Class of 1959

50TH REUNION: MAY 21–24, 2009
C lass of 1959

R E U N I O N C O M M I T T E E

Co-Chairs: Bob DiMauro and Charlie Wrubel

Doug Bennet    Peter Lincoln
David Britt    John Lloyd
Alan Brooks    Tom McHugh
Dave Darling    Bob McKelvey
John Dennis    Bill Moody
Dave Eklund    Ed Murphy
Bert Edwards    Skip Silloway
  Ted Fiske    Terry Smith
Larry Kedes    John Spurdle

S P E C I A L T H A N K S T O . . .

John Driscoll '62, Amanda Mullins, and David Sims in Wesleyan's University Relations Office
for coordinating our efforts and helping with our 50th Reunion

Valerie Gillispie and Suzy Taraba '77 for their work in archives identifying many useful historical documents

Ted Fiske '59 and Bob Gillette '59 for sharing their reflections on three individuals
who had a large impact on many of us

Ellen Maurer of Maurer Designs for our fantastic layout

Young's Printing for a superb print job

All the Wesleyan Fund student interns without whose help we would not have this outstanding book
On behalf of the Wesleyan Class of 1959 Reunion Committee, we are delighted to offer this Reunion Yearbook. We very much look forward to welcoming everyone to campus for our 50th Reunion.

Special thanks go to the many classmates who submitted entries and to the Wesleyan staff for bringing it all together.

Your contributions make a wonderful lens through which we can look back to our time at Wesleyan while at the same time sharing our rich and varied life experiences during the half-century since.

The education we received, and the fellowship we experienced in dorms, fraternities, teams, the arts, clubs and associations, were vital building blocks that informed and shaped our lives.

So it is with gratitude for all that Wesleyan has meant to us that we invite you to join us on Reunion Weekend to renew friendships from long ago and to reaffirm our commitment to this extraordinary University.

Dave Darling
Ted Fiske
Bill Moody
The Class of 1959
dedicates this book to the memory of

KAY AND VIC BUTTERFIELD
It is with joy and gratitude that we dedicate our 50th reunion class book to the memory of Kay and Vic Butterfield. As individuals and as a couple, Kay and Vic were powerful forces in our lives at Wesleyan, Vic as a visionary president who was at the peak of his prowess during the years when we were undergraduates, Kay as his partner and alter ego who maintained a gracious and welcoming presidential home situated, literally and figuratively, at the center of campus life.

Kay passed away in April of last year within a week of what would have been her 102nd birthday. A consummate educator in her own right, Kay lived for three decades after Vic's own passing and was a continuing presence at Wesleyan and in the educational and cultural life of Middletown, her home for 65 years. Encounters with her at our various class reunions were important to the renewal of our connections with Wesleyan. We are proud that it was one of our classmates, Doug Bennet, who in 1997, as one of Vic's successors, bestowed on her the honorary degree of Doctor of Human Letters. “Katharina Butterfield, beloved and enduring First Lady of Wesleyan,” he proclaimed, “You're a woman for all seasons.”

We all have our own personal recollections and images of Vic Butterfield. Depending on our particular vantage points, we recall being recharged by his annual Convocation addresses, having lunch at his home with visiting dignitaries like Bruce Catton, marveling at how this wiry former Cornell quarterback turned philosopher and college president could still throw perfect passes on the lawn in front of North College.

Vic Butterfield was one of those rare college presidents—and I would be hard pressed to think of more than one or two others since his time—who, by the sheer force of their values, clarity of vision and leadership skills came to personify the institution that they shaped. It is simply impossible for the mind to ponder the special place that Wesleyan occupies in the landscape of American higher education without conjuring up an image of the Vic Butterfield.

Vic was first and foremost a humanist. He was steeped in the ideas of Plato, Whitehead and William James and driven by his belief in the capacity of liberal education to nurture the human spirit by awakening curiosity and independent thinking. In his farewell address to the graduating class of 1967 Vic spoke of his profound faith in the freedom, the autonomy and the responsibility of the human mind and spirit and asserted “that the ultimate business of liberal learning, whether for scholars or students, is to strengthen these virtues.” It is notable that he never shied away from voicing such thoughts during the Communist scare of the 1950s, when the values of openness and criticism were not everywhere in vogue.

Vic Butterfield understood that the key to realizing his vision of liberal learning was to assemble and empower a brilliant faculty committed to undergraduate teaching, and he had an uncanny ability to draw such scholars to Wesleyan. Did any group of undergraduates ever have access to a more exciting group of intellectual giants than our class did in the late 1950s—names like Schorske, McClelland, Brown, Winslow, Rudich, Neumann, Caspari, Mink, Rosenbaum, Viggiani, Millett? Ihab Hassan, one of their ranks, put it succinctly when he observed to a colleague, “Every history has its Athens: there was an Athenian moment at Wesleyan, and we were fortunate to be part of it.”

Vic maintained a physical vitality reminiscent of his days as a star athlete. He and Kay relished their winter vacations horseback riding in New Mexico, and they did much of the labor for the construction of their home on Randolph Road with their own hands. Vic found relief from the trials of the office of president by chopping trees at their country retreat near Candlewood Lake. He once recalled, “If I couldn't move the faculty, and at times I sure couldn't, I could at least climb on my bulldozer and move the earth!”

He was a builder in other ways as well. He continued to push for educational experimentation, especially in the humanities, throughout his academic career. It was during our years at Wesleyan that he developed his vision of the College Plan—which he described as “a gamble in maturity”—as well as the Center for Advanced Studies, and its successor, the Center for the Humanities. Once again, as Paul Horgan observed, the Wesleyan that Vic bequeathed to his successor in 1967 “was really a self-portrait, if an unconscious one.”

Vic Butterfield was also ahead of his time in his notion that liberal education is at its core a moral enterprise and that the ultimate purpose of education is service to society. We
sometimes made light of his constant refrain that as Wesleyan graduates we were expected to “contribute to society out of proportion to our number.” But even a casual reading of the essays in this volume shows that those of us in the Class of 1959 embraced this message and made it part of our lives after leaving Wesleyan. In his 1967 address he called upon members of his last graduating class to “play your part as community servants and as political citizens” and to “keep alive such intellectual and cultural interests and sensitivities as you may have sustained or awakened here.”

The personage of Vic Butterfield embodied the values of Wesleyan. To our immense good fortune, those values have, in turn, been sustained and awakened in all who are part of the Wesleyan that he and Kay defined and nurtured.

—TED FISKE ’59
NEWS OF THE WORLD, NATION AND WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY — 1955 TO 1959
1955 in Review

WORLD
• Nikolai A. Bulganin becomes Soviet premier, replacing Malenkov (February 8).
• Churchill resigns (April 5); Anthony Eden succeeds him (April 6).
• Federal Republic of West Germany becomes a sovereign state (May 5).
• The Soviet Union and seven East European countries sign the Warsaw Pact, a mutual defense treaty (May 14).
• Argentina ousts dictator Juan Perón (September 19).
• US starts sending $216 million in aid to Vietnam.
• The US, UK, USSR, and France meet at a summit in Geneva.

NATION
• President Eisenhower suffers coronary thrombosis in Denver (September 24).
• Rosa Parks refuses to sit at the back of the bus, breaking Montgomery, Alabama, segregated seating law (December 1).
• Martin Luther King, Jr., leads 381-day black boycott of Montgomery bus system; desegregated service begins December 21, 1956.
• AFL and CIO merge to become the AFL-CIO (December 5).

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY
• Enrollment in the Graduate Summer School up to 146 (July).
• Admissions Office moved to new quarters in North College, Argus offices to Fisk Hall. (July).
• South section of Mount Vernon Street closed and incorporated as part of the campus (July).
• Regular session begins with enrollment of 774 undergraduates and 62 graduate students (September).
• Wesleyan Student Employment Service instituted (September).
• John Wesley Club awarded Jackson Cup for 9th consecutive year at Convocation in Honor of Scholarship (October).
• Disastrous flooding of the Connecticut River valley (October).
• Little-Three championships in football and soccer (November).
• University receives grant of $894,000 from the Ford Foundation for increasing faculty salaries (December).
WORLD

• Nikita Khrushchev, First Secretary of USSR Communist Party, denounces Stalin's excesses (February 24).
• Morocco gains independence from France (March 1) and Spain (April 7).
• Workers' uprising against Communist rule in Poland is crushed (June 28–30).
• Egypt takes control of Suez Canal (July 26). Israel launches attack on Egypt's Sinai peninsula and drives toward Suez Canal (October 29). British and French invade Egypt at Port Said (November 5). Cease-fire forced by US pressure stops British, French, and Israeli advance (November 6).
• Soviet troops and tanks crush anti-Communist uprisings in Hungary (November).

NATION

• Autherine Lucy, the first black student at the University of Alabama, is suspended after riots (March 1).
• US tests the first aerial hydrogen bomb over Namu islet, Bikini Atoll with the force of 10 million tons TNT (May 21).

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

• Undergraduate Curriculum Committee, under chairmanship of J.A. Dunn ’56, issues detailed report concerning student attitudes and performance (January).
• Tentative proposal of purchase by the University of state-owned property of Long Lane School as possible site for a college for women meets with no success (March).
• Faculty institutes program of Summer Study Grants for selected undergraduates (April).
• Faculty votes radical revision in number and structure of faculty committees (May).
• Enrollment in the 1956 Summer School for Teachers totals 261 (July).
• New dormitories on Foss Hill nearing completion (July).
• Fall enrollment shows decrease to 793, including 735 undergraduates (September).
• Study of Russian language introduced into the curriculum (September).
• Campus Protection Officer appointed (September).
• Parents' Day (October 20).
• Straw vote conducted by the Argus shows 70% of undergraduates favor re-election of President Eisenhower and Vice-President Nixon (November).
• Cross country team regains Little-Three championship (November).
• Undergraduate Board of House Presidents adopts new Wesleyan Social Code (December).
1957 in Review

WORLD
• Anthony Eden resigns (January 9); MacMillan becomes British Prime Minister.
• Russia launches Sputnik I, first earth-orbiting satellite; the Space Age begins (October 4).
• The USSR tests its first successful ICBM.

NATION
• Eisenhower Doctrine calls for aid to Mideast countries that resist armed aggression from Communist-controlled nations (January 5).
• The “Little Rock Nine” integrate Arkansas high school. Eisenhower sends troops to quell mob and protect the students after Governor Orval Faubus defies federal order (September 24).

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY
• University acquires Harrington Lodge at North Woodstock, New Hampshire, for use of the Outing Club (January).
• New Foss Hill dormitories occupied for first time by freshman Class of 1960 (February).
• Plans laid for modernizing Judd Hall (February).
• Death of Professor Herbert E. Arnold ’20 (March 2).
• Wrestling team wins Little-Three championship (March).
• Wesleyan Lacrosse Club organized (March).
• Disappearance of Douglas Cannon from its mounting near Memorial Chapel (March 12).
• Faculty votes to permit each junior and senior to elect one course each semester for credit without grade (May).
• Golf team wins Little-Three championship (May).
• Resignation of Dean of Students D.A. Eldridge ’31, to assume presidency of Bennett College, and appointment of Mark Barlow, Jr. ’47 as his successor (May).
• Summer School enrollment 243 (July).
• Music Department settled in new quarters in renovated “Graduate Hall” on High Street (July).
• Departments of Geology and Psychology moved to temporary quarters during renovation of Judd Hall (July).
• Interior of Memorial Chapel redecorated (July).
• Fall enrollment totals 830, including 761 undergraduates. Tuition for undergraduates raised to $800 (September).
• Faculty Club moves to temporary quarters in Downy House (September).
• Cross country team wins Little-Three championship once more (November).
WORLD

• European Economic Community (Common Market) becomes effective (January 1).
• Egypt and Syria merge into United Arab Republic (February 1).
• Khrushchev becomes Premier of Soviet Union as Bulganin resigns (March 27).
• Gen. Charles de Gaulle becomes French premier (June 1), remaining in power until 1969.
• Eisenhower orders US Marines into Lebanon at request of President Chamoun, who fears overthrow (July 15).
• New French constitution adopted (September 28), de Gaulle elected president of 5th Republic (December 21).

NATION

• The US Supreme Court rules unanimously that Little Rock, Ark., schools must integrate (September 29).
• Army's Jupiter-C rocket fires first US satellite, Explorer I, into orbit (January 31).

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

• Death of Professor emeritus H.E. Woodbridge (January 21).
• John W. Macy, Jr. ’38 installed as University's Executive Vice-president (February).
• Premiere of the Pendleton-Winslow opera Adelaide in ’92 Theater (May).
• Sport of rugby introduced informally (May).
• Baseball team becomes Little-Three champions (May).
• Douglas Cannon reappears at Alumni Luncheon and is eventually returned to its setting near the Chapel (June 7).
• Retirement of “Old Steve” Witkowski after fifty years of service with the Department of Physical Education (June).
• Trustees vote to admit women students into candidacy for the degree of Master of Arts in Teaching (June).
• Enrollment in 1958 Summer School for Teachers rises to 355, including 149 women (July).
• Veterans Village on West Street is razed (July).
• Reconstructed Judd Hall re-occupied by Departments of Geology and Psychology (July).
• Foreign language laboratory with modern audio equipment installed in Fisk Hall (July).
• Regular session opens with enrollment of 833, including 762 undergraduates, with undergraduate tuition increased to $1,000 (September).
• Undergraduate committee makes detailed report to College Body Senate, recommending deferred rushing. Members of Wesleyan chapter of Alpha Chi Rho, suspended by their national fraternity, form new local fraternity EQV (October).
• At Convocation in Honor of Scholarship the John Wesley Club is awarded the Jackson Cup for 12th consecutive year, and three alumni are given honorary Citations in recognition of distinction achieved in the field of higher education (October).
• Cross country team retains Little-Three championship (November).
• Undergraduate referendum opposes proposals of deferred rushing (December).
• R.G. McKelvy ’59 is elected Rhodes Scholar (December).
1959 In Review

WORLD
• Cuban President Batista resigns and flees (January 1). Fidel Castro assumes power (February 16).
• Tibet’s Dalai Lama escapes to India (March 31).
• Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev tours the United States, meeting with Eisenhower at Camp David.
• Britain recognizes the independence of Cyprus.

NATION
• Alaska (January 3) and Hawaii (August 21) become the 49th and 50th states.
• St. Lawrence Seaway opens, allowing ocean ships to reach Midwest (April 25).

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY
• Plans underway for reorganization of the Board of Trustees, which votes increase of undergraduate enrollment to 1,000 within five years (January).
• New College Book Shop opened on Court Street (February).
• Faculty approves institution in 1959–1960 of two experimental “colleges”, later named “College of Letters” and “College of Social Studies”, under the “College Plan”, permitting extensive freedom from academic routine to undergraduates choosing these programs (February).
• Alumni Career Conference for vocational guidance of undergraduates (February 20–21).
• Death of Professor emeritus G.M. Dutcher (February 22).
• Basketball team wins Little-Three championship (February).
• Board of Trustees votes revision of University’s Charter, reducing number of trustees from 55 to 25 (April).
• Little-Three championships in baseball and track (May).
• Fauver Field on Foss Hill dedicated (June 6).
Exemplary Intellectuals

WESLEYAN’S EXTRAORDINARY FACULTY
CIRCA 1956

Ernest Wilcox Adams
Reginald Donal Archambault
Herbert Eli Arnold
Theodore Howard Banks
William Thomas Battin

David Cromwell Beardslee
Forrest Irving Boley
Samuel Hugh Brockunier
James Robert Brown
Norman Oliver Brown

Ernest Wolfgang Caspari
Michael Cherniavsky
Edson Marland Chick
Courtney Stafford Coleman
William Bradley Coley, II

George Newton Conklin
Alexander Cowie
Clair B. Crampton
George Raymond Creeger
Joseph Samuel Daltry
“The basic need [in education for democracy] is for insight and thinking power, for judgment and wisdom. A genuine democracy can survive whatever our material prosperity and power, only as its citizens are men of free minds and independent as well as cooperative spirit.”

—VICTOR BUTTERFIELD
WESLEYAN’S EXTRAORDINARY FACULTY
CIRCA 1959

Second Row: Wallace, Colob, Walsh, Tong, Taylor, Spurrier, Briggs, R. Greene, Gortner, Limbach, Neumann, Cochrane, Spencer, Sawyer, Miss Murphy, Pendleton, Wilbur.
Third row: Gemeinhardt, McAllester, Brown, Gomez-Ibanez, Hagen, Thompson, Boley, Bien, Mahar, Trask, Long, Stoggi, Creeger, O’Dowd, Beardslee, Merritt, Lyons, Fisher.
Fourth row: Silverstein, Hoffman, Moore, Meier, Garlan, Schlesinger, Kane, Baraclough, Salm, Barnstone, McKibben, Coopersmith, Barlow, Schorske, Battestin, Everett.
Sixth row: Stabler, Conklin, McCullough, Underwood, Schultz, Risley, Kyburg, Cunningham, Archambault, Norwine, Herbst, Baritz, Barber, Parker, Clarkson, Robinson, Coley, Hough.
Growing up in the 50s, the baseball diamond was always the first sure sign of racial integration in my rather sheltered Connecticut boyhood. I distinctly remember choosing-it-out with another sand lot teammate to determine who would be the imaginary Jackie Robinson for that day's pick-up game. I won, and I was magically transformed into number 42 with a "B" on my blue baseball cap. White kids wanted to become black baseball stars. In high school, we played against teams with black players. Nothing seemed so special about integration. But we were innocent kids, living in an almost all-white suburban town, not ever feeling the sting of racial discrimination. Then I came to Wesleyan for serious studies, but, of course, that had to include time to play ball.

Early spring practices were often cold. There were no baseball hitting gloves then, and when you hit the ball with your wooden bat, the sting would travel all the way up to your armpit. So, we certainly needed to go south for spring training where we could loosen up under the warming sun. This excursion was mighty exciting. We played against some large and famous powerhouses—West Point, Miami University, and the University of Michigan, to mention a few. Our thoughts were on baseball and the very idea of "spring training" captured our attention, but something much more significant was percolating just below the surface of the geography we were to transgress. That's the right word, come to think about it, because we did "transgress" some sacred codes of racial discrimination, and before we even knew it, bigotry's slapping finger nails scratched our eyes; suddenly, we looked at the world with a smarting and tearing perspective. Without warning, we were all black because we had Lenny on our team. None of us will ever forget the first time we really came face to face with the brutality of racial bigotry. It happened in Wilmington, North Carolina.

As we took the field for batting practice, there was an immediate conference between the coaches. I remember watching Norm Daniels talking and gesturing forcefully as he conversed with the coach of the home team. There was to be no game that day, for we fielded a black ball player. There was a long and heated conversation and then an accommodation, but Lenny could not be a starter. The game progressed, and in a late inning, Lenny came up to pinch-hit. There were jeers and racial slurs and car-calls, but Lenny was resolute, and outwardly calm. Norm yelled his encouraging, "Come on, Lenny. Just meet the ball." After several pitches and more insults, Lenny hit a screaming triple. Our bench exploded as if we had won the NCAA tournament. I looked over at Coach Daniels. He had a smile ear to ear. He was jubilant in his self-contained manner.

It took years later for me to realize who was the real hero of that triumph at the plate. Sure, Lenny hit the ball, but it was just as much the courage and the commitment of Danny to strike back against racial discrimination. Danny's way was to play fairly on and off of the field. He had high expectations of quality that he taught by his actions. He was centered and focused. You always won his respect by how hard you tried and how much you committed yourself to the team. He was pure, innocent in his unwillingness to accept notions of prejudice. He knew that we would benefit from spring training, but I am convinced that he knew we would be impacted in ways that far outlasted a hit or a stolen base or a sacrifice bunt. We experienced a part of American history that was cruel and dirty, but one that was destined to change; in our own way, each one of us came away from that trip south with insights that changed our values for the rest of our lives. For Danny, playing ball was not just for fun; it was part of something bigger and more important, our liberal arts education.

I don't know what Danny said to Lenny before, during, and after our spring training trip. He probably didn't have to say anything. All he had to do was to jump up out of his skin in pride when Lenny slid into third base—safe!

We drove from Florida to Middletown that year by ferrying Hertz rental cars back to New York in order to save money. Maybe Danny did realize it then, that we were some of the first "freedom riders." I'm sure he held his breath all the way back to the Mason-Dixon Line. And now, some fifty years later, Professor Danny, still speaks to us from his perch on top of the mound, pitching batting practice with his catcher's mitt, or hitting fungos.

—BOB GILLETTE, '59
CENTER FIELD
HAMILTON F. ALLEN (TONY)  
Spouse: Irene Bristol Allen  
112 Everett Avenue  
Providence, RI  02906-4652  
(401) 521-3908  
tonyallen15@aol.com  

Now: I retired at the age of 71 from Career #3 and am enjoying a new focus on old friends, simple pleasures and some of that reading a Wesleyan education leads us to.

Past 50 years: I received an M.A. in English from the University of Iowa, taught at a community college in Flint, Michigan, and then, as a Peace Corps volunteer, at a teachers' college in downtown Manila. The years in the Philippines, which included living with a colleague's family, were delightful and formative.

Inspired by lively newspapers in Manila, I became a reporter for The Providence Journal, writing about courts and business for 21 years. Then, at the age of 49, deciding to "be my own boss" (as I phrased it to myself), I opened a bookstore, ending Career #2 and beginning Career #3. A few years ago Rhode Island Monthly magazine called it the best bookstore in the state. I sold it in June, 2008, after 22 years in that strange and wonderful business. The new owners are now expanding it.

The best part of being in the Peace Corps was meeting Irene Bristol, who also was a Peace Corps volunteer in the Philippines. A science teacher when I met her, and later a software engineer, she is now fully engaged in painting. We have two children and two grandchildren and will celebrate 42 years of marriage in February, 2009.

Outside of family and careers, my long-term interest has been our church where I have been on the governing board many years, some as president, some as clerk. These days I am treasurer; is this Career #3.25?

Memories of Wesleyan: Wesleyan was not much fun. Or was it simply being 18, 19, 20 and 21? Friendships at Delta Sigma helped me through, and there were other positives as well. Prof. Richard Winslow's music appreciation class was certainly one of them, and its effects are with me today. Working with mice in the attic of a classroom building as a research assistant in psychology is a fond, if curious, memory. I realize now that Wesleyan demanded I grow in ways never anticipated, and I am proud and grateful to be an alumnus.

STUART D. ANDERSON (STU)  
Spouse: Eileen Arvila Anderson  
15 Jotham Road  
Montville, NJ  07045-9627  
(973) 335-2458  

Now: My wife of 45 years and I live in Montville, NJ. Our home is in a bedroom community which blends our desire for a wooded rural environment and easy access to all we enjoy about
New York City. We have two sons and a daughter, as well as four grandsons. My days are filled with church and community involvement, particularly in the field of music, as well as gardening and extensive travel. Our daughter works in the travel industry which affords us many wonderful opportunities to explore far away places.

**Past 50 Years:** My career has centered around the field of accounting and finance. After getting my MBA from the University of Chicago and serving a military stint with the Army I spent a couple of years in public accounting in Chicago. Then I moved on to the corporate world with various assignments to entities within the Bell System. Along the way I transferred to New York, and I finally completed my 33 Bell years at AT&T corporate headquarters. Those years were always challenging and rewarding; however, in retirement I have now been able to spend the time with family that I always wanted while I was working. Particularly meaningful in recent years has been one-on-one travel with each of my adult children.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** I vividly recall arriving in Middletown with my fellow freshman, Dave Larson, after our long trip from Minnesota via Greyhound. Neither of us had ever seen the campus we would call home for four years. There was more than a bit of apprehension as the bus pulled away and we loaded our things into a taxi for the ride up the hill. That all changed very quickly as we were warmly greeted by Vic Butterfield—by name no less. The richness of the liberal arts curriculum and the intimacy of the small class sizes had a profound impact on my development. I especially recall the times we were invited to the home of Prof. Hallowell and his wife for our Economics classes; and how my love of music was inspired by Prof. Dick Winslow. Friendships I made among my fellow Beta members and other students on campus will always be fondly remembered.

**ROBERT J. ARDISON III (ROBERT)**
Spouse: Theodora Hamilton Ardison

Apartment 5B
549 Russell Road
Westfield, MA  01085-2142
(413) 562-5410

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**IRWIN G. BARNET (SONNY)**
Spouse: Janet Barnet

11742 Chenault Street
Los Angeles, CA  90049-4214
(310) 472-3262
ibarnet@reedsmith.com

**Now:** I am presently practicing law with the law firm of Reed Smith LLP in its Century City office located in Los Angeles, California.

**Past 50 Years:** I am very proud of being one of the founders of and principals in the law firm of Sanders, Barnet, Simons & Mosk which had a very good reputation over its 20 year existence which began in 1980. Most important and meaningful to me is my 44 years of marriage to my wife Janet and being blessed with two wonderful children and their spouses and three grandchildren.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** My fondest memories of Wesleyan are of the fellow students, members of the faculty and administrators whom I met and had the good fortune of getting to know.
Now: My wife Kathe and I live in a pretty and active suburb of Philadelphia about 20 miles to the east. I spend a good part of the day working at my office in neighboring Moorestown, New Jersey. This is where my private law practice has been located since 1965. Except for military service in the early 1960s, I have not strayed far from my roots, including my old high school just seven miles down the road in Haddonfield. I am also active in YMCA projects and a Y support organization, and several local charitable and support organizations.

Past 50 Years: Helping clients with their legal matters and problems has been satisfying. They included difficult cleanups, marketing and selling of specialized real estate, some unusual art objects and their provenances, disappeared persons and cash, the care and auctioning of thoroughbred horses in their appropriate seasons and markets around the country, tracking and recovering assets in Europe and through bankruptcy and other domestic courts. I learned about many different businesses from the inside—a racetrack and a horse-breeding farm, hotels and restaurants, overhauling boats and trucks. I got to know people as they really are—in each of their real-life situations and personalities, “warts and all.” I also learned quite a bit about Swiss banks and lawyers.

For 22 years I served as a municipal solicitor (town attorney) and there met some of the finest people I have ever known. Some became lifelong friends. I represented clients in a good deal of litigation, some of it highly publicized. A number of lawsuits I defended were on the cutting edge of the NJ low and moderate income housing mandates then being formed by the New Jersey Supreme Court and by special trial judges, one assigned by the Chief Justice to each of three zones of New Jersey. Things moved so quickly for me and other participants for several years that a court decision in one dispute might be announced in the afternoon of one day and be quoted or cited in a different case in another court 50 to 75 miles away the next morning, based on night mass faxes or just word of mouth. That was in the early and mid-1980s, before extensive digitized information and emails were used by courts and lawyers de rigueur. It was a wild ride!

My wife and I have enjoyed vacationing in France many years, especially Paris which has held many memories for me. Otherwise, staying in various parts of Europe, North America and on a number of islands. As parents’ health became trailer, we vacationed closer to home, New England, the Finger Lakes, the Chesapeake area, and the hinterlands of our region.
I personally have enjoyed swimming for many decades and—at least since keeping record of laps—have swum over 3,000 miles. After 37 years I continue to serve as trustee of a local non-profit community center. Best of all: family and friends, hard work, immersion in others’ ways and cultures, and projects with worthy objectives and results, are at the top of my list.

Memories of Wesleyan: The biggest memory was the most educational two semesters of my life, my junior year as a French major, sometimes referred to as “Wes East” in Paris with classmate Pete Kirsch of Deke, and professors Morton Briggs and Carl Viggiani, both pros researching and writing works there. Pete and I attended the Sorbonne. The entire year was an unforgettable education.

Eclectic brothers and good friends from many fraternities made Wesleyan years pleasant and important. Among happy recollections: with fellow Eclectic waiters, after a cold snowy day’s dinner, taking our waiters’ trays to Foss Hill and sledding down from the top on a thick new blanket of snow under a clear moonlit sky—great adventures. Two fine cooks who also were friends— Chief Erich Fichtner at Eclectic, and Gus Stearns at Downey House. To work with them and for them was a pleasure, second best only to eating their wonderful meals. And remarkable and fabled classes on modern European history (Sig Neumann), philosophy (Louis Mink), Western music history and analysis (Dick Winslow and Ray Rendall), and professional ethics seminars (Kenneth Underwood, John Macy, Eugene Golub) drew me like magnets.

And, the not easily forgotten early morning trudging campus paths to classes through 22” to 28” snows before cleared by shovelers or plows.

**Past 50 years:** I feel enormously lucky. I have had a variety of jobs that I found rewarding and productive, and never had a job I didn’t like. This includes the Wesleyan presidency in every respect. After fifty years, one begins to recognize how important mentoring is for career satisfaction—mentoring by parents, teachers, leaders, peers. Wesleyan fifty years ago offered as demanding a liberal arts curriculum as I could have handled, and the same quality is here today. My father was Wesleyan Class of ’33 and two Bennets of the current generation, Michael ’87 and Holly, ’92 have attended as well.

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**DOUGLAS J. BENNET (DOUG)**

Spouse: Midge Bowen Bennet

28 Selden Road
Lyme, CT 06371
(860) 526-3771
dbennet@wesleyan.edu

**Now:** Midge and I retired from Wesleyan in 2007 and now live in Lyme, CT, where I grew up.

We are working to make an old house more livable, and engaged politically (definitely not running for anything) in a way that would have been unseemly if I were still president of Wesleyan.

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**DAVID W. BENTLEY (DAVE)**

Spouse: Christine Palermo Bentley

1802 Clover Lane
Valparaiso, IN 46385-2833
(219) 464-2952
davidwbentley@comcast.net

**Now:** In April 2002, my wife Christine and I retired to Valparaiso, IN, a small university town in Northwest Indiana to be closer to our children. Our son (Chris) lives in Waukegan, IL, with his wife and three children and works in the alternative investment industry in Chicago. Our daughter (Cintra) lives in Naperville, IL and is an attorney working in an international law firm in Chicago specializing in employment/labor law.
We continue to enjoy our retirement with golf, gardening, renovating our lovely 1962 home and frequent visits with our children and grandchildren (3). We are also especially fond of our favorite city, Chicago, where we are regular supporters of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and the Art Institute.

**Past 50 years:** After leaving Wesleyan, I went to medical school at the University of Rochester (1963) and then residency training in Internal Medicine at Vanderbilt University Hospital (1966). I spent 4 years in fellowship and research training in Infectious Diseases at the University of Illinois and the Westside VA Medical Center (1970).

After 2 years at the University of Manitoba Health Sciences, I returned to the University of Rochester Medical Center and the Monroe Community Hospital as an infectious disease and infection control specialist focusing on the elderly and chronically ill.

In 1990, I decided to change direction and entered the field of Geriatric Medicine which included 4 years as Professor and Head of the Division of Geriatrics/Gerontology at the University of Buffalo (1994) and 8 years at Saint Louis University Hospital and the Saint Louis VA Medical Center as Professor of Geriatric Medicine and Director of Training Programs (2002).

Along the way, I published over 75 papers, was elected a Fellow in several national societies, chaired the NIH Geriatrics Review Committee and was named to the Best Doctors in America (1992–2002).

**Memories of Wesleyan:** During the summer between my junior and senior years I decided to prepare for a career in medicine. This meant not only attending a week-long summer school at Syracuse University but also dropping all of those cherished courses that seniors saved for pure enjoyment. This meant struggling through (and being terrified by) 2 semesters each of the first-year Physics and Organic Chemistry courses. Fortunately, I had the friendly and wise counsel of two key faculty advisors at the beginning and near the end of my years at Wesleyan. The first was the Freshman Dean of Students Dean Swift, who on the day before that first Thanksgiving vacation when we were at our lowest spirits, urged me not to drop the General Biology course and that things would get better. The second was the pre-med advisor and Head of Organic Chemistry who repeatedly encouraged me to not only pursue this last required course with vigor but also, with his letter or recommendation, apply to the best medical schools of my choosing. Without this support, once early in my freshman year and once near the end of my senior year, both times when I was equally insecure in my skills, aptitude and career choices, I could not have pursued the academic life that I did. Wesleyan’s concern for each of its students was my benefit and for which I am eternally grateful.

**ROBERT H. BERLS (BOB)**

Spouse: Janet Wolf Berls

2751 Unicorn Lane, NW
Washington, DC 20015-2233
(202) 244-2944
rberls@verizon.net

Now: Since I retired from Federal service in 1994, Janet and I continue to live in Washington, DC. Most of my activities revolve, in one way or another, around my central interest in fly fishing which I revived in the 1970s, from a boyhood interest. As a corollary to my fishing, I have edited *The Bulletin of the Anglers’ Club of New York* since 1997 which appears three times a year and varies from 68 to 80 pages. The Anglers’ Club, where I have been a member for many years, is a venerable club founded in 1906 and has its own facilities in a Federal-period building at 101 Broad Street south of Wall. Since 1998 I have contributed the “Letter from America” twice a year on news and views of American fly-fishing to the *Flyfishers’ Journal* of the Flyfishers’ Club of London.

**Past 50 Years:** My fishing keeps me traveling all over the US and around the world. I belong to a trout-fishing club in Pennsylvania where I am often as well as other places in Pennsylvania. I make an annual trip to Montana and I have fished for trout in a bunch of states besides those two: New York, Maine, Michigan, Maryland and Virginia, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, California and Alaska. I fish for trout on occasion in England and have made trips for trout to Labrador, salmon in New Brunswick, and I have been twice to Russia (the Kola Peninsula, above the Arctic Circle, east of Murmansk) for Atlantic salmon. I have been twice to New Zealand for trout, most recently in February 2007. That country is enchanting and the people are the nicest in the world, but it’s so far off and takes
so long to get there that I doubt I will go again. Speaking of remote places, I have made three trips all the way down to Tierra del Fuego for the huge sea-run brown trout of the Rio Grande. I have also made fly-fishing trips for bonefish on the shallow “flats” of the Bahamas and Belize.

