

# WESLEYAN 70

FIFTIETH REUNION | MAY 21-24, 2020 | WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY







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## Dear Classmates,

I have always felt lucky to have been at Wesleyan from 1966–1970. We were able to experience the conflict and change of those years in a safe environment that encouraged learning, arguing, and experimentation. So, when Kate Quigley Lynch asked me to edit our fiftieth reunion yearbook, I was happy to take the job. Ted Reed, a Wesleyan roommate and former *Miami Herald* reporter, agreed to be my partner in creating the book.

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Our goals were to let everybody know what our classmates have been doing for the past half century, to celebrate the lives of classmates who have died, and to honor the professors who were important to us.

Additionally, we hoped that through preparing essays, compiling *Argus* stories, and chronicling outside events, we could help you remember not only our time on campus, but also the drama of the unique period when we were there.

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Jeff Sarles did a terrific job of finding, organizing, and writing captions for photos highlighting events happening in the outside world during our Wesleyan years. Much of this work is in the book. His full presentation is available on the class page ([www.wesleyan.edu/classof1970](http://www.wesleyan.edu/classof1970)) and will be played as a slide show during reunion weekend.

John Sheffield, Maurice Hakim, and Jeremy Serwer read every *Argus* edition published during our time at Wesleyan and identified stories of interest. Many of you wrote heartfelt remembrances of classmates who died and others helped identify photos. Diana Diamond and Ted contributed essays.

Kate Quigley Lynch and Beth Watrous of the alumni office helped with research and encouragement. Ellen Maurer, who has designed 50th Reunion yearbooks for fourteen Wesleyan classes, brought her talent, knowledge, and perspective to the project.

We also used photos from the Class of '70 *Olla Podrida* that Tony Balis skillfully put together a half century ago.

—JOHN GRIFFIN

PS. A last thought. The new class at Wesleyan, the class of 2023, is highlighted in Ted's essay "Would We Even Get Into Wesleyan Today?" They are to us as we are to the class of 1917.

# WESLEYAN 70

## Reunion Committee

John Alschuler, Bob Apter, Charles Bosk, Bill Bullard, Bob Carter, Ed Castorina, Jerry Cerasale, Prince Chambliss, Chip Conley, Alan Dachs, Elliot Daum, David Davis, Diana Diamond, James Elston, Gordon Fain, David Geller, Marcos Goodman, Barry Gottfried, Tim Greaney, John Griffin, Maurice Hakim, Darryl Hazel, Nathan Heilweil, Bill Jefferson, Carl Johnson, David Jones, Russell Josephson, Douglas Knight, Murray Krugman, Robby Laitos, Bob Murphy, Steve Ossad, Stephen Policoff, Darwin Poritz, Ted Reed, Judy Saltzman, Jeff Sarles, Jacob Scherr, Jeremy Serwer, John Sheffield, Brian Silvestro, Peter Simpson, Bob Stone, Steve Talbot, Bill Tam, David White, Bruce Williams, Bob Woods

Reunion Book Editors: John Griffin, Ted Reed, Jeremy Serwer, Maurice Hakim, John Sheffield

*We appreciate all members in the Class who have helped this Committee by suggesting ideas, making phone calls, finding “lost” classmates, and supporting Wesleyan.*

## Special Thanks To...

Kate Quigley Lynch ’82 P’17 ’19, Director of the 50th Reunion, and Beth Watrous MALS ’02 in Wesleyan’s Office of Advancement

Alex Wong ’23, Student Intern

Jennifer Hadley and Amanda Nelson in the Olin Library Archives

Ellen Maurer of Maurer Designs

Hitchcock Printing

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# Would We Even Get Into Wesleyan Today?

By Ted Reed

Fifty-four years ago, in the spring of 1966, Wesleyan admitted its first diversity class. That was us. **“Hoy’s Boys”** we were called to honor then-admissions dean Jack Hoy.

We actually weren’t that diverse. Of the 352 admitted to our class, zero were women, while 33 were from minority groups, mostly black. Their inclusion was viewed as historic, the first step in making prestigious New England colleges more open and more representative. Still, it’s hard to avoid recalling that most of us were white guys from New York, New Jersey, or Connecticut, along with a handful of Californians.

Today, comparing board scores, class rank and diversity stats for the Class of 1970 with the same stats for the Class of 2023, you cannot help but conclude that many of us would be unqualified for today’s Wesleyan. It’s as if we were major league baseball players between 1901 and 1947, the period when all the players in the Negro Leagues were excluded.

Amin Abdul-Malik Gonzalez, Wesleyan’s current dean of admissions, and Robert Kirkpatrick, who succeeded Hoy in the position in 1969, both told me in November 2019 interviews that it’s impossible to tell whether we would be admitted today, given all the variables. Possibly they were just trying to be nice.

“It is a true statement that competition for admission is more keen today than it was then, but to bring that to an individual student is hard to do,” said Gonzalez. “The landscape is different; the pool was different. It’s hard to change the variables so that you can weigh things identically.”

Gonzalez, a member of the Class of 1996, said he sometimes asks himself whether he would be admitted today. “It’s twice as hard as it was when I came,” he said. “In 1992, when I applied, Wesleyan admitted 33%. This year it’s only 16%.”

When I asked Kirkpatrick whether we would get in today, he responded, “I have no idea. The admissions world is unbelievably different. It’s a much more complicated, much more aggressive kind of environment now than it was then. If you look at the racial, religious and socio-economic makeup now, it’s mind-bogglingly different.”

“The diversity of the undergraduate population is much more pronounced than it was,” he said. “The value of academics as primary criteria for admission is the same now as then, but within that, diversity plays a more important role. I would hope the overarching value of having students who could take advantage of opportunities would have put you at the admit level,” he added.

*“It’s as if we were major league baseball players between 1901 and 1947, the period when all the players in the Negro Leagues were excluded.”*





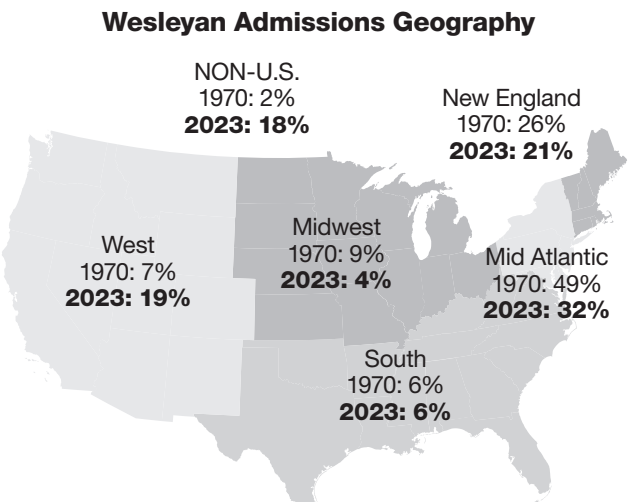
## So would we get into Wesleyan today?

Certainly, we can hope. However, looking at stats can be disheartening.

Obviously, Wesleyan has become more academically selective. Also, I estimate that the Class of 2023 includes about 179 white guys, compared with 330 in our admitted class.

Wesleyan’s effort to enhance geographic diversity seems to further diminish the likelihood of our being admitted.

Wesleyan Admissions	1970	2023
Number of Applicants	2,048	<b>13,358</b>
Number of Applicants Accepted	471	<b>2,187</b>
Acceptance Percentage	23%	<b>16%</b>
Number Who Matriculated	352	<b>781</b>
Number of Women	0	<b>430</b>
Number of Men	352	<b>351</b>
Percentage of Minority Students	6%	<b>49%</b>
High School Class Rank—Top 10%	46%	<b>68%</b>
High School Class Rank—Top 20%	65%	<b>84%</b>
SAT Math Mean Score	670	<b>730</b>
SAT English Mean Score	686	<b>760</b>



*“I estimate that the Class of 2023 includes about 179 white guys, compared with 330 in our admitted class.”*

Of course, the decision to admit women was the biggest change.

It started after we were admitted in 1966. Our class continued to grow as Wesleyan admitted 15 transfer students as part of a nine-college transfer program. A few months after we graduated, women began to attend Wesleyan as freshmen members of the Class of 1974.

The lack of women at Wesleyan inspired some of us to spend a semester elsewhere. I spent the second semester of our junior year at the University of Oregon, where I met my first girlfriend. I mention this because I realize that had I applied to college in today’s world, I would likely attend my 50th college reunion in Eugene.

Regardless, we can celebrate what it means to have been among Hoy’s Boys.

Jack Hoy graduated from Wesleyan in 1955 and returned in 1964 as dean of admissions. He rose to be assistant to the president and dean for special



Dean of Admissions and Dean of Freshmen John C. Hoy

academic affairs, then left in 1969 to become a vice chancellor at the University of California-Irvine. From 1987 to 2001, he was executive director of the New England Board of Higher Education. He died from cancer in 2013. A *Hartford Courant* headline proclaimed, “Jack Hoy: A Champion of Student Diversity at Wesleyan.”

Bob Kirkpatrick, a 1960 Wesleyan graduate, succeeded Hoy as dean of admissions in 1969. He remained in Wesleyan administration until 1991 and still lives in Middletown. Kirkpatrick recalls the move to diversify as “an important initiative led by Jack Hoy and Vic Butterfield (Wesleyan president 1943-1967) and many members of the faculty who wanted to increase the racial, socioeconomic and religious diversity of the university.”

That initiative included Jewish students. Before us, “there were not many,” Kirkpatrick said. “That was true of almost all of the New England colleges.” While the number of Jewish students had not been formally capped, “there were fewer than would generally be true,” he said. Today, we think of ourselves as the first Wesleyan class with long hair, familiarity with drugs and a commitment to resist the Vietnam War.

## Why us?

“A great deal of change played out during your four years at Wesleyan,” Kirkpatrick said. Society changed. The Vietnam War was part of it. The national civil rights movement was part of it. The change that happened (to students) during your years could not have been predicted, but I think it started with a conscious decision to increase the socio-economic and racial and religious and geographic diversity of the population. “We were two years ahead of the other New England colleges, all of whom adopted the same practices,” he said. “Wesleyan was the first. Other colleges had done the same thing, but not many of the New England prestigious colleges. Wesleyan led the way in that revolution. Once we started to do that it caught on across the country.”

In a sense, we were the leading edge of change that might now exclude us.

I asked Gonzalez what he would like to say to our class, 50 years later. “I would love to say that we are very much a familiar place that you would enjoy now as much as you did then,” he said. “Not that it is identical, but that the values are identical; that there is a strong tradition of these values of education, inclusion, and an engaged campus community beyond the promise of a rigorous environment, and that Wesleyan still provides a transformative educational experience.” ❖



# What We Did About the Vietnam War



*By Ted Reed*

The night of December 1, 1969 loomed large in determining our fates. That was the night of the first draft lottery, affecting about 850,000 men born between 1944 and 1950. Eventually, everyone with 195 or less was called. What to do regarding the war was, for many of us, the biggest decision we had ever made.

Few of us at Wesleyan fought in the Vietnam War, many of us protested American involvement, and most of us actively sought to avoid serving in the military. In the latter effort we were, by and large, successful. Wesleyan was an institution of privilege, and, in general, the privileged did not fight this war.

For this story, I emailed questions to about 45 classmates involved in putting together our 50th reunion. About half responded, mostly in group emails. Our discussion became passionate. "As I've read through the stories from our classmates, I find myself very moved," wrote Steve Talbot. "They remind me what a fascinating, iconoclastic, quirky, curious class we were all part of."

## Three Classmates Who Joined the Military

Bill Jefferson arrived in Middletown in September 1966. Wesleyan enrollment enabled a student deferment. He already opposed the war. But, "after a first semester during which I may have attended as many as ten classes," Bill was asked to leave Wesleyan. He was drafted in March 1968 and sent to Vietnam as an infantryman the following August. In January 1969 his platoon was ambushed by a North Vietnam Army unit outside of An Khe. Bill wrote home to report that "almost everyone was either killed or wounded; I wasn't scratched."

Afterwards, he became an antiwar activist. "I've spent a good deal of time waging war against war," Bill said. He was active in Vietnam Veterans Against the War. In the 1980s he was a film critic and journalist; his topics included the torture conducted in Cambodian refugee camps.

Bill returned to Wesleyan, graduating in 1976. In 2001, he returned to the ambush site for an emotional visit.

Now retired, Bill lives in Olympia, WA. Often, he said, "I find myself confronting people who want to thank me for my 'service.' My usual response is to suggest that what I did 'for my country' was not service but simply murder for hire—and for damn cheap hire, at that, while others socked away millions in war bucks." He would prefer, he said, to have simply been told "Welcome home."

Tom Buford also arrived in Middletown with our class. In 1967 he joined the Eugene McCarthy campaign; withdrew from Wesleyan; became a VISTA volunteer in Buffalo, NY, lost his student deferment and was denied an occupational deferment—even though other VISTA volunteers got one—and received an induction order. Angry at his treatment, he enlisted in the Marines one morning and was in basic training within 24 hours.

Eventually Tom was sent to Southeast Asia (not Vietnam), where, he said, he was briefly in harm's way. After several weeks, he returned to the U.S., received an honorable discharge, returned to Wesleyan and graduated in 1972.

Tom, now a Cleveland attorney and devout Indians fan, said he feels "anger at what our county did to itself (and other countries) and, in particular, to its young men; guilt that many of the guys I knew in basic and advanced training went directly to combat units with some not surviving, and gratitude to Wesleyan for graciously welcoming me back." He considers himself a Class of '70 member, due to friendships he established.

Jerry Cerasale drew number 193, a bit too low to save him. He was drafted in August 1970. Because he had worked briefly as a clerk in the Wesleyan registrar's office, the Army classified him as a clerk and assigned him to Fort Meade, Maryland. He spent his entire military career there. "I was fortunate," Jerry said. Yet he felt guilty. At times, it was because he joined the Army despite the immoral war. Other times, it was because "I was processing people who were going to Nam and I felt guilt that I was not over there. Some of my friends in the service (consoled me.) They said, 'Jerry, look, you are in the service, you are doing what was asked of you.'"



Bill Jefferson, pictured above in foreground, rides in an armored personnel carrier near An Khe in Vietnam in October 1968. Bill's battalion was providing security for doctors and medics offering care to tribespeople. Behind Bill is Tom Bailey, who was killed in an ambush three months later.

*"I was processing people who were going to Nam and I felt guilt that I was not over there."*





In 1971, two troubling events occurred when Jerry was off base but in uniform. Once, he was hitchhiking from Fort Meade to Cape Cod to visit Jan, now his wife. On I-95 in Providence, somebody threw something at him. “I think it was a rock,” he said. “It was one of those things where you knew that kind of feeling was there, especially in the Northeast.”

That same year, Jerry visited the Wesleyan campus. “You guys were gone,” he told me, referring to our class. “But I got a negative feeling, like ‘Oh, you sold out Jerry.’” It was, he said, the “most negative experience” of his Army service. Afterwards, he stayed away until 2014, when former longtime track coach Elmer Swanson was inducted into the Wesleyan Athletic Hall of Fame. That visit was positive, Jerry said, adding, “Wesleyan did a lot for me, and I love it.”

The rest of us had an easier time. We either drew high lottery numbers, flunked physicals, obtained conscientious objector status, or found some other way out.

### High Number Beneficiaries

Jeremy Serwer spent lottery night engaged in a favorite pastime: sleeping in Olin Library. “I knew something was awry when, upon my return to the Beta house, all lights were out,” Jeremy said. “I was jumped by the brothers and unceremoniously dumped in a cold shower. I had number 358—if not the highest in our class, then pretty damn near it.”

Steve Talbot and Dave Davies watched the lottery on TV together. Both got high numbers. Steve said, “If I’d been called, I was prepared to go to Canada. During that Vietnam commencement at Wesleyan, I was one of many signing a pledge not to fight.” Dave said he “vividly recalls classmates with lower numbers sitting stunned, trying to fathom how their lives might be altered by that night.”

David Geller was a campus rarity: a war supporter. But, David got a high lottery number. “If I had a low draft number, I would have tried to enlist in the Navy or Air Force,” he said. “I watched the lottery on TV in Moke’s Bar with Jeff Sarles and others. I got a high number, 271. I was so happy I bought a round of beer for the bar.”

### Conscientious Objector

Jeff Sarles also opposed the war, but he drew number 103. “I had no intention of bearing arms against my brothers and sisters in Vietnam, with whom I felt far more in common than with the Wall Street bankers, oil executives, and bought politicians who were promoting that criminal war.” Eventually, he applied for conscientious objector status and did a year’s worth of alternative service before the government apparently lost track of him.

Chuck Bosk drew 222, but nevertheless pursued his CO application. Initially it was denied. On October 13, 1970, Charles visited his Baltimore draft board for a denial hearing. It was the day of World Series Game Three, the Orioles’ first home game. None of the board members showed up. Chuck wrote the board a letter: “I answered each of their objections in the original denial and had it entered in my file—along with my profound regrets that the board did

not take their responsibilities as seriously as I did,” he said. “A week later, a letter informed me that the board had reversed its original decision.”

### Some Failed Physicals

Eliot Daum’s number was 173. “I made it through to my second semester of law school at Syracuse before receiving my physical notice,” he wrote. “I had been vehemently against the war and very actively involved in resisting it, yet I had no plan. In retrospect, I think my ‘plan’ was that if I were drafted, I’d consider heading the few miles north to Canada.” At Eliot’s physical, a doctor in a white coat found that due to a childhood shoulder injury he could barely raise his left arm above his shoulder. He received a 1-Y. “I walked out of the building and drove back to my hotel. My girlfriend Ann Miley (from Wesleyan) awaited me and my news. There was no celebration, no great hugs of relief, not much reaction at all. We simply went on with our lives. I remain bewildered to this day at my passivity and failure to appreciate the moment for what it was.”

John Yurechko, now retired from a career in military intelligence, drew number 342. However, before the lottery, he had a scary moment: he was drafted during freshman year. “I was scared shitless,” John recalled. “Somehow Wesleyan had screwed up my student deferment. I was ordered to report to New Haven for a physical exam prior to induction.” The exam was “a very humiliating process which ended up with me standing buck naked in a room with 30 or 40 other inductees. Someone dropped a nickel that rolled across the floor in front of us. It was a form of protest. The Army medical doctors didn’t think it was funny.”

Phil Dundas drew number 191. In the spring of 1970, he went to New Haven for a physical. He recalled: “Towards the end of the morning at one of the last examination stations for the physical, the doctor looked at my flat feet and said ‘Son, you can’t join this man’s Army even if you wanted to!’ With that I received a permanent 1-Y.”

After Bob Stone drew 40 in the draft lottery, he focused on getting a deferment. “When I reported to the local draft board in 1970 for my physical examination, I was armed with letters from two ophthalmologists (one a renowned expert who had been treating me since I was very young) advocating for deferment based on an eye muscle condition of mine.” The condition, Bob said, can lead to double vision. “The examiner, particularly impressed with the letter from the well-known expert, signed off on my deferment, and I went off to law school rather than to Vietnam,” he said.

David White, lottery number 81, had started a film company in Toronto. He was considering a move to Canada when he learned that chronic asthma would entitle him to a 1-F. He experienced “a feeling of unexpected relief, but also a thwarting of the soul-defining decision-making one longed to make in perfect anti-war contrariness,” he said.

For his part, Steve Policoff never feared being drafted. “I had a bad foot, the result of a spectacular tobogganing accident when I was 12,” he said. “My dad was a doctor and knew all the doctors in town, and I received a 4-F without even having to go for a physical.” ❖

### When the Deities Intervene

Religion saved Marcos Goodman, who became a minister in the Universal Life Church. “If you wanted to become the minister of your own weirdo church, all you had to do was send \$5 to Kirby J. Hensley in Modesto, California, and you’d get your very legal-looking minister’s certificate, ready for framing,” Marcos said. “It was a joke, but I sent Kirby my \$5.” Marcos received a certificate in the mail, sent it to his draft board, and received a divinity deferment.

“...a feeling of unexpected relief, but also a thwarting of the soul-defining decision-making one longed to make in perfect anti-war contrariness...”

Above: Ed Sanders (head of the African American student group on campus) addresses a rally. Photo by Charles Spurgeon ’72.





(Photo by Guy T. Baehr)

## Wesmen March In Two Cities; Protest Against Viet Nam War

Washington  
by Guy T. Baehr

About 5,000 anti-Viet Nam War demonstrators, including at least 20 Wesleyan men, literally "confronted the warmakers" Saturday evening in a sometimes violent, largely spontaneous sit-in directly in front of the main entrance to the Pentagon building.

The symbol-charged confrontation between the anti-war protestors and the soldiers and U.S. Marshals assigned to protect the Pentagon came after a 1 1/4 mile march by an estimated 50 to one hundred thousand people. Seventy to one hundred from Wesleyan were among the marchers.



Students participating in fast protesting U. S. involvement in Viet Nam.

## Fast For Vietnam Peace Draws Allan Burry And Sixty Wesmen

Last week, on February 9th, 10th, and 11th, Allan J. Burry, the Associate College Pastor, directed a campus fast for peace to protest U.S. involvement in Viet Nam.

Burry stated that he felt the Wesleyan fast was successful not as a blatant protest action but rather as a "personal call to penitence."

## SJB Places 24 On Probation In Dow Case; Bases Decision On 'Interviewers' Rights'

Editor's note: Twenty-four students were placed on disciplinary probation by the SJB. This action dispenses with Robert Rosenbaum's letter of censure. The text of their decision appears below.

Several weeks ago the Dow Chemical Company sent a recruiter to Wesleyan. He was greeted by a picket line a sit-in outside the interviewing room, and a rotating sit-in inside the room. The cases with which the SJB deals in this interference of others. The SJB's decisions for the past year have shown a consciousness that a mutually agreeable relationship between two parties should generally be immune to interference from a third. Coercion is not to be used to destroy this relation; when it is used, it destroys the freedom of us all.

2) The right to free inquiry, so vital to any community, was violated. Every individual must have the sovereign right to determine the course he will seek. This

## Statement Of Dissenting Faculty

The undersigned members of the Faculty of Wesleyan University wish to disassociate ourselves from the resolution on the Viet Nam war adopted by the majority at a Faculty meeting on October 7th.

We take this action without regard to our personal views on the war. Most of us have been opponents of the war for some time, have made our views known, and have acted as individuals and in groups to change American policy in Viet Nam.

We do insist that the decision of the Faculty to act corporately on political issues endangers central values of the University and of a free society. The essential freedom and diversity of the University are jeopardized by corporate judgments on political issues. It is our duty to express their views—particularly cherished in the U.S.—when the majority expresses a view on behalf of the University. We believe that when a University Faculty resolves on basic teaching mission of the University, which end for themselves, not to accept or promulgate collective

- David Adamany  
Max Agoston  
Jeffrey J. W. Baker  
William J. Barber  
Robert L. Benson  
Robert J. Berger  
Lewis A. Bosworth  
Richard W. Boyd  
Morton W. Briggs  
Jeffrey E. Butler  
Norris B. Clark III  
W. Wistar Comfort  
James E. Cronin  
Norman J. Daniels  
Jelle deBoer  
Robert A. Dunn  
John B. Edgar, Jr.  
James E. Faller  
George N. Garrison  
E. O. Golob  
Ross A. Gortner, Jr.  
Victor Gourevitch  
Richard L. Greene  
Fred Greenstein  
John G. Grumm  
C. Hess Haagen  
Henry Allen Hill
- Gregory S. Horne  
Herbert F. Kenny  
Peter Kostacopoulos  
Joyce O. Lowrie  
Joseph H. McMahon  
James T. Murphy  
Russell Murphy  
Joe Webb Peoples  
Donald M. Russell  
John W. Sease  
Donald K. Sebera  
Robert Singleton  
Alan Smith  
Roger Spegele  
J. Elmer Swanson  
David A. Titus  
James G. Truscott  
R. C. Vogel  
Willard M. Wallace  
Robert J. Weber  
John J. Weltman  
Michael D. West  
Peter Wharton  
Porter K. Wheeler  
Richard Wilbur  
Robert J. Willis  
John L. Wood

## Vietnam Is Major Issue Veep Candidate Muskie Most Popular, Argus Poll Shows

Agnew Is Humbled  
By No Vote; Law, Order Least Popular

Some 25% of those voting in the presidential poll said they would not vote or left an unspecified "other vote."

Vice-Presidential candidate Edmund Muskie received the greatest support from those participating in the poll. He got 68% of the Vice-Presidential vote while his opponent Spiro Agnew was outpolled 66 to 65 by the "No Vote" category.

On the issue vote, Vietnam emerged as the number one issue in students' minds. The Vietnam issue got 43 more votes than any other issue as many students only marked "Vietnam" and did not

## Draft Tests To Be Given Again; Students Can Not Repeat Exam

Again this year the question of draft deferment confronts the Wesleyan student body. The following information gathered from the Offices of Registrar and Placement may help clarify the current state of the draft at Wesleyan.

The next Selective Service Classification Test will be given on Saturday, November 19. The deadline for mailing of applications is October 21. According to Mr. Haagen's Office, however, applications are not available from the University, as last year, but must be picked up at the local Board (#6) at 159 Broad Street, Middletown. According to information available, only students who have not previously taken the exam are eligible.

Registrar Lippincott again urged all students who have not yet taken the exam to do so. Although his information indicates no student has been drafted, Lippincott's tendency for local boards to reclassify men on which they have no information or who are below the necessary class average has increased.

It was also noted that although almost the entire student body has filed the student certification form

1) The right to privacy was violated. Individuals have the right to private conversations without the forceful and unwelcome physical presence of others.

2) The right to free inquiry, so vital to any community, was violated. Every individual must have the sovereign right to determine the course he will seek. This

## Wesleyan Students To Confront Washington 'Warmakers,' Oct. 21

More than 100 Wesleyan students will travel to Washington, D.C., Saturday to "Confront the Warmakers," with a march, rally and peaceful civil disobedience.

With the theme, "From Dissent to Resistance" the Confrontation will

## 160 Leave President's Office After Vigil Protesting On-Campus Military Recruiting

by David Barrett

Ending a 27-hour vigil against military recruitment at Wesleyan, 160 students exited en masse from President Etherington's office yesterday shortly after noon.

The students had entered the office at 9:00 a.m. Monday, in order to emphasize "their commitment to the end of military recruitment at Wesleyan." One spokesman said that the vigil was not a building take-over with a set of demands, but a non-disruptive act which would stress their seriousness.

swelled and decreased as students casually wandered in and out.

Outside, a group of individuals tacked up a sign which read, "If you don't like it, you can leave." They said that they were there as individuals taking a stand against the action of those persons in the President's office.

At 1:00, the Afro-American Society issued a proclamation which supported the stand of the Student-Faculty Committee to end Military Recruitment.

The Communications Committee

## Wes Draft Counseling Service In Operation For 1968-1969

75 Walk Out On Etherington Rec

by Frank Nachman

Approximately 75 students and faculty members walked out of President Etherington's Parents' Day address Saturday morning in response to his decision on campus recruitment issued the previous day.

The President opened by emphasizing that this was

Issue	1	2	3	4	Tot.
Civil Rights	73	156	183	68	480
Law & Order	75	80	82	234	471
Poverty	64	129	149	134	476
Vietnam	328	107	44	44	523

## Boycott Of Classes And March Slated As Vietnam War Protest

by Andrew Feinstein

The Union for Progressive Action and the Ad Hoc Committee are arranging for an October 15 Moratorium of classes to protest the war in Vietnam. Instead of classes, an extensive program of non-violent protest is being planned.

A steering group of four people from the UPA, four from the Ad Hoc Committee, and four from the Middletown Black youth organization, is working on co-ordinating the

## Humphrey Swamps Nixon In Argus Poll; Gregory, Cleaver, And McCarthy Follow

by Jim Drummond

In a poll taken yesterday, Hubert Humphrey received 66.2% of the 845 votes cast by Wesleyan students, as opposed to 19.2% in favor of Richard Nixon.

Dick Gregory was next in the balloting with 5.3%, while Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver got 2.8%, and Eugene McCarthy 2.5%. Other candidates, including Paulsen, Nelson Rockefeller, William Henry Harrison, and the Pig, got 1.1% of the vote, while 2.9% registered No Vote.

The poll reflects a rather dramatic contrast to a more elaborate poll taken exactly one month ago (October 1966).

## WESU Reports Today's Election

WESU-FM will present Middletown Election Radio beginning tonight at 7:30.

Featuring live reports from the

## SDS Activities At Nixon's Hartford Rally Viewed With A Radical Magnifying Glass

by Jim Drummond

One will hear outlandish tales of the events which took place at the Hartford rally Friday night. Most are true. But there is one thing that is clear: the impact made by the dissenters was not of the physical variety.

It is impossible to determine how many were there from Wesleyan and Trinity, in the SDS group, but between 100 and 200 is a good guess. This reporter was with that group, but he was not among the 30 or so that managed to get into the Armory. Indeed, he spent the better part of fifteen minutes with a policeman's nightstick in his arm trying

with his colleagues, was very civil in his refusal. No brutality.

The two SDS chapters had marched en masse from the Trinity Quadrangle to the Armory; the walk was begun at about 6:00 and ended at about 6:20. The mood of the marchers was boisterous; indeed, the

to ensure their admittance into the Armory. This they did. But, alas, their unstraight appearances betrayed them, and the cover was further blown when a couple of buses vomited Humphrey supporters holering, "Debate Now." This proved irresistible for the New Leftists, and

## Policy Statement

Student-Faculty Committee To End Military Recruitment

Slowly, the radicals moved forward in the queue. Some had come an hour earlier and had already entered. Of the rest, only 10 or so managed to get in, making the total inside about 30. Most of these last 10 had trouble with the keepers of the Door. Alejandro Sujo '69 was kicked or slugged in the stomach. Elliott Daum '70, after struggling with several Nixon bouncers, finally was let in when said bouncers realized that the doors had been successfully shut and that it would not be wise to open them again to expel merely one left-winger. Also, Daum is a large man, and the bouncers seemed unable to remove his arm from the door, which he meant to keep open. While he had been wrestling, Daum's friend Harvey X. Yazjian, in the crowd still outside, had shouted the query, "What are they doing?" Daum's bellowing reply was that his besiegers were a bunch of fascists. Meanwhile, Jim Dingeman, a transfer student, was forcibly evicted by the same gentlemen who gave Daum trouble. As far as this reporter knows, he was the only one actually expelled. But that left at least 75% of the SDS people excluded from the ceremonies.



Demonstrators protest at Richard Nixon rally in Hartford last Friday. They shouted Sieg Heil at the GOP candidate.

## Argus Poll Shows That Major Politicos Rejected By Wesleyan

The major political candidates received non-support across the board, further breakdown of the Argus political poll revealed. When faced with the decision of whom to select for President, one quarter of those questioned opted for the "no vote" or "other" category.

Vietnam was the number one issue for all groups; poverty was the least important issue for those who listed themselves as Republicans. Some 68 listed the poverty issue as number 4. Law and Order was the second most popular issue with Republicans at Wesleyan.

## Army OCS

Wesleyan seniors will be able to discuss the U.S. Army's Officer candidate School with Lt. John H. Perchard, Jr., member of the OCS selection team from the Boston Army Base, on Thursday, November 10 in the Downey House.

To qualify for OCS, applicants must be citizens between 18 and 27, have graduated from or be a senior in an accredited college or university recognized by the U.S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare.

The demonstrators began moving about, trying to get from behind the signs. All the while, scattered Nixonites snarled at the demonstrators, and the demonstrators snarled back. Such epithets as "Marxist" and "fascist" were heard.

(Continued on page 2)

## WESLEYAN 70 — The Vietnam War

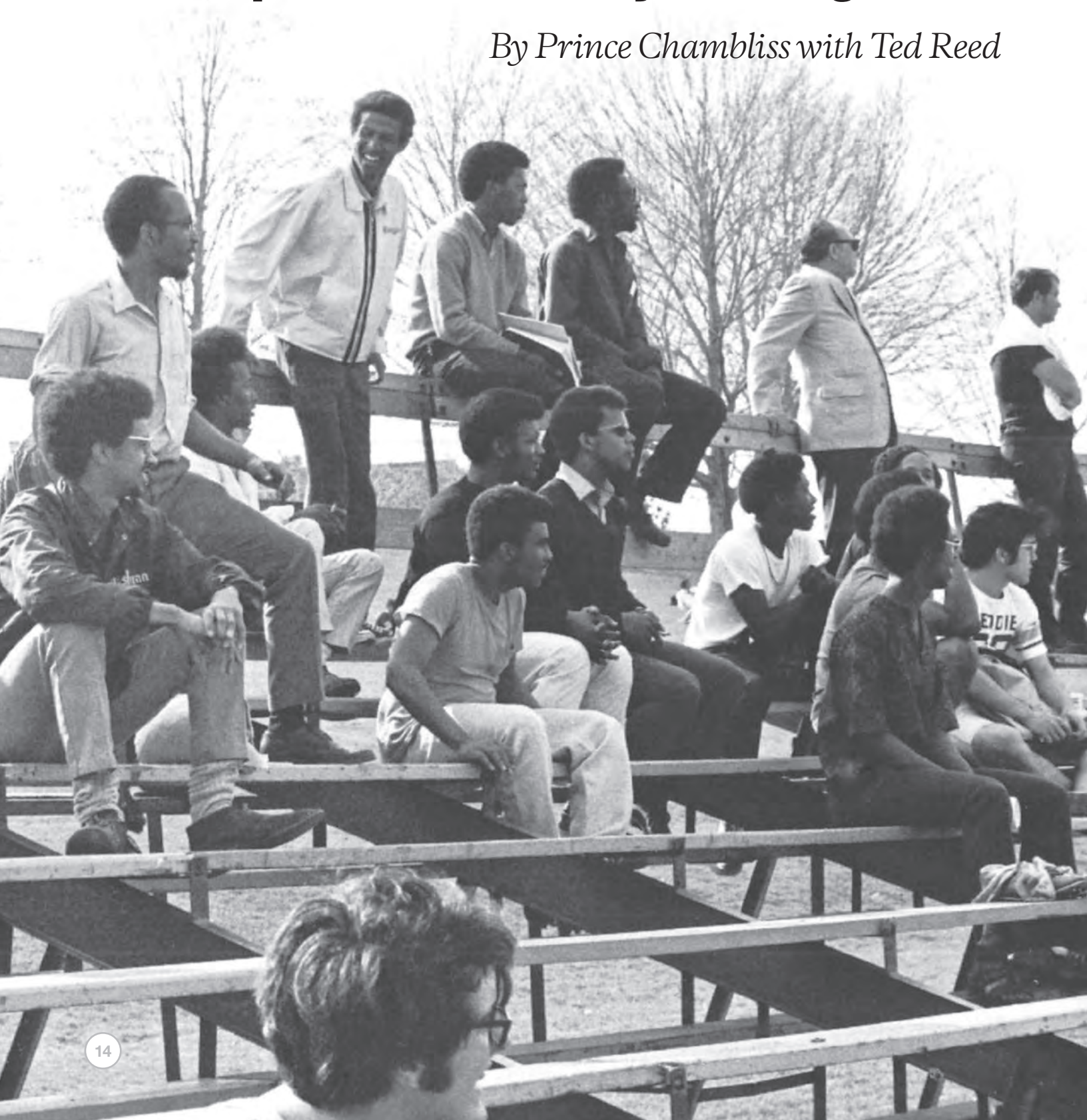
peace was put forth last week in Washington by the National Committee on the Vietnam War. The dates were set to coincide with the first three days of the Lunar New Year, which is the beginning of the Vietnamese New Year.

There will be a meeting of the Young Republicans Club this Thursday, February 18, at 8:00 P.M. in OI P.A.C. The public is invited. The main purpose of the meeting is to discuss the Vietnam War and the role of the Young Republicans.



# How the Class of 1970 and a Guy from Birmingham Helped Lead Wesleyan Integration

By Prince Chambliss with Ted Reed



Prince Chambliss was an **early Class of 1970 celebrity**, the subject of three *New York Times* stories before he got to Wesleyan.

The first story, in October 1964, was headlined, “Connecticut School Bars Negro Youth as a Nonresident” and began, “Plans to have a Negro boy from Birmingham, Ala., attend high school in this Fairfield County community (at Ridgefield High School) have run into trouble.”

As the move to begin to realize the promise of integration gained strength in the '60s, Prince entered an American Friends Service Committee program, which set him up to attend Ridgefield High while living with a local white family. At first, the board of education objected, finding technicalities in order to accommodate local resisters, but under pressure it backed down.

A second *Times* story described Prince as “the shy, soft-spoken, 110-pound youth (who) is transferring from Birmingham’s segregated Parker High School, where he was a straight-A student, president of his class and a member of the National Honor Society.” A third, in June 1966, was headlined: “A Success Story in Suburban School; Negro Boy Who Divided a Town in North Graduates with Honor.”

## Next stop: Middletown.

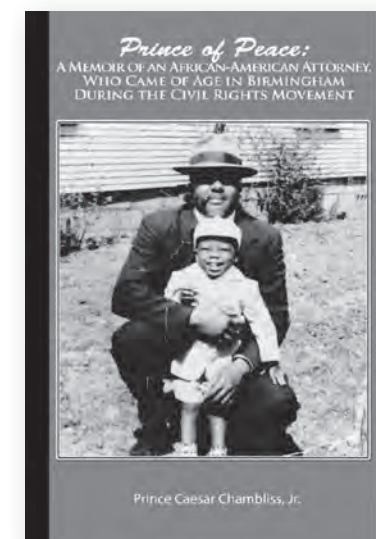
Prince first visited Wesleyan because he was encouraged by his high school history teacher, Dirk Bollenback, Class of 1953. “It was love at first sight,” Prince wrote. “Wesleyan gives the appearance of the All-American campus and Middletown was picturesque, sitting above the Connecticut River, but having a slightly gritty edge.” Also, Admissions Director Jack Hoy “looked like the ideal person to answer a casting call for a movie role in that position. He had salt and pepper hair, smoked a pipe, wore tweed sports coats with elbow patches, and easily engaged one in conversation on every possible subject. I walked into his office and was sold immediately.”

In many ways, Prince’s story is typical for our class of 352 admitted students, including 33 from minority groups, mostly black. Prince became politically active at Wesleyan. He resisted the draft and became involved—in his case, as a Black Panther. “I went from honor student living in the home of a white family in Fairfield County, Conn. to poster child for the Black Panthers,” he wrote.

In 2010, he published an autobiography, *Prince of Peace: A Memoir of an African-American Attorney Who Came of Age in Birmingham During the Civil Rights Movement*. This story includes excerpts from the book as well as from e-mails.



Above:  
Prince Chambliss’ love of learning began as a youth at the Glossfield Library in Birmingham, Alabama.



*“I went from honor student living in the home of a white family in Fairfield County, Conn. to poster child for the Black Panthers.”*





*“...the thought that ‘these white boys aren’t going to learn a thing from me’ permeated the atmosphere and reinforced the self-segregation...”*

“According to the dean (John Hoy), it was our role to interact with our classmates, who would be going on to become captains of industry and leaders in the financial community. We were there to educate them about us and our communities so that they wouldn’t be clueless later in life. The exposure to our culture through the first-hand experience of sharing college together would prepare them for dealing with diversity on better terms than the previous generation. Even if I had not personally taken this as an insult and tried to continue with a positive attitude, there were others and most of them were incensed. ‘Were we not also there to be trained to become captains of industry and financial leaders ourselves?’”

“Looking back at Wesleyan that fall of 1966, it is likely that the self-segregated black tables at meals in the cafeteria and at social gatherings would have developed on their own, without any negative precipitation,” Prince wrote. “However, the thought that ‘these white boys aren’t going to learn a thing from me’ permeated the atmosphere and reinforced the self-segregation to such a strong extent that it took a strong white student to sustain an effort at integration... It was difficult to find one’s way through the thicket of race relations in 1966. Everyone was carrying a lot of baggage.”

“Life as a student at Wesleyan was marred in our minds by what we perceived to be the stifling oppressive heavy hand of white liberal paternalism. As a black student, one had all of the comforts imaginable, but the fact that one was different had not been taken into account and, while we were catered to in almost every possible way, we were not in control... As students we were admitted to an elite academic community in unprecedented larger numbers but we still remained a very small and distinct minority with no self-control or power.”

The **challenges** Prince and other African Americans faced were not all on campus or in the classroom.

“We discovered very early on that there was not a good barber in Middletown for cutting black hair. After locating the one barbershop in the very small black part of town, one student gave it a try. Unfortunately, he fell asleep in the chair and upon awakening was cruelly disappointed to discover that he had been ‘scalped.’ The haircut was so bad that he was a joke for weeks and had to be persuaded to remove his cap so that the complete damage could be analyzed and resolutions made to avoid a haircut in Middletown at all costs. Of course, I can’t say that this is how the ‘Afro’ hairstyle began, but I do know that I only got haircuts when I went home on school breaks and soon I didn’t bother.”

The late 1960s was a time of **emerging black pride**. It emerged faster at Wesleyan than at similar schools.

“Very few other colleges had followed Wesleyan’s lead in increasing the numbers of black students so substantially so quickly,” Prince wrote. “Consequently, the black students at Wesleyan were usually disappointed when attending mixers with the many girls’ schools because there were such a small number of black female students. It is interesting to note the difference between the Wesleyan black students generally and the black students at the other competing colleges. Not to say that all of the other black students at other colleges were in the bookworm mode, but there is indeed strength in numbers and Wesleyan had the black numbers.”

“Wesleyan had actually selected gifted young black students who retained a sincere commitment to make changes in the black community. Wesleyan had admitted bookworms like me, but it had also admitted young black men who were determined to return to their community and make a difference on their own terms. There was a verve and style about the young black men from Wesleyan. (We) kept the pressure on the administration.”

One result was the establishment of the Malcolm X House in the building occupied by EQV—until the fraternity was evacuated after a 1966 fire.

“One of the very early tactics in ‘negotiating’ with the university administration was to make ‘non-negotiable’ impossible demands,” Prince wrote. “By asking for the impossible, in our minds, we controlled the situation because the university couldn’t ‘win’ by granting the demand. Also, by demanding the impossible, the more possible, but perhaps somewhat outrageous, demands actually became achievable: ‘Well, if they really want to have their own separate black dormitory and name it after Malcolm X, I suppose we could see how that works.’”

In **retrospect**, even as Wesleyan changed us, we changed Wesleyan.

“It was no surprise at all that when Sen. Ted Kennedy was taken ill and unable to deliver the commencement address during the presidential campaign of 2008, the replacement speaker was none other than then-candidate, Sen. Barack Obama,” Prince wrote. “Clearly, Wesleyan will always be on the cutting edge, leading the way for others to follow.”

For Prince, as for all of us, “The change that I sought so strenuously came about in so many ways that there was change for which I had not bargained.” ❖

*At right: Future President of the United States, Barack Obama, delivering the 2008 commencement address at Wesleyan. Photo by Bill Burkhart.*

*“...the black students at Wesleyan were usually disappointed when attending mixers with the many girls’ schools because there were such a small number of black female students.”*







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

Wesleyan reacted to the slaying of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. with shock, sorrow, anger, apprehension, and, Friday afternoon, with prayer. Some 1,000 persons gathered at the Wesleyan Memorial Chapel Friday to hear Gene Lang "pay homage" to a black saint and Dr. John Maguire ask "How long America?" before the nation learns to go beyond realism and believe in the dream of Dr. King. "It is one midnight," he said. "Martin believed that dawn will come, but we are not so certain now."

Sunday afternoon, some persons, about a third from the Wesleyan community, marched from the South Congregational Church at the south end of Street to the north end of Street where the crowd gathered for the march. The march halted at St. Church where the crowd gathered for the march. The march halted at St. Church where the crowd gathered for the march.

## Wes-Tuskegee Exchange Fails

by Jim RePass

The annual Wesleyan-Tuskegee exchange program, scheduled for Spring vacation (for Wes to visit Tuskegee) and April 15-19 (for Tuskegee to visit Wesleyan), has

## Afro-American Studies Institute Established By Unanimous Vote

The proposal for the establishment of an Afro-American Institute was unanimously approved yesterday in a meeting of the faculty. The Institute, to be implemented immediately, will begin in the fall of 1969.

The proposal, recommended by the administration and endorsed by the Educational Policy Committee, outlines an Institute with some characteristics of a department, some of a program, and some of the two academic colleges. Some members of departments will also be staff members of the Institute, as will visiting black professors, now

## Realizing Basic Rights Is Black Power—McKissick

by Frank B. Phillippi

"It didn't explain anything but it sure messed their minds!"

Thus one Negro listener described the impact of Floyd McKissick, national director of CORE, as he tried to sketch something about Black Power for 600 persons who filled the Chapel last night.

Before tracing the history of Black People's power back to one year before the Mayflower landed, McKissick reported, "Things haven't changed very much. Most white people don't understand the problem and most of them won't even open their minds to try."

"The tragedy of this great country of ours is that we will not take the time to listen and to do the basic research to achieve a minimum of understanding." He explained that the University of Oregon was planning a course on "Black Power" which was the time necessary to understand it, not what he could say in two hours. "Read W. E. B. Dubois who wrote in 1898. It ain't new!"

The basic problem is that "white people are trying to tell black people how to run the show when they don't even know what the show is, and, in fact, the show is already on the road," the fiery Negro leader said.



(Photo by Mike Mullally)  
CORE Director Floyd McKissick

## Blacks Burn Olla Pod; Damn Racist Wesleyan

### On The Steps of North College

by Brad Rainer and Jim Drummond

At 8:00 last night, twelve Blacks soaked four copies of the 1968 Olla Podrida in gasoline and ignited them. The mood was easy, but the statement was hard, like fire. The place was the entrance to North College.

Originally, the plan had been to burn the yearbooks behind the Afro-American House, when the Argus was called Wednesday night. When the reporter arrived there at 7:45, however, he was told that the plan had changed. He asked one of the Black students why the location was to be North College rather than Delta Kappa Epsilon, where the editor of the yearbook resides. The answer was that North College is closer to the heart of the matter.

There was no publicity connected with the burning, and therefore the Blacks conducted the burning in near isolation. The only Whites who witnessed the scene were the Argus reporter and a photographer and a passerby who, in answer to his question, was told that the Blacks were

"burning your college down." The reporter remarked that, had there been advance publicity, there would no doubt have been many Whites in attendance, to burn their own yearbooks. The reply: "They can come tomorrow night and burn their books for their own reasons."

Yet the mood was relaxed. One Black student asked, "Did anybody bring any marshmallows? Then the yearbook would not be a total waste." This did not contradict the underlying gravity of the scene,



however. The Blacks were there for one reason: to condemn the "decadent misrepresentation of the Black community's role at Wesleyan." The Communications Committee of the Afro-American Society does this verbally at night.

One Black student, when asked why he had not brought his yearbook to burn, replied: "I never got one of those things; I wouldn't buy one." The irony is that he has already bought one through the college body tax; he did not know this.

### "We Will Not Be Deterred"

We, the black brothers at Wesleyan, feel that the 1968 edition of the Wesleyan Olla Podrida is a slap in the face, an outrageous, unforgivable insult to all black people, however directly or obliquely associated with the Wesleyan Community.

The Olla Pod staff in their decadent misrepresentation of Wesleyan reality adds insult to injury in begging "no forgiveness" for this abominable distortion of Wesleyan life.

The Olla Pod reflects the white Western racist orientation of Wesleyan which seeks to deny the existence and unique expressiveness of the black world. The Olla Pod seeks to project the assimilationist philosophy of the phony white liberal swine and nowhere reflects the righteous self-determining philosophy of the Black Community. This tokenism of the decadent, false-representational Olla Pod rather than placating black students at Wesleyan as the Olla Pod staff and North College administration would have, merely inflames us, inspiring us to more tenaciously adhere to our objective of changing the University which has again revealed its blatant racist philosophical, structural, and institutional bias.

This outrage is second in nature only to the blasphemous decision of the CBC to allocate only \$200 to the Afro-American Society. We black students recognize this as a deliberate, racist attempt to reduce, thwart, and otherwise hinder the effectiveness of the Afro-American Society; so as to maintain this oppressive status quo commonly referred to as the Wesleyan experience. This action reflects the malicious intent on the part of the University to frustrate the creative genius, as well as suppress the revolutionary potential of black people here to significantly change Wesleyan, transforming it into a truly humanistic, democratic, nonracist institution dedicated to educating men to realistically relate to the world. However, regardless of whatever obstacles Wesleyan might confront us with we will not be deterred.

Communications Committee of the Afro-American Society

## House For Black Students Gets Okay For Residency Next Year

## Leftwich Cites Need For Black Power At Gamma Psi Lecture

by Gordon Fain

Thursday evening Mr. Edward Leftwich discussed "Black Power" in a program sponsored by Gamma Psi. Mr. Leftwich works for the Norwalk Area Ministry, a social action organization sponsored by a group of Norwalk churches. Following his informal remarks, he participated in a lively

and uniqueness and the importance of preserving them.

**Blacks Help Blacks**

Questioned about the role of the white in the problem, Leftwich (himself a Negro) stated that the black man should handle the problems of the black community. He assigned to the white the more difficult task of changing the wrong in the white community.

Concerning the misinterpretation and fear of the term black power, he attributed it to the fears of the white middle class. Black power, he stated, demands change, and change is a challenge to, and thus feared by, the middle class. He also attacked the "distortion of the term black power, making it mean nothing but violence." This, he said, was an effort to condemn the idea by associating it with violence.

## Black Students Explain Actions Before Alumni At '92 Meeting



(Photo by Mike Mullally)

## Two-Thirds Of Faculty Petition To Revoke Draft Memorandum

Wesleyan has added more fuel to the fires of controversy surrounding General Hershey.

Two-thirds of the Wesleyan faculty and administration have signed a letter sent to the Selective Service Director, asking him to revoke

his October 26, 1967 memorandum. The memorandum, sent to all 4,088 local draft boards, suggested the boards revoke the deferments of anyone engaging in "illegal activity which interferes with recruiting or

(Continued on page 2)

VOL. 4, No. 33 MIDDLETOWN, CONN., FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1968 BY SUBSCRIPTION

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



(Photo by Hal Stinson)  
Dick Gregory

by Edward Hayes

Presidential candidate Dick Gregory, before a SRO crowd of 1,500 in McConaughy Hall last night, informed, "You are dealing with a sick, insane country, and you have to change it."

Speaking with a simple logic that became forcefully glaring and with a calmness punctuated by dynamism, Gregory gave instances of American insanity and said that this sickness would have to be cured, now!

America is sick and troubled, the "non-violent, vegetarian, pacifist" said, because she is the number one racist country on the face of the earth. "You don't realize it—at least

## Black Organization Result Of Strengthened Identity

by John Hagel and Charles Lindley

In a recent communiqué issued 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 "blatant racist philosophical, structural, and institutional bias." This same communiqué forced many White students to realize for the first time that the Afro-American House was not just "another fraternity," that there was a far deeper motivation for the formation of such a House than merely beer-drinking and girl-chasing. The large number of letters besieging the Argus offices attests to the success of the communiqué.



(Photo by Hal Stinson)  
Bernie Freeman '70, of Ujamaa, is surrounded by officers of the law prior to his half-time address Saturday.

## List Of Major Events Following Presentation Of Ujamaa Demands

(The following is a re-cap of the major events of the past four days, beginning with the issuing of the three demands to the administration Friday morning.)

**Friday**

The three demands were served at 11:30 a.m., with a deadline of 1:00 p.m. The administration informed Ujamaa at that time that it would issue an answer at 5:00 p.m. The statement was sent at that time to the Malcolm X House, and stated the refusal of the demands.

During the afternoon, a number of students met with Dean Adamany, and met in the Chapel at 6:00 p.m. to issue and distribute a letter from Ujamaa to the administration.

## Faculty Resolution

The faculty, at yesterday's meeting, voted to adopt the following resolution:

This faculty deplores discrimination and racism as they have been practiced historically and continue to exist in our society. We also recognize that racism, like violence, is inimical to the function of a university.

The faculty instructs its committees and any faculty members whose co-operation they may request to help the university move with speed in the effort to create understanding, tension, seek a just resolution, pending questions, and develop new procedures which can be respected as just and fair to all in the university.





# The Transition to Coeducation at Wesleyan (1968–1978)

By Diana Diamond, Ph.D.

When I started at Wesleyan in 1969, it was the Wild West of coeducation. There were no athletic facilities or organized sports for women, no eating clubs or dining rooms aside from the freshman dining hall, and no health services that focused on women's issues, including contraception or sexuality. But we made it up as we went along, plunging into the academic and social life of the campus, to political activities and the creative arts—especially theater and dance. Forging our own path was in itself empowering, but the transition to coeducation was largely a silent revolution that was largely obscured by the social and political movements of the late '60s and '70s that which were sweeping campuses including the antiwar movement, the black power movement, the women's movement and the student left.

As one of the first elite universities to accept women in 1968 several years before the "Ivies", Wesleyan was in the vanguard of the movement for coeducation. Yet the experiences of the generation of students who were pioneers in this movement have not been adequately documented or theorized.

Suzy Taraba and I, along with Sheila Tobias (hired as assistant provost in 1970 to oversee the transition to coeducation), designed a questionnaire that covers aspects of the social and academic life at Wesleyan that was sent to over 4,000 students, faculty and administrators who were at Wesleyan from 1968 to 1978.

The following are some of the responses from students who were at Wesleyan during 1969–1970.

## Women Students

*"I didn't feel like a pioneer—more like an interloper trying to get an excellent education. What affected me far more at the time was the women's movement, and the clear message that women should pursue careers..."*

*"In my classes, many more women were 'quiet and thoughtful' and discourse could often be dominated by men. There were way fewer female professors than male. So, while individual women took risks, spoke up, led organizations, etc., others were still inhibiting themselves, uncertain that assertion was compatible with getting male attention on a social/sexual level, etc."*

*"Forging our own path was in itself empowering, but the transition to coeducation was largely a silent revolution..."*

*"I didn't feel like a pioneer—more like an interloper trying to get an excellent education."*





A professor wrote an article for a campus publication inveighing against admitting more women because English would become a “girls major”.

“At Wesleyan I hit a perfect storm: psychedelics, the so-called sexual revolution, the student strike, being one of only 40 or so female students on a campus of 2,000 men and mostly male professors, and the unnamed sexism that pervaded the times.”

“I was usually the only woman in a class, self-conscious, and afraid to speak. (Male) Friends told me years later how they’d all rush to the window to see me walking in my long maxi coat across the Lawn Ave. courtyard. That might sound like fun, but it wasn’t. I didn’t feel free. In one class, I remember a professor looking at me in amazement and saying “That’s a really good point. I’m really surprised!” I withdrew. My educational life stalled. Nobody was cruel, but it was not easy to be a novelty and a pioneer... On the other hand, the men I knew at Wesleyan were mostly gentle, interesting, decent, and kind. So, as they say, it’s complicated. I cherish the friends I made, and classes and teachers that were bright spots, but overall the experience was emotionally chaotic for me. Maybe it was just the times.”

