Cover drawing: Walter Simonson
Coloring: Laura Martin
Typographical Considerations: Kim McQuaite

For Dean Eugene Wilson, founder of the X-Class of ‘68
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Dear Classmates,

When Mike Mulligan and Bob Haldeman appeared unannounced at my home in the fall of 2016 carrying several books, I knew a bit of intimidation was in the cards. They had come from the initial planning meeting for our 50th reunion, and asked me to assume the task of editor for the Class of ‘68 Reunion Book. After they had firmly deposited the 50th reunion books for the Classes of ’64 and ’65 on my kitchen table and flattered me with some patronizing accolades (with veiled references to ‘The Godfather’), I was made an offer I couldn’t refuse.

My fifty years of working in organizations have taught me that the coordination of any project is an unnatural act. Notwithstanding, my first decision was to solicit the help of David Glass and John Stifler, who have been among the key guys holding our class together as our class secretaries for many of the past 50 years. They have been invaluable as co-editors for the reunion book, applying their persuasive skills, or outright arm-twisting as necessary, to obtain the contributions from each of you that are the essence of our book. Sandy Riley, Director of 50th Reunion Programs in the Alumni Office, was wonderfully supportive as the College liaison for our class. Thanks to Ed Savage’s encouragement, and with a little begging, Sandy postponed her retirement so that she could work with our class on our 50th reunion.

The Class of ‘68, known in 1964 as Dean Wilson’s “experiment,” once again showed its unique qualities by initiating an innovative Classmate of the Month video series. The videos, conceived and coordinated by Doug Pitman, Jack Widness and Gordon Radley, are an invaluable addition to the Amherst College Archives. They share the life stories of a number of our classmates covering the past fifty years; it is anticipated that the COTM’s will be imitated, though surely not equaled, by future 50th class reunions.

A special pleasure for David, John and me in working on the reunion book was the opportunity to be first in reading the essays submitted by you. They illustrate what William Kennick of the Philosophy Department spoke of in a chapel talk when he addressed the purpose of a liberal arts education—to facilitate a “quality of life helping a man become all that he is intellectually capable of becoming.” The essays you shared reflect what Kennick called “the complex amalgam of wonder and analysis, contemplation and criticism, imagination and irony, and sensitivity to the unobvious meaning of things.”

Another pleasure for your editors has been the opportunity to communicate and reconnect with many of you. It is often said that with Amherst classmates it is possible to engage in a conversation long after graduating and not be aware of the passage of time. It is as if time stands still for us in those moments. So it will be for those of us who can return to Amherst in May for the special occasion of our 50th reunion.

Ed, On behalf of your editors
Reunion Co-Chairs
Michael D. Mulligan
Edward T. Savage

Reunion Book
L. Edward Lynn, Chair
David L. Glass
John R. Stifler

Reunion Programs Committee
Robert G. Haldeman Jr.
Michael D. Mulligan

Attendance Chair
Edward T. Savage

COTM/Video Committee
Douglas J. Pitman
John A. Widness
Gordon L. Radley

Food, Beverage and Logistics Chair
Robert L. Holloway Jr.

Nominating Committee
Michael D. Mulligan
Edward T. Savage
John R. Stifler
Gordon L. Radley
My esteemed classmates....

The Amherst Class of 1968 is different. That was made very clear to us when we gathered together for the first time in Johnson Chapel. We were “an experiment” Dean Wilson told us in no uncertain terms. From our group’s very beginning we understood that we were not the usual and customary.

We were also different in other ways. While we struggled through the freshman year core curriculum, enjoyed fraternity and independent life, sang in the Glee Club, bonded and succeeded (or sometimes less so) on the playing fields, studied in Frost, toiled in the labs, wrote our senior theses, and ate and ate and ate all our meals in Valentine, so much in the world around us had changed dramatically.

America in May 1968 was vastly different than the America of September 1964. Modes of dress had changed. Hair styles had changed. Popular music had exploded in unforeseen ways. The struggle for civil rights had become a national priority. The “pill” had been introduced. Vietnam had become a full scale “war.” The draft loomed large in each of our lives. I doubt that any Amherst class experienced such cultural transformation over their four years at the College. It was the best of times and it was the worst of times.

And then “the experiment” split apart and we each journeyed through life in our different and unique ways.

Now, it’s time to come together once again. The 50th Reunion is the big one. It is that moment in our lives when we gather again as a Class (perhaps for the last time) to remember and reminisce about the four years we shared together and to appreciate the journey each of us has taken since we left Amherst.

This is YOUR 50th.... come and enjoy....

Gordon L. Radley
Dear Members of the Great Reunion Class of 1968:

Congratulations on your 50th Reunion! I look forward to celebrating with you when you return to campus in May.

I invite you to join me at the President’s House for a cocktail reception on Saturday, May 26th. The Class of ’68 has shared many of its remarkable stories, both in writing and in extraordinary video biographies that help preserve a crucial period of Amherst’s history and I am eager to hear more. To say that your years at Amherst were marked by social and political upheaval and change would be a vast understatement, but they were clearly also anchored in the solid bonds of friendship and community that have kept you attached to one another and to the College. Although the pace of change has accelerated since 1968, Amherst preserves what has always mattered.

We remain committed to Amherst’s longstanding emphasis on analytical rigor, close reading, accomplished writing, artistic expression, and the open exchange of ideas. Amherst is an academic gem, a home for avid learners working in close colloquy with faculty who combine high expectations with a deep commitment to student success.

Imagine what Amherst will be fifty years from now, when our current students reach your milestone. It will have changed, but graduates—no matter when they complete their degrees—will recognize in one another the qualities that Amherst’s rigorous liberal arts education continues to foster.

We are grateful for your participation and proud to count you among our graduates. Have a wonderful Reunion!

Warmest regards,

Biddy Martin
Class Officers

President
Gordon L. Radley

Vice President
S. Lawrence Kahn III

Secretaries
David L. Glass
John R. Stifler

Treasurer
Robert L. Holloway Jr.

Web Editor
David L. Glass

Class Agent
Mark K. Rosenfeld

Associate Agents
Stephen B. Bonner
Jonathan B. Borak
James F. Brent
William R. Brooks
Nils J. Bruzelius
Nicholas H. Cobbs
David S. Davenport
John W. Davidson
Michael P. Donnelly
Edwin B. Fisher Jr.
Edward B. Giese
James E. Goldman
Wyatt E. Harper III
Robert L. Holloway Jr.
Thomas A. Loftus
L. Edward Lynn
Michael D. Mulligan
Edward T. Savage
Felix J. Springer
Michael H. Studley
Robert A. Taggart Jr.
John F. Teague
Malcolm C. Young
Class Presidents

Christopher N. Brown, 1968-1973
Robert G. Haldeman Jr., 1973-1978
Joseph M. Schell, 1978-1983
Stephen B. Bonner, 1988-1993
David L. Glass, 1998-2008
Gordon L. Radley, 2008-present
Honorary Degree Recipients

June 1968

**Doctor of Laws:**
Edwin Deacon Etherington
Sol Linowitz
Roger L. Stevens
Albert Nathaniel Whiting 1938

**Doctor of Humane Letters:**
Carl Andrews

**Doctor of Literature:**
James Ingram Merrill 1947

**Doctor of Science:**
Mac Vincent Edds 1938
George Wald

Class of 1968 Honorary Members

Arnold B. Arons
Bailey L. Brown ’24, P’58, G’88
Henry S. Commager G’94
Albert E. Lumley
Bruce G. McInnes
Charles H. Morgan P’55
Anne W. Pasko
Steven M. Rostas
“Education is the ability to listen to almost anything without losing your temper or your self-confidence.”

“There are two kinds of teachers: the kind that fill you with so much quail shot that you can’t move, and the kind that just gives you a little prod behind and you jump to the skies.”

“Two roads diverged in a wood and I - I took the one less traveled by, and that has made all the difference.”

“In three words I can sum up everything I’ve learned about life: it goes on.”

“Forgive me my nonsense, as I also forgive the nonsense of those that think they talk sense.”

“Education is hanging around until you’ve caught on.”

“Education doesn’t change life much. It just lifts trouble to a higher plane of regard.”

“We dance round in a ring and suppose, but the secret sits in the middle and knows.”

“The middle of the road is where the white line is – and that’s the worst place to drive.”

“Don’t ever take a fence down until you know why it was put up.”

“You don’t have to deserve your mother’s love. You have to deserve your father’s.”

“A liberal is a man too broadminded to take his own side in a quarrel.”

“Writing free verse is like playing tennis with the net down.”
National Review Publisher To Present Right-Wing World

William A. Rusher, publisher of the National Review and an outspoken commentator on American politics, will speak Friday evening at 7:30 P.M. in the Sage Room on "The World and the Right."

According to his own publicity releases, Mr. Rusher, "hard-drinking, witty and urbane," received an A.B. at Princeton and his LL.B. from Harvard. A member of a private law firm, Mr. Rusher served as special counsel to the Finance Committee of the New York State Senate investigating the appointments of Governor Averell Harriman. He also was Associate Counsel to the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee, investigating domestic Communism.

A world traveler, Mr. Rusher has decided to address many countries of Europe. He also spent some time in Austria on a special investigative mission.

"Few men of his age can speak with comparable authority on the problems confronting America and the West. It is for this reason that he is the object of such lively interest on the part of organizations seeking a truly challenging speaker," is the followers report.

Mr. Rusher's talk is one of a series sponsored by the IRC on the general topic of nationalism.

Archibald MacLeish Sees Doom To Small Liberal Arts Colleges

In his book, "The American Scholar," Archibald MacLeish, chancellor of the Arts Colleges such as Amherst are concerned about the current state of higher education. In his address to the students and faculty at the college, he emphasized the importance of liberal arts education.

"Our civilization," he said, "is in its decline, and the liberal arts are the voice of that age. The arts are the means by which we can judge the true measure of the world."

MacLeish went on to say that the liberal arts colleges must continue to provide a diverse range of courses and foster critical thinking in order to remain relevant in today's society.

The Student

Faculty Approves New Curriculum Effective Fall, 1966

By Roger Brodsky '67

The faculty at Amherst College has approved a new curriculum that will begin in the fall of 1966. The new curriculum will expand the traditional courses in the arts and sciences, and introduce new courses in interdisciplinary fields.

Students Turned Away As Crowd Fills Babbott To Hear Panel Discuss 'Sexual Revolution'

By Tim Hardy '67

The recent controversy over sexual attitudes was highlighted last night in the Babbott Room as Professors Oliver, Page, and Morgan, along with several student panelists, discussed "The Sexual Revolution." The panel, composed of a mix of faculty and students, delved into the complexities of sexual attitudes and behaviors.

The panelists, led by Professors Oliver and Page, discussed issues such as the changing role of women in society, the impact of media on sexual perceptions, and the implications of sexual freedom on future generations.

The audience, composed of students and faculty members, listened intently as the panelists explored the nuances of the "revolution." The discussion was characterized by a mix of passionate arguments and thoughtful reflections on the nature of human sexuality.

In conclusion, the panelists emphasized the importance of dialogue and understanding in navigating the complexities of the "revolution." They called for continued discourse on the subject, both within the academic community and beyond, to foster a more informed and compassionate approach to sexual issues.
2-S? You May Still Be Drafted—
Even Grad Students Aren’t All Safe

Routh Sees No Cause for Alarm over Draft;
Local SDS Rejects Plan to Oppose Draft

by Carl Galloway ’69

Monday, Nov. 1—“There is no cause for general alarm” on the part of students going on to graduate school, said new Assistant Dean Donald Routh ’58, in describing the present draft situation as it affects graduate students.

However, many draft boards are taking a “harder look at graduate students,” he added. Students in science- and math-oriented fields are most likely to be favored for deferments.

Individual students still face problems, since their local boards have the final decision on drafting and will be proceeding according to local requirements.

Rusk Responds to Letter on Vietnam
From Cohen, Other Student Leaders

31 Amherst Professors Seek End to Vietnam Bombings
**The News In Brief**

- SILENT OFFICER Leading the Class of 1945 is announced by the dean, Mr. George Eastman. Others elected are: E. Lee Smith, Secretary; John Eastman, Treasurer; A. J. Smith, Corresponding Secretary; and James Campbell, Dias of the Student Association.

- CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PIONEER Sunday School classes are held in the church, and are supervised by W. W. Scott. The public is invited to attend.

- **College Administration**
  The president of the college, Dr. H. F. Graham, has appointed a committee to study the possibility of establishing a new college in the area. The committee will meet next week.

- **Student Council**
  The council has voted to suspend student activities until further notice due to budget constraints. The vote was 7-2, with the following students voting yes: E. Lee Smith, John Eastman, A. J. Smith, James Campbell, George Eastman, W. W. Scott, and Dr. H. F. Graham.

- **Dean Porter Voices Objection**
  Dean Porter has issued an objection to the Student Council’s decision to suspend student activities. He feels that the suspension is a violation of the students’ rights and will lead to a loss of morale among the student body.

- **Acheson Claims Ethical Idealists In Foreign Policy Are Misguided**
  Mr. Acheson claims that ethical idealists in foreign policy are misguided. He feels that the negative consequences of such policies outweigh any potential benefits.

**Student Council Votes To Suspend STUDENT**

Wednesday, December 9: Student Council tonight voted 7-2 to suspend publication of the campus newspaper "The Student" on Sunday pending some conclusive statement of the paper's financial situation.

The exact wording of the council decision is that "The Ambroset Student shall suspend publication after its news edition on Sunday, December 10, 1944, pending a statement which would show that the student body would support the conclusion of this newspaper if it were in operation at present."

MOTION

President James Eastman '45 proposed the council's first and the motion to stop publication was approved by the council after Dr. Provost '45, who moved in favor of the motion, stated that "we have been asked to consider the possibility of suspending student activities until further notice due to budget constraints. The vote was 7-2, with the following students voting yes: E. Lee Smith, John Eastman, A. J. Smith, James Campbell, George Eastman, W. W. Scott, and Dr. H. F. Graham."

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**Assemble Speakers**

Friday, Dec. 11

- Fr. Paul V. Kelly
- Rev. Mr. John H. Smith
- Rev. Mr. John H. Smith

Monday, Dec. 12

- College President
- Rev. Mr. John H. Smith

Bos. James Smith

Morris, in the United
Faculty Join Students in Fast To Protest Killing in Vietnam

By Perry Smith

About thirty students and twenty faculty members gathered the afternoon of Tuesday, October 17th, in front of Administration Building to protest against the war in Vietnam.

We are a step closer to peace regardless of whether we are involved in the war or not. We have taken a positive step in the right direction. The people who fast are demonstrating against the war and its effects.

Assembly 9:30 a.m.

Student Council Primary Results

The Student Council has just finished voting on the primary elections for representatives of the Student Council.

Local Draft while Faulkner Says Selective Service Policy Ambiguous

By James J. Stachura

The court-martial trial of Pvt. John J. O'Brien, 22, a sergeant in the 142nd Infantry, was completed yesterday.

Call McNamarra 'That Clown' 

If you would like to join us in our protest, please come out and join us. We are a strong group and we will continue to fight for peace.
Savio Calls For Self-Realization
Of Man's Oppression, Deception

By Joseph Pizano '79

Men have a great dislike to believe certain truths of life, especially those truths that sting most directly. It was one of those truths that stung most directly at the last meeting of the Student Government, and it is one of those truths that should sting most directly at the next meeting. The Student Government met Tuesday night in the Billings Board Room, and the students present were met with a charge that the student body, as a whole, is not as interested in the students themselves as it should be.

Although the meeting was well attended and there were many who spoke up, the meeting was not as productive as it could have been. The students present were not as vocal as they should have been, and the meeting was not as effective as it could have been. The students present were not as interested in the meeting as they should have been, and the meeting was not as successful as it could have been.

Need for Reforms Discussed
Following Rushing Weekend

Council Asks BMC To Review Rushing

By Mike Bloom '77

The Student Council recently approved the BMC's (Berkshire and Middlesex Community College) regulations regarding the rush week. The council has asked the BMC to review its regulations regarding the rush week.

The student council has expressed concern about the way the rush week is currently conducted. The council has asked the BMC to review its regulations regarding the rush week to ensure that the rush week is conducted in a way that is fair to all students.

Beta Breezes Over-Quota Meeting

By Bob King '79

The Beta Theta Pi chapter recently held an over-quota meeting. The meeting was held to discuss the chapter's plans for the upcoming year.

The chapter has been struggling with membership issues and has been unable to reach its goal for the upcoming year. The over-quota meeting was held to discuss the chapter's plans for the upcoming year and to try to find ways to increase membership.

Baseball Team Takes Three;
Bantans, Indians, AIC Bow

Last week was a good one for the baseball team, as they played three games and came away with three wins. They played against three tough opponents and were able to come out on top each time.

The first game was against the Bantans, and the team was able to win by a score of 5-3. The team played well in both offense and defense, and were able to come out on top.

The second game was against the Indians, and the team was able to win by a score of 7-2. The team played well in both offense and defense, and were able to come out on top.

The third game was against AIC, and the team was able to win by a score of 6-4. The team played well in both offense and defense, and were able to come out on top.

SPORTS

Racquetmen Breeze By Bears;
All Nine Take Matches Easy

By Sandy McSweeney '79

The Racquetmen were overwhelmed by the Bears in yesterday's matches. The Racquetmen won all nine matches with ease.

The Racquetmen were able to take advantage of the Bears' weaknesses and were able to come out on top each time. The Racquetmen were able to dominate the Bears in both offense and defense, and were able to come out on top each time.

Golfers Pound Polar Bears As Team Fulfills Potential

The golfers were able to take advantage of the Polar Bears' weaknesses and were able to come out on top each time. The golfers were able to dominate the Polar Bears in both offense and defense, and were able to come out on top each time.

The golfers were able to fulfill their potential and were able to come out on top each time. The golfers were able to dominate the Polar Bears in both offense and defense, and were able to come out on top each time.

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Rushing Proposal Approved
By HMC, Little Change Seen

by Mark J. 79

The HMC Faculty met on Tuesday night to approve a proposal that will amend the rush process for the freshman class. The new process, which will be implemented next fall, is designed to reduce the amount of time that freshmen spend on the rush process.

The proposal, which was introduced by the two Rush Committee Chairmen, addresses concerns raised by students and faculty about the current process. The changes include a shift from a single, centralized event to a more flexible schedule, allowing freshmen to participate in multiple events throughout the week.

The new system is expected to make the rush process more enjoyable and less stressful for freshmen, while still allowing them to meet new people and learn about the various organizations on campus.

Rushing season begins on Monday, October 25, and continues through October 31. Students are encouraged to participate in as many events as possible to get a feel for the different options available.

1,285 Fast, 750 Rally at Smith
In Protest Against Vietnam War

by David Cardeman '79

An estimated 1,285 Smith students and faculty members gathered outside the Smith Administration Building on Monday afternoon, January 25, to protest the war in Vietnam.

The rally, which began at 12:30 p.m. and continued until 2:30 p.m., was organized by the Smith Peace Movement and drew support from other local groups.

Speakers at the rally included students, faculty members, and community leaders, who called for an end to the war and urged others to take action to support peace.

The protest was held in response to the U.S. military's incursion into Cambodia, which many believed was a violation of international law and a sign of the growing involvement of the United States in the Vietnam War.

Green Arrivals

By Mary Kay '79

The arrival of new students this year has been met with excitement and anticipation on the Smith campus.

Many of the first-year students are new to the area and are looking forward to making new friends and exploring the community.

The University is also making a concerted effort to welcome the newcomers, with activities and events planned throughout the fall学期.

Sophomore Chu Writes "Draft Choice:"
Music by Weiss, Here at Kirby May 4-5

by Sylvia L. '79

Sophomore Chu is currently working on a piece based on the theme of the Vietnam War. The work is titled "Draft Choice" and is scheduled to be performed at Kirby Hall on May 4-5.

Chu says that the piece is a reflection on the experiences of those who have faced the draft, as well as an exploration of the broader implications of the war on society.

Sumida Named Doshisha Fellow,
First of Japanese Heritage

by Anne K. '80

John Sumida, a Smith alumnus who is currently living and working in Japan, has been named a Doshisha Fellow, the first Smith student to receive this prestigious honor.

The Doshisha Fellowship is a joint program between Smith College and Doshisha University in Japan. The fellowship is designed to promote cultural exchange and academic cooperation between the two institutions.

Sumida was selected through a competitive process that included an review of his academic record, writing samples, and recommendations from his professors.

In his acceptance letter, Sumida expressed gratitude for the opportunity to study in Japan and to contribute to the cultural exchange between the two countries.
Class of 1968 Timeline

1965

**World News**
- Unmanned US spacecraft, Mariner IV, performed the first successful flyby of the planet Mars returning the first pictures of the Martian surface.
- Pope Paul VI & Orthodox Patriarch Athenagoras I simultaneously lift mutual excommunications that led to split of the two churches in 1054.
- An all white government of former British colony, Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) declares independence from England.
- Cosmonaut Alexey Leonov, leaving his spacecraft Voskhod 2 for 12 minutes, becomes the first person to walk in space.

**US News**
- First combat troops sent to Vietnam.
- Martin Luther King, Jr. leads 3,200 marchers from Selma to Montgomery.
- Students for a Democratic Society protesting the Vietnam war organize the largest anti-war demonstration in the USA to date with 15,000-20,000 people attending.
- 6 days of riots ensue in the Watts neighborhood of Los Angeles after a run-in between white state troopers and a black family.

**TV**
- I Dream of Jeannie
- Get Smart
- Hogan’s Heroes
- Lost in Space
- The Big Valley

**Books**
- Frank Herbert - Dune
- Flannery O’Connor - Everything That Rises Must Converge
- Lloyd Alexander - The Black Cauldron
- Truman Capote - In Cold Blood
- The Autobiography of Malcolm X

**Movies**
- The Sound of Music
- The Greatest Story Ever Told
- The Agony and the Ecstasy

**1965 Inventions**
- Chemist Stephanie Kwolek while working at DuPont, accidently invents a synthetic fiber five times stronger than steel, now known as Kevlar.
- Digital Equipment Corporation introduces the 12-bit PDP-8, the first commercially successful "microcomputer", and a big step towards the commercial personal computer.

**Economy**
- Average cost of new house: $13,600
- Gas per gallon: 32 cents
- Loaf of bread: 22 cents
- New car: $2,600
- Fast food hamburger: 20 cents
- Doctor’s office visit: $5

**Died This Year**
- Winston Churchill
- Malcolm X
- T. S. Eliot
- Nat King Cole
- Jimmie Lee Jackson

**Pop Culture**
- Sonny and Cher makes their first TV appearance on American Bandstand.
- The Campbell Soup Company introduces Spaghetti-O’s.
- Walt Disney launches Epcot Center.
- The Who releases their first album, My Generation.
- Peter Jennings becomes anchor of ABC’s Nightly News at age 26.
Class of 1968 Timeline

1966

World News
- Indira Gandhi becomes the 3rd Prime Minister of India
- Botswana, Lesotho and Guyana become independent states within the British Commonwealth
- The Lunar Orbiter takes the first photographs of Earth from beyond the Moon
- Carnaby Street in London is the center of the fashion world
- Leonid Brezhnev becomes leader of the USSR

US News
- Supreme Court’s Miranda decision confirms suspect must be informed of rights
- All US cigarette packs have to carry “Caution - Cigarette smoking may be hazardous to your health”
- Bill Russell became 1st black coach in NBA history
- Ronald Reagan elected Governor of California
- Pan Am places $525,000,000 order for 25 Boeing 747s

TV
- Batman
- The Monkees
- Star Trek
- Mission Impossible
- Tarzan

Books
- Jacqueline Susann - Valley of the Dolls
- Isaac Asimov - Foundation and Empire
- Joseph Heller - Catch-22
- J.R.R. Tolkien - The Lord of the Rings - in a single volume

Movies
- The Good, the Bad and the Ugly
- Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?
- One Million Years B.C.
- A Man for All Seasons
- Torn Curtain

Inventions
- First video game viewed on TV set created by Ralph Baer
- Fiber Optics - A new way of fusing glass strands together paved the way for long distance fiber communications
- High-Yield Rice - The International Rice Research Institute in the Philippines releases a semi-dwarf, high-yield Indica variety

Economy
- Average cost of new house: $14,200
- Average monthly rent: $120 per month
- Minimum hourly wage: $1.25
- Median family income: $6,900 per year
- New car: $2,650
- Fast food hamburger: 20 cents
- Doctor’s office visit: $5

Died This Year
- Walt Disney
- Buster Keaton
- Margaret Sanger
- Lenny Bruce
- Elizabeth Arden
- Montgomery Clift

Pop Culture
- Simon & Garfunkel’s “Sounds of Silence” released
- US female figure skating championship won by Peggy Fleming
- Rolling Stones appear on the Ed Sullivan Show
- Wilt Chamberlain breaks NBA career scoring record at 20,884 points
- Dr Seuss’ “How the Grinch Stole Christmas” airs for 1st time on CBS
- Metropolitan Opera House opens in Lincoln Center
- Cabaret opens at Broadhurst Theater in NYC for 1166 performances
Class of 1968 Timeline

1967

**World News**
- Six Day War, Arab Forces attack Israel beginning the Yom Kippur War
- Gibraltar holds referendum on staying with Britain or joining Spain
- Sweden changes to driving on the right
- The People's Republic of China tests its first Hydrogen Bomb
- Military Coup in Greece

**US News**
- Ronald Reagan was sworn in as Governor of California
- Edward W. Brooke, R-Mass., the first African American elected to the U.S. Senate by popular vote, took his seat
- NY Times reported that the U.S. Army was conducting secret germ warfare experiments
- The Haight Ashbury Free Medical Clinic opened in San Francisco
- The Census Clock at the U.S. Commerce Department ticked past 200 million
- Apollo One Astronauts killed in flash fire during command module test

**TV**
- The Newlywed Game
- The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour
- The Flying Nun
- Spider-Man

**Books**
- Ira Levin - Rosemary's Baby
- Tom Wolfe - The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test
- Desmond Morris - The Naked Ape
- Doris Lessing - Particularly Cats
- Alistair MacLean - Where Eagles Dare

**Movies**
- The Graduate
- Bonnie and Clyde
- Cool Hand Luke
- The Producers
- In Like Flint
- In the Heat of the Night

**1967**

**Inventions**
- World's first heart transplant operation in South Africa by Dr. Christian N. Barnard
- First ATM is put into service by Barclays Bank in London
- First Boeing 737 takes its maiden flight
- Pulsars are discovered
- Pocket Calculator USA Texas Instruments

**Economy**
- Average cost of a new house: $14,250
- Average income per year: $7,300
- Average monthly rent: $120.00
- Cost of a gallon of gas: 33 cents
- Yearly inflation: 2.78%

**Died This Year**
- Jayne Mansfield
- Vivien Leigh
- J. Robert Oppenheimer
- Jack Ruby
- Spencer Tracy
- Dorothy Parker
- Joe Orton
- John Nance Garner
- Gus Grissom
- Henry Allen
- Carl Sandberg

**Pop Culture**
- Cabaret won Best Musical at the 21st Tony Awards
- Rolling Stone began publication. The first issue sold about 5,000 copies
- Evel Knievel jumps his motorcycle over 16 cars lined up in a row
- The Beatles release Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, one of rock's most acclaimed albums
- Otis Redding dies in a plane crash aged 26
- Elvis Presley marries Priscilla
- Premiere of the musical Hair
# Class of 1968 Timeline

## 1968

### World News
- France explodes its first Hydrogen Bomb
- Swaziland becomes independent
- English Politician Enoch Powell makes his controversial Rivers of Blood speech
- Paris student riots: One million march through the streets of Paris
- A football stampede in Buenos Aires leaves 74 dead and 150 injured

### US News
- Martin Luther King, Jr. is shot dead
- Lyndon B. Johnson signs the Civil Rights Act of 1968
- Robert F. Kennedy is shot at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles and dies of his injuries the next day
- The Republican National Convention nominates Richard Nixon for President
- Yale University announces it is going to admit women

### TV
- Hawaii Five-O
- Here's Lucy
- Wacky Races
- The Doris Day Show
- The Joan Rivers Show

### Books
- Philip K. Dick - *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*
- Arthur Hailey - *Airport*
- Erich von Daniken - *Chariots of The Gods*
- John le Carre - *A Small Town in Germany*
- Dick Francis - *Forfeit*

### Movies
- 2001: A Space Odyssey
- Planet of the Apes
- Barbarella
- Hang 'Em High
- The Swimmer

### Inventions
- The semiconductor company Intel is founded
- Boeing 747 made its maiden flight
- The Computer Mouse
- RAM (random Access Memory)
- The first Computer with integrated circuits

### Economy
- Average cost of a new house: $14,950
- Average income per year: $7,850
- Average monthly rent: $130.00
- Cost of a gallon of gas: 34 cents
- Yearly inflation: 4.27%

### Died This Year
- Helen Keller
- Martin Luther King, Jr.
- Robert F. Kennedy
- John Steinbeck
- Yuri Gagarin
- Tallulah Bankhead

### Pop Culture
- The games of the XIX Olympiad are held in Mexico City, Mexico
- Led Zeppelin make their American debut in Denver, CO
- The Beatles announce the creation of Apple Records in a New York press conference
- The Zodiac serial murderer begins his reign of terror in California
- The emergency 911 telephone service is started in the USA
The Class of 1968

Amherst College

Reflections
Admission To Amherst College In 1964

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT TO SECONDARY SCHOOLS

For eighteen years we have sent schools an annual fall report on the statistics of admission to Amherst College. We know that our reports of earlier years were helpful to counselors in their guidance work with students and parents. We suspect, however, that our more recent reports have been less helpful because they, like most college reports on new classes, don't reveal answers to the Big Question, "How is the class selected?"

The Education Editor of The New York Tribune, Miss Terry Ferrer, in commenting September 6th on the new College Board study of admission officers, remarked on the omission of such answers in that report.

So we devote this communication to an attempt to answer this question. For reasons we shall state later, this information will probably not help you give better advice to Amherst-minded students. There may be, however, less mystery about the operation of Amherst's admission procedures.

We maintain a separate folder for each candidate which holds all of his credentials, including his completed application, a school transcript and report, College Board scores, an interview report if obtained (no interview required), and letters of recommendation (none required).

Each folder is read by at least three members of the nine-man committee and rated "A," "B," or "C." This year, of the 1,850 applicants, approximately 1,000 received "A's" from all the readers. Most of the other 850 were qualified.

All of the 1,000 with "A" ratings were qualified and acceptable; but since only about 400 would be accepted to get a class of 300, the 1,000 folders were reviewed again by at least three members of the committee. We accept more students than we actually want in the class because we know that some will not accept us. Since we make no attempt to discover the college choice of an applicant, we maintain a small alternate list of 50-100 candidates.
In the final shake-down from 1,000 to 400 candidates, the following factors are considered: academic interests and achievements; extracurricular interests and achievements; school and geographical distribution; hobbies; jobs held; and personal qualifications. Sons of alumni and/or faculty are accepted if they are qualified academically. Academic promise usually means more than high College Board scores and more than top rank in class, i.e., extra work of distinction beyond the classroom assignments.

Since we seek diversification in terms of interest and achievements, candidates whose greatest strength is in mathematics or science (including medicine) face a more competitive admission situation than students in the non-sciences. About 70 per cent of our applicants seem to be tentatively headed for math-science majors, but we try to give about half the places in the class to men aiming for math-science areas and half to all other areas.

Applicants whose interests and achievements are in art, music, drama, writing, languages, English, and social studies have a statistical advantage for admission. This is the kind of information that can cause new difficulties for both of us if you act on our comments, for next year you could turn the statistics around and then our actions would be reversed.

We are not unaware of a candidate’s athletic prowess, his contributions to his school and his home community, and his ability to earn and save money toward his college expenses. Personal qualifications are rarely controlling, but we are interested in students whose service to their community has revealed imagination, integrity, independence, industry and resolution.

We make our judgments on what a candidate has accomplished rather than what people say about him. Actions, more than comments, reveal attitudes and abilities.

This is our story—now you know exactly how to counsel your students!

There is one catch. We are going to take a class of only 300 next year and as long as we have more than 300 qualified and desirable candidates, our decisions are going to seem capricious to the rejected and their sponsors.

The more we tell you about our desires and decisions, the better you will screen for us and, unfortunately, the more our applications will appear to be alike. Again, your actions will produce new disappointments for different reasons.

With 1,850 applicants for 300 places, you can’t win no matter what information we give you; we can’t win either, for even with such a choice as we have, our teachers wonder why so few students are intellectual giants, our coaches weep when they see their prospects, and our alumni wonder sometimes where the MEN are.

We know that some parents take rejection as a reflection on their son’s school and its teachers and counselors. When this happens, let us know so that we can help you educate these parents. We are forced to reject students from many, many schools, both public and private, and our decisions reflect in no way on a school or its personnel nor, often, on a candidate. In times past, a rejected student had to ask himself, “What’s wrong with me?” but today a rejected student can meet every qualification and still not be accepted.

Please remember we do want to help you in your counseling problems. Let us know how we can work with you and your students. Our only hope, it seems to us, lies in more and better communication.

EUGENE S. WILSON, Dean of Admission

VAN R. HALSEY, JR., Associate Dean of Admission

JOHN ORDERS, Mayo-Smith Fellow in Admission

September 14, 1964
STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF 1968

1. **Volume**
   - Total Applicants: 1852
   - Accepted: 410
   - Matriculated: 311
   - 22.1% of group completing applications.
   - 75.8% of those accepted.

2. **Distribution of the College Board Aptitude Scores**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>VERBAL</th>
<th>Applied</th>
<th>Accepted</th>
<th>Matriculated</th>
<th>MATHEMATICAL</th>
<th>Applied</th>
<th>Accepted</th>
<th>Matriculated</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>700-800</td>
<td>339</td>
<td>104</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>700-800</td>
<td>713</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>600-699</td>
<td>854</td>
<td>199</td>
<td>164</td>
<td>600-699</td>
<td>728</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>500-599</td>
<td>508</td>
<td>93</td>
<td>74</td>
<td>500-599</td>
<td>312</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>400-499</td>
<td>117</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>400-499</td>
<td>68</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>300-399</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>300-399</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>200-299</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>200-299</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>No Score</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>No Score</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>1852</td>
<td>410</td>
<td>311</td>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>1852</td>
<td>410</td>
<td>311</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

3. **School Distribution**
   - Total Applicants: 1363
   - Those who Matriculated: 223
   - Public: 73.6% (1363), 71.8% (223)
   - Private: 26.4% (489), 28.2% (88)

4. **Rank in Class**
   - First Fifth: 204
   - Second Fifth: 13
   - Third Fifth: 2
   - Fourth Fifth: 0
   - Fifth Fifth: 0
   - Not Listed: 4
   - Public: 204, 49
   - Private: 13, 18
   - Total: 223, 88

5. **Sons of Alumni**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Applied</th>
<th>Accepted</th>
<th>Matriculated</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

6. **Geographical Distribution**

   - New York: 74
   - Massachusetts: 40
   - New Jersey: 26
   - Connecticut: 24
   - Pennsylvania: 17
   - Maryland: 16
   - Illinois: 12
   - Ohio: 11
   - California: 10
   - Missouri: 6
   - Virginia: 6
   - Washington, D.C.: 6
   - Florida: 5
   - Iowa: 4
   - Michigan: 4
   - Oregon: 4
   - Tennessee: 4
   - Rhode Island: 3
   - Colorado: 2
   - Delaware: 2
   - Hawaii: 2
   - Minnesota: 2
   - Montana: 2
   - Oklahoma: 2
   - South Carolina: 2
   - Washington: 2
   - Alabama: 1
   - Arizona: 1
   - Indiana: 1
   - Kentucky: 1
   - Maine: 1
   - New Hampshire: 1
   - Vermont: 1
   - Wisconsin: 1
   - Hong Kong: 3
   - England: 2
   - Brazil: 1
   - Canada: 1
   - Germany: 1
   - Iran: 1
   - Italy: 1
   - Korea: 1
   - Malaysia: 1
   - Puerto Rico: 1
   - Vietnam: 1
   - Virgin Islands: 1
7. Occupational Interest of the Class on Entrance

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Occupation</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Medicine</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teaching</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Undecided</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Business</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creative Writing</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foreign Service</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engineering</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mathematics</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psychology</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biology</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chemistry</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Physics</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Science</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Astronomy</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Government Service</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Journalism</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nuclear Physics</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Architecture</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Economics</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theater Arts</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dentistry</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geology</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ministry</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oceanography</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paleontology</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philosophy</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Political Science</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Veterinarian</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

8. Early Decision

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Total Applicants</td>
<td>390</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Accepted (By December 15)</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deferred, but Accepted in April</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deferred and rejected in April</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

9. Financial Aid

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Completed Scholarship Applications</td>
<td>615</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Accepted with scholarship grant</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matriculated with scholarship grant</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Total amount awarded</td>
<td>$123,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Percent of Class receiving grants</td>
<td>30%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average scholarship grant</td>
<td>$1300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Excluded ten honorary awards ($100-$250)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Distribution of Awards</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$100-$200</td>
<td>4 + 6 Honorary Awards</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$201-$600</td>
<td>10 + 4 Honorary Awards</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$601-$1000</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$1001-$1500</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$1501-$2000</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over $2000</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

10. Academic Performance of Class of 1967 at End of Freshman Year

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Enrolled in September, 1963</td>
<td>302</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Finished first year on Dean's List</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dropped for poor scholarship</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Withdrew from College</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Failed one or more semester courses</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(during the year 1963-1964)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Academic Averages for the Year 1963-1964:</td>
<td>Grade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75th percentile</td>
<td>86.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50th percentile</td>
<td>80.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25th percentile</td>
<td>76.1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(The mean for the class was 78.7)
Requirements for the Degree
Bachelor of Arts

The degree, Bachelor of Arts, is conferred upon students who have satisfactorily met the requirements described below. The plan of studies leading to this degree is arranged on the basis of the equivalent of an eight-semester course to be pursued by students in residence at Amherst College.

The degree, Bachelor of Arts, cum laude, magna cum laude, or summa cum laude (Degree with Honors) is awarded to students who have successfully completed an approved program of honors work with a department or group.

Other students who satisfactorily meet the requirements as indicated below receive the degree, Bachelor of Arts, nite.**

REQUIREMENTS

The Bachelor of Arts degree is awarded to students who:
1. Complete a minimum of one hundred and twenty-eight credit hours of which at least sixty-four must be completed in the freshman and sophomore years and at least sixty-four in the junior and senior years;
2. In freshman and sophomore years complete three two-year sequence courses in natural science, social science, and English-Humanities;
3. In junior and senior years take at least fifteen credit hours outside the division in which they are majoring;
4. Satisfy the requirements in language and the humanities;
5. Pass a comprehensive examination in their major department;
6. Complete certain prescribed work in public speaking and physical education;
7. Have no deficiencies in the work of any year; and
8. Attain a general average of 70 percent in the courses completed at Amherst College and a grade of at least 70 percent in every course completed at another institution.

Exceptions to these requirements will be considered in the following cases:
A. A Sophomore who finds it necessary to exceed the sixty-four credit-hour minimum of the first two years in order to take an introductory course in a department in which he plans to major may, with the Dean’s permission, postpone a required sophomore course to the junior year.
B. A portion of the fifteen credit-hour extra-divisional requirement may be waived by departmental representatives whenever they consider it justified. In such cases, students, both nite and honors, must submit a written statement to the representatives of the departments in which they are majoring giving the reasons why the requirement should be waived.

Graduation Requirements

Tuition and Fees

The officer having general supervision of the collection of Tuition and Fees is the Comptroller.

A candidate’s formal application for admission should be accompanied by a $10 application fee in cash or money order payable to Amherst College. Upon notification of his admission to the College a candidate is required to return with his acceptance a non-refundable advance payment of $100 which will be credited in full on his first term bill.

Student accounts are payable at the Office of the Comptroller. Semester bills will be mailed approximately two weeks before the due date. Freshmen and other new entrants should make payments on or before arrival. Advance payment by mail upon receipt of a bill will be a convenience to the student and to the College.

For those who prefer to pay monthly, arrangements have been made for a pre-payment plan, including insurance for continued payment in case of death or disability of the parent. For further details write to Insured Tuition Payment Plan, 38 Newbury Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

Unless special arrangements have been made with the Comptroller in advance, payment in full is expected when due. The due dates are Tuesday, September 8, 1964 for the first semester, and Monday, January 18, 1965 for the second semester.

Identification cards must be picked up in person at the Comptroller’s Office before course cards can be obtained.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Each Semester</th>
<th>Total for Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tuition</td>
<td>$ 750.00</td>
<td>$1,500.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Room</td>
<td>175.00</td>
<td>350.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Board</td>
<td>250.00</td>
<td>500.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Health Fee</td>
<td>20.00</td>
<td>40.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intercollegiate Athletics Fee</td>
<td>17.00</td>
<td>34.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Student Activities Fee</td>
<td>20.00</td>
<td>40.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td>$1,232.00</td>
<td>$2,464.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

On the first semester bill there is a charge of $22 for twelve months Accident and Sickness Insurance from September 1st. If this protection is not desired, the parent or guardian may, not later than September 8, state in writing that the College is relieved of all responsibility in this connection and request cancellation of the charge. The required Health Fee of $40 covers only the services of college doctors and campus facilities while college is in session, but no off-campus facilities, consultants or surgeons.

Tuition and Fees
Assignment 1

You have been given a great deal of advice about going to college; how you can “make the best of it,” what meaning it can have for you in the future. Suppose someone said to you, quoting Oscar Wilde:

_The first duty in life is to assume a pose; what the second is no one has yet found out._

What pose (if any) or poses have you been urged to assume? What poses do you know how to assume? Do you think a man’s life should consist of assuming various poses? Do you see any alternative?

Assignment 2

Suppose everyone agreed with Oscar Wilde. Imagine a world in which everyone felt it was his first duty to wear a Mask or to assume a pose. Describe this world as fully as you can. How would people act and talk?

What sort of life do you imagine for yourself in such a world? How would you act and talk? Would you want to live in such a world?

Assignment 29

In 1858 Henry Adams wrote his brother about his plans for the future as follows:

_As for my plan of life, it is simple, and if health and the usual goods of life are continued to me, I see no reason why it should not be carried out in the regular course of events. Two years in Europe; two years studying law in Boston; and then I propose to emigrate and practice in St. Louis. What I can do there, God knows; but I have a theory that an educated and reasonably able man can make his mark if he chooses, and if I fail to make mine, why then—I fail and that’s all. I should do it anywhere else as well. But if I know myself, I can’t fail. I must, if only I behave like a gentleman and a man of sense, take a position to a certain degree creditable and influential, and as yet my ambition cannot see clearly enough to look further._

In what terms does Adams see the relations between himself, and his education and his future?

Do you see yourself in relation to your education and your future in terms that resembles Adams’ at all? Where do you find any similarity? Where do you see differences? How would you account for any differences you see?
The Man Who Let Us In: Dean Eugene Wilson and Admission to Amherst

Richard Todd '62

[As this reunion book goes to press, thousands of secondary school seniors are sweating out the process of being admitted to college. That process has now become big business, shaped by college guides and glossy publications, orchestrated by teams of administrators and counselors. Dick Todd reminds us about a different time when our admission to Amherst was orchestrated by a single person: Dean Eugene “Bill” Wilson. Despite the appearance of fashioning a class of “Amherst men,” Dean Wilson was laying the foundation for the present College for which the celebration and cultivation of diversity has become a core value.]

There was the mean dean, the lean dean, the green dean, and Dean Gene. “Dean Gene,” Eugene S. Wilson, changed the course of each of our lives, and he shaped the future of the college too. Wilson (actually known to his friends as Bill) served as Dean of Admissions from 1950 to 1975, during which time he maintained absolute authority over who got in. He went at the task with appetite and a sense of mission, and he had no false modesty about its significance. Asked at one point to move up to be Dean of the college he declined. Looking back he said, “I had a more important job than the president. Here you have someone who guarded the gate.”

To say that one went to Amherst in our era is to invite oneself to be seen as a type—probably rich, certainly preppy, a white and privileged young man. Well, we were all male, almost all white, and privileged to be there, but, if you think about it, we were a far more disparate lot than myth would have it. As memories in the run-up to the reunion have reminded us, it was in some ways a gloriously polyglot crowd that assembled in Amherst that fall of 1958. And we have Wilson to thank for that.

Wilson graduated with the class of ’29, and came back to the college in 1946 as Alumni Secretary, after a varied career in business and social activism. He was a Quaker, and during the war supervised a camp for conscientious objectors. In 1950, the incoming president, Charles Cole, asked him to be dean of admissions. So he was new at the game when he chose us, and the game itself was changing rapidly, in ways that foreshadowed the world as it is today.

We older graduates look at the youths who are admitted now—and at the many dazzlingly accomplished ones who are not—and we often say, “I couldn’t have gotten in today.” This is a seemly position to take, and it may well be right. Average test scores of entering freshman are some 60 points higher than ours were. Last year, just 15% of the applicants were admitted. But the college in 1958 was more selective than one might recall. About 24% of the applicants for our class were admitted. The admissions process of course was less formal and far less harrowing. Looking back (via the listserv) last spring, a number of us recalled being assured in an interview with Wilson, or later by a principal or guidance counselor, that we were “in,” even though formal announcement would not come until later. It’s clear that these informal (not to say covert) early admissions were a competitive strategy on Wilson’s part—and one employed elsewhere too, of course. (These were the days when Harvard and Yale divvied up the class at a school such as Groton.) Wilson’s openness encouraged many of us (me, for one) to seek no further.

What can look, from this distance, like the old-boy network looked much different at the time—today it be would be called “outreach,” and I think in fact that is a more accurate way of seeing it. Wilson was quite explicit about this in word and deed.
He took office determined to broaden the college’s reach, and he travelled extensively to schools across the country. “I realized we had to do everything we could to increase Amherst’s exposure to counselors, principals, and headmasters.” When he began, the college drew 65% of its students from private, 35% from public schools. During his time as dean the percentages reversed. He made himself something of a public figure, lecturing frequently at the schools he visited, publishing articles and two books. He developed trusted relationships with principals across the country—including five to whom he gave the assurance that any candidate they recommended without reservation he would take on their authority. The emphasis was on the search for unusual talent. George Rousseau recalls that his school, The High School of Performing Arts in New York, had never sent a student to Amherst. But when the principal contacted Wilson, he arranged at once for an interview with George; thus the world lost a concert pianist and gained a scholar.

Wilson was an early skeptic about the reliability of test scores. He wrote that he was less interested in intelligence quotient than in the “quest quotient.” People recall that in interviews with him they were amused or puzzled by the seeming randomness of the conversation. “He saw me reading the Red Badge of Courage in the waiting room and during my interview that’s all we talked about” “He was interested that I had hitchhiked across the country. I think that’s why I got in.”

That may be right. Wilson said about conventional interviews, “Forget it. Forget anything they say about themselves, unless it’s about something they have done” he was interested in “what excites them most in the world.” The New Curriculum posed particular challenges for admissions. Wilson wrote to principals explaining that many students who had done well in school so far were not suited to the rigors of a curriculum that asked people to think, not to memorize. He was especially proud of students with dubious records who flourished because of qualities he valued: “curiosity, industry, resolution, imagination.”
Wilson liked to say that he was not looking for "the well-rounded man," he was looking for the well-rounded class. In the context of the time, this was a statement with some resonance. For one thing, we represented the famous age of the silent generation, of much lamented "conformity," and Wilson signaled that he had a high tolerance, indeed an affection, for eccentrics. But the phrase had echoes that I didn't hear then. The "well-rounded man" suggested a traditional standard for college admissions—a beau ideal heavily influenced by WASP-y traits—that was a cloak for discrimination against Jews. A quota system for Jewish applicants survived at Ivy League schools well into the 50s. (The inglorious story is told in The Chosen by Jerome Karabel.)

Looking back after his retirement, Wilson recalled that when Cole offered him the job he had had only one question for the president. "No quotas?" he asked. Cole assured him, "Absolutely, no quotas." "Ok," Wilson said. "I'll take it."

Wilson recalled attending a conference of college administrators at which someone from Swarthmore asked him "What are you doing about the Jewish problem?" Wilson saw Jewish enrollment not as a problem but an opportunity. Amherst kept records in those days of religious affiliation. In the late forties Jewish students accounted for as little as 3 to 5 % of the school; by the first few years of Wilson's deanship the number had risen to an average of 15 to 20 %. He actively recruited from schools with significant Jewish populations. "The Ivies didn't go to New York public schools," Wilson said, "I did." The subsequent upsurge in Jewish enrollment was not without controversy at Amherst. Wilson recalled being confronted after a faculty meeting at which the Jewish enrollment numbers had been mentioned. "Three faculty (who shall remain nameless) came up to me and said, 'You're going to ruin this place.'" There was no suggestion that this represented the majority of sentiment on the campus, but (although it may be hard now to realize), Wilson's policies took courage. In any case, with Cole's backing, Wilson successfully walled off his turf. When faculty members wanted to participate in admissions discussions he told them that they were welcome to do so, but they must be willing to read all the folders not just a couple of hundred. That effectively discouraged them, and he proceeded on his own course, with the fairly distant governance of an advisory board.

The college has advanced in many wonderful ways since our time—notably the presence of women, and the racially mixed student body—but it has advanced in one unfortunate way as well: the steady upward march of tuition. Tuition and fees our freshman year amounted to $1732. This year: $54,098. To put this in some perspective—in our year, median U.S. household income stood at about $5600, and so tuition amounted to a little less than a third of that amount, expensive even then. But this year the tuition actually exceeded median household income by $4,000. More than half the families in America could commit every penny they earn and still not have enough to pay for a year of Amherst education. To put it another way: while income has increased by a factor of about 9 in fifty years, it is 31 times more expensive to go to Amherst now.*

We are cast, in the eye of popular culture, as rich kids, and some of us clearly were. But the college in memory seems a rather egalitarian place. Much of this, to be sure, was style. In conformist times it didn't take much to conform: some khakis and a couple of tweed jackets. No electronics, no bicycle togs, (no bicycles), no cars for freshman and sophomores, no restaurants. (Except The Colonial and Amchi.) Today's students are encouraged to celebrate their differences; we took pride in pretending to be alike. This was actually a source of some frustration to Bill Wilson. Always hoping to bring more variety to the mix, he complained wryly of students from blue collar families, that "they all wanted to be Amherst men." But matters of style aside, the fact is that a far larger proportion of American families could afford to send a student to Amherst than is the case today.

In our year about 30 % of the class was "on scholarship." The number is about 60% today. The total
budget for financial aid in our class was $75,000. The average financial aid package for a single student last year was $36,000. The college has gone to great, admirable and much publicized, lengths to assure a place for students from lower income families. But the gains in financial aid happen against the backdrop of one salient fact: that more than 40% of the students come from very prosperous families indeed, generally speaking from the top 1 or 2% of the wealth and income ladder. It is the paradoxical fact that wealth, apparent and actual, is more a presence on campus today than it was in our time. It seems safe to say that Wilson would chafe under these realities.

It is always entertaining to look at dramatic contrasts over time, but to do so is often to ignore how much of history is continuous. Amherst’s commitment to diversity is not the creature of recent administrations alone. It has its modern origins in Wilson and his era. A lot of us were “affirmative action” cases before the term existed—mostly of one race, to be sure, but bright boys of no particular provenance who would not have found our way to the college, had someone not been on the lookout for us.

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*Updating financial data*

1964-65 Tuition, Room and Board $2,350
1964 median household income $6,600
Allocated for financial aid 1964 $123,000
30% of students received financial aid, with the average award of $1,300.

2017-18 Tuition, Room, and Board $67,620
2016 median household income $57,617
Allocated for financial aid 2017: $50,000,000
55% of students receive financial aid, with the average award of $50,000.

*Reprinted with permission of Richard Todd ’62*
Amherst College has changed less these 50 years than might be guessed by the current generation of whippersnappers inhabiting the campus. Each year’s entering class, however more extraordinary than the year before, crosses the same Freshman Quad that we did in 1964. Each year students play and study under the Quad’s tall trees which, they may notice, are curiously arranged not like a forest but a boulevard. Inevitably they will find themselves in Johnson Chapel, looking still like 1964 and probably like 1932, when my father was a freshman. Or they will pause at the War Memorial, unsure if sitting on Belleau Wood is appropriate, and find themselves looking out over the valley and thinking long thoughts about what was preserved and how much can they make of it. They, too, will feel chosen by something other than the Office of Admissions.

This is the Amherst College you hardly notice on your way to class or during late night study sessions. This Amherst seems indifferent to your choice of major and doesn’t grade with letters or numbers that let you move on to a new course. But this is the Amherst College that silently insinuates itself beneath your skin. Whatever contributions you have made to your fellow humans, however pleased with your own accomplishments or the size of your bank account, most of us carry around from one day to the next the suspicion that we never quite measured up to this place.

Nothing unites us more. More than freshman 1-2 courses or having spent 4 years growing up together, we are united by having inhabited the Amherst campus. Some spirit of this place attached to us. And perhaps I would say for us, and only after all these years, that I understand what was meant by the Amherst Experience.
Liberal Education and Extracurricular Life

William E. Kennick

Two years ago Professor Kennick gave a Senior Chapel address in which he appealed for “disinterested intellectual excellence” and asserted that “the cultivation, training, and exercise of the intellect is the first and paramount value of a college.” The talk generated considerable discussion among students, alumni and others. This fall, in a morning assembly talk, Professor Kennick returned to this theme. Parts of the talk are reprinted below.

We like to think of Amherst as a first-rate liberal arts college, and we do not mind comparing ourselves favorably to the best such colleges in the world. But by what criterion shall we assess the relative merits of liberal arts colleges? How can we tell that one is better than another? Not, I should argue, by the number of millionaires and eminent men of affairs among a college’s alumni; nor by the number of its graduates who enter the professions; nor even simply by the excellence of its faculty and the courses they offer. Rather, it is by the quality of the intellectual life led by its alumni, traceable to the college’s shaping influence.

We have heard it said that the aim of a liberal education is to help a man become all that he is capable of becoming. Without important qualifications as to the potentialities in question, this simply will not do. There is hardly a man here who is not capable of becoming a competent plumber or bricklayer, filing clerk or soldier. But, however important these skills may be, their attainment is not the object of liberal education. And the same is true, by parity of reasoning, for the skills of the lawyer, the surgeon, the business executive, the professional writer or painter, and the teacher. Liberal education, in short, is not professional education of any kind; nor, except incidentally, is it pre-professional education of any kind. Its aim is the development of intellectual capacities and sensibilities, to help a man become all that he is intellectually capable of becoming.

Is education a preparation for life? The question is fatuous, but to those who insist on an answer to it I say that liberal education is a preparation for the intellectual life. By which, again, I do not mean that it is a preparation for the life of a professional intellectual, except incidentally. Paradoxical as it may sound, professional intellectuals—people who earn their livelihood as writers, artists, scientists, teachers, and so on—are sometimes among the least of intellectual men. The quality of life at which liberal education aims—that complex amalgam of wonder and analysis, contemplation and criticism, imagination and irony, and sensitivity to the unobvious meanings of things—is not the prerogative of any profession or caste; it is the birthright of all who are capable of enduring its pains and of enjoying its precious rewards.

But the acquisition of those habits of mind requisite for the permanent possession of this life (as opposed to the casual enjoyment or cynical but expedient affectation of it for four years) is not simply a function of one’s fulfillment of academic requirements: of grades earned, courses taken, examinations passed, and the rest. These things are important, and not only as “status symbols” or as keys to preferred professions and professional schools. The intellectual life requires discipline: discipline of reading, thinking, looking, listening, feeling, responding; and academic success is, or ought to be, a measure of one’s achievements of these disciplines. But a discipline acquired and not used is worthless. It is thus of utmost importance that disciplines learned be put to effective and continual use, and that this be done now; not in additional courses, with their built-in artificial motivations, but in your extra-curricular life. For once you are out of college, all life is extra-curricular, and unless firm habits of intellectual activity have by then been established, that life is likely to be as mindless as it would normally have been had you never had the advantages of an education at all. . . .

Too many of you tend to identify significant intellectual life exclusively with courses and their graded performances, i.e. with work, and that you therefore tend to look to non-intellectual pursuits for your pleasures. Regarding with suspicion or contempt the man who openly chooses not to follow suit. The result is that although there is more extra-academic intellectual activity at Amherst than many of you suppose, it is underground activity, with all of the limitations which that term connotes. The problem is to provide a context in which that activity can flourish freely and openly.

It may be that nothing can be done about this situation and that those of us who deplore it will just have to learn to live with it and make the best of it. Yet, despite the fact that I can see no promising signs of imminent remedy, I am sanguine enough to think that something can be done about it, but only if the students themselves recognize that there is a serious problem here and become sufficiently concerned to do something about it. This is not a problem to be solved simply by a piece of faculty legislation or by an edict of the Trustees. It calls for student initiative. Are we to expect the students to be more conservative here than their elders? I invite your serious concern with this issue and your suggestions, however impious, for its solution.
Composition for 50th Reunion

Felix Springer

I wanted this to be a reflective feel-good piece, but at this point in our country’s political history—January 11, 2018 one day after Trump’s “shithole countries” remark—I can’t do it. I feel much of what I cherish about my Amherst experience—among the most vibrant and meaningful memories in my life—is under siege by the right most venally but also by the left.

The Amherst I cherish starts with my first paper for English I when Bill Pritchard filled the margin with “cant.” It continued until Ben DeMott’s comments at the department’s oral review of my senior honors thesis when he pointed to a particularly vacuous, albeit self-important, sentence and said, “Mr. Springer, whatever station in life you attain, I want you to wear that sentence as a button on your lapel.” I suppose in retrospect I should have been flattered that he thought I might attain some station. But, as Bill Pritchard put it in English Papers, “By your sentences shall ye be known, and by them only.” And boy did the sting of their inadequacy find its mark.

And so this was and is my Amherst—a place of rigor and high standards that venerated care, thoughtfulness and the true. The truth of the thing, the truth of the situation, and the truth of the written word with a grudging appreciation of its limitations as well as of irony and ambiguity. Trump’s scorn for the truth and truthfulness is a Proustian window to memories of the true and the rigorous at Amherst. It was everywhere.

It was in the Darp’s telling another coach “get him (pointing to me) the hell out of there” during a practice drill when I didn’t use a hand-held dummy to provide sufficient resistance to a pulling guard. If English 1 was about effective and authentic communication, Darp would have aced the course. It was in George Kateb waxing euphoric but also precise and eloquent about the Federalist Papers and the magical point in history when a few brilliant men confronted forthrightly the big issues that form the foundation of our democracy. It was in Arnie Arons’s class on “shooting the bull” as we all anticipated and then applauded the “aha” moment when, with mathematical precision and aplomb, the bull was shot.

And there was yet another significant but unspoken lesson in rigor and the true in English 1. It is a truth I appreciate more now than then but one I am sure had an effect. It was the enormous commitment and discipline of the English faculty to read and comment with discernment in the margins and more fully at the end on papers from two sections (usually 18-20 students) three times a week for eleven weeks of the semester. As well as to conduct three classes a week based on excerpts they selected from those papers. A Bill Belichickian model of doing your job for both faculty and students. No excuses accepted.

I know we all shared and appreciated many such moments. We took our education seriously even though, for the most part, we didn’t take ourselves too seriously. Both our classes and classmates scrubbed our egos relentlessly albeit often playfully. That playful vigorous scrubbing of egos seemed to me a necessary component of the search for the true thing in a situation and in the language used. Such searches have given way to an advocacy for “safe spaces” and “trigger warnings” at many institutions of higher education, including places like Amherst.

Advocates of such concepts seem to me ultimately advocates of intolerance—intolerant of ideas and arguments that they deem offensive. And lost in the intolerance is the freedom to argue for beliefs that may be offensive as well as challenging. English 1, if it valued anything, valued the use of language to explore the limits of understanding “stuff” without the fear of offense, both by critic and writer, by teacher and student. English 1 comments like “This paper should cause you to reexamine your reasons for being here” would now be anathema. I thought I was being taught that true judgment cannot be made or learned when offense is readily taken and one opts out of the challenge of confronting and exploring ideas hostile to one’s own.

And I now imagine English 1 assignments addressed to the left and right that seek to get at language used in the service of ideology and not as a vehicle to gain an understanding of the truth of a matter. Assignments for the right: What is fake news and how do you know it? Cite examples. Can one trust someone who calls himself a “stable genius?” Why or why not? Assignments for the left: Do trigger warnings protect or harm those who seek protection? Why or why not? Cite examples. Does the use of the term micro-aggression protect against or serve to foster intolerance? Cite examples.

So oddly this has ended up being a nostalgic feel-good piece—about a place, an education and a time that meant so much to me and now feels lost in both a culture and a political world I little comprehend. It will be good to reflect on all that with classmates at the 50th reunion, and I know it will be fun too.
Hey, Abbott. Have you seen the Playbill? What’s the deal with this “Temps Perdu”? Are we doing a benefit or a public service announcement or an ad for the chicken guy? Is he even still alive?

No, No. It’s “pair doo,” not “per dew.” Anyway, the chicken guy spells his name with an “e” at the end. And didn’t you see the italics?

Italics? Are we working with Sinatra again?

No, No. I said “italics,” not “Italians.”

Oh, so we aren’t working with Sinatra again. Is he even still alive?

No, No. Look, Lou. The title in the Playbill is an allusion.

An illusion? The magic kind or the magic mushroom kind?

Not IL-lusion, AL-lusion. You know, a reference to something else.

OK, so what’s Temps Perdu a reference to?

A book by a French guy a long time ago. The full title is A la recherché du temps perdu and that means, approximately, In search of lost time.

Lost time, eh. Well, we’ve lost a lot of time in our time. All those arguments about the baseball players, just to take an example. Is that what you mean?

Probably not, though you can never tell with these high-brows. It’s more about times that are gone and irrecoverable. The whole novel – and it’s a long one – is about recovering memories of times that are gone.

So what’s this got to do with us?

Well, you wondered whether the two Franks – Perdue and Sinatra – were still alive. Well, they’re not. Dead as the dodo, both of them. But we are too!

So how can we be talking with each other if we’re dead? Are we in The Good Place?

Watch those italics, Lou; not everyone has Netflix! And, no, nobody’s called about a guest spot in The Good Place, though it would probably suit us.

So we’re dead, but our patter isn’t, and so, sort of but not really, we’re still here! But where’s here? What’s on first?

Now don’t start that again. Who’s on first; what’s on second.

I’m only asking because I don’t know.

I don’t know’s on third.

So this is a three-acter?

Well, we’ll see. Do you remember Orson Welles?

Sure. We did a send-up of that War of the Worlds radio broadcast of his. (I think our version was better.)

Anyway, our amanuensis is going to offer some reflections on The Magnificent Ambersons as a way of exemplifying some of the issues around lost time.

A Man U … what! Are we doing English football jokes now?

No, no. An amanuensis is someone who assists with the artistry. Let’s give him a chance, OK?

The Magnificent Ambersons, the second film Orson Welles made for RKO studios, provides a number of perspectives on how times might be lost and yet can still be portrayed in some way, reconstructed from fragments, cast into sharper focus by changes that have largely destroyed what went before.

Ambersons is thematically, topically, about lost time and indeed begins with reflections on precisely our topic. “The magnificence of the Ambersons began in 1873. Their splendor lasted throughout all the years that saw their Midland town spread and darken into a city. In that town in those days all the women who wore silk or velvet knew all the other women who wore silk or velvet, and everybody knew everybody else’s horse-and-carriage. The only public conveyance was the streetcar. A lady could whistle to it from an upstairs window, and the car would halt at once and wait for her while she shut the window, put on her hat and coat, went downstairs, found an umbrella, told the ‘girl’ what to have for dinner, and came forth from the house. Too slow for us nowadays, because the faster we’re carried the less time we have to spare. But in those days they had time for everything…."

This is a lost time, a time that can only be described, and, as the years go by, with decreasing plausibility to readers or auditors whose own consciousness is, circa 1968 or 2018, so distant from the times described that the matter
becomes anthropology rather than recollection. The Ambersons are an exotic cohort with whom intelligible discourse would be practically impossible for us ... their values; their taken-for-granted about the social world; their very understanding of their own position in that world ... these render them less sympathetic and less relatable to even Welles’s original intended audience of 1942 and, a fortiori, to us in 2018.

Welles was displaying as a sort of antique curiosity the turn-of-the-century world of the Ambersons, on the cusp of the great revolution being wrought by the automobile, the telephone and electric lighting.

There are analogies to our own situation. Growing up at a time when Dick Tracy’s wrist radio was a fantasy, I am wearing a wrist telephone (thank you, Apple!) as I write these words. I wrote my PhD dissertation on a portable typewriter and now command, at my desktop and on my phone, more computing power than existed in the world in the late 1950s. Do you remember punching cards with lines of Fortran instructions and waiting to see whether the batch would process? This was in the Converse basement, and the computer was the size of a Volkswagen. Then there is feminism. And race politics. Some of these are still with us, only in some parts of our societies fully digested and incorporated into the sinews of our collective being. The world of our youth, our world together in our youth, is lost like the world of silk and velvet and horse-drawn street cars.

There is another sense in which Welles’s Ambersons is a story of lost time.

Welles had final cut, complete control of the release print of the films he made for RKO. Having completed shooting and rough-cut editing of the film, Welles departed for Rio de Janeiro, where he had been sent on a good will mission connected with the war effort by Nelson Rockefeller, then Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. While Welles was en route, previews of Ambersons were received with mixed responses, and the film was re-cut to provide a “happy ending” (by Robert Wise, subsequently the director of West Side Story). That version was released, contrary to the terms of Welles’s contract. If you’ve seen the movie, that was the version you’ve seen, because the materials deleted from the Wise-edited version were destroyed. Not a frame of the extracted footage is known to survive. The only surviving record of the 131-minute version of the film is a cutting-continuity document.

What’s the difference between a document and a film made to the specifications of that document, as in the original cut Welles approved? What’s been lost in the destruction of the film into which the document was translated? These are questions we can ask about our own lost times. We have documents. Some of us have more than others. I personally have almost nothing pre-1984. What happens when we look at old pictures or read old essays or diary entries? Why isn’t -- or how is -- what happens then a recovery of lost time?

Lou Well, for one thing, the guy in the picture has hair and you don’t. And he’s thin, and you’re fat.
Bud Are you done?
Lou Well, maybe he’s done ... you know, the amanuensis. Maybe he should just quit. This is getting a little too airy-fairy for my taste.
Bud So, what would you like to do instead?
Lou Couldn’t we go back to the patter?

Samuel Beckett loved the patter, and indeed wrote some of the best:

Gogo Where do we come in?
Didi Come in?
Gogo Take your time.
Didi Come in? On our hands and knees.
Gogo As bad as that?
Didi Your Worship wishes to assert his prerogatives?
Gogo We’ve no rights anymore?
Didi We got rid of them.
Beckett had the same playful approach as Bud and Lou to what are basically arithmetical or logical or algebraic games. In the novel *Molloy*, the narrator describes his attempts to ensure that he systematically exploits the store of stones, kept in the pockets of his overcoat, on which he likes to suck. Beckett is describing a wholly abstract situation in which meaning is nevertheless made and time is passed. Imagine Lou doing this routine.

*I took advantage of being at the seaside to lay in a store of sucking-stones. I distributed them equally between my four pockets, and sucked them turn and turn about. This raised a problem which I first solved in the following way. I had, say, sixteen stones, four in each of my four pockets these being the two pockets of my trousers and the two pockets of my greatcoat. Taking a stone from the right pocket of my greatcoat, and putting it in my mouth, I replaced it in the right pocket of my greatcoat by a stone from the right pocket of my trousers, which I replaced by a stone from the left pocket of my trousers, which I replaced by a stone from the left pocket of my greatcoat, which I replaced by the stone which was in my mouth, as soon as I had finished sucking it. Thus there were still four stones in each of my four pockets, but not quite the same stones. And when the desire to suck took hold of me again, I drew again on the right pocket of my greatcoat, certain of not taking the same stone as the last time.*

You can make meaning out of any activity – even sucking on stones – provided that you contrive a system for the governance of that activity. The meaning is not found in something *outside* the activity. There is nothing of the transcendent here.

What can be lost, then, in times that are lost, are the concrete and specific details around which people spin themes and topics – the silk and velvet and the street cars. What can’t be lost is the fundamental apparatus by which meaning is always made, even in those cases where, because so much has accreted from the process, the apparatus itself has receded out of view.

Are we still, in our eighth decade, making meaning? That all depends.

**Lou** Do you remember meeting Elvis?
**Bud** Sure. It was at the Danny Thomas benefit for St Jude’s in Memphis in 1957.
**Lou** He loved you, you know.
**Bud** The first movie he ever saw was *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein*.

As the Welles pastiche and the Frankenstein movie show, Bud and Lou put things together that don’t seem to belong together, like comedy and algebra, or comedy and the end of the world. That, too, is something about meaning-making that’s worth reflecting on. Elvis listened to *everything*. Gospel, blues, country, Dean Martin. It was all the same to him. And everything could be put together with everything else. Elvis was, like Dylan and (wait for it) Tiny Tim, a musical jukebox, but, more importantly, again like Dylan, a musical syncretist.

**Lou** I’m glad you reminded me how much Elvis liked me.
**Bud** He liked me too! But not as much. But, hey, that’s the fate of the straight man.
**Lou** I asked about this being a three-acter. We’ve had Orson Welles, Samuel Beckett, and Elvis Presley. Are we done?
**Bud** Elvis has left the building.
**Lou** It always made me sad when I heard that.
**Bud** Well, he may have left the building, Lou, but that’s just a physical thing, and we’re not even physical beings anymore, so who cares?! The more important point is that what were in the building – the techniques and tricks of meaning-making – are still there, wherever ‘there’ is.

**Lou** Who was it who said, “Be here now”?
**Bud** Richard Alpert, or Ram Dass, as he came to call himself. He went to high school in Easthampton.
**Lou** I didn’t know that. The Valley, toujours the Valley. Are we there yet?
**Bud** Where’s there? And what do you mean “yet”?
Gogo: You say we have to come back tomorrow?
Didi: Yes.
Gogo: Then we can bring a good bit of rope.
Didi: Yes.
Gogo: Didi.
Didi: Yes.
Gogo: I can’t go on like this.
Didi: That’s what you think.
Gogo: If we parted? That might be better for us.
Didi: We’ll hang ourselves tomorrow. Unless Godot comes.
Gogo: And if he comes.
Didi: We’ll be saved.
Gogo: Well? Shall we go?
Didi: Pull on your trousers.
Gogo: What?
Didi: Pull on your trousers.
Gogo: You want me to pull off my trousers?
Didi: Pull ON your trousers.
Gogo: True.
Didi: Well? Shall we go?
Gogo: Yes, let’s go.
   They do not move.

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.
The Class of 1968

Amherst College

Alumni Submissions
I never fulfilled a high-school promise to my parents that I would go to Penn Med after Amherst. Two College mentors suggested another career path—once I admitted that I had no stomach for Biology 1. At our first American Studies meeting Professor Ward said that he was happy—a trait neither Dad nor his successful friends claimed. I asked Ward after class what made him happy. “I am hooked on the power of ideas,” he said. Later, Bill Wilson showed me how to be playfully serious while conducting college tours. By the end of our sophomore year, I seized on the importance of being a successful, happy grown-up. I set sights on a career in higher education.

Grad school was not immediately in the cards in 1968. After a year in Greece and another at Penn, I was drafted. I became a field instructor in Fort Sill, a site Professor Commager would have bemoaned not simply because The New York Times arrived there four days after publication. The Army taught me things about race, class, and privilege. And I imagined a professional niche for myself: Why not become a pioneer by interpreting U.S. old-age history through the Great Depression. In interviews Ivy League professors scoffed at my youthful presumptiveness. So did my father. Undeterred, my wife and I moved to The University of Michigan, known for its strong history and gerontology programs.

Those four years of study in Ann Arbor were among my happiest. Having nearly completed my dissertation, I went job hunting; that event occasioned another critical moment in my professional development. An editor who liked the manuscript promised significant royalties if I were to extend my narrative to the present. I was unpersuaded. Without missing a beat, that editor wondered why I had so little interest in discovering what happened to older Americans after 1940. Taking a vow of poverty was one thing, but I was no Luddite. The editor’s advice made sense.

Thus I embarked on a second career in gerontology without rightly completing the history doctorate. Having never studied 20th century Americana, I feverishly delved into relevant policy studies and the mushrooming literature on current aging. In a matter of weeks I cut the 750-page dissertation in third and appended a chapter-long postscript dealing with contemporary trends in aging. I would spend the next forty years revising that postscript, to take account of recent developments and my own reflections on aging. The success of Old Age in the New Land spawned five more books. As I expanded my boundaries between aging and the humanities, I was invited to serve on age-related civic and philanthropic blue-ribbon panels.

I first taught at Canisius College. My department chair recommended eschewing magisterial teaching styles I had learned at Amherst and Michigan in order to meet the needs of first-generation undergraduates in Buffalo. My wife, two daughters, and I next spent seven years at Carnegie Mellon, where I helped to refurbish the undergraduate curriculum. In 1987 I returned to the University of Michigan as a professor of history and deputy director of the Institute of Gerontology.

At forty I seemed at the top of the world—but not for long. Within a year my brother died, followed by deaths of a friend and then a mentor. Growing older had not prepared me for others dying young. Grief precipitated a breakdown and a diagnosis of bipolarity. I henceforth wore a mask unlike any typed in English 1; suddenly I was a liminal figure intellectually and personally. There was an upside: I had nothing to lose. Dusting myself off, I still had lots to learn and offer. Eventually I moved to Houston, a diverse city in a deep-red Republic, where happily I taught, survived cancer, and most importantly remarried. Now I struggle with several chronic ailments yet remain at heart a sophomore continually delighting in discovering ideas that matter.

Like many of you, I suspect, this essay abounds ironies and contingencies. A well-known gerontologist, still grappling with the mysteries of aging and dying, I celebrate the advantages of liminality. Although I never attracted audiences who preferred Black and gender studies or Queer theory more than gerontology, I have been privileged to wrestle with meanings in life—on my own disillusioned terms—as I sought to make a difference. Amherst helped in differentiating excellence and elitism. It laid the foundation for me to savor and treasure relationships along a rich pathway of experiences.

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TRAVELING PERSPECTIVES

For the almost 50 years since our graduation, my life has been filled with traveling and living abroad. It began with a tour of Europe that led me to Paris to learn French, go to medical school, pursue a career in the pharmaceutical industry and have a family. I frequently traveled to northern Europe, North America, and South Africa on business. There were numerous vacation trips to neighboring European countries, North Africa, India, and Southeast Asia. After retiring in 2006, I returned to India and Southeast Asia to live and continue my travels both in the region and in West Africa. I am based in Bangkok now, but I return to France on a regular basis to spend time with my three great kids and three grandchildren.

If there has been one constant over this 50-year span, it has been learning. There has been academic coursework during my studies of French, medicine, business, and TOEFL, guided learning for Vipassana meditation, Tai Chi, and photography - my most avid pastime - and the method of sheer trial and error that I have used for activities ranging from home renovation, furniture design, and French cooking to record producing.

The types and scope of these types of learning experiences are not generic to my travels, although the teaching of some of these subjects is more readily available in areas such as India or Southeast Asia. Traveling and living in these foreign lands has led to extended visits in lesser known areas and mingling with local populations. By leaving the United States, I forwent the comfort zone of knowing the people, civilization, and customs that had accompanied me during my younger days.

A primary need and challenge were to adapt. Learning French was capital if I was to remain in France. At the time, very few people spoke English there. Without a language, I would in some ways be even less intelligent than a native 5-year old. There have been times when I have had to modify my behavior in certain situations because failing to do so could be socially unacceptable or even hamper daily functioning. In Bangkok, taking the overhead transport is a very civil affair. People patiently wait in line behind the clearly marked “enter” arrows on the platform and only enter the wagon when passengers have descended from the Skytrain. This same civility is present at counters in stores. Patience is both a virtue and an obligation, and detours from this are clearly frowned upon. What a contrast to India where queues have no apparent relevance; pushing and shoving to get to the ticket counter and to enter public transportation are the rule. The same for trying to obtain service at a store. What to do? If you want to accomplish your mission, the adage applies: “When in Rome...” Another example: the volume of one’s speech in public places. Thais are very shy and private and do not air their conflicts in public. In contrast to Americans who have no hesitation raising their voices and speaking enthusiastically, Thais speak very quietly. Louder speech is construed as being argumentative and constitutes a source of embarrassment. Consequently, I quickly learned to lower the tone of my voice.

Adaptation has also involved changing my attitudes and acceptance of both myself and others. Some principles of Buddhist philosophy have crept into my own views. When I came to Asia in 2006, it was a period of self-doubt. I wondered if I could overcome the problems that were troubling me and move on. In Mumbai, an Indian friend gave me a wonderful, but very simple, piece of wisdom. The one factor that prohibits change is the fear of change. If nothing else, life is change – constant change, and there is no single element in our universe that escapes this law. That advice quickly lifted a very heavy yoke, and allowed me to move on and find new friends and activities with renewed confidence.

During these past 50 years, I have had my close encounters of a third kind - not with aliens from outer space, but from close relationships with people whose backgrounds and life have been a far cry from my own. Those encounters added new dimensions to my understanding of others and allowed me to live experiences that were far beyond what I could have believed possible.