My wife Janet retired in 2007 and is still luxuriating in not having to get up at sunrise anymore. We both collect books on a large scale and cats on a small one.

I am engaged, on and off, in writing a book on some aspects of English social, cultural, and sporting history in the late Victorian, Edwardian, and inter-war periods. The research requires the library resources of Washington, New York, and London. If I live long enough I may even finish it.

Memories of Wesleyan: My best, most enduring, memories of Wesleyan are from many of the courses I took, especially Modern European Intellectual History with Carl Schorske, Medieval History with Michael Cherniavsky, Poetry with Ihab Hassan, Philosophy with Louis Mink and a couple art history courses with Samuel Green. Through them I discovered that learning and the intellectual life were pure pleasure, even exciting. The marks left by those experiences are indelible. Life would be meager without them.

GORDON A. BIDDLE (GORDIE)
Spouse: Leona Hansen
377 Troon Drive
Napa, CA  94558
(707) 226-9030
gbiddle@sbcglobal.net

Now/Past 50 Years: I retired from an insurance consulting career in San Francisco in October, 2005 and now live in the Napa Valley spending most of my time with a croquet group, bridge clubs, weekly golf, a wine tasting group, a discussion group, St. Helena Presbyterian Church, Republican meetings, travel, and trying to relax.

Memories of Wesleyan: These revolved around (1) the managerial experience gained as steward at the Deke House (it was a real challenge to get the waiters to show up on time) and (2) the super foundation acquired in courses for entering the world of business.

E. STANLEY BOWERS III (STAN)
Spouse: Barbara Thomas Bowers
330 Fishers Road
Bryn Mawr, Pa.  19010
610-649-5262
sbowers@thewinemerchantltd.com

Now: My wife of forty-three years and I are actively engaged, with our son, Stan IV, in the Wine Merchant, a distribution company we started thirty-five years ago. We are in the process of moving to the above address at this writing. In addition to my son, we have a daughter, Barbara Bowers Ward and two grandsons, one from each marriage.

Past 50 Years: The wine business is my third career, not counting two stints in the U.S. Army. The other two were the Philadelphia National Bank for six years (no money) and NCR Corporation for fifteen years (good money). We spent it all and then some starting and growing the wine business. As the State of Pennsylvania controls all sales of wines and spirits, the Liquor Control Board has been both a protecting and leveling influence, as well as a daily challenge. My son, Stan IV, is a huge help in running a staff and sales team of twenty-two. After discovering squash at Wesleyan (I can’t believe 28 courts for 700 students), I made it my sport of choice in the years that followed—lots of silver and
pewter hardware. Speaking of choice, we have made the Rottweiler our dog breed of choice. Our first one was a surprise and a definite learning experience. Our second, Champion von Hottenstein’s Patton was our Westminster show dog (very political, he did not win), and we are now enjoying Titus, a 166 pound totally spoiled beauty.

Memories of Wesleyan: Loved freshman year at Clark Hall. A suitemate in 301 (Doug Bennet) became college prez, and I survived roommate Dusty McGrew’s pack a day of second hand smoke (so far). Went to Wes Tech because of the great med school acceptance rate—that’s because it was harder than any med school. Bailed into a Psych major junior year after facing the inevitability of the dreaded Moth Eaton’s Physics class that year. I remember Sam Green’s Art Appreciation course as a favorite—my only straight A in four years. (Sam passed away recently, sad to say.) The Deke House was amazing. Lots of music, lots of kidding, some studying, and bizarre alumni showing up at anytime. I guess that’s us, now. At the time our most famous chapter alumnus was Arthur T. Vanderbilt, Chief Justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court. Now, it is Herb Kelleher, founder of Southwest Airlines! Of course, who could forget Goodyear’s with the townies, Jon Els with the one-pound hamburger, and O’Rourke’s (where you would go Saturday night late after a party weekend and hope your date did not get a second wind with another guy). Oh, of course, there were classes. I did them, and managed to go from Dean’s Office list (old “my hands are tied” Swift) in freshman year to (thanks to Prof. Knapp) Dean’s List in second semester of senior year. I loved that we would routinely defeat the likes of Michigan, Ohio State and Miami in baseball, and that the freshman class after ours got the highest College Board scores in the country.

JAMES E. BRANDS (JIM)
Spouse: Gail Knight Brands
4330 Bancroft Valley
Alpharetta, GA  30022-5175
(770) 751-0834
brandsj@bellsouth.net

Now: Gail and I live in Alpharetta, Georgia, a northern suburb of Atlanta, where we have been since 1986. Two children and two grandchildren live within ten miles, while the other two children and six grandchildren live in Boca Raton and St. Louis. I am almost fully retired now, having wound down my consulting activities in late 2008. However, I also retired two or three other times!

Past 50 years: We have traveled to many places over the years—Europe, Asia, the Caribbean and throughout North America, much of it related to business. With distances seeming to become longer, and travel becoming less comfortable, recently we have pretty well restricted our travel to North America and the Caribbean.

By the time that I graduated from Wesleyan, my to-be brother-in-law, Tom Buckovich, was at Wesleyan, and my two brothers, Paul and Harold, were in the pipeline from Madison High School. After graduation I married Gail Knight, a Rochester Institute of Technology alumna, and went off to the University of Chicago for graduate school. She worked as an administrative dietician while I worked on my MBA degree. In 1961, I joined Arthur Andersen in Chicago, moving to St. Louis ten years later. Ultimately, my main responsibilities were with large, multi-national companies. During those years, Gail shouldered much of the task of raising our four children, as I traveled extensively. She obviously did a good job; all are college graduates with advanced degrees. My influence may have been a little questionable—all four became CPAs, although none is now practicing as such. In 1986 I left public accounting and worked with several public and private companies as CFO, CEO or other executive positions.
positions. Along the way I picked up a JD degree. My final retirement from a corporate job was in 2001. Since then I have consulted for various emerging, troubled or start-up companies, work both challenging and rewarding.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** Memories of Wesleyan are very much centered on the camaraderie of Delta Tau Delta and of activities, including classes, at the Art Center. Many relationships developed then still exist. I believe that I was the only 1959 graduate with a degree in the History of Art, having had the distinct pleasure of learning from both Dr. Schwartz and Dr. Greene. recall—not fondly—the academic shock of going from what now would be called an inner-city school to Wesleyan. The important learning experience was that, even if you are over your head, keep swimming. The atmosphere of a small college with outstanding professors and generally small classes was an important part of my Wesleyan experience as were—aon a slightly less lofty plane—party weekends. And I still wonder—what happened to the giant slingshot?

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**LAWRENCE J. BRICK (LARRY)**
Spouse: Carolyn Bateman Brick
3017 Midvale Avenue
Philadelphia, PA  19129-1027
267-612-4017
lbrick@ga-sk.com

**Now:** I have lived with my wife, Carolyn, in Philadelphia since 1987. Carolyn is a retired teacher of the deaf and I am a retired school principal. I am a community activist in the deaf and hard of hearing community on five separate boards, working with the FCC regarding telecommunications, the PA PUC, the PA Dept of Education, and two local organizations.

We escape our community responsibilities by becoming ski bums in the Western Rockies from mid-January to early April every year. I do keep in touch via email, but skip meetings held during this period.

We have three sons, the oldest is a Macintosh computer expert responsible for installing and maintaining Mac CPUs for businesses and corporations. Our second son, a Wesleyan alum, is an improvisational dancer, choreographer, and co-director of his Headlong Dance Theater that won the internationally acclaimed Berry Award a few years ago. He also teaches dance at Bryn Mawr and runs a consortium on dance. Our third son, who is deaf, is a lawyer and currently Vice President of GoAmerica, a publicly traded company on the NYSE and the largest provider of all relay services for the disabled in the country. We are proud grandparents of three granddaughters and two grandsons.

**Past 50 years:** Being an educator and a community activist working to make a difference in the quality of life in the Deaf and Hard of Hearing Community, raising three great sons, and enjoying my five wonderful grandchildren. Taking up SCUBA diving at the age of 41 and skiing at the age of 50 have greatly contributed to my enjoyment of life.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** To be honest, due to my deafness I felt pretty lonely most of my four years, despite earning “W”s in soccer, swimming, and tennis, and joining the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. It was also difficult to keep up in the classroom and I had to “self teach” via reading. In those days, note takers, sign language interpreters, and other reasonable accommodations were not available. It was only after I accepted the Dean's suggestion that I do volunteer work for psychology credit at the American School for the Deaf in Hartford that I began to understand my loneliness and feelings of isolation and gained the confidence to become the person I am today. This volunteer work was the beginning of my involvement as a member of the Deaf and Hard of Hearing Community and has been the center of my life since.
JOHN A. BRISCOE (JOHN)
Spouse: Kathleen Haag
Williams
PO Box 273
Lakeville, CT  06039-0273
(860) 435-6345
jbriscoe@commoncause.org

Now: I serve as VP, Development, Common Cause, responsible for raising about $13.5m every year. It is a time of very exciting potential for the reforms in elections and voting that Common Cause has long advocated. The key figure in the Obama Transition Team was, until May 2008, a member of our board.

After many years of living overseas and in Pennsylvania, we returned to CT in 1996 to take care of my mother. We now live in Lakeville, next to the farm on which I grew up.

I have been married for 43 years total, first to Virginia (20 years) who is the mother of my sons, Mark and Alexander, and with whom I am wonderfully close. Mark is a public defender in Santa Cruz and Alexander is Deputy Director of Public Health for Alameda County, CA (East Bay). They are both married to a pediatrician and a physician's assistant and have produced 4 grandchildren. My second marriage is to Kate Williams (23 years). She is the mother of M.E., a recent Boston College graduate who is working in California and we have adopted a son, Christian, who will graduate from high school in 2009.

Past 50 years: Here is the bio that I normally use. I can say in retrospect that it has not been boring.

John Briscoe was appointed VP Development at Common Cause in September 2007. In his first 9 months he oversaw a revived fund-raising effort that produced $10m and a balanced budget. From May 2000 he served as Director of Development for the National Council of Churches. During that period the Council recovered its financial balance, moving from an operating deficit of $5.9 million in FY ‘99 to a surplus of $6.2 million in FY ’03 and generally balanced budgets thereafter. The overall budget grew from $6 to $7.5 million. Reserves grew from $2.2 million to $8.5 million. Receipts from foundations have risen from $300,000 to an average of approximately $2,000,000.

In a career that has included teaching, business, politics, government service, farming and consulting, Briscoe, has served as a practical idealist, an entrepreneur, a problem solver and an unreconstructed early 1960s optimist.

As a Peace Corps Volunteer in India he started and managed the Bengaluru Koli Raytaru Saharkarada Sangha, Pvt. Ltd., at the time, the largest producer of poultry feed and poultry products in South India.

As Chief of Staff to Congressman Bob Edgar for 8 years, he directed a Congressional Office that was consistently ranked among the top 10 offices and raised more that $7 million for Edgar’s reelection and U.S. Senate campaigns.

As founder and Director of PennSERVE: The Governor’s Office of Citizen Service, he created the first state-wide fully integrated Community Service office in the nation, transforming a concept into a $15 million per year initiative that was one of the models for AmeriCorps.

As Executive Director of Visions International he oversaw a summer program for 700 community service volunteers and a year round program for 60 high school drop-outs in Harrisburg, PA.
Other jobs and projects have included teaching in Kenya, heading an alternative high school in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, operating Red Mountain Agricultural Services, serving as assistant to the president of Bryn Mawr College and several stints of consulting.

Memories of Wesleyan: I have very seldom before or since been a part of a community as dedicated to its mission and as challenging to its members.

DAVID V. B. BRITT (DAVID)
Spouse: Susan Cushman
1260 Harrison Point Trail
Amelia Island, FL 32034
(904) 491-3485
david@britt-cushman.com

Now: Sue Cushman and I hope to celebrate our twentieth wedding anniversary this summer. We have decided to return to Amelia Island, FL as our home, and to spend some time in the summers somewhere north of there. For the foreseeable future, that means Guilford CT, where we have been living and own a house.

Management of non-profit organizations grappling with performance and survival in tough times; chairing the board and leading a board development effort for the Education Trust, a "Think and Do Tank" in Washington focused on performance, accountability and improvement in pre-K–16 public education, and on closing the resource gap between schools and teachers that primarily serve poor and minority students, and those that serve richer, white students; and serving on the Advisory Board for the Initiative on Social Enterprise (read non-profits) at the Harvard Business School.

For fun, we travel some, and I pester family and a few friends with overheated screeds about politics and public policy, play bad tennis and read.

Past 50 Years: That question feels like it calls for an admittance essay for entrance to wherever we think we do or don’t go after death. Did I contribute out of proportion to my number? Did I prove to be well rounded in dimensions other than physical?

I think I need a back-up destination.

In terms of important and memorable, in the moment almost everything seems to be both. But as I get older, I find those feelings last for progressively shorter periods— I’m now down to about 45 seconds. Even so, I continue to stumble confidently into new challenges with the same old hope of doing something useful, as well as the certainty of making more mistakes, preferably new ones.

Much of the last fifty years—working for the U.S. Government in the ’60s, Sesame Workshop for
thirty years, even retirement—has been more fun than should be legal. All of it has been intensely, childishly meaningful to me. I’m certain it would be a lot less meaningful to others—and not much fun, either. In short, I’ve stopped waiting for the book deal, the movie is out of the question, they’ve razed my childhood home, and there are no donations for my library.

Memories of Wesleyan: My position on wild memories is that what happened at the Goodyear or Vets Village stays there, but I’m still very glad they each got torn down not too long after our departure. My strongest memories actually are not the long beer and B.S. sessions with some of you and others, even though they might have been—if I could remember any of them. I do remember clearly how smart we thought we were.

So here is a short list of my most powerful memories: The array of gifted teachers who fueled all those bull sessions for me—Neumann, Underwood, Rosenbaum, Richard Wilbur, Knobby Brown, Green, Coley, Winslow, Barber; learning—slowly—to think, and think on my own as a tool and discipline; discovering the cruel joke of the take-home, open-book exam—not easier, but infinitely more difficult, a kind of prequel to real life; seeing the conflicted expression on Dean Barlow’s face when he decided it would be better to let me graduate without actually having completed Humanities Lab, than to risk having to see me for another semester; and; the pleasure, years later, of working with Wesleyan enough to see it adapt successfully, if not easily, to serve new generations of ever more diverse kids while maintaining its core values and standards.

THANK YOU, WESLEYAN.

EDWARD S. BROMAGE (TED)
Spouse: Joan Hunsberger Bromage
PO Box 488
Mount Desert, ME 04660-0488
(207) 244-3227
ted@bromage.us

Now: We, my wife Joan, and I live on 14 wooded acres of Mt. Desert Island in Maine. Sixteen years ago, on the day I turned 56, I retired after 30 years with Armstrong World Industries. The company was unaware that the previous fall I’d bought a sailboat and planned to retire in ’93. Having some health issues, I was a prime candidate when the mandate came down to reduce their workforce across the board. We had bought land here in ’87 and built a barn with guest quarters. We cleared a drive and house site on our hill, sold our home of 30 years in New Jersey, and in ’94 built our cottage-styled Yankee Barn home with myself as general contractor.

Since then I have been involved with many jobs and tasks at our church, St. Andrew and St. John Episcopal Church in Southwest Harbor. I serve on various town, community and organization boards. Having been given much in life, I try to share talents, knowledge and my “stuff” with friends, neighbors, and those in need. We have been involved in promoting gay rights here in the state of Maine. Somewhere in that process, I went from being a conservative Republican to a liberal Democrat. In my “spare” time (I’m busier today than when I worked!) I collect and restore boats (reduced to about 17!) and antique engines and outboards (too numerous to count).

We also enjoy being grandparents. Our son, Stephen is Assistant Director of the Maine Historical Society and with his wife Jackie, have just moved with their 5,3, and 1 year old children to a new home in Cape Elizabeth, ME, about 3 hours from us. Daughter Sally (’84) and husband Scott live in Marietta, GA with their 3 high school age children. We’ve traveled twice to Alaska, the UK, New Zealand and most recently Japan.

Past 50 years: Wesleyan’s greatest gift to me was the honor system—I still live by and with it and suspect that is why I sleep well at night! After Wes I went to U.S. Coast Guard OCS. The responsibilities, given a 22 year old, as Operations Officer on Bibb, a 327’ seagoing Ocean Station Vessel, were formative and wonderful. Marrying Joan (Wellesley ’60 in 1960) was the best and smartest thing I’ve ever done. Later, as acting XO of the Captain of the Port, Boston, I confirmed my dislike of paperwork and re-entered the civilian world. I’d have put off writing this bit, but I didn’t know who to ask for an extension!

Most of my work with Armstrong was spent marketing and teaching engineers of major companies on both coasts how to design
equipment that didn’t leak various fluids into the environment. I also developed products for the textile industry. I worked and “goofed off” 7 days a week and never had a day that wasn’t challenging and basically enjoyable—a Wes Eco major who was a “B.S. artist with grease under his nails.” My involvement with the church provides much pleasure (and frustration) on an almost daily basis.

Memories of Wesleyan: Being in a class taught by C. O. Fisher. Getting an “A” on the Eco “comps” and settling for an “A-” in the final course, after Bill Barber promised “no lower grade than on the comps.” Of course I would have had to re-introduce myself to him had I chosen to complain. Christmas tree acquisition for the Delt house—nerve wracking and still not to be talked about. Being exiled to the Goodyear pub during enforced house “study hours.” Singing college songs and the all-campus sing. Hiring out “the Machine,” the Delt house giant slingshot mounted on a steel bed frame that fired bags of soot from the last remaining coal fired heating system on campus. I remember my joy when daughter Sally was accepted at Wes and the depression that followed my delivering my “baby” to Middletown in the fall of 1979. This May we’ll both miss seeing our classmates as we celebrate our combined 75 years away from campus at our eldest granddaughter Abigail’s graduation—she enters the University of Georgia, as a Georgia Scholar, this coming fall.

ALAN F. BROOKS (ALAN)

Spouse: Marie-Pier Barbier Brooks
8 Gatewood
Avon, CT 06001-3949
Home: (860) 677-6563
Business: (860) 408-3050
abrooks@ westminster-school.org

Now: My French wife, Marie-Pier, and I currently reside in a comfortable condo on a mountainside in Avon, CT, a bedroom town of the city of Hartford. She is a real estate broker for Prudential CT and I am Senior Development Director at Westminster School, a coed, independent secondary school in Simsbury, CT. Despite my wife’s accent and my Massachusetts upbringing, we are both thoroughly Connecticut Yankees. Our three children share their parents’ love of sports and, following successful All-American careers in college, are pursuing their interests professionally. Fletcher, the oldest, is the Head Track and Field Coach at Williams College; Ethan is studying to be a strength and conditioning coach following ten years in the NFL, and our youngest, Rebecca, after her own short tenure in professional basketball, is now a teacher, administrator and basketball coach at Pomfret School in Pomfret, CT. Though Marie-Pier and I are grandparents screaming to happen, all three children remain happily single at this time.
Past 50 Years: Forty-nine years ago I returned to Westminster School from which I had graduated five years earlier, and I have been there ever since. I began as the school’s first Director of Admissions and 22 years later, became Director of Development. I have coached track and field throughout those years and even worked in some years teaching English. I have sat on several boards of professional organizations, but as a firm believer in a liberal education, my greatest satisfaction has come from serving as a trustee of schools committed to educating the whole student. These last six years, I have been an advisor to Westminster’s headmaster and the development office as I make my way in a graded descent to retirement. Then, presumably, there will be more time for my island cottage on the coast of Maine, boating, readings in American Revolutionary history, competing in Senior and USA track and field meets and following sports teams my children coach.

Memories of Wesleyan: My first crazy memory of Wesleyan occurred before I stepped foot on campus as a new student. Though the University had seen fit to send me a letter of rejection, I decided, nonetheless, to keep an appointment with Dean Robert Norwine that had been made prior to my refusal notification. Taken back by the sheer audacity of my visit, Norwine sent me upstairs in South College to meet the man, Vic Butterfield. A few weeks later, on my birthday, I received my second notification letter from Wesleyan, this time a thick one!

Some other memories: Walking down High Street with Professor Richard Greene reciting lines from the Canterbury Tales. Getting 13 stitches in my mouth in Fayerweather during halftime of the 1958 Trinity game, returning to the field for the rest of our 22–18 upset win. My 10th grade girlfriend being named prom queen my freshman year. Fred Millet leading me gently, persuasively and unwittingly to a love of 19th century European literature. Big Nate Osur tapping me on the shoulder in a winter gym class with an offer I couldn’t refuse: “You want to join my wrestling team?” Ralph Pendleton taking on extra work by volunteering to teach me a tutorial on Ibsen so that I could make up credits for graduation that I’d lost because of a ruptured appendix. Relaxing with roommate Walt Burnett in our room in Harriman in the early evening, debriefing the day’s activities while sipping sherry before heading to Crow House for dinner.

JIM R. BROWNING (JIM)
Spouse: Blanche Rider Browning
1133 McCully Drive
Pittsburgh, PA 15235-4714
(412) 373-8689
whippoorwill7@verizon.net

Since graduating from Wesleyan in 1959 I’ve been a bar-room athlete, an inner city junior high school science teacher, a medical student, a guitar player and folk singer, a rotating intern, a navy flight surgeon, a pilot, a traveler of the world (30+ countries), a husband,
an emergency room physician, a sports car driver, a resident in ophthalmology, a father, a backpacker, a wild flower photographer, an ophthalmologist, a spelunker, an owner of great dogs (serially a labrador retriever, a komondor, and four chesapeake retrievers), a collector and grower of rhododendrons, a collector and drinker of fine wines, a reader of the western canon, a scuba diver, a piano student (18 years of lessons), an explorer of art museums, a fly fisherman, and a rhododendron hybridist.

Currently Blanche and I are enjoying life in our hilltop home east of Pittsburgh surrounded by our three acre garden of tall oaks, white pine, and spruce; rhododendron, azaleas, magnolias, hollies, dwarf conifers, and numerous other woody shrubs, biennials, and annuals. We dote on our children and spoil our grandchildren. We support the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra and the Pittsburgh Steelers. We are active in the American Rhododendron Society and I continue a limited practice of ophthalmology. Skoal to Wesleyan! I’m grateful for the start; the germination period. A goal of my hybridizing program is to produce a rhododendron with handsome foliage and large fragrant flowers of cardinal red. I will name it Wesleyana.

GEORGE D. BRYANT (GEORGE)
Spouse: Rosemary Elliott
Lower Cape Cod
473 Commercial Street
Provincetown, MA 02657-2413
(508) 487-0657

WALTER M. BURNETT (WALT)
1959 Forest Run Road
Whittier, NC 28789-8404
(828) 586-5009
222 14th Street, NE
Atlanta, GA 30309
(828) 399-0525
wburnett@earthlink.net

Now: Since 1999 I have been living in the Western North Carolina mountains while maintaining a part-
time faculty appointment at Emory University in Atlanta in the Department of Health Policy and Management.

Past 50 years: Since 1995 I have been involved in a number of global projects which, in the spirit of Victor Butterfield, have expanded my understanding of the world in which we live. The current project is focused on the intersects of religion and health in South Africa.

Memories of Wesleyan: Singing at mealtimes!

C. RICHARD CADIGAN (DICK)
Spouse: Linda Renasco Cadigan
1625 Masters Drive
Desoto, TX 75115
(972) 709-3578
crcadigan@sbcglobal.net

Now: Living in SW Dallas (TX) County with bride of 28 years, Linda, seeking to sort out my newly retired (as of July 2008) life! Reading and exercising (daily) a lot. Given the fact that I have overcome prostate cancer and have an implanted defibrillator (both in 2003—a busy year) and feel super healthy in every way, it is daunting to consider living another 20–25 years! Traveling to visit our combined family of six kids (4 of mine and 2 of Linda’s), five of which live in California (combined 5 grandchildren) has been a joy this past year.

Past 50 Years: What a question! 50 years!

Important: children, second marriage, career changes—parish ministry, teacher, coach, Dean of Students, Director of Development, Head of School
Memorable/Meaningful: Civil Rights involvement early 60s (I drove Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. to the St. Louis airport the night before he won the Nobel Peace Prize); refused renewal of my visa publicly by the Prime Minister of South Africa (1970); discovering some gifts for private school administration (especially hiring, encouraging, supporting young/old teachers), witnessing my youngest son deal with schizophrenia and he (with eldest daughter) creating a powerful/life affirming/award winning documentary (www.peoplesayimcrazy.org); becoming friends with grown children; discovering that humor/laughter at work and home are life giving; the simple, yet profound, joy of giving.

Fun: tennis, golf (at times), discovering the benefits of finding balance in one’s life after age 50!; growing in marriage; reading innumerable mystery and intrigue novels; “really good” movies, thoughtful “Op Ed” writers; strength-training (only since 2008!); looking forward to “What is next?”

Memories of Wesleyan: Fellowship, friendship, singing at Eclectic; joy and struggles on soccer, basketball, baseball teams—(Little Three Basketball Championship senior year as great fun!); as Honor System Chair senior year I successfully addressed faculty to recommend abolishing 83.3 (Group Three Honors) average as a requirement for students to retain scholarships: will never forget my nervousness! Got totally wasted on cheap champagne at my Sophomore year end Soccer Team party, and to this day can’t stand the stuff! Being in Eclectic “Spooky Seven” singing group was tremendous fun. Professors Spurrier, Underwood and Brown—all major thought provokers. Walt and Steve in the Trainer’s Room provided many chuckles and much support.

Comments: Vic Butterfield’s affirmation of “Social Responsibility” and his calling for Wesleyan graduates to make a contribution to society far greater than our numbers was, and remains, extremely inspiring. Wesleyan courses were a true spark to developing my intellect and critical thinking. I am deeply grateful for that. The quality of life of Wesleyan graduates I have encountered over the years has been impressive.
1930 also at Wesleyan, I have lectured extensively on psychoceramics. My efforts at achieving bi-location have been increasingly successful, so that I can lecture at the same time on Friday the 13th and February 29th at both universities.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** When I was notified that I had been named an honorary member of the Wesleyan Class of 1959, I was simply overcome with joy. What more can I say?

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**TIMOTHY R. CHAPIN (TIM)**

Spouse: Winston Lewis

West Hill Road
PO Box 28
Montgomery, VT 05470
(802) 326-4399
winstonlewis@hotmail.com
timothychapin@hotmail.com

My wife and I each retired in 2000, she from a psychological practice, and I from a municipal bond brokerage, and moved to a vacation home in northern Vermont, just below the Canadian border, the following year. More recently, we bought a bungalow in western Florida, a necessary escape from snow, sleet, rain and very short days that are the dark side of the Vermont summer.

During the Vermont part of the year, we are visited by 8 children, 6 spouses, 2 girlfriends, 10 grandchildren, and 4 dogs. And when we are not herding our offspring between rocky shores and sunken hulls, we are hiking the hills of Vermont with one Von Trapp or another, and charitiz-ing lustily to restore some structure to past grandeur or upgrade the environment with a bike path. And this year, we campaigned locally for Barack, and when it was clear, he had Vermont, we flew to Florida to carry on there. We feel like grandparents of a whole new family.

During the years since Wesleyan, I have failed to publish anything, spoken only to middle size crowds, never invented anything really useful and never represented the U.S. government in any negotiation. However, there have been some noteworthy moments. At the age of 36, I earned an MA in psychology, at 44, we started a farm which included from time to time, 27 sheep, 4 pigs, a vineyard and an apiary. We continued in our jobs, as farming is very unproductive financially, hard and dangerous. At 48, we adopted an infant from Brazil, who preferred soccer to farming, and at 58, I started a municipal bond brokerage with some fellows who had been caught in one of Bank of America’s many mergers.

My fondest memories of Wesleyan include living with some men who have become life long friends, and being part of AXP which stood up to a National Fraternity that could not endure blacks or any other minority. I suspect our efforts were a good lesson for Wesleyan, and I know they were for me. I also have fond memories of faculty voices—Tenser, Cherniavsky, Schorske, Wilbur—among others and a couple of geologists, whose work reminds me of Wesleyan whenever I come across a rock outcropping, a frequent occurrence in Vermont.

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**ROBERT C. CHASE (BOB)**

Spouse: Joan Stanford Chase

6110 Edgewood Terrace
Alexandria, VA 22307-1125
(703) 329-2367
chasrj40@verizon.net

**Now:** Joan and I live in the Washington suburbs (just south of Oldtown, Alexandria) as we have for most of our lives post-Wesleyan except when we have been stationed overseas, or when we are in Boothbay Harbor, Maine where we rebuilt a summer place about fifteen years ago. I am fully retired from anything remunerative, but keep challenged by work on several not-for-profit Boards, including World Learning (the old Experiment in International Living), the local chapter of the Society for International Development, and UCM, the principal social service provider for this part of the county. Travel (cross country by car to the Canadian Rockies last year, and regular overseas tours), coupled with never ending efforts to improve at golf, tennis and bridge keep us pretty busy. We are also blessed to have both of our two children in the DC area, and keeping up with them and their children (a boy and a girl apiece) adds spice and takes away years.

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**McKelvey Wins Rhodes Award**

College Body President, Robert G. McKelvey ’59, was one of 32 American students to become a recipient of a coveted Rhodes Scholarship, as selected by the Rhodes Scholarship Committee during the Christmas recess.
Past 50 years: Wesleyan must have solidified earlier inclinations toward public service. I came to work for the Federal Government right after graduate school at Syracuse, and worked in five different agencies, both domestic and international, both civil and defense, and innumerable jobs, both as a civil servant and as a political appointee, before I left in 1986 to join the United Nations. One of the great things about work for the USG in the Washington area is that it is possible to “follow the action” as policy emphases change, and I had wonderful opportunities to work with inspired people and on activities that made a difference in public policy. I spent almost six years in the 80s as director of the USG’s economic development team in Morocco and Sri Lanka respectively before leaving for Rome to work as chief of field programs for the UN World Food Program. It was an easy transition to then come back to Washington and serve with an international education and exchange nonprofit, World Learning, which I did for about twelve years, both as Senior VP and then as Interim President in Vermont. The intercultural dimension of this work for the past twenty years has been one of the most satisfying elements of both personal and professional life for both Joan and myself; yes, the same Joan that I used to bring to fraternity parties back in freshman year! She has served as President of the Women’s National Democratic Club, the internationally oriented Welcome to Washington Club initiated by Ike, and any number of others, so I often travel in her slipstream as “spouse.” And if there is any single strand in my life that outweighs all others in terms of its impact on whatever sense of completeness I have achieved at this stage, it starts and stops with her and our two special children.

Memories of Wesleyan: As a sub-frosh I had been programmed for another university, but the Wesleyan die was cast when I sat in at a fraternity luncheon and first heard “oh, rose, climb up to her window” followed by a spirited debate on religious freedom at my table, and then an informal ping pong tournament. I never looked back. I sensed then that I would be participating in a shared adventure of growth in mind, body, and spirit that, for me, was a totally new and liberating experience. Among my most vivid recollections: walking down High Street through the bonfires on a Friday night pep rally before a game with Amherst; one-on-one coffees at Downey house with learned adults whose openness, support, and conveyed sense of collegiality still bowls me over to this day; the honor of the honor system; friendships developed in the fraternity and on the soccer field; presentations made and heard in the goat room at Eclectic; late nights in the basement of Olin Library; working with John Macy on a calendar of student events; listening to Elizabeth Schwarzkopf in the chapel, as one of the cultural alternatives to religious services; the interfraternity sing competition; the first time I earned a positive comment from Nobby Brown on one of my papers; watching from our freshman dorm as the sun first hit Andrus field in the early spring morning and feeling grateful for being alive-and at that time and place. That is a sensation that has never left me.

EDWARD S. CHURCHILL, JR.
(NED)

Spouse: Jo-Ann Matukas Churchill
106 Hickory Hill Road
Pittsburgh, PA  15238-2304
(412) 963-1450
nedchurchill@comcast.net

My wife, Jo-Ann, and I are living in Fox Chapel, PA, a suburb of Pittsburgh. We have been here for about 20 years, moving here when I left Australia, where I was CEO of Heinz in Australia. After a “year off” I formed an LBO investment firm with a former colleague at Heinz and did that for about eight years. At about age 60, I was more or less fully retired. Lately, I have been investing as an “angel” in start up businesses.

Prior to the Australia position, I worked for Heinz in Canada as the Chief Operating Officer. That was preceded by a stint as VP Corporate Planning in the World Headquarters of Heinz. Early career was in marketing positions with Heinz and General Foods. Nice simple career path with some very interesting assignments.
Our children are ages 47, 45, and 44; they are all married and have done their job to produce six grandchildren: a young lady of 20 at Denison University, and boys, 16, 14, 12, 10, and 8. Lots of fun. All have become skiers, which makes me very happy. Jo-Ann and I have been married 48 years; we met during my senior year at Wesleyan, and got married between the two years at Harvard Business School.

The opportunity to work within the Heinz international company was a highlight of my working life. I was able to “see the world” on Heinz’s dime and this has generated a passion for travel, which has been the major priority, along with skiing, for the last ten years. Have been to about 90 countries so far with some real remote destinations: Timbuktu, Mongolia, Tibet, Bhutan, etc. We just keep on trekking!

