led Wesleyan from 1942 to 1967, was also a Cornell graduate.

Adamany Resigns As Dean; Creeger Will Assume Post. Dean of the College David W. Adamany has resigned his post, it was learned yesterday. Acting Dean George Creeger, who has handled the job since April 1, when Adamany took a leave of absence to work on a political campaign, will take over immediately as Dean in a practical sense.

Three's A Crowd. Since September 9, about 90 freshmen have occupied the dormitory of being inhabitants of the second "Beehive" dormitory in the Foot Hill dorms, in exchange for a share of 115 rooms and corridors. We have been living in beehive dormitory with bunk beds, 28 showers and 5 climate systems. Triple dorms are short on space, there are privacy, short on sleep, and are becoming short on patience.

WESU Stumbling And Groping In Search For Future Stability. WESU, established in recent months for its "non-Wesleyan" orientation and planned by staff members, is trying to attract students by programming and to appeal more directly to the Wesleyan audience.

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Wednesday Blaze Damaged Three Suites; Fire Department Conducting Investigation

A fire Wednesday in the Lane Avenue suite of Jordan Hall has damaged three suites in the building, according to the Middletown Fire Department. The fire completely gutted three of the suites in the C wing, and caused extensive damage to two other suites nearby. No one was injured.

Julian Bond's Address Highlights 1969 Commencement Weekend. Julian Bond's Commencement Address today highlighted a four-day Commencement weekend, which featured a parade, a luncheon, and a reception.

John C. Hoy Resigns For Post As Vice-Chancellor In California. John C. Hoy, dean for special academic programs and former Vice-Chancellor for Student Affairs at the University of California, Irvine, effective July 1, 1970.

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Students, Teachers Prepare For New Science Building

Students and teachers are preparing for the opening of the new science building. The building will contain the physics, chemistry, and astronomy departments. The geology department is also in the process of moving.

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Secret Agents Guard Old Douglas Cannon

For a few times a week, the Campus Security Chief John Wild and Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds John E. Brewster thought that the Wesleyan campus had never been visited by CRUSH (Communist Revolutionary Union of Students) agents. The agents were seen in the area of the Douglas Cannon.



John Wild, Campus Security Chief, is shown in this photograph. He is a man in a dark suit, standing outdoors.

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Firefighters are conducting an investigation of the fire in the Lane Avenue suite of Jordan Hall. The fire caused extensive damage to three suites.

Gunningham Analyzes Chronic Tuition Climb

After reading a Future magazine article which analyzed the chronic tuition climb at various colleges in the country, the Wesleyan Board of Trustees has set up a committee to study the problem. The committee will report to the Board in the next few months.

Julian Bond's Address Highlights 1969 Commencement Weekend

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Lederer Attacks Marriage Myths

Dr. David Lederer, a psychologist, has written an article attacking common myths about marriage. He argues that many people have unrealistic expectations of what marriage should be.

Students, Teachers Prepare For New Science Building

Students and teachers are preparing for the opening of the new science building. The building will contain the physics, chemistry, and astronomy departments. The geology department is also in the process of moving.

Georgia M. Sassen

Spouse/Partner: Li-Shiang Liang

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Georgia Sassen was a COL student who wrote poetry for her senior honors thesis and, in May 1971 had no idea what she would do next. People asked. She told them "Oh!" smiling cheerfully, "Wolf and I are gonna get married!" In those days, that was, unfortunately, an acceptable answer for a "girl." Only problem: Wolf was a dog. And that was a great thing about Wesleyan, dogs came to class. To the dorm. To McConaughy where they played "steal the rag" with napkins they grabbed off people's laps. In fact, Wolf and I moved to Cambridge where I worked in social change for the American Friends (Quakers) Service Committee. We lived together for another 11 years.

Now I have lived for 37 years with my husband Li Liang, a wonderful human. I still write, and I have a private practice in clinical psychology, a rewarding profession where I support women and men trying to lead a connected life in an anti-relational society. (Li says I should tell you I have saved countless marriages and sent dozens of women back to college in their 40s.) Still trying to change that society, I've started a tiny nonprofit which uses the arts to help kids in underserved schools learn relational skills by banging on drums and writing poems together. Wesleyan gave me a great education, respecting literature as a growing, changing thing to be studied with mind, voice, hands, any way you can. I was afraid to get up and speak in COL seminar, but I learned by doing and being a bit of a wise-ass too. The freedom to work at creative work and be rewarded for it with Highest Honors was a great encouragement (after two years at Smith) to work hard and seriously and also have fun.



Georgia Sassen

Henry V. Saunders

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: I was fulfilled and blessed by my career as a physician, which was made



possible by the academic credentials and background knowledge gained at Wesleyan. But a liberal arts education is so much more. I have been a Peace Corps Volunteer in Borneo, a leader in our church, and coached a girls' softball team. (That was the most fun!) Love of learning, a sense of exploration, cultural sensitivity, and appreciation of music and the arts were all nurtured at Wesleyan.

Where I am Today: I still work part time in hospice medicine and walk 18 holes of golf a few days per week. My wife and I have nine grandchildren to visit and imprint. Time is flying like an arrow.

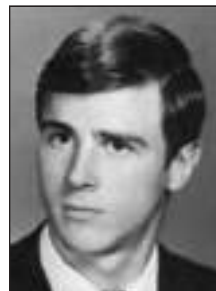
My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Wesleyan was good to me. I liked the baseball games played in the middle of Andrus field. There were no fences and sometimes the ball would just go and go.



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Spouse/Partner: Henrietta Saunders



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Past 50 Years' Highlights: In my musician years I performed with Don McLean and Pete Seeger, toured the world with a production of *Medea*, played Off-Broadway, Broadway, Lincoln Center, and on numerous film scores, performed in three Tony-nominated shows and three Tony Awards ceremonies, all resulting from a connection I made in the World Music Program while at Wesleyan. In my second career in the film business, of most interesting connection back to Wesleyan: As part of a writing assignment I had the great honor of spending five days interviewing the Dalai Lama. During one of those interviews, he stopped me to ask a question connected to quantum mechanics. The only reason I didn't panic was the one-one-one seminar on quantum mechanics I took with Wesleyan Physics Department Chair John McIntosh. Of course, the greatest highlight of all were my marriage and the arrival of our three children, but Wesleyan gets no credit for any of that.

Where I am Today: This past year I executive produced a feature film about abuse in the for-profit foster care system and a documentary about the Dalai Lama. I currently work as a senior producer of narrative content for a video game company, and I am part of the core screenwriting faculty in the University of California's Low Residency MFA Program in Creative Writing and Writing for the Performing Arts.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: During my junior year, I was part of the *Gamelan* orchestra and living on the shore when a famous *dalang* came from Java to officiate in an all-night *Wayang*, or shadow puppet concert/performance. My roommates and I had offered to host a sunrise breakfast on the beach for the performers, faculty, and *dalang*. The concert was to be outdoors, but it threatened to storm right before curtain. The *dalang* said, "Excuse me, I go pray," and disappeared inside. The sky cleared up, the concert was magnificent, the breakfast huge fun—and the threatened storm crashed down as the *dalang* shut the door of the car that was to drive him back to campus.

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Living in England for 16 years (1995–2011) and visiting over 50 countries. Getting married and having two children, both of whom are married and living out here in Los Angeles. My wife and I now live with my daughter and her husband and three kids. My son, Class of 2000 at Wes, lives five miles up the road with his wife and three children. My wife and I really enjoyed living in Europe and crossing cultures. America is a foreign country! My time at Wes was great preparation in that it taught me to learn how to learn and keep asking questions to keep growing.

Where I am Today: I am sure that most will not believe that I became a missionary to the Muslim world in 1990, traveling extensively to these countries, coaching and training missionaries to work cross culturally. I found that my own childhood experience moving around the country and the world (Japan) with my military Dad and Mom, had been excellent training for this life. Now I do a lot of online coaching and mentoring with missionaries around the world, as well as work with older (like me) returning missionaries who are finding it difficult to readjust to America.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: My best memories were the undefeated football team I played on. Also working with the chemistry professors who enabled me to desire to pursue a PhD at Brown University. My coaches at Wes arranged for me to be on staff at Brown, and one of the coaches at Brown led me to faith in Jesus, which of course, changed the direction of my life.

At right: Dick Scoggins



Gary F. Seckinger



College. The year before John Lennon had a haircut there, ensuing big car chase for the negatives. I learned that there were other ways of learning. Nagged my way into working there for a semester keeping the photo lab and film club running while continuing my university time in Europe (a second round in Paris), met Hanne my wife on a charter flight from Denmark to Paris (November 6, 1970). We lived in Paris, Denmark, Boston, Paris again, and currently in Denmark again.

In Boston I learned how to repair a Xerox photocopy machine. In Paris (1972-4) I studied non-representational film at the University of Vincennes and Aikido in the heart of Paris. On to Denmark where I co-built and ran a French restaurant in DK (I had learned how to cook watching Julia Child on WGBH). Travelled with Odin Teatret as cook, photographer, and translator.

From 1981 to around 2000, I was co-chairman and everyday manager of a nonprofit non-everything photo gallery in Aarhus, DK. Photographers loved having an exhibition poster printed in a foreign language. Ran my own art race alongside of it, got quite exhibited until the labor market changed and you couldn't loaf around that much. Until 1990 I was also a medical photographer part time—pathology, bits and pieces and research electron microscopy photos.

Got my Masters of Multimedia Arts degree in 2002 or so and got reacquainted with my old structuralist friends (Barthes from above) who were now heroes of the digital world of reading a text as if you are writing it. As I was graduating the bottom fell out of the IT industry. As a byproduct, I found out, I was good at discursive writing and editing (other people's stuff, that is). Worked with words, doing translation and language revision and "logic revision"—finding wandering terminology and contradictions from start to finish.

After a 17-year break I cleaned out my darkroom in 2013 and started printing again.

Hanne (my wife), having reached retirement age in 2017, quit her job and started a business doing policy studies, reviews and research focusing on the interface between technological change and the design of education and lifelong learning policies for governments, trade unions and international organizations like the European Commission, the OECD, and UNESCO. I am back office and webmaster and accountant and translator and travel agency, etc.

My kids, Sebastian (oldest) and Leah (youngest) were brought up here in DK but are now in NYC and LA. Sebastian runs Marketscience, an independent analytics consultancy specializing in advanced econometric modeling, statistical analysis and bespoke advice on sales and marketing investments. Leah is a drummer for BRMC.

*At right:
Saul Shapiro in
Trastevere, Italy*



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"I remember everything, but sometimes I make stuff up."

Waiting to start at Wesleyan in the fall of '67, I spent the summer in the mountains in Morgins, Switzerland, learning French and how to order and drink wine by the deciliter.

There is a blurry vision of living in a house on Washington Terrace that was going to be torn down after we left for our semester in Europe. There was the semester in Paris, listening to Roland Barthes—a lit cigarette always stuck to his lips—tell us tales of how to read a newspaper. There was the government starting to bomb Cambodia and the memorable Grateful Dead concert in the late spring and a strike and suddenly there was no difference between being at school and summer vacation.

I wound up in northern Denmark at a photography workshop, happy days when "centers" of education were being established as sprouts from something called New Experimental

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A very brief summary of 49 years:

After graduation I went to medical school. During med school, I got married. Looking back, my marriage was the most important event since graduation. Having a strong and supportive partner to share in the many challenges and successes has made all of the difference. After med school, my wife and I went to Maine for me to do a residency in family medicine and my wife to do a Masters in school guidance counselling. During this time our daughter was born. Three years later, we left for the White Mountain Apache Nation for me to fulfill my draft obligation after many deferments. My wife worked in the library and I worked many, many hours a week as one of four family doctors providing a very wide range of medical care, 200 miles from the nearest specialist. The two years living and working in the Apache Nation included some milestones—my first single author national publication; my family boards; and lots and lots of work and adventure for all three of us. As a result of my efforts, I was accepted for a fellowship in social medicine. The changes that came with the first Reagan administration put an end to just about every pathway in social medicine. Beginning in 1982, we began a series of efforts to do a combination of school counselling and family medicine plus a little social medicine. In 1983, our son was born. For many years, we would be established in a community and then family medicine would fall on hard times with HMOs and PPOs, and punishingly low pay per unit of work. Eventually, we would have to leave so I could make more money. Social medicine showed some meager signs of development at times but then another Republican administration would come in and put an end to that.

Despite the challenges, we enjoyed a series of very vigorous adventures all over the U.S. Over the years, we lived and worked in multiple regions and four indigenous Nations: Apache, Hoopa, Lakota Sioux, and Navajo. We both developed in our careers but our greatest expenditure of time and energy was devoted to our two children's development, education, and family launching. My son went to Wesleyan (Seth, 2005). He met his future wife there (Emily Dreyfuss, 2005). They have developed as professionals and parents. Seth is now a genetic engineering research Ph.D. at the Gladstone Institutes

in San Francisco and Emily is an editor and journalist working remotely from S.F. for the Harvard Shorenstein Center. Our daughter has been equally successful and is currently a senior IT professional at UMass Amherst. It is a great joy for us to have three grandchildren—one with our daughter and two with our son. After 43 years of very demanding medicine, I decided to retire in late 2018. My wife and I are very much enjoying retirement, including the mixed pleasures and challenges of helping our children and grandchildren in this unusual and difficult time.



Frazer Shipman circa 1971 and 2021

W. David Siegel (David)

Spouse/Partner:
Marjorie Bosch Kraus

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: My sophomore spring Semester in Costa Rica, on an economics study provided my first experience in a foreign country, giving me an opportunity to meet many local citizens and perfect my Spanish. I have since gone on to learn other languages and have a life goal of seven at the A2/B1 level or better. I'm currently working on number six. Since the experience in Costa Rica, I have worked or studied in eight other countries in Latin America and Europe.

At about our 30th or 35th reunion I was wandering around the campus musing about having become one of those alums who used to talk about the way it was when we were undergraduates. I realized then that our challenge was not to preserve Wesleyan in the mold of our time there but rather, to pay it forward so that future undergraduates could benefit from an experience that enriched their own lives in the context of their own time

Where I am Today: Today I divide my time between Denver and New Orleans. I still work in my New Orleans business software consulting practice where I use Microsoft applications to help companies run better. In Denver, I live in a three-generational household with my girlfriend Margie, her daughter, son-in-law, and two granddaughters aged four and six. The girls consider me a grandfather, and it's one of the most satisfying experiences of my life.

(W. David Siegel biography continues on next page)

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: While not particularly talented athletically, I took to rowing and eventually rowed stroke in the JV boat. My fondest memory with crew was the spring of 1970 when all three crews swept the Little Three championship at Williams.



David Siegel and girlfriend Margie Kraus in Crested Butte, CO, October 2020

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Past 50 Years' Highlights:

My life in sixty seconds or less:

- Ph.D. in chemistry from the California Institute of Technology.
- Postdoctoral position in biophysics at Brookhaven National Laboratory.
- Employment at Genentech, Inc. where I worked on a wide range of projects, including the cloning of the human growth hormone receptor.
- Met Christina Lowell. Our 30th anniversary is next year.
- Did not receive a Nobel Prize.
- Retirement and living the good life.

None of my professional work would have been possible without the solid foundation in research, reading critically and writing clearly that I received at Wesleyan.

Where I am Today: Chris and I retired early and have been seeing the world, both above and below water. We have visited six of the seven continents (the Drake Passage may be too much for us at this point) and have snorkeled in Indonesia, the Solomon Islands, Palau, and Zanzibar among other spots. When we are not on the road, we have been looking after family, contributing to various charitable groups, doing photography and house projects, gardening, enjoying good food and generally trying to stave off the indignities of old age. I have also been learning to play the piano, with modest success!

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: This sounds very geeky, but freshman chemistry with Peter Leermakers was one of the most entertaining and informative classes I have ever taken. Definitely worth the early morning hour! The many Friday and Saturday nights spent at WESU in Clark Hall, maintaining the equipment and getting an education in rock and soul music (and learning that gin should only be consumed in small doses!)

Walter J. Sperling (Jay)

Spouse/Partner: Alice Sperling

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Central to my post-Wesleyan life has been a 48 year partnership with the former Alice Dexter High, a University of Wisconsin graduate I met in Milwaukee the year after graduation. Alice has been a source of learning, challenge, and insight for me, and we are still going strong despite all the normal and abnormal challenges of life.

Key to our life—and indeed the impetus for getting married to start with—was a relocation to Maine where we lived for 25 years and fulfilled my newfound ambition to build a house. It was a terrific undertaking aided by good friends and willing helpers. A period of sort of itinerant livelihood followed, where I did things like get involved in education, direct an alternative school-year program, became a seaweed buyer along the coast, chainsawed out new roads for pay, and did some freelance writing. Our two children were also born in these years, and Maine proved an absolutely fantastic place to raise kids. So many adventures!

There is a Wesleyan connection here, as I first came to Maine right after graduation along with group of other students to “visit” with Danny Tompkins, a classic professor who helped us all organize (and officially led) a course in modern Greek politics my last semester. Tompkins had recently purchased a large two story Federal farmhouse along the coast. The visit invitation turned out to be an occasion to help Tompkins re-shingle his roof, and while I hated heights and still do, the view from the roof sold me on Maine. Alice and I rented this house for our first year together.

Eventually I partnered with a very skilled Maine-based friend who had a small consulting company working with nonprofits. I proved to have a knack for writing for this audience—case statements, annual reports, speeches, reports—and this provided an income while also keeping me from a dangerous lifelong trap: trying to work for other people.

Where I am Today: In 1995, we relocated to Oregon for new opportunities. Mission accomplished, although I still miss Maine deeply. (Alice became a beloved and very accomplished community college professor, where she taught GED and built a renowned professional development program for faculty and staff.) Retired, we live in a small house along a small river, in a small town in Oregon. All is not lost, as we own a large two-story shop where Alice constructs and sells mosaics and I more or less successfully build and repair things. We still do a lot of hiking, although with the pandemic we've found that even in wide-open Oregon, many of our favorite spots are crowded and battered. Our daughters live nearby, the eldest a professor of anatomy at osteopathic medical school and the youngest a professional flutist and professor of music at a very good small liberal arts college. Astute readers will note that I am consequently the only family member without an advanced degree, although I tell people I passed a wine tasting course a while back. Most assiduous I've ever been about homework.

For nearly twenty years I've also co-existed, with one close call, with a chronic form of leukemia. A terrific clinician-researcher has made it possible for me to live normally, for which I am enormously grateful to him and my wife, who has been steadfast.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Most of my best memories revolve around my stumbling attempts to play pick-up basketball almost every afternoon in the gym. Once I even played one on one against Joe Summa, just back from playing in a college all-star game. Despite my being three inches taller and twenty-five pounds heavier than Joe he demolished me; I don't recall actually scoring. That's my skill level, but I loved the game and played it for years everywhere we lived. Always badly. Always happily.



Jay and Alice Sperling

**Randolph Stakeman
(Randy)**

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Married for 44 years. Professor of History at Bowdoin College for 30 years. I learned what you can do as a liberal arts professor while a student at Wesleyan. That experience had taught me what a liberal arts college should do for a student. It should broaden one's horizons, teach critical thinking, and lead you to challenge assumptions and unexamined truths.

Accomplishments: Director of Africana Studies Bowdoin College for 17 years. Dean of Students at Bowdoin College. Associate dean for Faculty Affairs at Bowdoin College. Parent of Jackson Stakeman. Grandparent of Olivia Stakeman.

Where I am Today: I am happily retired and live in Houston, Texas with my son, daughter-in-law and granddaughter.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Sliding down Foss Hill on trays stolen from McConaughy. Miles Davis concert. Many things that I don't want to put in print.



John F. Stedman



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Past 50 Years' Highlights: High-lights? Births of my two children—certainly the most important, meaningful, and memorable! Ones that Wesleyan factored into? Living in Indonesia for 10 months to study Javanese *Gamelan* and language in 1974, landing a job as a professor of ethnomusicology at the University of Wisconsin-Madison in 1982, seeing my book manuscripts published, and seeing my advisees go on to successful careers.

Where I am Today: Since August 2013 I have been living in Honolulu, working at the University of Hawai'i as Assistant Vice Chancellor for International Programs and, until its merger into a larger college in July 2020, serving as Dean of the School of Pacific and Asian Studies. When not in the office or on zoom, I'm walking/slow jogging, hiking, snorkeling, or body-boarding, and not shoveling snow or scraping ice off my windshield. And until mid-March 2020, I have been an active member of the University of Hawai'i *Gamelan* group, continuing my passion for that music and, mercifully, not having to teach beginners.

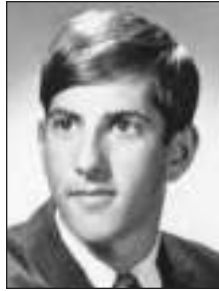
My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Music outside the classroom and studio: Concerts in McConaughy Dining Hall (so many greats!) and on Foss Hill (Grateful Dead), rehearsing and playing weekend gigs with Uranus and the Five Moons.



Andy Sutton

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Since graduating from Wesleyan, I have lived in many places throughout the US. In some ways, I have considered myself a middle class "hobo." Initially, I was in Chicago at the University of Illinois School of Medicine as a James Scholar in independent Study from 1971–1975. It was in Chicago that I met and married Cathy, the love of my life for the past 46 years. After that I matched at the University of Minnesota Hospitals for my residency in Internal Medicine and then for a fellowship in Endocrinology and Metabolism also in Minneapolis. We had our daughter Allison in 1980 and our son Andrew in 1983 and I was in three different practices in Minneapolis from 1980–1989. In 1989, I was recruited to the Medford Clinic in Medford, Oregon and was there until the clinic failed at the end of 1999. Also in that clinic was our classmate Brian W. Gross, MD.

Cathy and I set up a private office practice in endocrinology and diabetes with her as the office manager and the assistance of a partner, and one or two physician assistants for various times from 2000–2012. After that, I finished my medical career in a variety of part-time venues in Medford and other communities in southern Oregon, northern California and Portland until my full retirement in August 2018.

Cathy and I still live in Medford and our children live in Portland, OR with their spouses and our two granddaughters (Andrew's children). Ali is a DPT (doctor of physical therapy) and Andrew is journalist for the *Oregonian* (Portland's newspaper) and has a master's degree in journalism from Northwestern. My life has been rewarding and amazing in ways too numerous to mention. Wesleyan was a factor in giving me the skills to negotiate this life, but geographically has not factored in that life since I graduated. I loved living in the east for four years, but the population density was uncomfortable for me and I enjoy the open spaces of the west, still having the resources and time to visit "back east" and not feel like a hick or outsider.

Where I am Today: Currently I am fully retired and enjoying it immensely. I had defined myself as a physician for over 30 years and did not have a lot of outside interests or hobbies, but now enjoy our life in Medford with Cathy and our friends. Before the pandemic, we went to Portland often to see the children and grandchildren and traveled extensively, and are looking forward to resuming those activities. We also would have 3–5 other couples over for excellent dinners at our home but the pandemic has nixed that also for the moment. The climate here is amazing and we enjoy a variety of outdoor

activities. Cathy and I have traveled to over 50 countries, often with one or more couples of friends, and have done that in the form of cruises, organized tours, and independent travel. Tongue in cheek (but more real than that would indicate) we also used that as an opportunity to search for places to live in case the autocratic regime of the last four years would be allowed to continue, but now the pressure to leave this country seems to have lessened. It did bring back memories of 1971 when I was making plans to leave for Canada to avoid going to Vietnam (draft number 36!) which were fortunately diverted by my medical school acceptance.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Some of my lingering memories at Wesleyan involve the music and "mixers" which broke big (e.g. Big Brother and the Holding Company featuring a raucous, whiskey-throated Janis Joplin). The Grateful Dead also came in their heyday, but I became disenchanted and left before their extremely late arrival. The friends and classmates I encountered at Wesleyan were amazing for this conservatively-raised Midwesterner and broadened my worldview exponentially. Alton, Illinois was not noted for its large Jewish population (two Jews in my graduating class of 678!) and getting to know and understand the varied attitudes of my Jewish classmates at Wesleyan was eye-opening. I was able to attend my first seder while at Wesleyan.

I am not sure Cathy and I will be able to attend this important event but I will be there in spirit if not in person. Best to all!



Clockwise from top left: Jim Theen circa 1971; Jim and Cathy in Japan, March 2019; Son Andrew with wife Kathy and daughters Anna and June; Daughter Ali with husband Brett.

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: My interest in film was influenced, to a large extent, by Richard Slotkin and my American Studies major. I started in Public Television and moved into producing corporate film, video and media events. Although very early in my career, I wrote and produced a supernatural Halloween special for the local Connecticut Public Television station that was eventually shown nationwide on the PBS network. Very scary. My friendships with many of my fraternity brothers continue today.

Where I am Today: I am living in New York City (wearing my mask every day) and still producing films, but now, mainly for hospitals and the medical field. We have one daughter living in Vermont.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories:

- My horror film festival, which Richard Slotkin helped me put together.
- The student strike and the night two of us were assigned to protect the *Gamelan* instruments.
- Being part of "Students for Etherington" when Ted ran for the U.S. Senate.

- Qualifying for the swim relay team that went to the regional college championships.
- Seeing that fraternities were losing favor among the student population, I promoted a plan to create a fraternity/house system. Obviously, it failed to gain support.
- Brutus Maximus Rear—our black lab notorious for fathering half the dogs in Middletown.



James Tober and family

Theodore G. Towns

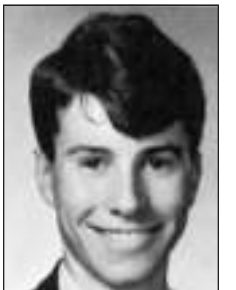
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Past 50 Years' Highlights: When I returned to the states after a spending the second semester of sophomore year in Germany, I went to work as a counselor at a United Methodist conference center called Rolling Ridge. Within hours of my arrival, I met Elaine Todd, who had just finished her first year at Tufts. We were married at the end of the summer. Dave Bonino, Steve Hyssop, and Matt Edelman were in attendance, and Rich Aroneau as Best Man. We made our first home in an off campus apartment. Years later, as a pastor meeting with couples planning to be married, they would often be embarrassed to tell me that they had only been together for a year, and I would laugh and tell them that Elaine and I had only known each other a little over a month when we decided to get married. Marrying Elaine is *(William C. Trench biography continues on next page)*

the best thing I have ever done and it has shaped everything that followed.

Elaine attended Wesleyan as a special student for the next two years and then completed her degree at Tufts, majoring in geology. After earning a Master's degree at Boston University, she enjoyed a 31-year career at a Hydrologist with the U.S. Geological Survey in Rhode Island and Connecticut.

The first theology classes I took with Gene Klaaren taught me to think differently about God and the world. He introduced me to Barth and Tillich, and let me do a directed study. Eventually that influence led me to a Ph.D. as well as my work as a parish minister. I did my doctoral work in Christian Social Ethics and Systematic Theology at Boston University where my mentors, Paul Deats and Walter Muelder had also been mentors to Martin Luther King, Jr.

Our daughter Carolyn was born in 1985 and she has been a wonderful gift in every possible way. When it came time for college, I could not interest her in Wesleyan because she thought it was "too preppy." (What?) But she loved Smith as much as I loved Wesleyan, and we had many happy times visiting her there. She went on to earn a Ph.D. in Art History at Penn and now teaches critical writing there. I officiated at her marriage to her partner Nikki Rockwell in 2017.

In 1999, a local Rabbi invited me to join a group of Rabbis and Pastors on a trip to Israel. For someone who never willingly leaves New England this was a very big step. I was reluctant, but Elaine was persistent, "You're a minister. A Rabbi invited you to go to Israel. You have to go." So I went and it was one of the most significant experiences of my life. For Christians it is a tourist trip, but for Rabbis it is going home. Sharing that perspective helped me to better understand the Jewish roots of Jesus' life and teaching. And from that time forward my preaching and teaching were shaped by the Jewish faith of Jesus.

Where I am Today: I retired this past summer after 47 years as a United Methodist pastor. Elaine and I live in Maine and split our time between our home in Georgetown and a home we rent in a clergy retirement community in Wells. Right now we are still focused on unpacking and adapting to our new surroundings. We are also busy trying to stay safe in the pandemic and worrying about the state of the country and the world. I plan to get back to writing my blog, "Thinking Faith", a commentary on faith and current events.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: My freshman roommate was Stewart Malloy. In a time of tense race relations (not unlike today), it was a special experience to share a room with a person of another race. One of the moments etched in my memory is the night, that spring when I was sitting at my desk and Stewart came back to the room in tears. "They killed him," he said. And immediately, I knew who the "him" was. Martin Luther King, Jr., the prophet of non-violent change, had been murdered. On campus and around the country, racial tensions increased dramatically.

A few weeks later, after a meeting with the Black student group, Stewart told me that we could no longer be friends in the same way. Nothing would change in our room, but outside we would not speak to each other. It was not personal. It had nothing to do with us. It was all about larger issues in the Black student community as they related to the racism in the country.

Freshman year ended and we went our separate ways. I don't believe we spoke again until our twentieth reunion. Stewart

was sitting on a stone wall in front of the College of Letters. We hugged and laughed and talked for a long time. It was as if our conversation had only been briefly interrupted.