As I look back, life has been generous to me. There have been moments of happiness and joy and others of sorrow and sadness. It’s been a roller-coaster of a ride, but I don’t regret buying a ticket and hopping aboard.

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Russell Lawton Allen

Things most thankful for in my life since Amherst:

1. The many blessings from God which led me to convert to the Catholic Church and to have had a blessed marriage with my wife Claudette, which also led to our two wonderful sons.

2. Learning about the Enneagram which enabled me to better understand and accept myself and others with differing personalities, and which provided helpful direction to greater happiness and wholeness.

3. Having my family be blest by both MDs and medical practitioners who used contact reflex analysis/applied kinesiology to diagnose our son’s case of advanced Lyme Disease and led all of us to improved health and wellness.

4. The gift of strong critical analytical and strategic thinking skills from my time at Amherst and Harvard Business School which enabled me to guide the successful business strategy development and partnering efforts at several biopharmaceutical firms in my roles as a strategic planning and business development executive. Over the course of my career I was also fortunate to have had the opportunity to help raise over a quarter of a billion dollars in funding for early stage biopharmaceutical firms via product and technology partnering initiatives.

5. The joy of music which continues to enrich and bring joy to my life. After a background in classical music and an exhilarating transition into jazz, my work in founding and leading the Amherst Jazz Orchestra remains something I am deeply grateful for – with a love to this day for music – especially modern jazz – albeit as a listener.

6. The personal satisfaction and joy from gardening and volunteering activities. Following my biopharmaceutical business career, my love for growing daylilies led me to spend the last four years as President of the Connecticut Daylily Society. I recently passed on the leadership reins of the CDS and have been elected to be a Director of the American Daylily (Hemerocallis) Society responsible for marketing related efforts in support of what we regard as the most rewarding perennial flower one can grow in North America. My daylily gardens currently have about 300 different plants out of the 85,000+ registered daylily cultivars.

7. I am also most grateful for the opportunity to help found the Guilford Job Network which helps local job seekers find new jobs by holding meetings with guest speakers who are experts on one or more elements of the challenging job search process. We have had over 500 job seekers participate in our meetings over the past half dozen years.

8. Favorite Author: Wilbur Smith (South African fiction writer)


10. Current favorite (mainly big band) jazz artists: Roy Hargrove, Maria Schneider, John Coltrane, Thad Jones/Mel Lewis, Keith Jarrett, Bob Mintzer, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra, and Peter Sprague.

Most disappointed by since Amherst: a) persons who don’t have a clue about the importance of political culture, lessons from US history, and sustainable beneficial economic policies which enabled the U.S. to rise to worldwide greatness (suggest you read Why Nations Fail). And, b) leaders including those in education who don’t appear to have a clue about the joys of living a faith-filled life, and who appear quite content to lead young people to adopt questionable lifestyles based on political correctness run amuck.

Future plans: I’d like to eventually register several new daylilies, go with my wife on more Holland America cruises, and spend more time with my family.

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John Amsterdam

Editor's Note:

John's passages at Amherst and post-Amherst are depicted in the Classmate of the Month video series, archived on the Class of '68 Homepage housed on the College alumni website.
Hello Amherst! Do you remember me? I am that quiet guy from a working class family out of East Haven, Connecticut. I came to you in August of 1964 full of hopes and aspirations. In high school I had been an academic achiever with high honors, a class officer, a football quarterback, and a point guard on a championship basketball team. I was hopeful of success at Amherst College.

My housing was room 208 of Morrow Dormitory. I still remember looking out the window and watching my parents drive away upon my delivery that August day. The dormitory was right next to Valentine Hall, a quick walk for meals.

I made friends from Morrow, including Bill Brooks, Larry Layne, Jim Brent, Bill Rhodes, Steve Anderson and Ed Savage. I have some not so pleasant memories of running up and down Memorial Hill with the freshman football team. I also have some great memories of the dorm, the classrooms, the professors, the fields and courts, the fraternities, Valentine Hall, Johnson Chapel, Frost Library, and the atmosphere of the campus.

Amherst taught me a thing or two, or three or four. I quickly realized that I was among some of the brightest classmates and demanding professors. It was shocking, but also exhilarating and challenging. I knew I was not the standout I had been in high school. I was just one of seven quarterbacks on the freshman football team, and one of many guards on the freshman basketball team. The infamous Core Curriculum was a huge obstacle for me. By the end of my freshman year I was on academic probation.

I had pledged and been admitted to Theta Delta Chi fraternity. As my time at Amherst proceeded, I learned to cope and survive the demanding intellectual challenges. I did not continue with sports, something I regret. I took a night job as a desk clerk at a motel to help fund my education. By the time of graduation I even earned an award for academic achievement (probably more in recognition of the depths from which I had begun, than from any lofty goals actually achieved).

In 1967 I was worried about the rumors that grad school deferments might be eliminated. In the summer of 1967, I put my name on the list for every military reserve unit I could locate in Connecticut and Massachusetts. Two weeks into the 1967 fall semester of my senior year, I received a phone call from the U.S. Marine Corps unit in Springfield, Massachusetts. It had an opening for me. I accepted, dropped out of Amherst, and went on to basic training. Six months later I returned to Amherst College and spent the spring with my classmates. By then grad school deferments had ended. Many of my 1968 classmates, faced with the Vietnam situation, chose to enter OCS while some sought refuge in Canada. We all dealt with Vietnam in our own ways. I returned to Amherst College for my senior year in the fall of 1968, and am technically a graduate with the class of 1969 (although I still consider myself among the class of 1968).

What has transpired in my life since Amherst? I served another five and one half years in the U.S. Marine Corps Reserves. I was extremely lucky since back then it was rare that reserve units were called up for active duty. That extreme fortune revealed itself when the lottery system went into effect and my lucky number turned out to be "Four". So I was able to put my six years of service in while I completed my second senior year at Amherst College and then went on to complete law school.

I met and married the woman of my dreams (the former Anne Murray -no not the singer - the teacher). We had three wonderful children, and now have six grandchildren. I had a successful career in law in Connecticut. I practiced law for thirty-eight years until 2010, when some health concerns for Anne caused me to retire. Anne and I are both retired now, and we enjoy our times with our children and grandchildren. I continue to enjoy sports, playing basketball with a group of seniors three days each week. I also do some bicycling and tennis. Anne and I both enjoy reading. We live in a wonderful beach community on Long Island Sound, and we try to head south as “snow birds” most winters.

So Amherst College, you were good for me. You challenged me and taught me to persevere. My college friends remain close even now. While I was just one of so many to pass through your dorms, classrooms, halls and fields, I will always cherish my time and memories of you.

With Fond Memories, Dennis Anderson, Class of 1968/69

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26. I make good money work hard, but create less. One day I see Gehbacher's face
and I feel inside... "Now, you can go." I plan and go on a 25 day trip to and
through the USSR. I finish in Scandinavia, to soften my return.
27. Summer 1988 on the trip, I visit Vilnius, Lithuania - my Grandfather's home,
I meet a Holy Man - love surrounds me and I know Subud will come to this
place - the sky is full of light, clouds dance.
28. 1990. Bored with NYC work, I go live in Poland, near Szczecin. Sidewalk
Capitalism begins to end. I am a spiritual detective. Times are changing. I
learn some useful lessons - little did I know I would soon be living in Eastern
Europe
29. Autumn 1990 Back in the USA, I quit New York, go back to Austin. Berlin
Wall falls. I paint houses and apartments again. More powerful and personal
experience continues to unfold my un-family life, though this too is a suffering.
30. Looking back gentlemen, I ask forgiveness, for the idiot I was, at Amherst,
though I do forgive myself. I was simply looking for life, love and a good sense
da humor.
get with her to Ukraine. After fighting the idea, I finally get it –
Go To Ukraine and Talk about Subud! Eureka!!
32. May 1992. There were 9 of us – "Network of Healers” – so-called. Each of
us presented something one, Reiki, another, Rebirthing, Hypnotherapy,
Meditation, etc. Me? Subud. Google it, if you like.
33. The rest is history, me running around Ukraine, Subud spreads – Kiev,
Cherkassy, Kharkov, Dnep, Belaya Tserkov, good people, a communal place,
unlike our own beard of Self – the USA.
34. Precious quiet and silence, heavenly earth, spiritual sea, air so pure it heals all
illness, hard to believe something so valuable exists and is free. And so simple,
it glides right by.
35. Gimme gimme good lovin’, all of the time, jube box blares, we dance, brace
yourself, brothers, there’s an event coming our way. It’s the 50th.
36. Trump, Yemen, No. Korea, guerilla groups, refugees, mass killings, sex scandals.
Stay calm.
37. The dust is coming, to envelop us all, your job? Become very very small, and fall
with me down the rabbit hole, love is all there is, it’s really worth mentioning.
38. Find your joy and spread it, today! And, if you got it already, you are a lucky
man.
39. Last cool thing I did was collect money for Syrian refugee kids, so they could
claim theirhoods, I sent them toys. My intention - to help these
innocents, victims of this world – religion, money, weapons, power. It’s clear as
day.
40. What are we doing here ? On this island earth ? Are we Hamlets? Fawning
Lords ? Prophets of some sort? No, none of these. We are here to make joy,
silly! Get on about this business, as soon as you can. There’s no time to waste.
41. So partially, I got it right, way back when, we were freshmen, fresh men, in
our dorms. We drank the air of joy that blew across our campus, or not. Some
just got down to work, lasers cutting through the late 60’s. Me? I loved being
free.
42. I’ve seen most of the COTM videos. I binge watched. Many – brilliant,
expressive, brought up all that old stuff, Four Tops, juke boxes, those years,
very personal, some sadness, regret, old joy – we dance around a little tree at
dawn. Thank you.
43. I’m amazed life now is so placid, with only the occasional explosion. This
America with its teams and stadiums, filled to capacity, everyone texting their
ass off; this America, with its strange brand of violence.
44. 2004. Innsbruck, Austria. Subud World Congress. I become an "International
Helper", my area, North and South America. My Spanish improves. I let go of
everything, constantly, who knows what that means? I am inscrutable.
45. The past 15 years, I have managed my counsins’ on-line toy company, Zero Toys;
this started with care for my mother Ida, what an honor, 3 years, pancreatic
cancer killed her.
46. Somehow, I am led like a patient trusting bull, towards the woman of my
dreams. Perhaps now I can dream optimally, so far so good.
47. At a Subud retreat near Kiev, Ukraine, in a deep moment, my father by ESP
talks with me. "This is great," he says, "why didn’t you tell me about this?"
He asks. At this hour, he died in a Boston hospital. The news came. We drank
wine.
48. What do I do in my spare time? Read, write, play piano, watch a lot of movies,
play scrabble, do evil Sudoku, go to Ukraine, dream of a better world, love.
49. Well, here we are at the 50th. I look forward to seeing all the faces and hearing
some of the stories, 50 years later. See you in 5 1/2 months.

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THE AMHERST EXPERIENCE- "They were the best of times, they were the worst of times"

English I- “was English my second language at home”
Physics I- “I have no magic wand” - guess who!
Freshman Football- left knee injury Williams’s game --DONE
Freshman Baseball- can’t run, became a pitcher, worked out well.

Amherst, for me, was not about the rich and varied academics offered, but it was about the people I came to know. Differing backgrounds, life experiences and opinions helped to broaden my own. An exchange of ideas, without preconditions, had its effect on my growth and helped shape my future. I survived the rigors of academia, graduated (Yes I Did)- on to medical school, internship, orthopedic residency, US Navy and finally to Albuquerque, New Mexico.

A partner in my life, who was always there for me, is my wife Karen. A beautiful and accomplished person, she managed to be a Mother, RN (30 years in hospitals) and a teacher of nursing for the last 10 years. She is also my best friend !! Extremely proud. Likewise, I am extremely proud of our 5 children and 7 grandkids. All are part of a diverse, yet close family. A family that was instrumental in helping me overcome the loss of my Dad at age 48 to cancer, my brother at age 50 to MS and my Mom to Alzheimer’s disease.

Albuquerque is a unique multi-cultural society that has allowed me to achieve my life goals. My orthopedic practice allowed me to treat anyone who came thru my doors. The ability to pay was not a criterion for care. Sports medicine and hand surgery got me to retirement after 37 years in practice. I miss my staff and patients, but not what medical care has become. The opportunity arose for me to coach High School Baseball, which I did for 10 years. This position allowed me to get back to another part of my life, and I enjoyed it tremendously. Success on the field translated to success in life. I had the opportunity to coach future doctors, lawyers, academics and community leaders (Also 1 pro ballplayer)

I have no regrets, all in all not bad for a Kid from Brooklyn.

The Ball Extended Family

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Looking back over my life to when I was at Amherst, I wish I could do it over again. Perhaps with what I know now, do a better job of it this time. Most importantly, Amherst provided me with the skill of critical thinking, which has served me well over all these years. While at Amherst I was “encouraged” to take a year off, since I seemed to be lacking motivation with regard to academics. During that year I worked for a congressman, then joined the Marine Corps Reserves. Definitely a motivational experience. This was, as we all remember, during the Vietnam War. I was in the Marines for six years. What bothered me during that time, and still does, is that while I remained stateside in the reserves, the company I trained with went to Vietnam and most did not come back. They were “thrown into the breach” along the DMZ. The recent Vietnam War documentary on Public Television closely paralleled what we studied at Amherst. It also brought back a lot of memories – none of them good.

I spent almost a decade in Wyoming, backpacked through the Tetons and Wind River Range and some excursions to Central Colorado. I worked as a ski instructor at Jackson Hole Ski Area and acquired my PSIA Certification there. When we had time off from ski instructing, we would go backpacking on cross country skis in Yellowstone and camp by hot springs. In the summer I worked for the Forest Service. I was given a Federal license to drive a Forest Service truck with a job description of doing anything they needed done; building buckrail fence, maintaining roads, planting trees, cutting trees that were damaged or too close together. Became very adept with a chain saw. When there was a forest fire we stopped everything, grabbed fire gear, went off to fight the fire. This was perhaps a little more excitement than I signed up for. The hardest part of fighting a forest fire is the constant heat, like standing too close to a bonfire. I also did a lot of rafting, canoeing, kayaking and climbing. I remember climbing down into an ice cave through very narrow passage ways and suddenly coming into a cairn covered with ice crystals of all shapes and sizes. Just the light from my headlamp lit it up like a chandelier.

Eventually my wife Patsy and I moved back to St. Louis where we had both grown up. Patsy was a Smithie, and some of you may remember her when I dated her at Amherst. We had three “gifted” children, a daughter and two sons. My daughter has provided me three beautiful granddaughters, but lives in California, so we don’t get to see nearly enough of them. When my sons joined Boy Scouts, I became an assistant scoutmaster and have continued all these years, although I’m not very active now. I just enjoy the kids; they make me laugh. It is also fun to teach them, like how to measure the height of a tree.

My professional life was in the arena (more like a circus) of commercial construction, employed as a project manager and account executive. It was then that I devised Eldon’s (my middle name) Corollary to Murphy’s Law, which is "anything that will go wrong, will get worse". I remained in the construction business until 1990 when commercial construction in St. Louis came to a grinding halt. I then took up a new vocation as a commercial real estate appraiser. This necessitated going back to school, learning about discounted cash flows, mortgage calculations, depreciation, market economics, data analysis, demographics, et cetera.

While at Amherst I went skydiving at Orange Field on my 21st birthday (this was Chadwick’s idea) and thought it might be fun to take it up again. There was a skydiving center across the river from St. Louis in Illinois. This foray of jumping out of a perfectly good airplane did not last long. After about eight jumps my instructor convinced me to jump in 20 mph gusts. I watched the landing zone pass by underneath me then proceeded to land in high power lines, shorting out that portion of the county. I survived, but later decided it was time to find another avocation.

My family was and still is very close, including family reunions at very interesting locations every couple of years. My brothers and I did a lot of white water rafting together, including the New and Gauley rivers in West Virginia. After being upended on the Gauley in class 5 rapids, my middle brother announced “I don’t want to be a brother any more, just a cousin”. Never could take a joke.

For the past 15 years I have been learning how to be a physical trainer and currently conduct a training class for the Ski Patrol. My mentor, Grand Master Shin, taught physical education at Washington University and holds black belts in Taikwando, Aikido and Judo. He is a ninth degree black belt, of which there are very few. He is 80 years old, grew up in Japanese occupied Korea during WW II, is still training as well as instructing Martial Arts. My hero. To quote a saying he is fond of, “pain is just weakness leaving your body”.

Friends have told me I have too many avocations, some of which are not mentioned here, but I think not. Life to the fullest, do everything you can whenever you can, the clock is ticking. That having been said, classmates I admire most are those who have found a vocation they truly love and look forward to every day. As the closing song in Chorus Line goes “Never regret what you do for love”. I believe I have exceeded the 800 word limit (I’m not counting), so I’m signing off. As brilliant and delusional as ever,

William (Bill) Eldon Ball

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Amherst taught me to improvise, to trust my instincts. Of course, 1968 did that too; I imagine that had I just graduated from Williams or Stanford I would still, a week later, have been flying to London, where I spent nearly a decade as an actor/director, a dancer/choreographer, a writer and musician. Talk about trusting instincts: I never quite knew what would come next, but I was ready for it. Back in the US in the late 70s I got an MFA as a fiction writer, then a doctorate in English and Philosophy. Why not? I came to UC-Irvine to work on Critical Theory with Jacques Derrida et al., during its heyday, and only passed on to other things when Theory became Identity Politics and wasn’t interesting anymore. And voilà, now as Dean of the Claire Trevor School of the Arts, and Executive Director of UCI MICA, the Museum and Institute for California Art, I get to play in the big art game, build a big museum, and “reimagine creativity for the twenty-first century.” The only criterion: make sure it stays fun. Now I spend a lot of time biking, painting, reading, listening to Bach and Oscar Peterson, and visiting museums and galleries with Michelle (Mount Holyoke ’68). And we get to spend summers at our house in Provence. Now that we’re over 70, I’m beginning to wonder if it hasn’t just been (good) luck—nothing actually to do with me, nor with improvisation nor instinct—nor with Amherst, at all. Since it’s all a matter of the narrative one tells about it, I’ll reserve the right to say that some agency on my part must have had something to do with my ending up perennially uncomfortably, and in a very comfortable place.
Institutions of higher learning change over 50 years, and so do its students. But the deeper aspirations which motivated us then tend to broaden, deepen, and consolidate their meaning and purposes.

Amherst looks for uniquely qualified and unusually gifted students. Coming from a good public high school and winning academic prizes, I was not different than many other applicants. However, in my senior year of high school, our band director suddenly died of a heart attack, and I was chosen to temporarily lead the band. Maybe that caught the eye of the admissions office.

Members of the class of 1968 – and all ensuing classes – know well that their gifted intelligence will be challenged. We quickly find out what a high bar is set for us. I found out quickly that there were a lot of people in my class who were much smarter than me.

I had to drop differential calculus my first semester – although I had received an A in calculus in high school. Later, I got a D in chemical thermodynamics, and was told by my professor that I should reconsider a medical career (A summer course at Columbia University, getting an A, encouraged me to get my medical degree and become a pediatrician).

I think we all arrived at Amherst with a deep, even ferocious, desire to learn and then learn more. Continuous curiosity about all manner of academic and non-academic topics were the ongoing background hum. Bull sessions well into the night, and sometimes the heck with academics. Such a heady intellectual environment detoured one or two of us.

Also, we went through experimentation of several varieties. I remember seeing a freshman classmate, in Pratt library - at Thanksgiving break - consume an entire bottle of vodka in our presence and go through every stage of inebriety into a moderate coma. Fortunately, he did not die.

Our class was among the first to actively flex its political resistance muscles, during the Vietnam War era. Classmates actively worked for Gene McCarthy, as he gained public attention in his New Hampshire Presidential Primary campaign. There was an all-campus, all-night party when President Lyndon Johnson declared he would not run for President in that year. Sadly, politics has devolved, and that “springtime hope” is now harder to find or maintain.

The class of 1968 continued the ethos of being “cowboy cool.” We were often gross and sloppy without women around. Perhaps this was an extended adolescence of the times, along with a bit of male bravado. However, I think most of us learned accountability over time, often with the assistance of our wives.

Fraternity rushing was then the vogue – and a high-pressured experience. If you ended your house tour upstairs, you were likely to be encouraged, strenuously, to join that house. Knowing an upper classman at Alpha Theta Xi, I was accepted there into what might have been regarded as a “geek” house. But, I was proud that our fraternity had left its national organization to accept black students, and when my classmates there did that again.

Amherst’s motto – Terras Irradient – let them give light to the world - is a statement of active intent, not an abstract Veritas (Harvard), a no-motto Wesleyan, or a thank-you-dear-founder (Williams). It means that they – you, me, every past and future student has an obligation to serve, to contribute something to build up humanity, to ennoble the worth and dignity of mankind and womankind. It is a charge.

After all these years, that is what we are still trying to do. And instructing our children likewise. My values consolidated into helping children be healthy and achieve their developmental potential; into helping that happen for inner city high-risk youth at Covenant House; into confronting the disabling effects of Internet addiction on children (www.validationcoaching.com; into having my Christian faith tested and then renewed after surviving leukemia; into not asking “why me”, but instead “why not me” at the time of diagnosis. Indeed, it is and remains not about me but something much greater than me.

Ron Bashian, Amherst ’68
December 3, 2017

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AMHERST AND BEYOND:

My first recollection of Amherst was driving up to the College with Ed Lynn for a weekend visit. Ed came from the Philadelphia area, and I was picked up from my home in New Jersey. We were “recruited” by Donnie Miller’s brother-in-law, who lived not far from Ed’s home. Miller was the Amherst football team’s offensive coordinator, and who later went on to great success at Trinity College’s long time football coach.

For me Amherst was 4 years of growing and maturing. Freshman raid by upper classes, the new social dorms, Core Curriculum courses like Physics, English 1, and others like Organic Chem. and Calculus were challenging to say the least. Coming as a big fish in a small pond to a small fish in a small pond was an adjustment. The challenging academic courses, football with Coach Ostendarp, Lacrosse with Coach Scully and intramural racquetball were all part of a vast experience for me. Sophomore slump was a real stress to me. It was the first and only time I was truly depressed. Thanks to one professor who recognized what I was going through and counseled me. His commitment made me a better person; his sage counsel is part of me today. The friends made at Amherst and the adventures we had will be with me forever. I savored my successes and learned from my failures, as we all did. Amherst was a major building block in my life.

After Amherst, I spent 2 yrs in graduate school at Rutgers Univ. and got into medical school at Rutgers also. At that time Rutgers Medical school was building its 4 year program. I transferred after my 2nd year to Tufts Medical School, in Boston and graduated in 1974. Deciding to go into Family Medicine was a shock to several of my professors. From there I moved to Santa Monica California for residency in Family Medicine at the community hospital affiliated with UCLA. I swore that I would only be there for the 3 years necessary to complete my residency. Southern California is a crazy place for a naive New Jersey boy. After residency, I hooked up with an ER group for about a year and a half until I found the small coastal town of Malibu in need of primary care. In 1977 I opened a solo practice there and have been there ever since. Solo practice was not a viable lifestyle for me so I merged my practice with UCLA Health. Now I work with 3 other primary care physicians (all WOMEN) including my daughter Ashley, who become a Family Physician. I’ve made many house calls throughout the community from the rich and famous to a mountain recluse. For me Family Medicine was the best choice I could have made. I have served as Chief of Staff at Santa Monica/UCLA medical center, the board of directors and multiple hospital committees, but have followed the growing trend of using “Hospitalists” for my hospital patients.

I have been blessed with a wonderful family. Wife Serena followed me to California working as a Home Health Nurse. Now she is a Compliance Officer at a National Home Health Agency. My daughter, Ashley, gave me my first granddaughter and will be delivering a second one in June. My son, Adam, is gainfully employed with benefits, working as a senior project manager for Harbor Freight, and has given me my 2nd granddaughter. As a family we ski at Mammoth where we have a condo. You are welcome to visit like Bob Nurick does from time to time.

I have counseled students and residents that Medicine cannot be your only passion. It is necessary to have some other outlet in life to make you whole and take you away from the stresses of Medicine. For me this has been horse jumping. At 47 yrs old I began riding, have competed in jumpers throughout southern California, and have a collection of ribbons. My wife has placed them in 2 large boxes and insists that I cannot bring in any more (Prizes for first are still OK).

So, my life since Amherst has been full and rewarding, thanks to the foundation I received at Amherst.

I won’t be one of the alumni that can replace Lord Jeff with a Mammoth. But one of the truths I have learned is “Time is change and change needs time.”

See you at our 50th and hopefully at our 75th.

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My father was born in a small hill town in Sicily. By circumstance, he was an uneducated man. In his youth, when he was made to tend sheep overnight, he worried about having to contend with wolves. In his teen years, as a soldier in the First World War, he became a prisoner and was sent to the Island of Cyprus. Along with others there, he had to forage for food to survive. He had a harsh early life. Like many immigrants who came to America, he worked hard, became self-educated and conveyed to his children a love of learning.

On my first visit to Amherst, a student guide showed me the Town and the College. He took me to the grave site of Emily Dickinson; he also took me to Phi Gamma Chi, where I listened to Archibald MacLeish give a poetry recital. The next evening, I attended a party at one of the jock fraternity houses. These were memorable events.

Before leaving campus, I was granted an interview with Dean Eugene Wilson. He was rumored to be a special and unconventional person. He would leaven the student body by encouraging and giving opportunity to a few sons of immigrant parents and/or laborers. I am proud to be from that tradition. He allowed my entry through the “narrow gate” of Amherst College for which I am truly grateful. Words from Scripture seem apt: the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but time and chance happens to us all.

In my sophomore year, I roomed with Al Baker (R.I.P.), Malcolm Young, Ed Savage, Larry Layne and Bill Brooks. From this diverse group, I have wonderful memories of joking, disputing, consoling, partying and studying. Each was savvy and big-hearted. I like to think that at times we practiced the craft of being disputatious without malice. Five of us became lawyers, no surprise.

I enjoyed much of the rigor and intellectual challenge of classes and professors [and in retrospect even some of the stinging rebukes]. There were certainly stars among the faculty and the student body. I particularly enjoyed Baroque and Rococo taught by Professor Carl Schmaltz. No educated Italian-American should go through life without knowing and seeking out the paintings of Caravaggio. I also benefited greatly from Constitutional Law taught by Professor Earl Latham. That experience persuaded me that Law was a career path worthy to explore. Although I didn’t know it at the time, the hurly-burly of civil trial defense would become the right fit. Again, being disputatious without malice was helpful.

Memorial Hill was a special place: running up the hill after freshman football practice; sliding down its snowy slope during an evening study break on a food tray commandeered from Valentine Hall; stealing a kiss at the Memorial from a young lady whom I admired. Amherst in this dimension, mixing place and people, continues to provide me a distinctive memory.

Quoting from my appreciation letter to Coach James Ostendarp in 1990: “You so effectively taught the importance of ‘mental toughness’ and ‘attention to detail,’ … For me, those learning experiences have been drawn upon so many times during the course of my personal and professional life; and they have been of immeasurable value.”

We were of the generation that had to contend with the Vietnam War. At an Amherst Reunion some years ago, I spoke with Andy Isserman (R.I.P.) about the difficulties we all confronted. He reflected that “[n]one of us had a good choice.” His words best capture my memory of those times. I was drafted out of law school and thought that life may have dealt me a disappointing blow. While in the military, however, I meet Patricia Gallagher in Virginia. We were married and our first child was born while I was serving in Vietnam. Sometimes a seeming loss turns out to be big win [or so I have tried to inform my three children].

I cherish my parents for exposing me to their Mediterranean ways; for granting their love unconditionally; and for conveying to me a love of learning. Without their help, the Amherst College experience would not have happened for me.

John R. Bologna

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Editor's Note:

Steve’s passages at Amherst and post-Amherst are depicted in the Classmate of the Month video series, archived on the Class of ’68 Homepage housed on the College alumni website.

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My wife Carol (Mt. Holyoke, 1970) and I have lived in Ithaca, NY since 1977. Carol is now retired from teaching (she worked primarily as a special education teacher). Our son Ben lives and works here in Ithaca. Our daughter Sarah and her husband Mike live and work in Maryland.

Getting to Ithaca required a journey. For the 1968-1969 school year I taught grades 7-12 of English in a small Adirondack school. Preparing six classes each day, coaching, directing the school play, ... “busy” was hardly the word. In 1969 I entered George Washington University Law School. At the beginning of my second year, environmental law “found” me, and I never really looked elsewhere regarding the type of law I wanted to pursue.

Receiving my law degree in 1972, I joined the original staff of the NYS Adirondack Park Agency in August of that year and worked there until late 1975. It was an exciting place to be. State legislation adopted in the early 1970s gave the Agency huge responsibilities. The Park covers 6 million acres. New York's efforts to protect the Park’s state-owned, “Forever Wild” lands (nearly 3 million acres) and to regulate land development on its private lands (a little more than 3 million acres) constitute the most comprehensive regional environmental land use protection initiative undertaken in the United States. I left the Agency for a position in the General Counsel's Office at the NYS Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC), the state’s largest environmental agency. At DEC I worked on numerous issues – most significantly, creation of DEC’s highly controversial regulations controlling New York City’s “reservoir releases” into downstream waters from its Delaware River Basin reservoirs in the Catskills and creation of DEC’s strong tidal wetlands land use regulations governing large, critical resource areas along the lower Hudson, in New York City, and on Long Island.

In the spring of 1977 I accepted a job teaching in Cornell University’s Department of City and Regional Planning (CRP). I have worked here ever since. Primarily I have taught law courses to non-law students (e.g., land use law, environmental law, historic preservation law, and administrative law) because people in addition to lawyers need to understand something about the American legal system. In my 41st year at Cornell, I am teaching four courses: i.e., two law courses (land use law and environmental law), CRP’s introductory freshman course for its undergraduate Urban and Regional Studies major (i.e., “The American City”), and a first year writing seminar (topic – Environmental Politics — and yes, I hear Amherst echoes!). Of the various duties a professor has, I have always enjoyed teaching the most (by far), and I intend to keep doing so for a while longer.

I have balanced my Cornell job with a good deal of public service. For example, I chaired the board of a statewide environmental lobbying organization for several years. I served in local elective office (as a Democrat) for more than fifteen years, ten on Ithaca’s City Council (including six as the chair of its budget committee) and nearly six on the Tompkins County Legislature. I sat for four years on the NYS Low Level Radioactive Waste Siting Commission per an appointment by Governor Cuomo I. I resigned from the County Legislature in late 2007 because Governor Spitzer had appointed me to serve out an unexpired term as a member of the NYS Adirondack Park Agency. Governors Paterson and Cuomo II subsequently reappointed me to that seat. I retired from the Agency in June 2016.

I always found Amherst College a very demanding place. That was especially true of freshman year, but it remained largely the same for me during all four years. I worked hard as a student but never achieved a high degree of success. Nevertheless, I look back with deep gratitude that I had the chance to attend Amherst. I remember especially the many wonderful friends I made there (some of whom we have unfortunately lost). The great beauty of the Amherst campus still moves me just as it always did (even on freshman year’s most difficult days). Finally, I appreciate what the College gave me intellectually: i.e., never-ending curiosity about how the world works and a deep love for reading.

I have been lucky. All things considered, life has treated me well. Amherst helped shape me (often painfully), and it enriched me. The College, Amherst friends, and our years together have always burned brightly in my memory. GO, LORD JEFFS!
Jonathan Benjamin Borak

Career and chronology:

Professional Training: 1) After Amherst I spent four years at NYU Medical School where I spent much time in the library and the rest prowling the lower Eastside. I lived with a Holyoke graduate, lent my apartment for a week to Lew Chesler, and stayed for a weekend chez Hastie in San Francisco. 2) Then five years of training at McGill, which included an internship and residency in internal medicine and two years as a Clinical Scholar of the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation. I lived in a loft and began a long-term relationship with a "Canadienne francaise". 3) Finally, a year as a fellow in gastroenterology (GI) at Yale, funded by the Quebec Research Council. La Canadienne began a PhD.

Early Career: I determined that GI was not my cup of tea. I planned to temporize for a year or so in emergency medicine, a traditional retreat for itinerant physicians, but I fell into success ... in no small part due to analytical skills I had acquired at Amherst. I soon became Chairman of the large emergency department of an inner-city teaching hospital where I stayed for ten years and 650,000 patient visits. It was an opportunity to work with community groups, medical societies, and academic institutions. I joined the Yale faculty. La Canadienne and I married and divorced. By then, she had a PhD and JD, so she got no alimony (I should probably have asked for some!). During those years I often saw George Roush.

Mid Career: I was introduced to industrial toxicology by Union Carbide, following its 1984 disaster in Bhopal. That led to development of informational and training materials for such events, and the founding of a consulting business that continues. I left my hospital job in 1988, developed CDC’s first standardized materials on chemical accidents and on environmental medicine, taught in numerous countries, and advanced on the Yale ladder. For a while, I dated a friend of Ron Shechtman. I became certified in toxicology and occupational medicine. My consulting business grew and prospered: from my back bedroom to a suite and then the whole floor of a New Haven office building. My sister introduced me to Mavis Ferens Lockwood, my wife and life companion, and also the mother of my daughter Kiria.

Recent Career: My business continues to prosper. I became Clinical Professor of Medicine and Epidemiology at Yale, taught graduate courses in toxicology, epidemiology and risk assessment, and directed various lecture series (John Davidson gave a guest lecture one year). I mentor junior faculty and physicians-in-training, supervise clinical work, am a member of three editorial boards, continue to do and publish scientific research, and serve on Board committees of several medical societies.

Personal and spiritual:

I live in a sun-lit home with large windows overlooking Long Island Sound, surrounded by an arboretum. I have become caretaker of an array of unusual conifers and maples, mostly mature and some quite gnarly. Physical work in the trees is a fantastic off-set to the intellectual focus of my day job.

My beautiful wife, Mavis, is a movement analyst, a former dancer, an avid swimmer, and a burgeoning master of Tai Chi. We have spent more than twenty-five years together. She has brought me a sense of calm, balance and centeredness that I had never known. She wakes early ... I like to sleep late. She takes the dog for long runs ... I walk more slowly (I am a gym-based stair-climber kind of guy). She likes veggies ... I like meat. She grows fabulous peonies and hellebores, the perfect complements to my conifers and maples.

Our daughter, Kiria, is a junior at Bates and an extraordinary person: smart, funny and a helluva cook! She is also the most empathetic person I have ever met. Just 20, she has already spent one summer as a volunteer teacher of poor kids in Haiti, one summer interning at ACLU, and will spend next summer as an intern at the US Embassy in Burkina Fasso (wherever that is!).

We have raised three large white dogs, kuvasz, a breed known for loyalty, courage and stubbornness. Today we share our home with Indigo Mist.

Other than coming to terms with the sheer fact of the passage of time, my biggest challenge today is not becoming collateral damage when Mavis practices her Tai Chi sword forms. It seems remarkable that nearly a lifetime has passed since Amherst. I am fortunate to have earned enough to live well, to have had so many interesting things to work on and think about, to have had the love of good friends and family, especially Mavis and Kiria, and to have been able to contribute to my community.

I am so sorry to think that this will not go on forever!
Think back.

When we arrived at Amherst in the fall of 1964, Amherst was tweed jackets, button-down collars, rep ties and crew cuts. We’d weathered the Kennedy assassination but the world view we’d grown up with was back in place. Undaunted, we plunged into a freshman curriculum that seemed very familiar. History 1-2 covered world history, defined for us once again as western Europe, and of the world’s 6000 languages, Amherst taught exactly four (five if you include Latin). The English department studied only dead white male writers and freshman humanities took us through Greek tragedy yet one more time. Whether we’d come from St. Paul’s, Sidwell Friends or New Trier, our worldviews were thus confirmed. In that environment, most of us looked forward to taking the Yellow Brick Road to a four bedroom Colonial in the suburbs with a talented wife and 2.6 children.

But that didn’t last, did it? When we were spit out four years later, the world order was exploding all around us. We were at war in a place we didn’t know called Viet Nam, Africa was boiling with revolution in Zimbabwe and Zaire, and even civilized Paris was convulsed with street riots. Tweed jackets had been replaced by bellbottoms and beads, Budweiser by drugs and cultural change was shifting into warp speed. Looking back, that core curriculum looks positively Pleistocene in its smugness, doesn’t it?

And yet . . .

Over the years I have come to realize that I really only learned one thing at Amherst but it was the only thing that has mattered -- I learned how to learn. I learned how to take apart the strange and the unfamiliar, turn it upside down or inside out and connect its meaning to the dendrites extending from my consciousness. I learned how to question, to rethink and to even change my outlook when the occasion called for it. I don’t know about my classmates, but I’ve spent the past fifty years re-inventing myself again and again as the ground has shifted beneath my feet. I couldn’t have done that if I hadn’t learned, as one professor whose name I can’t quite recall used to say, how to “make the connection.”

And that, as Robert Frost wrote, has made all the difference.

So as we remember the half century gone by, we’re prone to reminisce most fondly over the late night bull sessions, the Saturday kegs, the midnight runs over the Notch, the all-nighters and the Chapel cuts. Sure, why not? It was an intense time and we all sought relief from the pressure in our own unique ways. But at the risk of sounding sappy, I like to think we’ll also remember what we came here for in the first place and be grateful for how lucky we were to have it available to us -- knowledge and the obligation to look beyond ourselves. It was an education very few of our countrymen have ever had an opportunity to get and perhaps -- just perhaps -- that “obsolete” core curriculum helped us to learn a sense of what is right, true and just.

That, and the ability to tap a keg so the beer flows pure and foam-free every time.
Dear Classmates:

Well, first of all, my thanks to Dean Wilson. Fifty-four years ago, he made one of the few mistakes of his distinguished admissions career and agreed to let me attend Amherst, for which I am forever grateful. Ah, the joys of that freshman year core curriculum. Some of us could probably identify at least one area of trepidation among those varied disciplines that was not exactly a core strength. For me it was physics/math (especially the math), and it made that first year a survival year. I squeezed by, thanks to the combined mark, and the last 3 years were comparatively pleasant academically, compared with the first.

I do look back quite often, and certainly during each 5th year reunion, at the remarkable diversity of talent and interests that Dean Wilson brilliantly cobbled together to give us our Class of 1968. It is the deep and long lasting friendships that developed with many amazing people over those 4 years that will always provide my best memories of Amherst. Amherst nurtured a remarkable learning environment supported by an emphasis on the quality and rigor of one’s position, more so than its conclusion, as well as a dedication to hearing everyone’s point of view. This commitment extended beyond the faculty and student body to the various teams and coaches, as well. Some of my most memorable academic experiences at Amherst were simply sitting with a small group of classmates and a professor, and discussing the subject du jour. The main take away was always the quality of the discussion, and each individual’s ability to articulate his position. This process, to me, is one of the cornerstones of a superior learning experience and part of the essence of a good college education. Listening to a differing opinion can often motivate you to modify or strengthen your own position. Today, many American colleges and universities need to do a better job of providing good venues for free flowing dialogue on campus. There should be no accommodation and no need for safe places from free speech.

I didn’t know it at the time but, in the early 80’s, I started the last 30 years or so of my working career with a small post start up that was renting space in the old Watertown Arsenal, near Boston. I was the 42nd employee. I liked the product, which was a small medical response device with a transmitter button. There was satisfaction in making equipment, primarily for at home elderly, that would allow people to stay in their homes a few years longer. We were really the first to enter this little market niche, and I thought the company had great potential. A few people wore many hats as we went through several evolutions on the way to a more structured corporate environment. Two excellent decisions were to focus on leasing rather that selling equipment, and to start up our own monitoring service. The latter, in particular, really fueled our revenue growth. By the time we moved to Framingham in 2000, we had 1100 employees and a total of 2 million pieces of equipment in every U.S. state and Canadian Province. By 2004 we were growing earnings and revenue at a pace that was beginning to attract larger companies looking for an acquisition. In 2006, we were indeed purchased by the Healthcare Division of Philips Electronics. I spent my last 6 years splitting my operations responsibilities between Framingham and another Philips facility in Murrysville, PA. I retired in 2012. It took a little bit of time, but not much, to get used to retirement. You find new things to do, on your own schedule, and it’s mostly all good. Our children, Sarah and Andy, live within drivable distances, which means our 3 granddaughters are also close by, and it’s nice to spend a little more time with them. Debbie, who remains the love of my life, and my common sense compass, is active in a local Empty Nester group that meets at least once per week for various fun activities. She has made many new friends and kept all her old friends. I try to read, or at least scan, a local paper, the Boston Globe and the WSJ daily to stay reasonably informed at a town level, as well as globally. I like to play golf once or twice each week, and I still enjoy putting around our yard, although the list of things that I’m willing and able to do is starting to narrow. You learn pretty quickly that it is quite possible, in retirement, to maintain a constant flurry of activity that is not unlike your working days, albeit with a significantly different mix. However, I have slowly come around to feeling that there is nothing inherently fantastic about being all busy all the time. A more deliberate pace can often enhance the quality of your experiences. For example, in a travel near or travel far option, instead of flying to London for a week, Debbie and I might choose to drive up the coast of Maine, or even to Nova Scotia and PEI, and savor the time spent together. I think I’m more aware now of stopping to smell the flowers. That and maintaining a sense of humor, since laughter is a wonderfully positive force in our lives, are simple and worthy items for the daily “to do” list.

We are both looking forward to seeing all of you at our 50th reunion.

Jim Brent

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Debbie and Jim

Brent Extended Family

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As I left the Bio building and I walked down the hill on a beautiful spring afternoon in ’68, I remember hoping then that my future life would be as satisfying as it was at that moment. My bandmates in Things That Go Bump in the Night were setting up for a jam session in front of the social dorms before that evening’s gigs. We began to play, people started dancing. I feel a warm glow now as I reflect back on that one moment in time a half century ago.

After Amherst, I headed out West to the Promised Land. Life in the San Francisco Bay Area then offered the proverbial trio of sex, drugs, and rock & roll - and med school. The ensuing years were filled with medicine and music and good times – and not always in that order.

I eventually married a truly wonderful woman. But our life together was soon devastated by her descent into the hell of bipolar psychosis. There’s no way to really describe the horror of mental illness. Or the frustration that I felt as a physician who could not save her. She survived a truly gruesome suicide attempt, and we eventually parted. But we remained friends for the rest of her life.

I spent a number of years wandering about in the emotional wilderness of non-commitment. But eventually I did find my new best friend and life partner. As I write this, Adrienne and I are about to celebrate our 30th anniversary. Our two boys are a blessing:

Ben (Amherst ’11) is an aerospace engineer currently working in Cambridge. Aaron (Lewis & Clark ’13) is a linguist, fluent in several languages, and living in China the past 4 years.

I’ve continued playing music, though I gave my rock drums to Ben, who is also a serious percussionist, when he’s not building rockets. As an orchestral timpanist I rehearse 2 nights a week, and play about 15 concerts a year. Music keeps me sane while I pursue my life’s real work.

Which is emergency medicine. I’ve split my career between a very busy community hospital emergency department, and the Stanford emergency/trauma center, where I am clinical professor of emergency medicine. My area of interest has been health care legislation and regulation, and I’ve written a number of both state and federal laws dealing with emergency medical care. In fact, if you ever get busted in California for a moving violation, a law I wrote adds a 20% surcharge to your ticket. This has raised about $200 million per year over the past several decades to fund emergency medical care for indigent patients.

The practice and teaching of emergency medicine, together with my related legislative activities, has given me the privilege of trying to make a difference in people’s lives, on both the personal, as well as the societal, levels. The daily intensity of life – and death - in the ER is something I’ve grown to live with. The tragedy I see every day has helped me to appreciate the serendipity, and the brevity, of life. And of course now that we are reflecting back on a half century since graduation, that brevity begins to take on a new reality...

I am truly grateful for all that Life has given to me, not that I’ve deserved it any more than anyone else. But I’ve tried to live up to that blessing.

Amherst has been an anchor in my life. I look back on those days with both nostalgia and appreciation. It was a place where I truly felt at home. I still recall with fondness the all-night bull sessions with fascinating classmates whom I have not seen since graduation. And I have life-long friendships with other classmates whom I see as often as possible. I have returned for nearly every reunion. And each time, I have had wonderful conversations with classmates I knew only superficially back in college. And wish I had known better back then.

I have spent most of the past 50 years at Stanford. And only 4 at Amherst – and that ended 50 years ago.

But my heart belongs to Amherst.

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John Turnbull Broad

Some Thoughts about Amherst after 50 Years

How did the liberal education Amherst offered help me get through life? It certainly made it easier to change careers. I was a chemical officer in the army, a physicist, a software engineer and am ending as a systems engineer. The core curriculum and the requirement to participate actively in a social science or a humanity every semester brought insight into what excited classmates and friends about their fields of study. The discussions with them at Amherst were full of that excitement. It was a place where they wanted to learn, and put in the effort to do so.

Getting more than a trivial peek into a variety of fields made me see things differently from other natural scientists and engineers. The essay course in freshman English made me one of the rare engineers who likes to capture technical solutions in writing. Over the years, I have given few dozen colleagues copies of "The Elements of Style." You appreciate commonalities in how people solve problems. The legal precedence paradigm Earl Latham and my lawyer father taught me have a lot in kin with recognizing and applying design patterns to software and system design. The way Murray Peppard showed how Europeans built their languages and later my German wife equipped me to enjoy working and thinking in German.

After 50 years and almost 50 years of marriage, we have lived in Nurnberg Germany, Cambridge MA, Boulder Colorado, Bielefeld and Freiburg Germany, Santa Barbara CA and Kiel Germany. We are now in semi-retirement in Berlin, Germany, near our architect daughter and two grandchildren.

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After Amherst, I went to OCS in Newport RI, then Supply Corps School (bad eyes) in Athens, Georgia. I ended up feeling so detached from Real Life (having grown up in Suburban, White New Jersey) and so confused about what was really happening in Vietnam...that I volunteered for an assignment In Country. After postponing Life for so long, I just wanted to get on with it, which meant a year of duty on a supply ship for gun boats on the Mekong and Bassac Rivers – and up into Cambodia on the infamous Incursion that ended up in Kent State. I came home convinced that the US was on the wrong side of a civil war and there was no way of “winning.” I was stationed in Boston – a worse assignment than Vietnam, for a guy with short hair in the early 70s. I felt isolated and lonely and wasted a year in what I recognized as self-destructive behavior. I requested an early release, got it (my mildly rebellious attitude didn’t help my performance evaluations), and embarked on a year of hitch-hiking, ski bumming, and tramping about.

Next: a year at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, where I earned an MAT. I decided that, having edged closer to “Real Life,” I didn’t want to teach in the classroom and that “real” education happened out there in the “world” (particularly in wilderness-adaptive programs). In the fall of ‘73, I kind of snapped, loaded girlfriend and her dog in the car and headed west, with no plan and not much money. I ended up in Spokane WA, and when I visited the independent school in town to see what was happening, I just happened to arrive on the last day of hiring for an English position. When I was offered the job, rather broke and rather intrigued, I took it.

Five years at St George’s School were good, but I left – feeling restless – and ended up going to American Samoa with my wife and two sons, ages 3 and 5, where I spent three years working as an eighth grade teacher and “learning specialist,” and got hooked on windsurfing. My dad died at 60, so I left Samoa for Colorado, where we stayed with my mom for a year. I was offered a job at an independent school in Sun Valley ID, ironically, because the Head of the School noticed that I had listed “lacrosse” as an activity in college (Hal). Ended up teaching English, coaching soccer, and developing the college counseling position for the next 29 years. Ruptured my quad in ’97, got divorced in ’98 (a long time coming), had major heart bypass surgery in ‘00 (a consequence of job and marriage stress), but by now (about time) I was pretty steady in my sense of who I was and I was OK – largely through being the “self” I had recognized at Amherst – an erstwhile “gentleman jock” who found satisfaction in pushing himself physically, and humility (and joy) in helping kids gain in self-confidence. In the midst of my divorce, a woman called, wanting to talk with my estranged wife about what it was like to go through a divorce. We had a shared history, we had shared interests, and we hit it off: twenty good years and getting happier all the time.

I “retired” from my college counseling job at the Community School on the day I turned 66. For almost ten years, I overlapped my work with winter in Mexico (a trick), but now we spend December-April down there in our house north of Puerto Vallarta. In my Idaho life, I have continued to spend my summers staying healthy and helping kids who ask me with SAT prep and college advice.

I used to feel that in “Amherst terms,” I have not been appropriately successful or accomplished very much, but I don’t feel that way anymore. I feel as if I have been fortunate, in so many ways: to have – by feel more than by conscious plan – found a way in which I can serve people the most and to feel as if I have made a difference for the good. My health is fine (heart clogging and prostate cancer notwithstanding), both because I work at it (gotta keep those capillaries open) and because it’s good medicine to feel loved. As a mentor and counselor for kids, I have been rejuvenated time and again by their optimism and their openness. Despite how grim things may appear out there in the “Real World,” I really do think we have evolved and that my students are better prepared to make the most of a place like Amherst than I was. I feel good that I may have had something to do with that.

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Thoughts From Northern Vermont

Many of the bonds formed at Amherst occurred during Freshman Year. On nights before English papers were due, the doors on 2nd floor Morrow would start to open around 10:00 pm. The same procrastinators would start to gather sitting down on the hall floor and commiserating. After wondering if any of us would survive Freshman year - we’d drift back into our rooms to struggle with putting another “sincere” experience on paper.

The memories of Freshman year remain so vivid: many dateless Saturday nights ... hoping not to make the “shit sheet” again in English writing ... receiving single digit grades in Physics, but having plenty of company ... playing the Harvard Freshman Squash team after having picked up my first squash racket 2 weeks before and barely winning a point ... the undefeated football team and the bonfire pep rally ... being the last resident of Morrow to depart at the end of Freshman year (some-thing about late English papers!) ... fearing that I might not have the grades to return for Sophomore year.

I received my grades while painting gas stations in Millinocket, Maine and my relatives where I was staying did not understand my excitement and joy over receiving two 60’s in Physics and English! I’d made it by the slimmest of margins!

Perhaps it was my less than stellar academic experience which led me to a short-lived career as a prankster.

To gain revenge for a few real or imagined slights at the hands of those sophisticated “Smithies”, I conspired with my partners in crime, Ed Savage and a cute UMASS coed, Debbie Dearborn, who was spending a lot of time on 2nd floor Morrow with Jim Brent, to create mayhem in Northampton. We decided it would be interesting to invite the Freshman classes of 20 New England all male schools to a Friday night mixer at Smith ... without telling anyone at Smith about the event. Hundreds or hopefully thousands of rowdy Freshmen would descend on Northampton to find no mixer, no dates and a long ride home, probably never to return. The plan almost worked to perfection and the rest is history.

Sophomore year Ed Savage convinced me that we could clean up by taking a collection in the Freshman balcony at the first Chapel. The unsuspecting Freshman would empty their pockets and Bill wouldn’t have to bus tables at Valentine for a long time. Ed sent me to find some collection plates. We started passing the plates by the rear exits, but soon ended up running for our lives when President Plimpton, hearing the sound of coins clinking into the plates, started looking up from his notes searching the balcony to find the culprits.

Good job Ed! I had just barely survived academically, only to risk being thrown out of school for stealing collection plates from the church on campus!

After being led toward a life in crime by Ed, I decided to search out safer friends and started hanging with Mike “Diesel” Smith, who seemed to understand my struggles in both the academic and social arenas. Somehow Mike convinced me that our social lives would improve if we took our Smith dates to Belchertown.

I thought it was worth a try and Mike seemed like a pretty solid, conservative guy... and I thought he had a car. No - he wanted to go by train......freight train......but the train didn’t stop in Amherst. So we went behind the Social Dorms and hopped into a moving filthy boxcar. It was a long, stinky ride.

Thanks Mike! It now became almost impossible to get a date - I think our dates spread the word about us and every women’s dorm in the Five College area had a warning about us on the wall next to the phone in the hall!

My life has been pretty routine since Amherst. Campaigning for Eugene McCarthy in New Hampshire, induction into the Army as a “conscientious” enlisted man, a short but safe stint in Vietnam, law school, Vermont Legal Aid For three years, small private practice as a country lawyer for forty years.

I have recently retired and live in a peaceful spot in the woods not far from town. Nancy and I have 4 children between us and 7 grandchildren between the ages of 10 and 27.

My pleasures in life include skiing with children and grandchildren, annual ski trips to Alta Utah, hitting a tennis ball regularly, working in our woods and spending time with family and friends.

Al Baker - still miss you “Bakes”......yes, we’ll drink a toast to the son of a Buffalo coal miner who was the last Amherst football player to play both ways.

I will close now. It’s time to work on my winter wood supply for 2019.

(If you don’t understand the need to be one year ahead, you obviously live in a civilized part of the world and don’t burn wood).

This is late, I know, but $10.00 says I beat Malcolm Young.

Bill Brooks

Email: nbblouin156@comcast.net
Christopher Brown

Letter to our departed classmate Lanse Willcox

Dear Lanse -

It’s been more than 10 years since we lost you, and 62 years – a long time ago - that we started in 5th grade together. With our Amherst 50th upon us, I thought I’d catch up.

Curiously, with the outpouring of reflections about our college years, I’ve found myself thinking about what Amherst did NOT prepare me for.

For one: the current shadow over my life: the era of Donald Trump. How could we have ever anticipated the daily affront to virtually all we believe and care about (and what I think America is and stands for): such basics as truthfulness, humility, empathy, respect for others, and deference to expertise. It’s numbingly dispiriting; I labor to not allow it to disempower me, nor for his uncivil tenure to be accepted as normal.

But thinking about Amherst: How does it happen that of the three major themes of my life, two were not even blips on the radar during our time in college? During those four years of inoculation and incubation and initiation, my engagement with a political world began, but not with the natural or spiritual realms. They were not nurtured, nor even nascent; these life-long journeys came later.

Was there an Amherst outing club? I have some vague memory that John Mirick and others used to go hiking. Were there courses in natural sciences (non-pre-med) that could engender my later-discovered connection to the wilds of nature? I took “Rocks for Jocks” but that was about it. Was anyone aware that the greatest conservation laws of our lifetimes (wilderness, land and water conservation, historic preservation, and trail and river protection) - the statutes which guided most of my career- were enacted during our four cloistered years? I sure wasn’t. You and Jack Widness went off to work during summers in the National Forests (my eventual employer) while I headed into cities - New Brunswick, London, Washington - for my summer jobs.

Similarly with a spiritual journey. Yes, I went dutifully to Johnson Chapel in the mornings (was that required? Was there any remnant of the religiosity that turned out 19th century preachers?). Yes, with the Glee Club I sang glorious praises in French and Latin, German and African-American dialect, yes, there was Rev. Lewis Mudge. But no real spiritual inspiration occurred.

Only in the realm of political life did my Amherst years seem part of a continuum, one which had begun with my catching Potomac Fever in Washington during the Eisenhower years. At Amherst, I worked on campaigns (Ed Brooke, Elliot Richardson, and then in the snows of New Hampshire for Eugene McCarthy our senior year). Service as a VISTA volunteer, repeated returns to Washington to take NGO and government jobs: all these fit into a continuum of what I considered “public service”.

I was particularly struck by what I’d missed out on at Amherst on a recent fall trip back to campus, driving through the archetypal New England countryside in the hills east of town. How could I have foregone, in all my four years, this exhilarating setting of streams and woodlands and harvested fields, sights and smells that now hold me? And then attending a very touching service at the Methodist church near UMass: again, with all my insecurities and uncertainties in college, it now seems a shame that I’d not found the solace and uplift from a church that I gained in later life.

Can I “blame” Amherst for not transforming me, for not lighting a fire on interests which turned out to be such major touchstones of my life? Certainly the rigorous curriculum cowed me; it still astonishes me that my fear of failure was so strong that routinely I was up at 8 AM Sunday mornings to study. My need for feeling safe kept me mostly within a confining comfort zone; I ventured out only as far as singing in the Glee Club, testing myself on the lacrosse field, and some mostly awkward dating.

But I love Amherst, for it did leave me curious and questing. So when I met a blacksmith-turned-canoe builder in 1973 who loosed on me on the wilds surrounding Chicago (an unlikely place to engender one’s wilderness ethic), I was ready, and it changed my life (went off to forestry school and careers in trails, wilderness, and river conservation). I was also “ready” when, during a period of despondency in my life, I was open to a wonderful preacher and a church that has filled me ever since.

The sword of Eng. 1 hangs over me as I write: ‘Too little, too long, too self-conscious, too just plain boring?’ But to end: In my extraordinarily lucky and blessed life, your death, Lanse, is a hole, leaving me forever wishing for the cogitations and conversations and laughter we had trying to get to the essence of things. We miss you so much, Mary and I, and as do many, many others.

Love, Chris

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From Tet to Trump.

That’s one way to see the arc of the past 50 years – starting with the spring of 1968 when we emerged from the Amherst cocoon amid the horrors of Vietnam and the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy and culminating in the chaos being spawned daily by an unfit President.

Of course, that gloomy frame misses the many highs of the last five decades, which include the hard-won gains of the civil rights movement and the election of the nation’s first black president, whose hand I was privileged to shake on the eve of his inauguration.

Perhaps I dwell too much on external events. That was my job as a journalist, and it became a habit. I was privileged to help write the first draft of some of that history, but I know that while history creates the context of our lives, it does not define them.

Ironies abound. I’d grown up in a multi-lingual family that moved repeatedly from Sweden to the U.S. and then across Latin America and the Caribbean, so I assumed I would continue to live and work internationally; instead, I headed for Cambridge after graduation and remained in the Boston area for 33 years before moving to Washington, D.C. And having never once set foot in the office of the Amherst Student, in the fall of 68 I stumbled into a job as a cub reporter at a small daily paper, which, to my own surprise, turned into a career. Finally, after avoiding any study of biology at Amherst and even in high school, the greater part of my years of reporting and editing focused on biomedical science and health care.

I worked with talented journalists at The Boston Globe and The Washington Post as we tracked stories such as AIDS and Ebola, the eradication of smallpox, childhood vaccination battles, the enormous growth of organ transplantation and so much more. In the other sciences, too, there was no end of huge stories. There were the disasters of Chernobyl and the space shuttle crashes and the slow-motion calamity of climate change, but also stunning achievements in space exploration, cleaning up air and water pollution and the creation of the Internet. Along the way, I was recruited to a two-year stint on the Globe’s investigative Spotlight team, during which we won a Pulitzer Prize. As a career it was endlessly fascinating, often relentlessly stressful but, best of all, never boring.

On a personal level, there was so much more than work to the last 50 years, both good and bad:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
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<tr>
<td>the overwhelming joy of cradling a 3 1/2 month-old infant who my then-wife and I would adopt on a week’s notice. Emille is now 36 and closing in on a PhD in epidemiology;</td>
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<tr>
<td>the pain of a divorce, which I instigated;</td>
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<tr>
<td>meeting Lynne in Rome in 1999 and embarking on a marvelous life journey when we married three years later;</td>
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<tr>
<td>discovering in myself athletic potential I had never imagined before adulthood, such as becoming a cross-country skier in “citizen races” of up to 50 kilometers;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the untimely deaths of parents, cherished colleagues and intimate friends, many succumbing to cancer;</td>
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<tr>
<td>the immeasurable relief of knowing that though both Lynne and Emille were too close for comfort to the attacks of 9/11, they came away unharmed;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>finding my own piece of earthly heaven in the coastal village of Westport Point, Mass., where I now spend as much time as I can.</td>
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I left Amherst feeling both enriched and regretful. From English 1-2 on, it was there that I honed the skills that enabled my career as a writer and editor. It was also there that I began to develop leadership abilities that served me well when I managed teams of talented, knowledgeable but hardly ego-free reporters. But I’m sorry I did not take more advantage of the intellectual riches the college offered. I let too much slip through my fingers.

That, too, was a lesson. I keep trying not to make that mistake again.
Tim Chadwick From Amherst to Ancient

After the unbelievably golden years at Amherst, I went to Trinity College, Oxford to do a postgraduate degree (MPhil) in comparative literature for a further glorious three years. The first year I roomed with Ed Tivnan ('67).

So from Henry Steele Commager and Teddy Baird to JR Tolkien and Al Rowse. It really doesn’t get much better than that for the intellectual literary hauteur that my Amherst education made certain with which I departed the Berkshire Hills.

Real life finally began in 1971 when I came down with a bump from the dreamy spires of Oxford to a job as “travelling editor” at Macmillans publishers in London.

I left Macmillans after 6 years and started my own company, publishing non-fiction, art books and children’s books called Aurum Press, which still exists today. Did lots of fun books for a number of years with folks like Jan Morris, John Fowles and Sophia Loren. Many tales to tell.

I sold Aurum to Andrew Lloyd Webber’s public company, The Really Useful Group. Had a hilarious time there on his Board for a few years and then bought back Aurum’s children’s book list. Called ABC (All Books for Children), I published, and sometimes wrote, lots of illustrated books including the Angelina Ballerina series. Any of you characters who have female children or grandchildren may have drifted off to sleep reading these stories.

My second career had begun in parallel about 1982 with the formation of a seaport business in California, which I floated on the London Stock Exchange in the late 1980’s. It was called Amports, (still is), and as Chairman and CEO we grew it to be the largest independent seaport operation in the US. We had port operations from Jacksonville to New Jersey and San Francisco to Seattle. We also had a facility in Zeebrugge, Belgium. To manage this business I lived first in California, then Baltimore. Fascinating time and negotiating with an angry 200 TWU brotherhood in a warehouse in Wilmington (all sporting skin tight t-shirts filled with bulging bellies and muscles) shouting about salary increases was often very scary. It was certainly a long way from negotiating royalty advances with an author.

So, those two careers have taken up my business life ever since. Taking over control or being invited by shareholders in public companies to sort out stale or failing companies in book publishing or infrastructure businesses has been my lot for 20 years.

My personal life has been a pretty good roller coaster as well. I married an actress for a few years in the seventies who became, still is, June Chadwick. She moved to Hollywood and had a decent career starring in Spinal Tap amongst many other films and TV series. Next, I married the mother of my one son and finally married the real love of my life, Victoria.

Vickie and I have shared many wonderful, lucky years of family and adventure. Together we share 4 children and 9 grandchildren. Travel, tennis and skiing have kept us rolling along relatively healthily. Twelve years ago we built a house in Corfu which we love and we now spend lots of time there.

Many of you lot will have quoted John Lennon and others about life always turning out to be something that one never, ever planned. So I won’t do that.

Life since those lazy, hazy days at Amherst has been very full and I am grateful for every second of it. At 71 I’m delighted and privileged to be kicking still. To finish, I wish you all good health, joy, and a wonderful reunion. I hope very much to be there with you. We all have miles to go before we sleep.

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Lewis Benson Chesler

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My Grandma had me sit at the breakfast table Saturday mornings while she baked. Our immediate family lived on the second floor of her house in Newark, N.J. Our time together began before I was six and continued until my parents, brothers and I moved to Florida when I was 10. As she prepared imberlach, a flat treat made from honey and raw oats, she told stories of her childhood in Russia. Several episodes were repeated often over the years.

"The mob came down with street with torches," my Grandma told me. "They were there to set our home on fire. The Cossacks on horseback were behind them. As they approached, my father’s Russian workers lined up in the road in front of us. They carried axes and sledge hammers. They had been toughened from years of sawing lumber with two-man saws."

"'Get out of the way', the leader of the mob shouted at the workers. 'We will burn out the Jews and all who stand with them.' But the boss of my father’s workers was a huge man. 'If you try to hurt this family, some of you will go home tonight missing an arm,' the boss shouted back at the mob. He made it clear that none of them would move. One of the mob pointed down the road and said, 'There are more Jew houses with no one to protect them. Let’s go there.' And they did."

My Grandma sighed, wiped the corner of her eye and then touched my face. “Please remember what brought us to America,” she told me.

“Yes, Grandma, I will,” I replied.

She sighed again, sliced the imberlach into small pieces and handed me one to try.

Years later, when I understood what she taught me, I wished that I had asked those questions that swirl around the images she created, including the image of how she met my grandfather, when he rescued her during a protest of young women workers after the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire in New York...But more of that another time.

My arrival at Amherst was in many ways a comma in the sentence that started with her arrival in America. After the immediate family moved to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, she stayed behind. We saw each other seldom. Once my brother, David, and I had left home for college, to be followed by our brother Ira, our parents moved to the west coast of Florida. While at Amherst, experimentation with stop-motion animation, started at home in Florida, was seen by a senior Amherst grad, Richard Earle, who lived in his family home in Massachusetts, as well as NYC. He became my guide, winning me a role with Jim Henson, that in turn led to the creation of the animated ‘clay’ letters for Sesame Street. During my senior year spent in New York, I conducted an experimental college project that included research for an NBC special about our 1968 culture and then work on the development of the CTW series. As a result, on graduation I was recruited by the German television, who hoped to also advance children’s television.

After the attack on the World’s Fair, my German wife and I moved back to the U.S. so that our son, Alexander, who is my best friend, would be born in the USA. Alexander went on to marry Morgan, an amazing woman, who, by sheer coincidence, is an Amherst grad. Together, they presented me with two amazing grandchildren.

Virginia is now home, together with Deborah, a talented lady from the Shenandoah Valley. For much of our time together we lived on a hilltop with Clyde, a beautiful black lab.

As difficult as it is compress a life into a limited recap, know that Amherst was a swing point in an adventure that hopefully deserves more words than this tip of the hat can offer.

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IF THEY ONLY KNEW....
By Ernest D. Chu ’68

Dear Classmates,

I’m sharing a few thoughts and congratulations on our Fiftieth Anniversary.

It only seems like yesterday (1967) as a junior at Amherst participating in The College Year in India program, I found myself, improbably, as a 19-year old tourist in Panmunjom, Korea, a hundred yard slip of land separating the two Koreas run by the UN amidst an uneasy truce and occasional firefights. The bus carrying American and UN military dependents, that I had talked myself onto, had wound its way through a few of many heavily armed checkpoints. Just down the road was Check Point Charlie, located so close to North Korea that every few minutes there would be a call to ensure its occupants were still alive.

I was rummaging through some of my memorabilia from college, when I found the article about “Checkpoint Charlie” I wrote for The Amherst Student, in 1967. As I reread it, most of what I wrote about could have been written today. Little did I know at the time, that this article and two others, plus a fortuitous introduction by the wife of an Amherst trustee, would land me my first job after graduation: working as a staff writer and financial reporter for The Wall St. Journal.

While I always wanted to be a “writer”, and I did very well in Freshman English 1-2, no course at Amherst could have prepared me to takeover “the Financing Business” section, and do backup duty for the Bond Markets, one of the WSJ’s best known financial columns. I often wondered if WSJ subscribers would cancel their subscriptions immediately if they knew that a 22 year old who was still cutting his teeth on tender offers, stock redemptions, and sinking funds was really writing this column! Being surrounded by veteran prize-winning staff writers, felt like playing on an intramural basketball team, and wanting up to find myself, undersized, in the NBA with a problematic jump shot.

The Wall St. Journal opened a world of finance and entrepreneurship. So in addition to writing about it, I jumped in with both feet. Over 40 years, my Amherst education mingled well with forehands, and winning doubles matches, with partner, and venture capital godfather, Fred Adler, or having a Forest Gump-like experience of working for Wall St wunderkind Sandy Weill, years before he built the giant Shearson American Express. Over nearly five decades, I became a senior officer of two investment banking firms, a founding member of 8 startups, five of which had public exits. As former President Jimmy Carter, once told me, “It just goes to show you that if you live long enough, you’re bound to have an interesting life.

For me, writing has defined the many things I’ve been interested in. I believe that as you learn to write, you let go, and your writing begins to write you. I’ve co-authored 4 books on personal development, two sports books, two books on finance, and a spiritual growth book entitled Soul Currency –Investing your Inner Assets for Fulfillment and Abundance that was translated into 7 languages. I was fortunate enough to be a guest on the Oprah Winfrey show in 2011.

In the past 20 years, my writing and speaking has enabled me to connect my spiritual side to coaching, writing and creativity as a Centers for Spiritual Living ordained minister. Two years ago I married Mary Catherine, the woman I waited 20 years for, and we just became grandparents welcoming our first grand-daughter, Caroline.

I still play tennis, although I am recuperating from a back injury. I especially enjoy watching football and tennis, and to my great surprise, I’ve become a big fan of Amherst women’s basketball, and Coach, G.P. Gromacki.

I am currently working on a project to bring solar energy and technology centers to 30 villages in Humla, Nepal, where they barely have roads. I look forward to revisiting Kathmandu, Nepal, Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon), Vietnam, and Phnom Penh, Cambodia. We have also been taking groups to visit John of God, the great Brazilian healer and I am working on a book with him. Fifty years, which used to seem so far off, has flown by so quickly. Who knew?
Next to finding and marrying Joan, attending Amherst was one of the luckiest breaks in my life. I have Amherst, and in particular Professor Marx, to thank for instilling in me curiosity about the history that shows itself in people’s present-day choices: the past as present.

First, just the facts: Joan and I have been married happily for 46 years. Joan retired last year from her career as a human resources manager. She teaches yoga, in particular restorative yoga. Joan is my rock.

Joan and I have two sons, Brian (45) and Patrick (42). Both are married. Brian is an author and a professor of Irish literature. His survey of contemporary Irish crime fiction was just published. Pat is a journalist and a development officer for the Institute of Healthcare Policy and Innovation at the University of Michigan. We have three grandchildren: Brian’s daughter, Maura, is age 18. Pat’s sons, Charlie and Gus, are ages 8 and 6. We adore them all. I stand in awe of our sons as fathers.

“Set in my ways” might seem an appropriate summary of my life, to judge by appearances: I live in the suburb where I lived before Amherst. Joan and I have made this house our home for 33 years. We practice the same faith. I still listen to rock played loudly; I have a playlist titled “Phi Gam Jukebox,” featuring hits from our college years. My hair is still mostly dark and mostly there. I seem to bring my past into my present every day.

It’s been reassuring to have these constants in my life to cushion against plenty of surprises. The year 2009 in particular saw a sea change. My banking career of more than 30 years ended with the Great Recession. Not being ready or in a position to retire, I considered my options, most obviously finding a new banking career, becoming an independent investment advisor, or returning to private law practice. Then one morning an attorney friend asked, “Have you ever thought of being a psychologist?” My response, “no,” turned into “not yet.”

Central to my search was Joan’s support to consider less obvious alternatives. I also had the good fortune to speak with a friend who had recently become certified as a life coach who offered her help.

She introduced me to the William Bridges book Transitions and the concept of taking time to work through the sequence of an ending, a neutral zone of uncertainty, and a new beginning. The surprising outcome of this process was my enrolling in the School of Social Work at Wayne State University in Detroit to earn my MSW so I could work as a psychotherapist.

My business card bears a quotation from Carl Jung that applies to my life: “The privilege of a lifetime is to become who you truly are.” Realizing one’s identity is a privilege, a unique gift that requires close attention to how one came to be this way. My practice focuses on this.

At this stage of my life I have become more interested in and less puzzled by the notion of the true self. We all present to the world what might be termed a “constructed self,” for example, loyal child, devoted spouse, wise father, dependable colleague, successful professional. This is not to imply that the constructed self is phony or inauthentic. It’s the persona we use to make our way in life, to make friends, to find jobs, to signal class membership. As time passes, as our careers mature and close, as our children pursue their own life paths, this constructed self may become less apt. We may find ourselves probing for a sense of peace and resolution that would mark congruence with the true self.

In my work I accompany people who, like me, are seeking this. Together we look closely at the past for clues to the present.

Finally (a word I recall classmates using in the way talking heads now say “look”), as William Faulkner wrote in Requiem for a Nun, “The past is never dead. It’s not even past.” This conviction pervades my life.

May, 2017, at my brother’s house

Email: thomas.cliff@gmail.com
My work as an administrative law judge since 2005 helped me to appreciate my Amherst education. As a lawyer, I was less concerned about what was right than what was in the client’s interest. As a judge, I must seek an outcome that is fair and just, while still complying with the law. The intellectual skills I learned at Amherst — skepticism, creative thinking, and understanding the moral dimensions of human behavior — have served me well. I can appreciate the concerns of the people that appear before me and write a clear opinion that tells them why I ruled the way I did.

I did not plan on a legal career when I graduated from Amherst. I planned to get a graduate degree in history. But my draft board had other plans. So, like many of my classmates, I volunteered and spent three years in the Navy, mostly on an unglamorous repair ship tied up in Norfolk, Virginia. To my chagrin, I discovered that the liberal arts education wasn’t much use in the Navy. Colleagues, from schools I never heard of were better than I was at memorizing Navy regulations and mastering the spit shine.

Soon after I started service, military cutbacks began and my name came out high on the roster of dispensable junior officers. By then, I had decided to go to law school. In the fall of 1971 I started at the University of Pennsylvania. Law school was a bit disappointing. A lot of my classmates fixated on grades and job interviews. I was happy to graduate and start practice.

My Navy background piqued my interest in admiralty law. My first job was with a venerable New York firm, since dissolved, that defended the Titanic. Admiralty remains one of my favorite fields of law, but I entered the practice at an unpropitious time. The container revolution decimated the collision, cargo loss, and personal injury practice that had been the mainstay of admiralty.

In 1981, when the Washington office of my firm needed a lawyer to help in a major aviation case, I took the offer and moved. I have stayed here ever since.

Once in Washington, I married and started a family, and switched to aviation and appellate practice. My two children have been a great source of satisfaction to me. Despite my pleas to seek an honest profession, both became lawyers. Robert (Amherst 2006) works for a Washington firm and lives only a few miles from me. Rebecca (Middlebury 2008) recently married and works for a firm in Boston.

My professional life was less fortunate. My Washington partner was a world-class jerk who withdrew from the firm when his aviation case settled, leaving me to seek employment with another world-class jerk whom only redeeming grace was that he was a superb lawyer. After five years dodging ethics violations, I withdrew and opened a solo law practice. I relished the independence of being my own boss, but disliked the time spent on administration and marketing. In 2005, I accepted an appointment as a judge in the District of Columbia Office of Administrative Hearings. I plan to retire and do volunteer work when my current appointment expires in 2023.

I divorced in 2002, moved to a coop apartment near the National Cathedral, and met my partner, Donna. We are working our way through a bucket list of places to travel. After several trips to the Mediterranean, we toured China, sailed around Cape Horn, and, most recently, traveled through Southeast Asia.

I continue to keep in touch with a number of my Amherst classmates and I look forward to renewing other friendships at the reunion. I hope the reunion will enrich the many warm memories I have.

Me and my daughter, Rebecca.

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Dear Classmates:

Four years at Amherst taught me to seek a level of excellence far above what I had been exposed to in high school. I did not appreciate this at the time because my energies and thoughts were directed at more immediate challenges, like writing a paper on a subject about which I understood little, or completing an assignment that seemed to be one impossible problem after another. Working in this rarified atmosphere of academic excellence became the norm, and achieving moderate success was an appropriate and realistic goal. As I look back at my career after Amherst, it is readily apparent to me that engaging at this high level of excellence is a large reason for any success I have had.

Who was responsible for making the level of excellence at Amherst so high? My answer is simple ... the students! Sure, the faculty demanded a high level of excellence, but they could not have done that if the students were incapable of achieving it or unwilling to strive for it. In short, such excellence became normal because all the students achieved it, albeit to varying degrees. This realization has shaped the advice I give young people picking an undergraduate institution to attend. My answer lately has been, "Take a good look at the students. What do they demand of themselves, and will that bring the best out of you?" 

I’ve concentrated on the academic and professional, but my argument is just as applicable to the personal realm. Sure, most of us were sometimes guilty of being selfish, unaccepting, or uncompassionate. But more often we were serious about important aspects of life, valuing friendship, altruism, and service to others. For me, this was most apparent in our discussions of the Vietnam War in general and its effect on our lives in particular. Our opinions varied, we argued with each other, and we made different life decisions. But no one questioned another’s sincerity or truthfulness. We went through this period in our lives together, sharing many of the same concerns, and we came out of it together, with each of us having made our own decision.

In the end, I find myself appreciating you, my classmates, for what was so important to me about being at Amherst. Thank you for being willing to work hard in hopes of achieving an academic education as good as any in the world. You kept me in the mix, just as I hope I kept some of you in the mix. And thank you for being serious thinkers about what it means to lead a good life. I internalized some of what you valued, and it helped to define my personal life after Amherst.

Peter Collings

Three Generations of the Collings Family

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Statement for Amherst 50th Reunion Book

I can say that I am an artist, but I gave up the idea of making a living with my art many years ago. At Amherst I studied physics thinking it could be my major, but I bailed to art shortly after I squeaked through Modern Physics, and I graduated as an art major. In a sense, I am still trying to finish my senior thesis project, which involved using changeable colored light to explore theories about color perception.

When I got an MFA in painting in 1981, it expanded my view of what I can do as an artist, but I did not attain a greater chance of making a living as an artist. I like to paint, and sometimes I think I have made a pretty good painting, but there are a lot of good painters, and I am not sure I have something particularly important to bring to the field. With light-based color work, however, I think I can make a contribution, so I continue to joyfully slog away at the next step.