Skiing is my great avocation, getting in some 60–70 days a year. I try to get to Europe at least once a year, and have been going to Argentina and Chile for a couple of weeks in August. I ski mostly at Vail where we have a winter home. Keeps me in shape, even though some people think I’m crazy to go out into the cold. Been skiing all my life and had some great times when I was at Wesleyan. Just to brag, I went to the national NASTAR races this year representing Vail, for the 70 and older age group. Alas, I didn’t get a medal.

Memories of Wesleyan: As far as memories of Wesleyan, they go back to when I was a kid in the late ’40s when my dad used to take me to football games. He was Class of ’28 and a real loyal alumnus. I went to Wesleyan not because of his influence but because I felt it was the best fit for me. And so it was. I started out in sciences, with the high powered Math-Physics experiment freshman year, and found that I was no scientist. Migrated to economics and found my niche. A business career was my destiny. I owe a great debt to my mentor on the faculty, the late Burt Hallowell.

The days at Sigma Chi were great, and the fraternity was my extracurricular focus. A great group of guys and too many funny stories as a result. Catapulting raw eggs from our roof onto the Beta house was a fond memory. As well as the “idiot lessons” we perpetrated on our own brothers.

Wesleyan was a great experience and I look forward to seeing my classmates this May!

DAVID B. CLEMENS (DAVE)
Spouse: Dana Sinclair Clemens
29 Belgrave Avenue
Toronto, ON M5M 3S9 Canada
(416) 481-6009
db Clemens@sympatico.ca

My four years at Wesleyan had a very formative influence on my life. It was here that I discovered the study of Psychology, in which I majored, and then went on to apply my interest in Psychology to the field of Guidance and Counseling. While earning my M.Ed and Ed.D degrees at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, I worked part-time in the Newton, Massachusetts, Public Schools as a Guidance Counselor and then as an Administrative Assistant in Pupil Personnel Services and Special Education.

After receiving my doctorate I looked around for a challenging job and was very fortunate to find it at the Toronto Board of Education, where I spent 30 years as Assistant Coordinator and then Coordinator of Guidance and Counseling Services. I retired from full-time work in 1997 and for the next five years worked as a consultant in career education and did vocational assessments on a private practice basis. I am now enjoying full-time retirement and find that there is always lots to do at home and in the community.

In Toronto, I was blessed to meet my wife, Dana, who is from Canada (Thunder Bay, at the northwestern edge of Lake Superior in Ontario). Dana retired a few years ago from her position as an elementary school teacher (reading recovery/library/computers/special education/English as a second language). She now enjoys pottery and has contributed a
great deal of time and talent to the community as chair of the church refugee committee, which sponsored a family from Afghanistan. Our son, Eric, left home at the age of 16 and lives in Florida, nearly incommunicado. We delight in our close relationship with our daughter, Laura, who is a teacher of Grade Two children here in Toronto. Laura is married to Ian Conway, and is currently on maternity leave, devoting her time to nurturing our lovely granddaughter, Haven, born in July, 2008.

Singing has been a part of my life since prep school as a member of the Glee Club, then at Wesleyan in the Glee Club, Choral Society, and campus octet, The Cardinals, and now in two Toronto choirs: The Orpheus Choir of Toronto, and the choir of Eglinton St. George's United Church. In July, 2008 our church choir toured Italy for two weeks. The highlight was singing for mass at St. Peter's Basilica in Rome and being asked to come back for a second appearance.

My other, more recent, extracurricular activity is the great Canadian game of curling in which I engage four times a week during the winter. Dana and I also enjoy walking, hiking, gardening, playing bridge, and appreciating the many cultural opportunities of Toronto including art, music, theatre, and an ongoing lecture series at York University. We have had some memorable travels to Australia, Hawaii, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the U.S. southwest, as well as exploring the marvels of Canada, from the "Maritime" provinces, to the Canadian Rockies, to beautiful British Columbia, including Vancouver and Vancouver Island. We look forward to more travels in the future.

Living in Canada has been a wonderful experience. I especially appreciate the good health care system (which I can thank for: saving my eyesight after a detached retina; cataract surgery; and an excellent cardio rehab program), and the general emphasis on the social safety net which helps to keep people from experiencing poverty as a result of ill health. It is very interesting to observe the political developments in the U.S., Canada, and the world from a Canadian perspective.

My memories of Wesleyan include the camaraderie of our fraternity, Eclectic; the great party weekends at which we enjoyed jazz performances; and reading/studying for exams while reclining on the grass of Foss Hill. In addition to my studies of Psychology, the courses that have provided lasting life-time pleasure were the introductions to Western Civilization, to Art and to Music. As well, I took to heart and have always appreciated Wesleyan's emphasis on making a contribution to society, as Vic Butterfield would say, "out of proportion to our numbers."

RICHARD C. COHAN (DICK)
Spouse: Robin Andrews Cohan
805 Sand Dollar Drive
PO Box 1473
Sanibel, FL 33957-1473
(239) 472-5408
WILLIAM B. COIT (WILLIAM)
Spouse: Margaret Yarwood
73 Mum SU
Fairfield, IA  52557-0001

D. F. MOORE CRAIG (MOORE)
Spouse: Paula Craig
40 Sherman Avenue
Glen Ridge, NJ  07028-1441
(973) 429-2782

ROBERT C. CZEPIEL (BOB)
Spouse: Anne Burr Czepiel
50 Cromwell Place
Old Saybrook, CT  06475-2512
(860) 388-6263
laepes@aol.com

Now:  Anne and I retired 13 years ago in Old Saybrook, CT at the mouth of the Connecticut River. We have three children and two grandchildren, all in New England. I am a trustee of the new Katharine Hepburn Cultural Arts Center opening this summer. My passion is making documentary films, a skill I developed by taking GLSP courses at Wesleyan. Anne and I are very interested and active in the arts. We have circled the globe twice and visited all 7 continents and numerous countries.

Past 50 Years:  My career centered on Wall Street where I spent 33 years as a security analyst and portfolio manager. After obtaining my MBA at Wharton I worked on the tip of Manhattan with Cyrus J. Lawrence & Sons, a prestigious institutional research brokerage boutique eventually becoming a partner. However, nineteen years of commuting on the New Haven Railroad and the NYC IRT finally got to me and we moved to Avon, CT. I lasted four years at Connecticut General which became CIGNA. The corporate life did not agree with me. So I hooked up with Robertson Stephens, a San Francisco based investment banking firm, and started and managed their investment management business for 10 years. Managing a mutual fund and making venture capital investments in small hi-tech businesses was exciting and very intense. I got to know many Silicon Valley entrepreneurs who started some of today’s most successful companies. Their technology is now commonplace. However at 58, I decided to cash in my chips, moved to Old Saybrook, CT and became a serious fisherman, photographer and film maker and never looked back or regretted leaving Wall Street.

Memories of Wesleyan:  Coming from a small Connecticut town with limited educational facilities, I struggled my freshman year. However, Paul Samuelson’s text on economics and several professors turned me on my sophomore year. Unfortunately, I took nearly every economics course offered at the time. Clyde Owen Fisher, my advisor, tried to persuade me to broaden my academic curriculum saying that, “man does not live by bread alone.” He was right. I am now filling that void with GLSP courses and my work with the Katharine Hepburn Cultural Arts Center.

Comments:  For my final for The Art of Film Editing course I took last year, I spent two days interviewing on camera a cross section of Wesleyan students and submitted an eight minute DVD comparing the Wesleyan of 1959 to today. Aside from the existence of women, lots of new buildings and computers, the students and their education, like the speed of light, are basically the same as 50 years ago emphasizing high values, independent thinking and activism.

WILLIAM A. DAGGETT (BILL)
Apartment 1
190 Holworthy Street
Cambridge, MA  02138
(617) 661-5917
wadaggett@yahoo.com
DAVID F. DARLING, JR. (DAVE)
Spouse: Maurine Pattee Darling
340 Chamberlain Road
Middletown, CT  06457-5542
(860) 347-6213
mkd76dfd@sbcglobal.net

Now: Here I am still in Middletown, enjoying retirement. However, I manage to stay busy by being involved in several voluntary pursuits, among which are serving as a Commissioner on the South Fire District Board, being an officer for the local Kiwanis Club and being a Board member for the Middletown Sports Hall of Fame and the Kiwanis Foundation of New England.

Past 50 Years: After graduation, I spent a few years working in upstate New York before returning to Middletown to enter the Real Estate Management business in 1968. In 1976, I remarried and our two families totaled 8 children (it has now grown with the addition of 20 grandchildren spread from coast to coast). In 1977 my wife (Maurine) and I established our own management business and in 1981 merged with a large Hartford, CT management company and conducted business from there until 2006.

Amateur baseball took up much of my spare time, having coached Little League and American Legion Baseball for several years. We also managed to travel throughout the United States.

Memories of Wesleyan: Most of my best memories of Wesleyan revolve around the great group of teammates on our baseball team, which won the Little Three championship for two years in a row (1958–1959) and the adventurous spring trips to the South. We were blessed with the chemistry needed to have fun and win.

Fraternity life at the Delta Sigma house (now a parking lot) couldn’t have been more enjoyable. Everybody became friends and continued to be so as evidenced by just about every member in our class returning to the reunions.

TIMOTHY T. DAY (TIM)
Spouse: Sandra R. Day
Bar-S Foods Co.
3838 North Central Avenue
Suite 1900
PO Box 29049
Phoenix, AZ  85038-9049
(602) 264-5200
tday@bars.com

Now: Sandy and I were married in 1997 and reside in Jackson, Wyoming. Living in Jackson makes it easy to enjoy outdoor living to the fullest with great skiing, hiking, climbing, and golf—and our homes in Phoenix, Arizona and La Jolla, California provide a nice counterbalance with warm weather, sunshine, and the ocean. For the past 28 years I have served as CEO of my company, and I am still actively managing the day-to-day operations. I find it very hard to even contemplate retiring from my “life work” and passion. I have four children, Eric, Leslie, Tim Jr., and Bryan—three of whom are married and have provided us with six grandchildren and counting. Sandy and I have traveled extensively throughout much of the world, and we are now inclined to spend more time at home with family, friends, and our pug, Lulu.

Past 50 Years: After an educational foundation that included Deerfield Academy, Wesleyan University, the United States Marine Corps, and Harvard Business School—like everyone else, I eventually had to go to work. My business career started in New York City as a financial executive with Trans World Airlines and progressed to a diversified food company called General Host Corporation, where I served in various capacities as a senior officer including Executive Vice President. In 1975, I moved to Phoenix to become President of Cudahy Foods Co.—a large full line meat company. And, in 1981 I founded Bar-S Foods Co. through a management leverage buyout. Bar-S operates four modern facilities in Oklahoma, and is one of the leading manufacturer and marketer of processed meat products throughout the United States.

Curriculum Report Passed By Senate In Final Assembly

The Curriculum Committee report, calling for elimination of course credits and establishment of a five day week plan, was accepted by the Senate yesterday.

The credit elimination proposal was amended to stipulate that “further investigation” be undertaken by the Administration.

Containing four proposals, the report stated “That the CB Senate support the institution of the Center for Humanistic Studies.” This center, the report says, could encompass the much discussed Great Issues course.

The second proposal calls for publication of University lectures, a greater range of weekend lectures, and possible extension of the day program. This section involves a greater utilization of the talents of the College’s own faculty, who would be responsible for many of the lectures.

Abolition of course credits is contained in the third section. The report states that the professor should be permitted to determine the credit value of his own course, and decide the course loads of the students in his own department. This should remove much of the rigidity of the present system, and provide a “more flexible and reasonable program for both students and faculty alike.”

Lastly, the Committee recommended the institution of the five day week system. This system would “give the individual more freedom which is necessary for true growth and maturation.”
Although I disengaged from formal participation in community organizations about ten years ago—I am still active in the leadership of the American Meat Institute, the Marine Corps Heritage Foundation, and we are very involved in the animal rescue network. In the past, I have served as Chairman of the Arizona Chapter of Young Presidents’ Organization, Greater Phoenix Leadership, the Fiscal Accountability and Reform Efforts Committee, the Goldwater Institute, and the Southwest Food Industries Circle for City of Hope.

Memories of Wesleyan: I joined the Marine Corps early in my freshman year and fully understood that once commissioned as an officer upon graduation, I would be heading into a very serious and disciplined environment with significant leadership responsibilities. Therefore, I set out to ensure that my college years were as light hearted as possible and devoid of any real duties other than academic endeavors. This naturally led me to concentrate on chasing girls and partying—and by my recollection, I was fairly successful at having a good time. There are many fond memories of long automobile forays with brothers from Chi Psi to reach those familiar female enclaves of New England. And of course, the friendships forged in fraternity houses, the classrooms, and the hockey rinks serve as a constant reminder that our days at Wesleyan provided one of the most unique and enjoyable experiences in our lives.

DOM DEGNON (DOM)
Spouse: Catherine Degnon
130 East Pond Road
Danby, VT 05739-9495
degnon@vermontel.net

Now: Retired from long career in independent education. Living in rural Vermont with my wife Catherine who teaches full time at the Stratton Mountain School and our daughter Martha, 14, who we adopted at birth and attends the Long Trail School in Dorset. I am on the board of the Dorset Players where I have been directing some shows and occasionally playing small acting roles.

Past 50 Years: After leaving Wesleyan, I spent four years on active duty as a Coast Guard officer including two years as Operations Officer and Navigator on a CG cutter out of Ketchikan, Alaska. After my Alaska tour I spent a year stationed in NYC and then went to Navy Flight School in Pensacola for six months, leaving at my own request (due to continual air sickness). I taught for sixteen years at The Buckingham Browne and Nichols School in Cambridge, MA where I was, at various times, a division head and English Department chair. I left BB&N to do a one to three year extended sailing trip, which turned out to be a seven year, 45,000 mile circumnavigation. I chronicled this in my book Sails Full and By which is still in print in a second edition. I subsequently taught at The Waring School (Beverly, MA), Applewild School (Fitchburg, MA) and The Gailer School in Shelburne, VT. My most memorable teaching experience occurred at Gailer where I taught a 12th grade humanities course “Survival in the Modern World.” I team taught with the physics teacher and we constructed a major unit on WWII and the bombing of Hiroshima. He did the atomic physics, and I explored the ethics of war. We had a former marine who had fought in the Pacific meet with the students to explain that many soldiers’ lives were saved by the bombing of Hiroshima. We debated the ethics of war. The students built scale models of Hiroshima before the bomb, after the bomb and representing the modern city. We were able to go as a group to Hiroshima where the models were presented to the Peace Museum for their collection and where we had home stays with Japanese families. The kids met with Japanese contemporary high school students and also had
long interviews with two individuals who, as young girls, had been in the bombings and survived, only to undergo years of plastic surgery. We had an audience with the mayor of Hiroshima who had studied in Vermont; we were interviewed on National Japanese television and we were took part in a ceremony to place flowers on the cenotaph at the eternal flame. I am not sure that any of the many students to whom I taught English over the years will remember much of what we did. I know in my heart that the group who went to Japan will always remember that experience. The two moments that most stand out are the arrival on the Bullet Train with my apprehensive students who emerged onto the platform to see a large group of Japanese (the host families) waving small American flags in greeting and the departure days later from the same platform as a group of teary-eyed students hugged and bid goodbye to equally teary-eyed Japanese hosts. All my years of teaching were worth those moments.

After retirement, my wife Catherine, daughter Martha and I took a 16 month voyage along the East Coast to the Bahamas, where we spent four months, and then back to Maine. In addition to Japan (where Martha and Catherine went along) and the Bahamas we have done some extensive travel in the past few years. Danby is a very dull place after all these previous years.

Memories of Wesleyan: I remember especially times at the Crow house and the extraordinary grace of Lenny Moore, Ernie Dunn and Frank Stewart who were very definitely on the leading edge of integrating a “liberal” college that had many fraternities with “restriction clauses.” Breaking from AXP and going local because of AXP national policies was a significant time for those of us involved. In retrospect I wish Wesleyan had done more to eliminate the discriminatory policies practiced so openly on campus. But that was then.

JOHN D. DENNIS (JOHN)
Spouse: Nancy Schumacher Dennis
2760 NW Skyline Drive
Corvallis, OR 97330-3168
(541) 753-8655
johnddennis@comcast.net

The past fifty years have been a great run. Nancy and I have been married for over forty of them. She was the first woman president of a YMCA in the country and chair of the board of The Oregon Coast Aquarium when Keiko the famous whale from the movie ‘Free Willy’ was there. We have two sons Michael and Andrew. With a Berkeley MBA Michael works for The Nature Conservancy and Andrew is an eighth grade science teacher in the ‘Moth’ Eaton tradition.

Wood Optimistic About Golfers; Team Features Seasoned Men

I have worked my way through two graduate degrees at Princeton Seminary, one in theology and the other in counseling, eight years as the assistant minister at one of the most exciting churches on the East Coast, The First Presbyterian Church in Germantown (Philadelphia), followed by 38 years at The First Presbyterian Church in Corvallis, Oregon. In 1991, The Corvallis Church choir beat out The Ohio State University Choir and was selected as the United States Choir to sing with The Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra in Tchaikovsky Hall....while the Iron Curtain was still down and in place. Other events in the past fifty include the extraordinary joy of living in Oregon, running for the U.S. Congress in 1988 (thanks again to all the classmates and friends who supported me!) and, beginning with an invitation from Ted Fiske, becoming involved with getting help to landmine victims in Cambodia. I count sixteen trips so far and nearly 2,000 new prosthetic arms and legs for amputees.

Although I have retired from day to day work at the church, a lot of counseling and pastoral work continues. Two current projects are preparing to play in my age group of the National Doubles Squash Tournament in Denver (Bob Rosenbaum MA ’54 is the national champion in the 90 and older age group!) and working with a high-powered national task force to completely overhaul and redesign church school curriculum for children.

Many of the best things that have happened in the past fifty years have come as a surprise: ending up in the ministry even though religion never has come easily for me, moving to Oregon even though I am a Pennsylvanian, being sent to South Africa to work with the faith community there in its struggle with apartheid (where one day I was arrested by the same RSA police officer who arrested and killed Steven Biko eight months earlier) and being asked to be a Fellow at The Aspen Institute in 1987.

In each of these experiences and in others Wesleyan has opened a wider world for me, enabled me to
understand the contours of life's fascinating and unpredictable terrain and given me a marvelous set of working maps to move in it confidently and enjoy it greatly.

Among my recollections of the Middletown years are the diversity, intellectual curiosity and creativity of my fraternity brothers at Delta Sigma. Our building, the old Russell mansion at High and Lawn, was run down and falling apart. After the summer break all of us needed to return to the college early in order to buy enough glue, string and duct tape to patch the place up and hold it together, at least through rushing. These work days brought us closer together and contributed substantially to a subterranean ethic about what community is and how it happens. We had the worst facility, the most fun (I think) and, thanks to Gus Stearns and Fred Melchoir, the best food on campus. As I look back, a great many people had a hand in shaping my Wesleyan experience. Freshman year my big brother John Kandravy kept me in school by riding me patiently and persistently to improve a midterm F in Geology to a final exam A-. Fred Millett swore at me one day when I was standing around with a group of friends in the second floor hallway of Fisk Hall. The next week this event was followed by his calling me into his office in The Honors College and laying a very heavy trip on me not to work for the family sand and gravel company as I had planned but to do something that would help people. This life-changing event was an extension of Vic Butterfield’s ethic about contributing out of proportion to our numbers. On the courts Stan Plagenhoef as a role model for his intense self-discipline, which in turn led to our squash team being ranked in the top ten in the country every year and our tennis team one year being undefeated going into the Little Three matches. To be sure, there was a lot to be very humble about, including a fictitious woman by the name of Mrs. Kraft who almost beat me in a race for the college body presidency that Bob McKelvey won.

Coursework: For me it all started with freshman Humanities and the hands-on experience of creating masks, with the lesson that sometimes when you are not good at something you need to do it so that you can learn from it. Later into the year John Hicks gave me confidence that maybe I could write after all. Richard Wilbur, later the US Poet Laureate, in class after class riveted our attention to the interrelationship of inner focus and outer cadence. In a hundred different ways Ken Underwood quietly but forcefully kept raising the question ‘What does it mean to have conviction?’ Bruce Catton led by example, emphasizing that history is personal and ultimately is more about people than it is about maps and dates and trends. To be honest I was completely intimidated by the intellectual firepower of Nobby Brown and Carl Schorske and did not enroll in any of their courses. And Bill Coley once wrote a gloriously stinging review of an English paper that suggested that my transitions were among the worst in the history of Western civilization.

ALAN E. DIEFFENBACH
(AL, Dief)
Spouse: Vishnu Maya Dieffenbach
129 Morningside Commons
Brattleboro, VT 05301-3640
(802) 257-5263
alan.dieffenbach@verizon.net

Now: My wife of thirty-one years, Vishnu Maya, and I are currently living in Brattleboro, Vermont, located on the banks of the Connecticut River a hundred miles or so upstream from Middletown. Brattleboro is an interesting
community, often described as a college town without a college. We take full advantage of the cultural and outdoor recreational opportunities offered by the area. I have also contributed some of my declining energies to the work of a Brattleboro-centered group seeking to reform Vermont’s health care system.

Vishnu Maya and I remain closely involved in the lives of our two sons, Raju, who works for a major grocery wholesaler in northern Virginia, and Rabin, a jack-of-all-trades with a small computer software firm in the Boston area. Rabin recently kept the family’s cross-cultural traditions alive by marrying Gyongver Illyes in her hometown in Transylvania. Raju remains unattached.

Past 50 Years: If there is a thread that connects the various phases of my life since Wesleyan, it is certainly Nepal. My involvement there began with a Peace Corps assignment in 1964 to teach at a tiny college in the town of Tansen in the then roadless hills of central Nepal. After completing my volunteer service, I stayed on for an additional two and a half years as a Peace Corps staff member, overseeing volunteer programs in two provinces of the kingdom.

Following a three-year stint back in the States (working as Assistant Dean of Men at Oberlin College), I returned to Nepal to join several Peace Corps friends in establishing a private non-profit Nepali-American “think tank” offering research, evaluation, and training services to Nepal government and international agencies working for Nepal’s development. The organization, which was turned over to its Nepali staff in the late 1970s, continues to grow and prosper—in spite of the troubled times Nepal has faced over the last several decades.

It was during this period in Nepal that I met Vishnu Maya and her two boys, Raju and Rabin. After a convoluted cross-cultural courtship, Vishnu Maya and I were married in New Delhi in 1978. The process involved a months-long battle with Nepali and Indian bureaucrats, resolved in the end in typical third-world fashion by the payment of some 400 rupees in “baksheesh.” (She was very much worth the expenditure.) After reaching the States we were welcomed and hosted during our initial weeks in-country, by Tony and Irene Allen, Tony a Delta Sigma roommate. Neither Vishnu Maya nor the kids spoke any English before reaching the States, but all three have adapted magnificently to life in this country.

Our life in the States over the past thirty years has been split between Providence, Rhode Island, where I worked for several human services agencies (generally with a focus on the needs of immigrants and refugees) and Brattleboro, Vermont, where my wife and I owned and operated a small downtown bakery until retirement almost a decade ago.

Memories of Wesleyan: In many ways it is safe to say that my life began at Wesleyan. That is certainly true intellectually. The quality of classroom instruction during the Butterfield years was awesomely high, and the world of ideas was taken seriously in the dorms and fraternity houses. On the social front, Delta Sigma played a huge and positive role. The parties achieved an unusual balance between revelry and restraint—at a point in life when I welcomed the lack of pressure to drink—and the day-to-day camaraderie was truly special.

And when I needed to take a break from the pressures of campus life, there was always the Wesleyan Outing Club which, fortunately or unfortunately, lived up to its informal motto: “Good clean fun in the woods with girls!” Weekend adventures with the WOC spawned friendships that were renewed in later life in the Cascades, the Alaska Range, and the Himalayas.
ROBERT E. DIMAURO (BOB)
Spouse: Nancy Eastman DiMauro
95 Great Meadow Ridge
PO Box 24
Putney, VT  05346-0024
(802) 387-4382
rdimauro@myfairpoint.net

Now: Nancy and I are living in southern Vermont, having sold our house in White Plains, NY in 1992 and becoming full-time Vermonters. We originally built a small vacation house in 1976 on 10 acres. After becoming enamored with the quality of life in Putney/Brattleboro, we built a substantial addition in 1988–89 preparing for a future move.

Our oldest son Rick is engaged to Teresa, and his three children live in Fallston, MD; our middle son Dean lives in Bar Harbor, ME with his wife, Marianne and triplets; and our youngest son Dale lives in Brattleboro with his wife, India.

I stopped working for pay in 2006, ending nine years of running a small building renovation business. We travel some each year, with major trips to Italy, France, Scotland, Ireland, Spain, Alaska, British Columbia being part of our independent travel past. I am active in Rotary, Centre Church-Brattleboro, and Brattleboro Museum and Art Center as a trustee. Nancy and I hike, kayak, canoe, snowshoe, xc ski, swim. We also grow trees and perennial flowers, and harvest rocks and firewood.

Past 50 Years: We moved to White Plains one week after graduation with Dave Darling and David Eklund helping us with all our possessions trailing behind in a small rental trailer. I worked for NY Telephone for 32 years in 18 locations primarily in Manhattan and Brooklyn. The work environment was very stimulating and my managerial assignments were varied. The adage “if you can make it in NY you can make it anywhere” proved true as I later traveled around doing organization consulting and training. I did internal consulting and training with managers and executives for the last 16 years of my corporate life. I went to NYU for a Masters Degree in Math 1959–1964 and much later to American University in Washington, DC to earn a Masters in Human Resources. From 1990 to 1998 I worked for a small consulting firm and had my own practice working in a variety of corporate and non-profit settings. I have enjoyed great satisfaction from helping leaders and managers become more effective and bring about significant change in their organizations.

Although I commuted to NYC for many years, I coached Youth Baseball for 11 years and was a Cub Scout and Boy Scout leader at a time when our sons were active. One of the most satisfying experiences was finding vacation property overlooking the Connecticut River 200 miles from home, and then building our house with our sons aged 16, 15, and 11. They have gone on to do considerable building of their own. We have made and kept 100 friends over this rich period of 50 years.

Memories of Wesleyan: I grew up one mile from campus in local schools that took great pride in having students accepted at Wesleyan. So being accepted and given a scholarship was indeed an honor for me and my parents. My scholarship gift was premised on living on campus, which for me was the best way to experience college. My “longtime sweetheart” was a mile away at the School of Nursing, so we often could experience the college social life. Fraternity friendships, varsity basketball teamwork and success, friends and competition in intramural team football and softball, difficult academic work, and outstanding faculty really shaped me into a more mature person. I worked on campus throughout my four years, including the summer of 1955 at Foss Hill as construction office manager. Work at the college store and post office for four years helped me learn two thousand names and faces and get to know many of the faculty families and others.

The small college atmosphere was superb for me.
As a rather quiet person, I got development help from faculty, coaches, upper classmates, fraternity members, and our more accomplished classmates. I know I surprised the admissions office by being an honor student from the start. Nancy and I were married before the start of my senior year, and the next several months were a wonderful mix of learning, active social life on campus, new married life and getting ready for the work world. Although I received degrees at two other colleges, Wesleyan has a preferred and special place in my life. It has been easy to volunteer as class agent, volunteer recruiter, and reunion committee member, and giving financially each year has become of my indebtedness to this extraordinary place.

JEROME B. DOOLITTLE
(JERRY)
Spouse: Martha Smead Doolittle
PO Box 158
Meriden, NH 03770-0158
(603) 469-3359
jdoolittle59@wesleyan.edu

Perhaps we have not reached "the broad, sunlit uplands," but we have certainly plateaued just a little below them. Perfection is never quite attainable, is it?

We settled in the village of Meriden, NH within a few years of our marriage, and except for a few years in Rhode Island, have been there since. Our children, Erik and Elizabeth, were both New Hampshire born.

Martha is now retired from the big institution: Dartmouth Hitchcock Medical Center, where she held a variety of administrative jobs. I refuse to retire (I know how lazy I'd be) and have spent the last 20 years running a small print and copy business in Claremont, NH. This former mill town is seeing a resurgence of restoration and development, which is encouraging, even in the face of the current economic downturn. I committed to building a building for the shop early in ’08 (great timing), which I hope will provide better workflow, escape from the traffic problems of the strip development where we were, and better visibility. We moved in late summer, and have settled in quite happily.

Since I have two excellent and complementary staff members, I have been easing off of daily responsibilities, and turning to rationalizing areas of the business which have developed Topsy fashion in the past. Martha and I have also traveled more. Over the years we have been to the UK several times, always including Cornwall where I have many cousins, all descended from my grandfather’s siblings. More recently, we made a grand trip to Alaska: by rail west across Canada, by ship back through the Inside Passage. The highlight was four days in the wilderness at Camp Denali, where we hiked off into the tundra with expert biologists, ecologists, and geologists who were members of the camp staff.

Our main recreations remain closer to home: Martha insists (because it pleasures her so) on splitting wood for our Finnish Tulikivi stove, so I have to keep her supplied with stove-length wood. We did add central heat to our 33 year old, self-built house 8 years ago. We XC ski out our back door and on local trails, snow conditions permitting, every chance we get. We walk our dead end road, which makes a pleasant mile plus, or climb a rocky ridge for a view over the village.

We are beginning to suffer the effects of our years, but remain reasonably mobile and able to enjoy our surroundings and our daughter Beth’s two children. Since they are only a mile away Martha provides some day care for them, to help out Beth’s schedule as an emergency room nurse. And we gather with our whole family easily, since Erik lives only an hour away.

JOEL E. DRESSLER (JOEL)
PO Box 524
Mill Valley, CA 94942-0524
ERNEST F. DUNN (ERNIE)
Spouse: Patricia L Crawford Dunn
191 Camino Rayo Del Sol
Corrales, NM  87048-6924
(505) 898-3347
edunn19@comcast.net

Now: I retired to New Mexico seven years ago. I consult and serve in a number of voluntary community and educational projects.

Past 50 Years: For thirty three years I was a professor of African Linguistics at Rutgers University, teaching courses in theoretical and applied linguistics. During that time I also served six years as an Associate Dean and 12 years as a department chair. However, the most memorable and important experiences in my life have come as the result of being a husband and father. I have been blessed by three beautiful women who have loved me more than I would ever have contemplated or ever deserved.

Memories of Wesleyan: The fellowship with my fraternity brothers and the antics on bus rides to sporting events.

BERT T. EDWARDS (BERT)
Spouse: Susan Elizabeth Dye Edwards
Apartment 1415
5411 McGrath Boulevard
Rockville, MD  20852
(301) 838-3105
bert_edwards@ios.doi.gov

Now: Since July 2001, I have been Executive Director of the Office of Historical Trust Accounting within the Office of the Secretary of the Department of the Interior. OHTA is charged to plan and conduct historical accounting for about 300,000 Individual Indian Money Accounts pursuant to US District and Federal Appeals Court rulings dating back to 1996. Additionally, OHTA is now assisting the Interior and Justice attorneys in about 150 tribal lawsuits.

Past 50 Years: I am now in my fourth and final (per my wife, Sue) career. From 1961 through January 1994, I was a practicing CPA with the former Arthur Andersen LLP, attaining partnership in 1971. During 1994–1998, I was a consultant for the World Bank, USAID and others in Palestine/West Bank, Vietnam, Moldova, Berlin and numerous US locations. That led to my 1998 nomination by President Clinton and Senate confirmation as Chief Financial Officer (Assistant Secretary) of the US State Department through January 2001. Following that, I was asked to join Interior in July 2001.

Some of the memorable things include: (1) writing a “white paper” in 1996 detailing the unfunded pension crisis in the District of Columbia, which was incorporated 11 months later in Congressional legislation whereby the US Government assumed responsibility for $5.5 billion of pension liabilities arising prior to Congress passing the 1976 DC Home Rule Act, (2) converting New York, South Carolina, Arizona and other states to modern accounting principles, (3) actively participating on boards and as an officer of professional, civic and community nonprofits—Barker Foundation—an adoption agency (18 years), Junior Achievement (10 years), Population Reference Bureau—demographic research (34 years), Boys & Girls Clubs of Greater Washington (10 years), Historical Society of Washington, DC (8 years), Greater Washington Society of CPAs (3 years), DC Appleseed Center (10 years), among others, (4) in less than three years, getting the State Department current on audits of the Department itself, its separate pension fund, its cooperative cost allocation system for USG agencies in 260 diplomatic posts throughout the world, and a separate entity continuing services of the former Taiwan Embassy—each with a “clean” independent
auditors’ report, (5) serving with Ed Murphy as Co-Class Agent of the Wesleyan Fund for the Class of 1959 for about 25 years, and (6) service since 2004 as Chair of the US Air Force Audit Committee.

Memories of Wesleyan: House Parties with Charlie Hoyt (’54) High Street Five Dixieland Band, while working in the summer at Wesleyan witnessing the great Portland fuel oil firm fire, guidance from the late Prof. Gil Burford during Wes years and for many years thereafter through his death, and service as President of the Wes Alumni Club of Washington during three Administrations (end of Butterfield through beginning of Campbell).

Comments: I married the former Susan Elizabeth Dye (Hood College ’62) in Cumberland, MD, on July 18, 1964, and will celebrate a 45th Anniversary just two months after the Wes 50th. We have two children and three grandchildren (14, 15, and 16 years old).