“Solidarity with other women going through the same thing created a sense of community for us, a pleasure in knowing ourselves to be at the cutting edge.”

“In certain classes with certain female professors, there was the sense that we were breaking paths together. I appreciated seeing women who already had become something or somebody that I aimed to be. I didn’t have a lot of positive female support to be an academic achiever, so it made a huge impact on me.”

“Later many of us went on to professions—and the years at Wesleyan prepared us well for them—competition in the classroom, dealing with men as friends and classmates, learning to deal with discrimination—subtle and not so subtle as when one of my professors told me that his seminar in Shakespeare was more subdued than usual because perhaps the men in the class were fantasizing about me. Or when professors would turn to us and ask for “the feminine point of view”. As one of my friends from that era stated, I didn’t know that there was a feminine point of view until I got to Wesleyan.”

“My experiences with professors were poor, and ranged from dismissive at best, to abusive at worst. I was discriminated against by some, and harassed by one of my professors. This is one story, of the professor who harassed me: I received a B on a paper I had worked hard on. I went to him after class to ask him for feedback on what I could do to improve to an A level of quality. He suggested that we meet in his office hours: the next Friday at 9 PM. When I arrived, his office was dimly lit and had a couch; he was smoking a pipe and had jazz playing. He came to sit next to me, touched my knee, complimented me, and then brazenly proposed that we have sex...and even meet every Friday evening for sex! I left in a huff and never received any further communication from him on my work. I recall feeling depressed as I walked home in the snow and, pondering the situation, concluded that I had no conceivable recourse. I had no sense that I could report him to the administration...and thought that if I did, he would harm me somehow. I was worried that rejecting him would now make him take some sort of revenge on me, if only in my final grade, which I believe proved true.”

“The biggest advantage was that we were able to go to Wesleyan in the first place. We didn’t go there to be the first women, but to be Wesleyan students. But, there was something energizing about being part of the change. It was an opportunity, and we knew that time was special. Being part of the transition was actually good experience for what was going on in the world overall, with changing women’s roles in the work force, politics, leadership, etc. Going through those years at Wesleyan gave me the confidence to handle many similar situations later. Socially, one of the advantages to the transition years was that strong relationships were formed with classmates, both men and women. There were so few women on campus my first two years that I probably knew most of them by sight, and I became close friends with many of them. But the majority of my classmates were men, so most of my friends were men. I had boyfriends as well, but the guys I’m still in touch with were the “just friends” guys that I shared the Wes experience with.”

“The student clinic was operating in the dark ages with a doctor who didn’t have a clue about women’s bodies or sexual functions.”

“Being part of the transition was actually good experience for what was going on in the world overall... Going through those years at Wesleyan gave me the confidence to handle many similar situations later.”



*“...idea that campus life would be transformed was powerful and important, but the practicality—women in class, women in dorms, women around, still was not there.”*

*“Many of us felt we were doing forced labor as monks, only to find out they’d imported a few nuns for us to commiserate with!”*

## Men Students

- “We were told that the few women on campus were a “toe in the water” to see if coeducation would work. I remember admiring the bravery of the women in the circumstances.”
- “I recall four women in ’68 and we were the first class to have women graduate on transfer...idea that campus life would be transformed was powerful and important, but the practicality—women in class, women in dorms, women around, still was not there. I clearly recall the sense that we were at the beginning of something.”
- “The presence of women broke down the artificial isolation of the all-male environment making campus life more integrated, more humane, and therefore more interesting.”
- “I was extremely grateful to have women on campus. I was getting fed up with the all-male, cloistered environment. In my experience, the few women who came to Wesleyan in the late ’60s made an immediate impression and took part in all the social, academic and political ferment on campus.”
- “Women athletes forced, after much resistance, the entire athletics department to move into the 20th century. Understanding the needs of women as athletes led to educational opportunities for the male-dominated training staff and coaches.”
- “Introducing a wide-spread radically different (feminine) point of view continued to provoke useful conversations around campus about a whole new set of topics and expanded priorities.”
- “I saw it [coeducation] as a dismantling of a male bastion—an inherent social good. I believed that Wesleyan was a national gem, but the exclusion of women was a structural defect. Healing that defect was a benefit to us all.”
- “In 1970, I don’t recall there being more than a half-dozen female students (not including the MAT program). When I chose Wesleyan, I thought an all-male campus would be a plus and force me to concentrate on my studies. Instead, I learned quickly that I spent an inordinate amount of time planning road trips to or visits from the women’s colleges. Then, when women were admitted, another expectation proved to be incorrect. I thought they would be eager to find boyfriends. Instead, my impression was they chose none to avoid offending any in their new on-campus peer group. Many of us felt we were doing forced labor as monks, only to find out they’d imported a few nuns for us to commiserate with!”

“There were only 20 women. It was a male community in which women were guests, honored sometimes, ignored sometimes, objectified all too often.”

“One memory I have is the DKE (football guys) fraternity putting up a giant anti co-ed banner outside their frat house saying something like: ‘Do You Want Wesleyan to Be Just Another Swarthmore?’ It still cracks me up all these years later.”

When I was at Wesleyan for my 45th reunion in 2015, I asked the undergraduate women assigned to our class, what are the relevant issues on campus today? Much to my astonishment they said, coeducation (not knowing of my interest in this topic)—and talked about the controversy on campus about the movement to abolish fraternities or to have them become co-ed.

It was clear to me, that despite the fact that Wesleyan is now over 50% women, a number of issues that leap out from the responses above remain salient today—how campus social life has been dominated by all-male fraternities and the absence of group life for women, issues around sexual harassment, and equality in and out of the classroom. I and my colleagues will be continuing work on the Wesleyan coeducation project which will be reported in future publications and symposia. ♣

*“Do You Want Wesleyan to Be Just Another Swarthmore?”*





# Butterfield Predicts A Decision About Women's Education Within 18 Months

## Four Plans Presented

The Board of Trustees will probably make a decision on coeducation during the first year of president-elect Etherington's term, according to President Victor Butterfield. He added that the "odds are two to one" in favor of some form of coordinate education.

Butterfield did note, however, that the problem will be Etherington's and that there are "really too many variables" to make any accurate predictions at this time. He stressed that this is a time of suspended judgment.

Alternate Plans  
T. Chadbourne Dunham  
of the faculty



Trustees' subcommittee has taken over the summer. There was a two-day conference in June at which women's education was discussed. The vice president of Hamilton College and the president-elect of Hamilton's soon-to-be initiated coordinate college (Kirkland) met on the first day to discuss with the Education Committee the studies Hamilton had undertaken and the difficulties that school had encountered.

The second half of the conference was a meeting with Allen Simpson, the president of the American Society for the Advancement of Women.

## Existing Elsewhere

by Neil Silberman

## Wes Wins Popularity Contest

With the applications for the Ten College Exchange Program received and accounted for, it seems that for all concerned, Wesleyan is the most popular of the participating schools.

A total of 280 students from Smith College have filed 446 applications for admission in the co-educational program, and of that number, 179 were to Wesleyan. As far as applications from Smith to other participating colleges went, Dartmouth received 137, Williams, 100, Bowdoin, 13, Amherst, 9, Trinity, 5, and Haverford, 2. There was one application to Connecticut College.

Smith

women's colleges with 41 and Mrs. Michael Olmsted, the biggest... and have

to the applicants in the received, 100 were from Mount Holyoke, and applications 15 were to Amherst, and one to Conn.

seems to go this way: with Amherst a poor program so far.

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mentioned stated favored the mild support

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## Argus Poll

## 75 Per Cent Of Students Want A Coordinate College

Nearly three-fourths of the Wesleyan undergraduates are in favor of a coordinate college for women in Middletown, according to a questionnaire distributed by the Argus last week.

63% would like to see this college open within three years. Less than one-fifth of those voting are against a coordinate college, with 7% unsure.

Same

## 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.

Ten 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, trapping the women inside. Two girls exited through a window and unlocked the doors.

Besides discussing whether men should be allowed to attend their meetings, the women's main con-

cerns included the availability of birth control pills at Wesleyan, dissemination of abortion information, and establishment of day care centers. Four women volunteered to form a committee to ask Dean Adams to issue a university-wide ban on birth control pills, not now dispensed by service. If the statement favorable to the women's liberation will be planned.

The women also discussed and salary discrimination of women at women's treatment in various areas of their life. The group plans day evenings at 8:00 in the room of Common

organization, no future," says Mayers, Rep. Connecticut State House.

Mayers, two, spoke a sermon on the Approach to According can be found old Republic individual re through re Democrats, unable to as individuals problem in leaders in problems. two area principles

8.45) t, if they col- that 150, un- ver, was in and local pro- ting. But in the fed- the fed- men mos- that increas- dure. the loc- direct cord- ent, Mr. be betwe- tion a he pr- is a monie- to loc-

## 300 Girls Expected To Apply For Seventeen Transfer Spots

by Frank Nachman

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. Dean Daniel Lane

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

The admissions office is now confronted with the onerous task of choosing the seventeen most qualified candidates in less than two weeks' time. Since the number of qualified candidates obviously far exceeds available places, Wesleyan officials will work closely with the participating schools to best gauge the abilities of each candidate.

The amount of available dormitory space for women will determine the number of permanent women transfers accepted for the 1969-1970 school year. Dean Lang stated that at this time, no exact figure for the number of prospective applicants could be given, but he surmised that it would be in the neighborhood of five hundred. Many of those women rejected for the Ten College Program are expected to submit applications for permanent transfer. The deadline for applying for permanent transfer is May 1, with notifications

## Women Arrive At Wesleyan - 346-9579

by Jim RePass

After more than half a century of coeducation in the classroom, after two generations of a life that was "monastic on weekdays, and orgiastic on weekends," after five decades of libidinal crush, the Wesleyan undergraduate is at last exposed to the presence—inconceivable as it may seem—of female, undergrad

For those who are yet aware, the girls are living at the old Spanish House, across the street from Dow House. Their living quarters are still in a mild state of chaos, since they are remodeling and remodeling. The number of Spanish

Fall 1966—Spring 1970



# The Wesleyan Argus

## Letters To The Editor

### Budget Request

To the Editor:

I am requesting an itemized breakdown of the budget request of the S.D.S. and the publication thereof in the near future.

Sincerely,

Howard G. Borgstrom '70

### Identification Please

To the Editor:

And particularly to the Afro-American Society Communications

Black House as if it were one of my plantation cabins. In my book of etiquette on "equality or superiority" the host (of whatever color) is always the superior. I trust the members of the Black House will not fault me for treating them like gentlemen.

In that book, too, apartheid is a double-headed monster of ethnocentric mythology. I hope it never comes to reality on the Wesleyan campus.

Once they have granted hospitality to a controversial issue, the boys of the Argus are captive editors. Without burdening the Argus interminably, may I refer you to an article which The Alumnus has accepted for the up-coming October issue. If it is indeed racist, then I type you and Mr. Brad Matthews and the Communications Committee will hit it hard.

Sincerely yours,  
Paul A. Reynolds

### Young Ladies

To the Editor:

We feel that the young ladies who supplied an article for page 8 of the latest edition of The Tin Drum should have been required to pay for advertising services rendered. Their remarks were worthy of the Crimson Classifieds.

Yours,  
Michael Brewin  
James Drummond

### Not All Animals

To the Editor:

I consider no girl mindless merely because she is a girl. The absurdity of seeing all women as mindless is obvious.

Miss Zhevtin and Miss Saltzman, in their article in The Tin Drum of October 16, have made some good points. That these previously have been brought up countless times by all of us, they only could have guessed, not having been here. I am, however, that their view of the complete; it is not there are a

Respectfully,  
Russ Josephson '70

## SAM'S OUTLET

319 MAIN ST.

Your LEVI'S STA-PREST and Sport Clothes

Headquarters

Charge Accounts Invited

## The Complaints Of Six Women Discussed With Student EPC

by John Hagel

Six women students attended an open meeting held on Wednesday evening in the COL lounge by the Student Educational Policy Committee to discuss the complaints of women students at Wesleyan. The discussion was moderated by Mrs. Margaret Petty of the English Department.

The major topics which were discussed included the number of women attending the meeting was Dr. Crampton's refusal to dispense birth control information, devices, or prescriptions to unmarried women.

Mrs. Petty questioned the women regarding their experiences on student extra-curricular organizations. Only one of the women at the meeting was a member of a major student organization, but the others indicated they had not encountered any discriminatory practices in these organizations. One woman pointed out that there were no women in the student government at Wesleyan.

are interested in other things besides "screwing," at it was so bluntly described. Some people here do not look at chicks as "... walking, talking, smiling pairs of boobs." On the contrary, they see and experience the more wholesome aspects of sexuality. In doing so, their sexuality is, of course, more wholesome than you portray it. However, and this is important: All of us have met lots of bitches—and I use that word to mean rotten-type chicks. (You know what I mean.) Consider the maxim, "Bitches are treated as bitches."

The second point regards women's sexuality. It is not supposed to be used to tease, to twist, to distort, to overpower, or to humiliate men. What kind of games do (some) girls think they're playing? Girls who come on sexy can damn well expect a certain amount of animal instinct (i.e. natural instinct) reactions. If they don't expect it, they should; it's a fact of life. Often it's not a case merely of a guy acting alone; there's usually provocation.

Finally, let me just say again that we do see things as you have outlined them, at least basically. We want co-education so the unnatural monastery situation will end. But 17 or even 70 girls will not alleviate the situation. On the contrary, it sharpens our awareness of the lack, while it provides you few girls with an unfair view of how things really are and of how we really feel.

## A Dialectical View Of Sex Or How To Stop Screwing And Start Making Love

by Barbara Zhevtin and Judy Saltzman  
(Miss Zhevtin and Miss Saltzman are residents of 300 High Street.)

Wesleyan is caught in the past. It is a remnant of the times when women were considered to be mindless. The "mindless" were separated from the "men" who were placed into educational institutions designed to teach them about and prepare them for life. The absurdity of it! At Wesleyan hundreds of males are living in rooms in fraternity houses or dormitories, attending big, medium and small classes with other males, being primarily instructed by males, reading books mostly by males, going to lectures with personal, academic or whatever other kind of problems, attending lectures with males, watching television with males, participating in or watching athletics with males, etc.

This is where you learn to live: where men are divided from women, where the social is divided from the intellectual, where mind is divided from body.

This situation naturally leads to a few misconceptions. Contrary to the Wesleyan attitude, women are not objects. We are not walking, talking, smiling pairs of boobs; we are not fraternity-party-ego-builders, we are not inept bed-fellows, ad infinitum, ad nauseum. For us, sex is not just a "weekend mistake," nor do our minds function merely on Monday through Friday.

What lies at the root of these distortions we deplore is the absence of sexuality at Wesleyan. It cannot exist in this atmosphere of division. We are defining sexuality as the totality of the individual which is implicit in everything he or she does.

The Wesleyan man can no longer deny his sexuality. The presence of women at Wesleyan will hopefully make men aware of their misconception of it and involve them in comfortable, natural relationships with females.

The article shown above was published in The Tin Drum, a fellow Wesleyan publication.

## WESLEYAN 70 — Women Arrive





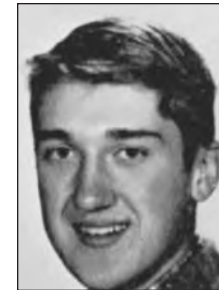
# WESLEYAN 70

## Autobiographies

### Joel A. Adams

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Enjoyed my time living on second floor Foss Hill 10, freshman year. All the time talking in the hallway. Also enjoyed my senior year living in Delta Tau Delta. Played a lot of bridge. One bridge game continued, with different players rotating in and out, all afternoon and evening for something like ten hours.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** When our oldest son was 13 and our triplets were 10, we bought a 33' motor home and spent 30 days traveling from Philadelphia to Yellowstone to Maine and back. Sandusky roller coasters; World's Largest Truck Stop; relatives; Devil's Tower; Badlands; Sturgis during Bike Week; Geysers, petrified tree, Yellow Canyons, Old Faithful and the Grand Tetons; Cody, WY, rodeo; Niagara Falls, Maid of the Mist; relatives; Maine Camping where we went every year; more relatives; and the RV moment when I drove too close to a tree ripping the side awning completely off and leaving a pole speared into the tree limb.

**Now:** Living and working in Philadelphia. I am an executive coach to a few CEOs and a dozen entrepreneurs.



Above: Joel Adams.

### Mark M. Adams



### Neale T. Adams

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Deborah Bertone Adams



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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Wesleyan profoundly shaped my life. After a stultifying, painful miseducation in high school, the University's faculty allowed me to develop a devotion to intellectual exploration infused by the rich, skeptical traditions of European political thought. Professors Katz (the remarkable young Wally), Dibble, Morgan, Greene, Wolff were gifted teachers who trained me to think. From them, I learned lifelong habits of mind from the rigor of the construction of the sentence and paragraph to the demands of a coherent argument. When combined with the overwhelming moral and political education provided by efforts to halt the war in Southeast Asia while dealing with racism in our nation, I came into adulthood.

And, I met my wife with whom I have lived these last 50 years. Indeed, we are the oldest living married couple comprised of Wesleyan graduates, Diana being one of only six who graduated in our tradition shattering class of 1970. Our love and the family we have built is the foundation upon which my life stands.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Professionally, what I have done with that life has been reasonably consistent. I came to Wesleyan and graduated committed to the rejuvenation of the American City. In 1970, those communities were at midpoint in a fifty-year-long saga of disinvestment and social

turmoil, often over endemic racial inequities. Out of graduate school having gotten a Doctorate in Education, my first calling was as a public servant. Feeling betrayed by the federal government (Vietnam, etc.), I believed that local government might allow me to make a more meaningful contribution to urban life.

I began in the Hartford Public School System, where I became the Assistant Superintendent of Schools for Policy and Finance. I then migrated to municipal government. My first position was as Assistant City Manager for Hartford, then as now, one of our country most troubled cities. Wanting to experience management of a different sort of place, and thrilled by the prospect of again joining forces with my political colleague, Tom Hayden and his wife, Jane Fonda, I became at 33 the City Manager of Santa Monica, CA. My four years there were fruitful, allowing me to shape the future of the Santa Monica Mall, the Pier, a new set of waterfront parks, plus major land use reform that led to the transformation of the eastern portion of the City into a dominant technology and media environment. I also loved managing a large, diverse, talented workforce.

Diana and I moved West to allow me to explore my professional and political passions. After four years, we then moved East so that Diana could accept a post-doc at Yale Medical School. Congenitally unable to work for someone else, I started my own business, which became HR&A Advisors. Over the last thirty-five years, the company has become a dominant force in American urbanism. We have played a major role in projects as diverse as New York City's High Line and Brooklyn Bridge Park; D.C.'s baseball stadium, City Center, the Wharf, and the Yards; Charleston's Daniel Island; and the transformations of downtowns such as those of Cincinnati and Columbus, Ohio. We are now 120 people strong with offices in LA, D.C., Dallas, Raleigh, and New York City.

**Now:** More recently, we have focused on the equitable and inclusive growth in Cities now challenged by gentrification and displacement plus leading municipal efforts to address the devastating effects of global warming on urban life. As a citizen, I serve on a variety of Boards, including the Center for an Urban Future and, most importantly, the High Line, where I served as Chair and am now Chair Emeritus.

Finally, I am so proud of our daughter Julia, a smart, savvy, environmental activist and, not coincidentally, Wesleyan '11. The University reinforced for Diana and me a set of values with powerful intellectual tools. My greatest joy is watching the continuation of that tradition in our family's next generation. Though I have slowed a bit, I remain as Board Chair of the company I founded, spending my time as a mentor to subsequent generations and continuing to serve a small number of clients whose projects provide ongoing engagement in the complexities of urbanism.

*Above: John Alschuler.*



**Theophilus W. Amarteifio (Nik)**

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** My fondest memories at Wesleyan are the homecoming football games.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:**

When I served as Chairman of the Fundraising Team in the 2000 presidential campaign of President John Agyekum Kuffour.

**Now:** I am based in Accra, Ghana and am semi-retired.

*At right: Nik Amarteifio with wife Marie.*



**Robert H. Ament (Bob)**

Spouse/Partner:  
Alison Stone Ament

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** For 46 years (!), my law office has been next to Falmouth Town Hall on Cape Cod, 5 minutes by car from the house Alison and I have lived in for 43 years. When I was at Penn Law, Alison (Conn College '70) was working on her PhD in marine biology. For her study/research at The Marine Biological Laboratory and at Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, we moved to Falmouth. I became knowledgeable about local real estate permitting. I've handled some 5,000 hearings in Falmouth Town Hall, representing non-profit institutions, businesses and individuals on their land use issues. My brother was my partner for 38 years. Now I have two terrific 40-year old attorneys working with me, and fine assistants. The practice is still challenging and mostly enjoyable; I'm cutting back but don't plan to completely retire soon.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Being with Alison for 50 years, starting in senior year at Wesleyan. For 32 years, Alison taught high school biology at Falmouth Academy, near our house.



She semi-retired this year, giving up classroom teaching, but still mentoring science projects, arranging student opportunities in labs in Woods Hole. Both of our children had Alison as a high school teacher.

Seth went to Harvard. He is a tenure track assistant professor at the University of Maryland School of Medicine, a computational/systems neurobiologist running a large lab studying genetics of human behavioral diseases. Married with girls ages three and five.

Elinor, Wellesley and Georgetown Law, is an expert in federal health policy. After seven years at a large D.C. law firm, she became a director in the Center for Medicare and Medicaid Services. She became the Senior Medicare Advisor to the CMS Administrator, but in 2019, she went back to the private sector as a partner in the law firm she had been with earlier. Her husband is Deputy Chief Counsel to the Democrats on the House Judiciary Committee, so very involved in the unfolding impeachment as I write this in November 2019. They have two boys ages eight and five.

Other significant accomplishments: Founder, in 1981, and first president of the Falmouth Jewish Congregation, a 340 family Reform congregation. Twice chair of the Congregation's Rabbinic Search Committee. Trustee of The Marine Biological Laboratory, 2008-2020, serving as Clerk of the Corporation and Chair of the Campus Planning Committee. For nine years, a member of the board of the Falmouth Service Center, a remarkable organization with 500 volunteers providing of food and services to neighbors needing help. Recipient of the 2004 Annual Commendation Award of the Town of Falmouth Human Services Committee "for unselfish legal representation and support for Falmouth non-profit organizations."

**Now:**

Fun: Travel to China, Cuba, the Galapagos, many parts of Europe. Singing in a (mostly) men's chorus, including in Holland and at Bill Clinton's Inauguration in 1996. Golf. Frequent weekends in Boston, enjoying a subscription to Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Most fun currently: In 2018, we bought a secluded three-season cottage on a 166 acre lake only 15 minutes from our real house. We go there a lot, and it feels like a vacation every time. A nearby farm has a charming restaurant; we often take friends there by canoe for breakfast or lunch, a 20-minute adventure through two idyllic ponds connected by a short stream through dense forest.

*At right: Bob Ament and family.*





Peter Traneus Anderson

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** I was a class member no one in my class knew. I spent most of my time in the Physics Department, building and teaching electronics and conversing with graduate students. Wesleyan encouraged undergraduate involvement in research, and I made useful contributions to the low-temperature research group headed by Professor Bud Bertman.

The Physics Department was in Scott Physics Laboratory until moving to its new building. I fondly remember exploring the old apparatus in the attic. I remember marveling at electric conduits and junction boxes on the brick walls of the lab where I worked. The gas pipes for the Bunsen and Meeker burners, went right through the centers of the electric junction boxes! When I visited that room during my 40th anniversary in 2010, conduits boxes and pipes had been removed, as Scott had been repurposed as a student center.

I stayed on campus the summer of 1969, renting a room in an empty fraternity. I remember sitting in the living room watching Walter Cronkite and the moon men of Apollo 11 in July.

I was so out of it socially that I didn't know the spring 1970 Grateful Dead concert happened until I read about it in a recent alumni magazine.

Physics graduate student Howard L. Davidson was the one person I could really discuss electronics with.

I dated physics graduate student Dorothea Burk for a while.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** When I was at Wesleyan, electronics was a slowly-changing field, and I was not yet aware that my profession was electronics engineering, not physics. The frantic microcomputer revolution didn't surface until 1971 with Intel's introduction of their 4004 microprocessor.

After earning a master's degree in physics from Dartmouth College, I moved to Burlington Vermont in 1973, and spent my career working with embedded microcomputers.

I married one wife, gaining two stepdaughters and four cats, in 1983. In 1998, I moved to a work opportunity in Massachusetts. My wife stayed in Burlington. In 1999, we divorced amicably.

I met my partner Diane in 2005.

**Now:** I live north of Boston, and am retired. I gave up driving in 1971, and I get around by commuter rail, subway, busses, and on foot. I commute by Amtrak to visit my partner Diane. We talk on the landline telephone for hours like 1950s teenagers. On road trips, Diane drives and I navigate. I do a lot of reading via paper and desktop computer.



Above: Peter Anderson with partner Diane, Summer 2019. "I started wearing a kilt for Scottish country dancing in 1975, and have been making my own kilts ever since."

Jon R. Appleby

Spouse/Partner: Jill Appleby

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Robert L. Apter (Bob)

Spouse/Partner:  
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**Memories of Wesleyan:** I only spent my first two college years at Wesleyan. My fondest memories include:

Playing trumpet as part of Uranus and the Five Moons, my sophomore year. What a blast! I am always grateful to Bill Fornaciari for selecting me and putting the whole thing together. We were in many ways an oddball group of guys with diverse interests and personalities, but somehow it all worked! I got to see Andy Toth many years later in Bali where he had become the U.S. Consular agent after a career in world music took him there. Thanks to Jeremy Serwer for

staying in touch and all your efforts for the reunion! I also thoroughly enjoyed playing soccer as a freshman, and I would have gone on to varsity if the Moons hadn't interceded. Jim Elston and I played soccer, squash, and tennis together, and it was always great competition. Jim somehow helped get me on the faculty of the Yale Summer High School, an alternative school led by Larry Paros, where I taught math, but learned much more from the students than I taught! One of my memories of the freshman dorms was an ice storm that so coated the hill with ice that we literally could not make our way back to the dorms! As a sophomore, partly because I hadn't made living arrangements until very late, I ended up at the French House. It was a real challenge for me to speak French in everyday life. There I became good friends with Charles Elbot '69, who has a far more interesting life story than mine!

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** I transferred from Wesleyan to Berkeley for my final two years of College. There I got involved in environmental politics, and considered a career in that direction, before deciding instead to go to medical school. I am now in my 44th year of practice as an emergency physician. In 2018, I went part time, after a hospital where I was working full time abruptly closed in bankruptcy. Most of my career was in Washington, but in 2010 Brenda and I decided to become snowbirds, and I transitioned my work to Arizona, which is the only state I have worked in since 2012. My emergency medicine work has been varied, from Medical Director of small departments to working in a busy high intensity ER in Yuma, AZ. Now I prefer smaller outlying departments, because I can focus more on patient care with a little less micromanagement from administrative agendas. But I still enjoy the challenge and stimulation of emergency medicine, so I'm not ready to give it up completely yet!

Brenda and I have been together since 2004 and married since 2008. We have a blended family of six kids, all grown, and we just got back from California where we went for the first birthday celebration for our 13th grandchild!

In medical school in Colorado, I became interested in the mountains, first hiking and then climbing. I did quite extensive climbing in the North Cascades of Washington, until I began kayaking in Puget Sound. I did open water kayak racing for many years, and helped start a 2-day, 40-mile race (the San Juan Challenge) that ran from 1997-2007. Now I have a 33-year old son Ethan, who is a software engineer at Google in Cambridge, Mass, who just sent me pictures of his weekend doing very high angle crack climbing at Indian Creek in Moab, Utah. It is amazing climbing that I couldn't ever even come close to doing!

**Now:** I am still working part time, and for recreation, I still kayak in the summer on a beautiful small lake in Washington (Lake McMurray) where we have a home. But more and more I am in Arizona, where we have a home in Scottsdale. There my recreation is primarily trail running. I feel blessed to still be able to do that. My usual route is about 12 miles with about 1,700 feet of elevation gain and loss. It is a loop that I can do starting right from my house. Currently, we are focusing more and more on Sedona, Arizona, where we have bought a lot near the Chapel of the Holy Cross (look it up if you don't know it) and we are almost done with plans for a custom home there. Ultimately, we will sell our homes in Scottsdale and Washington and move there. Sedona has to

be one of the best places in the world for trail running, with literally hundreds of trails among the red rocks.

This year we have sold real estate investments in Washington and re-invested in vacation rentals in Sedona. Getting them set up and going as rentals is still in the process and has kept us very busy!

Our kids are scattered: British Columbia (where my wife is from), Central Oregon, Cambridge, Alabama, and California. We see them when we can, but not often enough!



Above: Brooklyn, Brenda, and Bob Apter.

Robert J. Arnold

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Robert W. Baker Jr. (Rob)

Spouse/Partner: Sandra Gubb

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Tony Balis

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A few notes from Tony Balis for our Wesleyan 50th reunion:

Thirty years ago, when I was publishing *humanity*, a young colleague gave me the nickname “America’s Guest.” In fact, as recent example, I spent 2019 caretaking a large property in central Vermont; living in a small cottage on the west shore of Nova Scotia (built by Doug Maynard); and keeping watch on the wide surround at a museum-like home on the coast of Georgia.

Such freedom, especially the new horizons, still appeals, particularly as I can work from anywhere as a freelance writer and editor and on The Humanity Initiative (www.humanity.org) as well. I also am an occasional ride-sharing driver for the diverse public of Martha’s Vineyard, where I housesit for a relative when not anchored elsewhere.

Not least, I am blessed with sustaining friendships and excellent health and remain eager to greet each day—no matter where it may dawn. A girlfriend once aimed this E.B. White quote my way: “Every day I get up determined to do two things. One is to have a really good time; the other is to change the world. Sometimes that makes planning the day difficult.”



Here’s a quick chronology: the day after Wes graduation, I flew to Mexico for soccer’s World Cup. At the conclusion of the final in Estadio Azteca, some dissolute Brazilian fans next to me tried to breach the moat surrounding the field. A disciplined national guard immediately dragged half of them to the right, half to the left, conveniently presenting me with a parting of the Red Sea. I scrambled onto the field and took that photo of Pele with the World Cup that I used in dedicating our yearbook to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The following years, I worked as marketing director of a small company in Philadelphia; founded a home and property services venture on Martha’s Vineyard and Nantucket (Martha ’72); was executive director of the National Advertising Review Board in NYC; graduated from The Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy; got married for the first time and embarked on a six-month camping honeymoon driving an old convertible towards Alaska. I then worked in Boston as Associate Publisher for North America of a new venture called *WorldPaper*, next at Harvard Business School, and taught at Babson College and New Hampshire College.



It was soon time to sharpen my focus, so I distilled my mission down to ten words: encouraging people to understand this planet as our common home. Many odd years later, I continue to work on the global traction The Humanity Initiative has long deserved. We have had some small successes along the way, including publishing our elegant journal (*humanity*) that was two-thirds nonfiction, one-third photography. Our first contributor, in fact, was the Dalai Lama; in a private audience, he agreed to write a letter to the children of the world.

Along the years, I founded a soccer team in NYC called Little Three Manhattan (Williams, Amherst and Wesleyan alumni); was elected a trustee and later Chairman of the British-American Educational Foundation; managed to keep Martha ’72 going as an absentee owner for a decade; and, in some irony, was appointed chairman of the Career Education Committee on Wesleyan’s alumni council. Recently, I self-published a book on Amazon Kindle called *RoadWise* (about attitude and awareness on the highway) and wrote *Imbazza*, a full-length play centered on Albert Schweitzer’s work in Africa.

In fact, you can support THI’s efforts to end war by purchasing a tin or two of our tea, Ahimsa, that we created with Harney & Sons. We base our overt optimism on the ancient worldwide tradition of coming together over a cup of tea, listening well, looking each other in the eye, and considering the challenges of the day.

If I do make it back to our 50th, I look forward to trading stories, hearing about your life—and celebrating together the blessing of our continued journeys!

In peace and humanity,

Tony



Above, top right photo: Tony Balis at play (in New Mexico).  
Bottom photo: At work (on Al Jazeera news program).

Joshua I. Barrett (Josh)

Spouse/Partner: Julie Adams

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Funniest memories? Hanging out with Harvey and Elliot just about says it all. On a more serious note, my memories of Wesleyan are among the fondest of my life: I will always be grateful to Wesleyan for taking me in as a transfer student and later on having the flexibility to allow me to stay in school with my family obligations. My classes were enriching and the music all around me—including playing with Dave Cain ’68 and Rick Hammer ’69 in “The House of David” (opening for Big Brother & the Holding Company and others), and some great concerts in McConaughy—was magical. Finally, there was change in the air, politically and socially, and the sense of being part of something important.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Although I entered Wesleyan as a member of the Class of 1970, I extended my last year as I was raising a family and playing in a band from Providence Rhode Island, “Benefit Street”, that seemed to hold some potential for success in the music business. After receiving my degree in 1971 and letting go of my dreams of rock-stardom, I lived in Israel for a year and then returned to Providence where I went to work for a company that eventually relocated me to West Virginia. A few years later—and after a divorce which resulted eventually in my son Caleb coming to live with me—I entered law school at West Virginia University. After graduating and completing a clerkship with a circuit judge on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the 4th Circuit, I settled into a varied litigation practice in Charleston, West Virginia, doing mostly plaintiffs’ personal injury, commercial, and environmental litigation as a member of DiTrapano, Barrett, DiPiero, McGinley & Simmons PLLC, and from time to time teaching environmental law as an adjunct lecturer at WVU Law. In the 1980s, I met and later married Julie Adams, who is a singer-songwriter and a longtime member of the house band on NPR’s radio program, “Mountain Stage”. Throughout the years, I have continued to make music, playing lead guitar in a local blues/R&B/rock band and in some folk-oriented groups, and singing in the West Virginia Symphony Chorus.

**Now:** I am almost fully retired from law practice, though I remain “of counsel” to the practice I began in Charleston, now renamed DiPiero Simmons McGinley & Bastress, PLLC. (Rob Bastress is Wes ’01 and his father Bob, Wes ’71, teaches at WVU Law.) I’m still playing guitar and singing with a couple of bands, with and without Julie, and we both sing in the WV Symphony Chorus. I am also vice-president (and former president) of the West Virginia Music Hall of Fame. Julie and I travel a fair amount—mostly to spend time with friends and family, including annual trips to visit my son and 14-year-old granddaughter in Leicester, England—and we get to our place in the mountains in WV for hiking and xc skiing as often as we can. I am also active in the Jewish community, currently as president of Temple Israel here in Charleston and as music teacher to the kids in the local Sunday school.



Above, left: Josh Barrett, 1969. On right: Julie Adams and Josh.

Robert L. Barrows (Bob)

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Linda Masters Barrows

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Two of my enduring memories of Wesleyan were two snowstorms, one in the 1966-67 winter when the only way to get around was on skis, and the other a few years later when the snow was higher than the windows on my car. The professor that I remember best was David Titus.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** After graduating in 1970, I earned a JD from Columbia University School of Law and then practiced law for two years in New York City, 25 years with Leonard, Street and Deinard in Minneapolis, and 17 years in Minneapolis as a solo practitioner. I then retired in 2018.

I got married in 1974 and am lucky to still be married. We have two sons and three grandchildren who we are lucky enough to visit several times a year. Our older son and one grandchild live in San Francisco, and our younger son and two grandchildren live in Paris, France. I am also trying to learn (or re-learn) French (that I did so poorly in at Wesleyan) so I can talk with our French grandchildren. By the time the first French grandchild was born, I had hoped to know more French than she knew, but I don’t think I succeeded. When not traveling, I have spent time over the years sitting on seven different non-profit boards, two for-profit boards, reading and skiing and playing golf and tennis.

Above: Bob Barrows.





Jerry L. Barton

Spouse/Partner:  
MarthaJeanne Parsley Barton

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Riding in old cars (no heating!) to Massachusetts for weekend dates. Running parallax studies during summer on the computer in the basement of the observatory. Each run took at least 12 hours. Coming from Ohio and experiencing Eastern U.S. culture for the first time Freshman year on Foss Hill—good friends. Good times in our fraternity for the next three years. Study abroad program in 1968.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Marriage and raising three wonderful sons. Being in Germany in 1968 when the Soviet army marched into Czechoslovakia, and listening as all Czech radios went off the air. Travel to all countries in Latin America as part of my work—including dodging bullets and terror in some of them. Being in Austria in 1989 as the Iron Curtain was destroyed (and living before then with a continually packed carry-on with the Soviet army less than 30 minutes away). Working for thirty years for peace and development with colleagues from about 100 countries.

**Now:** Still in Vienna. Supporting retirees from UN system organizations in Vienna and internationally (see aricsa.org and fafics.org). Supporting my church as an active participant and organist (esumc.org). Taking photos (jerrybarton.eu).



Above: Jerry Barton.

A. Richard Baskin (Rick)

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Wesleyan a wonderful environment in late 1960s. Have maintained friendships formed on campus.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Lovely wife Marilyn, two children, one grandchild. Practicing internal medicine 44 years. Last 30 in Virginia Beach, VA.



Above: Harvey Bercowitz.

Joel D. Bernstein

Spouse/Partner:  
Ann Blackstock Bernstein

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** In no particular order: Midnight visits to Nicolson 7 from Mr. Snacks—Barry Rutizer and the late, much-missed Aly Sujo... Seeing Janis Joplin / Big Brother & the Holding Company at McConaughy... My introduction—it did not go well— to the exotic world of mixers with the women of Smith, Holyoke, etc... The EQV fire... Playing trombone on “Simple Stanley Says” with Dimethyl and the Tryptamines atop Lawn Ave Dorms and on WESU, I believe, with DJ El Gran Ted, a.k.a. Ted Reed)... Bidding farewell to Tom Rutherford (at the Carlyle in NYC) as he opted out of the Wesleyan Experience and lit out for Canada... Steamed cheeseburgers 24/7 at O’Rourke’s with Mike Flynn, et al... Seeing the Grateful Dead and the New Riders of the Purple Sage on Foss Hill, as the Hog Farm Commune lobbed oranges into the crowd... Countless hours spent

onstage and off at the ’92 Theatre with Stephen Policoff, Jim Pickering, Bill Sweeney, the late, much-missed John Haury, so many more... watching LBJ announce he would not run again, in 1968, on the old b&w TV in the basement of the ’92...

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Spending my Junior year at Queen Mary College, University of London. Training at Columbia’s School of the Arts, where I got my MFA in Acting in 1972. My marriage in 1980 to photographer Ann Blackstock, still going strong as I type this, and a gift to me every day.

Returning to campus in ’86 to play Max in Pinter’s *The Homecoming*, (at the beautiful CFA!!!) directed by the late, much-missed Prof. Fritz deBoer, who also hired me to coach the cast on British accents and to teach an acting class. And again in ’90 (or thereabouts), to be part of a reading of A.R. Gurney’s *Love Letters*, a fund-raiser for the ’92 Theatre.

Professional work in various venues with other alums: reuniting in 2014, with Paul Weitz ’88 and Anthony Weintraub ’88, both of whom were in that 1986 acting class, to play concertmaster Warren Boyd in all four seasons of Amazon’s *Mozart in the Jungle*. Also in 2014, working with Ray Tintori ’06 on an industrial film for AT&T; and, in 2019, improvising on Instagram (as Stephen Miller) with Lauren LoGiudice ’02 (a sublime Melania).

Appearances on and off Broadway and in theatres around the country, as well as in film and television.

**Now:** I’m living in Midtown Manhattan, with Ann, and continuing to audition and work as an actor and director. Currently (November ’19), I am directing a ten-minute play as part of a festival here in New York. In June ’19, I traveled to Voronezh, Russia, where, for New York’s Medicine Show Theatre, I co-directed Andrei Platonov’s *Fourteen Little Red Huts*, a Soviet play written in 1933, at the Platonov International Festival. Ann went with me as production photographer; this was the first time we’d collaborated like this, and it was extraordinary. As an actor, I shot an independent film in October ’19, and continue to audition every time I can for film, theatre, and TV work.

At right: Joel Bernstein.



Thomas E. Berry



Rodney F. Blanchford (Rod)



Alan H. Blankenheimer

Spouse/Partner: Valerie Alger

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** As a father of three boys, I’ve given my share of solemn lectures about responsibility. I therefore find it amusing that at Wesleyan I chose to ingest a then-fashionable recreational chemical the night before the LSAT. Guess at the time I really, really didn’t want to go to law school. On the other hand, perhaps it helped.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** I have three children, one grandchild and another on the way, and a wife that has put up with me with good cheer most of the time. I’ve been very fortunate in my career, with some long-standing, loyal technology (mostly semiconductor) clients, some wonderful trial teams and colleagues, and some significant patent cases that broke our way.

**Now:** I recently “retired” as a partner at Covington & Burling, and am now Senior Counsel. That means, as I’ve become aware, that I get paid a fraction of what I used to for doing many of the same things. In truth, I’ve scaled back my practice considerably. I now mostly teach. I teach Patent Law, Patent Trials, Copyright Law and Information Privacy Law at University of San Diego and Chapman University Law Schools. My wife and I live in Del Mar, spend weekends at our cabin in the mountains, and enjoy hiking, travel and pretending we are young—a ruse that at least in my case, fools no one anymore.

At right: Alan Blankenheimer and wife, Valerie Alger.





# 1966 YEAR IN REVIEW

## On Our Minds



- Cultural Revolution launched in China.
- Barbados, Botswana, and Lesotho won independence from Britain.
- James Meredith (shown on left in photo) shot while leading marchers across Mississippi.
- World Trade Tower groundbreaking in lower Manhattan.
- The Black Panthers were founded by Huey P. Newton and Bobby Seale.
- U.S. troops in Vietnam reached 400,000.
- Ronald Regan elected Governor of California.
- Namibia initiated armed struggle against apartheid South Africa (achieved independence 34 years later).
- Indira Gandhi elected Prime Minister of India.
- Ed Brooke of Massachusetts became first black U.S. Senator since reconstruction.
- The Cigarette Labeling and Advertising Act required the following health warning, prescribed by Congress, to be placed on all cigarette packages sold in the United States as of January 1, 1966:  
CAUTION: CIGARETTE SMOKING MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

## Changing Life As We Knew It



- NOW founded.



- Supreme Court now required Miranda Warnings.



- First practical disposable diaper launched by Pampers.



- USSR's Luna 9 made soft landing on the Moon.

## What Moved Us



First episode of Star Trek TV series airs.



## Then and Now

- In **1966**, the average new car cost **\$2,650 vs. \$37,000** at the beginning of **2020**.

Source: edmunds.com

- Fill'er up!  
In 1966—**32¢/gal**  
In 2020—**\$2.47/gal**  
U.S. national average cost.

Source: gasprices.aaa.com

- In **1966**, the world population was **3.407 Billion**.  
By **2019**, it had grown to **7.713 Billion**.

Source: worldmeters.info

- The U.S. population in **1966** was **196.6 vs. 329.8** million in **2019**.

Source: U.S. Census

## Making News in Sports

- Heavyweight champ Muhammad Ali resisted Vietnam draft.

Source: Dutch National Archives, The Hague, Fotocollectie Algemeen Nederlands Persbureau (ANEFO), 1945-1989.

- Frank Robinson won American League Baseball Triple Crown.



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**Memories of Wesleyan:** During our senior year, likely in the Spring of 1970, I was somewhere on the masthead of the Argus and was permitted to drive to a nearby airfield, obtain the services of a small plane and pilot, and fly over the campus to take aerial photos of the Wes campus during a major concert. May have been the Grateful Dead. In the 1970 *Olla Podrida*, one of these images is printed on the not-so-centerfold just ahead of the degree listings and the ad for O'Rourke's Diner, the locus of many late night memories.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** We have been blessed by several parallel continuous streams of events, relating to church, family and professional life. After the first 10 formative years, we had the same three generations around the Thanksgiving and Christmas tables for 20 consecutive years. In the last two decades, that older generation of parents has passed away, replaced by four wonderful grandchildren and other members of an extended family with whom we share love of the outdoors, paddling on the Shenandoah River, and deep friendships with a growing menagerie of dogs, cats, horses, and bunnies.

**Now:** Both my wife Carol and I have formally retired from the Federal government and divide our time between our home in Alexandria, VA and our Blue Ridge vacation property. We call it a "farm"—that overstates its productive potential but reflects a lot of work—picking 100–200 pounds of pears, mowing six acres, cutting brush, etc.

I teach financial management part-time for two organizations that provide training to career government employees and we are both active in the Presbyterian Church. This winter, I will again coordinate our hypothermia shelter activities, and Carol and I both tutor elementary school kids once a week, focusing on English language and math skills.



Above: Howie Borgstrom with wife Carol and best friend Micah at Mt. Vernon.

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(Russ)

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** My last summer, I think (maybe this was summer of 1969? not sure) at Wesleyan. I was swim instructor at local YWCA/YMCA camp (commuting from campus on my old single cylinder BSA 441 cc) and teaching a course at the Free University (?) for the whole Middletown community (Pacific Island Anthropology, based on my junior year abroad, at University of Hawaii and Western Samoa, anthropology department field research stipend—thanks to Professor David McAllister). We had 'occupied' the campus, after Nixon's Cambodia bombings, some of us protested at graduation by wearing ordinary suits and ties and black armbands. Others came in blue jeans (!), some in academic regalia... I remember standing near our dorm with my cross country running buddy Bill Rodgers, he had a tie-dyed headband and his VW Beetle, also accompanied by his wife/girlfriend(?)... All night 'wayang kulit', Balinese Ramayana shadow puppet play with gamelan music, Andy Toth digging this! We met up in Bali many years later, heard his gamelan group and met his wife, and we went to the local Lions Club, he wore his Wesleyan baseball cap! May he RIP...

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** My friends Paul Roth '70, Jim Elston '70 (we were Wes champs in paddleball doubles!), Bill Tamm '70, David Kalisher '70 and others, and Brian Dawe '71? and other crew members...

I was Associate Professor at Lehman College, City University of New York (retired September 2015). I have taught psychological and historical foundations of education and directed the MA program in Teaching Social Studies: 7–12. My master's and doctoral dissertations described alternative-living and child-care arrangements in Sweden (Samhem and Kollektivhus). My continuing interest in alternative living and child-care solutions led me to an intensive experience of a Hindu-based religious cult in New York City. I have received fellowships and grants from Wesleyan, Harvard, and Uppsala (Sweden) Universities and from the City University of New York.

**Now:** My wife Gunilla and I currently live in Norrtälje, Sweden several months a year, where we are continuing our work for ICESA's New York Educational Outreach Committee (NY Committee).



Above: Russ and Gunilla Bradshaw.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Dorm room BS sessions, friends I made and kept. Ray Rendall’s Piano Lit course where every class was a concert. Dick Winslow’s unique conducting. Marjorie Daltry Rosenbaum’s larger than life persona. George Creeger’s classes. Concerts at McConaughy and the Chapel, from Miles Davis to Chuck Berry to John Cage. Curry Concerts at EQV. Assisting Abraham Adzenyah teaching African Drumming to Middletown Enrichment Summer School students. The end of the 60s—best time ever to grow up at/with Wesleyan.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Creating a Dramatic Arts program at the high school where I taught for 38 years. Directing 20 years worth of musicals and other productions. Success with a Public Speaking course that I developed into a class in which everyone could find a voice. Discovering that the career path I fell into was more wonderful than I could have ever imagined. All the students I’ve had who shared some of themselves with me. Raising a son and daughter who are very much a part of my life now.

**Now:** Retired 2 years, still actively pursuing music and literature, traveling, visiting friends far and near, staying in touch with my son and daughter, relatives in Europe.



At right: Eric Buergers.

Thomas C. Buford (Tom)

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Memories of Wesleyan:

Note: I was admitted with the class of ’69, entered with ’70, and graduated with ’72, so I refer to Wes I and Wes II.

Wes I: Fond and funny memories—“Guerrilla Theater, Opera Days” and other creative craziness initiated by Colin Michael Kitchens. Late night hijinks on Foss Hill. The lecture

by Norman O. Brown, thence forever obsessed with “Janus” and palindrome. Oy. Getting to know some amazing and delightful classmates. “Great Books” with Chad Dunham. Writing, wrestling, waiting for the craziness to come.

Wes II: Happy to return in one piece (at least physically). An exciting time with multiple part-time jobs and “self-created” courses. Libations with Middletown folks at “Ye Old Coach And Four.” Curry Concerts. “Koto Carrier” for a lovely musician. The peace and solitude of my office/carrel in the upper reaches of Olin Library. Research projects for Professor Fred Greenstein. Graduation accompanied by the Gamelan Orchestra.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Most of those years spent as a “trial attorney,” which ranged from prosecuting murder, rape, and organized crime (Cleveland was a key historical city in that last category) to representing indigent, often homeless and/or substance addicted and/or with mental health issues clients in both civil and criminal proceedings. Have often said that public trials are “the best free theater in town,” offering tears, laughter, the horrific, the ridiculous, the sublime. And yes, represented a few corporations. Trial attorneys are frequently underpaid, occasionally overpaid actors playing to captive audiences of 12 or 8 (with alternates).

But most fun, meaningful and memorable has been serving as volunteer and/or trustee for several community organizations, e.g. an historic “settlement house,” an association of neighborhood centers, a community mental health center, an historic cemetery (with civil war and underground railroad connections), a group assisting homeless veterans and, yes, I’ve probably benefited (if intrinsically) as much as those I’ve served. Ouch, my back hurts from too much patting!

**Now:** Living, as I have for many years, in Cleveland’s oldest “inner-city” neighborhood—yes, our diversity includes space aliens. Sharing home and life with the talented artist Ms. Diane. Now “semi-retired,” continuing with volunteer work and subscribing to the professional motto “if you can afford to retain me, I don’t trust you.” Okay, maybe not a great economic model. Traveling as often as circumstances permit, recently taking our first “Road Scholar” trip—an organization we most enthusiastically recommend. Very happy to be an extremely avid participant/spectator/devotee of three great institutions—our orchestra, our (art) museum, and our baseball team, support of the latter requiring a keen sense of tragicomedy. Meet me in Arizona for Spring Training.

Hussein Abdilahi Bulhan

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Not sure why this one occurred to me, but it’s pretty typical. Tim McGlue, his first wife Gloria, Tom Rado, a graduate biology student, his wife Janis (who, with Carol Hoy, charmed and shamed us in their admin jobs in the College of Letters), my girlfriend Barbara, and I were living in Haddam Neck our senior year in a 4-bedroom tract house we called “Big White,” after Big Pink. Lots of strange folks visited out there that year for all sorts of reasons. Janis’s brother was in the *Iron Butterfly* out in San Diego and spent Christmas with us stringing glass beads for the tree and playing bongos; John Van Riper, who was my high school classmate from California and was our classmate for a few precious months before being booted from Wesleyan after a mysterious substance complaint involving a Connecticut College freshman, materialized one winter day with a banjo and not much else, having hitchhiked across the country on a quest to find Darius Brubeck and the Church of Scientology, then headquartered on Main Street. But then there was the local who came by with his dog in the pick-up to ascertain whether it was, indeed, his dog that was killing our chickens—the very chickens that Tim had acquired in Middletown on a night when anything seemed like a good idea. Sure enough, the dog leapt from the truck, wrang the necks of three chickens before we could say scat, and deposited the last one at the feet of his owner with a big smile and wag of his tail. That kind of solved a problem for us, since we didn’t know what to do with the chickens anyway, so we threw them in the bed of the truck and invited the neighbor and his dog in for a beer.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** I spent the next 40 years teaching and “deaning” in independent schools in New Jersey, San Francisco, or New York on a half-conscious mission to recover a paradise lost when I went left Wesleyan and to toil in the barren soil of graduate school. Toward the end of that 40 years, I invited Michael Roth to speak to the faculty at Collegiate, the venerable boys school in Manhattan that’s 150 years older than the Revolution, where I was the academic dean. I wasn’t always the most popular man on campus when I invited outside speakers, but here Michael hit it on the head with a group of teachers who, more than anything, wanted to read, think, and converse with their students around a simple table. Along the way, Michael said things about liberal education that not only rang deeply true with my experience at Wesleyan but with everything I had been trying to pull off with students, faculties, and schools ever since. Everything that’s gone wrong with that enterprise in colleges and universities only gets worse or more impossible, so Michael’s talk reminded me that the liberal education these young men were imbibing without a lot of cynicism or venal motive might, in fact, be the last chance they had. It was more than enough to propel me through the last few years and to be persuasive that “liberal education” should

be central to the new statement of philosophy that Collegiate was writing for itself. Kind of obvious, like democracy, but not until you start to lose it.

**Now:** I am still in New York City, married to a woman who is still head of an independent school much like Collegiate, but I left education a couple of years ago to follow another true north—photojournalism—while I was still limber enough to get in a few years of travel. So I pursue various projects, get enough work published or shown to give me things to aim for, and, most rewardingly, have embarked on a photography volunteer project to support a rural clinic in Burundi (www.villagehealthworks.org) that’s in the midst of building a \$20 million women’s hospital.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** My fondest Wesleyan memories are from two years that were 16 years apart:

Foss Hill in 1966–67, and especially the tight Howland Hall friendships that lasted through graduation. Among that group, John Yurechko, Jeff Nye, and I, who all have lived for decades in metro Washington, D.C., reconnected a few years ago, now get together frequently, and try not to act like three old farts reliving their salad days.

A Mellon Postdoctoral Fellowship at Wesleyan Center for the Humanities in 1982–83. The intellectual atmosphere was electric, the students engaged, and the faculty gracious. Ghosts from 1966–70 haunted the year like spirits in a James tale, where the past shapes the present, albeit, in this case, they were very amicable ghosts.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Meeting Anne Olszewski in 1971 at University of Wisconsin, immediately becoming a couple, marrying a few years later, raising a smart and accomplished daughter (Dagmar), and still sharing our lives together. A graphic designer, Anne recently retired from a career at the National Geographic Society.

Serving forty-two years as a professor of English at the University of Maryland, including ten-year stints first as chair of the English Department and then as dean of the campus-wide Graduate School. I retire formally in June 2020.

Discovering horses at age 49, enjoying serious riding and horse ownership since then, and switching research and publishing fields in the past few years from literary to equestrian history.

**Now:** Living “inside the beltway” in metro Washington, D.C., and enjoying both the city’s cosmopolitan urban scene and its mellow rural environs.

Reading, writing, lecturing, riding, collecting rare books, and spending time with Anne, Dagmar, and our German Short-haired Pointer, Blitz.

Being named John H. Daniels Fellow at the National Sporting Library and Museum in Middleburg, Virginia, in 2017, on an appointment recently extended to 2024. I research equestrian history in NSLM’s archives.

Doing volunteer work as a docent at the National Gallery of Art, where Anne also does volunteer work in the art information program.



Above: Chuck Caramello.