In the spring of our junior year there was the great student strike to end the war in Vietnam. "One Strike, Three Demands." And that summer many of us stayed in Middletown convinced that we were going to accomplish something significant that would move the world closer to justice and peace. Dennis Dubin and I had jobs with a construction company and we were assigned to a special project working for a highly skilled guy named Randy to complete the installation of mobile classrooms near Danbury. Each morning Dennis and I would ride with Randy over to Danbury and we would argue the whole way. Randy was a Nixon Republican and on the opposite side of Dennis and me on every issue. One day our argument carried over when we went into a local breakfast place to get our regular fried eggs on English muffins and one of the regulars chimed in. If you remember Dennis, who passed away a few years ago, you know that he enjoyed taking an extreme position and watching how others would react. He would argue with a smile and a twinkle in his eye and it served him well at Wesleyan. But not so much with the patrons of the breakfast shop.

The argument escalated until one of the patrons used a racial slur. Dennis and I were facing an angry group of guys threatening serious bodily harm. Meanwhile, Randy was facing away from us and it looked like he was prepared to let us get what he probably thought we deserved. Then at the last minute he stood up. Randy was six feet of solid muscle and you could tell that when you looked at him. He eyed the guy tormenting Dennis and said, "You called my friend a name." And the whole place was silent. It was like the scene in a Western when the hero stands up to the angry mob and they all back down. It was very cool.

Dennis and I could barely contain ourselves as we walked out and got back in the truck. We were talking about how cool that was, and thank you Randy, and wow. And Randy just looked straight ahead as he drove away. Eventually he turned to us, "You know," he said, "I still think you're both fucking assholes."



Clockwise from top left: William and Elaine Trench circa 1971; William and Elaine enjoying retirement; Trench family 2017.

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When I received the request to submit something for the 50th Reunion Class Book my first reaction was "No way!" My academic career at Wesleyan was certainly less than sterling but I did graduate in 1973, two years after the rest of the class. To a significant extent my time in Middletown was a wasted opportunity—I should have taken a "gap year" before starting college, but that wasn't a thing back in 1967! Instead, I took a gap two years in the middle of my Wesleyan career and was able to salvage some of what Wesleyan had to offer. If nothing else, my time in Middletown was a maturing experience and my Wesleyan degree definitely helped me get my first job right out of college, as well as my post-graduate education.

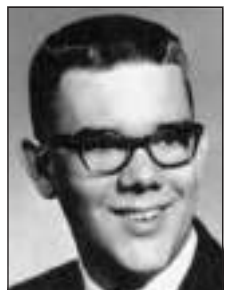
While at Wesleyan I was always impressed by the ability of the social committee to book incredible bands such as Wilson Pickett, Sam & Dave, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Blood Sweat and Tears and Hot Tuna, even though I missed the legendary Foss Hill Grateful Dead performance. Although perhaps no longer politically correct, my experiences and friendships formed at the Beta House were central to my Wesleyan experience, as were my years as a member of the crew team. To this day I remember listening to the sound of aluminum bats on the baseball field while I toiled away writing papers in Olin Library—one of the few times I was ever there. And it was Nils Frederiksen, campus planner and instructor at the time, who stimulated my interest in urban planning and gave me the "calling" that led to my first job and graduate school.

After Wesleyan, I earned a master's degree in planning and later a law degree. Following careers as a regional planner in Virginia and Vermont, big firm lawyer in Seattle, sole practitioner in Bellingham, WA, legislative drafter in Santa Fe, and administrative law judge in New York City and Seattle, I have pretty much retired in Minneapolis, although I periodically continue my legislative work in New Mexico.

At right:
Chase Van Gorder



Walter J. Van Ness



1970 YEAR IN REVIEW

On Our Minds



- Nixon ordered invasion of Cambodia.
- U.S. troops in Vietnam reduced to 336,000.
- The following week, two Jackson State students protesting racism and the war were killed by city and state police.
- U.S. President Richard Nixon signed a bill (The Public Health Cigarette Smoking Act) limiting cigarette advertisements.
- *M.A.S.H.*, *Hawaii Five-O*, *Bridge Over Troubled Water*, and *Krazy Glue*.
- North Tower of World Trade Center completed—tallest building in the world.
- University campuses shut down by Student Strike.
- Four Kent State students were killed by National Guard troops.
- The U.S. voting age was lowered to 18 from 21.
- President Richard Nixon signed the Occupational Safety and Health Act into law.
- *Doonesbury*, a comic strip by Garry Trudeau, debuted in newspapers.
- Millions marched to protest widening war.

Changing Life As We Knew It

- The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) began operating.
- The microprocessor was invented.



- The first Earth Day was held.



- The first New York Marathon was held—55 runners finish.

Making News in Sports

- The first black football player at the University of Texas.
- UCLA won NCAA Men's Basketball championship for fourth straight year (goes on to win next three years as well).
- Monday Night Football introduced.



Then and Now

- In 1970, the size of an average house was **1,576 sq. ft. with 3.1 people per household.**
- In 2021, the average house size increased to **2,430 sq. ft.** while the average family size had decreased to **2.6 people per household.**

Source: PropertyShark.com



What Moved Us

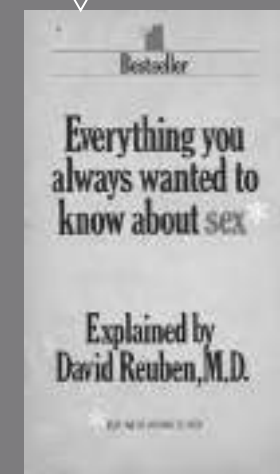
- Jimi Hendrix (below on left) died of a barbiturate overdose in London. Janis Joplin (below on right) died in Hollywood after mixing heroin and alcohol. Both were 27.



- The Beatles call it quits.



- Nonfiction best seller.



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Past 50 Years' Highlights:

- Raising two sons.
- Graduating with a JD cum laude from Brooklyn Law School.
- Being elevated to partner and head of the Corporate Department at an old line New York law firm seven years into my career.
- Serving my community as a director, officer, coach and commissioner of the local little league. I was instrumental in the creation and development of a girls' softball league, as well as a Challenger Division (physically and mentally challenged boys and girls—commissioned and coached for ten years). Coached a 16–18 year old boys team—these kids could play.
- Serving the community for the past 20 years as a member of the Zoning Board of Appeals of the Village of East Hills.
- Working with my brother to start and develop a successful small law firm in Manhattan. I closed hundreds of corporate and real estate transactions across the U.S. and in Europe, and represented clients in a variety of industries.
- For several years, I was a leading fundraiser and speaker for the National Alliance on Mental Illness.

Wesleyan did not play a factor into any of these achievements.

Where I am Today: After commuting from Long Island to my law firm in Manhattan for 40 years, I gave up the commute four years ago. I now live in East Hills, NY and work as an attorney, running my solo practice out of my house. Life is easier.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories:

- Being elected as the Treasurer of the Class of 1971, when my platform was simply that I was Jewish and money was in my blood.
- My funniest and wildest memories centered around the post football game fraternity parties at Chi Psi.
- My fondest memories occurred when I lived off campus my senior year, after taking a semester off and living on a Kibbutz in Israel. I returned to Wesleyan with renewed confidence and energy, and a more worldly view, which I applied towards my classes and was reflected in my academic performance. I took extra classes upon my return and graduated with the class.



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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Working to help get Cleveland out of default as the Chief Trial Counsel for the city in 1980-81; the births of my children, Kerry and Philip—and their graduations from Wesleyan in 2002 and 2005; the births of my five grandchildren, Bina, Ettie, Fanya, Zev, and Rafi; canvassing for Obama in 2008; finally getting to marry Karla in 1996, 25 years after our initial engagement at Wesleyan; talking Gene McCarthy into speaking at our Class Dinner at our 25th reunion; biking vacations in Canada and England; collecting Jon Berg, Jay Wish and Harley Gross together at our house for a cookout; acting as a law clerk at the Kent State criminal trial; winning the right for water and sewer districts to operate storm water management programs in the Ohio Supreme Court; canoeing on the Grand River with Karla, accompanied overhead by an eagle; getting my first dog in my 60s, and falling madly in love with him; reading each of my children's books when they were published.

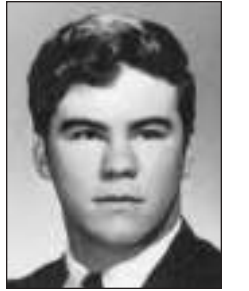
Where I am Today: It's a strange time to answer that question: like many people, I'm working remotely from home, in an improvised attic office. I'm still practicing law. When public health permits, I sing in a choral group called the Western Reserve Chorale. I'm the longest-serving Executive Committee member of the Cleveland Chapter of the American Constitution Society. I'm a zoom grandfather, since my grandchildren are all in the Washington, D.C. area. And, oh yes, I'm still in Cleveland, where I grew up.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Getting trapped in a car with Dave Boeri on Interstate 91 during a snowstorm, on our way back from a debate tournament in Philadelphia. We covered ourselves with newspapers and blankets (fortunately, we'd bought a *New York Times*) to keep from freezing. Dave drove me half-crazy by repeatedly reassuring me: "Maahk, Maahk, it's going to be ahl right." I retaliated by assuring him that we were going to freeze to death. The next morning, the highway patrol dug us out.

At right: Mark Wallach



Richard P. Walleit



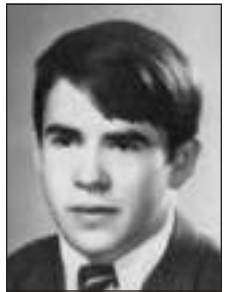
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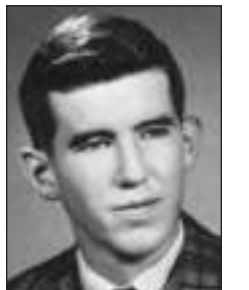
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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Shortly after returning from a year-long program in Israel where I had worked with kids—mostly from families of Moroccan descent and limited means—in the community centers of Safad, I had lunch

(Jacob J. Weiss biography continues on next page)



with a former Wesleyan faculty member. After catching up a bit, he asked, “Now that you’ve done the most important thing you’ll ever do in your life, what are you going to do for the next 40 years?” At the time, not only didn’t I have an answer, I didn’t understand the question. Many years later, with a deeper appreciation of what his question meant, we met for lunch and I shared my story.

Following several false starts which now feel more like interesting detours—a graduate program that didn’t resonate with me, and two years in Blue Hill, Maine where I subsisted as a boatyard worker, house painter and Christmas wreath factory worker—I discovered the field of organization development while enrolled in a graduate program in public management. I thought of it as a type of applied or action-oriented anthropology (my major) with one caveat: it wasn’t enough to be a participant observer or, even, an observer participant; you had to actually do something.

So that’s what brought me to Goldman Sachs where I worked for 21 years. In my most recent role, I was the Director of Global Talent Research where I did interesting and important research on the firm’s people and culture. Fortunately, or unfortunately, none of the work I did will ever see the light of day. If you would like to know what compensation really means to the high-flyers of Wall Street—hygiene factor or not—I have sworn to take the answer to my grave. In addition, I played a key role creating and running the partner-level talent management practices that helped differentiate Goldman from its competitors.

For the past 12 years, I have been consulting in the talent management, organization development, and people analytics space. My clients are drawn from the financial services, healthcare and consulting sectors. More recently, I added executive coaching to my tool kit—including pro bono work for a program that supports individuals transitioning from military to civilian life.

Where I am Today: In addition to my consulting and coaching work, I am a full-time grandpa to my daughter’s two-year old son, Charlie. Unfortunately, over the past eight months, my hours have been cut drastically as my daughter, Sally, and her family have left “the City” (NY) for the Catskills. As my sister, Ruth, said, “The best thing in life is watching your kids being great parents to your grandkids.” Sally is that and more. In her spare time, which hardly exists, she is the Director of the Catskill Art Society.

My son, Sam, and his partner have also departed the City for points north—in this case, Blue Hill, Maine. Since they can both work remotely—Sam in the financial services industry—they plan to return when the pandemic breaks. When my son was ten and I was 50, we started playing golf together. Over the next 20 years, Sam went on to become a scratch golfer (he co-captained his college team), while I have continued to struggle mightily. I refuse to give up though.

Several years ago, an old Goldman friend called to ask if I would like to meet an “amazing woman.” Since I had been divorced for a number of years, I thought that sounded like a good idea. Little did I know that the woman I was about to meet had been a slide whistle player in the Williams marching band. We soon became a couple and have been together since. Denise is an avid supporter of the arts, fine and performing and, in a different lifetime, we spent a good deal of our time commuting between the West Village and Lincoln Center.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: After commencement, I didn’t return to campus until our 25th reunion (1996). By that

time, I had lost touch with all but one classmate and had little idea of what to expect. I played out the course of a hypothetical conversation in my head: What have you been up to? Where do you live? What do you do? You do that for a living; how could you? While searching Andrus Field for our family’s box lunches, I ran into Mike (now Michael) Thompson and Jonny (now Jon) Felt. All was right with the world. We started talking and the years melted away—no canned interview was necessary.

More recently, I reconnected with Todd Jick whom I hadn’t seen since we ran into one another on a street corner in Jerusalem (1972). There is an old saying (Googled but source still unknown): “freshman enter knowing something; seniors graduate knowing nothing and, thus, knowledge accumulates at a college.” I would like to add one caveat to that statement: seniors graduate knowing nothing but, hopefully, with life-long friends (give or take a few years).



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Past 50 Years’ Highlights: Thanks (I think...) for reminding me that 50 years has passed since I walked off of Andrus Field with a degree and only the haziest sense of where my life was going from there. Things that stand out for various reasons are listed below in rough chronological order:

- Two six-month stints living in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. Important in that I reconnected with my dad who was living there, memorable due to the weird cultural amalgam

of expat American WWII vets, art students and traditional Mexican community. I “sort of” pursued an MFA but mostly had fun traveling, assistant teaching in a sculpture course at the local art school and hanging out at the Cucaracha Bar (yes, it really was called that). I even visited where Neal Cassady reputedly died on the railroad tracks outside of town.

- A one-month trip to Asia courtesy of a furlough from PanAm provided an opportunity to visit at least some of the places I studied and read about. Highlights included a day walking around Nara, the old capital of Japan, Hong Kong and an overnight stay at the Po Lin Monastery on Lantau Island.
- I earned my MBA at the Columbia Business School, going back in my 30s after seven years in department store retail management. My fellow “older students” called themselves “the grey panthers.” Pursuing a degree on my own nickel (well, a bit more than that!) I found I really enjoyed the challenges of a graduate education and was able to build a vocational foundation in consumer marketing.
- My first job out of B school (and maybe the best one) was with Citibank where I was thrown into the deep end to manage a major product launch. Subsequently, I had many positions that hadn’t existed before I was in them and was able to build a professional reputation and career in market segmentation and database marketing.
- After moving to San Francisco for a job with Bank of America, I had the immense good fortune to marry Karen. Aside from the benefits of now 25+ years of marital bliss, the wedding itself was the stuff of legend. Karen, a marketing executive with event planning experience, managed a ceremony and reception that included a bagpiper, an air show and a Blue Angels fly-by during the toasts. I still don’t know how she pulled it off.
- Our first year of marriage was spent in three cities: San Francisco, Boston and Minneapolis. Little did we know that this was the beginning of the “Corporate Gypsy See America Tour” that also included Portland, OR and ultimately Hartford, CT. While there are always challenges learning and adapting to a new place, we had a lot of fun along the way and made a lot of friends in the process.
- After moving to Minneapolis for a senior position at an insurance and asset management company, we had an opportunity for a two-week trip to Paris as part of a joint project with IBM. Highlights included visiting the newly re-installed Monet “Water Lilies”, the Rodin studio/museum and hearing Vivaldi’s *Four Seasons* at Saint Chapelle. Just walking around Paris was in itself a memorable experience.
- I had always worked in three dimensions as a sculptor but took an oil painting course in 2007. It was a revelation, and I was hooked. I’m still doing it and have become an exhibiting artist with a website and enough sales of my work to remain encouraged.
- After leaving ING in 2006, I started marketing consulting and teaching as an adjunct marketing faculty member at Central Connecticut State University. Being on my own was terrifying at first, but, after a year, I knew I would never go back to the nine-to-five. Teaching has been rewarding in ways that transcend the paltry adjunct paycheck. I still keep track of many of my students through LinkedIn.

- 48 years after graduating with a degree in Chinese history, I finally made it to mainland China with a small group led by a friend who had worked in China for years. Well-connected and a fluent Mandarin speaker, he organized an incredibly memorable trip that also brought back all that I had studied so many years before. A particular highlight was three-day visit to Dunhuang, a terminus on the ancient Silk Road, where there were caves filled with stunning Buddhist imagery and objects some of which were over 2,000 years old.

Where I am Today: Today, we’re living in Bloomfield, CT. I’ve taken up painting full-time—mostly landscapes. In 2017, I decided to leave teaching and consulting so I could concentrate on my studio work. I also currently serve on two boards—the Hartford Art School Endowment, Inc. as Treasurer and Past President and Duncaster, a continuing care retirement community, as head of the Marketing Committee and an ex-Vice Chair. My wife, Karen, is an Honorary Trustee at the Wadsworth Atheneum after serving many years as Chair of their Development Committee and a member of their Executive Committee.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Picking only one or two memories is a tough assignment. One is from the very first day of classes. I arrived early at my assigned Humanities classroom having read and brushed up on *The Iliad*, our summer assignment. I was feeling reasonably well-prepared though a little apprehensive since this was my first-ever college class. Three other guys were there ahead of me and were already discussing the reading in very earnest tones. As I walked in, I heard one of them say, “well, you really don’t get *The Iliad* if you haven’t read it in the ancient Greek.” One of the others then followed up with “...and you really should read *The Paideia* for the commentaries.” Ancient Greek?! *Paideia*?! I thought “my God! I’m done for!” Somewhere between a terror of failing my first college course and a competitive “I’ll show them!” attitude, I summoned the resources to pass and, in fact, ace the course.

The second memory is really a set of memories. The music scene at Wesleyan was remarkable both in terms of what was being taught on campus as well as the visiting artists who performed there. Dancing to Janis Joplin and Big Brother and the Holding Company in the freshman dining hall (so sparsely attended that we were three feet from her) and sitting on the dining hall floor the following morning listening to Joni Mitchell. Nodding off during an all-night concert in the chapel by Ravi Shankar and Alla Rakha, listening to Keith Jarrett when he was a sideman for Charlie Lloyd, a small post-show party with BB King...and who will ever forget the Dead’s free concert on Foss Hill?!



John Wheat and wife Karen

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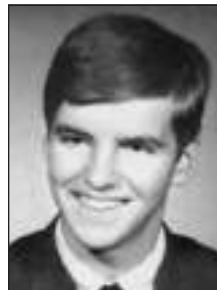


Catherine Wheeler-Orr

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Dear Friends!

Past 50 Years' Highlights:

I work globally to promote teamwork, leadership, and community—service approaches to solving local problems. All clicked as I declared as a French major and attended Wesleyan's 1969 program at Reid Hall in Paris, hitchhiking in a new direction on many weekends to explore France and neighboring countries. We're citizens of the world: one people, capable of generosity, able to connect on multiple levels.

I enjoyed Wesleyan so much I came back in 1973 to study Psychology in the Master's Program, and to work with children and families at Connecticut Valley Hospital...which lead to a Doctorate in Counseling Psychology in Utah...which lead to a 40-year career as a Clinical and School Psychologist specializing in Child and Family Therapy, and team development using adventure-based challenges. Wesleyan generously supported my academic work with unlimited computer time in their beautiful DEC lab.

This ultimately led to forming a nonprofit in 2006 called Excell Foundation which had a ten-year run in Madagascar, Morocco, Macedonia, India, among other developing places. I also got to lecture on my child/family/community approach to psychology in China, Ghana, and Jordan.

Wesleyan encouraged my life-long dedication to athletics as well, through squash and tennis. Downhill and cross country skiing, enduring passions (remember night skiing at Powder Bump?), continue with adventures in the Rocky Mountains, the Alps, and all over New England. Summer sailing with Chris Meleney led to teaching my kids to sail on Lake Winnepesaukee in NH.

With athletics at the academically demanding college level, came the requirement for excellent time-management skills. And what a whirlwind ride it's been: Raising three children, coaching baseball and soccer, running (inspired watching Wesleyan psychologist Karl Schiebe maintain the pace as he aged), playing guitar (I still have the \$40.00 Yamaha purchased from...hope my memory serves me well...Pete Panciera in my final week at Wesleyan), and piano, and writing songs and musicals which I now hope to find time to publish. I also published a professional book on AD/HD and Oppositional Defiant Disorders, and delivered hundreds of lectures around New England, the U.S., and the world on team approaches to managing challenging learning styles.

Visiting Wesleyan a couple years ago, I felt sad that Delta Tau Delta had expired; but, then again, during the turbulent changes of the late 60s and 70s, we were surprised that any old traditions survived. "Ahhh, the fish!" was our dramatic spurning of tradition and ritual at Delta Tau.

Retirement three years ago meant I had time to take up my "Handy Person Unlimited" occupation helping local folks with building projects and building my own addition on my home on the Shenandoah River in WV. And I get to play music for local nursing homes (on hold now due to the Covid pandemic) and the local programs for developmentally disabled adults (which we still do via Zoom!)

Wesleyan set the world stage for me; and I still feel blessed to have survived the 60s in such style: Beatles, free love, striking against the war in Vietnam, becoming a conscientious objector to war, Black Power, Grateful Dead, and Wesleyan admitting women...what a great time to have been alive at a place like Wesleyan!

Hope Covid allows us a beautiful 50th reunion this spring!

Warren L. White

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: The Wesleyan Experience inculcated a desire to continue learning vocationally and avocationally. As a compensation management professional, I completed most of the American Compensation Association certification courses. Recently I revisited my course on the American Revolution by attending the Tennessee State History Museum lecture on the historical errors in *Hamilton* and virtually viewing Wes U's uncut "Federalist Papers" through an Office of Advancement seminar.

Where I am Today: After retiring and receiving a Technical Certificate in Culinary Arts at Nashville State Community College in 2014, I have volunteer cooked/baked for The First Unitarian Universalist Church of Nashville and The Nashville Food Project.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Playing drums in the dixieland band at football games and in a jazz band at Downey House was fun. Organizing Beta Theta Pi (Baird Association) symposiums was fun and educational.



Warren White at The Nashville Food Project, July 2017

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Spouse/Partner:
Frances Mccaffrey Wilmes



Samuel J. Winer (Sandy)

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I was pre-med and graduated Wesleyan in three years, so my time in college now seems like a blur. I never second-guessed my decision to attend Wesleyan for the quality of education I received, but in retrospect it would have been nice to have more women students around, since Wesleyan was still almost all-male when I attended. So one of my memories of freshman year is weekend trips to Mt. Holyoke, Smith, Vassar, Connecticut College, Wellesley, and Wheaton for mixers, which were invariably an adventure. Wesleyan has always had a diverse student body where tolerance is paramount. There is no single culture, and students had little structure (other than fraternities) in discovering their identities. I see that as one of Wesleyan's greatest
(Jay B. Wish biography continues on next page)



strengths, but it meant the students had to do some exploring to figure out where they fit in. There is less authority at Wesleyan than at comparable colleges, but with that goes greater responsibility for the student to pave their own way to success, which is as much defined by the student, as by external metrics. Since I'm not one who responds well to authority, that was the perfect environment for me and it validated my subsequent career choices to seek as much autonomy as possible in my professional appointments. I'm pretty much a goal-oriented straight arrow and I thank Wesleyan for respecting me for who I am and exposing me to more experimental lifestyles.

My fondest memories of Wesleyan are those which rewarded my hard work and gave me opportunities to mature as a witness to political history in the 1960s. It was a very exciting time to be a college student and all the more so because of the high energy of political activism at Wesleyan. It was because of the political activism at Wesleyan that I canvassed for George McGovern in 1972 (in Massachusetts, the only state he won). After completing my medical training in Boston as a kidney specialist, I moved to Cleveland where I spent 35 years on the faculty of Case Western Reserve. In 2014, I moved to Indianapolis to join the medical faculty at Indiana University. I'm still working full-time, doing the things I enjoy most professionally: teaching, writing, and taking care of patients. I plan to work until I'm 75 because I love what I do and I have no idea how I'd spend my time if I didn't work. I think that's part of the work ethic I acquired at Wesleyan, facilitated by outstanding mentors in the Biology Department (my major) who were more than just classroom teachers, continuously accessible and not pompous jerks. So that's my 400 or so words, and I hope it captures how my experience at Wesleyan set me on a trajectory of success in my personal and professional life.



At right: Jay Wish and Susie Stark

Peter H. Woodin

Spouse/Partner:
Beryl Jones-Woodin

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Highlights (covering 50 years with a few bullet points):

- Seven years as a leading dancer with the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, culminating in a solo choreographed on me by Mr. Ailey which I performed at Carnegie Hall;
- Getting into Columbia law school at age 35, despite a 1.6 GPA at Wesleyan (I had managed to graduate only thanks to all those pass/fail dance and music courses I took);



- Establishing a career as a mediator of high-stakes legal disputes of all kinds, a line of work which after 25 years remains as completely challenging, engrossing, unpredictable and satisfying as ever;
- Marrying a wonderful woman and raising three now-grown children, who seem to have turned out pretty well—although none had any interest in dance except going to see it, at least I'm pleased they all fell in love with the Arizona desert (where I was born and raised), the result of their spending childhood summers there on my family's ranch;
- Maintaining wonderful friendships forged during my Wesleyan days, including with a group of poker buddies who began sitting down together for a game every Saturday night during senior year, a tradition we have continued with a reunion game almost every year since.

Looking back at Wesleyan I feel incredibly fortunate to have ended up there, not only for the people and the place, but mostly because the school encouraged me (well, allowed me) to pursue my own passions, without judgment, and without regard to whether they fit into any traditional academic mold or where ultimately they might lead me.

I arrived at Wesleyan having grown up in Arizona with a traditional private school education and no exposure to or interest in the arts; if you had told me then that I would ultimately become Wesleyan's first (unofficial) dance major and go on to dance professionally in theaters around the world, and then pivot into a legal career that has been as much fun as it's been, I would have been dumbfounded. The one thing I'm sure of, though, is that I never would have ended up on this path if I hadn't taken my first steps at Wesleyan.



Peter Woodin with wife and kids a few years ago in the Mongolian desert

Richard P. Woods



Jordan S. Wouk

Spouse/Partner: Kathy King Wouk

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Michael S. Yamashita

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Can it really be 50 years? Since then, life has taken me far from Middletown, CT. As a graduation gift, my parents gave me a one-way ticket to Japan, so that I could begin my "roots" trip, to discover the country and language of my ancestors. My major had been Asian History, which I studied out of curiosity for my Japanese roots. That trip proved to be pivotal in so many ways. While teaching English in Tokyo, I bought my first camera and joined a photography club to meet people so I could practice my Japanese. I was soon hooked on photography, which became the focus of my life and career. After traveling throughout Asia for seven years, shooting first as a hobby, then for advertising and editorial clients, I returned to the U.S. and promptly headed for the *National Geographic*. After showing my portfolio of Asian travels, I was given my first assignment for the magazine, a story on Hokkaido, Japan.

Forty years, later, I'm proud to say that I am the first and only photographer of color to have worked as a regular contributor for the magazine in its entire 130-year history. My affiliation with *Nat Geo* led to assignments all over the world, to shooting for many other clients, speaking, teaching and exhibiting across the globe. Though I've been fortunate to win a number of awards and accolades throughout my career, there are three that stand out for me. One was being named a Distinguished Alumnus by Wesleyan, a huge honor to be included among such a celebrated group. And this past year, I received the Special Appreciation Award for Lifetime Achievement from HIPA (Hamdan International Photography Award) under the auspices of the government of the United Arab Emirates. I was recently also named an ambassador of the International Earthshot Prize, sponsored by Prince William, Duke of Cambridge and nature historian Sir David Attenborough. The Earthshot is the most prestigious global award dedicated to environmentalism in history, designed to incentivize change and help repair our planet over the next ten years.

Where I am Today: For a guy who barely learned to type in college, I have fully embraced the digital age. I have 1.7 million Instagram followers @yamashitaphoto making me one of the top photo influencers in the world. It is most gratifying to reach a global audience and be able to receive an instant response to my photography. And up until March 2020 and

the global pandemic, I had been traveling six months out of the year on assignment, as well as teaching workshops as a Sony Ambassador, publishing books (16 titles, the latest published this spring on Tibet) and speaking to audiences about photography, including a Ted X talk at Wesleyan in 2018. In the past three years, I have had 22 exhibitions world-wide of my work on The Silk Road—East Meets West—based on four years following in the footsteps of Marco Polo and 15th Century Chinese Maritime Explorer, Admiral Zheng He.