DAVID A. EKLUND (DAVE)
Spouse: Mary Woodhead Eklund
666 Hilary Drive
Tiburon, CA  94920-1446
(415) 435-2279
eklund2003@aol.com

Now: My wife Mary and I continue to reside, as we have for the past 35 years, in Tiburon, across the bay from San Francisco. Before moving to Tiburon, I was a corporate gypsy. Our three children were born in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Southern California. When we moved to Tiburon, we discovered via our kindergarten children that we were in the same town as Skip and Mollie Silloway. I am now retired. Mary and I do volunteer work in Marin County and do a lot of traveling, in good measure due to the fact we have two grandchildren in New Jersey and two in Colorado. By the way, Mary is from a Wesleyan family, although that did not contribute at all to our meeting in New York City when we both were attending Columbia University. Mary’s brother Dan Woodhead was Wes Class of 1958, their Dad and Grandfather are also alumni.

Past 50 Years: The last 50 years have far exceeded any goals and hopes I had in high school. In addition to having a wonderful wife of 44 years plus three daughters and four grandchildren, I’ve done a lot and have achieved more than I ever expected. As the first ever in my family to attend college, I had no concept of the wonderful life that lay ahead of me when I was at Walpole (MA) High School.

I am an unabashed champion of the America system which rewards hard work, frugality and perseverance, combined with a bit of good luck. I benefited enormously from Wesleyan and later from Columbia Business School. I was in debt when I graduated from Wesleyan, worked at Aetna Life Insurance Company in Hartford and paid off my debts. Then I went to Columbia “B-School” for an MBA degree, where I roomed with Dave Gordon, Wesleyan Delt Sigma ’62. Also in our B-School class was Wesleyan’s 1958 Danish exchange student Hans Knudsen; later, Mary and I hosted Hans’ son Casper as an exchange student in Tiburon. I was fortunate to be at Columbia where I was an Everett Lamb Fellow, a Lord Hayworth Fellow and a Harriman Scholar. Subsequently, I went to work at Container Corp. of America because it would expose me to different industry customers, from which I would select my “real” career or fulfill my dream of being in business for myself. I stayed in the paperboard packaging manufacturing industry for 35 years and I retired from that industry. On August 1, 1977, I formed Pacific Coast Packaging Corp. and acquired a paperboard mill and folding carton (box) manufacturing plant in Los Angeles. In 1980, I also acquired a master distribution business that sold all non-food supplies used by the hotel, restaurant and fast food industries. At that point, my original “tongue-in-cheek dream” of perhaps owning a Sabrett Hot Dog pushcart in Manhattan had morphed into a firm with more than 350 employees and customers
throughout the eleven western states!

After building a new manufacturing plant near Fresno, CA, we moved the business out of LA. In 1994, we sold the two businesses. I stayed on for two transition years with the new owners of the manufacturing company. I then stopped my 20 years of Mondays thru Fridays away from home “commute” to serve under my domestic CEO, Mary.

Mary and I have been blessed to have friends all over the USA and abroad. Between my being the Greater Hartford Community Ambassador to Chile in 1962 and our daughters being exchange students to Australia, Germany and Belgium, we have friends in those four countries, plus England etc. So we continue to travel abroad as well as domestically. Life is sure good.

Now, about my years at Wesleyan. There are so many things to fondly remember both academically and socially. The Delta Sigma Fraternity and sports helped me get through. Friends to this day remain very dear. The faculty was of enormous inspiration.

My best memory came freshman year. Not only did we make lots of close friends from the North College dorms. We did crazy, but fun, things. Example: my roommate, Tom Young and those of us on the fourth floor, used to crawl along the outside ledge of that old brownstone building to rap on other dorm windows; we survived. But my best memory was with Dave Darling. During semester break, the two of us hitchhiked to Florida! We got to Daytona Beach and back. And do we have stories to tell about the rides we had with the people (FBI agent to hobos) who gave us a lift! Our ten days cost each of us less than what I spend now to take Mary out to dinner at a non-pricey restaurant! And at that, Dave had to loan me money to get the bus from NYC to Middletown! Another good trip occurred in the summer of 1963, when Dick Wenner and I drove around the U.S. We went west via the southern states to California, north to Lake Louise, Canada and then back to NYC through the northern states.

In large degree, I got through Wesleyan thanks mainly to two things. The faculty was terrific. Especially memorable for me were faculty members: Economics Professors Burton Hallowell and Clyde Owen Fisher. Also (Reverend and ice hockey coach) Bill Spurrier and Spanish Professor Juan Roura-Perela. But for me the most influential was freshman English Professor George Creeger! He taught me how to write and express myself. After almost flunking me for the way I wrote my first paper, he said if I would write my drafts at least 4 days early, he would go over them for me and guide me through the proper way to write. For that, I am forever grateful. Is this too long? Will anyone really read it? Thank you for the opportunity.

The second thing that aided me at Wesleyan freshman and sophomore years was my upperclass fraternity brothers at Delta Sigma. Many of them gave me tips on how to study, how to write, how to...
articulate, how to research and how to prepare for tests. Thanks to the Delta Sigma classes of 1956 through 1958!

In 1955, Middletown was the farthest I had been from Walpole. I can hardly believe where life has taken me. I’ve been to all 50 states, Canada and Mexico. Mary and I have also been one or more times to: Australia (including one time on a “World War II Battleground Island” history cruise from Sydney to Osaka, Japan), England, Chile, Germany, several islands in the Caribbean, most South American countries, Belgium and the two other Benelux countries, Austria, France, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, Tahiti, New Zealand, Panama and Costa Rica, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. Do Mary and I have the wanderlust, or what?

PETER S. ERRINGTON (PETER)
8933 Walker Street
Fairfax, VA  22032
(703) 503-8576
Petere@starpower.net

Now: Fairfax is a DC suburb. I was lucky to be able to retire early, in 1996. Life is very pleasant if unexciting: wining and dining, play going, swimming, keeping up my grounds, and managing my investments such as they are. Marital status: divorced, no kids.

Past 50 Years: Information technology, computers, was my field during my entire working life. The last half was working for the Fed-A.I.D. and the Defense Dept. IT has provided me with a wonderfully varied career. I am afraid, however, that at the end I was coming down with geek fatigue.

I ran for years but now have a broken-down foot (osteo-arthritis), hence the reference to swimming, above.

Memories of Wesleyan: I am grateful to Wesleyan for a superb educational experience. There were expected benefits (friends, and a lot of the coursework) and unexpected (e.g. careful distinctions made by Professor Kruse in freshman philosophy effected a permanent change in my thinking). One does not fully comprehend the benefits of a liberal arts education until years later.

WAYNE E. FILLBACK (WAYNE)
56 Morton Street
Andover, MA  01810-2014
(973) 749-3074

EDWARD B. FISKE (TED)
Spouse: Helen F. Ladd
1723 Tisdale Street
Durham, NC  27705-5631
(919) 493-9476
efiske@aol.com

Now: I write these words from Amsterdam where my wife, Helen (or Sunny) Ladd, and I are spending six months at the University of Amsterdam. We are conducting research on the Dutch education system and doing our best to learn Dutch—an endeavor that would no doubt have struck Carl Viggiani, my erstwhile French instructor at Wesleyan, as heroic, curious or, more likely, futile. Sunny and I live in Durham, NC, where she is professor of public policy studies and economics at Duke. I left the New York Times in the early 1990s to
oversee the *Fiske Guide to Colleges* and to write about education in developing countries. Sunny and I continue to find ways to mix business with pleasure in various spots around the world. On the voluntary front I serve as chair of the board of the North Carolina Center for International Understanding, a University of North Carolina program aimed at promoting global awareness among leaders in education, health and other sectors in NC. Sunny and I spend as much time as possible at our vacation home in New Hampshire, where my two daughters and four grandchildren also live, and with her family in Maine.

**Past 50 Years:** After graduation from Wesleyan I attended Princeton Theological Seminary and, after a stint at the Church of the Master in Harlem, went to work for the *New York Times*, where I became religion editor. It was a wonderful job that gave me lots of freedom (most of the senior editors knew nothing about churches) and involved travel to strange and fascinating places like Rome, sub-Saharan Africa and Southern California. Having become skilled in interviewing people who held firmly to dogmatic beliefs, I was a logical candidate for the job of education editor, a post I assumed in 1974. While in that job I established the *Fiske Guide*, which has been followed over the years by numerous other books on college admissions. I left the *Times* in 1991, spent a little over a year in Cambodia working on an education project for the International Rescue Committee, and then carried out a wide variety of writing assignments for UNESCO, the World Bank, U.S. Agency for International Development, the Asia Society and other globally-oriented organizations. Sunny and I have been married for almost 12 years, and prior to our current stint in Amsterdam we lived for six-month periods in Wellington, New Zealand and Cape Town, South Africa—both of which resulted in books on education policy.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** As with most of my classmates, my most vivid memories revolve around a fraternity, in my case Psi U, and the lifelong friendships that began there. I continue to see Jack Lambert and Owen Tabor on a regular basis as well as the wives of the late Charlie Danzoll and Tom Arndt. I am also in continuing contact with John Dennis, who shares my interest in Cambodia and was brave enough to travel with Sunny and myself to Bhutan several years ago. I remember those late Monday and Thursday evenings putting the Argus to bed and exploring the lower regions of Fayerweather Gymnasium with Dean Mark Barlow to facilitate the recovery of the Douglas Cannon—a really big news story at the time. I enjoyed playing on the soccer and squash teams and recall the terror that we all felt as we approached the first game of our newly-founded rugby club against the New York Rugby Club. Fortunately, they comported themselves in gentlemanly, if not exactly gentle, fashion, and the post-game beer (which is why you play rugby in the first place) was especially tasty. I recall the attention that our faculty members lavished on us, especially the mentorship of Richard Greene, who introduced me to the joys of 17th century English poetry, and, of course, of the incomparable Fred Millett. Above all, I remember Wesleyan fondly for the way in which it awakened my intellectual sensibilities across the board. Wesleyan taught us the habit of intellectual curiosity and the ability to pose questions, the ability to track down answers to those questions, communication skills to express what we find and, above all, the ability to put our new-found knowledge in perspective—historical, social, artistic, psychological or whatever. These are trade school skills for a successful journalist, but they also constitute a set of tools for a rich and fulfilling personal life. They are the stuff of what Wesleyan was—and continues to be—all about. Vic Butterfield, I hope you are listening.

**DAVID D. FONG (DAVID)**

2858 Victoria Avenue
San Luis Obispo, CA  93401-5734
(805) 541-6811
JOHN C. FOSTER (JOHN)
PO Box 286
Wayne, PA 19087-0286
fostercrdt@aol.com

Now: Retired and living in King of Prussia, PA.

Past 50 Years: Fabulous daughter, Wendy.

Memories of Wesleyan: Alpha Delt House, second floor Clark, English Department.

JOHN B. FOWLER III (JOHN)
Spouse: Carolyn J. Fowler
1920 N Pantops Drive
Charlottesville, VA 22911-8644
(434) 975-5374
jfowler37@embarqmail.com

After graduating from Wesleyan in 1959, I entered The Dickinson School of Law (now Penn State's law school). I graduated in 1962, and began practicing law in Carlisle, PA, where I still practice with a medium size firm although I now live in Charlottesville, VA. Anyone interested in my professional career may visit my law firm's web site at http://www.martsonlaw.com/people/johnFowler1.html. While still in law school, I married Noreen McKinstry from Doylestown, Pennsylvania. Noreen and I have three children, Cindy, John and Amanda, who live in Millers Creek, NC, Wayne, PA, and Lancaster, PA, respectively. Sadly after almost 36 years of marriage, Noreen died following a brief battle with cancer in 1996. I now have four grandchildren, all born after Noreen's death. In early 1996 and again in early 1997, on the one per year plan, I tore each quadriceps both of which were surgically repaired. Because I have a twin sister and a younger sister who live in Charlottesville and because the University of Virginia has an excellent aqua therapy facility in its sports/medicine center, I came to Virginia to rehab my knees. It was successful, although I doubt I could effectively engage in "Kick the Can" at Russell House, as many of us enjoyed doing after dinner a stretch of years ago. While in Virginia, I was introduced to my second wife, Carolyn, a close friend of my younger sister. Carolyn was the HR manager of a Siemens manufacturing plant in Johnson City, TN. Following our marriage, we lived in Johnson City for about a year before moving to Charlottesville where Carolyn had previously lived for a number of years.

I continue to practice law, traveling to PA about every third week for a few days at a time. Otherwise, I am connected to my law office there by computer, fax and telephone. Most of my clients don't know where I am (nor do I half the time) when they call me at my office, which is kind of neat. I still enjoy golf, particularly with my son, and bridge, among a variety of other activities and interests that we now have the time for and, fortunately and thankfully, the good health to pursue.

In addition to “Kick the Can” mentioned above, memorable are my friendships and activities at Alpha Chi Rho/EQV. With years of hindsight and experience I am most appreciative of Wesleyan’s liberal arts education and the encouragement and challenges I received from faculty and fellow students to explore subjects I probably would not have taken on my own volition.

L. TERRELL FREDERICK (TERRELL)
Apartment 3R
2316 Broadway
Astoria, NY 11106-4154
LAWRENCE H. FREEMAN
(LARRY)
Spouse: Judith Koehler Freeman
4441 W. 5125 S.
Hooper, UT  84315-9588
(801) 985-3052
lfreeperson@yahoo.com

My wife Judy and I now live just outside Ogden, Utah, about 20 miles north of Salt Lake City. I am semi-retired, but keep busy tending five horses and five dogs. I tried full retirement nearly 10 years ago, but missed my work as an environmental consultant. So I resumed that work, but only five or six days a month.

For some 30 years I have worked for a consulting firm—Shipley Group, based in Salt Lake City. I have worked on major environmental projects, as a project manager, contributing writer, compliance reviewer, and editor. I also facilitate workshops on environmental project management and associated compliance documents. Major clients include the Forest Service, Bureau of Land Management, Fish and Wildlife Service, U.S. Air Force, and the Department of Energy.

After Wesleyan, I taught high school English in Baltimore for six years. Then I moved to the University of Oregon, completing a Ph.D. in English Language and Linguistics. My subsequent university teaching included technical writing and led to my work for the Shipley Group.

My work as an environmental consultant has provided much personal and professional satisfaction. I could not have guessed, while at Wesleyan, that I would eventually work as an environmental consultant, but such has been the result of several lucky turns in my professional career.

I was active in Wesleyan’s music groups: the Chapel Choir and the Choral Society. As a freshman, I had to audition with Professor Richard Winslow in order to join the groups. He asked me to sight-sing a line or two of music. I had expected such a test, but not with Winslow’s variation.

Winslow asked me to sing the lines backwards! Never before or since have I sung music backwards. But I did well enough on the test to make the Chapel Choir. The weekly Chapel Choir performance and our many other Wesleyan performances of major choral works started what has been 50 years of recreational singing. Even now, I sing weekly in a church choir.

So my thanks to Wesleyan’s Music Department for good memories and excellent choral training.

ALBERT C. FROST (AL)
Spouse: Bonnie J. Frost
25 Dearfield CT
Fairport, NY  14450
(585) 421-0802

Michael G. Garrison
(MIKE)
Spouse: Barbara Burkett Garrison
24690 Thicket Lane
Olmsted Falls, OH 44138-2353
(440) 243-5195

I enclose a brief recap of what I have done with my life beyond my wonderful wife Barbara, three children, and six grandchildren. It has been a whirl but one fabulously joyful for me.
Education: Hotchkiss School (CT), HS Degree, 1955; Wesleyan University (CT), 1955–58; University of Denver, BA in English Literature, 1959; University of Manchester (UK), 1959–60; Wayne State University, MS in Library Science, 1970.

Prior Employment: Progressive Equipment Company (Detroit, MI), Office Manager and Corporate Treasurer 1960–69; Baldwin Public Library (Birmingham, MI), Reference Librarian and Youth Relations Consultant 1970–74; Tempe Public Library (Tempe, AZ), Public Services Coordinator 1974–76; Quincy Public Library (Quincy, IL), Director 1976–85; Rocky River Public Library (Rocky River, OH), Director 1985–98.

Past Community Service Activities: Birmingham/Bloomfield (MI) Community Action Council, Member; Family Service of Adams County (IL), Board Member and Vice President; Quincy (IL) Civic Music Association, Board Member and Treasurer; Quincy (IL) Society of Fine Arts, Board Member; Salt Lick Foundation (IL), Board Member; United Way of Adams County (IL), Chair, Allocations Subcommittee; West Side Montessori Center (Toledo, OH), Trustee; Rocky River (OH) Chamber Music Society, Trustee; West Grove Village Condominium Association, Board Member.

Past Professional Service Activities: American Library Association; Arizona Library Association; Illinois Library Association; Illinois State Library, Chair, Illinois White House Regional Conference on Library and Informational Services; Ohio Library Association; Cleveland Metropolitan Library System, Board Member and Chair, Personnel Committee.

ROBERT H. GILLETTE (BOB)
Spouse: Marsha Barber Gillette
4741 John Scott Drive
Lynchburg, VA  24503
(434) 384-4591
gilcanoe@gmail.com

Now: My wife, Marsha, and I moved from Connecticut where we had lived for thirty-five years to Lynchburg, Virginia to be with family. We now can paddle our canoe all year long. After publishing a book on paddling on Prince Edward Island, I looked for a new topic for another writing project. I discovered a fascinating, little-known story about the rescue of 35 German-Jewish adolescents from Nazi Germany in the late 1930s who settled on a farm not far from where we live. The research keeps us very busy. In addition, we have been able to become active members of the community in various volunteer endeavors. Furthermore, I play the recorder with a group and practice every day. Paddling, walking, and bicycling keep me in pretty good shape. We feel very fortunate to be surrounded by woods, a creek, and a view of mountains and family. Traveling has been a highlight in retirement.

Past 50 Years: My professional life was a pie divided into several pieces, but all closely related. They all centered around working with people. Each part was fulfilling. I would have to say that no one, by itself, would have been enough, but in combination with others, my life has been very fulfilling. In short, for almost forty years, I had two and a half full-time jobs. I consider myself fortunate to be alive. The first piece was in public education where I was an English teacher, administrator of an alternative school, curriculum creator, and teacher trainer. The second piece, worked at concurrently with the other two, was in the field of religious education and counseling. The third piece was my involvement in pre-marital counseling and the actual creation with couples of their wedding ceremony. I married them, too. I loved my work days, which were very long, but I had the opportunity to touch the lives of thousands of young people. In the field of religious education, I had the good fortune to work professionally with my wife who was my administrator. Lucky for us both to share the work day along with the personal. Writing has become my passion in retirement. Nothing could be better than to sit in my study with a fire blazing and tap on the word processor.

Memories of Wesleyan: I have such positive and deep memories of Wesleyan. I was lucky to earn my BA and MAT from Wesleyan, so my perspective on
the College was enhanced. Much of my time on campus was spent on the athletic field in addition to “mooking-it-up” in the stacks or downstairs in the “pit.” I really loved the monastic life of study and play. One of my memories that revealed the true nature of the liberal arts college took place with Bill Spurrier, my hockey coach and religion professor. One day, he approached me after his Christian Doctrine class and asked me to “argue” with him from a Jewish point of view so that the class could become a bit more exciting. I gulped and soon realized that I had to read for two courses: his, and the Jewish sources I had to learn. His signal to me to raise an issue would come when he flicked his cigarette three times. Now, when I think about it, I wonder if that was some sort of mystic Trinitarian ritual? In a true Socratic fashion, the questions always loomed larger than the answers, and that has led to a life time of curiosity and dialogue.

I look forward to our 50th reunion to celebrate together, but I also look forward to celebrating our 50th wedding anniversary, which took place a few days after graduation in 1959.

Past 50 Years: After spending an additional two years at Wesleyan earning an MAT in history, I took a job as a history and science teacher at the high school in Woodbury, CT. I spent the next 36 years teaching, developing curriculum and serving as department chairman. I became addicted to the process of teaching and never wanted to do anything else for a living!

I also spent parts of 40 summers visiting the Pine Ridge (Oglala Lakota) Indian Reservation in South Dakota learning about the culture and experiencing a way of life quite different from the one I grew up with.

Memories of Wesleyan: Memories! Classes with Schorske and Kerr (history), Winslow and Rendall (music), Eaton (geology) and McAllester (ethnomusicology). Participation in the Wesleyan Choral Society with excursions to Smith, Wellesley, Conn College for concerts and “socialization.” Participation in the presentation of Richard Winslow and Ralph Pendleton’s opera Adelaide—with Prof. Schorske in a major role.

Comments: I continued my “Wesleyan experience” by staying on at the university from 1959 to 1961 and earning an MAT in history and then returning during the 1970s to take courses in the GLSP Program. This culminated with a summer spent living on campus in 1979 enrolled in a seminar called “Chaos and Order” taught by Professors Rosenbaum and Barlow.

**PAUL G. HADZIMA (PAUL)**

PO Box 290
Woodbury, CT 06798-0290
(203) 263-3610
phadzima@gmail.com

Now: I live in Woodbury, CT and have for 47 years! I have been retired from high school teaching and have spent the past 11 years working part time in a series of book stores. I have spent much of my free time researching the Hadzima family history—particularly trying to find out where my odd last name originated. I have made 8 trips to the Tatra Mountain region along the Slovak-Polish border where I visited my grandparents’ villages and met cousins I didn’t know existed.
E. WAYNE HARBINGER (WAYNE)  
Spouse: Joyce Daudel Harbinger  
478 West Lawrence Street  
Albany, NY  12208  
(518) 489-8941

DONALD B. HINMAN (DON)  
Spouse: Mary-Lou Hinman  
686 Waukeena Lake Road  
Danbury, NH  03230  
(603) 768-3398

Now: Mary-Lou and I are living in central New Hampshire on a 1790s former hill farm with gardens, fruit trees, views, and animals (none domesticated), though the wild turkeys seem to have us fairly well tamed. Both of us are retired from teaching: Mary-Lou as Chair of the English Department at Plymouth State University and I after 33 years of secondary school teaching and coaching. Now, we do volunteer work with the local Council on Aging and with several environmental groups; we enjoy our son, daughter-in-law, and our three grandchildren; we read, mostly history and science for me now, but still literature for Mary-Lou; and we stay outdoors as much as we can by walking, gardening, exploring in the woods, fishing, and keeping our 10 acres of fields, gardens, barn and shed, and house in good shape. This last is a bit like school teaching, of course, as we seem to be constantly rushing from problem to problem with the hope that the master plan is working, if, in fact, there really has been a master plan. Probably all of you in whatever professions understand that.

Past 50 years: I have, I think already answered this second question, but I would add a couple of things. I helped start girls’ hockey programs at Pomfret and Holderness back when at least half of the kids who played were beginning skaters. Their enthusiasm and daily progress was joyous to behold. Winter term was always my favorite time when I was teaching: I would do Shakespeare plays and poetry, skate everyday with my teams, and get paid for it. As close to heaven as it gets? A grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities allowed me to do some independent summer work exploring an abandoned 19th century community within walking distance of our present home. That changed a lot of my ideas about how education can best work and keeps me busy still. But #1. Finding Mary-Lou at graduate school at UConn and all that has followed.

Memories of Wesleyan: Most of all, the excitement and open-minded experience of four years at Wesleyan. I had come from a small, rural New Hampshire secondary school. Frank Avantaggio ’56 nicknames me “Bambi” in my freshman year saying that I looked like a deer caught in the headlights. He had it about right. My intellectual and cultural world view grew in those four years, and I am grateful to “Wes Tech” and probably many of you who might be reading this.

Being “de-brotherized” (I guess that is the right term) from Alpha Chi Rho because we refused to follow their ritual that made us secretly swear to beliefs that were diametrically the opposite of what we believed and what AXP publicly professed. I have been very much a political animal since then so am grateful in a perverse sort of way to the national fraternity, but mostly thankful to Wesleyan for its support of us and what we (and others well before our class of 1959) chose to stand for.

Frank Avantaggio, Mark Barlow, Doug Bennet, Barry Bloom, Tim Chapin, George Creeger, Gardner Davis, Dom Degnon, Ernie Dunn, Eliot Glassheim, ice hockey teammates, Lennie Moore, Mrs. Mac, night-time games of kick the can in the Honors College garden, Dick Ryerson, Bill and Lane Spurrier, Fred Stone, Warren Witherell, and so many others and so much more.
GORDON L. HIRSHHORN (GORDON)
Spouse: Michelle Hirshhorn
117 Ayers Point Road
Old Saybrook, CT 06475
(860) 395-1395

WILLIAM W. HOFFMAN (WILLIAM)
Spouse: Kathleen Hoffman
114 Irving Street
Mystic, CT 06355-2235
(860) 536-0594

GEORGE M. HOLZWARTH (GEORGE)
Spouse: Natalie A. Holzwarth
3140 Prytania Road
Winston-Salem, NC 27106-5021
(336) 758-5533
gholz@wfu.edu

Now: I’ve lived in Winston-Salem, NC since my wife and I both found faculty positions in the Physics Dept. of Wake Forest University. I’m still doing research in biophysics but retired from classroom teaching (and committee work!!) three years ago.

Past 50 years: The most enjoyable part of teaching at a university is that you get to work with young people who are eager to learn and have the time and energy to learn rapidly. I particularly enjoyed putting together a new course called “The physics of medical imaging” for physics majors thinking of going to Med School.

Memories of Wesleyan: My freshman year at Wesleyan was a wonderful experience. Tom Green, Robert Rosenbaum, Nobby Brown, and Wild Bill Coley were great teachers and opened my eyes to new ideas, although Nobby’s class could be terrifying if one couldn’t articulate one’s response to his questions about the assigned reading in Aristotle quickly enough.

WILLIAM G. HOPKINS (BILL)
Spouse: Karen Olsen Hopkins
34356 Clarke Rd.
Granton, ON N0M1V0 Canada
(519) 225-2331
whopkins@quadro.net

Now: We currently live, along with horses, a dog and two cats, on a 50 acre farm north of London where I taught plant physiology and cell biology at the University of Western Ontario (UWO) for 26 years before taking early retirement in 1995. Unfortunately, a string of injuries over the years has begun to take its toll on my joints. We have consequently quit breeding horses and have reduced our herd to three favorites. The joint injuries have also put the kibosh on my skiing and long distance cycling, but as long as I can still climb into the saddle I intend to keep riding.

Past 50 years: After graduating from Wesleyan, I took a PhD in botany at Indiana University followed by a couple of post-doctoral years with the Atomic Energy Commission (now DOE) at Brookhaven National Laboratories and a 4-year teaching stint at Bryn Mawr College. In 1969, I joined the Botany (now Biology) Department at UWO where I remained active in research (photobiology and photosynthesis) and teaching until I retired. I have always been committed to teaching—a legacy of my Wesleyan experience—and one of my proudest moments was to receive the University’s Gold Medal for Excellence in Teaching in 1988. Shortly before I retired I began a “second career” in writing. I have contributed to two high school biology texts

Coach Norm Daniels seems to be letting his partner Larry Brick get away with pulling a fast one in the recent All-College Bridge Tournament sponsored by the baseball team. Or maybe Danny’s just catching a few winks before his turn comes up. The player deep in concentration on the right is John Foster, terror of the Harrison Hall Wednesday Afternoon Bridge Society.

—photo by Markowitz
and served as consulting editor for a series of high school-level plant biology source books (I wrote three volumes myself). And the fourth edition of my plant physiology textbook has just been published. As far as extracurricular activities go, we spent a lot of time cycling around Ontario and New England. Karen once rode from London to her home in Ely, MN—on her own! We especially enjoyed our cycling forays into New England. We also did a lot of downhill and cross-country skiing (Waterville Valley, not far from the old WesU Outing Club cabin, was one of our favorite destinations). I served in the Canadian Ski Patrol and as a director of development and then president of a local ski club that operated a small urban ski area. In other travels, a month in China was particularly memorable. Following retirement, we returned to an earlier love of horses and started a Morgan Horse farm.

Memories of Wesleyan: Obviously all the friendships made at Delta Sigma and especially Dick Jaynes who talked me into staying at Wesleyan when I was ready to pack it in. The faculty, especially biology Profs Bill Batten, Rudy Hafner, and John Morrill who showed me by example what a challenge and joy teaching could be. And the short story course with Richard Wilbur during his first year at Wesleyan. I was the only science major in the class and, although I have never been tempted to write short stories, his lessons have served me well in my other writing adventures. And Chad Dunham’s German literature classes over coffee in the Pine Room of the Downey House Grill. Oh yes, then there was the Goodyear Tavern and the baked-egg lasagna at Marino’s Restaurant. And Bertold Puchler, the German exchange student who introduced me and several others to skiing, first with the Dartmouth Outing Club on Mt. Moosilauke and then at Cannon Mountain.

CHARLES G. HUCHE (CHARLIE)
Spouse: Mary Lou Huchet
64 Hermitage Drive
New Hope, PA 18938
(215) 693-1570
chuckgh294@aol.com

ROBERT A. HUNTER (BOB)
Spouse: Lynda S. Hunter
3950 Sabal Lakes Road
Delray Beach, FL 33445-1215
(561) 272-6430

KENNETH D. HUSZAR (KENNETH)
Apartment 5D-E
155 E. 73rd Street
New York, NY 10021-9100
(212) 734-3607

ROBERT B. HYDEMAN (BOB)
Spouse: Judy Ann Robinson Hydeman
13743 Creekside Place
Dallas, TX 75240-3551

JAMES H. IRWIN, JR. (JIM)
Spouse: Alberta Pattangall Irwin
3541 Greystone Circle
Atlanta, GA 30341
(770) 493-7916
jalirwin@bellsouth.net
Alberta and I retired to Atlanta in 2002 after I had spent 40 years as a pastor in the Presbyterian Church, USA. Following graduation from Union Theological Seminary in New York City, I served churches in
Auburn, New York; Westfield, New York; Fairborn, Ohio; Cincinnati, Ohio; and Jackson, Tennessee. We decided to retire in a place where there would be cultural and spectator sports opportunities. We love it here—and the fact that our youngest of three sons married a native of Atlanta and has two preschool children only makes it better.

The thing I remember and appreciate most from my Wesleyan years was the intellectual stimulation and the commitment I made then never to stop growing.

MARTIN J. JASKOT, JR. (MARTY)
Spouse: Theresa Piccirillo Jaskot
2202 Aha Niu Place
Honolulu, HI  96821-1009
(808) 734-4956
jaskot@hawaii.rr.com

Now: My wife and I are in paradise (no not that one) but if you guessed Honolulu, Hawaii, you would be correct. I am now doing almost nothing and am damned good at it—practically a professional. We have done and continue to do some travel to a variety of places in the world (Europe, Asia, Africa, Middletown). We make one or sometimes two trips a year to the East coast to visit family in Middletown and enjoy theater, music, food etc. in NYC where our daughter and son live. They thought they could escape parents by moving 5,000 miles away. I do continue to be a little active in the community by serving on the Board and Finance committee of Goodwill Industries of Hawaii.

Past 50 Years: After Wesleyan, I received an MBA from the University of Chicago followed by six months active duty in the army (what fun). It was then off to NYC to begin my business career with Peat Marwick Mitchell, a large CPA firm. After three years in NYC, the firm offered a transfer to the Honolulu office, as Hawaii was booming shortly after statehood. I mulled it over for a good five seconds before heading to my apartment to pack. In Honolulu I met Terry, got married, had two kids and after several more years with Peat joined one of the large (for Hawaii) companies from which I retired as CEO after 27 years. It has been a great experience living and working in Hawaii. We have been fortunate enough to make friends with people from many different ethnic backgrounds: Hawaiian, Japanese, Filipino, Samoan, Chinese. Learning something of their cultures has been great.

Memories of Wesleyan: There are so many memories. In my freshman year I remember being
so captivated by the Humanities course; the professor just made it so interesting. Of course as an Economics major I have great memories of the terrific professors we had and I have to thank Professor Winslow for introducing me to opera and classical music. Most memorable are the people with whom I associated at Chi Psi, on the football field, and in the classrooms. I also remember party weekends which sometimes provided an education in pain management on the morning after. Lastly, I recall nights at the tavern on Church Street (Sal’s I think) where a few of would go just for beer and talk.

J. CHRIS JENSEN (CHRIS)
Spouse: Gail Elaine Jensen
Unit D
8587 Via Mallorca
La Jolla, CA  92037-2546
(858) 453-6660

ROBERT A. JENSEN (BOB)
1352 Bucklin Avenue
La Salle, IL  61301-1537
(815) 223-5744

GERALD P. JOHNSTON
(GERRY)
Spouse: Mary Lu Green Johnston
31 Bay Reach, Pine Bay
Rehoboth Beach, DE  19971
(302) 227-7276
C. ANTHONY JUNKER (TONY)
Spouse: Lee Mosbacher Junker
2406 Panama Street
Philadelphia, PA 19103
(215) 735-6949
lcjunker@aol.com

Now: My wife Lee and I have been living since 1961 in Philadelphia. We have a small townhouse in Center City, just off Fitler Square. I am working on publishing my second novel, and I chair the board of Envision Peace Museum, a new institution with global focus, currently in planning here in the “City of Brotherly Love.”

Past 50 Years: Easily I’m most proud and thankful for the three sons Lee and I raised, who have turned out to be generous and thoughtful human beings. And our three spectacularly different daughters-in-law and five uniquely wonderful grandchildren give us tremendous joy. Lee and I were married just before I graduated in architecture from MIT, where I’d gone directly from Wesleyan, and we enjoyed a honeymoon in France while I was at the Ecole Americaine des Beaux Arts in Fontainebleau. Following my 6-month stint in the army, we came to Philadelphia so I could study with Louis Kahn at Penn. Dyed-in-the-wool Brooklynites, we were surprised to find the city eminently livable, and decided to stay after graduation. We also became Quakers. After three years of architectural apprenticeship, I opened my own practice with a partner, Mark Ueland, still one of my closest friends. We managed to survive some vicious business cycles and receive a share of design awards along the way. My specialty was buildings for education and museums. In 2003, I withdrew from UJMN Architects and Designers to devote time to fiction writing. I’d been a closet novelist for some 25 years, and published my first book, Tunnell’s Boys, a sea tale, in 2005. I’ve also been leading tours with architectural focus in Italy for the last six years. And, my work in helping to start Envision Peace Museum I view as a chance to leave behind something truly worthwhile.