Robert D. Carter (Bob)

Spouse/Partner: Gail Bolte

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**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Around 1972, *Newsweek* magazine featured on its cover an Ivy League sociology grad working as a cab driver. That could have been me, except I had spun the dial and found it pointing to Wyoming, the wildest and least populated state in the Lower 48. Following the Western way of life for the next six years, I earned my keep doing various work depending on the season: outdoor guiding for NOLS, small home building as a carpenter, ski-lift operator, and surveying and seismograph work in the Wind River basin. My first paying job out of Wesleyan was laboring on a road-building crew at 8,000 feet in the Big Horn Mountains in a snowy October, alongside cowmen and oil patch roustabouts, bunking at night in a deer and elk hunting camp. It was a different kind of education. And I almost forgot: all this was enabled by a very fortunate draw in the first Draft lottery in the spring of our graduation.

During this period, I rarely encountered another four-year-college graduate, and never anybody who thought liberal arts was anything more than an unrealistic choice when put alongside rangeland management or drilling technology. Although I had followed politics and other news closely in college, I was “in the field” as the Nixon administration breathed its last, and I heard about his historic unraveling only 30 days after it happened.

A homing instinct, or some would say a return to type, led me back to the East Coast in 1976, where I settled in the Five College Area (Amherst, MA) and began to enjoy a more settled life on farms, with vegetable gardening, cordwood cutting and the daily company of a flaming redhead who agreed to take me on as a project and made it permanent at our wedding in 1981. (Even now, I am still a work-in-progress.)

After several years of small home construction and re-acclimation, I found myself pursuing a master’s degree in state and local government; don’t ask me to explain. This was turn well taken, however, and led to a full career in public financing of affordable housing with the Massachusetts Commonwealth. It helped that I knew something about how the parts of a building are assembled as well as how the dollars are put together to pay for it.

**Now:** My wife and I brought two children into the world, both boys, and thereupon ensued another level of fun, adventure and challenge. We have spent most of our time off together camping in the mountains. Both also relished the long-overdue option of one or more gap years (read: working) to leaven their college experiences. Both young men have become good and thoughtful citizens for me, a high form of satisfaction.



Above: Bob Carter.

Edward P. Castorina

Spouse/Partner:  
Gretchen A. Castorina

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** The College of Letters Paris semester has never really left me. We learned the world was a rich place, with always more to see and to experience.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Graduation was followed (after some wandering) by time in California, Arizona, and the-then West Germany, courtesy of the United States Army. (Fellow Wes grads Tom Barker ’70 and Eric Zolan ’71 were in my California barracks.) After Cornell Law School, I worked mainly as in-house legal counsel for several manufacturers: General Electric Company, J. M. Huber Corporation, and Reichhold, Inc. Family formation came relatively late in life, but the wait was rewarded more than I could have ever imagined by my wife Gretchen (a fellow Upstate NY’er and a Colgater) and our fraternal twin daughters, Olivia and Fiona. There were more geographic up-rootings than we would have preferred. Albany, Atlanta, and Westfield (NJ) have been way stations

**Now:** We are now firmly planted in Durham, part of the Research Triangle region of North Carolina. Mainly retired, I still do some legal work.



Above: Edward Castorina.

Momodou Ceesay

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Gambia



**Gerald E. Cerasale  
(Jerry)**

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** It is difficult to choose my fondest memory as I grew at Wes with the guidance of professors and staff, but most importantly with the help of my classmates. I remember the many discussions on current events, on trivial matters, and on studies. The joint tension of the draft lottery which, unfortunately is the only lottery I ever won, is indelibly pressed on my mind. However, my fondest memory was my senior year in the office of Professor Russell Murphy. Professor Murphy wanted me to write a thesis combining my two majors, Government and Economics. I was not that receptive. Professor Geraldine Murphy walked in and joined the conversation. After learning that I planned to attend law school, he said, “There’s no reason to write a thesis.” The Professors Murphy then discussed my future course work rather vigorously for the next 10 or 15 minutes while I was an amused audience. I think about it now with a smile and an appreciation that at Wes professors cared about me.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** First, my wife, three children and five grandchildren are the most important things in my last 50 years. However, I believe that the question seeks other non-family events. A major career highlight for me was working as Deputy General Counsel for the Post Office and Civil Service Committee of the U.S. House of Representatives. As the staffs of Congressional Committees were decreased, expertise on matters were concentrated in just a few individuals in the legislative branch. I was tasked to help draft a bill that eventually would reduce taxpayer subsidies by \$600 million per year. After meeting with minority staff and preparing a compromise draft, we entertained the views of the “industry”. The exercise used all of the skills I learned at Wes—listening to all sides; discerning what the core issue of each side was; analyzing the problem, crafting solutions and compromises; accepting failure but trudging on; clearly explaining to all the compromise language; and thanking all who participated. After getting agreement of all parties and passage in the House, due to lack of expertise on the Senate side I worked with both Democratic and Republican Senate staffers to secure passage in the Senate. That law and taxpayer savings continue 25 years later. Thank you Wes—if only I worked on a contingent basis.

I had many other instances working on Capitol Hill where my Wesleyan liberal arts background carried me through. Today, I use those skills in my retirement working in small town local government.

**Now:** Today I am retired and living in Eastham, MA on Cape Cod. I retired in December 2013 and truly enjoy living on the Cape. I have become interested in local town government

and now serve as an elected member of the Eastham Housing Authority, the appointed Chairman of the Eastham Finance Committee and an appointed member of the Community Preservation Committee. These assignments do not involve as much heavy lifting as it seems. The problems facing the town, unfunded retiree benefits, clean water, wastewater and affordable housing for working families, are daunting. Working with concerned staff and citizens has been a joy. It keeps my mind going without the requirement to “go to work or get on the computer” every day.

I like to say that retirement is the best job I’ve ever had. However, the best thing about where my life is today is that my wife, Jan, and I can walk on the beach all year long. My life has been blessed, and Wes is one of the many blessings.



Above, top: Jerry Cerasale with Jan at a fire on the beach.  
“Life is beautiful.” Bottom photo: Jerry with his “groupies.”

**Prince C. Chambliss Jr.**

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Patricia Toney Chambliss

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**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** I was born in Birmingham, Alabama and grew up there during the tumultuous years of the Civil Rights Movement. After earning a law degree at Harvard Law School in 1974 and clerking for a federal district judge, I joined a large (by long ago Memphis and Tennessee standards) law firm and remained in private practice for more than 35 years, primarily as a trial lawyer, representing large (by any measure) national and international corporations with litigation matters in Memphis. Encouraged to participate in both community and bar activities, I have volunteered extensively for the organized bar in many different capacities (including serving as president of the local bar association more than 20 years ago) and similarly served the Memphis and Tennessee communities on numerous boards and commissions. I am a member of the adjunct faculty at Cecil C. Humphreys School of Law, University of Memphis, where I teach an advanced course in litigation drafting. Having joined the Law Division of the City of Memphis as an Assistant City Attorney in 2012, I am assigned to litigation matters in state and federal court.

Tennis is what I do for fun as often as I can. Working out in the gym keeps me fit. My wife, Pat, is the love of my life, and we have a daughter, Patience, who is married to Chris Wiggins, and resides in a VA suburb of Washington, D.C.. Pat and I are the proud grandparents of 8-year old twin boys and their 3-year old little brother.

I have to say that Pat made it possible for me to be a lawyer by teaching at the William Monroe Trotter School in Dorchester while I was a student. She then taught for 17 years at Riverdale Elementary School in Germantown, TN before moving to St. Mary’s Episcopal School in Memphis where she retired a few years ago.

I adopted the Golden Rule (“Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.”) as my mantra early in life, and was raised by a village to be a perfect Southern gentleman at all times. Aside from being black at a time when that was not considered an asset, I make no claim to having overcome any particular hardships. As I say in a book written almost 10 years ago, rather than complain, I chose to relocate to where my talents seemed to be more appreciated.

I served as a member of the Tennessee Board of Law Examiners for 19 years, spent 12 years as a Trustee of LeMoyne-Owen College, have served as a formal and informal mentor to numerous young people, including many young lawyers, and continue to volunteer my time providing pro bono legal services in many capacities. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that I have done as much as anyone in my position can to make Memphis and Shelby County, Tennessee a better place to live, work and raise a family. Since relocating to Memphis more than 40 years ago, Pat and I have been

continuous members of Greenwood Christian Methodist Episcopal Church, where we attend Sunday School and I am an officer and member of the Men’s Choir.

**Robert B. Chapman Jr.**

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**Howard H. Conley III  
(Chip)**

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**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Three days after graduation I found myself, along with 39 other young men, moving into a chicken coop, clean and free of chickens, at Fresno State College in California; we were to be weaned from the comforts 1970 American life. It was the beginning of Peace Corp's India 98 volunteer group, programmed to the northern Indian state of Haryana for a dairy extension and cross-breeding program.

Some ten weeks later, after acquiring a smattering of Hindi, learning to milk cows, balance feed rations, grow alfalfa and to artificially inseminate dairy cows, the remaining 10 of the original 40 of us were sent to work at village-level stockman centers in rural India—except me and David Ludewig, a farm kid from Illinois. We were placed at a Government Livestock Farm in Hissar Haryana. David knew what he was doing. I, on the other hand, became the Chief Statistician for the Farm because I had taken Professor Karl Scheibe's Introduction to Statistics and Research Methods for Psychology. It is said that an expert is someone who is 25 miles from home; I must have appeared a bloody genius at more than 7,000 miles.

Peace Corps and India bent the arc of my life from that point on. After returning from India and some world traveling, I entered an MS program in agricultural economics hoping to go overseas again in international development. Instead, I ended up at the Department of Agriculture's Economic Research Service as an international dairy market analyst, among other responsibilities. This progressed to the Congressional Budget Office to analyze the cost of farm price support programs, dairy included, in the federal budget and in proposed legislation.

My CBO experience begat working for the Committee on Agriculture of the U.S. House of Representatives as staff economist for 22 years, analyzing and devising policy to further legislative goals and provide options for budget reduction. That was long, long ago in a galaxy far, far away. It was not as partisan, then, as it is now, especially in the Agriculture Committee where regional (Kansas wheat vs. Oregon wheat) and commodity (dairy vs. beef) rivalries overshadowed partisan differences.

**Now:** Subsequent to retiring from Congressional service, my wife, Jan Rovecamp, and I moved to rural Adams County, PA outside of Gettysburg, in dairy farm country. I continued in the agricultural economics profession consulting with farm producer associations for another nine years. Now I enjoy volunteer service in the Gettysburg community, particularly tutoring math to adults to help them pass their GED. With no children, I continue my love of outdoors with active vacations skiing, backpacking, hiking and more world travel with Jan.



*Above: Chip Conley.*

**Hoyt P. Cory**

Spouse/Partner: Lynn Cory

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**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** After graduating from Wesleyan, I wrestled with the draft board until I cleared the draft. After some years as a professional musician (banjo, guitar and vocals) in the New York metropolitan area, I moved to Santa Fe, NM as a musician, craftsman, gardener and late blooming hippie... in the "Land of Enchantment"! There I discovered my spiritual quest and eventually moved to Toronto, Canada to study massage and natural healing. I then moved to California (where I have been for the past 40 years) and a private practice in this then-burgeoning field. This led into group facilitation and training work during the consciousness raising/personal development movement of the mid-80s, and later into corporate training and development work.

Throughout this time I've been deepening my explorations into our spirit, mind, body connection—its essential nature and human expression.

**Now:** I married when I was sixty and we're living in the Sierra foothills, east of San Francisco. I'm a yoga and meditation teacher, and still very much a student. I sing bedside with the Threshold Choir, like to hike and garden, still make some music, and I am happy to be me.

*At right: Hoyt Cory.*



**Blackburne Costin  
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**Elliot L. Daum**

Spouse/Partner: Linda Daum

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**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** I went straight from Wes to Law School and was a practicing attorney at 25. I genuinely regret not taking some time to explore other avenues in between, but that was my focus, to become a trial lawyer. That I did for 27 years, both in private practice and as a Public Defender in Sonoma County. I also taught in a Master's program at Sonoma State and for many years taught Criminal Law and Trial Practice to everyone from high schoolers to judges.

In 1999, I became very upset with a judge I frequently appeared in front of, so much so that I decided to run against her in the election of 2000. My campaign slogan was "Improve the Bench", which in the case of that particular judge was a low bar, akin to a bumper strip I saw recently: "Literally Anyone Else in 2020". I did manage to get elected and was sworn in at the beginning of 2001. I served full time handling numerous jury trials and serious felony calendars until my retirement in 2017. I still come back as an "Assigned Judge" in cases all over the State of California about 60 days a year.

**Now:** My wife Linda and I have four children, ages 34, 40, 41, and 41, and four grandchildren, ages 7, 11, 15, and 20, with whom we spend a lot of time when we aren't pursuing our personal passion, travel. Cycling, swimming, and hiking keep us moving and, for the most part, upright.

I am in close and regular contact with numerous Wesleyan friends whose presence in my life I treasure. I had many wonderful professors, but the number one asset I took away from Wes was the people I was in school with, a true gift that keeps on giving.

Finally, I will say that if you'd asked me at 22 what life would feel like at 71, I would have never predicted such richness, joy, and sense of well-being. I hope most of my classmates feel that way, too.



*Above: Elliot Daum with wife Linda on the train to Macchu Pichu.*





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**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** With more than forty years experience in film and television, I am a long-time producer and executive producer of documentary series and specials for US public television. I have three times won a National Emmy Award, in addition to the George Foster Peabody Award, The Robert F. Kennedy Award, the Cine Golden Eagle, the Ohio State Award, and four regional Emmy Awards.

**Now:** I am Vice President for Television Production at Oregon Public Broadcasting, the public broadcasting organization in the State of Oregon. I am married to Dr. Cynthia Talbot (sister of classmate Steve Talbot) and have three grown children, Gabe, Grace and Eva. Cindy and I live in Lake Oswego, just south of Portland.



Above: Dave Davis.

Neil A. Davis

Spouse/Partner: Dorothy G. Vautier

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** A few months after I arrived at Wesleyan in 1969, a group of us were sunbathing on the roof of the dorm that housed the 20 some female students who were on campus at that time, most of them on the 12-college exchange program. The boyfriend of one of our classmates appeared on the roof and said, “If you women want to be part of Wesleyan you should go over to the President’s office where there is a demonstration going on.” So, we threw on our clothes over our bathing suits and went over there and sure enough the president’s office was being occupied by some of our classmates to protest Dow chemical recruitment on campus. Looking back, what enabled me to become part of the Wesleyan community quite quickly was participation in the various social and political activities that were exploding all over the campus from 1968 on—the anti-war movement, the women’s movement, the empowerment of African Americans, and the student strike of 1970.

During the strike, instead of attending our regular classes, which were suspended, many of us were all involved in teach-ins and classes about the Vietnam War, racism, and other political issues of the time side-by-side faculty and fellow students. There was a density of learning and teaching in an egalitarian atmosphere in which I got to know faculty, students and myself in very different ways. Up to that point, my experience of being one of the first women students at Wesleyan was mixed. On the one hand, we felt like trailblazers who were bringing co-education to a university that had been a bastion of male privilege, and we also felt special at having been selected for admission as transfer students; but on the other hand, we were sometimes ignored, scrutinized and/or objectified as sexual targets. On one of my first nights at Wesleyan a group of guys from the DKE house pounded on the door of our dorm at 3 AM demanding to see the women and inviting us to party.

These experiences along with my awareness that women for the most part played an ancillary role in the political movements at Wesleyan, led me to begin to question gender roles and to participate in the women’s movement. The women in our dorm started to read some of the feminist literature including Simone de Beauvoir’s The Second Sex, and soon we began to hold informal discussion groups about women’s issues that eventually expanded to include the few female faculty on the campus. We had thought if we could get where we wanted by working harder and being smarter, but realized that we couldn’t do it alone and that we needed a social movement. It was a revelation to hear female students and faculty share experiences of what it was like to be a woman at Wesleyan—the constant requests to give “the women’s point of view” on the subject at hand, the sense of being scrutinized, on display all the time, given the menial tasks (female faculty told us they were asked to take the minutes in faculty meetings) and/or marginalized. I remember talking about how in my seminar on Shakespeare’s comedies

in which I was the only woman and often spoke up since I enjoyed the class, the professor suggested that perhaps the students were not participating as much as they usually did in class because they were fantasizing about me. We all had a good laugh about that.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** It is hard to sum up 50 years in a paragraph, so I am going to do this part in prose and part in some stanzas from a doggerel I wrote on turning 60. It sums up the highlights of the last 50 years, which include:

Meeting John Alschuler at a demonstration at Wesleyan in 1969, and marrying him in 1977 after living together for eight years.

Graduate school in clinical psychology at University of Massachusetts, Amherst from 1978-1985 where I found my vocation after earning three master’s degrees. Taking a postdoctoral fellowship at Yale in 1985—the first time that I spearheaded a major move based on my career imperatives.

My first job as a faculty member and staff psychologist at New York Presbyterian Hospital, Weill Cornell Medical College, then a long-term hospital for very disturbed patients run on psychodynamic principles where I learned what the human spirit is capable of.

The birth of my daughter in 1989 when I turned 40. Nothing prepared me—not my work with children and adolescents as a psychologist, nor my research in mother-infant interaction for the intense feelings of becoming a mother—the joy, the love, the conflict (about work versus motherhood), the endless surprises and delights.

Taking Julia, our daughter, to Wesleyan in 2007 when she transferred there. As I watched her walk across Foss Hill with her new friends, I was flooded with memories of my own experience at Wesleyan, and with gratitude for all the opportunities it has afforded to our family.

Julia’s wedding in 2018. At one point our daughter and son-in-law announced to the 250 plus friends and family that her parents had had a hippie wedding and couldn’t avoid a wedding dance any longer, and so we waltzed.

**Now:** Today I am clinical psychologist and psychoanalyst who is still practicing, teaching and doing research, although trying to do a bit less of each. Having recently retired from a full-time position in the Doctoral Program in Clinical Psychology at the City University of New York where I am an Emerita Professor, I continue to teach at Weill Cornell Medical College, the New School for Social Research, and NYU postdoctoral program in Psychoanalysis. For thirty years, I have worked with a group called the Personality Disorders Institute at Weill Cornell Medical College, which focuses on theory, research and treatment of individuals with personality disorders, and have published a number of articles and books on this topic. I also continue to be involved in film studies in theory (I have written on psychoanalytic interpretations of narrative and symbolism in cinema) and also in practice (on the board of the Sag Harbor cinema which is rebuilding a local arts cinema that burned down into a film study, research and community center). Being in the first class of women at Wesleyan also inspired me develop a project on the transition to co-education at Wesleyan.

(Biography continues on next page)



Diana Diamond

(Biography continued from previous page)

The following poem gives more emotional texture to the events enumerated on the previous page and ends with wishes for our 50th reunion.

We met at twenty  
With revolution in the air  
On a day in May  
Shakespearean it was so fair.

We were gassed and jailed  
And saw our friends  
Come to bitter ends.  
But we still believe that era  
set a template that helped  
To create a better fate.

At twenty-nine I married my lord you  
In a ceremony so simple  
It will always be true  
We vowed we'd be together  
Forever and ever and ever  
But then began the dance  
Could we live as one and  
Still be two.

For you there was running cities  
Harford and Santa Monica,  
With Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda  
And finally founding HR&A  
Which allowed you to do it  
All in one place  
And sometimes in one day.

For me there was the discovery  
Of my vocation in psychology  
You followed me and I followed you  
Through training at U Mass, UCLA, Yale, and NYU  
Will it ever end you said with rue?  
The books and papers, conferences and talks,  
In London, California and New York.

Sometimes we were in different cites  
Or even different coasts  
But looking back  
What I remember most  
Is the generosity that let us be  
Together or apart as the need decreed.

By 39 with work and family in synchrony  
We knew it was time for a baby.  
Being Julia's parents  
Has brought joy beyond compare,  
Stretched our capacity to care  
Inspired fear when we saw her  
Capacity to dare  
Sometimes humbled us beyond repair.

Parenting goes so unbearable fast  
An endless series of firsts and lasts  
Lived multi-dimensionally in sight, touch, and smell  
Described in words not so well  
Along with the joys and trials of family  
There was teaching, research and practice for me  
And for you the Brooklyn Bridge Park, the Highline  
And redoing downtown Columbus and Cincinnati.

To celebrate turning 60  
We took a trip to Italy  
Watching you navigate a wild ride along the Amalfi coast  
I thought, "if this is who you are at sixty  
It's everything I hoped."

In Umbria we watched the rain  
Come over the green and golden plain  
Obscuring the hill towns in a mist of fine grain  
The torrential downpour that finally came our way  
Made us think we had lost our day  
But ducking into a trattoria  
We found 40 friends from the Veneto  
Seeing their joi de vivre and bonhomie  
I thought this is what I want for  
My Wesleyan reunion at 70!

At right: Diana Diamond.



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Jerome G. Does

Stephen Dowling



Alan J. Dubrow

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Midweek  
road-trips. Do they still exist?

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** After law school I headed to  
New York City where I joined Shearman & Sterling. Forty  
years later, I retired from the firm and from the practice of  
law. Along the way, my career took me to Abu Dhabi where I  
have lived for over 35 years, as well as to South Korea where  
for a time I served on the boards of two Korean companies.  
Seoul has become my third home.

**Now:** I am semi-retired doing strategic business consulting  
for a few former clients from my days as a lawyer, as well  
as serving on the Board of a public Egyptian company. In a  
typical year, I spend November through May in Abu Dhabi,  
up to a month in spring and fall in Seoul, and summers in CT.



Above: Phil Dundas.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** The Glee  
Club under Dick Winslow and Dick  
Donohue, The Wesleyan Cardinals (singing group) under  
Norm Shapiro, the Gamelan, music courses with Ray Rendall  
and life in The Gingerbread House (Kappa Alpha).

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Rabbinic Ordination, serving  
three congregations in Illinois, Texas, and Ohio.

**Now:** Pickerington, OH (just east of Columbus); recent retire-  
ment now allows me to read, study, and write, what I want,  
when I want.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** In addition to making some life-long friends from our class, I was lucky enough to work with Professor Karl Scheibe of the Department of Psychology, doing work that led to my senior honors thesis, which led to getting into grad school and my first publication, which led to my first job...you get the picture. Just about everything positive that happened in my career as a psychologist began with some seminal experiences I had at Wesleyan.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** After graduating from Wesleyan, it was off to grad school to get a doctorate in social psychology. For most of my career, I was at the University

of Massachusetts Amherst, a wonderful, supportive place. At UMass, I moved up the academic ladder to full professor and then made my way into the university administration. I had stints as Dean of the College of Social and Behavioral Sciences, Deputy Chancellor of the University, and finally to Senior Advisor to the Chancellor, a job I'm still doing. I wish I could say there was some sort of grand scheme that drove my career choices, but pretty much, I just fell into interesting jobs. I also was lucky in that I am, even today, still writing a number of undergraduate psychology texts for McGraw-Hill and Pearson, and the books, which have been used by millions of psychology students, have proved to be rewarding on a variety of levels. Moreover, at the same time my career was playing out, I became involved in a number of volunteer activities that brought tremendous satisfaction. Starting with my religious phase (president of our local synagogue), my interests morphed into my current secular phase, which includes being chair of the Board of New England Public Media, the combined public radio and television entities covering a large swath of New England.

**Now:** As I look back over the past 50 post-Wesleyan years, it's clearly my home life that has brought the most happiness and contentment and sense of fulfillment. I just celebrated my 50th wedding anniversary with my wonderful wife, Kathy Vorwerk, and we've been lucky enough to have three terrific kids and six grandchildren. Watching their lives unfold has been both a privilege and immensely satisfying and oftentimes quite astounding. Today, we spend time between our house in Amherst, MA, an apartment in New York City, and doing as much traveling as we can in between.



Above: Bob Feldman and family.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** I suppose that, like many, my fondest memories would involve after-hours meaning-of-life discussions over steamed cheeseburgers at O'Rourke's and indeed, those late nights at O'Rourke's, or in the Lawn Avenue suites, were integral to Wesleyan's educational value. But if I'm to be completely honest, many of my fondest memories of my time at Wesleyan were the days and nights I spent away from campus in Providence, Boston, New York City, and elsewhere on the right coast. For a somewhat unworldly Midwesterner like myself, my time spent in the fast-moving, dirty, exciting east coast cities was a fun and important counterpoint to the testosterone overload, angst, substance abuse, academic pressure, political upheaval and insularity that characterized pre-coed Wesleyan and the Middletown of the 1960s.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Marriage and kids, of course. I've been married to the same wonderful woman for 44 years and have two great kids who are making their way in the world. A fulfilling career in public service and environmental activism. Getting my graduate degree in Public Management. Publishing a book of my photographs. Traveling the world and seeing wonders and cultures that once seemed impossibly out of reach.

**Now:** I'm in the Roaring Fork Valley of Colorado, where I've lived since graduation. I first came here for a summer job in Aspen between junior and senior years and I've never really left. I'm retired, catching up on 40 years-worth of deferred maintenance on the house, birding, taking photographs, traveling and doing volunteer work. Life is good.



Above: Mark Fuller.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** The camaraderie of the first floor of Clark Hall—touch football, all-night bridge and hearts games, hall soccer.

**Now:** Still in the same home in Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ after 42 years. I retired in 2018 after 40+ years as an attorney. Now my wife Gloria and I enjoy our grown children and recent twin grandchildren, as well as travel often (22 times to Italy, French Polynesia, Easter Island for my 70th birthday).



Above: Mark Geanette and wife Gloria in the South Pacific.

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**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** My first job in the summer of 1970 was at The Hudson Institute, Herman Kahn's renowned think tank. I wrote a paper on "Asceticism in the Modern World" inspired in part by observing the anti-materialism of our class. When I was given the honor of presenting it one-on-one to the great man himself, I suppressed my extreme nervousness and began to speak. When I looked up after about a minute, Mr. Kahn was fast asleep. I've always tried to be humble, but this was a Ph.D. in humility earned in less than five minutes.

Mr. Kahn's underwhelming response to my summer labors was a "wake up call" for me (though not for him). Life is hard; and any expectation of being impactful was likely to be disappointed. It would be best to work hard and try to enjoy the ride.

I moved to Boston after my summer at The Hudson Institute. I worked for the next two years at Arthur D. Little and Abt Associates doing contract research for private and public sector clients. My most memorable assignment was visiting three Indian Reservation in South Dakota to assess their access to health care.

I began law school in 1972 at the then very young full-time Northeastern University Law School (NU had operated for decades as a night law school). NU pioneered co-op education. After a standard first year, the next two years were spent alternating a semester of classroom work with three months of real world experience. Our faculty were very young graduates of Harvard Law. The classroom work was outstanding and the co-op quarters gave one a very full taste of what the practice of law would be like.

NU has become over the decades a very "social justice"-oriented law school. We had a more traditional legal education, but I do vividly remember a year-long debate within our torts class over the appropriateness of adhering to the "reasonable man" standard in assessing the behavior of someone accused of tortious misbehavior. The feminists in our class advocated the adoption of the "reasonable person" standard, but Tom O'Toole—a great professor and person—remained unpersuaded for the entire year.

I passed the bar on my first try! I went to work after graduation for a family firm of Jewish "Yankees", Glovsky & Glovsky. Henry Glovsky, the son of the firm's founder, had been campaign manager for Henry Cabot Lodge when he ran for Vice President under Richard Nixon in 1960. Our clients were an amalgam of classes and ethnicities: the Glovskys represented everybody and their billing reflected their clients' ability to pay.

(Biography continues on next page)



**David J. Geller**  
(Biography continued from previous page)

I then became house counsel at real estate development company in Boston, Wilder-Manley Associates. Under its founder, Ted Berenson, the firm was a pioneer in the development of anchored, enclosed malls. I spent five years there and gradually moved away from the law and toward the business side of the game.

I remember competing for and winning the right to develop the very first project in the East Cambridge Riverfront Plan. East Cambridge then was a fading industrial neighborhood; and the city wanted to kick-start its rebirth as an incubator of high-tech companies. I presented our plan to a brilliant young entrepreneur who had just started the Lotus Corporation, Mitch Kapor. Google him! Lotus had developed a best-in-class computer spreadsheet which, in partnership with IBM, came to dominate the business world in the next decade. They wanted to prelease our entire waterfront building, designed by Skidmore, Owings and Merrill. My principals at Wilder & Manley have passed on, so I will refrain from casting aspersions on their business judgment. They elected to say “no” to Lotus and we sold our development rights to a Chicago firm.

I then began my second post-graduate degree program. I was admitted into the first class at the MIT Center for Real Estate in 1984. The Master’s degree program, which has spawned many imitators, was conceived and overseen by a young economics professor, Larry Bacow. Mr. Bacow was a superstar even then. When Wesleyan’s presidency opened up in 1994, I proposed Mr. Bacow as a worthy candidate. He threw his hat in the ring, but Wesleyan chose Doug Bennet. Bacow subsequently became President of Tufts and is now President of Harvard. It was a terrific experience to be one of only 35 students in the CRED class of 1985. We soaked up a very rich curriculum and helped to shape it as well.

In the nearly thirty five years since I graduated from MIT, I have worked entirely for myself, helping to conceive and pursue interesting development opportunities. All of my successes have been of modest scale. None have transformed the built environment. I have had enough “singles and doubles”, however, to not miss any meals (a fact which will be evident to all when we meet in May). I have had to bring only one lawsuit, and I obtained a satisfactory settlement. I have never been a defendant. I am reasonably well thought of and have made a lot of friends.

I was arrested only once, for fare evasion (jumping a turnstile). I got to spend 30 hours in the Bronx County jail near Yankee Stadium. My 17 cellmates called me “pops” and when they learned that I was a lawyer, I had several hours to advise them how to deal with the potential impact of their individual “rap sheets”. This experience was actually enlightening. None of the arrestees had been convicted of anything, but they were treated as if they were repeat offenders.

Two more vignettes. I have been working very closely for a number of years with a brilliant young Chinese lady who founded and manages a design firm, LuxMea Studio. Her firm has distinguished itself in many aspects of design. They produced all of the “swag”, as but one example, for the “Fast and Furious” movie franchise. LuxMea is now focusing its

enormous creativity on mastering the technology and software required to use 3-D printing to produce building elements and actual buildings. 3-D printing will almost certainly be highly disruptive to real estate as it has been practiced for a very long time. LuxMea has begun several very promising relationships with development and design firms; and we expect to be a “player” in this space as the technology proves itself capable of producing residential and commercial buildings and applications better, faster, and cheaper than they are produced today.

Finally, I am deeply committed to my responsibilities as a member of the International Board of Governors of the Weizmann Institute of Science in Rehovot, Israel. Weizmann is in my humble opinion (remember my Herman Kahn “Humility” PhD) the very best place on earth. Not only is it ranked at or near the very top of the world’s scientific research institutes, but its ethos and style of operation is unparalleled in my vast experience. All of the 250 principal investigators at Weizmann are empowered to run their labs without direction from above. They are told to focus on whatever subjects are likely to sustain their passionate knowledge-extending curiosity over what might prove to be decades of fruitless investigation. The Institute figures out how to fund their research. Their job is to stay committed to the search for scientific truth.

I have been involved with Weizmann since 2004 and have served on its International Board for six years. And I was just reelected to a new five year term. I expect to keep my Weizmann commitment for as long as I breathe. The benefit to me is twofold: it makes me feel worthy; and it may smooth my way into the Kingdom of Heaven (if there is such a place).

See you in May.



Above: David Geller.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** What amazes me is how the tools for obtaining knowledge have changed so dramatically over the last half century. One of my summer tasks in the late 1960s was sorting computer cards for the renowned economics professor, Stanley Lebergott. Now we can find the answers (mostly correct) to almost any question while sitting at our laptops using Google, perhaps the most transformative educational tool invented during our collective lifetime. What’s my most amusing memory? Probably how vigorously I argued for my positions during late night arguments in the dorm about everything from foreign affairs to sports, and later realizing how wrong I usually was!

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Give me any puzzle and I will try to solve it—whether it be *The NY Times* crossword, sorting through a complicated business transaction, or figuring out how a worthy non-profit organization can survive financially. Soon after obtaining a Columbia MBA and beginning my career at Price Waterhouse I was shuffled into the tax department. That made me as gleeful as Br’er Rabbit after he tricked Br’er Bear into throwing him into the briar patch. The job enabled me to carve out some independence, devise tax reduction strategies, and constantly trade ideas with colleagues. Never mind that I was keeping assets of millionaires out of the hands of governments desiring to redistribute part of their wealth. Truthfully, thinking creatively was way more important to me than making or spending money. After leaving accounting I, along with a few associates, backed into owning and managing large industrial properties (long story), where the opportunity to earn a fair profit and do good at the same time presented itself. Over the years, our company has developed real estate, attracted entrepreneurial tenants, and invigorated communities with new jobs and additional tax revenues.

That said, what is most important, fun, meaningful, and memorable, is being married to the same glorious woman for 46+ years, raising two beautiful, accomplished daughters, and watching them produce our delicious, delightful grandchildren.

**Now:** Supposedly, one of the Beatles said that life is what happens to you while you are making other plans. A comparable observation is, “People plan, God laughs.” If so, God has fortunately shown me a decent sense of humor. For many years, I have been privileged to spend almost as much time on non-profit activities, including Boards of Jewish educational institutions, as at work (where my partners were grateful not having me look over their shoulders). Lately, just when I thought I might wind things down, a host of exciting new real estate possibilities presented themselves. Not that the volunteer tasks have abated very much. And thank goodness grandparents only have to play a supporting role!



Above: Henry Glanternik and wife Karen on a high (hill).

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# 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 1966 cost **5¢ vs. 55¢** in 2020.



## 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**





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(Marcos)**

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** I'd gone to a mixer at Conn College one night. People were having fun, dancing around in a big circle, but there was some guy tripping people as they came by him. I have a strong dislike for bullies, so, as I came around the circle, I rushed at him, slammed him against a wall and lifted him up off the ground. While the guy was dangling there, each of my arms were grabbed from behind. I turned my head, and there were Elliot Daum and Harvey Yasijian, who'd become the two male students at Conn, and who had previously been my fellow shot putters at Wes. We broke out laughing, and I let the bewildered guy escape. Fifteen years later, I was living outside of Santa Rosa, California, and there was Elliot on the front page of the newspaper, the public defender in a high profile ax murder. Just last week, I just saw a distinguished Harvey on TV, the long-time expert on "The Cola Wars". Me, I have the high distinction of retaining the Wesleyan freshman shot put record.

I'd gone out to Big Sur in the spring of '70 and had a revelation while surrounded by thousands of other naked crazed revelers in the woods. When I came back to Wes, I told my teachers that the whole school thing was totally irrelevant and I wasn't going to be in classes anymore. Something big was going to happen! I'm certain that I was incoherent. Then, the Dead concert. Right after Ali announced the national student strike, I took off with Dierdre English and Katie Butler to where somehow they had a little silk-screening setup. We ran off a bunch of strike arm bands, and I carried them back to the concert, distributed the armbands and ran some larger strike symbol up the flagpole. Classes shut down, and I was graduated. I was saved by the strike! Actually, I left Wes before the graduation ceremony and headed out to a commune in New Mexico. While at another commune one day, I saw the remnants of a motorcycle that had belonged to Chris Shaw, one of my '67 roommates, hanging in the barn. He was on the lam, having skipped bail after getting into a fight with some cops in Middletown around the time of the strike... Months later, I got a letter from Wes saying that I owed a few dollars for a library fine that I needed to pay before they'd give me my diploma. I wrote back that I'd send them the money if I ever needed a diploma for anything. Twenty years later, I needed my official BA in order to do a clinical psych masters, so I sent them the library fine. When I walked into the interview for the masters program in California, there was Sara Winters, who'd been teaching psych at Wes when we were there. In the late 80s, I ran into Chris Shaw walking on Venice Beach and we got together with our other '67 roommate, Andy Leonard, who was living up in Topanga. At one time, he'd been president of Grateful Dead Records. Things go round.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** For years, I was on the bleeding edge of a number of counter-cultural movements which were at least intended to be important and meaningful. I

designed and built houses; was part of one of the first commercial organic farms; started a successful commune and headed up the solar and alternative energy on the largest commune in the country; had a venture capital firm that was part of what we termed the "socially responsible investment" movement; did my psych internship until I decided that I didn't really like listening to people's problems; invented an ingenious addiction self-help device. Oh, and I had a software company for a few decades that paid the bills. Many of the things that I did were just before their time, or I was just a bit too spaced to pull them off really successfully, but they all made for lots of interesting stories. When I can't help myself from comparing myself to those of my Wes class who really did do things that were meaningful or really did help people, I definitely fall short in my own judgement. However, I was a manic-depressive, apocalyptic kid from a shady background who never really should have qualified to get into Wesleyan in the first place. So, it all worked out way better than good enough, considering, especially considering that I thought that "it" would all be over way before now.

Actually, following my Wes ethnomusicology roots, I did do a few song and dance things that were a whole lot of fun. In the 80s, I started the LA Rock Chorus, where I produced a few 10-song series of old rock and roll tunes in 4-part harmony with a full backup band, made tapes for each part and had a number of simultaneous groups spread around the LA area with 100+ singers at our 1,000-attendee joint concerts. In the 90s, I joined the Gospel Music Workshop of America and a black baptist church. For years, I went to bible study in between two services every Sunday and was in all of the church choirs. In early 2000s, I was in a fantastic post-gospel choir in New York, where we rehearsed weekly at Carnegie and regularly sang to full houses there and at Town Hall, the Jazz Center, and on Good Morning America Christmas mornings. I also spent years country-western dancing five nights a week. In 2005, when I stopped working entirely and moved to Argentina for six years and rebuilt an old house, I sang in other choirs and danced Salsa/rueda as much as I could.

**Now:** These days, I split my time with roughly two months "home" in San Diego, five months babysitting grandkids in Brooklyn, and five months wandering around the globe. My son bought a place on the same street and two blocks away from where I afterwards found out that I was born. So, now I take the kiddies to the same parks that I was carried to as a baby. I've lived in lots of places, always being a transient outsider, so it's kinda funny being from right where I am. .... When not babysitting, I'm often at the local \$15/year city gym. As of today, I'm in crazy shape for an old fart. Not too long ago, I did a set of 10 pull-ups at each of 12 parks while walking 15 miles around the city in one day. However, I also had a stroke while doing a solo section hike on the Appalachian Trail, so I'm quite aware that it's all day by day. ... My travel is super cheapo. I stay in hostels, mostly eat street food and I try to avoid major tourist spots/seasons. Recently, I researched my grandparents and went back to what was left of their shtetls in Ukraine and Belarus and even hitchhiked out to the one in Poland. I don't think that they'd had too many old Jews hitchhiking in Poland in a while. On another trip, I did a hop-on-hop-off bus trip around New Zealand with 50, 20-year-olds, mostly European kids on their gap year, for a couple of months.



Above: Mark "Marcos" Goodman.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** My fondest memories are hanging out and bullshitting with friends who I still have. Funniest memory is probably going to Howard Johnson for all you could eat chicken with a bunch of friends, and gorging until the staff threw in the towel.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Early in my career, I briefed and argued in the D.C. Circuit the first appellate case to hold that sexual harassment can poison the atmosphere of employment and thereby violate Title VII. I later briefed and argued several groundbreaking cases striking down Federal Communications Commission rules.

Raising my three boys was mostly fun and certainly meaningful. My grandson and granddaughter are the joys of my life.

**Now:** Retired and still with my wife of 43 years in our house in suburban D.C. Traveling, watching grandkids, doing volunteer teaching English as a second language to adults and dabbling in asylum cases.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** An inchoate sense of promise and possibility headed off to class on a windy, chill October morning under a changeable sky.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Having two children and two (soon, three) grandchildren. Continuing to read, experience, and think.

**Now:** I live in Downers Grove, Illinois, and retired a week ago after a lengthy career as a health care executive and consultant.



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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Close friendships, especially with CSS colleagues that have lasted for 50 years. Values, humor and outlook have kept us close.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Had the privilege of having two great careers: nine years as a prosecutor with the Antitrust Division of the U.S. Department of Justice and 32 years as a law professor. Both gave me the opportunity to consistently advocate for things I believed in and that helped other people. Getting to testify on several occasions before the Judiciary Committees of the Senate and House and participate in FTC proceedings was especially rewarding.

**Now:** On the personal front, having a wonderful, tolerant spouse for 45 years, two great kids and two grandchildren makes me the luckiest guy in the world (add Stadium echos from Lou Gehrig speech here).



Above: Tim Greaney and family; Tim and furry friend.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Wesleyan was such a relief after high school—no rules but high expectations, smart kids and professors, intense intellectual environment and engagement with the critical issues of the day—promoting civil rights and protesting the war. The only thing missing was women.

Freshman year was all discovery, a great freshman composition class that has served me my whole life, a terrible humanities teacher but a great curriculum, introduction to recreational drugs which I particularly enjoyed late at night with friends and music.

I concentrated on English and History, which are still the focus of my reading. After a freshman year spent getting soft, got back to playing basketball almost daily. More drugs and music. Enjoyed the great film series. Wonderful conversations with smart people who challenged every assumption, plus intense periods of reading and writing papers. And that was how the rest of my time at Wesleyan went by.

I went to Vassar for the first semester of my senior year. It had a much less intense intellectual atmosphere, more structure, more tests, fewer long papers. But my goodness there were women. There was a calmer atmosphere on a more rural campus.

The entire college experience played out against the backdrop of the assassinations of King and Kennedy and of the politicians who either couldn't face the truth or wouldn't tell the truth. Protests in Middletown, New Haven and Washington were a major part of my Wesleyan experience

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** I spent my first two years after Wesleyan as a conscientious objector in Boston, including working the night shift as a mental health aide at Mass Mental Health Center.

While in Boston I started running and discovered hiking and camping (introduced to both by John Alschuler). They became lifelong passions.

I completed my C.O. and moved to NY with a big beard and a countercultural attitude. Through an employment agency (amazing!) I got a job at an independent educational publisher ("I think you would fit in") housed in a brownstone on West 78th Street. Kind of a hippie company. By default, three months later I was in charge of creating seven social science readers (Grades 3-9) for the *Readers Digest*. More projects followed. I got to make every mistake a publisher could make, except the ones I made later.

In NY I met my wife Claire Griffin, née Janosik, a teacher and writer. We have been married 43 years. We both love the outdoors, love to travel and are avid readers. A good match.

After three years we moved back to Boston, got married ('76), and I became managing editor and one man staff of *The Exceptional Parent*, a magazine for parents of "Children with Disabilities". This time I even got to sell ads and subscriptions.

Claire and I quit our jobs at age 28 and 30, still countercultural but feeling stuck. We decided to go on a camping adventure through Africa. We spent nine months mostly sleeping on the ground, six months in Africa, the rest in Europe. Africa changed my life, the openness of the people, the amazing landscapes, the animals, the birds, the stars. A mind opener. Came back, shaved my beard, and never regained my interest in politics.

Once back I applied for a job at Rodale Press, publisher of *Prevention* and *Organic Gardening*, as an editor. To my surprise I was hired as a circulation manager, now responsible for millions of subscriptions rather than 20,000. The move from editorial to the dark side was great for my career.

I spent the next 31 years in publishing, the last 25 as President of global publishing companies—

First was *PC World* in San Francisco (1987–1990). It was great to be part of the PC revolution and the 15 international editions of *PC World* were a great introduction to global business.

I left to rejoin Rodale (1990–2000) as President of magazines, all health and fitness special interest publications (*Runner's World*, *Bicycling*, *Backpacker*, *Scuba Diving*, *Organic Gardening*, etc.) The most fun was launching *Men's Health*. It became the most successful men's magazine in the world.

For the next ten years I moved to the *National Geographic Society* where I was President of Publishing.

While living in Pennsylvania in the 80s working for Rodale, we had two children, Elizabeth (1982) and Will (1985). Meeting Claire, working in the mental hospital, traveling in Africa and having kids were the formative experiences of my life. Never having been an under assistant west promotion man was the key to my business success.

**Now:** Claire and I split our time between Brooklyn and Old Lyme, CT. I enjoy walking in Brooklyn and gardening in Old Lyme. Still a fitness fanatic but now a failing one.

We have two great kids—both blessed with good spouses and good jobs. Our daughter has two children, the new loves of my life.

I serve on the board of two national conservation groups—promoting clean water, protection and expansion of public lands and public access to them.

Claire and I love to travel together, and I do a couple of fly-fishing trips each year and I hike in the western mountains at least once a year.

I am thankful for all of the good luck I have had and hoping for more as time goes by.



Above: John and Claire Griffin in Algerian desert, 1979 (left); In Joshua Tree National Park, 2018 (right).

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** The welcoming letter in 1967 from Dean of Admissions, Jack Hoy, is still attached behind my Wesleyan diploma, long since framed, that I received from President Rosenbaum on that beautiful June day in 1970. Fifty years later, I now ponder once again the good fortune of my acceptance to Wesleyan, an opportunity and a privilege granted to very few.

How did I end up at Wesleyan? After a year at Western Reserve, where I finally put my nose to the grindstone, I transferred to Wesleyan. Jack Hoy gave me a second chance. I think I proved his decision right. My years at Lawrenceville made the academic challenges at Wesleyan less stressful. Friendships were made during those years that have endured over these many years. Road trips were a much-welcomed diversion inasmuch as girls were sadly absent during our time.

The late '60s were turbulent and filled with life changing experiences. The socio-political catharsis for our generation was particularly manifest at Wesleyan and, as it did for many classmates, it ultimately influenced my post-graduation path. I was an American Studies major, and I remain most grateful especially to the teachings of Richard Slotkin, George Creeger, and Richard Buel as they, along with others on the faculty, opened my eyes to the wonderful elements that have made our country so great. While at Wesleyan, as Chairman of the Student Events Committee, it was my goal to bring in speakers who could broaden the viewpoints of students on an already very politically polarized campus.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Returning to New York City, I matriculated at NYU GBA after six months of gathering my thoughts. I received my MBA in October 1972; however, the rush to get that MBA only resulted in a frustrating effort during a severe recession to find a job in Municipal Finance on Wall Street. My goal to save crumbling cities wasn't panning out. But, one day in May 1972, I received two job offers. I chose Chase Manhattan over Dillon, Read.

After 1½ years at Chase, I went to work at Hakim Tea Corporation of America, the leading independent importer of bulk tea in the USA. I worked with the buyers at Lipton, Nestlé, Tetley and Red Rose as well as the agents that represented us in auctions around the world. I traveled often to Europe and the tea growing countries. During those years, I also had the luxury of developing several marketing projects, two of which are noteworthy.

In 1977, my recently hired cleaning lady told me she had worked as the housekeeper for Marilyn Monroe in NYC until her death in 1962. Shortly thereafter, a friend of mine and I submitted a book proposal to a literary agent and subsequently, we co-authored *Marilyn Monroe: Confidential* which was published by Simon & Schuster in 1979. The hard cover and paperback books garnered big advances for us and the housekeeper. Aside from worldwide distribution, there were serial rights sold including to *Playboy*, where it made the cover and... an invitation to a party at Hefner's Mansion.

In 1979, I developed the Clearly Tea line of gourmet loose teas packaged in clear, stacking Lucite canisters and sold them to leading department stores around the country. The concept was well ahead of the times but, unfortunately, tea in clear canisters proved to be visually unappealing. However, the complementing canister of rock sugar sold very well. Making lemonade from lemons, I developed Clearly Candies, a colorful candy collection that also included Clearly The Best Jelly Beans. By the summer of 1980, sales of these jellybeans began to soar as a result of Ronald Reagan's nomination. After the election, I approached the Reagan-Bush Inaugural Committee with the idea of making a canister gold stamped with the Presidential Inaugural Seal and filled with red, white and blue jellybeans. A royalty for every canister sold would be paid to the Committee.

A truck laden with thousands of cases filled with the official 1981 Presidential Inaugural Jelly Bean Collection canisters arrived with great fanfare in Washington, D.C. the Friday night before Inauguration Day. Promptly delivered to every Hecht's Department store in the DC/Baltimore area, every canister was sold by Sunday morning. The Hecht's buyer called early Monday morning desperate for more. At the Inaugural Ball dinners on Tuesday night, every attendee had a canister at their table. I was later told that several were auctioned for \$50 apiece. One canister now resides in the National Archives. The print media pumped out stories and TV stations called for interviews. Republican clubs around the country called, asking if I could ship just a case or two. One club in Great Falls, MT invited me (all expenses paid) to address them.

My future really was in the tea trade. In the ensuing years, as my father got on in years, I took on the leadership role at the company. I also started the Teacrest Corporation in 1994 and launched the T42 line of ready-to-drink teas, funded in part with proceeds from the sale of the rights to the Clearly Tea trademark to the Clearly Canadian Company. While T42 had gained a reputation over the ensuing years for being the best tea in a bottle, competition from the well-funded likes of Honest Tea and Sweet Leaf intensified and sales slowed significantly. But, a "Big Break" came in 2009 when Earth Fare, a chain of all-natural/organic stores in the Mid-Atlantic region, asked me to create its own line of organic teas and, then, three years later, a line of organic lemonades. Since then, my private label business has grown to include several major grocery chains across the country.

**Now:** My life has been free of the encumbrances of corporate life that might have impeded my marketing creativity. The support I have received from so many friends and business associates along the way has been exceptional and most gratifying. Of course, there is my wife Carol and our precious daughter Alexandra, now 30, who, too often, had to feign a cheerful acquiescence to the vagaries my career presented.



Above: Maurice Hakim with wife Carol and daughter Alexandra.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Wesleyan for me was the first place I encountered that promoted serious academic pursuits and simultaneously allowed people to express their craziness.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** I split my time between a suburb of Detroit and Portsmouth, RI. Serving as a Wesleyan Trustee for 12 years was very gratifying.

**Now:** I am retired and working at achieving the state of the absence of obligation—something that is much easier said than done.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Football, deke, concerts, new friends, in no particular order.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** My wife of 47 years, Suzanne. My two daughters, and three grandchildren. Career change in 1990—Wall Street to Licensed Nursing Home Administrator. Finalist in the 2014 U.S. Tennis Association 50+ Men's Doubles.

**Now:** Corporate Nursing Home Administrator for the DLU Group. Board member Hollis Hills Bayside Jewish Center 40 years.



Above: Streeter Heilweil with wife Suzanne.



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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Autumn on Foss Hill. Working at WESU. Attending Curry Concerts. Spending winter Sunday afternoons studying in the library of the Davison Art Center. My classmates.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** After Wesleyan and graduate school, I enjoyed a rich and fulfilling career as the Curator and then Director of a series of art museums. I have a wonderful wife, who is also an art historian, and a remarkable daughter and son-in-law. I love European travel (particularly walking trips), cooking for family and friends, and architectural photography.

**Now:** My wife, Leslie, and I are happily retired in New York City, taking advantage of museums, music, theater, and all that this wonderful place has to offer. My book, *Walking Broadway: Thirteen Miles of Architecture and History*, will be published this spring.



Above: Bill Hennessey.

George G. Hill (Gary)

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Perhaps the most amusing, in retrospect, is the reason I never graduated. Like some others at our graduation ceremony, after the shutdown over the killings at Kent State, I received an empty diploma case. I had not completed my COL senior thesis. I had asked a professor to be my advisor, but he phoned me back and said he felt unqualified, why didn't I try this other professor, younger and hipper, but unknown to me. I was disappointed but saw his point, since my thesis was to be about pop music from a vaguely structuralist angle. So, I went to the younger, hipper professor's office. I was a little surprised at some of his introductory remarks, such as when he told me about smoking hashish with a certain foreign defense minister, and I tried my best to answer strange questions such as where acid rock fit in. Eventually, after more floundering to establish a rapport, we realized I was saying "pop" music while the older professor had heard and relayed "pot" music. I thanked the younger, hipper professor for his time and walked out, leaving our mutual embarrassment and frustration behind. It's hard to remember being the kind of person who would just let something like that go. (I tried to work something out with Wesleyan years later by suggesting I could now include as part of my thesis some songs I had recorded—greatest hits now available under GG HILL at soundcloud.com—but I never heard back, quite rightly, I suppose). As it turned out, I never needed documentary proof that I had received a great liberal arts education. I used it every day, and still do. And I never had to lie about not having that piece of paper.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** I was a reporter and editor for Reuters in Manhattan for 35 years; before that I did a lot of different jobs (what a lucky generation we were, to be able to temp and travel and find out what we really wanted to do). I worked in general news, sports, financial news, and then everything, roughly in that order, for Reuters. I did a lot of music interviews. It was a great ride. I've been on the field at the old Yankee Stadium before a World Series game and on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange for a trading day. I've gotten sprayed with champagne in the 1986 Mets locker room by Darryl Strawberry (he was aiming at Mayor Koch), and been alone in a room with the America's Cup and the Stanley Cup. I've interviewed scores of musicians from Dylan to Fela to the Motown house band. Also, Oscar the Grouch. Trump. Putin. Michael Jordan. Hakeem Olajuwon. Rebecca Lobo. Much else.

But my wife, Katherine Tiddens, who created one of the world's most influential Green stores/consultancies/activism incubators, TERRA VERDE (Manhattan; a branch in Santa Monica; boutiques in Japan), is of course the highlight of my life.

**Now:** We retired to La Jolla, in sight and sound of the beach. I'm trying to write novels.



Above: Gary Hill and wife Katherine Tiddens.

Ernest N. Hingkeldey



Bruce E. Holbrook

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Above: Charlie and Leslie Holbrook at Homecoming 2019. "It was the 50th Anniversary of Wesleyan's undefeated football team and I was also honored by being selected to the All Decade Team for the 1960s. Wesleyan won the Little Three title by defeating Williams in overtime 27-21."

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** One year during Spring Break, Jack Wesley, Silas Wild, and I went NORTH to snowshoe on the Green Mountain Trail and winter camp. It felt like full-on Antarctica, and as we hit the top of Sugarbush Ski Resort, we were treated like we had just returned from Mount Everest.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** My wife Paula says that I have never worked for anyone my entire life (maybe never really ever worked?). I have spent these years since Wesleyan guiding fly fishermen into the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming. That true wilderness, plus the interesting, wonderful, and kind guests have made a stimulating life on its own. Having a farm, raising children, and living close to the country have also been highlights. I have coached cross country skiing for 20 years at the high school level. Perhaps the most rewarding thing in my life (of lots of rewarding things). Not being a parent nor a school teacher leads to a special relationship between young people and older mentors (role models).

**Now:** Living in the not quite mountain town of Lander, Wyoming, where two of my children live along with two young grandsons. Really hard not to feel especially fortunate.



Above, top: George Hunker and first grandson Luca. Breaking them in early. Bottom: The greater Hunker family—George and Paula, children Louisa, Molly, Hank and partners, plus one grandson (of two) Luca.



Above: George Hunker at the office.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Through the tumult of the late 1960s, and the personal terrors large and small brought on by college, what stays with me are the bonds built, the friendships forged. With all hell breaking loose in the country, our classrooms were not confined to Wesleyan. But for me, High Street was

both a refuge (Eclectic) and a catalyst (again, Eclectic). Anger swirled, but so did affections in a place and time spent anxiously, awkwardly, lurching towards adulthood.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** After hitting the jackpot with a high number in the first draft lottery, I was thrilled to experience Nepal under the protective umbrella of the U.S. Peace Corps...even as a close friend gave his life for nothing in Vietnam.

