Amherst College

Class of 1965 · 50th Reunion
May 27 - 31, 2015

Editors
Paul Ehrmann ’65 and Tom Poor ’65
Table of Contents

President Martin’s Letter ................................................................. 7

50th Reunion Committee ................................................................. 8

Class Officers .................................................................................. 9

Class Presidents ............................................................................. 10

Honorary Degree Recipients ......................................................... 11

President Kennedy’s Section ......................................................... 12

Convocation Address
Frost Library Ground Breaking Remarks
President Plimpton’s message

Robert Frost .................................................................................. 20

Photo Montages ............................................................................ 30

Timelines ....................................................................................... 35

Alumni Submissions .................................................................... 41

In Memoriam ................................................................................ 185

Songs ............................................................................................ 203
Dear Members of the Reunion Class of 1965,

Congratulations on the occasion of your 50th Reunion! Of the many milestones in your relationships with the College, this is a particularly special one. I am pleased to send you this advance welcome and look forward to greeting you in person in May when you gather on this beautiful campus.

Your class was the first to enter Amherst in the decade of the 1960s. But as you know, you shared a great deal with the students of the 1950s. The New Curriculum was in force, and you learned to use language to make temporary order out of chaos; you experienced the importance of arriving at Physics 11 on time; and you gathered together several times a week in chapel as a reflective community. I have loved hearing your accounts of these shared experiences of community and intellectual rigor.

You were here when President Kennedy called on you and your generation to fight for social justice. The struggle for civil rights touched the campus more lightly than it did some of the nation’s other colleges and universities, but it deeply affected many of you while you were at Amherst and after you left. You had not been gone long when students and faculty called for a different approach to the curriculum and the faculty ultimately replaced the New Curriculum with Amherst’s Open Curriculum.

Through all the changes, Amherst has preserved what matters: an intimate community of young, avid learners engaged in and outside the classroom with outstanding and dedicated teacher-scholars. The College is as committed now as it was 50 years ago to helping students “give themselves to learning with enthusiasm, conviction, and dedication.” (Cal Plimpton, 1960 Inaugural Address). The College continues to be transformative in ways you would all recognize.

We cherish Amherst’s storied past and are proud to count you among our alumni. We are also deeply grateful to have your loyalty and support as we embrace the challenges and opportunities of this historical moment.

I look forward to seeing you in May.

Warm regards,

Biddy Martin
50th Reunion Committee

**Reunion Chair**
Thomas M. Poor

**Reunion Book Editors**
Paul L. Ehrmann
Thomas M. Poor

**Reunion Program Chairs**
David F. Garrison
Michael A. Wheeler

**Attendance Chair**
Sherman E. Katz

**Headquarters Chair**
Thomas M. Poor

**Nominating Committee Chair**
Alexander D. Washburn

**Souvenir Chairs**
Michael L. Alcivar
Thomas M. Poor

**Reunion Gift Committee**
John C. Ransmeier
Alexander D. Washburn
Class Officers

**President**
Thomas M. Poor

**Vice President**
Mark W. Perry

**Secretary**
Paul L. Ehrmann

**Treasurer**
Geoffrey S. Parker

**Web Editor**
Geoffrey M. Bartlett

**Class Agent**
Alexander D. Washburn
Class Presidents

George Bassos, 1965-1985

John C. Ransmeier, 1985-1990

Mark W. Perry, 1990-1995

David T. McNaughton, 1995-2000

Alexander D. Washburn, 2000-2005

Thomas M. Poor, 2005-Present
Honorary Degrees

Honorary Degree Recipients, May 1965

Doctor of Laws:

William Lucius Cary
Will Mercer Cook 1925
Eustace Seligman 1910
Ernest Miller Whitcomb 1904

Doctor of Science:

Mary Ingraham Bunting
John Rock

Doctor of Humane Letters:

Frederick Scouller Allis 1935
Jacqueline Lévy-Despas
October 26, 1963

Mr. McCloy, President Plimpton, Mr. MacLeish, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen:

I am very honored to be here with you on this occasion which means so much to this College and also means so much to art and the progress of the United States.

This College is part of the United States. It belongs to it. So did Mr. Frost, in a large sense, and, therefore, I was privileged to accept the invitation somewhat rendered to me in the same way that Franklin Roosevelt rendered his invitation to Mr. MacLeish, the invitation which I received from Mr. McCloy.

The powers of the Presidency are often described. Its limitations should occasionally be remembered, and, therefore, when the Chairman of our Disarmament Advisory Committee -- who has labored so long and hard, Governor Stevenson's assistant during the very difficult days at the United Nations, during the Cuban crisis, a public servant of so many years - asks or invites the President of the United States, there is only one response. So I am glad to be here.

Amherst has had many soldiers of the King since its first one, and some of them are here today: Mr. McCloy, who has been a long public servant; Jim [James A.] Reed, who is the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; President [Charles W.] Cole, who is now our Ambassador to Chile; Mr. [James T.] Ramey, who is a Commissioner of the Atomic Energy Commission; Dick [Richard W.] Reuter, who is head of the Food for Peace. These and scores of others down through the years have recognized the obligations of the advantages which the graduation from a college such as this places upon them: to serve not only their private interest but the public interest as well.

Many years ago, Woodrow Wilson said, “What good is a political party unless it’s serving a great national purpose?” And what good is a private college or university unless it’s serving a great national purpose? The library being constructed today - this College itself, all of this, of course, was not done merely to give this school’s graduates an advantage, an economic advantage, in the life struggle. It does do that. But in return for that, in return for the great opportunity which society gives the graduates of this and related schools, it seems to me incumbent upon this and other schools' graduates to recognize their responsibility to the public interest.

Privilege is here, and with privilege goes responsibility. And I think, as your President said, that it must be a source of satisfaction to you that this school’s graduates have recognized it. And I hope that the students who are here now will also recognize it in the future.
Although Amherst has been in the forefront of extending aid to needy and talented students, private colleges, taken as a whole, draw 50 per cent of their students from the wealthiest 10 percent of our nation. And even state universities and other public institutions derive 25 percent of their students from this group. In March 1962, persons of 18 years or older who had not completed high school made up 46 percent of the total labor force, and such persons comprised 64 percent of those who were unemployed. And in 1958, the lowest fifth of the families in the United States had 4 1/2 percent of the total personal income, the highest fifth 45 1/2 percent.

There is inherited wealth in this country and also inherited poverty. And unless the graduates of this College and other colleges like it who are given a running start in life -- unless they are willing to put back into our society those talents, the broad sympathy, the understanding, the compassion -- unless they’re willing to put those qualities back into the service of the Great Republic, then obviously the presuppositions upon which our democracy are based are bound to be fallible.

The problems which this country now faces are staggering, both at home and abroad. We need the service, in the great sense, of every educated man or woman, to find 10 million jobs in the next 2 1/2 years, to govern our relations -- a country which lived in isolation for 150 years, and is now suddenly the leader of the Free World -- to govern our relations with over 100 countries, to govern those relations with success so that the balance of power remains strong on the side of freedom, to make it possible for Americans of all different races and creeds to live together in harmony, to make it possible for a world to exist in diversity and freedom. All this requires the best of all of us.

And therefore, I am proud to come to this College whose graduates have recognized this obligation and to say to those who are now here that the need is endless, and I’m confident that you will respond.

Robert Frost said it:

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

I hope that road will not be the less traveled by, and I hope your commitment to the great public interest in the years to come will be worthy of your long inheritance since your beginning.
This day devoted to the memory of Robert Frost offers an opportunity for reflection which is prized by politicians as well as by others, and even by poets, for Robert Frost was one of the granite figures of our time in America. He was supremely two things: an artist and an American. A nation reveals itself not only by the men it produces but also by the men it honors, the men it remembers.

In America, our heroes have customarily run to men of large accomplishments. But today this College and country honors a man whose contribution was not to our size but to our spirit, not to our political beliefs but to our insight, not to our self-esteem, but to our self-comprehension. In honoring Robert Frost, we therefore can pay honor to the deepest sources of our national strength. That strength takes many forms, and the most obvious forms are not always the most significant. The men who create power make an indispensable contribution to the nation’s greatness, but the men who question power make a contribution just as indispensable, especially when that questioning is disinterested, for they determine whether we use power or power uses us.

Our national strength matters, but the spirit which informs and controls our strength matters just as much. This was the special significance of Robert Frost. He brought an unsparing instinct for reality to bear on the platitudes and pieties of society. His sense of the human tragedy fortified him against self-deception and easy consolation. “I have been,” he wrote, “one acquainted with the night.” And because he knew the midnight as well as the high noon, because he understood the ordeal as well as the triumph of the human spirit, he gave his age strength with which to overcome despair. At bottom, he held a deep faith in the spirit of man, and it’s hardly an accident that Robert Frost coupled poetry and power, for he saw poetry as the means of saving power from itself. When power leads man towards arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the areas of man’s concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses. For art establishes the basic human truths which must serve as the touchstone of our judgment.

The artist, however faithful to his personal vision of reality, becomes the last champion of the individual mind and sensibility against an intrusive society and an officious state. The great artist is thus a solitary figure. He has, as Frost said, a lover’s quarrel with the world. In pursuing his perceptions of reality, he must often sail against the currents of his time. This is not a popular role. If Robert Frost was much honored during his lifetime, it was because a good many preferred to ignore his darker truths. Yet in retrospect, we see how the artist’s fidelity has strengthened the fiber of our national life.

If sometimes our great artists have been the most critical of our society, it is because their sensitivity and their concern for justice which must motivate any true artist, makes him aware that our nation falls short of its highest potential.
I see little of more importance to the future of our country and our civilization than full recognition of the place of the artist.

If art is to nourish the roots of our culture, society must set the artist free to follow his vision wherever it takes him. We must never forget that art is not a form of propaganda; it is a form of truth. And as Mr. MacLeish once remarked of poets: “There is nothing worse for our trade than to be in style.” In free society art is not a weapon and it does not belong to the sphere of polemics and ideology. Artists are not engineers of the soul. It may be different elsewhere. But democratic society- in it-the highest duty of the writer, the composer, the artist is to remain true to himself and to let the chips fall where they may. In serving his vision of the truth, the artist best serves his nation. And the nation which disdains the mission of art invites the fate of Robert Frost’s hired man, the fate of having nothing to look backward to with pride and nothing to look forward to with hope.

I look forward to a great future for America - a future in which our country will match its military strength with its moral restraint, its wealth with its wisdom, its power with its purpose. I look forward to an America which will not be afraid of grace and beauty, which will protect the beauty of our natural environment, which will preserve the great old American houses and squares and parks of our national past, and which will build handsome and balanced cities for our future.

I look forward to an America which will reward achievement in the arts as we reward achievement in business or statecraft. I look forward to an America which will steadily raise the standards of artistic accomplishment and which will steadily enlarge cultural opportunities for all of our citizens. And I look forward to an America which commands respect throughout the world not only for its strength but for its civilization as well. And I look forward to a world which will be safe not only for democracy and diversity but also for personal distinction. Robert Frost was often skeptical about projects for human improvement, yet I do not think he would disdain this hope. As he wrote during the uncertain days of the Second War:

Take human nature altogether since time began,
And it must be a little more in favor of man,
Say a fraction of one per cent at the very least,
Our hold on the planet wouldn't have so increased.

Because of Mr. Frost’s life and work, because of the life and work of this College, our hold on this planet has increased.
President Kennedy’s remarks  
at the Frost Library ground breaking

October 26, 1963

Mr. McCloy, President Plimpton, members of the Trustees, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am privileged to join you as a classmate of Archibald MacLeish’s and to participate here at Amherst, and to participate in this ceremony.

I knew Mr. Frost quite late in his life, in really the last four or five years, and I was impressed, as I know all you were who knew him, by a good many qualities, but also by his toughness. He gives the lie, as a good many other poets have, to the fact that poets are rather sensitive creatures who live in the dark of the garret. He was very hard-boiled in his approach to life, and his desires for our country. He once said that America is the country you leave only when you want to go out and lick another country. He was not particularly belligerent in his relations, his human relations, but he felt very strongly that the United States should be a country of power and force, and use that power and force wisely. But he once said to me not to let the Harvard in me get to be too important. So we have followed that advice.

Home, he once wrote, is a place where when you have to go there they have to take you in. And Amherst took him in. This was his home on and off for 22 years. The fact that he chose this College, this campus, when he could have gone anywhere and would have been warmly welcomed, is a tribute to you as much as it is to Mr. Frost. When he was among you, he once said, “I put my students on the operating table” and proceeded to take ideas they didn’t know they had out of them. The great test of a college student’s chances, he also wrote, is when he knows the sort of work for which he will neglect his studies.

In 1937 he said of Amherst, “I have reason to think they like to have me here.” And now you are going to have him here for many, many years. Professor Kittredge, at Harvard, once said that they could take down all the buildings of Harvard, and if they kept Widener Library, Harvard would still exist.

Libraries are memories and in this library you will have the memory of an extraordinary American, but more than that, really, an extraordinary human being; and also you will have the future, and all the young men who come into this library will touch something of distinction in our national life, and, I hope, give something to it.

I am proud to be associated with this great enterprise. Thank you.
President Plimpton speech

President Calvin Plimpton in Johnson Chapel, Friday evening, November 22, 1963, after the news was received of President John F. Kennedy's assassination, as printed in The Amherst Student, XCIII no. 19 (Nov. 23, 1963), pp. 1-2.

Friday, Nov. 22—The Reverend Lewis S. Mudge and President Calvin H. Plimpton ’39 conducted a short ceremony tonight in Johnson Chapel to commemorate the death of President John F. Kennedy, shot today in Dallas, Texas. The Student Council requested Dr. Plimpton to address the student body.

Members of the College community filled the Chapel to honor the late President and to hear Dr. Plimpton. Reverend Mudge offered the opening prayer. The proceedings follow:

The Rev. Lewis S. Mudge, Minister to the College:

“Our Father and our God, look down in mercy upon us who scarcely yet can understand the tragic events of this day. Be compassionate to those whose family joy has been so swiftly turned into mourning. Grant unto our new President strength, wisdom, skill, and faith. Grant that we may be drawn closer together by our common sorrow. And, if it be thy will, guide us and our nation in this troubled time until the day breaks and the shadows flee away, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

President Calvin H. Plimpton ’39:

“Four weeks ago he was here. We saw him; we heard him; and we knew him. He was one of us, for he was our most recent alumnus.

“Remember the words of Archie MacLeish:

‘The people of this countryside may forget in the ordinary human course what anyone says on this occasion, but they will remember for many, many years that a young and gallant President of the United States, with the weight of history heavy upon him, somehow found time to come to our small corner of the world to talk of books and men and learning.’ Now he is gone. But I think we bear with pride our sorrows so sharpened by this very intimacy.

“I suppose I saw more of him than most of you, and I would like to tell you my impressions, one man looking at another man. He came back to our house twice. The first time he took off his coat, and we talked in our shirtsleeves. Mr. MacLeish, being a bit older, just took off his vest.
Mr. McCloy, being the oldest of all, kept his coat and vest on. We talked about Adenauer, McNamara, Eisenhower, the atom bomb and Gilpatrick. It was high level, and it was good to hear. Then we drove to the library and joked and talked and came back to the house.

“What was the impression he made upon me? He had said in his speech that Robert Frost had toughness. But this was also the impression that Mr. Kennedy gave me: not tough in the sense of ruthlessness or boorishness, rather tough in the sense of purpose, of mission and of meaning business. Tough like a machine that has been honed down with all the frills removed, ready for action—action in mind, in thought; action in body.

“He had a certain leanness which I admire. He was born rich, but he worked harder than the poor. There was no softness about him. Becoming President and then being President is not a sweet indulgence of one’s ego. He was ambitious, but his concern was not himself. He was physically lean, no extra flab, no paunch around his middle. And he was lean with words. His speech was no windy diatribe. And he was lean in personality. He was not a charmer, not smooth. There was no soft soap, no affectations, no ‘side’, no effort to seem important—rather this very strong sense of purpose, with no time to ask himself if he was happy. He believed he could do the job better than anyone else, so he moved briskly. What’s the question? What’s the response? His thoughts were clear, going immediately to the heart of the problem. It was a tough, yet supple mind.

“Mr. Kennedy enjoyed his visit. He met Mr. McCloy the next week in Washington and said how much he had enjoyed Amherst; said he hadn’t known it was such a fine college, and he was very glad to had been invited.

“But in the midst of life there is death. That is the problem; that is the question. What is the meaning? Where is the sense? He’s gone now, but not necessarily all of him, and there lies the sense. As we shed our tears, let us remember his toughness. Let us trim our paunches, curtail our self-indulgence, our petty searches for little concerns, our laziness. As Robert Frost said of tennis courts, “We’re not on them to see if the lines are straight, but to play tennis.” We are here to sharpen our wits and to strengthen our bodies. Let us remember to advantage our late, great President’s toughness in mind, body and soul. Let us stand a moment in silence, to honor him; then let us go and do the work he couldn’t complete.”
“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 without the net down.”
Jeff Jots
by Dennis Mair, Sports Editor

With spring sports schedules moving into full swing now, it seems safe to say that it should be a good season for Lord Jeff rooters. The tennis team returning from one of its most successful trips in recent years is now 2 and 1 in regular season play. The lacrosse team, off to a fine start, also seems headed for a winning season. After a startling upset victory over Bowdoin the Jeff track squad anticipates a good year ahead. Returning from what Coach Dunbar

Dave Savidge  Pete Bancroft  Jim McCashin  Moby Mudge

has termed his “most successful spring trip” the Jeff crew has now defeated Trinity, C. W. Post, and Clark. The Sabrina baseball, golf and rugby squads are the big question marks this season.

With these prospects in mind it may be worth while to mention a few Jeff athletes whose achievements this spring are expected to bring them considerable recognition, either nationally or in the New England area.

In seniors Dave Savidge and Moby Mudge, the lacrosse team boasts two all-America candidates. Savidge, a starting defenseman for the past three years, should have an especially good shot at such national recognition. Last year only one goal was scored against the Jeffs by a crease attack man whom Savidge defended against. When Savidge moved to guard against UMass’s high scorer last year, the crease attack man scored three goals while Dave shut out his man. Incidentally two of Savidge’s brothers are also outstanding athletes; Paul captains the Princeton football team and Pete captains the Rutgers football team.

Mudge, out most of last year with an injury, plays center midfield. He has scored 12 goals with six assists already this season. In the only game in which he was really ready last year, Mudge scored 2 big goals against the Eph’s from Williams.

Both Savidge and Mudge have been nominated to play in the annual North-South game in Syracuse on June 12. Commenting on his players’ chances to cop all-American honors this year, Coach Scully Scandrett stated, “The competition hurts. If we were a big team, then Savidge at least would be sure to make first or second team. Howie Jones ’64 only received honorable mention last year, then went on to star in the North-South game.

This year’s track team boasts perhaps more college record holders than have ever before been assembled at Amherst. Pete Bancroft, ’65, Jim McCashin, ’65, Tom Farley, ’67, Steve Gates, ’65, Jim Foster, ’65, and Dave Johnson, ’67, all hold school records in one event or another. Last week’s startling defeat of Bowdoin bore out the team’s strength.

On April 23 and 24 the mile relay team of McCashin, Bancroft, Gates and Foster will be going down to the Penn Relays to compete against 78 other schools. Coach Al Lumley expects his boys to at least break the college record of 3:25.3 in the event.

Co-captain Pete Bancroft also captains the relay and cross country squads. He set the college record of 1:55.8 last spring in his best event, the 880. He has already tied this record in spring practice and with a little luck could pull this time down even further. Bancroft also runs the 440, the mile and the two mile. He is a member of the record-setting 2-mile indoor relay team.

Mccashin, captain of the spring and winter track teams, lowered his own 440 hurdle record seven tenths of a second to 57.3 against Bowdoin. He hopes to bring this time down to around the 55.0 mark by the end of the season. McCashin is a member of the record-breaking indoor and sprint relay teams.

NEW CURRICULUM

“An Act of Faith”

This is the first in a series of editorials dealing with the curricular proposals just submitted by the Committee on Educational Policy (C.E.P.). On Thursday, the Student will reprint excerpts from the report and will begin to consider the formal recommendations.

The new Curriculum is more than a listing of assorted course changes. It is an honest attempt to re-examine the underlying assumptions of an Amherst education, and to proced on the basis of those assumptions, those “acts of faith.”

The way to begin a discussion of the report, then, is not with the proposals per se, but with the reasons behind the proposals. It would be simple to draw up a list of “Things that will be abolished if the C.E.P.’s suggestions are accepted . . .” It would also be irrelevant, for in a real sense, nothing is “gone.” The recommended changes are a new attempt to fashion a meaningful dialogue that transcends disciplinary lines.

“Discourse” is the key word in the C.E.P. report. “The central life of a college is the discourse generated by the experience, curricular and extra-curricular, of those who learn and those who teach . . . generated by variety and difference . . .” This discourse does not take place within the confines of a particular discipline; further—“the discourse must extend throughout the life of the college.”

The beginnings of this “general discourse” are found in the “initiating experiences,” those times in which both student and teacher must “see what he generally knows in relation to what he specially knows”—or doesn’t know. These kinds of experiences, the Committee feels, come most frequently in the first course in a discipline that a student takes. The bulk of its recommendations deal with new core courses in the three major fields of study. Through satisfaction of the distribution requirements, the committee hopes to establish a curriculum more responsive to “the varieties of the individual imagination.”

We are not interested in creating a “rigid utopia,” the report declares. Its assumptions on the character of the college are, to quote the report, “conservative.” The introductory remarks suggest that the C.E.P. was influenced by two dissimilar motivations: on the one hand, the belief that a core curriculum can lead to an understanding of the process of acquiring an education; on the other hand, the realization that the New Curriculum had somehow ceased to work because its prescriptions are no longer applicable.

The discourse that the C.E.P. is striving to create is one that hopefully will be “rich enough and various enough to enable men who know to communicate with each other”—and with their students. To enrich and broaden the discourse—can this admirable goal be accomplished through the means set forth in the C.E.P.’s report? We shall deal with this vital question in subsequent editorials.
Students Canvass Springfield
In Effort To Place Workers

HMC Fines To Make
Houses Responsible
For Members' Actions

Nine Professors Join Faculty
For Upcoming Academic Year

NSM Leader Peter Countryman
To Speak On Rights Movement

Seligman '10 In Chapel Talk
Urges U. N. Admit Red China

A Review
Mary McCarthy At Amherst

Students assemble at Convivial Parking Lot to leave for Springfield to register workers in another "Skills Bank" project.

John William Ward — To be Professor of American Studies and History, to serve at the pleasure of the Board, Professor Ward is at present a member of the faculty at Princeton University and is Chairman of the Program in American Civilization. He is on leave at the present time studying at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences in Stanford, California. Dr. Ward has an A.B. from Harvard, and an M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of Minnesota. In addition to his many publications, he was a member of the Council of Three Presidents since 1962, has taught during the summers at Indiana University, University of Minnesota, and DePaul University. He is the author of Andrew Jackson: Symbol for an Age and has written numerous articles, as well as editing a series entitled "Documents in American Civilization."

James O. Denton — To be Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Dr. Denton has a B.S. from Cal Tech, majoring in chemistry, in 1951, but during his service in the Army his interests changed to mathematics. He completed his Ph.D. in 1962. He has worked as a research associate at Stanford University and is at present working as a statistician at the Sylvania Electronics Laboratory in California.

David A. DePatie — To be Assistant Professor of Physics, Dr. DePatie has a B.A. and an M.S. from the University of Vermont and completed his Ph.D. this year at Yale. He has written two theses — "The Solid Liquid Surface Tension of Mysctic Acid" and (in the field of low temperature physics) "The Rotational State of He*. His particular interest has had teaching experience at the University of Vermont and has published several articles.

Richard J. Neer — To be Assistant Professor of Chemistry, Dr. Neer graduated from Harvard in 1958 and received his Ph.D. in 1962 from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The title of his thesis was "Charge and Mass Distribution in Nuclear Physics." His general field of research is in physical chemistry.

A Review
Mary McCarthy At Amherst

Mary McCarthy's "Shakespeare and the Absurd" may not have been as scholarly as a Shakespeare lecture as C. L. Barber's recent talk, but she had redeemable qualities of a kind incomparable in a male professor.

Although the Vassar alumna and author of best-selling The Group has studied Shakespeare for many months, most of the audience came to hear her and not about Shakespeare. The exception (one of the few literate) who left after five minutes, the audience was charmed by a hands-folded on the podium, warm and conversational speech.

Delightful Wondertling
Beaten, Jailed in St. Augustine

VIEWPOINT
The One Who Did
by Peter Bancroft ’65

The event that the article to the left describes occurred on June 22nd. It was one of seven unsuccessful attempts to integrate the St. Augustine public beach which was officially integrated but in practice segregated. Seven times the Negroes went to the beach and seven times they were beaten by white segregationists.

It was low tide this time and the water’s edge was about 100 yards from the top of the beach where approximately 50 state policemen stood by their cars. About 20 segregationists drove onto the beach and stood by their cars in between us and the police. When we started back up the beach the segregationists suddenly pulled out highway stakes which they wielded as clubs and came charging down on us.

Prime Target

About four or five came directly at me since, as a white man, I was a prime target. I waited until they were about ten or fifteen yards from me and then ran. I had been rather badly beaten two days before I decided to run.

I escaped unharmed and in a few minutes when the police had scattered the attackers I returned to the group of Negroes. Girls, children, and men had been clubbed. One man had his hand cut practically from one side through to the other. Another’s hand was paralysed by a nerve injury and he had still not regained use of it when I left a week later. Arms were raised to protect heads and no one struck back in retaliation. We had all committed ourselves to total non-violence.

Police Interview

The police, who had arrested a few of the attackers then ordered our group off the beach. A few Negroes refused to leave and were promptly arrested. Four State troopers and a State Beverage Department agent came up to me and ordered me to leave. I replied with, “You have no right to order us to leave because we haven’t done anything wrong.”

Grabbed and Shoved

I expected to be arrested at this point but without declaring that I was under arrest they grabbed me and shoved me down between two parked cars. Then I was hit by a hard blow on the top of the head with a billy club. I crumpled into a little ball as I had been shown to do in order to protect myself in case of violence. One officer tried to move the billy club in between my thighs and I grabbed hold of it so that he couldn’t move it. He then tried to work into the front of my bathing suit with his hand.

I yelled, “I am not resisting,” and they let me up. I was covered from head to foot with blood and as the police carried me off to one of their cars in a hammeck I yelled to some of the reporters who were standing.

(Continued on page 6)

VIEWPOINT
The One Who Didn’t
by Robert Field ’65

This summer many students went South. They went for many reasons — some reasons that we can respect, others that make us wonder about the wisdom of the whole project. I think we should wonder, but I think we can only conclude that, although none of the students who went South were saints, what they did or tried to do this summer merits our respect.

We hear all too much about the very few people who probably shouldn’t have gone South this summer. They are the ones who go South to work out a personal, not a social problem. They are often the flaming liberals who use their liberalism as an escape and use the danger they “those horrible hypocrites up North.” This image of the student who went South is so attractive to the student who didn’t because it is the easiest way to reject the idea of going South or of supporting the civil rights movement in general.

I know very few of the people who went South but I do know Pete Bancroft. He has been one of my closest friends since we were roommates Freshman year. His reasons for going South were good ones even if some of them were too complicated to put into words. I have no statistics on who should or shouldn’t have gone South, but my friendship with Pete is more convincing than any statistic.

It’s much harder to describe good reasons for going South than wrong ones. Perhaps it’s harder because I decided not to go South. Perhaps the best reasons for it would be an instinctive feeling that “I couldn’t not go.” But this feeling can’t just happen. It is something that grows out of a deep commitment to carefully examined principles, close scrutiny of one’s personal motives, and a clear understanding of the goals of the programs in the South. It is something that starts as rational and grows to a more-than- rational commitment.

My impression of the major purpose of the programs in the South is to make a community sensitive to its own problems and to help it to set up committees and agencies which will work out these problems. These students are not going South to tell Southerners how to solve their.
Nobel-Winner (DNA) Crick To Unravel Code Tonight

Thursday, Jan. 21 — The man who made genetics the science of the future, Sir Francis Crick, 1962 Nobel Prize winner in medicine, will give an illustrated lecture this evening at 8:00 p.m. in Johnson Chapel on "The Genetic Code." The lecture is being sponsored by the Lecture Committee and the Society of Sigma Xi.

According to Professor Henry C. Yost, Crick has made the "fundamental discoveries in molecular biology in the last 50 years." Prof. Yost also commented that Crick has "a wide range of interests outside of biology," and that he was "fantastic" discussing atheism on a television show in Britain a few years ago.

Professor Crick has been associated with the Medical Research Council Laboratory of Molecular Biology, Cambridge, England since 1949. He has also been a visiting professor of bio-physics at Harvard University in 1948 and again in 1962. A winner of the Nobel Prize in medicine (with J. D. Watson and R. F. H. Wilkins) in 1962, Professor Crick has published over 50 papers on the structure of DNA, polymerases, enzymes, DNA, polyribonucleotides, and proteins.

Cambridge, Mass.
A Fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge, and of University Col-

STUDENT 'Rush' Set For Monday In Pratt

Thursday, Jan. 21 — If you've had no previous experience on a student newspaper, if you've never written a story — even if you've had a low 70% in English 1-2 — that's no obstacle. The Amherst Student needs you.

Operating out of Pratt Basement, the Student will hold its annual open house (entertainer) Monday at 7 p.m. This open meeting will brief prospective members of the News, Business, and Sports staffs on the joys and perils of college journalism.

News staffs cover such interesting areas as President Plimpton's Chapel speeches. Business staffs commandeer the newspaper, actually, since they control the vast sums of money with which the Student published its eight-page issues.

Sports staffs are fortunate too; it is their happy fate to cover, with minor exceptions, great athletic teams with all-star-phantom seasons.

President Plimpton Cuts No. Assemblies Required

Monday, Jan. 21 — In a surprise footnote to a chapel address on the late Alexander Meiklejohn, President Calvin H. Plimpton this morning announced that the college had revised its long-standing Chapel policy.

Repealing the existing system of mandatory fifty percent attendance would be a relaxed thirty-three percent attendance requirement. In effect, this means that of the spring's fifty-four Chapels, attendance at any eighteen would be obligatory.

In a STUDENT interview, the President elaborated on his future plans for "College assemblies.

"It is my hope that when we have a new auditorium, we can revisit the entire form of assembly.

The President added that he hoped the new form of assembly could be run on an honor system. Although the plans for the new auditorium have not been completed yet, the President hoped that the new facility would be available in the year 1956-57.

Overcrowding

The decision to revise the chapel system, the President added in his talk, was reluctantly necessitated by the obvious overcrowding of Johnson Chapel. The official first floor capacity he noted was four hundred and twenty. "I" (Continued on page 4)

HARRINGTON, MALCOLM X TO HEAD CONCLAVE HERE

Malcolm X, who was a leader of the Black Muslims, is arriving here Wednesday to head the first Southern Regional Conference of the National Association of Black Muslims. Malcolm X will be at the Hotel Northampton.

(Continued on page 4)
SE Asia Critic Wayne Morse
To Discuss Vietnam Monday

Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon will speak for the International Relations Organization Monday night on “Problems of Southeast Asia.” The lecture will be held in Johnson Chapel at 8 p.m.

A member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Morse has been an outspoken critic of the Administration’s policy in South Vietnam. He opposed the Congressional resolution supporting the President’s determination to take all necessary measures to repel armed attack on U.S. forces, because he feels it sanctions the making of war without a Congressional declaration. Furthermore, although supporting the American response of shooting back in the Bay of Potox, he condemned the American air strike as unjustified, and like North Vietnam “shooting from the hip.”

Morse believes the American government is slowly and presently taking over complete operation of the Vietnamese civil war and says that the U.S. is in fact unilaterally at war.

First Campaigning

Morse did his first political campaigning for the Progressive Republican “Fighting Bob” LaFollette whom he helped as a man of independence and liberalism and as a champion of the family farmer, wage earner and small businessman. At the age of 30 he became Dean of Oregon Law School.

On a program of “Principle Above Political,” he ran for the United States in 1944, winning the Republican primary and the general election. Although lacking for support the year Republican organisation, he was overwhelmingly reelected in 1950

Dismissed

Distribution with the prospect for liberalism in the Republican party, he resigned in 1942 and after a period as an independent declared for the Democratic Party to the Senate in 1946 and 1948.

Senator Morse is Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee’s sub-committee on Latin American affairs and of the Education subcommittee of the Senate.

Bruce Wolff ‘65 To Attend Student Reception for LBJ

Bruce Wolff ’65 will represent Amherst this Saturday at a special reception to be held at the White House for student leaders from representative colleges and universities.

Last week President Johnson wrote Dr. Pitman, asking him to nominate an Amherst student for the reception. The President announced the occasion as an opportunity for himself “to get to know some young leaders who are emerging in our colleges and their thinking.”

Present at the reception will be, along with the President, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Secretary of Labor Wilber Wirtz, and Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, each of whom will address the students. Afterwards, a buffet dinner and entertainment will follow the speeches. Hosting this will be Lynda Bird Johnson.

Wolff, now President of Student Council, has been Dean Co-Chairman of Mardi Gras, and is honoring in Political Science.

Amherst Bank Faces Coin Shortage

Amherst Bank faces a dilemma as it tries to supply its customers with coins. The bank is currently experiencing a shortage of coins, particularly dimes and nickels, which are in high demand.

“I don’t see how the bank can meet the demands of all customers. The situation is a serious one, and it is difficult to meet the demands,” said the bank manager.

The actual number of coins in circulation is far lower than the expected number. The bank is considering options such as increasing its coin inventory or seeking alternative sources of coins.

There are several causes cited for the current problem. With the increasing popularity of credit cards and debit cards, people are using less cash, including coins. This has led to a decrease in the demand for coins, which in turn has affected the availability of coins.

There are several causes cited for the current problem. With the increasing popularity of credit cards and debit cards, people are using less cash, including coins. This has led to a decrease in the demand for coins, which in turn has affected the availability of coins.

The bank manager added, “We are doing our best to meet the demands of our customers, but it is a challenging situation.”

The bank is working with other local banks to coordinate the supply of coins and ensure that customers can continue to deposit and withdraw cash.

There is no immediate solution to the coin shortage, and the bank is urging customers to be patient and consider using alternative forms of payment, such as credit cards or debit cards.

A.I.C. Imposes Strong Rules

A.I.C. Imposes Strong Rules

Upon Houses’ Social Affairs

The administration of American International College is cracking down on fraternities there, reports the A.I.C. Student, with strict rules that no more “open” miners may be held in houses.

The rules state that no more than one social event per semester, each of which must be chaperoned by an adult approved by the administration, will be allowed. The rules also require that all members of the house must be chaperoned by an adult approved by the administration.

Although the Yellow Jackets did not elaborate on the parties which caused the complaint, the house’s junior class president said the reason was “a problem of noise.”

“Goldwater and Christian Morality

To the Chairman:

Readers of the STUDENT should know that at least some of the ‘over-simplifying’ of which I am accused by Mr. Peter Oliver come from the necessity for explaining that these and few consistent and logical statements that I made were not the result of a hasty compilation of my mind by me as a result of my interpretation of the Mayor’s office jest ‘moralization’ as a result of being in a minority now. I have asked to be excused.

FROM THE READERS:

Goldwater and Christian Morality

To the Chairman:

Readers of the STUDENT should know that at least some of the ‘over-simplifying’ of which I am accused by Mr. Peter Oliver come from the necessity for explaining that these and few consistent and logical statements that I made were not the result of a hasty compilation of my mind by me as a result of my interpretation of the Mayor’s office jest ‘moralization’ as a result of being in a minority now. I have asked to be excused.

Prof. Commagger Cites Role

Prof. Commagger Cites Role

Of Myths In U. S. Tradition

South Hadley, Sept. 19—This evening Henry Steele Commager, professor of History and American Studies at Amherst College, spoke to a capacity audience in Chapin Hall at Mount Holyoke College on “The Pursuit of Happiness.”

He began by contrasting the New World and the Old, explaining that white Europe imagined the Enlightenment as it was America that actually achieved it.

To support this claim, he reviewed select myths and their meanings during the 18th century, drawing examples from Voltaire and John Adams by way of German epistemological and technical analyses and Italian operas.

What was really needed, he went on to say, was a model, something of a...
Poet Francois Villon, whom some of us read with Professor Funnel towards our language requirement at Amherst, wrote “Where are they now, the snows of yesteryear?” The answer is that they are gone; the line suggests that what we knew and loved vanishes. Randall Jarrell, an American poet, ended his “Player Piano” with “Look, the keys go down by themselves! /The three of us sit watching/ as my waltz/Plays itself out a half-inch from my fingers.” The lines sing of a past irretrievable from mists of nostalgia.

One function of a college is as guardian of the past. Obviously history is taught, literature study is not confined to the current best seller, and the geology department’s curriculum reaches back beyond recorded history.

But as we return this year to greet our classmates – changed from freshman photos to duel with memories that melt into others, and declare collective astonishment at a digital world, a Route 9 built up beyond imagining – we do yet come back to a College not only visually recognizable but, at the core of campus, identical to views that greeted us the day we arrived as freshman and diminished in rear view mirrors the day we left as graduates.

Social dorms appeared when we were at Amherst, new buildings surprise us as we visit now. But the view towards Johnson Chapel out a James or Stearns west facing window, or east from Morrow to Fayerweather or north to Valentine Hall is unchanged.

The title of this essay was composed as if for an architectural history of Amherst; the presumption astonishes! Did I truly think there is time, space and readers’ attention to span the topic? But neither inspiration nor effort offered a substitute title. Moreover, it is close to iambic pentameter; such an accident

The Architecture of Enlightenment

by Paul Ehrmann

Poet Francois Villon, whom some of us read with Professor Funnel towards our language requirement at Amherst, wrote “Where are they now, the snows of yesteryear?” The answer is that they are gone; the line suggests that what we knew and loved vanishes. Randall Jarrell, an American poet, ended his “Player Piano” with “Look, the keys go down by themselves! /The three of us sit watching/ as my waltz/Plays itself out a half-inch from my fingers.” The lines sing of a past irretrievable from mists of nostalgia.

One function of a college is as guardian of the past. Obviously history is taught, literature study is not confined to the current best seller, and the geology department’s curriculum reaches back beyond recorded history.

But as we return this year to greet our classmates – changed from freshman photos to duel with memories that melt into others, and declare collective astonishment at a digital world, a Route 9 built up beyond imagining – we do yet come back to a College not only visually recognizable but, at the core of campus, identical to views that greeted us the day we arrived as freshman and diminished in rear view mirrors the day we left as graduates.

Social dorms appeared when we were at Amherst, new buildings surprise us as we visit now. But the view towards Johnson Chapel out a James or Stearns west facing window, or east from Morrow to Fayerweather or north to Valentine Hall is unchanged.

The title of this essay was composed as if for an architectural history of Amherst; the presumption astonishes! Did I truly think there is time, space and readers’ attention to span the topic? But neither inspiration nor effort offered a substitute title. Moreover, it is close to iambic pentameter; such an accident
may not knock again on my creaking door, so “The Architecture of Enlightenment” remains unindictable false advertising atop these pages.

In fact, I will limit attention to two buildings. Johnson Chapel, here long before we arrived and destined to stand as long as Amherst College exists. Walker Hall’s granite loomed grim and gray over our freshman and sophomore years, but did not survive to see us leave.

There is a history of the College that encompasses architecture: “The Consecrated Eminence” by Stanley King, president of Amherst from 1932 – 1946. This work is so impressive that the success of this essay here is calibrated by how skillfully I condense and convey contents of King’s book.

Adam Johnson, a childless old man in Pelham, would long since have been forgotten by everyone had he not bequeathed $4000, two thirds of the savings of a lifetime, to provide for the erection of a chapel. Stanley King continues, “And Johnson Chapel has for a century and a quarter (close to two centuries by now) symbolized the faith of the founders and the aspirations of generations of alumni. Today, it is the center of the College, as it was when it was built.”

One fears to continue, lest the force of King’s writing, clear and resonant as a chapel bell, be diluted....

Johnson Chapel was however, not the first Amherst building. The founders of the College erected four major buildings and a President’s house in seven years: South College in 1821, North College in 1823, Johnson Chapel in 1827 and another “North College” on the site of the present Williston Hall in 1828. (The original and present North College was temporarily called “Middle College.”)

Work on the Chapel was begun in the spring of 1826 and the building was dedicated on Feb. 28th, 1827. Between these dates, a carpenter made an entry to his day book illustrated here detailing the cost of installing interior seating. The cost of Johnson Chapel was listed as $14,865.11. Certain defects in construction emerged and by 1830, “the Committee directed Lucius Boltwood, its secretary, to “procure the tower of the Chapel to be put into such a state of repair as shall be necessary to protect it from the weather.” (This is the Lucius Boltwood whose name remains on the street running past the Lord Jeff
religious purposes (now that Johnson Chapel) as used is anything but a sacred place. Declamations, exhibitions with clappings and hurrahs...make it seem more like a town house than a (sacred) meeting place.” Stearns wish became a dedicated church whose steeple still stands east of James and Stearns.

“The Consecrated Eminence” acquires a more immediate tone: By spring of 1933, its author Stanley King is President of Amherst. “I suggested to the Board a program for re-modelling Johnson Chapel.” He proposed the building be extended fourteen feet to the east to provide “fireproof stairways and proper space for organ and choir, and that a new pulpit be provided.” Also, King specified a façade be added to the east consistent with the fine western front. Cushions were to be added to the seats as noted in the news item reproduced here.

The structural work was carried out by the Casper Ranger Construction Company of Holyoke at a cost of $108,000. The result is the Johnson Chapel building very much as we see it today.

President William A. Stearns referred to Walker Hall as the “Temple of Science” when its cornerstone was laid in 1868. Walker Hall was formally opened in October 1870. Author Stanley King refers to benefactor Dr. William Walker as a “…strange and difficult man whose temperament was ardent.” He had practiced medicine for thirty years, then invested in railroads and manufacturing. Walker intended to donate his large fortune to Harvard, his alma mater, but that institution rejected his imposed conditions. Though a physician, Walker had, for example, strong ideas on exactly how mathematics should be taught which he would impose on recipients of his largesse. Eventually, Amherst received a total of $200,000 from his estate. Walker was, by then, unable to dictate pedagogy from his resting place in Newport, Rhode Island.

Three years after Walker’s death, a location was chosen, land purchased (from Boltwood) for $9,956.11 - a sum regarded by the Board as “exorbitant,” and the word began on Construction began. Walker Hall, described by President Stearns a building in the style known as “revised medieval...(and) the largest, most convenient, most expensive, most princely edifice on our grounds..it enthrones mathematics and physics in rooms fit for crowned truth to dwell in.” The building was dedicated on Oct. 20th, 1870. Austin Dickinson, brother of the poet, had supervised construction and spoke briefly. Stearns, on the other hand, gave an address that required 35 printed pages.

Built of Monson granite, it was the largest and most elaborate building on campus. George Hathorne was the architect. The structure housed the scientific departments as well as the President’s Office and the Trustees’ room.

Walker Hall, designed to be “safe against all usual risks of fire from within or without,” burned on the night of March 28, 1882. Professor Tyler reported that “…almost from the
moment the building took fire, the interior from roof to basement was wrapped in one universal sheet of flame.” The building was insured for one third of its value. The College lost many administrative records and the entire Shepard Mineralogical Collection. After the tragedy of the fire, Walker was reconstructed on the same site in the “revised medieval” style of the first building. Professor W.S. Tyler (Amherst 1830) described the rebuilt Walker as “more than ever, the archives, the treasury, the capitol, the acropolis of Amherst College.”

Finally, in our time, a combination of the need for a new library – Converse was outgrown - and an obvious sense that the architecture of Walker Hall was not compatible with the rest of Amherst’s buildings, generated a decision to demolish the structure. A few were sorry to see the Walker’s demise. But Rolf Humpries, ’15, who taught some of us, spoke for the majority in verse. Here is his “Ode to Walker Hall” apologetically abridged:

Aye, tear her Monson granite down,  
Long has it soared on high,  
And many an eye has winced to see  
Her vanes against the sky.  
Those offices of high emprise  
Are level, now, with soil.  
Ah, better that her shattered bulk  
Should sink beneath the sod,  
Let, once again, a Day of Mark  
Commemorate her fall,  
And quake and cloud lament, Farewell,  
Fond eyesore, Walker Hall!

One looks at images of the Parthenon or at the façade of the United States Supreme Court and can recognize the columns capped by a triangular as akin to the architecture of our Johnson Chapel. It is right that the Chapel, with its architecture expressive of the exaltation of learning that began our civilization in ancient Greece, and faith in justice and reason should yet stand as the image of Amherst College.

At this, our fiftieth reunion, we will appreciate the College’s physical presence as the landscape of sentiment, as a place we have carried with us since we left, and is remains to greet us once more with familiar majesty.
Week by Week with the Coaches

August 1964: "This will be the year that will test the loyalty of our students and alumni." James E. Ostendarp.

September 24: "Our pass defense is not too good. The boys are all green; we have no veterans. Our overall defensive development will be slow and can only be gained through experience." Ostendarp.

September 26: AMHERST 28-SPRINGFIELD 12

October 1: "For a green group, our boys put together a real good ball game, but there is just not as much consistency in an inexperienced team." Ostendarp.

October 3: AMHERST 14-AIC 13

October 8: "This is the best Bowdoin team in at least ten years. They are without a doubt the best team we will face all year." Ostendarp.

October 10: AMHERST 19-BOWDOIN 18

October 15: "This could well turn out to be our number one game of the year." Donald G. Miller, assistant coach.

October 17: AMHERST 34-COAST GUARD 7

October 22: "Everyone picks Wesleyan as the powerhouse of the Little Three. Wesleyan is out to get us." The Staff.

October 24: AMHERST 24-WESLEYAN 8

October 29: "We still have some weaknesses, and we're far from the caliber of some of the other Amherst clubs in recent years." Ostendarp.

October 31: AMHERST 14-TUFTS 8

November 5: "We're in the same position as we were a few years ago when we went to Trinity. We were undefeated and the game was supposed to be automatic. You can imagine what happened. It won't happen again." Ostendarp.

November 7: AMHERST 27-TRINITY 0

November 12: "This will be a classic. Williams is the best team we'll face all year. We'll have to play our best ball to win. Don't forget that the 1963 Williams club gave us all sorts of trouble before succumbing." Ostendarp.

November 14: AMHERST 20-WILLIAMS 7

November 23: "We had the balance in personnel. We had enough veterans to create confidence, enough young boys to create enthusiasm, and the most important factor—the experienced quarterbacking and leadership of Wayne Kniffin." Miller.
Class of 1965 Timeline

1961

**US News**
- John F. Kennedy inaugurated as President of the United States
- Peace Corps officially established on March 1st
- First US astronaut, Navy Cnmdr. Alan B. Shepard, Jr., rockets 116.5 miles up in 302-mile trip
- “Freedom Riders” test the United States Supreme Court decision Boynton v. Virginia by riding racially integrated interstate buses into the South.
- President Kennedy pledged extra aid to South Vietnam

**World News**
- East Germany erects the Berlin Wall between East and West Berlin to halt flood of refugees
- Beginning of Checkpoint Charlie standoff between US and Soviet tanks
- Russian cosmonaut, Yuri Gagarin becomes the first human in space, followed shortly by American astronaut, Alan Shepard
- 40 Dead Sea Scrolls are found in Palestine
- World’s population reaches 4 billion
- President Kennedy gives “Man on the Moon” speech, proposing that the United States put a man on the moon and return him safely to Earth within the decade

**Inventions**
- Laser is invented by Theodore Harold Maiman
- IBM introduces the Selectric Typewriter
- Optical disc was invented by David Paul Gregg
- First powdered non-dairy creamer introduced by Nestle
- Valium

**Economy**
- Average income per year: $5,315
- Unemployment: 5.5%
- Average cost of a new car: $2,850
- Eggs per dozen: $0.30

**Died This Year**
- Ty Cobb
- Carl Jung
- Chico Marx
- Ernest Hemingway
- Gary Cooper
- Grandma

**Pop Culture**
- The Avengers
- The Dick Van Dyke Show
- Mister Ed
- Car 54, Where are You?

**Movies**
- The Parent Trap
- 101 Dalmatians
- Breakfast at Tiffany’s
- West Side Story

**Books**
- Joseph Heller - Catch-22
- Roald Dahl - James and the Giant Peach
- John Steinbeck - The Winter of Our Discontent
- J. D. Salinger - Franny and Zooey

**Inventions**
- 1961
- Laser is invented by Theodore Harold Maiman
- IBM introduces the Selectric Typewriter
- Optical disc was invented by David Paul Gregg
- First powdered non-dairy creamer introduced by Nestle
- Valium

**Economy**
- Average income per year: $5,315
- Unemployment: 5.5%
- Average cost of a new car: $2,850
- Eggs per dozen: $0.30

**Died This Year**
- Ty Cobb
- Carl Jung
- Chico Marx
- Ernest Hemingway
- Gary Cooper
- Grandma

**Pop Culture**
- The Avengers
- The Dick Van Dyke Show
- Mister Ed
- Car 54, Where are You?

**Movies**
- The Parent Trap
- 101 Dalmatians
- Breakfast at Tiffany’s
- West Side Story

**Books**
- Joseph Heller - Catch-22
- Roald Dahl - James and the Giant Peach
- John Steinbeck - The Winter of Our Discontent
- J. D. Salinger - Franny and Zooey
Class of 1965 Timeline

1962

World News
- Cuban Missile Crisis: USSR to build missile bases in Cuba; Kennedy orders Cuban blockade to prevent Soviet missile deployment
- The United Nations General Assembly passes a resolution condemning South Africa’s racist apartheid policies and calls for all UN member states to cease military and economic relations with the nation
- Telstar relays the first live trans-Atlantic television signal

US News
- John Glenn becomes first American to orbit the Earth
- Oral Polio Vaccine developed by Albert Sabin given to millions of children to combat Polio
- United States Supreme Court rules that officially sponsored prayer in public schools is unconstitutional
- The First Wal-Mart discount store is opened by Sam Walton in Bentonville Arkansas
- The US Navy Seals established

Economy
- Average cost of new house: $12,500
- Average monthly rent: $110 per month
- Minimum hourly wage: $1.25
- Medium family income: $6,000 per year
- Color TV set: $400
- Fast food hamburger: 20 cents
- Doctor’s office visit: $5

Died This Year
- Eleanor Roosevelt
- William Faulkner
- Marilyn Monroe
- Niels Bohr
- Ernie Kovacs

Inventions
- Compact audio-cassette introduced by Philips
- First first of Spacewar! produced, one of the earliest computer video games
- The modern fiber-tipped pen developed by Yukio Horie of the Tokyo Stationery Company

Movies
- Lawrence of Arabia
- The Man Who Shot Liberty Valence
- To Kill a Mockingbird
- Lolita
- Cape Fear

Books
- Robert Frost - In the Clearing
- William Faulkner - The Reivers
- Ken Kesey - One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest
- Richard Yates - Eleven Kinds of Loneliness

Books
- The Beverley Hillbillies
- The Jetsons
- The Virginian
- McHale’s Navy
- Combat!

TV
- The Beverley Hillbillies
- The Jetsons
- The Virginian
- McHale’s Navy
- Combat!