Since being grounded by Covid-19 restrictions, I have continued to work on my latest book, a retrospective focusing on my China Collection, 30 years of coverage of China's phenomenal rise. I'm now working from my studio in New Jersey, spending 24/7 with my wife, writer Elizabeth Yamashita and daughter Maggie, who just graduated from college. I'm enjoying the chance to shoot the changing seasons and the changing environment from my backyard for the first time in more than 40 years. I'm also enjoying the chance to hone my cooking skills and continue to work as a volunteer for our local fire department.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: I will be eternally grateful to Dr. Crampton, the university doctor, who diagnosed my case of "gout" after I was drafted, which meant that I was not eligible for military service. Though I had no idea of this at the time (and continued to take medicine for gout well after graduation) it was thanks to Dr. C that I avoided being sent to fight in the Vietnam war. I've often wondered if there was an epidemic of "gout" cases for the class of 1971.

I also owe many of my culinary skills to my days as a short-order cook for my brothers at Chi Psi Lodge. Breakfasts were my specialty.



Michael Yamashita

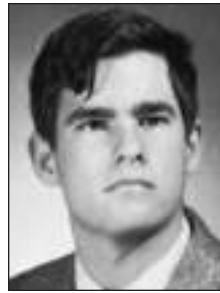
Joseph A. Yarmala Jr.



Robert D. Yaro (Bob)

Spouse/Partner: Susan Tucker Yaro

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Susie and I've also been blessed with a very happy, half-century long marriage and rewarding family life with our two kids and four grandkids, all of whom live nearby and who we see frequently. We share a love for historic New England architecture, which began with John Martin's architectural history class at Wes, visits to 18th century faculty homes in Essex and Haddam and weekend tours around the Valley and Shoreline in our '68 VW Beetle.

I've also had a rewarding career as a city and regional planner in New York and New England, with interesting consulting gigs that have allowed me to spend time in cities all over the world. After leaving Wes, work brought me first to Boston and then New York, where I led Regional Plan Association for 25 years until 2014. In both cities, I worked with others to advance a diverse set of projects—ranging from building a network of heritage parks in cities across Massachusetts, planning the re-construction of the World Trade Center after 9/11, building the Second Avenue Subway, and protecting large landscapes across New York and New England.

I also recently retired after 35 years of teaching urban planning at the graduate level. This began with a full-time faculty appointment at UMass Amherst, and then half-time teaching posts at Harvard and most recently at Penn, where I am now Professor Emeritus after 19 years there. It's rewarding to see my former students off doing great things around the world.

My one contact with Wes since graduation occurred when instead of making a 25th reunion cash contribution, at President Doug Bennet's request I convened a distinguished group of alumni to prepare a Main Street revitalization plan for Middletown. Much of this plan has been implemented, making downtown and its restaurants, shops and galleries an asset instead of a liability for Wesleyan in attracting and retaining students and faculty.

Where I am Today: Now retired, I continue to help lead two civic projects: North Atlantic Rail, a proposed high-speed passenger rail network for New England and Downstate New York, and a proposal to build the "Sandy SeaGate" system, which would protect metro New York City from future storm surges and sea level rise. I describe both projects as "high-wire acts"—initiatives that will be difficult to implement, but that will have a big payoff if they can be realized.

Susie and I live in a 300-year-old "saltbox" in Guilford, CT. At home, she focuses on her garden while I focus on our boats. We collect old boats the way others collect puppies, including dinghies, kayaks and a classic day sailer, which we use on Long Island Sound. And my brother and I share a Herreshoff sloop, on which we cruise each summer on New England waters between Long Island Sound and Down East Maine. I'm also indulging my lifelong interest in wooden boats as Board Chair of the Herreshoff Marine Museum in Bristol, RI, which owns and displays the world's largest collection of these vessels.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: One of the funniest experiences occurred just weeks before graduation, when Susie

and I were married in the Smith College Chapel in Northampton. We were certainly young and innocent in those days—shortly after our marriage we were introduced by roommate Rick Sugatt's grandfather as "Bob Yaro and his child bride!" For musical accompaniment at the wedding I had arranged for classmates Juan Dandridge, Brooks Edwards and Jonathan Kramer to perform at the ceremony, and they arrived just before the event—shoeless. (You may recall that in those hippy heaven days wearing shoes was seen as optional even for formal occasions!) Susie got very upset and said "Do Something!!!"—making it clear that she wasn't going to allow them to perform unless I found them some shoes. The solution to the problem: I moved all three musicians to the chapel balcony, brilliantly, and their shoeless condition was not visible to the wedding party and guests. They performed flawlessly, playing a conventional Vivaldi piece before the ceremony and a rousing rock composition for the recessional. Fabulous!



Bob Yaro with wife Susan, Summer 2020

Eugene W. Yates III (Gene)

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I spent only my freshman year at Wesleyan. It was however a very important year in my life and I have often regretted not staying longer. Some of my best memories are getting to know my resident advisor, Richard Grimm '68, and my first semester roommate, Jay Fliegelman. Best wishes to my classmates.

Joanne W. Young

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Past 50 Years' Highlights: Especially important highlights include:

birth of children, their school experience, weddings to people we like and recent selection of son as 2020 Marine Officer Instructor of the Year and leaving the Marine Corps for Wharton Business School. Happily married for 42 years to the same man.

Fun and memorable highlights have included: a Mediterranean cruise, a Lower Danube River cruise, Croatia tour, Pacific vacation to Fiji/Tahiti/New Zealand and Australia, and visiting European capitals.

Meaningful highlights include: election as a Wesleyan Trustee, being named 2015 Star of the Bar by the Women's Bar Association, the 2013 *Attorney of the Year* by the Boy Scouts/Capital area, and the 2020 *Republican Lawyer of the Year* by the Republican National Lawyers Association. Election and Service as President of the Washington Foreign Law Society, the Women's Bar Association, the International Aviation Women's Association and the International Aviation Club.

Where I am Today: Since 2006, I have been Managing Partner of a smaller Washington, D.C. based law firm. We specialize in aviation/aerospace law, which touches many legal specialties. I like being entrepreneurial and having my own business after decades practicing in large international firms—"big law."

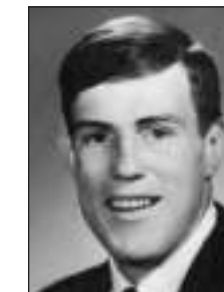
My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: The Grateful Dead concert on Foss Hill, my one time experience as a cheerleader for the Wesleyan Football team (only women's sport...), and drinking Whiskey Sours with Brad Clark on the ledge next to Nicholson/Unit 5 waiting for our parents to arrive for graduation and being somewhat sad to leave.



Joanne Young and family

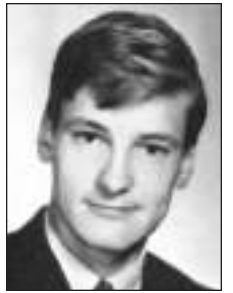
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David T. Zentmyer Jr.

Jeffrey B. Ziegler



B. Michael Zuckerman (Michael)

Spouse/Partner: Evelyn Zuckerman
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Past 50 Years' Highlights:

- Getting married in November 1978 to my wife, Evelyn—and still married 42 years later.
- Getting fired two months later from my first full-time job (with the Minnesota State Historic Preservation Office)—by Wesleyan classmate Charles Skrief.
- Receiving my Ph.D. in History in 1981 from Brown University—only five years behind schedule.
- Starting in December 1982, serving for 37 years as the first full-time director of the Mid-Atlantic Center for the Arts & Humanities in Cape May, NJ. Accomplishments included: restoring and interpreting the 1879 Emlen Physick Estate, the 1859 Cape May Lighthouse, and the 1942 World War II Lookout Tower.
- Launching in 1990 the Cape May Music Festival (sorry, without a *Gamelan* orchestra).
- Playing a leadership role in statewide Arts and History advocacy organizations.
- Retiring in February 2020.

Where I am Today: Holed up in retirement (getting out in the nick of time!), volunteering my time doing legal research on a variety of civil liberties/social justice cases and digging into a lengthy bucket list of thick biographies.

My Fondest Wesleyan Memories: Hearing Janis Joplin (with Big Brother and the Holding Company) perform at Prom during our Freshman year. Attending an Easter Sunrise service out at the Taylor Estate. Working a summer job with Joan Jurales at the Olin reference library.

At right: Michael Zuckerman with "his" scarecrow, reflecting his staff's eager anticipation of his imminent retirement.



1971 YEAR IN REVIEW



Igor Stravinsky photo from Arquivo Nacional Collection; Disney Magic Kingdom photo ©Disney Properties

On Our Minds



- North Sea Oil Production began in Norway.
- William Calley was convicted of war crimes for the My Lai Massacre.
- Apollo 14 astronaut Alan Shepard hits two golf balls on the Moon, and later in 1971, Apollo 15 landed on Moon with the first Lunar Rover.
- Supreme Court upheld desegregation busing of students in *Swann v. Charlotte-Mecklenburg Board of Education*.
- United Indians of All Tribes ended occupation of Alcatraz.
- Mariner 9 reached Mars and was the first spacecraft to orbit another planet.



Photo by Charles Tasnadi/AP

- Nixon declared 'War on Drugs'.
- Harris Poll claimed 60% of Americans were against the Vietnam War.
- August Race Riots broke out in Camden, NJ over the murder of a Puerto Rican by city police.
- The South Tower of the World Trade Center was completed—standing at 1,362 feet, making it the second tallest building in the world.
- The Attica Prison riot shed light on prisoner abuse and living conditions.
- Angela Davis was acquitted of charges related to deaths that occurred in the armed takeover a Marin County, CA courtroom.



Changing Life As We Knew It



- Gloria Steinem made her first address to the Women of America.



- Intel released 4004, the world's first microprocessor—enter the digital age.



- Around 500,000 anti-Vietnam war protesters march on Washington, D.C. in the largest demonstration against a U.S. war in history.



- First Starbucks opened in Pike Place Seattle.

Logo ©Starbucks Coffee Company

Beginnings and Endings

January 1: Last televised cigarette ad ran at 11:50 p.m. on the *Johnny Carson Show*

April 6: Death of Igor Stravinsky

April 20: First NPR broadcast

May 1: Amtrak began operations

May 28: Birth of Marco Rubio

June 13: First Pentagon papers published at *NY Times*

June 28: Elon Musk was born

July 3: Jim Morrison died; birth of Julian Assange

July 6: Death of Louis Armstrong

September 11: Death of Nikita Khrushchev

September 18: Birth of Lance Armstrong

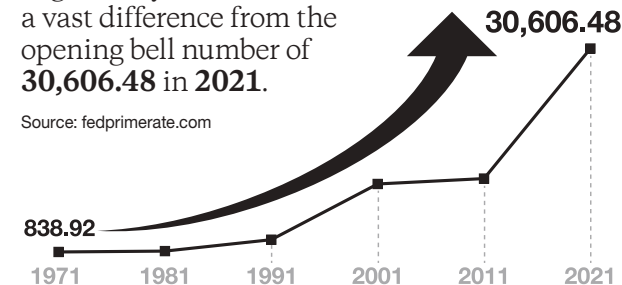
October 1: Disney's Magic Kingdom opened

October 18: Greenpeace was formed

Then and Now

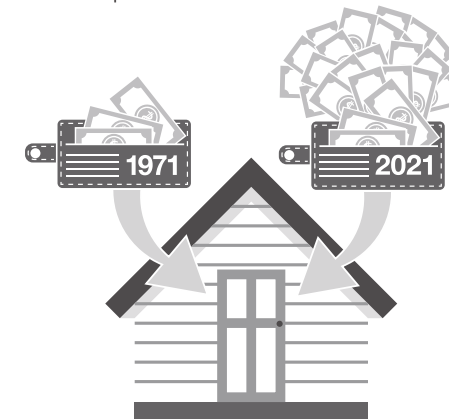
- In **1971**, the Dow Jones Industrial Average began the year at **838.92**, a vast difference from the opening bell number of **30,606.48** in **2021**.

Source: fedprimerate.com



- In the United States, the average median household income in **1971** was **\$10,600 vs. \$68,400** for U.S. households at the start of **2021**.

Source: multpl.com



What Moved Us

- The first TV broadcast of *All in the Family*
- Big screen stories such as *Dirty Harry*, *Summer of 42*, *The French Connection*, *Fiddler on the Roof*, *Last Picture Show*, *Diamonds are Forever*, *Planet of the Apes*, *A Clockwork Orange*
- The sounds of James Taylor (below on left), Bob Dylan (below on right), the Doors, Led Zeppelin, Gerry Garcia, James Brown, BB King, Richie Havens, Ravi Shankar



- Richard Roundtree (at left) in *Shaft*, a movie adaptation of Ernest Tidyman's novel.

Photo ©Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios



Remembrances

Andrew M. Adams (Andy)

(D. 6/4/79)

By Robert Millner

I knew Andy from the time we were freshman. He lived on my hall on Foss Hill. I got to know Andy particularly well in the spring of my senior year. We both ate dinner at Alpha Delta Phi, and we got into the habit of taking long walks after dinner, for an hour or so. On those walks, we talked many subjects—some mundane, some focused on current events—but the bulk about what we had learned at Wesleyan and what the future would bring. I found these walks very enlightening; Andy was very literate, very thoughtful, very intelligent.

But all this pales in my memory to one day in London in the fall of 1971. Andy was living in London; I was passing through on my way to Israel. I went to visit Andy at his parents' apartment, which overlooked Richmond Park. His parents greeted us—his father a patrician looking U.S. diplomat, and his mother who introduced herself as a *yenta* from Brooklyn. She suggested that Andy and I take a bicycle ride through Richmond Park; she had two bicycles in the apartment. So we did.

After riding for some time, we started up a hill, and lo and behold right before us were 15 or 20 incredibly attractive young women. They were skipping, running, dancing, even some cartwheels. I asked Andy what he thought was happening here. He replied that it might be something miraculous. After a few minutes, we went up to one of the young ladies and asked where they came from and what they were doing. The young lady pointed down the hill and said the building there was the Royal Ballet School; they were taking a break. And that is the last time I saw Andy, and it remains vivid in my memory to this day.



William F. Ayer (Gus)

(D. 2/13/13)

By Andy Baker and Steve Leinwand

The story frequently told about Gus described his concerned parents when he was just a small boy. He was already three years old but had never spoken a single word. Obviously, they wondered if he



had learning disabilities. Then, one day at a family picnic he turned to his mother and said, "Pass the ketchup please." They were astonished (and relieved) and asked him why he had never spoken until then. He calmly said he had no reason to do so before now.

Born William Frederick Gustav Ayer on Christmas Day in 1949 and raised in Cincinnati, at Wesleyan he always and only referred to himself as "Gus." (Wesleyan could be a good place to leave other places behind.) Gus was known for his broad and winning smile and a booming, infectious laugh. He brought welcome gusto and humor into the room. But behind his easygoing manner was a sharp intellect and a willingness to mix it up. On those Friday afternoon "Beer and Bull" sessions in the CSS Lounge when the faculty would hold court, Gus was not intimidated. He could parry with the best of them.

Gus left for the West Coast after graduation, and I (Andy) was able to reconnect with him in 1973 when I spent a year in Marin County. Gus was living in South San Francisco and with his natural salesmanship skills had taken a job with an up and coming sport shoe company called Puma. It was still a time for most of us when our choice in "sneakers" was limited to black or white, high top or regular. I had the good fortune to have the same shoe size as Gus, so a visit to his apartment allowed me to leave with a brightly colored pair of Pumas. It was here in Northern California that Gus met his wife, Verna, and they would later resettle in Orange County.

Several of us were together with Gus living in Berkeley, California in the summer of 1969, between our Sophomore and Junior years. That was when Gus made his first trip to L.A., and newly arrived from the East Coast we had the opportunity to visit Disneyland. As we were waiting in line to buy tickets, with our long hair and cutoff jeans and Gus with his signature work shirt and red bandana, we were approached by two men in suits. They told us they worked for the theme park, pointed to our cutoffs, and said, "Disneyland is a family place." We, suitably garbed for Berkeley but not Anaheim, were in violation of the park's dress code. If we wanted to enter, we were warned, we would need to get some new pants. Gus's winning smile wasn't enough so we made a quick detour to a local K-Mart. (Who knew then if the chance to see Disneyland would come again?) Once back and inside the park, the smile came again when we found ourselves on Tom Sawyer's Island. The costumes of all those who worked this theme park ride consisted of cutoff jeans, work shirts, and red bandanas. (Perhaps, if we had first gone to the employees' entrance we would have been okay.)

(Gus Ayer biography continues on next page)

From that inauspicious first visit, Gus would later come to build his future and his legacy in nearby Fountain Valley, California. There his interests as an avid outdoor hiker and environmentalist combined with his personal charisma and led him into a local political career as a member of the city council and later as Mayor of Fountain Valley. From his perch there—and also from his time on the outside—he led efforts to carve out local nature preserves and oppose misguided development projects. This would have been challenging anywhere, but it was particularly daunting in Southern California. In fact, at the time of Gus' sudden and untimely death in 2013, he was leading a major grassroots campaign to prevent construction of an unnecessary billion-dollar desalination plant in nearby Huntington Beach. With his rhetorical skills—honed at Wesleyan, we like to think—he captured the public's attention, writing, "Sometimes it's fascinating to watch a public agency as it flounders around trying to find a reason to exist. Lately, the Municipal Water District of Orange County (MWDOC) is flailing like a beached whale."

He left behind Verna and his sons, Ethan and Eliot, along with a cadre of young political activists whom he mentored and who gave voice to their loss in the many tributes they wrote at the time of his passing. May Gus's memory be a blessing.

George Barnard Baker

(D. 5/21/09)

Adapted from an obituary.

George, the beloved husband of 26 years of Susan Thompson Baker and the loving and devoted father of Elizabeth Hartley Baker, died on May 21, 2009 at Washington Hospital Center, Washington, DC. He was born on July 27, 1949, in Milwaukee, WI, to the late John and Caroline Baker.

He was a 1971 graduate of Wesleyan University in Connecticut and received his law degree from Boston University. At his death, he was employed by the Office of the Chief Counsel, IRS, where he had worked since 1976.

George was devoted to his family and enjoyed spending time with his extended family on Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. In addition to his wife and daughter, George is survived by a brother, John S. Baker of San Diego, CA, by a niece and several nephews, and by several cousins.



Sylvester Bass III

(D. 5/16/12)

No personal information available.



Charles F. Bell (Chick)

(D. 10/2013)

By Henry Saunders

Charles F. "Chick" Bell died in Thailand in 2013 of throat cancer. He attended Wesleyan with us for four years but failed to graduate. Chick was warm-hearted and fun-loving and a close friend despite our quite different backgrounds. He was from a wealthy family with residences in Indiana and Canada that built Bell Helicopters. We would drink Scotch and play games of Risk in which he would dress in a tuxedo to conquer the world.

I learned from Chick that it was not easy to be from wealth. There were always problems with his father whom he seemed to need to prove things to. His younger brother was an unapologetic playboy who killed himself driving a sports car on their island in Canada. It happened during our sophomore year and upset Chick terribly.

We did not stay in touch very well but did speak on several occasions before he died. His life was blessed in many ways and he was peaceful in the face of his terminal illness. I miss him.



Chick Bell

David J. Bonnano

(D. 12/8/17)

By Fran Pawlowski

My memories of David are connected with the Wesleyan Semester Abroad Program. Both of us were students in that program and arrived together in Luxembourg during the second week of January 1969. Those of us going to West Germany travelled together to a small town near Munich. Each of us lived with a German family, but all of us were students at the Goethe Institute. Five of us, three Wesleyan students and two from Connecticut College, bonded together quickly and often traveled as a group. During our time at the Institute, we were immersed in the formal German language for most of the day. During the evenings,



we spent a lot of time in the town's quiet pubs and learned much of the local German language from the residents of Grafing bei Munchen (Grafing by Munich). After two or three months of study at the Goethe Institute, all of us traveled to Bonn, the capital of West Germany, and took classes there for three or four months under the Wesleyan director of the program, Professor Herb Arnold.

Three of us—Bill Trench, Dave, and I—decided to fly to West Berlin to experience the Berlin Wall and East Berlin firsthand. We proceeded through the West Berlin station known as Checkpoint Charlie, walked across an open space of perhaps fifty yards and then, after exiting the East German checkpoint station and being searched there by intimidating guards, we entered East Berlin. What we saw in East Berlin was a frightening reality check, so we scrambled back through Checkpoint Charlie after a visit of an hour or two.

Dave was a quiet guy with a quirky sense of humor. After returning to Wesleyan for our junior and senior years, I saw a lot of Dave and Bill Trench. Our Germany experience bonded us together and we shared a lot of memories of those two years, either factual or imagined. During our Wes graduation weekend, Dave invited Bill, me, and a few others to a party his family was having in his honor at a hotel in Hartford on Civic Plaza. The food that we enjoyed there was a few levels above the McConaughy Hall cuisine. What was even better was the pride his family manifested in and for Dave.

During the years after our graduation, Dave and I kept in touch with each other regularly. We had a very long phone conversation after his wife died and I felt his intense pain. Dave died not many years after his wife's death. David Bonnano and I had been friends for more than forty years—bonded together by the Wesleyan experience.

Harold Breck (Hal)

(D. 6/29/09)

By Jon Lippincott

Harold "Hal" Breck was my closest friend at Wesleyan. We met during the first semester of our freshman year, living in the same Foss Hill dorm, and our friendship continued throughout our studies in the College of Letters. He spent his semester abroad in Spain, while I spent mine in Germany. When we returned, he moved off campus to live with his partner/wife Ann, but we still spent a great deal of time together in pursuits both academic and recreational. In our senior year, we convinced a member of the English faculty to sponsor a seminar on fantasy literature for just the two of us.

Hal was both a deep thinker and a free spirit (fittingly, he did his senior thesis on Aldous Huxley). That combination led him to pursue yoga and meditation with great intensity and to go "off the grid" before that was even a phrase. He and Ann initially moved to Gabriola Island in British Columbia, where they lived in a tepee. They then moved to India to study under Swami Shyam and subsequently to Ottawa to help run an Ashram there. The ashram became involved in controversy, and Hal eventually moved back to Springfield, MA, where he had grown up. He died in 2009 of prostate cancer. I spoke



to him by phone shortly before his death and, characteristically, he was eager to tell me about the Heidegger work he was reading. I always admired his intellect and his courage, which he displayed to the very end.

Joy Buel

(D. 4/14/87 *unconfirmed)

No personal information available.

David H. Cohen

(D. 10/18/92)

By Neil Clendeninn

We lived in the corner suites in the basement of Hewitt 9 our freshman year. Peter Woodin and I in one corner and Jordan Wouk and David Cohen in the other corner. We were all so different when we arrived. Peter, the WASP, from Arizona and California. Me, the black kid from the Bronx. Jordan, the nephew of writer Herman Wouk and David, from upper east side Manhattan. Despite these obvious differences, we all got along.

David was somewhat quiet, even a little introverted, but he managed to make many friends on campus and join a local relatively new fraternity, Kappa Nu Kappa. He enjoyed the company of his frat brothers. David and I would spend many hours talking about his love, art history, and I provided my two cents on the subject (being a science jock). He was extremely passionate about it. I remember visiting him at his home in Manhattan. His parents, especially his mother, were also art history aficionados. Their Manhattan brownstone was amazing. I remember seeing all the antique furniture. It was not just antique, it was historic and David gave me the history of each piece in their home. It was like touring a museum.

After graduation I intermittently heard from David. Then one day in 1986 we did reconnect. He was a curator at the old Getty Museum and was excited because plans had been announced to build the marvelous new Getty. I was traveling to California and David made special arrangements for my wife, my one-year old son, and me to tour the museum. So proud was David to show us around and he knew everything on display in detail in the Getty. As luck would have it my one-year-old decided to cry non-stop while we were in the museum, which meant I had to alternate with my wife taking him outside so as not to disturb the other guests. But it was great to see David and all he had accomplished and happy in his profession.

I moved to San Diego and was able to connect by phone. He told me he was sick and not doing well. He had contracted AIDS and at that time there was little treatment. He was the first friend I lost to that disease, although little did I know there would be many more. David was a kind, loving and wonderful person. Full of life but taken from us way too soon. He is missed.



Ronald W. Cross (Ron)

(D. 9/27/93)

By Blake Allison

Ron Cross was not so well known in the class of '71, as he transferred in Junior year. I think one of the major reasons Ron wound up at Wesleyan was that his uncle was Richard Winslow, the head of the Music Department. Ron was already married to Janet, a schoolteacher.

*A man of many talents,
Ron was a painter, a sculptor, and a musician—
he played guitar combining
Stephen Stills and Eric Clapton.
Wesleyan purchased one of his welded metal
sculptures for the permanent collection.*

After graduation, in the fall of 1971, Janet found a teaching job down the river in Old Saybrook, and Ron asked me to join him in setting up a welding studio. By chance, we heard of an architectural firm that owned an old factory complex that included a house for rent. So we wound up living there, in one of the villages of Essex called Centerbrook, and setting up our studio in a funky and unheated forge building behind the factory. The architectural firm was Charles Moore Assoc.—Moore being the Dean of the architecture program at Yale—and they arranged for several commissions of Ron's painted steel sculptures. Our years there in Centerbrook were interesting to say the least, with many comings and goings of Wesleyan and Conn College and Yale friends, and assorted local characters.

Around 1975, Ron and Janet decided to head back to Maine, where they lived in an old house in Martinsville, just down the road from Port Clyde on the coast. Janet taught school, Ron made sculptures and gained recognition as an artist, and they had two daughters. Tragically, Ron was killed in a freak accident at his studio in 1993.

Juan C. Dandridge

(D. 9/21/92)

By Peter Woodin

In the summer of 1978, Juan was playing his viola as a member of the São Paulo Symphony orchestra. I was a dancer with the Alvin Ailey Company, and we finished up our two-month South American tour with a week of performances in São Paulo. I had Juan's contact information from a Wesleyan friend, and I managed to track him down. He was surprised and, I think, glad to see a familiar face so far away from home, and it was wonderful to see him. Over the course of that week, I would walk him into the theater so he could see our shows, and afterwards he would take me and Beth, my then wife, out to some favorite club or restaurant. We had a great time with him.

At the end of that week the company headed back to New York, but Beth and I decided to stay on in São Paulo for a few



more days. Juan insisted that we stay with him. His apartment was in a very poor and crowded working-class part of the city. I remember one morning we sat drinking our coffee as Juan talked about his neighborhood.

He told us how on days when the orchestra was performing, he would put on his formal dress suit and head out the door to work. Often, he said, as he walked down the street, neighbors would nod and smile, and sometimes applaud, as he passed. He was puzzled. Why, he asked a friend, were people smiling and clapping as he walked by? People are smiling and clapping, said his friend, because they're proud that someone from the neighborhood has a job to which they wear a suit. I think Juan liked that very much, that he could be a source of pride—and inspiration—to his neighbors.

Peter Della Santina

(D. 10/14/06)

By Jonathan C. Kramer,
Krishna Ghosh Della Santina
and Harrison Rue

Late one night my music partner Jonathan Rome and I were prowling the hallways of Foss Hill looking for some other night owls to share a bit of weed and conversation. Actually, I don't really remember if weed was involved, but I'm playing the averages here. Peter's light was on and we were welcomed. This was the only time I had an interaction with Peter, who was blind, and his roommate Harrison Rue. Now, fifty years later, I recall the visit as being magical. Specifically, I remember two remarkable objects. It was a kind of show and tell that emerged from the conversation. One was a wood sculpture of a drummer...a cross-legged figure playing a double-headed barrel drum (like a mridangam) that Peter had carved. The other, a double-course armadillo-shell Andean *charango*. Both objects were like totems of the extraordinary man who possessed them.

Peter Della Santina lived one of the most unusual and distinguished careers of the Wesleyan Class of '71. After graduation, Peter received Masters and Doctorate degrees from the University of Delhi. After spending three years at the Institute for Advanced Studies of world Religions, Fort Lee, New Jersey as a research scholar translating 8th century Buddhist philosophical texts from the Tibetan, Peter taught at several Universities and Buddhist centers in Europe and Asia including the University of Pisa in Italy, the National University of Singapore and Tibet House in Delhi, India.

More recently, he was a senior fellow at the Indian Institute of Advanced Study, Simla, India and taught Philosophy at the Fo Kuang Shan Academy of Chinese Buddhism, Kaoh-shiung, Taiwan. For twenty-five years, Peter was a student of H.H. Sakya Trizin, leader of the Sakya Order of Tibetan Buddhism. Among his publications are *Nagarjuna's Letter to King Gautamiputra*, *Fundamentals of Buddhism*, and *The Tree of Enlightenment: An Introduction to the Major Traditions of Buddhism*.



For this memorial essay, I contacted Peter's widow, Dr. Krishna Ghosh Della Santina, and his junior-year roommate Harrison Rue, who provided me with the following information:

From Dr. Della Santina:

Peter wasn't blind from the birth. When he was three years old, Peter developed infantile glaucoma that progressed gradually and eventually he lost his eyesight completely at the age of twelve or thirteen. So he had the conception of colours and forms and had the opportunity to lead a life like other kids. When he lost his sight, that did not prevent him in any respect. He finished his secondary education at Greenwich High School. He had to study Braille, cane-traveling and related skills to look forward to greater achievements. Later he learnt typing and he could type very fast.