An essentially happy law practice for nearly four decades in Western New York.

An enduring marriage with a partner who, astonishingly, claims to love me still. Three grown children, all perfect, and a grandchild, even more perfect.

**Now:** I am retired, out to pasture, but the fields are green! I live in the Finger Lakes region south of Rochester, NY. I tutor a few refugees, travel some, enjoy family and now and then chase after some good old friends.



Above: Cousins Jack Ingraham (left) and Steve Ingraham (right) — both Class of 1970!

Charles S. Irving

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** At Wesleyan, I carried out research with Prof. Peter Leermakers in the Chemistry Department on retinal proteins and published several papers.



**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Upon graduating I became the first student to be accepted by Weismann Institute of Science into the Ph.D. program without having completed a Masters degree. As part of my Ph.D. research, I pioneered the use of magnetic resonance studies to describe the structure of biological substances enriched with stable isotopes. In post-doc studies at Argonne National Laboratories, and

later on the faculty of the Department of Pediatrics at Baylor College of Medicine and the Children's Nutrition Research Center, I carried out fundamental research on pharmacokinetics of stable isotope labelled biological molecules, which found diagnostic use in carbon breath tests. My family's and my love of Israel proved too strong and in spite of receiving Associate Professorship at Baylor College of Medicine, I moved back to Israel. My career took a turn to biomedical and biotech entrepreneurship in Israel. I used my experience to move many innovative technologies out of university labs to the hospital bed and operating rooms and biotech companies. I founded several startups with the Israel Institute of Technology (Technion) and Hadassah University Hospital. In my last position prior to retiring, I founded and served as CEO of Cell Cure Neurosciences Ltd in Jerusalem. Returning to my early interest at Wesleyan in the retina, I led the company through the development of a cell therapy treatment for dry-form age related macular degeneration, which is the leading cause of visual impairment in persons over 50 years old. The cell therapy product, OpRegen, is now in clinical trials in the U.S.

**Now:** My wife Mira and I have been married for 48 years and have three children and five grandchildren. We live near the Mediterranean coast in Caesarea, Israel.



Above: Charles Irving.



## 120 Students And Faculty Picket Dow Recruiter At North College

by Tony Mohr

The normally placid political scene at Wesleyan was interrupted as some 120 students and faculty picketed the Dow Chemical representative in front of North College Thursday.

Argus, saying that Lauter "deserves the community's praise for handling the... protest with good judgment... He understood how deeply many informed people feel... and he responded to the situation in a way that kept the disturbance minimal."

Other students sat peacefully in the foyer on North's second floor. They were joined by James Helfer, John Thiesmeyer, and Carl Viggiani. Many other faculty members

## Rich, Apathetic Underacheivers 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 1969. 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 analyzed 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. Indicators of what type psychological changes the

The statistics were had never tried the drug month or less; and free non-users; while 36% w Students who had never drugs. On the other han genics and used the

## Book Thefts Behind Olin Policy; Librarian Rebuts Student Critics

Necessity For Action No Honor At Olin

"I don't like this one bit but if the community wants it, it's their business."

BY SUBSCRIPTION

## Generalization Abolished In Faculty Vote; All Departments To Decide Requirements

by Jim RePass

By a vote of ninety-six to twenty-six, with two abstentions, the faculty of Wesleyan University this week approved the Educational Policy Committee's proposal to abrogate generalization requirements. The University requirements of English 101, a foreign language, Humanities 101 and 102, Humanities 341, Science 101 and 102 or 103 and 104 or the equivalent, competence in written English, and the requirement that a student complete at least six courses in the two academic divisions other than the division of the student's major field of studies, will be replaced by a system which allows the major department to set the requirements for concentration, "including not only the courses required within its own



EPC Chairman Richard Vann

of Section III was changed from "Concerning General Course Requirements" to "Concerning Requirements for Concentration."

Professor Richard T. Vann, Chairman of the EPC and instrumental in the success of the proposal, stated, "I am very pleased that such a large majority of the faculty voted in support of a principle of student responsibility, and a more flexible

## 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. But at the same time, he said, "We have been woefully wrong in our righteousness." Our system has institutionalized dis-

said. But often, he added, coercion has been used when other avenues have been open. This type of coercion is negative, not positive; it actually slows reform and may force a choice between freedom and peace. Coercion and violence have been instruments of social action, the president observed, and often their result has been the proliferation of anxiety based on the fear of safety. Hence the current call for "law and order" exists.

The university must rely on rational faculties, the president reiterated. If not, the academic and social freedom of its residents are jeopardized. The university must be run by assent and not by authoritarian government, he emphasized. The University is a fragile institution, and an "anything goes" attitude cannot exist. Turning to outside authority is an admission of failure of self-control, and President Etherington added that the educational institutions of our country must be free to find facts and dispense justice. It is the duty of the university to



El Gran Ted

## Hoy And Helfer Meet Students; Discuss Community Life Panels

by Frank Alley

Last Tuesday evening Messrs. Jack Hoy and Jim Helfer, the coordinators in the current Study Community Life, met with students to discuss the nature of the program and the panels

"beautiful young women," and to the gratifying decline in such things as theft (e.g., only one, small, \$100 lamp had been stolen from the COL lounge this week), and the amount of the dropout rate had (the dropout rate had this week). Having

## 'El Gran Ted' Is Off The Air; Students Stage WESU Protest

by Jeffrey Richards

High drama and/or low comedy jockey whose El Gran Show was rumored to be a firm grass-roots support promoted a protest a promised there would be 6 and 700 demonstrators.

This was evident in a demonstration which El Gran organized Wednesday evening protesting his dismissal for disseminating misleading news information over the airwaves. On Tuesday evening, March 5th, El Gran broadcast the news and changed the casualty reports of the Vietnam war. He multiplied U.S. names figures by three and divided Vietnam figures by the same number, following this up by chuckling as he applied this formula to a report plane. President of WESU Mike Pink who was tuned in to the broadcast immediately called up El Gran and told him to stop.

There were placards which asserted WE LIKE TED AND BETTER TED THAN FED. The demonstration had been scheduled to commence at 10, but El Gran didn't arrive until almost 10:30. Until then the picketers had been rather disorganized, but now organized chaos



EQV fire, caused by carelessness, is believed to have been nurtured in these mattresses.

## EQV House Now "Uninhabitable"; Cause Pinned On Carelessness

The Middletown Board of Health has officially declared EQV uninhabitable as the result of the \$100,000 fire which swept through the second floor and attic of the old John Wes club Monday night.

Howard B. Matthews, Wesleyan treasurer, said Thursday he did not see how the building could be used "the rest of this semester." At that time, he could not say what the possibilities were for use as a dormitory during the second semester. According to him, the roof was the most damaged part of the building and everything depended on the speed of repairs.

## Kaufman's Reply To Argus

Ed. Note. The following is a letter from CBC Chairman Seth Kaufman in answer to charges made against him in last Friday's Argus.

Although many have urged that I or the C.B.C. not reply to the charges set forth in last week's Argus, I feel that it is necessary to set the record straight. To avoid what would be a never-ending escalation of charges and counter-charges, I will restrict my reply to what I feel were instances of factual inaccuracy and/or poor journalism in both the article and the editorial.

## SAC Warns Lawn Avenue To Cease Hours Violations

by Bruce Gardiner

Unless the students of the Lawn Avenue dormitories do not "better regulate themselves" regarding curfew hours, the Student Affairs Committee might be forced to institute a system "of extra-personal enforcement," according to a representative.

objected vigorously to the second alternative and to the suggestion that the CBC endorse the SAC's stand. "Any such enforcement ultimately leads to a tapo," he said.

## Academic Report Hits Few Finals, High Grades, Faculty

With 78.5 percent of all grades at Wesleyan in either the A or B category, and with a comparatively low rate of acceptance at good graduate schools to Wesleyan students, concern has been mounting in the administration over the quality of a Wesleyan education. A report written by Joseph McMahon, C. Hess Haagen, and David Adamany and issued to the faculty Tuesday

and sixteen specific proposals for the amelioration of the problem. The problem was analyzed as one of lack of vigilance rather than lack of concern.

The study found that less than six percent of all grades were D, E, or F categories. There seemed to be a lack of any wide distribution in the grades, given 2,887 of the 3,684 letter grades reported were A's or B's. It was also found that 41 percent of all graded courses gave only A's or B's. The report admonished the faculty to be more vigilant in the grading process.

## Wes Student Majority Strikes In Protest Of Nixon Policies

Nearly all of the 800 Wesleyan students at a community meeting Monday afternoon in front of the Chapel voted to participate in a nationwide strike in support of the following three demands:

1. "Free Bobby Seale and all other political prisoners."
2. "Get the United States out of Southeast Asia now."
3. "End all university complicity with the war machine."

About 300 students at the meeting voted against the strike.

The strike was scheduled to begin at 12:00 noon Tuesday. Faculty representatives were spread during the concert and the Grate.

members of the administration and with faculty members of each department. Acting President Robert Rosenbaum was present and received a standing ovation when he was introduced and was asked to gather together administration members for a discussion. Other committees were organized to work on the Strike News, to canvass in Middletown, and to work with Middletown clergymen.

During the day Tuesday, faculty and majors of each department

## Faculty Votes To Join, Support Student Strike

By an overwhelming vote, the faculty yesterday voted to support the student strike, while continuing non-striking students to continue their classwork. The academic details of the strike have been left to the Dean's Office.

The faculty meeting, which was attended by 175 voting members of the faculty, was begun with a speech by Acting President Robert A. Rosenbaum. This speech, identical to the one given at the meeting

allow the university to take a corporate position. The two unattached students spoke of different alternatives. Once these students left, the faculty began what became an hour-long discussion of the strike. Most of thirty-one men who spoke strongly favored the strike. Two resolutions were proposed. One, by Albert Hunter, was withdrawn in favor of the other resolution. The second resolution, proposed by Samuel Von Winbush of the



Deirdre English, speaking at the Strike Rally on Monday.

## Investigation Reveals \$500 Earmarked For UPA, SAM

After four weeks of investigation following a "tip," the Argus has learned that in September the College Policy Committee, allegedly

money for use by the Union for Progressive Action (UPA) and the Student Action Movement (SAM). The earmarked funds, which were reportedly to be used for speaker programs only, were contained in the \$13,000 allocated to the Student Events Committee, and amounted to \$500 for UPA and \$500 for SAM. Neither funding was revealed in the CBC budget presented for publication to the community in the October 3, 1969, issue of the Argus. Neither UPA nor SAM proposed

similar programs) to campus must approach the Student Events Committee in advance with the request for funds, accompanied by a proposed speaker or program of speakers. It is then up to the SEC to decide whether or not the funds will be made available.

Jon Berg, who was chairman of the SEC first semester this academic year, was told of the earmarking of \$1,000 of his committee's funds at a September meeting attended by CBC Chairman Seth Kaufman, CBC Treasurer John Ketcham, Tom Morse of the Student Action Movement and Steve Talbot of the UPA, according to the findings of the Argus investigation.

Bob Eimers, a member of the five-man CBC, informs the Argus



Robert A. Rosenbaum, acting president, speaking at the senior dinner on Tuesday.

## Huston: LSD Has Potential As Psychological Implement

by John S. Wilson

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

Her conclusion: Pharmaceutical LSD, as opposed to the "bathtub variety" with which most students are familiar, is a research tool

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 available no case of cancer and no malformed babies have been attributed to the drug. To her knowledge, incidents such as people believing they are birds

## WESLEYAN 70 — Controversies

with competent academic advising of students, especially freshmen. The EPC proposal was passed with only two changes, Section VI, "Concerning Education in the Field," was withdrawn, to be considered at a later date, and the title

spheres of influence, he stated. At this time, President Etherington said, we are close to a chaos of disagreement. The nation has been caught unaware and is shocked at the assault upon its institutions, including the university. Dissent emerges in this institution in a



William J. Jeffcoat



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**Memories of Wesleyan:** My initial exposure to Wesleyan was brief, lasting only from the summer of 1966 into the winter of 1966–67. But the arc of that short experience has overspread my entire life, continuing to inform and inspire over the course of my unwilling participation in a war, and throughout careers in outdoor education and journalism, academia and research, and federal law enforcement, combined with some twenty years playing around the edges of the film industry as a critic and teacher, advocate and fund raiser, cameraman and one-time co-producer.

Though I returned to complete my degree at Wesleyan in 1974–76, I have always described myself as a member of the class of '70, because it is that association to which I owe more than I can ever repay for the love and support its members have consistently provided me for fifty-some years.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** One often hears stories about the unique closeness and constancy of comrades in arms, and while I surely experienced that as a soldier in Vietnam, I carried with me through that conflict, as well as through the never-ending post trauma, the continued, invaluable allegiance and respect of a bright, talented, diverse and caring cohort who have never left my side.

**Now:** This past spring, Julie, who shared my final two years in Middletown, Aiden, our part Irish terrorist standard poodle, and I left our farm in Maine to live in Olympia, Washington where we continue to explore by foot, ski and kayak (while adjusting to the sometimes overwhelming scale of the terrain) and search for useful ways to support progressive causes in a world that appears to have lost its way.



Above: Bill Jefferson.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** So many to list here, not necessarily in priority order: rowing on the crew team; taking enriching classes of course; forming life-long friends; dating nice young ladies; fun times at the Alpha Delt house; parties all over; football games; enjoying the beautiful campus; and starting a cooking class that was actually in the course catalog with our famous Alpha Delt chef, Evelyn Kowaloski. Some fondest memories are those I missed, e.g., the Grateful Dead and Jimi Hendrix concerts—I was either at an away crew race or on a road trip!

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** After Wesleyan and business school at the University of Chicago, I immediately dove into my career, which has been a great source of satisfaction. I have now been in the consumer products industry for 47 years—and still counting. I have been privileged to have led and nurtured many of America's icon trademarks and brands, among them: Colgate, Palmolive, Irish Spring, Polaroid, Kraft, Velveeta, DiGiorno, Miracle Whip, Taco Bell, Toblerone, Altoids, Campbell's, Pepperidge Farm, V8, and most recently, Del Monte, Contadina, and the Pet brands Meow Mix, 9 Lives, Kibbles n Bits, Pup-Peroni and Milk Bone.

However, most important to me, and my greatest achievement, has certainly been my family. My wife Susan, who has somehow stuck with me for 35 years and counting, has truly been the much better half and has supported me unfailingly throughout—a wonderful wife and an outstanding mother. Together we have raised two amazing children. Haleigh, now 34, married to Nick, a wonderful young man. They have two sons, Noah, four years old, and Henry, two. We love being grandparents, indescribably joyous. Haleigh worked in development at the University of Chicago and then for seven years at Marquette. She has recently joined a health care start-up so is learning about the private sector. Son Peter, 30, enjoying the single life, finished his Masters' Degree in Pure Math at the University of Chicago and is now pursuing his PhD in theoretical math at the University of Virginia. He passed his oral exams two years ago and is working on his thesis (in Topology, the study of weird shapes like crinkled

paper and twisted donuts). He plans to teach and do research. Susan and I are very proud of both children. All in all, we have been very blessed.

**Now:** Looking to the future, in late 2017, I decided, based on learning in a fascinating seminar "Designing Your Life" (developed at Stanford's Design ("D") school, to allocate my time and energy as follows: 30% to family (historically underemphasized by me); 30% to fun (also underemphasized); 20% to "work" (historically way overemphasized); 10% to give-back; and 10% to continuous learning. This allocation has helped guide me in my portfolio of activities, and so far, I have been following the blueprint reasonably well.

After moving from San Francisco in 2018, my wife and I have been rotating among homes in Lake Forest, IL; Nantucket and Palm Beach and traveling to new places (e.g., Cuba, river cruises in Europe). I try to hit doubles or triples, that is, activities that, for example, involve family, fun and continuous learning. On this last point, I was privileged to be a fellow for the year 2016 in Harvard's Advanced Leadership Initiative, a program designed to identify a next chapter focused on social impact. This led me to join a start-up with a former Kraft Foods colleague that is focused on digital therapeutics and dietary behavior change. Then, in 2017, my wife and I both were fellows at Stanford's Distinguished Careers Institute, a program similar to Harvard's but directed at personal discovery and development, where I focused on innovation and health and wellness learning.

In terms of work, I retired from Big Heart Pet Brands at the end of 2015 and have been working on my digital therapeutics start-up since then and also advising several other start-ups in human and pet food, plus doing consulting projects with some of my former consulting partners. Also, for the last eight years and continuing, I have been the Chairman of Nautilus, Inc., the fitness pioneer and for five months in 2019 also served as interim CEO while we searched for a new leader.

My give-back efforts have to date been centered on young people, providing scholarships, mentoring, and helping open job doors to those starting out in the working world. These efforts have been really gratifying, especially watching these young people grow and succeed. Since my digital therapeutics start-up is focused broadly on attacking the obesity epidemic and associated diseases like diabetes and adverse cardiovascular conditions, I also count this focus as directed at a social good.



Above: Carl Johnson.



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**Memories of Wesleyan:** In my sophomore year of the College of Letters program, I studied for eight months in Paris. The student riots took place in May and June of that year. I lived a side street between the Sorbonne and the Theatre de l'Odeon. That street saw a lot of violence, including tear gas attacks from the flics chasing rioters and Molotov cocktails tossed from rooftops by protesters. One of our professors, Roland Barthes, later achieved posthumous worldwide notoriety in the field of semiotics.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Although I've been a professional writer for most of my career, I've also worked as a technologist. I've undertaken tasks in the transition from mainframe to personal computers, the evolution of computer graphics, the emergence of the Internet and the Web, the invention and exploding popularity of the smartphone, and —perhaps most significant for me—the development of the ebook and instant self-publishing tools. What an amazing time to be alive.

**Now:** After almost two years in Africa, Georja and I are returning to our home in Santa Monica from Kenya, where Georja served as Environmental Director for AfricaChild Kenya. I'm working on my next novel, *Preacher Fakes a Miracle*. I am a member of the Writers Guild of America, the Dramatists Guild, Women's National Book Association, and Film Independent (FIND), as well as director of the Independent Writers of Southern California (IWOSC). Additionally, I'm the host of the *GetPublished! Radio Show* (getpublishedradio.com), and my book reviews are published on the Web by Splash Magazines Worldwide (splashmagazines.com).



Above: Gerald Everett Jones.

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Above, top row: Harry Kaplan and his boon companion Kwatro;  
Harry and wife Mary at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden.  
Bottom: View of Brooklyn Heights from roof deck  
in Harry's neighborhood.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** One thing is the takeover of President Ted Etherington's office in the spring of 1969, second semester junior year. I had just been elected to the College Body Committee and was serving as its chairperson. On the morning of the scheduled takeover, President Etherington called the CBC members to his office. He wanted our advice as to what he should do if and when the student takeover of his office occurred. He said, "Well, I guess I'll have to call the Middletown police." I said, "You have got to be kidding." He then said, "Well maybe I should call the state police." And I replied, "That's crazy. This is not a dangerous riot. Let the students come and sit in your office for a few days and then they will leave." And that is exactly what happened.

I also remember the Grateful Dead concert on the same weekend that there was a mass rally in New Haven. It was also the weekend that Nixon invaded Cambodia.

I enjoyed student activism at Wesleyan; I was a member of SDS, of the steering committee of SAM (Student Action Movement), of UPA (Union for Progressive Actions), and several other ad hoc antiwar and political organizations. I enjoyed the spirited informal discussions about issues of the day with my peers and faculty. I also participated in any number of Wesleyan activities as a member of the CBC and the Honor Board, and as a disc jockey on WESU, to name just a few. Every day at Wesleyan brought some new experience or interaction which I treasure to this day.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** I have had a continuing relationship with Wesleyan since graduation. I helped to raise funds for the alumni fund since 1970 and became class agent several years after graduation. This allowed me to keep in contact with most of my classmates and to help fund Wesleyan's many projects over the years. I also helped plan and attend most of the reunions and am proud to say that our class has had an excellent record of participation in both fund raising and reunion attendance.

I spent my early years as an investigative attorney for the City of New York uncovering official corruption and the waste of public funds. The latter part of my career was spent handling white collar criminal defense and complex civil litigation. I also was involved in many community-based issues such as green space preservation and over development.

**Now:** I live on Manhattan's upper west side in NYC. I have lived here since 1976, when I shared my apartment with my Wesleyan roommate, John Talbot. He moved to California; I kept the apartment. I've been married since 1981, and we have raised our two sons in the same apartment. Today I live there with my wife, Pat, both of us now retired.



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**Memories of Wesleyan:** I have occasionally thought of my four years at Wesleyan, and more often now with our 50th reunion fast approaching. I've come to understand that we were at an impressionable age and with little real-life experience, therefore Wesleyan may have played a role out of proportion to the actual time spent there or the real magnitude of the events.

My time at Wesleyan was not particularly dramatic—but I certainly got a broad education and introduction to a more diverse world. I was unusually fortunate to find the love of my life during my last year at Wesleyan. We married in 1971.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** After graduation I served six months in the Army National Guard. I hadn't the blind courage to go to Vietnam or the moral compass to go to Canada. I went to business school in Philadelphia and then we moved to Boston and after a year to Wellesley, MA. We have lived there ever since—in two homes and now a condo, and successfully raised two sons.

My career was mostly a digital experience—the old kind of 'digits' not the high-tech 'digital'. I was a CPA, treasurer, and finally CFO. I started work in large companies and fortunately kept 'downsizing' myself to a small, but successful, partnership that resolved problem real estate investments. I enjoyed my work and my partners—but my 'making a living vs. making a life' balance has decidedly favored the 'life' side of the scale.

My 'recreational' life has included a great deal of sailing. We have sailed our boats along the east coast of North America, sailed to Western Europe, Scandinavia and the Caribbean. My 'service' life has had a significant commitment to the Town of Wellesley as an elected Town Meeting Member for 30 years and serving on town committees. I've served on several non-profit organizations, including the Hurricane Island Outward Bound School, and several environmental and educational organizations—often as a treasurer or similar position due to my 'digital' expertise. These have been some of my most interesting and fulfilling endeavors.

Life has been much better to me than I had any reason to expect—or deserve. I've been able to live the life and do things I wanted to, and, so far, avoid major mistakes and misfortunes.



At right: Morris "Rusty" Kellogg.

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**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** After graduating from Wesleyan, Jamie served for six years in the Peace Corps before obtaining a Master of Arts Degree in Law and Diplomacy from the Fletcher School in Massachusetts. He was Director of International Programs at Special Olympics from 1984–1989 and served as Director of College Counseling at the Landon School in Bethesda, Maryland from 1993–2015. In 2008, he spent four months on a Teaching Fellowship at St. Andrews University in Scotland. After retiring from Landon, Jamie has worked as a consultant to the college counseling offices of St. Andrews Episcopal School, Georgetown Day School, The Gunston School, and The Severn School.



**Now:** Jamie is currently a freelance writer and photographer. His articles have appeared in the *Washington Post*, *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, *Baltimore Sun*, and *Philadelphia Inquirer*; recent magazine articles have appeared in *The Washington College Alumni Magazine* and *American Cowboy Magazine*. His first book of photography, *A Place to Stand*, was published by The Chester River Press in 2015. He currently writes and illustrates a weekly column called "Musings" for *The Chestertown Spy* and *The Talbot Spy*, two online newspapers serving the people of Kent and Talbot Counties on Maryland's Eastern Shore. A book of his essays, *Musing Right Along*, was published in May, 2017 and a sequel—*I'll Be Right Back*—was released in June 2018. Examples of Jamie's featured writing and photography can be viewed on his website, [www.musingjamie.com](http://www.musingjamie.com).

Jamie and his wife Kat Conley make their homes on both sides of the Chesapeake Bay, in Bethesda and Chestertown.



Above: Jamie Kirkpatrick with wife Kat Conley.

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**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** A year after graduating from Wesleyan, Sherry and I were both cast in the national tour of *Godspell*, then were with the San Francisco Company and the 10th Anniversary production. Spent 15 years in Los Angeles doing TV, movies, and commercials. I was staff writer for the game show *Jackpot* and Associate Producer for *Double Talk*.

**Now:** Sherry and I live on a mountain top in Tennessee—Signal Mountain, bordering Chattanooga. This past summer we celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary. Our two daughters, Canedy and Jessie, are actors, writers, directors, and producers. Our two granddaughters, Alex and Davis, are aspiring to do the same. Sherry and I developed, and direct, the Professional Actor Training Program at Chattanooga State, modeled after the New Actors Workshop, a training program founded by theatre visionaries George Morrison, Mike Nichols, and Paul Sills. We worked with these three amazing men for ten years teaching acting and improvisation, and administrating the school. I enjoy writing (two-time winner of the Festival of New Plays), playing guitar and 5-string banjo, and teaching.



Above: Rex Knowles.



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**Memories of Wesleyan:** For me, Wesleyan in the late 1960s was not exactly a place of laughs and giggles. Life was, and seemed to be, terribly serious and, in many ways, almost tragically out of whack. Has there ever been another year like 1968? Anyway, my most powerful memory of Wesleyan has always been the day Fisk Hall was forcibly occupied by African American students (some armed) when the school refused to cancel classes in King’s honor. I can’t remember another day when I learned so much or appreciated so strongly how little I understood.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** I loved my four years as a high school teacher and freshman basketball coach. After law school, I went to work for the government, and for a period of about 18 months worked as a special assistant to Alfred Kahn when he was Jimmy Carter’s Special Advisor on Inflation. Do you remember those heady days of double digit inflation, recurrent energy crises (buying gas on alternate days) and mortgage interest rates up to 15%? It was “special” to be in a government job where we were supposed to be doing something to stop an economic disaster of price massive increases and no growth that the U.S. had never seen before (or since!).

I was fortunate to have some memorable moments in my private law practice, including cross-examining Bill Gates and Paul Tagliabue in different trials, but my favorite memory was having a chance to argue (and win) a case before the U.S. Supreme Court, General Electric v. Joiner.

Among my most memorable family moments were watching my daughter win the Moot Court competition for first year students at Georgetown Law School, watching my oldest son get an MBA after years in which his life had taken a number of very difficult turns, and seeing my twin sons lead their high school lacrosse team to their school’s first ever state championship. Having a growing family (now four kids and four grandkids) has been and always will be a recurring joy (and some real pain, too, of course, since this is real life).

**Now:** We built a house in Jackson Hole, WY as part of creating a new, post-work life, and also have an apartment in Greenwich Village where we are in the spring and fall. I

retired from Williams & Connolly on December 31, 2018 after spending almost 37 years there. Since then, I’m spending my time traveling, keeping physically active (hiking, biking, cross country skiing, working out in gym), visiting kids and grand-kids (kids are now in Atlanta, Denver, Boulder, CO and Los Altos Hills, CA), and reading and listening to books and seeing plays and movies. I loved being a lawyer all those years, but this retirement thing has been wonderful.

*At right: Steve Kuney and Judith Wish enjoy the view from the top on the Routeburn Track in New Zealand.*



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**Memories of Wesleyan:** The semester I spent in Paris. Too much delight to recount—weekly seminars with Roland Barthes, Jimi Hendrix at the Olympia Theater, learning street strategy and tear gas avoidance from the French CRS. Not to mention Professor Goulemot, who envied my height to see over the crowds.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Made it through the Harvard B-school, returned to France four times, including a honeymoon, and recently lost a leg.

**Now:** I am retired and relaxing in Boston, MA.



Above: Steve Kyner and wife of 40 years, Deborah Ellington.

Robert R. Kyte (Bob)

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Sledding down Foss Hill on McConaughy Dining Hall trays after the first snowfall. Watching hair grow longer from 1966–70. Living at EQV—the only Latin lettered fraternity on campus (leave it to Wesleyan). The Janis Joplin concert in McConaughy. Theater productions at the ’92 Theater. The Grateful Dead concert on May 3, 1970, of course. The political activism and the vote to go on strike after the student deaths at Kent State in the spring 1970. Finally, the sense that we were on campus during a remarkable time.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** After Wesleyan, I attended Colgate Rochester Divinity School (there is a story to that move). Although my plan was to be an urban minister, instead, I wound up a suburban and small-town pastor in six United Church of Christ congregations; five in western Massachusetts and a last one in New Hampshire. I learned a lot from the good people in the pews and hope I gave them as much in return about being a Christian advocate for peace, justice and love; the good side of the church. Memories of the social activism at Wesleyan led me to join priests, ministers and rabbis in whatever was the cause of the moment, locally and globally, for forty years. A love of Christian-Jewish dialogue brought about an interfaith trip of 35 to Israel co-hosted with my wife and a rabbi friend. After Wesleyan, I knew that I didn’t want a real job, but a meaningful life. Wesleyan taught me to take chances and I found that life in the church.

**Now:** I retired in 2013 and we moved to Florida. Nice place to visit, but not to call home. After a six year “vacation”, we moved to Peterborough, New Hampshire where we are happy and feel at home. My wife, Steffie, has two adult children, married with children, and I have two grown sons with children. We didn’t convince them to become Christians, but I am proud to say that they all are NPR listening liberals.

*At right: Bob Kyte and wife Stefanie.*





**Robby Laitos**

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Best memories are the guys I met and became friends with...some of whom I still see today. Something unique about being one of “Hoy’s Boys.”



**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** After Wesleyan, I ski bummed in Aspen for two years with some other Wesleyan alums (Miles Siegel, Mark Fuller, Peter Whitehead, Katy Butler, et.al.). Then got an itch for travel and adventure and joined Peace Corps and ended up spending 3.5 years in Nepal as a PCV. Then to graduate school at University of Denver’s Korbel School of International Studies (M.A.) and Colorado State University (Ph.D.), studying international development, primarily related to water. For the next 35 years I spent much time in the developing world (Nepal, India, Iraq, Sudan, Ethiopia, Uzbekistan, Tajikistan, etc.) working on U.S. Government and World Bank development projects, focusing on irrigation, river basin management, etc. Became USAID employee, then for last 20 years worked for private sector water resources consulting firms, based in Colorado.

**Now:** Retired in 2015, but still doing some international consulting in water resources, primarily in Uzbekistan (Central Asia). Live in Fort Collins, CO since 1979, and spend much time hiking the Colorado Rockies in the summer and skiing the Rockies in the winter, often with other Wesleyan alums, i.e. Mark Fuller. I became a first-time father in 2006 (at age 58!), when my son was born. Dealing with a 14-year-old son when you’re 72 is...stimulating.



Above: Robby Laitos. Descent, Longs Peak, Colorado. Keyhole Route, 13,160’. September 9, 2019.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** My very peripheral involvement and exposure to the incredible arts and music scene in and around the University: Cage and Lucier, Kaprow, Ken McIntyre, dance in New London, La Nouvelle Vague, the gamelan, the Dagar brothers, the Dead, great actors in my class, an incredible performance of Mozart 40 (or was it 41) and much more. It all started then.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Marriage, children, (Nina ’99, David), grandchildren. Delhi/Calcutta, Boston, San Francisco, London.

**Now:** London for over 30 years with a good run in San Francisco and another tech start-up.



Above: Michael and Rita Laven at son David Laven’s wedding; Negril, Jamaica, September 2019.

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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.

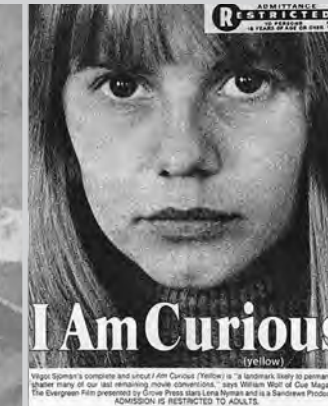


- Big Mac introduced nationwide.



- 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.

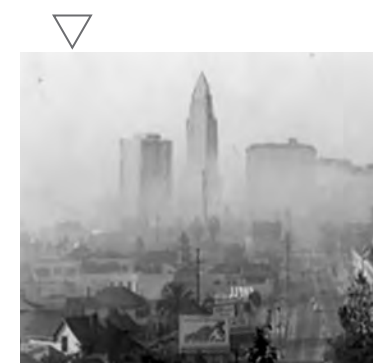
- One of three McKuen poetry books among top 10 best sellers.

- 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.





Peter A. Lev

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**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** After Wesleyan, I went to graduate school at UCLA to study film history. Yvonne and I met at the UCLA Library; we were married in Santa Monica in 1976. We celebrate our forty-fourth anniversary this year. Our daughter Sara Lev was born in 1980, about the same time I finished my Ph.D. I taught for two years at the University of Texas at Dallas, and thirty-three years at Towson University in suburban Baltimore. I’ve written five books of film history, co-edited an anthology, and won some awards including the Academy Scholars Award from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. I retired in the summer of 2015.

**Now:** These days I spend a lot of time volunteering with two local, nature-oriented non-profits; I am Past President of one, Secretary of the other. Yvonne and I are frequently in Connecticut, visiting with Sara, her husband, and our three grandchildren.



Above: Peter Lev.

Robert T. Lewis (Bob)

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** I was honored to have served as President of the campus Black Student Organization, Ujamaa. I was amazed at the dedication of African American students on campus to achieve a more diverse and inclusive student body, faculty, administration, and curricula at Wesleyan. African American students strongly advocated for the establishment of an African American Studies Dept. and an African Studies Dept. at Wesleyan. The establishment of the Black House, aka the Malcolm X House, on campus as student residential housing, think tank, and center of black cultural activities was a major milestone. Bringing more Black artists, historians, political activists, writers, poets, and public intellectuals on campus to raise awareness was, definitely, a highlight of my Wesleyan years.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** My most memorable highlights over the past 50 years include attending the presidential inaugurations of Barack Obama, first African American U.S. President. Receiving a Doctor of Divinity degree from Emmanuel Baptist University in 2009. Publication of my book, *Social Media and Ministry: Sharing the Gospel in the Digital Age*. Being designated a Certified Public Manager by George Washington University and the District of Columbia Government in 2001. Travelling to Paris, France.

**Now:** I currently live in Ft. Washington, MD, a Washington, DC suburb. I’m presently a minister, writer, and am active in my local community.



Above: Kenneth Lillard making history at NMAAH.

Edwin H. Lindberg (Ted)

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Probably my fondest memory was of the Grateful Dead concert outside on the quad.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Deciding to go to graduate school for my MSW at age 31 was probably the most important highlight other than getting married and having three children. It was at graduate school that I found my passion as a Family Therapist.

**Now:** I retired after 32 years working at Family & Children Services—a private, non-profit where I began as a Family Therapist, was a Supervisor, Program Director of the Counseling Center, followed by being Director of Programs and Services and finishing up as the Privacy Officer and Training Director. I currently have a part-time private practice as a Family Therapist. I live with my wife, a Psychologist, in Kalamazoo, MI. In my “spare time” I am renovating a 95-year-old house.

Randall Lockwood (Randy)

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Hanging out with Taj Mahal and Tracey Nelson after concerts on the day of a solar eclipse and filming the May 1970 Grateful Dead concert at Foss Hill.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Putting my animal behavior knowledge to practical use in helping authorities seize 50 dogs from Michael Vick, helping assess them and seeing most go on to loving homes. Co-authoring the first text in the new field of veterinary forensics.

**Now:** Recently retired, living in the D.C. suburbs after 10 years of college teaching (Washington University in St. Louis, SUNY Stony Brook), 21 years at Humane Society of the U.S. and 13 years as Senior VP of American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

At right: Randy Lockwood—still a troublemaker in the spirit of Class of '70.



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**Memories of Wesleyan:** I view my Wesleyan education, and the experiences and associations that came along with it, as one of the great gifts I have received. In one way, the gift was tangible. When I was first accepted, I found I just couldn’t manage the cost of Wesleyan. A year later I applied again, supplementing my file with a note promising to find the money if I were accepted. With essentially no input other than my note, Wesleyan admitted me again and doubled my scholarship. Wesleyan was all about teaching in the 1960s and I met my lifelong friends Professor Neil and Dr. Phillipa Coughlan during my time there. I still see Neil at least once a week when I am in New York and have no better friend. When it was time for my brother Harry to go to college, Wesleyan was there for us again.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Wesleyan’s education set me up for acceptance at the University of Chicago Law School, and a full and satisfying career practicing big firm law ensued. After the best part of a career at Dewey Ballantine, I retired from Hunton & Williams in 2015.

**Now:** I have been enjoying retirement with my wife Geri Rosenberger and our son Andy, an architect. We split our time between our homes in New York City and Tiburon, CA, across the Bay from San Francisco.

Robert M. Long



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**Memories of Wesleyan:** While at Wesleyan, I majored in anthropology and history. I spent second semester of my junior year in Ethiopia doing fieldwork. My biggest involvements at college were Ujamaa and the creation of the African and African American studies track. I also was on the football and track teams for three years. I studied Japanese and Indonesian music, as well as Ethiopian music, while there.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** After graduation I received a Ford Foundation fellowship to study history. First at the program at Harvard. I had to leave to do two years of alternative service work in NYC due to my status as a Conscientious Objector to the draft.

I decided to pursue medicine as a career. I attended Memphis State University for graduate school and pre-med undergraduate school. I received a master's in history before going on to Baylor College of medicine in Houston. I interned in medicine at the Graduate Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. Then residency in Internal Medicine at the University of Tennessee. I retired as assistant professor of medicine and psychiatry from the university. I was at the VA hospital in charge of the addiction medicine department.

**Now:** I am still involved in medical missions, now mostly in Africa. Also, I'm still consulting in addiction medicine. I'm married to Yvonne Smith Madlock, Wellesley class of 1970, Wesleyan MAT in 1972. We have three children.

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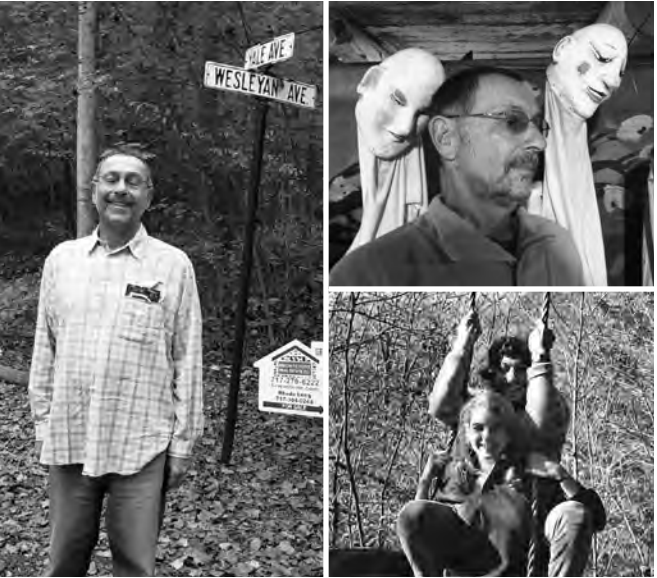


**Memories of Wesleyan:** We had such amazing music at Wesleyan for free or almost. Of course there was the gamelan and all of the unbelievable Indian music. But also the Grateful Dead, Roland Kirk, The Incredible String Band, Miles Davis, the unknown Bonnie Raitt (opening for Maria Muldaur), Asleep at the Wheel, Sun Ra, Chuck Berry, B.B. King, New Riders of the Purple Sage. The live music experience at Wesleyan was unparalleled.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** In many ways I enjoyed the first part of those years best, living in Zambia, Kenya and

Tanzania for most of 12 years. I did have a lot of jobs after leaving Wesleyan. In fact, my career was all over the board, which is probably why I never got very far. Some of my work included: Merchant Seaman (Europe); Farmer (West Virginia); Elementary School Teacher (West Virginia); Secondary School Teacher (Zambia); Grape Picker (France); Foreign Correspondent (Kenya); Reporter (Michigan); Features Writer (Vermont); Editor (London); International Trainer (Tanzania); Corporate Executive (Washington, D.C.); Real Estate Investor (Washington, D.C.); Restaurateur (Washington, D.C.); Management Consultant (Florida); Pool Cleaner (Florida).

**Now:** I have lived in Florida for 20 years. My hobby is tennis. Since retiring in 2013, I have enjoyed traveling to very many countries in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Latin America.



Above, clockwise from left: Roger Mann in Mt. Gretna, PA; In Glover, VT; Roger and Margot Eastman '71 by Jim Jensen '70.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** My fondest memory of Wesleyan is the sense of continuity I felt while there. My father and uncle were graduates, and I grew up equating "college" with Wesleyan. I felt at home there from the moment I arrived, and still do.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** The past 50 years have been marvelous, and it's likely much of that got its start at Wesleyan. I met my wife at a mixer at Wes (Ann Stringfellow Masten, Smith '73); avoided the draft due to Wes (there's a story!); was admitted to law school in part explicitly due to Wes (another story); have two wonderful daughters (both admitted to Wes but went to school elsewhere); and had a great career.

**Now:** I retired in 2010 after 34 years as an attorney with the Minnesota Attorney General's Office. Wife Ann has been a professor at the University of Minnesota for about the same amount of time; she's still working but beginning to talk about retirement. I have numerous interests and now I spend my time pursuing them—the photo of me with the Bald Eagle is representative. I've also hiked the Appalachian Trail and am a National Announcer for U.S. Figure Skating, among other pursuits. Life is grand!

At right: Steve Masten's the one with the hat.





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**Memories of Wesleyan:** My fondest memories are of Saturday afternoon football games and my friends and experiences at Delta Kappa Epsilon.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** My four years at Westech. My 27 years as a member of the New York State Police and our response to NYC for 9/11. The success of my two sons and five grandchildren. The love of my wife Mary. Trips to Barbuda with Pat Kelly '69 and Andy Gregor '70. I have lived in Clifton Park, NY for the last 38 years.

**Now:** I am the Exalted Ruler at the Clifton Park Elks Lodge and travel to CT and NH to see the grandkids. Glad to be alive, but unfortunately I am dealing with Stage 4 prostate cancer.



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**Memories of Wesleyan:** The snow.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** I gave up writing to become a court reporter in my late 30s, then ten years or so later took it up again. Still nothing published.

**Now:** Sebastopol, CA. Still court reporting. My latest writing project is called *Completely Boring Nonsense*, and exists primarily in the form of audio dictation files that have never been transcribed.



Above: Jim Matthews.

**Richard F. McConnie (Dick)**

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**Timothy J. McGlue (Tim)**

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** The class of '70 COL contingent studying at the Sorbonne in 1968 was already imbued with Wilde's view that America had gone from barbarism to decadence without passing through civilization. To live in Paris during the upheaval of the world's most civilized city during the student strikes—willy-nilly co-opted by labor unions and supported nationwide—convinced some of us that the true path to civilization was through revolution.

This was quickly put into practice stateside, and wound up pressuring the U.S. to get out of Vietnam. Life was never the same after that. I thank Wesleyan, the COL, and Paris to this day. No Gil, the revolution was not televised. It was cultural.

My first job offer after Wesleyan despite my activist history and hair down to here came verbally from a Connecticut village police department. Somehow, they missed the point, which told me they'd always miss it. I left for France a month later.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** I lived in Paris, Provence, Crete, Majorca, wrote about that, restored old houses, basked in the Mediterranean and had countless adventures. After a decade, I got itchy and went back to the States for four years to secure an MFA in writing at Indiana University, publishing in small magazines, then a year as a writer in residence at Phillips Exeter. Back in France, I dropped academia as I became more interested in film and music until I was seriously broke. Then I abandoned the arts (not forever) for life as a working stiff, plying my writing and language skills as a legal/financial translator/interpreter, which provided a decent living at the time—the boom years. I went free-lance. This all became harder later, as it did for everyone. We moved to the country, still freelancing, and ran B&Bs.

Through all this, I took the plunge and became a father late in life. I met my wife of today and finally founded a family in the 90s, the most fulfilling of all my adventures to be sure. People tell me I retired when I was young and lucky or senseless enough not to worry about later life. Correct. Now I relive those years, priceless, in my mind. It keeps you writing.

**Now:** Now that our daughters are grown and singing their individual songs, one in theatre and one in child psychology, we have retired (almost) to the seaside near Le Havre and I quit (almost) the roving life. My wife Sylvie still works constantly, we still swim but only in summer, I still write fiction or near fiction in a style some tag as too literary, as well as songs in the new folk blues vein. For the past 25 years, I have performed music live, in Paris and around France (fb.com/TheHobblers). Today, against all odds, I still and again endeavor to publish my fiction. No more climbing on rooftops. Lately a bad fall and back surgery(ies) have slowed everything down. Publishing in today's world, or market if you allow, is daunting. People urge me to publish online, self-publish, or some such thing. My liberal arts training, respect for real books and misplaced obstinacy eschew that option. Excess hubris no doubt. The years pass.



Above: Tim McGlue.

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**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Following graduation, I returned to Boston and worked at Harvard University. In 1972, I got married and moved to the San Francisco Bay Area. I have two sons and have worked at several tech start-ups.

**Now:** Currently, I am an officer at the Electric Power Research Institute, managing the board. While no longer married, I live in Atherton, CA and am very fortunate to have both sons and their families, including four grandchildren, living close by.



Above: Janis Greene Mendelson (center) and family.

**Peter T. Miceli**

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H. John Michel Jr. (Jack)

Randy H. Miller

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Mark A. Mintz

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Mieko Yoneyama Mintz

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Rugby.  
1969 Miracle Mets.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** 1st marriage. 1st divorce. 2nd marriage.

**Now:** Hoboken, NJ working for my wife's company.



Above: Mark Mintz.

Robert L. Monahon Jr.

Spouse/Partner: Jane D. Monahon

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Stephen E. Moody

Spouse/Partner: Susan M. Kron

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Ralph L. Moore

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Above: Ralph Moore.

Shaun F. Morrison

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Kenneth H. Morse

Spouse/Partner: Nikki Millonzi

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Ross H. Mullins

Spouse/Partner: Maria Arevalo

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Meeting Nik Amarteifio, my freshman year roommate on Foss Hill and still a close friend, for whom we collected the funds necessary to buy him a round-trip ticket to return to see his family in Ghana after graduation. Joining Delta Tau Delta and the superb group of guys in the fraternity. Playing varsity squash and rugby (as "hooker") with Wesleyan Rugby Club.

Crossing the snow-covered Wesleyan campus on cold, wintery evenings. Studying in Paris second semester sophomore year, and participating in the May '68 strikes (where I learned French and met Maria Arevalo, my wife of the last 46 years).

Writing love-letters to my Spanish girlfriend, Maria, from a rocking chair in front of the fireplace in our room on Lawn Avenue during junior year. Studying in Costa Rica second semester junior year with other economics majors thanks to Professor Robert Vogel (where I learned Spanish interviewing Costa Rican farmers).

Winning the Thomas J. Watson Fellowship upon graduating which funded one year of independent study driving a Land Rover across Africa starting from London. Getting accepted to the MBA programs at Stanford, Chicago and Columbia. Getting accepted to the U.S. Navy's Officer Candidate School (OCS) in Newport and thereby avoiding the Vietnam Conflict

while serving three years with the Navy based in Naples, Italy on a destroyer (USS Courtney DE-1021) as anti-submarine warfare officer.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Family. Having the privilege of being married for the last 46 years to Maria Arevalo of Madrid, Spain. Being the proud father of three wonderful children, Robert, Sandra and Jessica, and grandfather of eight delightful grandchildren. Bringing up the children in the multi-lingual, multi-cultural cities of Madrid, Spain and Geneva, Switzerland.

Providing a first-class education for them at the International School of Geneva and subsequently at Dartmouth, Duke and Boston College before they all returned (eventually) to Geneva. Fostering very close ties with the children, their spouses and offspring, which have led to a united family that enjoys vacationing together (16 of us) winters and summers.

Career: Founding and developing a management training company and a computer distribution company in Moscow in the early 1990s which gave gainful employment to more than 200 and radically changed the lives of the staff and their families. Founding and developing a subsea fiber-optic telecommunications company in Madrid in 2000 which broke a powerful monopoly (of Telefónica Spain) and provided the environment for staff members to grow and prosper during almost 20 years.

**Now:** My primary activities currently include caring for my wife who has had serious health issues these past two years. Participating actively on the Board of Directors of EllaLink Ireland Limited ([www.ellalink.com](http://www.ellalink.com)), our most recent subsea fiber-optic telecommunications company, which is building a direct trans-Atlantic connection between Brazil and Portugal and recently won the Global Carrier Award for "Subsea Project of the Year 2019". Spending time skiing with the children and grandchildren at our house in the Alps and vacationing with them in Spain or Portugal.



Above: Mullins family.  
At right: Ross H. Mullins.





**Robert J. Murphy Jr. (Bob)**

Spouse/Partner: Judith Green

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Above: Bob Murphy.

**Gregory B. Murray (Greg)**

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Living in my VW bus to escape from living with scientologist roommates. Playing music with several groups while at Wesleyan. Living at Wesleyan through the turbulent and dynamic era of the late '60s

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Fulbright experience in India, studying and touring with Thyagarajan. Continuing musical experiences. Strong family bonds.

**Now:** Currently in Prides Crossing, MA. Building a house in SW New Hampshire for myself. Working with a band. Continuing work as carpenter/contractor. Recently widowed—wife of 46 years, Carolyn.

**George E. Nash**

Spouse/Partner: Jane Waterman

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Like they say, if you can remember the 60s you weren't there. As far as I can remember, I majored in sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll with a minor in English. Sledding down Foss Hill on cafeteria trays, exploring the tunnels under the COL in the wee hours of the morning in a mythic state of mind. The student strike. Summers spent working at Gordon's Scrap Yard. Noah's Archetype, my 1960 VW bus that blew its motor in Wickenburg, AZ on our first big semester-break road trip. Blasting *Sargent Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band* from the upper porch deck of Alpha Delt during pledge rush of 1969. Listening to the copper beech trees on the quad one very fine and deep night. Oh, and the poetry class with Richard Wilbur and hearing the opening stanzas of *The Iliad* read in the original Greek and reading Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* out loud to myself in Middle English all night long.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** After brief post-graduate obligatory sojourn in California, a year working as the Technical Director for the Theater and Dance departments at Sarah Lawrence College, I moved to Vermont where I more or less never left. Bought a worn out and run down and overgrown piece of land, and eventually turned it into a sustainable homestead. Met my wife; watched my daughter be born in our bedroom; was a successful building contractor; raised four kids, now have nine grandchildren and our first great grandchild; and wrote some books. Helped support my wife's odyssey to become a doctor; lived for a while in Arizona and Maine (but never gave up the VT farm).

**Now:** And now, we operate the second largest Christmas tree sales operation in Manhattan with 20 retail outlets, a staff of nearly 50, and sales of over 15,000 trees, which basically earns us our year's income in two months! I'd like to say that I spent the first 50 years of my life developing my character and now I'm spending the next 50 dissipating it. My goal in life was to become a Rabelesian archetype. In that, I have succeeded well beyond my dreams. There can be up to 20 of us at the table when Grandma and Grandpa have Sunday dinner with the family, and the dogs are all underfoot and the food is all what we have raised and grown and slaughtered on our farm.

**Robert D. Neiss**

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**C. Michael Niman (Michael)**

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**Joseph E. Noon**

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**Jeffrey R. Nye (Jeff)**

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**Kenneth N. Orbach (Ken)**

Spouse/Partner: Bonnie Orbach

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**Steven L. Ossad (Sad)**

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**David J. Ouimette**

Spouse/Partner: Diane Mote

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Let's not forget the Vietnam War, which hung over our four years, and which took some of us, directly or indirectly. I'm remembering specifically Eric Zolon and, from a year or two prior, Ron Milkowski, who went to jail for refusing the draft.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Spent several years in graduate school for English Lit (Claremont Grad School) before changing direction and heading to law school (Stanford).

Lived in Santa Fe, on the Navajo Reservation, and in Eugene, OR before settling in Phoenix with Diane, my wife of 45 years. Raised our two daughters here before they emigrated to California (Bay Area) for school and stayed on. Now have two grandchildren there and visit often.

**Now:** Just retired from 40 years of law practice doing a wide variety of civil litigation. Looking for additional volunteering opportunities—suggestions welcome.

If you're in the area, get in touch for tamales or local directions.

**Peter D. Owens**





## Wes Gambolers Host Jr. Walker

The following article is by Denny Bacon, CBC Social Committee chairman.—ed.

The CBC Social Committee would like to draw the community's attention to its Spring House Concert Saturday, May 11, from 9 to 1 a.m. in McConaughy Dining Hall. "Jr. Walker and the All Stars" and a female vocal group, "The Glories," will provide excellent entertainment for our show.

Ticket sales will be conducted on the same basis as Junior Prom. The are on sale at \$1.75 from Mrs. Wal in the Security Office in North College. Until Thursday noon they be on sale to Wesleyan students upon presentation of University

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of their latest hit, ms on the market. Formal dress will nd.

## Ali Akbar Khan Opens Concert Series Tues.

The Wesleyan Concert Series will open on Tuesday October 25, with a rendition of Indian Ragas by Ali Akbar Khan, the former court musician of the Maharaja of Jodhpur.

Ali Akbar is the acknowledged master of the sarod, which has been "95-string instrument

Ali Akbar Khan

Of the college students of 55.9% of the males have new battery in the last compared to 79.5% of students.



The Young Rascals, whose hit record "Good 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 12:30 a.m. on Saturday, art in clubs in the

of their latest hit, ms on the market. Formal dress will nd.



Recording star Wilson Pickett will appear at McConaughy Dining Hall November 18, starting at 8:30 p.m. Tickets at \$1.75 each are available at Downey House.



Debu Chaudhuri performs on the Sitar in the Memorial Chapel Tuesday, November 11. Chuck Berry will headline this year's Fall House. Also performing will be The Tymes and The Rich, along with Chuck Berry, have had million-selling



The Winter Weekend concert this year features the Chambers Brothers. It will begin at 8:30 p.m. Friday, February 13 in McConaughy Hall. Tickets may be purchased starting Monday, February 2 at the Security Office in North College. The price is \$3 for Wesleyan students and \$4 for others.



Wesleyan's South American musicians, demonstrating their instruments at Grinnell, one of five colleges they have visited on a tour during intercession last month. According to associate professor of music Robert E. Brown, the group is currently the only one of its type in the country performing regularly. Another tour is now being planned for spring vacation, with performances scheduled in Oregon, California, New Mexico, Colorado, and Kansas.

## Tyner In Concert

Pianist-composer McCoy Tyner will give a concert Friday, May 2, at 8:30 p.m., in the Chapel. The concert, sponsored by the Afro-American Social Committee and the Social Events Committee, will cost \$1.50. The money is to go to help the arrested Freshmen in San Francisco.

## Javanese Festival To Mark Gamelan Debut

A Javanese festival, complete with food, music, and dancing, is planned for Sunday, February 26 from 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. in McConaughy Dining Hall to celebrate the debut of the Wesleyan gamelan, according to associate professor of music Robert Brown. The celebration, or "selamatan," at Wesleyan will coincide with a similar event in Java to inaugurate the gamelan, a series of tuned gongs and metallaphones played by 20 people, most of whom are members of the Wesleyan community.

