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.

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.

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) 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.
Reunion Committee


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...

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Back cover photo credit: Charles Spurgeon ’72.
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.
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.

As for race, 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 if 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 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 Vice-president 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.

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.

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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.”

“I estimate that the Class of 2023 includes about 179 white guys, compared with 330 in our admitted class.”
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 guilty 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 Cambodian refugees. Behind Bill is Tom Bailey, who was killed in an ambush three months later.”
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 to them.’” 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.”

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

Eli 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 bemedled 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 back 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. I remain bemedled to this day at my passivity and failure to appreciate the moment for what it was.”

For his part, Steve Polcuff 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. Hirshey 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 1-Y 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...”
The Vietnam War

WESLEYAN 70 — The Vietnam War

SJB Places 24 On Probation In Dow Case; Bases Decision On ‘Interviewers’ Rights’


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

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

Draft Tests To Be Given Again; Students Can Not Be Exempt

Boycott of Classes and March Staged in Vietnam War Protest

Humphrey Swamps Nixon in Argus Poll; Gregory, Cleaver, and McCarthy Follow

WESU Reports Today’s Election

SDB Activities At Nixon’s Hartford Rally Viewed With A Radical Magnifying Glass

Policy Statement

Student-Faculty Committee To End Military Recruitment

Fast for Vietnam Peace Draws Allan Burrey and Sixty Wesmen

Student participating in fast protesting U.S. involvement in Viet Nam War.

Wesmen March In Two Cities: Protest Against Viet Nam War

Fall 1966—Spring 1970

The Weslyan Argus
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.
“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 thickets 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 ‘sculpted.’ 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 took 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.”

“...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.”
Blacks Burn Olla Pod; Damn Racist Wesleyan

On The Steps of North College

We will Not Be Deterred

We, the Black students at Wesleyan, find that the 1969 elections of the Wesleyan University Student Council are being illegally manipulated with the assistance of the Wesleyan University.

The election process, when asked to be secret, is not secret at all. "My vote is a secret," one student said. "Secret it is not. My vote is already decided by the administration." The secret ballot system was supposed to be a protection for the students, but it has become a tool for the administration to control the election.

The election is rigged, students say, because of the manipulation of the election results. In 1969, the administration changed the vote count from 312 to 292. Students say that the administration has been manipulating the election results for years.

The administration's manipulation of the election results is not the only problem. The administration has also been manipulating the voting process. Students have been denied the right to vote, because they were not registered. Students say that the administration has been manipulating the registration process.

We will not be deterred. We will continue to fight for our rights. We will not allow the administration to manipulate our elections. We will not allow the administration to control our decisions. We will continue to fight until the administration stops manipulating the election process.

Leftwich Cites Need For Black Power At Gamma Psi Lecture

by Gordon Fugl

Thursday evening in the basement of the Alpha Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, a group of student activists met to discuss the need for a black power movement on campus.

The meeting was called by the Alpha Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society and was attended by about 50 students. The meeting was called to discuss the need for a black power movement on campus.

Leftwich cited the importance of black power in the struggle for civil rights. He said that black power is necessary to ensure that black people have control over their own lives.

"We need black power because we need control," Leftwich said. "We need control over our own institutions, our own economy, our own culture." He said that black power is necessary to ensure that black people have control over their own lives.

Leftwich also discussed the need for black power in the political arena. He said that black power is necessary to ensure that black people have control over their own politics.

"We need black power in the political arena," Leftwich said. "We need control over our own political institutions, our own political parties." He said that black power is necessary to ensure that black people have control over their own politics.

Leftwich ended his remarks by saying that black power is necessary to ensure that black people have control over their own lives.

"We need black power because we need control," Leftwich said. "We need control over our own institutions, our own economy, our own culture. We need control over our own political institutions, our own political parties." He said that black power is necessary to ensure that black people have control over their own lives.
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 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 Tarasha 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.”
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 unwarned 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 harasses 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.”
“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

“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 widespread 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.
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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; Geyser; 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.

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Neale T. Adams
Spouse/Partner: Ellen Alexander
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Memories of Wesleyan: For its 50th anniversary, I have chosen stories of people and events that mark our institution. Here are just a few.

Robert H. Ament (Bob)
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robertament@aol.com

Memories of Wesleyan: For 46 years, I have been involved with girls ages three and five.

Theophilus W. Amartefio (Nik)
Spouse/Partner: Marie Kelta Amartefio
Darnex Ltd.
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Ghana
namarteifi@yahoo.com

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 Kufour.

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

At right: Nik Amartefio with wife Marie.

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 differences. 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 food and services to neighbors needing help. Recipient of the 2004 Annual Commendation Award of the Town of Falmouth Human Services Committee “for unselfish dedication and representation 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 the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Most fun currently: In 2018, we bought a secluded three-season cottage on a 16-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. We often take friends there by canoe for break- fast or lunch, a 20-minute adventure through two idyllic ponds connect- ed by a short stream through dense forest.

At right: Bob Ament and family.
Peter Traneus Anderson

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traneus@verizon.net
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Memories of Wesleyan: I was a class member no one in my class crew. 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 met my partner Diane in 2005.

Now: I live north of Boston, and am retired. I gave up driving to 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 learn French in everyday life. 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 1998, I began 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 outpatient 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 kayaking racing for many years, and helped start a 2-day, 40-mile race (the San Juan Challenge) that ran from 1997–2007. Now I began kayaking in Puget Sound racing for many years, and helped start a 2-day, 40-mile race (the San Juan Challenge) that ran from 1997–2007. Now I began kayaking in Puget Sound. I did open water kayaking. But I discovered 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. There I feel blessed 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!

Robert L. Apter

Robert L. Apter (Bob)

Spouse/Partner: Brenda Graham Apter

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Scottsdale, AZ 85259
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bob_brenda@zappers.com

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 Edson 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 Prose, 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 learn French in everyday life. There I became good friends with Charles Elbot '69, who has a far more interesting life story than mine!

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Jon R. Appleby

Spouse/Partner: Jill Appleby

10 Nursery Lane
Berkwich, ME 03010-2653

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.”

Robert J. Arnold

Robert J. Arnold

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Above: Brooklyn, Brenda, and Bob Apter.
Tony Balis

Tony Balis

A few notes from Tony Balis for our Vineyard Haven, MA  02568-2488

Tony Balis

Babson College and New Hampshire College.

WorldPaper

associate Publisher for North America of a new venture called convertible towards Alaska. I then worked in Boston as As-
barked on a six-month camping honeymoon driving an old

Law and Diplomacy; got married for the first time and em-
view Board in NYC; graduated from The Fletcher School of

vences venture on Martha’s Vineyard and Nantucket (Martha

ing our yearbook to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Here’s a quick chronology: the day after Wes graduation,

ührung humanity, a young colleague

gave me the nickname “America’s Guest.” In fact, as recent
example, I spent 2019 caretaking a large property in cen-
tral Vermont: living in a small cottage on the west shore of
ova Scotia (built by Doug Maynard); and keeping watch on

derful public of Martha’s Vineyard, where I housesit for

not least, I am blessed with sustaining friendships and

I am also active in the Jewish community, cur-

is a relative when not anchored elsewhere.

Not least, I am blessed with sustaining friendships and

health and excellent ease and great
er to each day—no matter where it may
down. A girlfriend once aimed this E.B.

In fact, you can support THI’s efforts to end war by pur-

I self-published a book on Amazon Kindle called RoadWise

in some irony, was appointed chairman of the Career Edu-
cation Committee on Wesleyan’s alumni council. Recently, I

self-published a book on Amazon Kindle called RoadWise

(abut 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 pur-

chasing a tin or two of our tea, Ahimsa, that we created with

Harvey & Sons. We base our overt optimism on the ancient

worldwide tradition of coming together over a cup of tea, lis-
tening 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 trad-
ing stories, hearing about

your life—and celebrating the

together the blessing of

our continued journeys!

In peace and humanity,

Tony

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 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.”