In Wesleyan, he had a few close friends who read books, which were not available in Braille, for him and helped him in many different ways. During his years in Wesleyan, Peter spent some time in Peru and Bolivia teaching in a school for the blind and in 1969, he went to Spain to study Spanish literature. His traveling and teaching/studying experience in Peru, Bolivia and Spain were due to his connection with Wesleyan and he remembered those events very fondly with great pride and appreciation. Apart from that, he talked about spending time listening music, watching football, discussing politics, and having great times with friends in Wesleyan.

From Harrison Rue, now Community Building and Transit Oriented Development Administrator for the City and County of Honolulu:

Aloha Jonathan,

Thanks for the opportunity to explore some great memories of Peter Della Santina, my junior year roommate at Wesleyan, 1969-70. I met Peter in Madrid during our sophomore semester abroad, spring 1969. Around a dozen of us had four classes three days/week (I think history, lit, art and political science); with four-day weekends to travel around in informal groups and explore Spain. I think the politics professor was arrested and dragged off by the guardia civil mid-semester (days of Franco)—but the art class was just Wednesday afternoons walking around el Prado museum with the assistant director. For the life of me I can't remember how Peter took that in (he was physically blind but very alive and maybe saw a lot that most of us were not aware of). I probably spent more time with my Spanish girlfriend (the only way to quickly become fluent) but by the end of the semester we were brothers.... and both starting to awaken to the issues and changing attitudes of the times.

We spent a great post-semester vacation week on the Costa del Sol (with our Spanish girlfriends) and then travelled home via Paris, where we got to see a production of the musical *Hair* (in French, which neither of us spoke). Just close your eyes and imagine me trying to tell Peter what was going on onstage while we both tried to sorta translate French-to-English-via-Spanish; with both of us in a somewhat naturally-altered state.

When we left for Madrid in January 1969, I was social chair of a fraternity (Commons Club) at an all-male college. When I returned eight months later, planning to quit the fraternity:

- Wesleyan had just gone coed, with its first female students that fall

- my fraternity had just disbanded
- my fraternity house had been turned into a girls dorm
- the floor above ours on Foss Hill was also a girls dorm

Seriously, folks, that was QUICK! And none of that was even being talked about when we left eight months earlier.

Peter and I had an end room with a balcony that looked over the street. I think, being in a 'collective' mind, we set up one room with two mattresses on the floor so six or eight or ten folks could hang out, jam, or whatever in a fairly frequent social scene (we had the desks/study area in the other room). Peter was a far more dedicated scholar than me, and I think this was when he started focusing on eastern religions and Buddhism, which later became his life's work.

Which gets to the core of who Peter was—and what I remember most about him to this day (and hope I learned a bit from him).

*Peter was one of the most relentlessly positive,
inquisitive, interested, interesting,
and cheerful people I have ever known.
With a lot to overcome just in daily life
(dependent on waiting for someone to
walk him everywhere, read books to him,
have to dictate his papers, etc.)
he almost never was 'down' or
talked negatively about anyone.
And a lot of the time,
being around him was just plain joyful.*

Maybe since his focus was more on talking and thinking, conversations with Peter were deep, thoughtful, provocative and kind of stayed with you for a while.

For me, that fall semester was the end of my academic time at Wesleyan; it felt odd studying about other countries and cultures (instead of just going there) so I dropped out and got a tree-trimming crew job to save up to return to Europe (where I worked on an dig of Roman ruins in Majorca and then worked on an Irish organic farm). For some reason (I think since the dorm gods knew I was helpful to Peter) Wes didn't kick me out of (or charge me for) the dorm room. So I continued living in the dorm with Peter spring semester, with me focusing on trimming trees by day and Peter learning about the tree of enlightenment.

And that comparison pretty much outline the divergent paths we each took in life—divergent yet connected in some way. Peter led an impressive life as an accomplished Buddhist scholar and teacher. I took a more grounded yet circuitous path, learning building trades at SUNY, growing from builder to development manager to planner and policy work, researcher and writer, and now city administrator. But I think that relentless positivity and looking outside of yourself that I learned from Peter five decades ago has informed my own life's work and outlook to this day—and helped me to teach and inspire thousands of folks to improve their communities.

Melvin W. Dixon

(D. 10/26/92)

Adapted from an obituary.

Melvin Dixon (May 29, 1950–October 26, 1992) was widely praised as a novelist, translator and literary critic, who published poetry that portrayed both his interior explorations and world travels. Born in Stamford, Connecticut on May 29, 1950, Dixon graduated from Wesleyan University in 1971 in American Studies, and earned a MA in 1973 and a Ph.D. in 1975 from Boston University.

Both in his published and unpublished writings, Dixon wrote openly about his homosexuality. James Baldwin's influence is seen in Dixon's two novels, *Trouble the Water* (1989), winner of the Nilon Award for Excellence in Minority Fiction, and *Vanishing Rooms* (1991). In the latter, Dixon wrote about homophobia and racism in New York City's Greenwich Village. His first book of poems, *Change of Territory* (1983) spoke of the historic northward migration of African Americans from the southern United States and the enforced journeys of African slavery. His final volume of poems, *Love's Instruments* (1995) published after his death from an AIDS-related illness in 1992, serves as a tribute to other gay men with this disease. As an active spokesman for gay communities and issues, Dixon integrated the complexities of gay identity and lifestyle into his work while communicating what it meant to be a black man.

As a writer, Dixon embraced both scholarship and creativity. He wrote poems, short stories, novels, essays, critical studies, and translations from French. Seeking his literary heritage, he traveled to the Caribbean, Africa and Europe, researching the Haitian poet and novelist Jacques Roumain, Leopold Senghor, the poet and former president of Senegal, and Richard Wright in Paris. His translations include Roumain's poems, Genevieve Fabre's "Drumbeats, Mass, and Metaphor: Contemporary Afro-American Theatre" (1983), and "The Collected Poetry by Leopold Sedar Senghor" (1991). He also wrote a critical study of African-American literature entitled "Ride Out the Wilderness" (1987).

Dixon was an Assistant Professor at Williams College (1976-1980), and a Professor of English at Queens College of the City University of New York (1980-1992). He also taught at the Graduate Center (CUNY), Fordham University and Columbia University. Dixon received a number of awards and fellowships including a Fulbright lectureship in Senegal (1985-1986). He died of AIDS in his hometown, one year after his long-term partner Richard Horovitz died.



Above, left: Melvin Dixon.

Above, right: Melvin Dixon and Richard Horovitz AIDS quilt.

Richard Doherty

(D. 2/7/05)

No personal information available.

Maureen Donnahoe

(D. 2/23/77)

By Mary Davidson McWilliams

Maureen arrived on campus as a junior in the fall of 1969 from Vassar. She and I were assigned as roommates on Foss Hill, where most of the new transfer coeds were housed. Despite her unassuming manner, she was an immediate hit with fellow classmates and faculty alike. A beaming smile, lilting southern accent, funny sense of humor, and quick mind made for a winning combination—and she was very pretty. She was a serious and strong student, which Dick Miller rewarded by tapping her to help lead the Commencement procession and present one of the honorary degree recipients.

While I was in grad school in Denver, Maureen stopped to visit me en route to Rock Springs, Wyoming, where she had signed up for an Outward Bound program. Despite her small stature and slight build, she had signed up for the instructor training version, not just as a first time participant. As her mother wrote to me later, she would set exceedingly high goals but not be fully satisfied even after she met them.

Maureen enrolled in U. VA. Law School but was unable to complete her studies. She was an inpatient at Shepherd Pratt hospital for several months and continued outpatient treatment afterwards. One winter day in 1977, she gave no hint to her psychiatrist at her appointment, but went home and took an overdose of medication. Her mother said she had a terminal depression. The news broke my heart, as surely it must for others of you who remember her fondly too.

At right: Mitch Whilley and Maureen Donnahoe.



Dennis M. Dubin

(D. 11/12/08)

By Clifton (Kip) Anderson

During our freshman year, there were many stretches of weeks when I spent more time in the company of Dennis than with anyone else. What first drew us together, I think, was our mutual fascination with science fiction. As I was to discover, he was interested in many things, and I doubt whether there was much of anything he was not interested in. For a fact, on most subjects he was already equipped with well-formed ideas and opinions, which he was never shy about sharing. We would talk about metaphysics,



cinema, and sundry other topics through the day and into the night. Two constants with Dennis, at all hours, were coffee and Camel cigarettes, with cannabis smoke inhaled at appropriate intervals.

I visited him at his family home in New Hyde Park, NY several times and was received cordially by his parents and siblings. One time, after his return from a semester in Paris, I gave him a haircut in their backyard. He came to my house in Bucks County, PA at least once. When he moved to Hawaii we lost touch for a few years, but then he was suddenly a lawyer, living in Philadelphia. He told me his family made great fun of his being a Philadelphia lawyer. I visited him there on a number of occasions, and now, of course, I wish I had done so more often.

Dennis could be litigious and even slightly cantankerous, but he was never uninteresting or uninterested.

By Dave Lindorff

Dennis Dubin was one of those whip-smart people in our class who could see something funny in anything. We were both in the unit 4 Foss Hill dorm, and I often found him in the same dorm room I'd be in—quite often Andy Baker's, which was adjacent to mine—late on a weekend evening, and he'd have us all in stitches. I'd like to recall one of his jokes, but unfortunately, most of those evenings included the inhaling of a fair amount of marijuana, so those kinds of details are gone, but I know his laughs weren't just THC giggles.

Fran Pawlowski, who lived in the same dorm building freshman year, offered this recollection:

"I remember Dennis pretty well. He had an abundance of funny stories. For me, it was always hard to tell whether his stories were fact or fiction. Bottom line? It didn't really matter because the stories were so entertaining." He adds, "One Reunion Weekend (perhaps our 30th, in 2001?), Dennis told those of us sitting with him over dinner that he felt 'betrayed' by one of our classmates. Dennis was the only one on our floor (and perhaps in the whole dorm) who had a phone in his room. One of our classmates had managed to run up a bill on Dennis' phone of more than \$200 in calls to his girlfriend in St. Louis.

"When we graduated in June 1971, he said this classmate still had not made good on his promise to repay Dennis. After telling us this story (which lasted about fifteen minutes), Dennis asked those of us sitting with him what he should do. The suggestions, almost as entertaining as the story, ranging from: 'Call the Mafia' to "Call the guy's mother,' to, 'Call his girlfriend to find out where this classmate was living.'"

Dennis and I were always friends through our college years, but we lost touch after that, until decades later when my wife Joyce and I, after spending six years in China and Hong Kong, moved back to the U.S. with our two kids to settle near Philadelphia, where Joyce had been hired as a professor of early keyboard at Temple University.

After some years there working as a freelance journalist, I wrote a book, *Killing Time*, on the case of Philadelphia death row prisoner and journalist Mumia Abu-Jamal. I was scheduled to do a reading from the book at the Borders bookstore in Philly's Center City district when I got a call out of the blue from Dennis, who, it turned out, had become a lawyer and was practicing as a court-appointed attorney specializing in cases of children being put in foster care. His role as child-advocate was insuring that the child's interest, not the parent's

or the state's, was always paramount. I was impressed by how seriously this always-funny classmate took this job and by the sense of purpose he showed in that role. It was a side of Dennis I had never witnessed.

When Dennis showed up for my book reading, he was wearing dark sunglasses. His skin was dark and blotchy and he was scarily thin, even for him. We went out for coffee later and talked about the old days at school, asking each other about the whereabouts of different classmates we knew. Dennis was his old self, quick-witted and hilarious. Not too long after that, I heard that he had succumbed to cancer. His death was a sad loss for Philly's foster children, for our class and for me.

By Peter Woodin

Blake Allison has written about Dennis Dubin and our annual poker game over the years, so I'll not touch on that except to say that Dennis played with a ferocious intensity, his eyes huge behind Coke bottle glasses, his face wreathed in smoke from an ever-present cigarette, his foot jiggling nervously against the table leg, and his Cheshire cat grin when the cards and bets fell as he anticipated.

That said, there are a few things of special importance to Dennis that I'm sure he would like highlighted here: in high school he won a national mystery writers award as a promising young author; he was a devoted reader of science-fiction, with an encyclopedic knowledge of the genre and its authors; he was an enthusiastic player (with me) of Tunnels & Trolls, the two of us spending frequent all-nighters in the early 1980s exploring fantastical realms by typing out game instructions in the amber glow of my DEC computer monitor; he was a skilled bridge player and regularly competed throughout the Northeast; he did a great Peter Lorre impression ("You know, Rick, I have many a friend in Casablanca"); and after a 15-year theater career in New York City and Hawaii (with several appearances on episodes of *Hawaii Five-0*), he achieved a perfect score on his LSAT and went on to graduate from Penn Law school.

Dennis Dubin, Mark Reel, and the poker gang

By Blake Allison

My earliest recollection of the poker gang was a game at Bob Julier's house on Cross Street. By Senior year, there were as many as three tables playing all night in the Beta or Ecclectic dining rooms. As the years and decades went by, the stalwarts were Bob Julier, Peter Woodin, Job Potter, John Abrams, Mark Reel, and Dennis Dubin all '71, and George Amarant and Dusty Carter '69. We played at different venues in Connecticut, New York, and Massachusetts, with recent games mostly at John's place on Martha's Vineyard. Mark and Dennis were far more obsessive about the game than the rest of us, but interestingly their styles were totally different. Mark played with swagger and bluster, while Dennis played with icy calculation and unrelenting intensity. The epic hands where the two of them went head to head were legendary. Mark almost always claimed to have won big, even when the end-of-game tally indicated otherwise. If Dennis lost (rarely) he was sullen, more often, he announced his winnings with a demonic giggle. As fate would have it, both of them cashed in their chips early, due to cancer. The gang still manages to get together for a game about once a year, but we don't make it all night anymore, and we sure miss Dennis and Mark.

Jonathan Seth Felt (Jon)

(D. 10/21/18)

By Michael Thompson and
Jake Weiss



Years before David Brooks wrote his *NY Times* OpEd on the triumph of “eulogy virtues” over “resume virtues,” Jon Felt, our roommate and long-standing friend, came to the same realization. As hard as he worked, and as much success as he enjoyed, Jon knew that the primary source of joy in his life came from his family. Although an accomplished documentary film producer, director and writer, he rarely spoke to us about his own achievements. More than anything, he loved sharing stories about his two beautiful daughters, Danika and Alissa—smart, creative, diligent students in the classroom and tough, skilled competitors on the soccer field. But the kvelling always came back to two themes: what wonderful people they were and how much he loved being their dad.

At Jon’s funeral—he died peacefully in his sleep on October 21, 2018—the speakers’ remarks read like a textbook case of Brooks’ “eulogy virtues.” Jon’s life had been defined by his “kindness, bravery, honesty, faithfulness, and the capacity for deep love.” There was even room for Jon’s dog, Mickey, among the mourners that gathered the night before the funeral. In the opening sentence of *The Ridgefield Press* obituary, Alissa and Danika, now two grown women, described Jon as a “fiercely loyal father and tremendous family man.” What better opening line to an obituary than that?

Although a serious man, it’s hard to remember Jon without a smile on his face—a nice paradox to ponder. Never forced or feigned, his smile stretched from the corners of his mouth to the corners of his eyes. This seemed to be Jon’s way of signaling that he wanted to hear, in a non-judgmental way, what you had to say. As a classmate wrote about having lunch with Jon later in life: “But it wasn’t a conversation about our ‘best hits’ or what each of us had done or at least tried to accomplish. It was an open and intimate sharing of who we were and how and why we had got to where we were. So I value the memory of that afternoon, at least as much as our escargot days in Paris, now nearly 50 years ago.”

Following the funeral, Danika and Alissa had lots of questions for us about their dad as a young man. This line of inquiry usually requires more than a little editing on the part of the storytellers, but not in Jon’s case.

- Yes, he was simultaneously that cool and straight; not an easy act to pull off at Wes in the late sixties.
- Yes, he was a Francophile who found deep pleasure in his academic work.
- Yes, as a sophomore, he was the starting goalie on the varsity soccer team that played Yale to a one-to-one victory.
- Yes, his friends were as eclectic a bunch as were his interests: music, art, literature and all things sports related (The New York Rangers, in particular).
- Yes, people naturally gravitated to him because of his kindness and decency.
- Yes, this applied, in particular, to women who liked him for precisely these qualities. (Our “girlfriends” were no exception.)

- Yes, he could find the humor in almost anything and do it in a non-cutting way—including a killer imitation of William J. Buckley.
- Yes, we spent more time in The Garden than we should have and were there the night Willis Reed walked onto the court and the arena shook.
- No, he was not a particularly political person but did care deeply about the other.
- No, we never discussed what life would be like—career, spouse, children—after graduation.
- No, there was never a time that he turned down the opportunity to go for a late-night snack usually initiated by him asking: “You’re hungry, right? You want to get something to eat, don’t you?”
- No, we never heard him complain about the severe injuries he sustained while in an auto accident sophomore year in France with his classmates.

After the accident, Jon’s life was never the same. He lived with a severely injured leg, and related medical conditions, for the next 50 years, but that didn’t stop him from leading a full, interesting life. In addition, he showed amazing gratitude and appreciation for others, and never had an unkind or critical word to say about anyone.

After graduating from Wesleyan in 1972—Jon wasn’t healthy enough to return to campus for the 1970-71 school year—he began his career with ABC’s *20/20* where he was one of the show’s original writers and producers. Next, he worked for The Greenwich Workshop where his portfolio ranged from documentaries on leading 20th century American painters to the post-war experiences of the *Enola Gay* flight crew—an award-winning film shown by the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum and select PBS channels. Jon then worked with Bud Greenspan making official films for the Sydney, Salt Lake City and Athens Olympic Games. For the last 17 years of his life, Jon was employed by Edelman, the global PR firm, where he led the firm’s film-based initiatives including documentaries on its history and on-line branding of its services.

In 1986, Jon and his then wife, Doreen, moved from New York City to Ridgefield, CT, where they raised their two daughters. After the divorce and until his death, Jon and Doreen remained devoted to one another. Forever the coach, he stayed deeply involved in girl’s youth soccer after his daughters graduated high school. And, with the aid of a leg brace, he could still easily beat either of us in tennis. Some things didn’t change.

A year after the funeral, we returned to the cemetery for the headstone unveiling. Jon’s epitaph read: “Beloved Father—Son—Brother—Friend / You exemplify the very best that the human spirit can offer of tender heart and generous spirit.” Since his daughters write so well, we assumed that they had either written it or found an apt quote from Bartlett’s. Neither was quite true. They had blended together their words with what Howard Coselle said to Willis Reed after the seventh game of the 1970 Knicks-Lakers championship game. Danika and Alissa knew their father well.

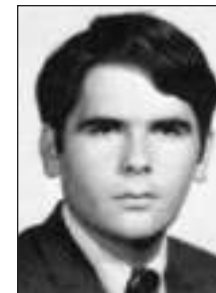
At right: Jon Felt



Jay W. Fliegelman

(D. 8/14/07)

By Stephen C. Ferruolo



Our classmate and my former colleague, Jay Fliegelman, died on August 14, 2007, at 58, at his California home not far from Stanford University, where he spent his entire professional career. At the time of his death, Jay was the William Robertson Coe Professor of American Literature and a leading figure in American Studies. The cause of his death was complications from liver disease and cancer.

Jay was born in New York City on March 16, 1949, grew up in Manhattan and came to Wesleyan from the Birch Wathan School. He received his A.B. degree magna cum laude in English and was student of Richard Slotkin. Jay started his graduate studies in English at Stanford in fall 1971, completed his Stanford Ph.D. degree in 1977, and successfully competed for an open position in early American literature on the Stanford English Department faculty. Jay and I reconnected then, when I joined the Stanford History Department as an assistant professor the same year. While I left Stanford after switching professions and graduating from Stanford Law School in 1990, Jay stayed on as a popular English professor, serving as chair of the Stanford English Department from 1994 to 1997, and winning many teaching accolades. A renowned scholar of early American literature and culture, Jay completed two groundbreaking books: *Prodigals and Pilgrims: The American Revolution Against Patriarchal Authority, 1750-1800* and *Declaring Independence: Jefferson, Natural Language, and the Culture of Performance*.

Jay was an avid collector of old books, a hobby that dated back to when he was 12 years old and ill with a life-threatening disease. The antique book collection that Jay began in his teens, visiting bookstores on Fourth Avenue in his native New York City, is now valued part of Special Collections at Stanford’s Green Library. Among the 268 books in the collection is a copy of Frederick Douglass’s autobiography, *My Bondage and My Freedom*, inscribed to Ellen Richardson, who raised the funds to secure Douglass’s freedom. When he died, Jay was working on a third book—not surprisingly about book ownership: *Belongings: Dramas of American Book Ownership, 1660-1830*.

For those who admired Jay as a teacher and scholar, as I did, the revelations that have come to light in recent years about his professional misconduct are sad, troubling and cannot be overlooked. They diminish our sometime classmate and colleague, but not the legacy of the books Jay wrote, collected and cherished.

Edward J. Grossi (Ed)

(D. 3/31/08)

Adapted from an obituary.

Formerly of New Jersey, Mr. Edward James Grossi, 59, of Rutland, VT, died suddenly on March 31, 2008. Ed was born in Perth Amboy on March 16, 1949, to Anita and August Grossi of Metuchen. He graduated



from Metuchen High School in 1967 and received his B.A. from Wesleyan University in 1971. He worked in the music business for many years and was an active entrepreneur.

Ed moved to Vermont in 1990 and worked as an insurance salesman. He is survived by his father, August Grossi, his brother, Robert Grossi, and his daughter, Tess Grossi.

Richard H. Gubitz (Rick)

(D. 2/22/15)

Adapted from an obituary.

Dr. Richard Howard Gubitz, age 65, of Berlin died unexpectedly at his home on February 22, 2015. He was born on October 5, 1949, in Hartford CT, the son of the late Fred and Marie (Stefango) Gubitz.



Rick spent his youth living in Connecticut. He graduated from Hartford Public High School in 1967 and Wesleyan University, Middletown, CT, in 1971, having majored in German Studies. Richard spent a semester studying at the University of Bonn, Germany.

In 1975, he completed his PhD degree in Pharmacology at Michigan State University, East Lansing, Michigan. For 20 years, he taught annually updated Pharmacology courses for medical students of the College of Osteopathic Medicine of the Pacific, Pomona, CA. In 1978, he graduated with his medical degree from Michigan State University’s College of Osteopathic Medicine. For the next 30 years he was dedicated to serving this area as a Family Medicine Physician in Berlin, WI, retiring in 2009.

Richard had an insatiable quest for knowledge. His diversified interests included art, science, history, theatre, geography, lighthouses, trains, wildlife conservation (local and globally) and world economics to mention just a few. He was a master of Trivial Pursuit and chess. Through his extensive travels, he became a true “Citizen of the World”. Having grown up in an urban environment, he later developed a true appreciation of nature. He loved flowers, especially roses and daffodils. He was an avid and generous supporter of wildlife conservation and animal rescue.

Richard had been a member of several organizations including the Kiwanis Club, Grace Lutheran Church and the Berlin City Council. He served on the Board of Directors of the Brown Wilcox Home, Berlin Public Library and the Green Lake Festival of Music. He served on numerous committees at the Berlin Memorial Hospital during his three decades of medical practice there. He enjoyed teaching a variety of students (medical, nursing, nurse practitioner, physician assistant and pharmacology graduate students). His infectious laugh would resonate around a room.

Richard is survived by his wife of 40 years, Betsy (Anderson) Gubitz. She worked tirelessly by his side as a registered nurse during his decades of medical practice. He is also survived by two sisters-in-law and their husbands, Nancy (Francis) Kobylenski of Trumbull, CT; and Janet (David) Towle of Black River, NY; and nephews, Christopher Towle (and his fiancée, Jessica Cutting) of Charlotte, NC; and Daniel Towle of Orlando, FL; and a niece, Arianna Tosi of Cohasset, MA.

(Rick Gubitz biography continues on next page)

Richard's family would like to especially thank his caregiver's team who over the past two years supported him with care, compassion, laughter and some challenging games of Stratego. He will be greatly missed by his cats; Molly, Max, Honey and Critter.

Dr. Gubitz's long term dedication to the people of the greater Berlin area is evidenced in many meaningful ways and will serve as an enduring memorial and legacy of his passion for lifelong learning and caring for those in need.



At right: Rick Gubitz

Thomas G. Gunnip (Tom)

(D. 9/1/74)

By Fran Pawlowski

In a phrase, Tom was different. We met as second-semester sophomores when both of us were students in Wesleyan's Semester Abroad Program. When Tom and I began our intensive language immersion in a small West German town southeast of Munich, we quickly became friends. Tom struggled with learning and pronouncing German, but it was not due from lack of effort. He studied and practiced, a lot, and his effort was filled with intensity. In time, his German improved dramatically.



His wife Kathy and newborn daughter Laura accompanied Tom to Germany. I was Laura's babysitter when Tom and Kathy needed some recuperation time together. I knew they were good parents by how they cared for their daughter. Tom and Kathy's alone time was never very long.

When we returned to campus at Wesleyan that fall, I did not see Tom and his family very often. They had moved off-campus to an apartment on the second floor of a two-family house. I remember Tom called me because he needed some help getting a piano from the front of the house to the second floor. Our Wesleyan ingenuity kicked into gear: we got some ropes and other equipment, strongly secured the piano, and then lifted it ten feet upward and over the short wall on the over-hanging porch. And the piano was still in one piece...and so was the porch...and so were we. Those of us who gathered together to accomplish this Herculean feat of strength, endurance, and Wesleyan ingenuity gave serious thought to securing a small sign onto the front of the house: "On this date, May 20 in the year of 1970, five Wesleyan undergrads successfully hoisted a piano unscathed to the second floor of this house." It would have been a great touch, a Wesleyan kind of touch.

After graduation, Tom and I lost contact with each other. I learned of his death through the Wesleyan alumni magazine and immediately recalled, with fond memories, our shared time together in West Germany and the second-floor delivery of an extremely heavy piano.

James L. Hamilton

(D. 6/10/01)

Adapted from an obituary.

James L. Hamilton, asleep in Jesus, Sunday, June 10, 2001; beloved husband of Mary H. Hamilton (nee Luke); dear father of Collin R. and Margaret E. Hamilton; dear son-in-law of Frederick and Mary Luke.



James K. Horton

(D. 10/7/09)

Adapted from an obituary.

James K. Horton, MD passed away suddenly on Wednesday, October 7, 2009. He was a member of Green Castle Baptist Church.



James was preceded in death by his father, Tommy E. Horton Sr. and sister, Brenda

Faye Horton. He leaves to honor his memory his wife, Jacqui; two sons, Jamal L. and James J.; granddaughter, Ariana; mother, Corrine Horton; brother, Tommy E. Jr.; sisters, Joyce, Gwendolyn and Felicia, and a host of relatives and friends, including special cousins, Calvin Pryor and Effie Upshaw.



At left: James Horton

Wayne Howard

(D. 12/9/07)

Adapted from an article published after his death.

Wayne Howard, R.I.P.

Comic book artist Wayne Howard has died. One of the few African-American comic book artists at the time he broke into the field, Howard learned his craft in the fanzines of the sixties and at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut. But he told me he learned most of what he knew about comics from his brief time assisting Wally Wood from 1968 to 1969. (Some sources say '69 but you can see Wayne's name hidden all throughout the backgrounds of Captain Action #1, which Wood and his crew produced in 1968.)



I only knew Wayne from a couple of phone calls in 1970, shortly after he left Wood. When Jack Kirby left Marvel to edit his own comics for DC, Wayne kept phoning Jack and also me, hoping he could draw or at least ink something for the new projects. Unfortunately, DC didn't want Jack employing other artists so there was nothing there for Wayne. At one point, Jack arranged for him to take his samples in to show Carmine

Infantino, who was the head guy at DC. A few days after the scheduled appointment, I asked Jack if he'd heard how Howard's work was received. Jack replied, "Carmine thought he wasn't ready yet so he sent him to Connecticut." I didn't understand the response so I asked Jack to explain. "I said Carmine sent him to Connecticut," Kirby replied.

Again, I didn't get it. "Are you saying that Carmine looked at his work and said, 'I don't like the way you draw. Go to Connecticut!'" "Yes," Jack insisted. "Carmine told him to go to Connecticut."

It took a few minutes but I figured it out. Charlton Comics, the lowest-paying company in the business, was based in Derby, Connecticut. I asked Jack, "Are you saying Carmine told him to go try and get work from Charlton?" Jack, a bit exasperated with me, said, "Yes, Carmine sent him to Connecticut!" To Jack, "Charlton" and "Connecticut" were interchangeable.

Howard did go to Charlton and did get work there...a lot of work, though he occasionally managed to get a job here and there for DC, Marvel or Gold Key. I remember he inked one issue of Marvel Team-Up over Gil Kane pencils and did—I thought—a better job than a lot of folks who, unlike Wayne, got more work there. I have here the original art to an unpublished mystery story he did for DC over Mike Sekowsky pencils that wasn't very good, though.