The Wesleyan gamelan was acquired in 1964 from the New World's Fair, and a number of components were utilized in

last spring. Sunday's festival will mark the first concert using all 20 musicians.

Two dancers, Hardjo and Judsilo, will also participate in the festival. Mr. Susilo, a Javanese living in Los Angeles, teaches at the University of California at UCL



Javanese dancer Judy Susilo

has recorded such hits as "Johnny B. Goode," and "In Love," which '63. Their follow-up has since been on their most recent day, and the price



Sun Ra, who will perform in the Chapel Saturday night with his Astro-Infinity Arkestra as a part of the Concert Series.



Jerry Garcia



Patti La Belle and the Blue Belles, best known for their recording "I Sold My Heart To The Junkman," will appear with Wilson and Lonnie Youngblood in McConaughy Hall Saturday night. Tickets are on sale at the College Store for \$1.75.



The New York Chamber Soloists will perform in Memorial Chapel on Wednesday, November 29 at 8:00 p.m. Concert Series tickets are available for \$8.00 at the College Store or the Music Department. Available single tickets will be sold at the door for \$2.00 on the night of the concert.



Sam and Dave, who are appearing in concert Saturday, May 10 in McConaughy Hall. They are the highlight of Spring House.



King Curtis, who will appear with Laura Nyro at the Wesleyan Prom, Saturday, April 12.



**Donald F. Padelford (Don)**

Spouse/Partner: Sue Livingstone

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** College was a major thrashing around time for me. The downside of the 60s maybe. Didn't quite graduate with my class (a few pesky credits remained). Footloose but not really fancy free.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Five years later, did graduate, then off to an MBA program at the University of Washington. Family real estate interests needed taking care of. 100 year lease on a major (but failing) department store with no rent escalator (it's complicated). Extensive litigation (successful), then physical possession of the empty building. Finally (after much thrashing around) sale to Nordstrom as their flagship.

**Now:** Wife a developmental pediatrician, two kids, now young adults, doing well (they graduated, on time(!), from Colby and Amherst). Enjoying the post itinerant-hippie, post business-person, post parent-of-youngsters life. My current principal intellectual interest: consciousness, especially its (perhaps) non-local aspects (Google "padelford consciousness" to see my take). Sort of like being back in college again, but without the exams!



Above: Don Padelford (on right).

**Donald S. Parker (Don)**

Spouse/Partner: Elizabeth F. Dalton

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**John Pemberton IV**

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**Marc B. Pickard**

Spouse/Partner:  
Jean Barton Pickard

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** One of my funniest memories of my time at Wesleyan is also one of my earliest. It was the very first freshman mixer, held at the freshman dining hall. An impatient and nervous crowd of boys gathered on the floor of the dining hall, at the base of the stairs, waiting for the first girls they had seen since arriving at Wesleyan. The young ladies (from which school I do not remember) arrived in the parking lot above and began filing off their bus, through the dining hall door, and came down the stairs. When my classmates saw the ladies they began roaring their approval. The ladies stopped in their tracks, turned around, and went back outside. It took a while to calm everybody down and start the mixer.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** The two best things that have ever happened to me in the past 50 years are meeting my wife and learning to fly fish—not necessarily in that order. I had a long and satisfying professional career, speaking to fascinating people and witnessing important events. There's been great travel. I've made great friends (some with a Wesleyan connection). Overall, I would say I've been fortunate to have lived the life I've lived and done the things I've done.

**Now:** Today, Jeannie and I split our time between Atlanta, Georgia and Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. I retired in September of 2010. There has been lots of travel and lots of fishing.



Above: Marc and Jean Pickard with Bob '70 and Nancy Stone.

**James S. Pickering (Jim)**

Spouse/Partner: Tami Workentin

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Above: James Pickering; Jim and wife, actress Tami Workentin.

**Miguel Pinkas**

Spouse/Partner: Karen Pinkas

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**Stephen Phillip Policoff**

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Rolling down Foss Hill in the Fall of our freshman year; several large-group LSD trips in and around Lawn Avenue in 1967-69; reading my poetry at Honors College and in various other colleges in Connecticut, as part of the Connecticut Poetry Circuit; the production of my 1st play, *Two Dwarves in a Closet*, as my senior thesis, directed by my dear friend Jim Pickering with close friends, including Joel Bernstein, the late John Haurly, the late Aly Sujo, all helping that play to become, in Jim's words, "the turkey that rose to the rafters."

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** I guess the publication of my 2 novels, *Beautiful Somewhere Else* (2004) and *Come Away* (2014) would have to count (largely ignored though they were by press and public alike). Certainly marrying my late wife, the amazing Kate Beck in 1989 and losing her far too young in 2012; adopting our beautiful, fatally ill daughter Anna in 1995 and losing her in 2015. And, lest this seem too depressing, adopting our younger daughter Jane in 2001, now 19 and an honors student at NYU—she is the great joy of my life.

**Now:** I live in NYC, where I have (somewhat improbably) lived since 1973. I am Clinical Professor of Writing in Global Liberal Studies at NYU where I have—again, somewhat improbably—been teaching for the past 25 years. I have an essay about my daughter Anna's battle with a terrible genetic illness (Niemann-Pick Type C) coming out in *December* magazine (Spring 2020), and am vaguely working on a book about her, the obscure illness, and our family's struggle.



Above: Stephen Policoff and his amazing daughter Jane Beck-Policoff (NYU 2022), Father's Day 2019.



David J. Pollak



Darwin H. Poritz

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** This is really nerdy, but the achievements at Wesleyan that had the greatest influence on my future were the computer programming projects that I completed while working in the computer lab in the basement of Van Vleck Observatory. What I learned there got me a job in the year after graduation, time that I used to decide what I wanted to pursue in graduate school. Otherwise, I remember fondly the gamelan concerts, including freshman year in the McConaughy dining hall, as well as several classical Indian music concerts.

Past 50 Years' Highlights:

1975: PhD in Statistics from the University of Waterloo (Ontario, Canada), with vacations along the way in the Atlantic provinces, including an iceberg close-up in a bay in Newfoundland.

1977: First trip to Europe, including French at the Alliance Française in Paris and German at Philipps Universität in Marburg.

After my divorce, I took up cycling and inline skating, including skating marathons in Duluth, MN, and cycling in France—five trips so far.

My daughter Julia received her PhD in psychology and is now a clinical psychologist with the University of Texas Medical Branch, and my son John finally earned his BA in French.

**Now:** I have been living in the suburban bubble near the Johnson Space Center since 1980, mostly working for NASA contractors. Currently as a statistician, I support the Crew and Thermal Systems Division at JSC. I do plan to retire in 2023.



Above: Darwin Poritz in the Loire Valley, 2017.

Leslie H. Powell



Daniel S. Preniszni

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Guy B. Prevost

Spouse/Partner: Adrian Prevost  
  
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**Memories of Wesleyan:** All of the semester abroad in Paris '68: drinks with Roland Barthes at the Cafe Raspail Vert, running recon on my Vespa for the demonstrators, acting in the theatre company at the American Center, wonderful la vie boheme... Shooting my thesis film in Lawn Avenue basement; great friends Fred Brandfon, Bud Reed, Steve Rudi, Gordon Newman, Harriet Fier, Naomi Fatt, etc... Sneaking into Smith dorm at 1 a.m.... modern dance at Conn College... film society screenings...camaraderie of the COL...the infamous "onion bomb" incident.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Film School at AFI and UCLA. Ski Safari in French Alps. Working in the belly of the beast (Hollyweird). Developing film projects at Sony/Tristar. Getting married to the amazing Adrian. Having the two best dogs in the world. Teaching for Ithaca College.

Publishing fiction in *The North Atlantic Review*, *The Non-Binary Review*, *The London Reader*, etc. Writing "The Womanizer" segment of *Dead Man's Gun* (Writers Guild Award nominee). Writing the most anti-establishment episode ever made of *Walker Texas Ranger*.

Playing a weekly tennis game with the same pals for 25 years on Charlton Heston's court. Sailing in the BVI and New Zealand (and Santa Monica Bay!) Having the best friends in the world.

Great trips: French Polynesia, Vietnam, Australia, Eastern Europe, Rio, etc. Writing a novel, *Vermont Rocks*. Re-connecting with distant Canadian cousins connected to the biological father I never knew. Sharing life with the best brother, sister, mother, and stepfather in the world.

**Now:** Living in Los Angeles hills with my wife, Adrian. Writing fiction and screenplays... and producing.



Above: Guy Prevost.

Donald F. Prial

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John L. Quinn

Spouse/Partner: Jeanette Quinn



Peter E. Ratner

Spouse/Partner: Carol S. Walters

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**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Law degree from Columbia Law School, got married, moved to Los Angeles and worked for medium sized firm, specialised in securities litigation, got divorced, met a New Zealander, moved to New York where I worked for my Dad's firm, got married again (to the New Zealander), New Zealand wife didn't like New York so we moved to Ridgefield, Connecticut, couldn't do the commute so we moved to Noank outside of New London where I joined a small commercial firm and passed my third bar exam, was very happy there, had a daughter, wife didn't like the USA so in 1980 we moved to New Zealand, got a job with the New Zealand Securities Commission, moved to Wellington and helped to write New Zealand's first securities laws, got a second law degree from Victoria University of Wellington, New Zealand wife decided it was me she didn't like so I got my second divorce, became a New Zealand citizen. So ends part one.

On the day after Guy Fawkes 1983 I met Carol Walters, an intensive care neo-natal nurse, on Scorching Bay Beach and eventually (after we had two kids to add to my one and her two making five) figured out this marriage thing. Still together 36 years later.

(Biography continues on next page)



**Peter E. Ratner**  
*(Biography continued from previous page)*

Got interested in art and especially photography and had my own dark room for a while before it all went digital. Left the Securities Commission to join a small commercial firm; small firm became a large firm which eventually merged with an even larger Australian firm (Minter Ellison) and became a very large firm. I was a commercial partner for 18 years initially doing securities and banking work, was involved in restructuring the New Zealand economy under David Lange and Roger Douglas (look them up in Wikipedia), did all the legal work to build the second cellular network in New Zealand, along with my partners was once on the wrong end of a \$500 million lawsuit; finally left Minter Ellison to get a life and formed my own little firm (Crengle Shreves & Ratner) which was a very happy 4 person partnership for almost 20 years with no junior lawyers and a rule that no partners' meeting would last for more than 5 minutes (bliss), gave up wearing suits and ties, did a fair amount of commercial, company and securities law reform, got involved in the agriculture sector (meat, pipfruit and wine) as well as technology and telecommunications, retired about 2 years ago. I like to think I was a pretty good lawyer but that is for others to judge. So ends part two.

**Now:** Carol and I now live in an 1886 villa in Greytown, population 2,202, with four chickens (only two are laying—the other two are also retired) and a large garden with a small orchard and raised garden beds where I am learning to raise vegetables, finding time to read books again—eclectic in my tastes, started reading a lot of military history, still like speculative fiction and a good police procedural as well as novels of all kinds and, of course, Ted Reed's book on Carl Furillo.

I listen to a lot of music (current favorites are Mike McClure, Lukas Nelson, Tom Russell, Dave Alvin, Ronnie Earl and Dylan) and 1950s, Bach over Mozart and the Beatles over the Stones (just). Revolver and Fifth Dimension bring back snow on Foss Hill and Lady Madonna is Gary Hill crouched next to someone's VW in Paris listening to Radio Luxemburg.

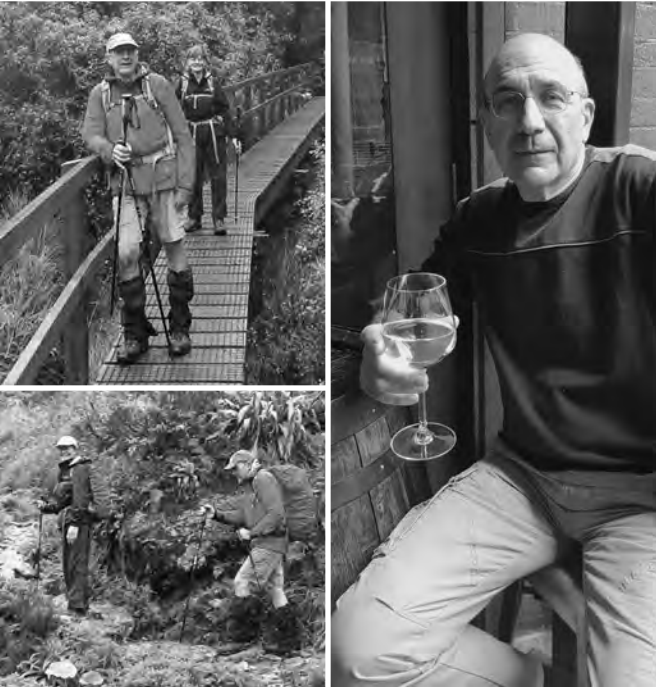
Prefer rugby to the NFL, but I still love the NBA (I miss Clyde and the 1970 Knicks, Phil was "Action Jackson" and Dr. J taught the NBA how to fly), cricket is just weird—who came up with a game that goes on for five days and ends up with no result? I used to run until I stuffed my knee 20 years ago so I became a gym junkie—I try to get there every other day. Carol and I recently walked the Milford Track.

I am very proud of all of my children who constantly amaze and surprise me. They are scattered around the world (New York, London, Sydney, and Wellington), and with a few divorces and recombinations of their own we seem to have nine grandchildren.

Along the way I have gone scuba diving in the Cook Islands and in Vanuatu where I saw a fishing fleet of lateen rigged double-hulled canoes come home under the stars that seemed to be 1,000 years ago. Went swimming with seals in the Galapagos. Saw Neolithic cave art in the Dordogne (the real thing, not Andre Malraux's reproduction although that is pretty cool, too). Hiked up Mount Yoshino during cherry blossom season. Spent 18 magical summers in our bach on Pakawau Beach in Golden Bay, an isolated spot on the

northern tip of the South Island, where there was no phone and the tide goes out for almost a kilometre and we dredged for scallops and dug pippis on the beach, until one day the kids were too sophisticated and the neighbors moved and it was time to leave. Owned a 9 metre yacht which I raced (not very well) on Wellington Harbour for about five years. Hiked the four great walks of New Zealand and a bunch of lesser ones. Saw the sun set in the ocean on a beach near Darwin, Australia and ate octopus on the waterfront that the chef said he tenderised in a cement mixer. Saw huge salties and a jabiru on the Yellow Billabong and was amazed by the bird life on Ulva Island where wekas wander down the path and South Island robins land next to your boots to catch the insects stirred up in the dirt.

Wonder how Part 3 is going to turn out.



*Above, Clockwise from top: Peter Ratner and wife Carol, Cook Islands, 2018; Peter at Borough Market, London; Peter with Carol on the Milford Track, hiking and resting on bridge.*

**David N. Redden**

Spouse/Partner:  
Jeannette Andreasen Redden

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** The beauty of central Connecticut. In my last years, I rented 18th century houses in Middle Haddam. My classes in Art History and the lovely Alsop House where I did my studying. The flexibility of Wes in allowing me to spend a year in Rome and another year in Paris. The '68-'69 anti-war demonstrations. I still have the typed list of the 1968 founders of Wes SDS.

Funniest: Being interviewed by two ill-at-ease FBI agents posing as reporters re: deeply innocent anti-war activities at Wes.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** My wife Jeannette and two children, Stephen and Clare. My long and extraordinary career at Sotheby's, the last 18 as a vice chairman, and 41 years as a Sotheby's auctioneer dealing with some of the most memorable auction sales over four+ decades. All recorded in diaries of well over one million words. Numerous environmental and cultural organizations with which I have been deeply involved. My houses and gardens. The Hudson Highlands and the Hudson Valley. England. Italy.

**Now:** (See this letter to my friends and classmates)

September 25, 2019

Dear Classmates,

It was uproariously funny. Stationed above the forest of sparkling Christmas trees, each decorated like a Fifth Avenue store window, the air redolent with fir and pine, Dr. Ruth Westheimer, Harvey Fierstein and I fought to raise money from the hard-partying crowd for a cause that never had enough. With no rehearsal, tripping over each other's lines, we conducted, as best we could, an auction of those glittering trees. I had the benefit of being a real auctioneer. Dr. Ruth and Fierstein had been deputized as my assistants and were definitely learning on the job. Dr. Ruth would interject homilies and Harvey would yell at the bidders. It was utter chaos and absurdly silly. But it worked. That was more than 30 years ago and every event had to work. That was the time of AIDS, the plague years. We got through it and eventually wrestled AIDS to a kind of draw.

ALS has never been cured nor wrestled to a draw. I know. I have the disease. I will never conduct an auction to benefit ALS research and care. My voice has almost gone. I will never climb into a podium. I can no longer walk. But this strange disease of the motor neurons wastes the body but spares the mind. Because my physical world has shrunk, the world of my mind has grown in importance. Meetings, dinners, gatherings, foreign travel are now impossible, so I write daily. Decades of my private Diary of a Sotheby's Auctioneer are now being edited, expanded and categorized and that process will continue until physical corruption overwhelms the mind's determination.

It is curious that so many words—well beyond one million—could be written about only one facet of what I conceive to have been a charmed existence. But the auction house, that intersection of lust and folly, of frozen loveliness and perpetual transition, of the searingly beautiful and the historically searing (the vault next to my Sotheby's office for months juxtaposed nine Faberge Imperial Easter Eggs with the papers of Martin Luther King, Jr.), was an irresistible vantage point from which to peer into the hidden corners of human existence. Over 41 years I must have sold almost a million lots. But it is was never the lots that mattered so much as the stories they told—from space ships to dinosaurs, from Magna Carta to Rosebud, from Gilbert Stuart's Lansdowne Portrait of George Washington to George Catlin's portraits of American Indians, from the jewels of the Duchess of Windsor to the collections of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, and, along the way, the most expensive book, stamp, coin, medal and document in the world, all told stories as random as shells cast from the sea until fitted together thrillingly into a common language.

In our strength we can be exceedingly weak and in our weakness astonishingly strong. We have an infinite capacity to misunderstand ourselves and the courage and clarity to take a second look. Living is so much more than science and medicine. But science and medicine have allocated the living a little more time. To use life well and fruitfully is our duty. To extend the fruitful life allows a few more days in which to redeem ourselves. ALS may be the fate of a handful—although that random handful could include anyone. But the interrelated diseases of Alzheimer's and Parkinson's and MS will ensnare so many more of us.

And now to the purpose of this letter. My family has created a fund, the David Redden ALS Fund, at Columbia University, to support research into ALS, neuron diseases and the work of the Eleanor and Lou Gehrig ALS Center. We ask you to consider a gift to this Fund which we will ensure is used wisely.

If only such letters would never have to be written!

With love and appreciation to all whose lives have intersected with mine,

David



*Above: David Redden with wife Jeannette and children Clare and Stephen.*



Ted S. Reed

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Funny to you, if not to me—since Wesleyan had few women when we were there—I went to University of Oregon for a semester in 1969 to find my first girlfriend.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** I married Ale in 1987. We lived in Sacramento and Miami before moving to Charlotte in 1996. We have three great kids. My daughters graduated from Yale and my son graduated from University of Minnesota.

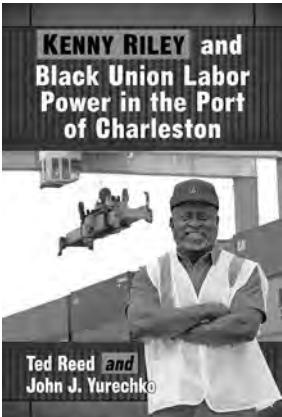
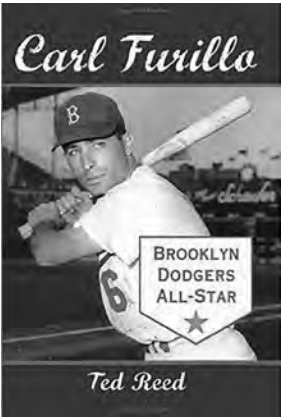
I always wanted to be a newspaper reporter and I became one in Aberdeen, WA in 1974. I subsequently worked for newspapers in Toledo, Fresno, Sacramento, Miami and Charlotte. Newspapers collapsed so I worked as staff writer for US Airways for a year and then as airlines reporter for TheStreet, a website, for 12 years.

I wrote three books, which was fun even though it paid little. In 2010 I rewrote my Wesleyan thesis as *Carl Furillo; Brooklyn Dodgers All-Star*. In 2014, I co-wrote *American Airlines, US Airways and the Creation of the World’s Largest Airline*. My third book, just published, is *Kenny Riley and Black Union Labor Power in the Port of Charleston*. It is about a labor leader and his union, which represents black longshoremen in what was once the biggest slave port. Kenny Riley’s brother says they once were the cargo: now they run the cargo port. Co-author is our classmate, John Yurechko.

**Now:** I am a semi-retired, freelance airlines reporter for *Forbes*. Semi-retired means I work when I feel like it and I get paid about what I made in Aberdeen. I live in Charlotte, which is a great place. I would write another book if I could figure out what to write about. Also, I watch Mets games on TV. In 2015, I attended the World Series with Wesleyan classmate Gary Hill. In 2017, I attended with classmate Roger Mann. In 2019, I attended with classmate Jeff Nye.



Above: Ted Reed and wife Ale Jenkins.



Above: Two books written by Ted Reed; Carl Furillo published in 2014 and Kenny Riley published in 2020.

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Above: John Rinehart.

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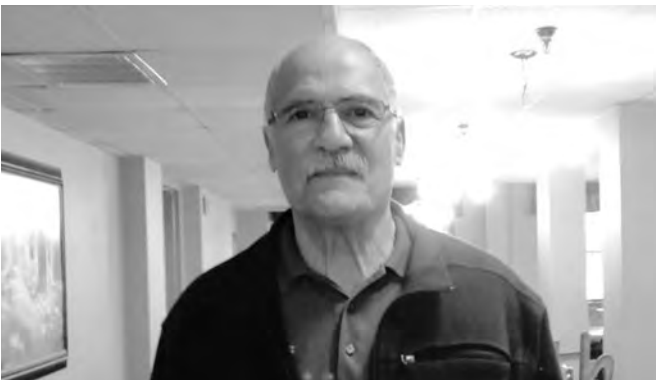
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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Victor Gourevitch's freshman philosophy class (the ding an sich); Paris semester abroad during May-June 1968; searching all night in vain for the Commons Club "C's"; being Dancing Dan on WESU-AM; making homemade absinthe with Bill Bullard.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Raising three sons with my wife, Cindy (still awaiting grandchildren). 42 years as a journalist, split just about evenly between newspapers and TV.

**Now:** Cindy and I live in San Francisco, with sons in Sacramento, Santa Fe, and Malinalco, Mexico. I retired from full-time work in 2018. Now, I write a subscription newsletter called *Waterfront Briefing* about ferry boat traffic on San Francisco Bay; I've written a memoir about three years in Paris, due out one of these days; hike regularly, play tennis and bad golf, and travel (with an emphasis on Italy).



Above, top: Dan Rosenheim, cleaned up and minus beard.  
Bottom: In Jenner, CA, for 70th birthday in August 2019.  
From left to right: Dan's sons Joe and Nick, brother-in-law Nathanael, wife Cindy, Dan (heavier-than-Wesleyan self), Dan's brother Jim, and Dan's son Jimmy.

**Paul A. Roth**

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**Now:** I am currently Distinguished Professor in the Department of Philosophy at the University of California, Santa Cruz. I plan/hope to keep doing what I'm doing for another few years. Perhaps of interest to my former CSS classmates and any other Louis Mink devotees from that era, my book, *The Philosophical Structure of Historical Explanation* (January 2020, Northwestern University Press; available on Amazon) features extended discussions of Mink's work in philosophy of history. I have had success over the course of my career in re-establishing an important place for philosophy of history and philosophy of social science on the professional agenda in the U.S. My wife, Renee Winter, is a retired attorney, a published essayist, and involved in activities ranging from teaching poetry in prison to serving on the board of the non-profit Watsonville Law Center. I am the proud parent/stepparent/grandparent to a daughter, a step-daughter, and two granddaughters.

**Leonard S. Rubenstein**

Spouse/Partner: Margaret Lorber

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Not funny at the time but amusing in retrospect was canvassing door to door through Middletown trying to explain to people why stopping the bombing in Cambodia was inextricably connected to freeing Bobby Seale. Who can forget the Grateful Dead concert and before that, the long-anticipated food fight in the then freshman dining hall. And, not exactly a fond memory, but a transformative one: the teach-in on Vietnam freshman year. I came to it a naïve rah-rah American believing what Robert McNamara and Lyndon Johnson were telling us about dominos, left with doubts, and began opening my mind about a terrible war.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** I've had an odd career where I had the good fortune to fall into the right job at just the right time. After kicking around for a couple of years in graduate school and then teaching illiterate kids in London, I went to law school a thinking it was time to get serious. I wasn't happy about going, but I arrived just as the public interest law movement was beginning to blossom, with new organizations popping up and optimism that we could change the world through law. That led me to work in a civil rights practice with a wild cowboy lawyer (boots and all), then to 15 years doing disability law. It was a time of ferment and energy in the field, where the courts were sympathetic and rights legislation including the Americans with Disabilities Act passed.

When I needed a change, I fell into a job running a medically based human rights organization. I knew nothing about the international human rights movement, which turned out to be growing and ever more influential in foreign policy. I arrived just in time to be a very bit player in the adoption of the treaty to ban landmines, but got to witness the awarding of the Nobel Peace Prize, truly memorable. I slogged through fights against gross abuses, including the return of torture to the U.S., and truly rewarding to have the opportunity to meet so many inspiring activists. After more than a decade, I got tired of the hassles of running an organization but didn't want to have a boss, so ended up as a late-life academic, where I was too old to be caught in the tenure treadmill. It's been a fulfilling career.

Home life has been a throwback: I've lived with my wife Margaret Lorber, the love of my life, in the same house for almost 40 years, have two kids, Jodie, a Wesleyan alum, and Alex. Two grandkids and one more on the way. My grandson makes my day by demanding to play games with Grandpa on FaceTime.

**Now:** I live in Alexandria, Virginia, where I'm involved in local politics including managing Margaret's two (successful) campaigns for election to our school board. I remain on the faculty of the Johns Hopkins Bloomberg School of Public Health, where I teach human rights and public health. My swansong is a book I'm trying to finish before my remaining cognitive faculties disappear on protection of health care in war. Two knee replacements and I'm back to biking, including during the many weeks we now spend each summer in gorgeous Crested Butte, Colorado.



Above: Leonard Rubenstein and wife Margaret Lorber.

**Reubin M. Rubijono**

Spouse/Partner: Franceska Rubijono

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** I was sick in bed in dorm room and classmate send me my favorite Bach's concert from the infamous WESU radio station!!!! Thanks...can't remember name, but he was from Washington, D.C. area! (Who are

you????)...and yes, when Bill Rogers and Jeff Galloway and Amby Burfoot simply flew by me on their marathon daily runs around campus.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Was almost sent off to Vietnam! On the day of my flight out, I was diverted into going to the U.S. Army Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning in Georgia, and I became an Officer and had to settle as a "Veteran of the Vietnam Era". I did continue serving until retirement as a Reservist, with careers in Papua as a construction camp manager, and in Los Angeles County as a Social Services worker. My daughter from my 2nd marriage received invitations to apply to Harvard, Princeton, USNA, and USAFA... therefore feeling blessed even if she were not going to any of those places!!!! Much thanks for living in Fairfax County, VA with all the opportunities for youngsters to excel.

**Now:** U.S. Army Retired, but I am still actively working in Centreville, VA, tutoring Indonesian and raising youngest very accomplished daughter in her senior year at Westfield High School, and maintaining contact with family in Lexington, MA. My oldest daughter was the Boston Organizer for Bernie Sanders in 2016. My grandson is a martial artist in Somerville, MA, teaching Oom Yung Doe, eight martial arts taught as one! Check this out! Planning to visit Toraja, Indonesia next June 2020 for funeral ceremony....FYI YouTube Living with the Dead in Indonesia....and I am maintaining fitness daily thanks to "Bill Rogers" daily run at Wes! What next? Looking for real retirement location that is affordable!!!! Really affordable...help!



Above: Reubin Rubijono and family.



# 1969 YEAR IN REVIEW

## On Our Minds





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**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** I was associated with, and a partner at, Willkie Farr & Gallagher LLP, from 1974 to 2010, practicing in securities and large commercial litigations. I moved to Blank Rome LLP and practiced in securities and large commercial litigations from March 2010 until March 2015.

**Now:** I currently am a solo practitioner for certain favored clients.



Above: Phil Salomon.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Fond memories include reading *The Greeks and the Irrational* first week of freshman year; listening to *Aretha's Gold* in somebody's smoke-filled dorm room; eating onion omelets at O'Rourke's Diner well after midnight; roaming through Greenwich Village head shops on weekend getaways; rallying to "Defend the Panthers" in New Haven senior year; and earning pocket money reading French and Marxist literature to sight-challenged Professor Norman Rudich.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Some personal highlights are meeting and making a life with my wife Cynthia; spending two months in Cuba with the Venceremos Brigade in 1973; serving as union rep during my 18 years in the Chicago Post Office; arguing appeals and litigating international arbitrations during my 20 years as an attorney; helping to organize dozens of demonstrations against war and racism and injustice; and participating in an email group over the past decade with a dozen or so Wesleyan classmates.

**Now:** I retired from practicing law at the end of 2013. I live in the Chicago Loop and spend my time reading, watching films, exercising, traveling, and hanging out with my new grandson. A highlight of most days is the energizing afternoon nap. My experience at Wesleyan has continued to enrich virtually every moment.



Above, clockwise from left: Jeff Sarles; Jeff with wife Cynthia; Grandson Malcolm.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Arriving on campus in fall 1966 and looking out at College Row from Foss Hill and feeling that I had accomplished something significant already in my life and that Wesleyan would open up the world for me. I got caught up in the turbulence of that place and time that touched all of our lives very directly and compelled us to make big choices that impacted the decades of our lives to come. The Wesleyan experience did not disappoint—from the first conversations with new classmates to the Grateful Dead concert our final semester—and the day before my draft physical in New Haven the next day. It changed me, I saw change in others, and gave me the hope that our generation could change the world.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** I was extraordinarily fortunate to begin an international law career in the early 1970s—just as the nations of the world were just starting to wake up to the pressures humans were putting on the planet.

I joined the Natural Resources Defense Council in 1975 as an attorney working on slowing nuclear weapons proliferation and compelling the U.S. Agency for International Development to address environment in its developing country programs. I stayed on NRDC's staff until 2014. I saw the difference that organizations and individuals can make. I led NRDC's international work for almost four decades on the full range of global environmental challenges; and I am proud of our many accomplishments. In the 1980s, I co-organized the largest privately funded scientific exchange ever with the Soviet Academy of Sciences that demonstrated verification of a nuclear test ban. In the 1990s, I kick started the now global phase-out of leaded gasoline. This year, 2020, is the 20th anniversary of one of NRDC's most important victories: I led one of the largest environmental campaigns ever to save Laguna San Ignacio, the last pristine gray whale nursery in Baja California Mexico. I then organized NRDC's BioGem Initiative to protect such special natural places throughout the Western Hemisphere with a number of successes.

I started NRDC's climate change advocacy in the late 1980s and have long been an advocate for new international structures that can drive action on climate change and the broader question of sustainability. In fact, we created some—like Earth Summit Watch and the Shrimp Tribunal—to demonstrate new ways to enhance accountability for the ever-mounting number of commitments by national governments. We also worked on creating structures to engage other key players, including international agencies, corporations, states and cities, universities, foundations, and so on.

(Biography continues on next page)



**S. Jacob Scherr (Jacob)**  
*(Biography continued from previous page)*

A capstone of my career was my final project for NRDC—Lighting the Eiffel Tower for the “Climate Revolution” at December 2015 UN COP21 negotiations that resulted in the Paris Agreement. The Eiffel Tower is a perfect architectural metaphor for new global architecture now in place that could accelerate the transformations we need to assure a livable future for our children and grandchildren.

**Now:** I am retired and residing in Washington, DC. My wife Carole and I live near the Washington National Cathedral and enjoy more than ever all that this wonderful city has to offer (other than politics these days.) I expect we will see more beach time in the future. My daughter Lindsay lives and works in West Palm Beach, FL. Lindsay is very busy with her new moss art company; and her even-greener-than-me husband is a rising star in the green building world. My son Adam and his wife Marlyse are doing well in business in LA; and they gave us our first grandchild Adelaide in July 2017.

We are doing more traveling—just ticked off a “bucket list” item with a hot air balloon ride in Cappadocia, Turkey. I am also still engaged with environmental issues through a number of boards and some consulting. I’ll be back in Florida in November 2020 again to work the election—it will be my third time.



*Above: Jacob Scherr.*

**Mark A. Schiffman**

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Looking back at the dreams and actions of a generation that aspired to freedoms, I am saddened that 30 million Americans live in poverty, that Africa and Latin America are roiled in political chaos, that repression rules in China and that we have collectively failed to recognize or address the damage caused by climate change. If ever there has been a time for the revolutionary spirit of the 1960s, it would be now. “Where have all the flowers gone; when will we ever learn?”



*Above: Bob Schrijver and family.*

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** I really appreciated fraternity life. We had a bunch of characters at Beta, all 4 Classes in any one year, and I enjoyed them immensely. Along with my first two years on the saxophone with ‘Uranus & the Five Moons’, social life for an all-male campus turned out pretty well. Of course, road trips for gigs at various women’s schools (much less Dartmouth Winter Carnival) helped facilitate that life tremendously.

By Junior and Senior years I was immersed in foreign languages at Wes, and that provided both small classes (2-3 students for Russian, and not much more for French Language & Literature—plus beginning Hebrew), and a Junior semester in Paris. Probably the best part of Paris was outside the classroom there, as three of us took a weekend journey to London to purchase fairly large, used Triumph motorcycles. Of course, none of us had ever been on one, so just getting back to Paris—much less our extra-long Spring break to Spain—brought beaucoup comic relief and fond memories.

Finally, the real capper goes to Lottery Night our Senior year: clueless, and asleep in the library, I returned to the Beta House and a cold shower welcome from my Brothers for having garnered the highest number in our fraternity: #358 (while Mike Hurd ’72 managed #1). While I actually wanted a military experience to perfect my Russian and work in Intelligence (don’t ask), I was anxious to start my career and took an entry level job in apparel merchandising in Boston, and an apartment a block from our now beloved Fenway Park.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Oh so many... Nancy and I have been blessed: 38 years of marriage, no kids, no grandkids (well, to some that’s not a blessing). We’ve both been to every ’70 Reunion except one: it has been wonderful every time, reconnecting with classmates, including the discovery of our Wes histories previously unknown!

I’ve had a marvelous career in retailing and shopping centers, from selling floor to President, to now a focus on retail real estate as an independent consultant and broker. For most of the last 35+ years I’ve specialized in the factory outlet industry and have probably completed over 1,000 real estate deals. It’s been a great run, having worked for some of the best brands/designers in our industry: Carter’s Childrenswear, Jockey, Polo Ralph Lauren, Michael Kors, Fila, Magnavox, and more.

The Old West has been a passion (sometimes latent) my whole life—from the first episode of *The Lone Ranger* to present day. I’ve been riding since our late 20s, Western trail riding and many four-day wilderness rides in the Pennsylvania Alleghenies, and a few years ago began training for my major bucket list item: Cowboy Mounted Shooting. It’s a national sport with clubs in almost every state, and professional world champion classes to boot. It’s probably more fun than an older guy should have. I compete with the Connecticut Renegades out of Bethany, CT—six-guns an’ all.

**Now:** After 42 years in the Boston area (most in Needham, MA), Nancy and I moved to northeast Connecticut’s farm country in 2012, to the real Woodstock (CT that is). We settled on a total 45 acres, replete with house, barn, woodlands, too much lawn, and a few acres of hay crop to boot. We’re surrounded by many more acres of forest, farms, croplands, and board our two (soon to be three) horses across town with access to 30,000 acres of Yale Forest and Bigelow Hollow State Forest. I continue my consultancy and brokerage, though hopefully will retire by next summer; really need to focus on the horses, training, and having even more fun.

Last, never least and growing every day, my volunteer efforts keep me busy: synagogue Boards, FBI Citizens Academy Alumni, career transitioning military veterans, an occasional town committee, synagogue security, industry Hall of Fame committee, and as much one-on-one wherever it’s needed. Change a life; save the world.



*Above: Jeremy Serwer with Levi, May 2018; With Trigger.*



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(Herb)**

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**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Retired in 2012 from sports coaching and administration career.

**Now:** New part-time self-employed job as sailing captain/crew for hire began in 2015. Currently residing in New York City near a daughter and her family. Enjoying city life. Still playing a lot of tennis. Two adult daughters (New York City and Wellington, NZ) happy and healthy. Celebrated 50 years of marriage in 2019.



**Miles Siegel**

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Friendships made during my freshman year that continue to this day.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** I have been married for 46 years to Jane Ireland whom I met in high school and dated through my days at Wesleyan and her days at Wellesley. We have four sons that we are immensely proud of. While my legal career has taken up most of my time, I did manage to fit in a Master's degree in school counseling and a short stint as the head men's basketball coach at a local high school.

**Now:** Today Jane and I live in the Black Rock section of Bridgeport, CT. I am still actively practicing real estate law. Our four sons live in four different time zones. We have two grandchildren in Colorado Springs and one in Brooklyn. The other two boys live in San Diego and Chicago.



Above: Brian Silvestro and family.

**Richard L. Simons**



**Mark H. Simpson**

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**Past 50 Years' Highlights:**

1970: On the night of December 1, 1969, I drew number 35 in the first draft lottery of the Vietnam War era. Shortly after graduation in June 1970, I moved to Cambridge, MA and immediately received a notice to report to my local draft board for induction into the Army. With the help of the Society of Friends and two years of Draft Board interviews, I became a conscientious objector in 1972.

1972: On August 27, 1972, I married Betty Cohn, a recent graduate of Connecticut College. Alan Dachs introduced me to Betty during our senior year at Wesleyan. I was accepted at Columbia University Graduate School of Architecture. Betty and I moved to New York City.

1974: Ski Patrol member, Belleayre Mountain, Highmount, NY.

1975: After graduation from Columbia, I worked for several architecture firms in New York City. Jobs were scarce and often short-lived. A newly minted architect was not doing glamorous design work. Instead the work consisted of long hours making schedules of doors, doorknobs and hardware, all necessary but not very exciting.

1978: After struggling with the architectural profession for three years, I decided to change direction and went to work as an assistant project manager for Morse Diesel, a New York City office building construction company. The construction business was booming and starving for entry-level talent. If you could read construction documents and had a suit and a pulse, you were hired—total chaos but it fit me like a glove.

1980: Assistant Project Manager for HRH Construction on 535 Madison Ave, a Park Tower Realty office building (see 1990 below).

1981: In April 1981 our daughter, Natalie arrived. Six weeks later, we moved to Oakland, CA. Alan Dachs had convinced us that in California, the streets were paved with gold. I was Project Manager for a new building in Southern California for Bechtel International Corporation.



1985: In March 1985 our second daughter, Erica was born. I was Bechtel International Corp Project Manager for a high-rise office building, 123 Mission Street, San Francisco.

1986: Director of Development and Property Management Bechtel Investments, Inc.

1990: Managing Partner BPT Properties (Bechtel Investments Realty & Park Tower Realty).

1997: President, Fremont Properties (formerly Bechtel Investments Realty).

2001: Managing Director Fremont Realty Capital, a development and acquisition fund.

2005: Retired: Bought a house in Squaw Valley, skiing, sculpting, travel.

2006: Founding member Dogtown Sculptors, a sculpture and drawing co-op in Oakland, CA.

2016: Father of the Bride, Erica Simpson.



Above: Photo collage created by Mark Simpson.



Peter C. Simpson

Spouse/Partner: Penny S. Mills

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Curry concerts. I’ve loved Indian music ever since. Discussing Faust over beer during Manfred Stassen’s evening seminars. Singing Band songs in the Alpha Delta Phi dining room after supper.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** I started off on an academic trajectory with a Masters from Princeton and PhD from Cornell in Germanic Studies that included five years living in Germany off and on and one failed marriage. My life changed course in 1984 when I married Penny Mills, the love of my life, settled in the Maryland suburbs of Washington, D.C., and left academics for a career designing and managing State Department funded public diplomacy exchanges with Delphi International and World Learning. A professional highlight was leading the State Department’s international diplomatic delegations to both the Republican and Democratic conventions. A personal highlight is raising two sons with Penny, Jesse, 32, now a Mainer, and Jacob, 29, living nearby in Maryland.

**Now:** We have a home in Bethesda, MD, soon to be downsized for an apartment or condo, and a cottage on Long Pond in the Belgrade Lake in Maine where we will begin spending five months a year (the warm five) when Penny retires next summer. For the past five years, I have been slowly retiring. I’m down to three Board memberships and directing a neighborhood musical theater production (the oldest continuous neighborhood show in the U.S., now in its 64th year). Cooking and kayaking are my main hobbies.



Above: Peter Simpson.

Douglas S. Smith



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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Humanities class with Mr. Brokuni-er; concerts on Foss Hill; tennis team spring training trips; shooting pool at the Delt house.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Marriage to my best friend. Raising our kids. Kids’ bar/bat mitzvahs. Passing the bar. Practicing law with my other best friend. Hitting a golf ball. Visiting an aircraft carrier at sea. Kids’ weddings. Reveling in time with our grandkids.

**Now:** St. Paul, MN. Of counsel at Gislason & Hunter LLP.

Rand E. Sterling



Stephen R. Stern



William A. Stevenson

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Candidates For Senior Class Offices State Their Positions On The Issues

Robert Murphy

What hasn't been said will probably be forthcoming and if it isn't, why worry about it? (candidate for President).

Phil Salomon

There is no need to bore you with campaign rhetoric or phantom promises. I understand the general indifference of our class concerning these elections for Senior officers. However, a job must be done.

responsibility of leadership which is inherent in the office of President of the class of 1970 and fulfill its obligations in our best interests. I ask your support and your vote. (candidate for President).

Ozzie Van Gelderen

The role of the Senior Class President is clearly defined. He must be willing to devote time for soliciting class support for commencement exercises or acquiring a no issues. If my obligations to the class and my obligations to the class members are not to be neglected, I will do my best to represent the class.

Don Davidson

As this tumultuous campaign approaches its waning hours, I find it extremely difficult to say anything which has not been stated before in this campaign. Despite the intense debate which has continued, I want all my supporters and potential supporters to know that my opinions on the campaign issues are the same today as they were yesterday. What's more, I heartily endorse the philosophy of Herb Shriner. In closing, however, I want to nail this right here. My opponent in this race for Class Secretary may promise the voting class members anything, but — remember — I still

class. Finally,—and let me make this very clear—I realize that the office of Class Secretary carries responsibilities for five years. I'm told that it usually means forever. I want you all to know that I am prepared to meet that challenge. I promise to outlive all of you! (candidate for Secretary).

Barry H. Gottfried

I am the only candidate for ANY office who can responsibly claim not to have been involved in any extracurricular activity since matriculation. Being so unsullied, I refuse to grace my venomous and malicious opponent with any answers to his wanton and scurrilous calumnies upon

and God. I am a smooth man; my opponent is a hairy man. However, allow me to return to the out issues of the campaign.

Eight Wesleyan Students Selected For Woodrow Wilson Fellowships

Eight Wesleyan students have been named finalists in the annual Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship competition. They were among the 1153 finalists, known as "Woodrow Wilson Designates," who topped a field of approximately 12,000 outstanding graduating seniors nominated by their respective colleges. Designates from Wesleyan this year are: David K. Cantor (Philosophy/Political Theory), Edward Castorina (Philosophy), Charles Drake (Far Eastern Languages and Literature), Steven Kuney (Economics), Charles Lucier (International Affairs), Arden Reed (Comparative Literature), Jeffrey Sarles (History) and Robert Alan Segal (Religion).

Given honorable mention in the competition were Philip Gordon, Corey Rosen and Peter Simpson. According to a news release from the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation, those picked as Designates are "... the most intellectually promising" 1970 graduates planning careers in college teaching.

Perfect Season Bringing Honors To Football Squad

by Pete Michaelson

Despite the rumors, Wesleyan is not going to play Ohio State in a postseason bowl game. Nor is it due to the fact that Woody Hayes and his boys are afraid of the Wesmen. It is no mere rumor, however, that this was an amazingly successful season for the Cardinals. They are only the fourth team in 88 years of Wesleyan football to finish with a perfect 8-0 record, and the first since 1948.

Frankie Waters, after two unspectacular seasons, performed excellently this year. From out of nowhere, he became the second leading receiver in the school's history, behind Blackburn; and Frank was awarded the Bacon Trophy by his coaches as the player who contributed most to the success of the team during the past season. Senior quarterback Bob Allen was given the Eck award by the coaches, which goes to the player who, in his years at Wesleyan, has demonstrated an extra amount of devotion to his teammates, his coaches, and the game of football.

They are officially the number one Division II team in New England, as the coaches. And Wesleyan's first place in the ballot-Lambert Cup, six points Delaware, which has one to play on their schedule. A distinction goes to the college team in the East had the best season, and on a relative basis.

Lynch Named Captain Junior quarterback Pete Panciera added to all the school records he set last year. Senior tailback George Classanos moved ahead of Paul Stowe '66, to become the second leading career rusher in Wes history, with 1169 yards. Junior Jim Lynch, for his inspired defensive play and was voted by his teammates as the best player in the school.

Debaters Sweep McGill Tourney For 4 Trophies

Capturing four of the six trophies

Steve Policoff Wins Nomination For Connecticut Poetry Circuit

Steve Policoff, a senior from Andover, Mass., has won nomination for the Connecticut Poetry Circuit. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Policoff of Andover, Mass.

4 Seniors Each Win \$6,000 Watson Grants

WUNB—Four Wesleyan seniors, Robert J. Arnold (Seaford, N.Y.), Aden A. Burka (New Orleans, La.), David R. Jones (Brooklyn, N.Y.) and Ross Mullins (Demarest, N.J.), have been awarded \$6,000 fellowship travel grants by the Thomas J. Watson Foundation.

Asia and South America to study the dynamics of population control. The fellowship winner is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Arnold of Harland Rd. in Seaford, Del.

The annual awards are presented through a charitable trust established by the late Mrs. Thomas J. Watson Sr. in memory of her husband, founder of International Business Machines Corporation. In 1970 56 students from 27 U.S. colleges and

Burka, who also has a Ph.D. in biology, will pursue his education. He will study in Israel, Japan, and Australia. He is a member of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Burka of Andover, Mass.



(Right to left) Tony Balis '70, Jim Brown '70, and Doug Maynard '70, next year's soccer tri-captains; Jeff Diamond '70, 1969 Football captain. Missing is Bill Rodgers '70 next year's cross-country captain.

Stebbins NE Wrestling Champ; Wesleyan Cops Fourth

by Frank Sica

The wrestling team (8-5) capped a fine comeback season at the New England Tournament last Friday and Saturday. Led by co-captain Tuck Stebbins' first place and by John Fong and Don Gavin, who took third in their respective weight classes, the Wesmen garnered a fourth place finish out of a twenty-nine team field.

Tuck Stars

The team's best effort was turned in by Tuck Stebbins (158 pounds), who destroyed everyone in sight and walked out with almost all the points.

second period and Young shot through for a takedown, putting Don on his back. After that the contest was even with that last second move proving to be the margin of defeat for the gutsey Gavin.

Hurd, White

Mike Hurd and Rob "Whizzer" White also turned in fine performances, with each winning in the first round but being knocked out in the second, Hurd by the eventual champ. However, Mike came back to win one more and gained some valuable place points for the struggling Wesleyan team.

Frank Leone also won his first bout, but had the misfortune to meet Henry Marchetti, Oklahoma transfer and two-time New England champ, in his second match. Frank was caught and pinned in the first period. Bob Kanaley, Dale Beers, Larry

Littell and Darryl Hazel turned in somewhat disappointing performances, as they all lost to their first round opponents, with Darryl turning in the best showing.

A few wins in these weight classes would have placed the Wesmen much higher in the final point total and perhaps provided a higher place finish.

Overall, Coach Macdermott was pleased with the team's performance and progress throughout the season. They wrestled an extremely heavy schedule which will be further toughened next year. The return of five sophomores, including Gavin, and some help from the freshman team, which features third place NE finisher Dave Bong and fourth place finisher Scott Karsten, could make the Wesmen really tough next season.



Tuck Stebbins (right), '70 and co-captain of the Wesleyan team, claimed first place at 158 pounds in the New England Inter Wrestling Tournament last weekend. Here, he defeats Springfield earlier in the season.

Lambert Cup Rankings

Team	Rec.	Votes
1. Wesleyan	(8-0)	78
2. Delaware	(7-2)	72
3. West Chester	(8-2)	53
4. Gettysburg	(7-2)	52
5. Bridgeport	(8-1)	49
6. Amherst	(6-2)	47
7. Springfield	(6-3)	25
8. Tufts	(6-2)	23

Cards Take Lead In Lambert Rankings

by John Hunter

WESLEYAN 70 — Winning

Wesleyan Novice Debate Team Takes First In Boston Tourney

Wesleyan's Novice Debate Team took first place honors this weekend at the Annual Boston University Debate Tournament. Debating the proposition, "Resolved: That the United States should substantially reduce its foreign policy commitments," four freshmen, Alan Blankenheimer, David Cantor, Corey Rosen and Paul Roth, compiled a record of eight wins and no losses. Wesleyan was the only team of the 39 teams entered in the novice and varsity divisions of the tournament to maintain a perfect record. M.I.T., 7-1, placed second in the novice division. Harvard, 7-1, was first in the varsity division. Wesleyan did not compete in the varsity division of this tournament. Other schools represented at the Boston tournament included Dartmouth, U. Conn., Amherst, Holy Cross and Princeton.

Individual awards were won by three of Wesleyan's four debaters. Alan Blankenheimer, with a total speaker rating of 103 points, was the outstanding novice debater. Dave Cantor, 101 points, was the top affirmative speaker and Corey Rosen, 96, was ranked third.

Debate plans for the near future include tournaments at Princeton, Yale, and Harvard.



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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Memories abound. I remember feeling overwhelmed freshman year by the talent and intelligence of my classmates, which motivated me to spend long hours studying in the Nicholson lounge on Foss Hill. Freshman year also ushered in strange new social experiences, such as “mixers” with local women’s colleges and fraternity rush. When the buses filled with women arrived at the circle in front of McConaughy dining hall for our first mixer, we behaved like crazed animals. I’m surprised any women were willing to leave the bus. Maturity, for most of us, was slow to arrive. I remember the four hour roundtrips sophomore year in my Volkswagen Bug to Wheaton College to pick up my girlfriend and bring her to Wes party weekends. I remember dancing at those parties to the great sounds of Uranus and the Five Moons. I remember our swim meets, especially the ones against Amherst, Williams and Southern Connecticut for which our fellow students filled the balcony to cheer us to victory. I remember our team’s spectacular showing at the College Division national championships junior year, finishing fourth in overall points among the many teams participating. I remember the undefeated season our varsity football team had in 1969, and the home game against Amherst when we cheered, “Free David Eisenhower!” I remember fraternity intramural touch football games on the varsity field, which were highly competitive and well-attended. I remember meals at the Delt House, after which we would bring Wilma, our cook, out for a standing ovation. No matter how many times we did it, she always was embarrassed. I remember being a dorm counselor my junior year, trying to set some sort of example for my group of fresh-faced freshmen. I remember pulling all-nighters to write final papers, usually accomplished in a lounge in the Lawn Avenue dorms to hide from temptation. I remember the angst of draft lottery night in 1969, when, at one fraternity, a member’s birthdate was the first one drawn, prompting him throw his chair through the television screen and causing everyone else to scramble for their radios. My girlfriend at the time, worried about my emotional state that night, hitchhiked from Mt. Holyoke to Wesleyan and was mugged by the creep who picked her up. She showed up with a black eye and bruises on her leg. I remember the aftermath of Kent State and its impact on our last two weeks at Wes, including graduation. And I remember being amazed that four years had gone by already and very sad to be leaving Wes.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** After graduating from Wesleyan I went to law school at Boston University. While there I began dating Nancy Baxter, who became my wife in 1974 and we’ve been happily hitched ever since. I began my career as an Assistant D.A. in the Bronx, then practiced labor law with a small union-side firm in Manhattan. In January of 1977, Nancy and I dug our car out of a snow drift and moved to Los Angeles. We drove cross country while listening to review tapes to prepare for the February California bar exam. It was

Nancy’s idea to make this move and, as with most things, she proved to be right. We love it here. I soon went to work for a mid-size downtown L.A. firm, again practicing labor law but this time representing employers (including hospitals, colleges and universities, manufacturers, transportation companies, oil drilling and production companies, restaurants, non-profits and public institutions). I had the honor of representing two hospital trade associations in a case before the U.S. Supreme Court. I also was a featured speaker at many trade group and bar association events. Nancy and I raised a son and a daughter, both of whom are now married and have children of their own.

**Now:** Nancy and I are retired and still living in the Los Angeles area. We’re lucky to have our children and our four grandchildren living nearby. I was concerned that I would be bored in retirement but that hasn’t been the case. We spend lots of time babysitting and attending family events. We’re in a very active couples book group that meets once a month. We travel extensively, trying to see as much of the world as possible. Recent trips include Africa (three times), Vietnam, Cambodia, Ecuador and the Galapagos Islands, Peru, Argentina, Chile, Tierra del Fuego, Brazil, Costa Rica, Spain, Morocco, Israel, Turkey, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, England, the Netherlands, France and Italy. I’m still trying to figure out how to play golf. I also serve on a non-profit board and volunteer my legal services to that organization. Finally, I write satirical limericks about politics. I have published two books of verses lampooning (and lambasting) Trump. It helps keep me sane.



Above, top row: Bob Stone in Tanzania, 2011; Bob and Nancy with grandchildren (Milo, Kayla, June, and Isabelle) 2019.  
Bottom photo: Thanksgiving 2018, shown left to right, son-in-law Ryan, grandson Milo, daughter Rachael (with baby June in the oven), the old guy, wife Nancy, granddaughter Isabelle, son David, granddaughter Kayla, and daughter-in-law Jeni.

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** I came to Wesleyan almost by accident and then found my four years there to be among the most surprising, eventful, wacky, serious and definitely formative experiences of my life.

It all happened because an inspirational high school English teacher, Paul Cummins, convinced me and my two best friends, Dave Davis and Richard Baskin, that Wesleyan would be the ideal college for us. His respect for Wesleyan was genuine, but he also had an ulterior motive. He was doing his PhD thesis on poet Richard Wilbur, who just happened to be on the Wesleyan faculty, and Paul thought we might be able to deliver some of his probing thesis questions to Wilbur. (We did just that and Wilbur graciously answered all of Paul’s queries.)