Pop Culture
- Johnny Carson takes over hosting duties of The Tonight Show
- Beatles turned down by Decca Records
- Andy Warhol’s famous painting of the Campbell Soup can is exhibited
- Polaroid introduces color film prints which develop in 60 seconds
- The “Mashed Potato” and the “Watusi” dances hit the scene
- Ringo Starr replaces Pete Best as Beatle drummer
Class of 1965 Timeline

1963

**World News**
- Washington-to-Moscow “hot line” communications link opens, designed to reduce risk of accidental war
- France and West Germany sign treaty of cooperation ending four centuries of conflict
- Berlin Wall opens for 1 day

**US News**
- Alcatraz Federal Penitentiary known as “The Rock” closes
- President John F. Kennedy was assassinated on November 22nd in Dallas, Texas
- “March on Washington,” civil rights rally held in Washington, D.C.; Martin Luther King delivers “I Have a Dream” speech
- US car maker, Studebaker, goes out of business and ends production
- First US state lottery in New Hampshire

**Inventions**
- The touchtone telephone is invented
- Designers at Kenner Products develop the Easy Bake Oven
- The computer mouse prototype is created by Douglas Engelbart

**Economy**
- Pay phone (local call): 10 cents
- Loaf of bread: 22 cents
- Bedroom air conditioner: $149.95
- Hershey bar: 5 cents
- Popular science magazine: 35 cents per issue

**Died This Year**
- John Fitzgerald Kennedy (11/22/1963)
- Robert Frost
- Rogers Hornsby
- Aldous Huxley
- Patsy Cline

**Books**
- Betty Friedan - *The Feminine Mystique*
- Sylvia Plath - *The Bell Jar*
- John Rechy - *City of Night*
- John Updike - *The Centaur*
- Kurt Vonnegut - *Cat’s Cradle*

**Movies**
- Cleopatra
- It’s a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World
- The Birds
- The Great Escape
- 8½

**Pop Culture**
- Viewers tuned into NBC witness Jack Ruby shoot Lee Harvey Oswald on camera
- The Beatles release their UK debut album, *Please Please Me*
- Rolling Stones release first single, a cover of Chuck Berry’s, *Come On*
- *The French Chef* with Julia Child debuts on educational television

**TV**
- Doctor Who
- My Favorite Martian
- The Patty Duke Show
- The Outer Limits
- Petticoat Junction

1963

**Movies**
- The Birds
- The Great Escape
- 8½

1963

**Books**
- Betty Friedan - *The Feminine Mystique*
- Sylvia Plath - *The Bell Jar*
- John Rechy - *City of Night*
- John Updike - *The Centaur*
- Kurt Vonnegut - *Cat’s Cradle*
Class of 1965 Timeline

1964

**World News**
- Nelson Mandela and seven others sentenced on June 12th to life imprisonment in South Africa
- The British and French governments announce commitment to build a tunnel under the English Channel
- South Africa barred from Summer Olympics in Tokyo due to Apartheid Policies
- Nikita Khrushchev is deposed and replaced by Leonid I. Brezhnev, as First Secretary of the Communist party and by Aleksei N. Kosygin, as Premier

**US News**
- Malcolm X breaks from the Nation of Islam
- US Surgeon General reports smoking may lead to lung cancer
- President Johnson signs bill enacting Medicare
- The Ford Mustang is introduced
- The powerful 9.2 magnitude earthquake strikes South Central Alaska
- Federal Trade Commission rules health warnings must appear on all cigarette packages

**TV**
- The Munsters
- Bewitched
- The Addams Family
- Peyton Place
- Gilligan’s Island

**Books**
- Donald Barthelme - Come Back, Dr. Caligari
- John Hawkes - Second Skin
- Ernest Hemingway - A Moveable Feast
- Hubert Selby - Last Exit to Brooklyn
- Roald Dahl – Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

**Inventions**
- Sony introduces the first VCR home video recorder
- Permanent press fabric

**Economy**
- Average cost of new house: $13,050
- Gas per gallon: 30 cents
- Loaf of bread: 21 cents
- United States postage stamp: 5 cents
- Ticket to the movies: $1.25
- Life Magazine: 35 cents per issue

**Died This Year**
- Herbert Clark Hoover
- Douglas MacArthur
- Harpo Marx
- Gracie Allen

**Pop Culture**
- Peyton Place, The first prime-time soap opera premiers on ABC.
- Color television makes its way into U.S. homes.
- The Beatles appear on The Ed Sullivan Show
- Sidney Poitier becomes the first black actor to win “Best Actor” Oscar
- Elizabeth Taylor marries Richard Burton for the first time

**Average cost of new house:** $13,050
**Gas per gallon:** 30 cents
**Loaf of bread:** 21 cents
**United States postage stamp:** 5 cents
**Ticket to the movies:** $1.25
**Life Magazine:** 35 cents per issue

1964 World News

1964 Inventions

1964 Economy

1964 Died This Year

1964 Pop Culture
Class of 1965 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

**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

**US News**
- First combat troops sent to Vietnam
- Martin Luther King 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 15-20,000 people attending
- 6 days of riots ensure in the Watts neighborhood of Los Angeles after a run-in between white state troopers and a black family

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

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

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

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

**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
Amherst College

Class of 1965
What a great opportunity to remember, reflect, and share! After Amherst, came: the Navy, marriage, business school, three children, becoming a widower-marrying happily again, a thirty-three year Citigroup career in different states and countries, eight grandchildren, twelve years of providing training and consulting to banks, pro-bono activities, and meeting so many people (most, all too briefly). So far, my children and theirs have been loving, positive, and productive.

How did Amherst contribute to however my life has been “of consequence” to myself or anyone as a result of personal interactions or in the exercise of my professional activities? Scully Scandrett taught me to appreciate the beauty of a New England fall to the point that I could ignore the pain of his “scenic tours” in the Fall of Freshman year. After the Arnie Arons experience, I found that I could recover from the one-two punch of physics and calculus (albeit in summer school) and that you could run but not hide from math, “the queen of the sciences.” In the long run, Professor Arons introduction to critical thinking and English 1 with Professor Cameron – initially an experience like running the gantlet – was much more important professionally than being able to crunch numbers.

In talking about majors with Leo Marx, I mentioned that I wanted to understand what motivated people’s behavior. He counseled me that a good novelist could explain that much better than a political scientist. I was too enchanted by Earl Latham and majored in Political Science anyway. George Kateb made me understand that philosophers’ prescriptions for governing are dictated by the writers’ views of how capably people can govern themselves – knowing that, I could throw out several years of detailed class notes. It was, however, in a senior seminar with Professor Marx that I found I could think out-of-the-box and get the best grade of my college career for a term paper on the use of symbols in Emily Dickinson’s poetry.

Friendships and teamwork at Amherst made me appreciate that, loyalty trumped personal gain when there was a conflict between the two.

At this writing, I’m grateful for being able to enjoy my family and friends, travel, learn, and contribute. Being able to work on a more flexible basis and visiting different parts of the world with my wife for professional and personal reasons acts as a mental tune up, gives me the opportunity to better understand and appreciate some of the people I have known over the years, and lets me make new friends.

As I take stock of myself and the world today, I think about how I can be more part of the solution than part of the problem. Although, the increase in knowledge and technological advances are impressive, I doubt that these alone will improve the chances of survival and the wellbeing of most people around the world who lack food, healthcare, and education – to do this requires overcoming corruption, discord and hardness of heart that divert so many critical resources from where they are needed and supposed to go. The road for me to take lies in the direction of “whatever you do to the least of my brethren, than you do unto me.” Other guideposts are always welcome.

Email: alcivarml@gmail.com
Phone: 954-309-6947
Address: 3095 North Course Drive, Apartment 412, Pompano Beach, Florida 33069-3394
My family is slow to reproduce. My parents were in their late 60s before my son was born. I was a septuagenarian before my daughter had a son, and made me a grandfather (as of Reunion, my grandson will still be under two years old). A few months ago, my son’s daughter was born, adding a second grandchild to the family org chart. I am retired from IBM, but I’m also working for IBM in a part-time retirement job. I look forward to retiring fully later this year, and spending more time watching my young grandchildren grow. Maureen and I live in Connecticut with a dog and a cat. Maureen is an aficionada of the ballet, and after the years I’ve accompanied her to the spring season of the American Ballet Theater at the Metropolitan Opera House, I can sometimes tell when a difficult ballet maneuver is well executed. I’m from Massachusetts, and she’s a New Jersey girl, and we live right on the Red Sox/Yankees Line of Demarcation! Luckily for us, we don’t really pay any attention to professional sports. We volunteer once a week at a local elementary school, where we read to 3 or 4 kids each.

In my IBM career, I had several different jobs, but my longest interest was with a set of programs that run on large mainframe computers to do computerized typography and composition, including the typesetting of mathematical formulas. At one time, this project was not my real job, but I spent a lot of my work time on it. I was the sole owner, designer, programmer, tester, documenter, and maintainer of this system. In those days, it was possible in IBM to do something merely because it was fun, or interesting, or because it was the right thing to do, or if it provided a needed service. You just had to know when to become legitimate.

By 1976, my pet project was becoming the workhorse of all IBM publishing, and it was time to join a group in San Jose that was going to make it into an official IBM Product called “Document Composition Facility” (DCF). I was associated with DCF for more than twenty years, in San Jose, and then at the IBM Watson Research Center in Yorktown Heights, NY, as a programmer and a manager. I got my present part-time retirement job because there was a project in IBM Global Financing that needed an old dinosaur who knew DCF.

I was co-author of several U.S. Patents for improved algorithms for computerized typography. Although word processors have advanced to the point where they can provide very good quality in personal publishing, DCF is still in daily use today in business environments, where it is able to work with large databases to produce business documents. DCF was used for all of IBM’s technical manuals, and it also produced the camera-ready masters for books such as Benoit Mandelbrot’s *The Fractal Geometry of Nature*.
It was the Fall of 1965. I can almost feel once again that knot in the pit of my stomach as I parked in front of James for the first time. I would be competing with some of the smartest guys in the nation. Could I cut it?

First semester grades were out. Mine placed me in the middle of the class. I felt like a success. Feelings of satisfaction were fleeting, since I had struggled, and continued to struggle throughout the year, with, among other classes, English 1-2. It seemed that some in my section caught on to what, for me, was the obscure meaning of each assignment. No, whatever it was, I never got it. Thankfully, unlike one of my classmates, I never had an assignment returned to me with a line drawn through the text mid-way down the page with the initials “RTH,” which stood for “Read to Here.” I don’t think my fragile ego could have withstood that.

Years later, my legal writing was judged better than most. And this led to a practice which included the preparation of many amicus petitions and briefs to the Supreme Court, as well as one successful petition in a case of my own. While I never “caught on” to English 1-2, I am convinced that the three-a-week writing assignments, in and of themselves, made a significant contribution to the development of my skills.

Looking back, I am thankful to Amherst for the English 1-2 part of the core curriculum.
I arrived at Amherst from Michigan believing that sentimentality was a guide to truth rather than an appeal to emotion. After improving my use of reason and ironic detachment, I was pretty successful and happy at Amherst. Amherst nourished some qualities and talents that have enriched my life. One is a desire to try new things, and Amherst was full of those. I had never heard a college A Capella group before, and the DQ became a huge part of my life at Amherst. I became the director (as was my son in the 1990's). I met wonderful people, including Tim Evers '63. Tim went off to teach in Africa, a prospect I had never imagined. He inspired me to later join the Peace Corps, and my wife (Lee, Smith '67) and I spent formative years in Sierra Leone. Amherst gave me the opportunity to take voice lessons for four years at Mount Holyoke. It also introduced me to the Valley music scene, and I was able to play male lead roles at Smith and UMass in operas and musicals. (The theatre and music departments at Amherst were too snooty to do musicals.) What a privilege that was!

Amherst introduced me to the challenge of civil rights. I became a volunteer tutor at the Northern Educational Service in Springfield. NES had just been started by Robert Marcellus Hughes, a cousin of Langston Hughes. I was so inspired by him that I took a year off from Amherst to be his only employee at $25/week. That introduced me to the world of social justice and cured me of the Goldwater conservatism I had brought with me from Michigan. Bob was also a lover of art, and we operated an art gallery to support NES. I got to know artists in the Valley who donated their work to us, and it opened up the world of fine arts that has nourished me ever since.

Most importantly, I met a volunteer from Smith, Mary Hancort '67, and we will soon celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary. After graduation and marriage (backed by my groomsman John Ransmeier '65), I taught at the Northampton School for Girls while Mary (nickname "Lee") finished Smith, and then we headed for Africa. Lee has taught Latin and Humanities and has led many student trips abroad. We both kept our love of foreign travel and living. Before Amherst, I had only traveled across from Detroit to Canada! What a change!

Amherst also introduced me to my profession – college admissions. I was a tour guide, and admired Bill Wilson and Van Halsey. Coming from a "no college" family, I saw their commitment to reaching out to non-traditional students and the impact that had on me. After the Peace Corps and graduate school at Penn, I was blessed to return to Amherst to replace Van Halsey who went to be Dean of Admission at the new Hampshire College. The Dean, Ed Wall, had an even deeper commitment to diversity, and as head of transfer admissions, I had the honor of admitting the first women to Amherst and leading our recruitment of community college students, almost all from working class backgrounds. I went on to be Dean of Admissions at Tufts University, MIT, and then Vice President at the University of Chicago. Amherst was also open to experimentation. I convinced them to let me try a “swing Dean” experiment in which I would help admit a class and then become their Dean of Freshman. Former Green Dean John Orders '64 came back to alternate with me and become a lifelong friend.

Amherst also deepened my interest in religion. Because of my singing, I had often been in church while growing up. At Amherst, a whole new way of thinking about religion opened up to me in Lew Mudge's courses on the Bible. And an Assistant Professor, whose name I should remember, offered to host a series of informal evening discussions on the new books on the “death of God” theme. Fascinating!

I have continued to spend a lot of time singing in churches. I have the great pleasure now of singing in the wonderful choir at Trinity Church on Copley Square in Boston. With all that time in church, I have also continued to try and understand religion. I recently took a course on William James's Varieties of Religious Experience. Amherst shamed sentimentality out of me and turned me into a rationalist. But James supports my inclination to give “sentiment” a place. His “sentiment of reality” allows that "the account of man’s mental life is relatively superficial if it consists only of the rational." Going forward, I think I will try to be a little less rational than the Amherst I knew might like.

Email: mbehnke43@gmail.com
Phone: 207-363-2599
Address: 29 Seabreeze Lane, York, ME 03909

Wedding reception at the Lord Jeff 1966

With son Matt and daughter Maggie and grandsons

Michael and Lee on Viking Cruise in Russia, 2014

Sam, Owen, Colin and James
As I reflect on my experience at Amherst, I realize how much the excellent teachers whom I had helped me. Some personal history will put their influence in context.

This past July, after 38 years in the private practice of psychiatry, I closed my office in Richmond, Virginia. I had a lot of satisfaction helping inpatients and outpatients, being Chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at St. Mary’s Hospital, being made a Distinguished Life Fellow of the American Psychiatric Association and voted a “Top Doc” by Richmond Magazine. After graduation from Amherst, I needed a break from the demands of the pre-med track and English major curriculum. I served in the Peace Corps in Orissa, India. Then, I went to the University of Louisville for medical school, Philadelphia General Hospital for internship and the University of Cincinnati Medical Center for psychiatric residency.

I started a private psychiatric practice in Greenfield, Mass. and got a part-time job at Northampton State Hospital. After two years in Greenfield, I realized that I would have more opportunity in a city to develop a full-time practice.

By this time I had a family; Charlotte whom I married at the start of my residency; my stepson, Mark, 16 years old (whom I raised since he was 11 years old) who was at the Northfield-Mt. Hermon School as a day student, and my son, Julian, 2 years old.

Boston, New York and Washington had plenty of psychiatrists. So, I took a deep breath and decided to find out whether there was life outside the Northeast. I checked out a number of cities. I learned that Richmond, Virginia had a healthy economy, many attractive neighborhoods, had a scenic downtown with the James River running through it, was near the Blue Ridge mountains and Virginia Beach. And there was a need for more psychiatrists. In 1979 I moved my family and started work.

Charlotte and I have been married 41 years. We share similar political ideas, a love of the outdoors and dogs. We raised two sons. Without her encouragement and support, the move to a new city and the establishment of a new practice would not have been possible.

Our son, Mark, had a very successful career in information technology management with some health insurance companies. He lived near us in the country in Ashland, Virginia. In 2009 he was diagnosed with advanced lung cancer. Mark had a confident, laid-back, unflappable manner which served him well in dealing with business crises. He was this way in dealing with his illness, continuing to raise his daughter and to work. He died in July, 2011. I think that his bravery carried my wife and I through his illness. I doubt if I’ll ever make sense of his death. Now, it helps that we see a lot of our daughter-in-law and granddaughter and attend our granddaughter’s gymnastics events.

Our other son, Julian, is a cardiac anesthesiologist at Vanderbilt University Medical Center. Besides providing service to patients, he teaches and does research in the use of a device that helps visualize heart activity during surgery and other clinical situations. This past May he married Bethany who works as a neonatal ICU nurse at Vanderbilt.

In May, 2013 Charlotte and I walked most of the West Highland Way in Scotland. In January, 2014 we stayed at a beautiful beach resort in St. Lucia. In October, 2014 we stayed at lodges in Olympic National Park, took day hikes in the mountains, along the Pacific Coast and in rain forest in this diverse geographic area.

Before we had the freedom for such extended trips, we rented a house or cottage in Highland County, Virginia, the most remote, sparsely populated, western county in the state, in the Allegheny Mountains, with only the sounds of birds, sheep, cows, wind---and no cell service except in the town of Monterey. I recall sitting outside for most of one day, staring at the Blue Grass Valley and Snowy Mountain in the distance, and counting 4-5 log trucks and a few cars and pickups go by the house. Our detox from stress.

And now, prompted by this essay, I recall Professor Arnold Arons for my freshman math-physics class, Professor Oscar Schotte for embryology, Professor William Pritchard and Professor John Cameron for English classes, their passion for teaching, their intellectual rigor and discipline, the respect they gave to my efforts, no matter how flawed. I realize that their efforts helped me persevere and find my way.
In this preemptive form of obituary, it might be said that I have never left Amherst, or, for that matter, fully completed freshman year. From undergraduate days I went on to graduate school at Stanford, and have been involved in college teaching ever since—at SUNY Buffalo, UC-Berkeley, Columbia, and Yale. For the last nine years, I have directed Yale's Humanities Program, including the freshman great books curriculum, Directed Studies, which is one of the last remaining vestiges of the Amherst core that we encountered in 1961. America's Western Civilization courses came into being after each of the World Wars of the last century—Columbia and Chicago after WW I, and Harvard, Yale, and Amherst after WW II. They were designed to make sense of world catastrophe and chaos, and to make Americans out of immigrants in the short space of a year. Reading literature and history has been the only way I know of comprehending the changing world in which we live, and of redressing some of the setbacks and rigors of any life worth living. I feel more than blessed actually to be paid to read, write, and discuss literature with fabulously intelligent students for whom books and ideas still matter.

Along the way, I have had some of the rewards that accompany college teaching—a Sterling Professorship, Yale's highest teaching honor, the chance to travel, membership in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the American Philosophical Society, book awards and several non-military medals, friendships with some of the intellectual leaders of our time. I have had fun in the off hours—fly fishing in the Rockies, and long rides on lightweight steel bikes on both coasts. Some of the excursions were made memorable by our Class Secretary: a trip to Montana, where we fished the Madison and the Stillwater, and another to Colorado, where we fished the waters of the Dream Stream near Paul’s source in Boulder; a ride from the Getty in Brentwood along Venice Beach to the Los Angeles airport, and another from Hamden to Lock Twelve of the Connecticut Greenway, capped by one of the finest Western omelets East of Missoula. I have only been to the movies twice in the last ten years, and have never taken a real vacation. I do enjoy the occasional concert, the Symphony Channel of Sirius, and HDD broadcasts from the Met. Most of all, I take pleasure in wrestling daily with the question, not far from English 1-2 at Amherst, of how language reflects and shapes the world in which we move. Writing is a great source of satisfaction—books on literature and law, literature and money, family, humor, book publishing in the nineteenth century, misogyny and the invention of Western romantic love, on France’s first woman writer (Marie de France), the Bayeux Tapestry, and, forthcoming, a book on the poet Stéphane Mallarmé. I teach summers in Paris, where we live on the retro-trendy Canal Saint-Martin. The rest of the year, I tend to stick around home, the house built in 1929 by Thornton Wilder with the proceeds from his first Pulitzer Prize. On a clear day in winter I can see all the way across the Sound to Long Island.

I have remarried after being widowed in 2001, and, from the depths of the dark side, found new joy, thanks to my wife Caroline Merrill, her sixteen year-old daughter Clara, a sophomore at Hopkins School and an avid rower, and our daughter Louisa, who, at ten, is a lively inquiring creature in the fourth grade at Saint Mary School, Ridgefield. Caroline’s three older boys have left the nest, as have my three older children, two of whom graduated from Amherst, and a third from the University of Oregon. After a year at the Getty when we were first married, Caroline and I lived in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, before moving back to Hamden in 2010.

I am afraid I don’t think much about retirement, as I have no clear idea of what that would look like. I still get a thrill stepping into the classroom and library, speaking from the lectern or seminar table, and intimate time spent with the computer as the typist to thoughts which sometimes delight and surprise me. I look forward in the next few years to teaching new courses, one on the Treasures of Yale and the idea of the university as a collection of collections, another on the eighteenth-century Chinese novel The Story of the Stone, yet another on the concept of modernity. These are all somewhat of a stretch, and summon understandings and a spirit of joyous inquiry acquired at Amherst, which, in some ways, as I say, I have no more left that it has left me.

Email: howard.bloch@yale.edu
Address: 50 Deepwood Dr., Hamden, CT 06517
Phone: 203-444-0733
The year after I graduated Amherst my sister met a classmate (Sherm) at a party in NYC. He told her, “John Boe at Amherst was the pith center of madness.” In Freshman English, Ben DeMott complained that we couldn’t tell the difference between good port and bad port. I didn’t know what port was. Freshman year my girlfriend Judy came to visit (her parents had forbid her to go to college in the same state as me). Girls not being allowed in the dorms overnight, we spent the nights in the bird sanctuary. Junior and senior year I often drank beer with the janitor (Cal) when he got off work at five. I made life long friends at Amherst and had some fine teachers, but those were the unhappiest years of my life, mainly because I was living not in close proximity to females or to a piano. Junior and senior year I kept a well-dressed mannequin (Cynthia) in my dorm room. I was on chapel probation my last semester at Amherst, threatened with not graduating unless I attended regularly. The only way I could do so was to stay up all night each night, stagger drunk into chapel, then sleep through all my classes. My grades suffered. Once I passed Theodore Baird on stairway and he said, “Mr. Boe, how is your literary life?” That was the first time I realized I had a literary life. In Am Studs we had to do papers on immigration. In section Bill argued that we should open up our county to all immigrants, for then the U.S. would be too preoccupied with internal problems to mess up the rest of the world. I supported his position. Professor Hawkins was not pleased. In the sophomore year English survey course, we read Jack Gelber’s The Connection. In discussion the professor savaged its literary value. I had seen the play twice in New York, but didn’t point out that the play was a musical (Freddy Redd and Jackie McLean), so the text didn’t capture its spirit. In summers of college I was a construction worker in New York City, one summer working as rodman for a surveyor, climbing out on the ledges of tall buildings. I have always liked heights. Joe Bob (now Josh) used to take me to the band room where we would play ALL the instruments. I attended one fraternity party (freshman year) and didn’t like it. Rolfe Humphries helped me as a writer. Two seniors turned me on to marijuana my junior year, for which I remain grateful. I married Judy after graduating and moved to Berkeley, California, where I have remained. I tell people that on the east coast I was an eccentric, but in Berkeley I was normal. In Berkeley I and Victor Ichioha have played in a full court Monday night basketball game for forty years. I went backpacking in the Sierra (and other) Mountains with Victor Ichioha and two others every summer until 2001. When Eddie Kahn has to explain me to his friends, he says that we were cellmates. I have three daughters, two granddaughters, and a grandson on the way. I am a professional storyteller. I went to our 40th reunion because I was asked to speak (about English 1-2). I enjoy performing and speaking in public, but have difficulties chatting at parties. At parties and in the rest of my life, I often prefer playing with children. I grow fruits and vegetables. I regularly see Victor Ichioha and Eddie Kahn, sometimes Josh Comfort, occasionally Dave Salkever. I have also enjoyed seeing some others of you. I have published in many psychological (Jungian) journals. My dreamlife is important to me. My favorite of my articles is “Metaphor, Thought, Projection, and Archetype.” I taught as a nontenured Lecturer at UC Davis for 30 years: writing, Children’s Lit, Fairy Tales, Storytelling, and Shakespeare (often in London). I play piano every day, sometimes in a trio (jazz). Judy and I are having our fiftieth anniversary next June. One night I realized that we all were living in a prison. So I escaped with my wife and daughters, but I soon realized that we had just ended just in another part of the prison, that escape was an illusion. Depressed, I walked to the back of the prison, where I looked out an open window and saw a small two-story house. On the upstairs porch, a woman in a white dress appeared, broom in hand and started sweeping. I recognized her as Emily Dickinson and introduced myself. She was cordial, said she had to leave but that she looked forward to talking with me again. I woke up encouraged: I may live in a prison, but at least Emily Dickinson is my back neighbor.
Schooling is central. At no time, since I entered the First Form sixty-seven years ago, to today, as I begin to write a doctoral dissertation, in a field not of my profession, have I been a stranger to the school house. A list of educational institutions that have shaded my life, would provide as good a set of waypoints as family or friends or places. Of course, Amherst College was neither the first or the last of these. Nor was it, at the time, or in subsequent and frequent reflection, the least problematical.

Amherst was arranged. I had been told by the High Master of my school, Lord James of Rusholme, on the advice of the British Ambassador to Washington, His Excellency Sir Harold Caccia, that I should “go to Amherst”. Neither my parents, or I questioned this directive from the Establishment. Arrived in Massachusetts, our new American friends assured us that Amherst was indeed a worthy destination. It wasn’t until I returned to the U.S., in 2003, after a thirty-two year absence, that I discovered they had neglected to tell me that if Amherst would have me, so would more famous universities. I would have been no less badly prepared for Cambridge, New Haven or Chicago, than I was for Amherst. And ill prepared though I was, culturally, socially and academically, I would have entered a larger, less insecure world than that of the Pioneer Valley, with its ghosts of Jonathan Edwards, God-fearing farmers and the Dickinson family inflecting the pall of Puritanism and its legacy of sacramental self-doubt, exhibited in the relentless boosterism of even the fairest college.

As it was, Western Massachusetts was to be my home for six Thanksgivings, including a post-graduate year working for the college. Friends were made and lost. A marriage begun. The Range walked. First flies cast. A vocation found. Kindnesses received. All before I left for another country, Texas. And another, Canada, after that, only to return to the Berkshires, nearly forty years on. There to discover, once again, what it feels like to be in a place but not of it, despite the kindnesses.

And what did I learn in these elite institutions? The one that sent me to Amherst, now celebrating its quincentenary and Amherst itself? When framed in terms of knowledge, things I came to know, or know about, not much that I wouldn’t, or couldn’t, have picked up elsewhere. But framed existentially, I gained a habit of mind, grounded not in academic achievement, substantive knowledge or learning but in intellectualism, the notion that things are worth thinking about. This has served my curiosities well. This has been the magnet that keeps me in the school house. This is the collegially acquired wanting and needing to play some part in the great game of inquiry, of teaching and of learning, or, as Frost put it, “keeping the ball in play”. Part of that I owe to Amherst.
In 1990 my wife Carol (UMass ‘66) convinced me that we needed a house on Cape Cod, despite our ready access to her parents summer home there. I was convinced after I saw the site, and she deserved it because she had accompanied me all over the country, to: Morgantown WV (1966), where she supported my first engineering degree; Palo Alto CA, (1967), where she supported another one; Philadelphia (1968), where we conceived our now-45 year old boy/girl twins, now the parents of our 5 grandkids, and where my first employer showed me an irrelevant chart featuring comfy retirement in the next millennium; Reston Virginia (1969), where we bought our first house, and I engineered modular housing; Lincoln Nebraska, (1971) where I taught at UNL, we fixed up old houses, and we concocted a second son; and Davis CA (1978, lured by solar energy). Carol’s early kitchen wall hanging here read “Bloom where you are planted.” She has, and me too. I’ll spare everyone the left coast details.

We head for the Cape with glee every May and September. Last fall Amherst was calling, so from mid-Cape we headed west with bikes. The weather was unexpectedly bad; weren’t all those October days sunny in the sixties? But we had a good ride north along former tobacco fields, across the Connecticut River, down to Northampton, and back to Amherst on a rail-trail. Nostalgia reigned, and luckily the skies didn’t. We were back in time to walk through campus, past Memorial Hill to the Quad, by familiar dorms that now need keys. Then we dined at Valentine-the best $12 smorgasbord anywhere. (My gray coat privilege had expired so Carol didn’t eat free.) The feeling of Amherst came back, as fifty years melted away like Valentine’s help-yourself ice cream.

The feeling of Amherst- what is it, and why was I less enamored of the place afterwards than my Class of ’34 father was? The humbling undergrad experience was good for me. But I resisted the “we are special” Amherst rhetoric that crept and galloped into those English 1-2 assignments and beyond. Senior year I was miffed that the American Studies Dept. expected me to spend my prior summer reading all those extra books; I was buried running my own construction business, without energy for a Passage to India. As senior year started, I met Carol, romance bloomed, and I skipped the reading list test. Then came remorse; my ego wanted honors. Two professors kindly gave me some more time and then a 2 on 1 oral test that I failed. So I wasn’t allowed to write on a chosen thesis topic. Obviously I could have done it on my own, and not doing so showed my true motive. It took me years to forgive Amherst for my own failure to achieve a silly academic goal.

Why bare these old semi-secrets? Maybe guilt, over not urging any of our three, all now well along with productive lives, to aim for Amherst. But, I’ve grown to question legacies, and think each of us needs to find his/her own path, un-pushed by parental directives. Lucky happy me, for having had the chance since Amherst to pursue work that has been fun and that may (or may not) have had societal value. And lucky happy me for balance, for all those endorphins produced swimming, hiking, and during many thousands of worldwide bicycling miles with my still-energetic wife. Finally, lucky happy me for the unexpected bonus of time with our kids; they are among our many close friends, and they have brought us yet another generation to nurture and enjoy. What a thrill to see them also leading balanced lives, doing, and aiming to do, good work; they may even clean up some of our collective messes. And who knows, one or more of their newest generation (those five grandkids) might seek out Amherst without any prodding from me.

Email: dicarol@comcast.net
Phone: 530-902-2927
Address: 444 4th St. Apt. 32, Davis CA 95616

Starting our 2014 adventure from Lands End to John O’Groats

Nicer weather at the Scottish end!

Together in England on our 48th Anniversary
The year after graduating, I taught middle and upper school history at the Friends School in Wilmington, Delaware, where I learned quickly that teaching is one of the hardest jobs and not for me. Fortunately, with the help of Profs. Nelson and Collery, I was accepted into the economics PhD program at Harvard, where I spent the next four years studying, working as head section leader and research assistant for Prof. John Kenneth Galbraith and writing a dissertation under Prof. Wassily Leontief, the creator of input-output economics and a Noble Laureate. When the assistantship money dried up, I was forced to find a paying job and wound up back in the Pioneer Valley as an Assistant Professor of Economics at Smith College. Despite good colleagues and a pleasant situation, I gradually realized during my four years at Smith that I was just not cut out to be a teacher or researcher. With the help of Professor Galbraith I landed a position on the staff of Congressman Henry Reuss, a Democrat from Wisconsin, and arrived in Washington just a few months before the Watergate scandal forced Richard Nixon to resign.

For the next 20 years, I worked on the Hill, most of it as a senior economist on the staff of the Joint Economic Committee. This is a small committee created by the Employment Act of 1946 to act as the Congressional counterpart of the President’s Council of Economic Advisors. The Committee has 20 members, half from each House of Congress, and no legislative responsibilities. As a senior economist, I helped write drafts of Committee reports, prepared studies and worked on legislation for various Committee Members. Most of my job involved doing the staff work for Committee hearings, more than 300 in total, including obtaining witnesses, writing statements, preparing questions, etc. Hearings included the Committee’s annual and midyear hearings on the economy, where witnesses included the Chairman of the Federal Reserve and administration officials among others, a monthly hearing on the unemployment situation, and pretty much any other remotely-economic-related topic the Chairman or other Member might want to explore. The chairmanship of the Committee rotated each Congress between the House and Senate, so I had a number of bosses over the years including Senators Hubert Humphrey, Lloyd Bentsen and Paul Sarbanes and Congressmen Henry Reuss, David Obey and Lee Hamilton, among others.

After the 1994 election, when Republicans took control of both Houses of Congress, the handwriting was on the wall and I did what many Congressional staff do in that situation and found a job as an economist with a trade association – the American Road and Transportation Builders Association. This was a small lobbying organization representing construction contractors, engineering companies, public officials, academics, etc. involved in designing and building roads, bridges, transit systems and airports. As the association’s first professional economist, most of my work in support of our lobbyists efforts to increase federal funding for transportation infrastructure was often groundbreaking, occasionally useful and for a good cause, in short an almost ideal way to top off a career. While at ARTBA, I testified a number of times before Congressional Committees, worked closely with Congressional staff on transportation authorizing bills, and traveled the country making presentations on transportation-related legislative and economic issues. After almost 19 years with ARTBA, I retired in early 2015. Both for the JEC and ARTBA, I did a prodigious amount of writing, very little under my own name, but improved I hope by English 1. Whether it had any impact is difficult to tell, but if my work helped make even a few Members of Congress better informed, that’s not such a bad result.

Shortly after arriving in Washington in 1974, I met my future wife, Judy, who was personal secretary to Congressman Henry Reuss. We married in August 1975 and will celebrate our 40th anniversary this year. She came with two children and we had two more together. We also have eleven grandchildren, ranging from 28 years old to our newest at 5 months old. They are scattered from northern Virginia to North Carolina, Utah and Spain, which generates much travel. In 2009, after ten years of escaping almost every week from Falls Church to a weekend house on the north fork of the Shenandoah River, we moved to Woodstock, Virginia (The Other Woodstock), where I continued working from home. Now that that is ending, I look forward to keeping busy maintaining seven acres, collecting stamps, reading and having more time to do the things that grandfathers do.
I will touch briefly on two topics, the importance of place in my and my family’s life, and a few comments on higher education.

My early years were in a small, rural farming town in Connecticut, and we raised most of the food we needed on our own small farm. When I was eleven, family circumstances obliged us to move to New Jersey, and from that point until my mid-forties, I lived and worked in urban settings.

Our family of four moved from Washington DC to northern Vermont in 1985, when I took on the job as Chancellor of the Vermont State Colleges. In my early travels and conversations on the job around the state, I often had the feeling I somehow had been there before, and I finally realized that many aspects of rural Vermont life in the ‘80’s reminded me of those childhood years in Connecticut in the late ‘40’s, early ‘50’s.

In part that recognition was about the landscape—I had in my mind an image of two large jars—the first jar was full of “ugly” miles toted up over countless years in transit within the east coast megalopolis, and the second jar with “beautiful” miles, and I pledged to stay in Vermont until the two jars (at least) balanced out.

But it also had to do with people and culture. Trying to explain Vermont to audiences elsewhere, I would pose the following question: What state has the highest ratio of local school boards to escalators? Answer: Vermont, with a ratio of roughly 100 to 1.

Nor is this entirely celebratory...this devotion to local, small scale in Vermont is definitely a double-edged sword. It can limit options of all kinds in schools and communities, it is costly, and it can encourage parochialism. On the other hand, it also fosters a commitment to community and to self-sufficiency, whether in relation to locally-grown food or engagement in civic life.

But “this place” does seem to remain central for us. We opted to stay in Vermont rather than move on to the next most logical academic career opportunities when I chose to leave the Chancellor position after fifteen years. Our two boys, themselves born and raised in DC, have with spouses opted (thus far) to build their own families and careers here. Of course, the six or seven cords of firewood we burn each winter for heat may prove to get as “old” as its stacker and carrier is becoming...time will tell.

Just very briefly on my career and work, what always has fueled my passion has been the experimental, innovative streak in American higher education—despite (or because of?) the bad fit between Alexander Meiklejohn’s experimental ideas and Amherst’s culture during his ten years as President. Roughly ten years’ work as a founder of the FIPSE program in Washington, as well as several of my subsequent roles, have engaged me with efforts to strengthen access and opportunity, as well as to strengthen teaching and learning in promising ways.

As many have pointed out, American higher education today can appear (and behave) as an aging enterprise, more akin to some other industries and sectors in our economy and society. But there still are some new, bright spots—for example, a very new institution in Vermont where I serve as a trustee, the Vermont College of Fine Arts (VCFA), which offers exclusively low-residency MFA programs for practicing artists in six fields, ranging from Writing for Children to Music Composition and Film. Students and teachers are collaborators, they come together in person for short-term, intensive periods and otherwise connect at a distance while they continue their respective works and careers. End of pitch!
After a summer of doing limb regeneration research at Amherst with Biology Professor Oscar Emile Schotté, I went directly from college to graduate school at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore in the same field as my Amherst major, Biophysics. The area appealed to me because it was interdisciplinary, and graduate school kept me out of Vietnam. I did thesis research with Professor Martin G. Larrabee in an area relating neural activity to lipid metabolism, later shown to be part of signal transduction. At a student party I met my first wife, Dorothy Schick, whom I married in 1968. We enjoyed hiking, canoeing, and other outdoor activities. I obtained my Ph.D. in 1972. After spending an extra year with Dr. Larrabee to allow my wife to complete her B.S., I ended up staying in Baltimore for the rest of my professional career anyway. I got a great postdoc partly by luck: Dr. Larrabee happened to sit next to Solomon H. Snyder, M.D., a rising star in Pharmacology at Hopkins medical school, on a plane to a meeting, when my name came up. In the next 3 years I ended up doing groundbreaking research on drug binding to neuropeptide and dopamine receptors in the brain, helping establish the mechanism of action of antipsychotic drugs and their side effects. The result was some “citation classics” in the journal Science, mostly in collaboration with another postdoc, Ian Creese. Having about 20 papers helped me in subsequent job seeking. At an interview in Denver at the University of Colorado, the chairman mentioned an opening in Pharmacology I hadn’t seen at the University of Maryland School of Medicine (more luck). That was the job I got for the next 51 years, rising gradually through the ranks to full Professor (1996). I had recently been awarded tenure when my wife left me after 16 years, saying “There has to be more to life than watching you work.” This was precipitated in part by my getting my first computer, an Apple IIe, so that I was sitting on the bed with my back to her rather than sitting next to her writing grants, papers, etc. longhand. The divorce left me depressed, which I self-treated in part by taking up competitive running, and later triathlons. My best times were equivalent to 6-minute miles for 5 or 6 miles, good mostly for lots of “3rd in age group” prizes. My favorite race was 8 km in 1999, when I won first in age group (55-9) and beat all of the 20-24 group, including 2 second year medical students who took 2nd and 3rd and recognized and chased me. Another favorite was the 3 mile race at our Amherst 20th reunion, which I won overall. I took my only sabbatical as a Fogarty Fellow in 1985-6, shortly after my divorce, to learn molecular biology at the “Molecular Neurobiology Unit” in Cambridge, England, under Professor Eric Barnard, a former colleague of my Chair, Edson X. Albuquerque, M.D., Ph.D. There I fished out the first cDNA clones for GABA type A receptors, the site of action of sedative/hypnotic, anxiolytic, and other important drugs, contributing to a cover article in the journal Nature. I continued this research to seek sequence or expression differences in GABA receptor subunits to account for behavior differences among various inbred or selectively bred mouse strains, and later cloned some of the subunit genes. Meanwhile I met my second wife, Mary Ellen Holmes, a harpist, by responding to her personal ad in Baltimore magazine which contained the word “canoeing.” We were married in 1991. I retired in 2007, and we simultaneously moved from Baltimore to Fort Collins, CO, chosen in part by nearness to her 2 sisters in Golden, CO and to my twin brother in Tempe, AZ (and by high “best places” ratings). It is also home to Colorado State University. I consider my past academic career to have been reasonably successful, resulting in about 100 papers and book chapters and more than $2 million in grants, as well as in training of various graduate students and postdocs. I have to note, however, that my most successful research was done in the labs of others. I spent many years running the department’s graduate program, a thankless task which may account for my never having felt any further urges towards administration. It is curious that my major career moves were all about 3 miles: Hopkins Arts & Sciences to Hopkins medical campus to U. Md. professional campus. This was also the distance of my commute, which I ran, walked, biked, or bused. In retirement, I find myself spending lots of time in my vegetable garden, with some volunteer work and traveling, but less reading than I had anticipated.
"I’ve made a big mistake."

I’d come to Amherst from East High in Denver, Colorado, where my class had over 1000 boys and girls. I was looking for a contrast, but I was unprepared for the social hierarchy of the fraternity system, the absence of the opposite sex, and the isolation of a small college town in rural Massachusetts. I was also dreaming of being a great philosopher. That is, until I took Professor Epstein’s Intro course and found out I wasn’t as logical or positive as the logical positivists.

Fortunately, I discovered Smith College, the social dorms, friends, and professors who enlarged my world. Among the memorable was my honors professor, Oscar Schotte, European embryologist and lovable curmudgeon. My fiancée, Carrie, was the first Smith student to take his class. He was ecstatic. Even the professors wanted more diversity. Oscar arranged a summer job for me in his lab, and a place for me to live; his friend Henry Steele Commager was in Cambridge, England for the summer and needed a house sitter and someone to forward his mail and books. I got a sneak peak at the nominees for the Pulitzer Prize in history.

I’d come to Amherst interested in both the humanities and the sciences, and liked the idea of the two year core curriculum. That is, until I had to write 3 essays each week for English 1-2. I’ve been trying to blend the two cultures ever since, and discovered psychiatry as a creative solution. I help people find and express their stories, make sense of their lives. Sometimes I wonder who gets the most help.

I’ve been in practice in Newport News, Virginia for 40 years. My office is just steps away from Christopher Newport University, so I see professionally a lot of kids of the age we were at Amherst, and try to help them make the transition from adolescence to adulthood.

Despite having gotten an MBA from the College of William and Mary, I have found managing a small group practice more time-consuming and less rewarding due to ever-increasing and costly government and third-party demands, not to mention my age! So, to have more free time and to do more of what I like best (caring for patients), I am merging my psychiatric and addiction medicine practice with a multi-specialty group. Regrettably, the medical cottage industry, which has kept the doctor-patient relationship foremost, is fast disappearing. But the upside of joining Tidewater Physicians Multispecialty Group (TPMG) is the prospect of bringing behavioral health to a larger group of patients. Plus, the group is still doctor owned and directed.

Carrie and I divorced after 32 years of marriage. She died two years ago. Our children, Betsey and Tadd, have had to contend, as I did, with unexpected illnesses of their spouses. They are coping well with life’s vicissitudes while raising their families. Betsey lives in Falls Church, Virginia and teaches AP psychology, has three kids. Her husband is also a teacher and they have made good use of their summers off by taking their whole family to live in different places, including Switzerland, California, France, and Corsica. Tadd is a co-portfolio manager of a global equity fund in Chicago. His three kids are all into ice sports, hockey and figure-skating. They even have a skating rink in their back yard.

In the past few years I’ve gone with Betsey on a National Geographic expedition to the Galapagos, and with Tadd on a fly fishing trip in the wilderness of Yellowstone. I believe that having kept up with the younger generation, if only for a week at a time, qualifies me as having led an Amherst Life of Consequence.

Fourteen years ago, I had the good fortune to marry again. Paulette is a mother and grandmother and has retired from a long nursing career. We have enjoyed watching a pair of nesting osprey raise their young from the platform we built for them on our beach on the James River, where we can also spot bald eagles, egret, heron, ducks, gulls, Canada geese, and an occasional pelican, not to mention pods of dolphin, schools of rockfish (called striped bass on Cape Cod), and a fleet of watermen heading their boats out at daybreak to find oysters and crabs. We also enjoy relaxing at sea from the comfort of cruise ships. When on land, Paulette does her best to keep me grounded.

Email:  dhchessen@cox.net  Phone:  757-596-8013
Address:  54 Ferguson Cove, Newport News,, Virginia  23606
Actually I’ve not been in frequent touch with Amherst over the years but have appreciated it being in touch with me. Feeling remiss, I didn’t intend to contribute to the 50th Anniversary book but in reading the latest issue of Amherst Magazine, I became re-inspired by the College and its impact on our world. Rose Olver came into my (our) life in our sophomore year with an historic impact recognizing bright minds know no gender. The birds-eye view photo of the campus brought back many vivid memories associated with each building and pathway. And NYC’s Deputy Mayor’s work with Affordable Housing makes us all proud of the relevance of an Amherst education in today’s challenging urban environment. As an Architect and Urban Designer focused on preserving our historic context and on advocating for Arts and Culture, I thank Amherst for reminding me of the ongoing inspirational role the College continues to play in my life.
After leaving Amherst and going into Columbia Medical School, my life in the idyllic country changed to colorful city living; including living and working three years in Central Harlem one block from Harlem Hospital, where I did a variety health organizing activities. Out of this arose a group project in which I organized students from all eight medical schools and various doctors to participate in a massive four-day health screening of all 800 kids at local grammar school PS 175. This was my first introduction to active community organizing which became an important part of my post-Amherst life. Along the way I developed a private practice as a holistic psychiatrist, family therapist, and holistic health physician. As my spiritual teachings developed I became acknowledged as world recognized spiritual teacher. I moved to the country in Patagonia AZ, where, since 1993, I have developed an eco-organic, vegan, live-food rejuvenation center and spiritual community called the Tree of Life. This has become my seed base for writing 11 books on a variety of topics including my classic on Spiritual Nutrition to Conscious Eating, Torah as a Guide to Enlightenment, Creating Peace By Being Peace, There Is a Cure For Diabetes, and Conscious Parenting… with more books on the way. From this body of information arose the Cousens’ School of Holistic Wellness, thirty-three Tree of Life Foundation (501c3) Branches around the world; a 21-day reversing diabetes program, with a 61% success rate for NIDDM and 24% success for IDDM in 3 weeks; and humanitarian programs centered around diabetes prevention and community food sustainability programs with the use of micro-business loans for organic veganic farming in such places as Mexico, Ghana, Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Cameroon as well as in various Native American communities. Throughout this process I have taught in over 40 countries. With great appreciation I am very happily married in a relationship I would describe as a permanent honeymoon with my wonderful life partner Shanti Golds Cousens. I am a father to two children and grandfather to three wonderful grandchildren. Family has always been and continues to be an important core part of my life. My spiritual life has also unfolded in most unexpected ways. After seven years on/off in India living in an ashram with my whole family I was acknowledged by both my enlightened gurus as having awakened to the ultimate goal of life. After India, during a 40-day fast, a message came to me that I needed to go back to my roots; and I begin studying Judaism. After 12 years I became an ordained rabbi; and now am the rabbi of Congregation Etz Haim. In parallel with this I also was drawn to the Native American way, became a four-year Sundancer and Eagle Dancer, and was adopted into the Lakota High Horse Clan. As one may imagine all this keeps me pretty busy. With no plans for retirement I enjoy living at a certain level of intensity, joy, optimal health, and fitness. I have thrived on a raw, vegan diet since 1983. I have hit 601 push-ups at one time, as well as being able to do 32 chin-ups, compared to what I could do as captain of our great Amherst Football team, where I could do 70 push-ups and 7 pull-ups. On leaving Amherst I could barely bend forward to touch my knees or even get close to sitting cross-legged, but through regular yoga asana I can put my palms on the floor and sit in full lotus for a few hours. Before my final football season started I walked out onto the field and had this realization: This was all just a game, but even though it was a game, playing it fully with the greatest intensity was the way I could best elevate myself and my team. In the past 50 years I’ve looked at life as such a game. Perhaps a game a little bit bigger than the football field, but with very much the same consequences as the choice I have made to live my life as fully in the alignment with the divine process flowing through me as possible. In this way I feel fully alive both on the inside and outside. Alive in every moment is a wild way to live. This certainly has been a road less traveled. I would describe myself as pulled by the power of these dharmas rather than driven to do them. In this way since leaving Amherst I have never worked a day in my life. My approach is to simply show up and be in the flow. My life has been a path leading me to the continual fulfillment of my personal and cosmic purpose of returning to the One.
I remember Roger Sale pushing us in through our English 1-2 assignments... somehow always asking the same set of questions: What is happening... is anything happening? In other words, is Amherst happening? Is all of this mattering? Does Amherst matter? And so as I remember the pushing and pulling so long ago, I ask myself again, did Amherst matter? Does Amherst matter now? And most importantly, will Amherst matter during the next twenty-five years or so? Most certainly the most important twenty-five years of my life... my life coming into its own, so to speak. How will I come to own these years, so to speak? In other words, English 1-2 is now far more about my future than my past. In other words, my past has become far more about my future than it has been about my past.

In-but-Out, in other words, of the moment at hand. In-but-Out of this adventurous time I have had these past fifty years... this fortunate time of it, fortunate that my adventure has neither done me in nor taken me over. For several years in there I would do these ocean swims... always glad to have finished, however distant the placement. After all, the placement didn’t matter a hoot. As with these fifty years just done.

My good fortune has been the company I have enjoyed along the way. My children, their marriages and children... the romance of this final love affair with my sweet Barbara. And then again, my shipmates throughout, my colleagues... the good hearted crew that I always seemed to find... or which always seemed to be there for me. Small ships I have captained, also known as hospitals; 24-7 ships, that is... always at the ready... lots of people coming and going... mostly good people crewed for good purpose.

Most fortunate, however, for the company of my longest standing, dearest friend... my journal. Yes, I am one of those people who actually has this daily habit... shared with my daily walks, the surest guide I have to my personal health and well being. Both of which are habits-of-mind as much as habits-of-body, habits of oneself, that is. To Amherst, I brought the running-thing, now become my walking-thing; from Amherst I took the writing-thing.

As for Amherst mattering, it mattered and matters now as being the place and idea where writing came to matter my way. Never for trade have I written, unless all the memoranda of my life count as trade. The simple fare of the market and its daily swap-meet, I think. Of less and less value over time. On the other hand, my journals have gained in value... for myself, that is. Over the past twenty years they have sponsored a set of word-baskets, sketches, and other what-not that decorate my life... that stand now as markers for the years to come.

In truth, it took me almost thirty years to become comfortable with this peculiar sextant... Amherst’s tricky gift... the writing-thing, that is, to be my sextant. The journal: personally composed and kept. An important gift, I think, considering how often I became lost at sea... considering the waves and winds. Not to mention the nights... the nights whose stars eventually became my guide to it all. Quite literally, that is. Finally sensing the true scope of the universe; finally sensing the value of my ever so precarious and precious perch. Sensing all of this, at least to the best of my ability... my ability, that is, to handle this little sextant of mine. Gift of Amherst.

My past twenty years have been a calmer time. On a far broader sea I have ventured, but somehow with more confidence... learning all the more to trust the sextant. All of which points me now to the open sea ahead; with a happy heart, I should say... with family and friends... with my habits-of-self to keep me company.

As for yourselves, my classmates, my readers, I look forward to being your reader... to reading of your exploits and triumphs... and perhaps of your challenges and heartaches. The sweet benefit of our fifty years out there is that they should have evened things out... left us the better for being evened out.

Let me close by thanking the college for giving us all this chance to share a thought or two, to be personable with each other... to say hello again... and then again farewell... especially having this farewell be more warmly felt than when we were so very young back in ’65, hardly able then to know this deeper warmth of age. And so there you have it... this soft note from a very happy cactus... desert tended, lovingly, by an entwined rose.
Driving with my parents from Maryland to Amherst in the fall of 1961 was a trip filled with great excitement and trepidation. It was to be my first sighting of the college I applied to following a call from a black alumnus from Washington, D.C. who encouraged me to apply. I was aware of the college’s prestigious reputation and wasn’t sure I could rise to the challenges I expected to face.

Regarding my own upbringing, I was influenced greatly by my Southern roots. Born in Atlanta to parents who were from the South—mother from North Carolina, father from Atlanta, I became aware of segregation from an early age. My parents, atypical for the time, were college graduates and each had parents of mixed ancestry. My maternal grandmother had a white mother and black father; she was placed in an orphanage in North Carolina where she spent her formative years. She later married, had three children whom she raised alone after being abandoned by her husband—all three children graduated from college. My maternal grandmother was a college graduate and became one of the first black social workers in Atlanta, strongly asserting her personality and expectations of respect from those with whom she worked.