After college, during the limbo years of Viet Nam and hippies, I took jobs in service of life as an artist. It was an interesting time. I performed in San Francisco with colored light equipment I built. I made a couple of short 16mm movies. I sold toys I made from acetate theatrical filter material. I produced a line of air-brushed tee-shirts. I did a good number of watercolor paintings, and there were spiritual pursuits. I dreamed of having a stipend sufficient to pay my expenses so I could just make art.

Marriage (1979) has a way of putting values in relief, and by 1985 I had buckled down to getting certified for teaching high school physics. I was lucky to have physics credits to bolster my hustle toward a legitimate career because Carol was getting weary of being the sole support of the household and our 4 year old daughter. In 1987 I knew I was in it for the long haul when we adopted two sisters from Hong Kong. Art took a back burner.

I did twenty three rich and exhausting years teaching, ONLY 23 years – not much compared to other teachers I know, but I retired at 62, and I have my dream... The retirement system gives me about enough to get along, and I can work on my art interests, so I joyfully slog away at the next step.

Dan in Studio

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I don’t look back on my three years at Amherst with the same fondness I feel toward my high school years. But I do look back on those years with much gratitude (it was three years at Amherst because I spent junior year in Spain with the Smith College Junior Year Abroad program). Throughout freshman year I was thoroughly beaten up by Ben DeMott in English 1-2, and in sophomore year by Howell Chickering in the Intro to English Lit course. But those were salutary wounds that shoved me out of the dreamworld I had been wandering in, and forced me to confront the real world as it is – to think about it, understand it as best I could and write about my understanding. Upon returning to Amherst for senior year, I took more courses from DeMott and Chickering and benefitted again from those great teachers. All of these courses (and some other academic pursuits, such as writing a senior honors thesis) were for me the core of the Amherst experience, and by themselves were worth far more than the mere price of admission and time spent.

My plan after Amherst was to earn a Ph.D. in Spanish literature and begin a college teaching career. The degree came along in due time from the Johns Hopkins University; but after just four years of full-time teaching I had to admit to myself that while I loved being in the classroom, my nature was not compatible with some other key aspects of the profession as it found itself in the mid-1970s. I felt compelled to sue for a divorce which, it turned out, was uncontested and quick. Like any divorce, it left me in a lot of pain and turmoil for some time.

As I thought about what to do next, I remembered that I had always had something of an interest in real estate from observing a relative in the sales end of the business and tagging along with my parents as they bought and sold homes; after researching possibilities in the field it occurred to me that I could readily, and probably successfully, employ the thinking and writing skills I had developed at Amherst in the analytical end of the business. This optimism turned out to be justified. For the next 22 years, I wrote narrative appraisals and marketability studies for major commercial and residential development projects at locations nationwide. As I grew older and a bit worn down by near-constant traveling and deadline pressures, I moved over into the less frenetic occupation of managing a county government assessment office. I spent 11 years in this position and loved every minute of it for the surprises and challenges it presented to me every day. Government work may be many things, but dull is not one of them.

Throughout these 33 years, I returned to the classroom from time to time, teaching courses in appraisal and investment analysis for the Appraisal Institute, and Spanish language courses as an adjunct at schools in Florida and Delaware. I’ve also been fortunate enough to teach challenging works like Paradise Lost, the Divine Comedy and Middle English religious poetry (thanks again, Prof. Chickering!) to church study groups that had never tackled such things before. So, although my work as a real estate analyst is certainly what paid the bills, I didn’t lose touch with what mattered most to me – teaching and literature.

After retirement six years ago, I returned to one of my major pursuits during high school – making music with reed instruments. Now, for me, it’s sax in a 1940s-style swing band, clarinet in a Dixieland jazz band, and oboe in a concert band. Music was important to me as a high school kid, but is satisfying on a much deeper level now. With the time not taken up by music I read avidly from a bucket list of literature (mostly fiction) I’ve wanted to read for decades.

I’m also grateful for the friendships I enjoyed with several guys on Morrow 4th during freshman year, and during sophomore year in South College with my roommates Pete Dorland, Andy Inglis and above all Bill Smead. Pete’s passing was sad news, but at the 50th I hope to see Bill and all the guys who contributed so much to my life in those days.

To Celeste O’Hern, an Episcopal priest and my wife of 42 years, who has hung in with me steadfastly during what has been at times a bumpy ride, I owe more than I could ever express. Together we have made a rich life, and for that I’m most grateful of all.

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Anthony Charles Cuda

Email: accuda@juno.com
Frederick Bruce D’Agostino

I am Australian.
If you’d told me, circa 1964, that I would one day be so identified, I couldn’t have imagined how that could come to be. And yet, here I am. Like most people in the USA who knew anything about Australia in the 1950s, what I knew was: They’re good at swimming and tennis. They have a “Royal Flying Doctor Service” and a “School of the Air”. There are kangaroos. That was it.

How did I get here, then?
I got here via London. That’s the first thing. I went there in 1973 to study at the LSE. I was supposed to be there for a year, to study philosophy of social science with some of the top dudes in that area. That had been recommended by my teachers in the Anthropology Department at Princeton, where I was half-way through a PhD. They thought my writing was that of a philosopher. I didn’t know what they meant, since I’d never studied philosophy. But when they gave me some to read, it seemed familiar, intellectually, so I thought I’d look into it ... as a way of enriching my understanding as a fledging anthropologist. But then I fell in love with London and some things happened back in Princeton that were going to make my PhD thesis problematic. LSE really wanted me to come back, so I did. Four more years and I never tired of London ... it was a cheap place to live then, so a great place to be a student.

Digression. This point about writing is a recurrent one. At Princeton, I didn’t realise that I wrote “like a philosopher”. And, earlier, when I was briefly in Baird’s English 1-2 class and we were asked to write something “in our own voice”, I did so and was accused of writing, instead, in a Ciceronian manner. Well, I did, but that, at the time, seemed to me like “my” voice. It’s all pretty confusing this “authenticity” stuff. Anyway, I’ve been working on my writing ever since, working really hard on it, trying, above all else, to write like I talk and to talk like I write. Still working on it.

From London in the late 70s, you didn’t, absent special measures, hear about North American philosophy jobs. You heard about Commonwealth philosophy jobs and so I applied for various such and was made an offer – sight unseen, no interview – by the Australian National University for a five-year Fellowship. Great people; lots of international visitors; only grad students as far as teaching was concerned. It was too good to be true, so I took it. Not really a hard decision, in fact. But it did mean going halfway around the world to the Southern hemisphere and the downside, then anyway, was that I hated to fly (I’d gone back and forth to London on the SS France so fearful of flying was I then). Long (really long) plane rides seem pretty routine now (Later I was going to Oxford for the weekend twice a year! I’ve been to LA for (less than) a day). But that first trip was a little lesson in how bloody big the planet is. New York to San Fran, San Fran to Hawaii, Hawaii to Sydney. What with the weather associated delays and a refuelers strike in Sydney, I arrived in Canberra about 36 hours after I’d left the house in Trenton.

Since then it’s been one thing after another. In about 2000, I realized that the single most important influence on practically all subsequent thinking had been my encounter – circa 1966, under the tutelage of Rose Olver – with Leon Festinger’s theory of cognitive dissonance. Understanding complex decision-making has been my thing for a long time – certainly dating back to my Princeton anthropology days – and remains so. Latterly, I’ve been forced and able to do “applied” work in social settings associated with my various governance, management, and administrative duties.

No family. Interesting girlfriends, none current. No hobbies, but I read books, collect Martin Sharp posters (he of the Disraeli Gears cover), watch movies, and listen to music. No unhealthy obsessions, except Brian Wilson. Quit smoking in 1984. Went bald. Gained a lot of weight. Learned to swim and do so every day. Loved my two fiftieth high school reunions and hence looking forward to this one. Ciao for now.

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To my very pleasant surprise, as we were approaching the end of our respective terms at Amherst, I could point to individuals, mainly faculty, who had a tremendous interest in bringing their students along. When I got to work – seeking pulsars and quasars at the National Radio Astronomy Observatory in Green Bank, West Virginia, and then at the Space Telescope Science Institute, and then working for 30 years in Baltimore at the National Security Agency – I knew how much I owed to the Aroneses and Romers, and to the English guys as well. I finally realized I had adopted what they were doing, all along.

It hit me early one morning at work, when a young colleague said to me, "Have you realized how much you have done for people here, how much they have learned from you?" I said, "No."

She said, "Are you kidding?" She almost literally took me by the throat and shook me to get me to understand.

Those guys who taught us at Amherst had an incredibly unselfish way about them. And finally, combining all those things they were doing made me realize that my focus, like theirs, has been to take a group of people and make sure that you end up with more than the sum of the parts.

Every day now, we are treated to way less than this. People in power are asking, "How can I cut this process down, how can I make something for myself, never mind for them?"

But what I'm talking about is a very real and conscious thing: Get this guy and that guy together in a room with some coffee, and something will happen that is exciting. And it will be something to communicate to their successors.

As a graduate student in astrophysics at UMass, I was working with Joe Taylor. He took me to West Virginia, to the radio telescope observatory, and he said, "What do you think about finishing your degree?" With him as my supervisor. Later, he won a Nobel Prize.

Joe, and all those teachers we had – they were so deeply generous. And they were capable of making a point just by raising an eyebrow. I've had some very fine role models, and now I get it, and I am so pleased and honored and grateful. I got far more than I ever deserved. It seldom gets better than that.

We live outside of Baltimore. Nina's work is to assist a mainstreamed autistic student. I'm a subject in various cognitive science studies at Johns Hopkins and the Baltimore County campus of the University of Maryland, where I can add to scientific knowledge and offer suggestions to the researchers in their experiments.

We have three children. Laurel graduated from Smith in '04, has a master's degree from the U. of Toronto and is a project manager for a translation company in Boston. She has twin brothers. Eric has bachelor's and master's degrees in horn performance from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. He played in the Peabody Youth orchestra and later performed with his quintet the C Street Brass. He is currently doing accounting in Pittsburgh. Julian (Amherst '09, Stanford PhD.) is an environmental scientist post-doc at the University of Georgia. He and his wife, Kendahl (Amherst '10) have two kids, our red-headed grandchildren, Arlo and August.

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Fifty years? No way? (or Hallelujah!) And that’s just since graduation. It’s more than 53 since we first gathered, met our roommates, attended our first chapel (and mixer!), tried to write something decent in our writing courses (still trying!), ate our first delicacies at Valentine, and saw the autumn colors light up the Holyoke Range from Memorial Hill.

There is so much one could write about – families, careers, successes, failures, new beginnings, blessings, losses, treasured Amherst friendships, and more . . . all important and memorable. But today my focus is on Amherst, because those fast-moving four years at our fairest college have inspired and supported all of my endeavors and passions ever since.

Several years ago one of our college companions, Mr. Dylan, recorded a Christmas album (of all things), titled “Christmas in the Heart” (Personally, I think it’s wonderful. A dear Amherst friend/former roommate agrees; another thinks it’s . . . “cringe-worthy”). I think of that title because it is readily adapted to describe my affection and gratitude for Amherst and all that we gained in our years there and subsequently. Amherst in the heart.

Yes, we learned a lot of stuff at Amherst. The specifics are mostly long forgotten. But the way we learned to go about learning, the spirit - even joy - of exploration and discovery, the dedication to excellence, the emphasis on making a significant contribution . . . those have never been lost.

Just as important is the community we shared - with our class and others, the faculty . . . even, for some, with President Plimpton (I confess: I once fled the Infirmary to see Dr. Cal, seeking his intervention to get them to give me something . . . because I wasn’t getting any better!). Of course our community was 24/7 — in classes, at Valentine, at Joe’s Diner with those sh%tburgers, hanging out at fraternity bars and jukeboxes, singing Lord Jeffrey Amherst after touchdowns (and of course the cheers: Maim them, maim them, tear off their arms and legs!), and hitchhiking to/from Northampton and South Hadley. I even watched a Super Bowl at Professor Nelson’s.

And there was the beauty of the campus and the Pioneer Valley that we were privileged to experience daily. If ever there was a place to appreciate each of the seasons, it was Amherst.

For me, all of what Amherst afforded us — the encouragement and unleashing of intellectual curiosity and discovery, the mission to make a difference in society, the bonds of community, and the natural beauty — have merged together and inspired me, personally and in my life’s work:

- After Amherst, Harvard Law, and a wonderful judicial clerkship year in San Francisco, I joined a large law firm in Boston. Why Boston? Because I fell in love with New England . . . at Amherst, of course.
- I pursued a career in tax law . . . why? Because of the intellectual challenges and excitement, and the way in which tax law raised important issues of policy involving the interweaving of law from all three branches of government. Credit Amherst, again.
- And relatively early in my career, I surprised many by leaving a partnership in that prestigious firm to teach law, then joined several other law firms, and spent not the expected two years but twelve helping to lead the Massachusetts Department of Revenue as a Deputy Commissioner for its legal and policy arms, and revamping decades-old tax systems. Why? Because of that desire to make a contribution . . . not merely to clients but to the development of the law and public policies. And what gave me the courage I never thought I had to keep trying new paths? Terras irradient.
- Community and family - my close friendships from Amherst remain the deepest. Returning for homecoming or visiting each other, there is instant ease, openness, candor . . . whatever mask has been on is unnecessary (not to mention useless). And within my family, I have consistently sought with my son and now my wonderful granddaughter Helen (who might some day launch a thousand ships herself) to honor and impart the treasures of lifelong learning that was instilled in us. Give light to the world.
- It’s a beautiful world, if we can keep it. Paraphrasing Franklin, preserving and strengthening the beauty and health of our earth is bedrock . . . and what an extraordinary struggle that is these days. Courage everyone! . . . it’s our responsibility. Just take another look from Memorial Hill.

Saint-Exupéry wrote: “It is only with the heart that one can see rightly.” Amherst is in my heart, and I’ll bet in yours . . . ’til the Sun shall climb the Heavens no more.

With my dear departed Shep

Long live the Commonwealth of Mass.

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As I think back on the impact of my experience at Amherst three factors come to mind: 1) the process of inquiry, 2) the confidence to contribute in an environment of smart and talented people, and 3) the friendships.

Thomas Friedman’s recent book, *Thank You For Being Late, An Optimist’s Guide to Thriving in the Age of Accelerations*, writes, “But when the pace of change gets this fast, the only way to retain a lifelong working capacity is to engage in lifelong learning.” Friedman documents the fast pace of change that has occurred over the past 50 years with the acceleration of that pace in the last decade.

Amherst prepared us for lifelong learning. It taught us a process of inquiry, an ability to study and learn new skills. In an ever-changing world this ability has been essential for survival and a key to resiliency. Over the last 50 years I have had three careers: a naval officer, a prep-school teacher, and investment professional. Each of those professions have required learning a new vocabulary and way of thinking. My experience at Amherst allowed me to acquire the knowledge and skills as well as to understand the unique requirements of each profession. In each of those professions I was able to learn, grow, and contribute to my professions. My Amherst experience provided me the foundation for opportunities that led to leadership positions as teacher and coach, US Navy Captain, and Chief Investment Officer.

Amherst College attracted many of the smartest students in the country; Dean Wilson filled our class with very smart and highly engaged students. I learned at Amherst that I could contribute in an environment where many of my fellow students were smarter than I. This experience allowed me to contribute in highly competitive environments surrounded by highly capable and smart colleagues. Addressing the high level of academic challenges at Amherst also prepared me for challenges we all faced in our lives outside the workplace.

Yet, Dean Wilson brought to our class not only the smartest students, but also those with special human values and character. Possibly the most important impact for me came from the friendships with my classmates. The quality of the friendships that I made at Amherst have provided significant life-time relationships. Over the years, my Amherst friends shared my triumphs and disasters; they crossed paths with me on the rivers of Vietnam; they were with me at weddings and funerals; they provided competition on the racquetball and tennis courts, and companionship on cross-country ski trails and fishing streams. Those are the friendships for which I am most grateful and that endear me to Amherst.
A family friend used to say, “The hardest thing about a thank you note is that you have to write a second sentence.” Compared to that mind-numbing challenge, composing this essay should be easy.

In my law school 25th reunion book, I quoted Socrates’ dictum that “the unexamined life is not worth living” but claimed nonetheless to have gotten along reasonably well despite a limited penchant for deep thought. In hindsight, and as someone formed at Amherst, I don’t know what led me to deny engaging in self-reflection. Was it bravado? False modesty? Was taking a contrarian position an Amherst-bred reflex? At age 70, I certainly won’t renew the claim.

Like any mature adult, I’ve tried to live responsibly, while recognizing that tradeoffs and moral dilemmas abound. I like to contemplate an axiom that I associate with Oliver Wendell Holmes, though without confirmation from Google: “Maturity is the ability to tolerate ambiguity.”

What’s in my mind on the eve of the 50th Reunion?

First of all, gratitude. For loving parents, a sterling education. The great good fortune of two fulfilling careers, the second still ongoing. For a fifty-year, ever-deepening relationship with Carol Pillinger Daw (Smith ’69). Meeting and marrying Carol, and sharing the trail with her, are the defining events of my life. I cherish our kids and grandkids and admire their qualities. With (I hope) no pretense of entitlement, I try to appreciate our material advantages as Americans, beyond the imagining of our forebears or, indeed, most of our contemporaries around the world.

Second, I’m pondering the parallels between my two chosen fields, lawyering and literary translation. It took me a while to realize how much of my legal training and experience carried over to translation. In drafting contracts, briefs and other legal documents, precision of expression is indispensable. Although the content and purposes differ, both legal writing and literary translation depend heavily on wordsmithing and on a painstaking quest for the right word or phrase. Additionally, both professions involve advocacy. Lawyers of course advocate their clients’ positions and represent their interests. At least in my conception, translators advocate for the dissemination of international literature and, in a wider sense, for international understanding. Commitment to those ideals is inherent in the discipline. I’d submit that literature in general nurtures empathy, sensitivity, and imagination and that translated literature arguably goes one better, revealing both the profound commonality among humans and, paradoxically, the diversity of cultures, attitudes and living conditions among the various peoples of the globe. Translation fosters cross-border tolerance, along with an openness to fresh ideas and new perspectives on literature itself. As others have noted, translation builds bridges, not walls.

Finally, who in our generation can be oblivious to aging and mortality? Not only do we experience the loss of friends and relatives, but we also collide with our own physical and mental frailties. Two years ago, I developed a rare and aggressive form of skin cancer. Mercifully, my dermatologist detected the lesion just as it emerged, and a surgeon promptly excised it, with no further treatment needed (it was tucked away behind my ear, an area of my anatomy the surgeon characterized as “cheap real estate”). Since he saved my life, he’s entitled to speak as cavalierly as he likes). Still, the week of existential uncertainty concentrated my mind, and hopefully I’ve not reverted to my prior nonchalant mindset that death lurks somewhere in the far-distant future.

A friend aptly remarked that growing old is “weirdly fascinating.” It’s also mildly disconcerting and at the same time amusing. Absent-mindedness and I have a shared history, but nowadays we’re drawing even closer. Walking into a room at home, I occasionally have to stop and recollect the purpose of the errand. I sometimes have the sense of having done something when I’ve merely formed an intention to do it. Multitasking is harder than before. My working assumption is that brain function slows with age, just as I can’t run as fast or jump as high as I once could. As my 104-year-old mother says calmly about each new ailment or limitation, “That’s to be expected.”

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Paul at Home
The bare bones outline of my life since Amherst is that I went directly to law school (instead of to grad school in Physics, as I had planned until the social upheavals of ’67-’68 caused me to care more about social justice). I’ve been a public interest lawyer for 46 years, including thirteen years as Director of Litigation for the New Orleans Legal Assistance program and twelve years as a consumer class action litigator at the non-profit National Consumer Law Center in Boston -- my current position, with no plans to retire in the near future. I’ve been happily married to Marjorie Kornhauser, a law professor, for 47 years, and am the father of a wonderful daughter (also an attorney). No grandchildren. I’m in good health, still play some tennis, and am studying Tai Chi.

I have so many wonderful memories of the people and experiences at Amherst that I wouldn’t know where to start -- so I’m coping out on that part for now. But I’m looking forward to reminiscing in person at the reunion.

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The first word that comes to mind in reflecting on my past 50 years is: “Gratitude”. My life has been blessed with good health and no personal tragedies. Nancy (Sturdy, or “Sturds” as Bob Haldeman and Ed Savage still call her) and I are going on 49 years of marriage and over 52 as “a thing”. Our children (43 and 37) are happy with families (3 grandchildren) and successful careers. We are now all near each other in The Bay Area, and see each other frequently. In fact, my son and his family live quite literally across the street from us in Berkeley. There are daily sightings. Our only real “scares” to date have been two heart attacks, our daughter at age 40 and our son at age 36. Both were rare “outliers” (no risk factors), mild, and apparently unrelated to each other. So even here, we count our blessings, although the entire family has moved closer to living every day to its fullest.

Nancy and I were married in Los Angeles in December 1968, 3 months after I entered The Navy. My assignments were in Newport, Norfolk and Charleston. Someone had to guard The East Coast. We both attended Stanford Business School and located in Los Angeles to start two careers. We soon moved to Pasadena where we spent all but 6 of the next 42 years, the 6-year stint being in Minneapolis. My career included management consulting (McKinsey and as an independent), big corporate, and a start up. My full-time career ended in 2000. Since then, I have served on several corporate boards and continued as an independent management consultant. I also did a stint advising CEOs of start-ups (AKA adult supervision). I started running right after Amherst and still do (kind of) despite arthritis in both knees and a foot. Let’s just say that we have moved from running, to jogging, to loping. By necessity, the exercise regimen has been diversified to include hiking, cycling, mountain biking, walking, weight lifting and skiing. The rest of my time is pretty much consumed reading, being with family and friends, and a minimum of travel.

Thinking back on Amherst, there are many things to be grateful for, and one regret. First, we got a great education. It wasn’t the grind of freshman year. It was the nature of the education. We were taught to think, to solve problems, and to communicate. I vividly remember first semester freshman year Western Civilization with Professor John Guarnachelli. We would read a book each week and meet three times where he would say nothing until the end of each class. We were on our own. He would only summarize how each class went: who made good points, elaborated effectively, or got us off track. His final exam was one question: “What was this course about?” It was a course about the art of conversation. This was so typical of Amherst. Then there were the friendships and experiences, the freshman dorm, the football team, The Glee Club, the Rugby Club, the hitch hiking to and from Mt. Holyoke and Smith, and the fraternities. It was a rich four years that produced lasting friendships, fond memories and a great foundation.

My one regret has to do with the way some of us “jocks” treated some of the others in the class, or referred to some of the fraternities. We all know the word that was used. I don’t recall being one of the worse offenders. But that doesn’t matter. I certainly said nothing to stop it. We were children and thought we were being “cool”. Again, this is no excuse. We were unkind and demeaning toward some of our classmates. This is a behavior I deeply regret. I apologize for this behavior.

I have been to many of the reunions. I really look forward to this reunion, as I know that many of you who have come infrequently or not at all will be there. And that will be something to behold.

Email: htdenero@gmail.com
Jean-Francois Deschamps

107 Pond, Spring of ’68

The most intense time of my life: Hendrix, Sargent Pepper, the Mamas and the Papas, mescaline, Krishnamurti, Martin Luther King dead, black leader pointing his finger at us on the green “It’s YOUR fault, he screams...”

Johnson not running for re-election: running up the hill to see Plimpton at the President’s Residence: “FANTA!” he says, “you look happy!” I was... Everything so intense... what the H... is happening to the world? Joints passing around...

Robert dies, my heart breaks, Grenades explode in Paris taking a friend’s hand off...

Are we mutants? Is the world changing? Do I go back to Paris before Graduation, you bet, it is happening there: Charles de Gaulle is surrounding the City with tanks, I want to be there.

Then, Nothing... I go back and all I see is the Pathos... The last Theater held by revolutionary in Paris, “The Odeon,” is incredibly disappointing; bunch of self-centered idiots. La Sorbonne is also disappointing, no Amherst College that’s for sure! Still trying to put you in a little box. No Professor Kateb to tell you, chewing on his cigar like Groucho: “Don’t worry guys, they’re be more wars in the future than there have been in the past.”

I leave and go teach in a little vocational school in the Alps, then in Burundi, Africa, teaching reading and writing in a Catholic Mission, high up in the mountains where people were simple and beautiful, and brutal... Amazing unspoiled students, I realize that Humanity is the same everywhere, only the institutions make a difference (that phone call to your lawyer!).

And instinct that enables you to pull out of sticky situation, good old DNA that brought you here in the first place through the millions of years, and saves your ass when the proverbial shit hits the fan... instinct!

Time passes by...

Back to the US in ’79, teaching and coaching X-Country skiimg in Vermont. I remember “Jeremiah Johnson” and make my way to Aspen (the quality of snow and women are better there...).

I bake croissants and eclairs, I like it, the simplicity, nothing beautiful like the color of bread in the first ray of sun, the track waiting for me after my graveyard shift.

3 years later I have my first Restaurant “Le Bistro des Amis” on the mall but, of course I go bankrupt in 2 years...

Leave for Miami, it’s exploding down there... Big career: work with Boulud, Ripert, open 10 fancy restaurants, one after the other all the way down to the Keys, catering to all the celebrities... I have gone back to the source and wine is my passion now.

Melody, the beautiful young Filipina is my wife, we are going to have a family so we go back to hers, in Virginia Beach, where we have been for 17 years. I sell wine, 3 beautiful children in college soon, “J’ai bien vecu”, I have lived well...

I like to think that I am an Amherst College success, this little Parisian loved being with you guys, you gave me the confidence to dare to be what I am... Like a good Grand Cru, I don’t care if you like me or not, because I know I’m good... and that I will go back to dirt... I like it!

Fanta

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William Cutler Domb  

Have finished up seeing patients and am now consulting/teaching all over the place. Primarily on ozone and its uses in medicine and dentistry. Finished term as Pres of the International Association of Ozone in Healthcare. Also founded the American Academy for Oral Systemic Health.

Sold 6305R, our Cessna Cutlass. Flew it all the way to Florida from California through some very nasty thunderstorms only to have the aircraft bought by a company back in Southern Cal.

Currently living on Activated Eau, a Vantare motor yacht ported near Trump’s place in Palm Beach. Configured for diving and heading out through the islands. Underwater photography. Kayaking, etc.

Have a captain aboard full time helping Ellen and me for the foreseeable future. Sometimes a stewardess to aid with diving chores, especially hot pickup sans anchoring.

Activated Eau comfortably sleeps 8+ with cabins for captain and crew.

As to the Amherst ‘experience,’ rather mixed feelings. Getting to know the disparate students was unquestionably the best recollection. Then would certainly add some ancillary activities such as editing the Student and singing in the Glee Club. Maybe some of this is at least in part explicable. College itself was eclipsed by the political ferment of the era.

Courses: pretty mixed reviews. A couple of the bio and biochem programs were worthwhile. Philosophy: eh. Chemistry: fair at best. Sometimes think I might have gotten more out of sitting in the library stacks and just pawing through tomes.

The much vaunted inculcation of ‘enhanced thinking processes’: minimal value. But maybe that was a result of coming out of an extremely strong preparatory process prior to college.

Without doubt, the best memories come from friendships formed at the College. Especially continuing to sing with Bruce McInnes over the years.

Pretty concerned with the directions the College has taken of late. FAR too PC and, sadly, corrupted. But recognize I’ve not been following things in direct detail.

Regards

Bill Domb

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Let me offer a gaggle of moments I recall from Amherst which still resonate with me and hopefully kindle memories for you.

My father often drove me to high school. It took about one-half hour from my home to Montclair Academy. We would talk on the way – mostly sports, sometimes current events. One morning, after my acceptance at Amherst, my father, from places unknown, began a formal lecture on the meaning of college. He never attended college. He told me to work hard and prepare for my most important duty in life. I led with my chin, “What is that, Dad?” He responded, “To vote... Understand the issues so when you enter the voting booth you fulfill your civic duty to vote Democratic every single time!” If nothing else, my father could simplify a concept. We both chuckled at the punch line although for him the message was real. Dutiful son that I am, I have followed the instruction, or at least have not told anyone differently.

Do you remember being welcomed to freshman orientation by Dean Wilson or perhaps someone else. “Welcome, Harvard rejects.” Now that is a fine way to start me off. I do not belong here. I never applied to Harvard.

My second composition submitted in English I to Professor William Pritchard came back to me with a vertical line spanning two paragraphs in the right margin of the first page. The line was accompanied by one word in capital letters and an exclamation point – “WOOSH!” I looked at it, puzzled. In a naïve pique, I asked Pritchard himself what the comment meant. “That is the place where I gagged and threw up on your paper.” Welcome to English I lectures. Your notes are mere hen tracks. Just listen and attempt to understand. Save your pencil for the problems. Do the homework problems pencil in hand, not my lectures.”

I learned Amherst geography from my freshman soccer coach, Scully Scandrett. He taught geography via the “Little Scenic Tour” around the perimeter of all the lower fields at the foot of Memorial Hill. We did that mile jaunt before and after practice, with the behemoth Kim DeRiel always leading the pack by fifty yards or so, and me by at least two hundred yards. Kim was, like me, a pretty lousy soccer player. Like me, he was taking soccer up on a lark, and me by at least two hundred yards. Kim also led the pack on our occasional two paragraphas in the right margin of the first page. The line was accompanied by one word in capital letters and an exclamation point – “WOOSH!” I looked at it, puzzled. In a naïve pique, I asked Pritchard himself what the comment meant. “That is the place where I gagged and threw up on your paper.” Welcome to English I and thank you for what I now consider wise criticism.

Did we really hitch-hike to South Hadley and Northampton for our dates at Mt. Holyoke and Smith? Two round trips on any given evening, the first sober, the second perhaps not so. It was not weather permitting; it just was. How did we survive? Arnold Arons. (A paraphrase) “Don’t take notes during my lectures. Your notes are mere hen tracks. Just listen and attempt to understand. Save your pencil for the problems. Do the homework problems pencil in hand, not my lectures.”

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In my sophomore year, Professor John William Ward, as an aside in his course on Jacksonian Democracy, said “there are only three questions in history. What happened? Why did it happen?” He paused to give effect to the final question. “And the most important question, Who cares? Don’t forget it.” I have tried not to. He also taught me the word “brouhaha”, which, when he used it, I thought he was just making it up, until I looked it up after class. I am not disclosing the definition. Always look up words if you do not understand.

I recall liking the food served in Valentine, but oddly can’t recall what they served other than “mystery meat” and oceans of milk. I stopped drinking milk by my senior year. What is wrong with this picture?

I was a history major. In my junior year, I took a course in Historiography. The course was required for history majors. It was taught by Professor John Halsted. During one seminar session, I waxed “poetic” on seeking “the truth” even if we could not achieve it. Halsted looked over to John Mirick and asked him what he thought. John said, “I don’t know about the truth. My aspiration is not that high. I just want to write something interesting to me.” Of course! So simple. How can I make anything important to someone else if it is not first interesting to me? If it is not first interesting to me, why should anyone else care?

Arnold Arons (a direct quote) – “Make the connections.”

Before Amherst, Lew Solomon and I both went to Montclair Academy. We represented 10% of the twenty students in the Montclair senior class. Lew wrote a senior thesis to complete his English major at Amherst. Benjamin DeMott served on the faculty panel for Lew’s thesis defense. DeMott presented Lew the first question, “Mr. Solomon, isn’t your presentation really a piece of shit?” All air left the room, as if sucked out so all could appreciate the fragrance of DeMott’s comment. Lew paused as the silence lingered, and then said: “That is a very rich descriptive term, Professor DeMott. I assume you are using it in praise.” DeMott leaned back and laughed uproariously, joined by the panel. Oxygen returned and Lew passed his defense with flying colors. He graduated only Cum Laude despite his Magna comment.

I learned my most valuable piece of self-knowledge from John Davidson. In our senior year, John and I served as freshmen dorm advisers and bunk mates on the first floor of James. About 7:30 a.m. on one of our first days at close quarters, John announced, “I am going to breakfast. Want to join me?” In my morning daze, I thought he must be kidding. Who gets up for breakfast at Amherst? I was a history major. In my junior year, I took a course in Historiography. The course was required for history majors. It was taught by Professor John Halsted. During one seminar session, I waxed “poetic” on seeking “the truth” even if we could not achieve it. Halsted looked over to John Mirick and asked him what he thought. John said, “I don’t know about the truth. My aspiration is not that high. I just want to write something interesting to me.” Of course! So simple. How can I make anything important to someone else if it is not first interesting to me? If it is not first interesting to me, why should anyone else care?

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Now we know where Sabrina is, but Lord Jeff is nowhere to be found. What is wrong with that picture?

Michael Patrick Donnelly

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On the day before Thanksgiving this year I received a follow-up email from a historically and typically direct, no-nonsense Eddie Lynn. After 50 years some things just never change!! I detected a note of annoyance that, honestly, I can understand and appreciate. I had been stalling with regard to this (cringe) “essay” and I’m guessing I’m probably not the only one.

A little more than 30 years ago Mike Mulligan had reached age 40 and wrote about the harsh reality of having less than half his life left. I didn’t think much about it at the time, but now here we all are near the end of that second half. As I was enjoying the terrific COTM videos I was also reflecting (as I increasingly do now with far more time on my hands) about what I have to show for this life of mine. What can I share with this fabulous group of guys that could ever be worthy of them? I’ve decided to put the negatives aside for now…..all of the wrong decisions and (groan) the bad ones. It turns out there may well be a few positive and interesting aspects about where I’ve been and how I think I got there.

What I didn’t understand as I entered Amherst was that I had a natural affinity for languages. Through Ignorance and immaturity I ended up that first semester in John Galliardo’s (sp?) advanced French lit seminar after passing the language requirement!! I remember admiring Smitty (Mike Diesel Smith) as he struggled with Russian. I can see Studley and Lengieza now, raising their eyebrows as they recall “counseling” me about my later, Don Quixote-like efforts to be a math major!!

My years as a US Air Force officer followed and it was during my overseas assignments to South Korea and The Netherlands that I realized I was doing well with the necessary cultural adjustments. Overcoming the putrid smell of Korean kimshi and later having a Dutch girlfriend made me realize that something special was happening. During a Friday night happy hour at Vliegbasis Soesterberg in Holland, as the bar filled up, I noticed there were several people nearby speaking French. My friend and colleague, Captain Don Drackert, was married to a woman from Provence and her family was visiting. To my surprise I found that, after several years out of touch with the language, I had retained enough French to join in. Sitting next to me was an older French woman named Juliette, married to an American civilian whom she met during WWII. She told me the next day how proud she was of me…..and now she hated all Americans except me and her husband!!!

My life moved on to grad school and my international MBA – with intensive language study, by the way – then on with my HR career through Houston and New York. Near the turn of the century, I accepted a job offer in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. Almost my entire circle of friends and family thought I must be out of my mind, but from the beginning my intuition led me to believe the expat experience was in my blood. I found really challenging work in this developing part of the world. Probably, the most gratifying aspect was working with the young national men and women from Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates…..all devout Muslims, proud of their culture and heritage, but all looking for knowledge and leadership that at the time they could only find with experienced expat advisors. Spending the time with them, challenging them, and seeing how thrilled they were when they had finally “made it” – these were for me probably the best of a reasonably long list of gratifying experiences.

…….and there is so much more I hope to share with you all at the reunion!!

Email: douglassjoh@gmail.com
Amherst Class of 1968

After graduating from Amherst I went to law school at the University of Florida and began practicing with my father in 1968 and later in a small firm, finally retiring in 2016. I had a broad based practice, specializing in contracts and commercial transactions. For a time I was Honorary French Consul for Florida and I served as President of the local Alliance Francais chapter for many years. I also served on the Board of River Region Human Services, a drug and mental health rehabilitation organization, for almost 30 years.

I married Winfield Rogers in 1973 and we have three wonderful children. My oldest graduated from Notre Dame and University of South Florida Medical School and is now an ophthalmologist in Jacksonville. He is married to a pediatric ophthalmologist and they have twin five year olds, a girl and a boy. My middle son followed more in my footsteps, spending his high school years on the tennis courts and going to Princeton, playing on their JV tennis team. After graduation he went into bond trading for JP Morgan first in New York and then in Tokyo. 9 years later, he retired to pursue other interests and is now married with a 3-year-old son and teaching preschoolers English in Tokyo. I went once to visit them and they come home at least once a year. My youngest, a daughter, also went to Notre Dame and Univ. of South Florida Med School and is now an emergency room doctor in Tampa, Florida. She is married to another ER doctor. My wife and I will celebrate our 45th anniversary this summer.

I continued to play tennis with lots of success at the club level, winning club tournaments for 30+ years (much to the chagrin of some younger players) and enjoying the sport and all my tennis friends over the years. My middle son was one of the ones to knock me off the ladder when he was 18. It is funny, but now he has quit playing tennis, as it is so hard to play in Tokyo and my other two have picked up on the game.

In 2010 I was diagnosed with Parkinson’s Disease which has cut back on many of the things I used to enjoy, like playing tennis. Because of this, I was not intending to attend our 50th Reunion, but, after hearing from friends around the country, I am going to try. Know my heart is with all of you if I cannot make it.
It was a dark and stormy night. Powerful forces lurked around every corner. A reckoning was inevitable. I girded my loins, preparing to commit a theft that was part and parcel of the Amherst experience.

At dusk I left my room, walked to Valentine to liberate a 12x18 meal tray, and hiked through 6 inches of snow to Memorial Hill. I was a bit scared; that small cafeteria tray was my only protection from sudden death.

The trip down the hill went well and though at some point the tray and I parted ways, I came to a halt at the bottom. I found myself lying in the snow, quite happy with the state of the world. I picked myself up, dusted myself off, and started all over again. A few trips later, I returned to the unforgiving world of organic chemistry.

On reaching my room, I realized that my keys were missing, no doubt buried deep in snow and lost forever. My roommates let me in, but I wondered how I would explain the loss of keys to the biology building and part of the computer lab. To my delight, the biology and computer staff took the loss in stride and a week later I had a duplicate set.

On a sunny spring day three months later, I took another walk to get away from studying. Just for fun I wandered over to Memorial Hill. And yes, there they were, sitting at the bottom of the hill smiling up at me. I flashed a brief grin. However, the delight I felt was much stronger than one would expect upon finding a now useless set of keys. The experience gave me a fun story to tell for 5 decades.

Nowadays, I remember my Amherst years providing a wide variety and frequent occurrence of unexpected challenges. When I first arrived, I was bright eyed and bushy tailed. After all, I knew how to study, had high grades, and was ready to be sleep deprived. I was, however, not ready for a weekly trudge through 50-100 pages of primary sources to learn American history, or for frequent trips into ancient chemistry literature (in German, please) to identify my unknown. One novel educational opportunity involved practicing the art of taking a French final exam while simultaneously catching up on sleep. I passed the exam.

But worst of all, I felt socially like a square peg in a round hole. I tried hard, but couldn’t convince any fraternity that I would fit in. They were right. I found most of my friends amongst others who didn’t fit into the fraternity system. I graduated with a great education, but with little desire to return to Amherst or to have much to do with the rest of my class.

Four decades later, Ed Savage called to enthusiastically invite my wife and me to our 40th reunion -- and bring chocolate to present a tasting. "You’ll love it," said he. We at first agreed, but illness prevented us from making the trip. I was not disappointed.

Five years later my wife did a better job than Ed. "It can’t be that bad," she said. "We can always leave an hour after we arrive." I thought she was well intentioned, but hopelessly misguided. I gave in. So in May, 2013, we packed our clothes and lots of chocolate and travelled to attend my 45th reunion.

We arrived and, having nowhere else to go, we headed to the class of ’68 tent. The free food was passable, but under the tent were 15 people with the same names as my annoying classmates. I started chatting just to make the time pass faster, but then it happened. Those people were now warm, open, interesting, and, who knows why, glad to see me. We even exchanged some hugs. I realized that I had just found something that I had lost 49 years ago, mistakenly thinking that it was something I’d never want or need.

It took 5 people only 20 minutes to melt away a half century of cold feelings. Finding lost keys and lost friends are clearly two of the finer blessings of life.
How people help each other has been the focus of most of my work as a psychologist and professor, now at the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill. Loneliness and social isolation are as lethal as smoking cigarettes, so we need to encourage social connections. For the past ten years, the greatest satisfaction of my career has been leading a program (peersforprogress.org) that promotes peer support through nonprofessionals helping others with diabetes and other health challenges around the world; our current major project is in Shanghai. I suppose it's then understandable that reflecting on Amherst +50 leads me to think about those who helped me.

Professor Robert Birney, my advisor in psychology, gave me the best professional advice of my life. Torn between grad school at the University of Wisconsin or Stony Brook in New York, then an upstart pushing new directions for the field, I asked “What would you do?” His advice: “I've generally found it best to go where the action is. Stony Brook’s where the action is.” I went to Stony Brook and have benefited from its opportunities ever since, including the “action” of pushing clinical and health psychology to pay more attention to peer support (Living his own advice, Professor Birney left Amherst a year or two later to become Vice President of Hampshire College.)

Philosophy professor Gail Kennedy influenced us all as the chair of the committee that had given us the “New Curriculum” of Science and English 1-2 and the like. He especially encouraged this scared freshman during our first Fall. After Saturday morning’s introductory philosophy class, we’d talk for five or ten minutes, helping me feel that maybe I did belong. Professor Kennedy was also very wise: “Getting the right answer is easy. It’s asking the right question that’s the hard part.”

A challenge of all helping is knowing when to hold feet to the fire, when to cut some slack. Two faculty exemplified this. Elliot Offner from Smith, substituting for an Amherst professor on sabbatical, provided perhaps my defining Amherst moment. With a leaf collage as the first assignment of Fall of sophomore year, I settled down with leaves, paper, glue, and wine on my floor in North Hall one evening and took my creation to class the next afternoon. Professor Offner: “This looks like you gathered some leaves and put this together last evening drinking wine. You don’t understand, you will work harder for this course than any other.” By the end of the semester, I was. I wasn’t very good. He taught me that wasn’t the point but to take myself seriously, invest in what I’m doing.

Cutting slack came from my lab instructor for Science 1-2, Professor Richard Fink. With mono shortly after spring break, I couldn’t get everything done. I let the physics slide since I felt I had a cushion there. I described this in explaining my poor final exam. Professor Fink responded, “Well, you did very well all year so I’m going to give you the grade you had going into the final.” On a visit to Amherst in the early 1980s, after ten years on faculty at Washington University, I bumped into Professor Fink, then a dean. He seemed to appreciate hearing how wise I had found his decision to give a student a break, and how his wisdom had inspired me to extend it to students he would never meet.

As much as any lectures, after 50 years my attention is drawn to how these professors touched me. To no great surprise, extending their kind of support to my students and colleagues has also given me some of my most satisfying professional experiences.

How individuals may shape and be shaped by those around them has recently been the focus of some writing I’ve done linking the Cuban Missile Crisis with the present. JFK brought together very smart advisors and listened to them carefully. But they disagreed sharply. As he put it, “There stands the decision, and there stands the President.” Writing about the implications of this for the current President (through a chapter in The Dangerous Case of Donald Trump, St. Martin’s Press) has offered the opportunity to join the national discussion while providing a taste of possible post-retirement writing outside professional journals.

Among friends and family, every conversation with my good friend Steve Hurley from the class of ‘66 helps me see something I’d missed. From our class, David Weinstein is a wise confidant across ten-year gaps in contact. Ed: “But if I moved somewhere new after retiring, my role as a professor would disappear.” David: “You might find that liberating.” Rebecka Rutledge Fisher, feeding me wedding cake in the accompanying photo, has given me more love and care than I deserve, combining also that fine blend of encouraging my best yet loving me as I am.

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A year after graduation from Amherst I married my high school sweetheart, Michele Wilson (Smith, 1969). When we think of that time we are amazed at how young we were and the easy confidence with which we were willing to make such a commitment to each other. We have one child, Eric who, despite being a proud North Carolinian, works for a large law firm in Boston. He, his wife, and our two grandchildren enjoy the millennial urban lifestyle in Somerville.

Following up on an interest that Professor Ray Moore helped cultivate at Amherst, I entered the Ph.D. program in Japanese history at Yale in the fall of 1968, spent two years in Tokyo conducting research, and returned to face a difficult academic job market. Nevertheless, in 1975 I received an offer to join the Department of History of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. It was a great opportunity; I stayed for 42 years and fully retired just a few months ago. I taught courses on Japanese history, East Asia, the Pacific War, and The World since 1945. My publications covered several different topics: Japanese intellectuals' role in their nation's mobilization for the Pacific War in the 1930s and early 1940s, the relationship between Japanese business and the government during the prewar period, the rise of the cotton textile industry as Japan's first competitive modern industry, and the causes of the "lost decade" of the 1990s. I also found myself doing a fair amount of administration, including helping to create a new unit, the Department of Asian Studies. In 1975, Carolina had no such program and only one instructor of an Asian language. The DAS now includes more than 30 faculty members and teaches at least a half-dozen Asian languages. I was also involved in starting graduate programs in global history and Asian history. Meanwhile, after receiving an M.B.A. at UNC, Michele pursued a career in the emerging field of development as UNC increasingly realized the need to cultivate private support. She became the first director of development for the university libraries and was credited with helping raise more than $50 million during the course of her career. Our son graduated from Carolina in 2003.

What follows are random reflections on my experiences at Amherst and afterwards. My professors at Amherst had a crucial impact on my career. Paul Cohen's lectures about East Asian history during the required first-year course on world history introduced the subjects of Chinese and Japanese history to me. Ray Moore, who succeeded Cohen, furthered my fascination with Japanese history, brought my attention to the junior year program at the East-West Center in Hawaii where I began my study of Japanese language, and patiently supervised my honors thesis. Seminars with John Petropulos in Middle Eastern history were both challenging and stimulating.

At UNC I quickly came to appreciate the importance of public universities. Through my teaching and the experiences of my wife and son as students, I could observe the multiple ways in which a public university with modest tuition and a strong faculty and staff can have a transformative effect by providing high quality educational opportunities that otherwise would not be available to many citizens. For a long time, the state government has been admirably unusual in mandating that a high percentage of undergraduates at UNC be from North Carolina—82%, whereas at peer institutions such as Michigan and Virginia only 60 -70% of students are in-state—and in holding in-state tuition and fees remarkably low (now about $8,900 per year). The situation has begun to change, though, because the state legislature has cut funding to the university system for the better part of a decade, even though state revenues recovered several years ago from the effects of the 2008 Great Recession.

UNC and public higher education in general face huge challenges. These include continuing to diversify the faculty and student community, keeping costs affordable without diluting quality, fending off increasing political control as a threat to academic freedom, preserving a liberal arts curriculum amid much skepticism about its value, expanding international opportunities for students, and remaining vigilant about the influence of big-time revenue sports which play a peculiarly prominent role in American higher education.

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Reunion class of '68

My regrets are many. I regret not doing more for others and not making more close friends. The thing I cherish the most is coming close to figuring out who I am. I like it that I think I have a kindred spirit in Carl Sandburg, MLK, James Brown and Canadian voyagers. When I graduated, my name was listed over a dozen times on the sign out card in the back of Complete Sandburg at Frost Library.

In the summer of '68 I led YMCA campers on wilderness canoe trips into Canada's Algonquin Park. Jack Widness was a partner in this venture. At the end of the summer, I received my draft notice and by the spring of '69 I found myself in the USMC in Danang. I saw firsthand the ravages of the senseless war, but I had very limited combat since I was in the rear as a court reporter.

Law school followed and then 30 plus years as an enforcement attorney with the SEC in Washington. I specialized in insider trading cases and training. I parlayed my interest in computerized analysis of telephone and trading records into a gig as the SEC’s point man in training other countries’ enforcement attorneys. Great worldwide travel.

Some of my fondest memories post-Amherst are of canoeing solo in the North in the summers. I remember being unseen watching a Cree father resting in the woods with his son when they were out hunting bear, going over to them and showing them the map and the route that would take me to Baker Lake on the northeast shore of Hudson Bay, deciding to run a dangerous and enchanting rapids on the Thelon River, completing the rapid coming ashore and being invited into an Inuit camp. Eager to take pictures of them, only to be met by their instamatics focused on me.

I have been in Washington DC since 1970. In 1977, I convinced the lovely and charming Dottie to marry me. We have a son and daughter, both of whom are graduates of Amherst. We also have two grandchildren. Along the way in 1980, I designed a second home located in the mountains of southwestern Pennsylvania. For several years, I coached and refereed YSO soccer on weekends in Bedford, Pa. As a family, we completed over a dozen wilderness canoes trips, including two to Alaska. One of my favorite trips was a 150 miler with my daughter in Algonquin. My favorite charity is the Bishop John Walker School for Boys in D.C., a school for inner city black youth.

In retirement, I have slowed down, gained weight and devoted a lot of time to fishing and golf. On the fishing front, Ed Savage, Jack Widness, Doug Pittman, Bob Haldeman and I have made many trips to trout infested lakes and rivers in Montana and Moosehead lake region of Maine in search of rainbows, browns, landlocked salmon and smallmouth bass. On the golfing front, I am fanatical, playing five or six times a week at the public course where I have a part-time job as marshal, which provides me with free golf. Every day I wake knowing that this is the first day that I will break 80.

I do not worry about the state of our country. We have too many people who will speak up and act out. He ain’t heavy, he’s my brother. When the going gets tough, the tough get going. War is not the answer. What we need is a few good men and women. I was born on the prairie and the milk of its wheat and the red of its clover and the eyes of its women gave me a song and a slogan. As I have gotten older, I have learned to leave a little more wine in the bottle. But I digress.

Looking back at our years at Amherst, what I remember most is the dedication of our professors, the willingness of most of the class to give 100% towards the pursuit of an Amherst education. For me, I found it difficult to hit the books as hard as I should have. I truly appreciate the opportunity to have spent a lot of quality time on the athletic fields with classmates who gave as much on the field as they did in the class rooms. The friendships that I made at Amherst have endured the test of time. I feel like I left a lot of money on the table by not getting to know each of our classmates better. If you visit DC, please let me know and I have a place to put you up.

Hilton Foster
I had initially intended to leave college after my junior year and begin medical school. After going through the application and interview process, I was fortunate in being accepted by the four schools to which I had applied. Professor Hexter and Yost recommended that I give special consideration to Duke University because of its new curriculum. My father was of like mind, but more so because I had been offered a scholarship. I then visited Duke unannounced and dropped in on some students in the dorm and sat in on a lecture by Jerry Rubin. Rubin was a modern day revolutionary whose personality I found unpleasant, as did the FBI agent who was sitting next to me in the back row taking notes. I then went to the Dean's office and introduced myself as a candidate who had been offered a scholarship. I attended Duke University medical school from 1968-1972.

Following my medical internship and two years of neurology residency at the University of Chicago, I completed my residency at Washington University in St. Louis. In the midst of residency, I had been slated to pursue work at the NIH in brain tumor research, which I had spent 15 months doing while in medical school. At the time of decision-making, I opted to pursue clinical neurology and took a position in Houston. Eighteen months later I moved to Phoenix for a better opportunity at the Barrow Neurological Institute.

My practice achieved initial success by virtue of my providing answers to surgeons with the use of EMG/NCT. In 1985 I became the director of our Stroke Program, which was the very first JCAHO certified stroke program in Arizona. We ultimately developed a certified stroke fellowship program as well. Also in 1985 I began developing our Center for Cognitive Disorders. We saw a multitude of referrals and participated in 10 multi-center drug clinical trials in Alzheimer’s disease over more than a decade.

In the 1990’s our department reassigned our titles, and I stayed with stroke. Then last year we hired an outstanding new stroke program director who is hard at work adding to our program with renewed support from a new chairman. This was overdue, as we had been searching for a new stroke chief for several years. We are now hiring new young stroke professional to grow and expand the services of our division.

Our most exciting venture currently is the initiation of a “stroke ambulance” service in the Phoenix community. Our institute owns and operates this vehicle, which combines tele-technology to facilitate clinical assessment, blood testing, CT scanning and treatment with IV-TPA, all within the ambulance.

In my professional life I have received multiple “teacher of the year” awards from house staff; become a fellow of the American Heart/Stroke Association and the American Academy of Neurology; sat on national committees for these organizations; participated as a reviewer for the journals NEUROLOGY, STROKE, STROKE AND CEREBROVASCULAR DISEASE; delivered 70 scientific presentations; published 55 scientific articles; been principal or co-investigator in 60 clinical research trials in stroke and Alzheimer’s disease; given hundreds of lectures and invited presentations.

What are a few of your favorite memories after Amherst

July 1-December 1976     Travelled Europe with backpack and homemade VW Van

1978     Married Sandra Carol Harris*
1981     James Michael Frey
1983     Amy Frey Gray
1987     David Neil Frey
1979     Sandy and I founded the “Greater Arizona Professional Education Society” (GRAPES), the largest private wine appreciation society in Arizona.
1985-2000: Coached baseball and soccer for children ages 5-13; travelled widely, both within the U.S. and abroad
2012     Brooke Aspen Gray (daughter of Amy and Cliff Gray)
2014     Willow Elizabeth Gray (daughter of Amy and Cliff Gray)
2017     Wyatt Bear Gray (son of Amy and Cliff Gray)

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During the recent holidays my wife and I enjoyed watching a BBC television series, Garrow’s Law. At one point the mentor warns the upstart young William of the horror for a man of their professional class to “die intestate.”

I resolved thereupon to continue my months-long striving to complete this Class-of-1968 memoir. I must carry on, to write it for my classmates.

I want to write it in memory of “TERRAS IRRADIENT.” Read why:

A) The College has turned. Turned away from what I would have expected. I see that we’re warned, just for us to be permitted to write, there are “Terms Of Use” to be observed.
A.1. Can it be clearer that this turn is inward? Listen:
   The College values a diversity of viewpoints and expects users of the Site to exhibit the same level of respect for others...
A.2. Inward has been the turn that I’m writing to attest to. Inward from a breadth of view that used not to have a strict political paradigm.
A.3. A paradigm within which to frame “alterity,” otherness.
A.4. Inward from a viewpoint that was in no doubt as to what the founders hoped for us, by writing TERRAS IRRADIENT.

B) In truth I must be careful not to slip casually by my having started by saying that “I would have expected,” in a subjunctive mood...
B.1. Had I kept in mind the entirety of my youth, prior, that is, to 1964,
B.2. Prior to my graduate condition of being inflamed by lust and hubris and, at the same time
B.3. exhausted and jaded by the surfeit of the kaleidoscopically idealistic and abstract mastery that our curriculum had, by 1968, led me to formulate
B.4. and that I had come to believe I was living, and would thenceforth live for,

C)... a more lively recollection of that earlier half of the sixties, on the other hand, would lead me to expect differently of the College than I have come to see it today.

D) Can this be mere nostalgia?
D.1. Were my classmates already jaded ahead of me?
D2. Have their professional achievements sufficiently rewarded their College-quickened aspirations, to justify a personal satisfaction equal to the hopes of their youth?

Ever since – no, frankly, for long, very long before - receiving this writing assignment, I had come along my life’s way lamenting the dissolution our Founders’ hopes at Amherst.

Can this be another late expression of the same formula-generating habits formed by my four years at Amherst College? ...or by those same habits (now aggravated or agrandized during following years) while in the rural parts of Brazil in the Peace Corps or working on the research for my Anthropology PhD., at Cornell and away from the U.S.A.?

Reason – seen as a light – is a faculty we’ve inherited as a blessing that is well worth both defending and affirming in the very exercise of its virtues. Running my service business, in the atmosphere of growing internationalization of healthcare-standards and in the twisted corridors built incessantly by rigorous regulatory institutions, has certainly demanded a stiff toll of my best shrewdness! Risk for reward, putting feet to one’s faith, “best foot forward” and all that...

Our living “reasonably” is prospective and providential. Thus it falls naturally within a frame of time that cannot, reasonably, conceive itself singular, free, so to speak, of the full panoply of history’s best and worst narratives.

My recovery of a measure of balance (as so perceived) in 1976 was and remains fully attributable to the grace of the Lord to whose glory the Founders dedicated Amherst College. In effect they envisioned themselves as dedicating us, ourselves, to “Terras Irradient.”

At the time of our founding, a long-fought battle of Reason vs. Revelation, that for Ben Franklin’s generation had reached a wrenching force capable of driving tens of thousands to the stentorian call of George Whitfield’s and other camp meetings, now gripped the soul of Noah Webster. He had been a deist and attained professional prowess and national fame that could not satisfy his conscience. Prior to joining the group that created the Amherst College, it’s said, he opted for revealed religion and set it as his life’s goal, “Terras Irradient.”

2016 was so much happier than 2015

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It is November 2017 and I am retired and living in Portland Oregon with Barbara, my wife of almost 29 years, and Izzy, a 9-year old Vizsla.

It has been a long journey since we graduated soon after Martin and Bobby were gunned down and M-16’s were found jammed beside American bodies during the Tet Offensive. My story is fairly common with a few setbacks and a few accomplishments, which I will try and relate in a sincere fashion so as not to disturb the ghost of Professor Coles.

I joined the Maine National Guard in 1968, which led to an honorable discharge six years later. My experience in the Guard was completely uninspired, although there were no successful foreign invasions of the state during my watch.

My first marriage to Diane Roberts in 1969 lasted six years and yielded two wonderful sons, Sam and Bob. They are both happily married and Bob has two wonderful boys, Jack (12) and Owen (10) who are a delight to see and spoil!

My second marriage to Susie Doerr in 1984 lasted only seven months, as she died due to complications from Crohn’s disease. It was not a good year but I received tremendous support from Bonner and Goff and was able to make it through.

I met my third wife, Barbara Schulman, in Houston in 1987 and we married in early 1989. Over the years, we have enjoyed extensive traveling, bicycling at every opportunity, and too many home renovations in Cambridge, Wayland, Kennebunkport, Newton, Newton, Newton, Newton and Portland Oregon.

Barbara is a physician who retired in 2014. I worked in the financial services industry for 46 years. At 50, I attempted retirement from Wellington Management and moved to Kennebunkport. After several weeks of retirement, I went crazy with boredom and started a consulting firm with three other former associates of Wellington. When the shit hit the proverbial fan during the financial crisis in 2008, I was able to join my current client, Eaton Vance, as Director of Investment Systems for the next 6 years. I retired again at age 70 and we moved to Portland Oregon where I await my next career and future retirement at age 90.

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"It is better to ask some of the questions than to know all of the answers." When I talk to my colleagues at Australia’s Macquarie Group about assuring compliance with the unique regulatory structure I created for our US business, I always end with this quote from humorist James Thurber. So here’s a question: how does a pre-med music major end up as “an acknowledged expert in banking law” (cited as such by a federal judge)? As I kid I cycled through various career options — automotive engineer, veterinarian — and each time my dad would furrow his brow and ask, “What branch of the law is that?” The one career I definitely ruled out was law; I wanted to be different from him. “How do you know you won’t get in if you don’t apply?” Spring of ’63, veterinary medicine very much alive, he made me apply to a precollege National Science Foundation program at the Jackson Laboratory in Bar Harbor, Maine. 600 applicants, 25 spots. I got in. Go figure. Same question, the following fall, regarding a certain small college; a product of the Depression and CCNY at night, he saw the idyllic little college on the hill as nirvana. November 29, the campus draped in black post-Dallas, we sat in Dean Wilson’s waiting room on the 2nd floor of Johnson Chapel. The Dean was briskly processing the hopefuls, every 15 minutes like clockwork. Finally my turn came. "What are your hobbies?" he asked. "Classical piano and herpetology." He put down his pen and stared at me. "How does a kid from Queens get interested in herpetology?" I told him about my snake-collecting expeditions at the Jackson Lab. One thing led to another, and 45 minutes later we walked out in the waiting room, his arm around my shoulders and the other kids looking daggers as my parents stared wide-eyed.

So I became part of our “experimental” class. And I experimented; Amherst was my laboratory. I joined WAMF and became classical music director, chief announcer, program director. I did music, news, play-by-play football; the Darp allowed me to sit in the back of the room as the team reviewed film so I could practice (silently). December 16, 1965; I was doing an all-night Beethoven’s birthday broadcast when the door opened and in walked Henry Steele Commager. “I want to meet the young man responsible for all this wonderful music.” He handed me a bottle of champagne; “this will help your celebration!” Indeed it did; the phone began ringing off the hook (“tell that idiot to shut up and put the music on!”). I was the music critic for the Student. One day two friends in the theater world told me they thought I was perfect for a part in their play. “Wonderful, what’s the part?” “An ignorant, loud-mouthed bigot.” So I found myself in a production of Twelve Angry Men and caught the theater bug. Fast-forward 25 years; while teaching a law class at Pace University Law School I saw a poster for an open tryout for a production of Twelve Angry Men. Sure enough, got cast as the ignorant, loud-mouthed bigot again (and won the best supporting actor award for the year.) Typecasting. Amherst launched my thespian career, which I continue to enjoy; about a dozen roles over the years, most recently in a production of ‘1776’ with mostly professional actors.

By senior year my pre-med ambitions were done in by organic chemistry. Graduating with no clear direction, I worked as an investment analyst. December 1968: “are you going to talk to her or are you going to embarrass me?” (my Dad again). He had been trying to get me to call this girl, daughter of a colleague. One night he called to speak to her father, she answered, he told her to hold while he put me on. Furious, I grabbed the phone: “Hello, Janice?” Silence. “My name is Jackie.” Off to a great start. But we bonded over music, politics et al. Still going strong, nearly 50 years later. Our one child, Andrew, arrived in 1981. Summer of ’69 I watched the moon landing in a motel room in San Francisco. If men could walk on the moon, maybe I could get into Stanford Business School? I called the school the next day, wound up talking to the Dean of Admissions, who invited me to stop by. We talked for an hour; I think he was Bill Wilson’s doppelgänger. I got in. Turns out that he had earlier admitted another music major from our class, the late Sin-Hang Chiu; our third music major, Fran Spina, became a justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court (don’t mess with us ’68 music majors). Working for the Federal Reserve in New York I soon realized that I was better with words than numbers; most of my time was spent writing speeches and position papers. I took the law boards, got a perfect 800 (so my Dad was right after all), and went to Fordham Law at night, while managing a staff at the Fed. I practiced bank regulatory law with a number of firms, then became General Counsel of the New York Bankers Association, where I wrote legislation, speeches and position papers, as well as arguing two cases before New York’s highest court (and winning both unanimously). A banker gave me one of my favorite compliments: “Dave, you write much too well and clearly to be a lawyer.” I became Chair of the New York State Bar’s Business Law Section; published a book on banking regulation; and became editor-in-chief of the Bar’s Business Law Journal. In 2001 I was with the international law firm Clifford Chance when I met Macquarie – which started in Sydney with 3 people the year after we graduated, and now has 16,000 in 28 countries. I devised a way for them to do business here that no one had thought possible. It took two years but we got approval from the Federal Reserve.


David Leslie Glass

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Raymond Michael Godfrey

Many engaging hours in Amherst’s Robert Frost Library likely led the Frost Poem, “The Road Not Taken,” to drive your humble reporter along trails of memories surrounding and including the GIFT that was, and continues becoming, my “Amherst Experience.” The fun started when memories became triggers for curiosity, imagination and love in support of the world’s youth and their worthy hopes and determination for creating a better future. Terras Irradient!

Our family caught the excitement surrounding the Space Program (Cape Canaveral, FL) during the period my father worked there from the 1st (1950) missile launch until shortly after the Apollo 11 “Moon Walk” in 1969. I came to appreciate increasingly his saying, “Mankind is still at the back of the cave.” My mother’s passion for teaching reading to primary students joined with her artistic accomplishments. Technical achievements converging at Cape Canaveral encouraged an explorer mindset. Those achievements, together with Nature’s accessible, glorious presence provided some relief for the Cold War, Space Race and nearby Cuban Missile Crisis. Sadly, segregation gripped local schools until two years after HS graduation.

An Amherst personal favorite happened during an office conversation about Communism with Professor Henry Steele Commager. He disabused my “monolithic” Communism mindset, replacing it with facts and perspectives of a “multiplicity of Communisms”, a more complex, rich and startling array of global evidence.

The English 1-2 Course was unable or unwilling to adapt to my customary “the first draft is the last draft” writing methods, so it was uphill from the start. Freshman Crew mellowed me a bit during the adjustments of the “First-Year Experience”. Those times when our Boat was moving at speed with everyone completely in-sync were beautiful. Over Summer ’65, to stay fit for Crew, I hired on with a Houma, LA outfit pulling 12-hour shifts roughnecking on their contracted workover oil rigs in the Gulf of Mexico. I’m grateful to have trained and raced with Coach Hank Dunbar and mates in Amherst Freshman, JV and Varsity Eight-with-Cox Boats. Mount Holyoke, Smith and UMass proximities helped meeting and better knowing oneself in company with young women. At Amherst I became increasingly curious about human behavior and organizational systems.

After Graduation, I drove to Los Angeles, pausing to “feel the vibe” of Sunset Strip. Then, six years as a civilian contractor at a USN Lab. Next, my nomadic software systems development consulting (primarily aerospace), enabled a PhD in Public Policy and Administration at University of Southern California. I met my Wife, Nancy Roberts (BA English, Wellesley College, MA UCSB) during this time. Two dear friends graced our Wedding, my HS geometry teacher, and Amherst roommate, Paul Goodrich. Antioch University-LA hired me to design-teach initial undergraduate and graduate courses for their new Information Systems Degree Program, and we moved to Long Beach, CA. I participated in a yearlong “metaphysical” experience as a Visiting Scholar at Claremont’s Graduate School and School of Theology. Next, I started teaching Information Systems fulltime at CSU-Long Beach where a Colleague and I had fun developing CSULB’s first Group Decision Support System (GDSS) Lab. It was exciting delivering technical presentations in such interesting international cities as Budapest, Cairo, Damascus, Moscow, Prague, Warwick and Vancouver. Teaching schedule gaps enabled my crewing sailboats with international crews on extraordinary Southern Ocean passages. My students deserved my best efforts, and, I never had a student I didn’t like.

Our son, Brent’s, strong public service inclinations led him into working as a professional Firefighter with New Orleans FD after graduating Yale (BA History). He served as a USN intelligence officer on various deployments and a field instructor with the National Outdoor Leadership School (NOLS) where he guided leadership experiences for Midshipmen (and women) in the Alaskan Wilderness. Back as a NOLA Firefighter he’s currently researching better ways to support First Responders.

A Hurricane destroyed our Merritt Island home near Cape Canaveral. I served as US Green Building Council’s Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design (LEED Program) Project Team Leader for our Residential Rebuild. USGBC Certified our Project as their first LEED-GOLD Certification in Brevard County. Nancy and I will continue seeking to “make it better” for coming generations, and with a jaunty weather eye toward those perky Exoplanets pulsing with intelligent life.

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Recall CP Snow’s *The Two Cultures!* It was pre-frosh required Amherst reading. The schism between science and art. I guess I took it to heart and have been engaged in amicable combat, part-time architect and more-part-time writer, all these years since. With dual careers, each has suffered, though not immeasurably, as I’ve had great success with my building designs implanted in California [University Union at U of San Diego], Colorado [Mesa State Campus Center] and New York [7 SUNY Student Centers, 2 NYC libraries, 2 Albany libraries, 2 PAL Community Centers and the $75 million Flushing Olympic Natatorium] while my plays have won awards [Eugene O’Neill Center, John Gassner Award, Albee Conference, West Coast Ensemble] and/or productions throughout the US. One regret was not winning the re-design of Amherst’s Fayerweather Physics Building, a McKim Mead & White gem, though shortly after losing out on that, I did get to renovate a majestic MMW library in NYC. At times I’ve experienced a threatening tug [by clients; by directors] toward the art or the structural. Often it felt like a shuffled deck, alternating intense involvement in either the earth bound or the air, but I felt almost a pledge to Amherst, to celebrate both, as the *complete* expression of the liberal arts ideal, our fair college instilled. Whew.

But the master work, one that’s still in process, after some 40 years, is my comic novel *Poison for the Clowns,* set in the Nazi film world [*Filmwelt*], a 1000+ page succulent detour into depravity, set in Berlin, New York, Hollywood and the Cotswolds. Putzi Hanfstaengl and the formidable [count ‘em, 6] Mitford sisters do hysterical battle with each other, engaging as well with Joseph Goebbels, Leni Riefenstahl and Louis B. Mayer. The outrageous shenanigans are [...] mostly true and by turns comical and tragical. Never [alas, until very recently!] was there a more amoral band of malfeasors. No Amherst connection; I credit my years at Harvard, for a chance discovery of 2 press clippings of alumnus Putzi ’09. Intriguingly, one a photo of him in drag at the Hasty Pudding as Greta Spoottfefer, and the other a 1939 NYTimes article on the NYC boycott of this Nazi returning for his reunion. Oh, yeah, inimically Putzi was both a best buddy of FDR and in Hitler’s cabinet. Not surprisingly, this set me off on a glorious investigation into venality in the pursuit of art. I think at last the grand work nears completion. Any curious agents among you, contact me, pronto.

As astonishing as it is to contemplate our 50th reunion, even more extraordinarily, we are all near or past our 70th year on this threatened earth. Assuming the Creature [in-Chief] does not end this phenomenal run, many of us may hope to attain our contracted 5 score. If we have shared this journey with a loved one, all the more wondrous. With only the benefit of an intervening tragedy, I was indeed blessed to have known two great loves in mine. My partner Stewart, a highly lauded NYC judge and a great human being, is with me for the long haul. Still, we’ve got travel plans to parts unknown and adventures unimagined. With all the curiosities that Amherst aroused, I only hope there is time enough ahead to fulfill what our fair college challenged and prepared me to behold.
I had my heart set on a career in science at Amherst, and nothing that happened changed that. But I got to experience many other worlds and ways of thinking and was challenged and supported by so many faculty and by great friends. Amherst heightened our critical thinking skills, when they weren't dulled by social activities, skills that can be applied to many fields and endeavors. I hope that many of us felt that with an Amherst education we could tackle just about anything. I also hope that all of us still believe in the values of a liberal arts education!

After I left Amherst I joined the combined MD and PhD program at NYU Medical School, one of the few around at that time – there are a great many now around the country, with the goal of producing physician-scientists. There I did a PhD in neuroscience and learned the medical arts. Even better, I met my wife, Liz (Bryn Mawr, ’68), who was a medical student there and who became a great pediatrician and outstanding teacher. I wanted to balance work in clinical neuroscience with work in a lab, so I found myself in neuropathology, training at Albert Einstein and then moving to Columbia in 1987, where I have been ever since. I’ve been very fortunate to have been able to run a neuroscience laboratory and also do clinical neuropathology for these many years. Don’t have plans to retire yet!

Liz and I have 2 children, both married, and now 4 grandchildren, all of whom live in the New York city area, so we get to play frequently. Julie is an elementary school teacher in New York City and an expert in learning disorders and Matt is in finance, doing money matters that we never understood but have learned a little something about. I played a lot of music at Amherst and Smith, and am now playing clarinet-flute duets with our 12-year-old granddaughter. That’s a lot of fun, but I have to get my mouth in shape!

I hope to get to our 50th and see guys I have kept in touch with and guys I haven’t seen in years and hear many stories. Putting together this book tells parts of stories, but face-to-face we can ask and hear more.

Duet with our 12-year-old granddaughter

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Should I blame it on Arnie Arons' physics course, or maybe freshman year calculus? Coming from a public high school in California's Central Valley I was blindsided by these academic demands, nearly flunked both courses, and ended up with abundant undergrad angst. When I then went to Berkeley as an Independent Scholar my junior year, this set me up as a sucker for a holy man from India who was peddling mantras for meditation. Despite the hype, this ancient technique worked. Here, I found, was a way to assuage my anxiety. I was hooked.

Then, as a clinical psychology grad student at Harvard, I wrangled a pre-doctoral traveling fellowship to India, where I pursued masters of the game: swamis and lamas and yogis who were at the upper end of the meditation Bell Curve. I wanted to know what you might be like if you dedicated your life to this spiritual pursuit. Through dumb luck I found a few, and was invariably taken by their equanimity, utter presence, unconditional love.

Take Kunu Rinpoche, an elderly Tibetan lama whom I first encountered muttering some mantra and ambling around the stupa next to the descendant of the tree under which Buddha sat. A friend brought me to meet him a few days later. He lived in a barren, tiny room in a monastery, about half the size of my old dorm room in James Hall. His bed was a wooden plank thicket, which doubled as his couch during the day. Anyone could pop in to see him day or night, and was invariably met with a loving welcome.

I contrasted that with my professors at Harvard, some of the most eminent psychologists of the day, whom you could also see – Tuesdays between 2 and 3, when they had office hours. More in depth looks revealed that there were Asian psychological systems that explained in detail how meditation could transform human qualities in a positive direction – toward equanimity, full presence, unconditional love.

I thought that would be welcome news back at Harvard, where our clinical instruction focused largely on how to peg people in terms of their psychopathology. I was wrong. The faculty (perhaps still shell-shocked from having famously fired Tim Leary and Richard Alpert a scant five years previously) let me know this was a bad idea – “career-ending,” as one person put it.

At the time there was no real research evidence to argue the case. When I did my Ph.D. research on meditation as an intervention in stress reactivity, there were just three peer-reviewed articles I could cite on meditation.

Fast forward. Now there are more than 6000 such scientific articles, with half those published in the last five years. And so with my friend from grad school days, Richard Davidson, now a neuroscientist at the University of Wisconsin, we weeded through those to find the top one percent for our book Altered Traits: Science Reveals How Meditation Changes Your Mind, Body and Brain.

Bottom line: from the beginning there are benefits, like better concentration, working memory, learning (scores on the grad school entry exam were boosted by 16 points), and recovery from stress. For long term meditators – folks with a day job who practice daily, maybe do a yearly retreat – the same benefits increase, with others added: a day of meditation down-regulates the body’s inflammatory genes. In short, there’s a dose-response relationship, as with mastering any skill.

And in the Olympic level pros – monks, nuns, yogis – brains function in ways not seen by science before. For example, ordinarily the gamma wave in an EEG shows up at moments of creative insight, and for less than a half second. In the fulltime meditators (lifetime range 12,000-62,000 hours) there is steady gamma in the EEG mix all the time.

So my thanks to those horrible hours spent failing those freshman courses. It set my life on a fortuitous course.

Daniel Goleman
For our 50th Reunion Book
Fellow Classmates,

Two years after our 25th reunion, I co-founded Madrona Venture Group, a Seattle-based venture capital firm investing in early stage technology companies headquartered in the Pacific Northwest. I’ve been a VC ever since and it turns out our timing was pretty good.

I owe this career to my wife, Shannon, whom I met when we attended law school and who totally supported my transition from law to finance. We have four wonderful (of course) adult children and three young grandchildren. I used to look askance at those doting grandparents, but not anymore; they are a font of boundless joy (or maybe just feed the illusion that you get a do-over).

I have maintained a few Amherst connections; Larry and Gail Ransom have been close friends for several decades and I enjoy seeing Alan and Shelleen Ho when they visit the U.S.

I have been fortunate to have had the resources, time and good health to travel extensively. We love hiking all around the world and are big opera fans, something I never would have predicted at Amherst, where the Hot Nuts were more my style. But then, a lot has changed; mostly for the better I hope.

A couple months ago a college sweetheart reached out to me to say hello and that caused me to reflect upon my college years. I was pretty much a jerk; thoughtless, self-absorbed and oblivious of the opportunity I was squandering. That isn’t to say I didn’t learn anything or mature to the slightest degree, but it wasn’t until I left the Navy a few years later that I started getting serious about my life.

So, I have mixed emotions about my “Amherst Experience.” It was a good time, but certainly not my proudest moment. I wouldn’t mind a “do-over” on that either, but then, who wouldn’t?

Cheers!

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I confess I have not attended any of the reunions of my class and will unfortunately not be able to be present at our 50th anniversary, but this does not mean I don’t have a warm place in my heart for my alma mater or that I am not aware of how important it was to be a part of the Amherst community during my formative years.

I came to Amherst from Uruguay as a foreign student with a Fulbright scholarship as a sophomore with advanced placement in 1965. The first time I saw Amherst College was in the fall of 1965, when I arrived at Amherst prior to the start of the semester. I had taken a bus from Springfield and got off at the “University” stop and walked to the building in the distance, only to find out that I was at the wrong address. Fortunately a very kind lady at UMass gave me a cup of coffee and some biscuits to help me calm down to the point when I was able to explain to her that I was looking for Amherst College. She proceeded then to call the Admission Office at the college and then drove me down to the campus with her pretty daughter by my side so that by the time Dean Wilson opened the door of the car to greet me I was more interested in the young lady by my side than in shaking hands with the Dean. I was thinking then that it was going to be very hard to get through three years of boys-only companionship, but I soon discovered that Northampton and Mount Holyoke were nearby.

The students I got closer to during my stay at Amherst were all foreigners: I remember especially my roommate Andreas Velissalopoulos from Greece (sorry Andreas if I misspelled your name), Rainer Huhle from Germany and Marc Brunet from France, who was a teaching assistant in French and who introduced me to one of my great heroes, singer-songwriter Jacques Brel (I was teaching assistant in Spanish, helping Professor Cannon in the lab). I remember a great course in French existentialist writers and another in French poetry in which I discovered Baudelaire with Professor Carre, the (in)famous Shakespeare course with Professor Baird (and yes, I still can quote three monologues by heart, one still whole from Hamlet, beginning with “O that this too, too-solid flesh would melt, thaw and dissolve itself into a dew, or that the Everlasting had not fix’d his canon ‘gainst self-slaughter”), and a great course in modern poetry where we read Yeats, Frost and T.S. Eliot, all favorite poets of mine, with Professor Pritchard.