Dave, Rich and I were such good friends that we had made a pact to go to the same college, and Wesleyan proved to be the only one we all got into. We were California guys and our parents thought it was a little weird we were going off to a small school they’d never heard of in New England. But, we were up for an adventure far from home. Dave turned down Yale, Rich declined Berkeley, and I blew off Stanford. When we arrived at Wesleyan in the fall of 1966, we’d never seen the place outside of a catalog. My dad, who was doing a play in New York at the time, drove Rich and me to Middletown and dropped us off outside our freshman dorm, Howland Hall. He took a quick glance at the ivy-covered buildings, said it looked just like a college (he had never attended one), wished us good luck, and drove off to be on time for a performance.

(Biography continues on next page)



**Stephen H. Talbot (Steve)**  
*(Biography continued from previous page)*

For the next four years, we were on our own, returning home to L.A. only for Christmas and summers. Early on we realized Wesleyan was a men’s college, which slowly dawned on us as a bad idea, especially since we’d come from an all-boys high school. Dating, mixers, and road trips to women’s colleges became an obsession, eased for me only when my California girlfriend arrived in Boston the next year to begin college. I spent a lot of time in Boston.

Dave hated winters—no one had mentioned how cold it got—and every snow-bound season, Dave would start applying to California colleges, only to give up when spring arrived. Rich lasted less than two years. His father, the creator of Baskin-Robbins, died of a heart attack and Rich returned home. The lure of L.A. proved strong: Rich wanted to be a star. He became Barbra Streisand’s lover and concert producer. Dave and I stayed in Connecticut and ended up loving Wesleyan, the friends we made, the sports we played (he was a swimmer, I somehow survived rugby), the incredible music on campus, the film program, and maybe above all the politics of those turbulent times—the anti-war and civil rights teach-ins, demonstrations, building occupations—ending with our makeshift graduation during the Black Panther trial in New Haven, the Nixon invasion of Cambodia, the shooting of students at Kent State and Jackson State, and the National Student Strike we helped launch at Wesleyan. Scary and exhilarating times.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Meeting, moving in with, and eventually marrying my wife, Pippa Gordon. She was born in South Africa and we connected during the era of international protests against apartheid. She insisted on home births, and witnessing our two children being born was unforgettable, especially in the case of our daughter, Caitlin, who was born in such a flash that the midwives had not yet arrived and I ended up “delivering” her. Mercifully, all went well and I’ve lived long enough to see Caitlin give birth to her own daughter.

Starting my career at KQED in San Francisco and then working for nearly 20 years as a documentary producer and writer for the PBS series *Frontline* have been the highlights of my work life. I also loved creating and executive producing some music specials for PBS called *Sound Tracks: Music Without Borders*.

As part of my reporting and TV documentary work, I have been able to travel and film in Ireland, Vietnam, Liberia, Kenya, Tanzania, Zambia, Mozambique, Angola, Botswana, South Africa, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Mexico, Lebanon, Syria, Ukraine—often during times of upheaval, conflict and great change. I’ve often felt like a witness to history. I’d like to think that in my own work, and the work of others that I commissioned and senior-produced for the series *Frontline World* (2002–2010), I have helped people understand and care about what is happening in our world.

**Now:** I live in San Francisco with my wife Pippa Gordon. We have lived here together for over 40 years.

Our son and daughter were born and raised in the city. We are grandparents now with a 5-year-old grandson and a 6-month-old granddaughter.

I’m still working, doing what I’ve been doing for ages: making documentaries, long and short form, for public TV. I currently work for the PBS series *Independent Lens*, and I’ve begun writing and producing documentaries for a local NBC series, *Bay Area Revelations*.



Above: Steve Talbot in Lyons.

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**Now:** I have been living in the Berkshires in Western Massachusetts for the past 37 years with my wife, Kate, and we raised four children (Kelly, Julie, Chris, and Mary) here. I was a teacher and school principal in several locations for 40 years and now am a consultant with the Massachusetts Department of Elementary and Secondary Education working mostly in the Berkshires.

My wife and I are proud grandparents of Ada (parents Kelly and Ivan) in Brooklyn, Gwynaelle (Julie and Greg) in Arlington, MA, and Sonia and Hugh (Chris and Tory) in Minneapolis.



Above: Bob Vaughan.

Edward Hazen Walker (Sachin)

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Hanging out with my best friend, Neil Davis. Falling in love with Jim Hamilton. Spending two semesters in Paris on Wesleyan's dime. The strike. Our version of Woodstock: free concert on Foss Hill with a then-unknown band, The Grateful Dead.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Traveled across country by myself in an old VW bug, came out as gay in Berkeley, CA during consciousness expanding era (1970). Lived in Boston for 18 years, six years with husband, software engineer/manager in corporate high tech. Five years residential staff Kripalu Center for Yoga and Health, Berkshires, MA, developed powerful healing modality there (<http://keikiananda.com/spiritfire/>). Seven years lived on Maui, Hawai'i, developed business as personal tour guide to sacred sites in nature. Lived with my Mom the last ten years of her life.

**Now:** I am a semi-retired holistic psychotherapist in Woodbury, CT.

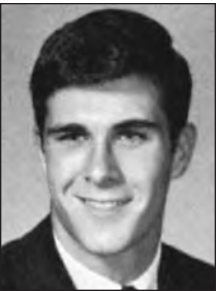


Above: Sachin Hazen.

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Stephen B. Weissman  
(Steve)

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** Small classes with gifted and dedicated faculty, and of course some terrific peers.

Although I was not a history major, I sat in on some seminars sponsored by History and Theory, and listened with awe as faculty, guest scholars, and some students analyzed some very complex intellectual ideas—often taking opposing sides in a reasoned and civil discourse. I thought this was a fabulous peek into the scholarly sensibilities a bona-fide liberal arts education can produce. I had a similar sensation attending a few sessions at the Center for Advanced Studies, with presentations by Norman O. Brown, Buckminster Fuller, etc.

I took a poetry-writing class offered by Richard Wilbur, who was a Center for Advanced Studies fellow in 1967. I recall sharing my poem, and being awed by some of the creative efforts of other students in the class.

Wesleyan offered many concerts in various venues, and I was moved and influenced by fairly intimate exposures to Chuck Berry, B.B. King, Taj Mahal, and The Grateful Dead. Performances by artists associated with the Ethnomusicology program from—or influenced by—the music of Africa, Indonesia, and India were also very memorable: Ali Akbar Khan, MS Subbalakshmi, Jon Higgins [Wesleyan], Gamelan [Wesleyan], “curry concerts”, Gopal Chatterjee [kathak dancer], and African drumming are some of the events I remember fondly.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Body Weight: Gained 100 pounds, then lost them, then re-gained, and now have lost again—but it does seem some extra pounds slipped into the mix somewhere along the way!

Career Change: A corporate break-up twenty years ago led to an opportunity for hundreds of my co-workers and me to elect “constructive separation” on very generous terms. I had three years to decide what I wanted to do, and after one year, I decided to leave IT management and start a second career as a college teacher. I have no regrets!

Teaching Moments: Looking back, I’ve had a whole lot of great students, and a chance to mentor and sustain career and academic growth. I’ve had letters from former students who have gone on to some very exciting next steps after college, and it always thrills me when they say that my course or other help was a factor in their success.

**Now:** I live in New Jersey, in an area designated “Pinelands”. It’s not exactly forest or swampland, but the land behind my house is an actual forest, and I do like looking out at trees and occasional deer and other animals, and knowing it won’t ever be developed. When I bought the house after moving

from a row home in Philadelphia, I so liked the idea of rural life that I kept a picture of my back yard tacked to the wall of my corporate cubicle. Then, after a year or so, I had a septic service guy come out for a routine call, and he took one look at my back yard and said “typical septic clearing”. So, one man’s paradise is another man’s septic clearing!

I “retired” from full-time teaching [Computer Science] in 2017, but took up work two days a week as an adjunct. So, going from five days a week to two days has been a joyous change. I putter at my desk several mornings a week doing prep for my classes, but I have five days a week “free” to do interesting and fun things.

I enjoy travelling, sightseeing, and re-connecting with friends and family. And playing low stakes poker once in a while!



Above: Steve Weissman.

Timothy Edward Weld

James H. Wellman (Jim)

Spouse/Partner: Kathleen Dunn

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Bart R. Wendell

Spouse/Partner: Sandra Whaley

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** The funny irony of meeting my wife Sandra Whaley, and still best friend, on Wes’ all male campus.

First week of freshman year, Andrus Hall. I go march up stairs to the unit above me to ask for some quiet so I can study. A classmate with a long beard greets me and I see behind him a suite with nothing but mattresses and huge speakers. I think ‘where does he study?’ He agrees to turn down the sound from 11 to 5. I walk away completely stumped on how an 18-year-old could grow a beard in one week. After all, he couldn’t possibly have had a beard while still living at home. Boy did I become immersed in the NYC 60s culture in the following days. What would I know coming from a public high school 25 miles west in New Jersey?

Running the Boston Marathon Junior year, and having spectators shouting to me about Amby Burfoot’s progress as he went on to win.

**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:** Traveling to Salt Lake City twice to adopt our two children as infants. Direct participation in our democracy as an elected official as Town Moderator. Hosting a young Pakistani man this year at the International Enneagram Conference and escorting him to his first mixed gender party in his life. The experience of teaching HS in the early 70s during the golden age of American public education. Having a literal blizzard trap me and 50 public TV CEO’s in a DC hotel allowing us the unscheduled time to bring the combative meeting to a unexpectedly successful conclusion, and establishing me on a greatly rewarding work path ever since.

**Now:** I’m continuing to work as a facilitator and trusted advisor to organizations, execs and their families internationally. Immersing myself in house and field projects on our hobby farm. Recovering from the party we threw to celebrate my mother’s 100th. (She gained energy as we were wearing out.) Savoring my 50-year friendship with my wife Sandra Whaley. Loving my two now adult kids who have both overcome hurdles to become people of love and wisdom.

John P. Wesley (Jack)

Spouse/Partner: Julie Peterson

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David R. White (Dave)

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Biography:

David R. White is the Artistic Director and Executive Producer of The Yard in Chilmark, MA (Martha’s Vineyard), a nationally influential artist/company creative residency, presentation and educational center dedicated to the nurturing of outstanding artists in contemporary dance and related art forms, as well as building enduring responses to local rural island needs. He is also the longtime chair of the National [Artist] Council of Florida’s Atlantic Center for the Arts, a leading multi-disciplinary artist community in New Smyrna Beach.

From 1975–2003, White served as the Executive Director and Producer of the internationally ground-breaking Dance Theater Workshop (now New York Live Arts) in NYC, where he mentored, commissioned and/or presented over 800 contemporary dance and performance artists, introducing to New York and the nation, among so many other artists and companies: Mark Morris, Eiko and Koma (Wes), Susan Marshall, Bill T. Jones, Donald Byrd, David and Ain Gordon, Bebe Miller, Bill Irwin (post-modern vaudevillian) Michael Moschen (juggler and choreographer of objects), Eiko and KomReggie Wilson, Stephan Koplowitz (Wes), Headlong (Wes), Neil Greenberg, Anne Theresa de Keersmaeker (Belgium), Los Munequitos de Matanzas (Cuba), Malpaso (Cuba), Camille Brown, Michelle Dorrance, Doug Elkins, Ronald K Brown, David Parker and the BANG Group, and Big Dance Theater.

At DTW in the mid-1980s he founded/designed, directed and developed long-term funding strategies for such ground-breaking and long-lived programs as the National Performance Network (currently in its 4th decade) and its companion, the Suitcase Fund, an international artist creation seed fund. In so doing, he reinvented a national and international real-world politics of collaborative artist relations and the civic citizenship of working artists standing shoulder-to-shoulder with other workers in their communities. He co-founded the NY State Dance Force, an urban to rural effort with the New York State Arts Council in the late 1990s that is still active in 30 counties. He created the New York Dance and Performance Awards (aka the BESSIES), which he directed for many years out of DTW (including the writing some 475 personalized award citation for a decade and a half) and for which he was honored in 2014 at the awards on the occasion of the BESSIES’ 30th anniversary. Early on in the mid-1970s, he co-founded the original New York Dance Umbrella presenting cooperative, a collaborative mechanism to re-imagine and scale up self-produced small-scale New York dance company seasons. At the same time, he co-founded Pentacle, a pioneering arts management cooperative (now in its 38th year. He served as Executive Editor of and contributing writer to two generations of *The Poor Dancer’s Almanac*, last published by Duke University Press. He was a longtime panelist for the National Endowment for the Arts as well as for many foundations and cultural agencies.

(Biography continues on next page)



**David R. White (Dave)**  
*(Biography continued from previous page)*

A former dancer and filmmaker, White is a Distinguished Alumnus of Wesleyan University with a college career that included study in France focusing on film studies and structuralist philosophy, and an ultimate BA in Theater and Film. He studied dance with Cheryl Cutler at Wesleyan and Martha Myers at Connecticut College, and attended the American Dance Festival at Connecticut College in 1971 and 1973, where he encountered the great dance educator/mentor Bessie Schonberg, who would become his mentor and close colleague for the next 25 years.

Among many recognitions, White is a Knight (Chevalier) in France's Order of Arts and Letters; and a recipient of the Dance/USA Honors, the Capezio Award, and the Dance Magazine Award, the American dance community's three highest recognitions. He also received the Association of American Cultures Award, for his work in the grassroots diversification and creation of a "working, equitable culture of cultures" within the National Performance Network, a mature network of financing and mutual learning for some 60 community-centered organizations in 40 U.S. cities.

Now personal:

My Wesleyan career marked virtually every important phase of my professional career thereafter from film maven turned political activist (after international film studies with Annie Goldman, and collaborating in the documentary, *The 1969 March on Washington*, with classmates Steve Talbot and Dave Davis, among others); aspirational but somewhat mediocre dancer turned national awarded dance and arts producer and sustainable systems designer (thank you, Cheryl Cutler, and also the Wes Social Committee where we produced so many great and timely concerts); and finally designated as that "Chevalier" by French Minister of Culture Jack Lang (after nearly two years spent in France as a Romance Languages student and Paris-based *Time-Life* researcher, coupled with the French student/worker riots and strikes of 1968–1969—special thanks to the late Carl Viggiani and Jody Hoy).

The Vietnam War, of course, marked all of us over the course of our Wesleyan (and study abroad) years. Beyond passionate beliefs on either side of the equation, the vast uncertainty of the draft and consequently its possible (and maybe illegal) alternatives loomed large over our futures. The Union for Progressive Action was one Wes arena for mutual education and organizational strategies, and laid the groundwork for much of the focused activism to come. The UPA eventual outcomes led, in the wake of the Grateful Dead concert on Foss Hill is the spring of '70, to the student body vote that same night in the Chapel to join the National Student Strike against the war and for civil rights, and then to progressive workshops and other group learnings for the remainder of the semester. I was asked to represent the strike at graduation, and so spoke then (after the fiery radical educator John Holt) on the issues that had aroused such collective action across the university and the nation.

And then the draft lottery landed.... In the late spring/early summer, Steve Talbot, Dave Davis and I finished post-production work in LA on *The 1969 March on Washington* documentary. Like Steve and so many others, I had drawn a

short straw (in the low eighties, I think, somewhere short of Jesus). And even though I had gone to Toronto to incorporate a film company, Artichoke Productions (with Andy Toth, I'm pretty sure), I had not made any decision about a true move to Canada or any other possible option.

And, so, Davis and I found ourselves in an un-airconditioned VW Beetle puttering at full speed through the Mojave Desert with the windows illogically closed against the superheated air funneling around us. I forget where Dave needed to go, but I had a deadline to get my mandated low-number physical at an Army induction center in New Haven.

After so long working to understand and oppose the Vietnam War at Wesleyan, but prior also during almost two years spent in Paris in the company of North Vietnamese students and others, a fresh international sociopolitical experience took root. Specifically, I was studying film theory and structuralist philosophies that were ultimately informed, and then creatively disrupted, by the student-worker events/riots/strikes of May 1968 (which began with French police entering the Sorbonne to break up an anti-U.S. rally) and the 1969 aftermath that brought down Charles de Gaulle and the Fifth Republic, and came to infuse my particular involvement with Talbot and Davis' film. Meanwhile, here was the somewhat terrifying, somewhat mortifying, ordinariness of marching in line for a psychological test. And then learning the physical wouldn't be needed due to a documented history of chronic asthma. A feeling of unexpected relief, but also a thwarting of the soul-defining decision-making one longed to make in perfect anti-war contrariness.

Wrap up: I decided community service was best and returned to Wesleyan where, with Jed Marcus '71, I and others co-founded Open Summer in Middletown, a non-profit free university (e.g., Steve Weissman teaching *Finnegan's Wake*) and a daycare center for low-income families.



Above, top left: Dave White. Top right: Dave, with signature emphatic fist, introducing the NY Bessie Awards in the '90s, an annual social ritual he created, now some 35 years alternative, activist and outspoken. Bottom photo: Dave (standing arms akimbo) during National Student Strike at Wesleyan, Spring 1970.

**Peter J. Whitehead**

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**Bruce B. Williams**

Spouse/Partner: Patrice Janssen

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**Memories of Wesleyan:** "May you live in interesting times," goes the Chinese curse, so I hear. 1966 through 1970 were interesting times. Many funny memories of making *MARVEL*—the quintessential student movie of the 60s—with Rick Pedolsky '69, Dave Driscoll '69, and Judy Greenberg MAT'73. Frank Zappa gave the film an award—\$15, back then that was not a lot of money. As the editing wrapped up, its inertia propelled me onto film after film, splice after splice. "Eventually, it all comes down to a question of editing." I said that.

**Past 50 Years' Highlights:** Highlights! Huh! Half century of highlights! Be concise, old fox who writes has many names. He answers to none. On the road in a gold Cadillac, he drives from Toronto to Miami, clutches a newly minted 4-F, and flies to Cartagena, meets a French Algerian gypsy woman and refugees from a murderous Argentina, where people drop from helicopters like balloons made out of lead. He drives a Land Rover through the high Andes over ice sheets, along an ancient track of the Chasquis between Puno and Arequipa, where the sun seems to set below his feet and around the side of the mountain comes a caballero at a full gallop with a herd of horses. Back home by the lake in Maine, he hangs with poets and filmmakers and African dancers who take him to an all-night candombe in Salvador, Bahia, and along the mean streets of North Philly. He hangs with the dancers and drummers, the One-Two Dog, Kwame Bruce Owusu, the ol' New York cabbie, the office manager, the certified high school English teacher, the filmmaker who writes himself so fast and furious in his first few chapters that he keeps on writing himself for years, though the pace has slowed, is slowing. He films what he can, but the best remains for the eye alone.

**Now:** Today, like a petite oiseau, my wife and I flit between the lake in Belgrade and the dock of the bay by Belfast, Maine. I do rough woodworking and digital editing. Not as much as I used to, with my bad back. Today is October 1, 2019. Tomorrow is the third program of films by my friend and fellow filmmaker Abbott Meader, presented by Cineinfinito in Santander, Spain. The films date from 1964 to 1982. I arranged the digital copies for his three programs, removed splice marks, added titles, made changes he wanted. I take a credit for Nit Picker Editor. Next week, we expect the director

of Special Collections of Temple University Libraries to come to Belfast to go through the Arthur Hall Collection, which we are giving them. I began making films with Arthur Hall in 1977 and have been the curator of his collection since 1994. 1994 is when we established the nonprofit ILE IFE Films. Full stop. We shall see what comes next. I look forward to our 50th reunion next spring.



Above, top: Photo of Bruce Williams by Rick Pedolsky '69. "The camera is a 16mm Cannon Scoopic, not as professional as the Eclair or the Bolex, more of a gunslinger camera. Rick and I would check out the cameras and the Nagra in September and return them in May. One May we were short one lens from the Bolex. I finally found it buried in the glove compartment of my car." Bottom photo: Bruce Williams.

**Edwin D. Wong**





**Robert E. Woods Jr.  
(Bob)**

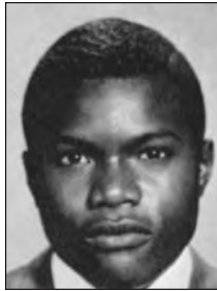
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**John J. Yurechko**

Spouse/Partner: Jane T. Haltmaier

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Dr. John Yurechko retired from U.S. government service in 2014. During his 32-year career in the Intelligence community, he served as a leader, manager, analyst, briefer and public speaker. Dr. Yurechko provided direct intelligence support to top policymakers and military leaders of the United States, and worked with senior foreign officials across the globe. He held various agency and department leadership positions that culminated at the national level with a senior executive position in the Office of the Director of National Intelligence.

Dr. Yurechko designed, directed, and managed the development and creation of an interagency programs of national security importance. His worked was recognized with several national intelligence community government service commendations.

Dr. Yurechko received a BA in History from Wesleyan University in 1970, and an MA and PhD in History from the University of California, Berkeley, in 1980. Prior to his government work, Dr. Yurechko held teaching positions with the University of California, Berkeley, with Georgetown University's National Security Studies Program, and with the Institute of World Politics.

Dr. Yerechko is a published author and a public speaker with numerous radio and television appearances. He participates in numerous Civil War (as a member of the 28th Massachusetts Regiment) and Revolutionary War (as a member of the 1st Virginia Regiment of the Continental Line) reenactments and living history events.

Dr. Yerechko is married to Dr. Jane Haltmaier, recently retired from her position as a senior economist with the Federal Reserve Board. They have three wonderful adult daughters, Christine, Alice and Janie.



**Jonathan I. Zach**



**Philip T. Zaleski**

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**Alan J. Zimmermann (Al)**

Spouse/Partner:  
Leslie Zimmermann

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**Now:** Retired, married to the most wonderful woman in the world, living in New York City in an apartment overlooking Washington Square Park, seeing around 100 Broadway, Off-Broadway, and Off-Off-Broadway shows each year, and curating a series of Internet-based computer programming contests.



Above, top: Al and Leslie Zimmermann in New York City's theater district, March 24, 2019. Bottom photo, left to right: Jerry Barton '70, Leslie Zimmermann, Al Zimmermann, Jerry Schwartz '70, and Janet Schwartz, New York City, July 12, 2013.

**Peter J. Zummo**

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*“Your Wesleyan Class of 1970  
is part of a generation which has  
tried to **tell off** a whole nation.  
In that act,  
some of you have been presumptuous.  
But you have also been mostly honest—  
telling it as you see it...  
as you think it ought to be.  
And in that honest if strident effort,  
your generation has been  
a catalyst of needed change.*

*We have seen change  
in your time at Wesleyan.  
Co-education.  
University reach-out to its community.  
More flexible curriculum.  
More honest and open relationships  
between the sexes—  
between the races—  
between the generations—  
and among the constituencies  
of a campus community.”*

—EDWIN D. ETHERINGTON,  
President, Wesleyan University 1967-1970  
Excerpt from the 1970 Olla Podrida



# 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.

- The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) began operating.
- The microprocessor was invented.

## Changing Life As We Knew It



- 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 **2020**, 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

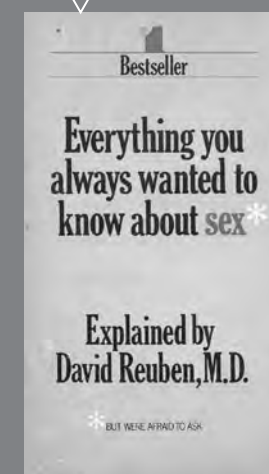
- Jimi Hendrix (below on left) died of a barbiturate overdose in London. Janis Joplin (below on right) died in Hollywood after mixing heroin and alcohol. Both were 27.



- The Beatles call it quits.



- Nonfiction best seller.







# WESLEYAN 70

## Remembrances

### Jonathan Addelson (Jon)

(D. 10/7/2011)

*By Maurice Hakim*

During my senior year, when I resided at the COL, I often hung out at the COL lounge where I would find Jon sitting by the chessboard table. If alone, he would be waiting for a player. He would often have in hand a book drawn from his collection of Russian literary greats. Talking Dostoyevsky, or any other Russian for that matter, was not just a skill but a ruse during play that could distract his opponent contemplating a critical chess move. Being a fan of Dostoyevsky, I found Jon's insights, especially about that author's tragic addiction to gambling, intriguing.

Jon and I played chess several times a week. He helped hone my skills to the extent that I was subsequently placed at the #10 position on Wesleyan's unofficial varsity chess team comprised of some the really high IQ'ers in our class. The team had one memorable match with the New Britain chess club. It was an "away game" at the New Britain VFW clubhouse. When we got there, we were greeted at the door by an old vet who, after taking a look at everyone's clothes and long hair (Jon's dangled from under his fedora down to his shoulders), accused all of us of being anti-Vietnam War hippies who were not welcome at his clubhouse. Together with the New Britain chess club, we all went back to Wesleyan to play the match. I don't recall what we all did after the match, but I'm sure we all had some great laughs about that experience.

Jon was a great guy and I enjoyed his company and friendship. He was mild mannered, patient and generous with his time as he explained, for my benefit, the nuances of chess and the significance of Russian literature to Western civilization.

.....

*By Tim McGlue*

Jon lived in Boston all his life before falling to illness in 2011. Jon was a close friend of mine all through our Wesleyan years and many years after. He was an avid philosopher, crime reader, Red Sox fan, fly fisherman, gourmet and wine expert. He did it all avidly, with many good years in wine imports, becoming a partner in Algonquin Wines based in Boston. He left no children but many friends, loves, family ties (especially his brother Ned) and good memories of road trips to Maine where we all spent uncountable hours waiting for the fish to bite. He taught me how to cast without snagging the bush while slapping a mosquito. This came in handy when classes closed down at Wes Tech (as we affectionately called our Alma Mater back when irreverence was well-considered)



during the student strikes in the spring of 1970. We figured, hey, they must be biting.

Jon Addelson also endeavored to teach me the value of pure logic over gut feeling, but that never took—a credit to Philip Hallie, our philosophy professor. Our favorite Profs were College of Letters mentors like Phil, Peter Boynton, Paul Schwaber, Frank Reeves, and the unflappable COL secretary Carol. We taunted CRS and ran from tear gas in Paris in May 1968, then conjectured wildly when Roland Barthes strolled into class one morning with a black eye and said nothing about it. That sort of history makes for an invaluable friendship. We were both peaceniks appalled by graft, waste, injustice and cynicism, but basically skeptical as befits all Pascal scholars. May Jon continue to rest in peace, we miss him dearly.

### Thomas E. Barker, Jr. (Tom)

(D. 3/3/1985 \*unconfirmed)

*By Jerry Cerasale*

Tom and I met as fraternity brothers our freshman year. We were roommates our senior year. Tom was a gentle soul who always had a smile and nice things to say about all. I do not recall ever seeing him raise his voice at anyone. We would enjoy reminiscing about Maine beaches where he lived and I vacationed. His strong academic focus was language—my weakest—and he thrived at Wesleyan. We spent many a sunny afternoon playing ball—be it foot, base or basket. We also added in Frisbees.

Tom and I "won" the draft lottery our senior year. He enlisted in the Air Force while I waited for the Army draft. We kept in touch during our service years, but as we moved onward, we lost contact. I know that he married and had a family. Sadly, he was gone before we could reconnect.

Tom was an avid Johnny Carson fan. I remember one night the broadcast was a repeat, and Tom called the network to complain. They explained that there were technical difficulties preventing a broadcast of the day's show—an answer he reluctantly accepted.

It so happened our senior year that I had an old car. Quite a few nights after watching Johnny, Tom would have a longing for a Dunkin' Donut. He found the closest 24-hour Dunkin' Donuts was in Meriden. So many nights he and I would drive to Meriden for a donut. I can still taste those donuts.





David R. Brewster

(D. 12/25/2013)

By Elliot Daum

Litoralis Puer, literally translated, “boy of the beach” or, if you prefer (and I do) Beach Boy. David arrived at Wes with a shock of blonde hair, a handsome face, and a smile that would make Brian Wilson jealous. Though he graduated from high school in D.C., his parents had been in the foreign service in Greece where David spent some formative years growing up with his younger brother Robbie ’72 and sister Tisha, a Wes Woman herself. David loved The Beach Boys, The Monkees and junky TV, but it didn’t stop him from excelling in languages and developing an early career as a tour guide for student groups all over Europe.

After graduation he spent some time in Shelburne Farms, VT where Marshall Webb ’70 had him mending a few fences and helping with various farm chores with the help of Billy Jefferson ’70 where photographic evidence apparently remains of various victimless crimes.

David then got involved with the Rudolph Steiner Group in New York where he devoted himself to Steiner’s teachings and to becoming a Waldorf teacher himself. While with Marshall in Shelburne in the late ’70s, gastro issues took David off the intoxicants bus, but spiritualism, something he had found very early in life, never left him. Elliot recalls that he became much more serious, stopping the use of intoxicants in favor of a more reflective life.

Far from any coastline, but perhaps close enough to Lake Michigan, David moved to Chicago where he spent his long career teaching to completion 1st through 8th grade to three separate groups of Waldorf students. *To Sir With Love*, indeed!

After a particularly active few days in Maine in May of 1970, David gradually seemed to become more serious, perhaps austere in the ensuing decades. His circle became centered around people connected to the teachings of Rudolph Steiner, a major influence in his life.

His first didactic employ was at Athens College in Greece where father Herbert had attended, Wes also.

In the late ’70s, David moved to the Threefold Farm in Rockland County, NY where he both taught at the Green Meadow School and at a residence for the elderly. In the 80s, he moved to Chicago and continued his teaching career at a Waldorf (Steiner) school. He also made frequent trips to other Steiner communities in England and Switzerland.

His brother Robbie ’72 remembers a perpetual twinkle in his eye. He was adored by children and his nieces and nephews recount a certain magical quality to him. He had no kids of his own.

Robbie recalls a circumspection and vagueness about his personal life. There was both a phlegmatic and mysterious aspect to him which seems to be the way he wanted it, though his infectious smile was always there to betray his inner warmth.



Elliot Daum ’70 remembers that warmth even when his disease made him virtually incommunicado toward the end of his life.

David also loved The 3 Stooges and the mock-rock group Sha Na Na and Robbie recalls David giving a standing ovation to Sha Na Na in a Paris movie house to the complete befuddlement of the Parisians present.

Another Wes aspect of David was remembered by Prince Chambliss ’70 who noted how David’s movie-star good looks never seemed to be of importance to him and how he would react to references to his handsome face with contorted facial tics and hilarious goofiness. David never exploited those looks, just stayed cool in the face of admiring females.

David’s main cultural love was music and his tastes ran to Blues, Rock and Roll and classical. Elliot remembers how enthralled David was at a Midnight Mass performance of Handel’s *Messiah* at the Washington Cathedral. David’s wife Trish recounts how during the last years of his mobility and independence, David padded all over Chicago in search of musical performances. He was passionate about it.

David married Trish Waters in Chicago and she devoted herself to him during his last years to the point of even becoming a caregiver at the Center where he lived so she could maximize her time near him as his disease took his memory and health. She recalls David’s spiritual path and his devotion to a higher power. She also recalls that even in the throes of his debilitating illness when he could no longer speak, he was still subject to great jags of laughter and hilarity which were crazily contagious to all those around him.

His students remember him as completely devoted to them and “a good shepherd” in ways that steered their lives in many positive directions.

*In sum, David was a very mixed bag of tastes and character. Elliot would describe him as someone who would be standing in front of a duplex theatre where “Citizen Kane” was playing and in the other theatre was “Chopper Chicks From Biker Hell” and he’d be scratching his head as to which one to buy his ticket for.*



Above: David Brewster.

William B. Brittingham

(D. 10/18/1997)

No personal information available.

Ward T. DeWitt

(D. 6/12/2010)

Adapted from an obituary.

Few will dispute that Ward Taylor DeWitt cast a long shadow. At more than 6 feet 4 inches tall with a girth to match, DeWitt—former co-captain and lineman on the Philip Schuyler High School Falcons football team—cut an imposing presence wherever he went.

And it’s the places he did go—from the highest echelons of the state’s prison bureaucracy to the inner-circle of the governor’s office—that distinguished him as one of the South End’s most quietly accomplished native sons, friends and family said.

DeWitt, 62, a former city school board president who later helped launch Albany’s first charter school, died Saturday at Albany Medical Center Hospital after a lengthy illness.

DeWitt’s physical stature figured prominently in his other endeavors, too.



After graduating from Wesleyan University in Connecticut with a degree in anthropology, DeWitt returned to Albany in 1970 where he landed a job with childhood friend Herb McLaughlin as a drug counselor for Albany County.

Not long after—in the wake of the bloody Attica prison uprising—the two took advantage of a push in the state prison system to diversify the ranks of its counseling staff, landing assignments as inmate counselors at Great Meadow Correctional Facility in Washington County, later transferring to Coxsackie.

But DeWitt would rise swiftly, landing a job with the Commission of Correction—a state prison watchdog agency—then by his early 30s, becoming a top criminal justice adviser to Democratic Gov. Hugh Carey. It was in that capacity in the early 1980s that DeWitt—the son of two Arch Street laundromat owners—found himself on the Canadian border embroiled in the bitter, bloody dispute between battling factions of the Mohawk Nation.

“The two tribes up there had a conflict between them, and they refused to negotiate until he got there,” McLaughlin said.

“They said that he was a man of reason who could look through the issues and help resolve them,” his longtime wife, Mary, recalled.

*For his help in resolving the stalemate, the Mohawks awarded DeWitt with a plaque emblazoned with the fitting name they had bestowed on him: “Giant whose shadow blocks out the sun and frightens the troopers away.”*

DeWitt would ultimately retire as second-in-command of the state’s massive prison system to go on to lead the Martin Luther King Jr. Institute for Nonviolence and later be called on by Pennsylvania officials to help launch a state-of-the-art prison there.

But in his hometown, DeWitt will likely be better remembered for his contributions to education. DeWitt, a father of four, served on the school board from 1990 to 1995, including serving as president. He later went on to help lead the board of New Covenant Charter School, the city’s first school of its kind, through its tumultuous early years.

“Ward’s position was that they (public and charter schools) really should be working together—that it was all for the good of the children,” Mary DeWitt recalled. “He felt that they should have this alternative. Ward’s goal was always to get them to work in harmony.”



**George C. Durbin (Bo)**

(D. 4/11/2019)

*By Bob Stone*

No one ever called him George. To his friends he was always “Bo,” except during his last semester at Wesleyan, when he also became known as “Reverend.” More about that later.

Bo was my friend and fraternity brother. He was a gentle, upbeat, kind and caring soul with a wonderful sense of humor. He also had a serious side, particularly when social justice was at issue. And, like many of us, he came to deplore what our government was doing in Southeast Asia and participated fully in the protests that dominated the second half of our time at Wes.

Bo was a constant presence at the Delt house, where he frequently could be found engaged in lively conversation in the television room. He also could be located, after meals, working diligently in the fraternity kitchen, where he was a legendary dish washer and pot scrubber. During senior year, Bo and a dachshund named “Tube,” who lived in the fraternity house, became inseparable friends. Where Bo went, Tube followed. The ever-popular Tube was in stiff competition with “Nose Cone” (David Klatell’s Newfoundland puppy) to become the Delt mascot.

Draft lottery night in December 1969 was especially memorable for Bo. He became the first of us to have his birthdate pulled from the bowl—number 14, as I recall. It was devastating for someone who so fervently opposed our involvement in Vietnam. I vividly remember Bo putting his hands over his face and exclaiming “oh my God” as we rushed to console him. As crestfallen as he was that night, he regained his sunny disposition a few short days later when he developed a rash from exposure to a wool blanket and concluded this might be his ticket for a deferment. Being uncertain of the outcome, however, he decided a backup plan was needed. He applied and was admitted to Union Theological Seminary in New York and thus was dubbed “the Reverend Bo.”

After college Bo did attend two years of divinity school. I don’t know whether he ever became ordained, but he predictably did end up devoting his life to helping others. He returned to his home town of Wilkes-Barre, PA and worked for disaster relief organizations during their big flood. There he met and married his first wife. Bo later moved to Kentucky where he worked first for a federal disaster relief agency and then for the U.S. Department of Labor’s Wage and Hour Division, enforcing minimum wage and overtime laws. After a divorce, Bo moved to Washington, DC, and finally back to the Philadelphia area, continuing to work for the Department of Labor. He became the Director of Enforcement in the Philadelphia office. It was there that Bo met his second wife, Loretta. They were married in 1987 and remained together as a loving couple until his death in 2019. Bo retired when still a mere youth, at age 56.

Bo had a daughter and a son from his first marriage and was a proud and doting grandfather of three boys. He was a devoted Philly sports fan and, according to Loretta, sports was



about 90 percent of what they watched on television. He also developed a passion for long distance running. He joined a running club and participated in about 50 marathons, including Boston several times. (Wonder if he ever ran into the other elite Wesleyan runners of our time, such as Amby Burfoot, Jeff Galloway and our classmate Bill Rodgers?)

During his last couple of years, Bo endured a serious blood disease which, through the miracle of modern medicine, he seemed to have under control. But in April 2019, he suddenly was brought down by a heart attack. Not surprisingly, Bo’s memorial service was attended by loads of his former co-workers and many neighbors and friends.



*Above: Bo Durbin and “Tube”, 1970.*

**Robert C. Eimers, Jr. (Bob)**

(D. 9/18/2011)

*No personal information available.*

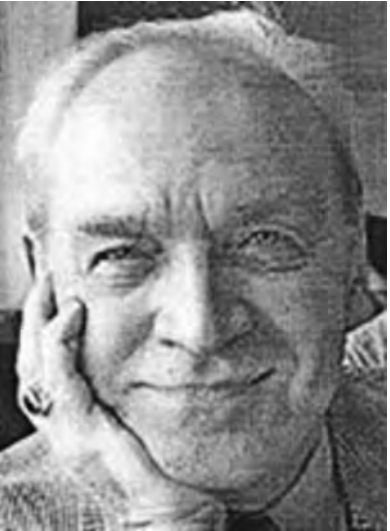


**Richard Conrad Erdman**

(D. 9/23/2016)

*Adapted from an obituary.*

Richard Conrad Erdman, 68, of Union, N.J., passed away on Friday, Sept. 23, 2016. Richard was born Sept. 18, 1948, grew up in Union, and graduated from Roselle Catholic High School, Wesleyan University, and Rutgers School of Law. He volunteered with the ACLU and was a passionate defender of civil liberties. He loved rock and roll, blues, and especially jazz music. Richard was an avid reader and photographer.



*Above: Richard Erdman.*

**Kim C. Fabricius**

(D. 7/1/2018)

*Adapted from an obituary by friend, Ben Myers.*

My friend Kim Fabricius has died. On the weekend I received an email from his family. He was at his local coffee shop when he died, suddenly and unexpectedly. I didn’t realize a person like that could die. I had assumed that a light as bright as Kim’s would never go out.

He used to sit at that coffee shop scribbling his prolific “doodles”—jokes and aphorisms and insults—on the paper napkins, before sending them to me.

We became friends 12 years ago when Kim started writing with me on the Faith & Theology blog. I loved the guy. He was so funny, so sharp, so widely read, so cultured in an utterly irreverent and self-deprecating way, so over-the-top, so New York. He got his Christianity straight from Karl Barth and Dostoyevsky and the Book of Job, which might explain



why he didn’t have much patience for cultural Christianity or the platitudes of a feel-good therapeutic faith.

He had become a Christian while reading Karl Barth’s commentary on Romans: at the start of the book he was an unbeliever, and by the end of it he had decided to become a minister of the gospel. (Later, when he had a son, he named him Karl.)

Kim spent a long ministry in a little Reformed congregation in Swansea in the south of Wales. He was a pastor to those people, as you’ll know if you have read any of the innumerable sermons, hymns, and liturgies that he made available online. Not to mention his seemingly endless supply of down-to-earth wisdom about the ministry: “When I prepare couples for marriage and come to the vow ‘till death us do part’, I always tell them to cheer up—it could be longer.” Or this: “It may be easier to negotiate with a terrorist than with a church organist, but it is easier to negotiate with a church organist than with a cat.” Or this: “A minister is something of a jack-of-all-trades—without the skills.”

In some ways Kim was a pastor to me too. We wrote to each other hundreds (or was it thousands?) of times. When I suffered personal griefs and defeats, I would turn to him for counsel. He was a pastoral realist, he liked to face things squarely just as they are, and there was great understanding and great kindness in the way he could talk to you about the challenges of living with ordinary human brokenness. He was one of those people who makes you wonder if there might be a point to having Christian ministers around after all.

Kim was a person with few illusions and much love. “What’s the difference between optimism and hope?” he once asked, and answered: “Hope is for pessimists.”

He wrote once that “God invented the church to give atheists a fighting chance”—yet he devoted his life to serving the church. He railed against America—yet he was proud to be a New Yorker, and he was always contemplating the theological advantages of American sports. In a very characteristic remark, he wrote: “Karl Barth said that when he gets to heaven he will seek out Mozart before Calvin. Quite right—and presumably he spoke to Calvin only to compare errors. Me—I’ll be heading for the choir of angels, to find Sandy Koufax, to see how he made the baseball sing.” (But the pitcher has outlived the pastor. I hope Sandy Koufax will seek out Kim one day and bestow the longed-for benediction.)

Kim and I had formed a strong friendship over the internet before we ever met in person. We met one day in the United States—it was during one of his annual trips to New York to visit his mother—and I was stunned to realize that he was thirty years older than me. His heart and mind were so young, I had assumed that perhaps I was the elder brother. He was old enough to be my father, yet Kim Fabricius was one of the youngest people I have ever known. In his mind there was nothing stagnant or stale. He was still curious, still supple, still exploring the possibilities, still seeing life as an adventure of faith, hope, and love. At the age of 69 he died; and he was only getting started.



**William P. Fornaciari, Jr. (Bill)**

(D. 5/28/1994)

*By Jeremy Serwer*

Early in our Freshman year Bill was recruiting musicians for “a band”. That’s how we met. At that time the British musical invasion was in its infancy, thus relegating our era’s party music to R&B, soul music, early funk, surfing music, a few ballads, and what today we’d call light rock. While we probably could have coined our own name, Bill drew up a contract whereby we purchased the graduating “Uranus and the Five Moons” name, and the rest was history: The Five Moons second incarnation was born.

Bill was the driving force, and as I recall, he drove much of the repertoire. (For the record, we consisted of Bill on bass; Gene Legg, lead singer; Andy Toth, keyboards; Peter Whitehead, drums; Bob Apter, trumpet; Jeremy Serwer, saxophones.) I still have some business cards.

At the same time, Bill and I pledged Beta Theta Pi, and we thus shared the same house for our Sophomore/Junior/Senior years. That, along with the Moons, resulted in a great friendship, and as far as I was concerned, The Moons were critical to my personal financial survival—and it sure didn’t hurt our social existence. The road trips were phenomenal, and Bill managed to pack most of the band’s equipment into his Volkswagen station wagon. I have much gratitude for what Bill’s efforts produced for us.

And Bill was a character. A great example: for those of us who were Beta brothers, just about every day Bill was in the House we saw him literally wearing his live and sizeable parrot on his shoulder. Hard to forget, and I certainly remember many dirty shirts.

While in graduate school at The University of Chicago, Bill had his diving accident in one of the Great Lakes. While he was paralyzed, he had enough movement to enable an ability to drive a special vehicle. It was 25 years later during a trip in our 48th year that Bill had an apparent heart attack while driving, managed to get to a motel, but passed away.

Even in his condition, Bill attended a number of our earlier Reunions, travelling in from California. I’m glad he did, as divine providence took him way too soon. It was grand to see him at Wes in those Reunion years.

And, as six degrees of separation would have it, in the early 70s my brother, his wife, and two young kids moved to Pasadena, CA for a year. While walking the neighborhood one day they met this real friendly guy in a wheelchair. They hit it off and became friends; the kids (now 50-ish) really enjoyed Bill. I visited Bill and my family during that year and remember being very impressed with Bill’s ground level apartment: it was outfitted with every convenience available at that time to someone in Bill’s condition. Turns out his Dad’s company was quite technologically proficient: the first “moon packs” worn by astronauts were made by them.

The back of our Moons business card was blessed with a George Nash ’70 artistic rendering of the group. I had it enlarged years ago, framed it, and I just smile every time I walk by it today.



Above: George Nash caricature of Uranus and the Five Moons.

**Jonathan E. Gray**

(D. 10/29/2007)

*By Maurice Hakim*

I got to know Jonathan (“don’t call me Jon”) well during our junior year. He was an unpretentious guy who was quite discerning and always to the point. He never minced words. The two of us hung out a lot during our senior year with Bob Schrijver and Gerry Jones. After graduation, we kept up our friendship in New York City where we both lived and worked. We ran into each other one day on Third Avenue and, over drinks at JG Melon’s, he told me he wasn’t too happy at work at, if I recall correctly, an advertising firm. I had just graduated from NYU with an MBA and had begun working at Chase. I suggested that he, too, get an MBA and look to Wall Street for a career change. He did just that and eventually, after getting his MBA at NYU, became a highly respected securities analyst at Sanford Bernstein & Co. where he eventually became a partner. Over the years, Jonathan received multiple awards for his work and was named an All Star by Institutional Investor for 29 years. I always felt that my suggestion was a mitzvah, one which Jonathan sincerely appreciated and never let me forget.



**Dwight L. Greene**

(D. 7/9/1993 \*unconfirmed)

*By David Jones*

Almost from the day we arrived at Wesleyan in 1966, Dwight and I became close friends. We both delighted in politics, and activism, and our careers right up to his death in 1993, following almost the exact same trajectory that kept us in constant contact. We worked hard with others in starting and supporting Ujamaa and getting a formal residence for it. I helped Dwight in his successful run as freshman class president (needless



to say the first person of color to hold the office). After Wesleyan, we both went to law school, he to Harvard and me to Yale, we both became Law clerks—he for Chief Judge Brietel of the NY State Court of Appeals and me for Federal Judge Constance Baker Motley. Then, almost in lock step, we went to work for Wall Street Law firms—he for Davis Polk, me to Cravath.

So when Dwight and I spoke it was a conversation that was informed by such similar experiences, particularly in terms of people of color in a profession that only rarely had allowed us in, there was no need explain what we were going through and we could exchange advice as to how to cope and excel.

We kept talking right up to the time of his death. He was at my wedding, helped me move in to the first house we bought, and for a while lived right around the corner from us in Brooklyn. I still have vivid memories both from Wes and later of how much he loved to dance, and I especially miss his unique laugh which would brighten any conversation—in person or on the phone. He is missed by everyone who knew him.

At his memorial service, the students, and his colleagues at Hofstra Law School, where he was a professor, all said what a profound impact Dwight had on them. I can’t even imagine what heights he would have reached in the profession if his life hadn’t been cut short.

**William H. Gucker (Bill)**

(D. 10/30/1990 \*unconfirmed)

*No personal information available.*



**John C. Haury**

(D. 5/16/2015)

*By Mark Fuller*

I first met John in Sunday School back in Indianapolis where we both grew up. Or perhaps it was Cub Scouts. Either way, he was perhaps my oldest friend and we remained close through high school and college, where we both followed some friends and classmates to Wesleyan. John was an only child and he always seemed a little older than his contemporaries.

He was more sophisticated and cool, better with the ladies, very self-possessed and deploying a sly, southern-inflected charm that was irresistible. His off-campus house during our undergraduate days was a refuge for friends where endless games of bridge and hearts and bouts of table hockey provided a reliable escape from campus.



Tall, good-looking, and smart as hell, John could have done just about anything but he chose to marry his high school sweetheart and move back to southern Indiana to become a small-town lawyer. The marriage didn’t last, although the lawyering did, and he built a career in Bloomington and Bedford while indulging in his long-time hobby of tennis and tennis officiating.

He was a well-known and highly respected member of his community, with a long list of leadership positions and accomplishments in the legal field. His three children grew up to be equally committed to giving back to the world.

He died suddenly a few years ago (a heart attack after a tennis match) leaving a giant hole in a circle of friends that had remained close for fifty years or more; a hole that remains to this day.

**Michael E. Hunter**

(D. 5/30/2017)

*By Jerry Cerasale*

Michael and I were fraternity brothers at Wesleyan. My fondest memory of him was his smile. He always had a smile. He brightened my day. Mike enjoyed music. Knowing him dramatically increased my appreciation of classical music.

He continued spreading the joy and appreciation of music to many, many others after Wes. He became an accomplished organist and is missed by many. There is a void in the music world in New England.

I attended a concert of his quite a few years ago, but, sadly, I was unable to connect with him through the crowd. I wish I had.



**Dana B. Johnson**

(D. 4/29/2012)

*No personal information available.*





John D. Ketcham

(D. 5/11/2006)

By Bob Stone

John (“Ketch”) and I were teammates, friends and fraternity brothers. Our close friendship continued until his untimely death in 2006.

Many at Wesleyan knew of John’s swimming exploits. He was our team captain, a three time NCAA All-American, voted Swimmer of The Year in New England, and a perennial New England champion in the backstroke and individual medley. He inspired the rest of us with his dedication, sensational performance and quiet, unassuming leadership. As one of the elite backstrokers in the country, John was invited to try out for the 1968 Olympics. To prepare for the Olympic trials, he signed on for an intense training regimen which far exceeded what he was used to doing. As a result, he developed severe tendinitis in his shoulders. Despite this, he still came very close to qualifying for the U.S. Olympic team. We never heard him complain about this misfortune. Similarly, he never talked about his accomplishments. Ketch was a paragon of humility and grace.

John also was a great friend with a generous spirit. You could count on getting a hearty laugh from Ketch. He was everyone’s best audience. He participated in our sometimes outrageous revelry, but always with a degree of caution, restraint and innocence. He rarely consumed alcohol (and certainly not drugs), so therefore usually was the last man standing at parties. That is, until he discovered late in his college career that he actually liked the taste of rum and coke. And his fraternity brothers well remember John as the reluctant participant, but undisputed champ, in one-on-one chest bumping contests, the object of which was to knock the opponent off balance by launching oneself at each other with chest out and arms at the side.

After college, John got a graduate degree and became an accountant. He spent a couple of years in Hong Kong. When he returned to the States and set up his practice in New Jersey, we spent time together at his parents’ ski house in Vermont. He was an excellent skier and was amused by the inelegant way I attacked the slopes. Taking advantage of my gullibility, at one point he tricked me into going down a narrow and very steep double black diamond run, knowing I would make a complete fool of myself. We still were at an age when the risk of injury never would have entered our minds. It was worth it just to hear John’s high pitched laugh as he helped extricate me from a snow drift.

John married twice and had a total of four children. He was a dedicated family man. We were fortunate to receive periodic visits from John and his crew after we moved to California, because one of his sisters lived in our neighborhood. After he was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer in 2003, I visited him twice, first at the hospital and later at his home. Throughout this almost inevitably fatal illness he remained positive and focused on trying to beat the odds. The last time I saw John was three months before he died, when I and several other Wesleyan buddies gathered at his house. He knew the others were coming but my presence was a surprise. We joked, told stories, and laughed a lot. Despite his weakened condition, he was still Ketch.



Above: John Ketcham in 1969 (top); in 2006 (bottom).

David A. Klatell

(D. 8/11/2016)

By Bob Stone

David was an exceptional person—scarily smart, quick-witted and occasionally acerbic, but also warm, generous and fun-loving. He was a brilliant and dedicated professor, first at Boston University and later at the Columbia University School of Journalism, whose students and colleagues adored him. He was, inexplicably, a loyal Mets fan. And a loving husband and father, and extremely indulgent grandparent. I got to see all these traits during our many years of friendship. I also was privileged to see his silly side. Oh, could David be silly!

I first met David when we were freshmen at Wesleyan, but we didn’t get to know each other well until our sophomore year, when we both roomed at the Delta Tau Delta fraternity house. Not surprisingly, David wasn’t your typical fraternity guy. He had little patience for fraternity exclusionism and arcane rituals. By the time we were seniors, when he was elected chapter president, he had changed it, through his leadership, to a much more open organization. I’m certain that David and I were among the first Jews to pledge that fraternity, and the brothers might not have known we were Jewish when they asked us to join. By the time we were seniors, we also had people with much more recognizably Jewish names, and we had brought in African Americans and women. And when it came to rituals, David made up



his own to satirize what he regarded as complete nonsense. Somewhere he found a rubber fish and he soon had all of us chanting “BEHOLD THE FISH” while he proudly held it above his head with both hands.

I, along with several other members of our fraternity, were on the Wesleyan swim team, which had endured many lean years before we arrived. David was among the enthusiastic fan base who attended our meets. In our sophomore year, at a home meet, we beat Amherst for the first time in over 30 years. David and several other fraternity brothers watched from the balcony over the pool in the old Fayerweather Gymnasium. When the meet ended, David and some others jumped from the balcony into the pool. David’s aim wasn’t great and he landed straddling a lane rope. It’s miraculous that he was able to father two beautiful daughters after that incident.

In December of our senior year a draft lottery was held. Everyone was glued to the television set while birth dates randomly were pulled from a bowl, determining whether one would be required to report for military duty and almost certain deployment to Vietnam. It was quite a night and, of course, vast quantities of alcohol were consumed during the proceedings. When it was over, many of us were sure we would be heading to Southeast Asia. I don’t remember if it was David’s idea to have a mock battle at the Delt house that night, but I do recall vividly his participation in that battle. He grabbed a wooden road sign from the wall in his room, declared it to be a tank, placed a pot from the kitchen on his head, and rode the sign down the fraternity staircase on his belly. When he came to the first landing, the sign stopped but David kept on going. As a result, a large sliver of wood broke from the sign and became lodged in David’s thigh. Several of us had to carry him to the campus infirmary where the doctor spent at least an hour trying to remove wood from David’s thigh. Thus, he became the first war “casualty” in our class.

During the summer between our junior and senior years, David and I took a five-week cross-country trip in my father’s car. The trip was David’s idea. His thought was that we would camp out most of the time using his pup tent, and occasionally stay with college friends who hailed from different parts of the country. I was impressed that David, a city boy, not only possessed a pup tent but knew how to use it. That trip really sowed the seeds of our lifelong friendship. We took turns driving. We talked, laughed, sang, and acted like idiots. We camped in cornfields and national parks. When we reached the South Dakota badlands, we climbed rocks and had a pretend cowboys and Indians confrontation, complete with gunshot noises and elaborate “I’ve been hit” tumbles down the cliffs.

On that trip we came up with strange words and sounds that became part of our own personal lexicon for the rest of our lives. For example, David decided that the giant prairie dogs we encountered in Wyoming should be called “mighty brontomonks.” Somewhere along the line, for reasons that entirely escape me, we both started uttering the mysterious sound “Muh.” To this day I have no idea what it means, but it became a term of endearment David and I used with each other, even as supposedly mature adults. We would greet each other on the phone this way and use it as a comment on one another’s Facebook posts. Once, when we visited David and his wife at their condo in New York after not having seen them for years, David reached out to shake my hand while I (being the affectionate Californian) moved in to give him a full embrace. David returned the hug, reached around and squeezed my butt, and whispered somewhat lasciviously in my ear, “Muh.”