Memories of Wesleyan: I chose Wesleyan because it seemed solid and independent, compared to other schools. The choice paid off. For a kid from Flatbush, it opened my world. I could rhapsodize about so many people and experiences, but rather, at this somber juncture of my 50th, I need to make a confession. No, not about the giant spruce that we Alpha Delt pledges cut down from the golf course to adorn our Christmas music room. It’s about the phony invitation to a lecture by Jawaharlal Krupskya at Honors College, which had a good part of the campus literati waiting in line outside the darkened building for hours, until Fred Millet, with a straight face, arrived to announce that the speaker had run into difficulties and wouldn’t be there. Also, the booklet, “Symbolism in Fisk Hall,” distributed after the College published a high-falooting version on the newly-renovated Memorial Chapel—I won’t incriminate a certain partner, Joe, but—I was behind that, too. There, finally it’s off my chest. I can close my 50 years in peace.

STEPHEN R. KAPLAN (STEVE)
Spouse: Marilyn Trina Dubin Kaplan
24 Oyster Point
Warren, RI 02885-4117
(401) 245-5444

LAURENCE H. KEDES (LARRY)
Spouse: Shirley Gail Beck Kedes
2234 Chislehurst Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90027-1045
(323) 666-2456
kedes@usc.edu

Now: Shirley and I live in Los Angeles, California, a Western suburb of Middletown, CT. We have three children and four grandchildren. Only one, daughter Maureen and her two sons, live nearby. Son Dean lives in Virginia and Todd in Tel Aviv. We don’t see them nearly enough. I soon will become Professor Emeritus at the University of Southern California and will likely continue with a scaled down research activity in molecular genetics and some consulting in both private and non-profit arenas. Last summer Shirley and I celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary at a great weekend event put on by our children.

Past 50 Years: Probably only a few of you noticed (or if you did notice you probably can no longer recall) that I left Wesleyan after our junior year to marry Shirley Beck, my high school sweetheart (Mo Hurwitz ’59 was best man, may he rest in peace) and enter Stanford Med School. I often wonder what might have been the effects, if any, of the educational and personal growth opportunities I missed in a senior year.

Stanford Medical School planted the research bug and even allowed a 10-month research experience at the National Institutes of Health. I finally got a B.A. degree from Stanford in 1961 and my MD in 1962. During my 3rd year of med school, Stanford told me that I had to get a Bachelor’s degree because California law prohibited anyone from receiving an MD who was not a college graduate. The giant problem for me at the time was that California law also made it impossible to receive a Bachelor’s degree in that state without a course in the U.S. Constitution or Western Civilization. I had taken one semester of Western Civilization at Wesleyan but that was not enough. I had also taken at Wesleyan a course in Comparative Government with Sigmund Neumann and had written a term paper on the power of the U.S. Presidency. The registrar at Stanford thought it might qualify but wanted to see a copy of the actual paper. But no luck there, I had thrown it out (pre-computer “save”). “Get a letter from the professor describing the paper,” said the registrar. Again, no luck. Professor Neumann had died the previous summer. My only choice: a mail-order course on the U.S. Constitution from U.C. Berkeley. I did it in my junior year of Med School and passed, and got my B.A.

Clinical training in Internal Medicine at Pittsburgh, two years doing research at the NIH in biochemistry as part of a military service obligation, and another clinical training year at Harvard was followed by three years of research at MIT. One activity that was amplified from my Wesleyan experience was involvement in civil rights activities from protesting segregation at Woolworth’s to marching with Dr. King from Selma to Birmingham. As part of a medical team assisting the march I helped treat blisters on the feet of Drs. King and Abernathy by the light of a kerosene lamp. Later, Shirley and I continued to be involved in civil rights activities with Fair Housing in the Boston area for several years.

While at MIT, I was offered a faculty position at Stanford. We delayed moving to the West Coast for a year and instead moved to Naples, Italy, where
I did research in molecular developmental biology. The two older kids attended an American school while the kindergartner, enrolled in the “Asilo Bimbi”, became articulate enough in Italian to pick it up easily later, is now fluent in it (and at least three other languages). On the other side of the “chip off the old block” arguments, I had struggled to pass Norman Rudich’s French 1, D’accord. Seven years later we spent another year in Europe in London, this time with the kids in high and middle schools. Living abroad is such a treasured privilege. We regret not having been able to do yet it again. We have subsequently traveled the world a lot but touring is not the same as living there.

Being a married couple in medical school (unusual in those days) created a small but close knit circle of lifelong friends whom we reconnected with when I returned in 1970 to take a junior faculty position at Stanford. Living the life of a professor and researcher at Stanford in the burgeoning arena of molecular biology and genetics was a rewarding and fascinating time. Raising three kids in the idyllic setting of beautiful Northern California at Stanford should have been simple but we had our share of financial struggles as the pay of a faculty member at that time was not so great. Worry about how we could afford to educate the kids sent us to the drawing board. We used our house as equity to take out a loan and buy some small apartment buildings with friends and begin a lifelong activity for Shirley to help keep us afloat. In 1980, with three colleagues, I founded a software company that eventually went public. I served as Chairman for several of its better years.

In 1989 I accepted the offer from the University of Southern California to start an Institute for Genetic Medicine as well as take on the role of Chair of the department of biochemistry. The most rewarding part of my entire professional activity has not been these leadership roles or the thrill of scientific discovery, and there have been a few. But rather it was the opportunity to nurture younger scientists and help them develop independent careers, many of which have been spectacular. As I reflect, it in no small way occurs to me that this pleasure is derived from a seminal Wesleyan experience of being tutored in my freshman year by my Clark Hall dorm counselor (does anyone remember Art Van Au?) on the intricacies of Plato’s Republic. He paid no heed to my schoolboy naïveté and downright ignorance. Instead he treated me like an adult and pulled out my best effort (and I got a solid grade on the final exam!). That example set a lifelong behavior in play. Did this happen to others?

**Memories of Wesleyan:** Clark Hall September 1956—hot, humid weather—open windows, the sound of the Good Humor man. Visions of a toasted almond ice cream bar. Best seller from the truck? Pabst Blue Ribbon! My first beer ever.

Freshman beanies. Did we actually wear them?

Who plastered in and re-chiseled the formal sign of the Andrus Public Affairs Center to read Andrus Pubic Hairs Center?

The Delta Sigma house second floor toilet was turned into the Ladies Powder Room for Party Weekends. A decorous painting of a Native American decorated one wall but his breech cloth was a moveable flap. When curiosity got the better of the female visitors, a loud bell rang throughout the first floor and the Delta Sigs would flock to the base of the stairs to see who had triggered the alarm.

Professor Ernst Caspari peering so intently into a Petri dish of bacterial colonies that his nose got embedded in the agar.

Freshman year buddies Colin D. and Phil P. tried to get an advance copy of a French final only to fall 2 stories from a back window of Fisk Hall. It wasn’t only the honor code that Phil broke, as I recall.

In March 1957 the Douglas Cannon was stolen from its moorings in the first of what later became a string of abductions. I had the privilege of writing the “Cannon Caper” feature story for the Argus.
Dormitory/fraternity bedroom doors had to remain open (or at least ajar) if a woman was inside. That’s when I learned what a necktie was really needed for.

Louis Armstrong with a trio playing in a fraternity living room (Alpha Delta Phi?) on a party weekend Sunday afternoon.

JOHN A. KEELER (JOHN)
51 Barn Hill Lane
PO Box 1227
West Chatham, MA 02669-1227
(508) 945-1120

ROBERT T. KINTZ (BOB)
PO Box 1522
Wilson, WY 83014-1522

PETER T. KIRSCH (PETE)
Spouse: Cynthia Davidson
3111 Thousand Oaks Drive
Louisville, KY 40205-2701
(502) 473-0859
ptkm@hotmail.com

Now: Orthopedic Surgeon—semi-retired, in Louisville, KY.

Past 50 Years: I raised four children, have a variety of interests which include classic automobiles, summer and winter sports. I have a museum dedicated to WWII Medicine.

Memories of Wes: My freshman year as a Deke pledge and my junior year in France at the Sorbonne.

PAUL J. KRUSIC (PAUL)
1201 Grinnell Road
Wilmington, DE 19803-5127
(302) 478-9371

JOHN A. LAMBERT (JACK)
Spouse: Elizabeth Goddard Lambert
37 Alwyne Road
London N1 2HW, United Kingdom
44 20 7226-6003

Now: After 43 years of living in central London, Tiz and I continue to enjoy life here within sight of St. Paul’s. I retired “officially” from civic architectural practice in 1992 and now do “pro bono” work consulting on historic building matters for charitable museums and community groups including the new British Empire and Commonwealth Museum of which I am a trustee. Tiz continues to write for Architectural Digest, and as a keen gardener, opens our garden for charity once every year.

Sterling (b.1968) is a professor of music at St. Mary’s College of Maryland, where he lives with his wife, Susan Bisson Lambert and their children William (3) and Helen (1/2). Christopher (b.1970) and his wife Maggie, both medical doctors, are currently living in the mountains of North Africa with their six
daughters ½ to 7 years old. 2008 saw several visits
to and from each family, to the great enlargement of
all our carbon footprints.

**Past 50 years:** 1962 was a very good year. I got my
degree from MIT’s School of Architecture (good) and
married Tiz, Wellesley ‘61 (even better). We lived in
Cambridge while I worked in a small practice and Tiz
at Design Research until April 1964 when we upped
stakes and sailed off on a Danish freighter for
Copenhagen where I had a Scandinavian American
Foundation Fellowship to study Urban Design at the
Royal Academy for a year. Our next adventure was
spending seven months traveling from Finland
to the Turkish coast of Asia Minor in our VW Beetle
with tent, arriving in London on a cold November day
in 1965 never thinking that it would become our
permanent home.

Over the years I have had much pleasure from
painting in watercolor as well as family sailing in the
Hebrides and the islands of Greece and Turkey. We
have also made many trips back to the States to visit
family and renew friendships made at Wesleyan and
Wellesley. A highlight of these has been a five year
cycle of annual group reunions of Psi U friends
and their wives, started in Memphis by Marg and
Owen Tabor in 2002 and followed by subsequent
gatherings at Orr’s Island ME, hosted by Cely Arndt
(widow of Tom Arndt ’60; East Alstead NJ, Sunny
and Ted Fiske’s summer home; Start Point Light-
house, Devon (us) and finally, Eastman NH, at the
home of Judith and Charlie Danzoll ’58.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** The long lasting friendships
formed at Psi U; Singing in the Glee Club; Music 1-2
lectures with Dick Winslow and Ray Rendell acting
out scenes from *The Ring* with lampshades on their
heads (do I really remember this, or was I told about
it?) Dark winter afternoons working in the graphics
studio at the Davidson Arts Center; Homecoming
Weekends with Bill Zaro’s Fish House Punch.

**David J. Larson (Dave)**

Spouse: Caryl Weyhrich Larson

6055 Manchester Drive
Minneapolis, MN  55422-3325
(763) 545-9363

**Now:** Caryl and I are living in
Golden Valley, a western
suburb of Minneapolis. We
have two daughters. Janette
has two sons, ages 11 and 8, and is married to a
physician with the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, MN.
Betsy is an attorney, presently a full-time mom with
two daughters, ages 4 and 2, and is married to an
IBM software salesman. They live 20 miles from us.

**Past 50 years:** I graduated in 1962 with a J.D.
degree from NYU. Law School and went on to a one
year Master of Laws degree at NYU. We returned to
my hometown of Minneapolis in 1963 where I
joined a firm for four plus years. I then joined the
Law Staff of Lutheran Brotherhood, a fraternal
benefit society providing insurance, mutual funds,
and other benefits to members. My career at L.B.
spanned 33 years, and it was a most interesting,
challenging, and fulfilling experience. The last 20
years, involved my role as senior Vice President,
Corporate Secretary, and General Counsel.

I retired in September, 2001, and Caryl and I have
enjoyed a quieter but active life since then. We
bought a townhouse on Crosslake in north-central
Minnesota on a 14 lake chain of lakes. It is our
refuge and entertainment base during the summer
and periodically in the winter. We have also
traveled extensively and enjoyed five cruise
ship experiences.

2007 and 2008 have been difficult years for us. In
February 2007, Caryl had ovarian cancer surgery and,
with complications, spent three months hospitalized
at Mayo in Rochester. She subsequently went
through 1½ years of chemo-therapy treatments. This
past May, because of an arthritic condition, I had
replacement surgery on my right knee. At this point,
we are both doing well.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** Taking the Greyhound bus
for the first time from Minneapolis to Middletown,
with Stu Anderson, was the beginning of a new life
for me. The academic life, the Beta experience, the socializing and travel, the choral opportunity with Dr. Winslow, and the relationships that carry on today, set me up for a life experience and career that I will always cherish.

NED O. LEMKEMEIER (NED)
Spouse: Sally Spoehrer Lemkemeier
Bryan Cave LLP
1 Metro Square, Suite 3600
211 N. Broadway
Saint Louis, MO 63102-2711
(314) 259-2111
nolemkemeier@bryancave.com

Now: I live in St. Louis, Missouri with my wife, Sally, two sons, two terrific daughters-in-law and five wonderful grandchildren. My son, David, was a 1992 Wesleyan graduate. While I continue to be a Partner in Bryan Cave, LLP I spend the majority of my time on civic and not-for-profit activities.

Past 50 Years: Many things—family, friends, involvement in charitable, civic and cultural organizations and activities, along with travel in the United States and internationally with family and close friends.

Memories of Wesleyan: Too many to list—I had a great Wesleyan experience—friends, faculty, Victor Butterfield and the University provide many memories. The Wesleyan experience was very good for me.

HARRY W. LERCH (HARRY)
Spouse: Sharon L. Lerch
9601 Weathered Oak Ct.
Bethesda, MD 20817
(301) 657-0161
hwlerch@lerchearly.com

Now: Happily living with my wife Sharon in Bethesda, MD. I am practicing land use, planning, zoning and condemnation law with Lerch, Early & Brewer (a 50 attorney regional law firm in Bethesda), involved deeply in defending property owners dealing with, and being condemned by, the government. We also travel somewhat regularly to our future home in Palm City Florida at the “Naked Lady Ranch” fly-in community, and to visit our eight grown kids and 13 grandkids. I swim outdoors every day of the year (have done so for 10+ years). We are looking forward to new flying trips around Florida, to the Bahamas and the Caribbean.

Past 50 Years: Highlights of 50 years: I have built a wonderful law firm with great clients. I learned to fly in 1965, bought a little Cessna, earned a commercial license with instrument rating, and have flown my plane and its several successors coast-to-coast three times. We have flown back and forth to our home on St. Simon’s Island, Georgia, plus many trips to Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Arizona, Yucatán, Turks and Caicos, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, etc., during more than 3,500 hours of flying time. I’ve played some golf, won a tournament or two, and had three very lucky holes-in-one. I was honored to serve a stint in the Maryland General Assembly (I authored the Patuxent River watershed act and many other environmental laws), served on many local commissions, a couple of hospital boards, as President of a regional civic association, elected President of our 3,000 member County Bar Association, served 4 years as President of our county’s Parks Foundation, and other groups. I am one of a couple of Wesleyan graduates to have been elected as a Fellow of the American College of Real Estate Lawyers, and have been listed in Best Lawyers of America for many years (in real estate as well as land use law). A three week trip to China with Sharon as a member of a U.S. trade mission with Attorney General Ed Meese in 1989 was both fun and memorable. I have been blessed to have represented some wonderful clients including Chevy Chase Bank, Target, Home Depot, and many local schools, clubs, hospitals, and builders, and to have handled many very significant cases. Other than the above, I am still struggling to prove myself. For 50 years, every three months or so, I have received the Wesleyan Alumni Magazine, I have opened each to the ’59 class notes by Bill Moody and his predecessors, enjoyed them all, and have sworn to get some notes in for the next issue. 200 issues later, I have failed to get a single alumni note in. My apologies to all.

Memories of Wesleyan: My memories of Wesleyan have lived most vibrantly in the development and life of our family and law firm. The synergy and camaraderie of fraternity life at Psi U have been repeated and polished in our firm retreats and challenges. The Wesleyan Honor System still lives in our attorneys’ work, and a strong love of history in my own life. Keats, Shelly, Frost and many other of Fred Millet’s favorite poets are still friends. Ozymandias, Ode on a Grecian Urn and Stopping By Woods have been integral parts of conversations even in recent weeks. Our theater experiences (No
Exit, The Cherry Orchard, and Mid-summer Night's Dream have been relived in local performances. Abnormal Psych was a big course (I still haven't figured out if I have an inferiority complex), and Geology 101 (I still have trouble driving through road cuts without stopping to check the strike and the dip). Coleman's Clean Shows, burgers at Jon-Els, and the VW that somehow found its way to the very top of the staircase of Fisk Hall are also favorites, as are many memories of sports, friendships, and faculty members (particularly Drs. Fred Shattenschneider and Sig Neumann) who went out of their way to assist and teach us. At our wonderful 30th reunion it struck me that Wesleyan is "Forever New, Forever Changing, and Forever the Same." This might be the basis of a new song by someone more talented than I will ever be.

BINGHAM B. LEVERICH (BING)
Spouse: Luize Zubrow
Covington & Burling
1201 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
PO Box 7666
Washington, DC 20004-7666
(202) 662-5188
bleverich@cov.com
Now: I am living in McLean, Virginia and am still working pretty much full-time as a lawyer with Covington & Burling, LLP in Washington, DC.

Past 50 Years: Highlights: Being with my dear wife, Luize. Having two wonderful children, Peter and Alexandra. Spending time with four terrific granddaughters—Mia, Julia, Melanie and Zoe—who make me laugh and light up my day. My experiences as a lawyer and the friendships I have made along the way. Serving as Co-Chair of the Board of Directors of the Neighborhood Legal Services Program of the District of Columbia for many years. Experiencing and supporting the election of Barack Obama as President of the United States.

Memories of Wesleyan: Developing friendships that have lasted through the years. Literary exercises at Eclectic. Learning from outstanding, inspiring professors such as Carl Schorske, Ihab Hassan, and Louis Mink. Rooming with Dick Cadigan senior year. Rooming with Weg Thomas and Dick Wenner sophomore year. Spending time in the trainer’s room with Walt Grackowski and Steve Witkowski.

HUGH A. LIFSON (HANK)
Spouse: Delores Sue Janney Lifson
219 6th Avenue North
Mount Vernon, IA 52314-1230
(319) 895-8487
sahlifson@att.net
Now: Sue and I are still living in Mt. Vernon, Iowa, home of Cornell College. Most days I’m busy in my studio—usually for half the day—working on my art: paintings with plastic wrap, collages, drawings and often mixtures of these with computer graphics. I’m showing mostly in regional galleries, but also in the Infusion Gallery in Los Angeles. I’m also active as a commissioner to our Historical Commission, which has—relatively—important things to do, since Cornell is one of the few colleges on the national registry of historical places; so the town is actively interested in maintaining its historical ambience.

Sue is busily involved in the local Presbyterian Church. Our two kids have families. Jeff et famille lives and works in Louisville. He is the Midwestern capo di tutti capo for West Point Thoroughbreds, which owns racehorses, and sells shares of them. He is also in charge of his own business which makes promotional videos for various aspects of the horseracing industry. Amy and her family live in Warrenton, VA. She is the assistant editor of the Humanities Magazine, the magazine of the National Endowment for the Humanities.

We enjoy the intellectual and social stimulation of
living in a college town, but we continue to have a yen for travel (not always realized in these parlous times). However, Iowa's perpetual political engagement, and clout, keeps us excited here. When on the road, I still carry my sketchbook and watercolors, just as in the days of old at Wesleyan.

Past 50 Years: Marrying, raising a family with a really wonderful wife and really wonderful kids. Continuing to make art, which I think is significant stuff. Nurturing students into thinkers and makers (not exclusive activities). Reflective thinking.

Memories of Wesleyan:
The penis tree (check a small pipe coming out of a tree just opposite the entrance to South College. My perpetual three day beard growth. Time in my wonderful studio in the Honors College. My first class—-with Louis Mink—and I knew I was at the right place. Rehashes of Nobby Brown’s lectures (even though I didn’t take the course, it’s as if I did). Sharpening my polemics for Colonel Kruse’s weekly seminar. Hitchhiking to NY. The ‘all-nighters’.

Perhaps I have stars in my eyes, but Wesleyan c. 1959 will always remain for me, the quintessence of what a college community could and should be. The long intellectual discussions (bemusedly tolerated) at O’Rourke’s at 2:00 am; the continuing discus-sions of Colonel Krüger’s seminar, which usually lasted all week. The fact that we all knew what work our fellow students were doing, as well as that of Nobby Brown, Louis Mink, Richard Winslow, William (“Wild Bill”) Coley and Carl Schorske, all make it special. Also I cherish the memories of the beautiful studio, bestowed on me, in the basement of the Honor’s College, good for romance and art. I—even now—-appreciate the all-nighters in the room near Clark, in the library.

Last, but not least: I fondly remember the indoor snowball fights in John Wes.
PETER C. LINCOLN (PETER)
10 West 66th Street, Apt. 10K
New York, NY 10023-6208
(212) 787-3301
pclincoln3@aol.com

Now: I retired seven years ago after over 30 years as an investment manager for United States Steel and Carnegie Pension Fund, am still single, and continue to enjoy the advantages of urban living in New York City. Summer finds me often on an island in Casco Bay off Portland, Maine. I do occasional consulting work for my old employer, but for the moment have no active or intense duties with non-profit committees or boards. My love of travel is somewhat dampened now by family responsibilities, but I still enjoy visiting new places and people in this fast-changing world when I can.

Past 50 Years: I am happy to report that my professional life became quite meaningful to me over this period—not just because it enabled me to pay the rent. I started out in an insurance company management training job because I needed to gain credibility somewhere, and was saved after two years of drudgery by being transferred to the company’s investment department to learn how to be a security analyst and get an MBA. At a relatively young age for the time, my work involved visiting senior company executives around the country and recommending investment decisions to the Board of Directors. The discipline and perspective gained as a Wesleyan history major were quite valuable in these efforts. I moved to broader responsibilities at U.S. Steel Pension Fund in 1970, and retired in 2002 after a truly stimulating career. Travel has been a second and complementary interest for me over the years. I started visiting “Old Europe” in the early 1960s, went to the USSR and several Eastern European satellite countries starting in 1963, visited Asia, India, and Iran a few years thereafter, then South America, and China starting in 1979. It is amazing how inexpensive and comfortable it was to do this in those years. The focus of my travels and study more recently has included educator-led visits to archaeological sites, and attending lectures on archaeology at Columbia and NYU. Finally, the most meaningful non-job task I took on was as a board member of my prep school Wilbraham & Monson Academy from 1993–2005 and its Chairman for the latter seven years of that period. There were disappointments along the way, but the positive outcome of a change in school leadership that I had to manage has been rewarding for me, as was finding a strong candidate to succeed me as Chair so I could retire. Incidentally Wilbraham Academy was known as Wesleyan Academy from its founding in 1817 until 1912, and its principal starting in 1825 was Wilbur Fisk, who became Wesleyan’s first president in 1831.

Memories of Wesleyan: My fondest memories come in two categories. First is the educational experience. Starting as green freshmen, our introductory survey courses met in small interactive seminar-type groups that were led by the top scholars and teachers at the University, and this approach was the general rule for our four years. We were respected as thinking individuals despite our relative inexperience, rather than told what to think through endless lectures, and we could thrive and grow intellectually if we chose to do so. Second are the friendships made, with the benign fraternity system of the time often providing the framework and continuity for building such relationships.

JOHN S. LLOYD (JOHN)
Spouse: Florence Hubbard Lloyd
1624 Monk Road
Gladwyne, PA 19035-1318
(610) 896-1998
jlloyd@towerbridgeadvisors.com

Now: My wife of 48 years and I live outside of Philadelphia in Gladwyne. We enjoy visiting our four children, six grandsons and two granddaughters who live in Boston, San Francisco, London and Beijing. I am still working for Tower Bridge Advisors who I sold my money management firm to in 2001. Both Len Moore and I serve on the board of Overbrook School for the Blind and Tony
Junker and I serve on the board of Friends Center City Retirement Community.

**Past 50 Years:** I have enjoyed a career in the financial service industry. Starting at Provident Bank, then doing research for a mutual fund and spending the last 38 years working as an investment advisor. I enjoy woodworking, tennis and my family.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** The Alpha Delta pledge class taking George Willhauer to the Coleman’s Carnival, classes with Carl Schorske.

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**PETER A. LUND (PETER)**

5296 Richland Road
Gibsonia, PA 15044-9427
(412) 922-1282
plund@yahoo.com

**JOSEPH S. MALLORY (JOE)**

Spouse: Wendy Vollertsen Mallory

147 Stanwich Road
Greenwich, CT 06830-4018
(203) 661-8197
mallory_joseph@bah.com

**Now:** Wendy and I divide our time between homes in Greenwich, CT and Pemaquid Point, ME. We have two children. Anne is an English professor at East Carolina University and John is a managing director at Goldman Sachs. We have four grandchildren between one and seven years of age. I retired in 1999 as a senior vice president of Booz, Allen & Hamilton, a management consulting firm. Currently I serve as board chairman of Hawk Mountain, focused on conservation of raptors worldwide, as treasurer of Connecticut Audubon Society, and as a Booz & Company trustee, overseeing the firm’s retirement funds. Major interests include nature (birding trips around the world), classical music (perhaps a shock to former classmates), world literature, and more than anything—grandparenting.

**Past 50 Years:** My career began at IBM, getting an introduction to the brand new world of computers. During this period I took time to get a masters degree at Stanford. My career at Booz, Allen spanned the next 33 years before I retired in 1999. I can highly recommend management consulting to your grandchildren. It offers exciting variety, intellectual challenge, opportunities to help people, and good compensation. I can also recommend retirement.
My greatest accomplishment has been raising two great kids. I had high expectations for fatherhood and they have been exceeded. I wish I could give them as much as they have given me.

In 1998 Wendy and I bought a home on the rocks of Pemaquid Point, a wonderful piece of the relatively unspoiled natural world—complete with an occasional moose. We escape there for most of the summer and some of the winter.

Upon retirement I wanted to give something back and while not particularly enthusiastic at first, took on the above mentioned not-for-profit responsibilities. I have been surprised at how rewarding these experiences have been and the impact they can have.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** One of my earliest memories is the address by Vic Butterfield the evening of our arrival in 1955 when he proclaimed that if these proved to be the best four years of our lives, Wesleyan will have been a dismal failure. I drew heavily on that comment during the long, almost sun-less winter of our freshman year.

Proud of my writing skills, I remember being stunned freshman year by the C- on an essay I had submitted with great confidence. And then learning from George Creeger that he had been generous.

When we upset Williams senior year for the Little Three Basketball championship, we beat essentially the same team that had beaten us the two preceding years—a lesson in teamwork I’ve never forgotten.

There are countless other memories including: the honor of serving as class president for three years; late evening discussions with Dean Barlow after baby-sitting; discovering the excitement inherent in mathematics and other subjects; and the oft-repeated experience of forming strong friendships with people I wasn’t sure at first I would like.

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**TURHAN K. MANGUN (TURHAN)**

2401 44th Road
Long Island City, NY  11011-4605

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**ROBERT E. MANN (BOB)**

803 Hawthorne Lane
Geneva, IL  60134-3045
(630) 232-4256
rem@remlaw.us

**Now:** I am living in Geneva, Illinois. I am practicing law part time and otherwise engaging in community activities—continuing education, working with non-profit organizations focused on environmental, community development and political issues—and working on a legal text. Catching up on lots of reading I always wanted to do but could not find time to do.

**Past 50 Years:** After completing an interesting and often exciting tour of military duty and law school, I embarked on a 44-year career in the law, specializing in management-side labor and employment counseling and litigation with a national practice as a partner of a large Chicago-based law firm. Highlights of that practice included two cases that put me in front of the U.S. Supreme Court and a number of cases referred to me as outside legal counsel to Yale University between 1983 and 1996. I served on the local school board for 14 years. I have three children, each of whom has been successful in their own fields but each of whom (regrettably) elected not to go into the law.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** My memories of Wesleyan focus mainly on the friendships I made there.

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**Pat and Dick Get Nocturnal Welcome From Wes GOP**

Cheering Cavalcade
Motors To Airport;
Greeting Unplanned

**By Herb Canny**

Over fifty cheering members of Wesleyan’s newly organized Collegiate Republicans were on hand along with Republican state dignitaries as Vice President Richard Nixon’s plane touched at Bradley Field at 2:45 Tuesday evening. Armed with hand drums and hand instruments, the Wesmen welcomed with the famous Nixon hand signal of Mr. Nixon and his wife, Pat, descended in the field. Nixon and his wife, both obviously tired after four journeys, which had lasted twenty-one hours, were greeted by Dr. Bean, President of the University, who introduced the great leader, famous inside the group, who held hands all the way, and clented into a car to lead a half mile route into the airport.

Wesmen greet Nixon in Hartford.

**Wesmen Greet Nixon**

Faces left to right: Mrs. Patricia Nixon, Jay Lavy, 3rd; Nat Chenhall, 5th; Vice President Richard Nixon, Stanley Garfield, 7th; Beth Hansen, 7th; Dave Robinson, 7th.

—Photo by James
JOSEPH MARKOWITZ (JOE)
Spouse: Nancy Ruth Mckaig Markowitz
9514 Georgetown Pike
Great Falls, VA  22066-2616
(703) 759-3807

STUART T. MARTIN (TIM)
Spouse: Sibyl Mould Martin
47 Chilton Street
Cambridge, MA  02138-6801
(617) 945-0522

ROBERT T. MARKS (BOB)
4 Gatehouse Lane
Hull, MA  02045
(781) 925-0189

WILLIAM B. MASON III (WILLIAM)
Apartment #309
5112 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.
Washington, DC  20008-2073
(202) 362-3991

ROBERT MCAFEE, JR. (SKIP)
Spouse: Laurice Liddil McAfee
5533 Coltsfoot Court
Columbia, MD  21045-2424
(410) 730-5847
xerxes7@earthlink.net


Past 50 Years: After masters degrees from Stanford in geology and Columbia in library service, worked as geology librarian at Columbia, information specialist at the Smithsonian Science Information Exchange, and glossary editor at the American Geological Institute before embarking on a 23-year career as an association executive, first with the American Society for Information Science and later with the American Society for Horticultural Science, the last five years as executive director of the latter. During retirement, became active in the Society for American Baseball Research, serving as national treasurer and editor of its Bibliography Committee newsletter, and attended and/or presented at 18 annual Symposiums on Baseball and American Culture held in Cooperstown, NY.

Comments: Married fellow Stanford student Laurice Liddil in 1964; she’s still working as a psychiatrist. Daughters Taylor (Clancy) DeFelice and Megan Victoria Knisley, and new grandson Xander.

Smith College Choir And Wes Choral Society Sing Concert

By H. H. Richards

Last Saturday the Smith College Choir - Wesleyan University Choral Society united in a concert which produced many wonderful and unusual happenings.

It has been indeed too long since the non-singing members of the Wesleyan Community have had the pleasure of hearing the Smith group. Possibly more students would have been present if the publicity for this concert had been better or if the concert had been scheduled at a more convenient time. However, these students who did go were well entertained and duly impressed.

(continued on page 6)
WALTER J. MCCANN
(WALTER)
Spouse: Alba Ambert
920 Damascus Church Road
Chapel Hill, NC  27516-8318
(919) 932-3557 or 3836
mac37@earthlink.net

Now: My wife and I retired to a pleasant university town, Chapel Hill, NC. Until a recent injury, I played some golf, not great golf, mind you, but recognizable golf. Retired from a career in education, I am active on two corporate boards of directors in the energy sector. I’ve done some volunteer election work for the Democrats and was surprised and pleased to see Obama carry the state. My connection with Wesleyan these days is through occasional emails and phone calls with old friends. The most recent calls, as I write this note, were with Al Munro ’59, and Pierre Chantefort, a French exchange student who was my roommate in the senior year.

Past 50 Years: To sum up the complexities of a career, its ups and downs, missteps and accomplishments, in a few sentences must misrepresent by omission. So this is not a summary, only a skeleton.

After Wesleyan I spent a year on a Fulbright in Belgium and then came back to the rigors of Harvard Law School, where I roomed with Irwin (Sonny) Barnet ’59. Like many young lawyers from Massachusetts, after graduation and the Bar Exam in 1963 I headed toward Washington only to the national and personal consequences of the JFK assassination. After a couple of years of career meandering, I wound up as Legislative Assistant to Congressman John Brademas, a Harvard graduate and Rhodes Scholar, and so saw at first hand the workings of the "sausage factory". John was on the Education Committee and a couple of years later I found myself teaching legal aspects of education at Harvard’s Graduate School of Education, where I unexpectedly remained for 12 years.

From Harvard, I took an odd detour and became the President of Athens College in Greece. The College is a Greek-American creation that has long been considered one of the finest educational institutions in the country. Seven tumultuous years in Athens were punctuated by attempts to nationalize our school, endless strikes and terrorist attacks, some of which killed friends and colleagues.

When offered the presidency of an American overseas university, Richmond, The American University in London, my wife and I were ready for a change and a different European city, which unfortunately also suffered from terrorism. We stayed a decade in London, a grand city, at one of the most internationally oriented universities to be found anywhere.