In peace and humanity,

Tony

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Joshua I. Barrett (Josh)

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Memories of Wesleyan: Funniest memories? Hanging out with Harvey and Elliot just about says it all. On a 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 obli-

gations. My classes were enriching and the music all around me—including playing with Dave Cam ‘68 and Rick Hammer ‘69 in “The House of David” (opening for Big Brother & The

Holding Company and others), and some great concerts in

McConaughey—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 po-
tential for success in the music business. After receiving my
degree in 1971 and leaving my dreams of rock-star stardom, I

lived in Israel for a year and then returned to Providence

where I went for a year at a band 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 met and married Julie Adams, who is a

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

continue to work on the global traction The Humanity Initia-

tion down to ten words: encouraging people to understand

the challenges of the day.

If I do make it back to our

50th, I look forward to trad-
ing stories, hearing about

your life—and celebrating the

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 for Al Jazeera news program.

Robert L. Barrows (Bob)

Robert L. Barrows (Bob)

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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 two grandchildren who we are lucky

to visit several times a year. Our older son and one granddaughter 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 word I 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 sev-

er different non-profit boards,

two for professional skiing and

Above: Bob Barrows.
Jerry L. Barton
Spouse/Partner: Martha/Ann Parsley Barton
Vienna, Austria
jerrybarton@iname.com

Memories of Wesleyan: Riding in old cars (no heating) to Massachusetts sets 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 the 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 common enemy).

Now: Still in Vienna. Supporting retirees from UN system organizations in Vienna and internationally (see aricsa.org and oEViA.org). Taking photos (jerrybarton.eu).

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Spouse/Partner: Marilyn Bercowitz
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Memories of Wesleyan: Wesleyan was 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 50 in Virginia Beach, VA.

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 Ruitzer and the late, much-missed My Soo... Seeing Janis Joplin / Big Brother & the Holding Company at McCoaughy... My introduction—it did not go well—to the exotic world of mixers with the women of Smith, Holoyoke, etc... The EDV 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... Bid- ding 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 ORourke’s with Mike Flynn, at 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 Polkoff, 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 dorm... 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, back in ’90 (or thereabouts), to be part of a reading of A.R. Gurney’s Love Letters, a fund-raiser for the ’90 Theatre. Professional work in various venues with other alumni: re-uniting 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 ’66 on an industrial film for AT&T; and, in 2019, improvising on Instagram (as Stephen Miller) with Lauren LoGudice ’02 (a sublime Melaria). Appearances on and off Broadway and in theatres around the country, as well as 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

A. Richard Baskin (Rick)

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At right: Joel Bernstein.

Rodney F. Blanchford (Rod)

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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 friends and 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.

Alan H. Blankenheimer
Spouse/Partner: Valerie Alger
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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.

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: worldometers.info

- The U.S. population in 1966 was 196.6 vs. 329.8 million in 2019.
  Source: U.S. Census

What Moved Us

- 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.

Making News in Sports

- Heavyweight champ Muhammad Ali resisted Vietnam draft.

- Frank Robinson won American League Baseball Triple Crown.
Once a week, focusing on English language and math skills. Activities, and Carol and I both tutor elementary school kids. Winter, I will again coordinate our hypothermia shelter actions that provide training to career government employees. I teach financial management part-time for two organizations.

We have been blessed by the opportunities we have had to live 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.

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.
now, I am still in New York City, married to a woman who is still head of an independent school much like College, but I left education a couple of years ago to follow another true north—photожournalism—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 rewarding, 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.

Jeffrey Camp

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Nepal

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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 Dalry Rosenbaum’s larger-than-life persona. George Creeger’s classes. Concerts at McConaughy and the Chapel, from Dave Davis to Chuck Berry to John Cage. Curry Concerts at EOV. Assisting Abraham Azdenyah teaching African Drumming to Middletown Enrichment Summer School students. The end of the 60s—best time ever to grow up 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 other 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 Burgers

Thomas C. Buford (Tom)
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Memories of Wesleyan:
Note: I was admitted with the class of ’68, 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 patholine. Oy. Getting to know some amazing and delightful classmates. “Great Books” with Chad Dunham. Writings, wrestling, waiting for the craziness to come.


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 indigents, 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 paddling.

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. Diamente. 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.

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Memories of Wesleyan: Not sure why I am there, 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 boosted 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 School of Scienology, then head-quartered 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 for a beer.

Past 50 Years’ Highlights: I spent the next 40 years teaching and “leaning” in independent schools in New Haven, 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 Collegegate, the venerable boys school in Manhattan that’s 150 years older than the Revolution, where I was the dean. He told me that he left Wesleyan and went left Wesleyan and got 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 rewarding, 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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Now: I am still in New York City, married to a woman who is still head of an independent school much like Collegegate, but I left education a couple of years ago to follow another true north—photожournalism—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 rewarding, 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 Howard 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 turtles 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 Joyce novel.

Reading, writing, lecturing, riding, collecting rare books, and spending time with Anne, Dagmar, and our German Shorthaired 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 2020. 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.

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 degree at the University of Wyoming and then came back to the campus-wide Graduate School. I retired 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.

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 flying 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-accumulation, I found myself pursuing a master’s degree in state and local government; don’t ask me to explain. This was turned 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.

Momodou Ceesay

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Gambia

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 NYer and a Colgate) and our fraternal twin daughters, Olivia and Fiona. There were more geographic up-rootsings 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.
Prince C. Chambliss Jr.

Spouse/Partner: Patricia Tonye 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 30 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.

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 would eventually 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 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.

Prince C. Chambliss Jr.

Spouse/Partner: Patricia Tonye 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 30 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.

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.

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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, and is, one of the many blessings.
Howard H. Conley III

Spouse/Partner: Jan Rovecamp

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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 of 1970 American life. It was the beginning of Peace Corp’s India 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 economist, among other responsibilities. This progressed to the Congressional Budget Office to analyze the cost of farm price support programs that 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 parison, then, as it is now, especially in the Agriculture Committee where regional (Kansas wheat vs. Oregon wheat) and commodity (dairy vs. beef) rivalries overshadowed par- tisan 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.

Blackburne Costin

Spouse/Partner: Heather Costin

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**Past 50 Years’ Highlights:**

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 am a “Liberally 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 44 and four grandchildren, ages 7, 11, 15, and 25, 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 my 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.

Christopher Cypher

Spouse/Partner: Diane Cypher

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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.
A new girl for girl-watchers to watch...

Her name is Joan Parker, and she’s the new Dodge Fever Girl. Watch her on television this season, surprising Dodge Fever with a string of unforgettable stunts. (Dodge’s TV schedule is listed below.)

A new car for car-lovers to love...

Its name is Charger, and it’s the best-looking Dodge ever built. Complete with dazzling headlights and sports-car styling that includes a luxurious interior, it’s the new dawn. But since it’s still a Dodge, it’s still a Dodge. As always, we’ve included bucket seats and an. . .

FREE!...

for the man who takes his pipe seriously.

We’ve just perfected a completely new pipe mixture, called Luxembourg. It’s for the man who has graduated from the ordinary pipe tobacco to the very finest. Luxembourg Pipe Mixture combines the very best from the four finest tobaccos of the world! Try it — you’ll like it.

Why read as they did 100 years ago?

One hundred years ago, men read for fun, and the very best reading materials were hard to find. Today, there’s enough reading material to fill an entire city library, and all of it is at your fingertips. Why read as they did 100 years ago?

Take a course in Sex Education

Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics Institute

Come to a Free Demonstration

Thursday, Feb. 15
7:30-10:00 p.m. (continuous)
Davison Art Center Room 100

WELCOME RETURN

It is quite apparent that young men have welcomed the return of the smart-looking double-breasted blazer. We contribute our wool flannel natural shoulder model with side vents, welt edges and notched bottom... all in all an item you can hardly afford to be without these days.

WESLEYAN 70 — Advertising
Above: Dave Davis.
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.
Shakespearian 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.
At right: Diana Diamond.

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 joie de vivre and bonhomie
I thought this is what I want for
My Wesleyan reunion at 70!

Diana Diamond

(Selected from previous page)

Stephen Dowling

To my Wesleyan family

And redoing downtown Columbus and Cincinnati.