My family moved from Atlanta to Washington, D.C. in 1946—later we moved to nearby Maryland. I attended segregated public schools from the beginning to the completion of high school. While my preparation for college did not match that of many of my Amherst classmates, I did have several outstanding teachers who inspired me to excel.

My early introduction to the demands of the core curriculum at Amherst was daunting. The amount of work to be done and my painfully inadequate preparation to handle the challenges of physics 1,2 made the first few months extremely stressful. (I was on academic probation half way through the 1st semester). Gradually, things improved. My fear of Professor Arnie Arons, designer of the physics/science course, abated as my grades moved into the passing range, and I did okay in history and humanities. Work in English 1,2, while exasperating due to the frequency of papers on challenging topics, led to my becoming a capable writer and a more critical thinker.

With the intention of being premed, I chose American Studies as my major. I had the pleasure of working with Professor Hugh Hawkins as my honors thesis advisor on a topic in Afro-American History and the research assistance of librarians at the old Converse Library. In premed courses I received great encouragement and help from biology professor Oscar Schotte. Socially, I made some lasting friendships, including two of my room mates senior year, Gordon Pradl and Dick Leyden.

Post Amherst

I was accepted at three medical schools and chose Howard University, an historical black institution. I received an excellent clinical education, chose pediatrics as a specialty and did my residency training at the University of California San Francisco and King-Drew Postgraduate School of Medicine Los Angeles. Fellowships in pediatric hematology/oncology followed at both institutions and I worked in that subspecialty at Oakland Children’s Hospital for four years before entering private pediatric practice in Oakland.

My private practice has served a largely low income, multi-ethnic, poly-lingual population for the past thirty-three years. The patient population has been fascinating and the experience of caring for three generations of children within some families has been delightful.

Personal

I have loved living in California and have been happily married to Dorothy Ashley Davis for nearly thirty year. She’s from farm country in Virginia near Charlottesville. We have a 27 y.o. daughter, Lauren, a UVA and American University Law school graduate, now preparing to take the California bar exam. Ariel, age 42, my daughter by a previous marriage is hoping to begin a graduate program in occupational therapy this fall.

Retirement and Beyond

Overall, my life has been happy—more ups than downs in both my personal and professional lives. I’m still working and have envied those who are cited in our class notes as comfortably retired—I hope to be there soon.
I married my high school sweetheart two weeks after graduating, with several Amherst fraternity brothers in the wedding party. For the privilege of going to Oberlin, Dorrie was rewarded with the need to get special dispensation to miss her graduation ceremony for the more important events in life! We left the following morning to get to Duke University for graduate classes Monday morning for both of us.

I finished my PhD in biochemistry to the sweet aroma of chocolate and peanut butter across the street in Hershey, PA while completing my research with Duke at the brand new Hershey Medical Center. 50 years later I find myself being treated by the Hershey Cancer Center in State College, PA.

I post doc’ed briefly at the NIH, then got my first, and essentially only job with a contractor for the National Cancer Institute. The contract moved from Rockville, MD to Fort Detrick, Frederick MD in 1976 with the expansion of NCI’s facilities and I worked there for the rest of my career.

I started my research career in herpes viruses, specifically Epstein Barr virus; but that quickly fell out of favor with the Cancer Institute when it was decided they didn’t cause cancer. So, my main focus became managing special research projects for the NCI. Highlights included participation in the AIDS Task Force in the infancy of the epidemic. I was a fly on the wall when the virus was discovered at the NCI and the labs in Frederick were key to the first growth for the development of the AIDS blood test. I next brushed up on animal husbandry while working on a contract to support a chimpanzee colony (a relic of the early space program) at Holloman AFB for AIDS vaccine testing. Fortunately for the chimps, they proved to be a poor animal model for infection or vaccine testing. I also had to brush up on Physics 101 for work at Argonne National Labs to establish an x-ray beamline dedicated to macromolecular crystallography for biomedical research. I finished by working with several genomics projects, including the Cancer Genome Atlas.

Throughout it all my family was my focus and backbone. I spent many years in Boy Scouts with my son Gill as he worked his way up to Eagle Scout; first in Cub Scouts, then several years as the Scoutmaster in Boy Scouts, and several more as Troop Committee Chair. I helped guide our daughter Kathy through dancing, band, track and field and cross country, and academics. Both Gill and Kathy ended up at Duke University during the Blue Devil’s run to their first basketball championship, so we are dyed-in-blue Duke fans now. The color matches our new allegiance at Penn State, but the analogy stops there.

We spent our years in Frederick in an older house ~50 years old when we bought it and over 80 when we finally left. Throughout my entire career I never commuted more than five miles; and when Dorrie went back to teaching foreign languages in middle school she didn’t either— the years added to our lives are being recouped now. Dorrie and I both retired in 2007 - a little for health and a lot for burn-out. Needing to leave our old, retiree unfriendly house, we moved to State College PA to be near our two grandchildren. We are enjoying life in HAPPY Valley, a beautiful area of our native Pennsylvania.

The last few years we have enjoyed hiking in and around State College and trips to the western National Parks that we had not yet visited. It has been a relaxing and invigorating exposure when we have been able. We missed 2013 because of our government, and 2014 for health problems; but we expect and intend to continue as soon as we are able.

Email: dorriejeff@gmail.com
Address: 141 BOLTON AVE, 16803
Two years into re-engagement, I am hitting my stride, realizing what are the lasting gifts my life (including Amherst) has given me, the gifts that keep on giving:

1. Love: I started dating my beloved wife Joan while at Amherst. For 50 years – encompassing two children, three cities, four grandchildren, six jobs, and nine houses -- she has been the constant in my life: my teacher and inspirer, my staunchest ally and sharpest critic, my partner in life’s amazing journey.

2. Family: We had our sons Brad and Ned during law school, early in life by today’s standards. Remembering my own stumbling efforts at fatherhood, I marvel at the grace with which they nurture their own children and balance the roles of parent, husband, professional, and homemaker.

3. Home: After living in Boston for 45 years, we left in 1989 to follow my career path to Philadelphia (Penn Law School) and Portland (Reed College). But I always felt the pull of home (especially when attending Amherst trustee meetings!). Now, after 23 years of wandering, we once again stroll through the Back Bay, picnic at Tanglewood, swim in Buzzards Bay, tilt into the wintry blast, and devour steamers by the bucketload.

4. Learning: Parents and teachers instilled a love of learning, and Amherst honed an inquisitive mind and analytical skill. After many years of academic administration, I am back in the classroom, trying once again to master ideas well enough to convey them to minds as open and formative as mine was then, and, hopefully, still is.

5. Doing: After too many years of 80-hour workweeks, I'd almost forgotten how much I love to do the things I learned in my childhood, and practiced even while at Amherst – carpentry, cooking, playing pool, dancing, skating, bicycling, savoring great music and art, chasing squash balls around a little white court. Now, I am remembering -- and doing -- again.

6. Worship: Raised as a somewhat unreflective Episcopalian, I occasionally attended Grace Church in Amherst before taking a long detour in my religious life. After passing through some spiritually arid places and some fertile places, I am back where I started. Trinity Church in Boston is not just a place for Sunday services, but a living, breathing, every-day part of my life.

7. Gratitude. Perhaps it takes a lifetime of trying to do it all by yourself to realize how much you owe to others. Now, not a day goes by that I do not feel gratitude for the stern and loving guidance of my parents, the inspiration of great teachers, the love of my wife and family, the mentorship of colleagues, and the blessings of health, perception, and a sense of humor.
I look forward to this 50th year reunion! Amherst is important; its spirit is with me always. I attended the 20th, then several others. I helped found, together with Skip McEwen, Johnny Sansing and Dick Freeman, the bi-monthly ‘65 luncheon in Washington, D.C.

This year finds me in good health; enjoying the Information Age; and working. I remain grateful for family, friends and continuing opportunities to discuss ideas (multiple subjects) and explore interests, e.g., history; theater; the blues; jazz; stories; and travel.

Life has provided many wonderful moments, none more so than meeting and then marrying Ann DeVargas (American University ’72), in 1975. Together we adopted our daughter, Evangeline Marinda, age eight months from Colombia, in 1980. And together we’ve shared a long catalogue of joys and sorrows, many experiences and travels. We are very proud of Evangeline who is a successful jewelry designer and avid naturalist.

At the time of graduation from Amherst, I had no thought of family and while I sought a direction that would (ultimately) contribute to the “social good,” I lacked specific career goals; moreover, I had no “ambition” for wealth, fame, professional achievement or improved social status. I wanted to embrace a mix of ideas, action and adventure.

My work at the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, particularly at the Office of Research and Development, has quite often provided that mix. It has focused, in the main, on the vortex of science and policy, specifically investigation and analysis of science/science policy issues as identified in risk assessments, policies and regulatory/non-regulatory actions. It has generally involved coordinating teams of scientists and has included work with various countries and international organizations. Major areas have included (mostly air) pollution issues associated with industrial and vehicular combustion sources and fuels.

One example is work on mercury, a global health and ecological problem. Over many years, I have helped develop and review of EPA and United Nations Environmental Program (UNEP) assessments providing the scientific basis for the U.S. and global programs to control mercury emission sources and uses. Among other things, I was part of the EPA/Department of State negotiating team, whose work with UNEP resulted in 140 nations signing, in 2013, the Minamata Convention, a global treaty to reduce mercury emissions, uses and exposure.

On the project management side, I coordinated/led a joint US/Russia/UNEP/Sweden emission test demonstration program of the effectiveness of mercury control technologies, proven earlier in the U.S., at a Russian coal-fired power plant, important information for the global effort. In addition to the technical work, this experience included adventures with Russian scientists getting lost on remote roads far south of Moscow and celebrating collaboration, with vodka, in many venues, including roadside picnics.

Following graduation from Amherst, I had intended, with little enthusiasm, to enter graduate school that fall. Then, that summer while lunching at a beach cafe, I picked up a newspaper and read of President Johnson’s troop buildup in South Vietnam. Suddenly it hit me: …war…long time commitment…potential for being drafted. I called my Navy recruiter.

Following OCS and Naval Justice School, I found myself, a junior officer with responsibilities for watch and for radar in the ship’s combat information center, on a WWII era amphibious ship bound for WESTPAC.

I spent most of 1967 responding to increasing responsibilities, growing up, working and playing hard in places like Sasebo, Yokosuka (Tokyo), Honolulu, many others.

The war of course was our focus. In South Vietnam, our mission for a few months was transporting supplies first by ship from Danang to the mouth of the Perfume River and then up the narrow, circuitous river twelve miles by boat, i.e., our MIKE landing craft, to the ancient capital of Hue. (The entire river area was a combat zone.)

Earlier, in the Philippines, we, in support of the Marcos regime and in cooperation with the Philippine Navy, had hauled and then set up, prefabricated schoolhouses, working “24/7,” in several ports.

I loved the Navy for the challenges and the camaraderie. I enjoyed the contrast between having the responsibility of the officer-of-the-deck and having “liberty” to carouse and to read Whitman and Kerouac. I was inspired to learn of the incredible potential of “ordinary” human beings.

Departing the Navy in 1969, I traveled, attended graduate school, opened a successful printing business with two friends, joined in protesting the war. I have lived knowing U.S. military involvement had been a costly mistake, a multidimensional tragedy, yet even so believing our service to have been honorable.

In mid 1971, I began work at the newly created EPA, believing that environmental issues (i.e., the little I then knew about them) were important and that, despite my lack of technical training, I could “make a difference” in addressing some of them. After some years struggling in a highly charged political bureaucracy, things began going well. I have taken satisfaction in a few contributions.

And so yes, despite having a few lingering doubts that we (the human race) can meet all the challenges of the future, I remain optimistic.

“Like a bird on the wire. Like a drunk in a midnight choir, I have tried in my way to be free.” (Leonard Cohen)
There is much talk in the media about the elite 1%, that they have all the wealth and power. How would you like to hear from the bottom 1%? That's where I ended up academically in the Class of 1965 at graduation time. But in the adult world, I quickly learned that, coming out of Amherst, I was still way ahead when compared with all the other graduating classes of that year across the land.

It became clear at Amherst that I began college with the wrong choice of career path. Growing up I had always loved math and science and hated English and history. My pursuit of a career in chemistry at Amherst resulted in my professors telling me to find another path. It would have been exciting to ride the wave of technology into the future (which currently looks a little scary), but I changed paths and went to graduate business school. I have spent my working years in the corporate world, specifically in corporate accounting and financial operations. I found many challenges there and many moments of job satisfaction.

The early married years found Sandy and I living in the San Francisco area, then on the Texas Gulf Coast. We took up sailing and enjoyed San Francisco Bay and Corpus Christi Bay for the next eight years. After adopting a boy and a girl, we settled in Delaware for the next 26 years and the family spent many days sailboat cruising on the Chesapeake Bay.

As a senior citizen now living in the Jacksonville, FL area, my contributions to society are on a smaller scale and focusing on those who are struggling and/or less fortunate. Occasionally I will have opportunities to share all my accumulated wisdom with my family (they really DO have to listen) and others that might ask for advice or my opinion. Meanwhile, I enjoy family, friends, dog and a cat, arranging and performing choral music with a local group and the great outdoors. And, 50 years out, I still find that if someone asks me where I went to college, and I reply "Amherst", they always know about the "college upon the hill".

Email: eastsandal@aol.com
Phone: 904-529-1728
Address: 3484 Olympic Drive, Green Cove Springs, FL 32043
People often say “Time flies...” or “It feels like yesterday...” as they survey years gone by.

But it seems like another era, an almost geological space since I first stepped on to the Amherst College quad in a pair of cowboy boots corrugated by seasons of work on ranches outside of Boulder.

Freshman Dean Al Guest told me to ditch the boots and directed me to the House of Walsh where they would open a charge account for me with no credit reference beyond membership in the Amherst College class of ’65.

That next day, in new loafers, I left the campus to stroll through the town. Compared to rugged Colorado scenery with homes and towns reamed from wilderness, Amherst and New England felt to me like a caress...my own place, a spot so compatible with my inner weather that I should never depart its green and cultured contours.

But a restless quality, even in this most serene setting, persisted... except of course as I ran through our Bird Sanctuary which was indeed the center of an Earthly Paradise, an activity that suffused me with happiness each of the hundred times I followed that trail during our years. Professor Ben DeMott made a suggestion: So in 1966, I motored west in an old but excellent Peugeot to Hollywood where I became one of the chosen few to be accepted as an Assistant Director Trainee.

My first assignment as “In the Heat of the Night,” followed by “Guess Who’s Coming to Dinner.” Naturally, I assumed that the world of movies was totally within my grasp. So why not leave the prestige and security of that grandly titled but somewhat clerical position to become an actor, a writer, to give and get from the film business at the highest levels? Surely my Amherst friends want to see me exercise my talents and flair rather than mere diligence as a supportive production worker!

If I compress those next years, those episodes of employment – the noted, talented actors I worked with on interesting locations or sound stages, and shows I wrote that were produced and seen by millions, it sounds like a cheerful enough resume.

There has been more struggle than triumph, more waiting than action: My writing talent and physical presence were close enough to what was required for Hollywood success to energize the struggle for decades without ever propelling me to the security of a sustained film career.

So I found work as a teacher, often in the ghettos of South Central L.A., and my passion for motorcars led me to sales or service jobs at local Rolls Royce, Mercedes or BMW dealerships. All fine, necessary and occasionally worthy, but as I cast about for co ordinates to give sense to my days, to where I myself made sense, I was drawn back to Amherst. And those years began to seem the most vivid and important of all.

It’s fair to underpin this account and set down that amidst the careening course of my dream propelled life, I did marry, yes! And then again! And have two children, neither of whom is a nuisance to society: My luminous daughter is a trusted college administrator and a Phd candidate, my son has achieved the miracle of commercial and creative success as an artist. My oldest grandchild has left the Southern California bubble to become a freshman at Bard and the youngest has evidently, last week – this being October ’14 – uttered a complete sentence. That Enzo did this in my absence is my fault alone as we now live in Austin, Texas.

But nothing has matched the vivacity of the landscape, the seasons, the engagement with literature, friends and professors of my, of our Amherst years. My closest friends remain of the class of ’65. The roads of my dreams run through New England’s mapled hills. My emotional and sentimental connection to the College is undiluted by that sense that it has been so very long since that first day.

It is no secret that my affinity with Amherst is underpinned by Robert Frost – his presence among us for a couple of years, our library named after the poet, and by his aphorism that underpins our educations that “There is a book side to everything.”

So when I do return to the College, as I will this May to embrace you all, and to run again through the Bird Sanctuary, the first line of Frost’s poem will come to me...“Whose woods these are I think I know...” My answer is ready and quick:

They are mine.
I am a Bookman. I can hold a book that Francis Bacon inscribed, a love letter of Philip Larkin, or even the humble cookbook my grandmother once used; these bring the past into my present, in both tangible and emotional ways. There is a kinetic energy that I find humbling, yet persuasive and hopeful. It is a genuine part of my life, an acute awareness and responsibility.

Linear time: birth, schooling, career, marriage, travel... Yet as I have aged, time has become truncated, elongated, vertical and in the new terminology, disruptive. Some 20 years ago my young niece introduced me to her friends: "This is my Uncle Sam – he was alive when the Beatles were together!" Perspective is everything.

A caring household in Newark was home. As a reader from an early age, I was a good student. Mine was the first generation of my family to go to college. Music was and is a big part of my life. Through high school, nearby NYC was Mecca with classical, folk and jazz, from Bernstein to Ben Webster. I think I wore my first tie at age 7 when I heard Horowitz play Chopin.

My years at Amherst were disruptive in a healthy way. In my sophomore year, Profs. Beebe and Breusch suggested I drop my major, Chemistry. I remain astounded by their personal interest in me, gently telling me that I could be a good chemist but probably not a great one because of my math...and that I would recognize the difference (!). This thoughtful advice shaped my life. I was shattered at that time, but was quickly seduced by History in the guise of Profs. Hawkins, Marx, Halstead and the indomitable Havinghurst. All taught the same lesson: to think critically and communicate clearly. It helped that I was Commager's assistant for a year and a half. Add a fling with SDS, Civil Rights work in Mississippi, a flirtation with the scene at Berkeley in 1964, and a course of study at Oxford U with a Holyoke friend before grad school at Brown and you have a Henry Adams character but without the acute insight.

I returned to Amherst in 1982 when Alf Havighurst invited me to join the Friends of the Library. This specific reconnection gave me great joy. I chaired the group for 15 years, helping develop Folger Fellowships for Amherst students, oral histories (check the Library website), preservation programs and more. The Friends kept me in touch with alums from all Classes, faculty and students while I played a role in supporting Amherst. Steve Young, Ron Gordon, Paul Ruxin were also on the Council. Sadly, this group was disbanded in October by the Board of Trustees, a thoroughly disheartening event which has left many feeling marginalized and superfluous.

While teaching history in Boston, I stumbled on The Harcourt Bindery, a Dickensian shop creating quality leather bindings. Love at first sight! The books I handled were sublime: color plate books, rare first editions, an Audubon Double Elephant Folio. I bought the company in 1971, a decision which, surprisingly, was supported by my family. Yes, it was a business. But bookbinding became a way of life, entertaining and challenging me ever since. It has led to enthusiastic friendships. Memberships in several Clubs have widened horizons. Most of this is captured in Reflections, a book co-authored with Ron Gordon in 2012 about our careers. This past fall I was honored with a Lifetime Achievement Award from the Guild of Bookworkers.

My marriage to Emily Rizzo (UMass) ended in divorce in 1977. Avril and I married in 1981. She is English and for decades we have visited there almost every year, as it is a place we both love. Through Avril, I became a step-father to two boys whose families have presented us with 4 grandchildren. These young children are not fully aware of the impact they make on my life, and why should they be? They are still myopic, and take for granted my love, joys and care in the same way I am sure I took from my parents.

I look back and watch the past catching up to the present. My life has been rich in relationships, relatively healthy (two heart attacks almost two decades ago), my career fulfilling. And fortunately for me, my neighbor, Bob Field, laughs at my jokes and grows more tomatoes than he and his wife can eat. Avril and I look forward to happy years to come, and the kids are the salt and yeast that leaven our lives. I continue to read avidly including a poem a day (though not always understood), write and teach, and give workshops here and abroad.

Haec Olim Meminisse Juvabit
(these are the good old days)!

Email: sam@chagfordinc.com
Address: 205 School St, Belmont, MA 02478
Phone: 617-489-4707
Annette and Rob this year

Grandchildren, one thanks to
Jennifer and Sam

Marni and Jonah, Jennifer’s
twins, our grandchildren

We bought a house in Italy. Here, in 2004 in a nearby hill town with
friends during a local festival
When I last wrote an essay for one of these reunion books, 25 years ago (yikes!), I mentioned that an Amherst education had provided many benefits but had not really prepared me for some of the harsher and more practical life lessons of a world beyond Johnson Chapel and Memorial Hill. Although I still find some truth in that observation, my perspective has changed. (It’s gratifying to realize that perspectives do change every quarter century.)

Most of my life during the last 50 years has been spent far from academia, in the less hallowed halls of Hollywood. As president of the Los Angeles Film Critics Association, I recently put together an awards dinner attended by Angelina Jolie, Gena Rowlands, the cast and creative team of Boyhood—and two members of the Class of 1965, Paul Ehrmann and Avi Stachenfeld. It’s been fun. But I have never completely turned my back on Amherst.

Two years ago I attended a party at the Lord Jeffrey Inn for several members of the English department who were retiring or had recently retired. As an English major, I knew four of these professors well and had kept in touch with three of them at least intermittently over the last 50 years. In deciding to attend that event, I gave a lot of thought to the impact they had on me during my four years at Amherst. Kim Townsend was my senior thesis adviser. Bill Pritchard taught the introduction to literature class that we all took sophomore year, and he also taught classes on modern poetry and fiction during my senior year. Jack Cameron taught the history of English literature class that English majors took during junior year. Cameron was on sabbatical during our senior year, but I got to know him better on subsequent visits to Amherst. I knew he was a film enthusiast even back in 1964 (I remember him comparing D. H. Lawrence to Lindsay Anderson’s movie, This Sporting Life), and he became much more active in introducing film studies to Amherst years after our graduation. I didn’t know Allen Guttmann as well, but I do remember his American Studies class from sophomore year. (When we read Frank Norris’s The Octopus during that class, several students tittered when Guttmann suggested that the name of the railroad tycoon, Magnus Derrick, reeked of phallic symbolism. Reacting to the nervous laughter, Guttmann exclaimed, “Why do you think authors give characters names?” Indeed!) I was amazed at how vivid my memories were of all these classes and readings. I can still recall the hush in the classroom when Pritchard read aloud the climactic chapter recounting Lady Dedlock’s death in Bleak House. Cameron’s insights into Henry IV Part I, Hamlet, and The Mill on the Floss seem more immediate than any of the movie reviews I’ve read in the last month. And my conversations with Kim Townsend on childhood in the novels of Dickens, George Eliot, and D.H. Lawrence still reverberate. The impact of these educational experiences was deep and lasting.

I can’t say that all of my Amherst classes made quite as strong an impression. At Paul Ehrmann’s 70th birthday party in Los Angeles last year, I got into an argument with Howard Bloch and a couple of other Amherst alums (not all from the Class of ’65) about Physics 1-2. I shocked Howard by saying that I remembered absolutely nothing from Arnie Arons’ class except for his overbearing personality, and I retained no useful information about physics that played any role at all in my present life. This could of course be my failing, but I mention this to dispel sentimentality that some of our class members may harbor about the Core Curriculum and its disappearance from most universities in recent years. I’m sure I would have benefited much more if I had skipped most of those science classes and had been freer to choose my own classes in film history (now quite a strong department at Amherst) or Freudian psychology or gay studies. Nevertheless, the best of my classes at Amherst had a profound influence on me, and I feel incredibly grateful for a stimulating educational adventure that few of my California cronies could lay claim to.

A little more about me: Many of our classmates have retired, but I am working as hard as ever, in a field that I still feel passionate about, so I count myself fortunate, if also more harried at times than I would like to be. I am happy to have retained friendships with some of our classmates, especially Marc Green (my frequent writing partner), Ron Gordon, Dick Stein, Mike Pohl (a high school friend who was the first person who urged me to apply to Amherst), Paul Ruxin, Lew Markoff, Sherm Katz, Sam Ellenport, Ric Ancel, Steve Rosenheck, and the remarkably dedicated Mr. Ehrmann. Whenever I have renewed contact with other classmates, I have always been impressed with what an exceptional and yet unpretentious group congregated at Amherst during the early 1960s. I look forward to re-connecting with many others in May.

---

**Stephen Farber**

Email: sfarb@stephenfarber.com  
Address: 10611 Wilkins Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024  
Phone: 310-475-0226

---
My years at Amherst, viewed through a 50 year lens, were idyllic. The core curriculum was a great concept, bridging the arts and sciences, and forcing us to question and synthesize. My classmates were brilliant, interesting, ethical and helpful.

After Amherst came Harvard Medical School. A splash of cold water for me. Collegiality was replaced by competitiveness, exploration with rote. My internship in Internal Medicine at University of Chicago was exciting in many ways. It began just a year after the riots at the Democratic convention in Chicago. Gangs ruled the South Side. It was a real “school of hard knocks” but I learned how to be a physician.

I was drafted into the Army but, by enlisting instead, was able to defer my active duty date.

Next stop was San Francisco and UCSF Medical Center where I trained in Pediatrics. It was the height of the Haight Asbury days in San Francisco. Long hair, leisure suits, and excitement. Then on the Stanford to for a fellowship in neonatology.

In 1975, the Army caught up with me. I served as the Chief of Newborn Services at Letterman Army Medical Center in San Francisco, caring for premature and healthy newborns, from Guam to Colorado. My time in the Army turned out to be wonderful training. I was in a management role that would have taken years to attain in civilian life.

My remaining professional career of 30 years was spent as a neonatologist at Kaiser Permanente. Found the HMO model to be an attractive system of medical care. I was also active in the American Academy of Pediatrics, serving in many roles.

In 1975, I married Nancy Feldstein, a social worker and therapist at UCSF. She has remained active as a therapist, including stints every 5 years as the “Lucy” for the Class of 1965. We have two children. Our daughter Jolie and her husband Hylton Kalvaria, are the parents of Lyla and Mia. Daughter Alison is a nurse practitioner at Stanford Children’s Hospital, caring for children requiring liver and/or intestinal transplants.

My avocation has been music. I have been active as a clarinetist and saxophonist in community theater productions. Remuneration is minimal but it gives me great please to file a Schedule C as a “professional musician.”

Amherst was an extraordinary experience. I remember it as the place to become a Renaissance man (and have fun). There was a purity of learning, which I don’t think was merely an illusion of the passage of time. I am grateful.
I have spent 41 of my 50 post-Amherst years teaching Physical Chemistry at MIT. It might be more accurate to write being taught by my amazing students, both undergraduates in courses and graduate students as members of my research group. I call myself a "spectroscopist" and I dare you to pronounce that word. My specialty is the structure and dynamics of small molecules. I get to play with many lasers, the more used simultaneously in a single experiment the better. How can a four-atom molecule like acetylene (HCCH, my favorite molecule) have "structure" that is worth many years of study by many graduate students, or by me? Inserting a lot of energy into a molecule is like giving a small child sugar. All sorts of strange and seemingly incomprehensible things happen. I describe my research as the study of molecules behaving badly. I have spent many years learning the languages molecules speak when they are hyper-excited. Pattern-recognition is crucial. There are repeated patterns, some broken patterns, then there are patterns of broken patterns, and then of course broken patterns of broken patterns. It all seems obvious when you finally see the elegant simplicity behind it, but usually the molecules outsmart us. …until a student is naïve enough to ask the right question.

I remember waiting in a long line outside Leo Marx’s office in Converse. His lectures were a magical mixture of clarity, intensity, and passion. All of us in that line wanted some of that. I lecture with enthusiasm and passion, but seldom with clarity. Some of my students think I am a mystic, in touch with the deepest secrets of small molecules. But they are wrong; I am a mirror reflecting back to them their own nascent ideas. I love doing this and cannot imagine stopping. But in four years I am going to retire from MIT. I plan to become an itinerant “Grand Old Man,” traveling from lab to lab. It is great fun being accorded GOM status for ideas, most of which I can no longer remember. I have been going to the same Spectroscopy Conference almost every year for the past 49 years. At one of those meetings, riding up in an elevator, a student who had been staring at my name tag, finally said: “You’re Field, I thought you were dead!” This is one of my favorite stories.

My office is a mess. I am a paper person. I used to keep paper copies of everything that might be important. But I ran out of file cabinet space before I learned how to take advantage of electronic storage. The walls of my office are, similar to those of a dentist’s office, covered by honorific certificates, the most intimidating of which is Membership in the National Academy of Sciences. The unprepared student entering that office does not know whether to be repulsed by the chaos or frightened by my professional “eminence.” Most MIT students seem to ignore both the chaos and the eminence. Then they discover that I am interested in what they have come to my office to ask or tell me. I have been the kind of advisor that I often sought and usually found at Amherst.

Recently I find myself telling my advisees stories from my student days. They seem to like this, because they are working out their own solutions to problems of “what is important,” “how do I find a job that is worth having,” “how do I decide on personal and professional priorities.” But it is beginning to feel strange that most of the advice I offer comes from 50 year old memories. Yes, it is time for me to retire.

One day I was walking across campus in the depth of winter enshrouded in the warmest and dorkiest parka money could buy. I crossed paths with Calvin Plimpton, wearing only his usual Morning Chapel suit. His remark, forever prominent in my memories of Amherst: “one of us is dressed for the wrong season,” left me speechless. I wonder how many times he used that trick. I like to be remembered for unexpectedly strong statements about an experiment or a theory, and for “Ah-ha!” moments.

Susan Geller and I have been gleefully married since 1984. Since we have no children, we have been free to remain privately child-like in many refreshing ways. We enjoy music (ranging from blues and bluegrass to string quartets), plays, movies, reading, gardening (mostly tomatoes), and our neighbors, Sam (’65) and Avril Ellenport.
I followed a common path for our era, straight from Amherst to grad school, in my case medical school at Cornell, along with Nick Hardin, Doug Mann and Jack Simon. After my first year at Cornell, I did the smartest thing of my life and married my college sweetheart, Elaine Johnson – it’ll be our 49th three weeks after the reunion. After Cornell, my linear course continued with residency in medicine at the then Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, now with the new name Brigham and Women’s Hospital, then cardiology fellowship across town at the Mass General. I then spent two critical years in the Public Health Service, serving at the USPHS Hospital in Staten Island, NY. Though this may sound like an obscure place (and it no longer exists), at the time it was the epicenter of the nascent subspecialty of Cardiac Electrophysiology, or EP, which deals with heart rhythm disorders. My experience there led me to 15 years on the faculty of the School of Medicine at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, where I started the Cardiac EP Program and became a Professor of Medicine. In 1990 I left UNC and joined a large cardiology practice in Raleigh, where we were able to build one of the major EP practices in the Southeast. In the midst of this, I did a few other things, such as Red Sox fantasy camp in 2005, a few months after we reversed the curse and won the World series for the first time in 86 years. When the camp re-gathered in Boston that June, I actually got a bona fide single during a camp game on the field at Fenway Park!

I retired from the practice in May, 2012, returned to UNC part time for a year, and am now fully retired and loving it! Finally I have a chance to see that there really is life outside the hospital! I used to roll my eyes and say to myself, “Yeah, right,” when an older person would say, “I’m so busy that I don’t know how I ever found time to work.” Now I’m finding that life is full of remarkable opportunities to be engaged, to make a difference and enjoy being alive. Among other things, like being an ardent Tar Heel and Red Sox fan, I’ve become a Certified Application Counselor, or CAC, enrolling people in subsidized health insurance through the Affordable Care Act. I was the canvassing coordinator for the Democratic Party in Orange County (Chapel Hill) this past fall, and we produced a 10% increase in Democratic voter turnout despite a nationwide lowest turnout in 70 years. A few days after the election, the NY Times reported that our Senate candidate, Kay Hagan, did better in Orange County “...than any Democratic presidential candidate since FDR, winning 75% of the vote.” I’m now involved in a statewide project to bring about Medicaid expansion in North Carolina. This may seem a bit like tilting at a windmill in this suddenly arch conservative state, but from both a human and economic perspective, it’s a huge deal.

Through all this, we’ve had a great family life. Elaine became an extraordinary early childhood educator, starting with teaching preschool, then leading one, then consulting and early intervention, followed by statewide teacher training and finally being a principal on a large early literacy grant. We have one son, a pathologist in Lynchburg, VA, a daughter who is a Presbyterian minister in Baltimore, and a daughter who teaches kindergarten and is the head of faculty at a Waldorf-based school in Asheville, NC. They have given us a grandson and five granddaughters, who of course are all precocious and exceptional. Other than a few structural failures, mostly due to normal apoptosis, we’re enjoying good heath, and look forward to another decade or two of continued vigor and fullness of life.
Wood Foster

Wood R. Foster, Jr. ("Chip")

I don’t know about the rest of you, but the prospect of “summing it all up” in 800 words at age 71 bears a frightening resemblance to composing my own obituary. It’s terrifying.

After a long legal career, the only way I can write about myself is to write something that will almost certainly read like a legal brief. A poet I’m not.

When I think about our years at one of the great colleges in our country, the images that pop up are something less than academic. Pep rallies in Converse parking lot (see photo); freshman water fights; Valentine meals; doing the “alligator” at frat parties; outdoor hockey; “Doctor” Brown; skateboarding down the hill behind Mead; freshman English; the view from Memorial Hill; seminar sessions with Henry Steele Commager at his home; President Kennedy’s visit in October 1963….the (admittedly trite) list goes on.

I became a parent earlier than most of you, and can claim a 100% success rate in that department, having fathered three children and two stepchildren. A step/father could not be luckier than I in the next-generation department. They have garnered five college and three postgraduate degrees at great institutions across the country. Two are now living in San Francisco, one in Minneapolis, one in Chicago, and one in DC, where she is a Capitol Hill reporter for Politico.com. Two had brief careers in professional soccer before moving on to MBA degrees. Five terrific grandchildren so far.

I hope you will meet my wife Jane at our reunion; we are in our 24th year together. She’s smarter and more grounded than I; she keeps me pointed in the right direction and cheers me up when I feel sorry for myself, which is way too often. She can navigate a large Thoroughbred over unimaginable obstacles and is well-recognized in local “Three Day Eventing” circles, which I hope you will ask her about.

Despite the liberal Amherst education, my first job was in DC working for Minnesota (Republican) Congressman Al Quie. I even joined the “Young Republicans” of Washington DC! But the ensuing 2½ years studying law in Ann Arbor, culminating in the unforgettable summer of 1968, left me a confirmed liberal; my views have only moved left over the years.

One way or another, my entire career was spent litigating. I had early tastes of silky big-firm law, gritty public defense work, and scary solo practice (“door law”—whatever came in the door), followed by 36 good years with a small Minneapolis firm from which I retired at the end of 2013.

During the ’90’s I serendipitously morphed into a plaintiffs’ class action lawyer. That conversion led me to pursue large-stake (and always interesting) cases in about 25 states during the remainder of my career. The cases started in the antitrust arena, segued into a variety of consumer protection cases, and finally came to rest in FLSA and age-discrimination cases. The financial risks in a contingent-fee practice are as high as the potential rewards; happily I came out on the right end when the dust settled, though there were some lean years along the way. The class-action practice was exciting and challenging, if sometimes frustrating and exhausting.

Along the way I did some things professionally of which I am proud. During the ’70’s I helped start Minnesota’s first free legal clinics, which today serve thousands. I was one of the founders (1983) of what is now known as The Advocates for Human Rights, a Minneapolis-based international human rights organization with over 30 employees, hundreds of volunteers, active projects all over the globe, and a an informational human rights website as comprehensive as any that can be found anywhere (check it out). I am in my 30th (and last) year on The Advocates Board of Directors.

I was always active in the organized bar, and rose to President of both the Hennepin County (’92-’93) and Minnesota State (1999-2000) Bar Associations. 1999 was the 150th anniversary of the beginning of law and courts in Minnesota, and I was able to convince over 200 lawyers to help me compile articles, anecdotes and photos on every aspect of the Minnesota legal experience. We provided a free copy of the resulting 450-page work (“For the Record: 150 Years of Law and Lawyers in Minnesota”) to every lawyer and every college and high school library in the state; a copy also resides in Frost Library.

Retirement has been the greatest challenge of my life. I cannot get used to unstructured days. While I have several volunteer gigs, and still play soccer regularly, I nonetheless fret about idleness and irrelevance. I need and welcome your retirement advice when we meet in May; I guess I just basically hate being relegated to the sidelines.

See you soon.

October, 1963: I didn’t know this photo existed until 25 years later....

Jane Severns and Wood Foster

Gung-ho: Fall, 1961
A couple of years ago, Cheryl and I decided that it was time to take our two daughters, along with husbands, to Japan. In part, our motive was to give the girls a more complete sense of their origins and their mom’s family background. Days were spent exploring shrines and temples, taking long walks on forest paths to country inns, and sampling new cuisines and customs after a relaxing soak in the onsen. It was also an opportunity to show them Kyoto, where I had spent a memorable year as an Amherst-Doshisha Fellow decades earlier. Along with the many good things I could say about my Amherst training, I mark that year as the real beginning of my broader education and the start of a personal passage that has never really come to an end. I cannot thank Amherst enough for that.

There were challenges: I had to become an effective teacher fast, adjust to immersion in a very different culture, and get things done that I never considered in my more pampered previous life. I’m not sure that I met all my goals that year, and I confess that at the end I was glad to return to the States. But I never really let go of that experience. Connections to it have been constantly in the background (sometimes in the forefront) of what I have done professionally, in my private interests, and at a deeper personal level.

Most of my career was at the International Finance Division of the Federal Reserve Board in Washington, with a few side excursions to serve on the White House and World Bank staffs and to teach economics at Cornell. For some of that time, I was the Board’s designated Japan specialist, an assignment that evolved eventually into work on foreign exchange and global financial markets. The issues that required attention and analysis were often headline events of the time; observing the passing scene and using economic tools to add what I could to the debate made for interesting days. Travel and consulting with foreign counterparts were important parts of the work. In these more unsettled times, when globalization seems to have become increasingly a term of controversy, I cling to the vision that personal contact, an informed exchange of ideas, and an open mind can go a long way to mending differences and finding consensus.

In retirement, I have been able to take up a number of things, including some that had been put aside or postponed. When I lived in Kyoto, my language ability was untrained and, more often than not, just plain clumsy. Although I studied Japanese more formally at Stanford later, it became no more than serviceable before I had to concentrate on my economics program. Recently, anticipating our Japan trip – and the likely need to serve as guide and interpreter -- I resolved to renew my Japanese studies and raise my skills to a higher standard. Reaching a level that could be called charming was clearly out of reach, but being less halting at least would be nice. Despite the clichés about seniors doing language training at a late age, I recommend it. Perhaps with the benefit of greater experience in the world, as I plodded along to fill in the gaps, I could see more nuance and more possibilities in language, including both the one under study and my own. And we never got lost.

Fifty years ago, I had the uncomfortable feeling of being less sure where I was headed than when I started out at the College. Earlier ambitions had more or less evaporated, and nothing solid had yet taken their place. But now I can see more clearly that, in ways unexpected, Amherst had set me on a good path. I feel very fortunate and grateful.
To me, Amherst has always been about excellence. But it was also quite amazing to me how “normal” my classmates and other colleagues were. I don’t mean to pick on them – and could be completely wrong – but I would guess that comparable classes at, for example, MIT, would have “geekier” people. We often heard – probably even before arriving for freshman year – that Amherst wanted to attract the “well-rounded” young man. And I think there was a lot of truth to that both in the sense that there was that set of characteristics among our classmates, but also, to the extent that I can figure it out, that there was such a pattern of thinking and planning on the part of the College.

I showed up with a somewhat atypical family situation in that my parents both grew up poor, primarily because each of them was about 5 years old when their Fathers died. I think my Mother’s Dad had a heart attack. My Father’s Dad died in a mill accident on their farm in Lancaster County, PA. My parents met at a small Pennsylvania State Teachers’ College, Millersville State, a little southwest of Lancaster. They had a great love story. I was the oldest of four, and we all did well. Amherst, U. of Colorado, Duke and Denison. We moved to Connecticut in 1957 for a wonderful job opportunity my Dad had with one of the insurance companies.

I was very encouraged as a high school football player to go to Amherst by 2 Amherst grads – Jim Lyon (Amherst football co-captain circa 1950) and Roger Morgan – because I was a pretty good high school football player and a good student at a very good high school in West Hartford, Ct. - Hall High School. On the other hand, I wasn’t going to beat out Wayne Kniffen, so I took up Rugby Football and in 1966 founded the Hartford Wanderers Rugby Football Club, which has been very successful.

A wonderful aspect of my love and affection for Amherst is that my youngest Daughter, Sloane, class of 1998 (Husband, Dan Steketee class of ’97) had a great experience at Amherst. She thought about going to med school but decided to major in biology. After 3 years at two companies near San Francisco, she sent to Harvard and got her PhD in biology. I couldn’t be more proud of her. Right now she is working on her “M.O.M” degree with two little girls, 4 ½ and 1 ½; but she loves to be in the lab doing forensic research, and she’ll be back there before long. They live in Boston, as does my middle Daughter, Beck (Colgate ’96) so I see them pretty regularly.
Dear Amherst Class of 1965

As we approach our 50th reunion I recall my first year at Amherst from 1961 to 1962 among the most exciting and intellectually challenging years of my life. I realize now that being thrust into a class packed with some of the best high school students in America and into our first year curriculum was equally intimidating for many of my classmates as well. That year left a lifetime impression on me. Perhaps most importantly was the feeling that if I got through that first year, I could do almost anything. As I recall our years at Amherst, I smile thinking about the 9 pm Beta sandwich man, moving into the new social dorms that are now gone, endless late BS sessions, hockey games and losing my front teeth during practice (maybe I don’t smile about that), listening to Robert Frost recite in Johnson Chapel with a twinkle in his eye “Forgive, O Lord, my little jokes on Thee, And I’ll forgive Thy great big one on me”, watching JFK dedicate the Frost library with my future wife at my side, spending wonderful hours in honors biology with Ed Leadbetter, my honor thesis advisor, and interacting with incredible faculty and classmates. During senior year, I remember evening discussions with the Leadbetter lab over a Keato’s pizza discussing our experiments and also imagining future technologies like a plastic card that would replace door keys, or machines that you could type into and edit a paper on a TV screen and then press a button to print as many copies as you wanted, or computers to store pictures or do incredibly fast calculations of complex data sets. What fun it has been to see our college fantasies become reality. For me the road taken after Amherst was a professional life of medicine almost exclusively at the National Institutes of Health (NIH) in Bethesda, Maryland where I was fortunate to be given the opportunity to do clinical research while caring for patients, oversee a research laboratory and spend over 20 years leading the largest clinical research hospital in the world, the NIH Clinical Center. What a high that has been for me. But not nearly as special as almost 50 years of marriage and sharing my life with my wife, colleague and best friend Elaine (Klimerman) (Cornell ’65) and watching our two children (Alice -Amherst ’90, Boston College Law ’93 and Michael-Carnegie Mellon Architecture ’94) become productive citizens and devoted parents to our 5 grandchildren. I consider myself lucky to have passed through Amherst. My life has been enriched incalculably from being a graduate of the fairest college of them all. THANK YOU MY 1965 AMHERST ALUM FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE EVERY DAY TO ENRICH OUR LIVES!

John Gallin

Email: jig@nih.gov
Address: 7313 Brookstone Court, Potomac, Maryland  20854
Phone: 301-469-7088
Many in our class chose careers that were wholly or largely in public service. I wonder how we match up on that measure with other classes before and since we left? As a life choice, it isn’t necessarily better or worse than committing to private sector work. Our country needs both, of course. I chose public service.

Early in my junior year, I decided to take a shot at arranging an internship in Washington DC with my Congressman. I was a Political Science major with an interest in public policy development. President Kennedy’s call to public service was fresh in my mind as it was in others. Armed with a letter of recommendation from a neighbor and good friend of the family who was the editor of the Boston Globe, and for whom I had worked as an intern during a prior summer, I was invited by Congressman Brad Morse to come on down. Professor Earl Latham graciously included me in the group of juniors he had arranged to go to DC in June as interns and gave me the same $300 as the others to help with expenses. As I think back on what followed, my career flowed from the experience I had in DC that summer.

In those days, the staff of a Representative was small. Mr. Morse had three full time people in DC plus two back in his district office. That summer, there were two interns including a gal from Smith and me. We were thrown into the deep end right away, learning to do everything so that we functioned like regular staff. It became clear quite quickly that a Member of Congress, and his/her staff, could be of significant assistance to constituents solving problems they had with one or another federal agency and to local governments within the district seeking help in accessing federal support. Congress was an active legislative body in those days as the Great Society programs began to be approved and ramped up. It was an exciting time to be working at the national level as part of the complex federal policy making apparatus. Fortunately, campaign fundraising did not consume a large part of the Member’s time, leaving ample time for the Member’s committee work. For a young person starting out, there seemed plenty of opportunities to make an impact early on. I was hooked.

At the end of the summer, Congressman Morse asked me to join his staff after graduation. He agreed to allow me to arrange my schedule around a 30-hour workweek so that I could attend law school in the evening at George Washington University Law School. Now that I knew where I was headed, I ramped up my Political Science load for my senior year including taking a tutorial at UMass on political parties. I left Amherst in June feeling the College had made my move toward public service at the national level feasible and attractive.

In order to make the most of what Washington DC had to offer, it became clear that being willing to build a career through a succession of assignments all playing off of a central theme or two -- in my case, urban policy and public administration -- was a sound way to proceed. Moving from one job to the next, as it turned out, helped me better understand the issues in a given policy arena and appreciate varying perspectives. The result was an array of challenging jobs in both the executive and legislative branches, as well as with non-profit associations, academe and a think tank. I held an even dozen jobs all told by the time I was ready to retire.

Key to the value of the day jobs was a steady stream of volunteer assignments, serving on various boards, committees, and commissions, as well as actively participating in several clubs. I also had a fifteen-year run as a youth soccer coach and eight years of service as an elected four-term neighborhood commissioner representing a portion of the Capitol Hill community where my wife and I lived. My sense is that a varied and extensive volunteer resume is typical of classmates, another contribution that our Fair College makes to the strengthening of civil society. Indeed for many, we value our work on the volunteer side of our lives as much as our efforts on the compensated side, especially when we assess the impact of our lives on the communities where we live.

I am glad I chose the public sector tract. It was a stimulating and mind-stretching experience and in the end I felt my work made a difference. I strongly recommend that pathway to new Amherst graduates.
Reflections On “The Layers” – Stephen Gates
( “The Layers” Written By Stanley Kunitz, 1905 – 2006 )
I have walked through many lives,
some of them my own,
[law, business and fatherhood, to name a few ]
and I am not who I was,
though some principle of being
[ first gleaned at Amherst, my loving adoptive parent ]
abides, from which I struggle
not to stray.
When I look behind, [ as I do now, at Amherst milepost 50 ]
as I am compelled to look
[ and often do, when writing in my journals ]
before I can gather strength
to proceed on my journey, [ and bless my many rescuers;
Deans Wilson and Estey now come to mind ]
I see the milestones dwindling
toward the horizon
[ little ones, like law cases, or elections, I have won or lost ]
and the slow fires trailing
from the abandoned camp-sites,
[ Vermont, Ontario, New York, Connecticut ]
over which scavenger angels
[ and the little muse angel I call Demure ]
wheel on heavy wings.
[ Ah, John Magee, my former flying days, how I love to fly ]
Oh, I have made myself a tribe
out of my true affections,
and my tribe is scattered!
[ Korea, Washington State, New York, and California ]
How shall the heart be reconciled
to its feast of losses? [ though, at last, mine seems to be ]
In a rising wind ( how I love the wind )
the manic dust of my friends,
those who fell along the way, [ and my more manic dust ]
bitterly stings my face.
Yet I turn, I turn,
exulting somewhat, ( happy, grateful )
with my will intact to go
wherever I need to go, [ how I love to go ]
and every stone on the road
( which I picked up and struggle to let go )
precious to me. [ but nevertheless must go ]
In my darkest night,
when the moon was covered [ how I love the moon ]
and I roamed through wreckage,
[ as we both did Stanley, our mothers so alike ]
a nimbus-clouded voice
[ which lectifies my skin and comes now when I call ]
directed me:
“Live in the layers,
not on the litter.”
Though I lack the art
to decipher it, [ how I love words and music ]
no doubt the next chapter
in my book of transformations
is already written.
( And I know, as I read Eckhart, and the red words )
I am not done with my changes.

Email: stephenmgates@gmail.com
Address: 554 Portsmouth Court, 34110
Phone: 239-653-9542
"Strangers once, we came to live together..."

Life after Amherst

PROFESSIONAL

I immediately entered Cornell Veterinary School, graduated in 1969, then practiced veterinary medicine for 40 years. I did it all: mostly cattle and horses at forest, but they declined in numbers in south-central CT, especially the cattle, so dogs and cats soon took up most of my time. But I have always had a very strong interest in birds, so in 1988 I started my own practice, Kensington Bird and Animal Hospital, which emphasizes birds, reptiles, and "exotic small mammals" - rabbits, ferrets, guinea pigs, hamsters, etc., but which also sees plenty of dogs and cats. To give some perspective: most veterinary hospitals see 90%-100% dogs and cats. KBAH sees about 30% dogs and cats and 50% birds. And yes, I have "spayed" plenty of budgies and cockatiels. In 1994 I became a board-certified avian specialist. At the time, I was one of the about 60 in the world. There are still fewer than 200 of us. I sold my practice and retired in 2009. It continues to thrive without me.

NONPROFESSIONAL

Birds. I am still fascinated by them and love watching them, but I am not one to drop everything and drive 200 miles to see some rarity. But every winter I volunteer at the Shepaug Dam on the Housatonic River in western CT, because it has become a spectacular winter feeding spot for bald eagles. Imagine standing in the observation building and looking down at the river and seeing 5-6 eagles resting, fishing, playing, etc. Or, on some specials days, 15-20 of them! People come from miles away to see them. It is amazing how many people have never seen our national symbol.

Conservation. I recycle nearly everything. I have heated my house with wood for over 40 years and have cut and split all of it myself. I did finally get a power splitter 2 years ago. I preheat my water with solar. In 2011 we installed photovoltaic panels on our roof, and over the course of a year we produce more electricity than we use. We sell the excess back to CL&P. The electric bills for all of 2014 totaled $144.75, and that was all "base charge"; not one penny for electricity.

I grow 100% of my fruits and vegetables, organically of course. My grocery bills total well under $1000 per year.

My land is protected from development in perpetuity thanks to a Conservation Easement.

I am the president of an organization that runs a small and very successful CSA in town.

I have started teaching. I teach again, reptile, and exotic small mammal anatomy, physiology, and clinical techniques to veterinary technology students at Middlesex Community College. I am not sure who enjoys the classes more - students or teacher!

FAMILY

I married Anne in 1966. I have 2 children and 3 grandchildren. Wonderful marriage, wonderful family. But in 2011 Anne tragically passed away. My world instantly became a total voice, and I am only very slowly managing to add things back, but it will never be the same. My children and grandchildren are of course hugely important to me, but they are far away from CT - in SC and WA. We still manage to see each other a few times each year. Church, which has always been very important, is even more so now.

And finally there is my constant companion Ginny (named after Ginny Weasley, for you Harry Potter fans). She is a female golden retriever. I waited well over a year to get her, and when she finally came, she was born on Anne’s birthday!!! What a very special blessing she has been! Until you have unexpectedly and tragically been force to live totally alone, it is hard to realize just how comforting another living creature can be.