In recent years, we took a number of overseas trips with David and his wife Nancy, whom he had started dating during our senior year at Wesleyan. David, with his incredible knowledge of geography and history, did much of the planning and always was able to enlighten us as we toured other lands. He also was very resourceful, as when, during our driving trip through Provence, he convinced the rental car people that the severe damage to the tires and rims we’d caused by attempting to drive up some stairs really wasn’t our fault. Although we took these trips as adults, David and I often would resort to the juvenile behavior of our college days, and our wives would pretend not to know us.

In the last two years of David’s life we were lucky to see him much more often because his older daughter and her family had moved to Los Angeles. My friend’s passing was sudden, shocking, and devastating, but the time we shared will never be forgotten.



Above left: David Klatell and his future wife Nancy Laute, 1969.  
Top right: Beach bozos (David on left), 1972;  
Bottom right: David and his grandchildren, 2015.

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By Maurice Hakim

Dave was such a good-natured guy that one could not help but enjoy his company. A stranger might not know from a first encounter that someone who could be so goofy was so bright. I can’t imagine how enjoyable it must have been like to be a student in class taught by Dave at Columbia’s School of Journalism.

Others in our class who knew him better than me will have many stories to tell. What I remember best about Dave was our road trip in his car to a mixer at Bennington. We started a bit late and when we got on the Mass Pike, I told him to step on it. He was going about 80 MPH when a 1950’s green Rambler sped by us going at least 90 MPH. We were in shock. Regaining his composure, Dave determined that the guy must be headed to Bennington to get first dibs at the mixer. I couldn’t stop laughing. That was Dave at his best, a swell guy with an oft-times boyish sense of insightful humor that could make anyone happy.



**Paul E. Levine**

(D. 12/18/1987)

*Adapted from an obituary.*

Paul E. Levine, a partner in a Manhattan law firm, Wachtell, Lipton, Rosen & Katz, died Friday, apparently of a heart attack, at his home in Manhattan. He was 38 years old.

He was born in Staten Island and graduated from Wesleyan University and Columbia Law School. He also had a master's degree from the London School of Economics.



**Paul J. Mack**

(D. 10/6/2019)

*No personal information available.*

**Paul F. Macri**

(D. 4/9/2014)

*By Tim Greaney*

At Wesleyan, Paul was vibrant, full of enthusiasm, and most of all, possessed of curiosity. He was always interested in talking about music, politics, and all that engulfed us circa 1968–70. He was what Wesleyan strives for: intellectual curiosity, principles, and humor. Which he kept going his whole life.

History: My classmate at CSS and suitemate in Lawn Avenue, Paul married his high school pal soon after Wes, Joan, who logged many weeks on our campus, and logged some 50 years as Paul's soulmate. After moving to Maine with Paul in 1975, Joan became an award-winning teacher, debate coach, and eventually, political activist. Like we used to be, remember?

As did most of us from CSS, Paul went on to law school: University of Maine '76, clerked for the Attorney General of Maine, and then went on to a remarkable career in private practice. Primarily an appellate lawyer, he argued more cases before the Maine Supreme Court than any private attorney in history. Got awards and recognition, but more important to him, he represented real people who have been done wrong. Specializing in wrongful death cases, Paul helped numerous grieving family members get some measure of justice from our legal system.

Paul and I stayed in touch over the years, with only occasional visits.



*Paul seemed tremendously at home  
and grounded in Lewiston,  
tremendously connected to his community,  
active in local politics,  
reading voraciously,  
and proud of his work.*

He and Joan had a son and daughter (the latter went to Wesleyan got her J.D. at Northeastern). Their son, a psychiatric nurse practitioner working with the homeless in Boston, named Paul's grandson Paul. Enough said.

Paul loved music and humor, and was a big Monty Python fan. While in the hospital he played his 1,000-song iPad to the delight of other patients and was a source of comfort and joy for staff and others on his ward. Near the end, Paul was lying in the hospital, surrounded by his loved ones. He hadn't said anything in some time and some thought him asleep. They began talking among themselves. Whereupon—and God damn it, this is true—Paul sat upright and declared, “Not dead yet!” May we all aspire to check out with such music, grace and humor.

**Gregory L. Maire**

(D. 10/4/2015)

*Adapted from an obituary.*

Michael Horvich and Gregory Maire have lived and loved together in a committed, same sex relationship for the last 40+ years. Sunday at 12 noon, Gregory Maire, diagnosed with Young Onset Dementia/Alzheimer's and who had been living at the Lieberman Center for Health and Rehabilitation on the Special Memory Care Unit for the last 18 months, passed on to his next adventure on the other side of life as we know it.

Gregory lived with Michael who supported him during his Young Onset Dementia/Alzheimer's for 12 years and I mean they LIVED! They traveled the world, including month-long stays in Spain, France, several in Italy, and several in Mexico. Gregory continued to be active in many charitable organizations, attended the Lyric Opera and other theater events, entertained, and spent full days enjoying Evanston, where they lived, and Chicago culture.

Gregory was not a victim of Alzheimer's, he was a hero in life. His calm, gentle, thoughtful demeanor never failed him and he gave his love to family and friends as freely and easily as ever. Last Thursday he developed a cough and cold which quickly developed into pneumonia. Midwest Hospice did a stellar job of keeping Gregory comfortable and supporting Michael as well in his understanding of the process of dying. Gregory's death was an easy one for him and in his 4th day coma, he was able to close his lips and give Michael one last kiss. There is magic in life ... and in death.



Gregory did his undergraduate work at Wesleyan University in Connecticut and he graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Harvard University. He retired from his architect and interior designer firm, Gregory Maire Architect Ltd, in 2005. His homes and designs can be seen in Chicago's Gold Coast and throughout the North Shore suburbs. His firm was the consulting architects for renovations at The Baha'i Temple in Wilmette. His international work reached as far as Saudi Arabia.

Gregory's homes range in style from Modern to Arts & Crafts to Classical where he is equally well known for his historically accurate detail or innovative design. His work has been published in a number of architecture and design magazines as well as The New York Times and The Chicago Tribune.

Earlier in his career he was involved as a supervisor for an independent living house which is part of The Thresholds organization. In the past both Gregory and Michael were involved with Gay Horizons which eventually became The Center on Halsted, a community and support services center for the GBLTQ community. Gregory worked the hotline and facilitated coming-out groups. Gregory served on the board of DIFFA, Design Industry Foundation For AIDS for many years and served as president as well. He worked pro-bono for the Ragdale Foundation in Lake Forest helping to design a handicapped assessable artist studio for their residency program.

Although talented and creative his entire life, painting became a relatively new venture for him as supported by teacher, mentor, friend: Nancy Rosen. Gregory was very prolific in his work which included abstract images, color and pattern study and had several art shows including one at Lincolnwood Village Town Hall Gallery and at the Lieberman Center. Gregory was instrumental in helping create “Michael's Museum: A Curious Collection of Tiny Treasures” which went on to become a permanent exhibit at Chicago Children's Museum on Navy Pier.

**Alexander M. Marino (Alex)**

(D. 7/1/1968 \*unconfirmed)

*By Darryl Hazel*

Alex Marino, a member of our class, lost his life in the summer of 1968 due to a drug incident. He was a wrestler and a member of Psi U. His senseless death had a profound impact on some of his friends. Two, David Pollock and Peter Etkin, left Wesleyan the following year and never returned. For me, it graphically illustrated how precious life is, how you can unknowingly impact the people around you, and what a serious business living one's life is.



**Peter B. Martin (Pete)**

(D. 4/8/2005)

*By Jerry Cerasale*

I met Pete our freshman year as we both joined Kappa Nu Kappa. As members of a fraternity, we saw quite a lot of each other. Pete was very active in intramural sports, the finances of KNK, and running the eating club. Actually operating an eating and rooming facility with a group of individuals from throughout the country was one of the exciting events at Wes for Pete, and he was good at it.



*Whenever anyone needed help at KNK,  
Pete was there to lend a hand.  
He was that dependable.  
As a psychology major,  
he was interested in continuing  
to help others in need.*

During our last three years at Wes, Pete lived down the hall from me. We spent many hours laughing, joking and talking. Our discussions ranged from practical to theoretical to political. Many were simply frivolous. But I enjoyed every one of them.

After Wes, Pete went on to earn a PhD from, I think, Boston College. He established a clinical psychology practice in Massachusetts where he was raised. His wife is a minister, and Pete became a lay pastor—helping people in another realm. Sadly, a stroke took his life way too soon.

Backpacking and enjoying the beautiful world was a passion for Pete. I am certain that if he had any opportunity to help a patient outdoors rather than at his clinic, he would have taken it. So, Pete was an excellent student, a good athlete, an outdoorsman, and a soft-hearted man all of which were exemplified by his time at Wes and his career after. But most of all Pete was a friend.



**Jonathan E. Maslow  
(Jon)**

(D. 2/19/2008)

By Ted Reed

In the fall of 1980, I went back to school to study at Columbia School of Journalism. One day, walking across the Columbia campus, I saw someone familiar—familiar even though I had not seen him in a dozen years. It was Jon Maslow. He was an adjunct professor, as I recall, teaching a writing course in the J-School. We hung out throughout my year at Columbia and stayed in touch until Jon died of stomach cancer in 2008.

Jon was a journalist and writer, the author of half a dozen books. His writing was well-received even when the topics were as obscure as the quetzal bird of Guatemala or the cowboys of Turkmenistan. Jon got an obit in *The Times* and an entry in Wikipedia.

At Wesleyan, Jon, like me, was a member of EQV. We lived in EQV in the first semester of sophomore year. Before the semester ended, the building burned down, the result of a fire in Jon's room. As I recall, a burning cigarette butt was involved. Wesleyan decided not to re-open EQV and we all had to move out. Jon not only moved out, but also left Wesleyan and went to Marlboro College in Vermont. He told me he hadn't realized, when he was admitted, that Wesleyan wasn't co-ed at the time.

Jon graduated from Marlboro in 1971 and from Columbia Journalism in 1974. Afterwards, he wandered for a while. He spent seven years wandering around the Gulf of Mexico, visiting Florida, Mississippi, New Orleans, the Darien Gap in Panama and Colombia. He spent a year living in an attic in New Orleans and writing.

Jon eventually returned to the New York area. He was a New Jersey guy. He was born in Long Branch and graduated from high school in Red Bank. He ended up in central New Jersey, married to his third wife.

In the early '80s, Jon wrote a column for the *United Airlines* magazine. Afterwards, he found his niche as a writer. His obit describes him as "a journalist and naturalist whose travels took him from the rain forests of Central America to the steppes of Central Asia." It said that his books were about "rare, beautiful or otherwise beguiling animals in the wild, often in remote places."

As Jon turned out books, the animals became increasingly rare and the habitats increasingly hard to get to. *The Owl Papers*, published in 1983, was about endangered owls in New Jersey. In 1986, Jon wrote about the quetzal, the national bird of Guatemala, in *Bird of Life, Bird of Death: A Naturalist's Journey Through a Land of Political Turmoil*. In 1994, he published *Sacred Horses: The Memoirs of a Turkmen Cowboy*, about a rare breed of horse.

In 1995, Jon published *Torrid Zone*, a collection of seven short stories about the Gulf Coast. My favorite is "The Last Lector", set in Ybor City, a part of Tampa that was once filled



with cigar factories. Lectors were the people who read novels or newspapers aloud as the Cuban cigarmakers worked. In the story, Jon combines his loves for literature, Latin America, interesting characters and history.

Also in the 1990s, Jon took jobs as a reporter at New Jersey newspapers in Cape May and then in Paterson. He wasn't like me, someone who always wanted to be a reporter, and he started a little late in life. He once inscribed a book for me: Jonathan Maslow, oldest cub reporter.

Jon wasn't a huge baseball fan, but he was someone who, if you suggested going to a game, would say sure. In 1981, we saw Fernando Valenzuela's first game in New York. In 2003, we went to Philadelphia to see the Phillies play the Oakland A's. He enjoyed the game, but turned down my invitation to stay overnight in my hotel room because he wanted to get home. I think that was the last time I saw him.

One day in 2008 I opened the mail and found a card with a photo of Jon on the front. I thought it was an invitation to a 60th birthday party, but when I opened it, I found it was an invitation to a memorial celebration. Jon was 59.



Above: Jon Maslow poses in a 1994 publicity photo for *Sacred Horses: The Memoirs of a Turkmen Cowboy*.

**Douglas S. Maynard  
(Doug)**

(D. 11/1/2013)

By Tony Balis

Just look at that smile! Man, did Doug know joy. He totally asked the right questions of life, with never a trace of arrogance or presumption, never forcing his agenda on others, responding to people, as to life, with such unadulterated ease and such unparalleled good humor. He was generous and gentle, yet a self-reliant and rugged athletic warrior and lover of high mountain hikes across the globe. His famous laugh was wholehearted, without hesitation, always with kind intent—and it so easily embraced everyone within a country mile. After Wesleyan, he built a house in the woods of New Hampshire and worked most of his career as an independent investment counselor and accountant.

Forever alive to the opportunities of each day, Doug was happy alone or hanging with friends and teammates. He loved wilderness and history and sports. He cared not a whit about any manner of artificial success or an audience.

And one fine and fateful night in Concord (NH), he simply went out for a beer to watch the Celtics and right there beside him at the bar, he met Lorrie, the love of his life. They were inseparable for twenty-seven years.

Doug was indeed a superb athlete, incredibly strong, quick and coordinated, but also a keen observer of the subtleties of lacrosse or soccer.

*Captain of both teams his senior year,  
Doug was a natural leader  
and born competitor  
who urged his teammates  
to their best efforts,  
not only with the astonishing example  
of his raw athleticism,  
but also with his unflagging commitment  
to the competition at hand.*

He was the first third division athlete ever to be awarded first division all-American honors in lacrosse. He was all New England in soccer as well. Not least, and with amazing endurance, he played club lacrosse well into his 50s and 60s and was an inspiration to hundreds of high-schoolers that he coached in New Hampshire. Then one day a few years back, Dougie suddenly left us, running to keep in shape along the workout course he had created in the woods behind his home...



Here are a few words by John Muir that resonate with Doug's life view:

As long as I live I'll hear the birds and the winds and the waterfalls sing. I'll interpret the rocks and learn the language of flood and storm and avalanche. I'll make the acquaintance of the wild gardens and the glaciers and get as near to the heart of this world as I could. And so I did. I sauntered about from rock to rock, from grove to grove, from stream to stream, and whenever I met a new plant I would sit down beside it for a minute or a day, to make its acquaintance, hear what it had to tell. I asked the boulders where they had been and whither they were going, and when night found me, there I camped. I took no more heed to save time or to make haste than did the trees or the stars. This is true freedom, a good, practical sort of immortality.

—John Muir



Above: Doug Maynard.

**James G. McElroy, Jr.**

(D. 6/1/1976 \*unconfirmed)

No personal information available.





**Stephen J. Menick  
(Steve)**

(D. 5/13/2018)

*By Dan Rosenheim*

In the fall of 1966, the autumn before the Summer of Love, I had the good fortune to live next door to Stephen Menick in Howland Hall. Truth be told, my first impressions of Stephen were very much colored by, well, pot.

My roommate, Steve Ossad, and I were just discovering marijuana, but Menick came to Wesleyan adept in psychedelics and an early entrant into the counter culture. To a naive incoming freshman, there was an aura of mystery about Stephen's room, shrouded in curtains and decorated with ultraviolet lighting, where he burned incense and held forth on *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*.



*But it was also quickly clear  
that Stephen was a  
gentle and generous soul,  
an earnest and inquisitive,  
if slightly tortured,  
psychedelic voyager who had kind words  
for and about everyone he knew.*

He was happy to share his stash, and many was the night we sprawled on his carpet, listening to The Byrds sing “Eight Miles High,” a three-and-a-half minute cut that seemed to last for hours.

As we grew to know Stephen, we soon learned that he was intelligent, creative and interesting. He loved music and taught himself to be a passable guitarist. He wrote stories, read widely, liked talking about philosophy, and he laughed frequently.

Eighteen months later, Stephen became my next-door neighbor once again, this time in Paris during our joint semesters abroad in the spring of 1968.

We lived in the center of town in a handsome old building on the rue St Honore, the trendy Right Bank street filled with fashionable dress shops and jewelry stores. It was a long way from Foss Hill, all the more so in those pre-Internet, pre-mobile phone days.

I moved into a garret apartment, and my neighbors on the sixth floor, in a slightly larger studio with a galley kitchen and a loft bed over the entry door, were Stephen and his new girlfriend, a law school student from Yugoslavia named Nina Bakic. Nina was a sweet, caring woman, with a tendency to mother Stephen. She was larger than Stephen, who was Jack Sprat to her, tall and very lean with his long hair and fierce eyes.

Most mornings, Stephen would walk down six flights to the local bakery, and when he returned, I would step across the hall and join them for breakfast—usually tartines of French bread with sweet butter and café au lait. I remember how the rising steam from our mugs was caught in the sunlight streaming through the window as Stephen played Charles Lloyd’s “Forest Flower” on the phonograph.

One day, Stephen and Nina invited me to join them and a French friend for lunch. We all met at Popotte, a little restaurant Stephen selected on the rue Gregoire de Tours in the Latin Quarter, where we sat at a wood counter and ate steak frites. It was a simple meal, but memorable because the friend Stephen wanted me to meet, Marisabel Baylion, became my girlfriend for the next three years. (Marisabel later allowed that her real reason for attending the lunch was that she had eyes for Stephen, whom she found romantic and enigmatic).

A few months later, France blew up with street demonstrations and a nationwide general strike that brought the country to a standstill for the better part of a month. I was drawn to the demonstrations and moved out of my room, into a Latin Quarter hotel that housed a number of my Wesleyan classmates and was more in the center of things. In the process, I largely lost track of Stephen. I did know that he had minimal interest in France’s political upheaval, although he attended a giant May Day demonstration, coming away, he told me later, with an indelible image of an anarchist girl, dressed all in black, who spent an entire afternoon riding on her bearded boyfriend’s shoulders while she held a black flag.

After that, Stephen and I were out of touch for 50 years. And then, early in 2018, I reached out to him for help with a memoir I was writing about those days back in Paris.

We caught up with each other through a series of emails.

I learned that Stephen had become an accomplished writer, video producer and director, whose work had been recognized with four regional Emmys, several national Emmy nominations, a starred review in *Publishers Weekly* and a National Book Award nomination.

He lived in Washington, DC, and was married to a woman from Serbia. He had a son, Alex, a student at George Mason University and talented musician of whom Stephen spoke with pride—the pride was later very much reciprocated in a loving reminiscence that Alex wrote about his father.

I asked Stephen to critique my memoir, and he did—with kindness, but in detail, and with unsparing critical honesty.

He also told me he had recently visited Paris.

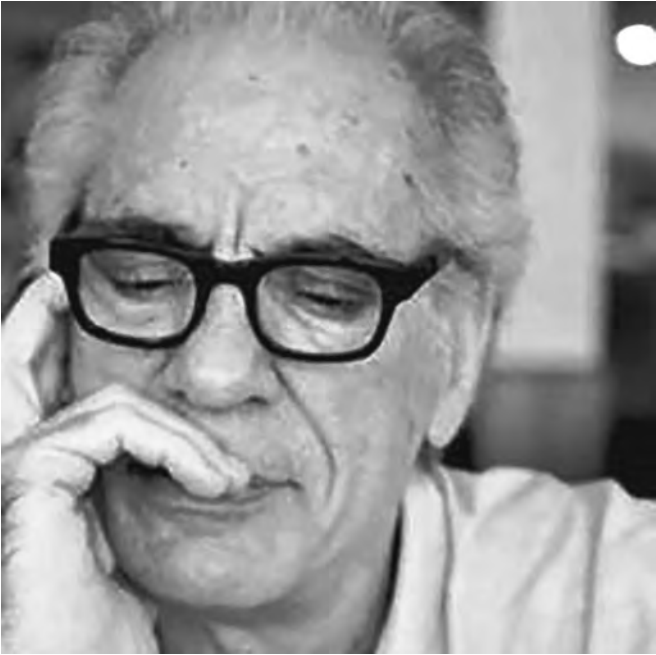
“The Paris we knew was still a post-war town,” he wrote. “It is not the same city. The 21st-century Paris feels like just that: a 21st-century city.”

And then Stephen told me he had been diagnosed two years earlier with Stage IV colon cancer, which now had metastasized to his liver. He had just come home, he said, after a nine-day stay at Georgetown Hospital.

Stephen confronted his death with fearless grace and without complaint. As his son, Alex, noted, Stephen used the time he had left to do what he loved most, which was writing. Stephen was actually quite excited that he had just finished a novel, *Ruby Highland*, and he wanted that, not his work in film, to be his legacy.

And he spoke of his illness with equanimity and of his life with gratitude.

“I’m in palliative care and may have just a few days remaining,” he wrote. “But I’ve been privileged to experience an awe-inspiring and humbling display of love, love from my family and from my friends.”



*Above: Steve Menick, Spring 2018.*

**Leroy O. Moore**

(D. 1/18/2010)

*By Lawrence Madlock*

Leroy Moore (1947–2010) was from Memphis, TN. He attended Melrose High School with me. He graduated from the Riverdale School in the Bronx before coming to Wesleyan.



*While at Wesleyan  
Leroy majored in psych and  
minored in Spanish.  
He was a member of the  
freshman football team.  
His biggest involvement was with Ujamaa.  
He spent his junior year in Spain.  
He was known for his brilliant wit and  
his love of late night card games.*

After graduation he received a master’s in educational psych from The College of William and Mary. He was employed in the admissions office of several universities before finally coming back to Memphis where he was in charge of several programs at the University of Tennessee Health Science Center for encouraging students to enter the sciences. He remained there until his retirement shortly before his death.

He was survived by his wife Cecelia and his daughter.

**Robert I. Nathanson**

(D. 12/31/1975 \*unconfirmed)

*No personal information available.*





**Walter Niemasik, Jr.  
(Wally)**

(D. 12/7/2012)

By Maurice Hakim

Wally and I were close friends for our last two years at Wesleyan. The infamous poker game at the CSS lounge was usually organized by Wally. Around the table one could find class notable Murray Krugman as well as faculty notable and professor of history Jeffrey Butler. Murray loved 7 Card High-Low and relished the declaration after the 7th card when he would tell us that both hands—not just the chip hand—had to be over the table. For obvious reasons, Butler didn’t cater to Murray’s sense of humor. Wally would look down at his cards and smile behind his hand so as not to offend one of his mentors.

As the designated captain of the varsity poker team, Wally arranged a game at Storrs with some UConn guys he knew from high school. We traveled over an hour, saying along the way that we would clean up playing against a bunch of alleged dumbbells. Little did we expect to get cleaned out.

Wally was blessed with a sharp mind and keen studying skills and he made the most of these attributes at Wesleyan, Georgetown Law, Stanford Graduate School of Business, and ultimately during his immensely successful career in finance. By the end of his life, he ran a mid-cap fund out of San Francisco. His success was shared with others besides his dear family. His volunteer work and philanthropy to several charities and schools, especially Wesleyan, was magnanimous.

I last saw Wally at his office overlooking the bay and San Francisco. When I updated him on my tea business, he offered up, without my asking, an introduction to the president of Safeway. One phone call from Wally to him and I soon had an appointment to meet with the head beverage buyer. I didn’t know how ill Wally was at that time. He never even hinted that he was ill and had cancer and I didn’t know until I read the news in the Wesleyan alumni magazine that he passed away only months after my visit. I was shocked and saddened to lose a great friend.



Above: Wally Niemasik montage created by his family.



By Tim Greaney

Wally and I roomed together for two years at CSS and again three years later, after graduation from law school, shared a townhouse in Washington, DC. We stayed in close touch ever since. Wally and I had a number of things in common—law school, terrific marriages and kids, and satisfying careers. Another thing, Wally and I were that rare commodity at Wesleyan (though maybe less so than at other elite schools), we were both the product of working class parents. Wally’s father was a cook at UConn, his brothers served in the military, and he was the first to go to college. One other thing, Wally stood out among our peers as someone who openly stated he wanted to make money someday. Not a common (or fashionable) ambition among our classmates (at least, back in the day). He succeeded in achieving that goal and many, many others.

Wally got a J.D. at Georgetown and subsequently joined the Antitrust Division of the US Department of Justice. A few years later he became an associate at a prominent DC law firm. He worked long hours and was doing well, but it dawned on him that a career in law was not going to fulfill his dreams. So he and his wonderful wife, Julie Kaufman, packed up and moved out to the Left Coast, both having gained admission to an up-and-coming Business School—Stanford. It proved to be the right move. Julie went on to work for Bain & Company, and later specialized in market research for a major consulting firm and eventually started her own practice. Both of their sons are doing quite well, working at an up-and-coming tech firm named Google.

After getting his MBA, Wally founded a small cap fund and later moved to Snyder Capital Management where he started as an analyst, became the linchpin of the firm’s sales department, and eventually became CEO, with a San Francisco office and view beyond description. He travelled a lot, worked long hours, and prospered, but spent every waking hour devoted to his family. He did find time to become an accomplished tennis player (I beat him at Wesleyan, but discovered to my chagrin that he’d long passed me by once he hit the Left Coast. Must have been the good weather, or maybe it was the tennis court he had in his back yard!) The sources of his business success reflected the traits of the Wally I knew at Wesleyan—hard working, gregarious, and astute. He was also a genuinely kind person. On being diagnosed with cancer, he spent many hours inpatient and outpatient at Stanford. It came as no surprise for me to learn from Julie that the hospital designated him as an informal counselor to talk to other patients with terminal diagnoses.

One of my fondest memories of Wesleyan is staying up all night to watch Wally play poker. His opponents were much better equipped financially to handle what seemed to me to be extraordinary stakes. Which made it all the more satisfying to watch him consistently take them to the cleaners. Never had the guts to play myself, but learned a lot from Wally’s strategic moves and especially his ability to read the room. Another moment I’ll never forget, sitting on our couch on December 1, 1969, holding hands and nervously watching the draft lottery. We both lucked out. And luck is the key word—neither of us had an out, as poker players say. Ok, one more. We’re living together in DC after law school, no money, big time student loans. Wally comes back from work, reaches into his brief case and proudly pulls out two rolls of toilet paper. “We’re set for a while,” he announced. One sweet, stand-up guy.

**Thurman N. Northcross**

(D. 6/20/2019)

By Lawrence Madlock

Thurman N. Northcross (1948-2019) was from Memphis, TN. He graduated from Manassas High school.

At Wesleyan he majored in math and economics. He stayed at Wesleyan an extra year to complete a research project to get the double major. He was a music lover who helped organize our concerts and road trips to hear different performers. He was deeply involved with Ujamaa and the establishment of the Malcolm X house.

After graduation he attended Carnegie-Mellon University and received an MBA and master’s in industrial organization. Several years later he returned to Memphis and was involved in several startup companies and business think tanks. He had his private businesses running until he was stricken by a progressive neuromuscular disease that had him confined to a bed in a nursing home for about the last five years. His mind was sharp until the end. He blogged by voice control and hand, on politics, economics, philosophy and history and until his death in June 2019. He was divorced and left a son, Cortlandt, and many friends and family.

At right: Thurman Northcross.



**Theodore M. Payne (Ted)**

(D. 4/21/2002)

Adapted from an obituary.

Ted Payne died on April 21, 2002 at 52 years of age, a resident of Harding Township, NJ, and Oakey Point in Cundy’s Harbor, ME. He was an investment analyst with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and a graduate of Mamaroneck High School, Wesleyan University and Harvard Business School. He was a member of the Harvard Club of New York.

Ted was a man of principal, honor, integrity and dignity. He reveled in his enthusiasm for life. His optimism for the future never wavered. His character, courage and convictions will be remembered and live on in his loved ones as we continue to celebrate his life. He was a man of extraordinary intelligence and taste who lived his life with grace and style.



He will be deeply missed by his partner, his family and his friends throughout the world. We are all honored to have been the beneficiaries of his warmth, strength, intellect and insight, and most importantly common sense. Ted, you are physically gone from our lives but you will live on in our hearts forever.

**Arden Reed (Bud)**

(D. 12/20/2017)

By Mark Fuller

Arden Reed was known as “Bud” when I met him at Wesleyan. We roomed together in Lawn Avenue, along with Ed Castorina, the third member of our triumvirate, sharing music, conversation, struggles—both academic and personal, and a fair amount of controlled substances. Arden was sui generis. Tall and lean with olive skin, an exotic profile and a towering afro, he cut a distinctive figure on campus, abetted by his scholarly brilliance, outgoing and witty personality, and willingness to be outrageous when the occasion demanded. Denver born and bred, he introduced me and a cohort of other Wesleyan pals to the joys of mountain living which affected us all, for better or worse, and led directly to my long-time and ongoing residence in Colorado. We kept in touch over the years, through his marriage, fatherhood, academic career at Pomona College, and, eventually, his coming out as a gay man and his long and loving relationship with his partner, Dru. Arden spent part of each year in Santa Fe where he nurtured his love for contemporary art, becoming both a collector and a respected critic on the local scene. Penny and I visited him and Dru there every summer where we reveled in the inevitable nostalgia, news of family and careers, and the beauty of his pastoral compound on Old Dog Run south of the city.

Arden was an insightful and thorough dissector of literature and art, a widely respected and highly-honored teacher and a prolific author on the intersections between art, literature and culture. He was also earthy and unpretentious, endlessly curious, and a loyal and treasured friend, with a special affection for Wesleyan, where he enjoyed lecturing from time to time. He died suddenly and far too young and he is sorely missed.

At right: Arden Reed, Hotel Stella, 1968.





**Mark M. Rosenthal**

(D. 2/3/2010)

*Adapted from an obituary.*

Mark Rosenthal, 61, was born in Connecticut and raised in New Jersey. He attended Wesleyan University and University of Michigan Law School.

Mark practiced law in Washington, DC and Los Angeles for 36 years, most recently as chair of the National Sports Law Group at Jeffer Mangels Butler & Marmaro.



**Walter H. Samuel II**

(D. 10/26/2013)

*No personal information available.*



**John W. Scott, Jr. (Scotty)**

(D. 4/16/2008)

*By Bob Stone*

John (“Scotty”) Scott was irrepressible. Nothing stopped him. Scotty had a severe visual impairment, requiring that he wear glasses with extremely thick lenses which provided only minimal correction. To be able to read, he pressed a magnifying lens over one eye.

He grew up in the segregated south and, for a time, was denied the right to attend his local public high school because of his race. In 1963, he and several other African-American students won a federal lawsuit allowing him to be among the first to integrate that Fredericksburg, VA, school.

*At Wesleyan, John was welcomed as the first African-American member of our fraternity, Delta Tau.*

Despite the challenges posed by his vision disability, he not only was an outstanding student but also served for three years as the swim team manager, keeping records for the coach. He was constantly upbeat, friendly and supportive. Everyone wanted to hang out with Scotty.

After college, Scotty went to law school at University of Virginia. He then worked for the NAACP Legal and Educational Defense Fund, after which he joined a Fredericksburg law firm, ultimately becoming its managing partner.

In 1990, he was appointed General District Court judge in Stafford County, VA, becoming the first African-American to serve on the bench in the Fredericksburg area. Six years later he was elevated to circuit judge in Fredericksburg. He married Alda White, another lawyer who had been active in the civil rights movement, and they had three sons.

In 2006, while on a civil war battlefield road trip through the south, my wife and I visited Scotty. He was excited to reunite with a college friend and fraternity brother. He proudly gave us a tour of his courtroom and chambers, then we and our spouses had a lovely and memorable dinner together.

His vision had deteriorated even more, leaving him legally blind, but he soldiered on as a jurist and a cherished and respected member of his community. He died after eye surgery two years later, having achieved quite a lot in his 59 years on earth.



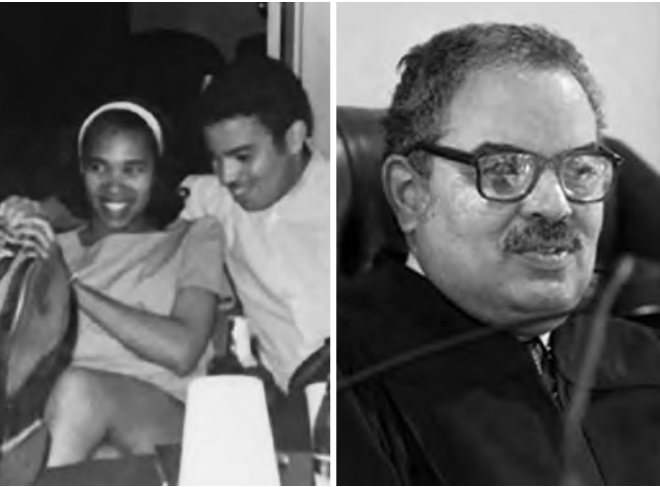
*By Jerry Cerasale*

John and I knew each other at Wesleyan particularly as Government majors. We also worked together in the tumultuous days prior to our graduation—would there be a graduation ceremony? If so, what? Our paths crossed again at University of Virginia School of Law. John attended immediately after Wesleyan, and I had a two year detour in the Army. John was the polished third year student while I was the nervous first-year fearing that I had lost my academic edge in the Army. John was a calming influence. He took the time from his studies and family to mentor me through the first year at UVA. That was a privilege for which I am forever grateful.

During that “mentoring process” our friendship grew. We spent hours talking about the paths our lives had taken—a black from Virginia and a white from an Italian immigrant family in Connecticut. During one of our talks I learned that John had integrated Fredericksburg High School. I can only imagine the hate and anger that was directed toward him. As he explained his high school experience, he told me that he did not know if he would do it again if given the opportunity. The pain was there. Yet, he was my friend. He said that Wesleyan, although not perfect, was a respite from his high school days.

Knowing John, I believe he would integrate high school again.

*He was a soft spoken, friendly, warm individual who had great courage. He left a legacy for students in Fredericksburg that lives on today more than 50 years later. He helped the lives of many. What a successful life!*



*Above, left: John Scott, Jr. in 1970. On right: General District Court/Circuit Judge.*

**William R. Steinhurst**

(D. 7/24/2014)

*Adapted from an obituary.*

William R. Steinhurst, of Montpelier, died on July 24, 2014, surrounded by family. Bill grew up in Boston, MA, and graduated from The Boston Latin School. He earned a bachelor’s degree in physics from Wesleyan University, where he met his future wife. They moved to Vermont in 1970, eventually settling in Montpelier. Bill was a State of Vermont public servant for more than three decades, initially with the Department of Corrections, and for over 20 years with the Department of Public Service where his roles included Director of Regulated Utility Planning from 1986-2003.

While helping raise a family of four young children, Bill earned masters and PhD degrees from the University of Vermont. In his tradition of service, along with his wife and daughter, Bill volunteered for the Girl Scouts at the local and state levels.

After leaving state service, Bill joined Synapse Energy Economics, Inc. Bill was considered a national expert in the field of energy regulation, energy forecasting, and modeling. He particularly enjoyed consulting and providing expert testimony.

An accomplished expert witness, he took pleasure in discussing with colleagues how to persuasively explain technical and scientific theories to non-experts. Bill cherished the flexibility and the relaxed Hawaiian shirt dress code of working from home. He took on projects that allowed him to travel, spend time with family, and share his unique brand of humor.

In addition to his professional career, Bill was an active musician. As a youngster, he played piccolo in The Boston Latin School Marching Band at the inauguration of President John F. Kennedy. As an adult, he played saxophone in multiple community bands, including the Waterbury Community Band, and was a founding member of Green Mountain Swing. Although physically unable to perform in recent months, Bill continued to enjoy music and spending time with fellow musicians.



*Above: William Steinhurst.*

**Patrick J. Stern**

(D. 9/16/2003)

*No personal information available.*



**Allen P. Stuhr**

(D. 12/9/1981 \*unconfirmed)

*No personal information available.*



## Alejandro D. Sujo (Aly)

(D. 10/5/2008)

By Stephen Talbot

Alejandro “Aly” Sujo, one of the slyest, most charismatic characters in our Wesleyan Class of 1970. Looked like a cross between Ringo and a Latin American soccer star. Last conversations I had with Aly were when he had become an arts reporter for Reuters, always looking for a provocative angle.

He was one of those people you never forget. Some things I’ll always remember...

Aly, the anarchist/hippie, organizing a bunch of friends to climb up into the trees outside Howland Hall on a beautiful spring day during our freshman year—putting hi-fi speakers in the branches and playing “Strawberry Fields Forever” over and over. I think marijuana may have been involved. Squirt guns, too. It was idyllic.

And Aly, a co-conspirator, joining former classmates Dave Davis, Deirdre English and me in protests against the war in Vietnam in Washington, DC, in the spring of 1971, where our slogan was, “If the government doesn’t stop the war, we’ll stop the government.” Our button featured Gandhi with a raised fist. Along with thousands of others, we managed to shut down some key intersections and roads, but in the end, police and troops rounded up something like 10,000 of us, the largest single-day arrest in the nation’s history. Most of us ended up behind a chain link fence on the Redskins’ practice field, next to RFK Stadium, surrounded by soldiers with rifles. Dr. Benjamin Spock was in there with us. Congresswoman Bella Abzug, wearing one of her distinctive enormous hats, came by to express her support. As the day dragged on, we tried to keep our spirits up, but Aly was nervous. I can’t recall what his exact immigration status was at the time, but I know he felt he couldn’t afford to be booked or dragged into court. So we decided to try to smuggle him out.

Amazingly, a documentary crew led by a Puerto Rican director I knew from New York managed to get into our holding area. We explained the situation with Aly, a Venezuelan, and they were willing to help a *compañero*. We formed a huddle around Aly while he put on the director’s beret, black leather jacket and press pass. When the crew left, after filming their news report, a disguised Aly went with them, slipping past the outwitted guards. I can still see Aly giving a sly wink before vanishing.

A week or so before that, Aly was helping Dave, Deirdre and me make a film about Vietnam Veterans Against the War, who had gathered on the steps of the capitol to throw away their medals in protest (John Kerry was one of their leaders). It’s still one of the most dramatic, moving experiences of my life. The vets had been camping out on the Washington Mall for several days, and the atmosphere was tense because police kept threatening to bust up the camp. One night when it got cold and the paranoia was rife, Aly disappeared. The next thing I know he shows up with half the cast of “Hair” to entertain the frazzled anti-war troops.

Turns out his actress girlfriend was in a road company of the musical down the street at the old National Theater. Who knew? A few rousing songs lifted everyone’s spirits, and the



vets were able to climb into their sleeping bags happy that night, thanks to Aly.

Aly was a prankster with a conscience, an impish practitioner of performance art when those things were still called “happenings”.

Also, most of the Class of 1970 owes him a debt because he helped us graduate. There was still a gym class requirement in those days and many of us had blown it off. (It always irritated me that playing rugby on a club team didn’t count!) Which meant that as graduation approached in our tumultuous senior year, ’69-’70, lots of us were not going to graduate unless the gym requirement was waived. Aly and some other brave souls organized a protest. They threatened a sit-in at half time of a big home football game, and presto, the administration backed down at the last minute to avoid a conflict in front of the visiting alumni. They lifted the gym requirement, and hence, many of us received degrees. Right on, Aly.

## Andrew F. Toth (Andy)

(D. 12/19/2005)

By Jim Elston

Andy passed away in November 2005 at his home in Denpasar, Bali after a long battle with lung and brain cancer. A self-actualized individual, he devoted his life to what he loved best: the classical music traditions of Bali and Java, their performance and analysis. He was highly respected in the field of ethnomusicology as a first class musician, researcher, teacher, scholar, recorder and colleague. As American Consular Agent in Bali he was instrumental in helping numerous others—musicians, scholars, students, tourists, politicians, sailors—find the “real” Bali beyond the typical tourist experience. He was a passionate friend and husband who loved fishing, SCUBA, white water rafting, squash and, most of all, punning. He leaves behind a gaping hole, and will be sorely missed by his colleagues and friends.

Andy was a local Connecticut boy who attended the public schools in the nearby town of Meriden. His interest in music began early with the accordion, which he played at family and school events. In high school, he played guitar with the most popular rock and roll band in the region, the North Atlantic Invasion Force. A product of the post-Sputnik era, he was fascinated by science and won a Special Summer Study Grant from the National Science Foundation to study astronomy. He was valedictorian of his class at Orville Platt High School and came to Wesleyan as a freshman in the fall of 1966 as one of Hoy’s Boys in the class of 1970. His extraordinary family also sent his younger siblings Patrick (1978) and Mary Ann (1975) to Wesleyan.

Andy came to Wesleyan with the intention of being a Chemistry major and quickly became associated with the brilliant Dr. Peter Leermakers. As Leermaker’s research assistant, Andy worked in the photochemistry lab and co-authored papers on photochromism as an undergraduate. Rock n’ roll remained a force in his life, and he was a member of the dynamic campus band, Uranus and the Five Moons. But, this was Wesleyan, and Professor Bob Brown (who passed away



within days of Andy) had established a ground-breaking program in ethnomusicology focusing on both performance and scholarship including the cultural traditions of West Africa, North and South India, Japan and Indonesia. Visiting artists from these countries and their students put on compelling concerts of music and dance which riveted the attention of most undergraduates many of whom would try their hand at mastering one or more of these disciplines. Some took up the infectious talking drums of Ghana; others were fascinated by the sinuous rhythms of the tabla and mridangam; and many fell in love with the ethereal and stately classical tradition of Javanese gamelan. This was one of the things that made (and still makes) the Wesleyan experience so distinctive, unique and exciting.

Andy experimented with several music traditions, but, with Bob Brown as his mentor, committed himself to the musical culture of Java and Bali. He performed regularly with the gamelan orchestra under the supervision of Pak Prawoto-saputro and finally made the difficult decision to become a music major. He received a Wesleyan Honors College Fellowship and spent a semester traveling and studying with Bob Brown in India, Java and Bali, his first taste of international travel. He was hooked. Andy wrote his Honors Thesis on The Gamelan Sekati of Central Java and graduated Cum Laude with High Honors in Music. He was well on his way to becoming a master musician specializing in gender, an elaborating instrument which plays phrasings around the core melody line.

After graduation, Andy accompanied Bob Brown to the brand new California Institute of the Arts where Bob was establishing a program in Ethnomusicology. Andy was a graduate student in the MFA program and served as a Teaching Assistant. In 1971, supported by a Foreign Study Grant from Cal Arts, Andy went on the first American Society for Eastern Arts trip to Java and Bali. Coordinated by Bob Brown, this seminal trip included many of the people who would become key figures in the field of Ethnomusicology particularly in the area of Indonesian music. The group included several other Wesleyan students: Alan Feinstein (1970), Michael Flynn (1970) and John Pemberton (1970). Bob arranged for this group to study with many of the top musicians and teachers in Java and Bali. On this trip Andy met Danielle Diffloth, a professional photographer who was resident in Java doing a photo documentary accompanied by her young daughter, Natalie Diffloth (Wesleyan 1987). Andy married Danielle in 1974.

After receiving his MFA from Cal Arts in 1972, Andy joined the PhD program in Ethnomusicology at UCLA where he was able to work with the legendary Mantle Hood, one of the giants of the field (and who also passed away recently). As a Visiting Instructor he taught courses in ethnomusicology and performance at several schools in the LA area. He was also Curator of the Colin McPhee Collection at UCLA.

In 1975, he received a Fulbright-Hays Dissertation Abroad Fellowship, and he and Danielle spent a year in Bali doing research and making recordings on tuning systems for Balinese gamelans. Andy became fluent in both Indonesian and Balinese and continued studying with the best musicians in Bali. Andy was very active publishing articles and reviews, assisting on record albums and films, attending and giving papers at the Society for Ethnomusicology and other professional organizations, and giving invited lectures. Of course, he also maintained a satisfying schedule of performances of both Javanese and Balinese music.

After completing the requirements for the PhD at UCLA in 1978, Andy took a position back East as an Assistant Professor at Brown University teaching Ethnomusicology. Using instruments he had brought back from Indonesia, he set up performing groups for both Javanese and Balinese music in Providence. He also performed with the Boston Village Gamelan established in 1979 by Wesleyan graduates Sam Quigley and Alan Robinson. He continued working on his dissertation research and his active program of teaching, publishing, speaking and performing.

In 1983, Andy left Brown and got divorced. After a brief stint working as a computer programmer, he made the decision to follow his heart and return to Bali where he could continue his studies and immerse himself in the culture that he loved. For a number of years he worked with the Ford Foundation and as a Visiting Lecturer at the Indonesian College of Arts (STS) in Denpasar teaching field research methods and ethnomusicology. He became a mainstay of the expat community in Bali performing gender wayang regularly in local festivals and available to help students and researchers, scholars and filmmakers.

In 1989, he became the third American musician proficient in Balinese music to become US Consular Agent. In this position he was in charge of caring for US interests and citizens in Bali. He took care of visa problems, legal problems, illness and accidents, seeing that American citizens received necessary services and aid in returning to the US. He organized visits by dignitaries including Secretaries of State, Presidents and ships full of sailors. And he continued to play a critical role facilitating the visits of students, scholars and tourists and gaining them entry to vast and intriguing cultural life of Bali. Many people dramatically benefited from his knowledge of music and culture and his expertise at negotiating the system to gain access to the most interesting people and events. He was active in the Rotary Club and settled into a productive and satisfying life in Bali.

Andy met Janti Nasution, a Batak from Java, and married her in 1993. She became his soul mate and played a major role in the rest of his life.

After so many years in the tropics, Andy’s fair skin became a problem. He suffered from a variety of skin cancers that required numerous medical procedures in Australia and Singapore.

In October 2002, the second of two terrorist bombs exploded outside his office, thankfully with no casualties. Shortly thereafter, Andy resigned as Consular Agent. He took a position in a silver exporting company and continued his life as a well-connected expat. Over time, his illness increasingly compromised his ability to function, and after a long struggle, he finally passed away in November 2005.

Janti and Andy were a devoted couple. As his illness became severe, she lovingly supported and cared for him, staying in close communication with physicians in Bali and with Andy’s friends, family, and other physicians in the U.S. and Europe. Janti intends to donate his extensive collection of books, papers, research notes, recordings and photos to the Wesleyan University Music Library. It is her wish that these materials be available to scholars and interested researchers.



Walter G. Trice

(D. 8/23/2009)

Adapted from an obituary.

Walter G. Trice, 60, died suddenly on Sunday, August 23rd at Saint Vincent Hospital of natural causes. He was one of the USA's top ten backgammon players and the author of several books including the modern classic *Backgammon Boot Camp*. He also wrote computer programs such as "Bearoff Quizmaster" and was a contributing columnist for the on-line magazines "GammonLife" and "GammonVillage." He was the secretary of the New England Backgammon Club, a member of the Seven Hills Wheelmen and the Easy C Riders.

Walter was born in Oak Ridge, Tennessee the son of James and Dorothy (Spragens) Trice. A graduate of Wesleyan University, Walter worked for Paul Revere Life Insurance Company for 20 years as an actuary before retiring in 1987.

He leaves his wife, Donna M. (McDermott) Trice, two step-children, William Galeckas and Lisa Galeckas of Worcester, and three beloved step-granddaughters.



Above: Walter Trice.

George B. Von Der Lippe

(D. 11/2/2009)

By Jerry Cerasale

I met George at my first track practice freshman year at Wes. Since we were both sprinters, we spent many hours together at practices. As you might expect, track practices can be boring at times—unless dodging baseballs when track and baseball teams practiced at the same time, a Wesleyan specialty. Running with George, however, cured boredom.



He was always the practical joker,  
leading us into goofy and  
many times foolish adventures.

George could tell jokes that kept us laughing,  
but he was best at story telling.

He regaled us with stories of his escapades both in Natick, Massachusetts and Wesleyan, including his experience with law enforcement in Providence. I have no idea how much, if any, truth was contained in the stories, but they were great listening. Many times the track team was in full belly laugh after a Von der Lippe story. I remember George as a tall lanky kid with a smile who always could make me laugh.

Lawrence B. Wernick  
(Larry)

(D. 11/4/2004)

Adapted from an obituary.

Lawrence Wernick, 56, of Longmeadow, MA, died Thursday November 4, 2004 at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. He was born January 28, 1948 in Portland, Maine, the son of the late Maine Supreme Court Justice Sydney W. Wernick and Charlotte (Berman) Wernick. He attended Suffield Academy, received a bachelor's degree magna cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa from Wesleyan University in 1970, and a juris doctor degree, cum laude from Harvard Law School in 1973, admitted to practice in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, U.S. District Court, District of Massachusetts, U.S. Court of Appeals, First Circuit, and the U.S. Supreme Court. He practiced law in Boston for ten years as an associate at Burns and Levinson and was a partner at Craig and Macauley. In 1983, he moved to Longmeadow and became a partner at the Springfield law firm of Cohen Rosenthal. He served as chairman of the merit selection panel for the appointment of the magistrate judge for the U.S. District Court in Western Massachusetts.

On September 20, 1996, Governor William F. Weld appointed him an Associate Justice of the Superior Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He served on that court for eight years until his retirement in May 2004.

As a member of the community he served on the Boards of the Jewish Federation of Greater Springfield and the Jewish Family Services. He was a member of the Jewish Community Center and Crestview Country Club. He sat on the Hearing Committee of the Board of Bar Overseers and was a member of the Hamden County Bar Association, Massachusetts Defense Lawyers Association, and Supreme Judicial Court Historical Society. Judge Wernick served on the Supreme Judicial Court Steering Committee on unrepresented litigants. Judge Wernick leaves his wife of twenty three years, Carol Halpern Wernick of Longmeadow, three sons, Andrew, Daniel and Seth Wernick all at home.



Gary E. Whiten

(D. 3/11/2018)

Adapted from an obituary.

Gary Whiten died March 11, 2018, at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital. Born on July 12, 1948, in NYC. Son of Tuskegee Airman and teacher; raised at Riverton Houses, Harlem. Attended Haaren H.S., Wesleyan University, LIU, and City College of NY. Producer of Emmy Award winning WPIX Action News *Harper Report*, editor *Main Man* magazine. Boy Scout Troop 163, concert violinist, member of the Mensa Society.



Charles E. Ziff (Charley)

(D. 7/4/1992)

By Bob Murphy

Charley Ziff was a sensitive, creative guy whom I met through the WESU radio station. Charley was the main voice of WESU radio during our time in Middletown. Charley invited me to join him, Bill Hennessey '70, and Lawrence Marks '72 in a Lawn Avenue suite in 1969. Charley and I had already become friends such that I spent time helping Charley, at the end of our sophomore and junior years, in Readfield, ME, with set-up of the theatre and arts programs for a summer camp at which he was the artistic director. Charley welcomed adventure. One excursion was a trip to Montreal after we had completed summer camp set-up. Of course, the year, 1968, required "the look" appropriate for the time: red-white-blue bell bottoms, scraggly beards and glazed facial expressions resulting in an expected strip-search of Charley's car by the authorities at the border—no harm, no foul, nothing found.

After Wesleyan, Charley returned to New York where his creative energies were invested first in broadcast journalism, working at CBS News and WOR, and later as artistic director for the Brooklyn Institute of Dance before starting his own agency specializing in the promotion of performing arts organizations. He counted the Paul Taylor Dance Company, the New York City Opera and National Actors Theater amongst his notable clients. In addition to his business, Charley was one of the chief organizers of the 1987 "Dancing for Life" benefit at the New York State Theater, which raised \$1.4 million for AIDS research. Charley was taken from us in 1992, by AIDS.







# WESLEYAN 70

## Faculty Tributes

From **JOEL ADAMS:**

**David Adamany** was an impressive teacher and I followed his career over several decades. (first CEO of a public school system, University President...) Over a few beers, he shared a story I have never forgotten. David came to Wesleyan from being the campaign manager for the Democratic candidate for Governor of Michigan. A few weeks before the end of the campaign, a race track owner arrived carrying a briefcase with \$50,000 in cash. He wanted an extra week (or two, I don't recall) on the racing season he was allowed to be open. This, of course, would require the permission from the Racing Commissioner, a person to be appointed by the Governor. Deal! They took the money.

From **PETER ANDERSON:**

Physics **Professor Bud Bertman** was very gregarious and helpful. He died at age 36 of a ruptured aortic aneurism while I was at Wesleyan. He was home in bed with a cold, and his wife went into the bedroom to tell him she was going out shopping, so she was with him when he died. I still have two of his electromagnetics textbooks. One book has a bookmark made by their three-year-old child.

From **BOB APTER:**

**Richard Winslow** in the music department was always a great inspiration. I had known him, and **David McAllester**, from my days in high school in Portland, CT. **Chris Wills**, in biology, had done his graduate work at UC Berkeley. He was instrumental both in my considering that as a place to transfer to, and in helping persuade my parents to let it happen. **Norman Shapiro**, was an amazingly entertaining and stimulating teacher, who introduced us to French culture as well as the language.

From **JOSH BARRETT:**

I recall some great teachers at Wesleyan; I don't have time or memory to mention them all, but I credit **Jeremy Zwelling** for my love of Jewish literature and critical understanding of ancient text, and I still mention **Prof. Creeger** as the best lecturer ever and an inspiration for my enduring love of the written word. **Cheryl Cutler's** dance classes also helped me understand art as a pathway to spirituality.

From **HARVEY BERCOWITZ:**

**Professor Barry Kiefer**, Biology, a mentor.

From **THOMAS BUFORD:**

Of many wonderful faculty and staff, particular and lasting impact from:

**Prof. Fred Greenstein**—Mentor, benefactor, big brother, guru—a kind and brilliant all-world mensch.

**Prof. Clem Vose**—Constitutional history with “Down East” humor. I've used his analysis of the “restrictive covenant” cases and the infamous decision in *Buck vs Bell* in footnotes and metaphors in writing and argument throughout my legal career.

**Prof. Richard Slotkin**—for helping me understand and appreciate literature in history, and history in literature.

**Profs. Richard Winslow** and **David McAllester** and the “World Music” artists and staff. For taking me to magical places and helping me know and understand music as a unifying, healing force.

N.B. I am, and always will be, most grateful to Wesleyan—not just for an extraordinary (and humane) education, but also for graciously welcoming me back for PART II. Thank you.

From **JOEL BERNSTEIN:**

'92 people: **Cheryl Cutler**, taught a movement/dance class my freshman year that opened a path to my future life as a performer.

**Ralph Pendleton:** Our inscrutable elder statesman directed me in Eliot's *The Family Reunion* (at Davison Art Center) and told us he had so much confidence in our work that he didn't have to watch the show... he could just go for a walk. Which he did. As we performed, he could be seen walking in the garden. Gave us a lot to think about. I'm still thinking.

**Wes and Marilyn Ackley** taught us tech theatre and oversaw the shop. Their quote, a kind of koan: “Patience is a virtue, and virtue is its own reward.” Among the faculty—both in the Theatre Department and throughout the university—I encountered uniquely gifted men and women. I feel great affection for my years among them.