And for you the Brooklyn Bridge Park, the Highline

There was teaching, research and practice for me
Along with the joys and trials of family
Described in words not so well
Lived multi-dimensionally in sight, touch, and smell
An endless series of firsts and lasts
Parenting goes so unbearable fast

Sometimes humbled us beyond repair.
Capacity to dare
Inspired fear when we saw her
Stretched our capacity to care

But then began the dance
Forever and ever and ever
We vowed we’d be together
It will always be true
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 joie de vivre and bonhomie
I thought this is what I want for
My Wesleyan reunion at 70!

At right: Diana Diamond.
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 often-times 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.
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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 unworliday Midwesterner like myself, my time spent in the fast-moving, dirty, exciting east coast cities was a fun and important counterpart 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 impossible 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.

Michael E. Gallagher
Spouse/Partner: Lorinda Divine
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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).

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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 “Ascelism in the Modern World” inspired in part by observing the anti-mater fromalism of our class. When I was given the honor of present ing 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 “reason able 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-Marley Associates. Under its founder, Ted Benerson, the firm was a pioneer in the development of on-campus, 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 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 my 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 & Marley have passed on, so I will refrain from castigating 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 design, produce 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, and I have been labeled 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 mentor 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 a lifetime of 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.

Wayne J. Gifford
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Above: David Geller.

Wayne J. Gifford

Henry J. Glanternik
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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 lifetimes. What is my most amusing memory? Prob- ably 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. It was glee-ful as B’r Rabbit tricked B’r 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, along with a few associates, backed into opening 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 daugh- ters, and watching them produce our delicious, delightful grandchildren.

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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. It was glee-ful as B’r Rabbit tricked B’r 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, along with a few associates, backed into opening 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 daugh- ters, and watching them produce our delicious, delightful grandchildren.
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.

1967 YEAR IN REVIEW

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

YOU AIN'T WOMAN ENOUGH - LORETTA LYNN
ing edge of a number of counter-cultural movements which
mate, Andy Leonard, who was living up in Topanga. At one
give me my diploma. I wrote back that I’d send them the
Months later, I got a letter from Wes saying that I owed a few
with some cops in Middletown around the time of the strike...
saw the remnants of a motorcycle that had belonged to Chris
mune in New Mexico. While at another commune one day, I
larger strike symbol up the flagpole. Classes shut down, and
We ran off a bunch of strike arm bands, and I carried them
the Dead concert. Right after Ali announced the national stu-
revelers in the woods. When I came back to Wes, I told my

My travel is super cheapo. I stay in hostels, mostly eat
I also had a stroke while doing a solo section hike on the
too long ago, I did a set of 10 pull-ups at each of 12 parks
city gym. As of today, I’m in crazy shape for an old fart. Not
I take the kiddies to the same parks that I was carried to
Now: [soon, three] grandchildren. Continuing to read, experience,
October morning under a changeable sky.

Memories of Wesleyan: An incho-
ate 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
after a lengthy career as a health care executive and consultant.

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Spouse/Partner: Ellen Esposito

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Memories of Wesleyan: My fondest memories are hang-
ing out and bullshitting with friends who I still have. Fur-
nest memory is probably going to Howard Johnson for all you
could get for $4.95 with a bunch of friends, and gaming 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 employ-
ment and thereby violate Title VII. I later briefed and argued
several groundbreaking cases striking down Federal Com-
munications Commission rules.

Raising my three boys was mostly fun and certainly mean-
ingful. 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 vol-
unteer teaching English as a second language to adults and
dabbling in asylum cases.

Barry H. Gottfried
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Now: Retired and still with my wife of 43 years in our house
in suburban D.C. Traveling, watching grandkids, doing vol-
unteer teaching English as a second language to adults and
dabbling in asylum cases.
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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 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 Justice 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 echoes from Lou Gehrig speech here).

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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 were 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 had a much less intense intellectual atmosphere, more structure, more tests, fewer long papers. But my goodness

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 Prevention and Organic Gardening, Prevention, Men’s Fitness, Men’s Health 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 (1988). 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: Tim Greaney and family; Tim and furry friend.

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

David J. Groff

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

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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 Can- dies, 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 diners 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 1984 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 Ventures, 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 joins the way the 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.
William J. Hennessey
Spouse/Partner: Leslie Griffin Hennessey


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.

George G. Hill (Gary)
Spouse/Partner: Katherine Tiddens

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 un-known to me. I was disappointed but saw his point, since my thesis was to be about pop music from a vaguely structural-ist 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 cer-tain 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 pro-fessor for his time and walked out, leaving our mutual em-barrassment 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 un-der 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). At Reuters, 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.

Ernest N. Hingkeldey

Bruce E. Holbrook
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Stephen Horton

Above: Bill Hennessey.
Above: Gary Hill and wife Katherine Tiddens.
Above: Bill Hennessey.
Above: Gary Hill and wife Katherine Tiddens.
“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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Stephen Horton

Above: Gary Hill and wife Katherine Tiddens.

Above: Gary Hill and wife Katherine Tiddens.

Above: Gary Hill and wife Katherine Tiddens.
George H. Hunker III

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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.

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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

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 Weisman 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.
120 Students And Faculty Picket New Recruiter At North College

Rich, Apathetic Underachivers Smoke Marijuana

Hoy And Helper Meet Students; Discuss Community Life Panels

Book Thefts Behind Olin Policy;
Librarian Rebutts Student Critics

Generalization Abandoned In Faculty Vote;
All Departments To Decide Requirements

Ethereington: "An 'Anything Goes' Attitude Cannot Exist At School!"

Academic Report Hits Few Finals, High Grades, Faculty

Huston: LSD Has Potential As Psychological Implement

Investigation Reveals $500 Earmarked For UPA, SAM

SAC Warns Lawn Avenue To Cease Hours Violations

Wes Student Majority Strikes In Protest Of Nixon Policies

Faculty Votes To Join, Support Student Strike

EQV House Now "Uninhabitable"; Cause Pinned On Carelessness

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

Kaufman's Reply To Argus

Fall 1966—Spring 1970
Olympia, WA 98502-4417

in Middletown, Aiden, our part Irish terrorist standard poo-causes in a world that appears to have lost its way.

terrain) and search for useful ways to support progressive (while adjusting to the sometimes overwhelming scale of the

Washington where we continue to explore by foot, ski and kayak

dle, and I left our farm in Maine to live in Olympia, Wash-

cohort who have never left my side.

legiance and respect of a bright, talented, diverse and caring

the never-ending post trauma, the continued, invaluable al-

I carried with me through that conflict, as well as through

and while I surely experienced that as a soldier in Vietnam,

the unique closeness and constancy of comrades in arms,

bers have consistently provided me for fifty-some years.

class of '70, because it is that association to which I owe

1974–76, I have always described myself as a member of the

time co-producer.

outdoor education and journalism, academia and research,

my unwilling participation in a war, and throughout careers in

67. But the arc of that short experience has overspread my

lasting only from the summer of 1966 into the winter of 1966–

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 poo-
dle, and I left our farm in Maine to live in Olympia, Wash-

ing class that was actually in the course catalog with our

fun times at the Alpha Delt house; parties all over; football

order: rowing on the crew team; taking enriching classes of

school at the University of Chicago, I immediately dove into

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Park, now called Wesleyan Hill, was named after the law firm,

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.

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Memories of Wesleyan: So many
to list here, not necessarily in priority

Jimi Hendrix concerts—I was either at an away crew race or

Bone.

paper and twisted donuts). He plans to teach and do re-

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 growth.

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.

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Above: Carl Johnson.
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’Odéon. 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 mainframe to personal computers, the evolution of computer technology in the field of semiotics.

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 kept the apartment. I’ve been married since 1981, and we live here since 1976, when I shared my apartment with my Wesleyan roommate, John Talbot. He moved to California; 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 fund raising and reunion attendance.

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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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 Gurnet 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, Musings 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.

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

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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. We sailed to Western Europe, Scandinavia and the Caribbean. My ‘service’ life has had a significant commitment to the non-profit world. I was at an impressionable age and with little real-life experience. These have been some of my most interesting and fulfilling endeavors.

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, 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, playing guitar and 5-string banjo, and teaching.

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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.