I only have now 350 words for the next fifty years of my life, so here it goes: after Amherst I moved to New York where I lived illegally for two years after my student visa had expired, (maybe I shouldn’t be putting this in writing these days but I live now outside the States), applied to the Columbia University Business School, got admitted, went back to Uruguay to get a scholarship for my graduate studies through the OAS and the IIE, and came back to Columbia where I got an MBA in marketing in 1974. I also took my first trip to Europe on vacation during the summer vacation in 1971, met a gorgeous Dutch girl in Amsterdam and invited her to come to New York, where we got married in the same year. After spending two years in Brazil teaching marketing at the Belo Horizonte Federal University, we moved to Amsterdam in 1976. I am retired now after a career in International Marketing and Marketing Research where I have put my education and language knowledge to good use (I speak English, Spanish, French, Italian, Dutch and Portuguese fluently), but am still active giving Spanish, French and Italian lessons in diverse settings. I enjoy keeping in touch with people of all ages and try to teach my students how to live in harmony with people from different cultures. My wife Thea and I live now in Alphen aan den Rijn in The Netherlands with our dog Messi.
I so admire the stories being told by and about others in the Classmate of the Month videos and in this book prepared for our Fiftieth. I came to Amherst from East Hartford High School in Connecticut as perhaps too big a fish in too small a pond. To me, Amherst was the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans combined, and it took me at least through sophomore year to understand its depth and breadth.

No doubt, I have far more in common today with my Amherst classmates than I did when I was in college with them. Well, let’s see: hair growing annoyingly in myriad places on my body other than on my head; mid-sleep “arousals” (and not the good kind either) to visit the bathroom; and walking into a room, then forgetting why I entered, made even more distressing by not knowing from where I had just come.

Was I a successful student? I suppose, with only few exceptions, most notably Freshman Physics that confounded me then, and then again during the required retake at Trinity College that summer. Dean Wilson called me to his office after I returned to campus in September to talk about the “gentleman’s C” from Trinity. I was resolute in not wanting to make excuses either for myself or about Professor Arons. Looking up at me from the Trinity transcript and in his inimitable style that made one think twice after conversing with him, Dean Wilson commented; “Well, Mr. Grasso, I suppose we can say it’s a forward direction, can’t we?”

Did I have friends at Amherst? Yes, a small and loyal crew with farther-reaching life experiences than my own. We laughed and talked and ate a lot together, sharing the “Amherst Experience” without knowing that it was such. I relished my time with them, but “knowing how way leads on to way,” I have lost touch over the years. I regret that.

I had always hoped to be a husband and a father, and knew that I would support my family as a teacher (Full disclosure: the “teacher thing” was a Plan-B option. I thought I had come to Amherst to write the Great American Novel, something that Professor Pritchard disabused me of quite early on). No matter, Plan B served me well for over 40 years in public school education. Nothing heroic, but greatly satisfying. I taught young children and young adults how to read. I’ve hugged and counseled gay teens, homeless kids, and “throwaway” kids through to an understanding that they have value and purpose. Plan B then led me to principalships and eventually to a position as school district superintendent. In all my working years, I do not believe I ever went home at night angry with a student. However, I cannot say the same about some of their parents or a few of my colleagues or certain Board of Education members. Since retiring from full-time work several years ago, I have worked happily as a professional development consultant to schools and as mentor to new principals, a very gratifying coda to a fulfilling career. Thoughtful and caring young teachers and administrators still move me and encourage me.

My family? I have saved the best for last. Judy and I will be married 50 years in July 2018. An accomplished nurse, nurse manager, and patient care coordinator, her passion for helping and healing has been inspiring. She is my true partner in all things, and I am fortunate beyond words to have her by my side. We are the proud parents of two treasured children, Jennifer and Matthew, who have grown up to live good and meaningful lives, have married wisely and well, and have grace our family with four grandchildren. When our grandchildren were small, Judy and I babysat on the east and west coast as well as on two continents, and enjoyed every minute of it. Now, they are teenagers who make us laugh, keep us grounded, and encourage us to become friends with texting and FaceTime! Unfortunately, Judy’s recent Parkinson’s diagnosis has slowed her – and us – down the past few years, giving us the impetus to define our “new normal”, which is still a loving work in progress.

Ray, Judy, and the four “Grands”
I have had what I would consider a very interesting life. The experiences and education at Amherst prepared me well for all of the turns and twists. After Amherst, I went to medical school in Philadelphia. I worked my way through with a partial scholarship as a resident advisor in the undergraduate dorms. I ran the first co-ed dorm at the University of Pennsylvania for undergraduates in my senior year, the experience that led to my first published article. I left Penn to take a general medical internship in Denver and was lucky to meet my future wife who was teaching in Colorado at the time. We married right before the end of internship year and she came back to Philadelphia with me for my psychiatric residency. We both loved Colorado and promised ourselves we would go back to the west. When residency was done, we moved to Colorado Springs with our young daughter. I started a consultation psychiatry practice. Our son was born the following year.

A couple of years later, I was asked to become the medical director for a local two-hospital system and my life changed significantly. I learned a lot on the job, but also went back to the University of Colorado for an undergraduate business degree and then an MBA (at the time they required material that I had never had in college or medical school). Over time, I got the chance to lead efforts in business development and mergers, and was the chief operating officer for a few years. I did a lot of public speaking about physician leaders’ transition and leadership development. Thirteen years later, I was recruited away to a troubled system in California as the CEO. After four years, I stewarded a sale of our smaller system to a stronger system and left to do a year-long sabbatical. Three months later, I was recruited into a large national company as a senior executive and moved to San Diego for the next ten years. About twelve years ago, I decided to make another change. I left my executive role and took an appointment at the University of Colorado School of Business in Denver in the Health Administration Program. Back in Colorado, with outside teaching and consulting, and executive coaching assignments, I spend my time focused on supporting the development of the next generation of physician leaders around the country.

This year, I’m celebrating forty-five years of marriage, to that lovely woman I met in Colorado, with whom I raised two wonderful kids, now grown and on their own way. We also just finished hiking in all of the 59 National Parks over the last seven years. I am looking forward to coming back to Amherst to catch up with people and hear what classmates have been up to over the years. Maybe the old Zumbyes will sing together, no doubt in a lower key.
Robert George Haldeman

In one sense, the worst decision I ever made was to move from Brooklyn to suburban New Jersey. My options: Buy 1) the brownstone I was then renting, or 2) a house in leafy Westfield. As an investment, the New Jersey house has done reasonably well – up by a factor of 10. On the other hand, that Brooklyn brownstone has appreciated 100 fold. Yet, had I chosen Brooklyn, I might not have my wife Katherine and our children in my life. I wouldn’t have coached my daughters in softball and soccer. I wouldn’t have pursued white water canoeing or camped in Canada with my son. I would have missed endless (but precious) hours at swim meets and baseball games. Life in Brooklyn would have been interesting, but moving to New Jersey was the right decision, and I am grateful for all that followed.

My decision to come to Amherst was made early. Mrs. Fitzgerald, my eighth grade English and history teacher, recommended Amherst, and that became my plan. Many years back, there was a gathering in New York at which several of our classmates celebrated Ed Savage’s “retirement” as Class Agent. Colorful comments were offered about Ed by those in attendance. At the end, Ed’s remarks included his statement that he “fell in love with our freshman class.” I thought that pretty well described me too. Mrs. Fitzgerald knew.

Amherst is the source of most of my enduring connections. Bob and Peggy Holloway remain special friends, although Peggy and I avoid discussing politics. In 1969 Mike Mulligan (then at Columbia Law School) and I witnessed the Mets beat the Cardinals (clinching a tie for the NL East pennant) at Shea Stadium. The Mets beat Gibson in 11 innings and went on to win the World Series. Now, when the Mets play the Cardinals, I look forward to Mike’s phone call and we have the best seats our TVs can provide. During rushing I worried about joining infamous Beta, but Stump, Foggy, Richie, Dave, Monk, and Gator (along with a fascinating cast of characters in other classes) made it a great decision. I have fished in Montana and Maine with non-Betas Savage, Jack Widness and Hilton Foster. My eleven days in canoes in northern Québec with this trio remain a priceless memory. I am grateful for the friendships of Eddie Lynn, Mike Petrino and so many others.

At times I questioned whether Amherst could have prepared me better for life decisions. Much as I appreciated Amherst, I never found the “right” major. After college, I made questionable decisions about personal relationships and career. I learned way too late that I am an analyst. I figure things out. However, my chosen career also required a variety of other skills (sales, marketing, etc.) that I found elusive. The trick in choosing a career is to identify those skills at which you’re really good and then find a way to leverage them. Other classmates clearly discovered this earlier than I did. Why hadn’t Amherst helped me make these important qualitative decisions? What did I miss?

It turns out that others have questioned college curricula. Prof. Baird’s book (The Most of It) mentioned a century-old letter that Five Bewildered Freshmen published in the Cornell Sun. The freshmen were frustrated with “intellectual life.” They “... confessed they did not know what it was all about. Why, they asked, was there not a regular course offered showing them where they were and where they were going.” A “distinguished historian” answered their letter. That professor wrote, “Many people appear to think that professors possess some secret knowledge and wisdom which could set the students right as to the meaning of things.... This is an illusion. The professors are in the same boat.... They don’t know what it is all about.”

If professors don’t have answers, can they be faulted for not anticipating students’ most important questions? Can Amherst?

It is often easier to see what’s wrong with the world than to appreciate what’s right. With time I’ve become less concerned with Amherst’s “failings.” It does not seem accidental that things turned out far better than I could have imagined for myself. My questionable decisions eventually led to better ones. I believe I had not been making those decisions alone. Amherst is one of the tools that had been provided to me. It cultivated the notion that things are worth thinking about. For this I am most grateful.

A few details: Katherine and I have known each other since we were eight, but it took me twenty-five more years to figure out I should marry her. We are very proud of our three children and four grandchildren. MBA from Columbia. Career in corporate credit analysis that included innovations that are now standard practice. Scout leader; local groups; rivers.

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A few days ago I inspected my framed Amherst diploma and was alarmed to find hidden water damage. After the damage was repaired by a skilled framer and friend (and thinking of this 50th Reunion class correspondence), I took advantage of the unexpected focus on the diploma repair to reflect on what Amherst has meant to me over the years.

**Looking back:**

I am certainly grateful for the introduction to “critical thinking” and “academic rigor.” If academic rigor involves both frustration and challenge, I will admit to much frustration as a student. I am also grateful for having the opportunity to play college basketball with gifted teammates. Another advantage of our small college was that I made some great friends both in our class and in those classes below and above us. I have always felt part a big Amherst family which includes my dad, USN Captain Wyatt E. Harper, Jr., Class of ’45.

While we were students the Vietnam War was always at hand. Soon after graduation I was drafted. I volunteered for Army Officer Candidate School, Signal School, and paratrooper training. I served with the 82nd Airborne Division, the 173rd Airborne Brigade in Vietnam, and the 101st Airborne Division. After leaving active duty, I earned a Master’s degree in Psychology from Austin Peay State University and moved to Dickson County, Tennessee, to administer the Community Mental Health Center here. After a few years I left the Mental Health Center to start a private practice.

I jumped into the microcomputer revolution and founded Highland Electronics, Inc. in 1982. The company grew to include a direct sales force and retail electronics stores operating as RadioShack Dealerships. Eileen and I (Austin Peay State University ’86) married in June 1986. We have one son, Wyatt, Jr. who lives in Austin, Texas. I returned to the Army Reserve, and after serving with the Army Computer System Command retired as a Major in 1989.

Having parachuted from airplanes for many years I decided to learn to fly them, become an aviator, and “land with the plane.” In 1999 I was certificated as a Private Pilot and soon after that learned to fly an airplane solely by instruments (Instrument Rated). I still occasionally venture back in the air.

All these years I have maintained my license to practice Psychology in Tennessee. A few years ago I began to do Public Safety (Police and Fire Fighter) psychological evaluations at the request of local agencies.

I have always taken the motto from our college seal, “Terras Irradient,” as a mandate to take the knowledge and experiences that we have been so fortunate to have been given and light the world in both business and community service. Ten years ago we founded “Match Point Tennis,” an after school program for kids that continues to grow.

**Looking ahead:**

I am slowly unwinding Highland Electronics, Inc. but will probably always maintain some interest in electronics, and technical stuff.

I continue to practice Psychology with a focus on Public Safety personnel and processes.

I enjoy playing the Appalachian mountain dulcimer.

Eileen and I (Wyatt Jr. also returns to help) continue to work with the Match Point Tennis program for kids.

Terras Irradient.
I was born in a blizzard at the Mayo Clinic, and was raised – an expat from NOLA – as the eldest son of “Dr. Harvard of Yale” (really). My accidental career has included assessing the visual impact of nuclear power plants and big-box stores. I’ve planned zoos, botanic gardens and new towns. My firm has designed co-housing, rooftop decks and lots of private gardens, one of which holds a quite-private terrazzo dance floor for a client who, I suspect, dances naked under the moon. I’m a current board member, and past vice president of construction for Habitat for Humanity of Snohomish County, Washington. I didn’t set out to be a landscape architect. A professional career wasn’t really among my expectations as I entered college in the fall of 1964; I had no reason to believe I’d see my twenty-fifth birthday. Times were turbulent, and I knew I was going to end up in Viet Nam eventually. With no hint of bone spurs, four years of college deferment were the best I could hope for. For reasons that still elude me, I enlisted in the Marine Corps Platoon Leaders Class to fill the ’Summer of Love” between my junior and senior years. Maybe, just maybe, being an officer would turn the trick and keep me out of a body bag. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but it turned out that playing second-string goalie on the lacrosse team had been inadequate preparation for the Corps. I was first, academically (Amherst, remember), but kept passing out on the forced marches. Back on campus early, a failed Marine, I was pondering what to do with my life. In the hallway near the Dean’s office, I wistfully browsed the posters for post-baccalaureate opportunities. The Harvard (of course I looked at that one) Graduate School of Design offered a Masters in Landscape Architecture. That was the first time I had ever seen those words strung together that way. As I drove around in my hand-me-down, unsporty, Oldsmobile F-85 that Fall in 1967, I noticed the nascent Californication of The Hamp Road. On the right, where the road flattens out, a gigantic parking lot and big box store had erupted. Zayre had replaced a tranquil stretch of shade-grown tobacco. It was startlingly ugly. I was incensed. I wanted answers! I mapped potential sidewalks in the patterns of muddy footprints, discussed where people were coming from and where they were going, and contemplated the effect of string distance versus slope distance. Ignorant blither, but I learned to “see,” and got a good grade. Frank, the man who kept us out of squalor at Psi U, taught me to respect people with real construction skills, like the contractors who turn my plans into reality. Our side yard, football-friendly, barbecue project was my introduction to nominal dimensions versus measured dimensions, digging holes in a line, and the joy of being finished. Graduation in ’68 summoned a whirlwind tour of three new temporary homes: Fort Dix, New Jersey, where I learned to salute; Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, where I experienced the complex, variable impact of weather; and The Fort Benning School for Boys, Georgia, where map reading, land navigation, and the theory and practice of sitting crew-served weapons were important lessons for my future survival and – it turned out – being a landscape architect. Jumping out of some planes, and flying others, gave me different perspectives, which helped, too. I shipped out for Korea in 1971, a newly-minted second lieutenant; fate had steered me north of Viet Nam. At the last murrican stop along the way, I fell in love with the Pacific Northwest. I took a University of Georgia correspondence course in landscape architecture, by lamplight, in a bunker inside the DMZ. Grubby smudges on Ortloff and Raymore’s The Book of Landscape Design are still visible; it’s in my library. I finished my Bachelor of Landscape Architecture degree at the University of Washington and went on to master forestry. I’ve been tempted to leave Seattle from time to time, but I’m still here—an “accidental” landscape architect. Wives and daughters? Check!
Recollections... almost repeating history by killing Charlie Drew (Jr.) while driving to Bradley field in February 1964... evading the direct answer when Dean Reed tried to confront me with charges of leading/participating in the crowd which elevated David Dembe’s Volkswagen to block the front door of Morrow... boundless excitement at my assignment to pick up Malcolm X from the Springfield train station for the 1965 Civil Rights Conference (he cancelled)... feeling destroyed when Theodore Baird told me my admission to Amherst was “obviously a mistake”... mortification at forgetting my helmet at my first varsity football game, Springfield 1965... the 1966 auto accident that led to my extended relationship with an extraordinary award-winning actress and singer... successfully confronting the Chi Psi leadership to remove a confederate flag... talking (actually listening) to Henry Steele Commager... the beginning of a lifelong poker habit... crying in a shanty bar in East Pakistan 1967 as I read an old Newsweek learning of the mayhem and chaos erupting in America’s cities—deciding I would return to Amherst... rigid in shock and disgust at the assassination of Dr. King and desperately restraining myself from taking it out on those around me... failing in my effort to join the New Jersey national guard and thereby stumbling into a draft deferment... Baird, shockingly, at graduation saying “guess I was wrong.”

Passages... California dreaming... learning to wear sandals and shorts for the holidays... surviving law school despite the tear gas, Eldridge Cleaver, TWLF, the Black Panther Party, peoples’ park, and Cambodia... ending the all white San Francisco fire department and likewise the all male and nearly all white SF police department... building a “better bureaucracy” (1976-1982)... private practice (1983-1999)... helping create the nation’s second largest healthcare foundation... marrying two remarkable women Cassandra Flipper and Veronica McBeth... the next generation—Karen Hastie Mayfield, Carl Hastie, Ashley McBeth and Alison McBeth Featherstone... moving to Los Angeles...

Most memorable... Amherst and Calvin Plimpton... India and the Merchant Marine... San Francisco and Berkeley... taking care of my mother in law (Alzheimer’s)... Leon Higgenbotham and Thurgood Marshall... 100,000s protesting Vietnam... tracking down the exact Houston-Hastie connection... having my closest grade school friend reappear 59 years later at my lawyer hall of fame induction... returning to Philadelphia and my 50th High School Reunion...
I am most grateful to have been in your number, Classmates '68.
I carry great appreciation for my classes with Professor Pritchard, through whom I met voices I continue to hear and harken to. English1 with the warmly patriarchal Prof. Craig was a profoundly re-orienting experience. I am thankful to have had the Amherst Core Curriculum experience, despite the Physics grades.
Out of one Reunion state of mind: Skol and Sisu from Minneapolis and Ely, Minnesota. And from the labyrinthine experience of intense remembering, these lines express something of what I am also feeling fifty years on:

Truly, though our element is time,
We are not suited to the long perspectives
Open at each instant of our lives.
They link us to our losses: worse,
They show us what we have as it once was,
Blindingly undiminished, just as though
By acting differently, we could have kept it so.

“Reference Back,” Philip Larkin

Dear friends, be well, Grant
I went from Miss Orr’s Nursery School through Staples High School in Westport, Connecticut, and finished in the top third of a class of 440. I had lackluster SAT scores, and it made little sense to me that I received acceptance in March, 1964, at Colgate University and Amherst College. My math studies at Staples included Algebra I-II and Plane Geometry, but I was more comfortable with words. Born into it: my father, editor-in-chief of The American Scholar for 30 years, former editor-in-chief at Random House, shared an office with William Faulkner, graduated from Amherst College ’28 Phi Beta Kappa.

Mother always beat Dad in Scrabble; Mother was Dad’s only ‘A’ student while Dad taught at the Women’s College of the University of North Carolina, Greensboro. Mother could write, but she opted for watercolors and brought home to us in Westport a medal in the 1950s from Silvermine Art Guild, New Canaan.

At age 12 I suffered a concussion inducing a 2 1/2 day coma, at the bowling lanes in Westport, after a guitar session at a friend’s house. Upside: two months off from seventh grade and the presentation to me by my bandmates, at my hospital bed, of a 3/4 neck Fender Mustang electric guitar.

In September, 1964, I traveled by train from Woods Hole, Massachusetts, to Springfield, where I walked to a bus for Amherst. In Amherst, I walked to Amherst College campus; it was beautiful, picturesque, a setting for a story. I was largely unread. I was insecure about the summer reading list sent to us by Amherst College, including C.P. Snow and Don Quixote. I was anticipating challenge but oblivious to the great leaps of knowledge and understanding it must’ve been thought that I could easily handle.

In physics with Dr. Arons, calculus with Dr. Bailey, Western civilization with Professor Czap, and Humanities, French and English, I attended, listened, puzzled, and performed as I was able. In physics and calculus I knew I was on shaky ground; I couldn’t master what fellow students were either understanding right away or, by solving calculations, then understanding and growing. At mid-term in Western civilization, I had held on to a C, but my confidence was strained, and I took an F after the final exam.

Professor Turgeon gave me a D in French, yet it had been easy for me to be our family’s spokesperson while we were visiting France during the summer of 1963. Professor Simpson gave me a C in humanities. But in English it was a different story. As of the middle of the semester I could feel my academic standing to be in question. Professor Heath instructed his classes to write a paper On Being True. My topic sentence was, “I’ve always been true! How could it be otherwise?”

Throughout the 500-word essay I had poured out my young soul. I felt as though I were incapable of making any good mark at the school where my father had done so well. After a few days, Professor Heath handed back our papers; on mine he had given me a B and the comment: “This is pretty good parody.” I didn’t tell him that I had no idea what parody was. I must look up that word, after all these years (really).

After countless meetings with freshman dean Nathaniel Reed, I took a leave of absence and went to NYC. Once Professor Czap knew that I was leaving, he met with me and said, “Haydn, I wouldn’t go to New York City, unless I knew what my business was.”

In NYC that winter I wrote my first songs. You may hear the third of these on youtube.com. Search The Sound Pocket: “Girl Has Gone.” It has 311 likes, so please add likes, if it pleases you. I am the Bonfire Guitarist in Steven Spielberg’s Jaws. I couldn’t have attended classes in the spring of 1965 and moved to summer on Martha’s Vineyard without the support of my late parents, Hiram and Mary T. Haydn.

I have studied classical piano for 18 years. My present teacher is Lisa Rohn, graduate of the New England Conservatory. I studied piano for seven years with nationally renowned educator and soloist Delores Stevens. Also, I am a junior in Berklee Online, Boston, pursuing my Bachelor’s Degree Of Professional Studies. Berklee Online is saying to incoming students, “We will challenge you.” It is very worthwhile. At Amherst College, I learned how to study.

I am very grateful for my brief time at Amherst College, and I have been impressed with the accomplishments of many fellow students: Walter McDougall, Harold Wade (RIP), Dan Goleman, and others. I hope to be with you for the 50th Reunion of the Class Of 1968. Regards!

Michael Haydn

Email: michaelhaydnmv@hotmail.com
Regrets, I’ve had a few, so the saying goes. Writing for this occasion of our 50th Reunion, I hope you, my classmates, will find some entertainment from my musings.

Why am I still here? So far, I have managed to survive 4 significant illnesses, the first three of which might have ended my life quickly and long before now. I have no idea why I have been so lucky, when so many men from our class have already died. I cannot say I am preoccupied by what seems like an unnatural mortality rate, but instead admit a sadness about arriving at this day of celebration when remembering such talented classmates whose careers and loves were cut short. I am grateful for the opportunity presented by our class officers to share a few moments together to recall our lost friends and colleagues.

I especially want to express my gratitude to Gordon Radley, Jack Widness, and Doug Pitman for taking the immense hours out of their lives to filming my, and several others of our classmates, memories. Their efforts provided the opportunity to record our unique Amherst experiences, and the results demonstrate how often those experiences affected so many of our life choices. We were here at a significant moment in United States history, and surely at a formative time in our individual lives. I greatly enjoyed listening to the life trajectories that those film clips revealed. As I have noted from past Amherst Reunions, I am proud to be forever associated with such accomplished men.

I have other memories, like the criticisms suffered by all of us in English 1-2, and the enjoyable and altogether brief time I spent with Earl Latham, who supervised my senior thesis in Political Science. I was very fortunate to be accepted into medical school that spring of our senior year that led to a satisfying career as a colorectal surgeon in New Jersey. I arrived in NJ as the husband of my Mount Holyoke educated wife, Barbara. We began our family in proximity to her family in NJ, and have remained together here for all our adult lives. I feel blessed that our daughter followed me into the healing professions, and became a wonderful nurse.

I believe that some of my early illnesses were related to the job stress I suffered, as I tried to meet my own and my patients’ expectations for optimal outcomes. But surprisingly, after sensing the miracle of my unexplainable survival, I came to feel liberated from my conventional suburban lifestyle. Following a civilian diplomatic mission to Eritrea, I discovered the need for my surgical specialty in the developing world. Thus began a series of overseas, two-week surgical missions in Africa and Asia, trying to bring specialty training and equipment to the general surgeons in those countries.

That work became a defining feature of my adult life, and the emotional dividends have continued to enrich me through the friendships formed, particularly in Vietnam. That War, obviously, is the War of our lifetimes, and my time spent in that country has illuminated my understanding of military history in a unique way. The old Poli Sci major within me remains curious.

I am depressed by the changes affecting the medical profession I loved, and so disappointed by the new generation of medical students who will likely never appreciate the healing value of “laying on of hands”. They are educated to never touch their patients without the intervening layer of latex or nitrile exam gloves, in the service of supposed reduction of translocated organisms. Similarly, I am frustrated at the level of our current political discourse, and see awfully little improvement in campaign finance regulation, for example. Having spent considerable time doing original research in a Massachusetts congressional race during what is now 50 years away in the distant past, I wish I had more reason for optimism that our generation has advanced the progress of this grand American experiment in republican government. We will leave a lot of unconsummated promises behind us. Stay engaged!

Mark (Micky) Helbraun, Amherst ’68

Email: mehelb@aol.com
In September 1966, at age 24, the Octagon building on a gentle knoll became my first view of the Fairest College. I had served in the US Army and worked briefly on the West Coast. I married in 1963 and arriving with spouse, we lived off-campus. A junior-year transfer from a new Manhattan, NY, community college, I experienced more than a little apprehension, given Amherst’s reputation, its gifted students and prestigious faculty. The gentle knoll suddenly loomed larger as I contemplated the difficult educational journey ahead. Reservations about my college choice, in those initial weeks, were perhaps not at all unlike those experienced by many of my classmates who entered as Freshmen in September 1964.

John William Ward was one of my initial Professors, “Jacksonian Democracy,” and my very first paper was “memorable, for none of the right reasons.” I remember being called in and my Amherst education commenced. Shortly thereafter, and amazingly, things improved. The initial trepidations were quickly replaced by thought-provoking, fascinating academic challenges. I welcomed new friendships and an emergent sense of growth and accomplishment. A sureness in my abilities was taking root and this confidence would serve me well in my several careers following graduation.

In September 1968, I opted to join a major oil and minerals company, working in California, Europe (mainly Denmark) and Alaska, early retiring at age 43. My next 12-year career was as owner of a country inn in North Conway, NH, hosting, inter alia, Gordon Radley, John Stifler and many other alumni over those years. My last career was as Co-Founder of a web development company, supporting over 100 clients nationally. We sold this company in 2015 and formally retired.

Three successful careers focused on energy, minerals, technology transfer, hospitality and Internet development. Ironically, none of my Amherst courses used a phrase or included any discussion involving these business terms or any training in these specialty areas. Just about every new business path I pursued over these ensuing 47 years had little or nothing to do, content-wise, with my Amherst courses of study. Yet, it was imperceptible, subtle comprehensions that my education began to nurture and develop in me, learning who I am and what I could accomplish, that took me places I never anticipated nor dreamed possible.

When we meet at our 50th reunion, I’ll be 76 years of age. Looking back, my experiences have been memorable, distinctive and irreplaceable. The nation of Denmark and fluency in the Danish language served to open doors in Europe and international government. I worked with Yupik and Inupiat Eskimos, Aleuts and Athabaskans in Alaska (and Greenland), doing business in some of the most remote places on earth. I experienced the Last Frontier in ways akin to Jack London and Robert Service in distant, isolated outposts described vividly by James Michener (I referenced that period of my life in the 25th yearbook). Later, our NH country inn became my stage, playing piano nightly for the guests and recording a CD. I became active in theatre, performing in several musicals and acting with my second wife Judy (we’re now married 39 years) in Love Letters, the play I saw Ken Howard ’66 perform at Amherst in 1993. I served a five-year term as President of the Advisory Board, Graduate School of Theatre, Cal State Long Beach.

The question I am most frequently asked these days seems to be, “What was your favorite place to live?” Without hesitation, my reply is always, “All of them!” I have unquestionably mastered the ability to cherish each of those singular retreats, no matter how challenging the adaptations and adjustments required, making each in its own way my sanctuary, to be enjoyed with my rock, Judy. I seek out what is beautiful, splendid, serene and nurturing, yet alert there is always a dark side. I sense too that we have imparted these attitudes and strengths to our sons Aaron (age 36, Head Chef at Jose Andres’ Jaleo, Crystal City, Arlington) and Daniel (age 33, a social media /blogger in Belfast, Maine). I basked in each of these fantastic opportunities, experiencing newness, unfamiliarity and challenge, always with some apprehension...not unlike my arrival at Amherst long ago..., but always surpassed by an excitement of the unknown and inspiring. Amherst helped me at each turn to better understand and find answers to vital questions, like the essential one faced by Jean Valjean, “Who am I.”
It was about this time 54 years ago that I saw snow for the very first time looking out my dorm room in Morrow. It was such a pleasant surprise that even today, I still try to recall that feeling when it snows outside.

I did not know what to expect when I embarked on the 27 hr. flight to Amherst in ’64. When I was greeted on campus by our dorm proctor Ron Woodbury, I knew I had nothing to fear. My heart-felt thanks to Dean C. Scott Porter, who took extra time to give me guidance and encouragement, to classmates Ted Brewer, Russ Allen and Ernie Chu for opening their homes to me during the holidays, and to my fraternity roommate Bill Burt for showing me his entrepreneurial spirit. For every name I remember to mention, I probably missed half a dozen.

I was exploring what areas to focus on at Amherst, having switched my major several times. I even rode my bike to UMass to take some professional courses. I finally decided to pursue a field that fascinated me growing up, in engineering and construction. It turned out to be a very rewarding choice of career after finishing grad school at Columbia in NYC. It got me involved with managing the construction of some of the tallest buildings in Asia. It was a phenomenal experience traveling and working with world-class architects and construction professionals. Before I knew it, it was time to call it a day.

My wife of 45 years and I are now enjoying our days as grandparents, filling in when the nannies are off or when our neurologist daughter is on call. Our 3 granddaughters live close by, and we enjoy helping out. Our son clerked for Supreme Court Justice Souter after Havard Law, and is enjoying his career as a partner of a major DC law firm. Our 3 year old grandson loves to fly to Boston to visit us. On a recent flight, his big smile got him invited by the pilot to sit in the cockpit after all the passengers had left.

We travel overseas a couple of times a year. Our next trip will be a land tour in Australia and New Zealand. However, as my wife would always say after a long trip, there is still no place like home. We think it is time for us to plan a trip to our own outback, and to visit places in the US that we simply flew over on our way to some faraway places.

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The Evolution of Virulent Ideas:

Paul Ewald is a name few of you will recognize, as he taught at Amherst after we left, but he has changed the way I see the world. His remarkable and original idea is essentially an extension of Darwinian principles to the biology of microbial pathogens as a way to understand human illnesses and their relationship to infection. I suspect that I would never have known of his existence if not for the passionate reporting of Ewaldian theory by my neurosurgeon son, Terry, who followed my educational pathway at A.C., and on to my medical school and post-graduate training at Washington U./Barnes Hospital.

Perhaps Ewald so affected me because of my own special interest in science/genetics/evolution that developed into a self-directed “major” in human evolution while I was an undergraduate, sparked by reading Robert Ardrey’s African Genesis.

When it was all over, I gave up on my Congregationalist upbringing, chose science, and performed a Senior Honors research project looking at the newly discovered transfer RNA, part of the DNA mechanism of encoded heredity. It was both satisfying and fun. I gave up on spiritualism and adopted humanism, embracing “Deed not creed” as a motto. It was with real astonishment that I discovered just three years ago that my mother’s ancestors were key founders of the St. Louis Ethical Society.

For all its harshness, Charles Darwin’s explanation for Life on this planet appears comprehensive and complete to me. I now believe that natural selection covers far more than the differentiation of species. Paul Ewald has developed an elaborate scientific explanation for the behaviors of pathogenic organisms, in terms parallel to Darwin’s, wherein the pathophysiology of infective microbes reflects all their responses to adaptive selection forces.

His classical example is the Rhinovirus, which causes the common cold. The success of this virus lies in its mildness of disease, leaving its human host ill but not bedfast with an upper respiratory exudative brief sickness with coughing and sneezing of liquid droplets containing infective viruses aplenty. The fact that it leaves a person well enough to interact with other humans and spread the virus to new hosts is its key feature. Microbial disease transferred by vectors (e.g. insects) has very different requirements, not including mild symptoms.

There are many other aspects to the Darwin parallel for Ewald, which have led to his current strong belief that most chronic human diseases of unknown causes are actually occult infections by as yet unrecognized pathogens. In this category he places cancer, heart disease, and many neurodegenerative diseases, such as Alzheimer’s. Evidence to support his belief continues to mount, such as human papilloma virus now recognized as the cause of several cancers, the nearly complete eradication of peptic ulcer disease since realization of its bacterial causation, and on and on. Another area that yields fascinating data in support of infective causes of many chronic diseases has been developed in studying identical twins, wherein “concordance” of the incidence of diseases thought to be entirely genetic often fail to be found.

Our traditional way of looking at evolution is that it takes FOREVER to happen, as evidenced by the paleontological record of speciation. But Ewald has pointed out that this is not the right way to think of evolution of pathogens. We have created “fast evolution” by swamping the food supply with antibiotics.... resistance among bacteria has developed through mutation so quickly that we are now dealing with some pathogens that we cannot stop, more coming later. We can now genetically modify organisms, yielding almost instantaneous adaptive evolution.

Philosophy, what a word! Taken from its Greek roots, it means the thirst for knowledge, a desire to learn about the nature of oneself and of the world. In the 18th century it was used with “natural” to mean science, but today we hardly think of “philosophy” as even in the same category as “science”. In the world of 1960s Amherst College vernacular it meant things like “critical thinking”, “rational analysis”, “logical argument”, and was manifest in “bull sessions”. But it also is a word that skirts the great divide....between fact and belief. It is the glue that holds theories together and also can refer to religion itself. Whether we decide it can be all-inclusive enough to hold both logic and dogma in one bushel basket or not is just as uncertain now as it was in 1965, but there is one aspect that derives so easily from the above description of unexpected breadth of applicability of Darwin’s theory of adaptation that it is almost seductive. And that is the evolution of ideas. I have come to see that which is unique on Earth of human existence as an evolution of infective ideas.

How is that? If you apply Ewald’s concept of microbial existence as a sequence of adaptive changes driven by the imperative of continued and more widespread existence of each type of microbe, ideas can and do follow the same imperatives.

1) Infectivity – how strongly does an idea take root from one mind to another?
2) Virulence – how strongly does an idea affect or change an individual’s thoughts and behaviors?
3) Durability – how well does an idea survive a period of disuse or changing surrounds?
4) Adaptability - how easily and quickly does an idea mutate to become more prevalent?
5) Ripple Effect - how much change in human existence can be wrought by an idea?
6) Value - how and in what direction does an idea impact the dichotomy between Good and Evil?
7) Vectors - how does an idea spread, from individual to individual singly or via a spreading carrier?

Perhaps one might try to apply the above seven questions to ideas such as Christianity, oral language, printing of words, the brief monotheistic religion of Akhenaten in the 14th century BCE, democracy, gender equality, world peace as a goal, and so on. The implications go on forever and they are much of what I think about nowadays.

May your wants be fulfilled.
I am not resting. I am engaged in righting wrongs. I think here of Don Quixote and his striving for visionary ideals. Wasn’t Don Quixote one of the books we were assigned the summer before freshman year? Hopefully, my vision is actually far clearer than Quixote’s. I like to think my commitment to creating more justice in our world will, in fact, make it a better place.

Remember the American Studies Vietnam unit? What I learned during those six (or was it eight?) weeks changed the course of my life. I began the unit believing the policy line that we had to stop the spread of communism by taking a stand in Vietnam. By the end I could see how misguided that policy was. I came to understand that I didn’t have to accept the ‘official’ viewpoint in any situation. I was perfectly capable of looking at the evidence and arriving at my own conclusions. I became a more critical thinker.

A year later I transferred to MIT to study architecture. In Cambridge I protested against the war policy that was destroying Vietnam and killing tens of thousands of US soldiers and hundreds of thousands of others. Meanwhile, my architecture studies highlighted the impact of design professionals, building owners, and others in the industry on the people who inhabit their buildings. It was clear that decisions made by professionals and others often failed to respect the needs and experiences of common folk. So I became a bit of an architectural rebel and explorer of alternative ways of living and of building habitations.

Then there were a couple decades with a more conventional cast to them, as my wife, Meg, and I focused on creating and supporting a family. I didn’t change my outlook; however, my priorities changed as I thought about how best to raise our sons. These years were full of many activities, including family events and celebrations, programs for personal growth, and also some social and political activism. The emphasis was more on family and less on changing the world. It was important work.

A dozen years ago, as parenting responsibilities became less intense, I became quite involved with promoting environmentally beneficial practices in the architecture profession. Then as the green building movement took hold in the profession, I shifted my attention to climate change and reducing greenhouse gas emissions. As I thought about the impacts of climate change around the world, I became more aware of the huge negative impacts of climate change on marginalized groups in our societies, and on whole countries in various parts of the world. This led me to yet another transition, this time to focus on racial justice issues.

At this time Meg was starting a group in our Unitarian Universalist congregation to address issues of race. Our congregation is about 98% white. Occasionally, people of other races show up and may stay for a time and then leave. Apparently we were not a very welcoming place. I joined the group as we began to study unconscious racism, implicit bias, the history of racial oppression in our country, and the racism that is built into our governmental policies and laws. What we learned we shared in small discussion groups. The groups and events we organized have now, after several years, reached about 180 of our parishioners. I believe we have had a large impact in our community.

I am grateful for the opportunity I have had to work with other members on raising consciousness about racism. This work has allowed me to work collaboratively with committed partners toward a significant shared goal, and to develop and exercise my leadership skills. I have very much enjoyed thinking about how to challenge unaware and systemic racism, organizing events, leading events and discussions, and, of course, receiving appreciations from others in my community. It’s great to have this opportunity to be creative while contributing to making the world a better place.

Every day I am reminded that there is much work to do to make our world a more welcoming place for all people, a place where the dignity of each person is recognized and where everyone shares in the burdens and opportunities of life on earth. I am thankful for my Amherst education which opened my eyes, focused my power, and set me on a course of improving the human condition.
Robert L. Holloway, Jr. (Stump)
Submission for AC ’68 50th Reunion Book

I am fond of saying that most of my adult life – professionally and personally – has consisted of two things: making lists and making connections – with people and ideas. For me this construct has worked pretty well over the last 50 years.

Amherst was a great experience. I was introduced to the College by my father’s best friend, Roland Smith, class of 1943, who was an imposing football and baseball player. On my initial visit to Amherst, the first faculty member I met was Coach Ostendarp. As luck would have it, I played (poorly) freshman lacrosse under him, but we bonded when I was summoned to play the piano on a road trip. The Darp liked my playing, which was the beginning of a relationship with him that continued long after I graduated. Even in his later years, he always called me Stump. He was a great influence on me, as were other faculty, especially Professors Cody and Guttmann. We all were very fortunate to have so many dedicated, extraordinary teachers at Amherst.

I made many lifelong friends at Amherst, especially Rich Ball, Bob Haldeman, Doug Pitman and Dave Townsend, all of whom were groomsmen in 1969 in my wedding. My marriage has endured to date. These guys and I were Betas, and somehow not only have we survived, we have prospered.

My rugby experiences at Amherst were and have remained very important to me. Rugby was a test for me, and I was pleased to pass and to be part of a terrific group of athletes, who became good friends. I learned a great deal from them and a lot about myself.

There is no question that rugby and my academic experience at Amherst, the latter of which I did not completely squander, increased my confidence and confirmed that if I put forth the effort, I could perform reasonably well in life. At Amherst, I learned the difference between merely acceptable performance and first-rate performance, which has served me very well in the practice of law, where I have drawn upon my Amherst experience every day. Academics and rugby were a great foundation for what I have been doing professionally. Trying cases has been almost as much fun as playing rugby.

I have been very fortunate to have a great marriage with Peggy, who, despite having experienced Beta and rugby beforehand, still agreed to marry me. We have two wonderful children, Rob and Kate, Rob’s terrific wife Maura, and two delightful grandchildren, Thomas and Theresa. They all live fairly close to us, which makes it easy to see them regularly.

Playing piano remains an important part of my life, and I have been fortunate to have regular restaurant and other gigs. While I am not a great player, people seem to enjoy my music. The truth is that even if no one else were listening, I still would play for my own enjoyment. As a bonus, over the years, I have met and played with some superb musicians, experiences that have motivated me to practice more, recognizing, nevertheless, that my talent level is not likely to improve.

My colleagues and long-term clients have been very generous to me. I was honored to be president of the Essex County Bar Association, the oldest county bar association in the country, and president of the Massachusetts Bar Association. Through the years my family has kept me grounded. At one point, my son pointed out to me, tongue planted firmly in cheek, “You know, Dad, if you hang around long enough, you might get a lifetime achievement award.” It is useful to remain mindful of the fact that you should not believe your own press notices.

Most important, I remain committed to the belief that, after all is said and done, what matters most is family and friends. I have enjoyed an embarrassment of riches in that regard, having a great family and great friends. My Amherst friends are a big part of that. In the final analysis, I am a very lucky guy.
Life has been a series of challenges and pivots... some better than others.

I was the product of a public school system that emphasized math and science. That meant I aced Arnie Arons’ freshman physics course, but struggled with freshman English. My grades freshman year reflected that. I ended up majoring in Economics; my grade point average slowly improved to Cum Laude.

I pledged Chi Psi, where I enjoyed living for three years. At the rushing weekend Sunday party, I met an amazing Smith girl, Carol French. We dated off-and-on for the next 18 months, then got pinned (remember that?); then engaged. On June 15, 1968, we got married in Tewksbury, MA.

The next year was a whirlwind. June 1968: We moved to NYC; Carol went to work for Time Magazine; I started Columbia Business School. September 1968: I got drafted! When graduate school deferments were eliminated, my local board said I would be allowed to complete my graduate school studies – they lied. June 1969: I was three months in-country in Vietnam.

Being a college-educated draftee in Army basic training was a life altering experience. That was followed by more training and then Vietnam. I was there for 14 months - long story, but the bottom line is that I survived and our marriage survived.

1971 - 1978: I finished my Columbia MBA; then went to work for Lehman Brothers as a Security Analyst following the high tech industry. We lived in The West Village; Jessica was born in 1975; Graham was born in 1977.

I changed jobs twice while in NYC. After the second firm I worked for suddenly closed in mid-December 1975, I ended up at Merrill Lynch, where I was recognized as an Institutional Investor All-Star Analyst. We moved to the Upper West Side; our last place was a co-op at 90 Riverside Drive that we wish we still owned!

1978: A pivotal year. Instead of sticking with a lucrative, but perhaps challenging family-wise, career on Wall Street, I was persuaded by my mother to join the family business back in RI. I should have sorted out a lot of details about my job and the future ownership/control of the company up front... but I didn’t.

The family business is Bradford Soap Works. Over the last 40 years we transformed the company from a small manufacturer of industrial soap flakes and basic bar soap into the world’s leading manufacturer of specialty bar soaps and related products. I am sure you have a bar of soap in your home that we developed and produced – you just don’t know it. Examples: Clinique; J&J; Neutrogena; Toms of Maine; Colgate; Dove; L’Oreal.

Together with Carol and our two kids, I acquired 100% ownership of the company in 2015 – but only after a bruising 15-year battle with my siblings that started within months of my father’s passing.

Jessica went to Bowdoin; married a guy she met there, Jeff d’Entremont; and lives in RI. They have two children, Benjamin (14) and Nicholas (11). Jeff is Head of Lower School at Moses Brown School in Providence, where both boys attend.

Graham went to Amherst; married a girl he met there, Shirin Adhami, and lives in nearby MA. Graham went to law school and worked for a couple of Boston firms before deciding that wasn’t his cup-of-tea. He is now VP-Business Development at Bradford Soap; Shirin is a professional photographer.

After flunking leadership transition twice, I think I have finally succeeded. I am now Executive Chairman of Bradford Soap, which means I am actively involved in the company but someone else has 24x7 operating responsibility.

Life these days revolves around family and friends and trying to get to the other side of being involved in the business 24x7. I love playing golf and skiing with my grandsons... really, I love doing anything with them.

We own a summer place on a coastal pond in RI; a ski place at Loon Mountain in NH; an apartment in downtown Providence; and in March-April we rent the same condo in Boca Grande, Florida – so plenty of variety in where we spend our time.

Over the years, I have been very involved in the boards of two Rhode Island-based healthcare systems. I have enjoyed that experience and the challenges that come with it.

Without a doubt, the most lasting legacy of my Amherst experience is my marriage. I was fortunate to be able to share a lot of my Amherst life with Carol – and even more fortunate that she has been by my side, supporting me, through all the ups-and-downs of the last 50 years. Shortly after reunion, Carol and I are going to celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary with a trip to the Baltic.

50 years... Where did the time go?

We are looking forward to see everyone.

Email: jhowland@bradfordsoap.com
Andrew Inglis

It has not always been easy.

My first marriage ended in divorce, but I have two wonderful children. My hard-working son and his wife have a two-year old, with a second son on the way. My daughter has dealt courageously with cognitive difficulties since birth. She made it through high school on sheer effort and earned her BA after nine long years. She has struggled in her adult life. I see her regularly and am working to help her find some success and fulfillment.

My wife Peggy and I have an amazing Chinese daughter, who came to us in 2002 as a foster child. She is now an RN in Queens, with a family of her own.

Peggy has helped me to navigate the past three decades in more ways than I can write down.

Freshman year at Amherst was difficult for me. In my FOO (family of origin, all rights reserved), we were expected to figure out things for ourselves; I did not know how to ask for help. At Amherst my first year, I discovered teachers, some of whom have been canonized by others, who were arrogant and mean.

I finished Freshman Year on academic probation, but I bounced back as a sophomore, with an average in the mid 80’s.

I went from Amherst to Wesleyan for my MAT in French. My draft board would not let me go to Paris for a second MA, so I began teaching high school in the fall of 1969.

After one year in Bedford, Massachusetts, I spent the rest of my 35-year career at Cambridge Rindge and Latin School, a large public high school just a couple of blocks from Harvard Yard. I began as a French Teacher, added Spanish after a few years, and I was Boys Varsity Soccer Coach from 1973 through 1997. CRLS is a fascinating school, with students from about 60 countries who represent every step on the socio-economic scale. Teaching and coaching there was challenging, rewarding, frustrating and never boring.

I had some nice friends while I was at Amherst, and I have some fond memories from upstairs in Morrow (Simonson, Smead, Dorland (may he rest in peace), Cox, Stifler, Frantzreb, Young, Goldman, Pitman, Plume, Townsend, and ?). My experiences there, in South, E Dorm, and up on the hill at Phi Gam have more to do with who I was at Commencement than time I spent on my academic work.

Interestingly enough, Amherst gave me a start in Soccer that provided me with much success and fulfillment in my adult life. Having previously played only hockey and basketball, I went out for goalkeeper on Coach Scandrett’s Freshman Soccer Team. I won the starting job and promptly injured myself. I returned at season’s end and barely knew what I was doing. After our loss to Williams, Scully was furious. He never forgave me, and he hardly talked to me until my Senior Year, when I again started in goal, but played well.

I will always be grateful to Rob Sherman and Lance Wilcox for trusting in me and helping Coach Rostas name me starting goalie our Senior Year. That was a season I will certainly never forget. I went on to be Assistant and JV Coach at Wesleyan and then to Boston, where I found high quality Soccer and teams to play on and coach.

By the way, I miss Lance Wilcox terribly, even though we had no contact after graduation. He was a terrific competitor and captain and a real sweet guy. A goalkeeper is only as good as the defense in front of him or her. As sweeper, Lance taught me a lot. I continued playing into my late 40’s; Lance was the first of several central defenders on very good teams who helped me to survive.

As Varsity Boys Soccer Coach at CRLS, I got to know many students whom I might have never met otherwise. We had some excellent teams, always with players representing many countries. I am honored and grateful to be part of the athletic success they enjoyed in high school.

Activities in retirement? My views of the world? That’s several thousand more words.

Enough for now. I must go back up to my dorm room and listen to Joey Reynolds on WKBW.
I had a career as an architect and have been married to my second wife Jane for 37 years. We have two great kids: Alex, a digital media marketing consultant and Emily, a social worker who married Gavin Broady at our home this past September. Typical of my years at Amherst, I waited until the last minute to write something, so the following are some recollections in no particular order or relevance.

Mores related to women and dating changed at warp speed while at college. Freshman year ladies were allowed in the dorms on weekdays until seven and weekends until 11pm. Sophomore year ladies were allowed in the social dorms until 11 PM on all days but nobody followed those rules. I don’t remember any restrictions on the last two years. I am glad our college years weren’t in the Tinder swiping culture. We met girls in person or got set up on a blind date rather than swiping left or right. I recall lots of drinking and drunken dates but I do not remember harassment or abuse. And how the hell did we make and keep dates or appointments without cell phones, text or email?

After my architectural firm was selected for a project, it was my custom to take the client to lunch. I would ask why we were selected, and in addition to our qualifications I often heard that our proposal was the best written, and I credit Amherst for teaching me how to write.

I had never heard of or smoked grass until sophomore year. Wardie, Willis and I would openly talk about believing that the three of us and Bob Dylan were the only people on the planet who would know what we were talking about. I knew no one or heard of anyone who took hard drugs or opiates.

Research was done in books and at the library. I wrote papers on a typewriter and remember thinking and writing carefully about what I put into a final draft, as there was only white out or retyping to correct mistakes. My favorite course was Carl Schmalz’s Art Connoisseurship course which integrated art history, painting technique and appreciation. On our field trip to NY we met Alice Neal, painter and Susan Sontag, author. On the trip home, the Hamp Bridge was covered with black ice. In spite of driving as carefully as I could, we wound up helplessly doing a few 360’s while our esteemed professor mumbled something about having a wife and kids he wanted to see again.

We set up a post senior prom feast in the Chi Phi living room with fine table setting, wine and roast pheasant. The idea was that the ladies would swoon at the elegant presentation when we swung open the double doors. We didn’t know Dave Stewart’s Great Dane had fallen asleep under the table. Alarmed, he stood up, overturning the table with everything on it crashing to the floor.

I had a souped up Corvair Corsa which Willis and Wardie convinced me to race at a local airport racetrack. I taped a number on the side of the car, put on a helmet and took off spinning out on every turn before crossing the finish line with hay flying all over it from hitting the bales that marked the course. While on the track, there was an announcement over the P/A to “watch out for the crazy guy in the green Corvair.” I also bought Elliot Andrew’s Bultaco, which froze and went down on Rt. 116 going around 70mph. I had a helmet, boots and full leathers and survived with just bruises.

As “BJ The Lively DJ” I was filling in on the graveyard shift for one of the “Five Bad Guys” after a night of partying. I told a joke I had just heard which I guess for the day was off color. I immediately got a call from Cal Plimpton, equally lubricated, who advised that I was in violation of college and FTC rules and fired me from the station on the spot.

I’m now stopping at the 700 word limit to wish my best to the college and all my classmates who are still with us.
I first visited Amherst as a 15 year old high school senior in December, 1962. Amherst had been recommended to me by my high school guidance counselor and by William Kirk ’29, who was the Headworker of Union Settlement in East Harlem. I was escorted around the campus by Ken Howard ’66, for whom I retain deep affection to this day and whose passing was a source of sadness. After seeing the campus and meeting with dean Eugene Wilson, I was sold.

My freshman year was difficult, mainly because I was simply not used to as rigorous an academic environment. Speaking as a baseball fan, it was like going from Triple A to the majors. The science and mathematics classes weren’t the problem. It was the volume of reading and social sciences which were most difficult. In addition, I was simply emotionally immature.

Amherst was the first non-coed environment to which I had been exposed, as well as the first time I’d ever been in a racial minority since, including the 7 freshmen, there were only 11 African – Americans out of a total of 1100 students. My mind was opened in many ways by that experience. I vividly remember a conversation with Richard LeFrak ’67 where he noted that his father had been unable to buy a house, not because he couldn’t afford it, but simply because he was Jewish. I’ll always remember that conversation because, although I’d known many Jewish children in NYC, I had never realized the continuing presence of anti-Semitism. The other enduring memory of my freshman year was seeing my 1st US President in person, and 4 weeks later living through the nightmare of his assassination. I left Amherst after the 1st semester of my sophomore year.

After working throughout the remainder of that academic year as a clerk in a NYC law firm, taking courses at City College of New York, and growing up a bit, I and returned to Amherst in the Fall of ’65 as an 18 year old sophomore in the class of ’68, having decided that I wanted to become a lawyer.

As all of my classmates remember, our country endured a period of great turmoil, change, and truly challenging times during our time at Amherst. We grew up as a generation which had lost the innocence of earlier decades. I remember those years at Amherst as a time of thought, sincere and honest debate over the Vietnam War and the civil rights movement. I remember being, along with my dear friend Harold Wade and others, impelled to create the Amherst Afro-American Society. I remember the “soul parties” which were inclusive of anyone who wanted to come, where we shared Motown music and general good times.

And at Columbia Law School I constantly recalled the wisdom of great teachers like Leo Marx, Earl Latham, and George Kateb and others too numerous to name. My overarching memory of Amherst is its great staff of teachers and their accessibility. At Columbia Law I often wished the teachers matched what I’d experienced at Amherst.

After law school, and in the wake of Attica, I wanted to learn all I could about the prison system. I worked for the Vera Institute of Justice on a project which allowed me to visit most of the maximum security prisons in NYS, and a few others as well. This led me to 8 years with Prisoners’ Legal Services of NY. There, my boss was a fiercely intelligent guy named Pierce Gerety, whose brother later became President of Amherst. I then went on to the NYS Attorney General’s Office where I essentially spent about 9 years working in utility regulation. However, probably 80% of my work was spent in opposing the opening of a nuclear power plant (Shoreham) on Long Island. After the operation of the plant was prevented, I moved on.

I then spent about 15 years providing legal representation to poor residents in the Bronx. (Legal Services of NY). All of these experiences would have been impossible without the financial aid I received from Amherst. Otherwise, I would have been pursuing much more lucrative employment. Terras Irradient!

I am now retired and, like many of us, a widower. I have a wonderful daughter and am very grateful for the life I’ve had. I assiduously read my alumni magazines and am generally elated and thrilled by the changes I read about at Amherst.

I believe that Amherst, like America, was always an aspiration. And, like America it must remain an aspiration if it is to retain its unique identity and purpose. In the case of Amherst, its purpose is the betterment of America. In the case of America, its purpose is the betterment of the world.

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Fifty years! I remember my father, a Harvard graduate who had faithfully attended his college reunions, deciding to skip his 50th because he didn’t want to be around “all those old people.” Even though I’m now one of “those old people” I’m looking forward to our reunion and seeing friends again from a great time of life.

My wife Susan and I were dinosaurs by today’s standards -- married within a year of graduating -- but have been fortunate to enjoy a full and happy life together, with our greatest delight being our three children, their spouses, and five terrific grandchildren. Despite some health problems along the way I have had a great quality of life, starting most importantly with our family, but also including a lot of travel throughout the world and a satisfying career as a real estate developer -- with the added bonus of having my oldest daughter as a partner.

Life after Amherst for me lasted about a total of 10 days before being taken over by the US Navy. As we all remember, the Vietnam War was in full swing, and I was soon on my way to Newport, Rhode Island for Officer Candidate School. After receiving my commission I was married and then soon on my way to Japan with Susan, where we lived for two years while I served on an admiral’s staff aboard a repair ship. Other than several deployments to the Mekong Delta, I consider those two years wonderful -- not only adventurous and exciting, but extremely formative to my development as a person. The Navy not only teaches you discipline, but gives you what now seems like incredible responsibility --as a 23-year-old I was frequently assigned the nightly watch on the bridge of a several hundred foot ship while the captain slept.

Life after the Navy for me lasted about another 10 days before being taken over by Harvard Business School. I had been accepted straight from Amherst, but HBS held the acceptance until my tour of duty was over --which ended just days from the start of the term. Again, another wonderful two years -- we loved Boston, the experience of HBS, and the great friends we made there.

Since those days life has been comparatively stable -- save for two years in Naples, Florida, where I started my career with US Home Corp.--we have been in the Miami area (Coral Gables) ever since. In 1986 I started my own company, Lowell Homes, inc. - named after our son Lowell -- and in the intervening years have built more than 2000 single family homes in South Florida. In the late 90’s my daughter Lani joined me and today she heads the brokerage company Lowell International Realty, Inc. While I no longer develop large communities, I am still actively engaged in building a smaller number of higher-end homes. My schedule is smaller, too -- time for a workout, a leisurely breakfast with the paper, and the flexibility that comes with being one of “those old people.” It also allows us to make several trips a year to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where we bought a condo about 12 years ago.

One of the things I have enjoyed through the years and continue to enjoy is my community involvement. I’ve served on a number of boards, but my biggest commitment now is to Baptist Health System, where I serve as founding chairman of the board of Miami Cancer Institute, which was recently opened by Baptist in conjunction with Memorial Sloan Kettering. It is fast becoming a world class destination cancer center, and leading this effort has been enormously satisfying to me.

Two of our three children live nearby, including our two grandsons, ages 15 and 12. Our daughter Lauren is a photographer and also does marketing work with Lani in the real estate company. Our son Lowell is an interventional radiologist and recently opened the New England Endovascular Center in Springfield, Mass. He is also an Amherst grad, and it has always given me great joy that he was able to share the Amherst experience. He and his wife have three daughters, ages 11, 9, and 3. All 13 of us -- kids, spouses, and grandkids -- get together as often as possible and never miss our week in Jackson Hole every summer, which has become known as “Camp Susan” (if it’s Tuesday, it must be the canoe trip).

The older I get, the more grateful I am for the people in my life and the wonderful experiences I’ve been able to have. My greatest hope is that my children and grandchildren will be able to feel the same way when they become one of “those old people.”
After graduating from Amherst nearly fifty years ago, I had absolutely no idea what to do. Career planning was nonexistent back then or if it did exist, I was completely oblivious to it. My only priority in the spring of 1968 was to finish lacrosse on a good note and repeat as New England lacrosse champions. The team successfully achieved its goal to win a league which included Harvard, Yale, Brown, Dartmouth and UMass. To celebrate the hard-earned championship, I managed to spend the summer in Los Angeles, and returned to my hometown of Baltimore in September for my brother’s wedding. Still without a clue as to what to do, I proceeded to work construction for the next four months on the Bryn Mawr library.

On January 12th, 1969, after watching the Jets upset the Colts to win Super Bowl III, I met a friend at a local bar. He mentioned that he was being called up by the National Guard in two days and that his teaching position would be open. I luckily landed the job and proceeded to teach 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th grade math for the next five years at the Boys Latin School in Baltimore. I also coached football, wrestling and lacrosse at whatever level they needed me. This serendipitous match proved to be the perfect fit for me at this time in my life.

Although I loved teaching and coaching, I was making only $6,000 per year and decided to make a career change in the fall of 1973. I earned an MBA from the Wharton business school in December 1974, and collected a CPA in May of 1976. I worked four years in NYC for Olivetti, collecting valuable experience in international finance. One of the highlights of this period was playing for Olivetti in the 59th Street Bridge softball league, which included teams from the NY Rangers and the NY Giants. Needless to say, the stands were jam-packed when we played against the NYC sports teams.

During this period, I married Betsy Beach in June of 1977 in what proved to be the best decision of my life (My second best decision was giving up drinking in January of 1990). We were gifted with three outstanding sons: Andy (8/23/79); Mike (5/23/82) and Brian (12/3/86). After four years of living in midtown NYC, we moved to Rye, New York in August of 1980 where we have been happily located for 37 years. Rye is the birthplace of platform tennis, or “paddle”, a sport that we immediately gravitated to and became passionate about. Rye was also ten minutes from White Plains, NY where I worked for Texaco for 25 years. I was lucky to find a niche in foreign currency exposure management and became involved in just about every area of accounting and finance, especially cash management and foreign currency trading. While living in Rye, I became heavily involved in volunteer coaching. For 14 years, I coached little league baseball, traveling soccer and Rye youth lacrosse. I also served on the lacrosse committees for Boston College, Lafayette and Dartmouth. My main hobbies continue to be college nicknames and music from the Doo Wop era (50’s-60’s), especially the Drifters.

Twelve years ago, in August of 2005, I detected a slight tremor in my right hand. Three years later, I noticed a lack of balance and trouble walking. Since I have had two documented cases of Lyme disease, the neurologists initially thought my symptoms were due to Lyme. However, in July of 2011, my neurologist officially diagnosed my syndrome as Parkinson’s. I have been lucky so far as it has progressed only slowly over the last 12 years. Despite the daily challenges of Parkinson’s, I am totally enjoying retirement in Rye, NY. Betsy and I are kept busy by two grandsons in Minneapolis with two more “on the way”. I start each morning in the shower singing the Beta song “We live on the shady side of Easy Street and this is our night to shine.” It never fails to put me in a good mood and always sets the right tone for the upcoming day!
I enjoyed teaching until I was 67 years old; I felt like I was making a difference. I pushed against the boundaries imposed by set curricula and often succeeded in gaining freedom to design programs that students responded to.

I learned that each child/student had his or her own unique talents and gifts and that each student was doing the best they could. I taught better when I was interested in what I was teaching. Throughout my teaching career I was on the lookout for interesting stories, novels, biographies, non-fiction, math activities and questions, and fun stories to translate from French. I tried to find ways to include art and writing assignments that gave students some autonomy over what they did. Many former students have told me that they have fond memories of what they did.

I was able to teach a group of students all subjects for three years in a public junior high school. This was a very satisfying experience. I taught them in grade seven, eight, and nine. Lots of the assignments gave them freedom to choose among a selection of possibilities. I think this autonomy helped them to be more creative and made their assignments more meaningful. I continue to correspond with some of those students from that time (44 years ago).

For the last 25 years of teaching, I taught split classes, mainly a grade 4/5. I enjoyed this grade level. I found that teaching a grade four-five class was as sweet as it gets in a school situation. The students were interested in nearly everything. They came with skills in reading, writing and math. They were ready for challenges and appreciated opportunities to choose. I liked having a split-grade class, which meant that each year only half the students were new to me, as I had taught the fifth graders the year before. I was always amazed to see how far they had improved as readers, writers, math students, artists and French students over the two years.

I organized our science and social studies around themes. In a two year cycle we studied about 40 topics. I read aloud each day to the class from picture books, science books and biographies that were relevant to the theme we were studying. I purchased class sets of novels. We read aloud a dozen novels a year and a different dozen the next year. I listed the characters with conversational parts on the board each day for a chapter or two and moved through the class list, letting each student choose a character from the list. The next day I’d pick up where I’d left off with the choosing the day before. I read the narration and they came in with the conversation. Dramatic reading. Great times. Great novels to share aloud. They could pass if they wanted to and a few did at first, but soon everyone wanted to read.

My brother was my inspiration for reading aloud. The summer I was fifteen and he was thirty, we worked together on a surveying job for three hot, muggy months. At lunch time my brother would park in the shade of a tree and after lunch he would read Sherlock Holmes stories to me. He read with expression, different voices, pauses, dynamics. His reading had me seeing the stories.

Along with the dramatic reading, we did improvised skits, wrote puppet plays and wrote long stories with lots of conversation. I taught them how to punctuate (write) conversation and then they were fine. It was lovely to read their on-going stories. We did the long story writing twice a year. We also wrote twenty plus poems each year.

I held daily, sometimes twice daily, PE classes and coached the school’s cross-country (fall and spring), basketball (often boys’ and girls’ teams), volleyball (girls) and track and field. Everything but soccer.

A few years ago I realized that though I had one real life, I had lived many lives through reading fiction. I think all that reading helped me to be a more sympathetic teacher. Now that I’m retired I am busy with family and various projects. I know that I will never be bored, as there are so many books to read or reread. At the time I retired I had more than 8000 books (stories- fiction and non-fiction) on shelves around the classroom which students could choose from for quiet reading.

Before I met Marty she had worked as a teacher’s aide in a grade one classroom in New Haven, and had run a daycare center in Maine. Before we even had children we’d both agreed we wanted them to learn at home. We managed on my salary and Marty stayed home with our children. Marty wrote an account of her experience in Learning at Home: A Mother’s Guide to Homeschooling. It’s available through Amazon, Barnes & Nobles, etc.

Our four children are grown now. We are very proud of who they are and what they have accomplished by following their chosen interests. If you are interested you can check out the links to our sons. Our daughter is a full-time mother of three.

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My association with Amherst started by going to reunions with my father who graduated in the class of 1927. Through my father I was steeped in the culture of Amherst and was consumed with the goal of going there. Six weeks into my freshman year tragedy struck when my father died of a heart attack. I took solace by immersing myself in coursework and in taking walks in the awe-inspiring natural setting of Amherst.

The Core Curriculum was challenging. At the top of the pecking order were students who thought they knew what Arnie Arons was actually talking about while the rest of us hovered around them hoping to digest any crumbs of understanding they could throw our way. Then there was English I. Those 3 short essays every week forced you to develop invaluable skills of thought in creativity and organization. In my opinion, however, the real educational value of Amherst came not from the professors but from being exposed to the collective intelligence of my fellow students.

I graduated from Amherst with a Fullbright to teach English to French lycee students; however, I could not take advantage of it because I was drafted. Eventually I got a deferment and migrated to Washington, D.C. where I took odd jobs while riding out the turbulent late 60's and early 70's. I spent 1973 travelling throughout South America on my own. This was a life-changing experience which motivated me to pursue a career. I took a lot of science courses at the University of Maryland and elsewhere and eventually I got accepted into dental school and then went on to become a specialist in endodontics.

I retired from practice in 2016 and live in Cupertino, California known for its good schools and for being the headquarters of Apple. Amongst other activities, I now spend my time attempting to maintain my health through exercise and good nutrition, occasional travel abroad with my wife Maria and being chronically outraged by current events.

Snorkeling in Turks and Caicos islands

My wife and I in Machu Picchu, Peru

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Nov. 4, 2017
Dear Classmates,

Amherst holds a special place in my heart. I adored my Amherst experience and am grateful for the rigor of our freshman year, the depth of study in our subsequent years and the opportunity to learn along side such bright and gifted classmates. Thanks to this special combination, and your contributions, I never felt intellectually intimidated or incapable of meeting any challenge.

As a high school Social Studies teacher at Amherst Regional, my college experience helped me to teach young learners to analyze. My historiography course mirrored our freshman experience with Henri Pirenne. Rather than Charlemagne, we focused on who fired the first shot on Lexington Green. Students wrote their own account and compared it to statements from famous historians, including Henry Steele Commager. Discussing Plato’s “Allegory of the Cave” with my students was a great conclusion.

Amherst taught me so much, but at no small cost. It didn’t take long to learn that I was in way over my head. Maybe it was Arnie or the English papers, but I knew that I was not prepared academically, psychologically or physically (so little sleep). Too many times I feared that one of my English papers was going to be dissected and ridiculed. Too many times, I simply had no idea what I was doing.

Our first year could have been less stressful. As a teacher, I did my best to avoid what I had come to believe were the pitfalls of some of my professors. They all were brilliant and I learned a lot through osmosis. However, skillful and caring teachers, like Professor Foose, were the exception.

A sufficient safety net was needed. During a difficult stretch, probably after scoring 8 on our first math test, I sought help from my advisor. He made matters worse. His terse message was that in his experience, football players were not suited for Amherst academics. Ugh! Some of you have said that our freshman year was an academic “boot camp”.....a tearing down and a building up. I agree with the former, but for me, there was no “ladder”.

It helped that we were all going through the same experience. It also helped to have a great roomie in Henry Rhone, a terrific group of floor mates on James 3 and two best buds, Ed Lynn and Mike Smith, from nearby Stearns.

As a high and middle school principal and later as a Superintendent of Schools, I championed academic rigor for all. I believe that students need to be pushed and stretched beyond their comfort zone, but with support so that no student could “fall through the cracks”.

Teachers were expected to be skillful and effective. Those who did not meet expectations typically resigned before dismissal proceedings started. New teachers had three years to demonstrate that they deserved tenure. Even though we hired good teachers, about a third did not gain tenure.

As a Superintendent of Schools, especially in Manchester-by-the-Sea, and fortunate to inherit Bill Foye ’69 as our high/middle school principal, we faced a long history of students leaving for private schools. We drew from our Amherst experience to correct the problem and developed a curriculum that parents would not want their child to miss. Within three years more students returned to our school than left.

I take great pride that I went to Amherst, even though I suspect that I wouldn’t be accepted now. But wouldn’t it be fascinating to have another bite of the apple? To be together in the summer and take some mini courses, or as I suggested during a panel at our 45th reunion, that the class of 1968 partner with the College to establish a charter school. Together we still could accomplish so much.

Jack and Doug’s enlightening and entertaining videos have set a marvelous tone and segue for our 50th reunion and Mike and Ed will organize a memorable event. I look forward to catching up with each of you and hearing all of your stories.

Go Jeffs,
Paul Lengieza
The relentless promotion of our 50th reunion by impassioned classmates has awakened dormant memories and impelled me to take stock of my time at Amherst. I confess I have not yet attended any of our reunions and devoted little time to reminiscing about my college days, my lame excuses being that I live far away and have more than enough to do with the challenges of living life in the present.

I arrived at Amherst directly from a year as an exchange student in the Netherlands, which was a substitute for my senior year at Hingham High School near Boston. At that time my Dutch might have been better than my English, certainly explaining my mediocre performance in freshman English. To maintain my Dutch language skills, I searched for a Dutch class to take. The closest I could find was German with Herr Peppard. His classes were delightful; invitations to his home in the woods of Pelham for family dinners were even better. I recall the generally pleasant chaos of life in Morrow Hall, the evening visits by the grinder man, and the humiliation or joy, depending on the outcome, of calling for a weekend date on the very public payphone at the end of the hallway. There was a memorable night in the Amherst town jail, accompanied by Doug Pitman. We were innocent, of course. I transitioned from playing tennis to squash, at least for a while, but unfortunately injured coach Ed Serues (he quickly recovered) with an overly exuberant backswing. Or was it a follow-through?

After surviving freshman year, my academic attention turned to meeting pre-med requirements, which for me meant lots of time and late nights in the Bio Building. My apologies to Dr. Leadbetter for the botched experiments with fruit flies and other very tiny animals. Initial optimism at brewing 5 gallons of beer turned to disappointment when the yeast could not be fully removed. I roomed at South Hall with Wally McDougall for a year, down the hall from Pete Dorland, who had the most sophisticated audio system I had ever seen, and Walt Simonson, who was relentlessly sketching superheroes. I then moved to the DKE house on the hill, where the beer was brewed by professionals but not much better in taste. There was the spring break trip to Florida hitchhiking with Bob Weiss, barely escaping a blizzard in the Northeast. It was hard to get rides, which I attributed to Bob’s suspicious-looking black eyepatch. We unloaded a moving van full of furniture as payment to the trucker who picked us up in Wilmington, DE. On another trip there was the tire blowout while test driving Bill Smead’s Porsche in Nashville. Fortunately, there was no damage to the car or its occupants.

Med school was at Northwestern in Chicago, which allowed me to avoid the draft and experience more brutally cold winters. For training in internal medicine I moved to University of New Mexico, located in a state I had never heard of during my time at Amherst. The weather was great and outdoors magnificent. I never left except for a 2-year stint in the Air Force at Goodfellow Air Force Base in San Angelo, TX. I have enjoyed running more than a few marathons, playing tennis, kayaking, backpacking, dabbling in soccer, woodworking, etc. Now I don’t go as fast but I’m still moving. I am avoiding taking up golf until I get older. Most of my family remained in New England, making me the black sheep by leaving and never moving back. My wife, Maura, and I live in a semi-rural area not too far from my office and downtown Albuquerque, with wonderful kids and grandkids scattered about the country.

My medical career has followed some twists and turns. For the past 25 years I have been immersed in the world of osteoporosis – consulting, conducting clinical trials, lecturing, traveling, writing, and forever learning. Curiously, Rich Ball, who also settled in Albuquerque, was also involved with bones, practicing orthopedic surgery for many years. I have recently been applying modern technology to postgraduate medical education, moderating weekly teleconferences with healthcare professionals across the US and other countries with a program called Bone Health TeleECHO.
"WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, NORMAN VINCENT PEALE?"

That’s what William Coles scribbled at the bottom of my first English I paper. I suspected that it wasn’t a compliment. I arrived early for his next class so I could get a front row chair. I scooted it forward so I could put my feet on the platform that allowed Mr. Coles to look down on us. Non-verbal communication.

And it was all bluster. I had no idea that I had been running scared since I was five-years-old. By the time I arrived at Amherst, I had knocked out my front teeth when I passed out with 185 pounds of free-weights over my head and had ended my wrestling career with the “triad” knee injury while returning a punt in a senior year football game. Sports had been my identity and, along with academic achievement, my way of proving to myself that I was good enough. I didn’t know that it would never be enough.

I was (am) an extreme introvert. I’m never comfortable in groups, so living in James our first year was difficult. Looking back now, I wonder if I came off aloof when mostly I just didn’t know what to say to people. I had a great roomy, but I stayed in the library until it closed, and left our room by 0600, often before John was awake. I missed out a lot because of shyness and lack of trust. No wonder, even though my oldest life-long friend and “brother,” Joe Schell, had joined me at Amherst, and even though I made some very good friends (among others, Roger Goldman, Mike Mulligan, Rich Sullivan), when I got accepted to medical school in the spring of junior year, I moved on to New York City. Besides returning that punt, my only major regret has been that I didn’t stick around Amherst for senior year, take classes outside my major, enjoy the friends I had, and get to know more of my classmates.

Despite the discordance between my persona and my inner life, I was blessed to meet the girl (woman) of my dreams during freshman year. Anne and I have been together ever since. We brought two amazing children into the world, who are fully engaged in life, career, relationships, and parenting. Our three grandchildren, Scout, Zoe, and Henry give us the joy that other grandparents know about.

At age 37, in the midst of a very rewarding, and busy, infectious disease practice, I met Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, who was famous for her work with the dying. It was at her workshop that I finally stopped long enough to allow the unknown inner voices that I had been running from catch up with me. I have included the details of this adventure, and where it has led Anne and me, in a book, Reclaiming Banished Voices, soon to be published. I stayed in touch with Bill Coles after graduation. He died of a heart attack a few years ago. I hope that my writing effort doesn’t disturb his slumber.

I look forward to our 50th!
Larry Lincoln
It seems oddly appropriate that, having missed the graduation of June 1968 (I didn’t actually graduate from Amherst until Winter, 1970), I should also miss the 50th Reunion. During the 1968 commencement I was exorcizing demons behind the wheel of a New York taxicab. During the Reunion I’ll be helping to “Chase the Demons” in a three-day Tibetan Buddhist Festival in Lo Mantang, Nepal, after walking ten days to get there. I’m obviously going to more trouble to avoid the Reunion.

Within half a year of graduating from Amherst, I was wandering through northwestern Europe, eventually settling down in Toulouse, France, with a French wife and bi-national daughter. With a degree in English from the University of Toulouse (not entirely trivial since it required translation), for three years I taught ESL at the French National School of Civil Aviation to future air traffic controllers and aviation executives. Then another three years in the remote Central Highlands, the last as a law student at the University of Clermont-Ferrand. Another half year as a law student in Bordeaux, then back to San Francisco for law school in the Bay Area.

Oddly, after nearly four decades here, and no sustained contact with the country or culture, I still occasionally stumble over French words or turns of phrase when talking about whatever.

It was a dream come true for my French wife to follow me back to the Bay Area, and our daughter grew up perfectly bi-lingual thanks to the French-American Bilingual School of San Francisco. Summa from Berkeley in Art History and Comp Lit, then doctorates in Art History from Princeton and the French system. Her French dissertation won a Musée d’Orsay prize (not given every year) for the best doctoral dissertation on 19th century French art. She now teaches at the Fine Arts Academy in Rome where my grandson goes to the French lycée.

Unfortunately, my French wife and I parted ways a few years after arriving here. A while later I married again and, in my forties, had a couple of boys. Again, I divorced, this time very contentiously. But as with my daughter, I had full joint custody, where the children spent half of their time with me, and half with their mother. The boys grew up in San Francisco, went to Stanford, and work in start-ups, one of them now a unicorn.

As I look back over the past forty or fifty years, my contentment has come from my children. My career has been a botched and mangled affair. My kids are really the joy of my life.

Now I’ve remarried for the third -- and I believe last -- time. Our refuge is the benign Bay Area and Sierra Nevada out-of-doors. When tangled up within ourselves we find solace in the liberating grace of wild nature.

I do, more often than I would expect, think about Amherst and how it shaped the way I live my life, especially my life of the mind. I was certainly lucky to be able to attend, and am glad that Dean Wilson didn’t get a do over on my admission. I’ve always had the suspicion that someone else in my place would have been able to do far more with an Amherst education than I have done. But I know my children did indeed benefit from having had a father with a superb education that fostered a yearning for excellence and integrity.