One final note: I hereby lay claim to the title of Official Luddite of the Amherst College Class of 1965. I have no computer, tablet, smartphone, cellphone, nook, kindle, GPS, bluetooth, cable TV, etc etc. Does anyone care to challenge for the title? Full disclosure: I do have a telephone answering machine.

“Now we’re bound by ties that cannot sever...”

Peace.

Bob Giddings

Robert Giddings

Phone: 203-272-9347

Address: 915 Boulder Rd, Cheshire, CT 06410
“Nothing gold can stay,” Frost wrote. In nature but not memory I would add, because my first view of Amherst—bathed in golden light and leaves of a perfect New England October day—remains vivid even today.

It was the “coup de coeur” which sealed the deal. Yale and Wesleyan, which I had just visited, literally paled in comparison. I was already leaning towards Amherst because two contemporaries—whose values, intelligence, intensity and integrity I admired—were already bound to it. One was Robert Kamen, my high school classmate and co-member of The Digit Digest, The Human Relations Drama Workshop, and the NCCJ Youth Brotherhood Movement. Many of my most important decisions have been based on impressions of the humanity of individuals I’ve met.

Dean of Freshman John C. Estes, Jr. interviewed me that day. He embodied what an Amherst Man might be with his keen intelligence, wit and kindness. What I learned and those who lead me on, not quite kicking and screaming at times, are the basis of my loyalty to The College.

My entire third composition in English 1-2 made the “shit sheet.” Two compositions later my ending paragraph was again published, but for the opposite reason. Under the deft pen of Professor Havighurst, a Medievalist embodying the spirit of a 13th century abbey; the florid-faced, over-the-top readings of Molière’s plays offered by Professor Turgeon emoting the classic Comédie Française; the time I slipped Dick Douglas one of Juan Meyer’s black tobacco Venezuelan cigarettes during class and his resultant coughing fit; and, lastly, my Greek professor Adam Milman Parry who on countless occasions opened his home to me when I felt the isolating pain of feeling “different”. My “S2” on his final which earned me an A-, exemplified Amherst’s high standards and humbling challenges.

What followed Amherst? The three disastrous years of Harvard Law, which also saw the prolonged, acrimonious, damaging break-up of my parents’ marriage as well as the assassinations of MLK and RFK; deep depression; six years of therapy including aversion shock treatments; establishing a successful teaching career (French and Spanish); falling in love, marrying, and about 15 years of great happiness which included the birth of my two amazing daughters, Katherine and Caroline (my two great confidantes); then a slide into a deepening depression that culminated with a diagnosis of cancer on Christmas Eve of 1997. This led me to therapy and to a realization: I wanted to be truly alive again for whatever time I had left and needed to recover the optimism, enthusiasm and passion which had made me happy in my earlier life. There was only one option: I had to get straight with myself: coming out, first to myself and then to all those in my life. The painfully sad break-up of our home was the hardest thing I ever faced. Yet it clearly was the right path: it led to a recovery of the embrace of life at the core of my being.

I am immensely grateful for my re-found joie de vivre, for the great gift of life given me, and to the many who have enriched it.
When I graduated from Amherst as a political science major influenced by the “public service” rhetoric of the JFK years, I thought I would in some way work in government. I applied for and was accepted at Harvard Law School. During the summer breaks, I worked for the Institute of Government at the University of North Carolina, an organization that trained and advised state agencies and local governments. Here I learned that one could not get the counties in western North Carolina to cooperate on tax policy because of differences they had during the Civil War, a mere hundred years earlier. I also learned that the new state policemen’s favorite part of their training was, unsurprisingly, the high speed car chase. I like to think that a close second was the class on Constitutional issues of arrests, searches and seizures.

After I graduated from HLS, I spent two years at Cornell University as a teaching assistant and earned a master’s degree in government. The best thing about my time at Cornell was that I met my wife, Teresa, beginning a long and happy marriage. We moved to Washington, and I started work as a Presidential Management Intern. I enjoyed the work and gained considerable respect for many of the people who work in the Washington bureaucracy. Over the years, political appointees from both parties have told me they were surprised at how dedicated most career federal employees are, something they were, of course, not expecting. I did, however, find the pace of progress one could make in policy work slow (even well before the current era of “gridlock”).

So, after three years, we decided to move back to Massachusetts, and I started work with the Massachusetts League of Cities and Towns (now the Massachusetts Municipal Association). Fortunately, as a teacher and artist, Teresa was able to move quite easily. After three years, I returned to the federal government, and spent the next thirty years with the New England regional office of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency.

My work at the EPA was in three phases, first administration (personnel, contracting, safety, and facilities), then as Chief of Planning and Grants, and finally as Chief of State, Municipal, and Tribal Programs. I especially enjoyed the opportunities to be close to the work and projects being done (except when I had to be in Aroostook County, Maine in February), seeing the results accomplished, and meeting and working with many people who cared about the resources that were being protected or improved. After having enough experience to move beyond the standard aspects of my work, I also valued the opportunities to travel to and consult with the other nine regional EPA offices around the country, to represent the regional offices in at the national level concerning various policy and budget issues, and to experiment with innovative approaches, some of which helped to change the way business was done throughout the agency. One year, my office had two of the three innovation projects in the agency that required regulatory deviations signed by the EPA Administrator.

The first of two other things that have had a major impact on my life is that our older of two sons is on the autism spectrum. Dealing with his problems has been time consuming, and an endeavor that has often caused considerable anguish. We have been members of the Asperger and Autism Network of New England since its founding not long after our son was diagnosed. We believe that the lives of some of the families with children on the autism spectrum are at least a little bit better now as a result of the work of this organization, the influence of which has spread beyond New England. We are also proud that our son was able to graduate from the University of Massachusetts and live independently in his own apartment in the Boston area. Our other son lives in Los Angeles and works for Sony Studio.

Finally, in the 1970s we were introduced to Acadia National Park by friends who were graduate students at the University of Maine, beginning a lifelong love of this jewel on the Maine coast. Shortly after our introduction, we bought two lots near the Park, and, after selling one of them a decade later, were able to build a small house on the remaining lot. We have been supporting the Park through the Friends of Acadia for a long time, and since my retirement have the opportunity to spend more time each summer both enjoying and supporting this wonderful place.
Before starting to write this essay I looked at our class book from 25 years ago. The first thing I noticed (since I am a graphic designer) was that almost every essay was typed on a typewriter, including my own! So, one thing that has completely changed my life since then has been the computer, both at work (typesetting and graphic design are now one seamless process done by me and not sub-contracted to others) and at home (my wife, Stephanie, says that my iPhone has become a new appendage).

There were other big changes at work. Three moves necessitated de-accessioning my old letterpress equipment (presses and hundreds of cases of lead type), finally giving it all away to the Wells College Book Arts Center in upstate New York. I am now on their board of advisors and enjoyed an invigorating week teaching there in the summer of 2012. I hope to do it again this July, and I am planning to do workshops soon at Wellesley and RIT. I now work part-time, with just a computer, in our New York City apartment. Clients, as before, are museums, foundations, and libraries.

The Amherst Library mounted an exhibition of my work in 2007—it came at the perfect moment since I was feeling bereft at the loss of my printing past. On the other hand, it saddens me that the Trustees have just disbanded the Friends of the Library group, which has been for me a 40-year connection to the Library and College. During these last 25 years, at the invitation of colleagues and of classmates Sam Ellenport and Paul Ruxin, I have lectured in Cleveland, Chicago, Boston, Amherst, and New York, on printing history and on my own work and career. This last subject culminated in a book that Sam and I co-published three years ago. In addition to an elegant introduction by Paul Ruxin, Sam and I contributed illustrated histories of our careers, which sometimes happily overlapped. I set the type and designed the book; it was printed on a digital press, even though the subject was old-fashioned: the handcrafts of binding and letterpress printing. Appropriately, it was bound by the bookbinding students at the school where Sam had taught.

I wrote a lot about my two kids 25 years ago, Miranda still in high school, Jeremy about to start Amherst himself. Both now have their own kids and a huge part of my life revolves around seeing the three grandchildren (in Portland, Oregon, and outside of Boston), and thinking about them when we’re apart. People say that grandparents enjoy their role more than their earlier role as parents because they have the pleasure of being with children without the responsibilities, but I think it’s more a question of the vast age difference and the bittersweet feeling that our lives are near the end while their lives—with so many possibilities—are just beginning.

I am pleased to report that my son and daughter are productive, honest, generous, decent people (neither one owns a gun), and their kids are turning out to be loving, smart, athletic, book-loving kids with good values too. Miranda and my oldest granddaughter, Sydney, accompanied Stephanie and me when we were buying a Persian rug. About to settle on the price, I turned to the store owner and said, "Maybe now you should negotiate with my daughter, she's more of a business person than I am." He countered, "I’ll only deal with her," pointing to the six year old. Whereupon Sydney looked up and replied, "OK, you can have the $6 that the tooth fairy gave me."

I have continued my struggle with drawing, still taking life drawing classes once a week. The history of that medium, the challenges to my skill, and the freedom to create something without clients involved, have been endlessly and profoundly fascinating. Some of my drawings can be seen at:

https://www.amherst.edu/alumni/connect/networks/networks/artists/profiles/rongordon

That Amherst-sponsored website is proof that the college is still encouraging creativity in its students and alumni, as it did for me more than 50 years ago. The 4 College Program allowed me to take printing courses with Leonard Baskin at Smith, a life-changing experience; and Newton McKeon, the College Librarian, introduced me to professionals who were fine printers, and he encouraged me to follow a path very different from that of most other Amherst students, a path that has turned out to be full of excitement, challenges, and great pleasure.
I did poorly in freshman composition. I have not improved much since, so bear with me.

As Professor Sale was leaving the faculty in 1962, he said to Amherst - “Go to Hell; and Thank You”.

When I arrived at Amherst I thought I had at knocked. I had been valedictorian, president of the student council, a minor athlete, and all that crap. No one in my city had ever heard of Amherst College, much less attended. Ok... So I was admitted very late off the wait list during the summer. At the time I couldn’t figure out what my obsession with Amherst was about (I had turned down Princeton and Wesleyan, Haverford and Rutgers, essentially waiting for Amherst). It was pretty much all based on looking down from the top of memorial hill over the playing fields of Amherst when I was thirteen while on my older brother, Richard’s college tour. Richard (Wesleyan ’60) bought me a leather-sleeved Amherst jacket, and I was off. I had it knocked!

Then I arrived and started to meet my classmates. Every one of them was friendly, very smart, and very very talented. I quickly went from the feeling of having it knocked to the feeling of being completely terrified. Now I would look down from my window in Pratt, across the quad to Morrow, and say to myself - “I have no right to be here with these guys”.

Then I hit the books to take my mind off those thoughts and in order to fit in somehow. But, more important, “these guys” of my class, who intimidated me so much in September, helped me through that first year. The guys from Pratt, the guys of the soccer and lacrosse teams; later in the year the pledges of Theta Delt. I took the very late bid from TD because one of the senior brothers was a basketball hero from Bayonne, the next town over from Jersey City, and despite more generous treatment from the rush committees at two other fraternities.  How immature can one guy be!

Jim and Dave generously taught me how to play my position in soccer. Tom showed me what it really meant to be an athlete - and demonstrated Frost’s spoken words about the importance of “playing a game - for victory”. Jim Hazen reluctantly and gently destroyed any last fantasies I had of playing for the Yankees by demonstrating that I could not even catch a good curve ball much less hit one. I really could (and often do to the pain of my family) go on for hours.

The fraternity experience had its pluses and minuses. Some friendships were strengthened and lasted a lifetime. Some, regrettably, got neglected. Definitely my bad! But I’m still not at all sure what I would do if I knew then what I know now, those friendships made at TD having been of such importance to me over the years.

Then, during the summer, my life was turned up-side down with the sudden death of my father. And over the next three years Amherst College, President Plimpton, Dean Porter, but mostly “these guys”, in and out of my fraternity, and in and out of this class (but mostly in), saved a life.

As I said, I figure maybe I was one of the last guys admitted to our class in the summer of 1961. I am pretty certain that I was the last to leave in the spring of 1965. I did not want to go, and I hung around Theta Delt waiting for I don’t know what.

I have tried to stay in touch with Amherst. Having a daughter come here cut both ways - wanting it to be her time here, and trying not to relive my own. Not totally successful, but not that bad either.

The friendships I have had in this class have meant a great deal to me. Bronc Elliot was the best friend that I could have, - and the best Amherst uncle that my daughter could have. There are dutch uncles. Can there be an “Amherst uncle”? More than I ever could, he showed Emma and my wife, Leslie, what Amherst could be at its best. And there were so many small kindnesses shown to Emma and my family during our last reunion. So many "Ands"! And then there is our own Paul - inimitable, indomitable Paul - who has connected us all to each other and to our College.

Amherst changes, though lately it seems more to have mutated. It is no secret that have not been happy with the directions that the administration has taken the College in recent years - the cliche ridden marketing; the emphasis on winning in athletics (different, I think, from Frost’s beautiful phrase); the unnecessary and false stigmatization of our 1965 fraternity experience, which had its faults; etc., but this is not the time for my petty gripes.

My class has not changed! Friendly, smart, talented. And there is obvious caring by pretty much everybody for and about each other. My classmates and fraternity brothers were beacons in the unavoidably fogbound personal experience of my “college days”. Some of you spent more time than others tending to the stunned person I was during that time. But all cared.

For me, and for my feelings about this class on the event of our 50th, it is definitely not Professor Sale’s mixed “Go to hell, and Thank you”. It is just - Thank You!
The town of Amherst has been my home since 1969 when I returned here, having completed a doctoral program in educational evaluation at Stanford University, to teach at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst in their School of Education. After co-founding a company, named National Evaluation Systems, Inc. (NES), which develops, administers, scores and reports results of tests of individuals who are seeking a license to teach in public schools, I worked full time as its president from 1972 until I retired in January 2014.

Over the years my family has grown and changed while living in Amherst and the Northeast. As the third employee hired at NES, my wife, Janet, worked at the company until our first child was born. She has raised three children and managed the design, construction and decorating of the major additions to our home, our year-round cottage in the Berkshires and renovations to the older portions of our home. She has also completed some beautiful paintings in egg tempera and watercolors.

Our children have each planned their own path in life. Phillip, our oldest, chose Amherst College in his home town, majored in Law, Jurisprudence, and Social Thought, earned an MBA and has chosen to work at hedge funds as his career. Our middle child, Pamela, chose Syracuse University, studied communications, worked at a not-for-profit called “Reach Out and Read,” got a masters degree in school counseling and worked as a counselor at the worst performing public elementary school in Boston until her son was born in 2014. Our youngest child, Deborah, chose Brown University where studied Bio-Medical Engineering at the bachelors and masters degree levels, worked as a research associate at University of Pennsylvania and is now in medical school at Thomas Jefferson University. I have been blessed to share these years with my family.

National Evaluation Systems was an ever-changing environment with a primary focus on helping to provide quality public education by using tests to identify individuals who had the knowledge and classroom skills for teaching. The company reported the scores of individual candidates for a teacher license to the state education agencies with which it had contracts. During recent years about half of the individuals seeking a teacher license, i.e., certificate, in the United States were required to take and pass tests provided by NES.

The company’s activities were supported by technology of several types including computers, optical scanners (in the early years) and the internet (more recently). We had our headquarters in Amherst for thirty years and then built our own buildings in Hadley in 2001. As needed, we established offices in California, Texas, Florida, and New York. In 2006 Pearson PLC, a company of over 30,000 employees which owns Penguin Publishing, the Financial Times and large education publishing and service companies, purchased NES. Joining a company with about one hundred times more employees than NES was a further learning experience in business strategies for me. Because of the nature of the business of NES, it was very valuable to be acquired by Pearson because they added internet technology for administering tests all around the world and other resources which supported the competitiveness of NES. I remained the president of the business unit until I retired in January 2014.

Janet and I are getting used to my retirement schedule. We have traveled to several countries in Europe, enjoyed London each year, and taken special trips like a river cruise on the Amazon River in Peru and an education tour of Cuba. In Amherst, I have been on the board of the Eric Carle Museum of Picture Book Art and am active on the Boards of the Emily Dickinson Museum and Cooley Dickinson Hospital. I am looking forward to other community activities in the future.

Email: wpg413@yahoo.com
Phone: 413-256-8779
Address: 1081 South East Street, Amherst, MA 01002
A few months ago, I received a newsletter from the Harvard graduate school containing a tribute to Leo Marx. He was being honored for his groundbreaking contributions to American studies, and for the enduring influence of his now-classic book, *The Machine in the Garden*. When that book came out in 1964, I had been bold enough to review it for the Amherst Student—a piece that required one of those awkward “full-disclosure” notes, since Professor Marx also happened to be my thesis advisor. I remember how he greeted the review as if it had been penned by a peer instead of a pupil, and how, with similar generosity and grace, he guided my thoughts about Wallace Stevens and the perils of magical thinking. They are ideas that have stayed with me to this day, and that seem far more pertinent the older I get.

That long-ago thesis may have spurred the process of losing my religion, but I’ve never stopped counting my blessings. Chief among them is Ellen. In our 46 years together, she has saved my bacon more times than I can tally. And twice when my heart stopped working, she literally saved my life. We are more than blessed to have two admirable sons, two terrific daughters-in-law, and two exuberant grandsons—all of whom make me smile every day.

I have followed a career path that was seldom predictable, but almost always rewarding. It has led to meaningful work with good people pursuing worthwhile causes, ranging from equity in health care to gang intervention to sustainable farming. Along the way, I’ve been able to write about things that interest me, and even get paid for doing it. Much of that writing—including three books about movies and moviemakers—was done in collaboration with Steve Farber, my intellectual sparring partner and trusted ally for more than five decades, and someone whose productivity and insightfulness continue to inspire awe.

In the summer of 1990, when my son Alec was about to begin his freshman year at Amherst, Steve and I had dinner with Dick Stein, who was in LA visiting family. Dick’s daughter Rebecca had already been at Amherst for a few years, and I recall asking if he thought the place had changed very much in the time since the three of us had graduated. Dick was teaching at the University of Oregon, and he said something I’ve never forgotten. Had Rebecca stayed in Eugene and attended Oregon, he probably could have helped her choose fine classes taught by talented professors on a par with those at any college, including Amherst. The real difference—and the lasting benefit of being in an Amherst classroom—is “who’s sitting on your left, and who’s sitting on your right.”

Composing this little reminiscence now, it occurs to me that the people who will someday read it are the same people who once—sitting on my left and sitting on my right—made that very real difference in my own life. Half a century later, it’s good to be reminded how much you mattered then, and how much you matter still.
The past fifty years have turned out well for me. After graduate school, I learned about business from two great companies, and I then founded a series of biotech ventures. I’m up to eleven grandchildren and still counting.

As my DU brothers may remember, I married my pregnant girlfriend during freshman rush week. Chelin became the Sandwich Lady, so we lived on salami and cheese. As DU treasurer, I hoarded enough money to hire the Shirelles for graduation. Classmates who don’t remember that blowout party are in early stages of Alzheimer’s.

As a physics nerd I did financial modeling at Harvard, where I was surprised to graduate a Baker Scholar. I then joined McKinsey & Company in Chicago as their computer modeler. By 1975 my marriage was failing, so I moved to Baxter International in Newport Beach CA. I did not fit well in the big company culture, so Baxter fired me in 1978 when I returned from my honeymoon with the cute brunette from the apartment downstairs. Arline’s friends advised her to annul the marriage...

Giving up on big company politics, I founded a company to pioneer monoclonal antibodies. As CEO I recruited folks who were much smarter than I, and we built Hybritech Incorporated into a biotech rock star that launched the San Diego biotech industry. I patented the technology for the first PSA test (you’re welcome, guys!), and Lilly bought Hybritech in 1986 to acquire our drug program. Today the biggest selling drugs are mostly monoclonal antibodies. Oorah!

After Hybritech I started Biovest Partners, and within three years we launched six medical technology companies that returned our investors ten times in five years. My short venture capital career taught me I preferred working in the trenches with employees who actually create value, so I upgraded to full time CEO of one of the companies I founded, Amylin Pharmaceuticals.

The basis for Amylin was the discovery that pancreatic beta-cells secrete a second peptide hormone we named amylin, and for the next decade I was consumed by the challenge of figuring out why insulin has a partner hormone. We pioneered two first-in-class diabetes drugs: SYMLIN for amylin replacement therapy of type 1 diabetes, and BYETTA for GLP-1 agonist therapy of type 2 diabetes. When Amylin began to look like a big company, I figured it was time to retire.

Since then I’ve been helping the brilliant people I was privileged to recruit build their own companies. And I continue to dabble in new ideas: I’ve discovered why SYMLIN therapy has been disappointing, so I’ve filed a patent application on a concept that could revolutionize the treatment of type 1 diabetes.

On the personal side, after Cambridge MA I settled in Winnetka IL to raise four boys. Too much work and travel poisoned our marriage, but Chelin and I got three of the boys – Trey, Kit, and Sean – off to college, marriage, eight grandchildren, and successful careers in the oil and internet industries. We lost one son to a burst aneurism at age 19. Arline and I raised a girl (finally!) and her brother in San Diego CA. Cheryl and her husband work in the San Diego med-tech industry and have three children under five. Eric and his wife live in Miami FL: he works in the internet industry, she is an emergency department doctor, and they are expecting our next grandbaby in August.

Arline and I now live in the woods of northern Michigan on the shores of a clear-water lake, except when winter drives us back to our old house in sunny Rancho Santa Fe CA. My main love is boating: we’ve sold our 115-foot yacht after eight years of cruising from Croatia to the Galapagos, and my new love is a 46-foot Grand Banks Eastbay for taking grandkids to Catalina. I continue racing my E-scow during Michigan summers, and I’m always ready to take grandkids water skiing.

Amherst’s most important career contribution was to motivate me to graduate Cum Laude in physics. I learned analytic skills that have served me well, and I gained a work ethic that has carried me through every challenge. Professor Arnie Arons captured the spirit of that Amherst in one of his classes: he demanded that we get at least one test question precisely correct numerically, or else he would flunk us. Given the imprecision of slide rules, this was a terrifying requirement, but learning to perform under that sort of pressure has served me well for the past half century.

Gentlemen, our little fraternity-oriented men’s college was an academic crucible designed to make men out of boys. We busted ass for grades, and we partied hard for fun. Sadly, our college no longer exists...
Amherst’s impact began with the scientific discipline expected of us all by Arnie Aarons and the verbal craftsmanship fostered by critiques from Ben DeMott. It continued in our sophomore year, when I quickly found that a psychology major was not for me but a geology major definitely was: after one course in geology from Gerry Brophy, I was hooked.

I think my mother envisioned her younger son spending his life leading a mule through the mountains and moiling for gold (“Are you really sure that’s what you want to major in?”). But so many things came together when I took Gerry’s courses. And so many fascinating questions and lines of inquiry about the Earth beckoned. Fifty years later, they still do.

Gerry and Prof. Pete Foose had encouraged me to take Princeton’s summer course in field geology, which was taught in the mountains of southwestern Montana. At that time, I had never been west of Foggy Bottom. But after six weeks in those big mountains, I knew my life had changed.

After finishing my senior thesis working with Gerry on the Holyoke Range, going on for graduate work in geology seemed a natural. And I chose Stanford over Harvard at least in part because it was in the West. Gerry and other faculty at Amherst so obviously loved what they were doing that, at the conclusion of my doctoral work, I began looking for a teaching position. Might some liberal arts college have an opening in my area of expertise (volcanology)? Happily, Wesleyan did, or close enough. Although now retired from teaching, I’ve been on the faculty here at Wes for nearly forty-four years, even teaching some of the same courses Gerry taught. I couldn’t have had a better role model.

In retrospect, we had a lot of great teachers. And I, for one, include Arnold “First-the-idea-and-then-the-name” Aarons in that number. Decades later, I know one should not take good teachers for granted at any school. Big names. Big grants. Prolific publication. All of these can have their downsides as well as the upsides that are commonly so attractive, especially to administrators. Big egos are perhaps the worst of all and are not in short supply in academia. (But I gotta tell ya – they help when you’re facing a lecture hall full of very bright, beady-eyed sophomores before you’re really awake in the morning…) I just hope personnel actions at the College still adequately value teachers who are as inspirational, committed, and caring as Gerry and so many others on the faculty we knew. It’s too easy for an institution to get comfortable and drop its guard here.

That summer course in Montana led on to Stanford and to geologic research in the Rockies and the deserts down in Mexico. Peggy and I have two sons who spent a lot of time in the mountains when they were growing up and I was doing field work. Both are now geologists/hydrologists raising families in the Denver area. And before long, we’ll likely be moving west from New England to Colorado ourselves. So the particular road begun at Amherst leads onward yet, and in several ways.

Email: jgutmann@wesleyan.edu
Address: 10 Red Yellow Road, Middletown, Connecticut 06457
Looking back, my years at Amherst are somewhat blurred. I can remember parts of high school vividly with many, when looking back, small successes which seemed large at the time and a confidence that I understood how to continue to succeed. I recall my father; Amherst `27, saying many times that college was the best four years of his life. Therefore, when I arrived at Amherst I expected a continuation of the steady progression of learning I had known in high school. From my first days at Amherst through graduation I never felt comfortable academically. I never excelled, even in the subjects I was passionate about. It was as if I had been five minutes late to orientation and missed the handout with the key to what was expected. When given a topic for an essay, I remember Mr. Pritchard telling us there were many correct ways to fulfill the assignment. Unfortunately, there unerringly seemed to be one incorrect way which I always was able to find.

After graduation with a major in biology I followed my brother's, Amherst `62, footsteps and started working at Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research in New York. I had the expectation that I would obtain a PhD like him, subsidized by Sloan-Kettering. Unfortunately, it did not take me long to realize the two hour lab sessions which I found tedious in college did not become more exciting when they lasted a whole eight hour day. As luck would have it, I was dating a nursing student who dreamed of marrying a doctor. She literally filled out my applications. It was not long before I was accepted to medical school. In some ways fortunately, when I was accepted a few months later, she had moved on to a fourth-year medical student and in less than a year had fulfilled her dream.

I was worried after my experience of never completely mastering my courses at Amherst and the rumors that medical school was very difficult, that there was a real chance that I would struggle academically. I very soon discovered getting top grades in medical school was relatively easy. There was never any doubt what body of knowledge the school expected you to learn. I had a very enjoyable four years in medical school (more about that later). One problem I did have, however, was I found that I did not enjoy being around sickness and death. Death needs no explanation. Sick people tended to be self-centered and humorless for the most part. Not their fault, but still not a lot of fun. My senior year I had to decide what branch of medicine to enter. In a brief moment of introspection, I realized if I were not a physician, I would most enjoy being a car mechanic. I had always enjoyed working with my hands. Fortunately, there was a perfect branch of medicine that fit my likes and dislikes, orthopedic surgery. It was perfect. I loved surgery. I could never believe being paid for something that was so much fun. In addition, my patients were universally healthy, a worn out joint or broken bone, but otherwise usually in good health. With a partner in a small town in central Pennsylvania, I started an orthopedic practice which, when I retired, had nine physicians. In addition to general orthopedics, I became the hip surgeon for the practice. It was a great subspecialty since the surgery was fun and the patients universally had great results and were therefore, exceedingly happy afterwards.

Of more importance than my professional career, while in my second year of medical school I was called one Wednesday night by a classmate. He told me I had studied enough for one night and that we should go to a bar apparently famous for meeting women near Temple University. I had never been to this bar and have never been back, but once was enough. I met Carol, a tall blonde who was the prettiest girl I'd ever seen. As it turned out she was also the sweetest, kindest and just about the smartest girl I've ever met. We had a whirlwind romance which unfortunately ended after a brief five-year period. She had a roommate who met some poor fellow and got engaged almost immediately. After only six months they were married. Due to a misunderstanding, when Carol told me she was going to move to California if she didn't get a ring in the next six months, I thought she meant we had to get married, not just engaged. I was at Shriners Hospital for crippled children at the time which offered free four night trips to a clinic in Puerto Rico to residents and their spouses. Since I wasn't going to lose her and not being one to give up a free trip to the Caribbean in February, we were married three weeks later. We have been married 42 years and our only real conflict is who gets to die first since neither one of us wants to be left alone. We are both instrument rated pilots flying a Cirrus aircraft. We play tennis, hike and jog, windsurf, ski, scuba dive, and travel. I dabble in wood working. We have one son, Derick. Our eldest son died in a car accident 12 years ago. After college, Derick moved to Portland, OR and made coffee in a small shop for four years. Thinking he would never leave, we almost moved out West. He suddenly decided on a career change, took some science courses, went to medical school, got married, and is now an emergency room physician. He's happily married and has two-year-old twin boys which are a delight. All in all, I have had a pretty good life.
Some say that one should have a plan for one’s life, and follow it through. That didn’t happen in my case (and I wonder if it does in many cases). In retrospect, my life seems to have played out as a series of developments in response to opportunities, or perceived issues. Certainly I didn’t say to myself at Amherst that I’d like to become a dean of graduate studies at a research university in Canada. Indeed I doubt that I knew such a position existed, in Canada or in the US.

When I was about to graduate from Amherst, my opinion was that the Amherst education didn’t really prepare me to do anything in particular. Result: I went to the Sloan School at MIT to build on my math major with the MIT Operations Research option. Not being keen on the narrow business focus of most of my classmates there, I talked with a transportation planning faculty member in Civil Engineering and did my thesis with his supervision, which led also to summer jobs with transportation consulting firms. I felt that all of this planning was being done in a vacuum about larger goals, so enrolled in a program on ethics and society at the University of Chicago. It took only one term to learn that philosophy is not my strength, so transferred into an urban planning program in Geography at UChicago. When job search time came at the end of the PhD, the most interesting one was in transportation, jointly between geography and civil engineering at McMaster University in Canada, so there I went, drawing on the transportation experience while at MIT.

One aspect of Amherst that stayed with me for quite a while was volleyball, which was started as a club sport there by a student a year or two behind us. I met Connie while playing mixed volleyball at UChicago, and we’ve been together ever since. Our son was raised in the Hamilton, Ontario, area, and has chosen to remain there, despite being enticed by his time in Australia while his wife earned her Master’s degree at Central Queensland University. They now have two children, who bring us back to the Hamilton area frequently.

At McMaster, the research and teaching both went well enough. According to ResearchGate, people are still reading and citing my publications on transportation noise issues, freeway traffic operations, and bicycle commuting. I was chosen for various administrative positions at McMaster, finishing there with 8 years as graduate dean. For a change of scenery, I applied for the same position at the University of Calgary, and spent four years in that position before retiring at age 68. Since we were in Alberta, we retired there, and currently live just outside Banff National Park. The primary pastimes now are road cycling in the Park, hiking in the mountains, and in winter snowshoeing and cross-country skiing, with the occasional curling opportunity.
I appreciated Paul’s suggestion to think of these reunion autobiographies as surveys from Memorial Hill. My wife, Jóna, and I have been regular visitors to the area since our daughter, Johanna, moved to Florence, and now we have a place nearby in Easthampton. I do not come over to Amherst frequently, but whenever I do I try to go to the War Memorial. The prospect is wonderful in all seasons, but I think I am particularly drawn to that place for the immediate connection I feel there with earlier generations of Amherst graduates. The names engraved on the memorial were men who, in President Lincoln's words, “gave the last full measure of devotion”, something I fortunately was spared. Like Gettysburg it is a place for remembrance but also for rededication.

As a medieval historian, I am much concerned with “memoria”. For medievalists this may mean the chaotic lists of jumbled names in liturgical “memorial books” which churches kept for intercessory prayer. But “memoria” is also intrinsic to much more prosaic records. I work almost daily with a cartulary from the cathedral of Freising in Bavaria which sits on a hill near Munich’s international airport. A cartulary is a register of deeds granting property to the church. Freising’s oldest cartulary records over 700 deeds containing much circumstantial detail and even narrative “tales” about people and events. It was assembled between the 820s and 840s by a monk named Cozroh. The purpose of a cartulary is quite materialistic; the registration of older deeds, scattered on individual sheets and, thus, liable to loss, into an ordered volume was intended to safeguard the cathedral’s property. But Cozroh and his bishop, Hitto, had an additional purpose. To their mind the gifts of men and women to God should be memorialized even without any explicit liturgical function, but rather for their implicit “memoria”. Fortunately Cozroh included not only the names of the donors themselves but also of all the persons who had assisted (or opposed) the donation and often the names of any slaves who were part of the property. My use of their cartulary confirms their wisdom when I recall the names of persons from all estates, genders and conditions who lived 1200 years ago. In this age of electronic records, I doubt any of us will be remembered a millennium from now.

When I wrote for our reunion book in 1990, I was just beginning my business association with the rail systems division of Daimler-Benz which I left in 1995. My younger brother died suddenly in 1991 at the age of only 41, and that unexpected shock started me to think about what sort of memory I would leave behind. Of course, I hoped – with some reason – that my wife and my daughter would continue to miss me. Some of the people with whom I had studied and worked, been friendly or helpful, might also have a good memory of me which, however, was likely to fade rather quickly. If I were to have any more lasting “memoria” (other than in the Amherst alumni magazine), it would be my responsibility. Some people do that through their business careers by creating useful new enterprises, but, given my precise circumstances in 1995, I concluded that was unlikely. I had enjoyed my years first with Westinghouse and then with Daimler but had come about as far as I really wanted to go.

Moreover, I had left some unfinished business behind when I left academe for business in 1979. My PhD in medieval studies from Toronto had given me a wonderful experience with historical research. The people I met in documents – often only names – had once been real persons whom I had the power in some very modest way to resurrect. I enjoyed their (virtual) company and was glad to be of some service to them as well as to other historians working on similar topics. That was what I wanted to do again, and, with Jóna’s support, I was able to do it! I have no illusions about creating something indispensable for the ages through my research and publications. In my field, the useful “shelf-life” of a normal publication is about 50 to 60 years. After that it has either been incorporated into the evolving master narrative and needs no special citation, or it has been quietly discarded. Historians, like other scholars, are only transient participants in a larger, on-going collective enterprise even when they work, as I do, in relative isolation. But, if anything I’ve published proves useful in that limited sense – as I think some of it will – then I’ll be satisfied. And I look forward, just possibly, to meeting some of the people I’ve written about, a sobering thought that, in any event, inclines me to treat their memories with charity.
Despite the fact that my education unrolled in a smooth and traditional way, I have felt “rescued” at several points. At Amherst, I first thought I would be a math teacher. There was a requirement to take a science course first semester sophomore year if you were leaving science. It was taught by Professors William Hexter and Henry Yost. What a team! I loved it. A lot of fruit flies escaped, but I knew this was what I wanted to do, and am thankful to Amherst for the required science course -- it worked for me. Parenthetically, I remember one particular lecture by Prof. Yost, on the Origins of Life (based on Oparin’s hypothesis that life originated in a primordial soup of salt water, over which flowed an atmosphere of nitrogen, methane, ammonia, hydrogen, and water vapor). It was sounding pretty plausible, until a thunderstorm rolled in, and a bolt of lightning cracked just outside the biology building. Professor Yost, rising from behind the podium, apologized to the bolt-wielding deity, but finished the lecture.

With the help of three Pre-Med roommates (another rescue), I discovered the way to take more science was to go Pre-Med. I still majored in English, and wrote an uninspired thesis on “Sean O’Casey and His Plays.” Although I helped my thesis advisor from a bramble bush, where he landed jimmying a window to enter his office, this did not prevent my getting a C on my thesis. Once again I was rescued, this time by G. Armour Craig, head of the English Department. Upon confirming I was going to medical school, he very kindly made me a deal: if I would promise not to go into English, he would raise my thesis grade to a B minus. I felt quite conspiratorial leaving his office that day.

In medical school, at Cornell, I liked the basic science more than the clinical skills, and took a year off to consider options such as research. The only student fellowship was in Pathology, so I spent a year doing autopsies, research on atherosclerosis, and teaching a lab section. The faculty member in my section left to do electron microscopy, leaving me to teach the entire lab of 25 on many occasions. I found I was good at it, and that the students were appreciative. I had found my niche.

From then on, it has been hard work, long hours, but enjoyable. I had a wonderful career at the University of Vermont Medical College and its affiliated hospital, reading slides, doing and teaching autopsies, and running the pathology course for the medical students. Pathology was often the most popular basic science course, and our faculty and course won many teaching awards. The secret I never admitted to Professor Craig was that I applied the writing skills learned at Amherst to teach writing and editing of reports in surgical and autopsy pathology, as well as to publish papers. Although I did not ultimately keep my side of our bargain, I decided he would have approved.

During med school, I married the girl I had met in the sixth grade, Susan Duell. She became a teacher as well, in middle and high schools. We had two children: daughter Katherine went to Middlebury and later gave us our two grandchildren; and son Chris ’98 went to Amherst, and later Cornell graduate school in mathematics. I cannot understand what he does, but am happy one of us became a mathematician. Sue and I are still happily married and retired in Vermont. Our interests have morphed from children and careers to grandchildren, British mysteries and antiques. I have recently had a brush with cancer. After surgery, radiation and hormone therapy, I am healthy again, for the moment. This past summer, at age 70, I began an exercise program and am making progress, but often ask, why did I not do this when I was younger? Too busy, I guess.

I believe Amherst helped establish the path I took to a rewarding and satisfying career. I feel blessed by many kindnesses shown along the way, from fellow students and faculty.

Two friendships in particular I will mention. One was with my roommate and co-dorm proctor, Ron Woodbury, who was so admirable and good at whatever he did. He and Melissa were good friends, and she still is. The other is Harvey Yaverbaum, ’66 who took the trouble to write, after 49 years, and come for a visit. It was wonderful to see him, learn about his career and family, and relive some experiences. We plan another visit this spring. It feels like another rescue! It is not too late to follow his example, contact old friends and go visit.
“My Life and Times” or “Thank You, Amherst”

When I applied for admission to Amherst, the college brochure listed a litany of things the ideal applicant might be interested in, from dinosaur tracks to Chinese cricket cages. A light went on: Hey, I’m interested in all those things. Soon I got a postcard from Dean Wilson, unlike the fancy frameable certificate which Stanford University sent out, simply saying: “You’re in”.

And so began my journey, not toward a specific career, but on a lifelong road of learning. At Amherst, I was given the opportunity to explore a variety of disciplines. In the classroom, as we all know, content was less important than process. We were taught history, but more importantly, we were taught how a historian thinks. In physics, we were exposed to how a scientist transforms observations into equations. In English I, we learned how writers approached their audience. Outside the classroom, I was given the opportunity to taste a variety of potential life endeavors: as writer for The Amherst Student, as a Masquer thespian, as a WAMF radio announcer, as a wrestler/soccer player/half miler, as a singer in the 65ers, as Interdormitory Council officer, etc.

Those experiences paved the way for my life of learning, to be comfortable in whatever discipline I would choose. And they spanned the whole spectrum. My first job was in ACADEMIA, as a faculty member at the Cornell University College of Medicine, where I taught 2nd year medical students and ran my research lab. In 1979, I moved to D.C. when I accepted a position in GOVERNMENT to direct the first federal assessment of applied genetics. My official remit was to outline the pros, cons, and consequences of genetic engineering for the U.S. Congress. The identified options were then turned into legislation. The world of FINANCE beckoned, as I joined E.F. Hutton & Co. to form the first corporate finance group on Wall Street in the field of Biotechnology, so early that we were able to win copyright protection for the name. Shortly thereafter, like my many Amherst classmates, I was ready to try my hand as an AUTHOR by publishing my first book, Genetic Prophecy: Beyond the Double Helix, selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club. The BUSINESS WORLD was the next step, when I joined a core group of founders as President of Porton International plc to commercialize England’s Centre for Applied Microbiology and Research, an arrangement approved by the prime minister as part of the UK privatization policy. We won the U.S. Department of Defense contract to provide all of the vaccines against biological threats, and during the Gulf War, we supplied our allies with anthrax vaccine. We also established the world’s first AIDS medical practice in Los Angeles. Similarly, we developed the first botox drug and received European regulatory approval. Eventually the whole company was sold, and I was ready to begin my current endeavors in ENTREPRENEURSHIP.

We are building companies in the health care arena: one developing drugs for diabetes and muscular dystrophy, the other for oncology and anti-infectives, both based on technologies developed in Hungary. As I’ve risked moving from field to field, I’ve had the unwavering support of my wife of 40 years and my now adult son and daughter.

Amherst didn’t train me specifically to be a Scientist or Writer or Businessman. It prepared me to be comfortable in moving from one discipline to another, to take on challenges as I continue to learn. I sometimes feel that even after all these years, I still have much to explore. Unlike Robert Frost, I have taken many roads, but some still remain to be taken. For that, I thank Amherst.
I enjoyed during my first profession teaching French language and literature at Smith College for 6 years followed by 3 years at Wells College, where I became Chairman of the Division of Foreign Languages and Literature. While in law school, I was a summer associate at Coudert Freres in Paris. Following law school, I worked in litigation at Rosenman, Colin, Freund, Lewis & Cohen. I have been in private practice in NYC for 32 years and have done over 150 criminal trials involving felony cases. I have also handled international cases, some of which have involved trips to Paris.

My brother, Steve Horn, class of ’71 is a photographer, specializing in weddings and events in Seattle and the San Juan Islands and has had a book published of his travel in Bosnia. We look forward to the upcoming wedding of his daughter, Laurel, this June on Orcas Island. Another brother, Stephen Petegorsky, class of ’75 is an artist and photographer in Northampton, specializing in photography of artwork.

My wife, Eileen Romm Horn, Barnard ’68, is a clinical social worker in private practice. We look forward to celebrating our 25th anniversary this spring.

Pont Neuf, Paris

Email: jhornesq@aol.com
Phone: 212-289-8248
Address: 1601 Third Avenue, apt 7G, N.Y 10128
Three months after our Amherst graduation, I started course work that ultimately led to a Ph.D. in Economics from the University of Rochester. I was stunned when Harvard hired me as an Assistant Professor of Economics in 1969. I never had a realistic chance of gaining tenure at Harvard, so in 1973 I became a Research Associate at the Brookings Institution in Washington, but maintained my residence in Cambridge. Two years later, in 1975, I accepted a tenure-track Associate Professorship at the Fletcher School of Tufts University.

A real turning point for me came in 1977 when I was offered a one-year research position in international tax analysis at the U.S. Treasury Department. Before I moved to Washington, I was promoted to be the Director of International Tax Analysis. I enjoyed working on international tax policy issues and decided to remain in Washington, rather than returning to academe.

By 1981, I decided to leave the Treasury Department and work in a home office as an independent economic consultant. After three hard months with no clients, I was by pure serendipity retained by the State of Alaska to work as an expert witness on a state income tax issue that was akin to the international tax issues I had worked on at the Treasury Department. With follow-up work from Alaska, I was so busy over the next four years that I needed to start hiring some staff. At that point, my former boss at the Treasury Department (Emil Sunley, Amherst ’64) recruited me to join Deloitte, one of the then Big 8 accounting firms. In retrospect, joining an accounting firm was a big mistake – long hours, heavy travel, rigid hierarchy, and mediocre compensation.

In late 1988, I resigned from Deloitte and formed a new consulting firm. This time, I subleased downtown office space and started hiring staff and then recruiting partners. By 1993, the number of partners and staff had grown to approximately fifteen, which is slightly higher than the number of partners and staff the firm has today. From the outset, my objective was not to create a business that I would one day sell, but rather to establish a good place to work not only for me, but also for my partners and our staff. Last year when we celebrated our 25th anniversary, over half of our current partners and employees have been with the firm for over 15 years. Approximately half of our former employees, most of whom had worked for us for two or three years just after graduating from college and before going to graduate school, paid their own airfares to came back to Washington to celebrate our anniversary. I am still working, gradually reducing the number of billable hours, but seeing little reason to retire completely.

My family life had bigger setbacks than my professional life. In my first year of graduate school, I married a high school friend of Marc Green, my senior year roommate. My wife and I separated and divorced ten years later, a year before I moved to Washington in 1977. In 1978, I remarried and soon after had two daughters, Mercy and Tessa. In 1995, I separated from my second wife and managed to survive a contested divorce in a Washington courtroom. In 1999, I married for a third time. Kay and I have now had fifteen very happy years together, for which I feel deeply blessed.

Both of my daughters went to Georgetown Day School in Washington, DC and Middlebury College in Vermont and now live in San Francisco. Mercy and her husband, Matt, met while working at my firm in DC, so I have known Matt and even met his parents before she did. Mercy, Matt and my two granddaughters, Chloe and Sasha, now live on the second floor of a duplex in San Francisco, while Tessa, her husband, Tom, and my grandson, Jeffers, live on the third floor of that duplex. To spend more time with them and our grandchildren, Kay and I bought a coop apartment on Russian Hill in San Francisco a year ago (see our picture) and have been spending as much time there as we now do in Washington DC. But with so many friends, Kay’s son and his family, and other roots in DC, we’ll continue with our two half-time homes for the foreseeable future. A dwindling number of Amherst ’65 alumni live in the DC area and gather for lunch every other month. Seeing my classmates, most of whom I did not know well while we were at Amherst, is a regular reminder of how fortunate I was to go to Amherst. The New Curriculum boot camp that we endured together not only taught us important things we would not otherwise have learned, but forged bond that I still feel 50 years later.
I started to write about the years since our 25th reunion book and ended up with what seemed suspiciously like a CV that no one would read.

Looking forward to the next twenty-five years seemed like a precarious exercise, since it was hard to envision life (or the lack thereof) at the age of 96.

So I thought I’d tell you what I did today.

Up at five forty five, trying not to wake Eugenia. Slipped across to my study – the sole room in our apartment which is my very own private space.

On to my bike poised on a home trainer to allow me to pedal for an hour while I listen to an eclectic mix of French ballads, American pop hits from the ‘50s, Mexican rancheras and my Abba favourites to ensure I keep up the pace.

Adriana is now up and beat me to our sole bathroom. She won’t be long, since she has only a few minutes before running off to catch the Métro to the school where she’s preparing her ambitious quest for admission to the Ecole Normale Supérieure.

As I shave, the mirror shows a guy who ain’t as young as he used to be. The bad news is that I lost the sight in my right eye nine years ago – detached retina ... the good news is that I only need to use one contact lens per day.

The rest of me looks in pretty good shape. You can barely see the scars of my prostatectomy of two years ago.

Breakfast listening to Europe 1 – Hollande has lost two more percentage points in his approval rating, the courbe du chomage rose again last quarter, and Marseille is now at the top of the Ligue 1 football ranking.

Gloves, bonnet, scarf and Tumi bag over my shoulder, I jump on my bike to ride across the Pont de l’Alma before taking the tree-lined bike path along the Seine and cutting left before the Grand Palais towards the offices of Constructa Asset Management at 134 boulevard Haussmann where I’ve been working now for two years.

I sit in an open space office, the only male amongst nine females, looking after 5 portfolios of commercial properties located all over France. My girls (most could be my daughters, some even my grand daughters) keep me entertained with their talk of the latest fashions, the President’s scandalous sex life, their future vacation plans and their English translation requests of French property management terms. All is not as permanently harmonious as this might seem, since I still have trouble working in a space where ceaseless chatter prevails.

At one I take my bike and pedal back to avenue Bosquet, where Eugenia has worked all morning out of her home office. She has also prepared lunch for the two of us. She insists on me doing this every day, rightly pointing out that a daily soup and baguette at the sandwicherie near my office is not very healthy. A bit of company is nice as well.

Back on the bike for the fifteen minute ride to the office and an afternoon of property management issues before coming back home at about seven thirty.

I wish I could say that we generally go for an evening meal at one of Paris’s famed restaurants after visiting the Louvre and taking in the latest show at the Théatre des Champs Elysées, but the truth is ... we generally take in a little TV, an evening snack and off to bed by 10 to read a few pages of a good book, the latest Economist, or the Amherst magazine.
Some of us are still working full or part time (that is generating revenues) while many others are pursuing retirement interests. It will be interesting to hear how each of us is confronting this phase of life. Amherst has been helpful to me in both areas.

Personally, I stopped working in 1999 upon the sale of Nielsen Media Research where I was Chairman. Since then, I served as a museum guide (American Art) at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (thanks to Amherst’s Fine Arts Dept) and joined several school boards. I have also worked on my tennis game (doubles). Recently, I am enjoying grand parenting. My wife, Anne, and I have lived in Pelham, NY a suburb of NYC, for the last 37 years. We also recently bought a small apartment in Manhattan where two of our three grandchildren live.

I very much look forward to our reunion. If you are in NYC, it would be a pleasure to arrange a lunch or get-to-gether.
My last full report was at our 25th reunion, so I will pick up from there.

My wife Laura and I are about to celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary, along with our three children and six grandkids. (We had no grandkids 25 years ago.) Son Mike is a lawyer at the FCC in Washington, continuing to follow my earlier lead, Ben is a Professor at NYU, and daughter Shira is a doula and a midwife in Seattle. The next generation ranges in age from 2 to 7½.

Laura (Smith ‘65) retired in 2012 after 35 years teaching physics and chemistry. She now does tutoring and substitute teaching to “stay young”. She also is a super-grandmother, always on the ready to knit, cook, and babysit nation-wide. I am still practicing communications law, but I left my law firm a year ago and now work out of our house about 10 hours per week = semi-retired?

I am still very busy with volunteer work, especially at our local synagogue (where I am vice president for fundraising) and B’nai B’rith (where I am President of the Chesapeake Bay Region, which encompasses lodges in Maryland, Virginia, and Washington, D.C.). Our class lunch group continues to meet bimonthly in DC, and it is a joy to see 6 or 8 of our classmates there regularly. It happens so frequently that, to me, it’s as if we never left Valentine.

I look forward to catching up with the rest of you at Reunion. Please mark 9 am on Friday, May 29 on your calendar for a reception in the Law, Jurisprudence, and Social Thought Lounge in honor of the US Supreme Court book collection that I presented to the College a few years ago, which is now housed in the Lounge.
A few short years after our 25th we folded our successful small firm and I returned to a larger global platform with Heidrick & Struggles in New York. Since then, I have continued to broaden my reach and impact in the executive search profession, if you’ll forgive the descriptor, and plan to retire by the time of our 50th. I’ve greatly enjoyed four decades of matching individual skill sets with client needs for strategic leadership at the Board, CEO, and c-suite levels...but now seems the right time to smell the roses. I must say however, that for someone who has been in the people business as long as I, I have done a remarkably poor job of planning for this day.

I noted 25 years ago that I might have been the most unreflective person on God’s earth and while writing a few autobiographical paragraphs is still difficult, life’s developments and the passage of time have made me a bit more introspective. I still enjoy a cocktail after work and a bit of wine over dinner, want to stick around as long as I’m healthy, enjoy physical pursuits as long as I’m able, spend more time at our place in Montana, travel, and participate to a far greater extent in the myriad cultural opportunities in New York City with Sandra, my wonderful wife of 48 years. Retired life will thus include fly fishing, bird hunting, taking more courses in New York, and possibly sitting on a few private company and not-for-profit Boards. As our two sons, Bill (Amherst ’91) and Jon (Colby ’95), both share our interests in the outdoors, we hope to spend more time with them in Montana as well.

I look forward to catching up with classmates on the occasion of our 50th.

Email: dsjoys@live.com
Address: 12 Guinea Road, Greenwich, CT 06830
Phone: 203-661 0246
I came to California after college to go to graduate school at Berkeley. After ten years, various degrees and a post-doc, I found my way into the energy business. Through a serendipitous connection, I began working at the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory, where I became an expert in the economics of electricity regulation. This had no obvious connection to my education in English literature and mathematics, but fortunately economics is not a science. Essentially it is the practice of mathematical story-telling, at which I could make a passable showing. I published about a hundred papers with lots of co-authors.

I married my girl friend Alice in 1966. Picture 1 shows us in the gardens at Versailles in 1967. Picture 2 is from 2009 in Monument Valley. We have two daughters. One lives in New York and has two sons. The other lives in the Bay Area. Alice and I still live in Berkeley, in our wooded hillside retreat. Picture 3 is from 1982 at the Mendocino County Fair. Hannah is 3 and Emma is 8.