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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 1966? Anyway, my most powerful memory of Wesleyan has always been the day Fisk Hall was forcibly occupied by Black 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 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 grandkids (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 Gouloum, who envied my height to see over 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: 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.

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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 EDV—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 rabbfi 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, Stefie, 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.
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, Katly 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, Tajistan, 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.
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.

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<th>Political Party</th>
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- 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.
- 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.
- Three astronauts aboard Apollo 8—Jim Lovell, Bill Anders, and Frank Borman—became first humans to orbit the moon.

Changing Life As We Knew It

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

What Moved Us

- Jackie Kennedy married Aristotle Onassis.
- In the Heat of the Night won best picture Oscar.
- Medalists Tommie Smith and John Carlos raised black-gloved black power salute at Mexico City Olympics.
- 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

- 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.

- 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.
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.

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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. I studied Japanese and Indonesian music. At Wesleyan 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 Chinese, 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 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 (an other 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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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 (an other 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!

Joseph L. Manna (Joe)
Spouse/Partner: Nora Manna
917/658-6460 (cell)

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.); Restaurantier (Washington, D.C.); Management Consultant (Florida); Pool Cleaner (Florida).

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

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Memories of Wesleyan: I was 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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Timothy P. Martin (Tim)
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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 fell 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 (an other story); have two wonderful daughters (both admitted to Wes but went to school elsewhere); and had a great career.

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Above, clockwise from left: Roger Mann in Mt. Greta, PA; In Glover, VT; Roger and Margot Eastman ’71 with Am Jensen ’70.
Michael J. Mastergeorge (Mike)
Spouse/Partner: Rosalyn Mastergeorge
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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: Clifton Park, NY for the last 38 years. I am the Exalted Ruler at the Clifton Park Elks Lodge 76 St. Andrews Drive
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Above: Jim Matthews.

Richard F. McConnie (Dick)
Spouse/Partner: Mayra Garcia
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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 WestTech. 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 Barbados 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 here. Completely Boring Nonsense

Bradford L. Matthews (Brad)
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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 WestTech. 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 Barbados with Pat Kelly ’69 and Andy Gregor ’70. I have lived in Clifton Park, NY for the last 38 years.

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James J. Matthews (Jim)
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Memories of Wesleyan: The class of ’70 COL contingent studying at the Sorbonne in 1968 was already imbued with Wild’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 state-side, 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 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 (ch) 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 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: Janis Greene Mendelson (center) and family.

Janis G. Mendelson
Electric Power Research Institute
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Palo Alto, CA 94304
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650/868-2888 (cell)
jmendels@epri.com

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.

Robert L. McIntosh
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Olympia, WA 98516-9558

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Above: Jim McGlue.
H. John Michel Jr. (Jack)
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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.

Randy H. Miller
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518 Spruce Street
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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.

Stephen E. Moody
Spouse/Partner: Susan M. Kron
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Woodinville, WA  98072-9098
425/487-0602
steve@moodys.org

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 (USN 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.
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), 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.

Ralph L. Moore
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Kenneth H. Morse
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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).
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Above: Mark Mintz.
Above: Ralph Moore.
Above: Mullins family.
At right: Ross H. Mullins.
Robert J. Murphy Jr.  
(Bob)  
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Above: Bob Murphy.

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 Arch-type, 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 Delta 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).


Robert D. Neiss  
1747 Vista Del Lago  
Fallbrook, CA  92028  
760/723-9683

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 Thyaagarajan. Continuing musical experiences. Strong family bonds.


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memoriesofwesleyan@yahoo.com

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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.

Steven L. Ossad (Sad)  
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If you’re in the area, get in touch for tamales or local directions.
Wes Gamblers Host Jr. Walker

The following article is by Douglas Ryczek, CRC Social Committee chair.

The CRC Social Committee would like to draw the community’s attention to the Spring Show Concert scheduled for Saturday, May 11, from 9 to 11 p.m. at McGonagle Dining Hall. "The Walker and the All-Stars" and a hand-held pump will provide excellent entertainment for the community.

The concert will be enlivened by the unique sound of the Indonesian gamelan. The group is comprised of Indonesian students.

The concert is sponsored by the CRC Social Committee and the S.R.C. Committee. The audience is welcome to bring their own refreshments.

The show is open to the public and free of charge. The CRC Social Committee looks forward to welcoming you to the event.

Javanese Festival To Mark Gamelan Debut

A Javanese festival, complete with food, music, and dancing, is planned for Thursday, February 28, from 5 to 8 p.m. at McGonagle Dining Hall. The event, which will feature the gamelan, a traditional musical ensemble, will open the Javanese Festival. The festival is sponsored by the CRC Social Committee and is open to the public.

The event will include traditional Javanese music and dance performances. The festival will also feature a variety of foods and drinks, including traditional spices and herbs.

The Javanese Festival is supported by the CRC Social Committee and is open to the public.

The New York Chamber Orchestra will perform in Monument Hall on Wednesday, March 1 at 8 p.m. The concert will include works by Mozart and Beethoven. Tickets are available at the College Box Office or at the door.

The concert is open to the public and is sponsored by the CRC Social Committee.

The Wesleyan Argus

Wesleyan 70 — Our Music
Donald S. Parker (Don)
Spouse/Partner: Elizabeth F. Dalton
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Alexandria, VA 22306
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dspm007@aol.com

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.

Don

Miguel Pinkas
Spouse/Partner: Karen Pinkas
Micron C A
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Venezuela
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Above: Marc and Jean Pickard with Bob ’70 and Nancy Stone.

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

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 Dwarfes in a Closet, as my senior thesis, directed by my dear friend Jim Pickering with close friends, including Joel Bernstein, the late John Haury, 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 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, 2020, and am vaguely working on a book about her, the obscure illness, and our family’s struggle.
to pursue in graduate school. Otherwise, I remember fondly working in the computer lab in the basement of Van Vleck. What I learned there got me a job in the year influence on my future were the days that had the greatest opportunities for me. Really nerdy, but the achievements Memories of Wesleyan: This is reeled out what I wanted to pursue in graduate school. Otherwise, I remember fondly working in the computer lab in the basement of Van Vleck. What I learned there got me a job in the year influence on my future were the days that had the greatest opportunities for me. Really nerdy, but the achievements

Past 50 Years’ Highlights:

1975: PhD in Statistics from the University of Waterloo (Ontario, Canada), with visits to Japan and Germany.
1976: First trip to Europe, including Paris, France, and Germany.
1977: 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. Living in Los Angeles hills with my wife, Adrian. Writing fiction and screenplays... and producing.

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.

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.

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.
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 (books I wrote on Wkipedia 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 $5000ilos House largely left Minter Ellison to get a life and formed my own little firm (Crefgne Shreves & Ratner) which was a very happy 4 person partnership for almost 20 years with no ‘junior lawyers and a rule that no partners’ meetings 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, poultry 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 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, Lukes Nelson, Tom Russell, Dave Alvis, 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 Drexler and the 1970 Knicks, Phil was “Action Jackson” and Dr. J taught the NBA how to fly), cricket is just weird—who came and the tide goes out for almost a kilometre and we dredged 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 pipis 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 salamanders and a jabiru on the Yellow Billabong and was amazed by the birds life on Ulva Island where wekas wandered 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
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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 5000 miles Home where I did my studying. The flexibility of Wes in allowing me to spend a year in Rome and another year in Paris. The ‘88–89 anti-war demonstrations. I still have the typed list of the 1968 founders of Wes SDS.

Funnest: 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 Jeanette 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. 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 Firestein 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 was a stone-cold professional who had been deputized as my assistant, but we 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 be able to go into a room. 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. That is pretty cool, too. I used to be part 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 over 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 levity and perpetually transitional, of the seemingly 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 irrevocable 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 never the lots that mattered so much as the stories they told—from space ships to dinosaurs, from Magna Carta to Roserbud, from Gilbert and Sullivan to a rosesmoses Portrait of George Washington to George Clinton’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 rich 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 fruitful 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—all though 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.