November 30, 2017
Min County, California

Email: jimtlinford@gmail.com
This will be short. In May of 2014 I retired from teaching at Amherst. In March of 2015 my wife, Greta Grace Gundersen, was diagnosed with cancer. In July of 2017 Greta died. I no longer perform. I write.
Since my school days, I’ve been seeking answers to the same basic question Vince Lombardi famously asked his football players—“What the hell’s going on here?” Fortunately, my widespread inquiries have led to many helpful insights. I hope I’ve finally achieved some enlightenment about the most important things (They’re the ones not taught in school).

After leaving the Fairest College, I went into the Peace Corps. Served in Malawi (Southern Africa) for two years—where Gordon Radley was a colleague. Taught English and organized sports, and learned an awful lot about people and life in a very different context. Maybe did some good, too.

After that, I returned home to the Washington, DC area, where I’ve lived ever since. Wrote for an inside Washington publication (National Journal) for a while, and then got a law degree (George Washington U. Law School ’75).

I went to a city law school to focus on urban problems. I worked with numerous clinical programs such as Law Students in Court, where my clients were indigents faced with eviction and/or other legal problems. Housing adequacy and affordability for low-income people became my main professional interest outside of work.

I threw away my Establishment card (to which I suppose I had a claim, based on my family’s political/legal background in DC). But I soon learned that poverty law doesn’t pay that well. . . So I went to work with a DC firm that specialized in antitrust law, and later I concentrated on zoning and land use law—and litigation—with a firm in Fairfax, VA.

By 1978, I was back at the little federal agency where I had been a law clerk—the U. S. Occupational Safety and Health Review Commission. I advised the Commissioners on the decision of contested OSHA citations for the next 26 years. Government work gave me the financial stability and regular schedule I needed to pursue my avocation on the side. I got married in 1980 and had a couple of great kids (who now are moms themselves)—although that marriage did not last.

I wrote about solutions to the homelessness crisis in the 1980’s and discussed them with people such as (the late) Mitch Snyder. Eventually, I wrote a law review article, and letters to editors, about the crucial—and widely misunderstood—right of every American to reasonable opportunities for sufficient property (such as a decent place to live) for subsistence and reasonable personal fulfillment. Thomas A. Loftus, Reforming Welfare: Are Effective Property Rights A Key?, ’7 Md. J. Contemp. Legal Issues 387-422 (1996).

That same year, I married the former Phyllis J. Dickinson (UMass-Amherst ’68). We each brought two children to the marriage. Our wonderful life together now includes six grandchildren.

In 2004, I found a way to retire early from government with a partial pension and to create the small charity of which I have been President since 2008—the Equitable Housing Institute (EHI). EHI focuses on the key role that exclusionary housing practices (a/k/a regulatory barriers to housing development and affordability—such as exclusionary zoning) play in shortages of housing opportunities and affordability for low- and moderate-income Americans. EHI’s website (https://www.equitablehousing.org) discusses various aspects of the overall problems and remedies.

EHI works to improve the supply of housing in the DC area, too. I’m happy to report that EHI’s efforts have contributed to an increase of roughly 27,000 units near transit in Northern Virginia—including approximately 4,000 units affordable for low-income workers and families. Those units are in addition to the numbers that that local government planners had been contemplating before EHI got involved. Those increases can relieve the DC region’s persistent housing shortages.

Also, in the past year a virtual consensus has emerged (among housing policy experts, economists, and even Presidents of the United States) that exclusionary housing practices are among the prime causes of America’s housing problems—and that they need serious reform. That has been the message of EHI, which is the only national organization focused primarily on removing those barriers for the benefit of all low- and moderate-income Americans. Thanks to the support of many Amherst friends (and others), I hope to carry on with EHI for years to come.

Email: loftuspt@cox.net
The most important aspect of my life after Amherst has been FAMILY. From late 1968 when my first child was born until our third child’s graduation from college in 2013, major decisions were primarily based on how the consequences would impact the children. Let’s meet the members of my family, beginning with the children.

Our two oldest children are from my first marriage. Ana, the oldest, has lived in San Francisco for the last 23 years with her husband, Adam, and their two children. Ben is at Union College and Elsa will be graduating from high school in 2018. Ana has a thriving residential real estate business in San Francisco while Adam is also in the real estate business, primarily as a commercial real estate leasing broker.

Christopher, who is two years younger, lives in So. Freeport, ME and is married to MaryBeth and has two children. William is in 1st grade and Lucy is in Kindergarten. After graduating with a degree in forestry from U of Maine, he went into the money management business and now has his own firm. In addition, he is a co-owner of a specialty brand snowboard company, Winterstick. MaryBeth has a business with two friends focused on compliance training and management for corporations.

The youngest, Chad, did not come along for over twenty years after his brother. Only a year ago, he left his New England roots to move to Ventura, CA to join Patagonia as a social media marketing analyst. His interests are focused on the outdoors: cycling, snowboarding (at Mammoth Mountain), mountain biking, camping, and his latest, surfing. He got involved with many of these (not surfing, of course!) while he was at Williams College (Ouch!).

The glue which has kept us all together is my wonderful wife, Lisa, who I married 31 years ago. She stepped right in to be another mother for Ana and Chris and then for her own child, Chad, who came five years later. Notwithstanding that the children are now spread all over the country, she is in constant communication with all of them. After graduating from U of New Hampshire, she had careers in retail sales, event planning and as a volunteer chairing numerous major events.

So, what have I done for 50 years? Not being into Facebook, I will not regale you with photos and all the wonderful things that I have done. To give you a quick snippet: after graduation I started BU Law School, then was drafted into the Army, and after two years returned to BU Law and graduated in 1973. After law school, for 10 years, I was Corporate Counsel with State Street Boston Corp; for another 10 years, I was involved in real estate as an investor, asset manager, lender, and troubled asset portfolio manager, with both small firms and major banks; and from there, I had a financial planning practice with Northwestern Mutual until I retired in 2013.

At that point Lisa and I moved to Stuart, FL to enjoy the fruits of our labors playing tennis, golf and pickleball while developing many new friends and acquaintances. Though there are wonderful facilities in our community, what was the most important factor in our choice were the people and their attitude. They are not interested in where you worked or how much money you made, but are focused on who you are now, your interests and personality, and your involvement in the community. I am Secretary of a charitable corporation which raises funds to support local charities that serve people, primarily children, in need of food, clothing, shelter and protection in Martin County, FL.

What are my feelings about Amherst after all these years? I am grateful the College admitted a small-town boy from Illinois (90 miles due west of Chicago). For 30 plus years, I was involved with the College to a varying degree, at one point being President of the Boston Alumni Association. Sadly, over the last 10-15 years I have been very disappointed in the way the College has changed and has become one-dimensional; some of the values that I hold dear are no longer worthy of inclusion in its intellectual environment. Also, the faculty, administration and the Trustees are no longer strongly supporting the idea of a free and open “liberal arts academy.”

Notwithstanding my concerns about the College, I do look forward to seeing many of the classmates I knew 50 years ago and have seen intermittently since then.

Wishing all my classmates happy, healthy and invigorating years ahead.

Paul and Lisa 2015 New Year’s Eve Party
I am originally an eastern kid - born in Boston, grew up in a small town in the Adirondack Mountains, and then moved to Long Island for junior high and high school. After Amherst, I earned an MD degree from the University of Rochester, then migrated west - to Seattle (where I have now lived for 43 years) to finish my residency in pediatrics at Seattle Children's Hospital. After a short stint in the US Navy, I joined a practice of 5 pediatricians in one office on the eastside in the Seattle area. We grew dramatically over the years, along with (you know the story) Microsoft, Costco, Boeing, Starbucks, etc., and now, of course, Amazon. So, as well as being a doctor, I took on a significant leadership/administrative role. We now have 94 primary care pediatric practitioners in 8 clinical offices. When I had cut back my medical practice and realized I was now committed to a very different role, I took evening classes and graduated at age 60 with an MBA from Seattle University, where I now teach part-time. I work full time as the chief executive of our company, Allegro Pediatrics. As a pediatrician, it was important to me that children in my practice get the best care possible. At the end of my career, I have been very involved with forming the Seattle Children’s Care Network, a clinically integrated network of over 800 pediatricians and pediatric subspecialists in the Pacific Northwest where our only goal is to create systems that improve the health of all children in the region.

But along the way, lots of unforeseen things happened - I climbed Mt. Rainier twice, ran numerous 10K races and one marathon, went on a five week trek to the 15,500’ base camp of an American climb of Himal Chuli in a remote area of Nepal, owned a restaurant for 11 years, had a quadruple bypass at age 49, got divorced, learned to swing dance, wrote a book, and learned conversational Italian. I now visit Italy as often as I can with my favorite lady, Martha. And after my time in the Amherst Glee Club, I have continued to sing in choirs. The latest is the Catholic Cathedral Choir in Seattle for the past 21 years.

I had bought a wonderful house on Latona Avenue in Seattle in 1979. When I got divorced, I moved out for a couple of years, but it survived on my side of the ledger. So I moved back in and reclaimed my wine cellar and my vegetable garden, both of which flourish to this day. I didn’t know how much the house meant to me until I returned and experienced its familiar and comforting sounds and smells. When I was a kid, we had moved around a lot, but I had now lived at Latona four times as long as anywhere else.

I have two adult daughters. Hannah (who is a hair stylist who owns her own business), her boyfriend Joe, my 9 year old grandson Zakkai, and our dog Pearl live with me in the Latona house, where among other things we cook dinner almost every Monday night for anyone who shows up (that’s an invitation to you all!) and consume the best wine we can get our hands on. Emma is a cultural dancer, a third year physical therapy student at the University of Puget Sound in Tacoma, and one of the most caring people I know.

I certainly enjoy my work, but if someone had asked me in high school if I wanted to work indoors or outdoors, my life might have taken quite a different turn. At this juncture, I am not satisfied with drifting into retirement to do nothing, so I am again a student, this time in a 19-month viticulture certificate program at Washington State University, our state land grant university in Pullman, Washington. The program is all online except for 3 weekends at “grape camp” in Eastern Washington. When I do retire, I will work in a friend’s vineyard in the exploding wine and viticulture industry in Washington State. I am taking the certificate program for several reasons - so I can be of more help when working in a vineyard, because I love the wine industry here, but (as you can probably tell from my story) mostly because I have this uncontrollable urge to move in different directions at various times in my life and learn about new things that fascinate me.

I am still regularly in touch with Peter Harvard who lives in Seattle and Frank Normile who lives on Salt Spring Island in the Canadian San Juan Islands. If any of you come to Seattle, please look me up!

Email: glennlux@msn.com
For 8 years after graduation, I taught high school math and was also drawn into the school’s administration. During that time, our first child was born. Attending Lamaze classes with my wife started my thinking about how hospitals were run. A few years later, and then with my MBA in Healthcare Management degree, I began my career of cancer center administration, and we moved from Boston to Hanover, NH. This was complemented by frequent NIH invitations to participate as a site visitor along with several PhD’s and MD’s to review large grant applications at many of the 60+ NCI-designated cancer centers. In 1987, I was recruited to a new job and we moved to Philadelphia where I was responsible for the hospital, physician practice group, plus clinical research and some basic science research programs. NCI site visits continued and I also joined some cancer centers’ External Advisory Boards. After 20+ years, I “retired” and ramped up the external activities into a solo consulting business which takes me around the country as well as to interesting places such as Jordan, Ireland and Singapore, trying to help their programs get stronger.

Working together with clinicians and scientists (including some Nobel Prize winners) dedicated to finding the causes, cures and prevention of cancer was extremely exhilarating. This included helping them get their grants, run their labs, recruit patients to research protocols, simplify operations, interpret complex regulations, encourage donors, educate the public, and seeing from the inside the daunting challenges undertaken by researchers and care providers. There are many more strike outs than home runs, but coming back and trying again is deeply embedded in each of them.

Maintaining connections with Amherst roommates, fraternity brothers and classmates over the years have been very enjoyable.

Several of us get together for Homecoming or meet for a summer weekend at a major league ballpark. Not long ago a group of us plus wives went to a Bob Dylan concert and a fun weekend at a NH lake.

In 2013, we returned to Hanover where I try to keep fit in mind and body by taking courses offered at Dartmouth’s Osher Lifelong Learning Institute and going to the Dartmouth gym 3 times each week. I serve as a Board member at our local theatre, Northern Stage, and also am a member of an Osher committee. Through Osher classes, I began to become aware of other Amherst alumni (classes ’55–’91) in our region, now totaling over 20 and growing. Recently we all (including wives) enjoyed getting together for a dinner and attending the Northern Stage production of “Robert Frost: This Verse Business.”

Family activities fill a lot of our time. Our son (Amherst ’96) and daughter-in-law live just outside Boston so we often get to see them and our two granddaughters. Our daughter, son-in-law and third granddaughter live in Ann Arbor. Their academic careers included a year in Rome so we all went there for Christmas, 2016. Revisiting Europe over the years has been reminiscent of the fabulous 1967 Amherst Glee Club summer tour. We also have been taking Road Scholar trips to interesting places such as Portugal and Sicily. Along with tons of education, great food and stimulating adventures, we also enjoy meeting fellow travelers.

Family, stimulating work providing important service to others, staying connected with friends, supporting local organizations and keeping fit in mind and body have been consistent themes over time. Pretty soon Ellen and I will celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary. Maybe we will visit all 50 states in that year.

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Two weeks after Amherst’s graduation ceremonies, I found myself at 120th Street and Amsterdam Avenue in New York City unloading my few possessions from a friend’s car, and moving into Whittier Hall, the graduate student dorm at Teachers College, Columbia University. Having been impressed by Frost’s “The Road Not Taken,” I took a path that diverged from those considered by many Amherst graduates—law, business and medicine. In a way, my path made sense, in that I had been a member of the Future Teachers of America Club in high school.

While on the third floor of Whittier Hall (the first three floors were occupied by men, the remaining seven by women—-a difficult adjustment from Amherst!), I met a woman from the fourth floor who became my wife. We recently celebrated our 47th wedding anniversary, and we are the proud parents of three unique and interesting children. We celebrate holidays and birthdays with our children and extended family at our home in Pawling, New York.

Fifty years after Amherst, I can look back on an exciting and interesting career in public education. I taught history and English for ten years before moving to the “dark side” of education as an administrator. The next thirty-two years provided me with variety of experiences as a Director of Research and Planning, Assistant Superintendent of Schools for Instruction and Associate Superintendent for Human Resources in two large suburban public school districts in New York State. One of the most satisfying experiences during those thirty-two years was recruiting the professional staff to work with students, which became my most important legacy upon retiring from the Arlington Central School District in Poughkeepsie, New York.

Another legacy was sending a number of outstanding Arlington High School students to Amherst College—-I always had a student to visit when I traveled to Amherst!

I arrived at Amherst in September, 1964, after being deposited at Stearns Dormitory by my parents. After the first weeks of classes, I began to think that I had made a mistake. But I also quickly discovered that I was not alone, and that I was surrounded by bright, competent and caring classmates.

After comparing our freshman roommate questionnaires, Mike “Diesel” Smith and I were surprised to discover that most of our answers were the opposite of one another. Mike liked to sleep late; I was an early riser. Mike liked to sleep with the window open; I preferred the window closed. Mike liked to leave his English 1 papers to the last minute; I preferred to complete my English 1 papers and get a good night’s sleep. Despite our disparate responses to the questionnaire, we roomed together for our four years at Amherst!

The freshman core curriculum was unlike any challenge I had in high school. I had to work hard at my studies. I passed physics only because I discovered a book in Frost Library of physics problems that seemed to parallel the types of problems on the tests. My favorite haunt for studying was in a room on the top floor of the geology building, now Charles Pratt Dormitory. At Amherst, despite the sometimes disquieting classroom experiences, I became a better writer, thinker and problem-solver by being surrounded by impressive professors and talented classmates. Whether in the classroom or on the athletic field, I found myself stretched beyond the abilities and skills I brought to Amherst. That “stretching” served me well after Amherst, as it gave me the confidence to address any challenge.

Since retiring in 2011, I have been active in the community where I have lived for 40 years. I serve on several local boards—-School Board, Historical Society and the Pawling Community Foundation. My wife and I also have traveled extensively in recent years.

In my talks to teachers, I often referred to an observation that Lewis Thomas made when interviewed by a reporter as Thomas lay on his death bed. Thomas was an eminent cell biologist, and later the President of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Institute. The reporter asked Thomas, “As you studied cell life your entire career, what is the purpose of life.” Thomas replied simply, “The purpose of life is to be useful.” It is my hope that I have been useful over the past 50 years—-useful to my family, my community, my students, my colleagues and my friends.
My high school classmate at Amherst was Bob Sather, who for years had proven to be much smarter than me. Also, I had been preceded here by my father ’35, my uncle ’39, and my brother ’63. Jeff had been an academic/jock of high distinction and his lingering reputation got me a bid from his Chi Psi fraternity that, lacking his athletic accomplishments and hoping for a PBK Key to please my father, I thought it best to decline. But nobody else in my known world of 1964 went to Amherst—not even Williams—a little fact I had failed to notice. After graduation that little fact turned into the proverbial 800-pound gorilla, and I started wondering what else I hadn’t noticed.

It started uneventfully, even felicitously. After Amherst I drove my TR4 cross country, got an M.A. in English from Stanford and taught for one year, and eventually married my high school sweetheart, Rochelle Selbert. She also happened to be a high school classmate with Bob Sather, who must not have been so smart, after all, since he missed his early opportunity to snag her.

Besides Rochelle, my best post-Amherst achievement was a providentially high no. 346 in the infamous Draft Lottery. I say “providential” because I had already “passed” my pre-induction physical and exhausted the 1-A appeals process, including a hearing with my local Draft Board, which was the first time I noticed that not-everybody-went-to-Amherst-(or Williams)-thing. I have no idea whether otherwise I would have gone to Vietnam or Canada: TR4 notwithstanding, those were equally unappealing destinations to my embarrassingly privileged and embarrassingly provincial Northeast assumptions.

No. 346 was as close as I was destined to come to what Amherst would later call a Life of Consequence—language which never would have gotten past the 1960’s English Department that believed you are what you have the language for. No. 346 was also my best accomplishment until I “accomplished” the birth of my son, Lincoln, Amherst ’04 and daughter, Anzia, Amherst ’13. Lincoln went on for a law degree at Stanford, where I don’t mind mentioning he was President of Law Review, and became a US Air Force Reserve JAG in addition to joining a DC law firm. Anzia would teach Chinese several years at The Millbrook School before starting graduate school last year in Chinese Linguistics as, I do not mind mentioning, a University Fellow at The Ohio State University. Last but not least, Rochelle has for decades both put up with me and been a Research Professor at Georgetown University. Georgetown may not be Amherst (or Williams) but it sure has admirable retirement benefits, which turn out to be almost as important as an Amherst education—who knew?

That year teaching after Stanford taught me I was no teacher. I switched from the holy grail of English Literature to a profane concentration in Marketing, earned an MBA from Columbia, and went to work in retail management. Unfortunately, I was dubious if not disdainful of the word, “career”—something I attribute both to my father and my thesis advisor/professor hero, Leo Marx, who I still believe was a WW II sub commander in spite of all evidence to the contrary, including his own denials. In spite of this handicap, the MBA helped pay Amherst tuition for the next generation along with contributions both from rising home values and Rochelle’s, how shall I say, “career” at Georgetown.

Since the MBA and years following did not much intersect with Amherst graduates, in the early 1980s I consoled myself with a three year “sabbatical” on Martha’s Vineyard to write my first coming of age novel, titled after a line from William Blake, Children of the Spring, which may have aptly described me as well. Although that novel remains unpublished, I learned to love sailing on the Vineyard and now sail the Chesapeake Bay in my Cape Dory 32, Sabrina.

In 2000 after getting fired from my COO position at a regional outdoor chain store, I spent 10 years writing a second coming of age novel about prehistoric Inuit on Ellesmere Island and a 1963 college archaeology expedition that discovers their remains. I am not mentioning the title both because I still hope to find a publisher and so as not to reveal more about myself than might be considered flattering. I will say it is borrowed from George Herbert’s “The Flower,” and classmates guessing the title from this wintry clue will be awarded free copies of the MS! In any event, I look forward to getting back on campus and, finally, to be once more among men and women of Amherst.
After graduation my wife Linda (Mt. Holyoke ’68; we were married in Jan. ’68 in Johnson Chapel), and I sold encyclopedias in the town of Amherst (with very limited success) for a couple of months before moving to Philadelphia where I started dental school (Penn) and Linda started teaching before she switched to working for a pharmaceutical company. Four years and one DMD later, I spent 2 weeks at Sheppard AFB in Texas learning how to salute, and then we moved to northern Maine to a SAC base (Loring AFB). I was made to feel quite important at Loring as there was a light colonel whose primary duty seemed to be to make sure that my hair and mustache were kept at regulation length. Two years and two daughters (Heather who is currently an attorney in DC and Becky who now works in finance for Pfizer in NYC) later we moved to northern NJ where I entered the family dental practice. Our family was completed when our third daughter (Rachel who is now a middle school dean in Dallas) came along a couple of years later. In 2009 our family practice celebrated its 100 year anniversary, but with none of my daughters having pursued a career in dentistry (smart girls!), in 2014 I wrapped up my 42 years of dental practice, sold the practice, and retired. A year later Linda and I downsized and moved full time to our small vacation home on Cape Cod (no, not on the water). Since retirement we have done a little traveling, and spend quite a bit of time visiting our daughters, sons-in-law and grandchildren (7) in Plano TX, Maplewood NJ, and McLean VA. Unsurprisingly, we see quite a bit of them at the Cape during the summer.

In the 25th reunion book I wrote that I was not surprised to still be married to my wife Linda, and now 25 years after that am still not surprised. I also wrote then that I had been surprised to have come to faith in Jesus, but now 25 years later I cannot imagine life without that faith.

Just one Amherst memory to share - In our History of Western Civilization course, one of the included books was a compilation of writings on the Middle Ages. The author/editor was Thomas Mendenhall, who in 1964 was the president of Smith College. We were given a homework assignment that was not about the writings themselves, but rather something about the arrangement of the writings in the book and what statement the author was making by this arrangement (or some sort of question along those lines). Nobody in James had a clue, and then someone (I don’t recall who it was) came up with the idea of calling President Mendenhall and asking him. I also do not recall who actually placed the call, but do remember that Pres. Mendenhall was somewhat surprised at the call but very gracious, and after thinking about it informed us that there was no statement he was trying to make with the arrangement. The next Western Civ class was quite satisfying.
"And where had I been all that time?"
"Where have you been all the time you were dead?"

The first is from a poem I wrote freshman year about a childhood winter trip to my grandfather’s woods, when I wandered off down one of his trails while the others hunted up a Christmas tree. Second, from Faulkner’s “Delta Autumn,” read for the first of many times with Leo Marx senior year, when Roth Edmonds gets impatient with Uncle Ike McCaslin, who is nearing eighty and missing what the wilderness once had been.

Here are three places where I have been these past fifty years: 20 Dalton Road, Chelmsford, MA, the pink house Connie and I bought in 1980 (it was green then). We have done some adding and expanding, recently put in a new kitchen, but it’s the same place. I’m writing this at our dining-room table, using Connie’s computer; mine, upstairs, died last summer, taking with it years of schoolwork, writings, Scrabble-study programs (Perhaps I could get it restored, if I could get past the techie’s amazement when he or she finds it’s all in Lotus Word Pro). Here we raised our three sons: John, math curriculum specialist in Providence; Daniel, litigation lawyer in Columbus; Carl, English teacher in Northampton; all in solid relationships, no grands. Their rooms here are full of stuff, theirs and ours. I spend much of my time these days in our sun-barn (a porch that grew), with my reading chair, CD player, TV -- final season of Longmire comes out today.

Room L-11, Concord-Carlisle High School, where I taught Latin for most of my 36-year career. Over time I changed methods and textbooks, but I hope I maintained my enthusiasm for the subject, for mental involvement and the habits of precision. Students who stayed with Latin for four years, including the daughter of our classmate Jon Solins, got to advance from acquiring the basics to gaining appreciation of how an author’s choices in vocabulary, sentence structure, word arrangement could enhance his purpose in writing (Not “his or her,” we didn’t read Sulpicia, and certainly not “their,” which remains irremediably plural to me, though I see the point). One author important to me was the fabulist Phaedrus, and I hope to share more about him in a presentation during Reunion Week. I retired in ’08, but returned to L-11 for one last semester in ’12, long-term subbing, free to re-try old tricks without getting entangled in all the baneful red tape. There’s a new school building now, and L-11 is long since demolished, but I did sneak in, last minute, and rescue the fire-drill instructions from over the door.

Trails in southern NE -- I’ve always enjoyed walks, but in the past few years I’ve been hiking about twice a week, most often on the Wapack or Midstate, or in the Sunapee area, or the Pioneer Valley, or on the North-South in Rhode Island. Monadnock is about as high as I get, and I try to climb it, or on it, four times a year, likely with a commemorative bottle of Mo that night. I walk alone, carrying water on the hottest days and crunchy granola bars for a sugar boost; no poles, don’t like the way they mark the stones. In ’16 I started having spells of weakness on the trail, which turned out to be angina; but thanks to a stent and meds I’m back out there, 93 hikes and 680 miles so far this year. I get tremendous calm and joy from the woods and fields and ridgertops, and I look forward to sustaining this part of my life for a long time.

Some other places: Southwest Harbor, ME, where my mother (94) lives in the house she and my father made their year-round home when he retired. I visit her at scattered times through the year, and get in some hiking on Mount Desert. / Basement of First Parish in Lexington for Thursday Scrabble club, and dozens of tournament sites across the country for competitions friendly and serious; but the game is no longer the mammoth part of my life it once was. / Lecture halls on various campuses at meetings of the Classical Association of NE, where I’ve read a half-dozen papers, including two that got the most attention: my first, on elements of resistance in Phillis Wheatley’s retelling of Ovid’s story of Niobe, and one on some Vergilian echoes (and distortions) in Willa Cather’s The Professor’s House. These are among the casualties of the computer crash mentioned earlier, but I have hard copies -- somewhere.

And you -- where have you been?

Email: jeremead@msn.com
In honor of our 50th reunion of graduation for Amherst, I will attempt to summarize my life and the role Amherst played in this. I was a very good if uninspired student in high school, finishing 9th in my class, and applied early decision to Amherst and was thankfully accepted, in spite of an otherwise sketchy resume – good grades, mediocre basketball player and no special talent or interests.

When I arrived at Amherst I was determined to do well, studied way too much and was pretty unhappy for the first semester. This was not helped by having Seth Aronie for a roommate, who never studied, stayed up most of the nights, and finally left school to return to the next graduating class. Thankfully I traded rooms with Jeff Goff mid-term, and this improved my experience. Once I determined not to be such a grind and swore never to study on Saturdays, I was much happier. I intended to be a science major, but was not interested in medicine particularly. But my best friends in those early years were all pre-med (Larry Lincoln, Roger Goldman, Mike Mulligan), so I figured I might as well follow along. Only Larry and I followed through.

My educational and social experience at Amherst was entirely enjoyable. Most of all Amherst taught me how to think. Yes I acquired knowledge, but mostly I learned how to think through problems, and then find the information I needed to solve them. For those of you who took Thermodynamics, you might recall this as a difficult course, but I found it as a stimulus to logical thinking and problem solving.

What Amherst did not do for me was to help me along in social maturity. If I had an advisor, I cannot remember who that might have been. I had no coaching or advice about applying to medical schools, and as a result interviewed poorly. There was also a letter from Professor Hexter damning me with faint praise and never informing me of this unflattering recommendation. In addition, the biology department decided to grade my senior thesis at 89, changing my graduate status from summa to magna cum laude. I am not sure my thesis deserved the 90, but I thought that was pretty petty. I was also denied Sigma Chi Science Honor Society again with no one informing me of what deficiencies I might have exhibited.

Thankfully Hopkins accepted me anyway, and honestly had an occasional ding on my record again relating to my inability to relate well with my superiors. Not until my final year in medical school did I acquire enough social skills and confidence to relate to all of the giants in medicine to whom I was exposed.

Once I reached that stage of life, it has been pretty smooth sailing. Internship and residency at Hopkins, meeting my future wife who was my head nurse as an intern, fellowship at Harvard in Endocrinology, 11 years on the full time faculty of the University of Maryland, and then private practice/clinical research/lecturing until 2013 when I retired from my practice in Baltimore. Amy and I retired to The Villages in Florida where we still live – to play golf, tennis, softball- and whatever else The Villages has to offer. Except after 4 months I was bored and went back to practice Endocrinology half time, still lecturing and now back to clinical research. I might retire in 2 years, maybe.

Email: jmersey1@gmail.com
English I, Assignment 30 (Nov. 20-21):

In the fifty-second year of my age, after the completion of a toilsome and successful work, I now propose to employ some moments of my leisure in reviewing the simple transactions of a private and literary life. Truth—naked, unblushing truth, the first virtue of more serious history—must be the sole recommendation of this personal narrative. The style shall be simple and familiar. But style is the image of character, and the habits of correct writing may produce, without labor or design, the appearance of art and study. My own amusement is my motive, and will be my reward.

Gibbon, Autobiography

Here is a writer reflecting on the relation between himself and his writing. What is the relation?

What relation do you see between yourself and your writing?

***

Sometime in Spring, 1964, I assembled all the English I assignments, handouts, and my work in a black binder and gave it to Lori. Lori and I had dated in high school; I was dating her then. We broke up after that. You can draw whatever conclusions you like from that.

Fifty years later, Lori and I found each other again and now live together. The interim for us both (two long stories for another time), as Zorba and Lori both put it, included “wife, children, house, everything. The full catastrophe.” And, remarkably, she still had the binder.

I’ve tried to reread what I wrote in 1964 with compassion and discernment. It is uncomfortable. I spare you that. What emerges, and what Prof DeMott correctly noted, was that I really strained, tried too hard to be creative, expected far too much of myself. He was right. Not every lump of coal will become a diamond under pressure, but that didn’t stop me from squeezing them as tightly as possible. After all, a gem might emerge. Or, at the least, a big explosion, guffaws, a pratfall, or applause. Something. Sometimes it isn’t a virtue to try so very hard. Nor is it necessary. Ultimately, it’s just exhausting.

Maybe in the intervening half century, I’ve learned something about being grateful for my writing and just to take it easy. I hope I have. No need to impress. Let alone astonish. Or achieve anything special. It’s enough to be clear. I don’t write to amuse myself. I write, dear reader, for us both. I’m a pretty good observer, and I want us to understand, to enjoy the story, to value our time together. If I’m amused, it’s a nice addition. I’ve also learned that sometimes short and relaxed really works best. In fact, I’ve become fascinated by that: I’ve written more than 600 haikus (they’re collected on Facebook), and my two novellas, “The Dream Antilles” and “Tulum” embody that. I enjoyed Twitter most when it allowed only 140 characters.

These realizations are some of the many gifts of fifty additional years and having lived “the full catastrophe.” It’s improbable that the teen me could have even guessed at them, no matter how hard he tried to make believe he could.
Looking back to our time at Amherst, this is a page (see image below) taken from my first passport issued in the spring of 1967. There is no equivalent page in today’s U.S. passport.

All the best.

Jeff
Ok. Here we go. Free rein with a 700 word limit to say something of my choosing. This reminds me somewhat of our collective freshman English composition class when we had to write 3 short essays a week, on a general theme of “cant”. I recall being embarrassed a lot, partly because it probably took me a month to figure out (or look up) what “cant” meant.

But I digress.

A short annotated memoir/autobiography? Nah
A humorous or nostalgic anecdote or two? Nah
An attempt at poignancy? Nah

But those 4 short years were pivotal. Somewhere during that extraordinary experience, I came away with a questioning mind, a broad based curiosity, reasonably thorough introspection and the confidence to make decisions. I don’t mean those traits were all fully formed by graduation, but the seeds were deeply implanted and growing. It was a lot of fun too.

And I have been very fortunate since then with a wonderful family, a series of fulfilling, interesting and enjoyable jobs, and myriad opportunities to explore this planet actively.

A good friend wrote me when I turned 70 last year—“You may look good and you may be fit but at 70, you’re still fucking old.” Yes, we are all well rooted in our 8th decade, but if we’re lucky, the adventures continue.

I leave you all with my favorite toast and two of my favorite quotes:
“Salud, amor, pesetas—y tiempo para gustarlos”

“The Road goes ever on and on
Down from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the Road has gone,
And I must follow if I can.
Pursuing it with eager feet,
Until it joins some larger way
Where many paths and errands meet.
And whither then? I cannot say”

J.R.R. Tolkien. The Fellowship of the Ring

And in the immortal words of Buckaroo Bonzai, no doubt borrowed from some ancient Asian sage:
“Wherever you go, there you are”

Matt
If anyone would have suggested while we were at Amherst that I would make a career of helping wealthy people avoid estate and gift taxes, I would have laughed. I first heard of the gift tax playing Monopoly when I was about ten years old. It seemed to me then that a gift is a strange thing upon which to impose a tax.

I majored in Biology. At the end of our junior year I decided that I did not want to be a doctor, and applied to law school. I was a law clerk for a year after law school. At the end of that year, I was pretty sure I wanted to be a trial lawyer. Winding up where I am was a process of following the line of least resistance over time. What appeals to me about estate and gift tax planning is that, unlike the income tax, there is no requirement that a strategy must have economic substance apart from tax savings. That creates opportunities to be imaginative.

My wife Terry has written two books, one a memoir about growing up during a golden age in Harlem. The other is a fictional account of a Hillary Clinton presidency which was written before the election. Needless to say, the latter book did not sell. Terry is currently in the process of writing a third book. That book is about the fears she endured as our two sons went wandering over several years around undeveloped and sometimes dangerous parts of the world.

As time has passed, I have grown to love Amherst College. I was unable to talk either of my sons into applying. My older son Brennan went to Penn. The younger one Colin went to Virginia. Senior year was my best. My thesis advisor was an emeritus embryologist, Oscar E. Schotte. He was a Renaissance man – spoke four different languages. I was his only honor student. He was very good to me. He invited me to dinner at his house on several occasions. Several times I just showed up. We had a relationship similar to that which John Teague described with Henry Steele Commager in COTM#9.

My best friend in the world is Bob Haldeman. We started off awkwardly because we were competing for the same position on the football team. Once it was clear that he was better than I, things settled down nicely.

Bob and I have been going to Homecoming every year for the past 10 or more. Bob thinks the College is going to hell, and that it has become a refuge for post-modernism (his favorite word).

I have difficulty with this viewpoint. Bob and I take in classes when we return for Homecoming. Last October we took in five. We have attended a variety of different classes, including advanced calculus, statistics, literature and the Old Testament. Bob acknowledges that every class we have attended has been very good, with lively participation by students. We have attended nonacademic events and have witnessed what we both felt was something special going on. I believe that Amherst today is better than when we were there. A joy pervades the place that we did not have. For an illustration, see the video of the Senior Class Speech given by Amir Hall ’17, of Trinidad-Tobago, at the College’s website.

To me, Amherst is a force for good in the world, and has been so for some time. See, e.g., the iconic photograph of the 1891 football team of which William Tecumseh Sherman Jackson and William Henry Lewis were members, and Lewis was Captain. That team is one of three in the 132 year history of the Amherst-Williams football game that played Williams to a 0?0 tie. Harold Wade wrote about both Jackson and Lewis in his book. They both led meaningful lives. Lewis gave the commencement address at his graduation.

I am still not certain how it happened, but Dean Wilson let me in to Amherst College. I am happy to have graduated, happy to have made it this long after graduation, and happy to be able to see once again many of those who helped me grow up during my time at Amherst.
As I flew back to U.S. soil at Oakland Air Force Base, one image stuck with me: an unending carpet of lights in the Bay area, all burning for what? I asked myself, “Is THIS the culture I was ‘protecting’ in Saigon?”

Ignoring the law school acceptances (foolish me, looking back), I taught children in early childhood schools for ten years; child development theory was the canvas on which I and colleagues viewed behavior. It was exhilarating and important work, especially because I felt like and was acknowledged as an exceptional teacher, 3-6 yr. olds. I think it also brought out the theatrical streak in me.

BUT, the harsh reality of family economic needs (by then married, two young sons, 1983) finally sunk in. I couldn’t see a family-size career in teaching, so I followed my info technology interests, got a Master’s, went to work for MCI (upstart competitor to behemoth AT&T) – the underdog in telecommunications marketplace. By 1995 I realized that the name of the game there was winning market share and upping share price, NOT practicing ethical business behavior [MCI was bought and later folded under its shady practices].

At MCI, I learned a lot about video conferencing, video technology and “meetings-at-a-distance” protocols. I later started my own video services business, specializing in helping clients record their family’s “video memoirs.” This and other video projects continue for me, in semi-retirement, where I live wonderfully well in Norwich, VT, the Vermont town just across the Connecticut River from Hanover, NH, home of Dartmouth College. What a great place to retire TO! Reminds me in a way of the Pioneer Valley ...

I’m married, third time, to Corlan Johnson, longtime resident of Norwich, whom I met in JR. HIGH SCHOOL in D.C. Public Schools. I have two terrific sons by first marriage, one living in Oakland, CA and the other in Alexandria, VA, who has a 6-yr. old daughter. Corlan has 3 grandchildren living 10 miles away – the PERFECT distance in many ways. BTW, for those who are one, grandfathering is the BEST! HEAR! HEAR! Cheers to all!
My coming to America for university studies was made possible by an academic scholarship that Amherst College offered me, for which I have remained grateful.

I arrived in New York by boat, on August the 12th, 1965, after a 12-day voyage from Piraeus, Greece. I still have the memories of wonder from my first encounter with the Big Apple! At that time, by comparison, everyday life in Greece, even in its capital Athens, was rather limited and parochial.

After spending four weeks with an American family in Chappaqua, NY, as part of a Fulbright scholarship program, I took the train and the bus and I arrived at Amherst with one suitcase. I would start as a sophomore what was to be for me a pleasant and very useful three-year experience of the unique academic, athletic and social life at the College. I have the best of impressions from the intellectual and friendly atmosphere on the campus, created by both the faculty and the students, and ably promoted by the administration.

I continued my education at Yale, where I received my PhD in theoretical chemistry, in June of 1971. After a year of postdoc research experience, I started my university career as a lecturer and then as an assistant professor at Yale, in the department of applied science and engineering. In 1975, I accepted an invitation from the National Hellenic Research Foundation, Athens, Greece, to become the founding Director of a new research institute, the Theoretical and Physical Chemistry Institute (TPCI). I returned to Greece in the fall of 1976, and held this position for 19 years. Things were not easy for a number of reasons, but some satisfaction has remained with me. The institute is now well-recognized internationally. In the meantime, I was elected professor of Physics, first at the University of Crete and then, in 1987, at the National Technical University of Athens, from which I retired a few years ago. I am still doing my research in quantum chemistry and in theoretical atomic, molecular and optical physics at the TPCI, as an emeritus director of research.

In 1980-81, I went back to Amherst and taught for a year as a visiting professor in the Physics department. Nice faculty! At that time, as a way of giving back to the College a very small portion of what I benefited from it, I established the Anthony and Anastasia Nicolaides prize for a senior thesis, in honor of my parents. Its theme is Greek science from antiquity to 1453 AD. (Most people don’t know what the year represents!).

From our classmates, I have kept in touch with Jaafar Kassimali, whom I try to see in New York whenever I am in the USA lecturing. The first of the attached two photographs is from Amherst, winter of 1968, with Jaafar and Bill Hastie. The second one was taken 47 years later, with Jaafar and his wife, Lourdes, at Central Park, New York, in March 2015, by my wife, Ellen, who is from Baltimore.

Ellen and I now spend most of our time on the island of Kos, Greece, in a bucolic environment very near the coast. (Nothing beats the Aegean Sea and the Greek islands!). Fortunately, modern technology and the internet allow me to continue my research and my research publications, albeit at a slower pace, even when I am away from my office in Athens.

Email: caan@eie.gr
Greetings to our class of ’68. Life since Amherst has been very good to my family and me. Best move I ever made was marrying Judy in 1969 – having stood by me through whatever life brought. But I’m getting ahead of myself. I will always be grateful for the education gained at Amherst, for the efforts made by many teachers to open my mind a bit, for the doors it opened for me after I left. I don’t think it’s an exaggeration to say the guys I met during those four years were some of the sharpest, most-motivated fellows I would ever meet. To both teachers* and friends I extend my thanks. I am hoping to hear from former roommates, Matt, Bob, and Brockie, at the reunion.

* I owe Dr. Ellis, my thesis advisor at Amherst, such a debt of gratitude. He would be happy to know how much I appreciated his interest in the protein collagen. Freshmen year in dental school I did a summer research project, again with Dr. Ellis’s sea urchins under Dr. Wilde’s supervision. As an Air Force intern, I wrote two literature reviews involving the protein, and then completed a Master’s degree thesis at Oregon involving collagen synthesis in the dental pulp, working with Dr. J. Peter Bentley (who had authored one of my previous references). In 1981 I presented my research at the annual session of the American Association of Endodontists; then at 1982’s annual session presented a theoretical explanation of calcium hydroxide’s effect on mineralization/collagen in bone and teeth by its inhibition of the enzyme lysyl hydroxylase.

After Amherst I completed four years at the University of Pennsylvania School of Dental Medicine, joined the Air Force to take advantage of a one-year dental internship at Scott AFB, where we had our first son, Eric, followed by a two year commitment at Hill AFB, Utah. In addition to enjoying some of the greatest powder (snow skiing) on earth, I was able to do some backpacking in beautiful country. Backpacking has always been a love – after freshman year at Amherst I had taken six days to get home to New Jersey (with some help from the local police). After Utah, I separated from the Air Force, and practiced in Chicopee, MA for a year before realizing I enjoyed the military too much to want to leave it so I re-upped, was assigned to Minot AFB, followed by a two year endodontic residency program at the Oregon HSU School of Dentistry. Future assignments included bases in New Mexico, Germany, Virginia, and Washington D.C., retiring in 1995. Never played soccer again after Amherst, but threw the javelin, took up boxing, and ran a couple of marathons – all with some success. Taught endodontics at Southern Illinois University, School of Dental Medicine until retiring again in 2008, primary motivation - wanting to “thru-hike” the Appalachian Trail. Got into Pennsylvania when both my will and physical ability to continue were lost sometime in July. Since then I have been “section hiking” with some 90 miles left to finish in northern Maine. Along the way I have become good friends with John Stifler who, after doing several short stretches on the trail with me over the past few years, this year has “thru-hiked” the whole trail, start to finish! – impressed me no end.

My wife taught through dental school, then took up raising a family full time. Eric, in his twenty-fifth year at NASA Langley, is a senior research scientist in computational fluid dynamics. Married to Laura, two children: Sarah and Thomas. Second son, Robert, is an inorganic research chemist, the last eleven years at Caltech. Married to Jenny: son Ansel.

I’ll finish with this little story – I wrote Linus Pauling in 1965 after he had spoken to us in Professor Arons’ class. I was searching for answers – exactly how much any of us could believe in any sort of God – he was pretty negative. Some twenty years later it was my wife who led me to the Lord in the late 80’s. Since then I have been involved in Bible Study Fellowship, as a member, leader, and believer.
I BECAME A CANADIAN

It came as an almost complete surprise to me. Back in 2004 when George W. Bush was reelected, my wife Melissa Nibley said "Any country that will reelect that man we must get the hell-out of!" Now you should understand that Melissa is a plain-spoken woman from Ephraim, Utah, (a town reputed to raise the finest turkeys in the Southwest), a woman who has been a barrel racer and a liberal well to the left of most of us. I agreed with her conclusion as usual. No sense in doing otherwise.

Soon thereafter, we took a vacation to Victoria, British Columbia and soon enough found ourselves at the Canadian Government offices on Government Street. The directory in the lobby indicated the Immigration section was on the fourth floor. We entered the Immigration office and approached a service window (a “wicket” in Canada). A smiling blond woman in her forties behind the wicket’s glass partition asked us how she might help us.

Melissa said “I’d like to know how much does it cost to become Canadian?” As I said, Melissa likes to get to the point. The clerk seemed to freeze for a moment in what I’ve come to recognize as Canadian Reflection (a melange of patience, good manners and plain old Scottishness). When she did speak she asked us to wait one moment so she might collect some government brochures explaining the various methods of becoming Canadian. We read the materials and decided to employ Canadian counsel to navigate the tricky waters.

Within a few months the lawyer had been retained, his fee and costs paid and he began the process of obtaining “Landed Immigrant” status via the “Point System”. Without going into detail, you get points for education, work experience, finances, health and age (“Old” bad - few points, “Young” good - lots of points) (Canada wants young people! Well, who doesn’t.) Our point total was precariously close to not qualifying.

Then we discovered we were pregnant! Liam Erik Normile was born (a first for Yours Truly!). What a joy! And what a bundle of extra points he brought to the deal!

Three and a half years later we were informed that our application had been granted (Bless you, Queen Elizabeth). We were “Landed Immigrants” a designation that gave us all the rights of a citizen but for voting. Four years later, having bought a historic home on Ganges Harbour, Salt Spring Island, British Columbia and Glad’s Ice Cream and Sweets Shoppe, we became Canadian citizens and I voted for a sea change in Canadian government, i.e. Justin Trudeau.

Over these past nine years, many people have asked me “Why did you come to Canada?” I have and continue to say “For the Canadians.” And have more than once added “For my son.”

Sincerely yours,

Frank Normile, Melissa Nibley & Liam Normile
My first visit to Amherst was on a bright sunny January day 54 years ago. Foot of snow on the ground, Prof. Baird’s Shakespeare class, great interview with Dean Wilson, and I was hooked. Swarthmore had been my first choice, but I needed to get away from the Philly suburbs, head north, be where there was snow and real winter.

Fast forward to 1978. I was in my final year of doctoral studies in German at Cal Berkeley. I flew into Boston on a Sunday for an interview at Bowdoin on Monday. Then the Blizzard of ’78 hit and Logan was closed until Friday. I was stuck at the guest house at Bowdoin and could only think to myself, who would want to live in Maine with the polar bears? I didn’t get the job at Bowdoin, did get hired at Cornell, where the winters were more brutal. The only junior faculty member in the German Lit department, I knew my chances of getting tenure were slim to none, which proved to be the case. But I got married, moved to Staten Island for a year, and then on a bright snowy day in March 1985 had an interview at Colby and got hired.

I have been in Maine ever since and have no intentions of leaving. I write this on a bright January day when there is a foot of snow on the ground and the temperature is below zero with a Nor’easter in the forecast and a potential of another foot of snow and winds up to 60 mph with power outages possible and temperatures plummeting to minus 25. The Boston Globe claims it’s warmer on Mars.

I quickly realized in my first semester at Amherst that the scientific course my parents had so carefully set for me was not for me at all. English 1 turned out to be my favorite class, Prof. Morgan’s art history class second. French Baroque Literature turned me off French. I was adrift. Sophomore year I took German 1 with Prof. Peppard. I fell in love with the language, and the love affair continues to this day. I also discovered philosophy that year with Prof. Kennick, in particular German philosophy. The stage was set: summer after my junior year working in Fürstenfeldbruck, 32 km west of Munich, senior year thesis on Nietzsche, acceptance to Berkeley in Comp Lit. I found out in August ’68 that my draft board had granted me conscientious objector status and a student deferment for the year. Ronald Reagan was governor, and the campus erupted in early October and never settled down. I was more than happy to get out of town and head for the hills and a Quaker school in Nevada City. I returned to a much calmer Berkeley two years later, got my MA in German, spent a year at the University of Tübingen, passed my doctoral exams, and sent off my dissertation by Christmas of 1978.

Colby turned out to be a hornet’s nest, at least in the foreign languages department. I was denied tenure there too, but we had bought an old farmhouse in the town of China on a ridge with a great view of the western Maine mountains and Mt. Washington. I’m still in the house, a child, independent bookstore, bankruptcy, divorce, 16 years of high school teaching (German and French, which I learned to love in Quebec), a long-term relationship, and two golden retrievers later. A puppy photo of Braeburn, now 11, made it into the LL Bean Christmas catalog several times. Yesterday we followed deer and fox tracks until we couldn’t stand the cold any longer.

It took losing my job five times for me to realize I needed to be my own boss. That was six years ago. My translation business (German to English) has taken off and is now a full-time job. From automotive parts to toys to wine: If it’s made or marketed in Germany, I’ll translate it.

And then there’s my photography and love of foxes (website: franklinetreephoto.com). And my favorite quote from Mary Oliver: “I was steadfast about one or two things: loving foxes, and poems, the blank piece of paper, and my own energy.”
A life of learning where I have to go

I have been fortunate in marriage and home life, but I am not going to say more about that. Today, I have just four more days of teaching before I retire, and what follows concerns my career. My life experience is expressed by a line in Theodore Roethke’s poem “The Waking” – “I learn by going where I have to go.” When I graduated from Amherst College in 1968, I had been admitted to Stanford Law School and the University of Minnesota in American Studies. I decided to go to Stanford. But after several months, I changed my mind, left the sunshine of Silicon Valley, went to Minnesota in the dead of winter. I learned by going where I had to go. When I completed my Ph.D. at Minnesota, I expected to work in a small college. I expected to focus on teaching more than research. I did get a job at Union College, but it was in financial difficulties, and after several years on a non-tenure line contract, it was not renewed. I fortunately got a National Endowment for the Humanities grant, and with it went to MIT, where I reconnected with Leo Marx. Again, I learned by going where I had to go.

As that grant was running out in May 1982, I saw an advertisement for a foreign lecturer at Odense University and applied. I had visited Denmark in the summer of 1965 and with the Amherst Glee Club in 1967, and had liked it very much. In my family mythology, we came from Denmark but moved to Britain in the 14th century. Part Danish or not, I got the job. I expected to stay long enough to complete the book I had begun at MIT, and find a job in the US. Instead, that book got me promoted in Denmark. I wrote another, but it got me promoted to full professor in 1992. There were then no American Studies programs Denmark; as I retire I leave the largest program in Scandinavia, with 150 undergraduate majors and 60 MA students.

I have become part of a network in American Studies that stretches across Europe. I spent a fantastic year at the Netherlands Institute for Advanced Research in 1991-92, with six other scholars, producing six volumes of essays on the complexities of transatlantic cultural exchanges and Americanization. I also enjoyed a strong relationship with the University of Munich and held a grant at Cambridge, where I became an honorary fellow of Churchill College. I was a visiting professor at Leeds and Warwick Universities, and helped to found the Nordic Environmental Interdisciplinary Network. In 1982, however, I did not foresee this immersion in a European community of scholars. I believed I could not do research in Europe because the archives and libraries I needed were in the US. I might write book reviews but not books. I look back now and see that I have been more productive living abroad than I had dreamed of being in the US, with more than 220 publications, including ten books with MIT Press, all of which concern technology and society. For this work, I received occasional prizes, was awarded the Leonardo da Vinci Medal in 2006, and knighted by the Queen of Denmark in 2014. But the more you know, the more you realize you don’t know.

My debts to Amherst are many: to Leo Marx, to our freshman writing courses, and more generally to the critical thinking the college demanded. My career is coming full circle. I will still live in Denmark but occasionally be in residence at the University of Minnesota, which has made me as a Senior Research Fellow in the history of technology. Since I have no children to either burden or comfort me, I see retirement, at least for now, as an open-ended research and writing grant. I have accepted invitations in lecture, begun a new book for MIT Press, and, just to see what it was like, written a short novel (not sent anywhere yet.) I expect the future will nudge me, step by step, toward where I have to go.
I think I'm just going to send a picture of me and my wife Stephanie (Bennington '70) taken on vacation in Hawaii last year. This essay is too tough. I got a C in English 1 and my writing skills have not improved since then...

Regards
David

Dave and Stephanie
I feel somewhat out of place making a submission to the Class of 1968 50th reunion.... I only completed the first year at Amherst, but nonetheless, the memories persist. Coming from a public high school in Oregon, having just finished a cattle round-up at Burns, I felt like a fish out of water for awhile; preppies were a new experience for me. But that feeling didn’t last. I loved the courses! English I was amazing! Arnie Arons was amazing, but his class was too easy since I had already had the material in high school! My Russian class was incredible! Professor Kuhn (Hope I got that name right) and I used to spend class time together in the coffee shop! But I missed a lot too, being away from home.... my steady high school girlfriend, deer hunting in the fall, leaving my ‘47 Chevy behind .... My mother had it towed away to a junk yard, I discovered when I got back home at Xmas! Maybe one of my most vivid Amherst memories, which was just reawakened lately with the recent Viet Nam TV series, was participating in the university students’ March on Washington in the spring of ’65. I could only think to myself, ‘Wow!’, when I saw the coverage on the first and second episodes re the Viet Nam experience. I remember the two all night bus rides with Smith and Holyoke students to make our feelings known, and I felt real pride to have been there! I also remember the attachment that developed between we 6 residents of our first-floor wing of Morrow... a shame we haven’t kept in touch. Wyatt Harper and I used to ‘duo-up’ to massacre several Beach Boy classics!

Post Amherst experience.... My next 3 years were spent at Reed College in Portland, Oregon. It was there that I met my wife, Jane, also a transfer student, and I majored in botany which led to my life-long profession. After marriage and one year grad studies at Yale, Uncle Sam called for me to undertake my patriotic obligation. I declined the opportunity, and started further grad training at U of British Columbia. In 1975, as a ‘wet behind the ears’ brand new PhD, Jane and I set off to Lakehead University in Thunder Bay, Ontario, where I have stayed and have no plans to move now. My first year was a joy .... Separate First Year Biology courses to 90 ‘degree’ and 115 ‘tech’ first year forestry students, topped off with the second year General Ecology course offered to 70 second year Biology students. I applied for 2 other faculty positions that first fall, but (fortunately) no one else wanted my services! Why was I fortunate? Because Thunder Bay, Ontario is on the western shore of Lake Superior, and the fit for both my research (http://flash.lakeheadu.ca/~whparker/wparker.html) and my outdoor sport preferences and activities couldn’t possibly have been any better! Lakeshore property was affordable then, and the waterfront property that I wound up purchasing on Lake Superior is almost beyond comprehension to city dwellers! How many have ‘limited out’ ice fishing for Lake Herring off their own shoreline! As of last June, I became ‘Professor Emeritas’ at LU, but I am not quite finished with academic pursuits. Among other things, I am doing a webinar on seed source selection for the US Forest Service in November.

Re family, I lost Jane, a retired high school English teacher, to breast cancer 4 years ago, but on the plus side, I am proud of both my kids. My son is a ‘wanna be’ opera tenor, but is stuck as a Toronto computer programmer who refuses to go to Palo Alto! My daughter is a lawyer who says she hates her profession..... do all lawyers say that? At least she can tell a few good courtroom stories! I love my two granddaughters that she has provided me, but my son hasn’t done his part. Who knows what the future may bring? Submitted picture is after my LAST lecture at LU in April, with about a third of my second year forest genetics class who wanted to get a pic of me with them. The other 2/3 of the class didn’t have the same feeling and ‘took off’. Go figure! I think I passed them all anyway! Deliberately made the ‘final’ too easy for once!
Hmm, an opportunity to probe memories of back when, and to assess how they live in us now. I expect many of us find that at our age, confronting mortality as we must—family and friends lost, our bodies in some decline, etc.—the opportunity resonates (“The question of death, its lean and drift a need not yet explicit”). Answering to our memories becomes a familiar exercise, one we undertake when we observe what has or hasn’t changed since our younger days, or consider anything else that echoes our past, places our present in some context, or prefigures our future.

Our lives have been fundamentally similar, I venture—before Amherst, during, and since. The details vary, of course, but not the immediacy, the fullness, the spark and fire, the essence. Which the details embody and convey.

Details. My wonderful wife, companion and best friend for 39 years, Ellen Kaplovitz (Barnard, ’67; long-time educator in Brookline), and I have raised two children, adopted from Texas and Paraguay. Our daughter, Juliana, lives in Westfield, NJ with two young sons and her husband, Jaime, a coach with the NJ Devils NHL team. In addition to raising her boys, Juliana helps students in a 2nd grade classroom. Our son, Mark, lives with us in Newton. He works at a nearby Whole Foods as a meat cutter, and, at home, in wide worlds online. We love our children and grandchildren more than anything. We see them often.

I’ve had several careers, all of them absorbing, productive, enjoyable. After Amherst came a few years earning an MFA at NYU’s School of the Arts, acting in films and plays around the city and country, doing session work in the city (singing, guitar, hand drums), and, with my friend, the late Jack Temchin (’68), co-producing a winter season at the Berkshire Theater Festival in Stockbridge. Then a decade, based mostly in Cambridge, performing as a singer-songwriter, guitarist, and drummer; fronting a rock band; making records; and creating PhoneSong—my songs on a phone machine, which got some local and national media attention and for a while attracted 15,000 calls a year. I should mention drug experiences during that time, too. Even the darkest were positive (I’m something of a Taoist). The tamest were fun and more, while the heaviest were revelatory, for which I remain deeply grateful.

From there, my marriage to Ellen and a career segue to Parsons Audio, a business that provides professional audio hardware and software to clients in New England and beyond. Clients range from well- to lesser-known, including bands (Stones, Aerosmith, Boston), studios, broadcasters (NBC Olympics, CBS Radio, regional stations), orchestras (BSO, NY Phil, Chicago), opera companies (Metropolitan), museums, filmmakers (PBS, Florentine), government (Library of Congress), and hundreds of corporations, colleges and universities, and individuals.

In 2010, I sold the company in order to devote more time to my artistic pursuits. I work in digital domains, with cameras, laptop, iPad, stylus, etc. With those, I create art, photography, and some video and audio, and have authored a multidisciplinary saga about a character named Vassal Squeezeshot. Venues have included juried shows in art galleries, articles in the arts press, and, mostly, my website (squeezeshot.org) and newsletter (I hope you’ll subscribe).

We’ve traveled a fair amount. Much time in Maine, at a house we built on the coast and at a long-time family camp on a lake. Also, many trips around the U.S. and Europe; multiple visits to Morocco, Mexico, Paraguay, and Canada; and weeks in Turkey and Costa Rica.

As for the college years, wow. Wonderful fellow students, faculty, courses, girlfriend, extracurriculars (mostly acting, in my case), and more—years of good times and not so good. We were young, of course; much has happened since. Post-Amherst, like all of us, I have experienced, and learned, an immeasurable amount. But those four years helped make that possible.

The mortal dream continues. Within that, I offer kind regards to all, as you were and as you are.

Email: mlparsons3@gmail.com
I wouldn’t want to live my life over again. I remember saying this to a young person who asked me at a party. She was surprised, but I thought, why would I want to do everything over again that I already did just to get here? And anyway, I might not be as lucky the second time. Just to list all the ways I have been lucky would be selecting the good parts, of course, but it doesn’t feel like a misrepresentation to me.

I was lucky to find Indira. She understands, and shares, and forgives my pleasure in various kinds of bookish arcana, because she is much the same. Our daughter Maya is a bit this way too, but much more gregarious and outdoorsy.

In my career I have been lucky to teach both physics and mathematics at Mount Holyoke, a remarkably collegial and supportive institution, allowing me real freedom to explore in various directions. I enjoyed a standing invitation to be a visiting theorist at a biophysics lab in Munich, beginning the year that Indira had a Humboldt Fellowship in Heidelberg, and then for many summers after that. Mount Holyoke also supported me in various ways as I became fascinated with Galileo, to the point of spending whole semesters at libraries in Italy.

I discovered swimming at around age 40, and without ever becoming very good at it or intensely serious about it, I have made it a regular part of my life.

I was lucky that even though I failed to notice so much of what was happening around me at Amherst, I took classes seriously, and that was not a bad choice. I was lucky in my teachers and my friends, of whom I will mention only my brother-in-law Jon Solins (and I have him on the radio now, as I write), John Stifler, and Marc Damashek, because I get to see them pretty frequently.

Many of my Amherst memories are from the classroom, and I still find the classroom an exciting place — so I still haven’t retired.

If I could go back, though, I hope I might be more effective in the area of better race relations. I was personally slow to realize (1) how important this is, and (2) how essential the participation of white people of good will, going beyond our passive opinions.

As it is, in a diverse community like Mount Holyoke, I do have many opportunities, if not always the skill, to make small contributions, and to learn. How is it that the beauty of our shared humanity is not obvious to everyone?

Failure to appreciate is the least of it: we occasionally hear actual hatred! I do not understand it.
I recently spent a week with my wife and her siblings in Lakeside, Ohio on the shores of Lake Erie, one of the few remaining “Chautauqua” towns left in the country. Being off season, the town was essentially deserted, the fall colors magnificent, and the black walnuts, buckeyes, and acorns were scattered all over. Whitefish, Montana does not have these nuts, or for that matter, nuts of any kind (Richard Spencer excluded). As I walked the Lakeside streets alone ruminating on my surroundings and the last time I paced the grounds of an intellectual haven, I was suddenly back in Amherst. It was an early October morning and I was hurrying to English class.

Walking briskly, I lowered my eyes and focused on the acorns that littered the sidewalk and tried to crack the acorns with the heel of my loafers so they would make a nice loud, satisfying “pop.” As I revisited the activity in Lakeside, I found the same satisfaction in the albeit muted “pop” made with my ECCO golf shoes. I bring this up because the ONLY time I ever made the “shit sheet” with a positive notation “this is real” from G. Armour Craig was describing the above activity of walking fast, aiming my heel at a suitable plump acorn, and smashing it into the sidewalk to hear the “pop.” Adding that, “it’s hard to crack acorns when you’re walking really fast.” I wouldn’t be surprised if G. Armour thought that was the only real experience I had at Amherst. Of course it wasn’t. I also got hit in the “nuts” by a lacrosse ball and that, too, was quite real.

My life since Amherst has been joyful with little emotional angst (knock wood 9 times). We have been in Whitefish, Montana for the last 40+ years and I am surrounded by my loving family, which improves my reputation in this small town everyday by their good works. They are a remarkable group of achievers and contribute to the fabric of our lives within a tight knit community. My wife, Carolyn of 46 years, is the true matriarch of our clan, keeping us on course and nicely counteracting my New York, at times, flamboyance (off color humor, impulsiveness, and obsessive need to act on hair brain schemes and projects) with her quiet Ohio steadfastness and practical moral values. She is the glue that binds us. The picture below I submit with great pride.

But more about Amherst...acorns...and academia. I first spent real time at Amherst when my brother, Roger ’65, was a freshman in James 2. I was a sophomore in high school and went up to spend a weekend with him. My overriding memory of that weekend was that the James 2 students were kind of weird, intellectual show offs, and not anything like my friends back home. The next memory of Amherst was JFKs visit to dedicate the Robert Frost one month before his assassination. I was now a senior in high school and a bit more mature and less intimidated by the students and surroundings. My brother’s friends in Deke were actually very cool and friendly.

Not quite a year later I carried my suitcase up the stairs to Morrow 4. My mind flashed back to the James 2 experience and my inner thought was “you might not belong here, Doug. You’re not that smart.” I got a pit in my stomach and then I met Holloway, Haldeman, and Townsend. They seemed normal and also “not that smart.” Maybe I did belong here after all. Of course belonging at Amherst is a relative thing. The class of 1968 to a man ALL belonged for so many different reasons: our talents and interests and backgrounds and personalities. The only common denominator was Eugene Wilson’s faith in our class to expand each other’s horizons and do the work. And we did.

My horizons continue to be expanded by having the honor of editing the Classmate of the Month videos. I regret not knowing Larry, Ron, Bob, Steve, John, Marc, Jim, Henry, Dan, etc, etc, etc, as friends at Amherst. Better late than never. Hope to see you all in May at our 50th.

Doug Pitman ’68

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The past fifty years, briefly:

Mary Hoe, Wellesley ’68, and I married in 1975. Mary is a social worker/community organizer, now retired but still very much involved in the community. We have two daughters. Katharine is a librarian who works for the U.S. Navy ... at a base in the Mojave Desert. Cynthia is a partner in a market research firm founded by Rob Duboff ’70. She lives in Greenwich, Connecticut with her husband, Andy, and our four year old grandson, William. William is planning a career in rescue vehicles.

I am retired, after more than forty years as a litigator in a law firm in Philadelphia. For the most part, I worked on securities and accounting cases. Late in my career, I took on a series of consumer fraud cases brought by state attorneys general against a large pharmaceutical company. We settled or won most of the cases, but had some frightening trial court losses. One Arkansas court entered judgment against our client for more than one billion dollars. To our great relief, the Arkansas Supreme Court reversed.

Pro bono work was a substantial part of my practice. Church-state cases were of special interest. When Mayor Rizzo announced that the City of Philadelphia would build an outdoor church where the visiting Pope could celebrate Mass, I was part of the legal team that successfully challenged the City’s efforts on Establishment Clause grounds. Much later, I helped persuade the Pennsylvania Supreme Court that it was not a violation of the Establishment Clause when the Philadelphia Redevelopment Authority used its eminent domain powers to obtain land on which two religious orders intended to build a school.

I liked the challenges of litigation and would have practiced longer had I been able. In 2014, however, I was diagnosed with amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. Before long, arguing motions and trying cases became almost impossible, and I retired. Fortunately, the disease has been progressing slowly. I have trouble talking and eating, and some weakness in my hands, but I am mobile. And my forced retirement has its upside. We have more time to travel, and more time to spend with our children and grandson. I now devote many hours to following the political news and worrying about what is happening in Washington.

My best wishes to all our classmates. I wish I had kept in touch with more of you.

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Before I wrote my essay for our 50th, I went back and read what I had written twenty five years ago. In my essay back then, I had been a little harsh reflecting on my years at Amherst. I had just gone through some tumultuous times in my life and was expressing some regret that my education at Amherst and graduate school had not prepared me at all for some of the things I had to face. Also, I had just gone through a round of college interviews with my oldest son and sensed, as did my son, an arrogance at Amherst that wasn’t present in other schools we visited. My son was an all-New England athlete, and an excellent student. He ended up at Colby where he was extremely happy for his four years at college.

Having said all of that, I am proud to be an Amherst graduate and I am grateful for what the college did give to me. I was not one of the best students at Amherst (Dean Reed told my parents, “Somebody has to be in the lower half of the class”), but when I left Amherst I was more than prepared for graduate school. When I went to Andover Newton Theological School in the fall of ’68, I listened to classmates who had gone to very good schools moan about the work load and the demands of graduate study. I found it all to be a breeze after four years of Amherst academics and graduated near the top of my class. I realize now that whatever success I have had in my professional life, I owe some of it to my experience at Amherst.

And where has life taken me since Amherst? As mentioned, I went to Andover Newton Theological School following Amherst. Upon graduating I was ordained as a minister of the United Church of Christ and accepted a position as Campus Minister at the Berkshire School in Sheffield, Massachusetts. There I taught humanities courses and coached freshman football and hockey. I also played on an industrial hockey team, the Clavarack Falcons out of Clavarack New York.

I left Berkshire in 1975 and entered parish ministry. First, I served a small church in Greenland, New Hampshire. That was followed by serving larger churches in Manchester, New Hampshire and Marblehead, Massachusetts. I was married in 1969 and divorced in the early ‘80s. I was a single parent to my two boys, Adam and Jason until I married Marcia Beddoes in 1987, a woman I had known back at Berkshire. Marcia brought a daughter, Jennifer, into our family and today we have nine grandchildren, all of whom live in New England.

In 2001, I fulfilled a life-long dream. With my wife’s support (she said this was my dream, not hers) I set sail in our 40ft ketch, Renaissance, for the Caribbean. For a whole year I lived on my boat as I sailed to the Leeward Islands and back. Upon my return, Marcia and I moved to Maine where I became the minister at the First Congregational Church of Wiscasset, Maine. I retired from Wiscasset in 2014, but presently am serving a very small church part time on the island of Vinalhaven. Marcia and I live in Harpswell, Maine with our three dogs, Mizzie, Hilda, and Ollie (two Bassets and a bulldog), and I take the ferry to Vinalhaven one or two days a week.

One of my joys of late is watching my oldest son’s boys play football for Wells (ME) High School. One is a freshman who is on special teams while the other, a senior, is fullback and middle linebacker. The team plays Friday nights and just completed an undefeated season where they repeated as state champs. Nolan, the oldest, nicknamed the “sledgehammer” by the press and TV, ran for over 1500 years with 28 touchdowns.

Finally, to return, to being a little philosophical, I was invited a year ago to come back to preach at the church I had served in Manchester, NH. They asked me to preach the “one sermon” I had liked best in my forty + years in the pulpit. My theme was that being faithful to one’s integrity and ideology should far outweigh one’s drive to be successful in the eyes of the world. I didn’t get political in the pulpit, but will here say I am truly saddened to see what is happening at the national political level of our country. That our nation elected a man who is reprehensible, who clearly has a sociopathic, and of course, a narcissistic personality, has left me dumbfounded. And to make matters worse, as I write this, we are hearing politicians, religious leaders and people of faith (self-proclaimed) telling members of their party to vote for a man in Alabama because his history of assaulting girls doesn’t matter. What matters, they say, is that he will bring a conservative voice to the Senate. So my sermon was about being faithful to one’s integrity and not blinded by our ambition.

Where to from here in my life? I hope to continue to be a progressive voice to causes I think are important as long as I am able. And look forward to my time with my wife, friends, my kids and grandkids (and let’s not forget the dogs) as we pass the time along the coast of Maine.

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It seems like only a few years ago that I wrote one of these for our 25th. Then I wrote that I never had a plan and life just sort of moved me and my wife, Paula, forward.

After leaving Visa in 1996, I was lucky to find myself in Silicon Valley at the birth of the Internet, participating in several of the companies that were part of the success that ensued.

For the past 15 years, I have been gradually retiring. For some reason, I cannot bring myself to do so totally and I continue to back early stage companies. Nor can I seem to quit my poor attempts at athletics. Although my softball career ended in my late 40s and my soccer playing stopped just short of my 55th, I continue to ski (that’s me skiing in Austria) and find my golf game has deteriorated only a bit.

Nevertheless, we seem to have enough time to travel (the picture of Paula and me is from Bergen Norway this past June) and to continue to nurture the intellectual curiosity fueled in our college years via museum visits, attendance at theater and music performances and reading extensively. We dedicate some of our free time and resources in support of several educational, cultural and community causes.

Our time at Amherst was one of being intellectually challenged and having to confront ideas that we were not always comfortable with. I think this set me up to take advantage of the various opportunities life presented me. Over the past few years, I have become increasingly concerned that this type of education may no longer be the case.

Events at schools like Yale, Middlebury, Berkeley and even Amherst have raised concerns that complaints of micro-aggressions and the like threaten the contributions that liberal arts education and the institutions that provide them have made to society over the past generations. Articles in various newspapers and magazines expressed concerns of faculty members at many of these institutions that their teaching methods and course content had to be modified for fear that students would be made uncomfortable, and that the professor would risk protests and even injury or loss of position. To all of us, this is a situation we should decry.

After expressing my concerns to the College administration in light of the Frost takeover of 2 years ago and the kerfuffle over the mascot issue, I did have a chance to review my concerns with President Martin. She assured me that Amherst continues to present many different viewpoints to students and that the Amherst community is one in which dialogue rather than rudeness or physical confrontation is the preferred method to confront ideas that some subset of the community is uncomfortable with, disagrees with or even finds abhorrent. She did this with hard examples of events rather than just words.

As such, although the faces on campus look a lot different from those we saw in September 1964, I approach the 50th anniversary of our graduation with the feeling that Amherst will continue to provide a valuable contribution to society. I am hopeful that Amherst will remain a valuable antidote to the tribalism that seemingly imbues most of the current political discourse in today’s United States.
It was early May, 1968. I had just finished my thesis orals and everything I had to do for my Amherst education was done. I remember what I felt at that moment as if it were yesterday: an intoxicating feeling of total freedom, the excitement of the unknown, a future of unbounded possibilities. I was headed into the Peace Corps and that was all I knew.

Fifty years later, having lived a life I never would have expected, for better and for worse, that moment is the bookend to this reflection and I am filled with mixed feelings of satisfaction and disappointment.

The disappointments? Marriage and family. Although there were meaningful relationships along the way, I never married or had children. I never would have expected that in May 1968. If that remains my destiny, I have accepted that outcome, although with a feeling of loss and wistfulness for what I never had.

Satisfactions? I feel fortunate about how my professional life turned out. I never figured out what I wanted to do with my life. After living alone for 2 years in a remote village in Central Africa in the Peace Corps, I went immediately to law school. Never wanting to be a lawyer (just get the piece of paper was the motivation) but forced to pay off my school debts, on a lark I went to work in an entertainment law firm in Beverly Hills. Although the entertainment business was stimulating, I had nothing in common with most people in the entertainment industry, I hated LA, and I still had this yearning to explore and experience the world. So, much to the surprise of my peers, after 5 years and on my way to partner, I quit and spent 3 years travelling the country in a van and wandering around the South Pacific and Southeast Asia. I had hoped travel would expose me to “my path,” but when that didn’t happen, I unhappily returned to LA to move beyond “lawyering” and work more generally in the entertainment business. Those years (my mid-30’s) were very challenging personally. I was “stuck” in LA and in a business with personality types who were not who I was. I waited, and turned down promotions and advancement, in the hope that an opportunity would appear that felt more personally fulfilling.

For whatever reason, fortune shined on me, and an opportunity with Lucasfilm Ltd. emerged and it would bring me to northern California which had been my destination for years. The rest, as they say, is history. Without wanting or asking for it, eventually and for many years I was the President of Lucasfilm. Making the Star Wars and Indiana Jones movies happen and leading a company that was a unique combination of technology and creativity allowed me to actualize all of who I had become through my Amherst liberal arts education, the Peace Corps, the Beverly Hills lawyer, the world wanderer. It was the perfect end to my professional journey and I was so fortunate in how it turned out.

Over the last 10 years I have done consulting, held Board positions, and completed or am still engaged in personal projects, finally getting to a remote Colombian jungle mountain top in an area controlled by guerillas where my brother was killed in a plane crash in 1962, creating a documentary of that 10-year effort, erecting a monument by the U.S. Capitol in Washington honoring the American ideals that inspire our compassionate engagement of the world.

Life in my 70’s fills me with humility. I feel like I am gazing at the sunset of my years, the toils and ups and downs of the day (years) behind me and appreciating the sun setting in front of me. In many ways I am still that 18-year-old kid from the south side of Chicago who came to Amherst, overwhelmed and excited, awed by “Amherst” and my classmates, an empty vessel about to be filled with all that “Amherst” was. Leo Marx remains the biggest intellectual influence in my life, and the pastoral metaphor the way in which I try to understand and put into perspective my own life and the ideals upon which I have tried to live. I have lived by myself in a grass hut with a tribe in Central Africa and for a time never wanted to come home. I have run one of the most prominent entertainment companies in the world. At the end of my “day,” the small, very personal, and hopefully unpresumptuous wisdom I have gleaned from the “machine” and the “garden” is, in the words of Martin Buber, that “all real life is meeting.”
November, 1964 -- Early Admission acceptance to Amherst
June, 1964 -- graduated from Bronxville High School
September, 1964 -- enrolled at Amherst, moved into Pratt, played freshman football (5th string QB), joined Zumbyes
Amherst highlights: Zumbyes; occasional poker successes; low ranking member of ski and tennis teams; Operation Match, through which I met my future wife; played bass in a few bands
Amherst lowlights: most things academic, particularly frosh Physics, calculus, and French.
Musical memories that keep me tapping my feet: July 25, 1965 -- Attended Newport Folk Festival when Dylan first “went electric;”
August 15, 1965 -- Attended Beatles concert at Shea Stadium;
June 7, 1970 -- attended performance of Tommy by The Who at Metropolitan Opera House in New York; (I was not at Woodstock).
March, 1968 -- older brother, Robert Ransom Jr., killed in Vietnam
June, 1968 -- graduated (barely) from Amherst (American Studies major)
September, 1968 to June, 1974 -- History teacher and Dean of Students at Riverdale Country School, Bronx, New York
Late 60s and early 70s, participated in numerous anti-war protests and pro-Amnesty activities
1970 - 1974 -- Masters in education at Teachers College, Columbia University
June 20, 1970 -- Married Gail Ingersoll, Smith, '68
October 25, 1972 -- First child, Robert Lawrence Ransom
May 24, 1974 -- Second child, Galen Hope Ransom
July, 1974 - July, 1977 -- moved to Madison, Wisconsin to attend University of Wisconsin Law School
July, 1977 to July 2012 -- moved to Seattle and practiced law until retirement in mid-2012
1980s -- played bass in all-attorney rock ‘n roll band
September, 2013 -- first trip to Vietnam
October, 2013 -- right knee replacement
July 12, 1986 -- Father, Robert Ransom (Amherst ’41), died of pancreatic cancer
December 10, 2015 -- Mother, Louise Ransom (Vassar, ’42) died “with dignity” on her own terms
November, 2008 -- Thrilled by election of Barack Obama
November, 2016 -- dismayed and horrified by election of Donald Trump
Since Retirement:
Much international traveling: United Kingdom, the Republic of Ireland, the Netherlands, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Denmark, Africa (Republic of South Africa, Namibia, Botswana, Zimbabwe, Tunisia), New Zealand, Vietnam, Laos, Argentina, Brazil, Ecuador (including the Galapagos), Russia, Japan, Iceland, and Spain. Since retirement, still playing tennis and golf, and skiing
2015-2016 -- built a new house in Madison Park in Seattle where we can walk to just about everything we need. Built an elevator into the new house. It’s just a freight elevator now, but will be useful eventually.