In 1996 I left the world of research for economic consulting. There was a lot of traveling, some of it to interesting places. I worked with some high profile academics who were good at practical matters. None of my former colleagues went to jail, although one did accept a plea bargain and testified for the government in the Enron criminal trial. I wrote two papers with him when he was younger. The Federal Energy Regulatory Commission was my client at the time of his indictment. I retired in 2011.

I took up sumi-e, Japanese brush painting, some months before retiring and continue to study and learn. Unlike oil painting, where one’s mistakes can be painted over, sumi-e is not fault tolerant. That is part of its charm. I like painting plants best. After three years of only black ink, I began to use color, more or less one at a time. Red was my first choice. Picture 4 is a recent effort. It represents bush clover ("hagi" in Japanese). My sister also became a botanical artist late in life. I think we got the floral sensibility from my mother. After years of watching Victor Ichioka and John Boe growing wonderful things, I developed vegetable envy. Now I spend an hour or two almost every day working in my garden.

Address: Berkeley, CA 94708
Has it really been fifty years? Where did it go? Did we choose the right paths? Did we occupy ourselves with worthwhile activity? These are the questions that haunt me as I reflect on where we are.

After Amherst, I continued to graduate school at Cornell in Comparative Literature, heading for a career in teaching. Grad school in the late ’60s was also a heady and enjoyable experience—studying, demonstrating, smoking pot. And it kept me out of the War. I was able to study abroad, in France and Switzerland, and Germany, where I met my Danish wife, Eva. We married in 1971, and spent two years in Denmark as I finished my degree.

By the time I finished, with a dissertation on Marcel Proust, there were few jobs to be had. But by a stroke of luck, a friend had secured a job at Princeton, and helped shepherd my application along. I was hired, and taught French there for six years, before denial of tenure (virtually a foregone conclusion) led me to Boston—and Brandeis. After three more years teaching at Brandeis, I decided I had to support my family more successfully. At that time, we had a son, Jacob, (1976) and a daughter, Miriam (1978), and were planning #3. We loved the Boston area, and decided to stay in Lexington.

So after nine years full-time teaching, in 1981, I transitioned to the world of high-tech, which was thriving then in Boston. I started at Digital Equipment, then a giant of the industry, working in direct sales and in Marketing. Digital was a pleasant and friendly place, but shielded from the outside world almost as much as the academy. It was only when we were bought by Compaq, fifteen years later, that I left for the real hurly-burly of competitive high-tech: at EMC, where players struggled to grow at the breakneck pace demanded by the Internet bubble.

The compensation was much greater than teaching—or Digital—but the pace and stress were intense as well. After nine years, my dear wife, Eva, suggested I try something less stressful. And so I began my third career, as a professional philatelist (stamp dealer), which gives me the excuse to head down to New York frequently to visit our two daughters, and for occasional flights across the country. It is very enjoyable, gets me out of my wife’s hair, and supplements our lifestyle and travels.

We also moved from suburban Lexington to Cambridge—yes, the People’s Republic of. It’s been exciting to be closer to the city and to the political ferment of this town. Alas, none of our children deigned to attend Amherst, and none are living in the Boston area. The two girls are in NYC, and our son is currently in Kathmandu, where he works in international development.

My wife has always worked to better the world. When our son went to Nepal to study, we visited, and befriended a woman who had started micro-finance groups for poor, Dalit (Untouchable) women. We brought her to the U.S. to continue her education, and my wife started an organization to support her efforts in Nepal. And while our children served in City Year and the Peace Corps, over the last thirteen years, Eva has built EDWON (Empower Dalit Women of Nepal) to support education and self-help groups in Nepal. Our son continues to work in International Development, stationed now in Nepal. My own role has been minor in supporting EDWON; I currently serve as Treasurer, but most of my own activism has been channeled into state and local politics. Thanks to Elizabeth Warren, this can sometimes be a very rewarding activity.

Sadly, none of our children went to Amherst—although Jacob did graduate from Trinity. Both daughters attended Oberlin, which has offered them a continual circle of friends wherever they go. Only the youngest is married, and as yet none has produced any grandchildren. I also regret to say that I have had relatively little contact with classmates, aside from the three years in Minnesota, where we frequently got together with David Itzkowitz and has family. But I am avidly looking forward to our Reunion!
After College strengthened what became a lifelong passion for research and writing, I went to Stockholm University for junior year. That began a run of good fortune uniting career and avocation. Living with a Swedish family, joining the Stockholm University community, learning Swedish and traveling in Europe, including, 'Leningrad' and Moscow in the darkest Cold War days made cross-cultural experience a recurrent them. Well-run Swedish society, although largely homogenous and heavily taxed, reinforced my sense that governments can help solve economic and social problems.

An Amherst summer internship in Washington allowed six of us to meet privately with Justice Hugo Black, Senators, Congressmen, Tommy Corcoran, Fred Friendly, David Brinkley, etc... These encounters made working in Washington my long term plan. At law school, a professor invited me to co-author a publication on international trade, an issue that combined several of my interests. He then facilitated a job interview at the law firm I later joined to help Sol Linowitz open the firm’s Washington office. Linowitz was former Board Chair of Xerox, LBJ’s ambassador to OAS, a tough taskmaster and a great mentor. The firm’s network of offices in Europe and Asia produced a steady stream of clients to help with trade and investment issues with USG. For ‘business production’, contracts in Sweden helped open doors to Swedish multinationals, Two unusual firm clients were U.N. High Commissiner for Refugees Sadruddin Aga Khan and Walter Cronkite/CBS Evening News. I arranged the Aga Khan’s secret marriage in Virginia to a bride outside his Ismaili sect and introduced the wedding party to poet Allen Ginsberg at a chance meeting at the Lincoln Memorial. I defended Cronkite/Evening News in the defamation suit brought by CREEP accountant Henrey Buchanan (brother of Pat). The Evening News aired a ‘Watergate’ story that the White House “...need not have gone all the way to Mexico to launder campaign contributions when there was a ‘laundry’ right down the street” (Buchanan’s accounting firm). Thanks to the First Amendment protection of speech about ‘public figures’ we won the case but not before I took the depositions of John Mitchell, Jeb Magruder, and Hugh Sloan.

Through a book group started by Wellesley women in Washington, I met and married Maureen Murphy, an environmental lawyer at the Justice Department. She deserves credit for most of the parenting of our son, now 27 who studies and works in C.C. A community meeting on support for the arts led to my creating a “Lawyers’ Committee” for the arts. Members enjoyed the cachet of attending Embassy receptions after Kennedy Center performances along with Senators and Supreme Court justices. This led to my joining the D.C. Commission on the Arts and the boards of the Washington National Opera and the Folger Poetry society.

It was my good fortune to visit China for my law firm in 1979, when the urban landscape was all bicycles, no cars; housing in hutongs; and ubiquitous blue and gray Mao suits. China’s remarkably rapid transformation to industrial society, as seen on later visits, was the most dramatic development I have witnessed. For a ‘sabbatical’ year at Oxford University (1991-92) as a ‘Diploma in Law student’ I wrote a paper on EU law thanks largely to weekly one-on-one tutorials. Besides auditing classes and Union debates, getting to know the faculty and students, we tasted the cultural treasures of Oxford, London, and Europe. The sabbatical year suggested life beyond ‘billable hours.’ A chance encounter in D.C. with a law school friend presiding at a think-tank led to my giving a talk at his institution and a later invitation to hold an endowed chair in international business.

My experience in trade law practice became the basis for undertaking research on trade policy. Besides reading, writing and convening study groups, it was my good fortune to assemble six previous U.S. Trade Representatives for annual ‘Seminars of Former USTR’s’. The trade policy community welcomed the USTRs unique perspective on the latest trade issues. My research also focused on the World Trade Organization (WTO) whose negotiating and policy course at Johns Hopkins SAIS and at the WTO Training Center in Geneva, the Inter-American Development Bank in the Caribbean and the African Development Bank in Tunisia. The U.S. Department of State invited me to give speeches on trade policy in France, Greece, Vietnam, Indonesia, Ghana, Morocco, Qatar, Dubai, and Oman. My visit to Hanoi led to several return visits for research on Vietnam’s use of the international trade agreements as catalysts to make vital reforms to its trade and investment climate. On a side trip from Hanoi, Maureen joined me for small riverboat travel in Burma from Mandalay to Yangon, stopping often in subsistence farming villages before cellphones were ‘permitted’. 
Heading down Route 9 after commencement was the start of a trail that led me to four years of Air Force duty, an MBA, and a gratifying 37-year career in human resource work with Moog Inc. (near Buffalo), one of the original 100 Best Companies to Work for in America. Spanning all this is a honeymoon of 47 years running with my college sweetheart, Paula (Bowling Green ’67). Our son Evan (Wittenberg ’93) and daughter Erin (SUNY Buffalo ’96) have long since launched into careers, marriages, and families of their own. Hence, four grandkids.

Two later-life episodes of note are (1) fostering, then adopting, a six-year-old girl, Breanna (now 21), a move that recycled us through full-up parenting mode until just last year; and (2) completing an MA in Christian apologetics at Biola U. (La Mirada, CA) in 2010, a move that ensured I could retire from, as well as from, something meaningful. So, beyond enjoying the exploits of our offspring, I keep engaged via periodic stints teaching the defense of the faith.

When not so engaged, I give vent to what residual competitive urges I have by gaffing golf balls. Dennis Devere, I believe, can take blame for first luring me into this lamentable addiction at the nearby Amherst Golf Club.

When I reflect (from Pittsburgh now) on what’s been vivid and lasting from our Amherst years, some imprints are clear:

Dan Tuman’s freshman English paper setting an early standard for us all; Rick Wilson’s Lord Jeff basketball tutelage taking on life beyond the confines of The Cage; and, of course, the brothers of the Beta House conferring on each other a sense of standing that was unattainable elsewhere.

It occurs to me, as well, that in our tidy thousand-man enclave in the 60’s we were celebrating diversity long before it became so self-consciously de rigueur. Guys from everywhere—some of whom couldn’t be more different from me—were sharing with me this place and this time and this opportunity. The culture of the campus affirmed the notion that mutual respect was extended to persons, but on ideas it was always open season. Part of manning-up then meant contending with ideas different from our own because, after all, we might discover that some are better than others. The discipline of critical thought that issued from this process is a gift I take from those years.

If I’m recalling it fairly, I believe the fairest college got this right. And that’s but one reason among many that could prompt us to hoist high the name Amherst and sing with gusto, in a mix of accents and drawls, “May it ev-er be glo-rious, Till the sun shall climb the heav’ns no more.”

Email: j_keeb@verizon.net
Address: 252 King Richard Drive, McMurray, PA 15317
Phone: 724-884-5823
Getting old is the pits. There is no other way to say it. The memory lapses are more frequent, you get hurt more easily and take longer to heal afterwards, and your mind and body just do not work the way you are accustomed to when younger. As I said, it is the pits. The touted benefits are accumulated knowledge and memories, a lifetime of experience in dealing with life, and if you are fortunate, grandchildren. Do the benefits outweigh the pits? For me the answer is still up in the air, although it is certainly better for my mental health to concentrate on the benefits rather than the pits, so that is what I try to do every day.

I just retired last spring at age 70 from an enjoyable and rewarding career as a professional geologist at the Indiana Geological Survey at Indiana University. When asked what my job entailed, I would simply say I got paid to look at rocks. I still look at rocks, I just don’t get paid to do it anymore and that is mostly ok because my time is my own, except when the pits interfere. I have been married to the same wife for almost 50 years, and have 4 grown children and 3 granddaughters that I love dearly. My overall physical health is pretty good aside from some minor issues (that will hopefully stay that way) related to getting older. All benefits, no doubt about it.

Both realistically, and optimistically, I have at most about two more decades ahead of me, something I have thought about a lot over the past year. How those will play out is, of course, the big question without an answer. Pits or benefits, only time will tell.

Brian Keith ’65
Last spring some longtime friends organized a 70th birthday celebration. Back in the day, when the Beatles were singing about the impossibly far-off time “when you’re 64,” 70 would have seemed cadaverous. Even now, when 50 is the new this and 60 is the new that, 70 isn’t called the new anything—it’s just old, period. Though I’ve never acted my age—never had children, other than a beloved godson, or grandchildren to press me into the generational cycle—listening to the sweet and sneaky-pete things that friends had to say left me wondering whether I was previewing my own memorial service. Our 50th reunion evokes some of the same feelings—imagine how, back in 1965, we would have regarded someone from the class of 1915 and you get the idea.

Over the years, Amherst has drifted in and out of my life. I was an alumni trustee in the early 1970s, the kid among the statesmen and moneyed men, when Amherst was debating whether to go coed. The elder statesmen on the board were from that Greatest Generation, masters of history and confident in their judgment. “Only in a few universities in England and her onetime colonies does the antiquarian notion of single-sex education persist,” said trustee Francis T.P. Plimpton, Cal’s big brother, and he carried the day.

With the exception of a two-year stint in the mid-1980s, as an associate editor of the Sacramento Bee, and a leave of several months to serve on the Obama Presidential Transition Team, I’ve been at Berkeley since 1971. (Ironically, the endowed chair that helps to support my research is underwritten by a Williams alum.) I’ve written a fair number of books, and have often been invited by Amherst to talk about my work. Those visits have given me a sense of how the place has changed and how I’ve changed as well.

Our erudite traditionalists think that the place has gone to the dogs, that it’s become impossibly trendy and PC. They urge a dose of the old days—our days, with three compositions a week, calculus as castor oil for those among us with the math brain of a gerbil, Arnie Aron’s door-locks-at-8AM-sharp physics lectures, Spartan dormitories and mystery meat and the ideal of the Whole Man dangling just beyond our reach.

The College did indeed gift us with powerful intellectual lenses through which to comprehend the world. I majored in American Studies—more precisely, in Leo Marx—and that education nudged me into writing across themes and disciplines. Those lenses have largely been put aside, not just at Amherst but in higher education generally, replaced by specialist wisdom, but that’s hardly the whole story. Our education was the product of a far simpler time. To overgeneralize, but not by much, we were provincials who wore Cowboy Cool, Pendleton shirts and LL Bean boots. We imagined that much of what mattered could be found in the Connecticut Valley, that “are you from Smith or Mount Holyoke?” exhausted the range of possibilities for the girls we dated. We were elitists in our view of the world and confident that we would find our place in it. The Civil Rights Movement shook up some of us—I wince at the memory of Peter and Steven Bancroft being beaten up for “integrating” the Atlantic Ocean—and so did the Cuban Missile Crisis and the rumblings of discontent about Vietnam, but for most of us these perturbations were slight. When we graduated from Amherst, the real sixties had yet to begin. Like the denizens of “Mad Men,” we were dead-certain that men—straight men—ruled the world. The drive for equality, waged by women and minorities, was a blip on the horizon. If, like me, you were gay, you hid that fact from others—and, far more damagingly, you hid it from yourself. With the exception of a few classmates who bravéd social exclusion as the price of being openly gay, there was nowhere to go with that knowledge. Had a moment in my freshman year played out differently, the arc of my life would have drastically shifted, but I was too innocent, too frightened and too cowed to seize the day. Instead, I did everything that a Best Little Boy in the World, a Whole Man wannabe, was supposed to do. That’s partly why I’ve had such an exhilarating professional ride. At twenty-four, straight out of Harvard Law, I was the founding director of the Harvard Law and Education Center. Together with a band of fellow legal idealists, I brought lawsuits demanding equal opportunity for Native American students, students with disabilities and students who didn’t speak English; more often than not, we won. I have sojourned four-plus decades among a remarkably collegial community of public policy colleagues and students, engaged not only in rethinking public policy but also being useful in the world. Recently I spent an emotionally intense year crouching in the classrooms of a poor, immigrant Latino town—I was Mr. David to a gang of third graders who were learning English while prepping for the first high-stakes exams, and later told that story in Improbable Scholars, my best and most personal writing. But I have paid a price for that self-denial, measured in the years spent in the closet of my own devise.

A quarter-century after graduating, well out of that closet, I offered to endow an Amherst Senior Day prize for the best undergraduate project on a gay or lesbian theme. The then-president nervously asked me if it would be okay to add heterosexual to the list of criteria, since otherwise “the College might be seen as promoting homosexuality.” This was how gay-haters like Jesse Helms and his homophobic kind talked, but to have become irate would have spelled failure. “I could have saved myself a lot of heartache,” I responded, “if all it took to get a boyfriend was $100 worth of books.” The Stonewall Prize is the legacy of that conversation. A few years later I was asked by a search committee whether I would be a candidate for the College presidency. “Is Amherst ready for an openly gay president?” I responded, and the caller thought not. Now we have a superb president who happens to be lesbian.

“Only connect”: that admonition from Howards End, the book we read the summer before our freshman year, still resonates. As the decades have passed, I’ve been weaving together the public and private parts of my life, becoming more comfortable in my own skin. At seventy-one, I remain a work in progress, chapters still to be written, prepared to explore whatever lies beyond the next bend in the river.
In the beginning of my senior year at the Horace Mann School in New York, I decided to apply to the American Friends Program to become an exchange student in West Berlin, Germany, and delay going to college by one year. Before my departure I wanted to secure admission at a top small college. My college boards were mediocre, low scores in both math and science. My grades were fair. All I had going for me was that I was co-captain of the track team, a starter in soccer and played the clarinet in the chamber orchestra.

I was able to secure an interview with Eugene Wilson, the Dean of Admission, at Amherst. He mentioned that I would most likely fail both physics and math in the first year, and if I were accepted, there would be summer school in order to become a sophomore. I was accepted. Sure enough, I DID fail both subjects and ended up at summer school at the University of Colorado, where I passed.

The next three years were outstanding. I was on both the track and soccer teams and made many lasting friendships. After Amherst, I pursued an MBA at NYU/Stern, where I once again had issues with statistics and accounting. After graduation, I worked briefly at two companies before being accepted at Bear Stearns, a financial services firm. This was 1967. In 1980, I was invited to be a partner. Thank God for the calculator!!!!!!! In 1985, we became a public company (total career 41 years).

Up to the present, Amherst College has been the largest beneficiary of my charitable donations.

I am married to Susan, who has been a fashion consultant for 25 years in New York City, and we have one son, Nick, who worked at Christies and recently completed an MBA program. We spend a great deal of time travelling abroad and at our home on the coast of Maine.
Fred Lewis

I was encouraged to apply to Amherst by my high school AP chemistry teacher in Westport, CT. It proved to be a good choice for me, as was joining Phi Delt, a diverse and congenial lot. My mentor at Amherst was Marc Silver, a brilliant young Harvard graduate, less than a decade older than his students. Not being particularly talented in math and physics I might have opted for a major in history except for a Sputnik-induced sense of duty to major in physical science. I enjoyed tinkering in the laboratory, but not as much as singing bass in the Zumbyes. There I learned to sing with a genius of vocal arrangement, the late Jeff Gutcheon, along with an amazing group of classmates including the late Rush Kidder. A freshman year road trip to Wells College led to a blind date with Susan Rice. She and I shared the excitement of JFK’s visit to Amherst, the crushing deflation of his assassination, and, eventually, our lives together. Senior year was enlivened by Commager’s American Studies seminar and the search for a graduate program.

After Amherst, the late Jim Hazen and I headed to the University of Rochester for graduate study in organic chemistry, recruited by an Amherst alum on their faculty. Jim and I were housemates along with two Oberlin grads. In 1968 I finished my Ph.D. and moved to NYC to start a postdoc at Columbia, and Susan and I were married. We spent our first year together living in Morningside Heights where I walked to work and Sue rode the subway an hour to an internship at the Brooklyn Museum. Columbia was a magnet for students of organic chemistry at that time, and the city was full of wonders. My mentors both at Rochester and Columbia encouraged me to apply for academic positions and were highly supportive of my efforts to find a job in a year when few were available.

Sue and I arrived in Evanston in August, 1969 delighted with our new jobs in the Chemistry Department and University Library Special Collections Department at Northwestern University. I found that I enjoyed teaching and that my students appreciated a more encouraging style than we had encountered in some of our science classes at Amherst. I also was able to convince several able graduate students and undergraduate majors to join my research group. Thanks to their efforts and the support of my senior colleagues, I received tenure and Sue and I purchased a house near campus and started a family in the mid-’70s. I found that trying to rotate my highest priority among family, research, teaching, service to the university, and my interests in racing sailboats and gardening was virtually impossible. It became even harder as our two children grew older and I took on coaching Suzuki practices and a boys basketball team, joined my son in a men and boys choir, and tried to attend my daughter’s basketball games. Music and the academic life took root and both children and their spouses are now on the faculty of university music departments. The six of us enjoy a shared interest in music, art, architecture, theater, travel, and time spent together.

By the numbers, I have taught organic chemistry to approximately 5,000 undergraduate and graduate students, mentored 40 undergraduate, 45 MS and PhD students, and 22 postdocs in my laboratory, and published 270 scientific articles that have been cited over 10,000 times. Of greater personal value are the photos, letters, and emails from former undergraduate students reporting on admission to graduate or professional schools and from former graduate students and postdocs reporting on their careers and families. Research group reunions on the occasions of my 25th year on the faculty and my 70th birthday and attending meetings with former students who are now scientific colleagues have been the most rewarding occasions in my career.

I began my research career studying the reactions of simple organic molecules such as styrene with light, a field known as organic photochemistry. My group now studies the interaction of light with DNA, specifically the transport of electrons though the base pairs that constitute the core of DNA. We collaborate with theoreticians, laser spectroscopists, and structural biochemists in tackling such complex problems. I will formally retire from the faculty and become emeritus in June, but will continue to have an office and a lab with several postdocs and collaborators in the US and abroad until the funds from my current research grants have been expended. I have finished teaching so I have already begun what I view as an extended end-of-career sabbatical. It’s a great life if you can get it. I plan to travel more, read more history, study more architecture, and spend more time with my friends and family.

Email: fdl@northwestern.edu
Phone: 847-475-4636
Address: 1117 Noyes Street, Evanston, Illinois, 60201
At the doctor’s office the other day the admissions nurse told me she was changing my record to read height 5’9” from 5’11 1/2”. I protested; “I’ve always been 5’11 1/2”. For 50 years I’ve been the same height! “We’ll measure again,” she said. “Nope, as you can see Mr. Leyden, you’re five foot nine inches now.” My doctor ascribes this to bone loss. “Quite common for a person your age.” I searched for another possible answer. How did I sustain that loss and not know it was happening? Were there contributing factors? And maybe it wasn’t just a matter of loss. Maybe there were moments of growth balanced by moments of loss. In any event I think I know where to start looking. The 60’s. Remember the 60’s?

After Amherst I quickly got a Masters in Education from Oberlin College and started teaching at Patchogue High School, Long Island, N.Y. By the fall of 1967 my draft status had changed to 1-A despite letters from the Superintendent of Schools (that I was needed and couldn’t be replaced.) I had exhausted all my appeals and was waiting for an order to report to White Hall St. (“Good Morning, Vietnam!”—Robin Williams) and wondering what I would do next, if that letter came.

With not a lot of options I joined 100,000 people along side the reflecting pool in front of the Lincoln Memorial on Oct. 21, 1967. We were all there to “confront the war makers”. The march was coordinated by a broad coalition of groups under the name of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam. As different as we all were, we marched under a common banner announcing, “Support Our Troops, Bring Them Home”. All efforts were made to show no disrespect to the soldiers of the 82nd Airborne that guarded D.C. that weekend. (You can read about it in Norman Mailer’s Pulitzer Prize winning “non-fiction” novel “Armies of the Night”) With the Lincoln Memorial as a background, we heard Dr. Benjamin Spock and David Dellinger talk about the absolute need for peace and non-violence in our struggle. We sang along with Peter, Paul and Mary and chanted verses with Allen Ginsberg. And we marched amongst the giant puppet characters of the Bread and Puppet Theater; all of which was for me and 70,000 others who continued with the protest, really only a warmup to the real focus of the weekend.

Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin had secured a permit to march from the Lincoln Memorial to the Pentagon “to exercise and levitate the Pentagon.” That’s right, the authorities had actually agreed to allow the building to be raised 3 feet in the air (down from 300 feet that Abbie had originally requested). Holding hands, the crowd would be allowed to encircle the building and with a chant (supplied by Ed Sanders of the folk-punkrock group ”The Fugs”) make the Pentagon rise and be cleansed of its demons; thereby bringing about the end of the war.

It took 2 hours to march the 2 miles over the Memorial bridge to the north parking lot. We were met by hundreds of U.S. marshals holding wooden batons and 2,500 federal troops carrying rifles. I was standing between a recently returned Vietnam vet in a wheelchair and a young girl holding out flowers to the soldiers that surrounded the grounds. I thought I was positioned well... To be arrested for me Vietnam vet in a wheelchair and a young girl holding out flowers to the soldiers that we were non-violent. I hoped the other side would realize this sanctioned, political “happening” was non-threatening to them directly; and after we made our “anti-war”statement for all the world to see, we all on both sides, would go home.

Late in the afternoon it became clear to all that the defense complex was too big to encircle. Undeterred Abbie Hoffman and Ed Sanders administered the musical chanting exorcism anyway. But the Pentagon did not levitate. It did not turn orange, driving out the demons. And the war did not end. With the coming of darkness, the crowd thinned out to only several thousand and the protest lost its focus. At some point after 7 (when I understood the permit expired) the marshals started throwing tear gas and swinging their batons. At first the people in the back began singing “America the Beautiful”, but violence from the other side of the ropes soon engulfed my “safe” position. I saw firsthand that the way to move a crowd was to target heads and private areas of the body. After the tear gas cleared and the marshals stopped swinging (680 arrests and hundreds needing medical attention) to my amazement the authorities allowed the remaining protestors to build small fires with their peace signs and remain in the parking area the rest of that chilly fall night. I survived the pounding and gas and was not caught up in the arrests. I eventually found my way to my VW bug many, many miles away, still parked undisturbed in the embassy row district.

Were any of you there? Did anyone else lose or gain something in that moment of confrontation? Did anyone else leave D.C. that October weekend in 1967 and embark on a different direction? It seems hard to imagine that this kind of a moral challenge to authority could be brought about in 2015, and in that respect, we were indeed fortunate to be influenced by the 60’s counterculture; when music, art and poetry and the absence of religious dogma informed our lives.

Diane and I with the help of many families, started a “free school” on Long Island as LBJ’s war evolved into Nixon’s war. And when we finally left for Vermont in the 70’s we found that David Dellinger and the Bread and Puppet Theater had also found a refuge up here. David Dellinger says in 50th reunion book (from Yale) “that one can’t satisfactorily say no to war, and injustice unless one is simultaneously saying yes to life, love, and laughter.” He used this passage in introducing a tribute concert of Phil Ochs’ songs in Burlington, Vermont 1999. I think I’ll put on a Phil Ochs’s album and stop worrying about bone loss. “Soon you’re wandering days will be over, come and taste the pleasures of the harbor.” -Phil Ochs from Pleasures of the Harbor.

Email: richard_leyden@yahoo.com
Phone: 802-372-4273
Address: 15 Fox Crossing, South Hero, Vermont 05486
After Amherst I married my long time friend Marjorie and we moved to Palo Alto where I entered the Philosophy PhD program and she entered the Classics program at Stanford. We got caught up in the political and cultural ferment in the Bay Area during those times. I was arrested a couple of times at anti-war demonstrations and we lived in a commune in the hills behind Palo Alto. Our son Alexey was born in 1969. In 1972 we left for Columbia South Carolina where I finished my dissertation on philosophy of logic and taught for 15 years at the University of South Carolina. Marjorie finished a degree in psychology and worked helping adolescents who got in trouble with the law. In 1988 I received an offer I couldn’t refuse from Rutgers University which was becoming one of the best philosophy departments in the country and we moved to NY. Sadly our marriage didn’t survive the move though we have remained friends. Our son went to UCSC and became an artist and now makes beautiful glass art. http://loewerglass.com/. In 1996 I married Kati Balog who is a philosopher of mind and who moved to the U.S. from Budapest after the fall of the communist system in Hungary. She also teaches at Rutgers. Our son Milan was born in 1998 and now is a sophomore in an Amherst like high school in Brooklyn Saint Ann’s. He is just beginning to think about college. We travel a lot (back to Hungary every summer, Australia, Kenya, China, Italy) and live happily in downtown Manhattan. In the last 10 years or so I have been thinking about philosophical issues that arise in physics and currently running a project in philosophy of cosmology. http://philocosmology.rutgers.edu/. A couple of years ago I suffered a near fatal aortic dissection but was saved by Kati’s quick action and a very good surgeon. Now each moment I feel lucky to be alive. I have visited Amherst a few times to lecture to the philosophy department there and UMass but with a couple of notable exceptions have not kept up with classmates. I am looking forward to seeing how they and the college look now.
June 1965 - whither?
How to describe 50+ years? Sounds like an English 1-2 assignment. What follows would only need a few (more often quite a few) acerbic marginal comments from Jack Cameron to make it so. After Amherst, I went to Syracuse Law School, studied hard and fell for the law. After graduation in 1968, I became a trial lawyer for 38 years. All this time was spent with White & Case, which evolved during my career from a large New York based law firm into a global firm based in over 25 countries. Like the Navy, White & Case offered me the opportunity to see the world. Including multiple different stints in New York, we lived for four years in Washington, D.C. in the late 70s, five years in Hong Kong in the late 80s, and a year in Paris in the late 90s. My specialty was international litigation, primarily representing offshore clients in U.S. lawsuits and in international arbitrations. I married the love of my life, Patty, in 1975, and we eventually had four wonderful children, three of whom (Halley, Will and Honora) went to Amherst and one (Jake) to Bates. We also have two Amherst sons-in-law (Steve Dorus and Alex Kerr). Seven grandchildren have followed. After retiring, Patty and I decided to spend half the year in Wilson, Wyoming where we have two kids and four grandkids. The other half of the year we spend back East, where the other two kids and three little ones are based, including summers on Cape Cod and multiple visits to New York City. I am actively involved with my Law School as a member of its Board of Advisors and for the past five years as a Trustee of Syracuse University. My passion for history remains strong. I spent much of the first nine years of retirement concentrating on 18c English history, reading over 200 books and occasionally lecturing to a book club on the English side of the Revolutionary War. Recently, I have started to concentrate on Central Europe and the Habsburgs, after a wonderful boat trip Patty and I took down the Danube last Fall. Although somewhat strange for an old basketball player, my sports passion is ice hockey, i.e. the New York Rangers. This reflects my early youth (before I grew to 6’ 4”) in upstate New York skating on frozen ponds until I was 12 years old. Golf and cross country skiing help to keep me in reasonable shape for a 71 year old. My four years with all you guys (yes, “guys”) at Amherst made an indelible mark on me. I will forever be grateful to the Fairest College.
Following graduation, I spent much of the summer of 1965 exploring Europe with Jack Simon. Once returning, I began the lifelong process of learning my life craft of being the best doctor I could be. U. of Rochester MD 1969 followed by Internship and Residency in Internal Medicine and then Fellowship in Gastroenterology at the University of Vermont. I remained in Burlington where I established a private practice, Associates in Gastroenterology becoming President and CEO and founding partner, growing to a 4 physician group. I established the Gastroenterology Unit at the Fanny Allen Hospital and spent a term as President of the Chittenden County Medical Society.

I met and married Elizabeth (Betty) Fox, a nurse who became the first certified CGRN in VT. She remains my best friend and was my partner at work. I retired 6/30/2014.

I maintain my connection to the Medical Community as an active member of the Admitting Committee here at UVM. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to interview each year’s group at aspiring young students.

I’m still playing Sax and Clarinet. We enjoy the many theater opportunities in the Burlington area. I hike the woods in the warm season and ski in the Winter. We live on the lake so we power boat (PAWS) and sail (JAZZ) with family which now includes 2 grown boys, 5 grand children, 2 great grand children and our Golden retriever Abby. I tie flies (and teach same) and fish the lakes and streams. I collect and shoot classic American doubles. Thanks to Rob & Annette Elowitch, we collect and appreciate 19th century American Art.

We return to Amherst regularly and are awed by its growth and the diversity and genuine warmth of its current students.

We are strong supporters of UVM athletics and will be found at most men’s hockey and men’s and women’s basketball games.

Come to the Amherst-Middlebury football game and listen for a lone Alto playing Lord Jeff for an Amherst score. Better yet, join me in a chorus.

Email: mayer_paul@comcast.net
Phone: 802-985-8746
Address: 340 Clearwater Rd, Shelburne, VT 05482
Duncan McDougall

Some classmates will remember Marjorie (Midge) Cross (Mt. Holyoke ’65). She and I were married in Amherst on the Saturday following our graduation. We were seven years together, and had two children, Christal Anne, now a teacher in Boulder, Colorado, and Brian Duncan, now a photographer and musician in Miami, Florida. Our marriage dissolved in 1972. During those seven years I trained in manufacturing at Chevrolet in Flint, Michigan, became a foreman on the factory floor, then took the MBA program at Harvard Business School, from which I graduated in 1970 as a Baker Scholar (which may amaze classmates familiar with my study habits at Amherst). Staying one more year as a case writer, I left Harvard in 1971 and joined the Draper Division of North American Rockwell, a conglomerate corporation which soon managed to destroy the American textile machinery industry. Draper Corporation of Hopedale, Massachusetts, founded in 1816, was the country’s dominant maker of weaving looms, having built 85% of the 350,000 looms in American textile mills. Draper was milked to extinction in 12 years following its 1967 acquisition by Rockwell. As a man who loved industry, watching that process, coupled with my recent divorce, broke my heart.

Thank God, Shirley Kimball of Westborough, Massachusetts, came to my rescue. The vivacious and ever-funny Shirl and I were married late in 1973, while I was Draper’s bobbin plant manager in the village of Beebe River, New Hampshire. Shirl and I proceeded to have four children, and are still getting along together after 41 years! Our son Jamie Kimball is property accountant for the Sea World and Busch Gardens theme parks; son Jesse Stewart, married to Mike Wheeler’s daughter Cally, is managing their family’s horse farm in Vermont; daughter Piper Carol works in HR for the City of Aspen, CO; and son Alexander Barclay works near our home in New Hampshire, and provides great moral support for his parents.

Following my four years with Draper Division and one spent working in the coal fields of Appalachia and Oklahoma, during which year I earned a private pilot’s license, I taught for four years at Plymouth State College (now University) in New Hampshire. In 1980 I moved to Westborough, MA, to pursue a doctoral degree at HBS, and simultaneously taught operations management at Boston University. My doctoral dissertation helped me to overcome my heartbreak at Rockwell/Draper: its title is “Manufacturing Strategy in Diversified Firms.” I received my DBA in 1986, and in 1988 left BU (as an associate professor) to accept the job of president and COO of Rochester Shoe Tree Company, Inc., of Ashland, New Hampshire, a few miles from my NH home in Campton.

In 1992 I returned to teaching as a professor of business at Plymouth State University (PSU), from which I have just retired, on January 2, 2015. While at PSU I taught on my sabbatical leaves in Greece (2001) and in Romania (2008-9), the latter of which has had a profound impact on my life. My blog “A Fulbright Year in Romania” http://dcmcd.blogspot.com tells much of that story, as does its sequel, “Da Da Da Da Life Goes On” http://dcmcd2.blogspot.com.

It has been an exciting, learning-full life. I cherish it, I thank God for it, and I know that my time at Amherst played an important part in my becoming. Life has led me to the conclusion that there are no coincidences.

God bless us all, in all our states, In all our faiths, in all our fates.

Allah, Jehovah, help us find, A few soft words, our wounds to bind.

May we all see that greater good, Our gift from Thee, Your Earth, our home,

Is here for us, for all to share, In love and brotherhood, not fear.

All of us here, who think unbarred, Around Your sun, beneath Your stars,

Know that, in spite of clergy’s claims, You are just One, with many names.

Call me blasphemer, infidel, Apostate, devil, bound for Hell.

Call me anything you please, God showed Himself, in lands, ’cross seas,

In ways that peoples far apart, Would understand, and take to heart.

Revelation wide was sown. Let no folk claim it as their own.

Love thy neighbor, search thyself. Seek Truth, ask God, in prayer itself,

That He who oversees us all, Yet grants us freedom far to fall,

Will guide us all to tolerance, And open minds to others’ ways,

Of knowing that He, who made us all, And put us here, on Earth, so small,

Asks only that we share His world, Thanking Him of many Names,

In temple, mosque, in church or glen, With peace on Earth, good will to men.

Email: duncan@duncancmcdougall.com
Phone: 603-536-4074
Address: 388 NH Highway 175, Campton, NH 03223-4730
Following four years at Amherst, a year teaching English at Lenox School for Boys, two years studying for an MBA at Harvard Business School and a brief stint working at Yale as a financial planner, I took a job as Vice President Finance for a utility holding company in New York City. Not long thereafter, I realized that big business and the Big Apple were not for me. Next, I joined a friend from Yale and moved to Boston where we started a real estate development company. That venture lasted just long enough for me to meet and marry my first wife, Debbie. At the time, I was commuting to Vermont most every weekend to ski. So, in 1973 my new wife and I naively answered the call of the Beckoning Country, as Vermont was then known, and made the lifestyle decision to move to Stowe. It has been a choice that I have never regretted.

However, I made the move without a job. Given the size of the Vermont economy, it took about two days to explore all possible employment opportunities. Faced with the chance to become a ski bum, but needing to make a living instead, I went to work for National Life Insurance Company in Montpelier managing real estate investments. Too many years later, suffering from terminal boredom, I succeeded in being downsized.

I have always believed that what comes next in life chooses you when you are truly available. Following National Life, I was again unemployed. Also by then, Debbie and I were divorced. Thus, I was truly available as never before. Through a stroke of serendipity and pure good luck, the next thing chose me and both issues were simultaneously resolved.

It was 1988, and with little else to do, I decided to help my good friend, Millie Bryant, with a new business she had just recently started. A little while later, realizing how well we worked together, Millie and I decided to get married. The business, called Turtle Fur, proved to be an entrepreneurial success. For the next thirteen years we had great fun growing it to together. To our surprise and delight, it became the major supplier of hats, neckwarmers and clothing accessories to the ski and outdoor markets. And, by the way, the marriage proved to be a great success as well.

Feeling that the time was right, Millie and I decided to sell the business in 2001. Following a national search, we were pleased to find a buyer who has kept the Turtle Fur Company and most of the jobs here in Vermont. I stayed involved for a couple of years during the transition, but soon thereafter found myself retired at the tender age of sixty.

Once again available, I became involved with a variety of volunteer activities, with a particular focus on land use issues. I chaired the Stowe zoning board, helped start the Stowe Land Trust and served on the Vermont Environmental Board. Other board commitments included our local hospital and a couple of Vermont colleges. However, in recent years, with a sense of having been there and done that, I have phased out of most board involvement.

Fifty years out from Amherst, Millie and I are supremely thankful that we enjoy good health and good fortune. Although I was never blessed with children of my own, Millie has twin granddaughters to whom I am addicted. In addition to time spent with them, we travel as often as possible, we golf, and we sometimes ski on days that are warm enough that Turtle Fur is not required.

So what comes next? I am available, and I can’t wait to find out.
As I think about what I would like to share with you, my Amherst classmates, I become more convinced that rather than regale you with a summary of my life’s achievements and failures, I want to share some highlights of what I, as a 17 year old young man from a foreign country faced when joining all of you 54 years ago. I’ll then briefly bring you up to date.

I came from an upper middle class home in Venezuela; my parents having immigrated to that country escaping Nazi Germany. I was well travelled, but lived in a coddled environment. Like many of you, this was the first time I was living outside my home surroundings, but unlike just about all, I was being exposed to a culture vastly different from what I had experienced before.

My English proficiency was reasonably adequate, enough for the Admissions Department to take a flyer and take me in as one of the very few foreign students who had applied to the College.

Following are a few salient examples of the culture shock I experienced.

For the first time in my life, I was expected to THINK, not just repeat by rote. The schooling system I was brought up in celebrated memory, not necessarily reasoning. English 1,2, History were some of the courses which challenged me enormously, I genuinely felt lost. I had never learned how to think about issues; and here I was to write enlightened essays on “A Passage to India”, “Everyone is Entitled to their own opinion”, and so forth. I had trouble following the spoken English beautifully delivered by History prof. Douglass and by the various English instructors. It got so bad that, during the second semester, I approached my English instructor and asked for help. I was told, in rather harsh tones, that since I had been accepted to the College, I was either going to sink or swim; he was not about to lend me a hand; no sympathy, encouragement and understanding. I was so hurt that I still refuse to greet this now celebrated professor. In comparison, Physics and Math were a relative breeze.

I also encountered a vastly different social environment; I was astonished of the degree of drunken behavior among my friends, and the practice of destroying furniture on the weekends. I was brought up in a household where alcohol was always available to me, as long as I enjoyed it in moderation; this was a real eye opener.

Music and theatre were joyful activities; my involvement with The Maskers and my piano lessons at Smith were extraordinarily rewarding, as were the productions of musicals like The Three Penny Opera which we performed with Mt. Holyoke.

As some of you remember, I was part of a 3-2 program with MIT, and left Amherst after my Junior year. I now agree with Dean Porter, who tried to dissuade me from proceeding with the program. Sounding wonderful on paper, it really wasn’t. I miss not having had good closure with my Amherst experience, and I lacked enough of the early MIT academic experience to smoothly enter Junior year there. However, I did persevere, and collected three additional degrees in the following six years.

I have been married for over 40 years to Virginia, have a son and daughter. Edward, class of 2000, is a proud father of two children. Katharine, our daughter, is a third year medical school student at George Washington University. I am still gainfully employed; for over 30 years, I have been President of my wife’s Family Office, which affiliated itself 11 years ago with GenSpring, a multi-family office serving over 300 families. Still enjoy Music and theatre, and have added cooking as a favorite hobby. The local museum, Travel, tennis, a couple of board memberships, family and friends keep me out of trouble, enriching my life.

Over the years, I have enjoyed the friendship of a number of you, and have mourned the passing of classmates dear to me, the latest being Sandy Morton.

I look forward to seeing many of you at the Reunion. At every reunion I have been privileged to make new friends. This one will not be an exception.
WOW, it really doesn’t seem like 50 years. Given that it has been, and that I have been somewhat remiss in maintaining contact, I suppose it behooves me to give you a quick synopsis of the journey that I have taken since departing Amherst, a career journey that I certainly did not foresee as I strolled away from graduation.

Almost the first thing – and certainly the best thing – I did after graduation was to marry Carolyn. We have been journeying together ever since. We have one son, and a 2-year old granddaughter.

The next step west was a move to Bloomington, Indiana where I entered graduate school in astrophysics. After a little more than four years, we packed up with ink still wet on my diploma and headed for Los Alamos, NM, where I had a postdoctoral appointment in a group primarily doing monitoring for test-ban treaty compliance, but which also was collecting a large quantity of solar x-ray data. After a year there I decided that I did not want a career of classified research and we set off for Tucson, AZ, where I had an appointment at Kitt Peak National Observatory, doing theoretical studies of the sun’s atmosphere. As time went on, I found myself doing more and more administrative tasks and finally, in 1980, I jumped into it full time as Assistant Director of the Institute of Astronomy at the University of Hawaii (Honolulu). The job was great, but the islands were just too far from family and travel was too expensive. Essentially we went as far west as we could and stay in the 50 states before beginning a journey back east.

After a year’s stop in Tucson we jumped all the way back to the Washington DC area where after a short stint in the headquarters of the corporation that operates Kitt Peak, I moved to the corporation’s other major center, the Space Telescope Science Institute, in Baltimore. I was appointed as Associate Director for Program Management at a time when we were struggling to build the organization and software required to operate the Hubble Telescope. This was an amazing experience, punctuated by the lows of the Challenger tragedy and the discovery of the optical problems with Hubble followed by the reward of the successful repair and the stunning data that was collected thereafter.

In 1995 I had the opportunity to become the Executive Officer of the American Astronomical Society and held that position until I retired in mid-2006. During that period we converted our scientific journals from print-only to electronic plus print presentation.

While we were in Maryland, Carolyn returned to the subject of her undergraduate major and became involved in local politics, finally serving as campaign treasurer for Congresswoman Connie Morella, the representative of Maryland’s 8th district.

Immediately upon my retiring we relocated to Oro Valley, Arizona, a suburb north of Tucson. Since then I have concentrated on community service, spending 7 years on the town Water Utility Commission (water is the stuff people fight over out here in the desert), serving as a volunteer with the local Police Department, and doing three years as a volunteer victim counselor for the Pima County Attorney’s Office. These were the type of things I had always wanted to do, but never had time for until retirement.

While at Amherst I spent a lot of time in Kirby Theatre. Despite a lot of fun and rewarding activities in this area, I assumed that my foray into technical theatre was over with the end of undergraduate days. Not true. Our son developed a strong interest in this area and I was soon drawn into volunteer work with his school groups. In fact, his interest was so strong that he chose lighting and special effects design as his career and after earning an MFA he settled in New York where he has been involved in Broadway, Off-Broadway, television and architectural lighting. It has been fun to see how far theatre technology has come over the years.
Chris Mills

There will be no discussion here of the need to return to a core curriculum or the College’s occasionally shabby treatment of our Class Secretary. The most important thing in my life since leaving Amherst has been my family. I married my wife, Susan, while at Michigan Law School (I was rooming with John Ransmeier at the time) and we have raised six children - primarily while living in the Chicago area, where I worked in the legal and marketing departments of a railroad. We strongly believe in core family values, and that children need two engaged parents to become the best functioning adults they can be. This is not to say that separation is impossible; many classmates will recall that our daughter Phoebe spent several years training as a gymnast with Bela Karolyi in Houston, TX, while preparing for the 1988 Olympic Games, and Susan lived there with Phoebe and our two youngest children while I held the fort back in Chicago with our three oldest children. That was a difficult time, which I would not necessarily recommend as the ideal way to raise a family, but in some ways the distance involved made the members of our family appreciate each other more and thus brought us closer together. This made it easier for two of our other children (daughter Jessica and son Lucas) to live away from home as teenagers while training to be world-class athletes in figure skating and speedskating.

The most important thing about raising our offspring was not their achievement of success in athletics, but that the athletic path encouraged habits of self-discipline and respect for achievement that has made them happy, well-functioning adults. They all received good educations after their athletic careers ended, attending such diverse institutions as Yale, Marquette and the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama, and then made their own career paths.

Three of our children (Nathaniel, Phoebe and Lucas) graduated from law school and passed a bar exam, but none are practicing law - perhaps a commentary on that profession. Nathaniel runs DC-ICE (“ICE” is an acronym for Inner City Excellence), a nonprofit that runs speedskating and inline skating camps for D.C. children. Phoebe runs Woodward at Tahoe, a winter extreme-sports program (primarily for snowboarders and freestyle skiers) based at a ski area near Lake Tahoe. Lucas is a script supervisor for Nickelodeon based in New York, working on animated children’s TV programs (principally “Bubble Guppies”, although he has his own new show in progress). The other three work as Athletic Director at Vermont Technical College (Hilary), a figure skating coach in Louisville, KY (Jessica) and a budding opera singer in the U.K. (Whitaker).

All but one of our children now has at least one child of his or her own, and four are happily married. We mark this as a singular achievement in the sometimes-dysfunctional whirlwind of 21st century Western civilization. Although our children and their families are spread out from England on the east to California on the west, we are all still close (thank you, Skype!) and Susan and I greatly look forward to visiting them more often now that I have retired from active law practice (effective 1/1/2015).

Email: cam@sloverandloftus.com
Address: 5446 Mohican Road, Bethesda, MD 20816
Phone: 202-288-4070
How to look back over 50 years? With a few questions.

What was the rough sequence? Immediately after graduation, I spent a year in Geneva on an Amherst fellowship at the Graduate Institute of International Studies. Research in the parliamentary debates of Rhodesia and South Africa at the UN in Geneva lead to a publication in a journal of political science. Three years of law school at the University of Michigan taught me a bit about legal inquiry and a lot about the difference between the Big Ten and the Little Three. Twenty-five years of legal practice with a major international law firm in New York City were challenging and rewarding, personally and professionally. I regret that this work was so demanding and late nights and weekend work were so predictable that I really did not take advantage of NYC. Five years abroad (two in Athens and three in Paris) taught me the importance of plain English when working with those with a different mother tongue. A 1981 divorce in Paris started a search for a soul mate whom I found in Sis and married in 1992. After 25 years in the law, I switched gears and served six years as pro bono Chair of the Board of the International Institute of Rural Reconstruction, a charitable organization with headquarters in the Philippines whose mission is to reduce poverty in rural communities in the developing countries through community empowerment. When I retired as Chair in 2002, I started photographing all of the statues in Central Park and writing a book which I published in October 2014: Alice in Central Park – Statues in Wonderland. Moving out of New York City in 2004, I became involved in community activities in Dutchess County, NY, serving as Chair of the Board of Ethics of my town, managing the cemetery of my church, and teaching English as a second language to immigrants from Latin America.

Did I make a dent, use my education for the benefit of others? I like to think so. The challenge and excitement of writing term papers and a thesis at Amherst continued through the publication of more than twenty articles in journals on law and political science on a variety of topics – the effect of UN sanctions on domestic politics in Rhodesia and South Africa, starvation as a means of warfare (Biafra, 1968), commercial bank financing, country debt restructure, international joint ventures, and the y2k threat in 2000. Serving as counsel to international banks in the Mexican debt restructuring of the 1980s, I was one of a small group who solved that systemic threat. We shared the hard work, excitement and success of that effort. As Chair of a charitable organization, I helped it get through difficult times. Aided by colleagues on the Board of Ethics and town counsel, I revised the code of ethics of my town. Creating an endowment fund for the perpetual care of a cemetery and effectively organizing burials was gratifying. What a thrill to help an immigrant learn to think and express himself in English! I hope Alice in Central Park will help many appreciate and understand the evolution of the statuary in Central Park.

What are the ongoing activities? What is the future? Maintenance (self, spouse, family, dog, house, property, computer, car, camera, flashlight, dehumidifiers, changing light bulbs, other, and a sense of humor about the increasing demands of maintenance all around), tennis (doubles with junior old geezers), a book club, serving as president of a second cemetery in which my tombstone is already installed, teaching English to immigrants, and marketing the book which I completed and published last year.

Alice in Central Park introduces all statues in Central Park in NYC. My 150 photographs focus on the statues. Text explains the history of each statue. The book will shortly be available at www.aliceincentralpark.com. Meanwhile, the class of 1965 can now order the book from fotobs@aol.com for $24.95 plus shipping plus sales tax for NY deliveries. An abstract is available by e-mail. On the back cover, Humpty Dumpty proclaims that “Alice in Central Park is the most complete book ever written about everything” It is mandatory reading for the 50th Reunion of the Class of 1965, albeit quite different from A Passage to India which we read in the summer of 1961 before matriculation 54 years ago.

I like to think there is another book or two in me. We shall see.

I have photographed my simple tombstone – a name and two years. The final date is wide open.

For the moment, Sis and I are thankful for our current good health, including that of Lark, our rough coated German Shepherd.

Email: amudgemoby@aol.com
Address: 123 Kennel Road, Wassaic, NY 12592
The Reckoning

The puzzlah Yeats posed me: Perfect my work (Be vain by day; by night, remorseful jerk)
Or else perfect my life (and bear bare purse).
Grave Minnesōt’ns urged, “You could do worse.”

I have done worse. I’ve perfected neither work nor life. I’ve fallen short of the glory of the Lord. I glean scanty comfort from the knowledge that so has the Lord.

Amherst didn’t fill a pail, it lit a fire [Yeats again]. “[G]ladly wolde [I] lerne and gladly teche” [Chaucer]—and gladly lerne and gladly teche some more. I’ve alternated the two for 50 years.

Yale treated law like a species of the genus liberal arts, applied philosophy, as we’d alit on such arts, or they’d lit into us, elsewhere. I enjoyed the study of law there, although the cleverness often veered or backed into glibness.