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WESLEYAN  
faculty/staff  
members who  
made a lasting  
impact on the  
Class of 1970

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# Impacts on WESLEYAN 70

From **ALAN BLANKENHEIMER:**

That’s pretty easy: **Professors Golub and Mink**. Gene Golub, for reasons that have eluded me for many decades, had confidence in my ability to do something distinguished and scholarly. This, despite mounting evidence to the contrary. Of course, it may be that he expressed that confidence in all his students, and I was the beneficiary of an illusion, however carefully nurtured. But beneficiary I was. His insistence that there truly was something there helped propel me to graduate school, and to start really thinking about things. As the financial and professional limitations of an academic career in philosophy (and my own limitations) dawned on me, I reverted to law school, but the value of my years in graduate school and Professor Golub’s faith in me persisted. Louis Mink’s brilliance and inspiration seem scarcely less present to me today than they were in 1970.



From **HOWIE BORGSTROM:**

I was in the College of Social Studies and learned much from my tutors plus the CSS village elders like **Gene Golub** and **Louis Mink**. Professor Mink could hold forth during morning coffee on any subject from epistemology to the proper construction of birdhouses.

From **ERIC BUERGERS:**

**George Creeger** taught my Humanities 101 class and turned me on to Melville and the British Romantic Poets. We became good friends and I would frequently spend an evening with him in his barn listening to music. I worked as his assistant when he was Dean of the College. We shared our appreciation of music, literature, German language.

**Ray Rendall** was one of Wesleyan’s music teachers who made musical structures into avenues leading to greater appreciation. To illustrate his points, he’d sit down at the Steinway and give us a concert. What a class!

**Dick Winslow** conducted many of the pieces I played percussion in. The most eclectic musician I’ve ever known. He wrote his own score to Gertrude Stein’s *Dr. Faustus Lights the Lights*, a performance of which was attended by John Cage! He was as comfortable with Indian Talas, and Bach Masses, as he was with a cappella renditions of Wesleyan’s Fight Song. 50 years after Wesleyan, we ran into each other again at a function at Honor’s College shortly before he died. He remembered me! “You’re the percussionist!!!!”

**Marjorie Daltry Rosenbaum** was the Director of the Educational Studies Program at Wesleyan in the early 70s. Joe Daltry, her former husband, pretty much founded the Music Department at Wesleyan and she was therefore active in the music scene at Wesleyan when I became involved. She also taught English at Middletown HS, and I did my student teaching with her. She was my mentor, friend, colleague, and she had a song ready for any occasion.

It was a glorious time, punctuated by remarkable people. I carry Wesleyan with me as a spot of time from which I still draw inspiration.

From **BILL BULLARD:**

The thing about being a teacher, I suppose, is that you spend your career remembering moments with your former teachers, for good and for ill, and, you find out later, by being remembered for the same. By far the person that stands out the most is **Phillip Hallie**, particularly our Philosophy of Art classes that began after dinner (and drinks) on Lawn Ave down the stairs from our suites and went late into the night both in that smoky classroom with its silver paper ashtrays and then back in the suites. Hallie was a famously passionate, focused, muscular advocate for whatever position was on the table, so he ignited debate wherever he tread and drove me into white-hot furies of essay writing. Indeed, his class reminded me (too much, perhaps) of my childhood dining room table, where every dinner devolved into argument, and every argument was resolved by consulting the World Book Encyclopedia. When I was right, which was most of the time, I was ordered to my room “to write an essay” on the matter. I never did, of course, but in Hallie’s classroom, where much of the same temperament reigned, I wrote those essays every time.

From **CHARLES A. CARMELLO:**

After studying with **Ihab Hassan** at Wesleyan, I followed him to the University of Wisconsin, where he guided my graduate work, directed my doctoral dissertation, and helped me launch an academic career. We remained close friends and collaborators until his death in 2015, just before his 90th birthday.

From **BOB CARTER:**

It’s hard to believe that our class spent four years almost completely devoid of female company, which added to our inflamed desire for it. Nevertheless, we enjoyed one another to the max. My path took me from Hewitt on Foss Hill, to the Delt house, to the Socialist Workers of McConaughy Dining Hall, and to off-campus living on the Long Island Sound. Through that, I recall a full year under the Freshman Humanities tutelage of the German classicist Herr Doktor **Manfred Stassen**, a near perfect Sociology Intro course with **Hubert O’Gorman**, a wild night inside the aura of the Gamelan orchestra at the World Music “farm” west of campus, and a thoroughly stoned junior professor as he chuckled and bumped into desks handing out a final exam.

I can’t forget the meticulous way **George DeBolt** ’70, coming from Pennsylvania’s DeBolt Unlimited Travel—Famous Since 1895, washed and waxed his Oldsmobile cruisemaster

to ensure fast passage and a good first impression on road trips to mixers. **Lloyd Buzzell** ’68 showed infinite patience as he tried to keep a lid on the fractious MoCon community.

Professor **Bob Rosenbaum** did his humanly best to make the Science-For-Non-Science-Majors freshman requirement meaningful for us. **B.B. King** and **Martin Luther King, Jr.** both spoke to us. So did **Ihab Hassan** when he publicly read out every third name on our class list to dramatize the Draft Lottery results possibly in store for us after four years of high ideals.

Looking through the long-range rear-view lens, for many years I was one to question the value of my liberal arts diploma. After “expanding my resume” during the decade following 1970, however—and meeting many people who had missed the opportunity to get a diploma—I did come to appreciate the value added, even if that value came in a very broad and general form.

From **EDWARD CASTORINA:**

My first exposure to true teaching, **Prof. Victor Gourevitch** was the teacher at my very first class at Wesleyan, and I think it was also his very first class at Wesleyan. I recently watched (YouTube <https://youtu.be/3il-3JmUUg8>) the 2011 University of Chicago—Leo Strauss Center presentation of “Reflections on Leo Strauss as Teacher.” Prof. Gourevitch is one of the panelists. We were lucky dudes.

From **JERRY CERASALE:**

Of course, **Professors Murphy (Russ & Geraldine)** as mentioned in the first question of my autobiography made a very lasting impact on me. I had four other Wesleyan staff that have a special place in my life experience, **Lois Poissant**, **Steve W.**, **Walt G.**, and **J. Elmer Swanson**.

I was awarded a work study grant my four years at Wes. That grant lead me to work in the Registrar’s Office. Mrs. Lois Poissant, who eventually became the Registrar, kept a watchful eye on me as I worked between classes at the office. If I was down, she cheered me up. If I was hungry, she invited me to a home cooked meal. If I had a test and needed to study, she adjusted my work schedule. I learned to be a caring boss from her, and, hopefully, I was true to her guidance to those whom I supervised.

As a freshman on the track team, I injured my shins in indoor track. Trainers Steve W. and Walt G. (I would never be able to spell their last names) tended to my injury. When I returned my sophomore year, Steve and Walt explained that they had studied my shin injury over the summer and wanted to try a new therapy. That new therapy with ice worked for my next three years. It was and is amazing that Steve and Walt cared enough about me to investigate over the summer my injury and to devise a new and effective treatment.

Finally, I had not visited Wesleyan for 45 plus years, but I returned to honor my track coach, J. Elmer Swanson, for his induction into the Wesleyan Hall of Fame. Before the ceremony, I greeted Coach. He greeted me as “Jerry” and said that he had lost track of me knowing that I attended University of Virginia School of Law after Wes. I was impressed. Because I failed to keep in contact, he did not know that my

law education had been delayed two years due to military service. We continued to “catch up”. Wow, after 45 years, amazing.

Professors Murphy, Lois, Steve, Walt and Coach had one thing in common. They cared about me and my wellbeing. I could never repay them for that, and for which I am eternally grateful. My hope is that even though Wesleyan has grown in size significantly, its faculty and staff care for each and every student and show it every day.

From **DIANA DIAMOND:**

**Phyllis Rose**, from whom I took a seminar in the Victorian novel shared with us the totality of her being as a scholar and a woman, and in doing so changed my life. She had recently completed her Ph.D. in English literature from Yale at a time when women were just entering elite graduate programs and the professions en masse, and was a new Wesleyan hire, undoubtedly in an attempt to expand the women faculty (there were four in 1970). Even in her first year of teaching, she had the capacity to ignite a reverence and passion for literature in her students as a mode of understanding human motivation and conflict that inspired me to start a Ph.D. in literature, and that continued to illuminate my thinking when I switched to psychology. Although I am the daughter of a professor who always encouraged my academic aspirations, it was Phyllis Rose, with spiky blond hair and a hip way of dressing, who was only eight years older than me, who enabled me to envision myself as a female professional—the very essence of affirmative action! This could be me, I thought, as she shared with us anecdotes about what it was like being one of the few women in the graduate program in English at Yale and talked about some of the gender discrimination and biases she had experienced—including being discouraged from her first goal of becoming a doctor by a female (!) professor at Harvard who warned her that if she went to med school she would be 30 before she could have children. She nominated me for Phi Beta Kappa in my senior year and when I asked her “why me?”, she said because I made complex sensitive remarks that, although sometimes labyrinthine in that she didn’t always know where they would end when I started, almost always illuminated the works under discussion in original ways. Although I didn’t get this honor, because as a transfer student I didn’t have enough graded courses from Wesleyan, her vote of confidence has inspired me through my professional life.

**Norman Rudich**, my French professor and leader of the Wesleyan Program in Paris also had a major influence on me politically and academically. He and fellow directors **Lucien and Annie Goldman** immersed us in French literature, art, and film and of course food (he and his wife were great gourmets). They also introduced us to the political scene in Paris, which continued to be engaging after 1968. It was Norman who exposed me to a model of what it meant to be a political intellectual.

From **PHILIP DUNDAS:**

Hands down my favorite course at Wesleyan was **Ihab Hassan**’s course on 20th Century Contemporary American Literature. In addition to his insightful lectures, what’s not to like about earning college credit for reading the likes of



# Impacts on WESLEYAN 70

From **JOHN GRIFFIN:**

**Deborah Dorfman** taught my Freshman English 101 composition class. My weekly essays would come back covered in red ink—comments, corrections, suggestions. “Be direct, use simple words, and organize your thoughts.” When we would meet, she would in the kindest way show me why my essay was disorganized, confusing and pretentious. Most importantly she would show me how to make it better. She did her best to teach me how to write (and maybe how to think). I had a 40 plus year career in publishing, seven years as an editor. Thank you Deborah for being such a dedicated and accomplished teacher and for all you did for me.

From **NATHAN HEILWEIL:**

**Professor Norm Shapiro; Professor Wallace’s** history seminars.

From **BILL HENNESSEY:**

**Heinrich Schwarz**—who taught me how to look at works of art and set me on my career path. **Richard Winslow**—who, against all evidence, believed I could sing. **Robert Rosenbaum**—for demonstrating what great teaching was all about and for showing endless patience with a truly math-challenged student.



From **GEORGE HILL:**

**Alvin Lucier** (and through him **John Cage**). **William Arrowsmith** (“the gods are mad”). **Roland Barthes** (in Paris). All the music on campus, thanks to one of the world’s great ethnomusicology (as we called it then) departments. And generally, the College of Letters, where I learned to read texts (and where I wrote a philosophy paper on 52 index cards; “I am amused,” my professor said, “don’t do it again.”). And, not faculty but Wesmen of a later vintage: **Sean Barlow** and **Banning Eyre**, creators of Afropop Worldwide (<https://afropop.org>), with whom we took two life-changing music trips to Africa (Mali and Senegal) and who are even now moving their archives to Middletown; weird and wonderful how Wesleyan people kept popping up in my life.

From **STEVE INGRAHAM:**

**Three faculty members leap to mind:**

**Chad Dunham**—With Humanities 101, he ushered me into that first precious experience with Wes: *The Iliad!* He was good and kind, the perfect tonic for my nerves in September 1966.

**John Maguire**—With his course “Religious Currents in the 20th Century Novel”, he brought us the world—literally. Not “just” because he arranged a campus visit in 1967 with his friend, MLK, with whom some 20 of us sat in the gathering twilight after a seminar and before Dr. King addressed the University. More than anything, I am grateful for Dr. Maguire’s passion, his dedication to justice, his sheer humanism. He could really fill a room...all by himself!

**David Adamany**—Put aside all politics, or even his (thankless) service as Dean in that strident time. Dr. Adamany was, first and last, a magnificent teacher. His Constitutional Law and Government classes were, I believe, shining emblems for the small school experience. His dedication to detail was wonderful. Now, I am only sorry that I never truly thanked him.

From **WILLIAM JEFFERSON:**

**Jack Hoy** was a friend and colleague of my dad who during the 1960s was director of the Association of College Admissions Counselors, and it was through coming to know Jack that I came to be one of “Hoy’s boys.” I’ll always be grateful for his willingness to include me in what was and remains a great experiment, and I am proud to have (finally) rewarded his confidence in ways that I know he would find exciting and significant.

From **CARL JOHNSON:**

**Professor David Adamany**, in the Government Department (later Dean of Students), had the biggest impact on me. He was a first-class intellect and terrific teacher. He inspired me to do my best always. He was old school and invited students to his house for after-hours discussions and refreshments. I kept up with him after graduation, and he was always interested in what and how I was doing. I remember him very fondly.

From **GERALD EVERETT JONES:**

In the College of Letters, I studied under novelists **Peter Boynton** (*Stone Island*), **F.D. Reeve** (*The Red Machines*), and **Jerzy Kosinski** (*The Painted Bird, Being There*). Besides them, most influential to me were **Herbert Rood** in Astronomy, and **Jerry Wensinger** in Humanities.

From **SETH KAUFMAN:**

**Rudolf Tokes**, who taught Soviet Studies and Eastern Europe, was very rigorous in analyzing situations and framing arguments and analyzing the politics of the situation. He taught me critical thinking and how to focus on analyzing arguments and the fallacies of arguments. That helped me to become a better thinker and eventually a better lawyer.

**Jonathan Collett** taught my freshman humanities class. The difference between high school and college was tremendous,

*In Cold Blood, The Electric Koolaid Acid Test, One Flew Over the Cookee’s Nest, and Confessions of Nat Turner.* **Reginald Bartholomew** was memorable as a young, energetic professor who would come to class during the Paris student unrest of 1968 and accurately predict in advance on a week-by-week basis how DeGaulle would use the presidential powers of the French constitution to deal with the situation. And **David Adamany** was an outstanding professor who always provided wise counsel.

From **JEFF ELSON:**

**Dick Winslow, Dick Donohue, Norm Shapiro, Ray Rendall** along with **Jeremy Zwelling** who was pretty much the entire Judaica Department at that time. The Downey House sessions were always fruitful.

From **BOB FELDMAN:**

**Karl Scheibe** and a number of other professors—**David Winter, Sara Winter, Ben Braginsky**—had an outsize influence on my life and career. And when I came back at one point to teach for a semester at Wesleyan (which was fascinating for all sorts of reasons), I got to know another cohort of Wesleyan instructors as colleagues, including **Scott Plous, Jill Morawski, and Ruth Striegel Weissman**. All were extraordinary people who not only made important contributions to the field of psychology but also influenced a generation of students—myself included—in fundamental ways.

From **MARK FULLER:**

My favorite faculty member at Wesleyan was **Paul Horgan** who hosted me and a select few others for a bi-weekly writing seminar at his cottage on Pearl Street. Paul was an old-fashioned gentleman and his dinner and discussion sessions were as close to an intellectual salon as I have ever experienced. We met there with luminaries from the arts such as **Jerzy Kosinski** and **Alan Pakula**, as well as renowned faculty members like **Peter Boynton** and **Franklin Reeve**. Paul became a long-time friend who facilitated my introduction to the west by helping me find a job in Aspen my first summer here. His wisdom, humor and kindness were a profound influence.

From **MARK GEANNETTE:**

The Classics Department—**Professors Dyson, Allen, Tompkins, Konstan.**

From **HENRY GLANTERNIK:**

Nobody epitomized the joyfulness of learning more than **Professor Robert Rosenbaum**, and nothing explains human interaction (the essence of living) as well as game theory, which he taught. The image of him glowing with bow tie disassembled by the end of each class is indelible. Otherwise, the broad exposure afforded by a liberal arts education, including the chance to study abroad (Paris in 1968), stands out more to me than any one teacher. Subjects like economics (my major), negotiation, and public speaking sharpened my skills, and sociology, science, and the humanities deepened my understanding of how the world works. Thank you, Wesleyan!

From **MARK “MARCOS” GOODMAN:**

Although I read a lot in the three high schools that I went to and got high board scores, I had never studied before going to Wesleyan, and being smart only gets you so far when you’re surrounded by other smart kids who’d actually done their homework for years. I’d only written one paper, “Camus and the Absurd”, and never took any AP anything, so I was pretty lost when I got to Wesleyan. I tried for a while, but with all of the other things that were going on in the world and in my family, my father burning down the house for the insurance money in ’67, topped off by way too many drugs, school was way way down on my priority list. I just couldn’t leave because of the draft. ... I do remember my freshman English prof, an extremely interesting guy who taught me about psycholinguistics, how your language conditions your perception of the world. I based my master’s thesis, “The Psycholinguistics of Yiddish Male Appellations”, on that, and it made a lot of sense, even though the theory was disproven. Then there was **Vern Dibble**, with his Einstein look, who’d gotten kicked out of Columbia for joining the students when they took over the administration building. He had a great class, “Society and the Individual”. When he walked in for the final, I got up and walked out. He called me into his office and went off on what seemed to be an incredibly disjointed story that ended with Burl Ives getting kicked out of his university. Then, he turned to me and said, “And Burl just went out and started playing folk music. You know what I mean! You know what I mean!” I didn’t, but he passed me and maybe later I understood. Thanks to **Dick Winslow** and the music department for having pity on me and taking me in when I came to him rambling about how I’d realized that music was the only real truth. **Abraham Adzenyah** and **David McAllester**, two huge pioneers in African and American Indian music, showed me that I could sing and dance and drum, all at the same time, and they taught me that music wasn’t just about watching highly accomplished musicians, that sometimes the whole village noise, irrespective of “talent” could be even better. **Bob Brown**, introducing me to the gamelan and even originating the term “world music”. I was in the middle of it, and I wish that I’d realized just how amazing the whole ethnomusicology program was, rather than just seeing it as a fun way to make it through. And, of course, thanks so much to the financial aid people who gave me a full ride. Wesleyan certainly gave me way more than I deserved.

From **BARRY GOTTFRIED:**

Many of the CSS tutors, but especially **Mink** and **Gourevitch**, made a lasting impact because of their love for teaching and for what they did.

From **ALLAN GRAY:**

I remember **Joe Reed, Richard Wilbur** and **David Morgan** with particular fondness.

From **TIM GREANEY:**

CSS meant the world to me...critical thinking, writing, having and defending a thesis every week: everything that a liberal studies education should be.



and he made the transition easy for me. He was a kind and gentle soul who could explain and draw you into all of these different great books, and show you the flow of western intellectual thought so that it all seemed to come together for me.

In later years, in my role as class agent, I have had many interactions with wonderful staff members at the Wesleyan Fund. One particular person, **Robert Mosca**, spent a large amount of time listening to my comments about Wesleyan and responding to my requests for information and assistance in carrying out my tasks as class agent. He made it very easy for me to fulfill my role.

From **MORRIS W. “RUSTY” KELLOGG**:

Some of the Wesleyan faculty members that made lasting impacts on be were **Bill Barber** (Economics) **David Adamany** (Government) and **Bob Rosenbaum** (Provost).

From **STEVE KUNEY**:

**Stanley Lebergott** did the most to shape my views about everything from economics and economic history (particularly when I was fortunate enough to serve as his research assistant) to how to be a real teacher at the college level and why opera is so powerful. I can’t remember ever being in his office when there was not opera playing on his radio, and he regularly would interrupt conversations we were having so that he could point out to me some operatic passage that had particularly moved him. He was a mentor and role model par excellence.

From **STEVE KYNER**:

**Maria Kosinski** taught French but also took me to Yale for a performance of the Living Theater. **Richard Stamelman** inspired with his exuberance (and an excellent hotel recommendation that enabled me to routinely ride on the last open-porch trolley line in Paris (i.e., hop on hop off while moving). **Carole Hoey**, COL Admin, who picked me up when my car was totaled in Middletown, and would lock me in her office at night so I could type my thesis. **Paul Schwaber**, whose skill and abilities have grown on me as the passage of time has calmed my ego.

From **ROBERT KYTE**:

I finished as a Theater major and needed to take as many department courses as possible to meet requirements including Dance with newly hired instructor **Cheryl Cutler**. She was a demanding teacher but also an encouraging, honest, and caring mentor. She was the only teacher I had at Wesleyan who shared her own story. She taught us to think with our bodies not just our minds, to enjoy movement instead of watching others dance, to improvise fearlessly rather than fixate on perfection. Looking back, thanks to Cheryl Cutler, I found a way to breathe and move and interact with this wonderful world that led me to find many good and blessed years. As she taught us, life is an improvisation.

From **ROBBY LAITOS**:

In summer 1999, I took a Wesleyan sponsored 10-day alumni tour of Florence, Italy led by **John Paoletti**, then a Wesleyan Professor of Art History, now Professor Emeritus. Needless

# Impacts on WESLEYAN 70

to say, the tour focused on Italian Renaissance. A combination of Indiana Jones and a Ph.D. seminar. Absolutely fascinating and utterly unconventional (just like Wesleyan) as we crept up and down old staircases, poked into ancient Renaissance churches, and studied frescos and paintings. John challenged us, asked us pointed questions, and let us know what he thought of our often half-baked ideas. I learned an immense amount in those 10 days about a subject I knew little about, and fell in love with Italian Renaissance Art. To this day, I gravitate towards Italian Renaissance art whenever I’m at a museum. Paoletti is the “Wesleyan Experience”.

From **KENNETH LILLARD**:

**Clifford Thornton**—Music faculty (1969-75), jazz composer and musician, UNESCO counselor on African-American education (1976-87), Black Panther, Minister of Art. **Edgar Beckham**—German professor, and liaison with Black students at Wesleyan.

From **RANDY LOCKWOOD**:

**Russel Leaf** taught my first animal behavior course, introduced me to the writings of Loren Eiseley and inspired my change in major from chemistry to psychology/biology that set me on my life path. **Trent Sorenson** fostered an appreciation of combining psychology and aesthetics and letting art and empathy inspire scientific questions. Also, I never forgot **President Ted Etherington’s** remark at Freshman Orientation that a liberal education is what stays with you when you forget the facts you learned in college. I try to never stop learning.



From **ROGER MANN**:

I still think about **Jeff Butler** very frequently.

From **STEVE MASTEN**:

**Professors Willard Walker** and **Lincoln Keiser** in the Anthropology Dept., where I also obtained an MA degree.

From **TIM MCGLUE**:

Several profs are still vivid in my mind. **Carl Viggiani**, my first year classics teacher, impressed me with his heartfelt love for his deceased friend, Albert Camus. I had gone to 12 schools throughout the country and brandished an inconsistent academic record. That made me a gamble for Wesleyan, but times were changing. Viggiani supported me despite my lack of background compared to the sophisticated preppies who outran me blind. I could call the man and talk to him personally. Viggiani turned Camus into a humanist inspiration for me, for the rest of my life.

**Peter Boynton**, who supported my writing at the COL, was also a source of inspiration. He too loved the frogs he heard singing in the marshes at night, the symphony, the harmony, sometimes dissonant. But, just think, he said. They all have their own voices, their individual songs. That’s the most important.

**Jerzy Kozinski**, visiting writer at Wesleyan and advisor, asked me when I first married (too young, but good) how I saw my marriage from a literary point of view. I was 20 and looked at him dumfounded, but recall the question like a burn. I never understood what he meant. Kozinski died, the question lives on.

Among the first profs to invite us out of the classroom and onto the green grass to participate in dialogues like true Greeks were **Frank Reeves**, **Phil Hallie**, **Jody Hoy** and a handful of others. Hallie and Ms. Hoy even invited us into their homes and ventured to offer us a glass of wine. This humanization of learning impressed me deeply, and formed a lasting image of learning at Wesleyan, save the one time I sat on an anthill.

From **ROSS H. MULLINS**:

**Jack Hoy**, Director of Admissions; **Peter Kilby**, Economics; **Robert Vogel**, Economics.

From **GREGORY B. MURRAY**:

Influenced by **Jacqueline Gourevitch** and **Harry Nadler** of the Art Department, **Dick Winslow** of the Music Department, and **Robert Rosenbaum** of the Math Department.

From **GEORGE NASH**:

I remember most fondly my English professor **Bill Coley** with whom I had enjoyable arguments about eternal standards vs. cultural relativism and his ex-wife **Katchen**, with whom I visited frequently both during and after Wesleyan and to whom I was in close touch with until her death.

From **DAVID OUIMETTE**:

**Michael West** and **Robert Rosenbaum**—because they took a personal interest.

From **MARC PICKARD**:

I enjoyed **David Adamany**, who would stop by the dining room at Delta Tau and just shoot the breeze. It was a new experience for me, and the beginning of my journey toward intellectual self-confidence (journey still under way, by the way).

From **DARWIN PORITZ**:

I arrived at Wesleyan intending to enter the College of Quantitative Studies to study statistics, but the CQS was closed to new students at the end of my first freshman semester, even before I could enter. I had to choose a new major. My physics professor **Dr. Baierlein** was great, while my math professor **Dr. Anagnostakis** was terrible, and so I chose physics. I still wanted to study statistics, and so at the end of my junior year I persuaded, or guilted, the provost to hire a statistics professor for my senior year. **Dr. Miller** was recruited from Arthur D. Little. Unfortunately, he was not really accepted by the math department, which was very pure then, and so he returned to ADL a couple years later. I see that much has changed in the math department in the past five decades.

Otherwise, I remember annoying the professors for the course Histoire de la Civilisation Française by writing my term paper on some plays by the comic belle époque playwright Georges Feydeau, not considered a “serious” writer. I wrote the paper at the end of a spring semester from my bed in the clinic while recovering from viral pneumonia under the expert care of **Dr. Crampton** and the nursing staff.

From **GUY PREVOST**:

Without question: **F.D. Reeve**, COL professor, amazing mentor and friend, the quintessential Renaissance man... his “Prison Metaphors in Modern Lit” was eye-opening. As advisor on my thesis film, he inspired me with his many accomplishments as Russian scholar and translator, novelist, athlete, poet, actor..., etc. Great humor, warmth, and support. Ditto **Jon Frazer**, unheralded pioneer of the film department at Wesleyan His unassuming manner belied keen intelligence and talent. Was greatly supportive to us, the first students to make films at the university... he made it all possible and deserves more credit than he has hitherto received.

From **DAVID N. REDDEN**:

**Arthur (Jerry) Wensinger** and **Samuel Green**.

From **TED REED**:

I was an American Studies/English student, one of a group who congregated around **Joe Reed** and **Richard Slotkin**. I took Joe Reed’s Faulkner course—we read a Faulkner novel each week—and then some of us convinced him to teach a seminar “Post Faulkner Southern Lit.” I also took American Studies courses from Professor Slotkin. These courses profoundly influenced me, as I became immersed in studying regional influences in American lit. I wrote several papers on *Huck Finn*, a frontier novel, and then I moved to the West Coast and stayed for 20 years. I ended up in Charlotte, where Carson McCullers wrote *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*.

From **DAN ROSENHEIM**:

**Victor Gourevitch**, who gave me good personal advice that I carry with me—even though I ignored it at the time. **Norman Rudich**, who oversaw my thesis on the Dionysian-Apollonian dichotomy. **Peter Boynton**, who green-lighted my senior year in Paris and allowed me to graduate.



From **LEN RUBENSTEIN**:

In the midst of what we thought was a revolution, **Phil Pomper**, who just retired a few years ago, helped me understand a real one, the Russian Revolution, and guided me through my senior thesis on Leon Trotsky. I still remember the question he (or maybe it was **Nat Greene**) asked in my oral exam what relevance Trotsky had at the time. I answered none. I still don't know if I got it right. Phil's only mistake was to suggest that I go to graduate school in history. I lasted only a year, having realized that I loved reading history but not researching and writing history. In a small world episode, a few years back I reminisced about him with his son, Stephen, who I came to know when he worked on human rights at the National Security Council during the Obama Administration.

From **REUBIN RUBIJONO**:

**Professor David McAlister**/Anthropology and **Phillip Hallie**/Philosophy of Art were impressive during my impressionable years!!!! After all that, never thought, I would be serving in the U.S. military. But, still reading and the latest book is Karen Armstrong's *History of Violence: Fields of Blood and Harris's Paradise!*

From **JEFFREY SARLES**:

An assistant professor named **Wally Katz** got me reading Rousseau, Hegel, Marx, Flaubert, and the like. Wally's academic career sputtered out, but his influence remains. **Ruthie Benson** (who I think was a lecturer) was the first woman I ever heard use the word "penis" in mixed company, a stunning occasion that helped remove the "mind-forged manacles" from my young life.

From **JACOB SCHERR**:

**Elmer Eric Schattschneider**—by my time at Wes, EE had already retired, but I was able to enjoy his wisdom and lunch at a once-a-week seminar at Downey House. He helped me to begin to think about big systemic change and about how language shapes our understanding of politics and the world.

From **JEREMY SERWER**:

Staff-wise, it had to be **Jack Hoy**—and especially at our 40th Reunion (I believe his 55th). That's when I finally asked him why and how I got into Wesleyan, as my B to B+ high school average and below average SATs really didn't cut it. After suggesting I might have been a token due to my Judaic faith (not many of us at Wes back then), Jack responded "you bet your sweet ass you were"—and proceeded to explain how and why for 45 minutes. A 44 year-old question well answered.

Faculty-wise, my French major and Russian minor were well enhanced by **Norm Shapiro** (multiple French literature courses), and **Mrs. Sheliga** for Russian: the latter a Holocaust survivor who spoke little English, and fortunately was proficient in French. Miles Siegel and I had multiple small classes with her; it was great stuff.

Finally, after a poor grade in Freshman English Composition, I was placed in a remedial class with a Yale visiting lecturer, **Debbie Dorfman**. Embarrassing, yes; life changing,

absolutely. I really needed it, wrote in four languages by the time we graduated, and have since penned many words for a host of reasons—business, volunteer, family, and of course, political.

From **BRIAN SILVESTRO**:

**Herb Kenny** was my head basketball and golf coach but more importantly was a mentor to me for my four years at Wesleyan. I'm still in touch with Herb today. And his advice now is as important to me as the advice he gave to me 50 years ago.

From **PETER SIMPSON**:

**Herb Arnold** taught me the value of systematic research when I assisted him by combing through SS records for elements of Nazi ideology. I particularly appreciated his blending of engagement and patience when dealing with a '60s would-be radical.

From **PETER B. STEIN**:

**Mr. Brokunier's** ability to bring Greek classics alive and **George Creeger's** depth of analysis (no pun intended as to any whales, alive or fictitious), were both role models to me; they each in their own way demonstrated their deep love for the literature of their choice and their joy in sharing it with us.

From **ROBERT M. STONE**:

The Wesleyan faculty members I remember best are **Professors Swift, Pomper, Green, Morgan, Hansen, Helfer**, and **Adamany**, all of whom were excellent teachers dedicated to their profession. Professor Swift, who had participated in civil rights marches in the South, was a quiet inspiration. Professor Adamany taught a constitutional law seminar during my senior year, which I found compelling and certainly contributed to my decision to go to law school. I also owe a debt of gratitude to **John Edgar**, my swim coach all four years at Wes. He was a wonderful coach who patiently put up with our shenanigans and cautioned us, to no avail, against partying and sex on the night before swim meets. I think the most lasting impact, however, was made by **Bob Kirkpatrick**. For reasons unknown, he took me under his wing, urging me to get off my duff and take on some responsibilities I wouldn't otherwise have considered. Through Bob's encouragement and guidance, I served on the Honor System Board during junior and senior year and was chairman of freshman orientation in 1968. These activities not only enhanced my resume, but also were important life lessons.

From **STEVE TALBOT**:

**John Frazer**, an art professor who ran the first film program at Wesleyan, was the one who made it possible for me to learn the fundamentals of filmmaking, have access to cameras and sound equipment, and to produce the first documentary I ever made, "March on Washington" (1970) about the massive anti-Vietnam war march and rally in Washington, DC in November 1969. The experience of making that film with classmates David Davis, David White, Bill Tam, etc. launched me on a career of documentary filmmaking. I am forever in John Frazer's debt.

**Jonathan Collett** (English) and **John Maguire** (religion) also had an enormous impact on my life. I never took classes from either of them, but Collett, a Quaker, was my draft counselor and on his recommendation Maguire, a civil rights activist, hired me to be his personal assistant (along with Ed Sanders) when he assumed the presidency of the College at Old Westbury, a new campus of the State University of New York. It was my first job after graduating from Wesleyan and became my version of graduate school—a then experimental college focused on "social justice" and affirmative action.

I was an English major and received great, early encouragement from my freshman English professor **Michael West**, who was young, natty and rigorous. Later I had the good fortune to study with poet **Richard Wilbur**.

But by far the most memorable teacher I had at Wesleyan was the charismatic English professor **Ihab Hassan**, an Egyptian-born scholar and showman whose lectures on postmodernism and the cutting edge American literature of the 1960s packed the Wesleyan chapel, then the only space large enough on campus to accommodate his popular courses. Hassan made us feel like we were reading the most important books and debating the great issues of the day.

From **BOB VAUGHAN**:

**David McAllester; Herbert Hyman.**

From **EDWARD HAZEN WALKER**,  
aka **SACHIN HAZEN**:

**Carl Viggiani; Joe McMahon.**

From **BART WENDELL**:

**Dan Tompkins** in Classics. I never attended a class, but became friendly through our mutual love of distance running. It's always about the relationships.

**George Cohan** in the MAT program who nourished my interest in teaching and provided the golden handcuffs by rewarding me the most desirable internship placement where I was later hired full time and remained for a time.

**Don Russell** who had to deal with my 'expulsion' from a varsity team because of my beard, and his receptivity/respect when I approached the athletic department about supporting the student strike re Cambodia.

From **STEVE WEISSMAN**:

My studies and collaboration with **Professor Louis Mink** were the high points of my experiences at Wes. He was a brilliant man who could expound on literally anything with focus and a profound knowledge of so many subjects. He had quietly worked at the study of *Finnegans Wake* ("FW") all by himself for perhaps thirty years, as a hobby. He had copious notes on every single page of the book.

After several independent study courses where we explored our interpretations of sections of "FW" together, he "hired" me as a research assistant for his book project, *A Gazetteer of Finnegans Wake*, and it gave me a further opportunity to work closely with him over a long period of time, including a summer after graduation.

## Impacts on WESLEYAN 70

From Louis I developed a sense of how to approach and analyze a position or viewpoint, and of course a motivation to try to learn as much as I could about everything! I think that's what a really gifted teacher—and an excellent liberal arts college—should foster in a student.



From **BRUCE WILLIAMS**:

**John Fraser** and **Joe Reed** for the dual Art and English nascent film production major, 1967–1970, for showing us the best of world cinema and Hollywood studio movies and for giving us the freedom to make whatever films we wanted. **Alvin Lucier** for cleaning my ears with his electronic music courses, for showing me an early draft of *I Am Sitting In a Room*, and, among other things, for the opportunity to work, however briefly, with **John Cage**. **Walt Odets** '69 for his photography seminar and for his appreciation of Henri Cartier-Bresson. And **Ihab Hassan** for Post-war American Literature, putting the bookend to our March on the Pentagon with **Norman Mailer** reading from his manuscript of *The Armies of the Night*. ❖





# WESLEYAN 70

## WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY COMMENCEMENT June 7, 1970

### Program

PRELUDE

Wesleyan Gamelan Orchestra

*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

John Holt

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

Robert J. Murphy, Jr. '70  
Class President

FOR THE UNIVERSITY

Robert A. Rosenbaum  
Acting President of the University

POSTLUDE

South College Bells  
by James L. McConaughy, III



Degrees to be Conferred

MASTER OF ARTS ad eundem gradum  
(Presented by Richard M. Ohmann, Chancellor pro tem)

ROBERT LOUIS BENSON  
Professor of History

RICHARD TILMAN VANN  
Professor of History and Letters

PETER STARBIRD BOYNTON  
Professor of Letters

WILLIAM ROGER WARD  
Professor of Theater and Design

STEPHEN DECATUR CRITES  
Professor of Religion

ARTHUR STEVENS WENSINGER  
Professor of German and Humanities

MICHAEL CHRISTOPHER LOVELL  
Professor of Economics

PETER STANLEY WHARTON  
Professor of Chemistry

HONORARY DEGREES

Doctor of Humanities

HAROLD HUGO

(Presented by Wyman W. Parker, Caleb T. Winchester Librarian)

President and member of the Board of Directors of the Meriden Gravure Company. During his 45 years with the firm, Meriden Gravure has raised the quality of offset lithography to a standard of excellence that is regularly seen in its prints and color plates and in books produced for art museums, libraries, the Smithsonian Institution and university presses. Mr. Hugo is a graduate of Northeastern University and holds an honorary Master of Arts degree from Yale. He is a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and a member of the American Antiquarian Society, the Club of Odd Volumes, Society of Printers, the American Institute of Graphic Arts and the Bibliographic Society of America. He is also a trustee of Old Sturbridge Village and serves on boards of various civic and professional organizations.

Doctor of Humane Letters

THEODORE DAVIDGE LOCKWOOD

(Presented by Colin G. Campbell, Executive Vice President)

President of Trinity College. A graduate of Trinity (A.B.) and Princeton University (M.A. and Ph.D.) Dr. Lockwood taught history at Juniata College, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Concord College, where he was also Dean of the Faculty, and Union College, where he was Provost and Dean of the Faculty. He assumed the presidency of Trinity in 1968. He is the author of three books and has contributed articles on education and history to professional journals. Dr. Lockwood is a member of the American Historical Association, has served on the boards of various educational and civic institutions and is currently a member of the Education Commission of the States.

Doctor of Science

ROGER TORY PETERSON

(Presented by T. Chadbourne Dunham, Marcus L. Taft Professor of German and Humanities)

Ornithologist, author, lecturer, artist. Through books, articles, films, lectures, paintings and photographs he has communicated his own enthusiasm for natural history to vast audiences over a period of more than 35 years. Among his best-known works are *A Field Guide to the Birds*, first published in 1934 and revised in later editions; and *Birds Over America*, *Wild America* and *The Birds*. He has been art editor and a columnist for the *Audubon Magazine* and has contributed regularly to other natural history publications. He is a director of the National Audubon Society, former President of the American Nature Study Society and has been an officer and member of world organizations for the study and preservation of wildlife. Among his many honors are the Brewster Memorial Medal of the American Ornithologists Union, the John Burroughs medal for exemplary nature writing, the Geoffrey St. Hilaire gold medal from the French Natural History Society and the gold medal of the New York Zoological Society.

Doctor of Letters

ROBERT PENN WARREN

(Presented by Paul Horgan, Adjunct Professor of English

and Author in Residence)

Writer, teacher. Over the last 40 years Mr. Warren's novels, poems, criticism, plays, short stories, essays and historical writings have formed a body of work that has no parallel in American literature. Among his best known works are *All The King's Men*, which won the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction in 1947, and *Promises: Poems 1954-1956*, which won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1958, the Edna St. Vincent Millay Award of the Poetry Society of America, and a National Book Award. Mr. Warren also won the Bollingen Prize for Poetry in 1967.

Born in Guthrie, Kentucky, Mr. Warren was educated at Vanderbilt (B.A.), the University of California at Berkeley (M.A.), Yale Graduate School and Oxford (B.Litt.). He has taught at several universities and for the last 19 years has been a member of the faculty at Yale.

Doctor of Divinity

ANDREW JOSEPH YOUNG

(Degree awarded at the 11:00 a.m. Memorial Convocation)

Minister of the United Church of Christ and former Executive Vice President of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Rev. Young attended Dillard University and graduated from Howard University (B.S.) and the Hartford Theological Seminary (B.D.). After serving as pastor of churches in Alabama and Georgia, he became Associate Director of the Department of Youth Work for the National Council of Churches. He joined the Southern Christian Leadership Conference in 1961 and directed its Citizenship Education Program. He was named Executive Director of SCLC in 1964 and four years later was advanced to Executive Vice President. In these offices he was the executive assistant and top adviser first to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and then to his successor Dr. Ralph Abernathy. He has been a key planner and strategist in broad national movements for human rights and peace. Rev. Young recently left SCLC to seek the Democratic nomination for Congress in Georgia's Fifth District.

Commencement Speaker

JOHN HOLT

(Introduced by Robert A. Rosenbaum, Acting President)

Writer, teacher. In his three books, *How Children Fail*, *How Children Learn* and *The Underachieving School*, Mr. Holt has drawn candidly on his own experience to illuminate flaws in prevailing educational theories and systems and to suggest more creative approaches to teaching. After graduating from Yale, serving in the Navy and working for six years in the World Government Movement, Mr. Holt began teaching in private schools and later in public schools at both the elementary and secondary levels. In 1968 he was a visiting lecturer at the Harvard Graduate School of Education and in 1969 at the Department of Education of the University of California at Berkeley.

BACHELOR OF ARTS

(Presented by Robert A. Rosenbaum, Acting President.  
Introduced by David W. Adamany, Dean of the College)

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Neale Taylor Adams  
Jonathan David Addelson  
Victoria Goodman Alexander  
Robert William Allen  
John Hass Alschuler, Jr.  
Theophilus William Amarteifio  
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Aden Andrew Burka  
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Blackburne Costin  
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Gordon Yale Fain  
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Eric Taylor Fisher  
Gregory Thomas Fisher  
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John Fong  
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Stuart Marshall Frank  
Bernard Kenneth Freamon  
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John Hall Frost  
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Mark Alan Geannette  
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Henry Jay Glanternik  
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Mark Holman Goodman  
Behrend Reed Goossen  
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Mitchell Edward Grashin  
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Bernard Henry Gustin  
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Darryl Barton Hazel  
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William John Hennessey  
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Lawrence Tambling Kent  
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Rex Hanna Knowles, Jr.  
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Stephen Bassett Kyner  
Robert Reid Kyte  
Jules Landsman  
Robert Ten Eyck Lansing  
Nicholas Scott Lapham  
Patrick John Lawler  
Glenn Andrew Lazore  
Eugene Monroe Legg  
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Richard Hecht Levi  
Paul Eli Levine  
Kenneth Eugene Lillard  
Edwin Howard Lindberg  
Randall Hal Lockwood  
Steven Robert Loeshelle  
Walter Hamilton Longacre  
Richard Nathan Lopatin  
Roger Dowd Lorence  
Paul John Nelson Mack  
Paul Francis Macri  
Gregory Lee Maire  
Richard Smith Malmros  
Kenneth Mandelbaum  
Jerome Bowden Martin  
Peter Blaine Martin  
Stephen Bruce Masten  
Michael Joseph Mastergeorge  
James Joseph Matthews  
Richard Frederick McConnie  
James George McElroy, Jr.  
Timothy James McGlue  
John Woerz Meier, Jr.  
Peter Townsend Miceli  
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Mark Allen Mintz  
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Stephen Edward Moody  
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Robert Julian Murphy, Jr.  
Gregory Bruce Murray  
Robert Lincoln Nathanson  
Nancy Lee Newman  
Walter Niemasiak, Jr.

Carmen Michael Niman  
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Kenneth Ned Orbach  
Steven Leonard Ossad  
David James Ouimette  
Peter Drummond Owens  
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Sybil B. Paton  
Theodore Mitchell Payne  
Marc Brian Pickard  
James Stidger Pickering  
Miguel Pinkas Bauer  
Stephen Phillip Policoff  
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Arden Reed  
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Ward Everett Rinehart  
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Angel Luis Rodriguez  
Corey Mitchell Rosen  
Steven Mark Rosen  
Paul Andrew Roth  
Leonard Samuel Rubenstein  
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Judith Celia Saltzman  
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Joanne Siff  
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Peter Carl Simpson  
Douglas Steven Smith  
Elbridge Wright Smith  
Peter Fredric Smith  
Timothy Graham Smith  
Gustav David Spohn  
Robin Tucker Stebbins  
Peter Bernie Stein  
William Ronald Steinhurst  
Robert Mark Stone  
Susan Lee Strauss  
Eric Cameron Strobel  
Brian Lawrence Sullivan  
Michael Peter Sulzer  
John Wallace Suter, III  
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Stephen Henderson Talbot  
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Gregory Luis Urruela  
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Alan Dean Wallace  
Robert Ethan Walther  
Duncan Emmett Wanamaker  
George Baxter Ward, III  
Frank Thayers Waters, III  
Jeffrey Neal Waxman  
Peter Albert Weber  
Stephen Bennett Weisaman  
James Harrison Wellman  
Bart R. Wendell  
Lawrence Bruce Wernick  
John Putnam Wesley

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Richard Furness Cram, Jr.  
Elliot Lee Daum  
Brian Alton Dawe  
Ward Taylor DeWitt  
Jeffrey Michael Diamond  
Thomas Eugene Durlin  
James Mitchel Elston  
Thomas Madison Farrell  
Alan Harris Feinstein  
Paul Joseph Fitzgerald  
John David Fullemann  
Gary John Giannuzzi  
Wayne Jeffrey Gifford  
Maurice Clement Hakim  
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Stevens Lamb Ingraham  
Charles Sherard Irving  
Eric Roland Jensen  
Maurice Carl Johnson, III  
David Russell Jones  
Russell Allen Josephson  
James Ewan Kalven  
David Andrew Klatell  
Douglas Maitland Knight, Jr.  
Leon Francis Kraft  
William Robert Laitos  
Jonathan Trumbull Lanman, Jr.  
Michael Alan Laven  
Peter John Leacacos  
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Randy Harold Miller  
Leroy Oliver Moore  
Shaun Francis Morrison  
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Leslie Hugh Powell  
Christopher Henry Risom  
George Allan Robb  
Anthony Laussat Rogers  
Mark Murray Rosenthal  
Stanley Jacob Scherr  
Peter John Shallenberger  
Miles Siegel  
Taylor Andrew Smith  
Allen Page Stuhr  
Alejandro Daniel Sujo  
Roger Joseph Sullivan  
John Randolph Talbot  
William McKee Tam  
Geoffrey Gordon Tegnell  
Jeffrey A. Tillet  
Andrew Francis Toth  
David Randolph White  
Peter Jed Whitehead



Award of Academic Honors

IN GENERAL SCHOLARSHIP

Degree summa cum laude	
Louis Jay Freedman	Harry Frank Kaplan
Barry Harte Gottfried	Kenneth Ned Orbach
Robert Alan Segal	
Degree magna cum laude	
Robert Jay Arnold	Stephen Bassett Kyner
James Gabriel Campbell	Randall Hal Lockwood
Edward Paul Castorina	Steven Robert Loeshelle
Donald Wayne Davidson	Richard Nathan Lopatin
Charles Christopher Drake	David James Ouimette
Robert Conrad Eimers, Jr.	Arden Reed
Charles Franklin Entelis	Corey Mitchell Rosen
Gordon Yale Fain	Jeffrey William Sarles
Gregory Thomas Fisher	Brian Lawrence Sullivan
Richard Keith Greenstein	George Harrison Talbot
William Jeffrey Jeffcoat	Lawrence Bruce Wernick
Edward Joseph Kelsey	Peter Dana Yurchenco
Jonathan Ilan Zach	

Degree cum laude	
Thomas Edwin Barker, Jr.	Kenneth Mandelbaum
Harvey Howard Bercowitz	Stephen Bruce Masten
Fredric Richard Brandfon	Harold John Yates Michel, Jr.
Gregory Paul Buesing	Stephen Edward Moody
Aden Andrew Burka	Keith Brown Reierstad
Charles Anthony Caramello	Steven Mark Rosen
Steven See Tau Ching	Leonard Samuel Rubenstein
Jeffrey Elson	Joel Leviton Schwartz
Kim Conrad Fabricius	Timothy Graham Smith
Richard Alan Gross	Peter Bernie Stein
Bruce Edward Holbrook	Walter Graham Trice
Steven Ross Kuney	Al McKenzie Truscott
Peter Arthur Lev	Edward Hazen Walker
Paul Eli Levine	George Baxter Ward, III
Roger Dowd Lorence	John Putnam Wesley

THE HONORS COLLEGE

Degree with Highest Honors	
Leonard Samuel Rubenstein	History
Degree with High Honors	
Hussein Abdilahi Bulhan	Anthropology
Victoria Goodman Alexander	Anthropology
Jon Richard Appleby	English
Alan Howard Blankenheimer	College of Social Studies
William Fleming Bullard	College of Letters
Robert Bingham Chapman, Jr.	Mathematics
Charles Christopher Drake	Anthropology
Andrew James Edlen	English
Robert Stephen Feldman	Psychology
Louis Jay Freedman	Biology
Barry Harte Gottfried	College of Social Studies
Thomas Lee Greaney	College of Social Studies
Edward Joseph Kelsey	Physics
Steven Ross Kuney	Economics
Stephen Bassett Kyner	College of Letters
Harold John Yates Michel, Jr.	Art History
Stephen Edward Moody	Physics
Kenneth Ned Orbach	Mathematics
Arden Reed	College of Letters
Ward Everett Rinehart	College of Letters
Corey Mitchell Rosen	College of Social Studies
Jeffrey William Sarles	History
Robin Tucker Stebbins	Physics
Michael Peter Sulzer	Physics
George Baxter Ward, III	American Studies
Jonathan Ilar Zach	Economics

Degree with Honors	
Hussein Abdilahi Bulhan	Psychology
Jonathan David Addelson	College of Letters
Robert Hugh Ament	College of Social Studies
Charles Louis Bosk	College of Social Studies
Russell Holmes Bradshaw, Jr.	Anthropology
Fredric Richard Brandfon	English
Stephen Lewis Buchner	Biology
Edward Paul Castorina	College of Letters
Donald Wayne Davidson	English
Michael Joseph Flynn	College of Letters
William Paul Fornaciari, Jr.	Chemistry
Stuart Marshall Frank	Religion
Philip Ross Gordon	History
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Richard Alan Gross	College of Social Studies
William Henson Gucker	College of Social Studies
Darryl Barton Hazel	Economics
William John Hennessey	Art History
Bruce Edward Holbrook	Anthropology
James Shelby Jensen	Art
Gerald Everett Jones	College of Letters
Timothy James McGlue	College of Letters
Michael William Mole	College of Social Studies
Steven Leonard Ossad	Philosophy
Stephen Phillip Policoff	English
Guy Beaudry Prevost	College of Letters
Solon Chadwick Reed, Jr.	American Studies
Paul Andrew Roth	College of Social Studies
Robert William Schrijver	College of Letters
John Whittier Scott, Jr.	Government
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Peter Carl Simpson	College of Letters
Andrew Patrick Tujios	American Studies/History/Anthropology
Peter Albert Weber	Anthropology
John Joseph Yurechko	History
Peter Joseph Zummo	Music

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Gregory L. Matloff	
Richard Rusakowicz	
Mikio Suhamu	
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Zong-Hwe Tzeng	
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Frank Ward	

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Initiated November 1, 1968	
Charles Christopher Drake	
Initiated December 10, 1969	
Edward Paul Castorina	Kenneth Ned Orbach
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Gordon Yale Fain	Robert Alan Segal
Louis Jay Freedman	Brian Lawrence Sullivan
Randall Hal Lockwood	George Harrison Talbot
Kenneth Mandelbaum	Lawrence Bruce Wernick
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Robert Jay Arnold	Stephen Bassett Kyner
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Alan Jay Dubrow	Steven Robert Loeshelle
Charles Franklin Entelis	Charles Edward Lucier
Gregory Thomas Fisher	Gregory Lee Maire
Barry Harte Gottfried	Harold John Yates Michel, Jr.
Thomas Lee Greaney	Arden Reed
Janis Ellen Greene	Leonard Samuel Rubenstein
Richard Keith Greenstein	Allen Page Stuhr
William Jeffrey Jeffcoat	Edward Hazen Walker
Edward Joseph Kelsey	Peter Dana Yurchenco
Steven Ross Kuney	Jonathan Ilan Zach

Award of Prizes

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF AMERICAN POETS PRIZE: Daniel A. Gray '70
AYRES PRIZE (Freshman with best record first semester): Thomas J. Boger '73
BRADLEY PRIZE (Chemistry): Charles S. Irving '70
BRIGGS PRIZE (Intercollegiate Debating): Harry J. Meyer '71, Mark I. Wallach '71
BUTTERFIELD PRIZE (Leadership): Robert C. Eimers, Jr. '70
CAMP PRIZE (English): Harry F. Kaplan '70
CHADBOURNE PRIZE (Outstanding Freshman 1969-70): David C. Mofenbeier '73
COLE PRIZES (English): Jon S. Miller '73, Thomas J. Boger '73
DAVENPORT PRIZE (Politics and Government): Charles E. Lucier '70
DORCHESTER PRIZE (English): Jon R. Appleby '70, George B. Ward, III '70
DUTCHER PRIZE (History): Leonard S. Rubenstein '70, Jeffrey W. Sarles '70
FRIENDS OF WESLEYAN LIBRARY: Charles A. Caramello '70
GIFFIN PRIZE (Religion): Stuart M. Frank '70
GRAHAM PRIZE (Natural Science): Kenneth N. Orbach '70
HALLOWELL PRIZE (Social Science): Thomas L. Greaney '70, Steven R. Kuney '70
HUNTINGTON BOOK PRIZE (Student Library): Robert A. Segal '70
INGRAHAM PRIZE (Classical Languages): Laura Leithauser
JOHNSTON PRIZE (Physics): Christopher Terman '73, Roger S. Day '73
WILLIAM DAY LEONARD AWARD (General Excellence): Dwight L. Greene '70
LIMBACH PRIZE: (Social service to Middletown/Wesleyan): Marvin D. Williams '71
MAYNARD PRIZE: John D. Ketcham '70, Robin T. Stebbins '70
PARKER PRIZE (Public Speaking): Elizabeth A. Weiner '72
PEIRCE PRIZE (Chemistry): Allan W. Walter '73
PRENTICE PRIZE (German): Peter C. Simpson '70
REED PRIZE (Poetry): Geoffrey K. Rips '72
RICH PRIZE(English): Donald W. Davidson '70
SCOTT PRIZE(Modern Languages): Sarah L. Pendley '72 (Italian), Stephen Rudy '71 (Russian)
SEHLINGER PRIZE (Premedical Study): Louis J. Freedman '70
SHERMAN PRIZE (Mathematics): Michael T. Orlando '73
SILVERMAN PRIZE (Chemistry): Steven A. Spencer '71
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TRENCH PRIZE (Religion): Keith B. Reierstad '70
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WELLER PRIZE (Sophomore with highest academic average 1968-69): Thomas R. Schweitzer '71
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*“You attended college during the years when students called the Nation’s institutions to trial.  
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was the climax point of a period of massive discontent with things as they are.  
And you leave college in the first wave of people who must accept  
the responsibility for emotional and institutional repair in the Nation.*

*You are up to the challenge.  
But remember this: The jury is out on you—not just on the institutions of our society.  
It is out on you because—now—you are the establishment.”*

—EDWIN D. ETHERINGTON, President, Wesleyan University 1967-1970  
Excerpt from the 1970 Olla Podrida



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