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A Brief Synopsis of My Life Since College

Banning Repplier

After four extremely happy and fruitful years in the ivory tower that was Amherst College in those days, I set off to see the wide world beyond. I financed my travels by teaching English language and literature abroad, first as a Peace Corps volunteer in the Ivory Coast, then as a Fulbright Teacher in Laos, and finally at Pahlavi University in Shiraz, Iran, just prior to the revolution. Later, after wandering through India and living for a while in Paris, I returned to the US, where I worked as a freelance journalist, specializing in travel writing, then took a job in publishing. Since neither freelance journalism nor publishing quite paid the bills, I finally sold out and went into advertising, eventually becoming an executive creative director at Grey Global, focusing on product and corporate branding. Happily, I was able to indulge my love of traveling through frequent work assignments abroad and vacations in Europe, Asia and Latin America.

Now retired, I divide my time between Brooklyn Heights, a beautiful landmarked neighborhood in New York City, and the rocky coast of Maine, at a family compound where I spent many idyllic childhood summers. My primary activity is volunteer work as a trustee of the Leopold Schepp Foundation, which awards grants to undergraduate and graduate students who are committed to careers that will benefit society, such as education, environmental protection, advocating for the poor, NGO service abroad, the arts and much more. My duties for the Foundation include interviewing scholarship candidates, reading and evaluating their applications, and putting together and editing our annual magazine, which features articles by our Scholars about their amazing work. It is immensely gratifying and uplifting, filling me with optimism about today’s young people.

On a more personal level, I am now with a wonderful woman, who is an accomplished pianist and music teacher. After an alarming number of failed marriages (two for her, two for me), we have decided to forego that hallowed institution and simply enjoy life together.

In the fifty years since our graduation, many things in the world have changed for the better (the College itself with its exciting diversity and wide range of courses, healthcare and technology, American cuisine). And many things have changed for the worse (our hairlines and waistlines, the ubiquity of social media, global warming, the current political situation in the US). But, all-in-all, life has been a wonderful and rewarding adventure and I am grateful to Amherst for having given me not only indelible memories but also a solid intellectual foundation that has served me well for the past half century.

Watching August 2017 solar eclipse

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Leaving Richmond, Va. to attend a college in the Northeast that I had not seen before. Arriving at Bradley Field. Getting in a taxi with 3 guys all headed to Amherst. We said not a word to each other. We arrived at Amherst. We got out of the car and went our separate ways.

Life in James Hall was great. All of us young guys off to college. Meeting classmates from all over the world. The rigors of freshmen year. Going to 8 AM classes. Having discussions at night about our professors and their peculiarities. I remember hearing Ravel’s “Balero” each weekday morning on the second floor of James Hall.

After Amherst real life started. Professional growth, advanced degrees, career, community, faith, marriage, family, children, grandchildren. Opportunities to share knowledge and experience in my profession.

Amherst College’s reputation was a key element of respect within the academic world in which I was blessed to be involved. Being a Lord Jeff and now a Mammoth are special even though I have to explain to non Amherst folks what a Mammoth is. Oh yes, I had to do that with the Lord Jeff name too.

The relationships developed at Amherst are life long. I remember the intramural basketball games. I remember the traditional water fight against sophomores. I remember fraternity life with Phi Gam, especially the Fiji Island Party. I remember the pledge relay race from Northampton to Amherst. I remember learning in new ways and expanding my critical thinking. I remember the vigils on campus after the death of American heros fighting against social injustice in America. I remember.................AMHERST!
From Amherst I opted for a 2 year contract program with the Army so that I could immediately attend graduate school. I attended The Sloan School at M.I.T. After the first year, I married Lynn Slaughter and she started graduate school at Harvard while I completed the second year of the Sloan masters program. Upon graduation, I was assigned to SAFCA (Safeguard Agency, part of STRATCOM) to manage availability/reliability for the Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) program, based on the statistics knowledge I obtained at M.I.T. (fortunate, since most 2nd Lieutenants ended up as forward observers or platoon leaders in Viet Nam).

Lynn and I moved to Tucson, where she obtained a masters in sociology at the University of Arizona, while I played war games during the day, and tennis on weekends. When my time was up with the Army, I decided to go to work at Jacobson Stores Inc., rather than accept a promotion to Captain, which was offered to keep me in my job at Safeguard. Jacobson’s had been a family business, which went public in early 1972 before I finished my tour with the Army.

My first job at Jacobson’s was assistant buyer in designer women’s department. I also worked on real estate deals for Jacobson’s, learning to scout out new locations, and negotiate property acquisitions, leases and mortgages. During 24 years at Jacobson’s, I was exposed to all areas of the specialty department store business and eventually became CEO and then Chairman.

Long hours at Jacobson’s and frequent travel took a toll on our marriage, and Lynn and I divorced after 9 years. However, we did produce Edward, who is now 42, and is married to Lauren, and father to Milo (age 3). Lynn and I cooperated in raising Ed, who graduated from Amherst in 1997, and is now Chairman and CEO of a large international shoe company.

I met Jo Anne Goldstein on a business trip through Alabama in 1979. We married in 1981 and lived in Jackson until 1997 when I left Jacobson’s over a dispute with the Board of Directors regarding the operational philosophy of the company. Jo Anne and I were active on community boards and some state and national association boards. We sat on competing bank boards for a time. Still, we raised two terrific children, in addition to raising Ed. Zach (Amherst ’09) is married to Emily Shinay (Amherst ’11) and they live in Washington D.C., where Zach works for SIGAR (government agency that audits Defense Department contracts in Afghanistan) and Emily works for Georgetown University. Alix, our daughter, is pursuing a career in theater in Philadelphia, after earning a masters in Dramaturgy at Villanova University.

We moved to Tampa, Florida, in 1997 so I could join forces with a friend from Williams College to form a commercial real estate development company focusing on the drug store industry. Wilherst Developers in still in business, although I am the sole operator. Jo Anne became a partner in a top Tampa law firm. In 2006, Jo Anne retired from law and we started a women’s accessory store, Zoey Bloom. I handled the accounting and operational aspects of the business, while Jo Anne and her partner were responsible for merchandising and selling. After learning how to deal with Amazon and the internet, we eventually decided to shutter the business in 2013. Soon after we moved to Birmingham, Alabama, Jo Anne’s home town.

In 2015 Jo Anne had a recurrence of breast cancer, and died in September 2016. So I am now learning to live alone after 35 wonderful years with Jo Anne. It seems the best therapy is to stay busy in work, tennis, and to dedicate time to spend with my kids and other family members. I am splitting my time between Mountain Brook, Alabama, and Longboat Key, Florida.
Within a week of my arrival at Amherst, Tom Ogden, my brilliant first year roommate, presented me with a reading from the Communist Manifesto: "Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communistic revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains." It’s not that Tom necessarily supported the idea. Rather he loved the rhetoric. Both ideas and rhetoric would stick with me ... unfortunately. At Amherst we spent many hours over Saturday and Sunday brunch trading ideas. Later, National Institutes of Health grants at Yale allowed us to demonstrate that skin awareness correlated with reduced risk for fatal melanoma skin cancer. After a hiatus to address a faltering family business, I re-certified in internal medicine and pursued teaching medical residents. In the last 6 years, my focus has been on research on the treatment of hypertension, the number one cause of death worldwide. We’ve demonstrated that two rarely used antihypertensive medications (chlorthalidone and indapamide) are far superior for reducing cardiac hypertrophy, stroke, and heart attack compared to the usual drug (HCTZ), which is the 13th most commonly prescribed medicine of any kind with 49 million U.S. prescriptions annually. Because of my friendship with Bill, I have not found it necessary to take a drink of alcohol for the past 27 years. My wife Adria and I are still in love after two decades. She is a great mom, has brilliant social insights, is a superb artist and sculptor, and knows how to bring out the best in people. I’ve been lucky enough to have 3 beautiful healthy children. My daughter climbs vertically (Fortunately, I believe in reincarnation). At a previous college reunion I lost track of my 10-year old son, Will, and discovered him telling dirty jokes to 3 of my giggling classmates. He’s still the funniest person I know. Three years ago, my son David told me we were going to meet weekly to discuss Ovid’s Metamorphoses. Since then, David and my cousin Jon Roush (class of 1959, former professor of Medieval literature at Reed College and subsequently a leading environmental activist) have discussed the Divine Comedy and the Canterbury Tales. We are starting on the Greek tragedies. Deviating from the literary classics, some of our conversations have become deadly serious. The melting permafrost contains almost twice the carbon dioxide presently in the atmosphere. This will roast the planet for our children and grandchildren. In conclusion, the things I’m most proud of and/or joyful about are: My friendship with Bill, being in love with the same woman for more than 2 decades, more than 50 peer reviewed medical journal articles, discovering the superiority of 2 important antihypertensives, and 3 remarkable children.
I loved my experience at Amherst from freshman year on 3rd floor Stearns, to Arnie Arons’ physics class, to living in the social dorms, to joining Chi Phi (is someone collecting for a keg?), to living in the room that Steve Gilmore let me use in North when I needed a little quieter existence than living in the frat house.

Having too good a time got me into Dean Reed’s office and on academic probation but somehow I managed to get through while hanging in there for four years of wrestling and earning a letter. They didn’t have wrestling in my high school, so I was never that good, but I gave it my best. I also played freshman lacrosse for the Darp and got my frosh numerals, although that was certainly due to the accomplishments of others on the team (weren’t we undefeated?) rather than me. I played with All-Americans!

When I came to Amherst, I had no idea who Henry Steele Commager was. Consequently, I missed the opportunity to take a course from him, one of my regrets. I did, however, discover a fondness for Russian literature and the sciences, including genetics (remember counting those fruit flies!). I had always planned to go to law school and initially thought that I’d major in math since it was one of my strong areas, so I thought. Well, that got too abstract and too tough, so I scrambled to get in enough political science courses to complete that as my major. After graduation, I came back home to Syracuse University College of Law. I had a high draft number and was 1-Y. I lost my best childhood friend in Vietnam and, although I do not have any children, I am “grandpa” for six grandchildren. We finally decided to get married in 2008, my first time! Many of you have met her at past reunions or homecoming weekends. I’m a lucky guy!

A year ago I gave up my office in downtown Syracuse that I shared with four other attorneys for many years. I continue to work out of an office above my garage. I am cutting back on my case load. So far, that just means that I spend the same amount of time working on fewer cases. In theory, I’m supposed to have more time to read and play golf. I’m continuing to work on that. I’ve made all the reunions every five years and expect that to continue. I’ve also made a few homecomings through the years and hope to make some more of those too. I’ve enjoyed all the class videos and look forward to seeing everyone at the reunion.

Tom Ryan
After Amherst I started law school at Boston University. At the end of the first year I was drafted. Much to the surprise of Professor Archambault if he had known, his generosity having permitted me to satisfy the Amherst language requirement, the Army selected me to be a Vietnamese translator. When I returned from Vietnam, Janet Glover (BU ’68) and I were married, I finished law school, and we had two great children, a son and a daughter. We eventually settled in Leicester, MA, where I maintained my law practice. Now we spend large portion of our time in Vermont where I tend to a dozen apple trees and we ski as much as possible.

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Towards the end of my misspent youth, after I did my C.O. work, I finally graduated from Amherst, lived a while in San Francisco, and took off around the world. While trekking in Nepal I hooked up with my dear Sheila, a talented and lively Englishwoman, and we continued together all the way to London, where we have lived ever since. I quickly settled down to family life and IT work. I ran my own software company during the ‘garage computer business’ era, then found my career as a freelance computer engineer. I’m still working, part time, for a high-tech start-up in London. I’m in good health.

So, how do we evaluate a life? I have been blessed with a career doing work that I enjoy and for which I have some talent. More importantly, I have three fine kids, all of them British, American, and Jewish, and a wife I love dearly. I suspect that all this good fortune is in spite of my faults rather than because of any virtues I may possess. And I’ve had the support of a partner who is energetic, clever, determined, and good-humoured; we have a contented life together.

“Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise,” said the Fool to Lear. I hoped that decades of life would give me some special wisdom, bestowed by the passage of time, but I still feel as baffled by existence as Didi and Gogo (I probably won’t be any wiser when our 75th Reunion rolls around). Certainly I don’t imagine I can tell you anything you haven’t already found out for yourselves, my esteemed and beloved classmates. You have learned how to live your lives.

But I also retain convictions I developed at Amherst, that are more political than personal, and which I wish were shared by all those with their hands on the levers of influence, including some of your good selves. So I’ll close with the sentiment I expressed in the 25th Reunion book, which I am more convinced of than ever: War is our collective insanity. War is mass murder. War is barbaric. Its horrors always overwhelm its ends. Resist war.

Best wishes,

Bob
Edward Turney Savage

Dear Classmates:

English 1 – déjà vu all over again – on the cusp of the deadline. One would think that the passage of almost 54 years would witness an improvement in typing skills and in the ability to get things done before the last minute: well – not much and no.

But thank goodness the passage of those years has brought us computers and word-processing - so at least I won’t have to type this all over again several times from the beginning.

At least I write this with the advantage of having seen 15 COTM’s and excerpts of some other classmates’ submissions – both humbling experiences. But what for me has been a bit of a surprise have been the disclosures of the intimidations, frustrations and self-doubts that some other classmates experienced from our Amherst experience.

For me, Amherst was the candy store. Not that Amherst wasn’t a major academic challenge – it most certainly was – but I had no misgivings that I would be at the top of the class or that classes would be a breeze – but I had come from a private school with high academic standards and with a student in the class behind us who had such a truly exceptional mind that, when he skipped his junior to join our senior year, I and my other classmates immediately acknowledged that any competition there might have been for valedictorian (a competition I was already out of) had been decided. So I had already adjusted to accepting that I would be sitting in classes with students with noticeably more exceptional minds, as clearly as playing on sports teams with far more gifted athletes.

But Amherst was for me most everything I could have wanted. Where else could someone, who had only marginal athletic ability, play three sports freshman year and two sports thereafter, including on a two-time New England Championship and undefeated lacrosse team. And where else could someone, who had only a decent (but by no means noteworthy) singing voice, be part of an exceptional Glee Club that spent spring vacation freshman year touring and performing in Puerto Rico and that spent the summer after our sophomore year touring over a half dozen countries in Europe, plus two behind the Iron Curtain and performing at venues that included Notre Dame Cathedral, an audience before the Pope, Tivoli Gardens, Lycabettus Theater and UNESCO; and provided us with opportunities to visit such world renowned museums as the Le Louvre, the Hermitage, the Uffizi, the Acropolis and Rijksmuseum. And where else could someone, who was not elected even dogcatcher in high school, be elected President of Freshman Council and to two terms on Student Council.

And it was at Amherst that I first learned to choose courses based on the professor teaching it (thank you Professors Kennick and Ziegler and Dr. Foose), not on the description in the course catalog. The wealth of course offerings was, for me, another candy store which I could not resist, causing me to make sure I made the most of the tuition my parents were paying, so each semester when possible I took an additional course above the “standard” load. And I still feel deprived that I missed out on a lot of classes I would have liked to have taken. I suspect many of you would like to join me and go back and attend classes at Amherst again (and without any pressure of grades this time).

Those opportunities had come later, after I had already fallen in love with Amherst. Like so many other of our classmates, the first few weeks of our freshman year were a whirlwind of eye-opening experiences, starting with the adjustment to living on second floor Morrow with one of the more eclectic group of individuals I was ever likely to run into. And that was just a small sampling of the diversity of gifts, talents, thoughts, interests, backgrounds and experiences I would discover as I expanded my involvement with other classmates. When I went home for Thanksgiving, I remember telling my parents I had fallen in love with my freshman class. And four more years of familiarity would not dampen that view. Not that there weren’t any other Amherst students who I found less than impressive, or even that I took a disliking to, but they (including some from other classes) remain the most impressive group of individuals I have yet come across, and continue to constitute a disproportionately high percentage of my friends and people I enjoy spending time with.

Regrets – I have more than a few. When we graduated, I would have bet good money that my future would hold a wife, 2-1/2 kids, a white-picket fence and a dog. Unfortunately, I have missed them all – and more so in my advancing years. I envy those of you with spouses, children and grandchildren who keep you young and active and provide you with close, wonderful and comforting companionship in your later years.

Thanks for the memories and friendships.

Ed Savage

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I don’t know who I would be today, if I had not experienced the Amherst liberal arts education. I do know that the personal acceptance letter from Dean Wilson, which I received on December 31, 1963, shaped my life. I often think of my Amherst experiences, and not just as reminiscences. Special events, the campus, friends and acquaintances, professors and courses. Whether or not these thoughts effect my actions or affect my reactions is not debatable. They do. Coach Ostendarp – football and my appreciation of strategy. Professor DeMott - my briefs, newsletters, speeches. The Hampshire Valley - my love of natural beauty and fondness for New England. Professor Trapp - my joy and wonder in art museums. Class Agent – my commitment to community and volunteerism. Don’t want to post a resume. Suffice it to say that very often I think of Robert Frost’s poem. In many ways it tells the story of my career, my loves, the activities I enjoy, my life. Listen.

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Happy 50th, Classmates!!!
The First Five Years (’68-’73)
One month after our graduation from Amherst, I enlisted in the U.S. Navy and attended Officer Candidate School (as did Henry DeNero). Two years later, I met my future wife at Wheaton College, was discharged from the Navy, and spent the following year with Chemical Bank in NYC as a credit trainee. After one year of banking, Debbie Harris and I were married in Kansas City. We applied to Harvard Business School and miraculously I was admitted. We had a delightful two years of study and rugby (teammate Rob Klugman, class of ’69) and made a new network of life-long friends.

Our Family
Debbie and I are still very happily married after 47 years, which is a tribute to her tolerance and patience. We were blessed with identical twin boys in 1973 and a beautiful daughter three years later. Susie (Duke ’00) now lives in Hanover, NH with her husband, Drew Matter, and their three children. Chris (MIT ’96) lives in Lewes, DE with Lori and their three children. Preston (Amherst ’96) lives in Rehoboth Beach, DE with Kathleen and their two children. Our grandchildren range in age from 6 to 16.

The First Career
After B-School, Debbie and I moved to New Jersey where I started a career as an investment banker for Kidder, Peabody & Co. in the Wall Street district. In 1985 we decided to be daring and moved to the San Francisco Bay area to work for a small, entrepreneurial banking firm, Montgomery Securities. After many fun years of rapid growth, we sold the firm to Bank of America in 1997. I failed at retirement from banking and was lured back into investment banking at Merrill Lynch by Chuck Lewis (Amherst ’64). That lasted two years when I finally retired in 2002. I thoroughly enjoyed my 29 years as an investment banker and the many intelligent, driven people with whom I worked. After retirement, we divided our time between Lewes, DE and the Big Island of Hawaii. In 2012 we moved our winter headquarters to Naples, FL from Hawaii. While we miss our friends in Hawaii, we really LOVE Naples!

The Second Career
Rather than raising money for corporations, I quickly developed a passion for non-profit work as a board member and principal fundraiser. Along with others, we financed and built: (1) a Performing Arts Center for my secondary school in Wilmington, DE; (2) a foundation at the Hualalai Resort in Hawaii for the medical and educational expenses of the employees at that resort; (3) a waterfront park in Lewes, DE and (4) the addition of a charter high school to an existing charter middle school in Sussex County, DE. I am currently involved with the financing and construction of a sports complex in Georgetown, DE with 8 soccer/lacrosse fields, 8 pickle ball courts, a cross country course for the schools in Sussex County, and the usual park features such as a picnic pavilion and children’s playground.

Where to Find Us
From October through May we live in Naples, FL in the Mediterra community, and in the summer months we live on Lewes Beach, DE, very close to our sons and five of our grandchildren.

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My time at college was quite difficult in some ways. I was neither academically inclined nor emotionally prepared. Accepted via a bad-high school grades/good-test-scores "risk program," I fulfilled pretty much all of the possible downsides of that enterprise. By the end of freshman year I was on seven different kinds of probation: academic, chapel, gym, fraternity, automobile, social, and disciplinary. I suppose that record tally may have been the one way I did not fit the description of underachiever.

I somehow managed to survive and stabilize somewhat in my sophomore year, and eventually to even graduate. I remember vividly that solemn pre-graduation procession between two rows of faculty members... and my advisor stage-whispering "Glad you could make it" as I passed by.

Despite my best (worst?) efforts however, there are some unique and positive things I got out of my experience at Amherst, though they generally came more from contact with fellow students than with the institution itself. Having picked up a camera at the end of freshman year, I quickly met several other students already deeply involved in photography. We built a darkroom in the basement of Pratt, and I spent many subsequent hours there immersed in that alchemical form of creativity instead of studying.

It was (as you all remember) a time of great political turmoil, and I began taking my camera to some anti-war rallies out of curiosity -- and thus began my political education and migration towards a much more active (and considerably further left) political stance. Spurred on by the College's brilliant moral decision to not shut down at the peak of student protests as most campuses did, but instead to have us all spend a semester studying nothing but the history of South-East Asia, in less than a year I'd cancelled my acceptance in the U.S. Navy's combined legal (JAG) and fighter-pilot training program, and became a full-on anti-war activist. It was thus my extracurricular activities with a creative process and political activism that became central pillars of my world at Amherst.

Beyond those realms, in my time at Amherst I was also deeply affected (aided and abetted by a different group of students) by another awakening -- through psychedelic drugs. The changes in consciousness I experienced during those excursions made me aware of a much wider horizon than the ego, and allowed me to experience connection with others I'd heretofore only dreamt of. As a result I became very interested in the human psyche and its potential, and that became (and has remained so ever since) the third pillar of a triad of core interests: the creative process, political activism, and psychology.

The cross fertilization of those three interests served me well in the thirty years after graduation, providing continuity through what otherwise would seem (including to me) like a dangerously zig-zag career path through photography, the arts, psychological and health education, private and university teaching, and organizational development work.

In 1998 my path took a final and decisive turn: at 52 I moved back to Western Mass. to focus more internally and study depth psychology and the meaning of images. After four years of study at the Boston Jung Institute, I continued at the Pacifica Graduate Institute in California, where I earned an MA.

And now, a decade after that (and at the end of this tale), I am surprised to find myself with a very full and happy life. My recent wife Naka (a smart, generous, tough Asian-American Irish fiddler who's also a Science Research Librarian at U-Mass) and I live in South Deerfield across from a 500-acre field and the Connecticut River. (I also have a 41-year-old son from my first marriage, a software engineer in San Francisco.) I have a private practice in Northampton specializing in Jungian dream analysis -- deep and spiritually rewarding work, wherein I get to combine creative and psychological skills drawn from all along my timeline. My political activism pillar is alive here too -- through a decade of work for a community organization whose focus is on combining affordable housing and land stewardship, and now on what is referred to as the “new economy” -- alternatives to extractive capitalism. And finally: I’m a member of a cooperative gallery in NoHo, and show photographs there every 18 months.

It's all more than I deserve -- and I am very grateful. So thank you Amherst, where the seeds of it all were planted, and thank-you, my fellow students.
Amherst shaped me. Fifty years ago today, the second Sunday in November, I woke up in Cooley Dickinson Hospital in Northampton with a cast on my right leg from hip to toes and a repaired lateral collateral ligament in my knee. My life had changed the day before in the second quarter of the Williams game. No longer would I dream the impossible dream of being drafted by a professional football team. No longer, either, would I fear being drafted to fight in Vietnam. No longer would I doubt the importance of what I had learned at Amherst about the lasting value of examining the human spirit, the mind, the hearts of people.

Early on at Amherst, I did doubt. Freshman year brought confusion, unanswerable questions, daunting challenges. While I worked summers in factories, construction and kitchens, my first roommate concentrated on deciding what new car to purchase and adding to his wardrobe. I wrote his obituary piece for the alumni magazine a couple of decades later.

By late fall that year, I had learned that the fuzzy puzzles of physics and calculus began to make some sense. I gradually saw the elegance of the shapes of the theories and was taught that the process of analysis and observation were more important than immediately trying to calculate a “right” answer. Lesson learned.

One gloomy November evening in 1964 as I sat down in Morrow at my Smith Corona to pound out yet another formulaic English one-pager, I just emptied my mind of what I should write and found my fingers had become linked to my real thoughts. The first sentence was a fragment – no subject and only six words, but the voice was mine for the first time ever. Learning to trust that voice was lesson number two.

On March 14, 1965, I met Cathy O’Regan on a blind date set up by Mike Driver. I drove four other pledges down to Smith in a borrowed 1952 Chevy. We were arranged by height. Cathy and I were the tallest. John Howland and Carol French were at the other end of the spectrum. We got married at the end of Junior year, John and Carol later. We’re still married, and they are too. Trust my heart became the third lesson.

Today, with two sons of whom I am enormously proud, four flourishing grandchildren and strong memories of lasting service to young people from a career in education, I realize now that the words of Emily Dickinson (“I’m nobody! Who are you?/Are you nobody, too?”) were imprinted upon me during my time in college. I’m still teaching and working with nonprofits to help the Chesapeake Bay and the environment. Most meaningful is my time with Title I students from local schools.

And I still limp.

Josh Schmidt
Arnold, Maryland

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When I went to Amherst, I thought I would return to West Hartford, CT, get married, buy a Buick and have 2.2 children. But I did not know what awaited, both on the campus and in the world that emerged around us.

I started Amherst with A.C. Cuda and Charlie Hodge as my roommates. That was surely a sign that I should not anticipate the ordinary.

But what was most extraordinary was the community of people who were in the main never ordinary. In a world and time of life where we were all measured by our potential, it seemed that anyone who didn’t reach the position of Secretary of ... would be one of our disappointments.

I tried to absorb so much from so many that I hardly knew who I was. But I was becoming, in the midst of a sequestered island full of young men in search of themselves. Our faculty helped arm us with perspectives and vocabularies that would enable us to talk endlessly about the search and even experiment along the way. Then you throw in Vietnam, drugs and a lot of sex and rock and roll, and we were off.

We would not be the same. 1968 would be imprinted in our consciousness. I wasn’t going home again. I had to make a new life for myself somewhere else and be someone whom I never suspected I was or would be. The intensity of Amherst and the late ‘60’s was overwhelming. New politics, hair, disrespect for most of everything, and more sex, drugs and rock and roll, would carry us into the ’70’s.

I went to law school in New York. It felt like a trade school, and I was shocked by an education that expected answers to the questions. But the excitement of the City, a world so far from the island of Amherst and all those people like me, made the pursuit of future heady, as I still believed that we were changing the world that had changed us.

I came back to Amherst for our tenth reunion. First time back. I was eager to reunite with all those incredible people I remembered...scholars, athletes, artists, poets, and the like. But there we were, young men who were trying to start their lives. We were engaged in becoming parents, partners, teachers, lawyers and doctors. I was struck by our normalcy. Yes, we were smart, but we were no longer to be measured by our potential. It was now our reality. And there we were making the world work in its regular rhythms.

So when it became apparent that I had no radical credential, and that many of those whom I thought might didn’t either, I got on with my life. I married a wonderful woman. (4 Tony awards as a producer and director, I brag.) I have a son whom I love and who is doing well in life. I have actually enjoyed my career (how many lawyers can say that!), and I am still fully engaged in it. I can’t imagine not doing it.

I’m still in New York and very much a New Yorker (but I still root for the Red Sox). I didn’t go back to West Hartford. Amherst and those years there indeed changed me, and I see the world through a prism that seems to have been honed there. I learned about excellence, and I have tried to be around it in much of my life. Never more than I was at Amherst.

Thank you for your inspiration.
"What was that all about"

I arrived at Amherst scared I couldn’t perform up to their standards and left four years later scared about how to deal with the Draft at the height of the Vietnam War. In between, I had a great “Amherst Experience”—namely, challenging academics, a chance to express myself on the athletic fields, and a great social life.

I managed to solve the draft crisis by going to Navy OCS and then Supply School (the equivalent of their business school) before going to sea for a couple of years. It was a useful way to serve my country, to grow up and to certainly experience something different. Harvard Business School awaited upon my discharge so I could get on with things.

Life is a sine curve, but I had an interesting career in finance, first with some banks and then with a couple of venture capital firms, the last of which I was a founder. While less glamorous on the inside than it may appear on the outside, the venture business afforded me the chance to traffic in new ideas and see the best part of our capitalist system at work.

I am fortunate to have two children who have become successful and balanced people in their own right, one married in San Francisco working for Goldman Sachs with two grandsons, and the other married in Boston working for Boston Consulting Group with a new granddaughter. Count me among the lucky ones.

I’ve been back to Amherst a few times since graduation, for the occasional football game, two alumni soccer games (once in 1970 and once in 1974, both times we were victorious over the varsity), and the occasional quick visit. As time went on, Amherst always felt smaller, so it seems I’d prefer to maintain my illusions about how Amherst used to be. Some recent occurrences there have led to me to think that the college may have lost its way and that has left me somewhat disillusioned.

Now in retirement, my wife Liz and I divide our time between Charleston, South Carolina and South Dartmouth, Massachusetts where we have a home on the water which affords us the luxury of a partially unbounded horizon. Golf, fly fishing in both the US and South America, and seeing our grandchildren as often as I can seems to take up much of my time. Maintaining my health is a priority, so that this life can go on for a while. I hope my classmates are in basic good health as well.

English 1-2 was supposed to teach us to write out of our own experience, but that created a dilemma. How difficult for 18 year old college freshmen to do when basically they had no experience! This particular exercise has been a lot easier now that I have some experience, no matter how arduously or expensively acquired. I’m grateful to Amherst for having exposed me to such a high level of excellence among my classmates and some good friendships. I hope those memories will remain.

Rob Sherman
*(Purposed to be the last words of Marlon Brando)*

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At a reunion party for our class about 25 or 30 years ago, one of our classmates whom I had known casually from school days, asked me if I had felt like an outsider when I was at Amherst. I was a little surprised by the question. Apparently, he had felt that way and had the sense back then that I felt the same way too. After he’d left Amherst, he’d gone to school somewhere else, and thought that that had worked out better for him. I’ve forgotten who it was now, but I was interested because I had followed the same path. Once I departed Amherst, I’d gone back to school again a year later, entering the Rhode Island School of Design as a transfer student majoring in Illustration.

I’ve thought about that brief conversation occasionally over the years. Now, 50 years post-Amherst, I’m still not sure what the answer is. I’ve never been much of a joiner. I lived in single rooms my first two years at Amherst, partly by choice, partly by accident. I made good friends among my floormates both freshmen and sophomore year. I was an Independent during the era of Fraternities at Amherst, and I’ve never regretted that choice though most of my close friends were in frats. Freshman year, I did a lot of drawings that I cut out and pasted on the door of 409 Morrow, my old room. They were generally things like burned out WWII tanks and other curiously morbid items, and one of my pals from those days told me later that he’d been a little concerned that I might be at risk as a suicide. I don’t think that was ever true but I did find freshmen year difficult. The coursework was challenging and I hadn’t been away from home before for an extended period of time. I never considered not coming back to Amherst for my sophomore year but I was unenthusiastic. However, that year, I began taking a few courses of my own choice including geology, my intended major. By junior year, I was taking pretty much all classes I wanted to and my scholastic average jumped about 10 points.

But much of what you learn in college isn’t just about the coursework. As it turned out, freshman year contained two seminal events in my life even though I didn’t realize it at the time. I had William E. Coles, Jr. for second semester English. He discovered that I liked science fiction and fantasy novels. So just before spring break, he loaned me his hardcover copies of *The Lord of the Rings*. And about that same time, I was in James or Stearns in Dan Goleman’s room and found a copy of *Journey into Mystery 113* lying around. It was a Marvel comic book, starring their version of the Norse god of thunder, Thor. I’d always loved stories of mythology, especially Norse mythology, even before coming to Amherst. I was delighted to encounter a comic book about Thor, and shortly after the beginning of sophomore year, I stumbled across Augie’s Tobacco shop. They carried Marvel Comics! Within a month or two, I was haunting Augie’s every drop day on Tuesday, picking up all the Marvel titles, and reading them.

And perhaps, thanks in part to the critical thinking that Amherst tried so desperately to instill in all of us, I figured out—literally in the last couple of months of senior year—that continuing on in geology and paleontology where I had been headed, was not what I wanted to do.

It took some time at RISD for me to figure out that telling stories and drawing was really my direction and my calling. And from there, it all worked out.

Going back to that original question, I don’t remember feeling particularly out of sync at Amherst. I enjoyed my time there, once I was taking the courses I wanted to take and I made good friends. And in the end, the college, through its liberal fellowship and engaged teachers, pointed me in the direction I would take for the rest of my life.

Terras irradient, folks.

**Walter, Weezie, and Loki in my Studio.**  
**Walter at home outdoors.**  
**Eisner Hall of Fame Award ’17-San Diego**

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Where to start after 50 years?
I always wanted to attend Amherst. Chuck Lewis ’64 from my high school went to Amherst and he was a role model. He was our high school’s starting quarterback, dated the prettiest cheerleader, was president of the student council, had a confident personality, and, boy was he smart! As a high school freshman, I saw in Chuck a person to emulate, and started following Amherst as a result.

I only applied to Amherst, and asked for early decision, which arrived in the fall of 1963. This was good as I wasn’t interested in attending any college other than Amherst.

The first evening at Johnson Chapel we heard a professor review our required summer reading and, if my memory does not fail here, I recall that he provided a hint of what to expect in the English 1 writing class. Questions from the attendees were then solicited and Charlie Hodge asked a very detailed question referencing very specific passages from the required three books. At that point, barely remembering even the titles of the books read, I knew my Amherst academic career would reside at the “gentleman’s C” level or worse; a moniker shared with George W. Bush’s Yale experience.

I lucked out with my roommate of four years. Eddie Lynn was my conscience. No matter the course or the schedule, Ed would always get the work required completed early. My experience was different. I would be running across the campus early in the morning to place a paper under the professor’s office door to meet a deadline after staying up all night writing. I had to stay up all night because I generally hadn’t completed the required reading until that time. Nonetheless, I would complete the assignments because of my “conscience” in the form of Eddie Lynn. Eddie had labeled me, probably correctly, as “Amherst’s Greatest Procrastinator.”

I live with my procrastination, as I concluded that it isn’t necessarily a bad habit. For example, my first English 1 paper was returned with all sorts of circles, exclamation points and sarcastic comments on the first page. The second page was crossed out entirely and on the third page was the professor’s summary of my writing skills: “absolutely terrible”. I worked hard at that course and ended up with a “C”. Second semester I spent less time on my courses and still ended up with a “C”. The message received was that hard work would result in a “C”, as would a less strenuous effort. I opted for the less strenuous effort, but fortunately had Ed to remind me that less effort still required some effort. However, procrastination allowed me to pursue my other interests.

I still procrastinate. I leave most deadline’s, now mainly in the form of speeches to industry groups, or this essay, to the last minute, and this allows me the time to pursue many of the interests that, as I age, become increasingly more important to me. The problem now is that we are all running out of time to accomplish our goals. But as a procrastinator my “have to’s” are properly positioned behind my “want to’s”.

Attending Amherst was a great experience. Lifelong friends were made, and I benefited from the excellence these friends demonstrated as they pursued their careers and personal lives over the 50 years now passed (I still think, however, that coeducation was a mistake).

Editor’s Note: From the Winter 2014 Amherst Magazine, “Voices” Diesel’s Roommate Tells All
Kudos to Mike Smith ’68 on “The Short Liners,” the Fall 2013 article that featured Mike and his business partner, George Betke ’59. I called Mike to chastise him for not referring me to the writer, Roger Williams ’56, for background information, as Mike and I roomed together at Amherst all four years. I could have provided valuable, albeit potentially embarrassing, information about Mike’s passion for railroading—how, in our freshman year, Mike would hide his model trains and railroad magazines in my bureau when his parents were visiting; how Mike’s classmates quickly gave him the nickname “Diesel”; how, right in the middle of a play during a freshman football game on Memorial Field near the train tracks, Mike heard a train whistle, turned his head toward the whistle and neglected his assignment to block for me; how Mike would invite classmates to join him in hopping a freight train to Vermont, just as in the days of the hobos; how he rarely got a second date with a girl after talking all night on the first date about trains; how he would wax eloquent about his summer job on the track gang for the D&H Railroad; and how, one night in New York City, he and I rode in the diesel engine on a Penn Central train to Albany.

Mike is the classic example of someone whose life and career have been defined by his passion—in his case, railroading. That is the reason he is smiling so broadly in the photograph that accompanied the Amherst article!
L. Edward Lynn ’68
Pawling, N.Y.

Email: catalleynh@prodigy.net
Kermit Smyth -- Amherst Notes

**Euphoria - September, 1964.** Or so it seemed: new friends; new sports teams; a unique class schedule in an intellectually challenging environment; a wonderful, new girlfriend, whom I would later marry and divorce. The first two years flew by.

Then came junior year, with a near crushing load of chemistry classes [eleven years later at our 10th reunion, Bill Thurston, baseball coach, would still shake his head in disbelief]. Senior year was worse: an honors thesis project that was heading for a total bust, and then that 1-A draft card from the Selective Service. All other mealtime conversations stopped -- “What are you going to do?”

My recollection of graduation was that I wanted to walk out -- disgusted with the college's selection of a speaker who argued in favor of our involvement in Vietnam. By June, 1968 he was either clueless or a liar. Brockie and I shook hands and smiled for the camera (Classmate of the Month #7), but he was headed to the war and I had no idea what was next.

What were my parents thinking on that summer evening when, alone, I appealed my 1-A classification at the local draft board? Weeks later I won that appeal on a technicality, since I was to be a part-time graduate student (not full time), with the balance spent on teaching undergraduate chemistry lab courses. Off to Stanford: coursework, teaching, and research in a sea of protest. “Lessons were learned and then forgotten” – Ken Burns, The Vietnam War.

I Quit - September 30, 1996. My voluntary early retirement began with the playoffs at Camden Yards watching the Orioles rally to beat the Indians on consecutive afternoons. I’ve never looked back. Earlier there was a Chemistry Ph.D. at Stanford, postdoctoral research for two years at Bell Laboratories (Murray Hill, New Jersey), and then 22 years at the former National Bureau of Standards in Maryland. I married another wonderful lady, Debbie #2, and I’m still with her.

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Every day at work was different, and on most days I learned something new -- no complaints. Attempts to make me into a manager failed. I remained at heart a lab rat to the end, but then I walked away. There were several reasons to turn the page. Most importantly, I had become an expert on the science of methane combustion. Methane may be a non-smoking, “clean” hydrocarbon fuel, but the net result is still more carbon dioxide. My research papers might help to improve combustion efficiency, but these efforts were also hastening environmental destruction. What a legacy! Time to go outdoors, where life is real and conditions are changing fast.

**Back to Maine - August, 2002.** A more deliberate way of life -- aesthetically pleasing and relaxing, without traffic cameras and sound barriers (yet). I ponder the big picture often and find it sobering. We celebrate Earth Day, we combine errands in the car, we re-cycle everything. Doesn’t matter. The rise in the concentration of atmospheric CO2 is accelerating - yes, accelerating. Game over. I showed the graph (Physics Today, November 2016, page 51) to my sister (an entomologist with a 13-year old son), and she cried. No need to mention the accelerating concentrations of a much more potent greenhouse gas, namely methane, due to permafrost thawing and those pesky well leaks.

Today I have a wonderful relationship with my two grandchildren, Taylor (age 11) and Brett (age 9) -- photos 1 and 2. Yet I fear that they will eventually come to curse the ground on which I walked. They will be asking, “Why did you do nothing about rising greenhouse gas concentrations? You knew what the problem was and how to fix it!” Perhaps one should just greedily pile up money to give your heirs more options, but this is just kicking the can down the road a bit -- just ask the elite Mycenaeans, Etruscans, Romanovs, ...

We lead our little lives, plugging in all sorts of gadgets and traveling around the country and the globe. The times are changing, of course, as our profligate hydrocarbon party comes to an end. Let the Hunger Games begin.
You don’t know about me without you have seen a story by the name of *Classmate of the Month #5*; but that ain’t no matter. That story was made by Mr. Jack Widness and Mr. Doug Pitman, and they told the truth, mainly. There were things which they stretched, but mainly they told the truth. There warn’t time enough to tell everything, and anyways, *everything’s* a considerable sight more than a body would want to know, but here’s a few more bits if you care to keep reading. It won’t cost nothing.

I set out thinking I might be a teacher, and I was one for a short while, but it didn’t hold. Then I took up leatherworking, which was agreeable but unsteady. Finally, I floated downriver to public radio, and that is where I stuck. Started at WFCR in Amherst, then on to WGBH in Boston for a considerable spell. These days, I’m settled back in Amherst and working some at WFCR again. I’ve always been uncommonly fond of music, and radio’s a specially good way to stick close by it. I like choosing music and talking about it, and folks tell me they take pretty well to what I play for ’em, mostly.

I’ve helped out some at Boston Children’s Chorus, too -- those young people make powerful fine music, and it just warms you up to hear it. What’s more, all different kinds of folks are working together, no matter where they hail from or who their people are. It’s a good gang to be part of.

Polly and I been hitched for quite a stretch now, and I reckon we’re still doing pretty well. She’s no kin to Tom’s Aunt Polly, but she is sister to Mark Peterson, so on account of that he is my brother-in-law. We met up (Polly and me, that is) at Marc Damashek’s old place in Belchertown (we still chuckle when we say that.) Marc D. is way down in Maryland now, but Mark P. still teaches yonder in South Hadley, so we get together every now and then. John Stifler ain’t but a little ways off, neither. We sure are fortunate to have old friends close by.

Come June, our daughter Joanna aims to pick up her ecology PhD out in Davis, California. It’d be first-rate if she moved closer to us once she finishes, but she sure has taken to life out West. We’ll just have to see what happens.

One thing’s for certain, we ain’t getting any younger! I know, ’cuz one body part and another has gone and disappointed me over the years, but never mind. Anyways, I reckon once this other hip is set straight I’ll be good as new -- all right, maybe that’s a stretch -- but good enough to get by, anyways.

Well, there ain’t nothing more to write about just now, and I am rotten glad of it, because if I’d a knowed what a trouble it was I wouldn’t a tackled it. But I reckon I’ll light out for the big camp-meeting in May, and maybe I’ll see you there. That would be first-rate.

THE END. YOURS TRULY, Jon "Huck" Solins

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I retired two years ago after practicing law for 36 years as a trial lawyer. After a brief foray in academia—I still have half a dissertation on Jonathan Swift kicking around somewhere—I feel extraordinarily grateful to have come to the law late, with a mature appreciation of its power and potential and to have practiced when I did. It was a most fortunate and great ride for three and a half decades. It was all I could ask for in the law—terrific cases, worthy adversaries, supportive and really bright partners, thoughtful and conscientious judges (for the most part) and the opportunity to win or lose and make good and bad law, which I did. By the end, the practice of law had become far more of a tedious business than an exciting profession. And the craft and profession that I loved had become devalued and commoditized. I knew it was time to leave the law when I lost patience with it all—opponents, clients, the court systems, and judges. In the last two years, I haven’t missed the practice whatsoever and just feel grateful to have had the career I did.

While on the subject of gratitude, I also feel extraordinarily grateful to have gone to Amherst when I did. I felt always a spirit of generosity that permeated every aspect of campus life. Faculty were generous with their time and insights, and students seemed equally generous to each other. Despite the political turmoil in 1968, I think as a class we were a confident group that did not doubt that there would be a good place in the world to reward and appreciate us if we made the effort. I reveled in the liberal arts education I received. Much has changed, and though I fight to be optimistic every day, I cannot help but be chagrined at what seems to me to be a plethora of ungenerous activities on campuses like Amherst’s.

In a world and country I now understand less and less—I spent the winter and spring of my senior year campaigning for clean Gene McCarthy and protesting the war in Washington and now think I would be a Rockefeller Republican if there were any—I find meaning and solace more and more in my familial relationships and in a host of good friends. I am in the 48th year of a marriage that I cherish. I have two daughters and three grandsons, who live close by and with whom I am fortunate to spend a great deal of time and who seem to want to spend time with me, something I do not take for granted. I am sure all of you who are grandparents have experienced the joy and pride of that role. I wore out my arm throwing pop flies to the six and eight year old this summer. I drive the eight year old weekly to hockey practice and he asks the best questions, e.g., what is the difference between a dictionary and an encyclopedia which eventually segues into a debate over the merits of electric versus gas driven cars. I am teaching the six year old, a natural and avid game player, poker, and take delight when he looks at his cards with disdain and says "Bupkis (yiddish for absolutely nothing), I fold.”

If this sounds like a whole lot of gratefulness it is meant to. We were much favored by accidents of birth and time and place. It will be good to come back to the 50th to share all that.

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After five years of private school and four more of Amherst, plus seven years of teaching in private secondary schools, I spent 32 years teaching at the University of Massachusetts. Halfway through sophomore year at Amherst, I had abandoned the idea that I would ever become a college professor, but 16 years and a lot of miles later, I stumbled into higher education through a side door and found myself at home. In 1984, UMass was in the vanguard of American universities that were developing programs for writing across the curriculum. The idea was, is, that whatever you are studying, you'll learn it better if you have to explain it in a coherent, carefully written and revised essay than if you just scribble some ideas onto the pages of an exam book with a two-hour time limit. The fact that I had never taken an economics course was no concern to the people who hired me; they wanted someone who'd done some freelance writing and who might be able to coach undergraduates in this activity. My students quickly realized that it’s one thing to explain regression analysis or microfinance to a teacher who already knows the subject better than you do; it’s another to explain it to someone who knows less about it than you. The applicability of things we learned at Amherst is pretty clear here. Incidentally, one of my UMass colleagues, who was doing research on the economics of higher education, was studying the writings of a distinguished physics professor named Arons who had left Amherst College in order to teach future teachers at the University of Washington.

One wonderful interlude in the academic trajectory occupied 13 months of 2008 and 2009 in South Asia: five months teaching bright American high school students in a semester-abroad program in India, then eight months on a Fulbright grant to teach at the University of Peradeniya in Sri Lanka and to run workshops for fiction writers and for journalists. India was a constant marvel; Sri Lanka was richer and more magical than I could have dreamed. Two of my students at Peradeniya subsequently came to Umass for graduate school. More recently, I've made several visits to Haiti, where I am part of a volunteer group that supports a rural elementary school, and I keep contact with a school in Nepal.

My own writing has included newspaper columns, reviews, magazine articles (mostly about running), fundraising letters, brochures for the school where I taught for three years in Switzerland, press releases, and questions for standardized tests, plus half a novel and one published short story. Doing more writing seems like a good way to avoid feeling retired.

My spouse, Louise, and I each have two children by previous marriages. All four are, predictably, wonderful. Louise is a curriculum director for the elementary schools in Deerfield, Whately, Sunderland and Conway, Massachusetts. We live in Florence, less than three miles from Smith. The Miss Florence Diner is still here. Deer and bear share our back yard, and a couple of coyotes have visited. We have a 600-square-foot cabin on Webb Lake, in Weld, Maine, where we hike, paddle kayaks, and watch eagles, loons and herons. This year, at 70, I was lucky enough to be able to hike the Appalachian Trail from Georgia to Maine. It turns out that the largest number of foreign hikers on the A.T. are Germans, so I got some good conversational practice in that language. I remain grateful to Murray Peppard, whose introductory German class was among my most valuable experiences at Amherst.

I am grateful to all my friends from those years. And from everywhere else.
Donald N. Stolper

My first experiences at Amherst were an awakening – I had been top of class in high school where everything came easy and now I felt as if all 300 of my classmates at Amherst were not only brighter but far more accomplished in their life experiences than I. I was humbled and insecure. Over the ensuing months, I came to realize that what Amherst was offering me was an opportunity to realize personal growth and that it was how I took advantage of the Amherst experience that was important.

My most vivid memories are related to music – Glee Club and Zumbyes. The concert performances, whether in Puerto Rico, the Midwest tour, the International ’67 tour, or the Zumbyes’ Florida adventures – I treasure those experiences to this day. I remember our final concert at the end of our Puerto Rico tour with Pablo Casals in the audience; I remember singing high mass at Notre Dame and taping the Art Linkletter show in Italy for a Thanksgiving broadcast – both occurring during that ’67 tour. I still eagerly anticipate the annual reunion of the Mastersingers, composed principally of Amherst Glee Club alumni. These reunions enable me to feel young once again!

After Amherst and my MBA journey, I spent almost 18 years on Wall Street and came to Cincinnati after my last investment banking stop ended in bankruptcy after the ’87 crash. My wife, Rita (we’ve been married 33 years), and our infant son and later our daughter, born in Cincinnati, have made our lives here since ’89. Ironically, our adult children are now both on the East Coast. Matt (Amherst ’10) is now in NYC and Amanda (Washington University ’12 – couldn’t get her to consider Amherst) is in DC and will soon be on her way to Tuck for an MBA starting this fall.

My wife and I have been fortunate to have been able to have some great travel experiences – Southeast Asia, Australia and New Zealand, India, several trips to Europe, and many trips to Israel. My son and I were able to attend World Cup in South Africa in ’10.

So here we are 50 years later. I’m still at work (portfolio management) but looking to retire soon to enjoy some travel time and to figure out what I really want to be when I grow up! Amherst gave me confidence; it gave me pride and for that I’m grateful.

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I suspect that I may differ from many of my classmates who may harbor nostalgic, if not somewhat fond, memories of the freshman year experience. Even in retrospect I cannot find much value in the mandatory math/physics courses. Truthfully I don’t think I got anything from it. Thankfully my two professors (Breusch and Townley) were very kind and understanding men. Freshman English was challenging, rigorous and ultimately useful, but it was a strange experience. I recall my essays being held up early on as examples of good writing; later they were held up as examples of very poor writing. This strange experience cured me from further English courses (which I had been intending to pursue). The remainder of my academic experience was almost entirely favorable. In high school I played three sports but played none of them at Amherst; I was either too small or not good enough. However, what I did appreciate was the opportunity at a small college to try other sports which I did with wrestling and lacrosse (you could not do that today). I did not pursue these after sophomore year (again because of lack of skill) but the opportunity was there, I appreciated it and made good friends. Of course the best part of Amherst was the relationships and friends, some of which have continued to this day. As with probably most of us, the Vietnam war was life altering in many respects. My path led to four years of active duty in the Naval intelligence/aviation field followed by twenty years of reserve service. Without commenting on the justification or lack thereof for the war, my experience with the military was generally positive and there were some very unique experiences and broadening cultural opportunities. On the other hand, a four year hiatus inevitably delayed certain things, such as marriage and career. After a brief sojourn with a large Boston law firm, I ultimately became general counsel for a Boston insurance group. After a doubtful start, my career there was extremely satisfying because I did interesting and challenging M&A work and travelled internationally quite often. Although I married at a slightly older age, I was very fortunate to find a lovely, charming French bride and we have been soulmates for the past forty years. She has been a true partner and critical to any success I have had in every endeavor of my life. She reluctantly left her native France to live in Hingham (my native town) and we have also been fortunate to have had a modest house in the Loire Valley for 28 years (which we sold two years ago to a French nephew). I retired from the active practice of law eleven years ago but occasionally serve as an arbitrator in the reinsurance field. When I retired I immediately became president of four non-profits, which proved to be overly ambitious. Gradually I weaned myself today to just one but have always stayed active in town government. Christine and I have been blessed with two fine sons, two grandsons and two granddaughters (so far).
I retired nearly two years ago at 70 from my teaching English at Friends Academy in Locust Valley, NY. Betsy and I have moved to Bellingham, WA and have been very happy with the move. We are within 2 miles of one of my daughters and her family. My daughter Naomi is a rheumatologist so I have that taken care of, though our health is very good. The three grandchildren are hyper-athletes so I find myself transporting and spectating at numerous events. Western Washington University is a mile away and we attend theater productions, concerts, and take continuing education courses.

We are both physically active. I hike weekly in the Chuckanut Mountains during the winter and once the snow clears in summer in the Northern Cascades (see picture). I have taken up kayaking and compete in team relay races. Following our literary bent, we have joined numerous reading groups. We read our own creative works to audiences at bookstores, libraries, and in other literary settings. The short pieces I write for them sometimes remind me of Composition 1 essays, though the audiences here are far more lenient. One of my light pieces was recently broadcast on the local radio here.

I get back east only occasionally. My recently married son, who works in bond trading, lives in Manhattan. We had Jack in our 40's and like me he wrestled, but surpassed me starting four years at the University of Pennsylvania. We also go to Denver where my other daughter Nora ('95) has her family and is a crisis therapist. She has become a Quaker and attends the same small Denver meeting as Governor Hickenlooper. In the year and a half I have been living in Bellingham, Washington State, I feel we have become westerners. The big open spaces and the mountains, farmlands, timber forests, salmon rivers, and coastal waters of Puget Sound suit us. One week last summer Betsy and I took a trip to Oregon and on the way saw the total eclipse in Corvallis, attended Shakespeare plays at Ashland, and hiked the recovering terrain around Mt. St Helens. Retirement has been one of the best stages in my life. Without papers to correct and classes to prepare and teach, I feel like a twelve year old kid again on the weekend able to do any number of things that I want to do. Like him I am discovering all kinds of new things about myself and this new community.

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My friend Sherman Alexie says that in his Native tongue I’d be
called a Zombie because I came back from the dead.
I’ve tried at times to write about my experience of a tiny
island called Marore, just south of the Philippines. . . . A man on the
island—an Indonesian official overseeing migration and the
copra trade across that border—told me that on the island we all
have to live together and alike: "If there is no more fresh water
from the well and we have to drink from the sea, you too will
drink from the sea. If there is no more rice and we must eat the
stone, you too will eat the stone. We have to tell stories and help
each other laugh, on this small island, or else we go crazy and
we die." When I managed to return to Japan, I was told that at
Amherst a memorial service was held for me in Johnson Chapel,
when President Plimpton returned from Japan and reported that
I was lost somewhere in New Guinea where the headless body
of a Rockefeller son was recently recovered. Our juniors who
attended my memorial service have run into me later in life, and
they thought I was dead.

No one has yet published the following fragments of my
experience.

When I managed to return to Amherst House at Doshisha
University, Kyoto, in late April 1969, after being "lost" for more
than a month, I thought I’d missed that month of teaching,
absent without leave. But I learned that the university had been
closed by a student strike all that time. Ironically because of the
strike, my pay wasn’t docked.

Upon my return, my best friend in Amherst House, Kinjo
Kosei, from Okinawa and nicknamed “Q,” told me as best as he
could that on my journey I had “seen a different sky, and so now
you can die” for having experienced life as he thought I had, on
that island. “Q” and other Amherst House “boys” I lived with told
me that they had told President Calvin Plimpton of my being
lost somewhere, when he came to visit Doshisha. He said to
them, “Oh, don’t worry. Steve is probably shacked up with some
girl on a beach right now.” But Plimpton evidently returned
to Amherst and ordered my memorial service. My supervisor
Otis Cary (Amherst ’43), the Director of Amherst House, born
the son of Christian missionaries in Hokkaido and famous for
his compassionate way of interrogating Japanese officers and
officials after their defeat, had alerted the American Embassies
throughout Southeast Asia when he determined I was missing.
The Embassies were on the lookout for me through that month.
Otis also alerted my parents in Hawaii.

One year after my experience of Marore Island, I was in the
English graduate program of Columbia University. In April 1970,
I was also brooding over the first anniversary of my experience.
The best lectures I attended at Columbia were artfully crafted
and delivered by Professor Edward Taylor, another graduate of
Amherst. It was a year-long series on the works of John Milton.
In the spring term that he devoted to Paradise Lost, Taylor one
day drew from the text an understanding that when Adam and
Eve stood in the Garden at high noon, the “dread hour,” they cast
no shadow, because they, the earth, and the sun were in perfect
alignment. The Gate of Paradise was wide open, in Milton’s
prelapsarian cosmology, until Satan impinged upon the earth at
an angle of exactly 23 1/2 degrees, the earth tilted, and the Gate
of Paradise closed shut—except twice a year, the equinoxes in the
tropics. (I can imagine how Arnold Boris Arons would grin like a
devil over this literary analysis by an Amherst man.)

One day soon after hearing this lecture I suddenly realized that
when I entered and left Marore and re-entered the rest of the
world, my experience had taken place during the vernal equinox
at precisely that point a little north of the equator. I had first
swum to the shore of Marore on the afternoon of Good Friday,
1969. When I was able to leave by boat, it was night, and the
people on the beach cheered us in farewell, shouting “Houp houp!
Marore!,” their special call that said “Hope” in my ears. I gazed
at the stars as if to fix an exact time of departure and location
for a return some day. Then a year later I connected that vernal
equinox with the opening of the Gate of Paradise, which I must
have passed through. My next thought was that I’m making a
story out of my experience. We make stories to try to make sense
out of the formless details, visible and invisible, of our lives. We
select what details to tell. So mine is “just a story,” after all, but
this is not to deny its validity and any truth within. My next
thought was a question: if the Gate of Paradise was open, which
way was my passage? Into, or away from, “Paradise”? Next:
The Gate of Paradise is the same gate as the Gate of Hell. I just
depends on which side you’re coming from. Which side was I on?
And now?

Frankly, upon asking those questions, I knew I would live my
life without answering. I’ve lived in such ambiguities. I’ve been
fortunate.

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I will now confess my unrequited love for AD and apologize for having criticized a few macho brothers in my interview. Let me sum up my life with borrowed words—he could’a been a contenda-and move on to a reflection on the sixties and my escape from their downsides.

Weren’t most of us shaped as much or more by the late sixties than by our Amherst education?

My Amherst friendships were precious and wonderful. At first my friends were head over heels moved by their Amherst education, but by 1968 the times overtook most of us. Would be history profs wanted to write poetry, would be economists took up jazz. I wrote probably the best piece I ever wrote the middle of my senior year, a critique of the book Black Power as imprisoning blacks within the race question, but by the end of the year I decided that blacks might be in a revolutionary situation. I split in half: one half Hadley Arkes education via the most learned and profound (and underrated) thinker of our age, Leo Strauss, the other half tasting an endless supply of fads, a few drugs, convincing myself I was antirwar when my draft board called, the ultimate encounter group and the ultimate of sexual ecstasy, over a decade of therapist hopping, inhibited sexual experimentation, being an artist, and transcendental mediation.

I lived in Manhattan and sat in on classes at Columbia, City College and the New School, chancing upon a classist student of Strauss who seemed on intimate terms with Plato and the greek poets. By that time I, who was one of the original five founders of SDS at Amherst in 1965, had seen the rah rah country club club guys I knew from high school grow beards and talk about “the pigs” and concluded that radical politics cum free wheeling lifestyle was the new conformity.

At the age of 28 I was back on the Arkes track in graduate school. My life time experience of Strauss has been of the most beautiful intelligence, a contemporary thinker who by mastering great philosophers was able to write what I wished in my dreams I would be able to think. Political philosophers take responsibility for the over all development of civilization. Its the grandest academic discipline in town, although the academy has no idea of that.

My graduate school teachers differed from Amherst teachers in that they moved slowly through close readings, often spending a semester on one great work, generally of the highest literary quality, of political philosophy, the queen of the sciences.

A number of my fellow grad students were on the level of the few very top Amherst students. I was a teaching assistant for Allan Bloom, who later wrote the best selling Closing of the American Mind, whose gripping, down to earth critique of the universities and of the sixties’ heritage launched the culture wars. The sixties took all of us—and our parents and teachers—by stunning surprise, but Strauss recognized the patterns laid out in Plato’s Republic’s analysis of the coming into being of democracy from oligarchy, pointing, if not countered, to tyranny. By stepping outside of purely democratic concepts-like freedom, equality, openness, inclusiveness, not being judgmental, toleration, being nice – to some countervailing standard of virtue one gains critical perspective on the self-perpetuating process of our ongoing democratic revolution.

I imagine my Straussian education as our freshmen year times 5, pulling together the nuggets of learnedness and the seasoned experience of those who lived their lives with books into a larger vision. The distance between how I think (and have taught at the college level during most of my life) and academia since then continues to grow, as academia has no means of putting the brakes on the direction it took in the sexy sixties. The Amherst education that stamped our freshman year, as far as I can tell, is a foreign country compared to the up to date Amherst education of today, and I wonder how my classmates have managed to navigate the terrain between our freshman year and the academy of today. We are each forced to figure out for ourselves the merits and shortcomings of two worlds that, as I see, stand apart and opposed. Certainly this is more than our Amherst education at its best prepared us for.

I am now working on a book in which I introduce left liberals who look up to Hannah Arendt to the work of Strauss. I first make the case that she is a natural corrective and enlargement for the ideology of today’s intellectuals and then, having lead my audience that far, present the glories of taking that next step, giving my much pilloried master a fair hearing. That’s what I want to do before I die—and I am aware of the odds.
As I look back on the fifty years now since we graduated, two thoughts come to mind:

First, I've had an incredibly fortunate life, in ways that I couldn't have foreseen on Commencement Day, 1968. I've been blessed with a great family. Karen, my wife of nearly forty-four years, and I have three fine children: Michael (now 41), Alice (39) and Mary (33). We have two sons-in-law: Michael Hunt (Alice’s husband) and Brent Wheeldon (Mary’s husband); and Alice is mother to our two grandsons, James (almost 4) and Andrew (1).

When we graduated, I hoped to eventually have my own family, but I never realized how much fun we’d all have together. We’ve nearly always been together for birthdays, holidays and other special occasions. We took some great trips together, including National Park visits, such as the Olympic Peninsula, Mt. Ranier, Yosemite, Bryce, Zion, the Grand Canyon, the Grand Tetons, Yellowstone, Denali and Acadia.

I’ve been fortunate to have an interesting and satisfying career. At Amherst, becoming a college professor never crossed my mind, but I’ve been one now for 44 years. I’ve had the good fortune to be associated, either as a student or faculty member, with some great schools, including Amherst, MIT, Northwestern, Harvard Business School, Boston University, and, for the past 29 years, Boston College. The job has never grown dull, because it keeps changing. In addition to teaching classes in finance and economics, I’ve had the opportunity to be a journal editor, department chair, dean and Boston College’s Faculty Athletics Representative. I’ve come to know several thousand students from around the country and the world. One of the best things about the students is that they are the same age every year, so being in their presence makes me feel as though I haven’t gotten as old as I really have.

Have there been setbacks? Of course there have. I’ve had both ankles fused and both hips replaced. I’m slowly becoming all metal. On top of the physical deterioration, the house we had lived in for 35 years was destroyed by fire last January. But tough as these and other setbacks have been at the time, they can’t obscure the fact that my life since Amherst has been extremely fortunate.

The second thought that comes to me, looking back over 50 years, is of the many Amherst connections that keep coming up, often in surprising ways. I was the first person in my immediate family to graduate from Amherst (or any college), but I am now part of a thoroughly Amherst family. Karen’s father was an Amherst graduate (’41), and her brother, Joe Kelly, whom I knew well when I was there, graduated in 1967. Two of Joe’s children are Amherst graduates, as are two of our own children, Alice (’00) and Mary (’06). Who knows if our grandsons will keep the tradition alive?

Amherst connections at work have been numerous. While I was at Northwestern, Brian Spear (’69 or ’70) also joined the faculty in the Biology Department. Joe Quinn (’69) and I overlapped at Amherst, again in the Economics Ph.D. program at MIT, and we’ve now been BC colleagues for the past 29 years. Phil Strahan, my colleague in Finance, is an Amherst grad, as was his father, and his son is now a student there. Our Provost, David Quigley, was in the Class of ’88, as was Mary Troxell of our Philosophy Department, and David’s son is also an Amherst grad. Over the years, a number of Amherst alums have gone through our MBA program, including daughter Alice, who even took a finance class with the old man.

And, of course, the education I received at Amherst has never left me. I still use my math and economics nearly every day, and while I didn’t take many English classes, I’ve been finding more time in recent years to re-read some of the books that I did read in those classes as well as many others from classes that I never found time to take. Recently, I read Portrait of a Novel, about Henry James’ The Portrait of a Lady. I discovered that the author, Michael Gorra, is an Amherst grad, and we had an email exchange, trading appreciations of Professor John Cameron’s classes.

Thank you, Amherst. You shaped me in ways that I never understood at the time, and you’ve stayed with me for 50 years.
Editor's Note:

Mike's passages at Amherst and post-Amherst are depicted in the Classmate of the Month video series, archived on the Class of '68 Homepage housed on the College alumni website.

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Why Al Gore Lost the Presidency

Daniel Teague

On January 20, 1998, he became Al Gore’s one and only Senate page. Dan had loved the job, earned Honor Roll grades in page school and was elected vice-president of his class. Unlike other pages, who received glowing letters from their senators, Dan never received a note from his patron, who was gearing up to conduct a presidential run in Dan’s home state of New Hampshire. Puzzled, I wrote a fatherly note to the VP explaining how well Dan was doing and inviting the Goes to stay with us in Concord when they were campaigning here. No response. As spring progressed, I realized that Dan might not even be offered the standard photo with the VP. I sent Dan into Gore’s Capitol office several times. No response. As spring progressed, presidential run in Dan’s home state of New Hampshire. By next month...By next month...By December.” By January there was less than a month until the 2000 New Hampshire Primary. I knew from experience that once the primary happened, boxes of paper would be sent on to the next state. I panicked and had a frank discussion with my friend. He was now uncertain who on the campaign staff had the photo. I said, “To hell with the signature, find Dan’s photo.” February arrived. My friend was not returning calls and avoided me when we were in court. After the primary, cardboard boxes were loaded on trucks, some to South Carolina, some to the Concord landfill. About this time I was assisting the New Hampshire Insurance Department, I told Roosevelt my tale of Dan’s photo. Roosevelt, active in Democratic politics, volunteered to call the White House to see if another print could be made. He called, to no avail. During this same lunch, I recited for Attorney Roosevelt a poem I had composed, summarizing what had happened.

The day after the November 2000 election, I found the following voicemail on my office phone: Why Al Gore Will Not Be the Next President of the United States

For want of a photo, Dan Teague was lost; For want of Dan, the Teague family was lost; For want of the Teagues, Concord, NH, was lost; For want of Concord, New Hampshire was lost; For want of New Hampshire, the Electoral College was lost; For want of the Electoral College, the election was lost; All for the want of Dan Teague’s photo.

Dan’s friend James Roosevelt.

Daniel (Amherst ’03) has not been told this story, until now. Sorry, Dan, Love, Dad.

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Fall 2016- I was asked to lead a graduate seminar in education policy at Mount Holyoke, followed by an interesting discussion of the same issue with seven of my classmates of 1968 on the campus. Somehow these trips, more than any individual accomplishments that I’ve managed, were the validating factors for me. Coming back to serious places where I spent four years playing all night poker, singing in the Zumbyes and Glee Club and enjoying the camaraderie of my friends at Morrow, Valentine, Deke and the Social Dorms, not to mention my stint working as a waiter at Howard Johnsons to support my habits. I felt I have come full circle from an enjoyable but not quite serious life in campus.

In retrospect, I did learn to how to be creative, recognizing efficient ways of coping in my future endeavors by observing teachers whom I thought were absolutely brilliant from Henry Steele Commager to Archibald MacLeish to Earl Lathem to Hadley Arkes and John Ward- not to mention my almost equally brilliant classmates. Touched by their greatness, I took a path at Amherst marked by the clear inability, in my mind, of ever coming to the level of these men. Retreat into my less-serious activities was my escape.

But getting through Amherst itself and graduating were a pivotal part of my life. By doing so I realized that I could compete in my ventures and with just a bit more work could actually excel. If I could make it through one of the finest colleges in the world, I thought that with more effort I could accomplish anything, even while pursuing activities that made me happiest, such as music and spending time with friends.

So I did put more effort in as I moved through law school into the world of work, encompassing education, politics, public policy, business and leadership skills, which has made my life full and meaningful.

I have been blessed with great fortune in being able to flow from one career to another, without a great deal of choice on my part, using skills from one to move to the next, learning from each venture that fit into the succeeding one. Using the springboard of personality skills and my brains to “get through” Amherst, I realized with more effort I could do those things that I had thought out of my league.

So I set a path for myself, helped by the spring boarding of one activity to another and by great luck, to make a difference in people’s lives.

Working in areas of interest to me in education and politics with mentors in law school, I landed a job as counsel and legislative liaison to the Michigan Department of Education. I parlayed that into being elected to the Michigan Board of Education at 28. This in turn led to getting the top job in the Michigan Legislature and running myself for Congress, losing but immediately being picked up by soon to be Senator Carl Levin to help run his first campaign. This experience led me to open a law practice, lobbying for Michigan endeavors mostly in education, fortunate to find people who propelled me into a lucrative career. However, in probably the first conscious decision to not continue an unfettered flow from career to career, I found lobbying not fulfilling in more than just earnings: I left D.C. for home on Long Island to learn how to run a large family real estate development business and eventually run it.

This was a turning point. I could now use my position in the community to initiate, organize and lead several organizations that have continued to flourish over the years to this day. I was able to use my skills and interests, devoting my resources and energies to several areas; these include organizing business groups to greater effectiveness and influence, furthering my passions for music into important pathways for many others to patronize and enjoy, becoming a leader in land use planning, furthering my faith while sustaining and leading religious organizations and all the while continuing my desire to help others on the path to being an elevated productive member of society.

These have been tremendously fulfilling in my life and continue to this day. Learning at Amherst that while I could “get through” in life, with perseverance I could actually become a force for good. All the while, I have been blessed with family that has given me sustenance and joy. Having children later in life, I was able to have the patience and wisdom to enjoy and encourage their lives, and they matter greatly to me.

So learning from Amherst who I was and what I could achieve, I have been blessed with a life that fulfills everyday. I couldn’t ask for more.
Greetings to all:

I have just cleared out the gardens and have been drying and storing herbs for future use in my kitchen and those of friends who appreciate receiving them. A little different from the way I used to spend my time.

A few basics. By the time you read this, Liz and I will have been married for over 47 years. I feel very lucky as our journey has been (and continues to be) one with many great joys. We live in Oyster Bay, NY, on Long Island and have done so for over 40 years (with earlier stints in New York City and Tokyo). We are the proud parents of a very impressive daughter who has a significant job at Time Warner, is an active mother of four-year-old, fraternal twin boys (meaning they are recognizable as brothers, but otherwise two very different people – one likes trucks and the other likes animals) and is married to a great son-in-law who shares and cares with her. Somehow, they are living the modern dream of work, play and no sleep.

Like most folks of our vintage, Liz and I lead different lives from those we led one/many/several decade(s) ago. As busy as we are, we wonder how people have time to go to work. It is a question of priorities and, obviously, ours have changed.

An ongoing theme in our lives is our involvement in not-for-profit activities. In my case, they occupy a greater percentage of my time now than they did in the past. However, Liz has always been very involved and energetic in her pursuits. She focuses on Save The Children most these days, but has led a local house museum and a family counseling organization among other things. I remain affiliated with our community foundation, a preservation society and a genealogical society (The Townsend Society of America no less!).

After my “real world” career in the financial services sector, I was an active though never more than a moderately unsuccessful actor – on camera, film, TV and voice acting. One thing actors often do is practice and to continue to take classes. In my case, I created a “two-fer” by volunteering at various reading services over the years. From the perspective of time committed, I am currently most engaged as a volunteer reader for a service for the blind and visually impaired named Gatewave (gatewave.org). I record in my home studio and the final product (produced by going through a few iterations carried out by other volunteers) airs each week. Although I read for several shows, my principal “job” is The New York Times Magazine each week.

Liz ceded the cooking to me many years ago and that is a classic “work expands to the time available” endeavor. I am not much of a planner in the dinner department, so I find myself spending inordinate amounts of time shopping and preparing (This also led to the gardening).

I still play golf, but have discovered that it is easier to read, cook and garden well than it is to play golf to the standards I once claimed I did.

I entered this English 1 exercise in hopes that the words would flow and that there would be some heft to their meaning. What I can say is that I have always valued my time at Amherst (and all that entails on academic, social and other fronts) and the friends who influenced me greatly during our four years, and directly or indirectly thereafter.

We have all seen a lot and done a lot and have a store of experiences. They are both uniquely ours and a communal reservoir that gives meaning to all of our lives. And, there will be more to come!

All the best!
Dave Townsend
Dearest of classmates,

Mine is a voice from your deeper past. My stay was but one year (Pratt N). Dean Reed advised a transfer from biology and med to fine arts. Alas, I finished at U of W in Seattle, meeting my partner of 46 years, Jan, while in grad school (Uniquely reencountering Arnold Arons!).

We live in our original small house minutes north of Seattle with birds, very occasional deer, and a warm guest cottage attached to my woodturning shop.

My route through a teaching career primarily included Lakeside School, Alma Mater with Dave Weinstein ’68, whom I embraced at our 50th. Jan and I headed a small boarding school for Dyslexic boys just north of Amherst up river (Weinstein and I had rowed) and Rte 63 in Northfield when our two boys were young.

I ended my teaching after a decade with Jan at our local Community College at both college and high school completion levels. English, my beloved biology, and environmental science were my focuses. Son Erik graduated in Env. Sci., knowing circles around me.

Our Josef and KC have settled in Fayetteville, AR, of all lovely places, he owning a green insulation company, she a “chickenshit” lawyer, frequently involved in pollution issues. Their sons Jimi, 7, and Louis, 15 mos., are our beacons for travel. Jimi, in strong remission from horrible leukemia, has learned both the dolphin and the Karate kick.

As life has mellowed, we have traded in sailing the San Juan Islands for small trailer camping around the country. We both ski, though in a tamer fashion. I have moved from a devotion to Japanese fencing, Kendo, to Tai Chi. My one brief trip to Japan saw my bamboo sword a better ambassador than my one year study of Japanese language. My efforts in French at Amherst were futile. Vessels of wood from a home built lathe have been my “fine arts” outlet; thank you Dean Reed.

So, my one year at Amherst looms “Mammoth” in weight compared to it’s proportion of my education. Dr. Ron Bashian’s story moved me to write, though I remember most of you as well, and have followed you all with each issue.

Terras Irradient,
Jim Tucker, ’68

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Kenneth Wachtell

Fifty years since graduation – or a few less for me, since I dropped out senior year and finished four years later – but a roller coaster ride nonetheless. Life in NYC, then Jersey – struggling to make ends meet – a litany of jobs from bartender/waiter/chauffeur to word processor to credit manager – to my present accounting job – and some stability for the last 18 years – yes, still working full time – no real plans to retire – when it happens, it happens – but a full life – country/ballroom dancing for 30 years – west coast swing, my favorite – and some tango [not very good], full seasons of opera and concerts and old movies in the theater [threw out my TV 47 years ago – no regrets]. Still skiing, mostly Northeast, casual cycling, and a fair amount of golf – I’ve actually improved! I’m now average – with annual trips to Palm Springs and golf in the desert – no family of my own, unfortunately, but a wonderful group of friends from all walks of life...
...truly blessed.
Coming to Amherst from Phoenix for our freshman year was an intimidating proposition. Having never seen the campus, lived on the East Coast or been away from my family, I felt like I was in uncharted territory. So many experiences were novel yet edifying and enriching. By the end of sophomore year the intellectual challenges seemed less formidable and my appreciation of the educational and emotional growth I was experiencing deepened. It is the assistance in building this personal foundation that binds me to Amherst and my classmates.

After graduating Amherst, I returned to my Western roots, attending the University of Southern California School of Medicine. Our practical medical training took place at Los Angeles County-USC Medical Center. It was a setting that required dedication by a great number of young health professionals to administer care to a population that was underserved but grateful. If Amherst was intellectually a challenge, Medical School was an immersion in terminology, methodology and professional commitment. It was a career choice I had dreamed of for many years and was a career path I never regretted. The time spent here also introduced me to my wife of 45 years – Alana, who was completing her PhD in microbiology.

My medical practice for 36 years was in Long Beach, California. The medical group was primary care and medical subspecialty in nature, and I was fortunate to be associated with physicians, nursing and clerical staff as well as patients that made long days of work rewarding and fulfilling. I was a rheumatologist, a discipline that evolved from the administration of gold and corticosteroids with limited success and frequent side effects to a variety of targeted biologic interventions that proved gratifying results for both patient and physician. Throughout the 36 years and into retirement, I maintained a volunteer teaching position at the USC School of Medicine.

In addition to my medical practice and Alana’s demanding teaching career, we raised four children who to date have five children of their own. We feel fortunate our children are committed to each other and are generous with their inclusion of us into their lives and activities. Shana ’98, shares Reunion years with our class. She is a lawyer who worked at the DOJ in the Antitrust Division until she, her husband along with their three children (8,5 and 2) moved to Bloomington, Indiana where they now teach at the University of Indiana Law School and International Studies department respectively. Kelly was a buyer at Saks Fifth Avenue in NYC from which she thankfully returned to the LA area to marry her high school sweetheart. She and her husband have a 5 year-old daughter. Kelly now volunteers with special interests in childhood development, environmental issues and animal rights. Brandon is a CPA who also lives in the Los Angeles area, and keeps busy with a 2 year-old daughter. Patrick is a LA-area high school economics, history and MUN teacher; who enjoys taking trips to faraway places. He will be married this summer in our backyard.