Wayne's most notable work for Charlton was the mystery title, *Midnight Tales*, which he created and drew most of and often wrote, as well. As Charlton cut back on publishing, Wayne's career in comics pretty much went away and he freelanced here and there until around 1982, whereupon he stopped working in comics altogether. Someone told me once that he'd become a policeman but I don't know if that's true or if the person was confusing him with Pete Morisi, another Charlton mainstay who did work as a cop. Whatever, sources are reporting that Wayne Howard died yesterday (December 9, 2007) from a heart attack. He was 59.



Comic book titles illustrated by artist Wayne Howard

Bruce A. Johnson

(D. 6/5/76)

By Matthew Edleman

Bruce Johnson was one of the most memorable members of the Class of 1971. He was caring, irreverent, and filled with life. We lost him to a motorcycle accident in 1976 at the age of 27. He was already an important



figure in the New York museum world as Director of the Museum of American Folk Art, and he was a frequent lecturer around the country on that subject.

Bruce was a big, athletic, high school lacrosse player from a very prominent family: the (Johnson & Johnson) Johnsons of Princeton. If this were a movie, he'd have been cast as the snooty preppy who looked down on everyone else. After all, he looked the part, and he had the family lineage, to boot. But this wasn't a movie, this was the joyous bedlam of Hewitt Hall #10 in 1967 and no one was funnier, and more unpretentious than Bruce. He genuinely loved to make (mostly) harmless mischief. Most importantly, behind his irreverence and humor was a warmth and kindness, particularly toward anyone in the dorm who was going through the usual mini-crises that college freshmen go through.

A few weeks into our freshmen year, I realized that a hollow metal towel bar combined with wet toilet paper made a devilishly effective blow gun. Bruce took this discovery to a whole new level, projecting toilet paper bombs from his balcony across to an adjoining dorm, intermittently picking up a megaphone to taunt his victims. Incidents like this caused one of our Resident Advisors, John Mergendoller, to nickname him "Broothie", which somehow captured his joyful goofiness.

Bruce came to a party in the Fall of our junior year at my parents' house (my parents were away). Searching through the refrigerator, I found some pomegranates and chose to share my mother's advice on eating them: when eaten, they spray juice everywhere, causing indelible stains—they are best eaten in a bathtub. About an hour later, Bruce was sitting in the bathtub, devouring a pomegranate, joyously projecting juice all over the bathroom. (If we only had camera phones in those days).

The last time I saw Bruce was when he dropped by my apartment in New Jersey the year before the accident. I could only imagine what other successes would have awaited him, and the life filled with happiness and kindness that he would have had.

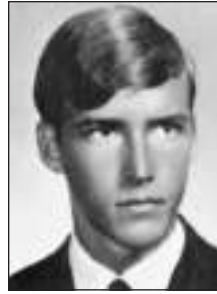


New York Times

Charles J. Kreiner

(D. 2/19/07)

No personal information available.



Robert G. Kyrka PhD, V.M.D. (Bob)

(D. 7/21/20)

By John Holden

I met Bob for the first time in the locker room at our first 9th grade football practice. Bob was assigned the locker next to mine, and our life-time friendship began. Neither of us was a great football player, but we stuck it out for the season. Bob was the quarterback, and I was the left end. Starting then, Bob became my best friend.

One of the greatest parts of becoming Bob's best friend was being invited over to his house on 2nd Street near the Army Quarter Master Corps Labs, getting to know John, his older brother, Marion, his mom, and Kosta, his dad. Bob's mom was an excellent cook, especially of Albanian food since both his parents were Albanian. I loved eating snacks and especially lunch or dinners at Bob's house.

Bob was smart, creative and inventive with a huge intellectual curiosity. His brainpower was exceptional. He was inducted in the National Honors Society in the first round of 20 students in February of our junior year, quite an accomplishment in a class of 499 students.

After getting his driver's license, Bob had saved for years to buy a used Dodge Dart Swinger with the slant 6 engine. He loved that car. As a problem solver, Bob learned how to care for and repair it. There was no YouTube back then, just books in the library that Bob would read and study on how to repair and maintain his Swinger. At one point, the Swinger needed a valve job. Bob invented a tool to depress the valve springs using pieces of old wooden ice hockey sticks that he bolted together. Bob was always inventing things like this valve spring depressor. He was a natural mechanic.

Bob and I never really discussed where we were going to apply to college. We both pretty much did it on our own. A few times when Bob was over at my house, Marcia, my sister who went to Mt. Holyoke and John O'Donnell, her boyfriend who went to Wesleyan, were both there. John was in the Chi Psi fraternity, and he loved Wesleyan. He told some crazy stories about life living in the Chi Psi Lodge and recommended that we apply to Wes. We both did, we both were accepted, and we both decided to attend.

Our freshman year, Bob and I lived one unit away from each other in the Foss Hill dorms, and I spent most of the time hanging out with him and his dorm mates. Bob had a great sense of humor. We all loved being around Bob.

We both pledged Chi Psi and lived together our three remaining years at Wesleyan. Chi Psi was nicknamed the animal house long before the movie ever came out. It was definitely a fun and at times wild and crazy place to experience college life. Our last year in the Lodge, Bob was president and I was the treasurer. It was a huge adventure each time we went down to the boiler room under the outside porch to restart the boiler that was regularly shutting down. One time, we laughed until we cried when we almost blew each other up as we were blown out the door as the boiler refired after Bob pushed the restart switch. Another of my most exciting memories with Bob was from the fall of our junior year when Bob and I lifted up a manhole cover outside the Lodge and explored the tunnels under the Wesleyan campus. That was quite the night of adventure. We looked, but we never found the Douglas Cannon.

One of the big highlights for Bob and me was that Wesleyan became coed our sophomore year with 16 transfer students living in a women's dorm. Our junior year, a much larger number of female transfer students arrived and that's when Bob met Pam Stevens, a junior transfer from Smith. They quickly became "star crossed lovers", as the brothers of the Lodge called those brothers that were "married" to their girlfriends. Bob and Pam were married after graduation and were married for 49 years.

Bob attended the University of Pennsylvania, earning a PhD in Biology. Bob had always loved animals though, so after completing his PhD, he attended The U of Penn school of Veterinary Medicine. At the end of Bob's years of study, Pam and he moved to Holliston, MA where Pam still lives. Bob worked at veterinary practices in both Weston and Wayland, MA where he was much loved by his colleagues, the owners of his clients, and the clients themselves, mostly dogs and cats.

Bob and Pam have two children, Kristin and Morgan, plus one grandchild, Hazel, a fun and feisty child. Bob loved his family as much of any parent I have known. He was a great dad to Kristin and Morgan.

Bob was a truly exceptional human being. Not only was he brilliant as demonstrated by earning a PhD in Biology and a doctorate in veterinary medicine, he was also an extremely talented and passionate musician. As with teaching himself car repair, Bob taught himself to play the guitar. He loved it, and became quite proficient at both playing and singing.

Bob was an excellent athlete as he demonstrated when he tried out for the first ever Wesleyan men's ice hockey team. Bob made the cut and played regularly having only played ice hockey with friends out on Lake Cochituate by his house in Natick. Bob was also a health nut. He always modeled eating the healthiest foods and with such small portions as compared to me. I often wondered how he stayed alive. He was always in top shape by running and riding his bike, something he did almost every day during his lunch break at the veterinary clinic. He also trained long hours, on weekends, to run marathons. During his life, Bob ran in 26 marathons, with the many Boston marathons his favorites.

Bob was a spiritual person who attended the First Congregational Church of Holliston. He was very involved in church life, acting as an usher, a deacon, and heading various committees. He was well loved and respected there.

I am fan of Dr. Brene Brown, a psychologist, who describes ten guideposts for living a Wholehearted Life. Bob definitely

lived a Wholehearted Life. He possessed authenticity; self-compassion; a resilient spirit; gratitude and joy; intuition and trusting faith; creativity; play and rest; calm and stillness; meaningful work; and laughter, song and dance. Alzheimer disease robbed Bob of his wholehearted life during his last eight years. The Bob I remember and loved was the man in his first 62 years, my buddy, my best friend from high school, college and his years as a veterinarian married to Pam, raising Kristin and Morgan. Bob was truly an exceptional, kind, loving, and empathetic person. We dearly miss him.

Anson B. Levitan

(D. 12/1/96)

By Jeffrey L. Kraines

Anson Levitan was a dear friend and sophomore year roommate who met a very untimely death at age 46 due to a congenital lung condition. Anson was a true intellectual and devotee of literature, the arts, and politics. He went on to Antioch Law School and became a civil rights lawyer defending the disabled, the homeless and other vulnerable minority groups at the Legal Aid Society of San Diego. I never knew of anyone as dedicated and devoted as he was to insuring legal rights and representation to these people. An internship dedicated to Anson's memory and work remains funded and utilized to this very day.

Anson had a beautiful marriage to his wife, Ruth Kaplan, and raised three beautiful children, Marilin, Sarah and the late Raquel. Remembering Anson is to experience pure intellectual joy and energy and with a good dose of laughter. I still miss him terribly.

Charlotte McIntyre

(D. 5/15/99)

No personal information available.

Andre J. Melief

(D. 2/2/17)

By Bart Brush

I was Andre Melief's roommate junior year, in the former Alpha Chi Rho house between Kappa Nu Kappa and Downey House. The fraternity had folded, and some members of the Glee Club had gotten permission to use it as a music interest dorm. As best I can recall, classmates Lee Riggs, Tom Tuttle, and George Baker were the main organizers, and the house filled quickly. Andre was living in the former houseparent suite which included a bedroom, living room, bath and kitchen—a veritable apartment!

I had not been part of this project, and had started the year in West College, where I also shared a workroom in the basement with an art major in the class of '72 whose name I have forgotten. He was painting and I was beginning to build musical instruments. Sometime in October, the housing director

{an older man—name?—medium height, white hair, and always tanned) got wind of this and decided the combination of paint, solvents and wood was a fire hazard and one of us had to go. Since the art major had been there first, I started looking for another workshop space.

It was at this point that Andre invited me to be his roommate in the Alpha Chi Rho house, which happened to have unused workshop space in the basement—the former fraternity kitchen. Andre and I weren't close friends and I can't recall how we met. I don't remember him being in any of my classes, so it must have been Glee Club or meals at McConaughy. As I got to know him better, my initial surprise at his invitation turned to understanding and appreciation. This was simply the way he was—friendly, open, always smiling, always positive. I regret that it was not my nature to be as outgoing as Andre, and I could not always be the kind of roommate he deserved. Rest in peace, and thank you, old friend, for being part of those wonderful college years.

George D. Naylor

(D. 11/8/13)

Adapted from an obituary.

George Naylor, exchanged this life for the next Friday, November 8, 2013 at his home in Treadwell, N.Y. George was born on May 17, 1948 the son of George and Harriet (Core) Naylor.

George served his country in the U.S. Army from 1971 to 1974.

He was an alumnus of Wesleyan University B.A. with honors, College of Letters (1971), and then Columbia University School of the Arts M.F.A., Writing Division (1977).

George wrote several plays, short stories and two memoirs about life in the 1960s.

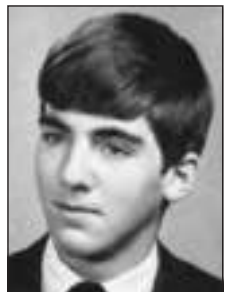
Most recently, he was employed as a Residential Counselor with Springbrook.

He leaves behind his sister, Elizabeth Naylor of N.Y.C., a niece, Elizabeth Holley of Syracuse, N.Y. and his best friend, Emmett Griffin of Treadwell.

James C. Nevius (Jim)

(D. 7/13/13)

No personal information available.



Daryl G. Nickens

(D. 7/10/06)

By Bill Boulware

Daryl Nickens and I were really only acquaintances during our time at Wesleyan. He was a member of my intramural flag football team, “The Black Diamonds.” He was fairly quiet, and we didn’t hang out together, yet years later we became bosom friends.

We had both found our way to L.A. to pursue writing as a career. He located me and then the Wesleyan connection took over. We occasionally pursued projects together; I think our biggest meeting was with Larry Marks, also from the class of ’71 who was already a big name in Hollywood. Given where both Daryl and I were in our careers at the time, that meeting occurred, once again, because of the Wesleyan Connection. We operated as support systems for each other, not just professionally, but on a personal basis.

I came to know Daryl as a warm, caring, gentle man and who before there was the internet, I would call if I ever wanted to know a fact. He knew everything! He was also quite the handy man, creating the pool to his house among the many DIY projects he completed for his home.

We traversed the ups and downs of our careers and our personal lives over the upcoming decades. He gained writing credits, awards, taught at the American Film Institute and was involved, heavily, with the WGA, our writers’ union. He also edited and contributed to the Writers Guild Foundation book, *Doing It For Money—The Agony and Ecstasy of Writing and Surviving in Hollywood*.

We played on softball teams together, spent many years usually losing, in a showbiz fantasy baseball league, back when it was called Rotisserie Baseball. He was godfather to my oldest son. In 2006, we had both been diagnosed with prostate cancer. We kidded each other about it and made plans for when we would kick the disease. Unfortunately, Daryl never made it. On July 10th of that year Daryl died. I got to speak to him shortly before. I told him “no, it’s too soon,” he agreed. His last words to me were, “Please, Bill, take care of yourself.”

The first time my sons ever saw me cry was when I gave his eulogy. He was the kindest, most decent man I’ve ever known and 57 years old was way too soon for him to go.

Thurman Northcross

(D. 6/20/19)

By Bill Boulware

Thurman Northcross was originally in the class of ’70 but graduated with the class of ’71 when he changed his major. He and fellow classmate of ’70, Dwight Greene took me, as they did so many of the Black students in the class of ’71, under their wing. Thurman was from Memphis, TN; and I was from NYC but I felt more at home with him than anyone despite his greater interest in intellectualism than mine. He was tolerant, affable, a no-nonsense kind of guy and is probably the closest thing to a brother that I’ve ever had. Perhaps



that’s not the best reference when you consider I dated his sister, who was at Holyoke, his cousin also at Holyoke, and his sister’s friend—not at Holyoke. Thurman was my introduction to a group of people and a place, Memphis, that at the time, was so different than my own. Shortly after college, he married, and I was his best man. When I gave the toast, I told everyone to rest their glasses because I had a lot to say.

We remained in touch as we both traversed our own journeys. We rarely got to see each other but I always called him on his birthday as he did on mine. Before his passing he had been seriously ill for a number of years, in and out of hospitals suffering from rare affliction to his immune system. As he waged a losing battle to his disease, he eventually became bed-ridden and unable to function without assistance, yet his mind was as agile as ever and his breadth of knowledge was ever-increasing. But to me, his most remarkable attribute was his unbelievably up-beat spirit. He didn’t wallow in self-pity, he didn’t let the constant challenges overtake him and he continued to extract what was good in his life. I would tell him how easy he made it, emotionally, to visit with him. The physical deterioration was obvious and dramatic, yet his spirit was impenetrable and before long you would be laughing with him or engaging in his analysis of his many interests. He was truly a remarkable person, not because of his achievements but because of who he was as an individual.

When I turned 70, I had a big party in Los Angeles, which if he had been well, I know he would’ve been there. We lost him the next week but at least I got to speak to him when he called on my birthday.

Reinaldo Ortiz-Colon (Ray)

(D. 3/7/96)

By John Coakley

Reinaldo Ortiz-Colon—Ray—was my freshman roommate in Hewitt Hall. I remember him as a gentle soul, from a close-knit family in East Harlem, who loved the Temptations and danced the Funky Broadway. We didn’t keep up with each other after graduation, and I didn’t know until much later that he had gotten his doctorate at Harvard and for several years was a professor of clinical psychology at the University of Puerto Rico before his early death in 1996.



Peter A. Panciera (Pete)

(D. 5/23/15)

By Frank Leone

Peter is probably remembered by most of us as the quarterback of Wesleyan’s last undefeated football team and understandably so because his accomplishments on the gridiron were remarkable—he led all of New England in touchdown passes (sophomore year), and during the



undefeated season (junior year) he was ranked ninth in New England for passing. “High Street” Pete or “Pistol” Pete was also an accomplished golfer who competed on the Wesleyan Golf team. His absence from the Wesleyan Hall of Fame on an individual basis is, quite frankly, a mystery. But Peter was more than an athlete—he was a good friend. In spite of his athletic abilities, Peter was somewhat shy, a trait that may have made him appear aloof or perhaps even arrogant; however, neither was the case. Once you got to know him, you learned that Peter was a good natured, loyal and supportive person.

After Wesleyan, he had a successful career in international banking after which he retired to Hilton Head, South Carolina with his wife, Barbara. In addition to Barbara, he was survived by his son Gregory, Barbara’s two children, and their five grandchildren. He was a good man and is truly missed.

Richard C. Poore, Jr.

(D. 11/9/93)

No personal information available.

James M. Quigley (Quigs)

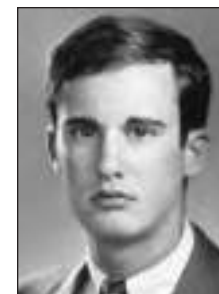
(D. 2/19/06)

By Chip Bryant, Frank Leone, David Levin and Henry Saunders

There were generally two single rooms on each floor of the older Foss Hill dormitories, one of which was occupied by the resident advisor or “RA”, an upperclassman who served as a mentor to the freshmen, and the other of which was occupied by a freshman. Jim occupied the single adjacent to the RA on the second floor of the Andrus dorm on Foss Hill. Those of us who lived on that floor initially assumed that “Quigs” was the RA, because he seemed more mature and self-confident than the rest of us. He seemed that way because, in point of fact, he was more mature and self-confident than the rest of us! But he was also quick-witted with a dry sense of humor, an engaging smile, and a slow, high arching jump shot that he displayed during a brief stint on the Freshman Basketball Team. Jim transcended the diversity of Wesleyan he was equally comfortable with everyone regardless of their background, talent or interest; and friendship was extremely important to him.

After attending the funeral of his close friend and our classmate, Juan Dandridge, in 1993 on Central Park West, Jim described the funeral, at which the “Wesleyan turnout was large”, as a “bittersweet memory of Wesleyan days”.

Remarkably, Jim, an English major, became a successful radiologist having pursued and completed his pre-med requirements immediately after graduating from Wesleyan and receiving his MD from George Washington University Medical School, a tribute to both his intellect and determination. He and his wife Sandie (high school sweethearts) raised their three sons (Sean, Ryan, and BJ) in Tampa, Florida where all three boys excelled at baseball, giving Jim and Sandie great enjoyment in watching them compete.



In February 2006, Jim succumbed to cancer, leaving us with bittersweet memories of a loyal friend, a devoted husband and loving father, and that engaging smile.

Mark E. Reel

(D. 3/22/00)

By Peter Woodin

As already described by Blake Allison, Mark Reel was a longtime player in our annual poker game. In the fall of 1999, we learned that he was very ill with a blood cancer. His treatment options were limited in Texas where he lived, and it was recommended that he go to Sloan-Kettering in New York City. Mark called us up to report the news and asked that when he came to New York, the night before he checked into the hospital could we have a poker game at my house in New Rochelle. We all of course said yes, and everyone gathered one October night for what was to be Mark’s last game. We played late into the night, and although Mark’s illness and chemotherapy had already begun to take its toll, his spirit was high. I remember he seemed that night to be the most animated, energetic, and alive of all of us.

Mark spent the next five months at Sloan-Kettering. I worked in the city and so during those months on most Friday afternoons I left work early and headed over to the hospital to spend some time with him. Mark was receiving various experimental treatments, but by March, it had become clear that nothing was working and he finally decided to check out of the hospital. He told me he didn’t want to die at Sloan-Kettering but would spend whatever time remained to him at his sister’s house in Westchester. Several days later, he was ready to leave. He had accepted my offer to ride with him in the ambulance to his sister’s, and that morning I arrived at the hospital around 6:30. The ambulance was scheduled for 7:00, but by 9:00 it still had not appeared. I sat and talked with Mark, and as we waited that morning there was this amazing, unending stream of people—nurses, patients, doctors, orderlies—coming into Mark’s room to say goodbye to him. Everyone understood the decision Mark had made, and everyone knew what the consequences were sure to be. I was extraordinarily moved as I watched this display of care, compassion and love from those around him in the hospital.

Mark had made a vivid and lasting connection with them all. And I saw Mark’s courage, his passion for life, and especially his deep desire to connect with others—this was the man as I’d come to know him over those months.

At last the ambulance arrived. Mark was loaded into it on a stretcher and I sat beside him on a small bench. Out the rear windows as we headed up towards Westchester, we watched the New York City skyline recede into the distance behind us. Several weeks later, I and others, gathered at Mark’s sister’s house for his memorial.

Mark Reel, Dennis Dubin and the poker gang

By Blake Allison

See entry under Dennis Dubin on page 171.

Stephen Rudy

(D. 8/11/03)

Adapted from an obituary.

Stephen Rudy, 54, associate professor of Russian and Slavic languages at New York University and a Village resident, died of head injuries after an accidental fall at home on August 11. Taken to the hospital immediately after the fall, he was released and sent home. An assistant, with whom he had been working while on leave from N.Y.U. last semester, found his body at home on August 13, according to a university spokesperson.

Prof. Rudy was a specialist in Russian 19th and 20th century literature, poetics and literary theory and in semiotics, the study of signs and symbols. He earned a bachelor's degree in Russian in 1971 from Wesleyan University and a master's and doctorate from Yale University.

He compiled and edited a bibliography of the Russian Futurist Roman Jakobson and was a translator of Jakobson's *My Futurist Years*. He also edited critical texts of Dostoevsky and Gogol and collaborated on articles about semiotics in the Soviet Union.

His mother, Barbara Grave, and a brother, Michael Rudy, both of Michigan survive him.

Arthur J. Sarson

(D. 2/8/06)

No personal information available.



Richard B. Schenk II, M.D. (Rick)

(D. 1/4/17)

Adapted from an obituary.

Dr. Richard B. Schenk, 67, of Mount Vernon, Illinois passed away at 11:15 A.M. Wednesday, January 4, 2017 at SSM Health Good Samaritan Hospital in Mount Vernon, Illinois. He was born Wednesday, July 20, 1949 in Cleveland, Ohio to Dr. Richard B. and Rosaneil (Reynolds) Schenk. He first married Jeanne Palzkill-Kemper then later married Gina (Smith) Shafer.

Dr. Richard Schenk is survived by his wife, Gina Schenk of Mount Vernon, Illinois; daughter, Melissa Pinner and husband, Matt of Mahomet, Illinois; son, Steven Schenk and wife, Beth Veile of Seattle, Washington; step-son, Adam Shafer of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; 2 grandchildren, Liam and Cora Pinner; mother, Rosaneil Schenk of Scottsville, Virginia; father

and mother-in-law, Ken and Laura Bauer of Sun City Center, Florida; brother, Chris Schenk and wife, Judy of Scottsville, Virginia; and several nieces and nephews. His father, Richard B. Schenk, M.D., preceded him in death.

Dr. Schenk attended Hawken School in Gates Mills, Ohio, Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut, and Stanford School of Medicine in Palo Alto, California. He served his internship at Stanford School of Medicine and residency in Pathology at University of Texas MD Anderson Cancer Center in Houston. He worked at Carle Foundation Hospital in Champaign, Illinois and SSM Health Good Samaritan Hospital in Mount Vernon, Illinois. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa Honor Society and an Eagle Scout. He was an avid reader, loved traveling with his wife, and spending time at the beach.

Laurence R. Smith (Larry)

(D. 12/17/79)

No personal information available.



David Earl Thomson

(D. 9/13/19)

Adapted from an obituary.

David Earl Thomson, 80, died Friday, September 13, 2019, at Candlewood Valley Health and Rehabilitation Center in New Milford.

Mr. Thomson was born in Holyoke, Mass., and had been a 34-year resident of Washington, where he served on the Wetlands Commission. This was a good fit for him as he was an avid birder and loved fly-fishing.

Mr. Thomson served in the U.S. Army in Germany and in the U.S. Honor Guard. He went on to receive a B.A. from Wesleyan University in Middletown, where he also earned a master of arts in teaching, graduating magna cum laude with high honors in English, and was an Etherington Scholar.

In his early years, Mr. Thomson worked in New York City as a writer and movie producer. He went on to become a high school English teacher in West Hartford, where he also ran the High School TV Company. Later he founded and ran the Creative Arts Community serving Hartford and ten suburban school districts.

Mr. Thomson remained in the arts and education field until joining his brother, Michael Thomson, in the corporate travel firm, Thomson & Thomson Travel Company.

An accomplished writer, he is the author of many published works, some of which include the theatrical play *The Melting Pot*, the novel, *A Fellowship of Men and Women* and many poetry collections.

Mr. Thomson's special interests and hobbies included spending time with his much-loved grandchildren, playing golf and traveling as well as family summers in Martha's Vineyard.

He is survived by his wife, Alexandra Chalif; his sons, Michael David Thomson and Andreas Thomson; his stepsons, Jeffrey Hilford, Andrew Hilford and James Hilford, his daughters-in-law, Bora Hilford, Susan Hilford and Aline Hilford; his grandchildren, Bohman Thomson, Reece Thomson, Samantha Hilford, Riley Hilford, Tessa Hilford, Tyler Hilford and Levi Hilford; his brother and sister-in-law, Michael and Helena Thomson, and the mother of his children, Annika Shapiro.



David Thomson

Antonio P. Von Marx

(D. 2009 *unconfirmed)

No personal information available.

Eric Zolan

(D. 1/12/74)

By John Coakley

Eric Zolan and I were in the COL together, and during our last two years at Wesleyan, we were suite-mates in the Lawn Avenue dorms. Eric was a kind and serious person, enamored of ideas and a dedicated chess player. He got a low number in the Selective Service Lottery of 1970 and knew he would be drafted after graduation, so he enlisted instead, which gave him the opportunity to be trained as a linguist, in German, at the Army language school in Monterey. At the end of the training, he was stationed at Fort Hood, Texas. There on January 12, 1974, while moonlighting as cab driver, he was killed, apparently in a robbery attempt—a death that was senseless beyond words.





Educational Experiences

Opening Minds and Doors of Opportunity

From **BLAKE P. ALLISON:**

On the academic side, I was fortunate (?) to be in the formidable **Ihab Hassan's** "Literature of Evil" freshman seminar, and early on, I connected with Art Department professors **John Martin** (architecture) and **John Risley** (sculpture). As an art major, I also had courses with **Sam Green** (history), **Mary Risley** (ceramics), **John Frazer** (film), and **Harry Nadler** (painting). **Trent Sorensen** in the Psychology Department took me on for a tutorial that probably broke all the academic rules. **Cheryl Cutler**, who started the storied dance department and **Martha Myers** at Conn College were extraordinary teachers, mentors, and co-conspirators. And, in addition to the faculty, the learning from fellow students made those Wesleyan years challenging and perplexing, unforgettable and magical.

From **CLIFTON B. ANDERSON (KIP):**

I'm not sure whether they failed me, or I failed them, but my educational experience at Wesleyan was a disaster. I came to Wesleyan expecting to learn the Truth, but the truth I learned was that, for the most part, my classroom experience was dismal and arid. I can only blame myself for that, though the Philosophy Department at the time was particularly deficient in inspirational professors. The brightest note at that time might have been **David McAllester's** course on American Indian Vocal Music & Dance. **Joe Reed** was a great teacher of Freshman English, who applauded my effort to write a critique of Beatles' lyrics from their recent vinyl albums. My deepest regret from those times is that I never took a course from **Richard Wilbur**, who is probably the greatest Formalist poet, writing in English, of the 20th century.

From **ANDREW E. BAKER:**

As a student in the College of Social Studies, most of my educational experience took place in the CSS seminar and tutorial rooms and lounge and academic life with immensely talented but quirky faculty. **Louis Mink** holding forth at a dinner discussion, "If there is one thing about which I am perfectly certain...at least I think I am." **Roger Spiegel** defending the policy of mutually assured nuclear destruction, "Without MAD 500 million dead, with MAD only 100 million dead. Now who is the humanist?" **Peter Kilby** admonishing us to keep up with our weekly writing obligations, "If a paper is worth doing, it is worth doing badly on time." Or **Eugene Golob** taking pride in his New York City roots and proudly telling us, "I've never been further west than the Hudson River." They taught us to think critically and to speak candidly, whatever the consequences. (And there were consequences.)

From **CONSTANCE J. BALIDES (CONNIE):**

I am more than grateful to Wesleyan and especially certain professors (**Jeremy Zwelling**, **Louis Mink**, **Darrell Lacock**) for their genuine commitment to intellectual life, which resonated with me in a profound way. The communitarian spirit of the place remains an ethos for living. I channel my Wesleyan undergrad experience in my teaching at Tulane in the way I ask students to interrogate course material. While it was hard being in our small class of fifteen women (who transferred in our junior year), the experience at Wesleyan set me up to take risks and to seriously pursue interests throughout my life.