(Continued on page 108)
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.
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Memories of Wesleyan: Victor Gourevitch’s freshman philosophy class (the ding a ling) that Paris semester abroad during May–June 1968; searching all night in vain for the Commissar of the Arts. I’ve written a memoir about three years in Waterfront Briefing, Santa Fe, and Malinalco, Mexico. I retired from doing mostly newspapers and TV. 108

Past 50 Years’ Highlights: Raising three sons with my wife (still awaiting grandchildren), 42 years as a journalist, split just about evenly between newspapers and TV. I’ve written a memoir about three years in Waterfront Briefing, Santa Fe, and Malinalco, Mexico. I retired from splitting my time about evenly between newspapers and TV. "I’ve written a memoir about three years in Waterfront Briefing, Santa Fe, and Malinalco, Mexico. I retired from doing mostly 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). 109

Above, top: Dan Rosenheim, cleaned up and minus beard. Bottom: In Jonnie, 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 is that, after 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
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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 bombinging in Cambodia was inextricably connected to freeing Bobby Seale. Who can forget the Grateful Dead concert and before that, the King 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 naive rah-rah American believing what Robert McNamara and Lyndon Johnson were telling us about dominoes, 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 literature 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 stopped 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 grandchildren 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 helping manage Margaret’s two (successful) campaigns for election to our school board. I remain on the faculty of the John 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.

Leonard Rubenstein and wife Margaret Lorber.

Reubin R. 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! You Tube Lives 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.

Above: Rubin Rubijono and family.
1969 YEAR IN REVIEW

On Our Minds

- Prague Spring in Czechoslovakia ended by Soviet intervention.
- British troops sent to Northern Ireland.
- Manson family killed five in Los Angeles.
- Nixon announced Vietnamization, “I am not going to be the first U.S. President to lose a war.”
- The Woodstock Music Festival took place.
- Vice President Spiro Agnew denounced war critics as “wattering nabobs of negativism.”
- Draft Lottery—two words that spoke volumes.
- Black Panthers Fred Hampton and Mark Clark killed by police in Chicago.
- Gay community resisted police assault on the Stonewall Inn in Greenwich Village.
- Paul McCartney announced that he was not dead, contrary to rumors.

Changing Life As We Knew It

- The Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) was founded.
- California was first state to adopt no fault divorce allowing couples to divorce by mutual consent.
- The first test flight of the supersonic Concorde.
- Apollo 11 and three astronauts land on the moon; “a small step for man, a giant leap for mankind.”

Making News in Sports

- The University of Texas was the last all white team to win the NCAA National football championship.
- Curt Flood declined to be traded, sues major league baseball, and started process that five years later lead to free agency.
- The Miracle Mets won the World Series.

Then and Now

- In 1969, the average baseball salary was $24,909 vs. $4,051,490 for Major League Baseball players in 2020.
  [Source: ESPN.com]

What Moved Us

- John and Yoko bed in for peace.
- BBC introduced Monty Python’s Flying Circus.
- Robert Crumb introduced Fritz the Cat.
- Midnight Cowboy received best picture academy award and X rating.
- #1 nonfiction best seller.
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Charles T. Rutherford

Barry P. Rutizer

Philippe M. Salomon (Phil)
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Past 50 Years' Highlights: I was associated with, and a partner at, Wilkie 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.

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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; railing 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.

David G. Savage

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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 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 grey 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)
Robert W. Schrijver (Bob)
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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 rolled 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?”

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 Marylse 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.

Robert A. Segal
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When I was young, I was a real cowboy, competing at national and world championship levels in the sport of Cowboy Mounted Shooting. 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, Chil- drenswear, Jockey, Polo Ralph Lauren, Michael Kors, Fila, Magnavox, and more.

The Old West has been a passion (sometime 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 championship 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.

Jess, Nancy and I have fun than an older guy should have. I compete with the Connecticut Renegades out of Bethany, CT—six-guns an’ all. 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.

John L. Seale
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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.

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Memories of Wesleyan: I really appreciated fraternitiy 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.

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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 heaps of comic relief and fond memories.

Finally, the real caper 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 Hurt ’72 managed #1). While I actually wanted a future in politics 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.
Richard L. Simons

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Past 50 Years’ Highlights:


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, 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.

1976: 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 tie, 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 & Park Tower Realty).

1997: President, Fremont Properties (formerly Bechtel Investments Realty).

2001: Managing Director Fremont Realty Capital, a development and acquisition fund.


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.

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Past 50 Years’ Highlights:

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.

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Past 50 Years’ Highlights:


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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.
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 Maner, 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.
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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 fraternally 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 round trippers sophomore year in my Volkswagen Bug to Wheaton College. I 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 fraternities intramural touch football games on the varsity field, which were highly competitive and well-attended. I remember meals at the Den-Hut, 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, 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 retiring 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.

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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, 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 right 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 we were going 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 just happened to 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.)

Above, top row: Bob Stone in Tanzania, 2011; Bob and Nancy with grandchildren Aliño, Kayla, June, and Isabella 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 Isabella, son David, granddaughter Kayla, and daughter-in-law Jen.

(Biography continues on next 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, Zambibia, 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.
Robert H. Vaughan (Bob)
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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 Tony) in Minneapolis.

Above: Bob Vaughan.

Edward Hazen Walker (Sachin)
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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 16 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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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, India, Indonesia, and Asia were also very memorable. Ali Akbar Khan, MS Subbulakshmi, 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 history in my classes, but I have five days a week “free” to do interesting and fun things.

I enjoy traveling, sightseeing, and re-connecting with friends and family. And playing low stakes poker once in a while!

The funny irony of meeting my wife Sandra Whaley.

Savoring my 50-year friendship with my wife Sandra Whaley.

At my back yard and said “typical septic clearing”. So, one service guy come out for a routine call, and he took one look at my back yard and said “typical septic cleaning”. So, one man’s paradise is another man’s septic cleaning!

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 traveling, 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)

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John P. Wesley (Jack)

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Bart R. Wendell

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Memories of Wesleyan: The funny irony of meeting my wife Sandra Whiteley, and being 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 surprised 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 NYU 60s culture in the following days. What would I know coming from a high public school 25 miles west in New Jersey?

Running the Boston Marathon Junior year, and having spec-tators shouting to me about Armburgo’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 participa-tion in our democracy as an elected official as Town Moder-ator. Hosting a young Pakistani man this year at the Interna-tional Enneagram Conference and escorting him to his first gender party in his life. The experience of teaching HS in the early 70s during the golden age of American pub-lic education. Having a literal blizzard trap me and 50 public TV CEOs in a DC hotel clime to bring the combative meeting to an unexpectedly successful conclusion, and establishing me on a greatly rewarding work path.

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 up.) Savoring my 50-year friendship with my wife Sandra Whiteley. Loving my two now adult kids who have both overcome hurdles to become people of love and wisdom.

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 influ-ential 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-disci-plinary 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 [West], Susan Marshall, Billy 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, Stephen Kopitowitz (West), Headlong (West), Neil Greenberg, Anne Theresa de Keersmaker [Bel-gium], Los Mundo, Raul Matanazas [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 Perfor-mance Network (currently in its 4th decade) and its companion, the Sutcase 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 civ-ic citizenship of working artists standing shoulder-to-shoul-der with other 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 BESSEIES), which he directed for many years out of DTW (including the writing some 475 personalized award certificates as a “honor” for which 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 Mar- tha Myers at Connecticut College, and attended the Ameri- can 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 Capelo 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 di-versification and creation of a “working, equitable culture of cultures” within the National Performance Network, a ma- ture 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 me-diocre dancer turned national awarded dance and arts pro- ducer and sustainable systems designer (thank you, Cheryl Cutler, and also the Wes Social Committee where we pro- duced so many great and timely concerts); and finally design- ed 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 passion-coupled with the French student/worker riots and strikes across the university and the nation.

Talbot and Davis’ film. Meanwhile, here was the somewhat terrifying, somewhat mortifying, ordinances 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 antithesis to this circumstance.

Wrap up: I decided community service was best and re- turned to Wesleyan where, with Jed Marcus ’71, I and others co-founded Open Summer in Middletown, a non-profit free university (with Steve Weissman teaching Finnegans 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 90’s, an annual social ritual he created, now some 35 alternate years, and so spoke then (after the fiery radical educator John Hol) on the issues that had arrested 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 incorpo-rate 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 rolled down to superheat the air funneling around us. I forget where Dave needed to go, but I had a deadline to get my mandated low-number physi- cal at an Army induction center in New Haven.