A decade later, we returned to the U.S. (August 2002) to start a new life in a part of the country new to us and have found it a delightful place to live.

Although not part of a career, I must mention that my wife, Dr. Alba Ambert, and my (step)daughter, Yanira Ambert de Posson, have made the difference between just being alive and living a full life.

Memories of Wesleyan: Two memories that stick with me involve poetry: a young faculty member, John Hicks, reading poetry aloud in the freshman Humanities course. It was the first time I’d heard poetry read aloud. Years later, Richard Wilbur agreed to offer a seminar for a handful of seniors. We read Yeats and, as I recall, admired his lovely daughter. There are many other academic memories with outstanding faculty—Schattsneider, Neumann and Underwood. But poetry formed the bookends of my Wesleyan days. Maybe it’s no surprise that I’ve been married to a poet for a quarter century.

Less poetic, I remember my athletic sophomore year roommate, Terry Smith ’59, bursting into the room one fall evening and shouting, “What kind of a f——g university is this? The library’s open all night, but the gym closes at 6!”

I’m sure the poetry is still there and today the gym would be far more to Terry’s liking.

A Wesleyan education is more than a couple of memories and I probably have little idea of how much it has affected me and in what ways. I do know that, every once in a while, I remember something I read then or what someone said in class or elsewhere and catch a glimpse of the education and way in which Wesleyan changed me during those four years. The rest remains hidden, but undoubtedly real.

THE GOODYEAR
WHERE WESMEN MEET

CHURCH ST.  JUST OFF CAMPUS
HARRY B. MCCOLGAN (HARRY)  
Spouse: Linda Boram McColgan

EDWARD D. MCGREW, JR. (DUSTY)  
Spouse: Carol Williams McGrew  
Apartment 4-A  
2720 Central Street  
Evanston, IL  60201-1287  
(847) 475-8449

My fondest memories of Wesleyan are the fine education I received, the friendships at Alpha Delta Phi, and meeting and dating Carol Williams from Conn. College. Carol and I got married the Saturday after my graduation from Wesleyan. We produced three beautiful daughters who in turn gave us seven grandsons and one granddaughter. When we became empty-nesters we sold our big house and moved to a great condominium in Evanston. No snow shoveling or leaf raking and an attached garage!

I worked for 21 years in operations and management for three different Board of Trade firms. I then worked for nine years for the International College of Surgeons as Finance Manager and Comptroller. I enjoyed the international travel that came with the job. I then spent the last nine years of my working career with H&R Block Premium and did taxes and taught tax preparation. I retired in 2001.

Since retirement, Carol and I have spent two or three months of the winter in the Catalina foothills near Tucson. We have done some other traveling with Elderhostel, Inc. and traveled to see or be with our children and grandchildren. I have enjoyed being in a bike group some years ago, bowling, tennis, bridge and just being active with my family.

CHARLES T. MCHUGH (TOM)  
Spouse: Anne Ewing Jones McHugh  
119 Washington Street  
PO Box 699  
Baileyville, ME  04694-0699  
(207) 427-6131  
ctmchugh@ccpwireless.com

Now: The McHughs have lived in rural, Downeast Maine since 1987. Baileyville is just northwest of Calais, the major Main transit point to the Maritime Provinces of Canada. The only route from Bangor to Calais passes through Baileyville and within hailing distance of us.

I have maintained a local family doctor presence in Baileyville since arrival. In addition, until two years ago, I was one of the few general and trauma surgeons in this very large but sparsely populated area. In 2006, I stopped my surgical practice; but my family practice remains full time. Since 2008, I have had an office practice only, referring patients needing hospital care to colleagues locally or in Bangor.

From 1972 following residency to 1986, I practiced both surgery and family medicine on the near north lakefront of Chicago. This was successful and stimulating and included medical school faculty activities. Living in Chicago was nearly as good as it gets. Nevertheless, we sought a different setting where Anne especially did not have to be a full-time chauffeur in order to provide our three children with the great but spread out opportunities available in the city.

In moving to Maine, we traded one fulfilling lifestyle for another, despite significant negatives with each.

Following medical school, I had interned in Chicago. I wasn’t ready to move on as that year concluded. Through good fortune, I obtained an appointment in the Public Health Service and a position as a staff physician with the Peace Corps. From 1965 to 1967, I relocated to Tanzania, living in Mwanza on Lake Victoria. My responsibility as a PCP was the health of volunteers which required that I travel frequently through large portions of the country. This nearly always resulted in conducting health clinics at the schools staffed by PC volunteers. Extra-curricular activities included coaching the national championships secondary school women’s track team and teaching in a school to educated local/rural health care providers. After the two years with the Peace Corps, I returned to a surgical residency in Chicago.

Past 50 Years: For me, “fun, memorable, or meaningful” activities have been defined largely by
my medical practice, my family, and living in two entirely opposite locations as well as in Tanzania.

From the middle of my residency onward, I have been involved in medical organizations in Illinois and later in Maine. More recently, I have been involved heavily in the socio-economic-political doings of General Surgery. These activities have been extremely educational, broadening and enjoyable. I remain very active in all these areas.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** My memories of Wesleyan include a great canvas of font and funny recollections. I can’t say that much wildness is included. I have very little memory of what I know was the vast majority of my activity devoted to, first, staying in and then successfully getting out of Wesleyan. But get out I did, and I have had a [mostly] very happy transit subsequently.

I have one persistent and vivid Wesleyan recollection. It is of sitting on the front porch of the Beta house on various Alumni occasions and watching all the “Old Boys” walking by. I observed then that they were aged. I couldn’t imagine ever being old like them. Now, of course, they is me!! And, of course, I cannot see it, feel it, or believe it!

I look forward to this upcoming return to a campus I will barely recognize and to visits with a truly unique and enjoyable group of friends with whom I have spent too little time in order to rekindle and nurture the many wonderful and enduring friendships which developed from 1955 to 1959. I look forward to getting back into the fold of the Class of ’59.

ROBERT G. MCKELVEY (BOB)
George McKelvey Company, Inc.
529 Washington Boulevard
PO Box 375
Sea Girt, NJ 08750-0375
(732) 449-5323
rmckelvey@georgemckelveyco.com

**Now:** I moved to the Jersey Shore (Sea Girt) in the mid 70s. Previously, I lived in NYC during the 60s and early 70s and still have an apartment there.

My job is President of George McKelvey Company, an investment advisory firm founded by my family in 1960. The firm, which I have overseen since 1976, manages money for individuals and families. It has nine advisors and 14 staff members.

**Past 50 years:** After Wesleyan, I spent three years at Oxford University and earned a second B.A. and an M.A. I spent five years in the PhD program at Columbia, but never finished the thesis. I taught at Oxford and Columbia and served briefly in the State Department at the bottom of the International Organization (UN) division that Doug Bennet headed about 30 years later.

I never married so with limited family responsibilities, I devoted time to philanthropic activities. Most of them have become interests of long standing and a number of them involve young people—surrogate family perhaps? One of the most meaningful was as a trustee of Wesleyan. I served intermittently for 15 years between 1969 and 1996 when I was retired by statute to trustee emeritus status. At various times I served as vice chair of the investment committee, chair of the University Relations committee (a euphemism for fundraising) and vice chair of the board.

I became re-involved with Alpha Delt during my initial trustee service and was serving as chair of its alumni organization when it went co-ed in 1972.
This led to a two decade battle with our national until, in 1991, a group of coed chapters—Bowdoin, Brown, Columbia, Stanford, and Wesleyan—separated from the Fraternity to form the Alpha Delta Phi Society. I chaired that for a decade while it got started.

Other organizations I continue to work with as an officer and/or board member include a private educational foundation at Wesleyan (1973), an animal shelter (1977), the Alpha Delt Fraternity foundation (1981), an historic building foundation (a lighthouse in Sea Girt, 1983), the Merton College Charitable Corporation (my Oxford college, 1991), the Association of American Rhodes Scholars (1996), and The Dawkins Family Foundation (1997). I also serve on the board of Zygo Corporation (ZIGO), a $150 million manufacturer of optics and interferometric measuring equipment (1983).

As for more personal activities, I have a great health club within 5 miles—a 23 acre campus with every conceivable indoor and outdoor activity so there is no excuse for not trying to stay in shape. Swimming and tennis are my main activities although I am convinced they have recently made tennis balls that bounce faster and the swimming pool seems to lengthen at least a yard each year, slowing my times. My home has a wonderful vegetable and flower garden. My role is confined primarily to paying and picking; more skilled folks handle everything in between. I still travel a fair amount, usually to board or client meetings to which I sometimes add vacation days, but travel is increasingly less enjoyable. I have no plans to retire as long as health permits.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** The freshman curriculum that integrated courses in English, history and philosophy was a real mind opener; it was the start of a life changing education. The extraordinary history faculty—Cherniavsky, Schorske, Baritz, Brown, Trask, Golub, Brockunier, Wallace enhanced by great teachers in other faculties—Winslow, Millet, Schottschneider, Palamountin.

On big party weekends wandering from house party to house party with a date along High Street. A fraternity brother dating Vic's daughter for a year, keeping us on best behavior.

Returning from Schorske's lectures knowing I had heard great thoughts, but wondering what the hell he was talking about. All nighters….for papers and parties.

Probably every class at every college thinks that their time was some kind of "golden age" so I may be forgiven for thinking Vic Butterfield came close to creating that at Wesleyan by the late 1950s.
ALEXANDER R. MERCER (SANDY)
Spouse: Susan Mercer
205 Golf Hills Road
Havertown, PA 19083-1025
(610) 446-4086

WILLIAM D. MINOR (BILL)
Spouse: Carol A. Minor
225 Arlington Drive
Placida, FL 33946-2305
(941) 828-7712
minorcarola@yahoo.com

Now: Carol and I live in Placida, FL, an hour south of Sarasota and a mile from the Gulf of Mexico. When we came to Florida in 2001, I took up the game of golf and enjoy playing twice a week. We are volunteers at the Englewood Art Center. Carol compiles the programs and art labels for monthly exhibits in two galleries. For the past two years, I have been on the board of directors at the art center. This requires many meetings since we are in the process of becoming a division of the Ringling College of Art & Design in Sarasota. I also work with a small group of men who gather at the art center on Saturdays to do miscellaneous maintenance.

A high point of 2008 for us was a Minor Reunion in Chew Magna, England, a half hour ride south of Bristol. Ninety descendants converged on the small village in April to celebrate the 400th birthday of Thomas Minor, who emigrated to America in 1629 and was one of four original settlers of Stonington, Connecticut. We enjoyed exploring the area of Chew Magna and learning about the historical times of Thomas.

Past 50 Years: On entering Wesleyan, my intention was to pursue mechanical engineering. By the end of my sophomore year, I had been thoroughly seduced by literature and history and began thinking seriously about a career in teaching. I completed the Master of Arts in Teaching program at Brown University. For 34 years in Madison, Connecticut, I enjoyed developing and teaching creative writing courses and, with my literature background from Wesleyan and Brown, I was qualified to teach college-level advanced placement courses.

During my Wesleyan years I developed a love of poetry. In the 1980s, I was a member of the Connecticut Poetry Society, attending workshops, submitting poems to poetry magazines and occasionally reading some poems at the Society. At about this time, I began collecting first-edition poetry. Since Carol is also a book lover and collector, we have spent many happy hours exploring books shops in New England, New York City and Key West, Florida.

Memories of Wesleyan: Delta Sigma was a very enjoyable part of my Wesleyan experience: the friendship of brothers, Gus Sterns’ great meals, the parties, the house itself. Since my major areas of study were literature and history, I was constantly writing papers, typing away on my old manual in the dorm until midnight. John Milton’s poetry was not a very popular course. One graduate student and I met with Prof. Green in his office to study Milton. The Maynard Ferguson band played at a prom in the field house. I can remember donning 2 sweat suits and vigorously playing squash to work off pounds to make wrestling weight.

Like many students, I sometimes took a course just to fill my schedule only to discover that it was interesting. In my case this happened with psychology and anthropo-logy. Wesleyan drew me into areas of study which I probably would have never investigated.

Comments: We are so happy to be here for the 50th reunion!

DAVID M. MITCHELL (DAVE)
Spouse: Cynthia Sue Douglass Mitchell
8 Anthony Wayne Road
Morristown, NJ 07960
(973) 540-0694
HOOPO22@hotmail.com

Now: Sue and I live in New Vernon, a small town in northern New Jersey. We both have been and continue to be very involved in volunteer work with a number of charitable/nonprofit organizations, serving in leadership positions on many of the Boards. I am retired and we have a son and a daughter and three grandsons who live in our vicinity. We spend much of the summer at a vacation home in Harvey Cedars on the Jersey shore; enjoying fishing, crabbing, etc. with our family and friends. We have enjoyed a travel trailer since I retired in 1992 and have been fortunate to travel extensively throughout all of the United States and Canada (we have a beautiful country). We spend two
months in the early part of each year at a campground on Jekyll Island, Georgia enjoying the warmer weather and visits of our family and friends.

Past 50 Years: The most significant event during this period was my marriage to Sue a year after graduation. Sue had been my high school and college sweetheart as well as the “Sweetheart of Sigma Chi.” I spent two years getting an MBA at Wharton Graduate School of Business. After three months of employment my “friends and neighbors” selected me to serve in the Army for two years, most of which was time in Germany. Upon return, I rejoined Bell Telephone Laboratories where I worked until 1984 as VP of Finance and Administration. That was a great period in my career, Bell Labs was a fantastic place to be. I then moved to AT&T Communications where I was VP and Comptroller until I took early retirement in 1987. My next stop was in Washington where I worked as a Senior Executive for the General Services Administration until I took my second retirement in 1992 at the ripe old age of 55. I then spent several years heavily involved in helping a YMCA Camp in New Jersey, serving as the CEO and then the CVO. Although it was a volunteer effort, it was more time consuming and challenging than my work in Washington and probably the most rewarding (in a non-financial way) work I did during the 50 years. I am thankful for the opportunity I had to retire early. That choice has allowed me to be more involved in volunteer endeavors, to spend quality time with my family, and to travel with Sue to experience our great country.

Memories of Wesleyan: Arrival, 3 weeks later, the dread of not being able to catch up on my studies; generous help from other students and understanding professors; academic survival freshman year. Football—Saturday afternoons on the field; Danny, Walt, Steve; my teammates; Bacon Award; captain senior year; the last game, we finally beat Trinity. Freshman dorm, running on the ledge 4 stories up (fortunately a good memory); Sigma Chi—a late rush, fellowship; brothers who were mentors; Jim Sobers, our cook; party weekends with my fraternity brothers; Sue being sung to as the “Sweetheart of Sigma Chi.” Inter-fraternity rivalries and friendships; joint jazz concerts on a Sunday afternoon. Cramming for exams; late night typing of papers; studying at the library. Challenging and interesting classes; small group discussions with motivated and interested professors and students; learning to organize and present my thoughts; learning to test the “facts” and to challenge conclusions. Untimely accidents and the loss or injury of friends and classmates—not good memories but they stay with me and I remember those friends. Chapel. The Bells of Old South College on a winter evening. Singing, singing, singing. Graduation; knowing that I had had a quality education thanks to those around me—fellow students, professors, coaches, the Administration; knowing that I still had much to grow and much to learn; knowing and confident that I was prepared for the challenges ahead.

Wesmen Want Women, 3-1
Argus Opinion Poll Reveals
Improved Spirit, Personality Development Widely Anticipated

by Bill Austin

Wesleyan men prefer women, three to one. Of the (exactly) 500 men who filled out the Argus questionnaire distributed just before vacation, 373 favor the proposed establishment of a women’s college here. 161 oppose it, and 21 give no opinion or “don’t care.” Although a substantial minority favor complete coeducation, the majority of those responding prefer that the schools be separate, with some activities combined.

Large majorities anticipate favorable effects on school spirit and Wesleyan’s personality development if the school is established, but a large majority also expect that social regulations would be made stiffer. Opinions are mixed on how the new school would affect Wesleyan’s academic and athletic standings, admissions, and relationships with Amherst, Williams, and Trinity.

Coed vs. Coed
A third of those responding favor coed classes at all levels; half want most classes separate, but some ad

(continued on page 6)
WILLIAM B. B. MOODY  
(BILL, MOODS)  
Spouse: Janet Cline-Moody  
7800 Glenbrook Road  
Bethesda, MD 20814  
(301) 215-5988  
603 Doeskin Court  
Incline Village, Nevada  89451  
wbb.moody@verizon.net  

Now: Janet and I, now married for eight years, divide our time between our winter quarters in Bethesda, Maryland and our summer home in Incline Village, Nevada overlooking Lake Tahoe. We are both retired, but remain active in church volunteering, gardening, writing, grandparenting and traveling. I still occasionally sub at Sandy Spring Friends School, where I taught for eleven years after retiring from the U.S. Navy.

Past 50 Years: Not knowing what I wanted to do in life with my degree in history from Wesleyan, I embarked on an English teaching job in Limoges, France under a French Government Teaching Assistantship/Fulbright Travel Grant. I liked teaching at the secondary level and so returned to the U.S. to work on a MAT degree in French from Brown University. My first teaching career lasted two years —until a note from the draft board prodded me to sign up for a hitch in the U.S. Navy under the officer candidate program. A three year obligation stretched into a thirty year career in cryptology. Along the way, I met my late first wife Susan Bowditch Balch, a Wellesley graduate and mother of our two children, Sarah ‘91 and Nathaniel. I served in submarines, destroyers, aircraft carriers and ashore in Alaska, Vietnam, Scotland, Italy, Germany, California, and Washington, D.C. The Navy sent me to school to learn Russian and brush up on my German as well as for a Master’s degree in financial management. Upon retirement as a captain in 1993, both of us went back to teaching (French, U.S. Government, economics, English, journalism). Sue succumbed to lymphoma in May 1999. After a period of deep depression, I fell in love again and married a widow, Janet Cline Patrick, now Janet Cline-Moody, whom Sue and I knew from church. Between the two of us we have five children and seven (soon to be eight) grandchildren whom we see as often as we can.

Memories of Wesleyan: Freshman terror, soon calmed by encouragement from Nobby Brown, my freshman advisor … life and friendships at Eclectic, which still influence me in many ways and led to a first published book, a history of the fraternity … helping to cut down the Trinity steel goalpost … being tapped by the original Douglas Cannon purloiners and carting the thing around for a year in the trunk of my car … great classes with Carl Viggiani, Norman Rudich, Carl Schorske, Ihab Hassan, Larry Gemeinhardt, and so many more … the senior honors thesis under Loren Baritz’s direction that, as I write this piece, is being sent off in a revised and expanded book version to a potential publisher … musical activities under Ray Rendall and Dick Winslow—Choral Society, Pep Band, Glee Club, the Jibers … and duties as bell ringer for three years. Upon reflection, I am convinced that I learned every bit as much outside of class as I did in those marvelous lectures and seminars. I wonder how many classmates would agree.

LEONARD L. MOORE (LENNY)  
Spouse: Olivia Siler Moore  
108 North 60th Street  
Philadelphia, PA  19139-2314  
(215) 748-3057

RICHARD D. MOORES (RICHARD)  
3813 142nd Place North East  
Bellevue, WA  98007-3227  
(425) 882-8600  
rdm@rcblue.com

ALLAN W. MUNRO (ALLAN)  
Spouse: Eleanor Walker  
1925 41st Avenue, SW  
Seattle, WA  98116  
(206) 937-9825  
walkere1@msn.com  

Now: I live in Seattle, WA where I am practicing law, playing politics and running a small business associated with real estate development.


Memories of Wesleyan: It was great fun traveling to other parts of New England and seeing other campuses while participating in debate tournaments with Seth Zinman, John Altshular, Bob Woodford, Ted Woodbury, and Jan Hogendorn. My economics courses from Professors Meyers, Barber, Fisher and Williamson have led to a lifelong fascination with the subject. Going to the homes of classmates like Walter McCann, Sandy Mercer, and Joe Mallory during the Christmas holidays was great fun.

**EDWARD E. MURPHY (ED)**
Spouse: Marilyn L. Murphy
6641 Kirby Court
Falls Church, VA 22043-1727
(703) 536-2748
eemurphy@earthlink.net

Now: Marilyn and I are living in Falls Church, VA, inside the famous/infamous Washington, D.C. beltway. We’ve lived in the same house since 1973. We raised our two sons here and now enjoy their visits with their families.

I retired from the Treasury Department in 2002. Since then Marilyn and I have enjoyed skiing two months each year in Colorado, traveling abroad in Europe and South America and visiting family, friends and former colleagues around the country. I’ve kept consulting to a minimum and only on economic policy when necessary. Each year since 1961, with only a few years off, I take a week-long hike in the Sierras in California with two friends. We get grubby, tell lies around the campfire and enjoy the mountains up close; lately though, the mileage covered each hike has declined from around 90 miles to closer to 40. Oh well.

Of course there are the phone calls on behalf of Wesleyan’s Annual Fund. They are a wonderful occasion for me to keep in touch with classmates. And, since there is a high level of interest in current developments at Wesleyan among the members of our class, some of those phone calls are fairly lively. It is gratifying to hear the affection nearly all have for Wesleyan and their appreciation of the benefits of their Wesleyan experience.

**Past 50 Years:** Most important is my happy marriage, now coming up on 40 years. Of our two sons, one is in military service and just returned from a one year deployment; the other is a self employed engineer. How each decided to eschew the liberal arts for engineering school remains a puzzle; to me, anyway. But, each is successful and Marilyn and I have two grandchildren who are a delight.

Much of the past 50 years has been devoted to career. My first job out of graduate school was as an instructor in economics at Georgetown University. During eight years teaching economics, around 1,500 students took my classes. Those eight years were satisfying personally, but the satisfaction continues because of the former students I’ve encountered in business situations and the others I’ve heard from who’ve called to say how much he or she valued the experience of one or another course. I’m reminded of teachers and courses at Wesleyan that remain with me.

Perhaps because I could hold forth at length on economic issues (supply and demand are 90% of any economic issue) in front of numerous economics classes, I wound up advising on economic policy in the Treasury Department. Not only were the issues interesting per se but there was a kicker: there was a serious risk the advice would be acted on and become department or administration policy. Daily interaction with political appointees through briefings, one on one and in working groups afforded an inside view on how the Executive Branch works. It also allowed for some insight on how different presidents’ organizational style can affect the information and policy options they receive.

The adventure of sailing from Port Angeles, Washington to Hawaii on a 34 ft. sailboat in 1967 is memorable. I was and remain a landlubber from Missouri, so the seasickness encountered at the outset is now a repressed memory. The memorable parts of those 27 days on the Pacific include fair winds interspersed with storms, the sensation of waves 8 ft above the deck and the many days where the ocean was completely flat with no hint of a breeze. At night the stars were bright enough to cast a faint shadow on the deck, brighter than in
Texas, I imagine. At Wesleyan I had taken the introductory astronomy course which required we take sextant readings. As my reading had placed Middletown squarely in Philadelphia, it seemed prudent to refrain from taking part in any matter related to navigating the sailboat. Today that course would use GPS. After 25 days at sea, the scent of Hawaii's vegetation was noticeable on the wind two days before we saw land. A great trip, but now I've done that.

Memories of Wesleyan: For those of a certain age, no memory of Wesleyan would be complete if it did not give prominence to Victor Butterfield. His presence was always felt. It seems he never missed an occasion to remind us of Wesleyan's purpose, what we students were expected to take away from Wesleyan and by implication what was expected of the faculty toward this end. It worked. Wesleyan was a collective enterprise for education. He was a leader not rivaled in my subsequent experience at several universities as a student or faculty member. My first trip back to the campus occurred seven or eight years after graduation; I was there to visit a faculty member. As I walked along College Row, there was Victor Butterfield approaching from the opposite direction. When he came in range, to my surprise he greeted me by name and then spent several minutes inquiring after my activities. But, when I think of it, I'm still surprised.

One of the most capable and also quietly amusing faculty members was C.O. Fisher (Economics Dept.). He often attended the weekly assembly, unfailingly accompanied by his wife. If the speaker became boring, Fisher would begin to fiddle with his hearing aid until it emitted a quiet but piercing sound that caused a stir in the audience in his vicinity as they looked away from the speaker to locate the source of the sound. Only when his wife elbowed him would he stop. In my senior year, I asked him if that was his way of annoying a boring speaker; he answered with a wry smile.

Many memories center around the fraternity system and my fraternity, DTD. Our annual quest to obtain a Christmas tree is not talked about to this day, but it never failed to add to the excitement of the season and sometimes beyond. DTD had the largest coal burning residential furnace in Middlesex County, reputedly. That furnace produced barrels of the finest soot which we scraped from its belly each month. We packaged some of this soot in flimsy paper bags and used a slingshot on our roof to lob the bags across High Street at Sigma Nu where they would burst on impact. The accuracy was such that open windows and the front door could be targeted successfully. Sometimes lit firecrackers were included in the bags for variety. The ensuing retaliation from Sigma Nu was always loud, energetic and involved many raw eggs. What joy. These events usually happened in the Spring. The melees would end with the appearance on the scene of Dean Don, who lived nearby. Fortunately he was an understanding man; we needed it.

Freshman Hoops
Compile 6-5 Record
Lund, Mallory Star in Successful Season

This year’s Wesleyan basketball team will offer talent for the varsity squad tree seasons. They compiled a record of 6 and 5 this season and even this accomplishment is indicative of the excellence of half-playing that they exhibit. Split five losses, the team needs points to their opponents, 76, illustrating the closeness of one and the high spirit which was lost on the team.

The season started with a point victory over Count Couret was followed by a point the hands of an extremely Yale team. However, our first boosted win to win is over Tufts and Chester for before losing to Dean Janis. Then followed three over Union, Middletown Pre, M.L.T. The season ended with losses to Ambrose, William Trinity in that order.

Although the team played together, a few individuals did outstanding jobs and deserve to be recognized here. High scorer in scoring was Pete Lund with a total of 167 points. His points. Mallory played in only one because of an illness, but his 116 points per game. Werner was third high says a average of 162 points outstanding players included Hanford and Nick Kneer. During the season should produce an improved basketball team with addition of these men to the roster.

The record:
Way
Cass Guard 77
Yale 65
Tufts 67
Chester 83
Dinan Junior College 63
Cohica 89
Mills Prep 63
M.I.T.
Amherst 79
Williams 70
Trinity 89

Total: 812
Win 6 — Lost 3

Squash
Wesleyan 5, Trinity 4

The squash team defeated Trinity Wednesday 5th in what Steve Plageman called “the first match I’ve ever been coaching.” The match was decided in the final set when Bob Hunter and Trinity’s Legswood McManus had a hard fought serve to win the deciding games. All the matches were close, with first-seeded Nick Whitehead the only one to either win in straight games. Legwood and Ted Fiske both won in four, Al Frost in five.

Coach Plageman, pleased with the freshman’s showing, commented, “They did a good job.”

The squad is looking forward to the return match with Trinity on February 25.

Individual scores were as follows:

Hi-jinks not withstanding, in class and in campus life Wesleyan gave me the experience of critical thinking, dispassionate analysis and respect for differing views. That is my fondest memory of Wesleyan. What a preparation for life after graduation.

THEODORE C. NAGEL (TED)
Spouse: Judy Nagel
2506 Lake Place
Minneapolis, MN  55405-2475
(612) 374-5163

ROBERT W. OGREN (BOB)
Spouse: Amanda Fenn Ogren
7508 Clarendon Road
Bethesda, MD  20814-6104
H: (301) 657-9782
C: (301) 788-8162
rwogren@comcast.net

Now: I live in Bethesda, MD with my wife Amanda in the home we have owned since 1974. We have two grown children (Dan and Kirsten) and two granddaughters (Alexis and Rebeka) who each live less than an hour’s drive from our home. Ten years ago I retired from my law firm Piper & Marbury (now DLA Piper LLP) and the active practice of law. Since then I have focused my energies on our grandchildren, cycling, digital photography, volunteering at the Music Center at Strathmore and the C&O Canal National Historical Park, and improving my limited and questionable skills as an amateur winemaker and brewer.

Past 50 Years: Professional: After Wesleyan, I attended the University of Chicago Law School, graduating in 1962. Then it was on to New York, Wall Street, and the law firm of Shearman & Sterling for five years of corporate and banking law. In 1967, I escaped the Wall Street boredom in which I was mired. I moved to Washington, DC with my wife and son and joined the Department of Justice as a trial attorney specializing in white collar and corruption prosecutions. That move—to DC and to the Department of Justice—essentially redirected my career path. I spent the next 24 years first, as a prosecutor pursuing various malefactors, and subsequently, as a defense attorney representing the falsely accused and misunderstood. My litigation practice took me to all points of the compass in the U.S. and frequently overseas. I was honored to hold positions of responsibility at the Department of Justice and the United States Attorney’s office for the District of Columbia. As a defense attorney, I was privileged to be a partner in two highly-respected national law firms and represented many Fortune 500 companies. At the conclusion of my legal career, I spent a year in Eastern Europe as a volunteer in the ABA’s Central and Eastern Europe Law Initiative (CEELI) working on criminal justice law reform projects in Hungary (primarily), Slovakia, and Moldova. The CEELI year was a remarkable experience. Over the almost 40 years of my legal career, it’s difficult to pick out highlights, because there have been so many. However, the close associations I developed with exceptional professional colleagues are probably the strongest positive memories I have.

Family: I met my wife Amanda Elizabeth Fenn in New York in 1963. We were married in 1964. Amanda was a true country girl from rural Connecticut (the town of Cornwall in Litchfield County) who has gradually transformed herself into an urban denizen. Our son, Daniel, was born in 1966 while we were living in New York. He’s the father of our two granddaughters and is married to
Kelli Burton. Our daughter, Kirsten, was born in Maryland in 1969. Amanda and I are both committed to our family and spend a great deal of time with them. Amanda and I have lived in the same Bethesda neighborhood for 42 years and in the same house for 36 years. Talk about boring people.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** What could possibly top Freshman Humanities? Or Norm Rudich’s French 1–2 class? Or Carl Schorske’s History Comp class? Or friends from the class of ’59?

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**PETER J. O’NEILL (PETER)**  
Spouse: Elaine Zermas  
132 George Street  
South River, NJ 08882-1455  
(732) 257-1635

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**FREDERICK D. PARHAM II (FRITZ)**  
Spouse: Sadaye O. Parham  
121 Mulberry Drive  
Metairie, LA 70005-4014  
(504) 832-1980  
fparham@entergy.com

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**CHARLES G. PERKINS (CY)**  
268 Charity Court  
Soldonta, AK 99669-7415  
(907) 262-5535

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**HENRY M. PESKIN (HANK)**  
Spouse: Mary Janice Peskin  
1354 Black Walnut Drive  
Nellysford, VA 22958-8045  
(434) 361-1336

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**PHILIP A. PESSONI (PHIL)**  
Spouse: Patricia Madigan  
352 Salem Road  
Pound Ridge, NY 10576  
(914) 763-3916

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**JOEL H. PETTEGREW (JOEL)**  
Spouse: Marianne Pettegrew  
175 Whistlers Cove Road  
Rockport, TX 78382-4329  
(361) 790-5691  
joelpet@att.net

**Now:** Finally retired to quiet Texas fishing/boating town on the lower coast. Many retirees from all over are here. I am still an avid Ohio State fan. Wife Marianne and I are finally out of big city noise and odors. Nice Gulf breezes here.

**Past 50 Years:** Created, proposed, and manufactured many custom formulized nutritional supplements and published two articles on formulating and nutritional health products in past employment. I think I helped some people in health and loved the growing knowledge of natural herbs, vitamins, aminos, enzymes, minerals and new extracts from foreign sources such as the Amazon Rain Forest.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** Fraternity Raft race where they all capsized in the cold waters of a Connecticut Lake. LOL. Loved Wesleyan AM Radio and announcing games over PA system. I continued this at Ohio Wesleyan later.

**Comments:** Saddest regret I did not finish conversational Spanish considering I have been in Texas now for 35 years; yet I remember all that professor Hugh taught me there.

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**WILLIAM K. PHILLIPS (BILL)**  
Spouse: Barbara O’Gara Phillips  
10 Kipford Way  
Nashua, NH 03063-1504  
(603) 882-7721
JULIAN A. PLAISTED (LEFTY)
Spouse: Susan Powl Plaisted
112 Timber Ridge Drive
Brunswick, GA  31525-8596
(912) 261-1775

STEPHEN J. PYLE III (STEVE)
Spouse: Mary Ann Hamilton Pyle
2013 Real Catorce
Austin, TX  78746
(512) 327-5363

DAVID GRAY REMINGTON (DAVE)
536 Ridge Road
Moscow, ID  83843-2524
davidgray123@gmail.com

Now: Living on a modest retirement in the university town of Moscow on the Palouse in the Idaho Panhandle just west of the Bitterroot Mountains.

Past 50 Years: The most meaningful is my 28 years in recovery from alcoholism and other addictive behaviors beginning at the age of 14. Since I let go and let God as I understand God direct my living and choosing, I have had more fun in my chosen field of library service, hiking and camping in the mountain west, discovering the gifts in people especially new acquaintances, and getting to know my five children, 11 grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren (six of whom speak English as a second language).

Memories of Wesleyan: As an active alcoholic, married halfway through my sophomore year and working to support a new family while studying, I don't have many memories of campus life. I met a great friend while pledging at Gamma Psi, Bolts, whose brother's white boxer, Nuts, killed Dean Spaeth's wife's angora cat before her very eyes that summer and was banished from campus. Bolts and I worked in Olin Library and when I went on to Rutgers, he continued to live with my family in later years—a reliable friend. The few friends I had at Wesleyan are missing and unaccounted for these days: Terry Fredericks, Tom Watson, Ernie Whitney and Kirby White.