Afloat on veteran’s benefits during the late ’70s, I signed articles at the University of Washington and apprenticed myself to Latin, German, French, and Ancient Greek (after my starter language, Spanish, and before Russian). “Let a man once acquire the power to read Homer [in the original], and he will have a possession [that] he would change for no other, an unfailing source of solace and of the purest pleasure” [Cunliffe, Lexicon of the Homeric Dialect]. “Eet’s facts, mon.”

I taught kids in high school, I taught Mids (pupal or pupil Squids) at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, and I’ve taught kids from the public schools of the District of Columbia ‘most every week since 1990. I did, however, miss the deficta—to gladly teche both English at the Academy and Greek, literally across the street, at Saint John’s College—because that college forsook its own principles and pronouncements [sound familiar?] exalting the amateur and generalist.

I encounter on comfortable terms Ishmael’s “watery part of the world.” I’ve trodden decks: I’ve sailed in six cutters, fifteen tugboats, many patrol-boats, and more racing sailboats than can enter a single regatta. I’ve crossed bars of harbors and in admiralty: Practicing maritime, environmental, and international law over 36-plus years with the Coast Guard, I’ve guarded two coasts of a possible four. While I haven’t shamed myself (or indeed “Charlie Golf”), and if anything have left waterborne commerce and carouse a bit (or bitt) safer and greener than I found them, I also haven’t “live[d] greatly in the law” (Justice Holmes).

The phenomenon Coast Guard turns 225, and the name “Coast Guard” 100, this year. I’ve invited Charlie Golf to adopt my zesty lyrics for its anthem instead of the dookey ones it adopted “in a fit of absence of mind” about 80 years ago. Je suis Charlie.

I’ve traveled remarkably little. Travel has often demonstrated its close affinity with travail. Post-atrocity paranoia rendered moving around more irksome than ever, and so did airlines’ marking me a member of the Irish Republican Army. I’ve explored our “near abroad,” through brief though frequent trips to Canada—where I feel chiller than here, thanks to maximal civility and minimal violence and litigiousness (odd posture for a military lawyer)—and through too few liberties on liberty in Mexico. Beyond these, overseas, I’ve spent an aggregate of maybe eight weeks.

These weeks haven’t disqualified me from giving blood, and I’ve put 198 pints in the bag. I’ve set it on boards of nonprofit groups—the Empty Space, the Northwest Philharmonic, and “Y” Camp Orkila—along Puget Sound. My service is not nothing; nonetheless, a wight as lucky as I might have “distribute[d] with” not just “a liberal hand” [Gibbon] and a veiny arm but a clearer calendar.

I’ve assumed a wait-and-see stance toward marriage. “It is wisely written”: Marriage resembles certain card-games—though you may open with two hearts and a spade, soon you’ll wish you held a club and a spade. Yet I appear fairly launched on my 17th year alongside the formidable Beth Kafka; in fact, our irregular union shows longer legs than most inaugurated with benefit of clergy. And I took under tow three estimable quasi-stepkids, for whom I claim slender credit and in whom I find immoderate joy.

I’ve discovered a stronger penchant for friendship than anyone could have projected from my varsity form, even if a weaker talent for it than should make the cut. Such talent as I have displayed I owe to Herself. (Okay, I got my “social graces” [Garth Brooks, “Friends in Low Places”] from an engineer. So sue me.) Although screen out of half my inheritance, I’d already earned enough wealth to secure my weal (the weal of fortune): protecting myself and my people against misfortunes amenable to being protected against. Dying seized of wealth much above this, dying “rich,” would be disgraceful [Carnegie]. Shoot, I bear so unbare a purse that I buy a new car every 30 years whether I need one or not. Shoot!

I’m opinionated in that I hold an opinion on almost every subject conceivable. I think, however, unless I’m deluding myself, that any opinion I hold I hold in the spirit of science— provisionally. I further think, therefore, that any such opinion must in theory be defeasible by another, on sturdier evidence and argument. I don’t pretend to consistency through my entire life; I’d love to believe that, in the way of someone for whom William Hazlitt intended high praise, I’ve changed my mind often, and always for the better. Amherst annealed me against experts, including, crucially, myself.

Holmes grew to be scarcely younger than λητις (clear-voiced) Nestor, the oldest of the Argives around Ilion. I’ve grown to be vastly older than μεσαιπόλιος (half-gray) Idomeneus, the oldest of the Argives fighting there. Like Holmes, nevertheless, I do sometimes yearn, “Oh, to be 60 again!” This looks improbable. It may prove unnecessary. While I mosey down the windin’—an’ down the windin’-down—trail of lah[ maliciously attributed to LB], I’m happy as far as I can tell. Still, ...

The Reckoning

Warns Sophokles: “Call no man happy till
He’s dead.” It’s not, Alive we’re vile or ill;
It’s, Till we ring All Stop and rest in urns,
No judge can certify our late returns.

Email: Smintheu@verizon.net
Phone: 202-628-0206
Address: Grant 11 (Suite 1119), 616 E Street NW, Washington, DC 20004

Patrick Judd (“Pat” or “Paddy”) Murray
No one told me I was left-brained, so I applied to Amherst from a small town high school, honored in Economics despite blandishments from professors in English and Art, went to Stanford Law School, and after a very worthwhile stint in the Peace Corps in Venezuela, found myself in Washington, DC in 1971. I was profoundly influenced by Amherst, but also by the 60s in the Bay Area and the Peace Corps. I wanted to influence public policy. I was invited to head a country program for the U.N, but couldn’t wait for the bureaucratic wheels to turn, so I began looking for a “progressive” post in an unprogressive federal government. As luck would again have it, I found one in the General Counsel’s office of the CAB and later with DOT in its Office of International Law, negotiating international agreements worldwide in transport, trade, security, and so forth. My fluency in Spanish helped, but the work and the travel were diverse and everything I had hoped.

In my “spare time” with my soul mate Brooke, we renovated a townhouse in an “emerging” neighborhood in inner DC, raised two boys, threw ourselves into historic preservation work, Brooke started a real estate business she still has today, and the whole family volunteered in economic development programs in Haiti as well as DC.

As if our lives were not full enough, we bought a cabin along the Shenandoah River and lived the exurban wild life on most weekends. Brooke’s parents retired to the small town of Oxford on Maryland’s Eastern Shore in 1983, and we soon traded the cabin for the house next door. When the boys began high school, Brooke and I migrated from social-activist roles in DC to volunteer activities in Oxford. I soon became the exhibit curator of the local museum, spending nights and weekends writing and designing. I collected old decoys and anything else tied to Eastern Shore history. In 1997, we traded our town house for a beach house in Oxford, and, in 2000, a Conch house in Key West. We are perpetual commuters, but love the diversity of lifestyles.

I retired from the government in June of 2012. Our sons and their families live in downtown DC, but they still enjoy their ties to Oxford on weekends. I’m still curator of the Oxford Museum and have published articles and a book on antique decoys. I write articles on Key West history for the local historical society, and am on the collections committee of the Key West museum. In 2014, I embarked on my next career, abstract painting. I paint in Oxford and Key West. The enclosed recent photo is of my Oxford “studio,” our crowded boat house. After 40-some years, I heeded my early passion for art, and Amherst’s ethos that there is always something of consequence to be done in life. I couldn’t be happier with the challenge.

So, what has this have to do with Amherst? Almost everything. It taught me disciplines I have used every day, and nurtured my drive to understand and to engage the world however possible. When I despair at the legacy of the 20th Century and the prospects for our children in the 21st, I recall Tuchman’s “A Distant Mirror.” For over forty years, I have introduced the Class of ’65 bimonthly lunches, and I have depended on my “mates” for stimulation and insight. I haven’t made many Big Games, but I have tried to practice and to pass on to my sons what I got out of Amherst: a delight in individual creative endeavor coupled with a conviction that we all live in society and must protect that commonality come what may.

I attended a poetry seminar at Amherst, one of the last given by Professor Pritchard. The topic was the Amherst poets Frost, Dickinson and Wilbur. It was English 101 all over again. I came away understanding all three for the first time, and read them frequently now. I also glimpsed Wilbur as a person. He was an advance radio man in the front lines of WWII, likely on the same battle front as my father-in-law. He has had a home in Key West for many years, sharing the compound with John Hersey, Elizabeth Bishop, Robert Merrill, Tennessee Williams and Robert Frost, among others. I asked him what Nobel Laureates talk about when they sit by the pool on a sunny day. He answered (to the best of my recollection) “Sports, real estate, ... and anagrams. The anagrams really could get quite competitive.” I also asked him why he had published only one poem about Key West. He said “I have a second one being published soon, but the reason is that poets like me look closely at the particular, and then draw wider conclusions about life. Key West is larger than life, so you just enjoy it as it is, without metaphor.”
Albert Einstein is credited with quipping “Education is what remains after one has forgotten what one has learned in school.” Now that I’ve achieved the requisite memory loss, this seems like a fitting occasion to reflect on what I got out of my Amherst years. Foremost for me was a set of intellectual standards that guided my teaching and especially the feedback I provided on student papers. I treated the subject matter of whatever course I taught, not as an end in itself, but as a vehicle for teaching students how to think and then express those thoughts in writing. Amherst showed me the value of close reading of texts (rather than letting the words wash over me as I did in high school) to extract the essential core of their argument, state it succinctly and accurately, evaluate it in light of the arguments in other texts, come up with an argument of one’s own based on them, and then write a paper that clearly, concisely, and precisely sets out that line of argument. Sounds pretty basic, but I’ve been accused throughout my career of being too tough on students for holding them to that standard, even though I permitted (even encouraged) endless rewrites and provided extensive, detailed feedback on not only what was wrong and why, but also how to improve it.

Also important to the direction my career took after college was Ben Ziegler’s American Studies class where he would take a controversial stand on the topic of that week’s reading and defend it frustratingly well for the first half of the seminar, and then switch to defending with equal success the opposing position for the second half. This pedagogical strategy certainly taught us to think critically (which became another of my intellectual standards), but it also made me appreciate that the guilty/not guilty dichotomies of Ben’s legal profession are not particularly helpful in a search for understanding. I came to recognize that each discipline’s perspective has useful but limiting insights to offer into the complex real-world issues of the course, so that a full understanding requires critical assessment and then integration of those insights. Today we call that an interdisciplinary approach. By the late 1970s I had helped establish what is now the Association for Interdisciplinary Studies, a U.S.-based international professional association of interdisciplinary teachers and researchers. I’m still serving as its executive director even after retiring from teaching.

Our senior year I became aware of an embryonic experimental college getting underway in Amherst on the road to Mt. Holyoke. Details were sketchy but Hampshire College seemed to be as innovative as Amherst College was traditional (as Hugh Hawkins’ History of American Education course made me realize). I became increasingly fascinated in graduate school with experimental colleges, especially so-called cluster colleges, and went on to spend my entire career teaching in them, first in St. Olaf College’s Paracollege, and then in the Western College Program at Miami University.

I realize now that what I’ve long taken to be random but vivid memories of Amherst have also ended up shaping my life in unexpected ways. For example, I still delight in remembering how Tom Poor threaded his serve among the lights hanging from the ceiling of the squash court. I never got good enough to make the team, though I played well in inter-fraternity competition. More importantly, after dismissing athletics in high school, I finally got it through my head that one could be an intellectual and an athlete. I went on to play competitive squash for decades during the school year and then switch to wilderness canoeing or back packing in the summers; in recent years, I settle for power walking. Staying in shape may have saved my life this fall when I underwent three life-or-death surgeries in three weeks. It’s also done wonders for my quality of life, including being able to stay intellectually productive in retirement.

Other vivid memories involve classical music, which I encountered pretty much for the first time at Amherst: listening to my roommate Carl Hammer’s record collection of classical music, and having Tibor Polgar demonstrate for me how fingered octaves make Tchaikovsky’s Violin Concerto so difficult to play. I never came to love Wagnerian opera the way Carl does, but I developed a passion for classical music. For the last decade, Susan and I have not only maintained season subscriptions to the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra but we’ve dabbled in being patrons as well. Each year we make it possible for the kids in the local school district’s music program to attend a CSO concert along with their parents. So Einstein got it partly right, but dorm life, extracurricular activities, and serendipity shaped my Amherst legacy as well.

Consulting on interdisciplinary higher education
Touring wineries in Amador County, CA
Vacationing north of the Lower 48
Circumnavigating the Lower 48 in private rail cars

Email: newellwh@miamioh.edu  Phone: 513-821-4565
Address: 7287 Georgetown Court, Cincinnati, OH 45224

117
October 8, 1961
Dear Mom and Dad,

All is quiet now after last night’s festivities. The evening started out quiet enough. The twelve guys on our floor were in our room shooting the bull when suddenly a balloon full of water comes whizzing through the door and explodes right on somebody’s lap. Twelve guys went hurtling out of the door in pursuit of the culprit. We never did find him, but then the fun began.

Since our dorm contains sophomores in the two side wings, we thought we would have to bear the brunt of the attack. However, the freshmen from Morrow Hall came over to help us and since many of the sophomores had gone to Smith for a mixer, the sophomores were on the defensive.

The havoc began when they managed to seize two freshmen. In retaliation, the freshmen charged up to the third floor of the left sophomore wing and grabbed a sophomore hostage. Prisoner exchange talk were begun, but since the two freshmen managed to escape on their own, the sophomore was returned only having been thoroughly doused with water.

The right sophomore wing started shooting fire rockets at the freshmen who were milling around in front of Pratt. Up charged the illustrious freshman class. Using wastepaper baskets full of water, a bucket brigade was started. The sophomore threw water down and the freshmen threw it up. Well, everyone got thoroughly soaked, but it was a riot. That part of the building almost floated away. The sophomores were simply outnumbered; thus they stayed in their own wing and fought it out from there. The dorm proctors from Pratt and Morrow thought the whole thing was hysterical. Their only concern was that nobody got hurt. A few seniors came over to witness the fun, calling the sophomores names in the hope they would abandon their fortress and wage battle with us on the front lawn. Unfortunately they were sadly disappointed because the sophomores realized the futility of this enterprise. The whole thing broke up about 2 A.M. Before everyone went to bed, he made sure his door and windows were locked in case of a sophomore counterattack, but it failed to materialize. All in all, an amusing evening.

Your humble son,
Pete
Dear Classmates,

My letter to you at the time of our 25th reunion described my "going forth’s" following my graduation from Amherst. It was loosely based on the Fisherman’s Poem:

Behold the fisherman!
He riseth up early in the morn,
And disturbeth the whole household.
Mighty are his preparations.
He goeth forth full of hope.
And when the day is far spent, he returneth,
Smelling of strong drink, and the truth is not in him.

Since the "going forth’s" I described at the time of our 25th reunion there have been several additional ventures, two of which follow.

Early in the first decade of the 2000’s I established a boutique consulting firm that specialized in Mergers and Acquisitions, supporting small firms and individuals who were interested in acquiring one or more businesses. A sample of some of the businesses that my clients purchased includes a furniture manufacturing company, a flooring business, a winery, a large electric motor manufacturer, a high tech commercial security firm, a children’s sporting goods and clothing retail outlet and a specialized agricultural chemicals business. The process and the people involved proved to be fascinating and more fun than any other business related venture in my life.

And then, about a year ago, I commenced a "going forth" that will occupy me for the rest of my life: retirement. If I had known how enjoyable, challenging and rewarding this phase of life is I would have "gone forth" into it long ago.

My time now is focused on enjoying and interacting with my family (wife, two daughters and their husbands, and four grandsons), community service and volunteer work, reading and music, road trips. travel both domestic and international, fly fishing for trout in the Colorado mountains and for steelhead in the rivers in Oregon, cooking, exploring the Rocky Mountains, reflecting on the wonders and joys of my lifetime experiences, and anticipating what is or may be coming next.

And though "when the day is far spent I returneth", it is not smelling of strong drink, and the truth is still in me.

I will not be at the reunion this time, but send my greetings and best wishes to all.
Here is a fast-forward, 1965 to present.

Immediately following graduation, I enlisted in the Coast Guard for 12-months of active-duty – a step that cleared the way for the next 48 years in corporate finance, primarily investment banking.

Then it was on to New York – not the easiest place to get started and decidedly less comfortable than my hometown of Boston. But eventually I found my footing, along the way got an MBA at Columbia and enjoyed the challenge of working in that great financial center. Down the road, the experience and contacts gained proved helpful when my work took a regional turn.

The surprise during these years in the business was not that the first 26 were spent in the Northeast, mainly New York, but rather that the second segment would be Midwest-based: first Chicago and, since 1994, here in Kansas City, Missouri. One does what is necessary to build a career and provide for a family. A flexible attitude and positive outlook improve the ride.

Overall, I’ve worked at five venues before I retired last year. The ones that counted most were Citibank – where I started – followed by Kidder, Peabody (18 years, continuing through the firm’s difficult acquisition by GE) and a closing chapter with George K. Baum & Company (20 years – Kansas City). During 2008-2012, I taught a graduate course on mergers-and-acquisitions at the University of Kansas. It was an interesting way to unify and integrate my work in finance.

Still, as I look back over a long career, the experience was less than fully satisfying, as high ideals at the get-go were not fully validated in a commercial environment. I had gone into finance as an avenue for providing clients with service….specifically, helping businesses with initial public offerings and the purchase or sale of business units. But commercial currency often measures success and advancement by quantity (“production”), not necessarily quality, while clients – using similar currency – often select their financial advisor by the low-cost alternative. What a surprise.

I have been fortunate to be married to Betsy – our 40th anniversary is coming up in September. She has been foundational these many years, an uncomplaining partner through relocations to Hartford, Chicago and Kansas City, an energetic cultural and civic force, smart, balanced, more socially engaged than I, and mother of our two sons, Alex, 34, and Woody, 29.

Alex, who is a journalist and on-line editor in Chicago, is to be married in May – three weeks before Reunion Weekend. Woody is in medical school in Philadelphia and is soon to begin his fourth year in the program. He is also a Navy officer. At present, we are behind the curve in regard to grandchildren.

While in school and at work, it was clear which way the compass pointed. In retirement, that dimension is more subjective and ambiguous. The mix includes more tennis & paddle tennis, skiing in Colorado, a week in London coming up in just a few days (January 2015) and summers in northern Michigan (sailing our Pearson 28, Catspaw). Intellectual pursuits can be characterized as a la carte. I’m looking forward to our 50th Reunion, but also to our 55th when perhaps these strands will shape a more coherent fabric.
To my classmates
I retired in 2013. My time is now split into 4 parts:
Chair of the Board of Directors of KQED, the SF Bay Area
public broadcasting station
Serving as strategic advisor to my former Venture Capital
firm and a handful of startup companies
Time and travel with my wonderful wife of 35 years,
Mauree Jane (picture included)
Time with our 4 children and their families, especially our
9 grandchildren, ages 9 to 14 (picture of pictures included)

The grandchildren are a blessing, and I want to be a part of
each one’s life. But wanting to do something and actually getting
it done can be two different things (or, as Morpheus said in the
film The Matrix, “Knowing the path is not the same as walking
the path.”)

I have searched for a model since I did not know my own
grandparents. The closest analogy I have experienced is that of
a career mentor, someone whom you trust, who knows you, and
whose judgment and wisdom you admire. During stressful parts
of my three careers (especially the transitions between them !) I
have reached out to mentors to get a “sanity check” on my own
thinking and to uncover questions that I had not yet considered
and needed to. It would be a privilege to provide that role of
guidance and perspective for my grandchildren.

The essential ingredient here is mutual trust. How do I create
that with my grandchildren? I am trying to be present in their
lives, which means I visit them regularly, see their classrooms,
talk to their teachers, watch their games, and have experiences
together. I want to let them know by my actions that I care for
them. The fact that they live all over the country, Northampton,
makes this a logistical challenge.

One of my grandsons is in 7th grade at Williston Academy near
Amherst. Last year he was on the robotics team, the only middle
school member of the team; the rest high school juniors and
seniors with multiple years of robotic experience. He took his
turn piloting the robot in a time trial, and not surprisingly, came
in last. He was very discouraged. I was glad I was there to give
him context and perspective.

I have tried to create experiences with my grandchildren
through travel and hiking. Last year I was on a trail with my
9 year old grandson leading a group of about 12 people on a
birthday hike. I always give my grandchildren a safety talk before
we go, covering things like poison oak, rattlesnakes, cliffs and
slippery roots. I explain the responsibilities of “leading” the
group if the child wants to “walk point”. We were no more
than 5 minutes out when my grandson came upon a rattlesnake
crossing the trail 2 feet in front of him. He froze, didn’t panic,
let the snake continue across the trail and we went on; exactly
what we had discussed many times. I am guessing he might
remember that.

To date my conversations, like those above, have been centered
around three simple “rules” that I have given to each grandchild:
stay safe, like school, love family. They all remember these. I
told each of them that if they get these right, they will be fine
until they reach 16: then life gets more complicated.

I have learned many lessons in life, and I will need to figure
out how and when to convey these to each grandchild. It is
important to get good at something, and that becomes your
foundation. Continuing to learn and grow inspired me. I have
seen how essential it is to force change on yourself and your
organization, because if you wait for change to be imposed on
you from the outside, it is too late to recover. I have seen how
critical it is in a career to be affiliated with an organization that
is winning; success and growth create precious and invigorating
opportunities.

I have learned how important leadership is: how fragile and
vulnerable all institutions are unless governance is delivered by
competent people who care more about the organization than
about their personal interests. I have seen how important it is to
work with good people, individuals whose values you respect and
whose ability you admire and trust; even more vivid in hindsight,
this has been fundamental to happiness and success.

And finally, I want them to know how essential and
rewarding it is to be able to love someone with a full heart; to
have a partner and a soulful best friend.

I undertake this challenge with my eyes open and a generous
heart.

I look forward to seeing you at the 50th.
Mark

Email: mperry@nea.com
Address: 2606 Jackson Street, San Francisco, CA 94115
Phone: 650-799-5797
Apologies for any continuing illiteracy, that being one reason I slunk/slanked/slank away from Amherst in 1962.

Dimwitted and my privileged Dixie past hung around my neck heavier than the Southern Cross. I was intellectually and emotionally unprepared. In Philosophy class, I naively asked, “Who is Sigmund Freud?” My redneck Tennessee prep school had featured the gridiron, Bedford Forrest, Billy Graham. A galloping identity crisis was born in me at Amherst. What kicked it off felt hot, personal, embarrassing.

Not to whine, my brothers, and though some of you may recollect this monster with respect and even affection, to me Joseph Epstein came off as a snide, imperious, intimidating bully, a “teacher” who saw it as his job to publically characterize me as a Cretin. He relished the chase. And I honestly don’t think he went after me for my so-called benefit, as some sort of boondoggle shake-up-the-freshmen Amherst Master Plan. Once Epstein, an avowed atheist, heard my drawl, I still remember the crack he made to my classmates –– how lovely it would be for everyone to hear me read aloud from the Bible, as Scripture sounds so marvelous when read with a Southern accent. Jesus. In the long run, Epstein’s sneering intolerance might have been “good” for me, as an unintended wake-up dose of empathy for my fellow man (1961, the struggle for Civil Rights was just getting started), but even after fifty years of pondering I still believe that Epstein’s nastiness squirted directly from a prejudiced black spot in his lower lizard brain: pin the tail on the goy hick. Dark eyes gleaming as he handed me back an essay with a grade of D-, Epstein told me I needed to forget everything I believed. Everything I believed! I had no idea how my life – right out of Never Never Land – had arrived at that place, that moment. For me, there were simply too many high school Valedictorians roaming the dorms whooping each other upside the head with their pipes. College was supposed to be fun! Silk underpants sailing into the chandeliers.


The night of the D-, I call “Dear God”, my Dad. Poor boy made good. Took off from home at 17. Sweet inside, hard edges. Child of the Depression. (Years later, rashly shorting the stock that made him rich, he shot himself.)

Phone booth, basement, James Hall. D-. Epstein. I spill the beans.


X Rated, anti-Semitic, roughly translated, comes my father’s voice: “Sonny Jim, I can buy and sell your guy Epstein a hundred times.”

Dear God’s bizarre retort to my pain still sort of haunts me. Lots of time on the couch over that one. My Dad was coming from a place as messed up as Epstein. I felt the squeeze. There I was, playing the role of a retarded descendent of Telemachus, hunting the big dog who could tell me how to live.

I left Amherst ignominiously, without a word to my best friend. Went home to get my root re-seasoned in native soil. Disappeared in the night. Poof! I was gone.

Decades of guilt and embarrassment ensued. You don’t just diss a person you love. I knew I had hurt my pal’s feelings. With no such goal in mind, he had allowed me to start to understand that it was okay for me to love literature – stories – more than football. (Or, money.) I’m sure that doesn’t sound like much. But to me it became a precious gift. You have to remember, my tiny cracker brain was a binary system. It was either this, or that. That’s what I had been taught. It was black, or white. And I was callow, so I simply . . . left.

Today, E.M. Forster’s observation that one should “travel light” in order to exist contentedly in a world marinated in ambiguity and one that is constantly morphing up, down, and sideways, faster and faster, so far as good advice goes, well, to travel lightly through that seems like a no brainer and, oh duh, I suppose for us to have been led to that conclusion was at least part of the thrust of those nightmare 3/week theme assignments in Freshman English; I, however, at that time, really didn’t get Amherst’s intrinsic value, missing not so much the message being pushed concerning the need for us to be able to cope with overload and transience as my simply missing the simpler mind set that existed where I was from. The vibe up there was both exhilarating and austerely claustrophobic. What in the world was this fascination with the Thessalonians or Henry Adams? Every time I tried to read Thucydides’ prose, I felt like I was sticking my head in a bucket of mud. Only last year, I tried again. Same deal. And so for me, after I departed Amherst after one year and even to this day, the mystery of my time with you when those memories surface, when I peel away layers, when questions arise, for your long gone classmate here, the gestalt of this becomes a koan. It wasn’t just Epstein being positively Fourth Street. Never had I felt so lonely or so much cast in a play I could not comprehend. I cut out of Amherst with enthusiasm, bought a rubber stamp with DECEASED printed in bold for returns in case the Alumni Office kept me on their mailing list, and oh my brothers, Zippidee Do Dah, I was out of there! . . . but often, have been borne away by Amherst’s backwards tug.

I was able to apologize to my pal and receive forgiveness. I would not be coming to the 50th were that not the case.
I guess my life (from age 18) has progressed from English 1-2 to bio-physics, to the unfettered creativity of the business world in small and large corporations, downs and ups, to 25 years of sharing knowhow and experience through a consulting practice, and finally co-founding two technology startups – one sold; one active. It has mostly been fun.

But looked at another way, my life has evolved from the beer stained Deke house at Amherst to marriage my senior year to Beverly, living in a condemned basement; to the discovery of the wonders of family-hood through three children and eight (soon to be nine) grandchildren. Families don’t follow the script. Two kids divorced. One living with us.

And looked at another way my life has been an adventure from Arlington Virginia, to Amherst, to Fairfax, to Danville, Illinois, to Chicago, to New York, to St. Louis – much more southern than expected, to New York and finally to Connecticut which is the last stop.

And life has been a combination of losses and gains. I’ve lost contact with virtually all friends and neighbors where I grew up, and my friends from Amherst are mostly from other classes. Today’s friends have been picked up along the way. And I’ve discovered my own reality – at least the one that works for me – the meaning of life, the way the world works, what is important and what isn’t, why we have political chaos, what’s wrong with the economy and how to fix it. I tend not to play with clichés like “bucket lists” but rather do what I can do and want to do; and not worry about the rest. I have a comfortable and happy life.

And what was Amherst’s role in all this? I sometimes wonder. I came to Amherst destined to be a great scientist. I discovered English 1-2 and I think it changed my life. The Deke house (for better or worse) changed my life. Some close friends at Amherst – since gone – changed my life. Anyway, I needed an income and went into business.

Looking at my life another way, I have a wonderful family, I love to walk in the woods and create interesting pathways and hidden nooks among the trees; I’ve enjoyed creating music – writing songs for the fun of it; I love children and over the years created dozens of stories for them and treasure hunts and memories they won’t forget. I enjoy painting. I love healthy debate and discourse about politics, economics, religion, philosophy. I play tennis and hate golf. I write computer programs for the fun of it – programs that play games against you; programs that converse with you or that just solve interesting problems. I love the challenge and creativity of business problems. And I write a daily essay – every day since March, 2007.

As I said, Bev and I (married 50 years) have a child living with us. Bi-polar, and it took a lot of rescuing. But we experimented and tried and discovered ways to help someone save their life. If I need a reward, which I don’t, what could be more rewarding than that.
Roger Pitman

I won’t say (as some seem to) that Amherst “taught me to think,” but it did make my thinking grow. I loved the core curriculum and mourn its passing. When I took my son for an Amherst admissions interview 15 years ago (he wound up going to Tufts), the admissions officer bragged about the flexibility Amherst offered students in choosing the courses they wanted right from the first semester of Freshman year. I groaned. It seems to me that the core curriculum embodied the fundamental knowledge that a person ought to possess to call themselves educated. Physics is a component of this. Women Writers of Africa and the African Diaspora is not.

To me, the Fairest College just isn’t the same place it was when we were there. Aside from the loss of the core curriculum, the admission of women and the disappearance of the fraternities come to mind as having radically changed the place. I didn’t object to the abolition of the fraternities. Even though I had a lot of fun at DKE, and I met my life’s best friend there (two classes ahead), in retrospect I think the positive was outweighed by the amount of time I spent goofing off, when I should have been studying and taking full advantage of what Amherst had to offer. I’ve heard there’s an underground DKE at Amherst. I was thinking of going to visit it once, but an Amherst grad research assistant of mine told me they’d probably ask me for money.

I can’t mention the good times at Amherst without including my first girlfriend, Peggy White, a Smithie who greatly enhanced my life. I had the pleasure of seeing her about ten years, and she looked great. Since Peggy, I’ve been married three times. My two divorces were very painful. Things turned 180 degrees for me when I met Charlotte Houck, my current wife of ten years. I’ll be proud to introduce her at the Reunion.

Following Amherst. I attended UVM College of Medicine (fourth family member to go there). I then did an internship at Boston City Hospital, a very stressful year. I’m the only person our age I know who didn’t witness the first moon landing. I had six patients to work up and was in a panic. Then I did three years of psychiatry residency at Tufts and the Boston VA. After two years in the Navy. I returned to the VA, and in 2000 I retired from there after 30 years. The VA gave me an opportunity to get into biological research into posttraumatic stress disorder (PTSD). Since 1987 I’ve spent my career doing that. After the VA, I continued my PTSD research at Massachusetts General Hospital and Harvard Medical School, where I’m a Professor. Being privy to the inner lives of PTSD patients, especially combat veterans, has been a unique privilege. I semi-retired just one month ago; I still go in two days a week. The rest of my work time I serve as an expert witness in civil and criminal cases where PTSD is at issue.

Recreationally, I’m in the best shape I’ve ever been. Summers I row my single shell four times a week on the Merrimack, just a mile from my home in West Newbury, MA. I’ve competed in the Head of the Charles Regatta three times. I also rock climb, something I took up just a few years ago. In 2012 I had a “peak” experience climbing with my son Seth for two weeks in Chamonix, Monte Rosa, and Saas Fee. Winters I ski, especially in Whitefish, MT, where my brother Doug (Amherst ‘68) lives only ten minutes from a super area with lots of power. I make an annual trip there with Seth and his girlfriend, and my daughter Sarah and her husband, which is perhaps the high point of my year.

What’s missing? GRANDCHILDREN! I’m dying for them and am so envious of those of you who have eight or nine, or even one. I egg my kids on as much as I can until they tell me to shut up. But I think they’ll be coming before too long. I pray for the day.
After graduation, I toured Europe for three months with Stephen Larrabee, Class of 1966. Attended Case Western Reserve University Law School. Cleveland, Ohio. After graduation from law school, worked in Washington, D.C., Chicago, Cleveland, and Florida where I currently reside (Fort Myers). I am now semi-retired, having specialized in insurance law (insurance coverage and general insurance defense litigation).

I was once married, had two children (boys, now ages 40 and 38), then divorced, now single.

My interest are attending operas in Sarasota, Miami, Fort Lauderdale, Chicago, and New York City. I play golf three to four times a week.

My travel entails spending part of a summer in Chautauqua, New York and visiting my one grandchild (a granddaughter) in Chicago.

I have experienced some health challenges, but now considered by my doctors to be in good health at age 72.

Reflecting upon the last fifty years, I am grateful for having overcome some setbacks and disappointments and am now at an overall level of relative happiness and satisfactions.
The years have gone by so quickly. It doesn’t seem that long ago that I was starting in the investment counsel business, newly married, the father of two youngsters and able to streak around a squash court. Now my parents have recently died, the children are in their mid-30’s, I’m retired and of course very slow around a court.

I remember the early years more vividly than the middle and older ones. Growing up in Deerfield, running across the Colorado prairie as a kid, working college summers as a tennis pro at the Troy Country Club and my first job as a teacher/coach in Philadelphia.

I retired in 1997 at 54, the beginning of my life’s third phase. Growing up and education, career and family and now to numerous volunteer activities and trying to do all the things I said I’d do in the later years (still am not doing many of them - reading books, seeing movies, visiting friends more often, etc.). Part of that omission is due to raising a second family of two girls, now 18 and 16, serving as Mr. Mom while their mother continues as a radiologist.

My first go at a family began with Morgan’s arrival in 1977. He was Deerfield ’95, Montana State ’06 and a ski patroller in Vermont/Montana in the winters, a Vermont park ranger in the summers. He returned to New England four years ago and now works as a teacher and coach with SquashBusters, the remarkable urban youth program in Boston. Cathy was born in 1979. She was Deerfield ’97, Amherst ’02, and a terrific athlete in soccer and diving. She moved to England to complete a Masters and play professional soccer, met and married an Englishman of Hong Kong descent, and after a PhD in chemistry from the University of Chicago, moved to Boulder in 2013 with OPX/BIO, an environmental fuel start-up company. To the chagrin of her brother and father, she currently stands as the family ping pong champion.

The second family, 20 years later, started with Samantha in 1997. She’s a talented soccer and squash player, will graduate from Deerfield this year and then on to college. Her sister Madeleine, born in 1999, has the same athletic proficiency and followed her sister to Deerfield. Their mother, Jessie, was a world class squash player and works as a radiologist with the Brigham & Womens hospital. Our family is completed with Welker, a 6-year old Shih Tzu named for the former Patriots wide receiver.

After graduation from Deerfield and Amherst, I moved to Philadelphia to teach mathematics at Episcopal Academy. After four years, following a desire to move more into the mainstream of business, I joined the Boston bond department of Scudder, Stevens & Clark, an investment counsel firm. That proved to be a most fortunate move and occupation, suited to my lifelong fascination with lists, numbers, graphs, etc. I rose through the ranks to a Managing Director and responsibility for $6 billion in fixed income investments. That 28-year experience provided a wealth of understanding of business, economics and investing and certainly a wide range of friends and associates. Scudder was sold in 1997 to a Swiss insurance firm, and, as so often happens, the expected synergy never came to pass and Scudder’s name faded into non-existence.

But that 1997 sale provided a handsome return to Scudder’s shareholders. Facing serious leg surgery in 1998, I did not immediately look for a new firm and following a year of rehabilitation, realized I could financially afford to retire. I now serve on several Boards, have a messy desk, work outdoors at home and of course, play squash. That game has been a constant since age 9. I’ve known the ecstasy of victory, the agony of defeat, traveled a good part of the world, made countless friends and had a wonderful time. The culmination was my 2012 induction into the US Squash Hall of Fame, located at Yale University. It now gives me great pleasure to run the junior program in Massachusetts and to see the enjoyment others get from the game. I’ve paid a price physically, however, with two new knees, two hip replacements, and new eyes (LASIK). I have to allow an extra half hour for airport security and am enriching a masseuse and a training center.

I look forward to another twenty years of seeing old friends, raising two daughters, providing for the childrens’ future, playing squash and most of all to contributing to others. I enjoy more than ever interacting with people, both young and old.

Email: tpoor43@aol.com  
Address: 243 Brigantine Circle, Norwell, MA 02061  
Phone: 617-851-0722  

---

Jessie, Maddie, Tom, Welker & Samantha

Jessie, Maddie, Samantha & Tom

2014 US & Canadian National 70+ Doubles champions
Each Thursday afternoon, sophomore year, I walked across campus from South to the second floor of Grosvenor. There, waiting at his desk, was Professor William E. Coles, Jr., who was sponsoring my independent study plan: the two of us deliberately working our way through William Wordsworth’s indomitable The Prelude. Taking turns, we read and re-read the lines aloud ‘til the sound of our voices matched the meaning of the words, commenting on how the plain sense played off larger, paradoxical images and themes: “Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up/ Foster’d alike by beauty and by fear.”

English was my worst subject in college, yet despite my C grades, English 1-2 had ensnared me for life. Bill, now gone, would be as bemused as I, pondering those intimate meaning-making sessions and their curious shaping influence on my subsequent academic career. Our unlikely mentorship grew despite Bill’s devastating comment on my final essay for English 2: “To specify the badness of this paper is to redo the course.” A serious challenge for any student writing to those confusing Baird-inspired assignments involved separating individual writing performance from the worth of one’s personhood. I took endless body blows; still, Bill conveyed that he cared. Further, given my perverted notion that school was about seeking help to overcome academic weakness (thus abandoning math/science that got me into Amherst), not even in the midst of confusion, rejection, alienation—inspired my quest to understand its uniqueness as a way of proceeding beyond simply mastering content knowledge. This way of proceeding involved weighing the consequences of one linguistic representation over another and how the community context (faculty actually working/arguing together as members of a common enterprise) validated individual accomplishment. In subsequent academic study at NYU and Harvard, I sought to understand the dynamics and values of Amherst English; among other important influences I explored were the contributions of English Educators in Britain: Matthew Arnold, E.R. Leavis, David Holbrook, and James Britton (my doctoral dissertation: “A Moral Approach to English”).

Claiming English as a discipline, not merely a subject, my life’s work involved preparing future teachers for the secondary school level. I tried to help them see their role in negotiating classrooms characterized by an independent growth of expressive imagination, and how an Amherst form of inquiry and category scrutiny was central to this journey. Early on was an exciting time because progressive, meaning-making approaches/philosophies were ascendant; later, mind-numbing, high-stakes testing regimes took over the educational system. During 40 NYU years, I was also fortunate to work with many outstanding doctoral students who have carried our mission forward. While on the surface it may seem far afield from English 1-2, my book, Literature for Democracy: Reading as a Social Act, captures my vision of the community of readers/writers our Amherst English professors were shaping.

In 2005, Mary Ann, my loving wife of 47 years, was diagnosed with early onset Alzheimer’s. Given her memory/orientation symptoms, the name initially brought relief, yet her gradual fading away changed everything. It was particularly startling to finally connect the dots, for Mary Ann had begun to lose her “behavioral scripts” early in the 1990s. I stopped teaching in 2008, officially retiring in 2010. Those first years with this hanging over us did not prevent us from traveling and taking advantage of invigorating New York City. I don’t have to reiterate how dreadful Alzheimer’s is as the cognitive capacity of your partner dwindles to nothing; still, our time together even now causes me to find new sources of patience, wonder, and discovery.

This returns me to an appreciation of the mental categories we use (and problematized at Amherst) and how they both liberate and constrain as we attempt to assert order in our worlds. Indeed, my quest to fathom English 1-2 (Alumni Magazine, Spring 1987) was confirmed by Professor Baird in a letter to me: “What I remember most about the past was the fun of the thing. What is the answer anyway to some baby problem like, Who am I? Where am I? These questions still live for me & I am still perplexed. That you can speak the way you do of your Amherst education does seem remarkable, to our and your credit.”
Sam Preston

Flaubert said “Be regular and orderly in your life, so that you may be violent and original in your work.” I have succeeded in following the first half of this suggestion. Shortly after graduating from Amherst, I married my high school sweetheart, Winnie de Witt, on the day we had picked in high school. We have been married for 49 years and have three sons, a late-arriving daughter, and nine grandchildren. After sojourns in Princeton, Berkeley, Seattle, and New York, we settled in a leafy suburb of Philadelphia just like the one we grew up in.

The relationship obviously survived Amherst, but it wasn’t easy. Winnie was in nursing school in Philadelphia and the separation was distressing. My sisters and my children also formed romantic bonds at a very early age, bonds that have remained secure. This trait has obvious evolutionary value for hunter-gatherers, but is a recipe for misery for young adults who are hunting degrees and gathering resumes. My response in college was to work very hard during the week, drink very hard on weekends, and smoke three cigars a day.

I took a test in high school, the Kuder Preference Test, that was designed to show us what we liked to do. I finished in the top 1 percentile in liking math and liking to write. The suggestion was that I should write a stock market column. Unaided by this advice, I managed to craft a career that has followed it remarkably closely. With those preferences, what else to major in at Amherst but economics? Fortunately, Amherst had a wonderful economics department that sent four or five graduating seniors each year to elite Ph.D. programs.

After reuniting with Winnie, I went to Princeton to study with Bill Bowen, a leading labor economist. As things turned out, he was on sabbatical and then became Provost and President of Princeton and never taught while I was there. I filled in by taking a demography course taught by Ansley Coale. It was clear after two lectures that my career path had shifted. Births and deaths were far more appealing subjects than wages and interest rates. Careful measurement seemed more worthwhile than speculative hypothesizing. And population mathematics had at its core a beautiful construction, the stable population model. I had the thrill (there is no other word for it) of demonstrating later in my career that the three basic equations characterizing a stable population were a special case of an almost equally simple set of equations that characterize any population.

The small field of demography provided a secure and stimulating home, one in which quantitative approaches could be used to examine a wide variety of social and biological processes. These included the sources of gains in human life expectancy over the past two centuries, divergent patterns of well-being between children and the elderly, the economic consequences of population growth, reasons for the shortfall in US longevity relative to other developed countries, declining fertility in India, global patterns of urban and rural population growth, and projections of the consequences of smoking and obesity trends for future life expectancy.

These and other topics were pursued because they seemed interesting and important, but also because they provided an opportunity to write. As soon as preliminary findings became available, a written account would begin to take shape and I became restless to begin putting it on paper. Finishing an original paper and sending it to a journal remains deeply satisfying. But of course the satisfaction is greater when editors and readers appreciate it. I’ve had my share of positive and negative reviews. On the former, one of my papers included something that has come to be called “The Preston Curve”, a term that I didn’t invent but haven’t discouraged. On the latter, Modern Maturity, the official organ of AARP, called me in an editorial “America’s leading crusader against the elderly”. My sin was to have pointed out that public policy had resulted in large improvements in poverty among the elderly while children were falling further and further behind.

George Orwell said that “Autobiography is only to be trusted when it reveals something disgraceful.” I have failed this test and will bring this recitation of accomplishments to an end. Looking back, I am impressed above all by the radically improbable combination of institutions, individuals, and environments that shaped my life. Among these, Amherst College stands out as the great enabler, allowing me to find a career path that gave full expression to my inclinations and abilities. They weren’t the happiest four years of my life, but they were the essential basis of the joys that followed.

Sam Preston
Amherst ’65
Fifty years ago I arrived at Amherst after receiving a splendid High School Education at St. Paul’s School. I was not cocky; I don’t think that’s in my nature. I was, however, reasonably sure I could do competent College Freshman work if I tried, and I was willing to work. Then, I encountered Ted Baird and Arnie Arons. My views changed, in a hurry. I don’t believe Professor Baird ever thought that even one of my English 1-2 efforts was worth the paper I used, or any improvement on my first failed effort; he was right. I struggled with Physics. Yet those are the classes that stick with me. Somehow, I credit my Baird traumas with teaching me what good creative writing is; how to appreciate it, if not to execute it as a writer. And, I can’t recall much of anything about Physics, but nonetheless find the science section of the NY Times a go-to place to start reading. So, the stress-investment involved in my Amherst freshman initiation pays dividends I am thankful for today; to say nothing of my gratitude for the balance of my experience at Amherst – exposure to a generous and talented teaching faculty, many friends, experiences on Freshman Hockey, and then on Squash and Tennis teams with the totally unique Ed Serues as coach, mentor, and comic. What treats the College offered in so many ways; somehow Amherst influences my life in positive fashion day-by-day.

After graduating, I went to Michigan Law School, with Classmates Chris Mills, Moby Mudge and Chip Foster. (Am I forgetting any of you? Sorry.) My three years at the Law School, as a follow-up to Amherst’s hard act, were ice cream on the cake. Michigan’s teaching faculty was top notch; the Law School was collegial and collaborative. I made new friends, learned how to write like a lawyer if not like a real writer, and enjoyed the Big Ten campus surrounding the Law School – including the Big Ten sports schedule. My local draft board had been following my long-extended education with increasing intolerance. As I exited Law School, I was number two on its draft list. Thus, after taking the New Hampshire Bar exam in the early summer of 1968, I found myself headed for Basic Training, and then to Viet Nam as a Combat Engineer. Never did any combat. Upon arrival “in-country” I was assigned duty at the Long Binh jail, processing disciplinary matters. That military experience I have never regretted; it exposed me to the institution of the US Army and a slice of life quite different from the rarified atmospheres of St. Paul’s, Amherst and Michigan Law.

My life after getting out or the service in 1970 has been spent as a lawyer in my home town of Concord, New Hampshire. I married Judy, who more or less keeps me in line. We have two daughters and a son, all terrific in the eyes of their parents. Each has given us a perfect grandchild. My oldest and youngest children went to Amherst, affording me the chance to reconnect with the College. To my Classmates who think changes at the College have ruined the place, I say “relax.” My children had experiences very different from ours, but their attitude toward the College is not so different from mine, and they have good, well-developed and critical minds as well as generous spirits.

Professionally, I still plug away at my law firm, practicing in the area of trusts and estates as I have done for years. Along the way I have had the chance to do some local do-gooding. My partners and I manage to make a living, and, although the business of the law can be aggravating and seems to get more complicated year by year, if nothing else it is rewarding to know that we keep staff gainfully employed -- I believe happily. Fortunately, my aging body still allows me to ski, ride a bike, and play tennis from time to time without undue protest. My major complaint is the clan of woodchucks with whom I wage annual war over who gets to consume the produce raised in my garden.
Stones in a stream. Spot them from the bank along the way. Some small to be examined for color and veins and patterns running through them. Others so large I’ll have to wade in to shift them, turn them over, and look quickly for what scuttles away.

Here’s a small, pretty one: the Cage during the first days of freshman year, shortly after our physical. We had to run one lap around the Cage along the smooth dirt path. Not a race, but very much run for the best time possible. Until then I had been at best a hesitant athlete; by the end of the lap I had become a more purposeful one, realizing I could compete. This sense was important during four years of Amherst but became critical during my time in the US Army and at least for now gets me through a full week.

A few steps downstream I find another, larger, but easily lifted: English 1-2. I was clueless through the first semester and well into the second. I don’t remember any horrific-ly bad marks or comments so scathing that in today’s terms would have put me in for several months of therapy; I just didn’t get it for the longest time. Somewhere in the spring, however, I began to see the grammar desired was not simply a few better sentences but an entire new grammar built on purpose, logic and clarity. Even better feedback for me that year came from Professor John Moore in Classics, written in red ink in his almost impossibly tiny script - encouragement, critique, accolade (from time to time) all of a part in each returned paper.

The stream leads on. I wade in to turn over the largest stone so far and watch the ‘…isms and phobias’ of the day scuttle away. I must ask myself, where the hell was I to remain passive and quiet in the face of such casual homophobia, racism and sexism? Looking back now I see a summary indictment of myself, the community, and the institution. The Army cut away at the racism; from draftee to infantry officer, I saw its wrongs clearly and closely, as well as it being wrong-headed. The key, of course, is ‘cut away’ rather than eradicate; I’m too old and far too white to say the emotional tugs and fears and shibboleths are gone, but I see them and can hold them accountable for what they are. Living in New York City most of the years since leaving Amherst behind put paid to the other two. Or so I’d like to think.

Was there a role for Amherst? Perhaps. Certainly being skeptical of assumptions and not being afraid of working hard at thinking came from the school; I give Professor Aarons and Physics 1-2 for this. I had thought I was more than a fair physics student, until I had the absolute shit scared out of me in that class. Another source was my one of my roommates sophomore year who taught all I know today of choral music. And then there were the late night and into the early morning ‘howling at the moon’ drunks with John Gagliardo.

Looking at what I had written for our twenty-fifth reunion the other day (thanks to Paul Ehrmann and the excellent College archives), I find other stones. Family, to be specific.

I introduced Joan in that piece. Each day since she walked into my life brings new wonder for me.

I’ve moved downstream quite far; there is less of the stream before than behind me now.

I spot a few large ones, hiding ugly and at time horrible creatures - a car wreck when Joan and I were rear-ended on I-95; I can still too easily see the grill of the truck plowing into us and hearing the words in my mind, “You bastard, you’ve killed us.” Another a little more than a month later: 9/11. So much loss and pain. Including the loss of our business, requiring several subsequent professional reinventions.

More stones. A novel, sparked by a 4th Century (CE) graffiti seen on the Western Wall in Jerusalem over a decade ago, finished in a six month period of some of the hardest – and best – work of my life. My daughter, Kate and Justin to wed later this year. My son and shining star, Ian.

I put my hand in my jacket and find a small, glistening, beautiful stone...a poem, ‘The Circus Animals Desertion’ by Yeats We read it all those years ago, but I hear the last lines so differently now:

‘I must lie down where all the ladders start
In the foul rag and bone shop of the heart.’
In mid-December, the family photos taken on the beach during Thanksgiving week on the Florida Panhandle finally came. It was a gathering of our two sons, daughter-in-laws, and all five grandchildren. With their busy lives, it was miraculous to be able to corral everyone for a week’s stay. We did all the things one is suppose to do with family, and then scattered back to reality by Sunday.

I had been having a tough time thinking about what write for a 50th college reunion article, and kept procrastinating, sort of like 52 years ago. Then the pictures came and Sally and I picked what we thought was the best family portrait to send out with our Christmas cards. It took awhile longer to get through the holidays and start thinking again about this article I had to write highlighting my last fifty years. What had I really accomplished? When I finally looked at the picture again, it dawned on me I was staring at it. Best legacy I could possibly have.

Right out of Amherst I spent seven years selling computers, mostly with IBM. That company helped me adopt a business philosophy that I tried to live by my entire career, and proud to say I mostly succeeded. “If you always do what is best for the customer, you will do well for your company, and while you may not make the most money, you will always be very successful.”

Some of you have met Sally, my high school sweetheart, during our four years at Amherst, some at reunions, and some at Connecticut Amherst Alumni meetings, which I ran for a couple of years. By the time I left the computer industry, we had two boys to raise, a mortgage to pay, and most of the things you’re suppose to have to live in the suburbs. The next 39 years I worked in the investment business as a retail broker, starting with White Weld and ending with UBS, with Drexel Burnham and Paine Webber in between as the industry consolidated. Lots of ups and downs but I had great clients and hopefully added to their success.

During those fifty years, I’ve also been active in a varied list of volunteer (read unpaid) activities. They include: Little League coach, Cub Scout den mother, Church deacon, various Amherst Alumni activities, town TPZ member, Town Council majority leader, JayCee leader, Prep School PTA chairman, Conn. Opera board, Conn. Trolly Museum (motorman, repair man, board member), Volunteer driver, and Bradley (airport) Ambassador.

It’s possible I also own the Class of ’65 record for most total joint replacements (5), and the only classmate who had all his children accepted to Amherst College and not attend. It’s what can happen when you bring up your kids to be independent and think for themselves, choosing Pomona College and Wake Forest instead.

So thank you Amherst, it’s been a heck-of-a fifty years since I left you, prepared to do just about anything I wanted to. I did it and I’m pretty happy with the results, particularly the family part.
After graduating from Amherst, I studied economics at MIT and got a PhD in 1969. While writing my dissertation, I worked for the consulting firm Charles River Associates (CRA). CRA is a big company now, but at that time it operated out of rented hotel rooms near Harvard Square.

At CRA, I met Joan Anderson (Stanford 65). I then made the best decision of my life and married her. We are still happily married, and she will accompany me to the reunion. Joan spent most of her working career as an environmental planner and is an avid (though practical) environmentalist.