After so long working to understand and oppose the Viet- nam 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 struc-turalist philosophies that were ultimately informed, and then creatively disrupted, by the student-worker events/riots/ strikes of May 1968 (which began with French police enter-ing the Sorbonne to break up an anti-U.S. rally) and the 1969 aftermath frighteningly bearing down Charles de Gaulle and the Fifth Republic, and came to infuse my particular influence with Talbot and Davis’ film. Meanwhile, here was the somewhat terrifying, somewhat mortifying, ordinances 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 antithesis to this circumstance.

Past 50 Years’ Highlights:

Highlights! Huh! Half century of past highlights! Be concise, old fox who writes has many names. He was also a word 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 the right candomble in Salvador, Bahia, and along the mean streets of North Philly. He hangs with the dancers and drummers, the One-Two Dog, Kwame Bruce Ossau, the 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

Now: Today, like a petite oiseau, my wife and I fit between the lake in Belgrade and the dock of the bay by Belfast, Maine. I do rough woodwork 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 fel-low filmmaker Abbott Meader, presented by Cinenova in Santander, Spain. The films date from 1964 to 1982, arranged the digital copies for his three programs, removed spice 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 1971 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.

Peter J. Whitehead

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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 quintes-sential student movie of the 60’s—with Rick Pedosky ’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.

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John J. Yurechko
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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 work 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. Yurechko 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. Yurechko 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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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.

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

Peter J. Zummo
Spouse/Partner: Stephanie Woodard
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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.

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.
- North Tower of World Trade Center completed—tallest building in the world.
- University campuses shut down by Student Strike.
- Four Kent State students were killed by National Guard troops.
- The U.S. voting age was lowered to 18 from 21.
- President Richard Nixon signed the Occupational Safety and Health Act into law.
- Doonesbury, a comic strip by Garry Trudeau, debuted in newspapers.
- Millions marched to protest widening war.

Changing Life As We Knew It

- The first Earth Day was held.
- The first New York Marathon was held—55 runners finish.
- The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) began operating.
- The microprocessor was invented.

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.

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.
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

JonAddelsonPortrait.jpg  

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.

By Jerry Cerasale
David R. Brewster
(D. 12/23/2013)

By Elliot Daum

Lithuania 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 hand-some face, and a smile that would make Brian Wilson jealous. Though he graduated from high school in O.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 Jef-ferson ’70 where photographic evidence apparently remains of various victuals.

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 Mar-shall 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 on David and his students remember him as completely devoted to them 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.

David’s 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 Rock-land 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 to him during his last years to the point of even becoming a caregiver at the Center where he lived so she could maxi-mize 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 dupex 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.

Elliot Daum ’70 remembers that warmth even when his dis-ease 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 ova-tion 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 Chambless ’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 contort-ed 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 paddled all over Chicago in search of musical performances. He was passionate about it.

David married Trish Waters in Chicago and she devoted her- self to him during his last years to the point of even becoming a caregiver at the Center where he lived so she could maxi-mize 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.

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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.”

DeWitt married Trish Waters in Chicago and she devoted her-self to him during his last years to the point of even becoming a caregiver at the Center where he lived so she could maxi-mize 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.

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 pres-ence 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 gov-ernor’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 en-debianes, too.

No personal information available.

No personal information available.

No personal information available.
George C. Durbin (Bo)
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 despise 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 dishwasher 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 Klatte’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 presumably he spoke to Calvin only to compare errors. Me—he will seek out Mozart before Calvin. Quite right—and 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 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 and I think you’ll agree if you have read any of the innumerable sermons, hymns, and itineraries 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 hope in 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 rather pridefully noted that when he gets to heaven he will seek out Mozart before Calvin. Quite right—and probably 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 68 he died, and he was only getting started.
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 Aptler, 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/Se- nior 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 pants 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 to Yale that I first met Bill in those Reunion years. while walking the neighborhood one day, I 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. In my recall, 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 high–level securities analyst at Sanford Bernstein & Co. where he eventually became a managing director. I got to know Jonathan (“don’t call me Jon”) well during our junior year. He was an unpretentious guy who was quite disarming 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, if I recall correctly. I had just graduated from NYU with an MBA and had begun working at Chase. I sug- gested 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 high-level securities analy- list 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 Inves- tor for 29 years. I always felt that my suggestion was a mitz- vah, one which Jonathan sincerely appreciated and never let me forget.

By Maurice Halim

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Above: George Nash caricature of Uranus and the Five Moons.

By Mark Fuller

I first met John in Sunday School back in Indianapolis where we both grew up. Or perhaps it was Cub Scouts, or maybe it was Boy 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.

He continued spreading the joy and appreciation of music to many, many others after Wes. He became an accomplished or- ganist 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.

No personal information available.

John C. Haury

(D. 5/16/2010)

By Jerry Cerasale

Michael and I were fraternity broth- ers at Wesleyan. My fondest mem- ory of him was his smile. He always had a smile. He brightened my day. Mike enjoyed music. Knowing him dramatically increased my appre- ciation of classical music.

I was unable to connect with him through the crowd. I wish I had.
David A. Klatell  
(D. 8/11/2016)  
By Bob Stone

David was 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 esculision 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 recognizable Jewish names, and we had brought in African Americans and women. And when it came to rituals, David made up

his own to satiate 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 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 the pool ladder. 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 interested in the television slot 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 Del 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 stood on hisFayerweather bathroom sink to pretend that he was straddling a lane rope. It’s miraculous that he was able to land straddling a lane rope. It’s miraculous that he was able to land.

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 car camp 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 seeded the roots of our lifelong friendship. We took turns driving. We talked, laughed, sang, and acted like idiots. We camped in campgrounds and national parks. When we reached the South Dakota badlands, we climbed rocks and had what seemed to a drunk cowgirl 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 personal lexicon for the rest of our lives. For example, David decided that the giant prairie dogs of the badlands should be called “brontoromics.” 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 supossedly mature adults. We would greet each other by saying “Muh” and use it as a response to a comment on another person’s Facebook posts. Once, when we visited David and his wife at their condo in New York after not having seen each other for some time, David punched 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 France, he horned 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.
He and Joan had a son and daughter (the latter went to Wesleyan) and a 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 just kept on saying 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 the 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 eventually led to his next adventure on the other side of life as we know it.

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 GLBTQ 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 accessible 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.

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 design 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 Bahai Temple in Wilmette. His international work reached as far as Saudi Arabia.

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By Darryl Hazel

Alex Marino, a member of our class, passed away on July 7, 1968. He was 24 years old.

Gregory seemed tremendously at home and grounded in Lewiston, tremendously connected to his community, active in local politics, reading voraciously, and proud of his work.
Jonathan E. Maslow (Jon) (D. 2/18/2008)
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, interesting characters and history.

Also in the 1980s, 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.

Douglas S. Maynard (Doug) (D. 11/1/2013)
By Tony Ball

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 at all 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 Lorie, 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.


Above: Doug Maynard.

No personal information available.

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 walking course he had created in the woods behind his home....
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 psychadelics 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 time from Foss Hill, all the more so in those pre-Internet, pre-streaming times.

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 easily.

Eighteen months later, Stephen became my next-door neighbor once again, this time in Paris during our joint semester 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 tarts 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.

“l’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.
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—low-income law school, terrific marriages and kids, and satisfying careers. Another thing, Wally and I were that rare commodity at Wesleyan (though maybe less so 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, or fashionable) among our classmates (at least) in Cundy’s Harbor, ME. He was an ardent welfare capitalist—lived his life with grace and style.

By Theodore M. Payne (Ted)

Adapted from an obituary.

Ted Payne died on April 21, 2002 at 52 years of age, a resident of Hard- tong Township, NJ, and Oakley Point in Cundy’s Har bor, ME. He was an investment analyst with Metropol itan Life Insurance Company, and a graduate of Mariannas High school. He was a member of the Harvard Club of New York.