GORDON D. RICHARDS (GORDON)
60 Charter Road
Acton, MA  01720
(978) 263-7975

R. WILLIAM RICKERBY (BILL)
Spouse: Catherine B. Rickerby
46 Steeple Chase Court
Oceanport, NJ  07757
(732) 935-1972
rwrickerby@comcast.net
EDWIN B. ROBERTS (ED)
Spouse: Kathryn Roberts
Apartment 820
777 W Germantown Pike
Plymouth Meeting, PA
19462-1022
(267) 218-1138
ebr311@msn.com

Now: Kathryn and I currently live in the Philadelphia suburbs, Montgomery County, Pa. I am Director of Music for the Lansdale United Methodist Church, in Lansdale, PA.

Past 50 Years: Most meaningful in my life are my wife, Kathryn, who has a private practice in speech and voice therapy and teaches singing; and my three children: Claudia who teaches high school English in Lancaster County, PA; Matthew, a bassist, who teaches strings in Moorestown, NJ High School; and Lauren who is trying to save the economy by working in the investment business.

For myself, highlights include two children’s operas produced at the Whitney Museum, NYC, and a stint as music and theatre critic for the Staten Island Advance (the Newhouse flagship daily paper). I also introduced ‘personal’ ads in New York magazine where I was, briefly, Director of Classified Advertising, after a longer stint at the Village Voice.

Memories of Wesleyan: Happiest/craziest memories at Wesleyan include the Delta Tau Delta fraternity house with its catapult on the widow’s walk from which we periodically decorated the Sigma Nu house with bags of soot; being Manager of Hugh McCurdy’s Varsity Soccer team; singing in the Choral Society and Chapel Choir (I see Dick Winslow periodically in my home town, Antrim, NH, where he is retired).

One final comment which illustrates how the college, because of its size at the time (600 undergraduate men), could be energized by a single topic: to wit: Kathryn and I have an acquaintance in Philadelphia who graduated from Wesleyan, class of ’76. When he heard that I was there in the 1950s, his eyes lit up with pure envy and he said: “You were there when Noman O. Brown was on campus!”

RALPH W. RUSSELL (RALPH)
PO Box 358
Tenants Harbor, ME  04860-0358

JOEL W. SAKS (JOEL)
Spouse: Jeri Saks
PO Box 1227
Framingham, MA  01701-1227

B. H. SCHELLENBACH (B. H.)
190 6th Avenue
Brooklyn, NY  11217-3561

STEPHEN SCHLEIFER (STEVE)
Spouse: Margaret Schleifer
6 Wisteria Drive
Asheville, NC  28804

TOM SCHLESINGER (TOM)
8 Carleton Drive
Pittsburgh, PA  15243-1314
(412) 279-3193

H. JAMES T. SEARS (JIM)
Spouse: Elsa Weber Sears
13212 Avenida la Valencia
Poway, CA 92064
H: (858) 676-0836
C: (602) 763-6603
jsears4@aol.com

Now: Elsa and I split our time...
between San Diego in the winter and Lake George (Adirondacks) in the summer. This allows us to max out our time with kids, grandkids and great grandkid, as well as enjoy the climates and magnificence of these two areas of the country. I still work as chair of an executive advisory board for a major health care company in the west and serve on boards of the National Military Family Association, the USO and the Armed Services YMCA. We do some major traveling each year, this year China and Italy, and we drive back and forth across country with our wonderful dogs to our coastal homes. My greatest personal satisfaction comes from significant construction projects, sailing and golf. Golf may soon come off the list that has satisfaction attached to it.

**Past 50 Years:** My career has been devoted to the Military Healthcare System. After medical school and internship I began active duty in the Navy as a resident in neuropsychiatry at the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda. My plan was to do a residency, finish obligated service, get out and go into private practice. Shortly after residency I received orders to report to Vietnam, for the most significant year (1968) of my life. It changed how I viewed and practiced psychiatry—finding that there were many ways to improve individuals’ mental health and that traditional approaches had very limited effectiveness. And it gave me a new and very deep appreciation in my life for the importance of family, and especially children. I concluded that I would be bored to death in private practice and that the Navy offered the greatest opportunity to make a difference. Among the highlights of my Navy career were: becoming expert in combat psychiatry; starting two of the Navy’s psychiatric residency training programs; working with Vietnam POWs and their families and Iranian hostages and their families; Antarctic service and the study of stress of isolated environments. After making flag, I was honored to have several commands in the Navy hierarchy that were memorable. I retired on 30 years as the operational commander of Navy Medicine worldwide, as a Rear Admiral and Deputy Surgeon General of the Navy.

Since my Navy time I have spent 14 years working for healthcare companies that provide the services that the direct military system cannot, first in the CHAMPUS Reform Program and subsequently the TRICARE program. I was honored to be selected as the first Executive Director of the TRICARE Management Activity in the Department of Defense where we were able to improve services and expand benefits for active duty, family and retired members. TRICARE has subsequently become one of the National models for health care systems.

Most significantly over the last 50 years has been the growth, development and expansion of the family. Shortly after the reunion, Elsa and I will celebrate our 54th wedding anniversary. Elsa supported me through Wesleyan, med school, internship and residency while doing a magnificent job raising our four children. The kids all have successful lives with long term mates and produced six wonderful grand kids, five granddaughters currently in college and a grandson, who has applied to Wesleyan, a senior in high school. We were overjoyed this year with the birth of our first great granddaughter. Family get-togethers are a little raucous, but Elsa and I look forward to them all year long. Life has been very good to us.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** Whenever I think of Wesleyan, I think of Downey house and coffee with professors and interesting discussions, seldom about academics. There are also special feelings about individual profs, like Dick Winslow, David Swift, Ernst Kaspari, Bill Batten, Herr Wensinger, Coaches Woods and Daniels and many others. I particularly enjoyed tutorials in biology and religion. I hated being a pre-med major, so minimized science courses. Tried to flunk organic chemistry three times, knowing it was critical for med school, but rebelling at the requirement. Deke was fun. Dirty River Days were a blast. O’Rourke’s, Krenz’s German restaurant (Herr Krenz loved Elsa) were wonderful spots. What was the place that had the great grilled cheese and onion sandwiches? I cannot sing, but I loved singing college songs. I used to sing them with the kids on car trips. When my oldest daughter came back from her early days at college she told me that she knew all the words, but the tunes were all different! After my freshman year, being married we lived at Vet’s Village, over by Long Lane. Many of our friends there were MAT students. We were all poor, but always managed to have great parties featuring Naragansett Beer, because with the imperial quart you got a little more beer in each bottle. I liked the casual informality of the campus. I often took the kids to soccer games where the tiny crowd was made up largely of faculty members. It was fun. “Leaders out of proportion to our numbers” was a frequently heard slogan. I am certainly grateful for my Wesleyan experience. It was an important part of my development and gave me a great sense of confidence in all my subsequent endeavors.
EDWARD K. SHANAHAN (ED)
Spouse: Ann Edwards
Shanahan
PO Box 60432
Florence, MA  01060-0432
(413) 586-1378
shanahanek@comcast.net

Now: My wife and I are retired and live in Northampton, MA, where I courted Ann Edwards in 1958 when she was a student at Smith College. We were married in 1959, and lived and worked in various parts of the country, but we have deep roots in this community. I continue to operate a used book business on the internet and also provide news and commentary about local civic issues on my website, downstreet.net. Ann is active in a variety of non-profit endeavors such as the Northampton Center for the Arts, and the Friends of the Smith College Libraries.

Past 50 Years: My professional life over the last half century has been divided between the world of newspapers and the equally-endangered world of books. For more than 30 years, I toiled as a reporter for the Berkshire Eagle, Congressional Quarterly, the Winston-Salem Journal, the Detroit Free Press and then served as editor for 15 years of the Daily Hampshire Gazette in Northampton, and also at the Quincy Patriot Ledger and the Torrington (CT) Register Citizen. Along the way, I had a Congressional Fellowship which provided a year of work experience on Capitol Hill and later had a Knight Fellowship that allowed me to spend a year of study in the 1980s at Stanford University. My newspaper experience also involved serving four terms as a Pulitzer Prize juror. By the beginning of the decade of 1990, I concluded that I had had a good run in the news business, and it was time to try my hand at some other field, so I opened a used-book store in Northampton, which I operated for 15 years. Four years ago, I thought about selling it but the store is still alive and well, a challenge in these less than bookish times.

Ann and I have raised three sons and have five grandchildren, who we see with some frequency. For many years, Ann worked in various administrative positions at Smith College, interrupting that work to be dean of admissions at Salem College in Winston-Salem, and college guidance director at the Loomis Chaffee School in Windsor, CT. We both feel our professional and personal work in the fields of journalism, education, the arts and books might be described by some as important and meaningful, but we never saw it that way. Our work engaged our interest, was more often than not a pleasure, even fun, and fulfilled the need we have to be helpful and creative. I was fortunate to be able to build a life around newspapers and books, perhaps part of the last generation to be able to do so in those two fields. Still, we’ve also attempted to go where new technologies were taking us, offering up our views and essays and selling books on line. Two of our sons followed in my wake, but long-range prospects, especially for newspapers, seem doubtful.

Memories of Wesleyan: I was a short-timer at Wesleyan, transferring to Harvard after my sophomore year, although I have always retained more affection and nostalgia for the Wesleyan years than for my time at Harvard. Basically, it was the ubiquitous fraternity system at Wesleyan that prompted me to move on. Ironically my strongest memories are friendships forged at the Crow house. I also recall with pleasure working with Ralph Pendleton in the theater, and taking courses with John Hicks, who urged us to write “muscular” sentences, hammering away at a simple prescription, “subject, verb, object.” In many ways, I’m sorry I did not stay at Wesleyan because I came later to appreciate its great strengths. Harvard had its
virtues too, so maybe I had the rare opportunity to
gain a taste of two very different educational
experiences.

ROBERT F. SHATTUCK (ROBERT)
PO Box 426
Oxford, MD  21654-0426
(410) 226-5260

HAROLD H. SHIVELY, JR.  
(SHIVE)
Spouse: Carol Steele Shively
8596 Nottingham Place
La Jolla, CA  92037-2124
(858) 453-1378
hshively@sanrr.com
Now: My wife and I live in La
Jolla, California, which is a
suburb of San Diego which has a perfect climate.
Folks pay a lot of money to come here just to visit.
I have practiced medicine since 1974. I got it right the
first time and have been married to the same girl for
almost 48 years. We have three children, all married,
twelve grandchildren, two of whom are in college.
One family lives in Idaho, another in Fremont,
California, and the youngest one in Encinitas,
California, twenty miles up the road.

Past 50 Years: Most of my life has been fun and I
cannot think of anything that I would have changed
even if I had the power to do so. It has been a great
fifty years since graduating from Wesleyan. I played
baseball for the military and then went to George
Washington University School of Medicine where
we lived a few blocks from the White House. I
interned and did an Internal Medicine residency at
Walter Reed. An interventional cardiology fellowship
followed at Letterman Army Medical Center in San
Francisco where I became Assistant Chief of
Cardiology and Associate Clinical Professor of
Medicine at the University of California, San
Francisco. I left the active military after ten years but
remained in the Army Reserve another twenty-five
years retiring as a Brigadier General with command
of all the Army Reserve medical units in the Pacific,
Okinawa, Japan, Alaska, Hawaii, Washington,
Oregon, California, Arizona, and Nevada which
would have been over 20,000 troops in a wartime
scenario. I have practiced interventional cardiology
in La Jolla and San Diego since 1974. Like most in
their dotage, I enjoy the grandchildren, traveling,
teaching, and flying (I have some 3,500 hours
logged). I still work for the FAA adjudicating special
issuance certificates for cardiovascular disease. I
have played on some magnificent baseball teams
since I left Wesleyan and because of the weather we
play all year long. I have six World Series rings for
winning championships on teams of 45, 50, 60, and
65 year olds. Playing the trumpet is still one of my
hobbies. I also work for the San Diego
Chargers, San Diego State Aztecs, and
the San Diego Padres as a stadium
doctor. It is basically first aid station
medicine but we do see trauma cases.

Memories of Wesleyan: Wesleyan
obviously had a very profound effect on
how we lived our lives. There were
many memorable party weekends,
Eclectic weekends, and trips to Vassar,
Smith, Wellesley, Connecticut College.
One of my more vivid memories
occurred the first week of school. I was
quite used to getting As in high school
and when I got my first test back it was
an A-. I finally got up enough gumption
to ask our mathematics professor, Dr.
Hing Tong why I got an A- and his
memorable comment was, “sorry,
obody perfect, A-.” Needless to say,
none of us ever got a perfect exam
after that!

I am banking on the knowledge that
Wesleyan imparted to many of us as I
try to gracefully enter the period of oldelescence. I thank my parents and my friends and professors at Wesleyan for making the college experience such a wonderful one. Some of the bright spots include playing baseball and hockey, associations with Chief Eric Fitchner, Eclectic, and doing dishes at the infirmary in order to be able to get enough to eat. On a more positive side, I am glad that there are females on campus now. In the 50s that would probably have saved a lot of mileage on John Spurdlle’s car!

DAVID M. SHUFELT (DAVID)
Meadow Lane 16
Millerton, NY 12546
(518) 789-4757

STUART F. SILLOWAY, JR. (SKIP)
Spouse: Molly Huntington Silloway
1231 Chandler Circle
Salt Lake City, UT 84103
(801) 532-4311
ssillow@gmail.com

Molly and I moved to Salt Lake City in October of ’07. Moving from perhaps the most liberal state in the union (Vermont) to the most conservative has its own contradictions. After spending time 50/50 in the two states we consolidated here. The move was occasioned by the death of my father (at 100) and the departure from NJ to New Mexico by son Stuart, ’91 at Wes. After the inevitable and endless remodeling of our new home we are beginning to get involved and enjoy our new and, I hope, final home. Our future includes travel and visiting children and grandchildren in SF area and New Mexico. As I sit writing this, I am looking at the mountains as they receive plenty of snow to insure a great ski season. We are regular attendees at Alta most weekdays.

Since leaving Wes. in the spring of ’59, I moved to Palo Alto and Stanford Business School which I left in May 1961. In those days, some military service was required and I spent six months in the Army Reserve. From there to NYC and what proved to be a 35 year career in commercial banking. Started at Citibank in May 1962 with moves to London, SF, back to NY and ultimately moving back to SF and the Crocker Bank in ’76. Two sons raised in Marin County where we lived in Tiburon. Molly entered my life in January 1963 when I met her skiing at Sugarbush in Vermont. She skied better than I did then and still does. At Crocker my role was to manage a group doing business with the larger corporations in the western U.S. After several other assignments, I left Crocker to spend two years with A.B.N. Bank, a large Dutch bank to expand their SF office. In 1988, we left SF for Vermont and the Chittenden Bank. The move was precipitated by aging parents living in New England. Chittenden Bank was a small community bank and we landed in Rutland, VT managing some southern VT branches. Living in a small community brought many opportunities to become involved in non-profit organizations. We became involved in the local arts presenting group, and the hospital among others. We are beginning to think of becoming involved in Salt Lake City but in a somewhat lesser intensity.

While at Wesleyan several professors, athletics and fraternity life were the major influences and benefits. As an economics major, Burt Hallowell and C.O. Fisher were able to make the “dismal” science interesting and useful. While not very good at football or lacrosse, I enjoyed the needed commitment and teamwork. Fraternity life provided more working together experiences and my better friends as the years have passed. A great background and start for the career years. I am now interviewing prospective students and very much enjoying that connection.

STANLEY E. SIMON (STAN)
Hartford Courant
285 Broad Street
Hartford, CT 06105
(860) 249-6411

RAYMOND J. SIMONE (RAY)
Spouse: Barbara Morrill Simone
6 Briarfield Road
Barrington, RI 02806-5014
(401) 247-0144
raysimone@century21.com

CARLETON W. SMITH (CARLETON)
RICHARD J. SMITH (DICK)
Spouse: Barbara Jean Parrott Smith
4 Highmoor Drive
Wilbraham, MA  01095-2626
(413) 596-2342
bjsifx@verizon.net

The past fifty years have passed so rapidly that it doesn't seem possible. I married fellow Greenfield resident Barbara Parrott in 1960. We have four children and ten grandchildren and see them often with a special two weeks each year at our Cape Cod home.

The picture doesn't include our youngest, Rick, who had some other more urgent happenings in the Middle East with the U.S. Navy nor his wife and two children.

Most of my fondest memories of Wesleyan were of roommates at Eclectic. (Mel Cote and Jim Browning my sophomore year, Jack Sickler and Bob Bender my junior year and John Spurdle and Ash Rollins my senior year). It saddens me that two of my very best friends at Wesleyan and long afterwards (Jack Sickler '58 and Dick Root '59) both met tragic deaths as did their wives.

After graduation I spent six months with Uncle Sam at beautiful Fort Dix, New Jersey, before joining Westvaco Corporation in 1960 (now MeadWestvaco) in Springfield and after moves to NYC, Los Angeles, San Francisco, back to Springfield, out to Indianapolis and back again to our division headquarters in Springfield where I spent my last eight years (of 41) as President.

A very pleasant and rewarding surprise for me was being presented the Bulova Award several years ago by the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame of Western Massachusetts, which is presented to a former local football player who has given back to the community. Interestingly enough, I was the third Wesleyan grad to win the award including an attendee, Rick Sharp, from the class of '57.

Unfortunately my chances of attending the reunion are highly questionable as to an aortal aneurism that's behaved pretty well the past ten years and has suddenly decided to expand to a very dangerous level requiring monthly reviews for probable major surgery. I'll continue to stay in touch.

TERRY M. SMITH (TERRY)
Spouse: Maureen J. Smith
The Village
1321 Blease Loop
The Villages, FL  32162
(352) 391-1478
mt27smith@optonline.net

Now: I am successfully retired from teaching and enjoy every day of my retirement. My wife and I lead a somewhat nomadic life. In the winter we live in The Villages, Florida, (you might have seen the ads on TV). We have a very active social life with neighborhood parties and an equally active physical life playing golf, pickleball, tennis, and bowling. There are 2,000 clubs in The Villages, so we never have a dull moment. Happily, we are only an hour away from my daughter, Nicole'97, her husband, and our granddaughter, Madelyn. We still have a house in Mahopac, NY, where we have lived for 32 years. It is an hour north of New York City, and we have been able to attend many operas at the Met, listen to the New York Philharmonic at Lincoln Center, go to Broadway plays, and see the Knicks and Rangers play at Madison Square Garden. We also have a condo in Sugarbush, VT, which we originally used as a place to ski. We have three children who are all excellent skiers or snowboarders. Previously, I was on the National Ski Patrol at Stratton Mountain where my partner was Tim Day. Now we enjoy Vermont more in the summer for its physical beauty and great hiking trails.

Past 50 Years: One of the most satisfying aspects of my life is the fact that I been happily married to Maureen for 37 years and we have maintained a close relationship with our children. My two daughters graduated from Wesleyan, Nicole '97 and Adrienne '00, and I have a son, Mark, who graduated from Yale in '01. After graduation, I earned a Masters in English from Vanderbilt, where I was also an assistant football coach. It was a revelation to view the film work and scouting reports that could be accomplished by eight full time coaches compared to Wesleyan's three coaches who also taught PE and coached another sport. Much of my future success as a football coach can be attributed to what I learned at Vandy, especially their keys on defense. At the end of the football season, all the SEC football coaches had a meeting. One of Vanderbilt's coaches had played for Bear Bryant, and he began talking to him. Bear sat at our table and stayed for the whole day. He explained in detail how he built winning football teams, and I was smart enough to follow his blue print and had many successful seasons coaching. The best year was in
1975 when the team went undefeated and we won every game but one by 40 points (usually achieved by halftime). We were NY small school state champs. I was voted Section 1 Coach of the Year and Tri State Coach of the Year and was honored at halftime of a New York Jets game. I introduced Lacrosse at Croton and enjoyed watching one of my players, Clay Johnson, become a college (Maryland) All American and MVP of the Lacrosse World Games. Wesleyan instructed us to make a difference in our community, and I have heard from many of my players that (not to be corny) I had a great impact on their lives and many of their successes in life could be attributed to the lessons they learned playing under me. I taught high school English at The Woodberry Forest School, The Greenhill School (I should have stayed because I would have had the privilege of working under Headmaster, Dick Cadigan), Natick High School, Byrum Hills High School, Palisades Park High School, and Croton-Harmon High School.

Memories of Wesleyan: My fondest memories are of the friendships formed and the fun I had on the athletic teams. In football we had long trips to Middlebury, Rochester, and Swarthmore. We stayed together off campus when we played Amherst, Williams, or Trinity. Marty Jaskot, a three year starter in football, became my roommate and good friend. In hockey, we traveled in players’ cars and used the food money Coach Spurrier gave us to party at Smith or Mount Holyoke. These trips were where a lasting friendship with Tim Day began. The best of all the athletic trips were the southern baseball trips. They lasted for two weeks and included players from all different fraternities whose friendship I enjoyed but did not get to spend enough time with except on these trips. It also was nice to beat outstanding large schools (with players on scholarship) like the University of Michigan and the University of Miami. Memories on campus include the torch light parades and bonfires before home football games. Party weekends were great. We only had five a year but they were three days of exceptional fun. Although I had fun at Wesleyan, what really influenced and fulfilled me was what I learned in the classroom. Humanities and Western Civilization gave me a solid intellectual foundation. English literature came alive under Professors Creegor and Cowley. Introduction courses to Art and Music gave me a lifelong appreciation for art and classical music.

JOHN W. SPURDLE, JR.

Spouse: Cynthia Stauffer Spurdle
333 East 68th Street, Apt. 9D
New York, NY 10021-5693
(212) 988-9720
jspurdle@aol.com

A number of us from Deerfield went on to Wesleyan in 1956 (Messrs. Cadigan, Day, Fillback, Hanford and Dick Smith.) For me it was four years of hard work, remarkable experiences, great music and good fun. Wesleyan was not a lot larger than Deerfield during our time there, making for small classes and close faculty relationships, two things I particularly enjoyed. My favorites on a truly amazing faculty were, in no particular order, Professors Green, Millet, Winslow, Hallowell, Underwood and Mink.

Martini’s on the front steps of Eclectic on a late spring evening with Sam Green are a cherished memory. Eclectic itself was a wonder, quite civilized, a unique collection of great friends from a range of current classes and alumni all singing in Latin and spouting Greek, presided over by the Chief. Where else could one find a roommate like Dennis Allee who kept his black tie and tux carefully crammed in a ball under his bed, ready for any eventuality!

Getting the lacrosse team started was a source of great amusement to all involved. Recruits were
shanghaied for away games as they came out of Fisk Hall, whether they could play lacrosse or not. The team treasury, raised by extortion of classmates, was kept in an old cowboy boot. Steve and Walt gave us the oldest woolen football jerseys they had, vintage 1935, and totally moth-eaten, so we made quite an impression on the likes of Holy Cross, who beat us by at least 25 goals! Some difference now!

My relationships with various Deans also bring back memories. Our idea to goose the entire Vassar Glee Club in concert, which was accomplished with incredible skill senior year, was viewed as an infantile act by Dean Barlow who decreed a rather long absence just before graduation.

Wednesday night “road trips” to surrounding girls’ schools were a regular fixture. I met my wife Cyndy on a blind date at Connecticut College in 1956. We were married in August after graduation and started Harvard Business School a few weeks later. Our time in Cambridge flew by and we settled in Rumson, New Jersey. I began work at Morgan Guaranty Trust Company where I spent 30 eventful years in New York and London. My first job at Morgan was trading foreign exchange. Having studiously avoided mathematics for years, and with a clear antipathy for early rising, I found myself talking to Deutsche Bank in Frankfurt at 6:00AM every morning and battling with Friden calculators and telex machines. I left Morgan in 1990 as an Executive Vice President, having had a wonderful time and a chance to run a wide variety of businesses from banking, trading, investment banking and direct investments around the world. We lived in London for 10 years, traveled together

widely whenever Morgan had interests, started (and stopped) a number of companies and had a ball.

From 1990 until 2005 I became directly involved in the private equity business. This involvement took a variety of forms and partnerships in New York and London, the most recent through a public company in London investing globally in the asset management business. I am now an advisor to a handful of small companies.

Our two girls had their early schooling in London, went to Groton under the tutelage of Wesleyan Eclectics Jake Congelton and Peter Camp, and then headed in different directions. Sarah, our oldest, majored in Chinese at Penn and Stanford, and has her own firm advising major collectors of Chinese antiques. Megan graduated from Wesleyan in 1984 and went immediately back to London to the Guildhall School of Music for four years and is an opera singer now living in England. We have five grandchildren, three in America and two now in England.

We divide out time between Fishers Island, our main residence and gathering point for everyone in August, and apartments in London and New York. Cyndy and I have been active in a variety of things over several years. She was a long-serving Trustee of the Newark Museum, founded the Sir John Soane’s Museum Foundation in the United States to support the architectural Museum in London and is a member of the Contemporary Arts Council of MOMA. I have been a Trustee of the Children’s Aid Society in New York for number of years, a past Director and Treasurer of the Manhattan Theater Club, and a long time Secretary of the International Friends of the London Library, the oldest private library in London started by Thomas Carlyle.

Our golf is terrible but enthusiastic. Tennis is a bit better, and we are serious gardeners and travelers. Less time is spent now racing sailboats and iceboats and more time fishing and shooting around the world, although we had a ball racing 12 meters in Newport this fall. Music is still a big part of our lives with the Met just around the corner. I made my debut there as a spear-carrier in Dos Carlos at my 60th birthday. I also sing with the University Glee Club of New York along with a handful of other Wesleyan grads of all ages.
JOHN L. SQUIRE (JOHN)  
Spouse: Christine Schner Squire  
Apartment 5LE  
404 E. 66th Street  
New York, NY 10021-9308

JOHN C. STALNAKER (JOHN)  
Spouse: Louise D. Stalnaker  
JLS Realty Mgmnt. Inc.  
1821 Summit Road  
Cincinnati, OH  45237-2822  
(513) 821-1533

DAVID J. STEINDLER (DAVE)  
Spouse: Judith Ticotsky  
Steindler  
440 Sheffield Plain  
Sheffield, MA  01257-9500  
(413) 229-2628

HERBERT S. STEINER (HERB)  
Spouse: Ellen Steiner  
149 Fisher Road  
Mahwah, NJ  07430  
(201) 962-7480  
thesteinnersnj@yahoo.com

PAUL S. STEVENS (PAUL)  
Spouse: Doris J Martineau  
Stevens  
21 Thomas Street  
Portland, ME  04102-3615  
(207) 773-4315  
pstevens@smrtinc.com

**Now:** I retired in July, 2008. My main occupations, while I adjust to unemployment, are playing racquetball three mornings a week and playing a lot of violin in local orchestras and chamber groups. I also coach chamber music at a local college. I visit one of my two grandchildren weekly and spend time fishing in dangerous stock market waters.

Ellen is still teaching and with Sarah a sophomore at Hamilton College, there are no travel plans. I feel great and feel that someone at Wesleyan made a mistake in adding my name to those on the 50th reunion list.

**Past 50 Years:** Put three kids through college.

**Memories of Wesleyan:** I loved singing with the Jibers and my buddy Joe Vander Veer.

**Now:** I am in Portland, Maine where I have been since 1966. My wife, Dodo, and I live in a townhouse in the city for six months in the winter and on Little Diamond Island during the warmer six months. I have a 10 minute commute to work by auto in the winter and a 20 minute commute in my boat in the summer. I am an architect/principal in the 125 year old firm founded by my great grandfather. The firm, SMRT Architecture, Engineering, and Planning, specializing in healthcare, justice and science/technology projects, is the largest A/E firm in Northern New England.

**Past 50 Years:** I received a masters degree in architecture from the University of Pennsylvania Graduate School of Design in 1962. After working in Philadelphia for four years, I returned to join the family firm in 1966. Since that time I have built a small firm of four into a large, successful, architectural and engineering firm of 80. In October 1967 I married my wife, Dodo. In 1969, we

**Now:** I am in Portland, Maine where I have been since 1966. My wife, Dodo, and I live in a townhouse in the city for six months in the winter and on Little Diamond Island during the warmer six months. I have a 10 minute commute to work by auto in the winter and a 20 minute commute in my boat in the summer. I am an architect/principal in the 125 year old firm founded by my great grandfather. The firm, SMRT Architecture, Engineering, and Planning, specializing in healthcare, justice and science/technology projects, is the largest A/E firm in Northern New England.

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purchased a summer cottage on Little Diamond Island. This small island in Casco Bay has been the center of our family life since then. Son, John Calvin Stevens, was born in 1979, is engaged to be married in August '09 and teaches middle school in Springfield, MA. Son, Nathaniel Stevens was born in 1982, was married by me (a notary) in 2007 and is a commercial real estate broker in Portland. Both sons were outstanding young swimmers and went on to compete for the University of Miami and the University of Arizona. We spent many years involved in their swimming careers. Division I National Championships and Olympic Trials were especially memorable. My current important civic activity is as a member of the board of the Portland Society of Architects working with the community to plan a sustainable City of Portland for the future.

When I turned 40, I realized it was time to get back in shape and drew upon my very limited track career at Wesleyan. I have been running competitively consistently since then. I have run a marathon and many half marathons, 10ks, and 5ks over the last 30 years. When you reach 70, the competition definitely thins out, so now I find myself usually in the top 10 finishers in my age group. I run 8–10 races a year and am currently training for the Miami Half-Marathon. I will represent the state of Maine in the 10k at the '09 National Senior Games in Palo Alto.

Memories of Wesleyan: Thanks to Sam Green, professor of Art, my Wesleyan years were not a total waste academically. Without his help and encouragement, I would never have been accepted to the graduate architectural program at the University of Pennsylvania. I especially enjoyed an occasional sherry at the Davison Art Center with Professor Green and my roommate, Tom Watson. At Wesleyan, I managed to get the drinking and partying phase of my life out of the way (not that I still don’t enjoy this) so that I could get down to serious academics in grad school. What little I gleaned from my Wesleyan liberal arts education has served me well during graduate school and in my career since. My best memories are of fraternity life at Sigma Nu and the good friends I made there. I have unfortunately lost touch with all of them over the years.

I cannot close this without remembering my close friends and fraternity brothers, Carl Ahrens and Es Howell, who died tragically in an automobile accident my senior year. It was a sad end to my Wesleyan experience. I think of them often.

GUY T. STEWART (GUY)
PO Box 41421
Santa Barbara, CA  93140-1421

FREDRIC V. STONE (FRED)
Spouse: Marcia Birkenwald Stone
29 Watkins Shores Road
Casco, ME  04015-4308
(207) 655-6645
fstone@maine.rr.com

Now: My wife, Marcia, and I bought a home on Thomas Pond 10 years ago, and have enjoyed our semi-retirement lifestyle in Southern Maine. We have four grown children and eight grandkids and keep busy. I still work part time with the student athletes of Saint Joseph’s College where I have worked for 28 years.

Past 50 Years: After three years in the insurance business, I entered the field of education, and made it my career. Nine years of private school teaching and coaching were followed by 25 years as a Director of Admissions at two of Maine’s small colleges and by nine more years of part time work both in Admissions and Athletics. It has been a meaningful journey for me and one that I have enjoyed. Working with college age students has been invigorating, rewarding and very satisfying. I know that in some small way I have had an impact on the lives of students. I believe that the small college setting I experienced at Wesleyan prepared me for my career. Whether it was in the classroom, in the fraternity or on the baseball field, I felt that I belonged and was accepted for who I was.

Memories of Wesleyan: My fondest memories center around Wesleyan baseball and my teammates. Traveling to Florida in 1958 and 1959 with a black teammate before integration was an experience which deeply touched every member of the team. My other fond memories were centered around the diverse personalities of the Alpha Chi Rho house where I had to survive being a real “hick” from Maine. The fall “party” season was fun, but the rest of the year was sort of a social wasteland. I am happy to have survived four very tough academic years, and feel proud to have earned my degree from Wesleyan.
CHARLES G. STRICKLEN (CHARLIE)
Spouse: Virginia Stewart Stricklen
3102 Steepleton Way
Greensboro, NC  27410-9211
(336) 288-6254
cstricklen@triad.rr.com

OWEN B. TABOR (OWEN)
Spouse: Margaret Wellford Tabor
6500 May Creek
Memphis, TN  38119-6529
(901) 767-0987
tabortho@aol.com

Now: Living in Memphis since 1968, orthopedic surgeon.
Married to Margaret Wellford, Conn College ’59,—
four children, all married, 13 grandchildren. Oldest
son managing partner in five man group of
orthopedists, aptly “Tabor Orthopedics.”

Past 50 Years: Important...
...wonderful wife and family—
mostly due to Margaret. Fun...
Commercial instrument pilot, four
piano CDs, golf. Memorable...
reunions here and abroad with old
Psi U friends and their families.
Meaningful... opportunity to be of
some service to community.

Memories of Wesleyan: Fraternity
life at Psi U... living and growing
up with great guys, learning to
be a big boy. Skull and Serpent
days... tomb was a popular place
for exploration. Taken in by the
Middletown Police for snowballing
cars in front of Dean Mark Barlow’s
house. Party weekends and the
creation of THE effigy... Purple Cow
the best.

Comments: The Wesleyan I knew
1955–59 was an extraordinary
place which encouraged liberal
and original thought while em-
bracing a framework of traditional
manners and values—the Music
program was wonderful and Ray
Randall and Dick Winslow made it
come alive. The fraternity singing
at mealtimes was quite an experi-
ence, and since many were in the glee club in each
house, four part harmony was part of it.