Retirement has allowed Alana and me to spend more time with each other, as well as allow us to share experiences with our family. We have had the opportunity to travel in retirement, especially enjoying the process of planning and self-driving internationally. Exploring back roads, encountering travelers on similar itineraries with an exchange of ideas and being flexible as far as destinations and routes have been qualities that have made these trips memorable. We have traveled to Ireland, Germany, Italy, Southern France and England/Scotland. Recent noteworthy travel experiences with the family included trips to Borrego Springs, California for a once in a decade desert wildflower super bloom, as well as a trip to Clarksville, Tennessee for solar eclipse totality. We otherwise enjoy gardening, a local film society that secures independent and foreign films, political discussions and events and USC football and basketball games. Alana and I are looking forward to an enjoyable 50th Reunion and are grateful for the chance to experience such a milestone.

Jim & Alana Wallace

With our 5 wonderful grandchildren!

3 Generations of Wallace’s

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Robert Warrington

Fifty years out, my memories of Amherst are amazingly vivid and warm. In a great bit of good fortune, my freshman roommate was David Davenport. We hit it off right away, roomed together all four years and are fast friends to this day. Right away we met a wonderful group of characters on Stearns 2nd floor (Giese, Bonner, Denig, Collins...), and I remember we all were surprised on our first day when the RA’s came around to take orders for booze. What a place. I survived the red tide washing back on my English papers, but Arnie Arons’ own intro physics textbook introduced me to a new level of pain.

The DKE house was home and family for the next three years. Dixieland jazz on the lawn, Hoxie’s pig roast, long discussions in the bar, building luge runs on our hill, cards in the library, too many memories to count. Happily, DKEs Dick Salem and Jim Lynch have stayed close friends ever since.

I am forever grateful for the wonderful professors, especially remembering Professors Pritchard, Marx, Collery, Radley (loved his Russian Lit course) and Hexter (his genetics course was the best).

After being drafted into the Army, earning an MBA and moving through a business career, I am happily retired with my wife Ann, and living in beautiful Burlington, VT. Our greatest joys are our two sons and their families, one of which lives five miles away.

While I always will think in terms of the “Lord Jeffs” and wish the DKE house looked the way it did in ’68, I know the big changes at Amherst have made it a much stronger institution. Amherst has shown true national leadership in it efforts to attract and enroll students from a wide range of ethnic and socioeconomic backgrounds.

Where else can Amherst provide leadership? Given the existential issue confronting the world today – global warming – Amherst should have all students engage with the subject. Excessive heating or cooling has led to the five mass extinctions to-date, and we appear to have a ringside seat at the beginning of the sixth. At best, the future holds intolerant living conditions, massive population dislocations and tremendous suffering throughout the world. Hopefully, Amherst will define the subject as a critical part of one’s education.

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At Amherst I began to have a recurring dream that continued into my twenties and maybe later. I am down by the old physics building, the one in which Arnie Arons gave his lectures and demonstrations. Or maybe it is an imaginary building somewhere below the physics building—in a dell, at the bottom of a hill. The building is on fire, a roaring blaze, and I am watching it burn. I have no idea what the dream meant and now, unable to recall my affect during this dream, I can’t even make an intelligent guess. But I know it meant something: It felt fraught and I kept returning to it, like a tangible place, again and again. In fact I have returned to Amherst more often in my dream life than in my waking one. In my waking life I returned once to visit Prof DeMott, once for our 25th, and once on a college tour with my son David (who wound up going to William and Mary). With the Reunion I will make another return, maybe the last one.

I was an awful grind in college. I studied all the time. I remember curling up like a pretzel in a chair in the library — my chronic lower back problems probably date from that twisted posture. I remember reading about the Tonkin Gulf incident (or non-incident) in a bare, desolate room in Chapin, aware that real life was going on elsewhere while I devoted myself to something more important — self-improvement? The life of the mind? Getting into medical school? I wish I had played intramural football. I was slow but I would have liked to play wide receiver. I had good hands. My kids have turned out more well-rounded than I. Valerie, my oldest, was president of her sorority at Syracuse. David rowed crew, volunteered in a soup kitchen, was on academic committees. Katie, the youngest, at Penn, dances in a South Asian company (the only white girl), teaches dance to inner city kids, and is in a service fraternity in public health, her major. They knew better than I that college has more to offer than academic inquiry. My insane study habits continued in medical school. I did well on my board exams (a “stupendous” score, my dean informed me), but a monkey who studied as hard as I did could have done as well. And to what purpose? A more prestigious residency? Hardly seems worth it but I’m not sure that was the point. I actually enjoyed all that study, a magpie gathering up of nuggets of knowledge.

So what exactly was it that I learned at Amherst? I have been very proud of my college education. I remember thinking about it the spring of senior year. I hadn’t learned a body of information (that was for medical school) but a way of thinking. A mixture of attachment (e.g. intellectual curiosity, e.g. the obligation to serve) and detachment (e.g. seeing through pretensions and self-interest). A capacity for irony and for critical thinking. I may be under the sway of Amherst propaganda, the “whole man” and all that. Amherst had a way of telling you how special it was and how special you were and I pretty much bought into it, I didn’t see through that. I remember the sheer humaneness of Professor Pritchard’s modern poetry course, hearing the inflections of voice and emotion of very human speakers. Later I took a year off to study English lit at Yale. I took a course with Harold Bloom, and when I mentioned Pritchard he said something dismissive, to the effect that that way of reading poetry would be swept away. I thought at the time, and still do, No. No, that way of reading would last my whole life. I thank Pritchard and Amherst for it.

None of my kids has chosen medicine, which disappoints me a little, but they are all (or intend to be) in helping professions. A teacher, a public interest lawyer, a public health worker in the third world. I like to think that my being a doctor and my wife a nurse has something to do with that, and behind that stands Amherst, in ways too deep to say.
Burkhard Wehner

What comes to my mind 50 years after Amherst? First, that I had a great opportunity there to look into so many fields of interest – from philosophy and economics to American, French, Spanish and Italian literature and, at Smith, to architecture – in my three college years (I started as a sophomore) as I could never have done so easily at a German university. Having looked into all these fields, after Amherst I felt that I needed to know much more about two of them, economics and political theory. These I studied in more depth much later at the University of Hamburg. Between and besides my years in business and teaching, they are what I have done, and still do, most of my writing about. This includes numerous scientific monographs and essays, but some fiction as well (three novels on politics and political theory).

Speaking of political theory, here is a comment about the worldwide Donald Trump syndrome:

“If someone like Donald Trump can become president, there is something wrong with the political order.”

These words appeared in the Global Times, a daily paper in China under the patronage of the Communist Party. It may be the most applicable comment that has been made or could be made on Trump’s election, and it may be wiser than any comment made in the western media.

What do we learn from it? There is a lot wrong with China’s political order, but Trump’s election shows that a political order like that of the U.S. is fundamentally deficient as well. The difference in quality is smaller than most people have previously assumed.

I accidentally overheard this dialogue on the subject:

- In which other democracies could something like Donald Trump’s election happen?
- Theoretically in any, factually in most.
- Will it happen again?
- Sure.
- What could be done to prevent it?
- What the Global Times suggested.
- A revision of the political order?
- A fundamental one.
- A new constitution?
- What else?
- Which existing constitution could serve as a model?
- None.
- What we need, then, is a profound system change?
- Yes. A system change comparable to the transition from monarchy to modern democracy.
- When could this happen?
- The sooner, the better.
- Before the end of the century?
- No. Not unless a movement to this end starts to grow very soon.
- How many new Trumps will we and our descendants see until then?
- Too many, in too many countries. Western democracies will have their new Trumps, others their new Erdogans, Maduros, Putins, Dutertes etc. And these can do ever more harm, not only to their own nations.
- All this, because there is something wrong with the political order of existing democracies?
- Yes.
- Who might be the first to work towards a system change for the better?
- Smart committed young people and, we may hope, many elders, up to those who are fifty or more years out of college......

PS: A more personal note:

Having lived most or nearly all of my life in Hamburg, eight years ago I moved to a rural area thirty miles outside of Hamburg, where my wife (she is from Finland and a former teacher) and I now live in an old farm house, together with two ponies. Luckily, the house is large enough so that on weekends we mostly have one of our two children and/or (up to now) two grandchildren with us, all of whom live in Hamburg.
David Max Weinstein

It’s trite to say that Amherst changed my life, because it did so for everyone in our class. Maybe I could have forecast my life journey while at Amherst had I had sufficient self-realization, but ( alas) I did not.

If I were an author, I would entitle my Amherst-created journey as “East Towards Home.” I grew up in oh-so-Scandinavian Seattle (years before there was Amazon, Microsoft, Starbucks, etc.). And, before going to Amherst, I had never been east of Montana. I traveled to Amherst via the Canadian Pacific Railroad and via bus. In my freshman year I remember listening to Arnold Collery, one of my professors in Introductory Economics. To me he was Seinfeld 30 years before there was Seinfeld. He was ironic, sarcastic, witty, edgy; no one in Seattle whom I knew was like that. And I wanted to be like him. I suppose that, had I realized it then, Arnold Collery was the person who was first responsible for sending me “east towards home.” I have spent almost all of my adult life in the northeast, in Boston and in New York.

Amherst certainly stressed critical thinking, but I can’t give sole credit to Amherst for having given me the “curse” of critical thinking. My Seattle high school, my post-Amherst economics graduate school, and my law school education were as influential as Amherst. But, Amherst did teach me principles that have stayed with me and guided me for my entire life. I suppose that I could describe it as unwillingness to change, but I also could call it great education. For example, the Amherst economics department of my youth would be aghast at the current attacks (from the right and the left) against free trade. And, to take another example, Henry Steele Commager in his almost poetic description of free speech, as well as the First Amendment opinions of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Louis Brandeis, would be turning over in his grave about the current attacks against free speech, both from the right (labelling the truth as fake news) and from the left (not wanting to listen to conservative opinions or conservative speakers on campus).

My post-Amherst personal journey has been more successful than my post-Amherst professional journey. In terms of my professional journey, when I left Amherst, I thought that I would achieve truly great things. But . . . my law school class included a future president, a future secretary of state, a future national security advisor, a few future Wall Street gazillionaires, the leading Miami lawyer to the South Florida mob and drug cartels, etc., etc. And I was just average. I was an economic and management consultant for a couple of Cambridge-based consulting firms and was a partner and an office director. But by my early fifties I was (to quote Jim Bouton) in “the twilight of a mediocre career.” I never achieved the professional success that I thought I would have when I graduated from Amherst. I was better at solving a problem and “getting to yes” than I was in persuading other people to “get to yes.” Luckily I had sufficient resources in my fifties to start investing in a serious way. And, for the last nearly-twenty years I have had the good fortune to establish many new professional and personal relationships in the investment area. I suppose that I would call the last twenty years my second and more successful career.

My personal journey has been more fulfilling. I met my wife and life partner in New Haven and have been married for 45 years. We have traveled the world from early on in our marriage, going to places that many of our friends have either never been to or have only been to in later life. I suppose that I was a “globalist” before globalism became a popular word. We have collected art and craft from the beginning of our marriage, most recently focusing on modern photography. And we bought an apartment in Manhattan nearly 10 years ago. To quote a quote that I learned at Amherst, Dr. Samuel Johnson (in 1777) said: “[w]hen a man is tired of London, he is tired of life.” I feel that way about New York.

Also, I have learned belatedly in the latter years of my personal journey the importance of personal friendships and personal connections. How I wish that I had appreciated this much earlier in life!

As to the present, I am fortunate to be here, in good health and hopefully with a decent mind. But my wife has had a life-altering scare with cancer. As to the future, I increasingly wonder about what will be my version of the WW II saying, “Kilroy was here.” I do think about what I will leave behind. We have established funds that represent what has motivated us and enriched our lives: post-college world travel fellowships, funds for the purchase of art and photography (as well as donating our art collection), and educational scholarships. And, I still am looking for a home for a lecture or debate series on free speech.

Finally, I remember the end of my freshman year at Amherst, studying in the Mead Library (a quiet place) in late May 1965. And I looked out and saw a procession of old geezers walking slowly and stiffly along the pathway below Mead. They were the surviving members of the class of 1915. Now I am one of them. . . . I am just happy to be here.

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Roberta and David
"Call me Ishmael."

In this start of my essay, I strive to catch your, my classmates’, attention. This first sentence of Moby Dick is regarded as one of the most famous opening lines in all of literature. I only wished I had used it as a lead in to one of my Mammoth College English I-II essays. If I had, maybe I would have been rewarded with more than my gentleman’s C. As you may guess, I wasn’t much of a writer back then (but I eventually did improve enough to publish over 200 medical papers). In addition to my poor writing skills, I didn’t understand what the assignments asked of us. I figured I was just plain stupid and would need to learn to live with that. This was one of my life lessons from my four years at Mammoth College, i.e., there are a lot of much smarter people out there in the world. Because I also had heard that 80% of life was just showing up (thus giving me something to believe in), I have followed this admonition as well. This worked well for me in medicine and science, and even in retirement so far.

Although it did not come up in English I-II, in my biology classes I found that “you don’t have to be brilliant. You just have to be curious.” I even would go so far to say that curiosity has become my mainstay in life. While curiosity leads to the challenge of trying to figure things out, it also leads to all manner of fun, fulfillment, and rewards. One big reward was that of applying it in earning a living—without significant financial worries. I cannot imagine a better way to have gone through my professional and personal life.

In truth, I have observed that there are additional critically important facets in pursuing a life well lived. Perhaps the greatest of these has been identifying and nurturing meaningful interactions with family and friends. I have found that only with this can there be true joy in Mudville—with no life-shattering strike outs. In this arena, I have had great luck and been handsomely rewarded in my family and friends. With each new day, I come to appreciate how fortunate I am in this regard with the time I have left.

In my recent role as “Classmate of the Month” video project interviewer, the theme of the importance of family and friends was voiced time and time again by those I had the privilege—and joy—of interviewing. The honor of leading our class video project that Doug “Foggy” Pitman and I had entrusted to us by our 50th Reunion Planning Committee was a win-win-win situation for everyone: 1) Doug, Gordon, and I were able to hear and learn incredible non-linear, “you can’t make these up” stories from classmates who lived fascinating lives; 2) interviewed classmates were able to reflect on and place their lives into perspective; and 3) classmates who watched the Foggy Production videos were stimulated to think about the meaning and significance of their own lives and the role that Amherst played.

June 30, I retired from University of Iowa’s College of Medicine, amid much hoopla in Iowa where my wife, Mike (Michaelanne) and I raised our family for close to 30 years. Throughout my career I worked as a pediatrician and newborn medicine subspecialist. In doing so, I was fortunate to have had more win-win relationships with many professional colleagues, friends, and mentees. If interested, you can google “Jack Widness—The importance of connections” in the journal Pediatric Research where you can find another link to a Festschrift about me.

Mike and I moved to Vermont 3 years ago while I cut back on work and began getting adapted to retirement. I found that Mike Donnelly’s comment about Amherst and retirement during his video was prophetic for me: “I have no fear whether I will be bored in retirement: Amherst prepared me well.” Now with more free time on my hands, my curiosity, diverse interests, many, many friends (many from Amherst) affords me the opportunity to assess, reinvent and psychoanalyze myself each day in ways that differ from when I was working. I will forever remain grateful for my four years at Amherst—with all of you!
Thank you Amherst for giving me the opportunity and impetus to step back and look at myself, write it down, and share it with a good-natured public. Thanks also to those alum agents who stayed with me till I realized it was a gift and not an obligation or burden.

Uh oh, my Amherst freshman year nightmare’s back. Stripped bare before my classmates, these boys I hardly know yet feel a strange affinity and comfort with, my inadequacies there for all to see. I try to protest, but my voice is feeble and no one hears or cares. Thank god the faculty is not there; but I hear there will be grades, and number grades, not just letters -- NO! ... Don’t want to say anything too obvious, or too strange; too abstract, or too mundane. Not too funny, not bland; don’t want to look foolish, or say anything too personal, or not personal enough. Don’t want to be too worldly, or terse. Not nerdy, not mushy. Ok, want to be funny, but not too funny. Sound sort of smart, but not like it’s a big deal.

My life, hmm. Took a year off in the Bay Area after two amazingly eye-opening and happy, but also bewildering and grueling ones at Amherst. Finished college at Reed in Portland, OR, as a fine art major, history and painting. Came back east to art school, NY Studio School on 8th st. in Manhattan. Fell in love. Married Charlotte. Charlotte is a psychotherapist, and a yogini. Bought a house. Had a son. Worked as a software developer at an interesting time, helping companies migrate from manual systems to computer-based. Stayed married, love my wife; stayed in the house, love my Brooklyn neighborhood; stayed my son’s dad (!), love my son, love my daughter-in-law. Retired from work, love that; paint in watercolor, love that too. My nuclear family: I’m the sole survivor. I was the middle of three boys. Lost my older brother the week I graduated from Reed; lost my younger brother several years ago. Started a very modest spiritual quest at around age 14, still on it, still love it, maybe should have pushed myself a little harder; or, a little less? A little help please? Hello? God, are you listening?

Here’s a little of me from the inside. It’s not casual, but it is off the top of my head; an imperfect list specifically of the ordinary, quiet things that matter to me. For each one I would ideally like to take a paragraph to describe what I mean.

**Likes: Arts, Sciences, Stuff.** Nature: owls; fresh, cold winter air; land reclaimed by nature; the near side of the moon in all its phases; the night sky; deep space; any Beethoven; Mozart’s Haydn quartets; Louis Armstrong’s words, music, attitude; Cole Porter. classical Greek architecture; Renaissance art, early to late; bas relief; Cezanne, Gerhard Richter, Richard Serra, Brice Marden. literary non-fiction; Auden: his commonplace book “A Certain World”, The Guilty Vicarage. Dave F. Wallace; Robert Bly poetry translations; Strand bookstore. interviews with painters, writers. Scandinavian Mysteries. finding an elegant engineering solution in a mass produced product. well-made paper [Arches, Khadi hand-made Indian]; great, cheap pens [Staedtler Pigment Liners]. denim; Scarpa low boots. roasting raw nuts; black pepper; dijon mustard; eating with old silver plate utensils. software/web: freeware utilities [Freeplane]; 3-word web searches

**Likes: Mental Behavioral Emotional Spiritual.** moments of feeling grateful. experiencing internal freedom; letting go of a worry; coming to rest physically, mentally, emotionally. solving little problems; fixing broken objects. creating and solving puzzles for myself; finding a lost sock, esp. after looking for it. keeping things I don’t need. throwing things away. making lists freely. finding how I want to paint today. moments of understanding both grand and petit. becoming conscious of something happening unconsciously. smiling and seeing other people smile. connecting in small moments with family; friends; strangers. happy when I am aware of living in this historical-technological moment. finding today’s meditation - what is right for me as I am, right now? Where am I snagging? saying hello. saying goodbye

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NYC, Charlotte and Allen  watercolor, 2003

NYC, Charlotte and Allen  watercolor, 2010

Email: awolwifi@gmail.com
Thank you, Ken Burns

So, we’re supposed to write another essay. One every 25 years. Barely halfway into the second of Ken Burns’ ten part PBS Special, Viet Nam, I decided to use this space to ask a question. Facts, events and even the basic chronology of the Viet Nam war had faded in my memory. Burns’ series reminded me how horrible it was, how long it ran on, and how I had accommodated it.

Did others who made the 50 year mark similarly forget as much of this war as did I?

A random sample of forgotten things that Viet Nam brought back to mind: President Kennedy put 17,000 American “advisors” in Viet Nam, not just 700 as I had recalled. Two American generals’ strategies, “Search and Destroy” and “Vietnamization,” failed. Ho Chi Minh ceded power and influence to more militant generals before he died in September 1969. They in turn tossed away North Vietnamese lives by the hundreds of thousands. Nixon and Kissinger bought time before the 1974 election by bombing Cambodia, trading American lives for Asian. The number of times that the U. S. captured an isolated hill or outpost at great price in blood, only to abandon it days later.

I’d forgotten, if I knew: McNamara’s letter explaining to President Johnson that the war couldn’t be won. No one knows if Johnson actually read the letter, but he promoted McNamara to run the World Bank and McNamara remained publicly silent. In 1968 Nixon engaged in traitorous pre-election negotiations with Hanoi behind Johnson’s back (hey, that sounds familiar!).

The series’ vivid violence and death stirred uneasiness about the choices I made. I voluntarily served as Deck Officer on a busy but militarily-useless amphibious ship in the peace-time Atlantic. Wouldn’t a more aware, clearheaded and conscientious person have refused to participate, and not supported, even passively, this terrible war? * * *

The Viet Nam war worked out fairly well for me. Because of the war I met the fiercely dedicated mother of our five children and grandmother to six. Robin is a brilliant historian, a teacher highly respected in her field and beyond. She conveyed to our children the value of reading and thinking. Despite mistakes, mostly mine, and some deep sadnesses, we and they are doing all right. In this world, that’s very good.

Robin’s family lived across Hampton Roads, near Norfolk, from where my navy ship was berthed. Sydney Chamberlain, a retired businessman, volunteer career counselor on the Amherst Campus while we were there, and coincidentally mentor to my father, introduced me to Robin’s family, with whom he had a marriage-based relationship. He suggested they might invite me to dinner, a break from Navy routine. They did, it was, and I kind of stayed.

Viet Nam was only one of three bloody wars in which the dislocation of people caused by the war were antecedents to our coming together.

Robin’s father was an officer in the merchant marine when the Second World War broke out. He survived the Murmansk run. He also cut a dashing, brawling figure in several Australian ports, and in Adelaide met Robin’s mother. They married and she emigrated to his hometown of Hampton, VA.

Robin lost her father when she was young. Her mother married her stepfather, a retired marine engineer, older and as it turned out a very fine man, as well as the connection with Sid Chamberlin.

Both of Robin’s fathers’ families migrated to Virginia from New York and from New England. They were carpetbaggers, migrating to the South after a Civil War in which their relatives died. They bought land to farm, the rights to oyster beds, the local ice house necessary to local watermen. They helped establish Hampton Institute, a college for former slaves. Their children, like Robin, married mostly northerners.

* * *

Watching Ken Burns’ Viet Nam drove home how uneven life is, and how privileged we are to have it at all. One of those privileges is feeling free to indulge in one’s own poorly-shaped ideas before a group of people whose common bond is four years spent together in one college five decades past. For that I am also grateful.

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On Gypsy, Buzzards Bay, MA June 2017

Family, mostly behaving, Lewes DE 2016

Email: youngmalcolmc@gmail.com
Family life has been a large part of my life and enjoyment since leaving Amherst. Married to Jean for over 47 years, we have two children (Marcy, a professor at Providence College and Scott, a high school math teacher and soccer coach). They each have two children. We’ve lived in several states and currently reside on a small lake in Nottingham, NH.

Jean teaches writing at the college level and I’ve been a teacher, principal and administrator in grades K-12. The Amherst experience provided my foundation in how education should best meet the needs of students. When I received my early admission announcement, I was excited and not sure what to expect at Amherst. I remember receiving a reading list over the summer and was told that we would discuss those books during orientation. I struggled with some of those books, yet made sure I read them. Once at Amherst it was evident that more was expected than just reading and memorizing. I learned to apply formulas in different situations, read original sources and synthesize a paper, and to effectively use my study time. Most importantly I had the opportunity to experience and embrace ideas and cultures from a diverse group of classmates. My trip to Europe and Russia as a member of the Amherst Glee Club provided lifelong memories.

I worked as a teacher for 8 years near Boston. During this time I received my C.A.G.S. degree from Boston University. In 1978 I moved to Durham, NH to begin my administrative career. After 3 years in Durham I became principal of an elementary/middle school for 19 years in Pembroke, NH. Our daughter headed off to the University of Pennsylvania in 1992, and when our son headed off to the U of Colorado in 1997 we decided to search nationwide for new opportunities in education. Our search led to a group of parents and college educators looking for an administrator to form a charter school in conjunction with Wesley College in Dover, DE. The philosophy of the school would reflect many of my own beliefs. We opened a school with k-8th grades and two years later opened a high school. The philosophy included an inquiry-based approach to learning, true parental involvement, service learning, and an emphasis on students taking personal responsibility for their education and behavior. We all trained in William Glasser’s choice theory approach. A focus on project-based, hands-on learning and student responsibility created a highly positive learning environment. I became skilled at working with legislators to promote the opportunities that charters offered while still supporting public schooling. After 8 years in Delaware we moved to Rhode Island to be closer to our children, and grandchildren. The Compass School was a new charter school and had a similar philosophy as the school in DE. It added the component of environmental sustainability with a farm setting and gardens.

I’ve had many opportunities to present at national conferences. My goal has been to share and promote the philosophies of education that I’ve seen work in developing a love of learning as well as skills and knowledge. I get frustrated that many educators still focus on testing and rote learning as an approach to learning.

My wife and I “retired” in 2014. I work part time for an on-line university and Jean teaches part time at the University of NH and Great Bay Community College. We’ve travelled extensively throughout the United States and Europe. As a certified scuba diver I’ve also experienced many fun dive expeditions to the Carribbean and the Pacific. We spend a lot of time with our children and grandchildren. Boston is an hour away so we often attend the symphony, shows, and other events. We are NE sports fans and attend many Red Sox games at Fenway as well as spring training in Fort Myers. The Celtics and Patriots provide much excitement. We’ve developed a love for soccer and attend games at a variety of levels.

I’m grateful to Amherst for helping form my philosophy of education and providing experiences that guide how I view the world.
The Class of 1968

Amherst College

In Absentia
In Memory

Amherst College 1968 50th Reunion Deceased Classmates
from latest death date to earliest death date

William E. Burt 10/16/2017  George K. Sleeth 10/13/2005
Elliott S. Andrews 08/12/2017  Colin F. Hasse 03/19/2005
Peter H. McClellan 08/04/2017  Jacob L. Temchin 10/26/2003
Peter G. Dorland 11/04/2015  Philip E. Metcalfe 08/23/2002
Charles S. Hodge 06/18/2015  Robert D. Riskind 06/28/2002
Thomas B. Rice 03/14/2015  James P. Marinell 09/11/2001
Michael D. Hayden 01/26/2015  Thomas E. B. Jones 03/06/2000
Richard B. Dunlap 09/25/2013  Zachary R. Karol 09/22/1999
Donald J. Scribner 04/12/2013  Robert L. Joffee 02/16/1998
Bruce C. Dein 03/07/2012  Gilbert R. Lipshutz 12/07/1996
Andrew Isserman 11/04/2010  Robert S. Denig 05/20/1995
Robert E. Smith 02/26/2010  Robert W. Stratton 05/04/1991
Thomas M. Hunter 06/20/2008  Charles W. March 12/23/1986
Carl A. Galloway 04/03/2008  David E. Galbreath 04/20/1985
David E. Stewart Jr. 03/02/2007  Lewis Roberts 05/24/1977
Brian R. Mullany 10/01/2006  Charles K. Arter III 01/02/1977
Donald M. Cooper 06/30/2006  Edward N. Callahan 09/15/1976
Jonathan B. Riess 05/17/2006  Harold Wade Jr. 06/29/1974
Keith A. Bryant 12/18/2005

Following are the “In Memory” pieces of these members, which have appeared in the Amherst Magazine.

Additional “In Memory” pieces can be found on the class website.
Ending a nearly two years’ battle with a particularly virulent cancer, Bill Burt passed away peacefully on October 16, 2017 in Toronto, his adopted home since graduation. With him were his second wife, Judy Thomas, and his sons Steven and Geoff.

I first met Bill in the basement of Stearns, our first week at Amherst. I had just won a ping pong match and was ready to take on all comers. With a scowl that bespoke his determination to put the braggart in his place, Bill proceeded to dismantle me with an assortment of spins, the likes of which I’d never seen. This was to be a theme of our friendship later; but at the time it was instant mutual dislike, the taciturn pro-Goldwater WASP from upscale Milburn, NJ and the outspoken liberal Democrat from Queens.

Maybe opposites attract; but by senior year we were inseparable. Bill was my mentor and role model as I sought to become more physically fit. I had had a summer job in Wall Street and a newfound interest in business and finance, which he came to share. When we weren’t talking about the stock market he was driving me relentlessly to swim, bike, and play tennis. Our marathon ping-pong matches in the basement of Theta Xi were legendary; one Saturday we started playing in the morning and quit just in time to make it to Valentine for dinner. Though I seldom won, at least I was able to solve the mystery of his assortment of topspins to be somewhat competitive. Years later we went on a canoeing trip through a provincial park in Ontario that involved extensive portaging; hacking our way through underbrush while carrying the loaded canoe on our shoulders. After the first day, sitting around the campfire, Bill said to me, “Glass, you are made of sterner stuff.” I don’t think I ever had a compliment I valued more highly.

Several months before graduation Bill told me that he wanted no part of the Vietnam War; before the ink was dry on our diplomas he was in Canada, where he renounced his American citizenship. Ironic that the one Goldwater conservative among my friends was the one to do this; but Bill always marched to his own drummer. Legendary among our Theta Xi brethren was the tale of how Bill, having decided that he was going to produce apple brandy, proceeded to ferment several gallons of cider in his room at Theta Xi. He then “borrowed” distilling equipment from the biology department (using a key obtained from his older brother Dave who had done a senior thesis in biology), set it up in his room, and when the cider had fermented sufficiently began to distill it. Apparently having sampled too much of his product, he succeeded in blowing up the distillery. No injuries, but it was weeks before the odor finally disappeared.

Undaunted, not long after arriving in Toronto he set up his own, ah, herb garden in a vacant lot downtown. I was hoping to sample his homegrown product when I visited him in 1969; but he didn’t count on the rate of growth of his plants as compared to the surrounding weeds, over which they quickly towered. In short order the gendarmerie had the lot under surveillance; the scheduled harvest was indefinitely postponed and the crop had to be written off at a loss.

Politically he was more a libertarian, with a small ‘l’; and once with a capital ‘L’, when he ran for Parliament and garnered a respectable one percent of the vote. In 1978 he quit his stockbroker job to bicycle through the Himalayas for a year. Upon returning, he set two goals: 1) to meet a girl who shared his love of running; and 2) to be retired by age 40. He achieved the first by starting a runners club, where he met his first wife Michelle, and the second by becoming a commodities trader and, in classic Bill Burt fashion, making a fortune by going contrary to conventional wisdom. He bought a small farm near Lake Ontario and turned to philanthropy; in 2009 Bill established and funded the Burt Award, for novels by budding authors in third world countries, as part of a broader pro-literacy initiative. The Burt award is endowed and will continue as his legacy.

Throughout his final illness Bill sent a series of emails to family and friends, describing with clinical detachment, and not a trace of self-pity, how the body he always kept in superlative shape was betraying him. When I first learned how serious his cancer was, I reminded him of one of our ping-pong matches. I was up 19-12 and excited that I was finally on the verge of winning one. Whereupon he gave me that mock-smug little smile and said, “Glass, you are going to lose, because you are psychologically unfit to beat me!” Whereupon sure enough, he came back and won, something like 27-
In Memory

25. So I told him that if it felt like he was losing to cancer 19-12, I was still betting on 27-25. He got a kick out of that. Unfortunately, he couldn’t get into cancer’s head the way he got into mine, but not for lack of trying. One of his final emails began with a Maori proverb: “Turn your face to the sun, and the shadows fall behind you.” A perfect metaphor for a life well and fully lived.

David L. Glass ’68

I knew Elliott only slightly at Cranbrook and Amherst, but in the past ten years MaryAnn and I became good friends with his wife, Jill, and with him.

We saw Elliott three times in the last couple of months, while he was in hospice. The first time, he was in his big barn and garage, working to get three motorcycles ready to take to a motorcycle event the next day in Battle Creek. He was having difficulty walking by then, but he could sit on a rolling seat and work. One of the cycles was giving him and a friend trouble until Elliott shot some silicone into a cable and freed the throttle. He smiled broadly when it fired up. The three of us wheeled the bikes into a trailer, and Elliott tied them down with bungee cords. They were ready to travel.

We saw him the last time just a few days before the donation of a 1911 Flanders 4 motorcycle to the Chelsea Historical Society. Here’s that story:

http://chelseahistory.org/1911-flanders-motorcycle-refurbished

Elliott transferred to Amherst from M.I.T. in 1966, joined Phi Psi, ran track and cross-country, and opened his own motorcycle shop while still at the college. After graduating, he built motorcycles and raced professionally until 1982, when he joined the Engineering Division at Caltech as chief administrator and mechanical engineering advisor for the remaining 22 years of his work life.

Elliott was a terrific guy—smart, possessed of a wry wit, accomplished but modest, and kind. A national class runner and marathoner, he exemplified the definition of a scholar–athlete–mechanical wizard.

Elliott’s legacy will be carried forward by his three daughters, Gillian Andrews, Sylvie Andrews, and Ariel Andrews Raupagh, as well as his two grandsons, Nolan (5) and Alex (2). We should all hope to face the end with the grace and dignity that Elliott did.

Joe Kimble ’67
Peter H. McClellan
Deceased August 4th, 2017

Peter McClellan died last August 4th at the Lahey Clinic Hospital in Burlington, Massachusetts, after a brief illness. Raised in Harvard and Pepperell, Massachusetts, Peter came to Amherst from North Middlesex High School, where he had been football captain. He was at Amherst only our freshman year, but he left some enduring impressions, notably including that of his considerable athletic ability. By one classmate's account in the spring of 1965, he went out for track, picked up a javelin for the first time in his life, and threw it far enough over Pratt Field to attract serious notice.

After leaving Amherst, Peter worked as a cab driver in Boston and attended Northeastern University, graduating in 1972 with a B.S. degree in business administration. He lived in the Boston area, on Cape Cod, and in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, where he taught English to Mexican businessmen. According to the obituary in the Harvard Press in Harvard, Massachusetts, Peter was a "kite builder ... gardener, cook, bridge club player, carpenter, reader, writer, and a keen, passionate, observer of current events...[and] not only creative but also generous and caring."

Peter is survived by his mother, Constance R. McClellan; his brothers James L. McClellan III and Andrew R. McClellan, their wives, and many beloved nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends. He was preceded in death by his father, James L. McClellan Jr., and a brother, Mark A. McClellan.

Peter G. Dorland
Deceased November 4th, 2015

Peter Dorland died of cancer on November 4, 2015 in Jackson, Georgia. We kept in contact for a decade after Amherst despite intense military training and duty schedules, but we gradually lost touch as careers and geography intervened.

Peter was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1946, into a career military family that included four West Point graduates. He came to Amherst as one of three prep academy graduates from Nashville, along with John Stifler and me -- and as one of those 1352 guitar pickers in the Lovin' Spoonful's "Nashville Cats." He performed at college venues with Tom Jones and Paul Stumpf '67, and he shared his sophisticated stereo system and rock and country record collection with his roommates, fraternity brothers and, often, across campus, utilizing the volume control knob.

Pete majored in biology and was active in Chi Phi and the Glee Club. A deeply competitive member of the wrestling team, he trained hard, spending hours in the steam tunnels in a rubber suit to make weight for matches (check COTM#6 with John Davidson for inspiring details).

Following graduation, Peter entered Officer Candidate School and volunteered for helicopter training and medical evacuation. As a medevac pilot in Vietnam with the 101st Airborne, he was awarded the Bronze Star, ten Air Medals, and the Republic of Vietnam Cross of Gallantry. He served his country with honor and great distinction, evacuating wounded soldiers and civilians.

Returning stateside, he accepted an assignment to the US Army Center of Military History, where he wrote DUST OFF: Army Aeromedical Evacuation in Vietnam. After 20 years, he retired as a Major and Master Aviator. Following his Army service, he owned and managed a home construction company near Atlanta.
In Memory

He leaves his devoted wife, Beverly, a daughter and son in law, and a granddaughter.

Bill Smead ’68

Eulogy by Ann Brash:

I wanted to say something about Charlie because I loved him, and because he was my best friend for over 17 years.

He was a Christian. He grew up in the Catholic faith, and then went to a Baptist church. He fully embraced both faiths. He told anyone who would listen that Christ, by dying on the cross, was his Savior from sin; and that because Christ was raised from the dead, he knew he would be with Him someday in Heaven. His favorite hymn was, “Amazing love, how can it be that Christ, my God, should die for me.”

Charlie was optimistic. I’m convinced that his optimism kept him alive through all the years he struggled with illness. I can’t count the times he reminded me to not be negative, but to look at the good in even little things and to find the joy in life.

And Charlie enjoyed many things. He lived fully and he lived large. He was a lover of sports (particularly hockey) and his favorite saying was “You can bet your hockey puck on it.” He and I also enjoyed sharing our picks of the horses during the Kentucky Derby, Preakness, and Triple Crown races.

He loved to travel, and he had a gorgeous condo in St. Martin—right on the water.

He surrounded himself with Bluegrass music. He and I often went to the Birchmere dinner theater to see his favorite group: The Seldom Scene.

He immersed himself in politics. On election nights, he’d watch every single political race throughout the United States, and wouldn’t go to bed until all the results came in. We loved to compare our views with each other during campaign season. And he even got me to watch the political satires on Saturday Night Live.

Charlie loved to buy jewelry, especially rings, because he could remember being able to see and he loved what was beautiful.

He was a mason, and proceeded quite a ways through their ranks. And he was a connoisseur of black forest cake and pistachio ice cream.

He was friendly. If you talked to him for one minute (and you would because he talked to everyone) you became his friend. Because he had friends in so many time zones, he’d often stay up until 3:00 in the morning sending emails and making phone calls.

He had a photographic memory. He could (and would) tell you anything and everything about whatever topic you were discussing. In fact, many times he would tell you even more than you were discussing.

His career was as a non-discrimination lawyer for the U.S. Department of Labor. But his passion was for the American Council of the Blind (ACB). He was a charter member and president for several terms of the Old Dominion Council of the Blind in Virginia; and he served on the national level on ACB’s by-laws and resolutions committees and its board of
directors; he was president of ACB's government employees; chairman of the board of publications, and both second and first vice-president for several years of the national organization.

For many years, he was the spokesman for ACB's life membership program, and he often advocated on behalf of individual Randolph Shephard blind vendors.

When Charlie believed in something, he pursued it with everything he had. During his last ACB convention, he ended up in the hospital, but checked himself out against doctors' orders in order to advocate for a resolution that was being debated on the convention floor—a resolution that would establish ACB's position as being in favor of sheltered workshops paying at least the minimum wage to their blind employees. The resolution passed.

I often said that I was in love with Charlie's heart. When my mom was sick and eventually passed away, he listened to my almost non-stop grief for over a year without giving me advice or stating useless platitudes. He just agreed with me that sometimes, life just isn't fair! And for that whole year, we didn't see each other. (He told me later how much that upset him.) But we didn't see each other because he didn't want to intrude on the time I spent with my mom. And when my dad was in the hospital for one of the last times, he sent me a huge bouquet of roses so that I would know he was thinking about me. (And on Valentine's Day, he sent the largest teddy bear that anyone I know has ever seen!)

I've always had a problem expressing words of love for others. But Charlie told me every day—often multiple times a day—for 17 years that he loved me.

So Charlie—I believe that now you can see; that you are totally free of illness, that you are with Jesus and with those you love, and that you are now experiencing fully the joy you so often spoke of. I love you, I miss you, and I fully expect to see you again someday; literally.

In Memory piece:

Charles Stanley Peter Hodge died of heart failure on June 18, 2015, at Cherrydale Rehabilitation Center in Arlington, Va.

After graduating from Perkins School for the Blind in 1964, Charlie enrolled at Amherst. He had an encyclopedic knowledge of sports, history, politics and trivia. A devoted member of Psi U, he majored in political science and graduated cum laude.

Fiercely independent, Charlie memorized the layout of the campus, and, with the aid of his cane, he found his way to classes and everything else. Charlie attended many Amherst sporting events, and he enjoyed explaining exactly what was happening on the field of play. No one present could forget the occasions when Coach Ostendarp entered Valentine Hall, found Charlie and sat down with him to discuss that week's upcoming football game. All this was pretty remarkable for a blind man, but Charlie made it the norm.

In 1971 Charlie received his law degree from Harvard, became a member of the bar and moved to Washington, D.C. He worked as an appellate attorney for more than 30 years with the federal government. Charlie was an active member and official of the American Council for the Blind. He loved playing bridge, and he remained a great sports fan. When Washington landed a professional hockey team, Charlie was one of the first to sign up for season tickets. For many years he attended Capitals hockey games wearing his colorful Capitals shirt.

Charlie's determination and independence were legendary. He never complained about being blind, and, despite that handicap, he lived a fuller life than many who had no handicaps. He played the hand he was dealt, and he played it superbly.

Charles Hodge epitomized the Amherst spirit. He was truly inspirational, and we will miss him.

Hilton Foster ’68
Ed Savage ’68
Dick Booth ’68
In Memory

Thomas B. Rice

Deceased March 14th, 2015

Having done okay our freshman year, in sophomore year I began a slow transformation into a more mature student. I credit Tom Rice with a good deal of the inspiration that led to this change. We were in some of the same classes, and the seriousness and perseverance Tom brought to his studies made a big impression on me.

Tom typified what it meant to be a scholar, learning the material in his way for his purposes, not because that’s what he was told to do. That seriousness of purpose, that dedication to exploring the material in detail and that ability to focus on his studies for hours became a hallmark of his time at Amherst. He enjoyed an outstanding career as a plant geneticist and agricultural biotechnology consultant.

After Tom died of cancer on March 14, Tim Holekamp ’68 observed, “Although there were plenty of us majoring in biology, sweating it out senior year, struggling without much joy to make significant discoveries as part of senior honors theses, our real goals were medical school and the socioeconomic Valhalla that lay beyond it. The exception was Tom Rice, who did all the same things, loved the lab work and never thought about applying to medical school. He wanted to make his mark in biologic genetic research. He went on to be one of those who transformed row crop genetics to a higher level of utility and productivity at DeKalb and ultimately became a leader in that company.”

Tom and I started graduate programs at Yale immediately after graduation. Nothing was different; he tackled the graduate program with the dedication and perseverance he showed at Amherst, and in my mind success was guaranteed. He was the consummate student and scholar, one who should make Amherst proud, as a person and a role model.

Peter Collings ’68

Michael D. Hayden

Deceased January 26th, 2015

Michael Hayden grew up in Amherst, graduated from the College a year after most of his classmates and served in the Peace Corps in the 1970s, teaching English in Japan and Thailand. He earned an M.B.A. at the University of Colorado, and he taught in many places in the United States. Most recently he taught accounting at Edison State College in Naples, Fla. (now Florida Southwestern State College). Mike and I met in Poland and were married in 2002.

Mike had so many sides besides being a teacher. He helped foster and shelter dogs that we were rehabilitating together. He also loved wolves and was a supporter of a local wildlife sanctuary, Shy Wolf Sanctuary. He retired from teaching on Jan. 5 and was looking forward to focusing on our business, not just training the dogs but also teaching and educating their owners. Then he was hospitalized on Jan. 11 and passed away on Jan. 26 at home, by my side.

One of Mike’s students wrote, “I was fortunate enough to have him for three accounting classes at Edison/FSW. I graduated magna cum laude in accounting, and it was Professor Hayden who set me up for success. He made a huge difference in my life.”

Mike was a genuine, kind-hearted human being, hard-working, always modest, always wanting to help people. He wanted his students to succeed; he often talked to me about them at home, and he cared for them.
We were soulmates, inseparable, and he was a teacher to me too. He taught me so much about life, about American culture, about starting this business. It was fascinating to talk to him. We were both amazed by finding each other across such a vast physical distance and connecting immediately. He was the love of my life.

Aleksandra “Lexi” Hayden

Richard Baldwin “Rick” Dunlap, 67, left us all too soon on Sept. 25, 2013.

The devoted son of the late George and Jean Louise Dunlap was born in Dallas on Sept. 6, 1946.

In 1949, Sun Oil, his father’s employer, transferred the family to Calgary, Alberta, where Rick grew up and his parents were to spend the rest of their lives. In high school Rick became a competitive ice skater. He and his skating partner, Marilyn Berry, were nationally ranked ice skating partners in Canada, taking second place in the Junior Ice Dancing Competition at the 1962 Canadian Championships in Lethbridge, Alberta. In 1969, Rick earned a Bachelor of Science degree from Monmouth College in Illinois and an Master of Business Administration degree from the University of Western Ontario in 1973. After college, Rick worked in the oil business with his father in Calgary.

In 1981, Rick moved to Whitefish and, with four other partners, purchased the Palace Bar in 1982. While enjoying many wonderful years in the bar business, including a later stint tending bar at the Whitefish Lake Restaurant, Rick began building many of his lifelong Montana friendships. In 1991, he joined Sterling Title Services, employed as an escrow officer/title agent until his retirement in 2008. He then spent three years in Calgary caring for his aging mother while commuting back and forth to the Flathead Valley.

A sportsman and athlete, Rick was an avid golfer who also enjoyed squash and snow skiing. He was a man of quick wit with a sharp sense of humor. He had a unique, personal collection of sayings and remarks that came to be known as “Ricky-isms” among his close friends. Rick loved sharing inspiring stories and memorable jokes with family and friends, regaling them at the bar or forwarding emails that made everyone laugh. A faithful servant of the Lord with a strong sense of community, he played a leading role in the Kalispell Daybreak Chapter of Rotary International and contributed to several local charity organizations.

Rick is survived and will be missed by his uncle and aunt, Howard and Suzanne Kauffmann, of Atlanta; six cousins, Lane Kauffmann, Kristine K. Hope, Tommy V. Kauffmann, Doug Kauffmann, Sherry Graham and Scott Kauffmann; and several second cousins. He is also survived by a legion of grieving friends on both sides of the border for whom his warmth, kindness, sensitivity and generosity will never be forgotten.

Rick requested cremation upon his death, which has taken place. He also requested his friends gather to celebrate his life rather than mourn his passing. So gather up your favorite Ricky-isms and anecdotes and please join his family and friends at a celebration of Rick’s life to be held from 4 to 8 p.m. on Friday, Oct. 25, in the clubhouse at The Meadows on Four Mile Drive (across from Kidsports by Meadow Vista Loop) in Kalispell. Another celebration for Rick will be held at 5 p.m. on Tuesday, Oct. 29, at the Calgary Golf and Country Club.

In lieu of flowers, donations in his memory may be sent to Faith Covenant Presbyterian Church of Kalispell or Daybreak Rotary of Kalispell.
Don Scribner died of cancer on April 12, 2013. The third of 10 children, he graduated from Mountain Lakes (N.J.) High School, where he played football and basketball and was a member of the National Honor Society. At Amherst he majored in math, earned a varsity letter in basketball and was a member of the rugby club and Delta Upsilon.

Upon graduation, while military service awaited him, he spent a few months on the beaches of Hawaii with friends from college. Then he served in Vietnam in the 101st Airborne Division, earning a Bronze Star, an Air Medal and a Combat Infantry Badge.

After his military service, Don earned a master’s degree in teaching at Webster College in Missouri. He married Sandy Webster in 1971 and had three children: Peter, Karen and Brad. As we grew, he was an enthusiastic coach and ever-present spectator at our various athletic events.

Don taught math and coached basketball at Vashon High School for six years, then began work as an actuary for General American Life Insurance (later bought by MetLife). Except for 18 months at Tillinghast, Nelson & Warren, he spent his entire actuarial career at GA/Met Life, retiring as CFO of a product line and a vice president of the company. Determined to retire by the age of 58, he accomplished this goal by retiring one month shy of his 59th birthday.

In family matters, work or even on the golf course, Don was as even-tempered as they come. Honesty, integrity and humility were hallmarks of his character. He spent his retirement enjoying his grandchildren (Jack, Caroline, Taylor, Cami and Barret), traveling, taking piano lessons and playing golf at Persimmon Woods Golf Club, where the flag was flown at half staff in his honor the weekend following his death.

Peter Scribner

Bruce C. Dein, Jr., came to Amherst in the fall of 1966, joining us as a junior after two years at Westchester Community College. His father, Bruce C. Dein Sr., had graduated from Amherst in the Class of 1942. Some of us knew the father before we knew the son, since Bruce Sr. was an active alumnus member of Sigma Delta Rho, which had evolved into Theta Xi. Only a few classmates knew our Bruce well; he was friendly but quiet. He majored in American Studies, went on to earn an M.S. in Social Sciences at the University of Chicago, and spent three and a half decades working for the United States Postal Service in Binghamton, New York, and around the metropolitan New York area. He died in March of 2012, leaving two sisters, a stepbrother, and many other relatives and friends from his life beyond Amherst.
In Memory

S. Henry Chiu

Deceased February 23rd, 2011

The college learned belatedly of the death of Hank Chiu, who died in February 2011. The ceremony and obituary were both private. Hank and his wife, Jacqueline, lived for many years in Woodbridge, Conn., and Hank is buried in a cemetery near Waterbury. Jacqueline's address is now Austin, Texas.

Hank came to Amherst from Hong Kong. Freshman year, someone in a Pratt hallway heard excellent classical violin music coming from Hank Chiu's room and knocked on the door to find out what record was on the stereo. It wasn't a recording; it was Hank playing his violin. One of three music majors in our class (Fran Spina ’68 and Dave Glass ’68 being the other two), Hank was a dean's list student and played in three instrumental ensembles at Smith and Amherst. He also studied at Smith with the greatly admired teacher Philipp Naegele.

During our graduation weekend, he and Fran performed Beethoven’s sonata in G major for violin and piano for parents and alumni. “The audience loved his warm and playful interpretation,” Fran recalled this spring. Hank also studied economics, and after graduation, he went to Stanford business school and a career in finance but continued to play for fun.

A few years ago, I reached him, via email, at home in Woodbridge. He was gracious and warm, delighted to hear that my own son was studying violin and glad to offer encouragement. He preferred, however, not to be mentioned in print on these pages, a request willingly honored. Hence, no news of him in this quarterly until, sadly, now.

John R. Stifler ’68

Douglas K. Wedel

Deceased December 11th, 2010

Born in Jackson, Mississippi, on March 22, 1945, Doug Wedel died on December 11, 2010, the cause of death not reported. Doug went to prep school at the Stony Brook School on Long Island, where he played football and won the school's award for the player who shows the highest qualities of sportsmanship. He matriculated at Amherst in 1963, then later apparently took some time off, returning as a member of our class. In 1966 he left Amherst without graduating. At the time of his death, he had been living in San Francisco.
In Memory

Andrew Isserman
Deceased November 4th, 2010

"A wonderfully upbeat, bright, positive person in every way." Two Amherst classmates offered that description of Andy Isserman, who died suddenly on Nov. 4, and the same words could have come from most of us. Even the few at Amherst who knew Andy only slightly were likely to notice him in some classroom or at some dining table with an insight to add, an apt question, or words of support for someone else.

Born in New York and raised on army bases in Europe, Andy studied economics at Amherst and earned his Ph.D. at the University of Pennsylvania. He taught at Iowa, West Virginia, and Illinois, specializing in urban planning and agricultural economics. He introduced new methods of forecasting economic and demographic change. His research on federal policy—he worked with the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, Defense, Energy, Housing/Urban Development, Interior and Transportation—contributed to changes in several federal programs.

Andy died of a myocardial infarction during a faculty basketball game at the University of Illinois. According to Dr. Ellen Jacobsen-Isserman, his wife of 33 years, he had had stents placed in his left main artery three years earlier, but his death was completely unexpected. "He had made some baskets and was having a wonderful time."

Colleagues everywhere have recalled Andy as a passionate scholar and devoted teacher. While focusing mainly on urban and regional analysis, he also created an undergraduate course at Illinois in which his students watched films about regional cultures and economics and then—with an enthusiastic nod to English 1-2—wrote extensively in response.

The Regional Science Association International newsletter offers a portrait of Andy that should be familiar to his Amherst friends: “He loved to walk around campus engaged in conversation and was often reluctant to leave a meeting or a classroom.”

Besides Ellen, Andy is survived by their sons, Noah ’98, a graduate student at Cambridge (UK), and Jacob, an emergency room doctor in New York City; his parents, Manfred and Ellen Isserman, of Urbana; and his sister, Marion, of North Carolina.

We all miss him.

Ellen Jacobsen-Isserman
John Stifler ’68

Robert E. Smith
Deceased February 26th, 2010

Bob Smith, 63, died of brain cancer on Feb. 26, 2010, in Boca Raton, Fla., surrounded by family and friends. Bob was a beloved personality with a keen sense of humor who lived his life fully. He was a licensed private pilot, professional scuba diver, avid boater, oldies buff and natural athlete who excelled at any sport he tried. An all-league quarterback, he starred for his father, the coach at Linden High School in Linden, N.J. At Amherst he played lacrosse and rugby in addition to his laborious academic pursuits. With his powerful right arm but soft touch, Bob guided the Beta Bombers to perennial intramural football championships. He was proud to be a member of the legendary Iota chapter of Beta Theta Pi, where
he dominated the dance floor with his moves and entertained the brotherhood from his post at the bar. His friendships extended well past Boltwood Avenue, as he was readily recognized everywhere on campus.

After teaching high school in New Jersey for five years, Bob went to Seton Hall Law School and graduated cum laude as editor of its Law Review. Following a federal judicial clerkship, Bob worked for a large New York law firm and as litigation counsel for a Fortune 500 corporation. In 1983, Bob founded a legal search firm in Washington, D.C., becoming one of D.C.’s most successful headhunters. From 1994-2003, he was career services dean at Duke University School of Law, and for the last seven years, he ran his own legal search firm in Boca Raton, Fla. A devoted family man, Bob is survived by his wife, Sarah; his daughters, Rachael and Molly; his son, Michael; his mother, Jean of Chicago; and his sisters, Pat of Chicago and Kathy of Dallas. He also leaves countless friends.

Monk Koch ’68

Masatoshi Yamaguchi

Deceased November 9th, 2009

Masa Yamaguchi died of cancer Nov. 9, 2009, after a few years of battling the illness, a seemingly successful operation and then a relapse last summer.

Masa came to Amherst for junior and senior year following studies at Tokyo/Sekei Univ. He majored in fine arts, earned an M.B.A. at NYU, returned to Japan to work in a family-run joint venture business dealing with precision instruments and eventually started his own firm, M Squared.

Friends from Amherst will remember his uninhibited smile, his upbeat manner and his fondness for sports (crew, rugby) and parties as an enthusiastic member of DU. I remember one Friday when uninvited guests visited DU, all of them over 6 ft. 5 in. and 250 lbs., looking for free beer. The question arose who should invite them to leave if they were not Amherst students. A few moments of hesitation ensued; then Masa volunteered. He was not 6 ft. 5 in. but was prepared to make his contribution.

One story he used to tell me about his time at NYU: He was living in a cheap apartment where the walls were so thin that he could tell exactly when his neighbor came home, as he could hear the refrigerator door open, the beer bottle open and an ”Ahh” as he gulped one down.

Masa was an avid golfer and a member of Tokyo’s prestigious Hodogaya Country Club, along with other Amherst men including Eiro Yamashita ’61, Haruhiko Chizawa ’63 and Kazuo Asakai ’67. He would seldom break 100, but he was one of the most popular members. Following his operation, he was able to return to golfing until the relapse. Many Hodogaya colleagues attended his funeral on Nov. 12.

The Class and his other Amherst friends send their condolences to his widow, Masako. He is deeply missed.

Kazuo Asakai ’67
In Memory

Thomas M. Hunter
Deceased June 20th, 2008

Tom Hunter graduated from Amherst in 1968 with a major in religion. Among his Amherst College highlights were singing in the Glee Club and traveling as tour manager in the U.S. and Europe. The 1968 Olio shows a picture of him kissing the Pope's ring.

After Amherst, Tom enrolled in Union Theological Seminary in New York, earned the master of divinity degree, and in 1972 was ordained in the United Church of Christ. He moved to the San Francisco Bay Area and worked as a youth minister while pursuing his music.

He wrote a lot of songs and shared them widely: children's songs, songs to build a sense of community and cooperation among people, and songs that spoke to social issues. He performed at large church assemblies and for conferences of school teachers. He started his own recording company, The Song Growing Company.

Tom wrote of his work, "Overall I am interested in the ways that folk music has historically been an accessible way to share the common concerns of our lives. I’m also interested in the way interacting with songs and writing new ones nourishes creativity, encouraging the skills of thought and reflection, developing self confidence."

Tom married Gwen Alley in San Francisco in 1978. They were blessed with one son, Aeden, and one daughter, Irene. Even with all the time he spent on the road, Tom devoted lots of time and love to his family.

In 1979, Tom became a very popular Bay Area radio personality with a weekly show on the ABC affiliate KGO, "God Talk," a program exploring matters of faith.

In 1984, he and his family moved to Bellingham, WA. Tom served as part-time minister at the Lummi Island United Church of Christ while maintaining his writing and performing. In 2000 Tom and Gwen bought an eleven-acre farm where they raised animals to develop their vision for strengthening youth and adults while teaching sensitivity to the ecosystems through an organization they called PAL—Partnering with Animals for the Land. Tom and Gwen worked to limit development while protecting rain forest around the Lake Whatcom Reservoir.

For these last twenty years, Tom traveled the U.S. and Canada singing in schools, giving workshops, and presenting keynote addresses. He encouraged hundreds of teachers in their craft, while teaching about the power of music and song for people of all ages, and he presented many events through the National Bureau of Education and Research. He retired from this work in March and was awarded a Golden Apple.

He co-founded the Northwest Teachers’ Camp, now in its fourteenth year, and served as a “singer in residence” at the Bellingham public schools. The First Congregational Church (UCC) of Bellingham enlisted Tom to coordinate Christmas Eve services that drew thousands of people over the years.

In April of 2008 Tom was called to be the lead pastor of the church. Shortly afterward, he became ill with a degenerative brain disease. He managed to preach his first sermon, with limited eyesight. The disease swiftly took hold, and he died at home. On that morning, his family announced his death on the blog they had been keeping (http://tomhunterblog.blogspot.com):

“Tom took his last breath on June 20 at 3:39 a.m. surrounded by the three of us and an amazing amount of love. We cried, laughed, prayed, embraced, hummed 'How Can I Keep From Singing' and sang 'The Garden Song.' We lit a candle and applauded a life well lived.”

The late Robert McAfee Brown, a noted theologian, author, and social activist, wrote that Tom Hunter “...has an extraordinary ability to take important themes of our time and render them in songs in ways that are immediately illuminating and then remain, to empower and to haunt.”
In Memory

In addition to his wife and children, Tom is survived by other family members and a whole lot of loved ones and friends who keep singing his songs.

Michael Bausch
David Mann

Carl Galloway
Deceased April 3rd, 2008

It came as a shock to me to learn of Carl's death. Although we had not seen one another or spoken for a very long time, I have always experienced him as an important part of my life. He was one of the closest friends I have ever had. Friendships during college are in a category of their own. Never before or after has there been a time in my life in which week after week, month after month, two friends may spend eight to 12 hours of their waking lives together—far more than most married couples do. Carl was a kind, intelligent and impassioned person.

There was a good deal of joy and laughter during the hours we spent together at Amherst. But much of the time was occupied with our coming to terms with the fact that he was a “Negro” (the term “black” did not enter common usage until our sophomore year) and I was white. He had never had a white friend, and I had never had a black friend. When we began college in 1964, the country was still in a period of de facto segregation: Only two years earlier, U.S. Marshalls were sent to accompany James Meredith as he enrolled as a student at the Univ. of Mississippi. The summer before our freshman year, there were riots in Harlem; the summer of our sophomore year there were riots in Watts.

In our Class of 300, there were only about a dozen blacks. It took extraordinary courage for Carl to attend a small highly competitive white college where the vast majority of students were far better prepared in high school for the level of academic work that was demanded at Amherst. And Amherst was unprepared to include black students: Within a few years of our time at Amherst, a black student drowned attempting to pass the swimming test that was required of all freshmen. That Carl would feel embittered was not surprising. That he persisted in being himself is impressive but not surprising to those who knew him. He had a “philosophy” he liked to profess, the principal tenet of which was: “This too shall pass.” During rough times, he would pin a card to the door of his dorm room on which those words were written.

Carl’s family was a very loving one and welcomed me warmly when I visited their home in Queens. Carl’s father worked as a postman in railway mail cars; my father rode the commuter train from the suburbs to New York City where he worked as an insurance salesman. Carl said that he had not seen a white person until he was about four years old, when his mother took him shopping in an adjoining neighborhood.

Carl and I bumped up against all of these differences in the ways we had spent our first 17 years, and we talked about them often and at length deep into the night. There were not storybook endings to our talks. We often left them feeling hurt and angry and utterly misunderstood. But the proximity allowed in college life provided the opportunity to start again or put it aside for a while. In retrospect, I know that I loved him and that he felt the same for me despite the intensity of anger that we often felt for one another and the pain of the feeling of having been betrayed by the other. The world is an emptier place for me now that Carl has died. I wish he had lived to see the inauguration of Barak Obama.

Tom Ogden ’68
In Memory

Alanson W. Willcox

Deceased December 14th, 2007

It is with great sadness that I report the death of our classmate and my lifelong friend, Alanson Willcox, on Dec. 14, 2007, after a year’s struggle with cancer.

Born in Washington, D.C., Lance was the elder son of Alanson Work Willcox and Marjorie Champion Willcox. When we were applying to Amherst, Lance’s grandfather, Walter Francis Willcox ’84, a distinguished professor of statistics and economics at Cornell, was Amherst’s oldest living alumnus. Lance’s father was general counsel of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations; his mother was an attorney at HEW and the Indian Health Service.

Lance attended Sidwell Friends School in Washington, excelling academically and playing football, soccer and tennis. He took pride in having attended “Transition,” a Friends innovation that provided a year of school between kindergarten and first grade for those needing additional time to “mature,” and he considered himself a shining example of the program’s wisdom.

His straight-as-an-arrow scholar-athlete trajectory carried through Amherst. A cum laude graduate in economics, he won the prize for the best economics thesis. A member of Phi Delta Sigma, he co-captained the varsity soccer team with Rob Sherman and in senior year was all-New England. He also played lacrosse, but his favorite sports were informal, fiercely competitive variants on football: touch, or snow football (slow-motion tackle, heavy coats for equipment), or crawl tackle (a bruising game on hands and knees on any carpeted surface).

Lance loved the cold. As kids, we’d skied and skated—once, without adult supervision, crossing a frozen Potomac above Little Falls. As my freshman roommate in Stearns, Lance insisted on keeping both windows wide open all winter. It was no surprise to wake up and look across at Lance sleeping under a 2-inch blanket of snow.

After Amherst Lance served two years in the Peace Corps on a forestry project in Chile. He was there during the tumultuous transition from Allende to Pinochet and came home not a little traumatized. After another “transition,” Lance settled in San Francisco and earned his Ph.D. from the California School of Professional Psychology. From 1974 on, he worked in mental health in the Bay Area.

An avid sailor, Lance loved to get out with friends on San Francisco Bay and hosted nautical adventures in Maine, Scotland, Baja, the British Virgin Islands and Greece. Adventure was the key: sailing with Lance could be counted on to push the limit and narrowly avert some disaster. He also bicycled and continued to play football and tennis.

Lance had an extremely kind and generous spirit (one classmate said he never knew Lance to get mad) and was a devoted friend, with a voluminous capacity to empathize and a quality of giving the distinct impression he’d been thinking about something you’d find interesting during the weeks or months you hadn’t seen him. He had an intellect of the first order, focused at Amherst by Leo Marx and, later, by conversation, extensive reading, listening to NPR and watching every episode of Seinfeld.

During his final illness—which accelerated over the last year, claiming his life well before anyone expected—friends did much for Lance, but his company did more for them. Forever curious, he could take the book you’d read or the encounter you’d had and turn it into a fascinating exploration of fact, motive and cause. He retained his sense of irony and humor to his last days, engendering tremendous loyalty and affection among his nursing staff.

Gordon Radley, Lance’s brother Dana and I were with him in his final hours, and Jack Widness and Kermit Smyth were crucial supporters from a distance, as were Peace Corps and San Francisco friends. His departure leaves a void in the hearts of all who knew him. He is survived by Dana, of Silver Spring, Md., and a nephew, Alanson Willcox. A service to commemorate Lance’s life was held in San Francisco in early February 2008.

Chris Brown ’68
Dave Stewart died of a heart attack on March 2 in his native South Carolina, where he had lived and worked as an Episcopalian minister for more than 30 years.

I was Dave's best friend, and he mine, for all four years at Amherst. Looking back, I can't recall an adventure—or misadventure—which I did not share with him. We were roommates, brothers at Chi Phi and fellow Masquers. A quick count tells me we appeared together in 14 stage productions at both Amherst and Mt. Holyoke. We even worked together at C&C Package Store our senior year. At the end of our junior year, I traveled to South Carolina to stand up with Dave when he married his first wife, Sharon. Every laugh and every tear I had at Amherst, I shared with him.

After Amherst, Dave went to New York where he pursued acting for a brief while before turning to the call which he had felt all his life, the church. After finishing seminary in New York, he returned to South Carolina, where he stayed until his death. He is survived by his wife, Jemme; his children, Matt and Christi, and his granddaughter, Eva.

Dave was a rector at several churches, chaplain at the University of South Carolina and director of a number of mental health facilities. In a eulogy, a fellow rector recalled that Dave's warm humor was constantly in evidence, that "David was a splendid preacher even when his son Matt would crawl into the pulpit to pull David's leg hair" and that "someone said that he had too much fun to be a priest."

Unfortunately, the closeness we enjoyed at Amherst was not to endure. Dave was by his own admission a terrible correspondent and, as time went on, we lost touch. There were a few brief phone calls, a couple of letters, but not enough to sustain what we had once had. The last contact I had with him was ironically an indirect one. A dozen years ago, his son Matt stopped by my house on passing through Chicago. As he came up my sidewalk, he smiled, and in a flash, I saw his father before me. He was a chip off the old block as a person, too; we talked for hours, and I urged him to help rekindle the connection I had once had with his father but that never happened.

So when I got the news that Dave was gone, I realized that all my recollections were from those very compact years we had spent together at Amherst. As a result, he, like John F. Kennedy, will remain frozen in time for me, forever youthful. Others of you I have seen with gray hair—or no hair at all—and with spouses, kids and college tuition bills, but not Dave. No, he will always be the same engaging chum who danced and sang and laughed both on stage and off, who was warm, sharing, sharp-witted but never cynical, fun but always serious. He will be wrapped up in the mystery of our years at the Fairest College, and perhaps that is his best and most-lasting gift to me, and I hope to you as well—a remembrance of the time when we, as strangers, came to live together.

Dave was religious and I am not, but we did share the religion of the theater and Shakespeare, so I'll turn that way for my final thoughts. Good night, sweet prince, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

Bruce H. Boyer ’68
In Memory

Brian R. Mullany

Deceased October 1st, 2006

Brian Mullany of Yarmouth, Maine, died peacefully of complications from a rare blood and liver disease at Maine Medical Center on Oct. 1, 2006, with his family by his side. Although Brian eventually graduated with the Class of 1973, as an alumnus he remained officially a member of the Class of 1968, and we are honored to claim him.

Brian is survived by his wife, Jane, to whom he was married for 38 years; his daughter, Elizabeth of Portland, Maine, and her fiancé, Matthew Parker, of Portland; his son, Cullen, and his girlfriend, Sherri Smith, of Bozeman, Mont.; his two brothers, Richard and sister-in-law Nancy of Waitsfield, Vt., and Robert and sister-in-law Lynne of Naperville, Ill.; his sister Patricia, of Phoenix, Ariz.; and his mother, Eileen A. Mullany. Brian also leaves a niece Kate and her husband Jason Brooks of Lakewood, Colo.; nephews David of Waitsfield, Vt., and B. J. of Chicago, Ill.; and niece Kelly of Naperville, Ill.; and Grace Patterson, mother-in-law, of Yarmouth, Maine. Brian also leaves countless friends, many of whom often gathered with him and his family on their front lawn for the annual Yarmouth Clam Festival parade party in Yarmouth, where Brian and Jane lived for more than 31 years.

Born in Northampton, Mass., on July 28, 1945, Brian was the eldest son of Eileen and the late Robert A. Mullany. He graduated from Westfield High School in 1963 and spent a post-graduate year at Deerfield Academy before coming to Amherst.

Brian left during Christmas break our sophomore year and joined the U.S. Coast Guard, serving four years on patrol cutters and at life-saving stations in Florida and Massachusetts. One of his duties was to take care of the Chatham lighthouse on Cape Cod, a great assignment for a young man from Massachusetts, but Brian was proudest of his work in search and rescue, especially when called to help a fisherman or lobsterman. After his service, Brian returned to Amherst and graduated in 1973.

In Portland, Brian worked with the Canal Bank Trust Department and then with Consumers Water Company, where for 23 years he specialized in employee, investor and stockholder relations and regulatory matters. In 1996, he joined W. P. Stewart Asset Management, continuing his work in stockholder and investor relations until his retirement. Brian often joked that his entire professional career was located within a two-block area in Portland, Maine.

Brian's interests included fly-fishing on the Maine coast and in the rivers of Maine and Montana. His winters at his family camp were filled with family, friends, fun and keeping the pipes from freezing. He took up skiing and became an enthusiastic supporter of youth racing while his son Cullen was competing on the downhill circuit. He was an avid reader who loved blues and jazz music. In private, he also enjoyed dancing. He had a keen interest in how the world worked and how it didn't; any conversation with Brian was enlightening.

Brian served on the boards of Casco Bay Youth Hockey, Yarmouth Little League, Yarmouth Ski Club and the University of Southern Maine School of Business Advisory Council. He also was proud to have served Opportunity Farm for more than 20 years, including a three-year stint as chair of its Board from 1997 – 1999.

Brian’s dry wit and self-effacing manner immediately attracted friends. He played freshman football and was an outstanding athlete, but what set him apart were his skills on the hockey rink. My earliest memory of Brian was the first day of practice for the freshman hockey team. It was clear from the moment we stepped on the ice that Brian was the most skilled player and would be the team’s star. John Potter ’68 remembers Brian not only from playing hockey together at Amherst but also from their days as all-state hockey players on rival high school teams in western Massachusetts. John remembers Brian as being a fierce competitor on the hockey rink but gentle off the ice.

Rob Sherman ’68 reminded me of the opening minute of our first freshman game against Williams: Brian controlled the opening face-off and put a perfect pass on the stick of Grant Hawthorne ’68, who cut between the two Williams defensemen and scored at the six-second mark. None of us could remember a faster goal to start a hockey game. Later in
In Memory

that same shift, Brian scored, and Amherst was ahead two to nothing in the first minute of the game. That was my favorite shift on defense the whole year, watching our line control the puck. John and Rob were paired with Brian on the first line on the varsity during the start of our sophomore year until Brian left during Christmas break.

Brian always had a positive energy about him, and I was proud to call him my friend. We will miss him.

Chip Ahrens ’68

Donald Cooper died on June 30 in Silver Spring, Md., from what appears to have been a cardiac accident, possibly complicated by the brain’s response to the stress, while he was swimming at a local pool where he went regularly for exercise. He remained technically alive for a few hours, but he never regained consciousness.

Don was an amazing person, and I have always wished that many more classmates at Amherst knew him. He was warm, talkative and outgoing, yet he had a relatively small, close circle of friends at Amherst, most of them in the Class of ’67. We were roommates our senior year, and we kept in close touch ever since.

An only child growing up and going to high school in Allentown, Pa., Don then went to college at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute for one year. What he later referred to as the sight of too many slide rules slung on people’s belts made him decide to abandon engineering in favor of liberal arts, and he transferred to Amherst as a sophomore. He majored in English, graduated in the top 15 in our Class, and went on to earn a Ph.D. at the University of Virginia. He briefly hit the academic job market, was startled (and disgusted) by the lack of college teaching positions available in the early ’70s, went instead to Washington and started knocking on doors.

Within a year, he was on the staff of the National Geographic’s department of educational films and videos, and for more than two decades, he worked as scriptwriter, director and producer. His work took him to what was then East Germany, to Nicaragua during its revolution, to the southwest American deserts and many other places. At our 25th Reunion, he was part of a panel discussion, along with Dan Goleman, Jon Solins and Nils Bruzelius, about the future of non-glossy media in the age of modern communication and entertainment.

Ironically, after his division split off from National Geographic and then reduced its senior staff, Don got a job teaching English, especially composition, at Howard University. In a short time there, he made a lasting impression. The university held a memorial service for him on Sept. 22.

Donald’s verbal abilities and unbelievably quick wit were unmatched. A keen-eyed scholar who presented thoughtful analyses of Fitzgerald and Thackeray, he was also capable of outrageously lewd puns delivered impromptu either in English or in German, a language he learned rapidly in college. In Professor Cameron’s seminar on Joyce, when it was his turn to give the seminar presentation, Don delivered a commentary on Molly Bloom’s soliloquy that was riddled with carefully calculated double-entendres—and delivered completely on target in a strict academic sense. Living most of the time at Amherst in a quiet room in the social dorms, Don joined DU because, as a sophomore going through rush, he was delighted by a crude stunt someone pulled there in an attempt to fluster him. When, once or twice later in life, he encountered serious personal troubles, his extraordinary sense of humor and his great personal strength kept him upbeat.

Don lived for 30 years in a lovely brick house in Silver Spring, just over the District line. After his two bright daughters, Katie and Chloe, went off to college, he and his wife, Mari, spent spare time exploring the hills and woods of Virginia and Maryland, often finding arrowheads on old Native American sites.
In Memory

Donald is survived by his parents, to whom he was devoted all his life; by Mari, by Katie and Chloe; and by the girls’ mother, Don’s first wife, Gloria Weissman, who shares considerably in the loss. Chloe, the one who looks more like her father, will be married next year, and it is hard to think that Don won’t be there cracking jokes.

It was a blessing to know him. All of us who did are thankful for his years in our lives.

John Stifter ’68

Jonathan B. Riess

Deceased May 17th, 2006

Jonathan Riess died at home in Cincinnati in 2006. How typical of Jon; the last thing he would have wanted was for any of us to know at the time and make a fuss.

Jon spent his entire career as a professor in the University of Cincinnati’s Art History Department, including a stint as chairman. He was a leading scholar of the Italian Renaissance, publishing numerous books, essays, and articles. Jon is survived by his son, Christopher Morgan-Riess, a U.S. Marine, and his sister, Claudia Wasserman of New York.

At Amherst, we shared a bond formed by love of music and by the common experience of being New York City public school kids, rushed out into the world a year early. He also shared an immediate bond with John Teague, his Amherst roommate for two years, with whom he joined the first anti-war protest on the Amherst Town Common in 1965. As John recalls, “Jon was ordinarily serious and a compulsive perfectionist, but he could also be as goofy and funny as anyone when the spirit took him.”

One example of Jon’s amazing humor appeared during the 1968 primary campaign for Gene McCarthy in New Hampshire. “It was so successful,” Teague remembers, “that by March, busloads of students were arriving. Word had gone out that this was the social event of the year. As most of the canvassing was already done, we worried that pot-smoking, long-haired students would get in trouble and blow our chances for an upset win. Jonathan, in a moment of genius, came up with the solution: the ‘Kafka Rooms’ at the Concord headquarters.

“Students sat at long tables in adjoining rooms. Jon gathered boxes of unsent flyers and had the first room fold and stuff the flyers into envelopes, which were then collected in boxes. These boxes were then taken into the next room, where Jon would explain that a serious error had been made in the flyer, and it needed to be replaced. The students in this room were to take out the flyers and separate the envelopes, which were put into boxes and taken into the first room for stuffing. It worked. The students were so busy finding dates that they never caught on and to this day can say they threw their bodies and souls against the war machine.”

After graduation, we shared an apartment on West 72nd. Jon was doing graduate work at Columbia and teaching a freshman art survey course. His love of teaching was apparent, as was his sense of humor—which was, more often than not, at his own expense. For his first-ever lecture, he decided to use Grant’s Tomb as his topic, since it was close to campus. In his usual meticulous fashion, he studied the monument from every angle while preparing his lecture. On the big day, he held forth with great confidence, only to be met with puzzled stares from the students. He had confused Grant’s Tomb with the nearby Soldiers’ and Sailors’ Monument.

We went on long drives to Montauk in the fall, Bear Mountain in the winter. Jon described these journeys as “bleak and desolate statements,” poking fun at his own moodiness. He read aloud from Philip Roth’s Portnoy’s Complaint until we were hysterical with laughter at mutual recognition.
One of Jon’s most endearing traits was the way he stuttered on the word “I,” followed by that sheepish grin and self-deprecating roll of the eyes. He could never bring himself to ask for anything, but he never stumbled when it came to giving of himself, and he could never quite believe how much he was loved or by how many. When I learned he was gone, what came to mind was a song about art and artists, Don McLean’s tribute to Vincent Van Gogh: “This world was never meant for one as beautiful as you.”

We will miss him.

David Glass ’68

If you knew Keith Bryant at Amherst, count yourself lucky. Our classmate was quiet, independent, a free spirit who left the College during our junior year in search of further horizons and wasn’t seen on campus again. He was drafted, and before the rest of us had graduated, he was serving in Vietnam. According to his sister, Judith Wittenberg, Keith’s response to the war and the military was deeply reflective, and he bore his share of scars from it. After his tour of duty, he finished college at the University of Arizona, where he wrote his senior thesis on Norman Mailer.

His own family evidently has had to guess about a lot of Keith’s life. His father, Stanley Bryant ’35, was an Amherst alum, and his brother, Courtney, graduated in 1962. At the time Keith dropped out of college, Courtney was already serving in Vietnam.