Ted was a man of principal, honor, integrity and dignity. He reviled 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 con tinue with our own lives. He was a man of extraordinary intelligence and taste who lived his life with grace and style.
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 of his race.

Knowing John, I believe he would integrate high school again.

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 soldered 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

William R. Steinhurst

(D. 7/4/2014)
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 avid photographer. 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.

Bill was also an avid photographer, and for many years, member of the Art Resource Association and a board member of the T.W. Wood Gallery & Art Center. He created installations on a variety of topics, including the city of Montpelier which were featured at local galleries. He thoroughly enjoyed his annual photography retreats in exotic locales, especially New Mexico. He taught photography courses locally, and shared his interest in photography with his children and grandchildren. He was repeatedly drafted into service as a wedding photographer for friends and family. After many stints behind the camera, he moved in front of the camera to officiate marriages as a justice of the peace. Bill and his family have been longtime members of Beth Jacob Synagogue in Montpelier. He served as the editor of the synagogue newsletter for many years. Congregational meetings were often colored with his sage pronouncements. Bill will be lovingly remembered for his quiet intelligence, dry wit, unassuming nature, and acceptance of and interest in others.

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.
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 “happening”.

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 ir-ritated me that playing right field for the Yale and minor league teams which meant that as graduation approached in our tumultu-ous senior year, 69-70, lots of us were not going to graduate unless we could somehow make it up. The next requirement post-grad for brave souls organized a protest. They threatened a sit-in at half time of a big home football game, and presto, the admin-istration backed down at the last minute to avoid a confrontation in the 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. 1/29/1995)
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 per-formance and analysis. He was highly respected in the field of ethnomusicology as a first class musician, researcher, teacher, scholar, recorder and colleague. As American Con-sulent in Bali he was instrumental in helping numerous others—musicians, scholars, students, tourists, politicians, find the “real” Bali beyond the typical tourist experience.

Andy was a local Connecticut boy who attended the public schools in the nearby town of Meriden. His interest in music began early with an accordion. As he played at family and school events, Andy was hooked. Andy graduated from Wesleyan in 1970. His first taste of interna-tional travel was when as a young man he attended a summer music camp in the Berkshires and performed with and then taught with the Atlantic Invasion Force. A product of the post-Sputnik era, Andy worked in the photochemistry lab and co-authored papers at the Society for Ethnomusicology and other profes-sional travel. He was hooked. Andy wrote his Honors Thesis on The Gamelan Sekaten 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.

Graduation, Andy accompanied Bob Brown to the brand new California Institute of the Arts where Bob was establishing a program and served as a Teaching Assistant. In 1971, supported by a Foreign Study Grant from Cal Arts, Andy went to the Far East, visiting Southeast Asian arts clubs in Singapore, Indonesia and Bali. Coordinated by Bob Brown, this seminal trip includ-ed many of the people who would become key figures in the field of Ethnomusicology. Andy remained active in the area of Indonesian music. The group included several other Wesleyan students: Alan Feinstein (1970), Michael Flynn (1970) and John Pember-ton (1970). Bob arranged for this group to study with many of the top musicians and teachers in Java and Bali. On this trip Andy was entranced with the Balinese Gamelan and continued his study of the core melody line.

After receiving his MFA from Cal Arts in 1972, Andy joined the Ph.D program in Ethnomusicology at UCLA where he was able to work with the legendary Mantle Hood, one of the gurus of field ethnomusicology at the time. Andy’s dissertation research and his active program of teaching, publishing, and performing established his reputation as a productive and satisfying life in Bali. Andy married Janti Nasution, a Batik from Java, and married her in 1983. She helped form and manage a major role in the rest of his life.

After so many years in the tropics, Andy’s fair skin became a problem. He experimented with many skin care treatments that required numerous medical procedures in Australia and Singapore. In October 2002, the second of two terrorist bombings exploded outside his office. Fortunately with no casualties of his own, Andy resigned as Consular Agent. He took a posi-tion in a silver exporting company and continued his life as a well adjusted expat. Over time, his illness increasingly compromised his ability to function, and after a long strug-gle, 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 in the United States. Years ago, Janti intended to donate his extensive collection of books, pa-pers, research notes, recordings and photos to the Wesleyan University in the belief that his manuscripts would be available to scholars and interested researchers.
George B. Von Der Lippe
(D. 11/2/2009)

By Jerry Cerasale

George B. Von Der Lippe, 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 online magazines “GammonLife” and “GammonRipple.” He was the secretary of the New England Backgammon Club, a member of the Seven Hills Wheelmen and the Easy C Riders.

Walter Trice, 60, died suddenly 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 (German) 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. He practiced law in Boston for ten years as an associate at Burns and Levinson, 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. His only son, Lawrence B. Wernick, 56, of Longmeadow, MA, died Thursday November 4, 2004 at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston.

Walter was born in Oak Ridge, Tennessee the son of James and Dorothy (Sparagony) 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.

Lawrence B. Wernick

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 (German) 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. 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 Hampden 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.

上述：Walter Trice.

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)

Adapted from an obituary.

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Gary E. Whiten
(D. 3/11/2018)

Adapted from an obituary.


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 Lawin 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—and 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.

About Walter Trice.

Above: Walter Trice.
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 56 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.

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.

Prof. 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.
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, or that he 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, even if I was 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. I did my undergraduate in gradu- 

tate 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 morn- ing 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. He 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 even- ing 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 appre- ciation. To illustrate his points, he’d sit down at the Stein- way and give us a concert. What a blast!
Dick Winslow conducted many of the pieces I played per- cussion in. The most eccentric 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 Daltrey Rosenbaum was the Director of the Edu- cational Studies Program at Wesleyan in the early 70s. Joe Dalley, her former husband, proposed the idea for McCon community. She was also a great pianist. She taught many of the pieces I played per- 

Forming the Delt house, to the Socialist Workers of McConaughy Hall, to the Gamelan orchestra at the World Music “farm” west of cam- 

From BILL BULLARD:
The thing about being a teacher, I suppose, is that you spend your career remembering moments with your former teacher- 
s, for good and for ill, and, you find out later, by being re- 

From CHARLES A. CARAMELLO:
After studying with Ihab Hassan at Wesleyan, I followed him to Berkeley and the University of Washington where I kept a watchful eye on me as I worked between classes at the of- 

From BOB CARTER:
It’s hard to believe that our classes spent four almost completely devoid of female company, which added to our infrequent desire for it. Nevertheless, we gave each other to the max. My path took me from Hewitt on Foss Hill, to the Dell house, to the Socialist Workers of McDonough Dining Hall, and to off-campus work; I was kept pretty busy; until Sound. Through that, I recall a full year under the Freshman 

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In Cold Blood, The Electric Koolaid Acid Test, One Flew Over The Cookoo's Nest, and Confessions of Nat Turner. Regi-
nald Bartheleomew 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 useful counsel.

From JEFF ELSON
Dick Winslow. Dick Donohue. Norm Shapiro. Ray Ren-
dall 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
Karle Sobilo 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 at Wesleyan (which was assembled by the end of each class is indelible. Otherwise, I just went out and started playing folk music. You know what I mean? You know what I meant? I didn’t but he passed me and made me later. Under 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. Abrahm Adzenyah and Da-
vid McAllaster, 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 some of the most musical people in the world could be speakers of different tongues who play music because it’s fun. 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.

From MARK FULLER
My favorite faculty member at Wesleyan was Paul Mor-
gan 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 ses-
sions were as close to an intellectual salon as I have ever
seen. That summer I had the chance to study abroad (Paris in 1968), stands out more to me than any one teacher. Subjects like econom-
ics and sociology, science, and the humanities deep-
ened 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 go-
ing to Wesleyan, and being smart only gets you so far when you’re surrounded by other smart kids who actually did their homework for years. I’d only written one paper, “Camus and the Absurd”, and never took any AP’s, 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 own 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 dis-
proven. 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 on about what would 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 meant? I didn’t but he passed me and made me later. Under 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. Abrahm Adzenyah and Da-
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From MARK GEANNETTE
The Classics Department—Professors Dyson, Allen, Tompkins, Konstan.