From **ROBERT M. BARANOFF (BOB):**

I remember Freshman year being in **Dr. Baierlein's** Physics class and on one of his exams, there was a question that required using basic calculus (taking a first derivative) to find the answer. I totally blew it because my mind, my educational experience up to that time, was compartmentalized; you used math in math class, physics in physics class and never the twain did meet. I knew how to take the first derivative—it really was an easy exercise—but it never occurred to me to use that technique on my physics exam. This experience, which I have obviously never forgotten, taught me to integrate my learning into a more holistic experience, as opposed to seeing things in separate little boxes.

From **FRANCINE BOMAR:**

Math classes were challenging but gave me such a great foundation for problem solving many administrative challenges in my career. **Olin Robison** made it possible for me to transfer to Wesleyan. **Richard Winslow** opened the world of music to me. Both the Robison family and Winslow family opened their homes to me and made my life at Wesleyan a wonderful and memorable experience.

Wesleyan Class of 1971 Educational Experiences

From **EUGENE BORGIDA (GENE):**

Best move I ever made at Wes in terms of my education was to take **Karl Scheibe**'s introduction to social psychology course at the start of sophomore year. Prompted me to leave CSS and pre-law, which enhanced the quality of my life (though I missed seeing Andy Baker every day). I became a double major in Psychology and Sociology and found my career passion back then.

From **WILLIAM H. BOULWARE (BILL):**

I should have focused more on my studies, but they were not the key part of my development at the time. There were teachers I liked and none that I can remember ever feeling disparaging about. I particularly am grateful to **Mr. Slotkin**, who I had a number of classes with and who encouraged me to write and piqued my interest in fiction. At a time that I felt in need of confidence, especially academically, he provided it for me. The door was always open for personal contact with all of my professors, whether I stepped through it or not, and though the University is larger now than when I attended, I doubt if that has changed. For the most part they understood that at that stage of life, during those turbulent times, there was more to our development than just the particular discipline they taught. For that I am very appreciative, but honestly, I hate statistics.

From **MICHAEL K. BREWIN (MIKE):**

I was very much influenced by the jazz and world music concerts. I enjoyed studying Indian classical music, music historiography, and also doing electronic music concerts with **Alvin Lucier** and **John Cage**. And I had time there to teach myself different guitar styles and develop my songwriting.

From **WILLIAM E. BRUNER II (BILL):**

Somehow I won the Pierce Biology award my freshman year and majored in it, which then led to my 45 year career in medicine. It was a great four years! I miss all the friends I made there too!

From **BARTLETT M. BRUSH (BART):**

The entire faculty, visiting artists, and staff of the music department, especially:

- **Richard Winslow** and our conversations about the broader context of music, including his patient insistence that **John Cage** was a legitimate composer.
- **David McAllester**, silently demonstrating against the war every Friday on Main Street.
- **Richard Donahue**, ending his chapel recital of German Lieder and other art songs with two contrasting encores of startlingly transcendent beauty: Annie Laurie and Loch Lomond.
- **Ray Rendall**'s exams for his German Lieder class, which consisted of us memorizing 15 songs and singing them solo in his office with him at the piano.
- **Adzenyah** and African drumming.

The freshman “Great Books” course. **Myron Platt**'s Ecology course, which was for me a welcome island in a sea of cell

biology courses. I also enjoyed my job in his lab, raising caterpillars for his studies of subspeciation, and growing willow leaves in the greenhouse to feed them. In the greenhouse, I also met **Max Tishler** who was storing his large specimen plants there after retiring to the chemistry department, part time, after many years in charge of research at Merck. Professor Tishler, during WW2, had developed a process to stabilize the breakdown of DDT. When I asked him about the ecological effects he shook his head and said, “We had no idea this would happen. Our focus was saving the lives of American soldiers in the Pacific from mosquito-borne diseases”. A hint at life's complexities. I also enjoyed **Donald Sebera**'s first year chemistry class, and his ability to clearly explain a subject I was not much interested in.

From **KATHERINE A. BUTLER (KATY):**

A meaningful tutorial with **Phyllis Rose**, on Virginia Woolf, contributing to her (and my) lifelong passion for the author. A fantastic Shakespeare class by someone who didn't get tenure, feeding my lifelong love of his plays. An absorbing interactive class, part T-group, part theater, co-taught by **Fritz deBoer** and **Sarah Winter** called “Personality and Role: Male and Female,” in which we got to play out (nonsexual) improvisational playlets examining race, dominance, gender, and submission. It taught me how much of personality is not “essential,” but socially shaped. Sarah became a lifelong friend some years later, after she moved to California. Wesleyan gave me my first and only journalism class, with **Derry D'Oench**, publisher of the *Middletown Press*.

From **JOHN W. CADY:**

Wesleyan was a poor choice for me in terms of the support I actually needed to thrive in a rigorous academic environment. I didn't learn how to write until graduate school while getting an MBA and later an MLS.

From **RODERICK W. CASH JR. (ROD):**

My Wes educational experience had a memorable start in the freshman integrated program comprising Literature, History and Philosophy; why did the administration stop offering it? There I encountered three young professors with a contagious enthusiasm for ideas; **Henry Ebel**, **Alan Gotthelf**, and especially **Phil Pomper**. CSS was even more of an intimate and immersive interdisciplinary experience. Two of my religion professors were also formative, not only in developing critical thinking, but also just for their ways of being: **George Sobelman** and **Stephen Crites**. A fond memory for me and many others was George and Nina Sobelman's warm Friday night Shabbat dinners for a bunch of students, with Nina's great cooking and their little kids running around.

All in all, I believe Wes gave me more of a ‘tolerance for ambiguity’, the CSS slogan.

From **JOHN W. COAKLEY:**

The COL was formative for me and has had a long-lasting impact, not so much for the substance of the academic work as for the feeling of it—the experience of ideas in context, as a way of life. Among the faculty, it was especially **Frank Reeve** and **Howard Needler** who modelled this for me.

From **MALCOLM H. COCHRAN:**

My chance discovery of **Wesleyan Potters** made me eager to study ceramics. No classes were offered through the Art

Department, but I learned that **Mary Risley**, wife of sculpture professor **John Risley**, had been hired in the past as adjunct faculty. I was able successfully to petition to hire her again and began studying with Mary in January 1968. Our classroom was her private studio in their home, which they had designed together. For this kid, they were a model of fully integrated life and art. I knew then it was generous beyond belief that she would open her studio to us; in the years since I know how fortunate I was to have her instruction, her encouragement, and her example. It set me on my way.

From **BUD COOTE:**

My most rewarding recent experience was Wesleyan Professor **Peter Rutland**'s invitation for me to address his class and share my adventures with the CIA and experiences at Wesleyan.

From **ROY A. CRAMER:**

I was fortunate enough to have a number of wonderful teachers, and in several instances had individual tutorials with individually enveloped reading lists and subjects. Particularly interesting to learn from and interact with were **Donald Meyer**, **Fred Greenstein**, **Eugene Gollub**, **Phillip Pomper** and **George Sobelman**. What a great experience!

From **JOHN F. CUDDY:**

Two courses had the most lasting impact, one in the first year and one as a senior. The first was the “Great Books” course, which got me to read a number of classics—in some cases, for the first of several times. The latter was “Info-flow” with **Ken Maue**, one of those Wesleyan “explore the universe through your sensory experiences” classes.

There were several professors I remember fondly—**James Helfer** who was always my advocate and **David McAllester**, who I saw as an enlightened being with a very puckish sense of humor. One day at lunch he told us at West College about hearing the music of the spheres. It was during a peyote ceremony. He realized it was only water coming to a boil, but it made it no less beautiful. I also remember him leading a dance line across the campus singing Native American inspired songs. And finally, **John Sweeney** in “Organization Theory”, whose course material continued to echo throughout my career.

I should also mention **Herbert Rood**, who taught my required science course in astronomy and allowed us to use the smaller telescope at Van Vleck for our project. This was good background for later, when my first wife worked at the Space Telescope Science Institute and I would go to lectures on various topics and actually had some idea of what they were discussing.

From **JAMES L. DAVIS:**

In 1967, the faculty had created an atmosphere in which every student, regardless of race, was encouraged to strive for excellence. Unfortunately, this was not the case when I moved on to a prestigious medical school in Baltimore.

From **CHARLES R. DAWE:**

Didactically, **Manfred Stassen** was a favorite teacher. He cracked open the classics with fire and joy. Personally, **Richard Wilbur** was a marvel of empathy and kindness.

From **ROBERT L. DEWEES JR. (ROB):**

Karl Scheibe and **Nathanael Greene** are two professors who made a lasting impression on me.

From **ROBERT C. DIRECTOR:**

The classes were very challenging, after breezing through my freshman year at the U of Delaware. I think the 29 score on my first Organic Chem exam was a bit of a wakeup call. It was also somewhat intimidating being with so many highly intelligent classmates, but very stimulating and enriching. I wouldn't trade my Wes experience for anything.

From **ALAN L. EPSTEIN:**

The most important thing I learned from Wesleyan was how to think and to do academic research, two important discoveries I use every day of my life. My fondest memories of classes were the “Freshman Humanities” course taught by **Dr. Helfer**, a brilliant philosophy teacher and mentor; my wonderful biology and chemistry classes, German Literature, and several philosophy courses. Also, being on the squash team and enjoying the athletics after school right on the sidelines or tennis courts. Lastly, I miss very much the smell in the air and the beauty of Foss Hill. Wesleyan will always have a beautiful place in my heart.

From **GEORGE W. FENTON:**

- Opportunity to conduct research on black holes.
- The greatest educational experience came from the interactions with the other students and all the issues of the times.

From **STEPHEN C. FERRUOLO:**

Thanks to the CSS and Wesleyan professors, above all **Bill Barber**, **Gene Golob** and **Louie Mink**, I was able to continue my education at other great universities, Oxford, Princeton and Stanford. As much as I valued each of those experiences, none had the impact on me that Wesleyan had. And I know that I would have had none of those opportunities but for Wesleyan. When I faced a tough test as a student, I would hear the voice of Gene Golob telling me I could do better, to take my analysis deeper and to write more persuasively. And, as a notable post-graduation memory of Wesleyan, I will never forget Gene Golob wryly saying, after reading the book I published on the origins of the University of Paris, that he thought the book could have been shorter.

As a professor and faculty member, I always strived to model myself on the exemplary teacher/scholar Bill Barber (but who could reach those heights?). I especially cherish the long friendship I have had with Bill and all his wonderful family, and have particularly fond memories of the spring morning spent with Bill, Sheila and Charles Barber in 2016, when my son was persuaded to come to Wesleyan. Thankfully, the Wesleyan impact remains strong and will last for (at least) another generation.

From **GREG B. FRIEDMAN:**

I was wonderfully challenged by classes ranging from **David Adamany**'s auditorium sized introduction to political science to a senior seminar where I turned out to be the only student. The greatest impact, however, was from the relationships developed and the lifetime friendships made (including regular Zoom calls these days). For me, these are Wesleyan's greatest gifts.

Wesleyan Class of 1971 Educational Experiences

From **BERNARD D. FRISCHER:**

Looking back, I think that by far the most important gift I got from Wesleyan was freedom: the freedom to flit from subject to subject, the freedom to write one in-depth 50-page paper in a course instead of five 10-page papers, and the freedom to study abroad—and encouragement by my German professor to do so—during my junior year by simply enrolling in a German university (and not by attending a typical American “island” program).

When I arrived at Wesleyan, I wanted to major in Philosophy, a subject I never actually studied once I arrived. My failure to do so resulted from my desire to read the philosophers in the original language. I came to college with a reading knowledge of French, German, and Latin. So my big gap was Greek, which I had only studied for a year prior to coming to Middletown and could not read fluently when I first arrived. So in my freshman year, I concentrated a lot of effort on improving my Greek, and I had a wonderful teacher named **Kevin Whitfield**, who taught us Homer during the second semester. I was so smitten with Homer (still my favorite author and one whom I am, in fact, re-reading these days) that I decided to become a Greek major, only to learn that you couldn’t do that at Wesleyan but had to major in Greek and Latin.

Since I had had five years of Latin before coming to Wesleyan and did not much take to it, I was disappointed but grudgingly agreed to enroll in a course on the Latin love poets taught by **Prof. Archibald W. Allen**. In high school Latin, we not only never read the Latin love poets, but we weren’t even told that Latin had erotic poets such as Tibullus, Propertius, and, especially, the very witty and risqué Ovid. Prof. Allen was a most urbane and delightful man and interpreter of literature. He opened my eyes to the beauty of the Latin language and made me aware of the humanity and wit of the Romans.

As a result of veering off into Classical studies, I never returned to Philosophy but went in another direction entirely, one that led me to study first in Tübingen, then Heidelberg, and finally—after getting my doctorate in Classical Philology at Heidelberg—to Rome and the American Academy.

My first encounter with the Academy occurred right after I graduated from Wesleyan in 1971 and was taken on a Grand Tour of Europe by my father. When we got to Rome, we looked up Prof. Allen, who at the time was a resident at the Academy. Every time I have gone to the Academy since (and we’re now talking about several thousand times), I still recall the thought I had as I walked up the impressive staircase and passed through the forbidding façade into the grandiose McKim, Mead, and White main building: this is not a club that will ever let me be a member! Little did I know that three years later I would return as a fellow for two years, and then come back again five years after that when my wife became a fellow. Later, we both served as residents, and I was chosen to be on the Board of Trustees.

Another memory from my visit to Rome in 1971 was the walking tour of the center of Rome that Prof. Allen gave me and my father. Up to that time, I considered Prof. Allen a person who, like myself, was very literary and very bookish. Walking

around the center of Rome with Prof. Allen, seeing the Pantheon, Piazza Navona, and other monuments for the first time with him, I found his enthusiasm infectious and sensed that the ancient Roman remains and Baroque churches were every bit as much a part of his sense of cultural identity as were his beloved Latin love poets. Up to that point, I thought you had to choose to be a literary critic or an archaeologist. That warm early summer evening in Rome, I grasped the point that you could, and, ideally, should be both. None of this would have happened without the influence and encouragement of Prof. Allen, whom I dearly miss very much even today.

From **SCOTT F. GILBERT:**

Since I eventually taught at another small liberal arts college, many things from Wesleyan were critically useful. The laboratory research I did with **Tony Infante** helped prepare me for working with my own undergraduates, and I modeled my first undergraduate seminar on his seminar on RNA translation. Working as **Gene Klaaren**’s teaching assistant got me into “Science and Technology Studies” literature before such a field existed. **Randy Huntsbury**’s creativity in running (or not running) his seminars and **George Creeger**’s rigorous attention to both detail and myth displayed teaching at its best. Of course, the experience could not be complete without mentioning O’Rourke’s steamed cheeseburgers or Mrs. Torabalo’s home for girls away from campus.

From **ANDREW H. GLANTZ (ANDY):**

Higher education is as much about how to learn as it is about what you learn. Reading comprehension and writing capability are the fundamentals of any good education and I certainly learned how to learn, how to read and how to write at Wesleyan. I had always known that I would be an Art major, but I had accepted the idea of a Liberal Arts education and really enjoyed all of the classes that I took both in the Art Department and out of it. My “Freshman Humanities” class with **Manfred Stassen** was a remarkable experience with a remarkable teacher. **Carl Sesar**, who taught Japanese literature, was an insightful lecturer and a great guy. They were just as important to me as my art classes with **John and Mary Risley**. My adviser, **John Fraser** was so patient with my impatience. A B.A. is a great investment, no matter where you think you are headed when you are 20 years old.

From **MIGUEL A. GOMEZ-IBANEZ:**

Wesleyan Educational Experiences: If not for the faculty in the theater and art departments, I would have left school.

From **DONALD L. GRAHAM (DON):**

My favorite Wesleyan semester: “North American Indian Vocal Music”; “Zen Buddhism”; “Color Photography” and “Modern Dance.” Then off to football practice on my motorcycle. Only at Wesleyan in the early ’70s.

From **BARBARA GROSS:**

I can’t say enough about my Wesleyan educational experience. I was a Psychology major and minored in English. As I mentioned, the classes and faculty were memorable. I had lots of opportunities in classes to express my opinion and share ideas and additionally, I remember enjoying the many opportunities to write. I have used skills developed at Wesleyan in several of my professional roles, including editor of a work-related newsletter and writing newspaper articles/press releases. Wesleyan gave me the confidence to enter my various careers with the skills needed to promote success.

From **PETER GUTMANN:**

More than anything else, the student strike of spring 1970 was a needed object lesson that real life would require moving beyond the warm shelter of ivory-tower academic abstraction. While I can’t claim that my own life stands as a supreme example of implementing that transition, it permanently colored my overall outlook toward things that really matter.

From **JOHN K. HASTINGS:**

The faculty and staff at Wesleyan were first class people who had a profound impact on my life.

From **WILLIAM H. HICKS:**

Bill Spurrier. Our track coach, **Elmer Swanson**. Ambi Burfoot, Bill Rogers, Dick Scoggins. All my faculty professors and courses pursuant to my BA in Religion. **Clifford Thornton**.

From **ROBERT JOHNSON HOLDEN, JR. (JOHN):**

It was the Sociology Department that gave me a great foundation to become an independent school teacher/administrator. Two of my most memorable courses were an introductory modern dance course I took with **Cheryl Cutler** the fall of my junior year that helped me tremendously with my footwork in lacrosse and Javanese *Gamelan* Band that I took my last semester at Wes that broadened my understanding of world music.

From **JONATHAN W. HUTCHINSON (JACK):**

“Cultural Anthropology” with **David McAllester**. “Intro to Sociology” (great professor—name (sorry)?), Economics.

From **JEFFREY L. KRAINES (JEFF):**

Coming from New York City public schools, despite their excellence (**Stuyvesant**), Wesleyan provided me with an ability and confidence to speak and write and a voice that would last a lifetime. The small classes were priceless. My favorite classes remain the Freshman “Great Books” (**Helper**) and “Old Testament” (**Zwelling**). The faculty at the time were overall stupendous and truly interested in their developing students.

From **JONATHAN C. KRAMER:**

David McAllester’s Inuit lullaby: *Mos Mos gnikela, Mos Mos gnikela, Kanapurnia gnikela. Mooosaa! Mooooosaa! Inyinyinyinyin.*

From **PAMELA S. KYRKA (PAM):**

James Stephensen—my advisor and Shakespeare teacher. I learned so much. I never knew the Bard was so incredible! **Cheryl Cutler**—Dance Technique teacher—I loved this class and always felt so energized by it. She is an excellent teacher and person. **Richard Wilbur**—Even being a famous poet, he respected his students and listened to their ideas and questions. I’ll always remember that. **James Kraft**—I felt free to explore other ways to think about and respond to a text. **John Hackett**—We had great discussions in our weekly class. The wine helped.

From **STEPHEN C. LAWRENCE (STEVE):**

Academic highlights from my Wesleyan experience included **Prof. Vito Modigliani**’s course in Psychological Statistics—the hardest, but probably the most rewarding, course that I took throughout all of my psychology training. I took another five years of statistics in graduate school, but this first course was the most rewarding.

From **JACK R. LEBOWITZ:**

Would have to say taking **Richard Buel, Jr.**’s American History CSS tutorial my junior year. Under the CSS tutorial system, each week you’d get a lengthy reading list from various sources about a period or topic, such as “What divided the Federalists and Anti-Federalists?”, “Was there such a thing as Jacksonian democracy?” or “Transcendentalism, new era religion and the causes of the Civil War”. You could probably only read a third or half of the 30 books on each week’s list, you were meant to choose and do your own deep dive as best you could. Some of the listed sources were decoys, not good info. You were supposed to sort it all out. Then you’d have to pound out a five-page paper addressing the week’s topic, due Friday morning at 8:00 a.m., an hour before the tutorial, which, of course, would usually be done late Thursday night well into the early morning. At the tutorial on Friday, Prof. Buel would call on one of the half dozen students to read his paper, and then it would be discussed among the group.

That course, more than any I’ve ever had, hugely raised my fluency with critical reasoning and appreciating the creative work and scholarship which goes into the study and writing of history. Particularly to shed our subconscious bias towards uncritically accepting an account just because some expert says so while failing to fact check by weighing against other sources (in other words, mitigating our susceptibility to propaganda and gaslighting, quite relevant to these times). Dick Buel’s tutorial exemplified what liberal arts education should be and had a great effect on me.

From **GEORGE A. LEHNER, JR.:**

Classes and conversations with **Franklin Reeves**, **Paul Schwaber**, **Howard Needler**, **Carl Viggiani**—all were generous, patient, and challenging. Freshman calculus—dispelled any notion that I might have entertained of doing anything with math. The first days, arriving in Paris, January 1969: the accident (thinking of Jonny Felt); sitting in Roland Barthes apartment, pretending I understood what he was trying to tell us. Movies in Science lecture room (watching classics I had never seen before).

From **STEVEN J. LEINWAND (STEVE):**

Two professors, in two very different ways, made lasting impacts on my entire life. I was never a voracious reader before college and I sure wasn’t blessed with great English classes prior to Wesleyan. But sophomore year, along with a record 250 other students, meeting two days each week in the Chapel, I fell under the spell of **Ihab Hassan** and the Post-war American Novel. The voracious reader of literature, thrill-chiller trash, and non-fiction I have become—all with a critical lens—stems, without question, directly from that course, those books and that compelling professor.

As an Economics major, I first met **Stan Lebergott** in his American Economic History course and then did my work-study grant helping with the data tables for his “American Economy: Income, Wealth and Want” long before Excel! My two years of working with Stan taught me life-long lessons about the power of data, the difference between correlation and causation, and what is meant by meticulous and relevant research.

More than anything else, the aggregate Wesleyan experience developed in me a discrimination filter about what made sense and what was nonsense and the self-confidence to question both norms and authority that helped convert a shy rule follower into a risk-taking activist. Much for which to be grateful these many years later.

Wesleyan Class of 1971 Educational Experiences

From **FRANK A. LEONE:**

Professors **Michael West**, **Jeremy Zwelling** and **Norm Shapiro** all required me to be engaged, imaginative and expressive. Generally, Wesleyan allowed me to develop important skills of communication.

From **MARK J. LERNER:**

My political science courses made a lasting impact on me. In addition to the classes I mentioned, I enjoyed **Prof. Adamany's** class, in which we campaigned for a candidate (mine was Sen. Ribicoff). I also enjoyed my Hebrew courses. I was in the first Hebrew course taught at Wesleyan since Wesleyan dropped its Methodist affiliation. I also enjoyed Jewish studies courses with **Prof. Zwelling**.

From **JOHN LIPPINCOTT:**

As a member of the College of Letters, I greatly appreciated the special nature of the curriculum and the colloquium at its core. I also enjoyed the sense of collegiality with faculty and classmates that was strengthened by the structure of the program and the proximity of dorms, classrooms and offices. To this day, I think the COL stands as a great model not only for the study of comparative literature but for a learning environment that is rigorous and creative, interdisciplinary and coherent. The program's approach to grades (including the written and oral comprehensive exams) also stressed the importance of self-discipline and fostered a sense of personal responsibility.

Among faculty whom I particularly enjoyed working with: **Peter Boynton** (COL), **Howard Needler** (COL), and **Kodo Araki** (Shakuhachi).

From **GLEN G. MACLEOD:**

The best teacher I ever had, anywhere, was **Michael West** who taught the English section of the Freshman Integrated Program (1967–68). **James L. Steffensen, Jr.**, provided some much-needed guidance in my senior year and became a cherished friend.

From **LAURENCE M. MARK (LARRY):**

Professor **Jeanine Basinger**—and that says it all—which will never really ever say enough.

From **HELEN HUBBARD MARR:**

Faculty:

- **Phyllis Rose**—her wonderful seminars and impressive publications, including contributions in the *New York Times* “Hers” column
- **Jonathan Collett**—for making me feel welcome in his classroom at a time when women were in the extreme minority on campus
- **David McAllester**—to whom I will be forever grateful for guiding me along the path of folklore/ethnomusicology and Native American culture
- **Abraham Adzenyah**—for his incredible power, talent and joie de vivre

- **Charles Steinhacker**—for admitting me into his photography class my senior year

From **LEWIS S. MCCREARY (LEW):**

Majored in English. I took a wonderful poetry class taught by the late **Richard Wilbur**. It was not a writing class, but a portal into Wilbur's sense of what makes great poetry. I also recall very much enjoying a class taught by the late **Philip Hallie** called “Cruelty and Evil”—subjects that ultimately influenced my own writing. Hallie was simply an inspired teacher. He went on to write books about those dark human qualities and their opposites. I took a writing workshop with **Ron Fair** when he was a visiting professor at Wesleyan. He was a great appreciator of his students' writing, offering a balance between critique and praise that was never harsh and always aimed to be encouraging. He was also simply a terrific human being.

From **CHARLES D. MCLEAN JR. (SKIP):**

I took an intro government course with **David Adamany** my freshman year that taught me to look at politics in a new way. **Joe Reed's** English composition class humbled me as a writer. **Sam Green's** art history lectures gave me a life-long appreciation of western art and architecture, and **Dick Winslow** did the same for my appreciation of western music. **Charlie Steinhacker** introduced me to photography, which became a life-long passion. But it was probably **David McAllester's** introductory course in anthropology that had the biggest impact. Learning to see the world through the eyes of others opened my own eyes to a new way to see the world.



From **MARY O. MCWILLIAMS:**

I felt exceedingly fortunate to have classes from some of Wesleyan's storied faculty, even in two years. As an American Studies major, I was taught by **Richard Slotkin**, **George Creeger**, **Richard Buel**, **Nate Greene**, **David Swift**, **Richard Winslow**, and **Richard Miller**. Professor Miller even offered a tutorial in accounting for me to satisfy an admission requirement for graduate school in health administration. The caliber of education I received from each of them enriched my life.

From **ROBERT B. MILLNER (ROB):**

For starters, my writing ability was greatly developed at Wesleyan. Weekly seminar papers for **Louis Mink** and **Robert Benson** required writing discipline. Writing a senior thesis under supervision of **Neil Coughlan** developed skill in longer exposition; translating Russian to English with **Duffy White** developed sensitivity to nuance. (We read Trotsky's history of the 1905 revolution before it was translated into English.) I did not appreciate this aspect of my education until my first year of law school at University of Chicago, when we had to write frequent memos as part of the first year legal writing program; I won the Beale prize at the end of that year given for best first year legal writing.

Next, and still in law school, I was very comfortable with speaking in class and was not bashful about pointing out errors and weaknesses in arguments; I took it for granted that such was part of education.

Since then, I have benefited greatly from the liberal education I received. The object of a liberal education is to give one the tools to teach himself or herself whatever one wants to learn and to understand how much one does not know and the importance of learning. Liberal education also shows the importance of understanding other points of view. My education, particularly at Wesleyan, informs how I approach questions and people, and has helped me immeasurably in being successful in my profession, in my community and in my home.

A Tribute to Carl Viggiani:

Carl Viggiani was a wonderful teacher. Freshman year (1967–68), I had the good fortune to be in Professor Viggiani's “Great Books” class. Back then, Carl Viggiani was Chair of the Romance Language Department, and highly regarded and well-liked by all—students, faculty and administration. Professor Viggiani passed away in February 2010, at age 87.

Professor Viggiani had great reverence and enthusiasm for the Western “Canon”—from Homer and the Hebrew Bible, on the one hand, to Freud, Thomas Mann and Malcolm X, on the other, all of which we read. He observed that the “Great Books” revealed the tectonics and leitmotifs of our thinking and were fundamental to his work on modern French literature, Camus and existentialism. The ideas we discussed in class have informed my thinking and approach to issues to this day.

But Carl Viggiani was an extraordinary teacher because he also took great interest in the freshman students in his class and knew how to provide direction and encouragement. In one instance, one of our classmates had stopped going to class. Professor Viggiani's reaction was to seek the student out and ask whether there was any subject which might evoke some academic interest and motivation. The answer was “trains”—as in the student's model train collection. So Professor Viggiani arranged for a tutorial with **Richard Vann**, a noted demographic historian on the faculty, who knew a great deal about trains and all transportation and how train lines had impacted the development of Middletown and all New England. The first assignment was to observe the freight train that came through Middletown twice a week, and analyze what the train carried and how and why there was only one such train. More tutorials followed. Eventually, our classmate received an advanced degree from MIT in transportation and became the principal administrator of transportation for the State of New Jersey and then the New York Port Authority.

Carl Viggiani was an extraordinary teacher.

I should add that in my own experience I went to Carl Viggiani to discuss my writing. In freshman English, the teacher marked up my papers to “straighten out” my writing. I did not understand what she was doing, and she could not explain the “deficiencies” in my written expression.

Professor Viggiani said to me, “Don't touch it”; “weather the storm.” He said that of all the papers in our great books class, he enjoyed my writing the most. He explained that the idea of student writing prevalent in the English department, from **Richard Ohmann** on down, was that it should look like E.B. White in the *New Yorker*. It was a formulaic approach to written expression. My writing, he observed, reflected my reading, and I apparently had not been taught in high school to mimic E.B. White's style or the Strunk and White writing manual. So from then to now, I write the way I write.

From **MICHAEL MULLALLY (MIKE):**

I remember my design class and my architecture classes with great fondness—they definitely set my course in life for those pursuits. I also appreciated Wesleyan's “free form” atmosphere, which allowed for creativity and learning new interests—among many others were **Ravi Shankar's** concerts and a course in Black jazz music.