“I have learned a bit about his military time by looking over his records,” wrote Courtney about Keith. “He served with the 101st Airborne, earning two Bronze Stars and several other commendations. He transferred to Bien Hoa as a financial specialist by extending his time commitment. When he returned stateside, he spent the last three years of his hitch at Ft. Benning, Ga., home of the ‘screaming eagles.’”

After his discharge, Keith went to Tucson, finished his degree, moved to Seattle and then eventually settled in Tacoma. He worked at various jobs, including cabinetry and manufacturing inventory management. He was a musician and a writer. He remained single. He traveled.

Keith died on Dec. 18 of last year, after an illness that seems not to have been completely diagnosed. His sister, Judith, mentioned that the family wondered whether the cause might have been exposure to Agent Orange.

“He enjoyed reading the alumni news and catching up with the Class doings,” wrote Courtney. “He was an intensely private person, so we have been unraveling some of the story of his life. If you uncover information about his college days, please share it with us.”

Classmates’ and fraternity brothers’ (he joined Kappa Theta) memories are scarce, but David Culverwell ’66 wrote to say, “I remember a lean guy with a wry sense of the world, who laughed quietly. I think he struggled at Amherst but don’t know for sure. I can visualize him and remember that we used to eat together and talk about Amherst and life, but exactly what we talked about is lost. That saddens me. Maybe that’s what happens when memories fade; truth fades with them and fogged remembrances become the new reality.”

Besides Courtney Bryant, who lives in Palo Alto, and Judith Wittenberg, in Newton Highlands, Mass., Keith is also survived by another sister, Pamela Bryant, of Tacoma; a niece; and three nephews. Their description of him in his own local paper’s tribute offers probably the best way to remember him: “Strong, independent, lover of the natural world, our much loved brother.”

John Stifler ’68, with generous assistance from Courtney Bryant ’62, Judy (Bryant) Wittenberg and David Culverwell ’66
In Memory

George Sleeth was afflicted with pneumonia in December 2004 and hospitalized thereafter, on a ventilator. Friends could write to him, but he could write no response. He died alone in a New York City medical facility last Oct. 13, of cardiac arrest.

George spent only freshman and sophomore years at Amherst, but those two years might have been the best of his life. He was fully committed to the protests he engaged in during those turbulent times of America’s war in Vietnam. Unassuming and self-effacing, he never boasted about his accomplishments in being among the first in the town to demonstrate openly against the war. He also supported the Fourth World Movement’s struggle to end extreme poverty.

George’s brilliant mind was afflicted by a severe psychiatric disorder that tormented him mercilessly and kept him from realizing the great achievements of which he was otherwise capable. His studies in astronomy and anthropology were cut short by the pitiless blows of mental illness. Unless we encounter it first hand, most of us remain largely unaware of how such illness destroys people’s lives. It is really unfair that this disease robbed him of so much. And somehow the present, the hic et nunc to be enjoyed in all its infinite richness, also seemed to slip through George’s grasp, like grains of sand through open fingers.

George’s condition was probably hereditary; his sister suffered from it as well and, like George, was institutionalized for much of her early adult life. Once, he related how she died in such an institution, choking to death on a peanut butter sandwich. Apparently, due to neglect, she had lost all her teeth and could not chew. His father was a professor of medieval English at Brooklyn College, a quiet and highly intelligent man who bore with courageous stoicism a life-threatening illness the family faced as courageously as possible, one day at a time.

Our knowledge and treatment of mental disorders, still primitive today, was practically medieval in the 1970’s when George was institutionalized, especially in the state hospitals, which were all that was available to him. He phoned frequently from the hospitals in the dazed early stages of recovery from electric shock treatment, rambling on ceaselessly for hours in stream of consciousness. He teetered on the fringe of society, sparingly supported by state disability payments, never free from his debilitating illness save for brief periods of lucidity when the mix and dosage of drugs just happened to be able to suppress the metabolic imbalance in his brain. It was a life of frustrated and tormented genius lived out anonymously, except for his family, now all but one of whom is gone, and remembered only by those few friends who remain.

Despite the cruel affliction that dominated his life, George maintained a wonderful sense of humor that surfaced when his psychiatric symptoms were quiescent. An example recalled by Roy:

“George and I were both pipe-smokers, and our preferences for different brands of tobacco (George smoked a brand named Three Nuns) was always a source of mock contention between us. On one occasion George purchased a large can of tobacco and opened it to find a small tin inside containing a sample of one pipeful with the instruction that he was to pass this on to a friend. He chose me as the beneficiary, in part to convince me of the superiority of his brand. I opened the sample and found a note advising me that I was ‘about to enjoy the pleasures of Three Nuns.’ We found this declaration hilarious and joked about it frequently long afterward.”

George loved remembering the past, the memory of that which has been but will never be again, especially his childhood, and he had the memory of an elephant. He could always remind me [Charles] exactly how and when I had teased our sister, “Libet.” He could sing by heart the words of almost any rock-and-roll song popular in the late 1950’s or early 1960’s, until begged to stop.

Despite great turmoil in his life, George always remained faithful, to people and ideas he trusted. Somehow, he found the strength and the time to defend all the just causes he believed in so passionately. He remembered us all, and were he given
the chance, he would tell each of us how—our names, how we looked back then, our mannerisms and stories. To recall his story here seems to be not an emotional indulgence but an invitation to reflect on our own lives, and to think of his as something that needs to be felt and understood.

At the funeral service on Oct. 22, Charles began his final goodbye to George with these thoughts:

“When I think of George, he reminds me of a Roman God, Janus, the God of the passage of time, and not just because my brother was born in January, the month to which Janus gave his name. Two-headed guardian, he sits at the gates through which time passes, watching the past, with the head of an old man and looking toward the future with the head of an infant.”

And he concluded with “a parting thought our father often said to us when it was time for us to go to bed: Good night, sweet prince: And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!”

Roy Chaleff ’68
Steve Sumida ’68
Charles Sleeth

In thinking about attempting to describe Colin Hasse, I came across a book review that quoted F. Scott Fitzgerald describing writers as “a whole lot of people trying so hard to be one person.” Although not primarily a writer, Colin was just such a man. Don Nixon describes him perfectly in writing about their first meeting: “We spent several hours talking over a great variety of subjects, and each of us found satisfaction in how things one of us knew meshed with the other’s knowledge. I tended to know a few facts on a topic. Colin would know its origins and evolutions, allude to some classical reference and bring up the pros and cons discussed in some recent periodical.”

The only Classics major I ever knew, Colin was interested in the entire world. Who else in most of our universes was fluent in Latin and Greek yet: minored in geology, could tell you the ball scores, could fix his own car and camped and hiked and fished the Sierras? Colin was into everything, always willing to chip in and help out. He was both erudite and practical, a serious academician with a deep sense of humor.

Born on Christmas Day 1946, Colin grew up in the hills of Berkeley and went to Berkeley High School. He was an only child and played tennis and camped through the Sierras with his dad. After his Amherst years he ventured back to Berkeley, where he went to graduate school and worked for the University of California in a number of capacities. He was a student intern in the president’s office from 1969 through the early 1970’s and helped form the Graduate Assembly, which has become the vehicle through which the graduate students organize and deal with the university.

Although at Amherst Colin was not known as a heavy dater, he eventually met and married the love of his life, Ann. Ann and Colin set up shop in Berkeley, where Ann, a talented and hard-working lawyer, developed a specialty in transportation law. Together they raised two delightful sons, Andrew and John, both interesting blends of their parents. Andrew has since graduated from the NYU School of film, having had a serious interest in animation and film since high school. John,
whom I met when he was 5 years old in a karate class, is a high school student with a competitive drive and apparently an excellent golf game that takes him all over the place playing tournaments.

Don and I remember special times with Colin, camping, hiking and hanging out at Tuolumne Meadows in the high Sierra. From there we would head out above tree line, to the glaciers and rarified air that make the high Sierra such a special place. Talk of our futures, 15-speed dump trucks, Julius Caesar in Gaul, the war in Vietnam, cable cars. We talked about the choices that lay before us, me going to medical school, Colin studying classics and archeology, Don going off to the Coast Guard before graduate school in geology. Don writes, “Colin was awfully good at considering the different benefits that choices could provide in the future and, while sometimes he could get more caught up in the considering than the choosing, he was a wonderful sounding board for his friends.”

Colin spent the academic year of 1975-1976 at the American School of Classical Students in Athens, Greece, in their graduate program. When he completed his C.Philosophy degree in Classics in 1977 or thereabouts, he went to work for the administration at Cal Berkeley. Although we all thought that Colin would some day become an erudite and inspiring professor, the loops never came together for Colin, who always seemed to be looking for the next challenge and the next breakthrough. Over the years he worked as an administrator for the Boalt School of Law and the biochemistry department at Berkeley, then moved to UC San Francisco and the Langely Porter Institute, and became the senior administrator for the Family Practice Dept. at UCSF. Starting in 1994, he worked for several start-up software companies, and he had his own consulting company, Enormous Potential, up until the time of his death.

Last spring Colin succumbed to metastatic melanoma after a short battle with the disease. He was lucid and articulate to the end, always a Hasse hallmark. “Enormous Potential” could describe this talented multifaceted man. He was a great putterer, and his interests spanned the globe. Don Nixon wrote, “There was a (New Yorker) cartoon a few years ago, one of the angels-in-robes-sitting-on clouds genre. Several angels gathered around one who is reading a magazine clearly titled ‘Death Today’ and enthusiastically exclaiming, ‘In just this last year, Thomas Jefferson has taken up Sanskrit and has earned his black belt in karate.’ In spirit, at least, that’s what Colin is doing now; taking on yet more projects and ideas.”

Colin Hasse was an active, fun, likeable, generous, fascinating man. He will be missed.

Thomas J. Smith ’67
Don Nixon ’67
Ann Hasse

Jacob L. Temchin

Deceased October 26th, 2003

Absence. No continuation, except in our memories. The nullities of mortality are undeniable and familiar. As Jack appreciated, they help us to measure the human spirit. Beckett composed them with spare eloquence. So, more loquaciously, did O’Neill, Albee, Pirandello, Shakespeare and other playwrights whose work Jack admired. His own writing built upon them, as did his engaging talk and thoughtful presence. He made the best of both hope and despair, often to the benefit of other people. Comes now, for us, the rest of living, without Jack.

Jack was very much a New Yorker, so much so that he felt a bit alien anywhere else. He grew up near the city. Its theater, especially, was a beacon to him. Along with many others at Amherst, I found Jack’s devotions infectious, especially to theater, films, books and ideas. He would return from English I and II, history lectures, meetings with Henry Commager or Elmo Giordanetti, etc., bursting with intellectual energy, fluent in the topics at hand. He was an excellent student and carried his powers easily, sharing them generously with his friends, associates and audiences. In a recent email to me, one
of those friends, Steve Collins ’69, recalls Jack “… holding forth from his semi-permanent table in the snack bar, always jolly and welcoming; a sort of non-exclusive Algonquin round table at which (he) entertained, told stories and invited dissent on any and all subjects.”

Jack and I were fast friends during our Amherst years and in New York for a few years after that. We shared youthful experiences of every order. They ranged from enjoying jolts of Colt 45 malt liquor during the first weekends of freshman year, to consulting each other about romantic troubles with our Smithie inamoratas, to listening together to new Beatles LPs, to spending hundreds of hours in theaters in Amherst, New Haven and New York. He wrote a number of plays that were produced at Amherst, especially in some of the performance spaces that he helped to establish as student-run alternatives to the parochial conservatism of Kirby Theater. He was a better than passing actor too. My thesis project senior year was a production of Tennessee Williams’ The Glass Menagerie. I cast Jack as Tom, the narrator and struggling young playwright, modeled on Williams himself. Jack brought a young writer’s understanding to the part, along with his love for his own family, which played wonderfully with an excellent cast that included Susan Richardson, Sarah Harris and Steve Collins.

The following year, based in New York, Jack and I had a hoot producing a winter season at the Berkshire Theater Festival in Stockbridge. Come Valentine’s Day we hatched the idea of celebrating the sexual side of the day’s spirit. We invited the playwright William Gibson and other notables, mostly from the New York theater world, to give readings on Valentine’s eve. Then we plastered the area with posters. Word got to the chief of police, Officer Obie of Alice’s Restaurant fame, that explicit passages would likely be read. Obie phoned our manager at the theater and said that if we went ahead with the event, he and the local D.A. would be in the audience and would make arrests at any transgression. Unintimidated, Jack and I had our manager contact every TV station for miles around. On the evening of the event, video crews showed up from Boston, Albany, Springfield, Burlington and Hartford. Every seat in the theater was filled. We had decided that, out of consideration for our presenters, I should give the first reading. While Jack watched from the wings, I began to read aloud some pieces of warmhearted literary pornography that we figured should trigger an arrest if anything would. Sure enough, the chief stood up from his aisle seat and started to walk towards the stage. Banks of TV lights snapped on; videotape rolled. The chief stopped his advance and looked back at the D.A., who had been sitting beside him. The D.A. summoned him back to his seat. As I continued to read, they conversed feverishly. A few minutes later, they stood and left the theater. Their exit was featured on 11 p.m. newscasts throughout the region.

In later years, in New York, Jack worked in theater as a writer, producer, dramaturge, director, literary consultant and editor. He co-produced a Brian de Palma film, Home Movies. He was co-founder and producer of The Play Company. He worked with the Manhattan Theater Club. For several years, he produced the repertory season at the New School University’s Actors Drama School. And he created many original productions. He was a mentor to many people, giving them valuable suggestions and welcome encouragement, committed to helping them succeed. He was a recognized and cherished part of a large community of people who shared his passion for theater.

Jack’s calling revolved around the printed word. His apartment in Brooklyn overflowed with books. In fact, at the moment of his heart attack, on Sunday afternoon, October 26, he was lugging a much needed new bookcase along a sidewalk, towards his door. I was in New York that weekend with relatives. I hadn’t seen him for 20 years or so, but I had spoken with him at length by phone during the preceding year, and we planned to get together. Several times that weekend, I thought of phoning him, but I saw that there wouldn’t be enough time for a suitable reunion. I put off my call for another occasion.

Many people knew and loved Jack Temchin. They include his friends and colleagues from Amherst days, before, and after, and his mother, sister, brother-in-law, nephews and cousins. Our loss, and our appreciation for Jack, unite us all.

Mark Parsons ’68
In Memory

Philip E. Metcalfe

Deceased August 23rd, 2002

When Phil Metcalfe died of brain cancer on Aug. 23, 2002, the class and the College lost an extraordinary scholar and writer. The greater loss, however, was sustained by his friends and family in Oregon. While he long ago discontinued active contact with Amherst, Phil enjoyed a warm community in Astoria, where he lived for 15 years, and then in Portland, where he was a graduate student, teacher and researcher at Portland State University.

Born in Boston, Phil lived a year in Germany before his family moved to Oregon, and the German connection continued at Amherst as his major. Recently retired professor Don White recalled Phil as "one of my favorite students of all time, because of his intelligence, his intensity and his creative drive."

Phil’s intelligence lay behind an uncommonly quiet manner. Its most public expression was in writing; our senior year, he won a prize for the best work of fiction written by an Amherst undergraduate. That story, “The Road to Madras,” (i.e., Madras, Oregon) was published the following year by no less prestigious a journal than The Paris Review.

Phil’s first book was 1933, a novelistic history of the year of Hitler’s rise to power, as seen through the eyes of five people in Berlin at the time. Published in 1988, the book is loaded with small details behind the larger stories, every detail the result of a kind of painstaking research that later made Phil the object of considerable awe at Portland State.

Equally remarkable was the manner in which he wrote it. Employed as a drawbridge operator in Astoria, he would take his notes and typewriter into the drawbridge cabin and write during the long lulls between boats. Following the book’s publication, Phil spent a semester at Amherst as a Copeland Fellow.

In his introduction to 1933 Phil wrote, “I did not want to be a detective so much as a painter who endows a lost world with the personality and dailiness it once possessed. ... I wanted to show that in a revolution there is not one reality but numerous, partial realities. For this purpose I imagined a narrative that could go anywhere: into embassies, private homes, concentration camps, even across the sea to America. For the most part, however, I was content to hover over Berlin and peek into windows and overhear half-remembered conversations. Rarely did I concern myself with whether people were right or wrong, good or bad. That would have hinted at the greater catastrophe to come. I merely wanted to capture a piece of the past and make of it a complete present, for myself and for whoever might care to read along with me. The assigning of responsibility could come later, when the narrative was done. For that the reader and I need only our moral intuitions.”

His wife and fellow Portland State alum, Amy Ross Metcalfe, is attending to the posthumous publication of a second book, Whispering Wires: The Tragic Tale of an American Bootlegger. Like 1933, it is real-life history told as if it were a novel; much of its substance comes from transcripts of federal wiretaps in the 1920s.

Besides his wife, Phil is survived by his father, Dr. James Metcalfe; his stepmother, Audrey Metcalfe; his sister, Susan M. Carrillo; and his brothers James and Duncan. Amy graciously sent a video of the memorial celebration held for Phil at Portland State in October. It shows friends and relatives speaking of how Phil combined, as one colleague put it, “the power and passion of his silences” with delightful warmth and good humor. Someone recalled being asked whether Phil suffered fools gladly and responded, “Phil never met a fool.” Other friends called him “the most serious person I ever knew” and, repeatedly, “the most patient.”

Amy wrote, “Phil and I lived in each other’s pockets and were very content that way. He was a kind, funny, extraordinarily intelligent person. He was not a man with, as Ezra Pound might say, ‘One thought less each year.’ He was a voracious reader, a person of well-considered and consistently liberal views, and—first and foremost—a writer and historian dedicated to his craft. He had many ‘day jobs’ over the years, but he was a writer, through and through. As the video makes clear, he touched the lives of many people. I miss him more each day. While Philip was not deeply involved in Amherst after his graduation, he is an alum of whom the College can be proud.”

John Stifler ’68
Robert David Riskind died on June 28, 2002, at the age of 55, two years after he had been diagnosed with a brain tumor.

As a member of the Class of ’77, I didn’t meet Bob until long after our Amherst days, when our oldest children were in the same pre-school. At gatherings after nursery school plays and Halloween parties our friendship deepened, and we discovered that we were both psychiatrists and Amherst alumni.

A native of Chicago, Bob distinguished himself as a brilliant student and all-city basketball star before coming to Amherst, where he played basketball and majored in economics. One AD roommate from those years described him as contemplative and an able student.

Bob received his medical degree from Northeastern University in 1975 and did his training in psychiatry in Boston at the Massachusetts Mental Health Center, Harvard Medical School and Beth Israel Hospital. His private practice focused on children and adolescents, and he held many hospital-based positions, most recently as assistant medical director for inpatient mental health services at the Tufts Health Plan. An enthusiastic and gifted teacher, he taught child psychiatry fellows, residents and medical students, and served as a clinical instructor in psychiatry at Harvard Medical School.

During the last year of his illness, I had a unique opportunity to appreciate firsthand Bob’s extraordinary work as a psychiatrist. When he became unable to continue caring for his patients last September, I covered his practice. While devastated at losing Dr. Riskind as a doctor, patient after patient related to me how much he had helped them with his talents as a therapist, psychopharmacologist and above all with his caring, compassion and humanity.

It was a privilege to have Bob as a friend. His passion, humor and incisive mind made conversation a constant source of pleasure and enrichment. He wore his erudition lightly, just as his gentle manner belied his formidable athletic ability. He was an avid rower, bicyclist and gardener. I remember fondly a weekend when my family visited Bob, his wife Francine Pillemer and their three children, Abigail, 13; Michael, 8; and Carter, 5, at their country home in Whitingham, Vt. Bob loved to spend time with his family in the wonderful rustic setting. He was a devoted husband and a wonderful father who always made his family his first priority. He faced his illness with courage and equanimity and without a trace of self-pity. Many of the people I spoke with at Bob’s memorial service near his home in Newton, Mass., on Aug. 4 agreed that how he conducted himself during his final two years was a source of awe and inspiration.

For the memorial service, Bob’s 13-year-old daughter Abigail wrote,

He is my father
A hero to three
For he is all we need
And all we know.
On a sunny day let his
Soul shine through
From up in heaven
And down to you.
He has touched your life
And helped you through
Let him know
He has changed you.
There is no possible way
To repay him for his love,
His trust
In Memory

He was there when you
Needed him the most.
So I will be there
To hold his hand
Let him know I am there
And that in this way he is
Everywhere.

We all feel a profound sense of loss at Bob's tragic, premature passing and send our condolences to his widow Francine and his children Abby, Michael and Carter.

David Hoffman ’77

James P. Marinell

Deceased September 11th, 2001

James Peter Marinell, of Plymouth Meeting, Pa., died on Sept. 11, 2001, after a long illness. He was born on Aug. 19, 1946, in Yonkers, N.Y.; his parents were Paul Peter Marinell and Muriel Rita Ley Marinell. He spent most of his childhood in Little Silver, N.J., where he first found a lifelong passion for sailing, a pastime he continued in the Chesapeake Bay and the area around Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

Jim attended The Peddie School in Hightstown, N.J., and, after graduating from Amherst in 1968, received his master’s in teaching from Emory University in 1969. He was a high school English teacher for 30 years, in Atlanta, Ga., and mostly at Springfield Township High School in Montgomery County.

Jim enjoyed involvement with the Upper Merion Boat Club, the Colonial Writers’ Guild, the United Nations Alliance of Greater Philadelphia and the Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 23. He also repaired clocks and music boxes, and he was the editor of the Schuylkill Valley Journal, a literary magazine for local writers sponsored by the Manayunk Arts Center. He also loved to hike the Appalachian Trail and play the guitar.

Sometime before his death, caused by complications from his long battle with Crohn’s disease, he had recently been given new hope from a liver and small intestine transplant. His wife, Suzanne Spaeth Marinell, and his children, April Elizabeth and William Henry, will especially remember him for his gentle courage, and the word “gentle” is one of the first adjectives any of his Amherst friends would think of as a way to describe him.

A memorial service was held Saturday, Oct. 20, at Germantown Friends Meeting on Weste Coulter Street in Philadelphia.

Suzanne Marinell
John Stifler ’68
In Memory

Thomas E. B. Jones

Deceased March 6th, 2000

Tom Jones died late last winter in Portland, Ore., after several years of medical problems that included throat cancer and alcohol. I do not have specific information about the exact cause of death, but both problems troubled him for years.

The irony of the throat cancer is particularly painful; there was no more beautiful voice at Amherst from 1964 to 1966, when he left the College, than Tom's golden tenor. Furthermore, as Bruce McInnes recalled recently, "Tom set a standard as a young singer when he came to Amherst. He was a leader, not just musically but personally."

Tom came to Amherst from Portland where he had attended Lincoln High School and immediately became well known on campus not only because of his singing but also because of his practically radiant personality. My first meeting with him was the first week of freshman cross-country practice, when I was bringing up the rear in a long run, and the only person in sight in front of me was a very blond guy who was himself slowing to my own near-walk. He glanced over his shoulder, then turned around with a broad grin, extended his hand and said, “I'm Tom Jones.” We had something in common immediately, if only a relative lack of speed.

Tom said he wasn't going to continue cross-country, since he was going to be busy enough with the Glee Club. Having already heard that the next week's Glee Club tryouts would be extremely challenging and that not everyone who tried out would make it, I wondered how anyone could know so matter-of-factly that membership in that body was a sure thing.

Then I heard him sing, and so did everyone else—“Every Valley” from the Messiah at Christmas Vespers, the great duet from The Pearl Fishers, with classmate Don Stolper singing the baritone; solos with choirs off campus, including Mozart's Coronation Mass in New Haven and on and on.

Tom left Amherst after sophomore year, gone before he was missed, and then missed greatly by his friends. He finished college at Oberlin, where by fairly amazing coincidence I bumped into him in the student union on my first-ever visit to that college in 1972. He had finished his B.A. at Oberlin and now was working in the college's catering service.

The ironies developed quickly. He had gone from Amherst to the Midwestern college with perhaps the most prestigious undergraduate music program in America, but he had not furthered his career as a singer at Oberlin to the extent that his Amherst friends would have imagined. A further irony: There was at Oberlin at the same time another student named Tom Jones, who was in fact also a tenor—and, I heard from someone who knew them both—at least as talented a singer and ultimately more successful in the Oberlin Conservatory. On the other hand, Tom—our Tom—was widely admired for his skill as a caterer, as well as for his all-around social style. "High continental" is how one Oberlin student at that time described him.

Tom eventually returned to the Pacific Northwest and continued his second career, working as a caterer in several places. For one year he directed food services at Oregon Episcopal School, a lovely, caring K-12 day and boarding school in that green city. Asked to recall his stay there, a longtime OES employee who had worked under Tom's direction said with admiration, "He knew what he was doing, and he was a hard worker. His presentation was very nice, very pleasant. He had a special gift for picking good food." He also ran Yours Truly Caterers, and for a couple of years he worked in business administration at Trinity Episcopal Church.

Sadly, his personal life was not so happy. The throat cancer necessitated an operation, which apparently took out some neck muscles and part of the throat, and at about the same time it became apparent to those who had kept in touch with him that Tom was depressed, sometimes turning to alcohol. His voice not only was not up to singing seriously; it was painful to listen to him talk.

The loss is extremely sad, mitigated only partially by the thought that such beauty as Tom possessed in his voice, his wit and his grace is a rare thing, to be savored and remembered with delight and gratitude.

John Stifler ’68
Zach Karol died on Sept. 22, after battling pancreatic cancer for several months. The next day, the Boston Globe's obituary quoted U.S. District Court Judge William Young, who called Zach "one of the most devoted and thoughtful jurists ever to grace the bench. Unassuming and gentle, he possessed a spirit of unshakable integrity and radiated a meticulous concern for every person in his courtroom. He was our friend and superb colleague."

At the time of his death, Zach was a U.S. magistrate judge, a position he held since 1993. Before then, he was a litigation attorney and eventually partner at the firm of Bingham, Dana & Gould in Boston. He earned his law degree from Harvard, magna cum laude as he had also earned his B.A. at Amherst, after a term as a teacher in the New York public school system.

Tributes to Zach have flowed in from many sources, including classmates and AD fraternity brothers, and from the Hon. Richard Collings, brother of Peter Collings '68, who met Zach when their legal career paths crossed. Thoughtful words in memory of Zach, and excerpts from Judge Collings' tribute follow.

From Ted Giese: "I'd known Zach since our first night in Stearns dormitory freshman year and had kept in fairly close contact with him throughout the years. To say he was a friend barely scratches the surface. He was always there when you needed him, always ready to offer advice, encouragement and reason. Most of all, I'll remember his laugh—it usually started with a twinkle in his eye, then a few chuckles when you weren't sure if he was clearing his throat, and finally a full-bellied laugh that was so hearty it would infect the room.

"Zach's dream was to serve as a justice which he did for the last six months of his life. It was as if the position was created for him. He was finally in his element as he cared a great deal about other people. He was kind, gentle, fair and honest.

"What he cared about was his family. He never forgot his roots, and he glowed when relaying news about his children, Michele (Wesleyan '94) and Peter (Amherst '99). One of the tragic consequences of his death is that he never saw his grandchildren for he would have made a superb grandfather. I knew Zach only a month longer than Joy, his wife of 31 years. They were together all of Zach's adult life and seemed destined to be together forever.

"Zach was philosophical about his cancer, calling it a random piece of bad luck. Although he was realistic about his chances, he never lost his dignity, his compassion for others or even his wonderfully wry sense of humor. Zach felt he had been fortunate in his life; was immensely proud of his family; and was ready for the next phase, wherever that might lead. Last September, I lost a very good friend whose passing I still cannot accept."

Rich Sullivan adds: "Jeff Goff and I roomed with Zach our senior year on the third floor of AD. I most remember Zach for his wonderful appetite for life. Whether it was whale’s tales at two a.m. in the basement of AD, a last minute discovery of a snafu in the calculations of his senior economics thesis, playing a late afternoon game of bridge, Zach was alive with fun, energy and intelligence—though his thesis error only got to be fun when he finally found a solution. We in AD all relied on Zach's can-do competence. He had good moral perception, saw where other people might be hurting and did and said the insightful, helpful thing. He was a special person, and I will miss him.”

From Joe Kelly '67: "I got to know Zach during my junior year (his sophomore) when we lived across the hall from each other in AD. If ever there were two people on different paths, we were those two. But proximity bred friendship, and some of my fondest memories of Amherst involve Zach.

"He taught me how to play chess and we spent hours at it. I never won. Maybe it was the Budweiser. I tried to teach Zach some of the mysteries of the golf swing. He had a good, athletic swing and lots of power, but his direction was a bubble or two off plumb.
“Zach had a keen intelligence coupled with a great sense of humor, which seemed to give him a balanced perspective on people and events. He was a truly humane person.”

Felix Springer: “Lots of thoughtful people have offered heartfelt, wonderful and insightful tributes to Zach Karol. I write not because I hope to add much but because the words and the memories they evoke bring comfort.

“What I remember most was Zach’s smile. Warm, genuine and enveloping—a reflection, no doubt, of his inner self. It changed little from our years at Amherst to our 30th Reunion.

“At Amherst, I remember Zach as a friend and fraternity brother whom people admired, liked greatly and respected—a rare combination of modesty, wit and wise counsel. Continually and deserving elected to leadership positions at AD, he always sought to bridge gaps between people and smooth roiled waters.

“For Zach, being a judge was clearly the perfect calling. The best insight I received about that was at our 30th Reunion when we appeared on a panel together about the U.S. Supreme Court’s recent sexual harassment cases. I couldn’t take off my advocate’s hat, but Zach was there probing and shedding light on the issues that divided people, why they were difficult to resolve and how one needed to be understanding of diverse points of view. It was a brief moment, but Zach was terrific.

“I am truly sorry I and others won’t have the benefit of more such moments.”

A Tribute by The Honorable Robert B. Collings:

“The federal judiciary in Massachusetts, the Boston legal community and magistrate judges around the country mourned the death on Sept. 22, 1999, of Magistrate Judge Zachary R. Karol at the young age of 53.

“I recall that I had met Zach only once before he became a magistrate judge when he appeared before me as co-counsel in a complex commercial case in the 1980s. I later came to find out that he had been a classmate of my brother at Amherst College from which both graduated in 1968. However, the day I first began to know Zach was on May 25, 1993, the day he was sworn in as a United States Magistrate Judge at the old federal courthouse in Boston. And what I remember most about that day was the superb speech he gave after the oath of office had been administered. Then Chief Judge Tauro, who presided at the ceremony, remarked that he couldn’t ‘… recall hearing a more inspiring address by a newly appointed judge.’ After Zach passed away, I remembered the speech (indeed, I never had forgotten it), and Zach’s secretary gave me a copy. Rereading it, I could not help but be impressed by how true Zach was during his six years on the bench to the words he uttered on that occasion.

“He gave back to all of us, his colleagues on the bench, the attorneys who appeared before him and the individual litigants. It is indeed extraordinary that many of the tributes paid to him at the time of his death testified to his contributions which, in large measure, mirrored the expectations for himself which he set forth in the speech on the day of his swearing-in.

“He taught us all by example. As District Judge Nancy Gertner wrote in her tribute, ‘In the formal hierarchy of the court, I, the judge, was supposedly higher than he, a magistrate judge. The hierarchy was all wrong. I learned from him. ... we all did or should have.’

“These qualities never faltered; as his illness worsened, his bravery and courage were an inspiration to us. From the outset, his diagnosis was quite grim, but Zach persevered. It must have been torture. I recall his telling me about how such and such treatment he was being given seemed to be working only to see his disappointment a few weeks later when it was apparent that the treatment’s efficacy had diminished. But he never was unrealistic or secretive about his condition. When Judge Ken Neiman, our colleague from Springfield, Mass., took Zach to a Red Sox game, he mentioned that there were reports of some promising new treatments being developed for patients with the type of illness Zach had; Zach’s response was that they would come too late for him.

“During his illness, Zach spoke of having short-term goals and moving from one goal to another. The first goal was to attend his son Peter’s graduation from his alma mater, Amherst College, in June. He made that one. Another was spending some time in Wellfleet on Cape Cod at the same cottage he and his family had traditionally rented during
Robert L. Joffee, whose opinion polls and political analysis both delighted and enraged Florida politicians, died on Monday. He was 51.

Mr. Joffee, vice president of Mason-Dixon Political/Media Research Inc., suffered a heart attack at his Miami Springs home and died at Palmetto General Hospital.

As the head of Mason-Dixon's Florida operation, Mr. Joffee's opinion surveys and analysis were used statewide by newspapers, including the Sun-Sentinel and The Orlando Sentinel, and television stations.

Mr. Joffee, a native of Chicago, moved to Miami in 1983 and went to work for The Miami News, where he was political editor. He joined Mason-Dixon in 1989 after the newspaper folded.

Ron Sachs, a former spokesman for Gov. Lawton Chiles and now owner of a Tallahassee communications company, said Mr. Joffee's numbers could ruin a politician's day.

"We may not have always agreed with his poll numbers, but there was no disagreement with his ability to tell the story about his numbers," Sachs said.

"He was a real asset in taking the active pulse of the Florida electorate, not just about campaigns and candidates but about issues that matter to people."


Before moving to South Florida, Mr. Joffee was an editorial writer for The Trenton (N.J.) Times and a reporter for The Aspen (Colo.) Today. A veteran of the U.S. Navy, Mr. Joffee worked in the Saigon bureau of Pacific Stars and Stripes.

Mr. Joffee is survived by his wife, Maria L. Giro; a daughter, Amanda, and a stepson, Steven.

Viewing will be from 7 to 10 p.m. Wednesday at Funeraria San Jose, 250 E. Fourth Ave., Hialeah.

Services will be private.

In lieu of flowers, the family has asked that contributions be sent to the Leo Suarez Scholarship Fund, named for the former sports editor of The Miami News.
Gil Lipshutz died suddenly on a ski trip to Mount Hood on Dec. 7, 1996.

Born Nov 13, 1946, in Philadelphia, Gil grew up there and graduated from Central High School in Philadelphia in 1964. He returned to his roots to earn his medical degree from Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia in 1973. Then he moved to University Hospital in Portland, Ore., and never looked back, remaining as a resident in internal medicine in 1974 and 1975; on a fellowship in gastroenterology from 1975 to 1977; and as chief resident in internal medicine from 1977 to 1978.

Gil was recognized as one of the premier gastroenterologists in Portland and, indeed, the entire state of Oregon. He was president of the Oregon Society of Internal Medicine in 1981-85, Teacher of the Year in 1984-85 at Providence Medical Center and president of the medical staff of Holladay Park Medical Center in 1990-91. At the time of his death, he was an associate at the Gastroenterology Clinic in Portland.

Those are impressive credentials; and when I read them, I think back to a not-so-serious moment freshman year at Amherst. I see Gil recreating a senior English class at Central High. He hunches his shoulders, turns his voice an octave higher, to a nasal squeak. He is the teacher speaking to the class, or at least to one student in the class: “Mr. Lipshutz, when I look in your eyes, all I see are peanut shells.”

Gil and I had singles on the third floor of Morrow as freshmen and roomed together in later years at Amherst. He was my closest friend at the College. After graduation, geography ultimately separated us. Gil went to Oregon. I went to Maryland. Our contact ebbed and then regrettably ceased altogether. I saw him last at our 25th Reunion. We had not seen each other for 20 years. He arrived very late in the week, having been visiting colleges with his son. Our only chance to talk came Saturday morning over breakfast in the tent outside Chi Phi. We talked in summary, just the facts, most awkwardly, the kind of talk that falters when you see family after being away. You want to take up where you left off, but that does not occur on command. It occurs with time. Regrettfully, we had none. Gil left Saturday afternoon.

The news of Gil’s professional success, although hardly surprising, was welcome. I can only recite those honors, having not experience them with him. I knew Gil at Amherst and those are my glimpses to share.

Gil had almost a religious commitment to becoming a physician—which was fortunate, because if you had limited gifts for science, some monastic commitment to task was necessary. Although Gil was not science-averse, neither he, nor my other roommate, Laury Alberts, were directly descended from Madame Curie either. They understood, however, that the front door to the hospital lay somewhere behind the wonders of chemistry.

Gil actually accepted the pre-med challenge with elan, less so Laury. Sophomore year was genetics. Then came thermodynamics and, finally, organic chemistry. Each course was progressively more difficult to take and, frankly, to watch being taken. The term “organic” was first mentioned sometime well before they took the course. It was discussed with awe normally associated with survivors’ accounts of natural disasters. I cringed. I took astronomy. I majored in history. I reasoned, I don’t like the sight of blood.

As I watched the suffering, listened to the wailing, the lamentation, I wondered aloud whether the courses were real, much less whether they had anything to do with being a physician. Were those courses simply planned by the great gatekeeper to weed out the uncommitted? Everyone cannot be a doctor, you know; we still need some conventional plumbers.

They survived the regimen, barely. However, neither was accepted to medical school directly out of Amherst. Despite that disappointment, neither gave up. Gil taught public school biology for a year in Philadelphia, reapplied and was accepted to Hahnemann the next year. Laury took a more circuitous route. He took the pre-med regimen all over again—in French, at the Sorbonne. Laury did not speak French in 1969. What is wrong with this picture? I believe he is now a doctor in France, although back in the late ’60s, I doubted whether his certification would occur before the millennium.
In Memory

Gil Lipshutz—great guy, great doctor, great family man. He is survived by his wife, Jackie, and sons, Gabriel and Alexander. Gabe currently attends Wesleyan (for which you are forgiven, Gil).

Michael P. Donnelly ’68

Jorge Tapia ’68 was presumably the first Latino most of us ever saw and arguably the first Puerto Rican with whom any one of us ever shared a dinner table. Now just imagine what it looked like from his perspective. In September of ’64, when Jorge arrived at Amherst, even while we were in the throes of a loitering summer, he probably couldn’t have felt further from San Juan or the bubbling tarmac of the South Bronx—clearly Jorge was in transition. He’d never seen a college campus, eaten in a restaurant, been to the theater. He’d never spent a whole day just speaking English.

Movies, however, he knew. He’d actually learned English in New York not in the usual fashion but gleaned from the cinema. Only, unlucky lad, he’d unfortunately seen some of the worst movies (Imitation of Life, and the equally execrable remake were faves) ever made and had some pretty skewed notions how the Anglo world operated. Pepper that with a few anomalous Amherst institutions. Like chapel (non-denominational), frat pledging, swimming (required), Spanish as a foreign language (optional), maid service (complimentary). Under the influence perhaps of Andy Hardy’s Double Life, he arrived with one suitcase. Within: one pair of loafers (no socks), one plaid shirt, a pair of chinos and one crew neck. (Actually, I guess some of the Hollywood dross was right on the money for Amherst. Until ’67 anyway.)

And while he was “George” in the beginning, and “Jorge” only later, Jorge was taking it all in, in a surge. Freshman physics with Arnie Arons, The Graduate with Dustin Hoffman, singles on those 30 tennis courts, the double feature at the Amherst Cinema, local eccentrics (Emily, Lord Jeff) and foreign films (every one, four years) at Kirby. Never hitched to Holyoke but, as if an obligation, thumbed his way to Hartford to see Ulysses (the movie, banned in Massachusetts) and drove in a snow storm to Springfield ... Doctor Zhivago (the movie, natch). Good or bad, Jorge always stayed ‘til the end.

After Amherst—where for reasons he could not explain, he majored in French (Truffaut, Godard, Chabrol, Malle, Resnais ... oh, now I get it)—our marathon man enrolled in dental school in Baltimore. He was miserable there; no decent movie theaters to speak of.

Flash forward to his first job. Dentist. New York City. At last. Back where he started. Not only movies now, but legitimate theater. Older, wiser, richer. That first year, not just every major film released in America, but every foreign film brought to America, every B-film made in America, every Broadway show, every off-Broadway show. And very quietly not incidentally, he became the main support of his father, mother and kid brother Tommy.

Scarcely one year on the Great White Way and a great job offer. A bit north of the city. About one hour and 45 minutes from Broadway; each way. Newburgh? No way! An attending dentist, Dr. Cutler and his wife Esther, took an immediate
In Memory

shine to Jorge, and while Newburgh ain’t New York, he figured there must be a Cineplex nearby. Wrong. He loved the work, but, you know, the commute was killing him. There was always the midnight show (in New York that was), but it too was taking its toll. He was seriously considering chucking the whole thing when one night, Dr. Cutler was murdered and he was asked to assume the practice.

Film Noir turned into It’s a Wonderful Life. Jorge took over, and the patients were crazy about him. In Newburgh there was a large less-than-affluent Latino community, and he was devoted to them. For 21 years Dr. Tapia became for this el barrio a role model, and with his cinematic fervency, perhaps with his own longings, even a spinner of dreams for his extended family. While he was always the definitive urbanite at heart, Jorge remained in practice in this up-river hamlet on the Hudson.

To satisfy his airy hopes of escape, he arranged almost surreptitious journeys. He’d redefined his motion picture dreams in expeditions as far and wide as he could conjure, and in Esther, Jorge found the ideal travel companion. Italy, France, all of Europe, then outward to be among the first to cross from Egypt into Israel, then wider beyond to India and the Far East. Tragedy a second time. Jorge’s father was murdered. A dark thread visited him again.

For all his appearances of levity, Jorge disguised a sadder deeper spirit. When I’d first met Jorge at Amherst, I marveled at his geniality. Nothing seemed to dampen his humor. I recall one college vacation, when I drove him home to the Grand Concourse in the South Bronx. With good humor, he recounted when he had another classmate over for his mom’s dinner and a roach dropped from the ceiling into his guest’s soup. No shame. Amusement. He’d experienced racial intolerance (I’m reluctant to add, at Amherst as well as beyond our ivory tower), but laughed it off, I think, sorry for the instigator. There were those who thought Jorge a carefree guy, since he was always smiling. Those who knew him well knew well how deep he could be hurt.

With precision—even when we hadn’t spoken in a year—one hour before the Academy Awards aired, he had to know who I thought would win. Every category. He couldn’t believe it if I didn’t notice the cinematography in Home Alone. I’d see Jorge now and again during some Broadway intermission. Almost impossible to miss him since he subscribed to every known theater group in New York. I even had the great pleasure to invite him a couple of years ago to Fast!, a show I’d written. Which he loved. But then again, this was the guy who loved Ishtar. More than once, when I was walking out of some theatrical insult, I’d pass Jorge on the aisle entrance. “Welllll” he’d reply if I asked what he thought of the show. His companion Craig would roll his eyes. I wanted to believe that Jorge was only being kind. Which Jorge always was. He was, without doubt, the most gentle, most forgiving, most optimistic (save some presidential aspirants) among us. For all anyone of us could see, nothing could shake that cheeriness.

Last month I had a call from Esther. Jorge was in the hospital. His kidneys were failing. He was very ill, she said. But during three weeks he seemed to revivify. His mother Elena, brother Thomas and sister-in-law Cenaída, along with Esther, her sister and brother-in-law and the very closest of friends were all taking care of him. I think we were all beguiled by his cheer, misled by his laugh and grace. Why, he even duped the hospital into sending him home. He was definitely on the mend, TV on and movies non-stop. I had the remarkable opportunity to watch The Wild Bunch followed by The Brady Movie. Westerns I’d never heard of, space creatures from galaxies unfathomed. He sat up, transfixed, a constant video blitz. He’d wave the solicitous guests aside, out of his field of vision. “Low production values. I love it,” he’d crack. He didn’t want to miss a frame. That remote was aimed like a heat-seeking pistol, out of the way or you were toast.

Every so often he would doze off, snapping back in a salute to the final credits. Channel change and another movie. More nods, more frequently. Less energy. Don’t turn that TV off!

Jorge passed away in August. It wasn’t easy at all. Even while he couldn’t hold a spoon, he held on to life with implausible vigor. I guess it was just his usual thing. He always had to stay ‘til the end. Might miss something.

Andrew Goldman ’68
In Memory

William C. Robinson III
Deceased May 30th, 1995

William Clarence Robinson III passed away on May 30. Born and raised in Washington, D.C., he graduated from McKinley High School, then came to Amherst, where he majored in French. After our graduation, he returned to D.C. to study law at Georgetown University. At the time of his death, he had been working as a real estate broker in Washington.

Friends at Amherst remember him as quiet, likeable, and self-contained. Among those friends were Trevor Bryan ’67, Adrian Johnson and other students in Amherst’s newly formed Afro-American Society. His picture joins those of Harold Wade and Henry Rhone on a mural in the Octagon that is dedicated to inspiring black alumni of the College.

Robert S. Denig
Deceased May 20th, 1995

“There are no ghettos in the Kingdom of God; there are not even separate neighborhoods. There is one house. There are no options on that score. Those who would really rather not spend eternity under the same roof with those who differ from them have no alternative but to go to hell. That is not my opinion. That is the gospel truth.”—from an article written by Bob for the Diocese of Virginia newspaper, 1992.

Bob Denig’s message was direct, authentic and challenging throughout his ministry and his life: We all matter.

My best friend checked out on May 20, but as I told him in those final days, he doesn’t get to leave. There are too many of us in Massachusetts, Virginia, Germany, Illinois and countless other places whose lives have been so powerfully influenced by Bob that he will always be part of our being.

Bob and I were two Amherst alumni intimates who had had only a passing acquaintance, through the Glee Club. Bob was a deadpan cheerleader for the Lord Jeffs football team, he played one of the fathers in The Fantastics, and from freshman year onward, he dated Nancy Watkins (Smith ’68) who married Bob on June 14, 1968.

A Phi Beta Kappa student, Bob majored in anthropology and was fascinated with ritual. Perhaps the most lasting contribution of Amherst to his life was by his advisor, Donald Pitkin, who pointed out to Bob that he didn’t have to go to exotic cultures to study ritual because it was available to him just off campus at Grace Episcopal Church. According to Bob Nurick ’68, Bob’s dormmates in Stearns determined that the only question about Bob’s future was which denomination would get him as a minister, and the smart money was on the Episcopalians.

In fact Bob gained the sponsorship of Bishop Stewart of the Episcopal Diocese of Western Massachusetts to train for the ministry, even though his choice of seminaries was not Episcopalian. He went to the University of Chicago Divinity School, where, as fellow students, he and I developed a lasting friendship along with Nancy and my wife Linda.

In his ministry Bob began early to follow his own path. At a time when few guys were out of the closet, Bob served as an intern with Mattachine Midwest, a support group for gays, demonstrating his commitment to inclusion that would be a hallmark of his ministry. His work with the Brent House Institute for Intergroup Communication brought together disparate groups for intensive weekend workshops on such topics as racism and sexuality and conflict. Invariably the four of us would be unable to let go of these weekends and would be found processing issues and killing some more jug wine well into the Monday morning hours.
In Memory

From the early days of our friendship, Bob and Nancy exhibited the traits that would last throughout their lives. They had wonderful, eclectic tastes in books, music and art. Their knowledge and sense of history pervaded their conversations. And they were strongly intentional people; life didn’t just happen to Bob and Nancy. They loved to travel, and they planned their trips with great care—the settings they would spend their time in, the clothes they would wear, the hats, the books to have available for poolside reading.

And then there was the lighter side. Bob’s sense that his feet were exquisitely formed! While he always seemed to be absolutely serious on this subject, the rest of us couldn’t keep a straight face. Bob’s musical setting of “Love Them Little Mousies,” based on a Klban cat cartoon. Finger magic! Bob’s routine in which he “miraculously” made digits on his own hands appear and disappear to his hummed accompaniment. And “evil time”—20-minute period sanctioned by Bob usually preceding the cocktail hour during which all present were allowed to use whatever words they chose. (This program shrank and then disappeared once children arrived and grew old enough to gross out their parents!)

Bob completed his Master of Theology and Doctor of Ministry degrees in 1971 and 1972. He was ordained a deacon in 1972 and a priest in 1973. His first years in the ministry were spent in his sponsoring diocese, Western Massachusetts, as curate of St. John’s (Northampton), 1972-74; Episcopal Chaplain at the University of Massachusetts, 1974-75; and rector of All Saints (South Hadley), 1975-79. In this early period of his ministry, Bob built a reputation as an engaging preacher and man of the people. The All Saints position was an interim appointment which became permanent when the congregation decided that their next rector was already there.

Bob and Nancy were able to combine their wanderlust with Bob’s professional development by moving to Frankfurt am Main, Germany, in 1979, when Bob became rector of the Church of Christ the King, one of five English-speaking Anglican churches in Europe. Opportunities abounded for travel and for growth in Bob’s ministry and family. Nancy experienced quantum growth in her field of landscape architecture while working with the German masters. Bob’s daughter, Julia, who is now 14, and son, Nick, now 13, were adopted during this period.

In his sermon at Bob’s funeral, M. Thomas Shaw, Bishop of Massachusetts, spoke of the “Gospel according to Bob.” Bob had shared with Bishop Shaw his feeling of the limitless love that he felt for his family—for Nancy and for his children, Nick and Julia. Bob could not imagine how he could love anyone or anything more than he loved his two adopted children, and it was through this experience that Bob came to feel the power of God’s love for him as His own adopted child. This “Gospel according to Bob” is one of his extraordinary gifts. Ben Matlock, a friend in Germany and later in Amherst, spoke about Bob’s loyalty: “He could see the good in you you couldn’t see in yourself. And then he remained loyal to that. You might betray that part of yourself, but he never would. He saw a piece of you that made you a better person and in so doing helped you to become a better person.”

In 1984 the Denigs moved to Vienna, Va. Bob became rector of the Church of the Holy Comforter, where he served until his election as Bishop of Western Massachusetts on Oct. 3, 1992, and his consecration on Feb. 20, 1993. By this time Bob had reached full maturity in his ministry. I loved being in his presence at his church because he sparkled with enthusiasm and love. I remember him often crouching down on his haunches to get eyeball-to-eyeball with one of the little people in the parish. He was truly gifted at relating to young people on their own level.

The consecration in 1993 was a wonderful celebration of hope and promise, with all of the ritual that Bob could ever have dreamed of as an Amherst student 25 years earlier. He carried off his ceremonial duties with appropriate dignity while allowing his true humanity to shine through. After two hours of pomp, we finally came to the time in the service for the remarks from the new Bishop. Bob said:

“On this day I have not received the greatest gift that God has ever given to me. That was many years ago—46 years ago—when I received the sacrament of Holy Baptism at Central Presbyterian Church. That was the greatest day. But this is not too shabby!”

My personal guffaw at that point was undoubtedly the loudest in the church. I recalled an incident 10 years before, during one of Bob’s visits to our house, when Linda barged into the bathroom to be confronted by our buck-naked priest-friend. Bob, never at a loss for words, instantly responded, “Not too shabby for 36, eh?”

Bob served one year as Bishop before being diagnosed with multiple myeloma, cancer of the bone marrow. He was
shattered by the news—he was fully human in his response, immediately focusing on buying time. But his faith was all-abiding. In his sermon of June 5, 1994, commemorating the 50th anniversary of D-Day, Bob said:

"The best I can come up with is this: this is the best world God could create. God simply couldn’t manage a creation in which life happens without allowing the possibility that sometimes all that life happening would get mixed up and run amok ... which is what cancer is. Maybe God had to choose between no-life, no-creation on the one hand and life even if it sometimes included cancer or heart disease or AIDS or whatever on the other. God seems to have decided the effort is nonetheless worthwhile. So do I. Don’t you?"

Bob responded to his predicament as a hopeful realist. Continuing from the same sermon, he said:

"This is tough; this is no fun, but, by golly, I am going to fight. I’m worth it. God made me. God loves me. I matter and my actions matter. I am going to do all that I can for as long as I can.”

And he did. Because we all matter. Even though he was on crutches and in considerable pain, Bob went on schedule to lead “Bishop’s Week” at his diocese’s summer Camp Bement. Eagerly hiking wherever there might be something to share with his enthusiastic young flock, Bishmeister B”—“Just don’t call me ‘Bishop Bob’”—would draw 30 kids for meditation in the lodge on a hot sunny afternoon. He shared of himself and they responded.

One of Bob’s great dreams is a major expansion of this camp and its conference center into a center for Christian development to serve the entire Northeast. That dream will one day be realized through the ongoing efforts of camp director Mark Rourke and others—and thanks both to Bob’s inspiration and to a substantial lead gift he made by designating a portion of his life insurance death benefits to it.

Bob finally received a degree from an Episcopal seminary—a very special one. On Oct. 19, 1994, General Theological Seminary awarded him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Nancy, Julia and Nick will continue to reside in Northampton, where Nancy continues her successful landscape architecture practice, Denig Design Associates. Bob is also survived by his father, Robert F. Denig, of Brevard, N.C.; and his sisters, Virginia Packer, of Bedford, Mass., and Deborah Boisvert of Deerfield, N.H.

It may take some of us longer to “get it” than Bob but would that we could all live our lives every moment having decided that our lives have consequence, that our decisions, our actions matter.

John Hillman ’66

Robert W. Stratton

Deceased May 4th, 1991

Bob Stratton died early in May in his apartment in Brooklyn. As of July, there was no definite indication of the cause, but circumstances suggest that it may have been of the relatively obscure illnesses that develop only in cases where someone’s immune system has broken down. In other words, an AIDS complication.

Whether or not it is what he died of, Bob suffered from AIDS—not only because he may have had it, but because he felt deeply and immediately for anyone who did. Last year, in Boston, he was a nursing assistant in a holistic-care team that provided services for people who were HIV positive with end-stage disease; more recently, when he moved back to New York, he hoped to pursue work as a pastoral counselor for AIDS victims.
In Memory

Bob’s interest in counseling was one of several threads that wound around each other in his career. Others were teaching, theology, Christian ministry generally and a lifelong love of classical literature and language. In 1965, while a college student at Amherst, he taught English and Latin at Amherst Regional High School and Sunday school at Grace Episcopal Church on the Amherst town common. This year he taught at the St. Gerard Majella School in Hollis, N.Y.

In the years between, he frequently taught or was a counselor for children and adults who were retarded or neurologically impaired/learning disabled. One way and another, he was drawn where people’s needs were extraordinary and their resources scant. At one point in 1989, by his estimate, he was working 65 – 70 hours a week as a home health aide. Later he worked at the new Hospice on Mission Hill (Boston), which he described in a letter in 1990 as “the original (and for months the only) federally certified hospice for persons with AIDS.”

In his work, and in his friendships, Bob drew amply from religion: partly because he was devout in his faith, partly because he was thoroughly fascinated with the history, literature and liturgy of the church. From 1976 to 1979 he was a clerical assistant, sexton and parish secretary at St. Agnes Church in Liverpool, England, where he spent three gratifying years studying for his M.Phil. degree in psychology. Later he also earned a master’s degree in theology and pastoral counseling from Boston College.

Friends who knew Bob at Amherst will remember that he seemed to bear more than his share of frustration and pain in dealing with many things. They will also remember his sense of dignity and decorum—he wore a coat and tie to classes in 1968, no less—and his great precision with words. He also had a bittersweet sense of humor that could be endearing, and he combined it with an ability to feel wonder at, and delight in, all sorts of things that were new to him. Although Bob’s path after college led him away from contact with his classmates, he felt a continuous fondness for Amherst—from where, incidentally, he was proud to identify his degree not as a B.A. but rather, in the original Latin form, as an A.B.

Bob was often alone, and he was constantly pleased to rediscover friendships. He would appreciate the words of a minister who knew him well and who, on hearing news of Bob’s death, spoke of the concept of anamnesis: the ability to recall someone who has died, not as he was in his life, but in the present as he is now.

John Stiffer ’68

Edward P. Ligenza Jr.

Deceased October 27th, 1989

Ed Ligenza was an amazing three-sport All Western Mass star at Westfield High School. Being from nearby Chicopee I played against Ed in football and baseball. On the gridiron he was tough to tackle, if you could catch him, and on the diamond he was a human vacuum at shortstop and equally skilled with the bat.

My first personal contact with Ed was on the phone during the winter of our senior year. We were scheduled to visit Williams College on the same weekend, and we tried unsuccessfully to share a ride. Our first meeting was a bizarre situation at Amherst on the hill behind James and Stearns, when a horde of sophomores emerged from the Social Dorms for a soiree to “pay their respects.” Somehow a few of the rowdies singled me out to shave my head. Fortunately Ed and his roommate, Brian Mullany, also from Westfield, heard my boisterous protest, came to my rescue and saved me from certain humiliation.

As a teammate in football, Ed was a tough, strong, hard-nosed player. On Thursdays, the freshman would venture over to Pratt Field to scrimmage the varsity’s defense. During our first visit, David Morine ’66, who was a formidable linebacker with a powerful forearm, was roughing me up on one particular play. Suddenly a mysterious force hit my back and propelled me forward to the ground with Dave on his back. Ed had decided that I needed some help, shot from the
backfield and blasted both of us. I will never forget Ed’s s***eating grin and proud as a peacock glow. Dave gave me the credit for the hit, but Ed never let me forget who provided the real force.

On the varsity, Ed displayed his talents on both side of the ball. However he had one unique and highly effective skill—the quick kick. Unlike a punt with its transparent formation, the quick kick is disguised in a regular formation and designed to surprise the defense by kicking the ball over their unsuspecting heads, in an end over end manner to maximize the roll and gain valuable field position. Ed used this uncanny talent to perfection and I never saw anyone who was his equal.

Growing up in Chicopee with its large Polish population, I never heard anyone struggle to pronounce my name until I came to Amherst. With just the slight difference in spelling, Ed didn’t experience that problem. Ed would forever tease me that my name was misspelled and his was spelled correctly. Years later, I read my grandfather’s immigration papers and saw that in fact Ed was right. I regret that I never had the opportunity to tell him. However, I am grateful for having competed with and against him and for the opportunity to say that he was my friend.

Paul Lengieza ’68

Charles W. March

Deceased December 23rd, 1986

Charles W. March died Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1986, after a long illness at the Western Massachusetts Hospital in Westfield, Mass.

Chuck came to Amherst from Thomas A. Edison High School in Tulsa, Okla., where he was active on his tennis team and in extra-curricular activities. At Amherst, he was active in tennis, on the squash teams and was a member of Beta Theta Pi Fraternity. He had a sense of warmth and understanding that was admired and respected by his friends at school. Chuck was well liked by all who knew him.

After graduation, he received his master’s in Landscape Architecture from Harvard in 1973 and continued to work as a landscape architect up until his death. Chuck left the plains of Oklahoma and settled in Northampton where he had become a respected member and leader of the community. He was a member of the Northampton Arts Council and in June of 1985 became chairman and was serving his second year as head. He accomplished a great deal, in a short time, for the Northampton community. He became the driving force behind Northampton’s First Night New Year’s Eve Celebration and was also instrumental in the opening of the Art Center in October of 1984.

One of his hidden talents that he developed after college was his ability as a weaver. He became a well-known artist and weaver of handmade rugs. His rugs were commissioned by many of the top designers both in Boston and in New York. Chuck continued to be active in the tennis world and competed in many of the local USTA tournaments around the western Massachusetts area.

We are all saddened by his loss, and as one friend put it, “he was an incredible friend, very devoted and protective and caring of his friends.” He leaves behind his parents, Charles and Marguerite Neff March, and two sisters, Nancy Herrick of Anaheim, Calif., and Elizabeth Goodman of Tulsa. The class of ’68 sends all our deepest sympathy to his family out west.

Richard Ball ’68
In Memory

David E. Galbreath

Deceased April 20th, 1985

On April 20 David Galbreath died in Baltimore during a business trip. A resident of Bucks County, Pa., he was executive vice president of Clarion Mortgage Company of Trevose, Pa.

David served as a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1980 and was in numerous charitable and professional organizations in Bucks County. He belonged to St. James Episcopal Church and served as president of the New Hope-Ivyland Railroad.

David is survived by his wife Terry, daughters Jessica and Valerie, his parents, three sisters, two aunts and two uncles. His cousin Daniel Galbreath is class of 1950.

At Amherst David majored in American Studies and devoted a great deal of his time and energy to Chi Psi, serving as social chairman during his junior year and as president as a senior. As a roommate, fraternity brother and friend, he was generous with his time and humor. The memories come flooding back, but David is gone. He was 39.

Joel Schmidt ’68

Albert P. Baker

Deceased August 11th, 1983

Al Baker died Aug. 11, 1983, in Buffalo, N.Y., of a brain tumor with which he had contended with characteristic dignity, hope and determination since the previous February. Few outside Al’s family knew of his illness. For those who did know, Al’s confidence inspired disbelief that he could lose to this disease.

Al grew up in Lackawanna, N.Y., a steel mill town south of Buffalo. His father worked in the mills. His mother worked as well, especially during mill layoffs which accompanied the decline in the steel industry. Al had one younger sister, but his mother’s family in the area was large. Al was proud of his father’s Welsh and his mother’s Italian heritage. He was the first in either family to attend college. Later, he delighted in showing Amherst friends the steel mills and surroundings of Lackawanna and Buffalo.

Al lettered in basketball and track at Lackawanna High School, was captain of its football team, an All-Western New York quarterback, active in student affairs and an honor roll student. A balance of competitiveness, fairness and talent brought Al to the attention of a friend of Amherst’s Coach Ostendarp. Through their urging, Al became interested in Amherst. The College awarded Al the scholarship necessary to support his attendance. Al always appreciated that award; with it began his fierce loyalty to Amherst.

At Amherst Al continued briefly with track. His football career took off when he starred against Trinity his sophomore year as a replacement fullback. Amherst football gave Al great satisfaction. John Bologna ’68, a teammate, recalls, “The refrains of ‘mental toughness’ and ‘attention to detail’ seemed to accompany the experience of athletics at Amherst. Al admired these qualities when he observed them in others and exhibited them as well, perhaps better, than any of us.” Al joined DU fraternity, lived in the social dorms three years and made friends across the campus.

Al spent the summer after graduation in the Pacific Northwest. He then returned to Lackawanna
In Memory

Lewis Roberts
Deceased May 24th, 1977

Ten percent of Montclair (NJ) Academy’s 1964 graduating class attended Amherst – Lew Solomon and I. We had been friendly at Montclair, as you might expect when there were only 18 others in the class. Being friendly does not mean you are a pal. A pal shares confidences. We became pals at Amherst.

I tended to be a student. I did what was assigned and plodded along. Lew fancied himself an artist. Farmers plod; artists don’t. I treated the freshman curriculum as a sit-down meal to be eaten in full. Lew treated it as a buffet to be sampled. Composition – delicious. History – a sample. Physics – poison.

The first semester, he survived poison. The second semester, by the luck of the draw, the College scheduled an encounter for the Artist: Meet your small-section physics instructor, Arnold Arons.

Arons created the course, wrote the book, lectured the entire freshman class. “Do not take notes, just listen,” he admonished us. That was all right with Lew. Arons felt true learning came later, “pencil in hand.” That second step was an imaginative leap for Lew.

Arons spoke clearly, deliberately. You listened. You may not have always understood, but you listened and, except for the bold, you avoided eye contact with eyes that threatened to pierce the peanut shells that passed for brains in your head. “Arons” was an interesting place to visit; few wanted to live there. His home was with his small section, which met every Friday. Lew’s new home.

Lew produced the same hen tracks he did the first semester, but Arons found no ascertainable trail. On his first exam, Lew broke double figures. The fact that his was not the lowest grade did not lessen the effect.

Lew went to the library, burrowed into the stacks with his physics book, and plodded. For weeks. Until he started to make the connection. He started to get it. He understood, as many of us came to understand. There was good reason why he was an artist: he stank at physics.

The more apparent the realization, the angrier Lew became. He didn’t care about Ohm’s Law. He didn’t care about the collision of brass balls. He must act. One afternoon, he slammed his physics book closed and stormed from the stacks of Converse Library across the circle between Pratt and Morrow, past Valentine and directly into the physics building, down the hall to Arons’s office.

The door was open. Arons was seated at his desk poring over stacks of freshman lab books. Lew knocked. “Come in,” Arons said without looking up. Lew sat down on a wooden chair in front of Arons, his knees almost brushing the desk. “Well, Mr. Solomon, what is it?” Arons finally said looking up, the tone demanding the point of this intrusion.

“Professor Arons, how do I say this?” Lew started, the words stumbling out. Not a good beginning for someone so well prepared five minutes before. Words so ineptly formed could prompt an immediate feeding frenzy, with Mr. Solomon the feast.

“I am spending too much time on physics. It’s a two-credit course. I put more time into this course than all my other classes put together. To what end? I’m not good at it. I’m not interested in it. I’m not going further with it. I’m interested in politics. I’m not interested in frictionless pucks.” Lew had found his voice. Arons was sitting back, not visibly responding. Lew warmed to the occasion.

“Just last week, Dean Acheson came to the campus to lecture. We had a quiz the next day. Do I study or go see Acheson? How can I miss Dean Acheson? My future is in politics, not in physics. I’m just not interested in science.” Perhaps not a model speech, but Lew felt it raised points worthy of discussion.
In Memory

Arons leaned forward in his chair, moving his gaze closer to Lew, and said, "Not interested in physics, Mr. Solomon? Not interested in science?" Arons's voice rose with each question. He paused. Then his eyes registered. "Ah. Of course, Mr. Solomon! You are interested in politics! I can see it all now. There you are, behind your mahogany desk in your oval office. Your intercom buzzes. Your secretary says, 'President Solomon, there is someone to see you.' You say, 'Send him in.' It's a scientist. He probably looks like me." Arons stands and brings his hands to his belt as if he is holding some object. "The scientist approaches your desk. He is holding a little black box and says, 'President Solomon, in this box I have a machine that can blow up the entire world.' And what do you do? You say, 'I'm not interested in science, I'm interested in politics.' Be damned if I'll vote for you, Solomon. Get out of here."

Lew did—promptly. He eventually continued his study of physics over the summer. He took no more science. He never became a politician. He went to Yale Drama School and became Lew Roberts, an actor. He taught in the Bergen County (N.J.) school system.

The reminiscence is bittersweet. I think it was funny. Lew thought it was funny. We laughed many times about it. I have shared it with others. It captured something of Lew and something of Amherst. What makes it melancholy is that Lew died years ago. He was diagnosed as schizophrenic and committed suicide.

Now seems a time to remember a pal.

Mike Donnelly '68

Charles K. Arter III

Deceased January 2nd, 1977

Charlie Arter died at the age of 30 on Jan. 2, 1977. He had spent seven weeks in an Atlanta hospital before he failed to survive a third heart operation in as many weeks. The shock and tragedy felt by his many Atlanta friends was compounded by his seemingly strong recovery from two prior operations. He celebrated New Year’s Eve with a party in his hospital room and looked forward to his return home the following Monday. On Saturday he took a marked turn for the worse and died on Sunday. For his wife, Margot, and 1-year-old daughter, Mary Elizabeth, his death is a cruel denial of the promise in their young lives.

Charlie came to Atlanta in the fall of 1968 following graduation. He soon involved himself in local politics and in the Atlanta city schools. He served as a campaign manager for a successful Atlanta school board candidate. He worked as a community school director in a neighborhood of poor whites, blacks and Cubans. He was one of the founders of a neighborhood organization located where he lived and worked. He took a leave of absence from the school system to complete his work for a master’s degree in educational administration from Georgia State University. In September 1976 Charlie was named principal of E. Rivers Elementary School.

Charlie's commitment to the improvement of public education in Atlanta was to his friends more than just admirable. Charlie, had he chosen, could have lived a comfortable life. Instead he contributed himself to a city in need of his capabilities and dedication. That he was valued by a predominantly black school system was evidenced by his attaining a school principalship at such a young age.

Charlie’s tie to Amherst was more than just his own. His grandfather, Charles K. (1898), and father, Charles K. Jr. (1936), were Amherst alumni. As one who knew Charlie during and after Amherst and reflecting upon the changes in our lives since 1968, I think that Amherst had a profound impact on Charlie, one for which the City of Atlanta can be grateful.
Edward Nolan Callahan

Edward N. Callahan died suddenly on Sept. 15, 1976, in Cambridge, Mass., where he had lived since graduation from Amherst. At Amherst he was a member of Alpha Theta Xi and majored in English. A gifted student, he made the Dean’s List every semester and was the recipient of both the Hunter Prize “for the best essay on a topic approved by the English Department” and the Addison Brown Scholarship, an annual award to “that member of the senior class who, being already on the scholarship list, shall have attained the highest standing in the studies of the freshman, sophomore and junior years.”

After graduation in 1968, he sought work rather than extended education until his status with the Draft Board could be resolved. He became a lab technician at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston in the Endocrine Research Unit. Gradually he found himself being redirected into science, which had been his interest in his early Amherst years, and he took a year of study in Washington, D.C. Upon receiving a fellowship from Harvard in the division of medical sciences, he returned to Boston but did not complete the program. Returning to work in the endocrine lab at Mass. General, he taught classes in his subjects and co-authored a number of articles which have appeared in major medical publications.

During his years in New England, he pursued music in the form of choir singing, square dancing and playing piano, flute and violin. He enjoyed hiking-camping trips and, one summer, bicycled around Ireland. He spent another summer as a lookout from a fire tower in Montana.

A determined and resilient person with exceptional talents, his death came much too soon. His classmates extend their sympathies to his family. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Nolan Callahan, and two sisters, Anne Pereygo, medical photographer, and Elaine Callahan, who will receive her M.D. in June.

Harold Wade Jr.

Our classmate and friend, Harold Wade Jr., died on Saturday, June 29, 1974, a day before his 26th birthday. He drowned while vacationing in Barbados.

Harold was born in Brooklyn, the son of Harold Wade Sr. and Thelma (Weekes) Wade.

After being accelerated twice in grammar school, he briefly attended Thomas Jefferson High School and graduated from Andrew Jackson High School in 1964. He received his B.A. degree from Amherst College in 1968. He then went on to Harvard Law School from which he received his LL.B. in 1972.

At Amherst Harold played a key role in organizing the Afro-American Society. In his senior year, he was a moving force behind the publication of the Amherst Black Student, a pamphlet which informed prospective black students about Amherst College. This was the first pamphlet of its kind and was soon followed by similar efforts at other colleges.

The energy and achievement which characterized his Amherst years continued after graduation. In the summer of 1968, Harold worked in the office of Sidney Davidoff, an aide to Mayor Lindsay. The following summer he was a researcher with Resources for the Future, Inc. and wrote a report on Rev. Walter Fauntroy’s urban renewal organization, the Model Inner
City Community Organization. In the summer of 1970, he worked in the law firm of Breed, Abbott and Morgan.

His concern for the history of his people led to the completion, while studying at Harvard, of his soon-to-be published book, Black Men of Amherst. It contains biographies of the black men who attended Amherst from 1821-1971. His gentle love for his mother led him to dedicate this work to her. Also during his Harvard years, he taught in the Harvard Afro-American studies department.

After completing law school in 1972, he worked as a clerk in the court of Judge Barrington Parker in Washington, D.C. The next year he returned to his family home in New York where he soon became active in the affairs of his church and in city politics. He was a chairman of the scholarship committee of the Springfield Gardens United Methodist Church. During the Lindsay administration, he was on the legal staff of Dave Salup, Commissioner of the Economic Development Administration. At the time of his death, he was an assistant to the deputy mayor, Paul Gibson Jr. Those who knew Harold followed his progress closely, anticipating that he would become a leader.

The class extends its deepest sympathy to his mother, father and grandmother at this tragic loss to all of us. We have fond memories of Harold. We shall miss his endless enthusiasm, his ready laugh, his excited tirades, his warm concern and his keen intellect.

Deputy Mayor Gibson, who delivered the funeral oration, said of Harold: "He held a position in the office of New York City’s mayor which afforded him an opportunity to make meaningful contributions to the welfare of New York’s 8 million citizens. While some may feel that his responsibilities were broad for one so young, by virtue of his training, diligence and concern, he was well able to assume those responsibilities. He was a valued member of city management and an associate who will be sorely missed."
Amherst College

Songs of ‘68
Alma Mater
(Resound, Ye Circling Hills)

With spirit

Words and Music by
Jason N. Pierce, '02

1. Resound, re-sound ye circling hills
   Send ye forth glad songs of praise
   Let echoes ring — the name we sing,
   In all our student here — To hail the queen —

2. Re-joice, re-joice ye Am-herst men
   That we now as-sem-ble
   Oh! Ring the name we sing, we sing In all our student here —
   The queen of all our hearts, our hearts With rous-ing song and

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lays Let every son rejoice And now up-
cheer Let every son rejoice And now up-

lays Each son rejoice 
cheer Each son rejoice 

lays Each son rejoice 
cheer Each son rejoice 

lift his voice Resound ye hills ye echoes 

lift his voice Oh college dear thy name we 

up-lift his voice ye hills ye echoes so dear thy name we 

up-lift his voice ye hills so dear 

A.C.S.B.
ring Sound the name we love to sing  Re-sound ye
sing May thy prais-es ev-er ring  Oh col-le-ga

ring Oh ring Sound the name we love to sing
sing We sing May thy prais-es ev-er ring

Oh ring Sound the name we love to sing
We sing May thy prais-es ev-er ring

Oh ring Sound the name we love to sing
We sing May thy prais-es ev-er ring

hills— ye e-choes ring  Sound the name we love to sing
dear— thy name we sing  May thy prais-es ev-er ring

Ye hills, ye e-choes ring, oh ring  Sound the name we love to sing
So dear, thy name we sing we sing  May thy prais-es ev-er ring

Ye hills Oh ring Sound the name we love to sing
So dear We sing May thy prais-es ev-er ring

Ye hills Oh ring Sound the name we love to sing
So dear We sing May thy prais-es ev-er ring

A.C.S.B.
Slower

Hail Alma Mater Glorious old Amherst We thy sons greet thee with a cheer.

Hail Alma Mater Glorious old Amherst We thy sons greet thee with a cheer.

Hail Alma Mater Glorious old Amherst We thy sons greet thee with a cheer.

Hail Alma Mater Glorious old Amherst We thy sons greet thee with a cheer.

Fairest old College Thine be our homage Thine be our true love, Amherst so dear.

Fairest old College Thine be our homage Thine be our true love, Amherst so dear.

Fairest old College Thine be our homage Thine be our true love, Amherst so dear.

Fairest old College Thine be our homage Thine be our true love, Amherst so dear.

A.C.S.B.
To The Fairest College

Words and Music by
D.C. Bartlett, '03

To the fairest college of them all, We will sing with hearty will. Till the echoes from each classic hall, Fill our hearts with answering thrill. We will sing of many a victory, On diamond, field and track, Midst the golden haze of college days, Our hearts to thee turn back.

Hail Alma Mater, our well loved Mother, Old Amherst, hero's to thee. We'll love thee ever, all boys together, And ever faithful be.
Hand me down my bonnet

1. Hand me down my bonnet __ And hand me down my shawl, __ And
   2. First she gave me candy __ And then she gave me cake, __ And

hand me down my cal-i-co dress, I'm going to the cal-i-co ball. __ Oh,
then she gave me gin-ger bread, For kiss-ing her at the gate. __ Well,

Hand me down my bonnet __ And hand me down my shawl, __ And
first she gave me candy __ And then she gave me cake, __ And
hand me down my cal-i-co dress, I'm going to the cal-i-co ball.
then she gave me gin-ger bread, For kiss-ing her at the gate.

Well, as we go march-ing And the band begins to

play You can hear the peo-ple shout.
P L A Y

ing The Amherst team is out to win to-day.
Lord Jeffery Amherst

Words and Music by
J.S. HAMILTON, '06

Tempo di Marcia

1. Oh, Lord Jeffery Amherst was a soldier of the King. And he
2. Oh, Lord Jeffery Amherst was the man who gave his name To our
came from across the sea
To the college up on the hill
And the

Frenchman and the Indians, he didn't do a thing
In the story of his loyalty and bravery and, fame

wilds of this wild country
In the wilds of this wild country
In the wilds of this wild country
And
bides here among us still
You may
for his Royal Majesty, he fought with all his might, For he was a
talk about your Johnnies and your El is and the rest. For they are

soldier loyal and true And he
names that time can never dim But give

conquered all the enemies, that came within his sight, And he
us our only Jeffery, He's the noblest and the best. To the

looked 'round for more when he was through. end we will stand fast for him.
CHORUS

Oh, Am-herst! Brave Am-herst! 'Twas a name known to fame in days of yore. May it ever be glorious Till the sun shall climb the heavens no more.
Paige's Horse

Words by
F. J. E. Woodbridge '89

Arr. by W. P. Bigelow '89

1. Brightly from the study window Gleams my chum-my's student lamp
While across the wintry meadows I am wandering home from "Hamp"
down, And my head goes reeling, rolling As I stagger on to town. Let the pair
Let the lamp burn on still brighter While I climb the Golden stair.

2. Paige's horse is in a snow drift Paige's cutter upside
That when home from "Hamp" returning, I may see the way to go. Let the go.

3. By the two mile woods I've fallen Fallen down in great des-

A.C.S.B.
Senior Song 1906

J. S. Hamilton '06

1. Strangers once, we came to dwell to-geth-er, Sons of a moth-er wise and true,

2. We have climb'd to-geth-er up the path-way, On to the goal where life doth wait,

Now we're bound by ties that can-not sev-er, All our whole life thro'!
Where in bright and beck-ning fields of prom-ise Li-eth fame or fate.

Gath-er clos-er, hand to hand, The time draws near when we must part,
Form'd a-mong these dear old halls. Friend-ships that can nev-er die,

Still the love of col-lege days will lin-ger Ev-er in each heart.
Strength to keep us faith-ful in our man-hood To our pur-pose high.

A.C.S.B.