After MIT, I went to work for Bell Labs in New Jersey. Economics was a new field for Bell Labs, which was known for its scientific research. The job description was, “Do your own research projects on your own timetable. Your work will be evaluated at the end of the year.” It was a job offer I could not refuse.

During the time I worked for Bell Labs, my two sons Doug and Chris were born. They were, and continue to be, a great joy to me. Doug became fluent in Russian and spent 15 years working in Russia, lastly as vice president of a Russian bank. Chris followed my footsteps and got a PhD in economics. He taught several years at Syracuse University and is now a vice president of Morgan Stanley.

During 1974-1975, I took a sabbatical to teach for a year at Stanford Business School. Being at Stanford was great. I rode my bike to work and often played tennis or volleyball during lunch hour. Joan and I spent many weekends visiting Northern-California sights. But, at the end of the year, I learned (realized) that I was not cut out to be a teacher. I returned to Bell Labs, but my tenure there was cut short in 1983. Bell Labs decided to disband its economics departments at the time of the AT&T divestiture.

I then joined a small telecommunications consulting firm in Washington DC, where I still live. The firm specialized in telecommunications public policy. The two principals were a lawyer and an electrical engineer, both with Capitol-Hill experience. My economics expertise rounded out the firm.

I thoroughly enjoyed my many years as a consultant. We were where the action was in telecommunications policy. Year after year the firm participated in every major policy-making docket of the FCC. Also, I was the main economic witness for the U.S. Department of Justice in two freedom-of-speech cases. We won both at the Supreme Court. In later years the firm diversified internationally, focusing on programs of various countries to introduce competition in telecommunications and to reform regulation. I visited over a dozen countries as part of this work effort. I found time during this period for the enormously satisfying experience of writing a book. Bandwagon Effects in High-Technology Industries was published by MIT Press in 2001 and was subsequently translated into Japanese.

I retired from consulting gradually, from around 2010 to 2013. I find that I do not miss work and rarely think about the telecommunications policy issues that used to be so important to me.

Two of my main activities in retirement are playing the ancient board game of go online (against players in dozens of countries) and golf (which I learned to play at age 55). I also sing in a (secular) choir and play tenor sax in a band. In 2011, I wrote a (second) book entitled Boss of Dupe: The Voter in American Politics. It is available as a free download from my website www.jeffrohlfs.com.

Life is good.
Fifty years – that’s a lot of perspective! In 1961 we entered the fairest college as young men with many, if not all, of life’s answers. Four years later we departed Amherst with enduring questions that demanded answers. I’m still pursuing my set of questions. In years past, memories of Amherst were vivid, with sharp edges and clear sets of names, dates and places. Now, after five decades, the edges are fuzzy (to say the least). Names, dates and places require considerably more effort to recall accurately. Nonetheless, I clearly appreciate that two of Amherst’s gifts have shaped the entirety of my life. It was at Amherst College that I met my best friend and life’s partner, Eileen Weiner Roufa (Smith College ’67). And two, Amherst’s faculty (Arnie Aarons, Henry Yost, Oscar Schotte and Mark Silver) motivated my career in academic science. Now in retirement Eileen and I seek answers to our questions through reading and travel. In recent years we have wandered many of the more remote corners of North America. The picture associated with this paragraph was taken a few months ago in Monument Valley on the Navajo Reservaton in northern Arizona. See you guys at the reunion in May. Fifty Years – hmmm never thought that I’d make it!
My folks had moved in the late 80’s to a huge assisted living complex outside of Charlotte, and I dutifully trooped down from Boston three or four times a year to visit. One time my father announced that an old friend of mine and his wife had moved in, and that they were joining us in the vast dining room of blue and white-haired residents. At dinner, itchy to find out the little secret, I turned and was stunned and delighted to see Ben Ziegler approaching—wearing a huge grin, with shaved skull and intense trademark raptor look still intact. He gave me a bear hug which would not quit. Much to my dad’s dismay, we chatted non-stop, and thus began my re-acquaintance with this fierce and lovely man who had befriended me so many years ago at Amherst. He would often march with me across the campus after a lecture, sweating profusely by the brow, eager to hear how I thought he had performed that day (they were performances and he loved them). Ben was the one who insisted that I take the law boards, and then a couple of months later barged into another professor’s packed lecture hall to yank me out to announce the results. In his office, he demanded: “Where do you want to go—I can get you into Harvard or Columbia. Make your choice now!” One call to the Dean at Columbia while I was sitting there, and the rest was just filling out forms. Now, many years later, every time I would appear at his door in Charlotte, the same endless rolling bear hug which never failed to produce tears for both of us, and then he would bellow at Hilda to bring a decent drink out to the porch, and off we would go—questions, challenges, great laughs—the years just melted away. Letters, gifts back and forth, occasional calls. And then he was gone overnight, a stroke at 86. It only served to remind me that I did not do a good job at school taking full advantage of other potential relationships with some fairly interesting faculty and coaches. But I did have one, and I treasure it to this day.
Joanne and I married three days before commencement, then moved to Charlottesville and law school. In 1968 I joined the law firm founded by Abraham Lincoln’s son, in Chicago. Our son and daughter were born there, and I became a partner. In 1977 I joined another firm, Jones, Day, in Cleveland, and in 1996, still with Jones Day, we returned to Chicago. I retired from the practice of law in 2008. The first of our five grandchildren (three now in San Francisco and two now in New York) was born in 2003. This is the generic history of my post-Amherst life. Change some names and dates and places and it could apply to hundreds, maybe thousands, of boys born in 1943. Nothing about it suggests that going to Amherst, rather than Williams or Ohio State, had anything to do with what followed.

Yet it did. At Amherst I learned (as well as I could) how to read critically and to write carefully and to think skeptically (and how that differed from cynically). Those skills made the first year of law school easy, or at least easier than it was for the vast majority of my classmates. Thank you Bill Pritchard and Theodore Baird and Hugh Hawkins and Gordon Levin and many others. I learned the value of friendship, and the ones formed at Amherst have enriched my life. Thank you Lew and Bruce and Sam and Ron and Chuck and Chris and Michael and Don and Jack and so many of the rest of the Class of ’65. Amherst gave me a sense of belonging I never had before; it let me take away a sense of community that has only grown over the years, built on shared experiences that created what the Senior Song describes as “...now we’re bound by ties that will not sever, all our whole lives through.” And it gave me Robert Frost’s message, that the “purpose of college is to teach you that there’s a book side to everything.” And that, perhaps, has meant even more than the other gifts.

Early in my lawyer life I learned that that was my job, nothing more, never would be. Other than my family, books became my real passion. Over the years I built a collection of the works of Samuel Johnson and James Boswell and their circle, with an eye toward creating my own library in which to read and research and find material for writing and speaking and even living.

As time passed books became more than their contents, and I began to learn and think about them as objects that could be poorly or beautifully made, that could be objects of historical value, vehicles for informing the past and the lives and thoughts of not only their authors, but also their designers and printers and binders and, perhaps especially, their prior owners. I found bibliophilic clubs, Caxton, Rowfant, Grolier, Odd Volumes, Association Internationale de Bibliophilie. Now in retirement I find that the book side of life fills mine, as I continue to collect, to study, to write, to speak regularly about Johnson and Boswell and collecting, and even to publish, utterly lacking in academic credentials, but confident enough in the lessons of Amherst to expose the results of my reading and writing and thinking to others interested in this small niche of literature and history.

The “book side” has also given me the gift of participation in institutions that now fill the time no longer devoted to lawyering and not taken by the great pleasures of family. Last June I stepped down after seventeen years on the Board of the Folger Shakespeare Library, the last seven as Chairman; Folger of course being the corporate sibling of Amherst, administered by the Trustees of the College. That splendid place, with its great collection of not only Shakespeare but also early modern material enabled me to learn much more about books and history and literature, and about the world of research and not-for-profit organizations. It introduced me to a world of scholarship and scholars, to a way of thinking about and approaching life that a very large law firm, with very large corporate entities, never suggested. And Folger then led me to other bibliophilic Boards, the Newberry Library and the Poetry Foundation, here in Chicago, and Dr. Johnson’s House trust, in London, and library groups not only at Amherst but at the University of Chicago and Case Western Reserve.

Would any of this have happened if I had gone to Ohio State or Williams? Perhaps, if with different groups and people. But I don’t know that. What I do know is that it all followed those four years at Amherst, with you, where we were all, as the song says, “boys together.”
I remember by 82 year-old mother once looking at herself in
the mirror and saying with amazement, “but I still feel 16 inside!”
With me it’s totally different; I feel 25.
The chronicle of events below mentions some life-shaping
experiences, like the year as a combat medic in Vietnam, but
not so much about the more interesting changes that happen
within all of us as the decades roll on—changes in values, in
commitments, in confidence and in judgment. Perhaps this 50th
will give opportunities for us to share interesting conversations
about these changes.

1965-66 – A wonderful year+ at London School of Economics,
buy and sell a beautiful curvy white Triumph Spitfire, have
many visits to beloved relatives and friends in Ireland, a Masters
Degree in Comparative Political systems. Play tennis regularly
on grass at the Queen’s Club, and as Wimbledon draws near, get
to play practice sets with some of the world’s greats. I never win
one, of course, but it’s a thrill to see how being with people at this
level raises one’s game. (Perhaps a generalization available there!)

Nov. 1966 – Dec. 1969 – Deferments up, drafted into U.S.
Army, trained as a medic, deployed to Vietnam in a “Dustoff”
unit (Air ambulance); survive Tet; given direct commission
in-country as lieutenant; assigned to “political order of battle”
unit reading captured documents and interrogating high-level
prisoners who turn themselves in. Travel the country from stem
to stern. Finally realize what a travesty it is for us to be there.
Ask me about Khe Sahn sometime if you want to know why I
abandoned international affairs for education.

1971 – Marry pediatric nurse-practitioner Margie King in
Philadelphia; 4 children and 5 grandchildren later, this summer
marks 43 years with the love of my life. After 2 other careers,
Margie was ordained a Unitarian Universalist minister, served
as a Hospice chaplain and as the associate minister for 6 years at
First Parish in Concord.

1970 - I become a teacher in Japan, Maine, Mass., and
N.J.: high-school history, 5th grade, 2nd grade, 1st grade and
Kindergarten in that order. Along the way, return to Amherst
area to do Masters in Early Childhood at U. Mass, reunite with
old mentor Ed Serues and do a stint as freshman squash coach,
run in the cornfields of Sunderland Mass. with Margie.

1975 - settle in Mass., first in Newton and then in Carlisle, MA.

1979 - Get a doctorate at Boston University during which I
start a video-library of high-expertise teaching skills that
becomes the basis of my staff development company.

1979- start Research for Better Teaching (RBTeach.com),
a company that does not do research but uses it in schools to
improve teaching expertise and school leadership. Through 35
years we grow from 1 to 30 employees, work nation-wide, urban
focus, occasional international contracts, now in 4th year of
delivering professional development to all beginning teachers in
Singapore and consulting to the Aga Khan Development Schools
in Asia and Africa. I write 8 books. One, The Skillful Teacher
gets wide distribution with six editions and 600,000 copies in
circulation. Though our work is mainly in public schools, we do
make alliances with certain independent and charter networks.
For example, we train all the leaders in the KIPP network on
observation and analysis of teaching.

Comment:
The knowledge and skill to teach really well does exist.
And it is complex on a par with that for successful practice in
architecture, law or engineering. Our voting public and our policy
community has no recognition of this fact, and thus our children
get vastly unequal amounts of good teaching in their school
lives. It’s a tragedy, because again and again individual schools
in all kinds of communities and all over the nation demonstrate
what can be done for children of poverty despite dysfunctional
neighborhoods and families, when the focus is on developing
teaching expertise. See the Education Trust Website for each
year’s identified crop.

Over the decades I slowly learned the breadth and complexity
of high-expertise teaching and brought it to our courses, our
coaching, and systemic reform efforts in school systems. I wish
in my active 10-year teaching career I had had these skills, but
I didn’t...didn’t, like many teachers today. Why was that so?
Download John Adams’ Promise from the RBTeach.com website
if you’d like to read about them and why they are absent from
teacher preparation.

But enough of this. My wife is happy, my children are happy,
our grandchildren thriving, and I have an acapella quartet that is
very popular in nursing homes and liquor stores. Who could ask
for more? Onward and upward.

Email: jonsaphier@comcast.net
Address: 56 Bellows Hill Rd., Carlisle, MA  01741
Andy Schwartz

It wasn’t just physics or English that we learned. We were learning how to learn better. And how much fun learning can be. I remember seeing a note on the bulletin board in the math department. If you want to learn something about computers, go down to U-Mass. Since the note was in the math department, and I was not a math major, I figured that computers were probably not for me. How wrong I was.

After Amherst, I worked for Ford Motor in a production control training program. A lot of my work involved number tumbling. The plant did not have a computer, but I heard they were getting one. Maybe I’d better learn something about computers. So I took a night course in computer programming at a local high school … and I fell in love. This stuff was so much fun; if I could do this for the rest of my life, I would be in heaven.

Too bad we did not have personal computers at Amherst. Think of all the time and effort that went into the mechanics and format of writing a paper, rather than devoting the same attention into the content.

When Ford installed the computer, I became the programmer for the plant. The next year, with a little encouragement from Uncle Sam, I enlisted in the army for officer candidate school, where they trained me to supervise men fixing tanks and trucks. Eventually they sent me to a repair and supply depot in Texas. But rather than tanks and trucks, I was working with computers again! The army works in strange and wondrous ways.

After grad school at Tuck / Dartmouth, I came back to St. Louis where I worked in operations research and later for a computer time sharing company (Tymshare) before eventually starting my own computer consulting business. I also taught computer science at the University of Missouri. During this time, I wrote several books about software. That was a real surprise – the publisher called me and asked me to write the books. I never thought that would happen.

The changes in the computer field have been truly amazing over the past 50 years; I feel so lucky to have been in the thick of it all. From room-sized computers with tape operating systems down to computers that can fit on your lap. Just think what the next 50 years will bring! Stay tuned.

The week after we graduated from Amherst, I married my lovely wife, the former Debbie Lindbergh, U-Mass 1965. Classmates Paul Levy, Dick Bourne and Ron Arnault were in our wedding party. Debbie and I will celebrate our 50th anniversary this year.

Our son, Michael, was born in 1969. Amherst would have been a good choice for him, but he saw Bowdoin first. He lives in LA, where he is an editor for Sony. Our daughter, Julie, lives near us in St. Louis with her 2 daughters, her husband, John, and his 3 sons. Our older granddaughter, Lila, has her eye on Amherst – purple is her favorite color.

Debbie and I have always enjoyed bicycling and have cycled in Europe many times on our own. We would fly into a European airport, take our bikes out of the boxes and hit the road. We also belong to a national bike club, and have biked many places in the states.

Until her retirement a few years ago, Debbie taught piano in her own studio. I have also been retired for a few years and have had no trouble keeping busy. I volunteer at our science center once a week. When I started there, I was leading Segway trips; now I teach about robots. Debbie and I continue to bicycle, and have led some bike trips for our club. A couple of times, the trips we based in Amherst.

I took up archery a few years ago. Did we have this as a sport at Amherst? I remember that one of the goals of the physical education department was for us to learn a sport we could do for the rest of our lives. My freshman year, I learned to figure skate. I still skate a few times a week.

Debbie and I enjoy being with our grandchildren as much as possible; we are so lucky they live nearby. We have been teaching some boating and archery classes at a YMCA in central Missouri. Debbie volunteers at a local elementary school. Retirement also allows me time for genealogy and reading! During my career, I was always reading computer books; I have a lot of catching up to do.

Have a great time at our Amherst 50th reunion. Sorry I won’t be there, but we are taking the family on a trip to celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary.

Email: andy@andrewschwartz.com  Phone: 314-708-3394
Address: 18 S Covington Meadow Rd, St Louis, MO 63132
All of My Friends Are Trombone Players

The title names a 1964 LP record by six Hollywood studio musicians, but it also describes my recent life. On a good week I’m out of the house eight evenings playing trombone. Lucky me, I also turned my trombone playing hobby into a more scholarly publishing effort and retirement vocation.

At age 18 I learned that seven 1965 Amherst classmates had played trombone in high school. Most, being gentlemen, left the trombone behind, including Sandy Morton and Sam Ellenport, who left their trombones at home in New Jersey.

A few of us played in the Amherst College Band freshman year including, I think, Larry Henderson and Rush Kidder. Rush soon dropped trombone and joined the Zumbies. In band, in the Smith Amherst Orchestra, Amcop Opera, and in musicals at Mt. Holyoke I discovered our class had other brass talent: trumpeters Tom Poor, Bud Lux, Craig Tregillus, and Steve Bancroft, hornists Josh Comfort and Fred Hall, euphoniumist Don Walker, and tubist Sam Preston.

The very clean tone and attacks of the athletic Tom and Steve demonstrated the musical benefits of fitness. The enthusiasm of the hornists was contagious. Josh Comfort, conducting a Christmas concert at Belchertown State School once dropped his Santa Claus trousers to reveal long red underwear! Don proved that a big sound doesn’t require big height. Sam P showed that a big tuba can make a wonderful sound.

At age 20 I became Amherst College Band president as a junior and we changed from a marching band at football games to a non-marching band. Don suggested khaki’s and sweaters to replace heavy wool uniforms with ties and stupid headgear. We also added women musicians, our dates. We sounded better and we looked better.

At age 23 I tried to grow up. I stopped playing trombone during business school at Amos Tuck and, surprise, grades improved! I think Don Walker had the same experience at Tuck. Practice and travel can consume valuable time. All play and no work can lead to poverty.

At age 25 brass playing returned to my life. Avoiding Viet Nam, I played Sousaphone in a Massachusetts National Guard Band, along with college bandmate Julian G. Blake (Amherst 1966) who did not leave his trumpet in New Jersey. Jay hated bugling reveille, but we kept playing. As a tubist I enjoyed trying to sound like Sam Preston.

Adult life has been full of recreational trombone playing, in community symphonies, swing bands, brass quintets, and trombone octets. Jay Blake even recruited me into an Oktoberfest band where I continue to play trombone and tuba and to drink beer. Last fall I learned how may liters of beer I could drink during a five hour hofbrau band gig. I’ve forgotten the number. I’ll have to conduct the experiment again next fall.

Several years ago my large trombone ensemble, the Gazebones, played for a reception at the Lord Jeffrey Inn, a wedding between two members of the Amherst class of 2003; groom Joseph Katuska was a trombonist, as were both his parents, three sibblings, four uncles, and numerous members of the Gazebones. In our little band it really does feel like all our friends are trombonists.

At age 58 I began editing and publishing trombone instructional play along books with audio discs. I discovered the long forgotten piano accompaniments to the trombone legato studies that I’d been assigned at age fifteen. In 2001 I transcribed, edited and published all 120 vocal studies of Marco Bordogni (1789-1851) together with Bordogni’s accompaniments. Bordogni performed in Paris in 1820’s and taught at the Conservatoire. A contemporary of Rossini, Bordogni received the Légion d’Honneur in 1839 along with Hector Berlioz, who wrote in his memoirs that Bordogni was the best singing-master of that period.

My discs with Bordogni’s pedantic accompaniments provide a harmonic and rhythmic context that makes playing the melodies much more fun. With publishing advice from my Belmont neighbor Sam Ellenport, and with some coaching one of Jeff Titon’s Brown University Music Department colleagues, I’ve sold several thousand copies of Bordogni play along books and made friends with trombone and other brass performers and teachers all over the world. Classmates are invited to write me to request and receive free samples of The Bordogni Vocalises.

Email: dschwar@verizon.net
Address: 70 Douglas Road, Belmont, MA 02478-3914
Phone: 617-484-1490
Not yet retired from veterinary practice, I’m still making daily calls on Amish and Mennonite farms in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Yesterday afternoon a Holstein dairy cow went down with “milk fever” (postparturient hypocalcemia) in her milking stall then prolapsed her uterus. I drove to Levi’s farm, gave the cow intravenous calcium, cleaned her uterus, got her standing, injected an epidural to reduce her straining, then gently replaced her uterus back inside the cow. We walked her to a clean, well-bedded box stall for observation and rest.

Mornings before leaving on vet calls I put out peanuts for a murder of local crows. They are cautious, greet me with caws, and gradually are becoming more friendly and interactive.

Still appearing on local television, now on behalf of Berks Peace Community, next Tuesday evening I’m scheduled to do a live interview of a local (Reading, PA) Lebanese-American Christian for discussion of the refugee crisis in Lebanon.

After my heart attack eight years ago my wife, Nancy, and I have taken up vegan nutrition. I did a certificate program in whole-foods plant-based nutrition through Cornell University three years ago; last weekend Nancy and I returned from Ithaca, NY after attending this years’ Ivy League Vegan Conference held at Cornell. We’ve both lost excess fat, are getting regular exercise at a local gym and with a hiking club, we feel good, and our blood parameters are excellent.

While at Amherst majoring in American Studies I did some reading about Buddhism. But serious meditation practice only began to make sense to me after a year of active duty as a Navy officer in Viet Nam. It was my first tour of duty after completing US Navy Supply Corps School, where Rodger Scott ’65 and I were both graduated in 1966. I think Rodger then went on to Naval Intelligence, then banking.

Following three years with the Navy, with help from the G.I. Bill, I did two years pre-med at UMASS-Amherst, contemplated graduate studies in physics, but opted for veterinary medical school then private large animal practice in Lancaster County, PA.

After starting my own veterinary practice but suffering a failed marriage, I took a serious look at Zen Buddhist practice.

I took up formal Zen training in 1985 at the Rochester (NY) Zen Center, founded by the late Philip Kapleau, who took up formal Zen in Japan after he served in the Army as Chief Allied Court Reporter for the “Nuremberg War Trials.” I later founded the Zen Group of Reading (PA) in 1988 and continue my ongoing “koan” studies weekly via Skype with my Zen teacher who is now living in England. Twice a month I volunteer as a Buddhist counselor at the Berks County Prison.

After due diligence and a four-year courtship with Nancy we got married in 1989. We live outside Reading, PA. Nancy is a Senior Underwriter for Susquehannah Bank. She has two grown sons and I have two grown sons and a daughter. This, our second marriage, has been a joy for Nancy, me, and our five grown children. They live in PA, UT, and CA. So we travel to visit them. We took our granddaughter Morgan, 11, and her dad horseback riding in the upper Grand Canyon near Moab, Utah last Spring. My daughter, who lives in Moab, is a National Park Service Ranger, who is married to a Ranger. They have twin girls five years old.

Last June Nancy and I took her younger son and his fiancée with us for our fifth visit to Nancy’s relatives in Puglia, the “heel” of the boot of Italy. I have a son Gregory (owns window washing business and home) in Santa Fe, NM. His older brother Randall (artist, bookstore owner) is in Jim Thorpe, PA.

The splendor of myriad forms shimmering right before our eyes displays the limitless creativity of our essential nature, a dynamic recycling creativity flush from endless reform, a bold, dazzling fulfillment of the open space of experiment, critique, collaboration. The legacy of our liberal education points to absolute liberation, beyond birth and death, through gates of freedom open to all. Thanks, Amherst.
The cultural shifts of the 1960s had begun by the time we graduated and reached full force when I attended law school at the University of Chicago in the late 1960s, a time of incredible instability – civil rights marches, race riots, anti-war demonstrations, and the drug culture. The Chicago of the time featured Mayor Daley, the Martin Luther King riots, the 1968 Democratic convention, and columnist Mike Royko (who coined the term "clout" to describe how things got done in Chicago.) It was a dramatic change from the Pelham Hills, but out of it came a life-long interest in the social and political issues of the day.

Upon graduation and being of good health, I found myself subject to the draft, and my plans for a judicial clerkship crashed. To avoid an almost certain deployment to Vietnam as a draftee, I enlisted. Going from the intellectual atmosphere of a law school classroom to an army boot camp in Augusta, Georgia constituted one of the more dramatic transformations I could have imagined. However, learning to get along with 18-year-old draftees from the toughest urban areas - and with their “lifer” sergeants - turned out to be one of my more worthwhile real life experiences.

When I began to practice law in an established firm in Providence, I decided that the practice of law would not be just a business, but a profession and a means to make an impact. I embarked on a litigation career for the next 45 years, which to me that was the real practice of law. Over the years, I have litigated my share of business disputes, but equally important I have practiced on the cutting edge of environmental law, civil rights and women’s rights cases. I have litigated a variety of pro bono cases involving neighborhood, conservation and preservation issues, and, most recently, represented of two Guantanamo detainees. To me the variety of issues confronted in litigation is the life blood of legal practice, and I have been involved in cases ranging from working with Ramsey Clark defending the Palestinian Authority in federal court to representing (with others) Jim Taricani, a local NBC news reporter who was tried for refusing to divulge a confidential source in a political corruption case.

For almost 10 years commencing in the mid-1980s, I served as managing partner of my growing regional firm, Edwards & Angell (now Locke Lord Edwards), that became one of the largest in New England by the end of my tenure. I have devoted significant time to the arts and cultural community, served on boards of a variety of arts and cultural organizations, including an orchestra, a ballet, an athenaeum, an arts presenter, and a preservation society, all of which I headed at some point. One of my highlights in this respect is the work I performed few years ago for Yo Yo Ma and his creative Silk Road Project.

My marriage to Jane, whom I met a Mt. Holyoke and dated while at Amherst, has continued over the years; we have two grown children and (almost) three grandchildren. She is a dedicated environmentalist and has been nationally recognized for her work on rivers and parks.

I am grateful to Amherst for the exposure to the breadth of ideas and issues that a liberal arts education affords and for the desire to keep learning and using my education as I have done.
Coming from California to Amherst I expected to be a big fish in a small pond. Quickly I realized they were all big fish. The depth of education, variety of subjects and liberal teaching were ideal for me. All fond memories of fraternities, ski team, classmates, Pres. Kennedy, Robert Frost and an all men’s campus. How the last has changed the atmosphere I do not know.

Medical school in Rochester followed by surgical residencies in Virginia and Louisville led to a permanent private general surgical practice in Tulsa. My wife Claudia of 44 years is from Virginia. We have two children and five grandchildren. Our son Chris is an ENT surgeon here in Tulsa and our daughter Ashley lives in Fort Worth, Texas.

Physically still active in practice, playing golf, have retired from marathons after four Boston trips, no longer sail after a race to Hawaii and no more tennis. Health is very good after a coronary stent and hip replacement.

General surgical practice had been gratifying especially with the minimally invasive procedures we do now. I concentrate on esophageal diseases which remains challenging. I am part owner of a large private surgical hospital which is quite successful even in this age of non-proprietary hospitals and government restrictions.

Other than Laird Stewart and John Rousseau I have had little contact with Amherst classmates. We travel more to the west and are building a summer home at Lake Tahoe. When finished all our welcome to stop by.

My experience at Amherst was special and has served me well in all my endeavors and decisions since then. A liberal education seems so rare now, especially here in Oklahoma. The political atmosphere of late is discouraging where “no” seems to be the answer and dialogue is absent.

I hope to make the reunion in May and unite again with classmates.
After Amherst, I attended the Harvard Law School. When I graduated in 1968, I was elected First Marshal of my graduating class. I then joined VISTA as a VISTA Volunteer attorney. For the next year and one-half, I lived and worked on skid row in San Francisco. VISTA remains the most important and formative experience in my life.

After leaving VISTA in 1970, I served a year as General Counsel for the San Francisco Sheriff’s Department under reform Sheriff Richard Hongisto. I also formed a law partnership with best friend and classmate Tim Savinar and two other friends: Penrod, Himelstein, Savinar & Sims. The founding principle of the firm was that each partner would work only 9 months a year. We did this for five years; had a ton of fun; and made very little money. The firm dissolved amicably in 1975, and I joined the big San Francisco firm, Thelen, Marrin, Johnson & Bridges, where I specialized in construction defect litigation. I was made a partner in the Thelen firm in 1978.

I also married Gigi Carroll in 1975, and we then had two sons, Peter Eagle Sims (1976) and Christoper Otter Sims (“Christo”; 1978). Both sons attended Bowdoin, where they had a wonderful time. Peter is now an author and lecturer in the business community and Christo is Assistant Professor in the Department of Communications and the University of California at San Diego. Peter just got married; Christo is not. No grandchildren.

I wanted to move my children out of the San Francisco Bay Area, and in 1980, I left the Thelen firm to accept and appointment to the Superior Court of Placer County, in Auburn. Our family would live in small-town, conservative Auburn for the next 25 years, where my life centered on raising my sons: hiking with the Boy Scouts; skiing with the Auburn Ski Club and youth soccer.

At the tail end of 1982, I was appointed to the State Court of Appeal in Sacramento, where I would write opinions for the next 28 years. I retired in 2010. The Court of Appeal was a wonderful place to work for 28 years: great intellectual challenge; wonderful colleagues; and low stress.

Gigi and I separated in 2000 and divorced in 2003. In 2004, I married Linda Wallihan, a career law librarian, and we have had more fun together than a man and woman should be allowed to have. In the Spring, Summer, and Fall, we live in the gold rush town of Dutch Flat, and we spend our winters in Linda’s small but beautiful house in Lapahoe Hoe, on the Hamakua Coast of the Big Island of Hawaii.

Of my Amherst classmates, I am in touch only with Tim Savinar (we have regular lunches in San Francisco) and Sherman Katz (we e-mail each other pretty often). I also see Dr. Sid Schwab (who writes a terrific blog: “Cutting Through The Crap”) and Charlie Firestone of the class of 1966.

My law school roommate was Peter Manus, who graduated from Williams. A few years ago, Peter and I and our wives spent the weekend in Williamstown to see the Amerst-Williams football game. We arrived at the stadium pretty early, and Linda and I found seats high in the bleachers on the Amherst side, while Peter and his wife headed for the Williams side. Unbeknownst to us, we had selected seats in the Amherst rooting section. The section began to fill up with students, many of whom were very drunk. Some of them started to throw up. Amherst President Biddy Martin showed up and sat in the middle of the rooting section. Then the cheers started: “Fuck Williams”; “Williams Sucks.” At halftime we left the rooting section and found seats at the other end of the field.

Amherst won the game. At the end of the game, the Williams team lined up to shake hands with the Amherst team. But the Amherst students had stormed the field and prevented the Amherst team from shaking hands with the Williams team for as long as we were there. Maybe they shook hands after we left.

This experience at the Amherst-Williams game had a profound effect on me. I do not think it’s cool to get so drunk that you throw up. The cheer, “Fuck Williams,” struck me as neither intelligent, nor creative, nor humorous. In short, I really did not like the Amherst students who were on view that day, and I asked myself, “Why am I supporting this school?” I had no good answer, and so, since that day, I have cut all ties with Amherst. I no longer give money to Amherst College; rather, I give my money to Bowdoin, which did such a terrific job with my two sons.
After entering semi-retirement in 2011, I had fully intended to attend the 50th reunion events. But retirement has proven not to be as interesting or rewarding as anticipated. Late last year, I accepted a three-year posting to the Republic of Georgia where I will be leading a USAID-funded project to improve transparency, accountability and the quality of service delivery in a number of central and local government institutions. My wife, Bonnie, will be joining me here in a few weeks. This position follows on similar assignments since the mid-1990s in Egypt, Morocco, Gaza/West Bank, Sri Lanka, and Albania, as well as a previous three-year stay in Georgia when I was involved in the implementation of the government’s agricultural land reform program.

So, having just gotten underway with my new responsibilities, I regret I will not be able disengage for a week to travel to Amherst during reunion time.

Georgia is a land of rich history, deep culture, fantastic landscapes, stern but extremely hospitable people—and great wine. If you’ve not been here, you should add it to your travel list, especially since I will be here for the next three years to provide advice and assistance.

On the home front, my three daughters continue to thrive and enrich their lives. Johanna is living in New York City and working on international development and human rights issues with the Soros Foundation; Megan is in Minneapolis and will soon finish her studies in nursing; Caitlin teaches French language and literature in Concord-Carlisle high school, west of Boston. Granddaughter Josephine has entered the first year of pre-school, while granddaughter Anna has entered the first year of college (Johns Hopkins).

I have noted the 60th reunion dates in my calendar and, with any luck, will plan to attend.

Tbilisi, Georgia   February 7, 2015

Email: davidbrsmith@aol.com
Address: 18, Eristav-Khoshtaria Street, Tbilisi, Georgia,
And should I forget, she reminds me.

I am thankful there are some things upon which I can rely.

Of course there are mornings when I’m away and on those my neighbor does the honors.

Her reliability is also valued.

The other morning I opened The Force of Character by James Hillman. It begins with a line from Mr. Eliot, “Old men ought to be explorers.”

Six words with explosive meaning.

I remember the first time I heard it: Dan Tuman almost quoted it in Coles’ freshman English.

“Old men out to be explorers,” he wrote, omitting the “gh” in ought.

I’m sitting there in abject immaturity wondering how Dan found meaning in this obscurity, when Coles explodes with his typical, orifice-creating passion.

“Well,” I think, “this must be really important.”

Now, more than 50 years later, I’m asked to summarize my life in fewer than 800 words.

Hmmm....

Well, first of all, I’m not done!

Beyond the detail of memory from English 1?

At the core, I want to think I am getting on with what I am.

The rest is merely details.
Looking back, Amherst had profound impact on my life. It afforded a gauge for what was to come, and a focus for assigning order and priority. The experience armed me with insights and logic, judgment and temperament, a yearning to explore new paths, and a mindset against yielding principles. While not always having made “correct” life decisions at critical junctures, I’m content that I made good choices. A fairytale marriage ended years later in divorce, but yielded three remarkable kids - Erin [Franklin & Marshall, 2008]; and twins Andy [Kenyon, 2010] and Jenny [Elon, 2010]. Now in their mid-to-late 20’s, they continue to be a constant source of pride for their goodness, decency, and abiding concern for others. And now, in later life, how fortunate to have found a loving partner in Barbara Ferman [Tulane, 1964], who could not be more caring, or keen on sharing each new day and every glorious sunset at our Lake Norman, NC, home these past five years.

At Amherst, education was valued for its own sake; attending Harvard Law, it was seen more as a means to an end. Completing law school, I arrived in our nation’s capital with a wholly unjustified confidence that I could take on anything or anyone, and excel.

In a city where success stems from assuming jobs with increasing responsibility, I managed to rise to heights never imagined. From special assistant to the Chair of a Presidential Commission, to counseling U.S. Senator Charles Percy; to chief counsel and staff director of two influential U.S. Senate subcommittees; to becoming Commissioner and then Chair of a federal safety regulatory agency; to VP and partner of a global management consulting firm; to heading two leading national legal associations; to consulting on corporate responsibility and product liability. I was thrilled to be on the edges of Washington’s limelight, and welcomed each new role more than I could ever hope to relate.

Despite the rush associated with these experiences, there was something more. What I cherish most was really tangential to them all, yet integral to the values Amherst stressed. Prior to this writing, I’d hardly given it any thought. But what became most meaningful to me - aside from the upbringing of my own children - was a continuing effort to impart what I had learned to others. At every step, I consciously hired promising, accomplished, smart young people – many from Amherst - to guide them in disciplines and toward vistas they had not even contemplated. And as they learned and went off on their own, increasingly, I found myself savoring their successes every bit as much as my own.

One became managing partner of one of the world’s most respected law firms; another, founder of a huge U.S. hedge fund; one was responsible for high-speed rail development along the crowded Eastern corridor; another became a key official in the U.S. Justice Department who consented to be water-boarded to expose the procedure as the torture that it was; two led the EPA in developing new rules to assure clean air and water, and remediate hazardous waste sites; another became chief legal advisor to the UN Peacekeeping Force in the Sinai and, later, General Counsel to one of our country’s top energy companies; one settled in Nepal to become head of Save the Children for all of SE Asia. And so many more turned to teaching, at all levels, and to the ministry, to bestow what insights they had learned upon impressionable others so that they, too, could make good life choices.

I often referred them to Herman Melville’s choice words, stashed in the bowels of Moby Dick – surely, the most illuminating book I read while at Amherst:

“[T]here is a Catskill eagle in some souls that can alike dive down into the blackest gorges, and soar out of them again and become invisible in the sunny spaces. And even if he forever flies within the gorge, that gorge is in the mountains; so that even in his lowest sweep the mountain eagle is still higher than other birds upon the plain, even though they soar.”

For each new generation of young minds searching to aspire to something larger than themselves - to make a difference – take heed!

Life has been good to me. I’ve had the opportunity to travel the world, mix with our country’s leaders, write some useful laws back when bipartisanship wasn’t heresy. I’ve advocated for safe products, and home and school environments free from needless dangers. I’ve published numerous articles, testified before Congressional committees, been quoted (and misquoted) in newspapers and on TV. I’ve helped formulate national drug policy, advised political campaigns, and consistently pleaded for the less fortunate.

I’ve been a soccer coach for my son when he was first learning the sport, and an enthusiastic fan for both my daughters, even though their soccer prowess fell short of World Cup standards. I’ve attended innumerable back-to-school and PTA sessions, piano and chorale recitals, stage productions, swim meets, T-ball and basketball games, and other events in which one or another of my youngsters competed. I’ve witnessed childbirth, middle-of-the-night feedings, diaper changing, potty training, terrible 2’s, emergency room visits, and almost losing a daughter at 15 months to undiagnosed juvenile diabetes. I’ve seen my kids through difficult teen years of self-doubt, dating and first loves, applying to college, parents splitting apart, and losing a close friend.

For each life exigency, my coming of age at Amherst helped prepare me in ways I couldn’t fathom at the time. Along the way, I am grateful for the friends I’ve made, the opportunities I’ve had, and the values I’ve passed on. Like Saint-Exupery’s Little Prince, with each wondrous sunset across the shimmering lake waters behind our home, I feel blessed....
Dear Classmates,

I will revisit Amherst from the same place I left to see it for the first time. After three-dozen years in Eugene, Oregon, Carole and I moved back to the Los Angeles canyon where I grew up. During our house hunting, one cab driver commented that we were going the wrong way, bucking the tide of Californians escaping to Oregon. In fact the choice was between LA and Durham, homes of two daughters with two sons each; we opted for familiar turf in spite of anticipated regrets. Airline routes make it a good site for family reunions, although we all returned to our favorite river in the Oregon Cascades to celebrate our 50th anniversary last summer.

Between? After graduate work at Berkeley, I taught and wrote about Victorian literature (and visual arts) at Harvard, Berkeley, and the University of Oregon (now a wholly-owned subsidiary of Nike), punctuated by sweet, long teaching and research residences in London, Oxfordshire, and Siena. Add several books, several dozen articles, and a decade of administration (including an instrumental role establishing Oregon’s Judaic Studies Program). There was also much travel, while Rebecca and Sarah were growing up and after they flew the coop (Rebecca to attend Amherst—Sarah, Brown; both did graduate work at Stanford). Naturally, travel continues in retirement (recently revisiting Turkey to explore Canakkale, Carole’s father’s birthplace). Our new home has blessed us with wonderful weather and walks in the hills and at the ocean; in summertime I use our (unheated) pool five times a day. Still, we miss longtime Eugene friends and communities formed around our doorstep. Following a near-fatal crash descending a nearby mountain (thanks, Bell Helmets!), I’ve moderated my recreational habits and in LA mainly take the shorter route to the ocean (safer, except for texting drivers). Oregon offered close access to dry fly fishing, to which my father had introduced me in the Sierras. Carole and I remain dedicated to progressive politics. And it may have been the relative isolation of Eugene that nourished our persistent craving for international travel, which began with a European trip in 1967 (deferred by Vietnam-era draft regulations, keeping my nose to the academic grindstone). I’m proud to add that our daughters, sons-in-law, and grandsons carry on the tradition in style: ‘the guys’ have logged almost as many international miles as we have, in the company of their prolific, academic parents (Rebecca’s an anthropologist at Duke, Sarah’s an historian at UCLA; their husbands, at the same institutions, teach philosophy and public health economics—and all carry on cross-cultural research around the globe).

It’s appropriate to end an exercise in retrospection with glances forward to the next generations. Amherst gave me much for which I’m grateful: good friends, a deep investment in literature and the visual arts, delight in the New England fall, a taste for Theodore Baird’s dry wit, to mention a few. But life after college has given much more, above all a wonderful wife (who many of you knew when she ventured East to join me and do graduate work at U. Mass in 1963), magnificent daughters, devoted sons-in-law, and remarkable grandsons, who all continue to provide the greatest rewards I have known or could imagine.

Best wishes—Dick Stein

P.S. Our instructions invited summaries. Why not questions? Here are three designed for our class: 1: What was the name of Amherst’s fencing instructor, and which of our classmates disarmed him? 2: Which classmate stole license plates from the Converse parking lot? 3: Which classmate shared a bedroom with a Walker Hall gargoyle? Answers in May, unless criminal prosecution is threatened.
Dear Members of the Class of 1965,

It was my 70th Birthday in 2014 when mortality hit hard. Fifty, sixty, sixty-five paled by comparison. Maybe the “hit” was late for me, because I didn’t marry until 37 and become a parent until 40. That birthday and our 50th Reunion started reflection on where I am, how I got here and where I’m going. Thinking back, it was mentors and sponsors, either chosen by or who adopted me, who made the difference. Years ago, after a historical seminar, I asked John T. Eddsall, an icon of post WWII protein chemistry, what advice he’d give to young scientists. Eddsall said, “Choose your mentors wisely.”

As a non-frat, an Independent, and more of a loner at Amherst, I knew many but was close to few of you. My Amherst memory bank is filled with my faculty teachers and mentors. I entered our liberal arts college unprepared for its academic challenges, from a public school in inner city Detroit where most students were educated to be electricians, auto mechanics or homemakers. I left Amherst well prepared for graduate studies in biophysics at Yale. That’s proof of the transformation crafted by those faculty. Prof Dempsey’s organization in teaching Mechanics showed me educational tools I’ve used to this day. Breusch showed me how truly humble a brilliant mathematician could be. My mentor for senior research, Prof Kropf, gave guidance that put me on the track to grad school. And of course, Arnie Arons taught firmness with fairness and “Idea first, name afterwards”.

I received a PhD in Molecular Biophysics and Biochemistry from Yale in 1970 and did post-doctoral research and teaching in the Duke Biochemistry department. I left Durham in 1976 to become an Assistant Professor of Biochemistry at Albert Einstein College of Medicine in Bronx, New York. At Einstein, I met my future wife, Barbara Birshtein, a grad of University of Michigan who got her PhD at Johns Hopkins in Biology. As we’ve both moved to Professorship, we raised two amazing daughters, now 26 and 31, and lived in lower Westchester County New York. After managing a lab for many years, with support from NIH and NSF, studying topics ranging from oxidative stress to Legionnaire’s disease, I’m now full time in medical school education and administration. Since 2006, I’ve been the Assistant Dean for Biomedical Education.

I consider myself lucky. From Amherst to now I’ve found mentors who aided my path: just by being there, by giving advice or by adjusting the tiller. My grad and post doc mentors, Fred Richards and Robert L. Hill, my past and current chairs at Einstein, Sam Seifter and Vern Schramm and Al Kuperman, a former Dean of Medical Education at Einstein who was both mentor and sponsor, all helped me get to where I am now. As a faculty member, I’ve mentored Einstein grad students and post docs and mentor in a “Women in Science” program through a professional organization.

As a senior faculty member and Assistant Dean, I seek advice widely from my colleagues. Deliberately exposing myself to the widest range of opinions makes problem resolution more complex. That exposure, one of my Amherst legacies, is an integral part of my personality. It’s my MO. As one of my Einstein physician-colleagues said about a career choice of complex problem solving: that’s why she went into maternal-fetal medicine instead of dermatology. One version of this exposure to complexity was the teaching visit Barbara and I made to Hawassa School of Medicine and Health Science in rural Ethiopia in Summer, 2013. We hope to go back in Summer, 2015.

In my current life of a still-working academic, an empty nester, pre-grandchildren, I offer these reflections. I’m discovering new loves of my wife. I never lost love and am finding endearing attitudes and attributes I didn’t see when we were full time co-parenting our daughters. Through Barbara, I’ve found a love for community theater. That’s an unexpected turn for someone who verged on being a loner 50 years ago. Barbara and I were in Rent in June, 2013 and in Hairspray in November, 2014. I’m rekindling a love and interest in woodworking and registered for a 2-week course in Maine in Summer, 2015. Our synagogue has become a reminder, through commentary on the weekly Torah readings, of issues we humans have been grappling with for hundreds of years. My health has been good and I have many happy memories.

I write this in the aftermath of the January 27, 2015, east coast snow storm. Our snowblower jumped to life on the first yank of the recoil starter. QED, Life is good.

Be well ’65 Colleagues. Find (more) mentees to put your own “post-Amherst” experiences firmly into the next generations.

Howard
Chip Strang

Family, except for 1 year old 2nd Grandson, younger daughter's wedding
When I recall our time at Amherst I am struck by a sense of innocence. We had Bob Dylan, the Civil Rights movement, the Cuban Missile Crisis, and the assassination of President Kennedy, just weeks after he had been on our campus. Still, ours was a quieter time than what my younger brother experienced after he entered college in the fall of 1965.

Still, much of what we learned has been invaluable. Most likely we each have a moment or two when we began to figure out what we were doing at Amherst. One Friday afternoon, a faculty member we had invited to the Chi Psi house said the whole purpose of an education at Amherst was to teach us to read. It was my Rosetta stone moment. Amherst began to make sense. Whether it was a physics experiment, a text from literature, an historical document, a philosophical proposition or whatever, we were being taught to read when reading meant risking critical inquiry. We were also being taught, initially in the mysteries of English 1-2, to write as critically and clearly as possible.

I am grateful to Amherst for what it taught me about the adventure of reading original documents, the disciplines of critical reflection and the value of intellectual honesty. I am grateful not only for learning how to practice such habits to one degree of effectiveness or another, but also for being able to recognize and appreciate them in others.

After Amherst I went to Princeton Theological Seminary. The habits of a liberal arts education were especially useful there. Field work in two suburban congregations, in an inner-city ministry, and at a Native-American Indian parish in Oklahoma helped to focus my professional orientation. At the start of my last semester, Virginia Lee Kirkland and I were married.

The day after graduation from seminary, late in the evening, I was driving a rental truck to my family’s home in Short Hills, N.J. I rejoiced in the news from California that Bobby Kennedy had won the California primary. The next morning I was awakened by a kind of cry from my mother who had just heard the news of Kennedy’s assassination.

So ministry began in a challenging context. Virginia and I spent the summer of 1968 in Grand Teton National Park with A Christian Ministry in the National Parks. Every Sunday morning and evening people came to worship. They could have been elsewhere. They showed up dressed in shirts and shorts or parkas and boots. Their loyalty to worship was inspiring.

In the years following there were ministries in Milford, Ct., Bergenfield, N.J, Grand Haven, MI, Pittsburgh, PA and San Francisco, CA. I grew to love the bonds between a pastor and a congregation. Being a pastor gave me an entree into such a vast array of human experiences. It meant being part of those basic rituals of birth, baptism, communicant’s class, weddings, and deaths. In different communities and seasons people displayed their remarkable gifts for living. At times I was simply awed by the gallant loyalty so many of them displayed to the values and aspirations that nurture life and community. There were also all those times when people were caught in the seemingly ageless tricks that we all try. Always there was the tension between being pastoral and being prophetic. I fell in love with political science at Amherst and have remained fascinated by the interplay of faith and politics. There were the joys of watching a congregation grow along lines it might not have chosen on its own and the frustrations when a congregation dug in its heels. One effort for which I am deeply grateful was the struggle some of us initiated in our denomination, The Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.), to bring GLBT people into a full inclusion in the ordained offices of our denomination.

Virginia and I have three daughters. Someone prompted me to take each one of the out to dinner, one at a time, each month. I was able to perform their weddings and baptize their children.

Along the way I was reunited with a boyhood love for baseball. On three occasions I participated in RAGBRAI, the annual bike ride across the State of Iowa.

After I retired from parish ministry, I spent sixteen months as the Interim President of San Francisco Theological Seminary.

In July, 2011 Virginia and I left the seminary and drove out to our retirement home in Saugatuck, MI. We bought a sailboat. I bought a new set of golf clubs. Virginia is taking tap dancing lessons. I serve as a Minister-in-Residence for a church of ex-pats in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico and as a chaplain each summer to the Bay Head Chapel, in Bay Head, NJ.

There abides a spirit of gratitude.

Email: ljsvks@comcast.net
Address: 3346 Clearbrook Green, Saugatuck, Michigan 49453
Phone: 269-455-5139
After Amherst, I went directly to graduate school in American Studies at the U. of Minnesota, where I was active in the folk and blues music scenes and social justice movements. Within American studies I concentrated on ethnomusicology and American literature, and wrote my dissertation on blues. I began full-time teaching at Tufts in English in 1971. That led to a tenured joint appointment at Tufts in English and music, teaching American literature, folklore, and ethnomusicology. In 1986 I moved to Brown's music department, directing the doctoral program in ethnomusicology until retirement in 2013. Married in 1966, one daughter, divorced in the mid-1990s. Now spending most of the year in coastal Maine, reading, writing, making music, and tending an organic garden. During the spring, 2016 semester I will hold the Basler Chair of Excellence for the Integration of the Arts, Rhetoric, and the Sciences at East Tennessee State University, where I will further explore soundscape ecology. For a summary of my research and professional career, go to https://vivo.brown.edu/display/jtiton. Some publications are at https://brown.academia.edu/ JeffToddTiton. My most recent work, in sound and sustainability, may be found on my research blog at http://sustainablemusic.blogspot.com/, which has been active since 2008. I would be happy to hear from classmates.
I suppose my arrival on the Amherst College campus was a metaphor of some sort in that it confirmed that I had entered the Twilight Zone of the unexpected. I arrived a Stearns the day before orientation all eager and afraid, only to find the door to my dorm room missing. Not a auspicious start for a rube from the Midwest who had never even been in New England before. Didn’t know much about anything unrelated to easy suburban living and my friends back home, and now I was expected to cope with the vaunted Amherst and all those East Coast “preppies.”

Was I prepared for the rigors of the academic experience at Amherst? Not really, but perseverance and quite a bit of hard work do pay off in the end. Not much rest for the weary; especially during freshman year, where the contrast between the high school experience and the Amherst workload is particularly stark. I was asked to provide some advice to a group of incoming freshmen while attending a luncheon for them during Thanksgiving break my freshman year. I told them to “Hit the ground running” when they arrived on campus, and I relayed a comment I had heard during my first days at Amherst to the effect that, “I’ve only been here a week and I’m already two weeks behind.”

Majoring in Philosophy at Amherst wasn’t really a Hobson’s Choice, but nearly so as I had no real grasp of where I was headed or wanted to go. I suppose it mostly fit with my penchant for disputation; which, in turn, lead me to Law School at the University of Illinois (again following my father’s [and grandfather’s and mother’s] footsteps to the U of I) following Amherst. After that it was a short stint in the DuPage County (suburban Chicago, Illinois) State’s Attorney’s office, and then off to revel in the mother lode of “disputation” (Washington, DC) to work with our local Congressman for a while.

Following the dubious limelight of DC, it was back to my Midwestern roots in Chicago and the suburbs, where I had grown up. Over the next 28 or so years I worked as a trust officer at two different banks. I still got to tell folks what to do as I was responsible at both trust departments for developing and enforcing the trust and investment policies and procedures (Again that opinionated thing).

Much more importantly, of course, I met and married Barbara and helped to raise our wonderful daughter, Sarah. After Sarah gave Amherst a cold shoulder, she went early decision to Vanderbilt; which is fortunate as she met her future husband because of that. Now Sarah and her growing family are giving us the opportunity to participate in the cycle of life and family once again. Don’t know that I could ask for anything more!

Although I haven’t maintained much contact with my Amherst colleagues since graduating, along the way Barbara and I have developed a wonderful group of friends. Fortunately a goodly number of them have also come to the Naples area of Florida, where we have moved in retirement. Also spend time in Richmond, Virginia, where our daughter and family live and thrive. Unfortunately, also, now is the time of life when aches and creaks and more are starting to take their toll, and we are all beginning to lose a few of our friends.