From **MARTIN S. OBIN (MARTY):**

Obviously, **Peter Leermakers** made an enormous lasting impression, both academically and personally. His early morning quantum mechanics lectures and discussions of his photochemistry research were riveting—my first exposure to what Richard Feynman called, “the pleasure of finding things out.” And Peter's social conscience and passion for justice and fairness was legendary, as was his stash. I think all who knew Peter were torn between and confused by our roles as mentee, pal, enabler and frequent custodian. Although Colin Campbell and Bob Rosenbaum spoke to me about “what to do about Peter,” this was decades before Human Resource (then “personnel”) departments had the resources and expertise to successfully intervene. The inability to “reign him in” remains a personal and institutional failure of lasting impact. His death was a tremendous loss for Wesleyan.

Integrated Program: Freshmen year classes with **Henry Ebel** (literature) and **Richard Pomper** (history) opened my eyes to the difference between cleverness (mine) and true scholarship (theirs).

I completed a dual major in English and Religion. **Stephen Crites'** lectures and tutorials on Hegel and Husserl almost dissuaded me from running away to join the circus (Oso Family Band) and instead going to graduate school in religion. Dr. Crites was a master at untangling Hegel's turgid, convoluted prose, restating it cogently and explaining why it mattered. He seemed the most intellectually-consumed of all my Wesleyan professors (not a trivial accolade). And what a sweet, gentle soul.

Norm Shapiro. I took French with Norm, but of course, for all who knew Norm Shapiro, that was just the beginning. My favorite Norm Shapiro story concerns the night he came at my invite for a social hour with the 15 or so freshmen for whom I was the off campus RA. This was during orientation week. The kiddies had literally just unpacked. Among his many talents, Norm was a fairly adept hypnotist. We had a lovely parlor. Why not parlor tricks? By the end of the evening, new students had been transformed into barnyard animals, historical figures and themselves as children. Hysterics all around. What an impression! Welcome to Wesleyan.

Wesleyan Class of 1971 Educational Experiences

From **CAREY A. O’LAUGHLIN:**

Senior Year, I was a member of Honors College writing a Senior thesis “A Normative Political Analysis of the Utopian Ideals of Youth” through the Government Dept. It was a two-year study with the fieldwork research being completed at the farm in Durham. That’s where the norm was established. **Professor Moon** was my supervisor. Only at Wesleyan.

From **FRANCIS J. PAWLOWSKI (FRAN):**

I had four professors at Wesleyan as teachers who were beyond excellent: Professor **Herbert Arnold**, director of the Wesleyan Semester Abroad program for West Germany; **Paul Horgan**, Professor Emeritus in the English Department and Writer-in-Residence at 77 Pearl Street on campus; Professor of Anthropology **David McAllester**; and Professor Emeritus and ex-Connecticut Governor **Wilbert Snow**.

Professor Arnold and his lovely wife still reside in Portland within walking distance of my childhood home. Whenever my wife and I are in the area, we always see the Arnolds for lunch, dinner, or just a brief three or four hour visit at their home. My friendship with the Arnolds began in 1969 and still continues fifty years later.

Professor Horgan taught me how to write in courses during the second semester of my junior year and both semesters of my senior year. The same six students participated in all three semesters. Mr. Horgan taught each of us how to find his “writing voice” in a very pleasant and surreal environment. En route to St. Michaels in August 1971, I stopped to visit him for a few days at The Aspen Institute in Colorado where he was an artist-in-residence that summer. In 1975, I served as his driver and guide while he explored the central plains of New Mexico searching for material to include in his novel, *The Thin Mountain Air*. Until his death in 1995, I saw Mr. Horgan whenever I was in Connecticut. Sometimes we held court at his home on campus; other times we went to a local restaurant to eat and catch up with the details of our lives. The Cypress Grill, now deceased, was one of his favorites.

Professor McCallester taught his anthropology courses passionately. He challenged us to understand how various peoples throughout history thought, lived, and survived. In one of his courses, I met two Navajo men my age: **Dougie Mitchell** from Chinle, Arizona and **Michael Benson** from Shiprock, New Mexico. Both Mitchell and Benson impressed me with their calm demeanors as well as their knowledge about subjects I knew little or nothing about. In the 1980s, I often met with Benson in Gallup to consult with him on publishing projects.

Professor Emeritus and former Governor of Connecticut, Wilbert Snow taught at Wesleyan during the 1940s and 1950s. His home was a few miles off campus, just west of Wesleyan on Newfield Street. He came to campus most mornings to get his mail and drink coffee at an empty table inside the Downey House. By the time he left, all of the chairs were filled with students. His stories were both graphic and powerful; his poetry often reflected the Maine coast where he was born on an island in 1884. His story-telling ability was excellent but his listening skills were magical.

I developed a plan involving Professor Snow. I knew he still wanted to teach at Wesleyan, but he longed to do it on his own terms. One morning at the Downey House, I got there before the mail truck and waited for Professor Snow to arrive. When he got his mail and sat at an empty table, I sprang into action. I introduced myself and asked if I could speak with him. He said yes, so I outlined my idea. I knew he longed to teach an American poetry course, but he also wanted to have the class sessions at his home. He listened to my plan, replied in the affirmative, but told me my task was to get permission from Wesleyan.

“So, you go talk with them, OK? They think I’m too old to teach, but hell I’m only eighty-four. Do you think you can get permission from them?”

“Yes, I do.”

Each Monday, seven Wesleyan students attended an American poetry class in the living room of Professor Snow’s home. Each session, Mrs. Snow served us tea and cookies from a tray. The Professor thoroughly enjoyed the interaction with the students; we knew it, he knew it, and the course went by quickly. At our final session, Mrs. Snow joined us in the living room to say good-bye. All seven of us gave them a standing ovation, a few whistles, and several cheers. I strongly suspect that the seven students who participated still remember and talk about the class taught by a former Governor of Connecticut at his house. It was that good.

There is an elementary school in Middletown named in honor of Wilbert Snow. I went there one winter evening many years ago and listened to him read poetry to his young audience. He enjoyed himself immensely while his listeners accepted his reading with a patience unknown to most their age. The students had a good time, but the Professor’s time was grand.

From **LANNY PAYKIN:**

Transferring to Wesleyan from a State University, I was very happy to be around a much more varied group of students than the more localized student body of my previous school. I also felt close to, and was influenced by the music faculty, especially **Jon Barlow** and **Issac Hurwitz**.

From **B. VICTOR PFEIFFER JR. (VIC):**

The lasting impact is that I still occasionally wake up with nightmares that I have an exam the next day and haven’t read all of the books, or that its graduation day, and I don’t have enough credits. But in all seriousness, I’d say that **David Adamany** had a big influence on me fostering my lifelong interest and involvement in politics. “Introductory Sociology” (Tally’s Corner & The Street Corner Society) helped wake me up to the plight of African Americans in the U.S., followed by an African American Literature course taught by **Ron Fair**.

My senior year, I went to Wisconsin (July-November) with a group (seven in all) led by David Adamany. We lived in Madison, WI and worked in the 1970 statewide elections. I lived in an apartment with Pete Seigle ’71 and Harry Glasspiegel ’72 and ended up driving and flying all over the state with the U.S. Senate candidate as his special assistant. Many fun times in a part of the country new to me.

Additionally, upon graduating while “fighting” (lottery #32) my draft board, **Ted Etherington** offered me a job on the staff of The National Center for Voluntary Action, which he had just been asked to head after losing his run for the U.S. Senate in Connecticut. He had also offered a position to Peter

Michaelson, so we lived together in a small house in Georgetown, had lots of fun and began to enter the “working world.” I will always be grateful to Ted for bringing me to Washington and giving me an interesting first work experience while I figured out my status with the Vietnam War.

A Tribute to John Edgar:

John Edgar was one of those rare coaches who bridged the gap between authoritarian coach and pupil athlete. In a sport that required focus and attention to each individual swimmer’s needs, and where grueling and seemingly endless “up & back” was what we did, John Edgar made that effort and largely succeeded. He knew how to push and we knew that he cared.

In my years swimming under John at Wesleyan, we had a cadre of experienced and very good swimmers and divers (John Ketcham, Boo Gallas, Bob Stone, Greg Forbes, Pat Callahan, Fred Lieberberg, Art Wein, etc.) all of whom came together in a low internally competitive but high externally competitive way because of John Edgar. He was great at strategy and we always felt as if he put us in the best position to win.

On Friday’s before our Saturday meets, he would allow/encourage us to horse around, and we would make fun of his “football like” way of trying to get us ready for a meet. We went to his house for end-of-the-season dinners, got to know his family, and when after the 1970 season we decided, due to everything that was going on in America (Student Strike) not to go to the nationals, he respected our decision, although I’m sure he was very disappointed since we had finished 4th in team standings in 1969.

I was deeply saddened when he died from cardiac arrest at age 38, not long after I graduated.

From **RICHARD A. PLUMB (DICK):**

I thank **Dr. James Faller** and Wesleyan’s tutorial program for the opportunity to pursue my interest in lasers. Dr. Faller taught me about precision displacement measurements that were possible with laser interferometers. **Dr. Weiner’s** physics tutorials enabled me to build and experiment with solid state lasers. **Dr. Greg Horne’s** engaging lectures and great field trips hooked me on geology, which was fun and a subject where knowledge of physics was valuable. I especially recall **Dr. de Boer’s** “Structural Geology” final, which required us to interpret the deformation history of a region from rock samples, strategically placed around 4 lab benches. For **Dr. Balsley’s** “Geophysics” final, we had to locate and “drill” a well that delivered 50 gallons per minute of fresh water, given: a budget, a map of existing wells (none of which met our requirement), a price list for geophysical surveys, and the cost to drill a well. I’m happy to report that I drilled in the right place. I’m a geoscientist for life and still learning about the earth.

From **DAVID M. RABBAN:**

My overall educational experience is my fondest memory of my years at Wesleyan. I appreciate the incredible accessibility of the faculty, which I recognize even more now that I am a faculty member myself and realize how few professors are that accessible. I appreciate the flexibility Wesleyan allowed in putting together a major, and how much I learned from the incredibly interesting student body as well as from my professors. I found the overwhelming majority of the courses I took at Wesleyan vastly more interesting and meaningful than almost all the courses I subsequently took in law school. I particularly enjoyed courses with **Louis Mink**, **Phil Pomper**, and **Jeremy Zwelling**.

From **PHILIP J. RAUCH (PHIL):**

My freshman year humanities class with **Professor Viggiani** expanded my knowledge of culture and inspired my passion for literature, theater, film and travel. I also took many government and economic courses, which help develop my deep interest in politics, economics and markets.

From **JAY A. RESNICK:**

Dave McAllester’s Anthropology classes were fascinating and gave me new ways to view the world. The ethnomusicology class (also taught by Dave) opened a new world of cultures and music.

From **JAMES P. RIZZA (JIM):**

I did kind of a joint major at Wesleyan: biology/psychology. I was given an office and a lab in Judd Hall. **Trent Sorensen**, assistant professor of psychology, was assigned to the same office. We became close friends.

Trent was not only smart, and therefore a pleasure to discuss things with, but he was an accomplished sailor. I helped him with the building of a 52 foot ferroceement hull ketch sailing boat docked in Portland on the Connecticut River. I also rebuilt the engine on a dilapidated, 1961 A1 International Harvester Metro Van that Trent had bought. We subsequently built it out as a camper which Trent and his wife Shirley used for years afterwards.

I have many fond memories of our time together. Trent was a big part of my education at Wesleyan, though much of what I learned from him came outside a formal classroom, as was the case with some other of my professors. He recommended me for a master’s degree at the end of my four years. I do not know whatever happened to that recommendation and I never pursued it. But I did receive the Thorndike Award as a result of research I did with Trent and **Vito Modigliani** in the psych department. During that time I also published a couple of papers that received some recognition in the psychology community. It was a great time for me at Wesleyan.

After I left Wesleyan Trent and I stayed in touch. We visited each other on occasion; Minnesota, Pennsylvania and Connecticut. Trent died a few years later in 1976. I think he was just 40 years old. To this day I miss him.

From **MICHAEL W. RONAN (MIKE):**

Although I graduated from the CSS, my most memorable class, bar none, was an experimental one: “Sex Roles and Personality”, led by **Sarah Winter** (psychology) and **Fritz DeBoer** (theater). A suburban kid, jock, and frat guy, I had never taken a psych or theater class, and this was all about sexual identity and theater games. Uh, oh. What had I walked into? Intimidated from day one, at times, I just froze. Couldn’t move or speak. Other times: tears of joy. By the end of it, I had conquered my stutter and staged guerrilla theater with my classmates around campus. What the hell, it was the spring of ’71!

From **JOHN M. ROTHMAN:**

Reading *The Magic Mountain* in one very long night in the basement of the Olin Library. “Freshman Humanities” with **Mr. Stassen**. Actually becoming fluent in French in Paris during my COL semester abroad. Making a movie with **John Foster** (?) set in an abandoned movie theater in Middletown.

Wesleyan Class of 1971 Educational Experiences

From **HENRY V. SAUNDERS:**

As it turned out, I needed some easier credits my Senior year to graduate, and I enrolled in “American Indian Song and Dance” taught by a Hopi chief visiting for a year. We met on Thursdays at 7:30 in the evening, outside if possible. We sang and danced and drank wine. I kept my notes and taught friends and family a few songs and steps. I still do a passable war dance.

From **JOHN F. SCHIMMEL:**

I had a wonderful relationship with **Dr. McIntosh** of the physics department. His generous spirit and great gifts as a teacher have stood me in good stead even after I left the field. My world music teachers—I studied *mridangam* and took a one-on-one seminar on the Hindu religion with the Indian violin master—were magic. **Rosie Waldrop** taught a class on dada and surrealist literature that introduced me to a whole new world. Also, she gave us all “A’s” after a student strike shut down the class. “The Philosophy of Mind” professor who asked me what I thought “of the idea that the universe is just an extension of God’s body” remains as the nameless donor of a question I still puzzle over.

From **RICHARD T. SCOGGINS (DICK):**

The joy of learning! Wesleyan taught me how to think. **Bill Risen**, my chemistry professor was greatly helpful as I navigated my parent’s divorce in the spring of my freshman year. **Bill Russell**, the football coach was instrumental, getting me jobs and scholarships that allowed me to remain at Wesleyan. Years after Wes, when I decided to follow Jesus and got involved in a Baptist church, I immediately asked permission to start small fellowships what would be different and inclusive of other faiths. That led me to home fellowships where we trained young couples to go to the Muslim world where the faith would have to be culturally sensitive and not “Christian”. Ultimately, this is what led me to England and now finally to California. It has been a crazy ride, and one I never could have planned. At Wesleyan, I learned how to make lemonade out of lemons!

From **W. DAVID SIEGEL (DAVID):**

High school was easy. Wesleyan was challenging. I loved the opportunity to study items outside of my major. I completed a double major in Economics and Latin American Studies, but my most memorable course was Chaucer with **Richard Greene**. I missed the Dead concert because I was in Olin Library finishing my term paper for his course. It still sounded great through the reading room windows. Wesleyan prepared me well for subsequent graduate work in Latin American Studies at Stanford and the MBA program at Harvard.

From **STEVEN A. SPENCER (STEVE):**

The small classes, collegial atmosphere and the ability to work in research labs along with graduate students and post-docs were critical aspects of my time at Wesleyan. Even the required classes, such as gym and a foreign language, which were a bit of a chore at the time, have turned out to be surprisingly useful in later life. The value of a liberal education is often denigrated these days, but it provides a strong foundation for

dealing with the many twists in life and a good perspective of the world at large.

From **RANDOLPH STAKEMAN (RANDY):**

Wesleyan College of Social Studies where I learned the interconnectedness of history and the different disciplines.

From **R. ANDERSON SUTTON (ANDY):**

Wesleyan introduced me to the wonders of music from around the world, taking me far beyond my Western classical training and my forays into American folk/rock/blues. What a privilege, in a small college town in Connecticut, to be able to study and perform South Indian music (*vina*) with maestro MA **Kalyanakrishna Bhagavatar** and Javanese *Gamelan* music with master musician **Prawotosaputro**. In addition to these and other amazing performing artists in residence, I was profoundly influenced by my advisor **Richard Winslow**—composer, intellectual, and true champion of broad liberal arts education; by **Jon Higgins’** two-week introduction to the theory and aesthetics of South Indian music; by **Robert E. Brown’s** survey of world music; and by **David McAllester’s** teaching and his advice to pursue graduate study at the University of Hawaii. Wesleyan truly set the course for my professional career as an ethnomusicologist.

From **JAMES W. THEEN (JIM):**

The educational experience at Wesleyan was initially challenging and frightening, but as the years passed, my initially limited verbal skills blossomed. After a “C” in Freshman English, I was able to get through 18th century American literature with **Professor Creeger** with a much-improved grade. One of the highlights of my education was the class of the literature of the Russian revolution taught by both **Associate Professor Barry White** and **Professor Phil Pomper** with only eight of us in the class. Although very liberal and diverse from a socio-political standpoint, I found Wesleyan to be intense in terms of its educational focus and the approach of its students to the educational process. The only potential downside to the whole experience was the tendency toward educational elitism, which persists in me to this day. I must thank and acknowledge **Dr. Donald Summers**, a past Wesleyan alum, for serving, both as my college level chem teacher in high school and the most fantastic college counselor imaginable who pointed me and the rest of his minions preferentially toward small liberal arts schools. I will be grateful to him forever for pointing me toward Wesleyan and supporting my application.

From **JAMES R. TOBER:**

Wesleyan teachers that impacted me the most:

- **Phillip Hallie:** He was a mentor to me. I still have his book *The Paradox of Cruelty*.
- **Richard Slotkin:** Sparked my interest in film.
- **Karl Scheibe:** Helped me major in Psych (double major with American Studies).
- **John Edgar:** The Wesleyan swim coach who helped me a lot. He died way too young.
- **Steve Bank:** Got me my internship at Connecticut Public Television, starting me on my career.

From **WILLIAM C. TRENCH:**

Herb Arnold was always challenging every easy explanation and he organized our semester in Germany, which changed my perspective on the world. The exchange of ideas in the

COL colloquium was always energizing and it taught me how to verbalize my thoughts and communicate them more effectively. **Phil Hallie’s** class on cruelty was a gut-wrenching experience, made even more meaningful by his book on Le Chambon, *Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed*. And **F.D. Reeve** gave me great insights on the craft of writing.

Studying Marxism with **Norman Rudich** was a great experience. There are not very many real Marxists, and even fewer who are as wonderful as Dr. Rudich. At an evening lecture at the COL, a visiting scholar read a long boring paper on an obscure topic. After several students and professors had praised the paper, and several had called it “abstruse” in its complicated treatment of a complicated subject, Dr. Rudich observed gently that just because you can’t understand something doesn’t mean it’s abstruse; perhaps it’s just not as clear as it could be.

In many ways, the most important part of my experience at Wesleyan was found in the endless informal discussions, arguments, and exchanges that took place outside of class. Rich Aroneau enhanced my appreciation of classical music and I love it to this day. I had great discussions with Frazer Shipman, Steve Leinwand, Georgia Sassen, Fran Pawlowski, and so many others.

From **JOHN R. WAGNER:**

The psychology and government classes taught by **Dean Berger** and **Dr. Steven Bank**. When I left school after the first semester of my junior year, I thought I was quitting for good. It was my good fortune that the University considered me to be on hiatus and allowed me to return for my senior year.

From **MARK I. WALLACH:**

I spent most of my Wesleyan educational time in the College of Social Studies, and it was the most important educational experience of my life. The training of churning out a paper every week (following the **Kilby Corollary** that “anything worth doing is worth doing badly, and on time”), prepared me for my legal career far better than anything I learned at law school. Inhaling **Gene Golob’s** version of Western History shaped my understanding of the world we live in more directly than anything else I have read or experienced; **David Titus’s** CSS Colloquium on “Asian Bureaucracy” left me with an understanding of how personal relationships underlie everything that goes on in government that has served me well ever since.

From **JACOB J. WEISS (JAKE):**

When my kids were in high school and asked me where I thought they should apply to college, I said that I didn’t care as long as it was a small, liberal arts college where faculty enjoyed not only teaching but the company of undergrads, where you would work hard and feel as tested by classmates as by faculty, where the student body, faculty and staff reflected the diversity of the country (or, at least, more so than at comparable institutions), where the library lights burned non-stop during reading period if not Saturday night, and where you would graduate feeling confident that you had made life-long friends. OK, I didn’t say all that, but I did get out the first part—go to a small liberal arts college, East or West Coast—and they did.

If “the only true wisdom is knowing you know nothing” (my apology to Socrates, of course), then freshman year I was wise well beyond my years when my course load included history, literature, philosophy, science, and French. By junior year, I thought I had learned something about nothing, or nothing

about something, and befriended a faculty member far removed from my major. For almost a year, we met several times a month and discussed all things regarding life at Wes, the war, the peace movement, the Black movement, the women’s movement, etc. We didn’t always agree—what would have been the sense of talking if we did?—but he pushed me harder to re-think deeply held beliefs than did anyone else on campus.

From **JOHN H. WHEAT:**

First, I was able to create my own major after noticing that courses from several departments could be combined into an area studies major focused on East Asia. While I could not quite make the sale on such a wide-ranging course of study, I was able to negotiate a major in Chinese history that included credit for language and courses on diverse cultural subjects. This is a testament to the sheer variety of course content available at Wesleyan as well as the flexibility and support provided by the faculty and administration for new ideas.

The critique of my first essay by **Mike West** in Freshman English was the usual tale of woe for someone who had always been praised in high school for their writing ability and was now experiencing the new reality and expectations of university standards. The words “painful” and “scathing” come to mind—more so since this was one of several essays chosen for class discussion. After licking my wounds, I realized I had much to learn. I’ve applied much of what I then gleaned from that class ever since. That same freshman year I remember hearing **David Konstan** read a passage of *The Iliad* in ancient Greek and finally understood the power of the poetry in that ancient epic.

Jim Millinger’s survey course on East Asian history opened my eyes to another world that ultimately led to my creation of a major and a lifelong interest in the area. His and others’ courses and seminars deepened my understanding of historical forces and trends at work in what has become one of the most consequential powers in the world today. In addition to the specific subject matter concerning China, I also gained a greater general understanding of forces at work in non-European regions. At the time, this perspective shaped a more informed point of view regarding the Vietnam War and has since helped me to better understand today’s international environment and the merits (or not) of U.S. policy responses.

Aside from my academic concentration, Wesleyan also offered an incredibly rich array of courses that contributed to my appreciation of and, ultimately, vocation in the arts. **Sam Greene’s** art history survey (with his famously terse descriptors for just about every work of art ever created, e.g. “three dimensional monumentality” and “linear dynamism”) provided a grounding in the Western art canon. **John Risley’s** design and sculpture courses were a hands-on experience that pulled me toward the visual arts as an avocation and ultimately my third or fourth (I’ve lost track of the changes) career. **Ihab Hassan’s** contemporary literature course was a revelation with its insights into authors such as Nabokov and Mailer. **Abraham Adzenyah’s** African drum course, aside from revealing that my sense of rhythm is at best suspect, cultivated a lifelong love and interest in traditional and contemporary African music.

A final comment is that there was not enough time to take every course or attend every program that piqued my interest. Wesleyan was and is an institution offering “an embarrassment of riches.” Maybe it’s time for me to pursue a graduate degree in liberal studies.

Wesleyan Class of 1971 Educational Experiences

From **WARREN L. WHITE:**

Chairman **Fred Greenstein's** many innovative government courses on political psychology and socialization were very interesting and inspired my doctorate in industrial psychology from The University of Texas at Austin. A research tutorial on the urbanization of Vietnam was a significant achievement.



From **MICHAEL S. YAMASHITA:**

I was an Asian History major, which helped prepare me for my first “roots” trip to Japan, gave me an understanding of my Asian-American heritage and grounded me to what was to become my area of interest and expertise in my professional life as a *National Geographic* photographer. At the time, I intended to be a teacher, but that trip to Japan led me to photography. My junior-year abroad in London also gave me my first taste of travel, and I haven't stopped traveling since. I have visited the Wesleyan campus regularly to consult with Asia scholars **Bill Johnston** and **Patrick Dowdey**, for their expertise and advice on stories for *National Geographic*, and to visit the Freeman Center where I have exhibited and lectured.

From **ROBERT D. YARO (BOB):**

Like a lot of undergraduates, I drifted through my freshman year and the required liberal arts curriculum, not really knowing what I was going to do with my education or life. That spring, I went to see my advisor, campus **Chaplain Rev. Sam Newcomer**, to discuss my freshman angst. Now, to be clear, I must have been one of the least religious people in our class, so it seemed odd to have the campus chaplain as my advisor.

But Sam had an uncanny way of sizing up my problem when he asked if I'd like to accompany him on a visit that afternoon to Long River Village, Middletown's most dilapidated and isolated public housing project. Sam was also Chair of the Middletown Housing Authority, and a riot had occurred there the previous evening. (Riots and civil unrest were common events in American cities in that era—as they have been recently.)

At the meeting, Sam asked me to take detailed notes on the concerns raised by residents that had led to the riot. This in turn led to an independent study project with Sociology Professor **Al Hunter**, who helped me conduct a professional level survey of residents' concerns, on behalf of the Housing Authority. This survey became the catalyst for a set of recommended improvements, which were soon implemented. And from this experience I learned that there was a profession—urban planning—where an individual could make positive change happen in American cities.



Art Professor **John Martin** and Wesleyan Campus Planner **Nils Frederiksen** gave me a set of important insights into the history and practice of planning that shaped my career for decades. They also provided me with introductions and references for a part-time internship at Midstate Regional Planning agency in Middletown, which launched my professional career. I served as research assistant to Yale professor Walter Harris, who consulted at Midstate because he had tenure but no students at the Yale Architecture School's recently abolished master's program in urban planning. With this gig, I had what amounted to a year-long tutorial with one of the field's most prominent scholars. I still tell people that I received the best Yale education of anyone who never went to Yale! But of course, Wesleyan made all of this possible.

From **JOANNE W. YOUNG:**

Working with **David Adamany** as part of an “Education in the Field” experience in the 1970 Wisconsin Democratic Gubernatorial Campaign for the winning candidate. Having my Government professor turn to me in class and apologize for using a four-letter word. Being in the first Wesleyan class to graduate women since the Civil War and the experience of going to school with mostly men. Wesleyan's emphasis on creative learning and the joy of learning for its own sake stayed with me in future educational, professional and personal experiences.

From **B. MICHAEL ZUCKERMAN (MICHAEL):**

- Being mentored for two and a half years by History Professor **Richard Buel** (including his teaching me how to drive his standard-transmission Ford Falcon).
- Serving as Treasurer of my fraternity (Kappa Alpha), which provided me with the only vocational training for my subsequent career.



Three Cheers for Legendary Coach Russell

“Highlights of this year have been the winning of ‘Little Three’ Championships in football, basketball, wrestling, crew, and track. Joe Keller was the medalist in the Conn. Intercollegiate Tournament and in the New England Intercollegiate Tournament. The golf team won the Conn. Tournament and placed third in the New Englands. Joe Summa won the Bob Cousy Award as the top basketball player in New England under six feet. Jim Lynch was the third footballer in five seasons to win an NCAA Post-Graduate Scholarship. Dave Schmitt won two New England swimming events setting a record in the 400 yd. individual medley. Mike Hurd won the New England Wrestling Championship at 126 lbs. The tennis and squash teams equaled the ‘best’ records of the past with fine seasons. Greg Forbes defied the trends of the times and earned nine varsity letters and three sets of freshman numerals, excelling in football, diving and golf. He was chosen ‘*Argus* Athlete of the Year’ and also named by the varsity letter winners as the recipient of the Aherns Award in recognition of his skill, spirit and leadership.

It was a good year for the Wesleyan Athlete.”

—Donald M. Russell, Chairman

From **GREGORY FORBES (GREG):**

My best memory of Coach Russell is how he handled our victory at Hamilton. It appeared that we were going to lose the game and many players had their heads hanging down before the game was over. Then at the end of the game we had a miraculous play in the end zone and we won the game. On the bus ride on the way back to Wesleyan all the players were enjoying our great victory. When we arrived Coach Russell told the bus driver to keep the doors closed and Coach Russell gave us a wonderful lesson about never giving up. That lesson has stayed with me throughout my life.

From **RICHARD T. SCOGGINS (DICK):**

Don was much more than a football coach. He played a crucial role in my life. My Freshman year my parents divorced and moved to the West Coast from Massachusetts. My Dad told me he could not afford to help me with college anymore. I approached Coach Russell with the news and he told me not to worry that he would work to have me declared “emancipated” so only my income would count against scholarship help. My income was not very much, so I ended up with pretty much a full scholarship for my final 3 years at Wes. That kind of personal attention was so crucial for me during that time of alienation from my parents. Don also helped me reconnect with my parents my senior year and they both did come to my graduation.

From **ALEXANDER W. TUCCI (ALEX):**

Coach Russell, the “Silver Fox,” was a great man...a towering figure in my life and one of the primary reasons I became a teacher and a coach. Over fifty years ago he said these words to our team—words I've repeated to players many times: “Football doesn't make men; men make football.”