KIRTYLE M. THIESMEYER (KIRTYLE)
Spouse: Clara Dee Stahl Thiesmeyer
2029 Linda Rosa Court
Pasadena, CA  91107-2314
(626) 793-6446

WILLIAM E. G. THOMAS (WEG)
Spouse: Peggy Jean Emrich Thomas
920 Wiltshire Drive
Mchenry, IL  60050
(815) 385-6225
wegthomas@sbcglobal.net

Following graduation from
Wesleyan, I worked as a con-
struction laborer for several months, welcoming the
opportunity to work with my body. However, the
vagaries of weather-dependent employment and
the arrival of our first son convinced me to seek a
more stable position.

I went to work in the Personnel Department of the
Owens-Illinois Glass Company’s plastics products
plant in West Chicago, Illinois, as safety director,
plant newspaper editor, plant photographer and
employment interviewer. Later, I was promoted to
foreman of a production department. During this
time, sons number two and three were born and I
learned that my real love was communications
rather than production.

I left O-I and joined the publications department in
the home office of Allstate Insurance Company
were I edited several newsletters and magazines.
Daughter one and final offspring arrived. And my
suspicions that the corporate world and I were not a
good mix were confirmed. Also, I wanted to get out
of the big city (Chicago) commute.

My plan was to set up my own freelance writing and
photojournalism business in our home in the
suburbs. However, with four children to feed, clothe,
house and educate, I needed a financial transition so
I joined Oak Manufacturing Company in Crystal
Lake, Illinois, as director of public relations. With the
mentoring of a very fine, wise and talented art
director at the company, I added graphic design to
my skill set. Peg (many of you remember Peg…we
were married during the semester break of our
junior year and lived in Vet’s Village for the duration)
and I and our family also moved from Wayne, Illinois,
to McHenry of the same state.

During this time and while pursuing a freelance/
moonlight design job, I met a fellow Wesleyan alum,
Alan Leibsohn, ’60. We became close friends and
decided to start a chain of junior women’s
boutiques. Alan’s family owned a department store
in McHenry and his dream was to start his own
business. It wasn’t exactly my plan but as Willie
Nelson observed, “Thank God we’re not in charge.”
Alan’s dream sounded like a lot of fun and I agreed
to join him. It was the early 70s and we named our
venture Brouhaha Ltd. Alan knew retail, was a gifted
buyer and the ins-and-outs of the garment district
and credit houses of NYC were second nature to
him. My role was marketing, store design and
display and personnel.

It was a heady time and we participated in all the
anti-war and human rights events of the day, which
drew scowls and harrumphs from the town elders
and Chamber of Commerce but endeared us to our
clientele. It was also a time of recession and we
struggled to get our venture in the black. However,
we eventually emerged and had successfully
launched a second store in the college town of
DeKalb, Illinois (Northern Illinois University) when
Alan contracted brain cancer and died within the
year. I was broken hearted, deep in debt and back to
square one on my career path.

It was time to kick start a full time creative arts
business. WEG Studio was launched in the
basement of our home on the Fox River in McHenry.
We successfully functioned as an advertising
agency in the northeastern Illinois area for 25+
years, eventually occupying a suite of offices in a
corporate center. Ironically, our strongest client
segment was medical companies: ironic because I
was a pre-med student at Wesleyan until Gomez-
Ibanez’s chemistry class. One major client was
Medela, Inc., who retained us at their inception and
is now the world’s leading breast-feeding products
company. During this time I also served as the editor
and designer of Darkroom Techniques (now Photo
Techniques) photography magazine.

About 15 years ago the time came to close the ad
agency. I went to work for a nearby commercial
printer. It was the advent of the computer age in
printing. Because of my knowledge of printing and
because we had computerized WEG Studio when
Apple revolutionized the personal computer, I was
able to set up a digital workflow for the printing
company and function as their IT maven. Eventually,
I was able to turn over the day-to-day operations to
a colleague and focus on growing the business as a
conceptual and marketing specialist for our printing customers, thus transforming the business from just printing to a communications resource. I retired from that company at age 70. However, I continue to freelance as writer, graphic designer, photographer and marketing consultant (some of it gainfully, some of it pro bono).

Among the joys and adventures of raising a family, we have four children and 10 grandchildren, Peg and I celebrated our 51st wedding anniversary in January. My other activities since graduation include music, religion, the arts, and conservation.

For many years, I sang with the McHenry Choral Society and am now a member of the First Congregational Church choir in Crystal Lake, Illinois. I serve on the governing council of the church and am privileged to have helped guide that institution through the turbulences of fundamentalism, abortion, gay-rights, anti-war, immigration, and xenophobia. As we like to say, "God is still speaking." Recently we have created an interfaith institution to foster greater understanding and respect among the several faiths in our immediate area: Christianity, Judaism, Islam, Buddhism and Hinduism. We are also actively engaged with the Niagara Foundation of Chicago in promoting Turkish-American relations and cultural exchanges.

I have been a founder and board member of several arts councils in this area. For years I was a regular participant in area art shows, had a number of one-man shows and won ribbons and awards for painting and photography.

Since its inception 35 years ago, I have been and continue to be a volunteer and vendor for the McHenry County Conservation District, photographing the great glacial landscapes of the county and designing the maps of the 25+ and growing sites that are currently open to the public. Recently, the district presented me with a special "Commitment to Living A Conservation Ethic" award.

Just this week I received a tribute, which illustrates my biography since graduation. I was meeting with the McHenry County Foundation when the owner of the printing company I worked for said, "Weg was both my oldest employee and my youngest employee."

The link through Wesleyan with who I am becoming and what I have done is clear and vibrant. Living as a learning adventure and the limitless possibilities of life are legacies of my time there. I carry with me the lines of Robinson Jeffers that I first heard at Wesleyan: "Lend me the stone strength of the past and I will lend you the wings of the future, for I have them."

WILLIAM C. TRIMBLE (WILLIAM)
3818 Tremayne Terrace
Silver Spring, MD  20906
(301) 598-4359

THOMAS P. H. TWADDELL (TOM)
Spouse: Jane Sandstrom Twaddell
600 Duncan Street
San Francisco, CA  94131-1841

JOSEPH B. VANDER VEER, JR. (JOE)
Spouse: Diane Vander Veer
33 West Missouri #23
Phoenix, AZ 85013
(602) 249-1601
[October to April]
10 Sugar Knoll Drive
Devon, PA 19333
(610) 687-9362
[May to October plus December]
joebbv2@aol.com

Now: I retired from clinical surgery in 1999, the same year I married my old collegiate flame Diane, to whom I’d been pinned the year after graduation from Wesleyan (1960). We broke up, I went off to medical school (Rochester, NY) and she married another guy. I practiced 14 years in Portland, OR. After a divorce I moved to AZ and practiced another 13 years. When I rekindled my love for Diane, she was a widow and a tax accountant. She looked at our retirement savings and said, “You know, we could retire.” After 13 years in managed care, I was ready, so we got married and retired! We now split our time between PA and AZ, travel a lot, and have kids to visit scattered across the country.

Past 50 Years: It’s hard to believe it is 50 years since WesTech graduation! It’s been a great life and has only gotten steadily better. We love to travel by small ship and train and have seen much of the world in the past 10 years. We enjoy camping and canoeing and love to hike in the desert. A hiking highlight for me was climbing the Matterhorn in 1996. As a surgeon I published a lot of papers and have since retirement written one book, A Surgeon’s Devotions, and am working on a book of memoirs,
One Surgeon's Life. Memories of Wesleyan form one chapter, and here's a sampler.

Memories of Wesleyan: More than any other activity, I remember Wesleyan as “The Singing College of New England.” Dick Winslow’s Gregorian Chapel Choir, Ray Randall’s Glee Club, the Cardinals and the Jibers, as well as fraternity sings all stand out. Two memories of the Glee Club occur. First was when we Jibers went to Smith for a winter party weekend, one of about a dozen invited singing groups. But it snowed hard and only one other group showed up. We were snowed in. We sang our entire 15 song repertoire before an enthusiastic reception. Our leader, my roommate Herb Steiner, stood out front and bowed to acknowledge the applause, then asked this question, but got caught up with his stuttering: “W-w-w-which W-w-w-One W-w-w- would you like to hear over?” That of course brought down the house, and we sang all fifteen again. A great weekend!

The other memory was in 1960 when I took a postgrad year at Bryn Mawr College to get science credits to get into medical school. The Glee Club was to have a joint concert with Bryn Mawr’s Chorus, and Ray Randall called me to see if I wanted to sing with them when they came down (to my home town). I was delighted, and dusted off my old Jiber tails for the occasion. The girls were all to wear formals (we wore tuxes), and all their singers had nice gowns except two, who had none and decided to fashion dresses out of sheets. One of the two had a rather regal figure. She wound the sheet around her and looked like the Statue of Liberty or the Paramount Movie gal, a real knockout. The other gal had straight hair and wire rim glasses and looked like a librarian. She tore a hole in the sheet, donned it like a poncho and secured it with a hunk of clothesline. It was Bryn Mawr at its finest!

CLIFFORD R. VERMILYA (CLIFF)
Spouse: Chris Bast Vermilya
Unit 1003 Chester Village West
317 West Main Street
Chester, CT 06412
(860) 526-3333
vermilya@comcast.net
Now: I am retired (in 2000) and living in a senior residential community—Chester Village West. My wife Chris and I enjoy sailing in our 37’ Island Packet “Allegro” with the Baldwin Yacht Club from May–October. We are also active in our community and the United Church of Chester.

Past 50 Years: I served as a Town Manager in five communities in New England for 35 years and then spent three years as Ex. Director of the Lake Sunapee (NH) Protective Association. When we retired from that we moved to Tidghman Island on the Chesapeake Bay to do more sailing. After five years there we moved back to Connecticut to be near nine of our 11 grandchildren.

Memories of Wesleyan: The funniest times I had were as CB Social Chair when we had concerts with the Kingston Trio and Louis Armstrong. I also count life in the fraternity as very rewarding. Now that we are back in Connecticut it is fun to get back to the campus.

RICHARD S. VOOG (DICK)
Spouse: Frances Lois Voog
15932 W. Quail Creek Lane
Surprise, AZ 85374-5018
(623) 546-2119

ROBERT H. WATERHOUSE (BOB)
Spouse: Bonnie Campbell Waterhouse
PO Box 1115
Duxbury, MA 02331-1115
(781) 934-0690

Now/Past 50 Years: I was recruited on campus by the insurance industry (how times have changed!) and spent the next 40 years with Insurance Co. of North America (Now CIGNA), Aetna Life and Casualty (now gone) and Commercial Union of North America (also gone). Looking back, it was a good trip that let me travel throughout the USA, send two kids to college and live in one of the nicest seaside towns in New England. Several years ago, I got my captain’s license. I now drive a passenger launch for the marina in Duxbury during the summer months and during the year full time I also work as the senior deck hand on the fast ferry from Boston Harbor that can carry 600 passengers. Bonnie and I have been married 43 years and have three precious grandkids; and I’m grateful that two boat companies are willing to employ a 71 year old.

Memories of Wesleyan: The Delta Tan Delta house used to sit on a rise directly across High Street from our home at Sigma Nu. The boys at Delta Tan set up a catapult on their third floor roof behind the widow’s walk and launched small plastic bags of
flour and plaster of paris across the street and through the limbs of the huge elm in our front yard, that exploded like bombs as they whacked against the front of the Sigma Nu. I can remember the alarm and excitement this caused, as well as the war cry, “to the root cellar!!” That energized the Sigma Nu brothers to arm themselves with eggs for the counter attack.

THOMAS C. WATSON (TOM)
Apartment 108
66 Cleary Court
San Francisco, CA 94109-6598

RICHARD D. WATTIS (DICK)
Spouse: Jane Wattis
3913 McKinley Street NW
Washington, DC 20015-2942
(202) 362-5496

MARTIN WEIL (MARTY)
Apartment 303N
2510 Virginia Avenue NW
Washington, DC 20037
(202) 965-2428
weilm@washpost.com

Our college was such a generous and tolerant place, that it was only later that I recognized how much I had been indulged. It was only after graduation that I recognized the terrible burden that I had imposed on our professors. Unthinkingly, and certainly without malice or ill intent, but very definitely, just the same.

How many of you submitted your assignments in hand-written form? Well, I did. I neither owned a typewriter nor knew how to type. Some time after graduation, however, I learned how; perhaps my sense of regret over handing in so much hand-written work was a partial motivation. Perhaps my liberal arts education, equipping one for almost any of the challenges with which we knew the world would confront us, proved of assistance. But I learned how. And my life changed.

Wesleyan Announces $150 Tuition Raise

President Victor L. Butterfield announced that the tuition will be increased by $150 at Wesleyan University on October 12, 1956. The new figure of $650 will not be effective until the academic year beginning September, 1957.

President Butterfield stressed that scholarship funds will be increased to cover the cost for scholarship recipients. At present nearly one third of the total student body receives financial aid from the university.

The increase was formally voted by the Board of Trustees and was made to meet the rising cost of college expenses. In passing the increase, the trustees noted that efforts would be made to avoid imposing hardships on students already enrolled in the university.

The last tuition raise of 50 dollars which brought the present figure of $600 became effective September, 1954.

Using all ten fingers (on a borrowed typewriter, admittedly) I sent in a long application to the Washington Post. Aside from a few weeks on the Argus, I had never worked on any other newspaper, monthly, weekly or daily.

But, secure in the confidence that I had learned to type, and could by extension, possibly surmount any number of other challenges, as well as the most glaring absence of experience, I sent in all the required forms, responded to all the questions, and in time, was given a desk in the newsroom.

And there, although we no longer have typewriters, but where we do manipulate the keys on a keyboard, I have been for many many years.

As you may have recognized, risks and hazards are not unknown in the newspaper business, any more than they are foreign to any other sort of business. Any hazards that I have faced, however, are probably best assigned to the moral or psychic category. All the same, however, and not wishing, in the great tradition of American popular journalism, to disappoint any readers, I will allow that at least twice during the course of daily work, I have been confronted by individuals with guns.

Once the gun was pointed straight at me, in a clearly hostile manner. That was not nearly so interesting as the other occasion, during which the individual who
wielded the gun, held it at his side, barrel down. The interest in this situation was provided by the important position the wielder held at the time. He was the chief justice of the Supreme Court, was in his doorway, in his bathrobe, and, using perhaps, some of the understanding of the world and its inhabitants that I had gained through both experience and academic study, I could see that he was extremely displeased.

Is that, or is that not the sort of matter that we are enjoined to provide? At any rate, although I have spent many years at journalism, this was not my only experience of the world.

For example, I can tell you that many years ago, when I, although as yet unable to type, was still formally a part of the academic environment, the famous Dr. Edward Teller, whom I was assisting, asked in all seriousness, about a problem. The course we were giving was unusually large. The institution where it was being given was clearly not the one from which we had graduated. For one thing, it had no honor system. This was a problem. We wanted to give a final exam. One and only one. Where could we do this? Was there any way to avoid seating students so closely together as to make the work of any one easily visible to all of his neighbors? There were hundreds of students in this class. Hundreds.

The basketball arena. Wasn’t this creative? I advised the celebrated Dr. Teller that we ought to administer the exam in the arena, where seating capacity was sufficient as to outstrip even our vast enrollment.

And one day, sure enough, I found myself administering this exam in the basketball arena. How and why this ended in something of a—perhaps inevitable—fiasco, is perhaps a story for another day.

At any rate, this event may have played a part in leading me away from seeking to exert control over the operations of large enterprises.

And although in the news biz, I do sometimes find myself in the role of one who says “do this, do that” I consider myself a member of the working class. Of course must not succumb to the temptations of reverse snobbery. But, hey, facts are facts. I’ve been a union member since what by generally accepted journalistic practice are known as the turbulent—if not tumultuous—60s. Is that something? Or what?

Have we been on strike? Have many of our classmates been ON STRIKE?

Well, strictly speaking, we never marched about carrying picket signs. But there was a time when we “withdrew our excellence.” And another time when we refused to permit the use of our bylines.

Ah, don’t get me started.....

But I think this is enough for now. If we are required to submit some hard-won wisdom, I would say that when the time comes, you gotta send in somethin’.

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RICHARD M. WENNER (DICK)
Spouse: Maureen Kenney Wenner
111 Sunset Farm Road
West Hartford, CT  06107-1332
(860) 561-3677
rmwenner@comcast.net


Past 50 Years: Besides sharing life with a wonderful wife, raising our two children and seeing the grandchildren grow up. Attending Wesleyan. A 30 year career with Aetna. Creating “stuff”—new actuarial techniques, music compositions, novel solutions (e.g., an endowment-draw formula, unique fixes around the house, overcoming work-project problems), etc. Traveling with family and friends, including annual ski trips to Europe or out West.

Memories of Wesleyan: Fraternity ’59—delegation trip to NYC (including surviving the conversion of an off-ramp into an on-ramp). Life at Eclectic, especially meetings and party weekends. Religion course with Bill Spurrier.

MICHAEL W. WESTCOTT, JR. (MICHAEL)
3643-20th Street
San Francisco, CA  94110-2314
(415) 821-2450

KIRBY B. WHITE (KIRBY)
Spouse: Nola Davis White
137 Shepard Avenue
Saranac Lake, NY  12983-1952
(518) 891-0417
ERNEST E. WHITNEY (ERNIE)
Apartment 202
60 Yacht Club Drive
North Palm Beach, FL 33408-3997
(561) 625-6816
ernest.whitney@yahoo.com

ROLAND W. WHITRIDGE (NICK)
Spouse: Sally L. Whitridge
7081 SE Golf Ridge Way
Hobe Sound, FL 33455
(772) 546-2686
rwhitr@mac.com

Now: Retired. Snowbird. Florida resident November–May, and New Hampshire June–October. Board member of the Southern Seniors Golf Association. Member of a mixed singing group at Florida club. Don't tell Dick Winslow that I still can't read music! Co-founder and investment committee member of 50-person investment club in Florida. Board of Governors and Chairman of Long Range Planning for club in NH. Thoroughly enjoying my three sons, two daughters-in-law, two grandsons and delightful wife of 38 years whose USGA index just dropped below mine for the first time.

Past 50 Years: Got through life with only two employer changes if you don't count the first four plus years in the U. S. Navy. All three were investment related. At the third, I was given the opportunity to start a new no-load mutual fund, which grew from $100 thousand to $2 billion with hardly any marketing budget and no selling brokers. Also managed three other funds and several substantial institutional and personal clients’ portfolios. In addition to recognition in the financial press, the memorable part of that was receiving many expressions of gratitude from clients who had become friends, and from shareholders whom I had never met, when I retired early for health reasons after a triple bypass and multiple cancers.

Memories of Wesleyan: Inventing games. Rafter-ball on Beta’s porch. Multifloor endurance crutch-walking (only the crutches permitted to touch the floor). Helping to distribute the front door and the entire contents of Sigma Chi’s first floor from Alpha Delt to Psi U in the wee hours of a cold, late October morning. Obtaining annual Christmas trees from Trinity’s campus, also in the wee hours. Thinking I had fooled Dick Winslow to qualify for the Glee Club even though I couldn’t read music. He let me sing anyway, probably because he needed 2nd tenors. Passing Vern Eaton’s dreaded Physics course even though he told me there was no way I could pass, owing eight labs with three weeks to go. Vainly trying to win a game from Henri Salun in his annual demonstration matches with the Squash varsity. He’d play three games each with the entire varsity ladder without losing a game or looking at all winded. Being present at the beginning and the end of roommate John Stalnaker’s unscheduled one year sabbatical to learn roofing in Alaska, and marveling that he was able to graduate in three years, with honors, without missing a beat. Being exposed to Clyde Olin Fisher in “Money and Banking”. He managed to make the dismal science interesting, and even, at times, amusing. He converted me from a prospective chemistry major to an economics major, and that started me on the road to my eventual career in investment management. Having the opportunity to be Rushing Chairman, Social Chairman and delegate to the national convention multiple times at Beta Theta Pi, all of which contributed to my “education” in significant ways. Partnering with fraternity brother Ken Barr in a business selling sweaters and neckties. Little-three football games, which my wife scoffs at for being smaller than her mid-west high school games. Being able to sing our opponents’ college songs better than they could. And, after all that, being able to graduate (albeit without distinction or honors, or as a high school classmate once said, “Thank Laude”)
with a foundation that lead to a pleasant, rewarding and fulfilling life. Thanks, Wesleyan!

HERMAN P. WIEGAND (HERM)
54 Quaker Ridge Road
Manhasset, NY  11030-3316
(516) 627-3876

EDMUND W. WOODBURY (TED)
PO Box 22
Godfrey, IL  62035-0022
(618) 466-0364

Now: I live in Illinois in a small town a few miles from the confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers and have been retired nine years from my position as counselor at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville. I worked with college students helping them to choose courses, majors, and careers. Each year since the 1960s I have taken one or two foreign trips to places such as Russia or Japan, Morocco, Peru. I have a season's ticket to the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.

Past 50 Years: Upon graduating from Wesleyan, I applied and was accepted to law school, but I changed my mind and went into high school teaching. While teaching I helped a local newspaper owner successfully run for Congress. He asked me to serve in Washington as a staff assistant. Later I worked for another Congressman from New Hampshire.

While being a congressional aid and later a college counselor, I became considerably active in Environmental Affairs and the Sierra Club. In the Sierra Club I was a group chairman and State Chairman and served on the council of the National Club in San Francisco. I formulated and planned a successful lawsuit to stop the State of Illinois from commercially logging in its state parks.

Memories of Wesleyan: At Wesleyan I was active on issues affecting independent students such as deferred rushing. When I applied to Wesleyan, I had assumed that I would be selected to be a member of a fraternity. I was “independent” when I was not chosen by any of the fraternities.

ROBERT A. WOODFORD (BOB)
Spouse: Carole Woodford
126 Stony Brook Road
Hopewell, NJ  08525-2711
(609) 466-2914
robert.a.woodford@gmail.com

Now: My wife, Carole, and I have lived in Hopewell, NJ for 41 years. We’ll be celebrating our 43rd wedding anniversary at the 50th reunion. I retired in June 2000, after 37 years with NJ Business & Industry Association—an organization of more than 23,000 businesses with NJ operations. Although Carole and I considered relocating in retirement, we stayed put because our son and daughter, our two grandchildren and my wife’s sister and 90 year-old mother all live nearby. Carole and I have vacationed in 10 countries over the last eight years, with a trip to another country scheduled for this June. Each summer we enjoy a few weeks vacation in Maine and usually take a New England leaf-peeping trip in the fall. For the fun of it, I’ve written trip reports on six of those travels for independenttraveler.com under the name Bob W.

Carole and I are in our 26th year singing with the 60+ members of Hopewell Valley Chorus. I’ve served the Chorus as President, Treasurer and Director of Finance. Carole serves as Chorus Librarian. The Chorus will be performing an interesting spring program, including Beethoven’s Choral Fantasy and four choral works by Dave Brubeck, accompanied by the Bloomfield Symphony. After more than 40 years in a bowling league, I’m still at it (although my average has slipped). My daughter, Judy, now bowls on the same team, giving us some valued father-daughter time together.

In retrospect, my retirement to-do list may have been overly ambitious. I have added walking and workouts to my routine. I did build that screen house in the backyard. But somehow my great American novel stalled around chapter five. Three art courses helped me produce some fair watercolor paintings, but too few.

Although it was challenging and sometimes fun representing the business community before the NJ Legislature and Executive branch, and helping to defend judicial challenges to some of the laws I drafted, I was happy to retire a bit early. Post-retirement, I did a study of a corporate tax issue under the auspices of Rutgers University. When that was completed, it felt good to sever all ties with the working world. How nice it is to have time to relax, enjoy time with Carole, pursue my own interests and waste time, without pangs of conscience. Hope to see many classmates at the reunion!
Past 50 Years: My marriage and raising a son and daughter have been the most memorable parts of my personal life. We continue to have many good times together. In my work, I enjoyed crafting laws and business policies and serving on state tax, expenditure and educational study groups. Debating issues before legislative panels and in public forums drew on my Wesleyan debate team experiences. On my own time, I enjoyed the challenge of chairing a facilities study group for our regional high school district and working with facilities planning groups at our elementary school (on whose board I had served).

Memories of Wesleyan: Memories linger of party weekends, hopping from one fraternity to another, and trips to find dates at area women’s colleges. It was fun and challenging to represent Wesleyan at debate tournaments on many campuses. Home football games were always enjoyable. And, I loved those occasions when I could enjoy time on campus with my dad, Wesleyan class of 1927.

JOSEPH N. WRUBEL (JOSEPH)

CHARLES I. WRUBEL (CHARLIE)

Spouse: Myra Gold Wrubel
9 Deer Hill Road
Demarest, NJ 07627-2316
(201) 519-6973
chasnews@aol.com

Myra and I will be married for almost 50 years when this book is published. I was very fortunate to have found her when we both worked after college graduation at Bloomingdales, New York in 1959. Myra is the best part of my life.

Having spent about 25 years publishing community newspapers (sold the company in 1986), I have been consulting to family newspaper companies on strategic planning, mergers, and acquisitions—a far cry from the retail life I started out in 1959. Myra later went on to graduate from Rutgers Law School and practiced for 25 years.

Since our three sons live in three different Western states with their spouses and children we spend time in California, Colorado and Arizona to keep up with their lives and the new growth of their offspring (six grandchildren in six years). As well, we are able to visit our home on Nantucket where two of our good acquaintances are Bill Duane ’48 and Rick Atherton ’64—both Dekes.

Myra and I also like to be in New York City—we live in Demarest, NJ, just about 35 minutes from midtown—going to off and on Broadway shows, musical performances, and certain cultural events when the spirit moves us. As well, I have a new amateur career as a cabaret singer in Manhattan, which is great fun.

We’ve been fortunate to travel to Europe often visiting French friends in Paris and Bordeaux, a cousin in London, Italy where the food is always good, Norway where a good friend was Ambassador, Turkey and Germany for international newspaper meetings, Ecuador and the Galapagos, Costa Rica, Mexico, Hawaii, various American cities for newspaper meetings.

Among the best recent trips have been with Wesleyan groups—to the Dalmatian Coast in 2006 and to Egypt and Jordan in 2008. What fun to be around Wes grads both before and after our year, sharing stories while at the same time discovering the changing world around us. The best part about travel is looking around the corner to find the unexpected.

Because my newspapers were headquartered in Fair Lawn, NJ, I continued to be an active civic volunteer in that community. In regard, I was founder and continuing board member of a Special Improvement District, member of the town’s Economic Development Committee, and an active Rotarian for 40 years. Each of these responsibilities is very rewarding.

My recollections of Wesleyan are the outstanding professors and their impact on my thought processes during the education in liberal arts. In particular, I was fortunate to have Sig Neumann for a senior government tutorial. Alexander Cowie and George Creeger for English, Jim Pratt for Constitutional Law and George Garrett. Garrett taught a creative writing tutorial which piqued my interest in self-expression. In my senior year (and because two of my roommates were psychology majors), I took one class in motivational psych which included conducting a self actualization profile for several days at a dorm at Connecticut College for Women. Great assignment, great senior year course.

In my mind, the friendliness and intelligence of the student body was a major plus for those four years of college. Life at Deke and friends made there are irreplaceable. Remember Greenberg’s after lunch. Swimming team with Mac as coach was a treat. We set a school record for the medley relay at Bowdoin. Dirty River Day, geology field trips (twice) were memorable.
Even though I grew up in Middletown and walked through the Wesleyan campus on my way to 7th and 8th grade at Central School and two years at the old Middletown High School, I still had those freshman year jitters.

It’s important to keep looking ahead, using our acquired skills and senses to help make this world more manageable place. If not now, when?

THOMAS H. YOUNG III (TOM)
Spouse: Susan Babson Young
321 Boardman Street
Sheffield, MA  01257-9515
(413) 229-8502
syoung@campram.com

My wife, Susan, the former Susan Allen Babson (Vassar ’61) and I are fully retired from our careers in education and presently spend eight months of the year at our home in Sheffield, MA and four months (during the winter) at our home on Whidbey Island in Puget Sound, spoiling our five grandchildren. (Both sons settled in Seattle: Thomas IV makes fine furniture—he has 11 pieces in the new Getty in Santa Monica—and Nathaniel owns a cabinetry business). During the spring, I continue to coach baseball, helping an ex-player of mine with the Monument Mountain Regional High School varsity in nearby Great Barrington, MA. The rest of the time I spend taking care of the “monster” Susan and I created on our twenty acres of woodland and meadows in Sheffield. The “monster” consists of a small orchard, a Christmas tree farm, long perennial borders, and a lawn that takes eight hours to mow with a commercial-size machine. None of the above was a smart idea to create in our fifties, but caring for the land gives moments of great peace.

After graduating from Wesleyan, I spent five years as a naval officer serving as an engineering and executive officer on the minesweepers, USS Impervious and USS Intrepid, based in Long Beach, CA and then as an instructor in naval operations at Officer Candidate School in Newport, RI. Following my naval duty, I earned an M.A.L.S. from Wesleyan and spent the rest of my working life at Berkshire School in Sheffield, MA—teaching history, coaching varsity baseball (along with some football and basketball) and administrating (as little as possible). Last spring, my former baseball players from Berkshire and the local Little League, Babe Ruth, and American Legion teams along with their parents and friends raised funds to completely renovate Berkshire’s baseball field. It is still a bit startling to drive onto Berkshire’s grounds and see a large sign at the edge of the diamond reading, “Thomas H. Young Field.” Working with adolescents was not only a vocation, but an avocation and I enjoyed every second of it.

My fondest memories of Wesleyan are remembering the outstanding group of fellow students, some with whom I have remained close since 1959. We certainly did have many memorable times. I remember party weekends at Psi U, our raids across the street on Deke, and the many laughs we had playing baseball, especially on our trips to Florida. I always chuckle when I think of the three times we got caught speeding in the deep South (and dealing with the bull-necked Southern sheriffs) as we were returning Hertz rental cars from Florida to Middletown in 1958. What a wonderful four years!
For some of us, we are not the only members of our family who experienced a Wesleyan education. Several members in our class arrived on campus familiar with Wesleyan since they were sons of alumni. In other cases, we had brothers attend Wesleyan. Finally, as we have grown older, many of us have seen a child pack his/her bags to attend college at our Alma Mater. Below is a compilation of those relationships. This list is based on the best information available, but accuracy is not guaranteed.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>'59 Alumnus</th>
<th>Relation of '59 Alumnus</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Douglas Bennet</td>
<td>Doug Bennet, Sr. '33 (Father)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Douglas Bennet</td>
<td>Michael Bennet '87 (Child)</td>
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<td>Douglas Bennet</td>
<td>Halina Bennet '94 (Child)</td>
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<td>James Brands</td>
<td>Paul Brands '64 (Brother)</td>
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<td>James Brands</td>
<td>Harold Brands '65 (Brother)</td>
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<td>Lawrence Brick</td>
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<td>Edward Bromage</td>
<td>Sally Suhr '84 (Child)</td>
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<td>Edward Churchill, Jr.</td>
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<td>William Coit</td>
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<td>Robert Czepiel</td>
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<td>Peter Errington</td>
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<td>Joel Saks</td>
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<td>Terry Smith</td>
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<td>Terry Smith</td>
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<td>Herbert Steiner</td>
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<td>Kirtley Thiesmeyer</td>
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<td>Clifford Vermilya</td>
<td>Kay Vermilya '50 (Brother)</td>
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<td>Martin Weil</td>
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<td>Kirby White</td>
<td>Benjamin White '66 (Brother)</td>
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<td>Kirby White</td>
<td>Bliss White McIntosh '75 (Brother)</td>
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<td>Robert Woodford</td>
<td>Leland Woodford '27 (Father)</td>
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<td>Charles Wrubel</td>
<td>William Wrubel '85 (Child)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Charles Wrubel</td>
<td>Robert Wrubel '88 (Child)</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
C lass of 1959

L I F E A F T E R  W E S L E Y A N

Irene and Tony Allen  Eileen and Stu Anderson  A gathering of classmates and spouses

Will and Katherine Baumgartner  Christine and Dave Bentley  Stan Bowers and family

Jim Brands  Alan Brooks and family  Blanche and Jim Browning  Walt Burnett

106
50 years later, still heeding Vic Butterfield's call to
“contribute to society out of proportion to our number”
Still hearing the echo of Vic Butterfield’s words to
“keep alive such intellectual and cultural interests and sensitivities”
Still embracing his timeless message to
“play your part as community servants and as political citizens”
HARRY BANGHART, M.D.  
(1937–1985)

THOMAS M. BARNES  
(1937–1987)

WILLIAM P. BRUCHER  
(1937–2004)

HARRY EDIELBERG  
(1937–1978)

HARRY A. ELLIS, JR.  
(1937–1987?)

RALPH M. FEAVER  
(1937–2003)

WALTER T. FRENCH  
(1938–2008)

RAYMOND C. GIGUERE  
(1937–1994)

JESSE G. HAFFER, M.D.  
(1938–2000)

ESDRAS FELLOWS HOWELL, JR.  
(1937–1959)

MYRON R. HURWITZ, M.D.  
(1937–2002)

LEWIS SAMUEL KARSH  
(1938–1962)

C. ROBERTSON KIRKLAND  
(1937–1995)

DAVID C. KLEINGENSTEIN  
(1937–2001)

LEWIS W. KNERR, JR.  
(1936–1982)

HILLEL S. LEVINSON  
(1936–1980)

PETER S. LEWISON  
(1937–1958)

ALAN R. LOBB  
(1937–1988)
Forever in the memory of those who shared the journey at Wesleyan University and beyond.