From HENRY GLANTERNIK
Nobody epitomized the joyfulness of learning more than Professor Richard Winslow, whom I consider to be one of the world’s great teachers. He inspired me to do my best always. He was old school and invited students to his house for after-hours discussions and re-

From BARRY GOTTFRIED
Many of the CSS tutors, but especially Mink and Goure-
vitch, made a lasting impact because of their love for teach-
ing and for showing endless patience with a truly math-

From ALLAN GRAY
Richard Wilbur and David Mor-
gan with particular fondness.

From TEM GREANEY
CSS meant the world to me…critical thinking, writing, having and defending my ideas every week, everything that a liberal studies education should be.

From JOHN GRIFFIN
Deborah Dorfman taught my Freshman English 101 com-
position 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 kindliest 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 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—taught me how to look at works of art as objects of what we will call “representation” or per-
ception 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 dis-
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v
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, Janet W. Moore, 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) DavidADA-

From STEVE KUNY:
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 someoperative passage that had particularly moved him. He was a mentor and role model par excellence.

From STEVE KNY:
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 French but also took me to Yale for a performance of the Living Theater.

so to say, the tour focused on Italian Renaissance. A combina-
tion of Indiana Jones and a Ph.D. seminar. Absolutely fas-
cinating 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. Padletti is the “Wesleyan Experience”.

From KENNETH LILLARD:
Clifford Thornton—Music faculty (1969-75), jazz compos-
er and musician, UNESCO counselor on African-American education (1967-87), Black Panther, Minister of Art, Edgar Beckham—German professor, and liason with Black stu-
dents at Wesleyan.

From RANDY LOCKWOOD:
Russet Leaf taught my first animal behavior course, intro-
duced 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 Sorensen fostered an ap-
preciation of combining psychology and aesthetics and letting art and empathy inspire scientific questions. Also, I never

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.

Impacts on WESLEYAN 70

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 Curns. I had gone to 12 schools throughout the country and brandished an inconsis-
tent academic record. That made me a gambler for Wesleyan, One changing. Viggiani supported me despite my lack of background compared to the sophisticated prepsters who end up in Harvard. One should call the talk to him per-
sonally. Viggiani turned Curns into a humanist inspiration for me, for the rest of my life.

From 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 dissident. But, just think, they all have their own voices, their individual songs. That’s the most important.

From Jerzy Kozinski, visiting writer at Wesleyan and advisor, asked me why I had married too young, but goodness, I saw my marriage from a literary point of view. I was 20 and

From Ross H. MULLINS:
Jack Hoy, Director of Admissions; Peter Kilby, Economics; Robert Vogel, Economics.

From GREGORY B. MURRAY:
Influenced by Jacques Gourevitch and Harry Nadler of the Art Department, Dick Winslow of the Music Depart-
ment, 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 stan-

dards vs. cultural relativism and his ex-wife Katchen, who supported my writing at the COL, and who green-lighted

From DAVID QUIEMETT:
Michael West and Robert Rosenbaum—because they took a personal interest.

From MARC PICKARD:
I enjoyed David Adamy, who would stop by the dining room to read passages from whatever book he happened to be reading, for the experience of the beginning and the end of my year in grad school, the privilege of hire a statistics professor for my senior year. Dr. Miller was rec-

From DARWIN PORITZ:
I arrived at Wesleyan intending to enter the College of Quan-
titative 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 first year I auditioned, and I got the position to hire a statistics professor for my senior year. Dr. Miller was

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 ac-

From DAVID N. REDDEN:
Arthur (Jerry) Wensinger, 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 ac-

From STEVE MASTEN:
Professors Willard Walker and Lincoln Keiser in the Anthropology Dept., where I also obtained an MA degree.
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 (maybe it was Nat Greene) asked in my oral exam what relevance Trotsky had at the time. I answered none. I 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 reconnected 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 RUBIJON:
Professor David McAlister/Anthropology and Phillip Hallie/Philosophy of Art were impressive during my impressionable years!! After all that, neither Phil nor I would be serving in the U.S. military. But, still reading and the latest book is Karen Armstrong’s Testament: A History of God. I still don’t know if I got it right. Mel’s only mistake was to suggest 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 reconnected 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 JACOB SCHERR:
Elmer Eric Schattenschneider—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 how language shapes our understandings of politics and the world.

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 “permit” in mixed company, a stunning occasion that helped remove the “mind-forged manacles” from my young life.

From JACOB SERWER:
Staff-wise, it would have been 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 I still don’t know if I got it right. Mel’s only mistake was to suggest 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 reconnected 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 ROBERT B. STEIN:
Mr. Borkunier’s ability to bring Greek classics alive and George Creger’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, Heffer, and 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 Professor Adamany’s former student, Phillip Helfer, who had to deal with my “expulsion” from a varsity team because of my beard, and his receptivity/rewarding me the most desirable internship placement where I was later hired full time and remained for a time.

From BRIAN SILVESTRO:
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. He 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 English professor Michael, 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 60’s 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 McAlister. Herbert Hyman.

From EDWARD HAZEN WALKER:
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.

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.

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 a deep and abiding 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.

From BRUCE WILLIAMS:
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.
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
Awards of Honor and Prizes

American Academy of American Poets Prize: Daniel A. Gray '70

Atene Prize (Freshmen with best record first semester): Thomas J. Buge '73

Beckley Prize (Chemistry): Charles S. Irving '70

Bergen Prize (Intercollegiate Debating): Harry J. Meyler '70, Mark I. Wallach '70

Burruss Prize (Leadership): Robert C. Eitner '70

Camp Prize (English): Harry F. Kaplin '70

Chang Prize (Outstanding Freshman 1969-'70): David C. Mollenhauer '70

College Prize (English): Jon S. Miller '70, Thomas J. Buge '73

Davenport Prize (Politics and Government): Charles E. Lustron '70

Dominczak Prize (English): Jon R. Appley '70, George B. Ward, III '70

Dauterive Prize (History): Leonard S. Rubenstein '70, Jeffrey W. Searle '70

Fellowship of the Library: Charles A. Caramella '70

Coffin Prize (Religion): Stuart M. Frank '70

Cranston Prize (Natural Science): Kenneth N. Orbach '70

Hallowell Prize (Social Science): Thomas L. Greaney '70, Steven R. Kuzn '70

Huntington Book Prize (Student Leadership): Robert A. Segal '70

Isolation Prize (Classical Literature): Laura Lothenauer

Jesuitic Prize (Physics): Christopher Tenney '73, Roger S. Day '73

William Gay Leedham Award (General Excellence): Dwight L. Greene '70

Leach Prize (Social service to Middletown/Westfield): Marvin D. Williams '71

Maynard Prize: John D. Ketcham '70, Rubin T. Stubbins '70

Parker Prize (Public Speaking): Elizabeth A. Weiner '72

Purcell Prize (Chemistry): Allen W. Walter '70

Prudence Prize (Karnis): Peter C. Simpson '70

Reed Prize (Poetry): Geoffrey K. Rigsby '72

Kelly Prize (English): Donald W. Davidson '70

Scott Prize (Modern Languages): Seth L. Pedley '72 (Italian), Stephen Rudy '71 (Russian)

Seldes Prize (Precedents Study): Louis J. Freedman '70

Silverman Prize (Mathematics): Michael T. Orlando '70

Silverman Prize (Chemistry): Steven A. Spencer '71

Swenson Prize (Classical Civilization): Bernard Frischer '71

Thomson Prize (Psychology): Randall H. Luckwood '70

Townshend Prize: B. W. B. Ross '70, Howard S. Stein '70

Weld Prize (Simpson with highest academic average 1968-69):

Thomas R. Schweitzer '71

Woolley Memorial Prize (General Excellence): James P. Lynch '71

White Prize (Economics): Dana B. Johnson '70, Marshall R. Goldman '71

Thomas A. Dowmen '71, Murray W. Kellogg '70, Peter L. Condit '71

Mark I. Wallach '70, Steven R. Kuzn '70

White Prize (Economics): Jonathan L. Smith '70

Worthington (Philosophy): Barry H. Gottfried '70
“You attended college during the years when students called the Nation’s institutions to trial. Your senior year—which ended in a strike against specific injustices—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