Commencement

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY
One Hundred and Thirty-Ninth

COMMENCEMENT

JUNE SIXTH
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy One

Program

PROCESSIONAL

The audience is requested to rise as the graduates enter and to remain standing through the Invocation.

INVOCATION

The Reverend Allan J. Burry
University Minister

CONFERRING OF HONORARY DEGREES

ADDRESS

Kingman Brewster, Jr.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES IN COURSE

(It is requested that there be no applause until all the degrees in course have been conferred.)

FOR THE SENIOR CLASS

Jeffrey B. Thomas, '71
Class President

FOR THE UNIVERSITY

Colin G. Campbell
President of the University

RECESSIONAL



Kingman Brewster Speaker At Commencement June 6th

WUNB-Yale President Kingman Brewster will deliver the main address and receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters at the 139th Commencement of Wesleyan University on Sunday, June 6.

Brewster is one of six men and women who will receive honorary degrees from Wesleyan, according to an announcement made today by President Colin G. Campbell. The speaker and other honorary degree recipients were chosen by the board of trustees on recommendation of a nominating committee of faculty and students.

Degree recipients include: Robert O. Anderson, chairman of the Atlantic-Richfield Oil Company, doctor of laws; Charles C. Gillispie, professor of European History at Princeton University, doctor of sciences; Martha Graham, dancer, doctor of fine arts; Joseph L. Melnick, professor of virology and epidemi-

ology at the Baylor University College of Medicine, doctor of sciences; and George A. Wiley, executive director of the National Welfare Rights Organization, doctor of humane letters.



"You have had special advantages at Wesleyan and you are now to be tested in terms of your willingness to contribute to society and of your capacity to do so."

—COLIN G. CAMPBELL

Excerpt from Wesleyan University Class of 1971 Commencement Speech

DEGREES TO BE CONFERRED

MASTER OF ARTS *ad eundem gradum*
(Presented by Robert A. Rosenbaum, Chancellor)

JOHN GRANT GRUMM
Professor of Government

MAX TISHLER
Professor of Chemistry

HONORARY DEGREES

Doctor of Laws

ROBERT ORVILLE ANDERSON
(Presented by Joseph Keller '71)

Chairman of the Board and chief executive officer of the Atlantic Richfield Company, rancher and director of business, civic, charitable and educational organizations. Mr. Anderson has been involved in the petroleum industry since he graduated from the University of Chicago in 1939. From 1961 through 1965 he served as Chairman of the Board of the Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas, Texas.

Mr. Anderson is chairman of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, of the Business Committee for the Arts, of The Lovelace Foundation and of the Eisenhower Exchange Fellowships. He is vice chairman of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C., a director of Resources for the Future and a trustee of the California Institute of Technology and the University of Chicago.

A native of Chicago, Mr. Anderson now makes his home in Roswell, New Mexico.

Doctor of Science

CHARLES COULSTON GILLISPIE
(Presented by Maureen P. Donnahoe '71)

Shelby Cullom Davis Professor of History, Princeton University. As an undergraduate at Wesleyan, Dr. Gillispie majored in mathematics and chemistry before graduating with honors and Phi Beta Kappa in 1940. He did graduate work in chemical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and returned to Wesleyan to take his M.A. in History. He received his Ph.D. from Harvard in 1949.

Since joining the Princeton faculty in 1947, Dr. Gillispie has introduced new courses dealing with the history and influence of scientific thought and helped establish its eminent graduate program in the History and Philosophy of Scientific Thought and its program on Science in Human Affairs, which examines the cultural dimensions and philosophical implications of science. He is the author of four books, including "The Edge of Objectivity" (1960) and "Lazare Carnot, Savant" (1971), and is Editor-in-Chief of the massive "Dictionary of Scientific Biography," to be published by Scribner's Sons in thirteen volumes, two of which are now in print.

Doctor of Fine Arts

MARTHA GRAHAM
(Presented by Laurence M. Mark '71)

Dancer and choreographer. One of the great originators of the modern dance, Miss Graham began her career after high school in California where she danced under the tutelage of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. After taking leading roles in their companies, she moved quickly to an independent career and came to New York.

In 1925 she headed the modern dance department of the Eastman School, teaching and working with her own students. She made her New York debut the following year and clearly established herself as a major talent. She founded the Dance Repertory Theatre in New York and began presenting her first group works in 1929. She has since appeared as a solo performer with some of the leading symphony orchestras in the country and has taken her companies on transcontinental and European tours with great success. Miss Graham, who heads her own School of Contemporary Dance, has choreographed 145 original dance works. She has received many special honors for her pioneering work in the dance.

Doctor of Sciences

JOSEPH LEWIS MELNICK
(Presented by Glenn D. Allison '71)

Professor of Virology and Epidemiology and chairman of the Department, Baylor College of Medicine, Houston, Texas. A native of Boston, Dr. Melnick received his A.B. degree from Wesleyan in 1936 and Ph.D. from Yale in 1939. He joined the Yale faculty as a research associate and rose to the rank of professor of Epidemiology before he left in 1957 to serve for one year as chief of Virus Laboratories, Division of Biologics Standards, National Institutes of Health. He has been at Baylor since 1958.

Dr. Melnick is the author of more than 500 research papers and co-author of textbooks in his field. His research is principally concerned with fundamental investigations of the nature and functions of viruses and the application of such knowledge to the diagnosis and prevention of human disease. His work played an important role in the development and evaluation of the live polio vaccine and he has continued to contribute information of value in polio control. He has also made important findings pertaining to the role of viruses in rubella, hepatitis, water pollution, cervical cancer and other human tumors. Among his many associations relating to world health problems is the chairmanship of the new Section on Virology of the International Association of Microbiological Societies.

Doctor of Humane Letters

GEORGE ALVIN WILEY
(Presented by Marvin D. Williams '71)

Executive Director of the National Welfare Rights Organization. Dr. Wiley was born in Bayonne, New Jersey, and raised in Providence, Rhode Island. He graduated from the University of Rhode Island in 1953 and earned his Ph.D. at Cornell. An organic chemist, he was engaged in post-doctoral research at the University of California at Los Angeles before he joined the faculty at Syracuse University in 1960.

Dr. Wiley became increasingly involved in the civil rights movement in the early 1960's and resigned his position as an associate professor of chemistry in 1964 to become associate director of the Congress on Racial Equality. He left that organization after a year and founded the Poverty-Rights Action Center in Washington, D.C. In 1967 this became the headquarters for the National Welfare Rights Organization, a network of some 300 local associations of welfare recipients and poor people in cities across the country.

Doctor of Humane Letters

KINGMAN BREWSTER, JR.
(Presented by Robert A. Rosenbaum, Chancellor)

Seventeenth President of Yale University. Mr. Brewster graduated from Yale in 1941, served as a naval aviator in World War II, and then entered Harvard Law School where he took his LL.B. in 1948, magna cum laude. He was an assistant counsel in the Office of the U.S. Special Representative in Europe (Marshall Plan) for one year and a research associate in the Department of Economics and Social Science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for another. Mr. Brewster was appointed to the Harvard Law School faculty in 1950 and became a full professor three years later. In 1960 he accepted an appointment as provost at Yale and succeeded the late A. Whitney Griswold as president four years later. He is the author of two books on international law and has served at various times as a consultant to government. In recent years he has also served on the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice and the National Advisory Commission on Selective Service. He is a member of the Board of Directors of the American Council of Learned Societies, the American Council on Education and of National Educational Television.

BACHELOR OF ARTS

(Presented by Colin G. Campbell, President,
Introduced by George R. Creeger, Dean of the College)

Andrew McAuley Adams
Eugene Avery Adams, III
Curtis Lee Allen
Frank Robertson Alley, III
Blake Parker Allison
Glenn Douglas Allison
Catherine Wheeler Andrews
Stewart Scott Andrews
Dale Cottrell Armstrong
Leo Yuin Au
Andrew Eliot Baker
George Barnard Baker
James Stevens Baker
Constance Joan Balides
Robert Michael Baranoff
David Shield Barrett
Sylvester Bass, III
Robert Milton Bastress, Jr.
Robert Alan Becker
Douglas Stuart Bell
Monroe Haight Benson
John Kenney Billock
Barbara Lynn Binder
Nancy Jeanne Binkin
Bennett Sykes Blackburn
Eugene Borgida
William Haston Boulware
Philip Clinton Bowman
William Schuyler Brandes
Harold Allyn Breck
Jose Alberto Brenes Andre
William Collier Brooks, Jr.
James Lowell Brown
Martin Judson Brown
Kevin Scott Brown
Patrick Kenneth Brown
William Evans Bruner, II
Ronald Paul Bruninghaus
Bartlett Marks Brush
William Benson Bryant, Jr.
Joy Day Buel
Graeme Webster Bush
Katherine Anne Butler
Patrick Michael Callahan
Worth Bradbury Clark
Neil James Clendeninn
John Wayland Coakley
Malcolm Harkness Cochran
David Harris Cohen
Demetrio George Comnas
Clifford Robert Cooley
Wendell Buchanan Coote, Jr.
Norman Peter Coppola
Thomas Charles Corcoran
Roy Andrew Cramer
Ronald Winfield Cross
Paul Rowland Crotty
Michael Robert Cull
Neil Stewart Cumsky
Douglas Joseph Curran
Edward Allan Custer
Juan Charelle Dandridge
Barbara Ann Danzger
Mary Oliver Davidson
William Michael Davis
Robert Lovett Dewees, Jr.
Diana Diamond
Robert Corbin Director
Jon Boone Doak
Maureen Pierson Donnahoe
Thomas Allen Donovan
Laurel Elizabeth Drake
Dennis Meredith Dubin
Robert Paul Dutcher
Matthew Leonard Edelman
Brooks Edwards
Colem Martin Enge, Jr.
Wendy Branower Fain
George Wayne Fenton
Stephen Carl Ferruolo
Jay William Fliegelman
George Ross Forbes, Jr.
Gregory Harrison Forbes
Clyde Wendell Ford
David Morley Foster
Greg Bert Alan Friedman

Bernard David Frischer
Milton Arthur Galamison, Jr.
Scott Frederick Gilbert
William Robert Gillam
Glenn David Gillett
Thomas Salvatore Giuffrida
Andrew Harry Glantz
Peter Lyman Goedecke
Sanford Neil Gold
Marshall Barry Goldman
Brett Sherman Goldstein
Miguel Andrés Gómez-Ibáñez
Brian Walter Gross
Harley Ian Gross
Edward James Grossi
Richard Howard Gubitz
Thomas George Gunnip
Peter Gutmann
Jeanne Lorraine Hackett
Bennett Lee Harding
Richard Stanley Harper
Andrew Morrill Harris
John Kingman Hastings
High Robley Heermans
Wilma Steeb Helfer
Erskine Dale Henderson
John Wendel Hester
William Howard Hicks
Richard Wright Hillman
Robert Johnson Holden, Jr.
Wayne Wright Howard
Helen Keep Hubbard
Gail Barlow Hughes
Ian Milroy Hunter
Stephen Garrison Hyslop
Alvin Douglas James
Cynthia Delores Rembert James
Todd David Jick
Bruce Alexander Johnson
Robert Crawford Julier
Robert Vernon Kanaley
Bruce Kenneth Karten
Theodore David Kaufman
Nancy Louise Kay
Joseph Peter Keller
Richard Putnam Kennedy
Jeffrey Laurence Kraines
Carlos Vladislao Kronberger
Robert George Kyrka
Jack Richard Lebowitz
George Alexander Lehner, Jr.
Laurie Irene Leithausser
Steven Jay Leinwand
Frank Anthony Leone
Norman Leong
Mark Julian Lerner
Robert Waldron LeRoy
Richard Todd Scoggins
Russell Herbert Levinson
Anson Bailin Levitan
John Lippincott
David Alan Long
Kim Miron Long
Jack Charles Louis, Jr.
James Patrick Lynch
Glen Gary MacLeod
William Patrick Madden
Stewart Clinton Malloy
Margot Eastman Mann
Roger Ellis Mann
Brendan Marinan
Laurence Maurice Mark
Lewis Sprague McCreary
Edward Peter McGehee
Charlotte Lawrence McIntyre
Francine Evelyn McQuade
Christopher Coit Meloney
Adrianus Johannes Melief
Richard Alan Melny
Mark Lane Merlis
William Pierson Merrill, III
Harry Jonathan Meyer
Robert Hume Meyer
Harry Cabit Mezer
Peter Neal Michaelson
Patrick Arthur Miller

Heath Sandbach Millinger
Robert Bruce Milner
Bruce Moccia
Robert Gardiner Moeller
Jeffrey James Mojcher
Leonard Lee Moore (1959)
Thomas Rainbow Morse
Michael Frederic Mullally
Burk Coleman Murchison
Franklin Alan Nachman
George Dustin Naylor
James Christie Nevius
Sanford Charles Newmark
Nathan Richard Nichols
Jeffrey Ray Nye
Carey Andrew O'Laughlin
Reinaldo Ortiz-Colón
Peter Arthur Panciera
Robert Stanley Papanos
Linda Richards Park
Morris Pasternack, Jr.
Francis Joseph Pawlowski
Lanny Paykin
James Markham Perry
James Campbell Peters
Alfred Richard Petrocelli
Bernard Victor Pfeiffer, Jr.
Richard Allen Plumb
Steven Michael Polansky
Richard Colesworthy Poore, Jr.
Warren Thomas Pratt
James Michael Quigley
David Michael Rabban
Walter Bernard Rassbach
Philip John Rauch
Jan Robin Reber
Mark Edward Reel
James Paul RePass
William Maurice Reser
Jay Andrew Resnick
David Robert Reynolds
John Allen Reynolds
Lee Curtis Riggs
James Peter Rizza
Robert Addison Robinson
Kate Linsley Rodgers
Timothy Paul Rodgers
Daniel Edward Rosenheim
John Mahr Rothman
Mark Darnell Rucker
Stephen Rudy
Georgia Marie Sassen
Henry Vaughan Saunders, Jr.
Wade Hampton Saunders
Donald Joseph Schellhardt
Richard Butler Schenk, II
Howard Barry Schiller
John Frederic Schimmel
Thomas Raymond Schweitzer
Richard Todd Scoggins
Peter McKone Seigle
Cole Evan Sheckler
Cullen Frazer Shipman, Jr.
Steven Marc Simons
Charles William Skrief
Peter Paul Slowkowski
Laurence Robin Smith
Glen Gary MacLeod
Walter Joseph Sperling, III
Regene Henriette Spero
Harlan Fletcher Stanley
Daniel Joseph Stets
Pamela Stevens
Abigail Joy Stewart
Richard Harris Sugatt, III
Joseph Burke Summa
Richard Anderson Sutton
Peter Stitt Swain
Edward Thomas Swanson
Francisco Xavier Swett
Stephen Drew Tanzer
Dacey Taylor
Roy Mathias Anthon Mukumu Anas Tembi
Michael Durham Terry (1969)
James William Theen
Jeffrey Burke Thomas
Michael Gordon Tackaberry Thompson
David Earl Thomson

Karl Edward Thorndike
Judith Terrill Tjossem
James Reid Tober
William Crowell Trench
Alexander William Tucci
Dale Lauren Ungerleider
Ross Michael Ungerleider
Alejandro Valenzuela-Bock
Alan Eugene Van Edmond
Antonio Patricio Von Marx
Stephen Jacobus Voorhies
Gary David Walford
Robert Edward Wall
Mark Irwin Wallach
John Casey Watters
Kenneth Mason Waugh
William Herbison Wenger
John Hamilton Potter Wheat
Albert David Whetstone
Warren Leigh White
Robert Norris Wiener
Henry Leigh Towns Williams
Marvin Dewitt Williams
Daniel Frederick Wilmes
Samuel Jay Winer
Susan Bowman Winslow
Peter Hyde Woodin
Richard Pleasant Woods
Michael Shaw Yamashita
Robert Dickson Yaro
Joanne Wheeler Young
Mark Thomas Zajac
Alan John Zimmermann
Eric William Zolan
B. Michael Zuckerman

BACHELOR OF ARTS UPON COMPLETION

Alexander Harris Apfelbaum
Joshua Israel Barrett
Robert Scott Beardslee
Jonathan Michael Berg
Emilio Bermis
David Joseph Boeri
John Walworth Cady
Roderick William Cash, Jr.
Philip Lloyd Casnoff
John Francis Cuddy
Melvin Winfred Dixon
Alan Lee Epstein
Gwynthlyn Hosge Green
Grant Wiley Hawkins
Kerry Glenn Holman
Jonathan Howell
Peter Mark Kalischer
Michael David Kishbauch
Charles Joseph Kreiner
Elias L. Lazarides
Jed Shawn Marcus
Albert Edward Marshall, III
Glenn Jonathan McCrea
Harold Herbert Murphy, III
Gordon James Newman
Thurman Nathaniel Northcross, Jr.
Martin Saul Obin
Mark Lawrence Paul
Michael William Ronan
Josette Adonyne Sayers
Maurice Henri Sercarz
Saul Martin Shapiro
Stephen Lloyd Skinner
Randolph Stakeman
Karl Edward Thorndike
David Ralph Van Alstine
Walter John Van Ness
John Rush Wagner
Barbara Watson
Jacob Jonathan Weiss
Donald Anthony Wheeldin
Herbert Carr Wilkins

“As you begin to settle on a particular field, a philosophy, a point of view, remember well your exposure to so many fields, philosophies, and ideas in a place rich with opportunity and challenge.”

—COLIN G. CAMPBELL

Excerpt from Wesleyan University Class of 1971 Commencement Speech

AWARD OF ACADEMIC HONORS

IN GENERAL SCHOLARSHIP

Degree summa cum laude

Barbara Lynn Binder
Joy Day Buel
Bernard David Frischer
Marshall Barry Goldman

Richard Wright Hillman
Charlotte Lawrence McIntyre
Thomas Raymond Schweitzer
Kenneth Mason Waugh

Degree cum laude

David Shield Barrett
Nancy Jeanne Binkin
William Evans Bruner, II
Ronald Paul Bruninghaus
Roy Andrew Cramer
Michael Robert Cull
Neil Stewart Cumsy
Barbara Ann Danzger
William Michael Davis
Maureen Pierson Donnahoe
Greg Bert Friedman
Scott Frederick Gilbert
Peter Lyman Goedecke
Brett Sherman Goldstein
Peter Gutmann
Erskine Dale Henderson
Helen Keep Hubbard
Cynthia Rembert James
Theodore David Kaufman
Jeffrey Laurence Kraines
David Morris Levine
Anson Bailin Levitan

John Lippincott
Glen Gary MacLeod
Laurence Maurice Mark
Francine Evelyn McQuade
Patrick Arthur Miller
Franklin Alan Nachman
Linda Richards Park
Steven Michael Polansky
Philip John Rauch
Kate Linsley Rodgers
Timothy Paul Rodgers
John Mahr Rothman
Georgia Marie Sassen
Steven Andrew Spencer
Richard Anderson Sutton
Francisco Xavier Swett
James William Theen
David Earl Thomson
Robert Edward Wall
Mark Irwin Wallach
Samuel Jay Winer
Joanne Wheeler Young

Degree magna cum laude

Glenn Douglas Allison
James Stevens Baker
Philip Clinton Bowman
Harold Allyn Breck
John Wayland Coakley
Clifford Robert Cooley
Diana Diamond
Thomas Allen Donovan
Stephen Carl Ferruolo
Jay William Fliegelman
David Morley Foster
William Robert Gillam
Stephen Garrison Hyslop
Mark Julian Lerner

Richard Alan Melny
Harry Jonathan Meyer
Robert Bruce Millner
Robert Gardiner Moeller
Warren Thomas Pratt
David Michael Rabban
Stephen Rudy
Richard Butler Schenk, II
Abby Joy Stewart
Antonio Patricio Von Marx
B. Michael Zuckerman

THE HONORS COLLEGE

Degree with Highest Honors

Marshall Barry Goldman
Georgia Marie Sassen
Ross Michael Ungerleider

Economics/Sociology
College of Letters
Biology

Degree with High Honors

Eugene Borgida
John Wayland Coakley
Malcolm Harkness Cochran
Thomas Charles Corcoran
Melvin Winfred Dixon
David Morley Foster
Thomas Salvatore Giuffrida
Todd David Jick
Robert Waldron LeRoy
John Lippincott
Mark Lane Merlis
Robert Gardiner Moeller
Timothy Paul Rodgers
Charles William Skrief
Daniel Joseph Stets
Abigail Joy Stewart
Mark Irwin Wallach
B. Michael Zuckerman

Psychology
College of Letters
Art
English
English/Religion
College of Letters
Physics
Anthropology
Music
College of Letters
English
College of Social Studies
Anthropology
College of Social Studies
College of Letters
Psychology
College of Social Studies
History

Andrew McAuley Adams
Andrew Eliot Baker
Jonathan Michael Berg
Bennett Sykes Blackburn
Philip Clinton Bowman
Harold Allyn Breck
Jose Alberto Brenes Andre
Joy Day Buel
David Harris Cohen
Thomas Allen Donovan
Matthew Leonard Edelman
George Wayne Fenton
Stephen Carl Ferruolo
Scott Frederick Gilbert
Glenn David Gillett
Wayne Wright Howard
Jack Richard Lebowitz
Laurie Irene Leithauser
David Alan Long
Christopher Coit Meleney
Harry Jonathan Meyer
Harry Cabit Mezer
Robert Bruce Millner
Bruce Moccia
George Dustin Naylor
Warren Thomas Pratt
John Mahr Rothman
Howard Barry Schiller
Francisco Xavier Swett
David Earl Thomson
William Crowell Trench
Stephen Jacobus Voorhies
John Casey Watters
William Herbison Wenger
Richard Pleasant Woods

Degree with Honors

College of Social Studies
College of Social Studies
Government
Art
College of Letters
College of Letters
Physics
English
Art
History
College of Letters
Astronomy/Physics
College of Social Studies
Biology
Music
Art
College of Social Studies
Classics
College of Social Studies
Anthropology
College of Social Studies
Government
History
Classics
College of Letters
Religion
College of Letters
Religion / History
College of Social Studies
English
College of Letters
English
English
Economics
Government

PHI BETA KAPPA

Initiated December 2, 1970

Clifford Robert Cooley
Thomas Allen Donovan
Jay William Fliegelman
Bernard David Frischer
Scott Frederick Gilbert
Richard Wright Hillman
Harry F. Kaplan
Mark Julian Lerner

Richard N. Lopatin
Richard Alan Melny
Robert Bruce Millner
Steven Michael Polansky
David Michael Rabban
Richard Butler Schenk, II
Thomas Raymond Schweitzer
B. Michael Zuckerman

Initiated April 29, 1971

Glenn Douglas Allison
James Stevens Baker
Barbara Lynn Binder
Nancy Jeanne Binkin
Jose Alberto Brenes Andre
Joy Day Buel
John Wayland Coakley
William Robert Gillam
Marshall Barry Goldman
Stephen Garrison Hyslop
George Alexander Lehner, Jr.
Laurie Irene Leithauser
James Patrick Lynch
Charlotte Lawrence McIntyre

Harry Jonathan Meyer
Robert Gardiner Moeller
Linda Richards Park
Stephen Rudy
Josette Adonyne Sayers
Cole Evan Sheckler
Steven Andrew Spencer
Abigail Joy Stewart
David Ralph Van Alstine
Antonio Patricio Von Marx
Mark Irwin Wallach
Barbara Watson
Kenneth Mason Waugh

HONORARY SOCIETIES

SIGMA XI

New Full Members

David B. Adams
Larry P. Bausher
Pauline A. Clarke

Jason Gait
Edwin R. Williams

Associate Members

Bruce Atwood
Eugene Borgida
Bruce Bouley
Michael B. Carrithers
Neil J. Clendeninn
Clifford R. Cooley
William Cutler
Catherine Doubleday
Thomas S. Giuffrida
Peter Haeni
Bruce J. Holstein
Margaret Leicach

Christopher C. Meleney
James P. Rizza
Timothy P. Rodgers
Bruce C. Schanberg
Steven A. Spencer
Abigail J. Stewart
John C. Titter, Jr.
Ross M. Ungerleider
David R. Van Alstine
Gary D. Walford
Genevieve Ziemann

AWARD OF PRIZES

Academy of American Poets Prize: Richard W. Hillman '71

Ayres Prize (Freshman with best record first semester):
David J. Skinner '74

Bradley Prize (Chemistry): Steven A. Spencer '71

Bertman Prize (Physics): Jose Brenes Andre '71

Briggs Prize (Intercollegiate Debating): Harry Jon Meyer '71

Bruner Prize (Freshman showing greatest improvement):
Marshall A. Laster '73

Butterfield Prize (Leadership and Character): Neil J. Clendeninn '71

Camp Prize (English Literature): Richard W. Hillman '71

Chadbourne Prize (Outstanding Freshman 1970-71): Claire E. Reade '74

Cole Prizes (English Composition): Jill M. Fuller '74, Randall C. Brown '74,
Rufus I. Nickens '74, Joanne E. Silver '74

Davenport Prize (Politics and Government): Peter L. Goedecke '71

Dorchester Prize (English): Mark L. Merlis '71

Dutcher Prize (History): B. Michael Zuckerman '71

Friends of Wesleyan Library: Bernard D. Frischer '71

Giffin Prize (Religion): David Michael Rabban '71

Hallowell Prize (Social Science): Marshall Barry Goldman '71

Hawk Prize (Biochemistry): Elias L. Lazarides '71

Huntington Book Prize (Student Library): Richard H. Gubitz '71,
Bartlett M. Brush '71

Ingraham Prize (Greek): Richard W. Hillman '71, Barbara Watson '71

Johnston Prize (Physics): Scott E. Brodie '74, Craig F. Everhart '74

Limbach Prize (Social Service to Middletown/Wesleyan):
Theodore O. Mason, Jr. '72

Littell Prize (Astronomy): George W. Fenton '71

Albert Mann Prize (Romance Languages): Josette A. Sayers '71

Maynard Memorial Prize (Scholar-Athlete): James P. Lynch '71

Parker Prize (Public Speaking): Timothy G. Atwood '72

Peirce Prize (Biology): Nancy J. Binkin '71

Reed Prize (Poetry): John Paul Maynard '72

Rice Prize (Mathematics): Clifford R. Cooley '71, Wayne M. Lawton '72

Rich Prizes (Best Orations): Mark I. Wallach '71, Edward T. Swanson '71

Scott Prizes (Modern Languages): Bernard D. Frischer '71, Inara DeLeon '74,
Bruce A. MacLeod '72

Sehlinger Prize (Premedical Study): Neil J. Clendeninn '71

Sherman Prize (Mathematics): Scott E. Brodie '74, Ronald H. Goldman '74,
Alexander E. Strong '74

Silverman Prize (Chemistry): David R. Van Alstine '71,
Richard T. Scoggins '71

Spinney Prize (Classical Civilization): Joy D. Buel '71

Thorndike Prize (Psychology): James P. Rizza '71

Trench Prize (Religion): Scott F. Gilbert '71

Underwood Prize (Social Ethics): John W. Coakley '71

Walkley Prizes (Psychology): Eugene Borgida '71, Abigail J. Stewart '71

Weller Prize (Sophomore with highest academic average 1969-70):
Connie A. Sutherland '72

Wesleyan Memorial Prize (Outstanding Juniors): Edward D. Ohlbaum '72,
Anne M. Raunio '72

White Prize (Economics): Francisco X. Swett '71, Antonio P. Von Marx '71,
Charles N. Eckert '72, Lawrence W. Kenny '72,
Isaac D. Sabetai '72, John S. Walkenhorst '72

Wilde Prize (Economics): Thomas A. Donovan '71

William Day Leonard Prize (General Excellence): J. Thomas Boger '73

Wise Prize (Philosophy): Robert Dutcher '71



WESLEYAN 71

Class of 1971 Playlist *Music that Rocked Our World, Lyrics that Told Our Stories*



- "And go round and round and round
in the circle game..."* —Joni Mitchell
- "Freedom, freedom, freedom..."* —Richie Havens
- "You can't always get what you want..."* —Rolling Stones
- "Let me take you higher..."* —Sly and the Family Stone
- "Where did our love go..."* —Supremes
- "The long and winding road..."* —The Beatles
- "To dance beneath the diamond sky
with one hand waving free..."* —Bob Dylan
- "We never do nothing nice and easy..."* —Tina Turner
- "Time has come today..."* —Chamber Brothers
- "When the truth is found to be lies..."* —Jefferson Airplane
- "What you want, baby I got it..."* —Aretha Franklin
- "Purple haze all in my mind..."* —Jimi Hendrix
- "Give me an F..."* —Country Joe
- "And if we love than bless
our loveliness..."* —Jonathan & Jonathan

*"What a
long strange trip
it's been..."*
—Grateful Dead



1971
**A class like no other,
a time like no other.**

*"Let's get together
and feel all right..."*
—Bob Marley

A class like no other, a time like no other.



 **Wesleyan University**

Office of Advancement
291 Main Street
Middletown, CT 06457