Golf is still a great enjoyment for me, as it was as a member of the golf team at Amherst (still remember driving 26 hours straight through from Massachusetts to Florida for spring break with several other golf team members), and as it has been for more than sixty years. Got to love living in “The golf capital of the world.” Barbara and I are also serious bibliophiles and are always in search of “just a few more” tomes or sets to add to our collection. The latest area of interest is “Virginiana” because of being in Richmond near our daughter and her family. All this fits right in with our mutual love of history (almost majored in History at Amherst – probably should have).

On a less erudite but probably more esoteric front, love of food and wine is an important part of my activities in Naples, leading me to join several wine and food groups, including the Chevaliers du Tastevin, Chaine des Rotisseurs, and Societe Mondial du Vin. Doesn’t do much for my waistline, but it keeps me happy!
What a strange assignment to say something about Amherst and myself. In simplest terms, I majored in geology with a lot of biology courses and minored in art studio. Prof. Albert Wood was my thesis mentor, and he steered me into the field of fossil rodents. In graduate school I stuck with rodents because, if I had little money, they could be mailed—I wouldn’t have to travel. Paleontology has never been the center of my career but it is what got me tenure. Though a geologist, my ability in comparative anatomy transformed me into a biologist. The art background was good because I could never afford an illustrator. A Google search will turn up things that I have written.

My most valuable experiences at Amherst were in the science labs. In my teaching, I apply those experiences from cell biology (Profs. Hexter and Yost), ecology (Prof. Brower), geology (Profs. Bain, Brophy, and Foose) and art (Prof. Schmalz). There were teaching techniques in some of my courses that I resolved never to do, e.g., failing to return papers, making faces when collecting exams. Humanities are still an unknown territory. Perhaps that’s why I can enjoy reading almost anything—I am blissfully unaware of the mechanics or how it is done.

In 1981, I was hired on a tenure track line in the Natural Sciences Department at Baruch College, CUNY, in Manhattan to teach comparative anatomy and introductory biology. I had to learn biology by teaching it. Since that time, I have also been a Research Associate, first in Vertebrate Paleontology and lately in Vertebrate Zoology, at the American Museum of Natural History where I continue research and interact with different colleagues. I ended up as Chair of the Natural Science Department, and that plus research is a 7 day a week job.

I can’t recall how many decades my wife Katherine and I have been married. Our children obeyed the biological imperative and dispersed. Emily is in England, Sarah in New Hampshire, and Colin in Japan. My intellectual descendants are not paleontologists; they are doctors, dentists, and veterinarians.

I’ll end with one Amherst memory: One mid-winter evening, Sandy Morton and I walked to town for ice cream. On the way back, I marveled that my cone wasn’t dripping and then looked up at the temperature—it was 2 degrees.

Email: wahlert@gmail.com
Address: 8 Yahara Ave., Rutherford, NJ 07070-1050
I am barely meeting the deadline for the 50th reunion book. My feelings are reminiscent of those from Fall 1965 when I was trying to write an English essay on the night before class. Looking back to my years at Amherst, I recall a few other very strong images. Reading thousands of pages of history in the library; Glee Club rehearsals in the Octagon with Profs Charley Fassett, Archibald and Bruce McInnes; individual and wind ensemble rehearsals in the top floor of Walker Hall (no relation); uphill and downhill treks in the snow and cold and rain between dorms then Kappa Theta on the hill and classes; running the War Memorial Hill and the cage and the bird sanctuary trails; being notified by Bill Joy at 7am one Easter Sunday that he enjoyed brass quintet music on the quad and that he was ignoring complaints; accepting a tube of new badminton birds in the gym from Ed Serues in exchange for a “try” at squash that lasted not only through Amherst team days but for 25 years; hearing and remembering Prof. Denton’s familiar phrase from Math/Stat- “…and if the dice are not perverse…” that foreshadowed descriptions of a “black swan” in our most recent financial crisis; and recalling Prof. Aarons slamming the door at 8 am precisely. Throughout my undergraduate years, my passion for vocal and instrumental music kept me sane and grounded even when squash could not. There was a reason for playing the Dies Irae from Verdi’s Requiem at full volume after December freshman exams. I am granted little room to describe the many memories of times spent with classmates in groups and individually and other interactions with faculty. If there is one group that has kept my “student lamp [be] burning” it is the Washington DC Class of 1965 alumni luncheon group that meets every 2-3 months.

My love affair with the world of business and finance began in a heavy winter snowfall as David Schwartz and I traveled to Hanover senior year to visit a friend at Tuck School, where I was literally and figuratively snowed by Dartmouth and Tuck, instantly applied, and thankfully was accepted. Throughout two years of grueling 80 hour weeks, my only time off was for skiing, running, and part-time coaching two members of Dartmouth’s squash team. Fortunately in the last week of my MBA classes, I was successful in my trip to Boston to take the CPA exam (although at significant cost to my GPA. Life learning point—nobody outside academia cares about your GPA.) Music never entered my Tuck years.

After auditing large and small banks and health care institutions for Ernst & Young back home in Detroit, I moved to Waterville, Maine and started my own solo CPA practice and became a partner in a regional CPA firm. I was enticed into teaching by Colby College when a Managerial Accounting class needed a professor at the last minute. When I moved to Maine, I began taking voice lessons for the first time and started singing as a tenor soloist in churches. When I moved to Portland, I started singing with the Choral Arts Society.

In 1991, I moved to Washington DC to join the SEC staff and participated in its examinations of financial statements and disclosures of public companies. At the SEC I headed the group of CPAs that examined filings by financial institutions. I continued voice lessons and joined the Washington Mens Camerata, and became tenor soloist for several Washington area churches. In 2008 I moved into consulting, first with a large company and now as an independent consultant.

I am still active in business and finance, advising individuals and companies in their dealings with the US Securities and Exchange Commission and providing expert litigation support services and testimony in auditing and accounting and financial reporting matters. I am a regular speaker in continuing professional education programs for CPAs, lecture at colleges periodically on accounting and financial reporting, and have taught at Georgetown University’s Business School and Graduate Law Center.

My passion for music is greater than ever. I am immersed in vocal training and singing solo and ensemble classical and religious music in several groups and churches with my wife Cheryl, a wonderful soprano and companion and best friend.

Our family includes my son Don ’90, his wife Pam Lehman ’90, and our two granddaughters Evelyn and Elise; my daughter Jennifer (Wellesley ’94), and her husband Gaurav and our grandson Akash; my daughter Maryalice (Smith 2004), and her wife MerriBeth; Cheryl’s daughter Melissa Tsomides (Bowdoin 2001), and Cheryl’s son Mathew Tsomides (UNH 2001). We look forward to seeing them more often as we are able to travel to Philadelphia and New England.

Don Walker
Alexander Washburn

AMHERST MEMORIES
Cal Plimpton’s morning talks in Chapel – Arnie Arons Physics 1-2 shared agony - Armour Craig’s English 1 with daily compositions forcing us to look at ourselves critically - Asian History major with Professor Cohen opening up the world of different cultures and values - the view of the Chapel from the Football Field with the large American flag streaming in the breeze - annual CHI PHI weekend at the Gorge - Hot Nuts at CHI PHI prom weekend - weekly beer taps - shoveling snow off the outdoor hockey rink - hockey road trips over icy vermont roads late at night - four years on a hockey line with chip and Dem - view of the athletic buildings from the lower soccer fields - Holyoke Range from the War Memorial at sunset - Beating Williams all four years in football - losing to Williams in hockey 12 times in four years - Austin Healey 3000 trips over the Notch in second gear at full throttle at 11:59pm. Sherry Blackwell and I were married in 1972 shortly after I left active duty in the US Navy and we purchased a home in Wellesley Hills, MA where we have lived ever since. Our daughter, Lisa, was born in 1977 and our son, Bill, in 1979.

In 1979, I joined the USS Constitution Museum as a trustee and Treasurer, later becoming the third President. I am still a Life Trustee of the Museum. In 1994, I left the First National Bank of Boston and the banking profession after 23 years to pursue a second career in fund raising. It took a year of soul searching and introspection to find the perfect career fit, but MIT hired me in 1996 as a senior major gift officer and I have just begun my 19th year with the Institute. My years as a development professional have been the happiest years of my career and I firmly believe that my active service in the Navy was a key to my personal development because I gained a deep sense of patriotism and a sense of service to one’s country, which has been lacking in most college educations in the past 50 years. In a way, it served to reinforce many of the virtues which I was taught at St. Marks.

I believe that my active service in the Navy was a key to my personal development because I gained a deep sense of patriotism and a sense of service to one’s country, which has been lacking in most college educations in the past 50 years. In a way, it served to reinforce many of the virtues which I was taught at St. Marks. Sherry and I will have been married for 43 years the week of our 50th reunion. Our life together with two beautiful children has been the most important part of my life and I consider myself to be very fortunate.

In 2003, I built a Factory Five Cobra replica kit in our small two-car garage in Wellesley. I decided in 2009 to sell it and was fortunate to find a buyer during the depth of the recession. During 2010, I embarked on a project to build a replica of a factory sponsored race car, the MGC GTS of 1969, which competed in the Sebring 12 Hour race where it finished 10th overall. I have used the car in time trial events for the past four years at tracks like Watkins Glen, Lime Rock, and Summit Point. I have just purchased a mint condition 1965 Shelby GT 350R clone which will replace my MGC GTS for future track use. My interest in sports cars began our tradition at Amherst College dating from 1848.

Our son, Bill, had a non traditional college experience and decided to start a high performance auto garage eleven years ago, which gained a national reputation. He was engaged two years ago and closed the garage. One month later, he was hired by an MIT spin off making military robots. The company was acquired by Google and he is now employed by Google making state of the art robots along with the other employees at Boston Dynamics who are primarily MIT PhDs. Lisa has worked in the finance industry since graduation in New York and Boston. She was married in September 2013 and Bill was married in June 2014 and we are hoping for grandchildren.

In 2013, I built a Factory Five Cobra replica kit in our small two-car garage in Wellesley. I decided in 2009 to sell it and was fortunate to find a buyer during the depth of the recession. During 2010, I embarked on a project to build a replica of a factory sponsored race car, the MGC GTS of 1969, which competed in the Sebring 12 Hour race where it finished 10th overall. I have used the car in time trial events for the past four years at tracks like Watkins Glen, Lime Rock, and Summit Point. I have just purchased a mint condition 1965 Shelby GT 350R clone which will replace my MGC GTS for future track use. My interest in sports cars began our tradition at Amherst College dating from 1848.

In 2003, I built a Factory Five Cobra replica kit in our small two-car garage in Wellesley. I decided in 2009 to sell it and was fortunate to find a buyer during the depth of the recession. During 2010, I embarked on a project to build a replica of a factory sponsored race car, the MGC GTS of 1969, which competed in the Sebring 12 Hour race where it finished 10th overall. I have used the car in time trial events for the past four years at tracks like Watkins Glen, Lime Rock, and Summit Point. I have just purchased a mint condition 1965 Shelby GT 350R clone which will replace my MGC GTS for future track use. My interest in sports cars began our tradition at Amherst College dating from 1848.

In 2003, I built a Factory Five Cobra replica kit in our small two-car garage in Wellesley. I decided in 2009 to sell it and was fortunate to find a buyer during the depth of the recession. During 2010, I embarked on a project to build a replica of a factory sponsored race car, the MGC GTS of 1969, which competed in the Sebring 12 Hour race where it finished 10th overall. I have used the car in time trial events for the past four years at tracks like Watkins Glen, Lime Rock, and Summit Point. I have just purchased a mint condition 1965 Shelby GT 350R clone which will replace my MGC GTS for future track use. My interest in sports cars began our tradition at Amherst College dating from 1848.

In 2003, I built a Factory Five Cobra replica kit in our small two-car garage in Wellesley. I decided in 2009 to sell it and was fortunate to find a buyer during the depth of the recession. During 2010, I embarked on a project to build a replica of a factory sponsored race car, the MGC GTS of 1969, which competed in the Sebring 12 Hour race where it finished 10th overall. I have used the car in time trial events for the past four years at tracks like Watkins Glen, Lime Rock, and Summit Point. I have just purchased a mint condition 1965 Shelby GT 350R clone which will replace my MGC GTS for future track use. My interest in sports cars began our tradition at Amherst College dating from 1848.

In 2003, I built a Factory Five Cobra replica kit in our small two-car garage in Wellesley. I decided in 2009 to sell it and was fortunate to find a buyer during the depth of the recession. During 2010, I embarked on a project to build a replica of a factory sponsored race car, the MGC GTS of 1969, which competed in the Sebring 12 Hour race where it finished 10th overall. I have used the car in time trial events for the past four years at tracks like Watkins Glen, Lime Rock, and Summit Point. I have just purchased a mint condition 1965 Shelby GT 350R clone which will replace my MGC GTS for future track use. My interest in sports cars began our tradition at Amherst College dating from 1848.

In 2003, I built a Factory Five Cobra replica kit in our small two-car garage in Wellesley. I decided in 2009 to sell it and was fortunate to find a buyer during the depth of the recession. During 2010, I embarked on a project to build a replica of a factory sponsored race car, the MGC GTS of 1969, which competed in the Sebring 12 Hour race where it finished 10th overall. I have used the car in time trial events for the past four years at tracks like Watkins Glen, Lime Rock, and Summit Point. I have just purchased a mint condition 1965 Shelby GT 350R clone which will replace my MGC GTS for future track use. My interest in sports cars began our tradition at Amherst College dating from 1848.

In 2003, I built a Factory Five Cobra replica kit in our small two-car garage in Wellesley. I decided in 2009 to sell it and was fortunate to find a buyer during the depth of the recession. During 2010, I embarked on a project to build a replica of a factory sponsored race car, the MGC GTS of 1969, which competed in the Sebring 12 Hour race where it finished 10th overall. I have used the car in time trial events for the past four years at tracks like Watkins Glen, Lime Rock, and Summit Point. I have just purchased a mint condition 1965 Shelby GT 350R clone which will replace my MGC GTS for future track use. My interest in sports cars began our tradition at Amherst College dating from 1848.

In 2003, I built a Factory Five Cobra replica kit in our small two-car garage in Wellesley. I decided in 2009 to sell it and was fortunate to find a buyer during the depth of the recession. During 2010, I embarked on a project to build a replica of a factory sponsored race car, the MGC GTS of 1969, which competed in the Sebring 12 Hour race where it finished 10th overall. I have used the car in time trial events for the past four years at tracks like Watkins Glen, Lime Rock, and Summit Point. I have just purchased a mint condition 1965 Shelby GT 350R clone which will replace my MGC GTS for future track use. My interest in sports cars began our tradition at Amherst College dating from 1848.
I married Nancy Harpster (Smith ’67) in 1967 and graduated from Harvard Law School in 1968. After brief work as a lawyer in Chicago, I entered the Army in 1969 and served as a captain in JAGC until late 1972, mostly at Fort Knox, Kentucky. Nancy, our daughter Barbara and I then moved to Houston and our son Benjamin was born shortly thereafter.

I was a tax lawyer at Baker Botts L.L.P. in Houston from 1973 until my retirement at the end of 2011 and was a partner there since 1979. Much of my work involved the federal income tax aspects of cross-border transactions. In the course of my career, I served as Chair of the Tax Department at Baker Botts, as Chair of the Corporate Tax Committee of the ABA Tax Section, and as President of the Houston Tax Roundtable. I also authored various articles.

Nancy, in addition to being a wife and mother nonpareil, has held leadership positions in a number of volunteer organizations in Houston. One of her most important commitments has been to Bayou Bend, a house museum displaying the American decorative arts collection of the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston. Nancy’s commitment to women’s education has included serving as president of the Smith College Club of Houston and, currently, her work for P.E.O., a philanthropic organization that raises money for the higher education of women.

Our daughter, Dr. Barbara W. Trautner, graduated from Princeton (A.B.) and the University of Virginia School of Medicine (M.D.) and later got a Ph.D. in clinical investigation from the Baylor Graduate School of Biomedical Sciences in Houston. Her clinical specialty is infectious diseases, and her research focuses on prevention of healthcare-associated infections and preserving antibiotics for the generations to come. Barbara’s husband, Kevin Trautner, M.D., J.D., is a partner at the Andrews Kurth LLP law firm in Houston. He has a broad-based corporate and securities practice with particular focus on mergers and acquisitions and securities offerings.

Nancy’s and my son, Benjamin H. Wells, graduated from Amherst in 1995 and Harvard Law School in 1998. Nancy and I made repeated trips to both institutions while he was there, and I enjoyed reliving my own experiences thirty years later. The more things change, the more they stay the same.

Benjamin and his family live in Austin, where Benjamin serves as President and controlling owner of UCS, which provides cleaning and reconstruction services to commercial and residential properties. UCS, which operated only in Austin when Benjamin bought the company, now has operations in several locations in Central Texas.

Benjamin’s wife, Dr. Leslie L. Wells, is a pediatrician at Hill Country Pediatrics. She is regularly listed in surveys of the leading pediatricians in Austin.

Nancy and I have four delightful grandchildren, Margaret Trautner (born 1998), Mark Trautner (born 2001), Benjamin L. Wells (born 2004), and John Wells (born 2007). I have uploaded a picture of them from a trip to Berlin which the ten of us took in July 2014.

Retirement has been nowhere near as relaxed as I expected. Nancy and I have travelled extensively, including visits, among other destinations, to Paris, Lisbon, Casablanca, Barcelona, Vienna, the Great Lakes, Northern Ireland, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, the Northern Scottish Islands, and numerous other places in Great Britain. We also spend a great deal of time with our grandchildren and in following their activities.

My best wishes to all in the class of 1965. Amherst was everything a college should be for both me and Benjamin, and I have nothing but good feelings for the institution.
A month ago I picked up a copy of A Passage to India, the novel we were assigned to read for Freshmen Orientation. I was curious what I would make of it 54 years later. Just a few pages in, I was shocked. I remembered nothing. Not just the names had vanished. I couldn’t have conjured Dr. Aziz and Mrs. Moore if my life depended on it. Rather it was Forster’s unflinching depiction of racism and naïveté. How could I have forgotten? Maybe rushing off to college, I skimmed the book. More likely, it was over my head.

So my confidence about what my Amherst days has been shaken. Some facts I can summon. I can tell you that Tim Savinar and I shared Stearns 103 our first year. (Or was it 102?) And I’m pretty good with faces. I ran into a guy a couple of years go. “Rich Landfield!” I hailed. I hadn’t seen him since he graduated, but he and Blair Sadler were our advisers down the hall.

But as to what it all meant, I am less sure. We rewrite our memories to suit our present needs. One of the attractions of reunions, beyond seeing old friends, is recalibrating my sense of who I was back then. The story I now tell myself is that I was callow, not especially self-aware and certainly not sensitive to the inner lives of others. Perhaps I’m asking too much of an 18 year-old. Lord knows what he would make of the current me.

Still it’s odd, though, that while I can’t recall Passage to India, I swear I can picture George Kateb’s Johnson Chapel lecture when we arrived September 1961. Others may correct me, but I believe his closing message was for us to “travel light,” to free ourselves from expectations and any feelings of entitlement we might have borne. Yet the strength of that particular memory doesn’t square with my impression of being young and clueless. Why did Kateb’s admonition stick (or why have I fabricated it)? In either case, I can’t say I did anything with the advice.

Not everything has dissolved, however. I remember friendships warmly, plus a few rivalries and a couple of romances, too. And many memories of the lazy pleasure of just hanging out. I also recall with gratitude the kindness of certain teachers. I was an American Studies major but took some Economics courses. Jim Nelson apparently thought I had some sort of knack for it, so spring senior year when I had no career plans whatsoever, he made a phone call, and I was in graduate school without taking the GRE’s (or maybe even applying).

There was Bill Ward, my thesis adviser, freshly arrived from Princeton, vigorous and good-natured. Reading a draft, he thought it was hilarious that I had meant to describe Teddy Roosevelt as “holding his peace” but wrote “piece” instead. Twenty years later he took his own life. The memorial service was wrenching. Rose Olver arrived our sophomore year to teach psychology. Even then I think I sensed how hard being the sole woman on the faculty must have been. At least I hope I did. Most important to me was getting to know Henry Commager, first as his driver and later, in law school, as a research assistant. “Young Wheeler,” he would call me. What an expansive mind! What a generous soul!

And yet for all of that, I never once thought of teaching while I was at Amherst. Then by happy accident several years later I stumbled into the academic world. And there I’ve stayed, stimulated and fulfilled ever since. On my best days I hope that I can do in small ways for my students what our teachers did for us.

I’ve also been undeservedly lucky in the ways that matter most. Being born into a loving and artsy family. Meeting Candace by being in the right place at the right time. Having two remarkable daughters, Kate and Cally—and now a jolly grandson, Angus McDougall, whose other grandfather is our classmate, Duncan. Living in my hometown, Gloucester, where I still see people I went to kindergarten with and who remember my own grandparents fondly.

So where does Amherst fit in all of this? Several years ago I came across Proust and the Squid: The Story and Science of the Reading Brain, by Maryanne Wolf, a Tufts neuroscientist. I find reassuring her belief that even though facts effervesce from memory, the act of reading reconfigures our brains, thus changes who we are. Likewise, I’m sure, for our common experiences as classmates—our friendships, our struggles, our joys, and our losses.

“It’s all there,” Wolf says. “You are the sum of it all.”

Email: mw.negotiate@gmail.com
Address: 8 Rockholm Road, Gloucester, MA 01930
Phone: 978-281-3566
I approach my 50th Anniversary in relatively good health with a wonderful wife, four great children, and one grandchild. I have lived in Newark, NJ for about 50 years. I went to law school at Yale, practiced law for 20 years, but work now developing community leaders at Rutgers University in Newark. I have a singing group and band; love to go birding; write angry guest editorials from time to time (like about Ferguson, Mo.); and stay active politically.

I recently published a memoir, available through www.randomhouse.com, called Unfinished Agenda, Urban Politics in the Era of Black Power. Here are some excerpts about Amherst:

It was Amherst that gave me the challenges I needed to overcome, to gain the confidence that helped me become useful to the (Civil Rights) Movement…. While other kids my age were on the front line somewhere in the South or in the ghettos of the North, I was on the front line at Amherst.

At Amherst, I gained confidence in my ability to compete. I enjoyed the platform for debate with my schoolmates about the demands of black people for equality in this country. I discovered I was quite good at it. I could write, talk, and think on my feet. I even knew about vectors from physics class, and more than enough about Hammurabi’s Code. I could play chess, dance and play lacrosse as well. Not bad for a middle-class newly emancipated colored boy from Richmond Virginia, right?

Amherst also made me appreciate the value of skills …skills I use even today in the one consistent activity that straddles all aspects of my life: I am an organizer and an advocate, and the world I began to see came from these formative years. I learned critical thinking, and communication through the spoken and printed word… Most of my development came from the give and take with my fellow students who challenged or supplemented my worldview; and the out-of-college adventures Amherst made possible, like Crossroads Africa, the 1965 Civil Rights conference, and Montgomery, Alabama where I was arrested and sent to state prison demonstrating for the right to vote.

In addition, I began to refine my racial identity. Amherst taught me through its own useful contradictions that I could have white friends, but I was not white; that I could be engaged in white institutions, but I must leave my own mark upon them. I believed in something bigger than me, and thus I was connected in a way most of my peers were not, to a force that emanated from the South, but had a Northern and an African antecedent as well. Without the (Civil Rights) Movement, I would have been adrift, set up for a big fall, a black man with the credentials, but no real sense of who I was. Without Crossroads Africa at age nineteen, I would have been without an early reference to my African roots. Without Harlem in the summer of 1964, I would not understand the intersection between race and class. And without Amherst, there would have been no fertile ground to connect them all.

Within a day or two after graduation, I got a ride with my friends Alice and Merble from Smith College, heading south, eventually to Newark (NJ), and a brand new life.

It is hard to recreate that moment, riding in the car, windows down on a sunny day in May, with two fine black women, radio blasting with the music of our choice. “I’m in with the in crowd, I go where the in-crowd goes” . . . I looked out the car window seeing for the last time as a recent graduate the landmarks I had come to know, passing by swiftly on Route 9, heading from Amherst to Northampton, in the direction of Smith and the great highways beyond. There was Chi Psi fraternity house where somebody white once threw beer on my date; across the road, there was Phi Delt, where I sat in on drums with Taj Mahal, then a student at UMass; Last seen through the back window was the steeple of Johnson Chapel, slowly receding into the distance, punctuating a sea of memories at Amherst.

The song continued, “I’m in with in-crowd, and I know what the in-crowd knows.” I had never felt so happy, so relieved, and so comfortable with my life as I did at that moment. I dwell on it now because it was such a feeling of completion, and perfection, and I don’t know if I’ve ever felt that way again. At peace, just complete. Amherst and I gave each other so much. The contract had been completed. We were both moving on . . . and I was going “Where the in crowd goes. . .!”

Junius’ “Unfinished Agenda” book tour photo

Email: junome@aol.com Phone: 973-353-3531; 201-259-0330
Address: 406 Parker Street, 07104
After law school, I left Seattle for 10 years in Washington DC, briefly Justice Department criminal tax, then a small antitrust firm. Wrote a rather well known international tax article as a part of my Georgetown LL.M (Tax) thesis, then returned to Seattle to join a med mal firm where I tried to practice international tax until fired 5 years later by the managing partner (a law school classmate).

So at age 42 I had a wife Petra, a gorgeous two year old with strawberry blond hair (Pieter), a Laurelhurst house with a mortgage and had to beg the managing partner to give me an extra month as I had no income to pay for it (life is short - he died two years later of a brain tumor).

Enter Petra, a Dutch lass born in Cape Town and lived there for 10 years before her parents went back to Den Haag. Petra was the best bikini on the Bermuda South Shore in 1978 and we married in Toronto in 1979 where she was an Air Canada stew. So after being fired in 1985, Petra gets me standby on a flight from Vancouver to London and I return with offers from 4 of the then Big 8 accountancy firms.

Talk about 'right time, right place' – I was one of the first permanent US international tax lawyers in Europe with Big 8 firms. There were a handful of us and we all knew one another, traveled all over Europe personally and for clients and conferences, including the legendary Carlton International Hotel at Cannes which was the site of the annual November American Tax Institute meetings. We had 'old boy' luncheon meetings in the City until the sun set or the port ran out. I worked on US tax issues and planning for just about every recording artist you can think of starting with the Beatles, a few tennis players and some Lords as well.

Flash: Two children born in England at Princess Margaret Hospital, Windsor. Andrew (1987) and Emily (1988), both dolls – see pix. Pieter is now working at EY Jersey and has a Polish girlfriend. Andrew was dyslexic and a slow starter but ended up 1st in his class at Sherborne, a First in Physics at Cambridge, an ‘A’ average at Stanford for a Masters in EE and then spent three years with McKinsey (Dallas and London, including 154 hotel nights and 100 flights in his first year). He has traveled all over the world and is now living with Cambridge mates in London and going for an MBA at London Business School. Girlfriends have included a blond from Dallas (our favorite), a Portuguese Catholic from Porto and an English Fiona whom he met in Beijing after she took the train from St Petersburg to Mongolia. Where did we miss out?

Life is not all roses. Emily turned out to be autistic spectrum disorder (who wouldn’t after being born in a Mercedes speeding at 80 miles an hour in the middle of the night trying to get to London – to this day the hospital says they cut the umbilical cord, not I). But she is a princess. IQ of 118, reads 300 books a year, an artist and a writer of fan fiction (OK, she has only 12 followers, and who cares if she can’t drive a car or go to university – I know a lot dumber who have done both)

EY Jersey invited me in 1993 to become an international tax partner on this Hong Kong Europe island off the coast of Normandy (our home overlooks a 12th century castle and the coast of France). I built up a US focused trust practice to £2 million a year, wrote 2 books on international and private wealth tax and in 2000 we sold the EY Jersey Trust Company to Royal Bank of Canada. I then set up similar US focused groups for RBC in Bermuda, Cayman and Barbados.

Retiring in 2004, I kept six family office clients, one of which put me on the board of wine companies on 4 continents (including Hess Collection Winery, of which I was chair from 2008-12). I went around the world five times continually going West to visit wineries.

I climbed Kilimanjaro with Andrew in 2009 - made it to the top but got altitude sickness coming down and was stretched off in the middle of the night by six blacks running down the mountain with me on a stretcher. When my Indian best friend and doctor’s gifted son died at Oxford at 19, he and I climbed Mt Rainier in 2008 to atone; we still swim every day in the North Atlantic.

Petra and I split our time between Marco Island and Jersey and would love to host visiting classmates.
Looking back, my life has two parts-before Amherst and after Amherst. The College changed my life and literally opened the world to me. Coming from Omaha, I met Juni Williams on a rainy bus ride from Springfield and then met the class of 65. I went from Amherst to St. Louis then Boston and finally landed in San Francisco in 1982. Along the way, I became a physician (dermatologist believe it or not), married a beautiful artist bride (Marya), had three children and now three grandchildren with one more on the way. All of us live in San Francisco and I continue working full time-now as Dean of the School of Medicine at the University of California San Francisco. I have been extraordinarily lucky and lead a busy, full life—both personally and professionally. I owe all of this to the four years at Amherst College and to our class. As I write this, it seems so simple and uncomplicated but that is how life has been for me.
After graduation came Columbia Law School and, having experienced Arnold Boris Arons, English 1-2 and Benjamin Munn Zeigler, I was not as impressed as were my fellow students by the Socratic method used by the professors during the first year. In fact, I found law school to be a fairly sterile educational experience. Which is not to say that I set any records in the grades department. Quite the contrary. But good fortune got me a job as a litigator in a prestigious New York City law firm. Three years later, having decided that I did not love being served with motion papers late on Friday afternoons, I became a real estate lawyer.

I concentrated on large development projects and, in the mid-1980s, large tax syndications. Working to change the face of the globe gave me a great deal of pleasure; working to reduce the taxes of the wealthiest segment of our society did not. After seventeen years of “big firm” practice, I left to become the general counsel of a client. That was the real deal, experiencing real estate from the inside, but the client fell victim to the disastrous real estate market in the late 1980s and, after four years, I was “sans portfolio.”

Fortunately, I came to be put in charge of the legal side of portfolio sales of real estate and mortgages for the Resolution Trust Corporation, which Congress established to dispose of the assets of failed savings and loans. (Not wanting to relocate, I became a weekly NYC-DC commuter.) It was the most exciting job of my career. The position was challenging and, because the agency was new, under time pressure and relatively free to act, it fostered a surprising amount of creativity.

After the RTC experience, I came back to New York where I ultimately returned to my original partnership and chaired the real estate department. I also taught at Brooklyn Law School for twelve years, where I sought to bring a practical perspective and, hopefully, some humor to real estate finance, humor that became more difficult as another real estate bubble burst and my students found it harder to find jobs.

There was of, course, a far more important side to my life: I was married during the third year of law school and that union, which lasted about seventeen years, produced three beautiful children. The oldest is a member of the class of ’92, a physics professor and the father of two boys. The second is a New York City firefighter and the father of a brand new baby girl. The youngest is the mother of a girl and a boy, ages five and three. She teaches preschoolers.

In 1989, I met Kathryn Meyer (Pembroke ’70; Yale Law School ’73), my wife of twenty-five years. I retired, fortuitously, one week before the Lehman debacle and Kathy retired three years later. We now live in exurban Roxbury, Connecticut, in a home that is intended to be a magnet for our five married children.

We traveled a lot and I became reasonably adept at photography, but a number of surgical procedures on my spine have resulted in my being pretty much rooted now. (Visits from classmates are more than welcome.) My back problems, which probably started when I ran the Pittsburgh marathon in my mid-fifties with my older son (something that I’m nevertheless very happy that I did), have had some positive results, however. I’ve been able to pay more attention to a large model train layout that is now seven years in the making and, following the example of Kathy’s distinguished dad, I have undertaken to write my (far less distinguished) memoirs.

Thanks to Professor Arons, I enjoy reading science and (non-quantitative) math books; and thanks to English 1-2, I am a total pain when it comes to discussing literature. When I’m not reading or writing, taking pictures or playing with trains (and grandchildren), I spend a great deal of time listening to rock and opera, trying to master Apple TV , turning down thermostats and searching for my glasses.

As was the case with far too many of my college papers, this one is being submitted at the very last minute; at least, for once, I didn’t put in an all-nighter. My apologies to Professors Ehrmann and Poor.

My apologies also for having failed to graduate with the class. I withdrew from school in November 1963 (on, of all days, the 22nd), and that painful although ultimately correct decision left me with a choice: remain officially a member of the Class of 1965 or be reclassified as a member of ’66. I got my degree on the same day that Robert McNamara got his and I am happy to say that I chose to remain a ’65.

- Harvey Yaverbaum

Email: hjyaverbaum@gmail.com
Address: 7 Garnet Road, Roxbury, Connecticut 06783
Phone: 860-354-4417
When I graduated from Amherst, I was engaged to a Smithie who was one year behind me. My plan was to eventually teach French at the college level. I was awarded a Fulbright travel grant and a French Government Assistantship of English at the Lycee Ampere in Lyon, France for the academic year 1965-66. During the summer of ’66 I studied beginning German at the Goethe Institute in Bad Reichenall, Bavaria, the hometown of Rolf Habich, and hiked in the Bavarian Alps when weather permitted. My engagement broke off soon after my return to the U.S.A.

I spent the years 1966-1973 in New York City earning an M.A. and M.Phil. in French literature at Columbia University, teaching for a year at Columbia’s School of General Studies and the Horace Mann School, working for three years at the Columbia Music Library, serving as organist at Holyrood Episcopal Church and earning an M.L.S. at Columbia. I also spent the summer of ’69 in Paris. During this time I was coming out as a gay man and met my late partner Bruce.

I moved to New Haven June 1973 to accept a position as reference librarian in charge of the Periodicals Room at the Yale University Library. Bruce was head librarian at Pace University, Manhattan, and rented an apartment in Brooklyn Heights and later Manhattan. We spent our weekends together, sometimes in NYC, sometimes in New Haven. Bruce and I bought a two-family house within walking distance of my job in 1979. Bruce died suddenly Jan. 3, 1988. Another partner Jim died of AIDS Feb. 15, 1990. Over the years I’ve lost many friends to AIDS.

At Yale I became head of Rare Book Cataloging for the Beinecke Library in 1979. I continued as head of Rare Book Cataloging until July, 2015, at which time I stepped down from my administrative duties to focus on the cataloging part of my job, which is what I love most. My plan is to continue working for the Beinecke as long as I enjoy my work and am in good enough health.

In the nineties I became a close friend of Chuck, who was a professor of French at Yale. We made several trips to France and usually had dinner together once a week. Chuck now resides in an assisted living facility in Hamden.

I met my present partner Mark in 2001. We moved to our home on two acres in Wallingford CT in 2007. We’ve lost a cat and two rescue dogs since then and now have another rescue dog. I enjoy doing the cooking. I’m active as an acolyte and lay Eucharistic minister in my Anglo-Catholic parish, Christ Church, New Haven. Life is good.
GEORGE A. MUDGE    PATRICK J. MURRAY    LAWRENCE R. MYERS    PETER L. NEVIN    WILLIAM H. NEWELL

PETER A. NICKLES    JON NORTHROP    HAROLD W. OLIVER III    GEOFFREY S. PARKER    MARK W. PERRY
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Alexander L. Morton, 10/12/2013</th>
<th>Samuel H. Clarke, 07/17/1997</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rushworth M. Kidder, 03/05/2012</td>
<td>John C. Bretl, 01/24/1997</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William J. Elliott, 02/03/2012</td>
<td>Angus W. McDonald Jr., 07/03/1995</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Bassos, 10/11/2011</td>
<td>James R. Hazen, 05/15/1992</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dwight R. Eastman, 09/20/2010</td>
<td>Jeffery G. DePasqua, 02/01/1991</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael Mattingly, 02/20/2008</td>
<td>John R. Harris, 07/30/1990</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul M. Proulx, 12/05/2005</td>
<td>Dennis S. Klinge, 04/02/1985</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William W. Kates, 04/02/2005</td>
<td>Tibor T. Polgar, 01/21/1985</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William P. Bendiner, 04/23/2001</td>
<td>Frank K. Abbot Jr., 03/12/1982</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas P. Hamilton, 03/19/1999</td>
<td>Jay A. Isgur, 12/16/1977</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David J. M. Proctor, 12/20/1998</td>
<td>Oliver W. Welch Jr., 04/13/1968</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A fierce advocate of English 1-2 during the time he taught in the English Department at Amherst (1960-1965)—and thus closely connected to our class of ’65 as an “honorary member”—Bill Coles was born on January 30, 1932, in Summit, New Jersey. His academic degrees were from Lehigh, the University of Connecticut, and the University of Minnesota (Ph.D., 1967). We knew his first wife, Caroline, and their two daughters, Rebecca Drake and Jennifer Ann. Later he married Janet Kafka. Bill died March 21, 2005 in Pittsburgh, PA.

After Amherst, Bill continued to teach composition to students interested in both the sciences and humanities: First, at Case Western Reserve (1965-1970), then at Drexel University (1970-1974), and finally as a Professor and the Director of Composition at the University of Pittsburgh (1974-1998), where he was also connected to the School of Education and taught in the Honors College. After retirement, he still lectured, conducted writing workshops, and wrote adolescent fiction.

The books Bill composed after his years at Amherst, where he was influenced by the seminal thinking of Theodore Baird, served to capture the assignments and classroom dialogue of our remarkable and beloved English 1-2: Teaching Composing: A Guide to Teaching Writing as a Self-Creating Process (1974), Composing (1974), The Plural I: The Teaching of Writing (1978; later reprinted as The Plural I — and After, 1998), What Makes Writing Good: A Multiperspective (1985 with James Vopat) and Seeing Through Writing (1988). Bill's personal style of confrontation and seriousness asked us to explore the sources of our own education and our valued, if often invisible, categories, so that we might come to learn the validity of the knowledge we were constructing, rather than hiding behind the clichés of what Bill mocked as, “theme talk.”

David Bartholomae of the University of Pittsburgh summarizes Bill’s contribution to the profession: “He was one of the most brilliant and influential teachers of writing of his generation. His work remains as a regular point of reference in the professional literature... Bill was extremely influential nationally in the design of the undergraduate writing program and, in particular, for the attention he gave to reading and valuing student writing, which was more often ignored than anything else... It was his vision and energy that made Pitt’s composition program nationally significant and we continue to be guided by his spirit and his wisdom.” As we appreciated at Amherst, Coles loved teaching composition—it was never merely a stopping point for climbing the English literature ladder. Even when he was a senior professor at Pittsburgh, he still taught freshman composition.

Bill’s seriousness of purpose applied to his students can be summed up in his ritual of the end-of-year letter he sent religiously to Dean C. Scott Porter. In it Bill listed those students he had worked with during the past year who in his judgment—given what he saw as their failure to take the hard work of the challenging Amherst curriculum with the proper gravitas—should be invited to either take a year off or find greener pastures. This was never a matter of performance, but rather of commitment. In short, Bill had no patience for such students. The Dean, of course, never complied with Bill’s “recommendations.”

In addition to these various textbooks on writing, Bill authored three novels for young adults. As Bill remarked, “I wouldn’t have written my own young-adult novels any differently if they had been for a general adult readership,” noting how J.D Salinger’s Catcher in the Rye has since expanded its influence outside of a young audience. His first adolescent novel, Funnybone (1992) dealt with drug addiction. His second, Another
Kind of Monday (1996), won an American Library Association Best Book for Young Adults award. In it a boy, Mark, travels home to Pittsburgh after discovering $300 and a note in his library copy of Great Expectations. Overcoming many social obstacles he eventually locates the mysterious benefactor, and in doing so learns that “the great lesson” lies in the undertaking of a journey itself. As Amherst insiders, we can especially appreciate the influence of Baird and English 1-2 on this novel because the series of notes Mark finds present conundrums much like we struggled with in our 1-2 assignments! Finally, in Compass in the Blood (2001), Dee, a University of Pittsburgh freshman, investigates the true story of Kate Stoffel, wife of an Allegheny County Jail warden who in 1902 aided in the escape of two convict brothers, Ed and Jack Biddle. As the main character, Dee mirrors Bill’s own journey in researching the Stoffel story. Unfortunately, Bill never finished his promised sequel, which would have answered many lingering questions.

There may be no adequate way of summing up the important influence Bill had on the lives of so many student writers. His wife Janet described him as the “bravest, most life-filled man I know... I can tell you that Bill had an artist’s combination of passionate brilliance, fierce devotion and childlike wonder; that this energy was astonishing and he never went at anything with less than a 100 percent of what he had to give; and that he had little patience for those in the profession, or elsewhere, who seemed content to ask far less of themselves.” How lucky we in the class of ’65 were to have gotten our particular version of that 100 percent.

—Gordon Pradl (adapted from obituaries by Matthew Lavelle and Mary Ann Thomas)

—John Boe’s extensive interview with Bill Coles is posted on our 1965 website (“Class News”) at www.amherst.edu
Alexander “Sandy” Morton died at his Washington, D.C., home on October 12, 2013. He succumbed to a brain tumor which had progressed rapidly since diagnosis in February.

At Amherst, Sandy lived in Stearns dorm as a freshman, majored in economics and was a member of Chi Phi.

Following graduation, Sandy went into the Peace Corps, assigned to Addis Ababa. He returned to enter a Ph.D. program at Harvard, where he roomed with Amherst classmate John Wahlert ’65. (He was best man at John’s wedding.) Sandy taught at Harvard then moved to an assignment at the Interstate Commerce Commission. After four years, Sandy left this path to begin a life of adventure and travel.

He bicycled Japan, hiked the Himalayas and reached the summit of Mt. Blanc wearing only sneakers. Sandy rode a train from Moscow to Beijing, followed the headwaters of the Mekong River into Vietnam and climbed Mt. Sinai at dawn. He rarely had a fixed itinerary. Once, on a small road in Africa, Sandy spotted two rhinoceroses blocking the road and told his driver to “Back up!” only to find out that a herd of elephants had come up behind them. Like Sandy did in his own life, they left the road. Sandy found his way to another adventure.

Sandy “settled” long enough to buy a house with his companion Tom Pursley in Georgetown. He actively followed his interest in opera and theater and would travel to New York to see a Broadway musical.

In early January of 2013, Sandy embarked on a round-the-world cruise and celebrated his 70th birthday in Auckland on February 6. In May, illness interrupted the trip, and Sandy was flown home.

Juan Meyer ’65 confirms that Sandy was surrounded by excellent care and was visited by many friends. He accepted his disease and actively tried to enjoy every day until the end. “An enduring lesson,” concludes Juan, “for us all.”

-Paul Ehrmann ’65

When I visited William “Bronc” Elliott months before our class’s 45th Reunion, he had been through advanced treatments at Mass. General that showed promise to hold back a melanoma that had set at him. Bronc told me he just wanted to attend our reunion and then we could, he said, “recalculate the odds.” Bronc did come to the reunion, accompanied by his vigor and cheer and by Stephanie, who proved to be a heroic partner until the cancer finally had its fatal way this February.

Shortly after Bronc applied to Amherst, he met with Dean Wilson at a basketball game. The dean said, “I think you’d be a good fit at Amherst.” Emma Gorenberg ’07, daughter of our classmate David, confirms that truth, “Bronc had innately what the school tries to teach each of its students: the belief that compassion, humility and openness to others are necessary for a growing mind. He was, above all else, kind. For me he will always embody the best of Amherst.”

Bronc came to Amherst from Braintree, Mass. He lived in Stearns as a freshman, played varsity basketball, joined Theta Delt and wrote for the Amherst College News Bureau.

Bronc was the sixth headmaster at Thayer Academy; he is remembered for raising morale, healing racial divisions, increasing enrollment and raising the endowment enough to cover the cost of a new observatory. Bronc also taught at Thayer, Frances Parker School and the Friends Seminary in New York, where he coached tennis and softball and loved New York City. On leaving Amherst, Bronc’s first assignment was at the Loomis School in Connecticut, where he taught subjects around his Amherst major of biology while receiving a law degree from Fordham University.

Bronc leaves his daughter, Julia; his companion, Stephanie; and so many classmates, students and friends who will, throughout their lives, carry the memory of this warm and loving man.

“Tis death is dead, not he.”

-Paul Ehrmann ’65

George came to Amherst from Conard High, where he was captain of the football team. At Amherst, George was president of our senior class. After Amherst, he earned his master’s degree at Trinity in Hartford. George then embarked on a long career as teacher and coach. He took Bloomfield High to multiple state championships.

The George we remember was an athlete, of course—one of Amherst’s greatest tackles ever. The success of the football team during our years at the college rested much on George’s enormous shoulders.

But George was more than a ballplayer: Though the obituary in the Hartford Courant states his nickname was “Coach,” to us he was “The Greek.” In fact, George wrote a paper for Humanities 1 about a football team where every position player was a character from The Iliad. Ted Ketterer ’66 remembers lining up across from George during one-on-one blocking drills and how tough that was! Yet George, as the Beta sandwich man, would give away sandwiches, grinders and milk to anybody in any house or dorm that was broke. Also, he could drink formidable quantities of beer! And Lew Markhoff ’65 recalls a similarly epic capacity for ice cream—and marathon games of bridge—as well.

George’s huge appetite for life and its variety led him on to a non-linear path for some years, which threw up obstacles he had to deal with. Yet when I spoke to George a couple of years ago, he was proudly back to teaching at a school where the kids had “a few problems.”

George was drawn to the gamblers’ world of shifting odds. But his players, students, those kids with problems and certainly us, his classmates, were lifted by George’s infectious energy and smile. That is—A Sure Thing.

-Ted Ketterer ’66
-Paul Ruxin ’65
-Lew Markhoff ’65
-Paul Ehrmann ’65

Ron and I spent our high school years at the Belmont Hill School in Massachusetts. Ron was on the soccer, baseball and 56-straight-game-winning basketball teams. As a senior, Ron expertly carved from a wood block a globe with a banner around it that said, “Comfort the afflicted, afflict the comfortable.” Ron was way ahead of us in the depth of his thinking—and his liberal beliefs.

Ron and I (plus Geoff Parker ’65) followed Ron’s brother Bob ’60 to Amherst. Ron played freshman tennis, graduated magna cum laude and in his sophomore year met a Mount Holyoke freshman named Melissa Teele (whose father became treasurer of Amherst while we were there). Melissa was as cute as Ron was handsome, a sports-lover and intellectually his equal. They married in June 1965.

Ron took a Ph.D. in Latin American history from Columbia in 1971 and taught at the University of California at Irvine and at the Evergreen State College in Olympia, Wash. In 1993, he became dean of the Panama Canal College. (Anti-military Ron, showing his defense department ID card to shop at the cheaper PX, was truly ironic.) He retired in 2001 and moved in 2009 to Pendleton, Ore., where a daughter lives. He wrote penetrating articles for the local newspapers on national and international issues.

Ron’s presence “filled the room”—he was a passionate scholar and teacher and a willing listener to others’ opinions (usually after he expressed his own). He was a loving and dedicated husband, father of talented daughters (Deborah ’89, a medical doctor; Sarah, a doctor of anthropology and a writer) and grandfather. Ron was active in his church and was a mentor to fellow educators and many students. For these reasons and countless more, Ron will be missed by family, friends, colleagues and all who knew him.

-Steve Carr ’65
Roger Scott died in Las Vegas on July 9, 2011. News just now reached us.

Roger was a member of Phi Gam; in fact he was social chairman there. He is remembered as an “outgoing guy from Philadelphia” who enjoyed sports and a party. Roger did play freshman baseball and once got clobbered with a foul ball. A photo taken in 1964 shows him as the only one of the Phi Gam brothers to accessorize his coat and tie with sunglasses and a fedora.

Roger, a psychology major, is remembered for supporting himself through college with a busy laundry route. He was a guest at Jeffery Derge ’65’s wedding. Working for a time as a real estate broker, Roger attended athletic events with Sam Preston ’65 in Philadelphia, where they both lived after college—in fact, Roger was best man at Sam’s wedding. Roger seemed to enjoy placing a bet; perhaps that is what led him to Las Vegas, though he had no contact with classmates over the past decades.

Roger, the son of a bass player for the Philadelphia Orchestra, is survived by a daughter, Elizabeth.

-Paul Ehrmann ’65

Dwight Eastman died in a Skokie, Ill., hospice one day short of his 67th birthday. He had lived with brain cancer for three years.

Steve Rosenheck ’65 was close with Dwight at the college and shares memories: “Throughout his life, Dwight felt thankful for the education given him by the English department at Amherst which gave him precise tools for articulating response to literary work. While Dwight exhibited little inclination for quantitative science at the college, in the ’70s, he found his way into the emerging field of information technology which formed the core of his career. Dwight became a serious athlete, maintained a rigorous training program and undertook level 5 rock climbing. Even when Dwight ran well in the New York marathons, he was without a trace of boastfulness at the finish line. Athletic accomplishment, like literature, was built into the fabric of his existence.”

Dwight’s spiritual search took him in many directions: Following graduation, he began attending Quaker meetings and then studied at the Temple of Kriya Yoga in Chicago, which led to travels in India. In the ’90s, he became a member of an Episcopal church, sang in the choir, administered communion and made soup for the Sunday meals. In 2005, he returned to Zen Buddhism. A consistent theme of Dwight’s life was a commitment to non-violence. He participated in the march on Selma with Dr. Martin Luther King and then as a conscientious objector, he served Philadelphia’s inner city as part of VISTA.

Dwight is survived by children Larisa and Jason, two grandchildren and by sisters Anne Youmans and Susan Tilsch.

The Class of 1965 sends sympathy to Dwight’s family, as we feel our own sorrow over the loss of a valued classmate.

-Paul Ehrmann ’65
Our classmate, Mike Mattingly, passed February 20, 2008, and information has been elusive until Robert Milkey ’65, who knew Mike from high school onward and roomed with him for three years at Kappa Theta, came to our aid.

Robert reports that Mike came to Amherst from Archbishop Carroll High School in D.C. He majored in East Asian studies, with a minor in skipping chapel (on and off probation in alternate semesters). After graduation, he went to work for the CIA as an analyst, did a stint in the U.S. Army at the request of his draft board but avoided the dreaded deployment to Southeast Asia.

He married Lynn Ulrich (Mount Holyoke ’66) after she graduated, and they had two children.

Steve Ockenden ’69 worked closely with Mike on the staff of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. “Mike was a highly respected professional and a good friend. ... I was constantly amazed by his range of contacts and his complete grasp of highly complex and important issues.”

Steve was nominally Mike’s supervisor, but “Mike took particular delight in reminding me that he had successfully finished at Amherst, in contrast to my own record.”

By the time Steve met Mike, Mike had served his country for almost two decades, frequently on assignments that involved an element of risk as well as sacrifice. Once when a Lear Jet was struck by lightning over the Midwest, Mike stood by with a fire extinguisher and it was he, the white knuckle flyer, who told the jokes that kept all calm till the plane touched the runway.

We wish Mike another safe landing.

- Paul L. Ehrmann ’65

---

Our classmate Peter Derow died suddenly on December 9, 2006. He was in the front quad of his beloved Wadham College, Oxford University, when his heart failed.

Peter grew up in Newton Center, MA, and prepared for Amherst at the Roxbury Latin School. At the college, Peter majored in classics, won the William Coe Collar Prize in Greek and the Billing Prize in Latin. Peter wrestled, played lacrosse and was involved in WAMF, our college radio station. While Peter did pledge Delta Kappa Epsilon, his was not the typical fraternity member’s life, as he married and had a child by the time he was a senior and lived off campus. But Peter is remembered by the relatively small circle who knew him well as a terrific friend who radiated intelligence.

After earning his B.A., Peter proceeded directly to Wadham where he read ancient philosophy from 1965 to 1967, returning to Princeton to write his doctorate. This led to Peter’s first academic position at Toronto University. He returned to Wadham, moved into the rooms once occupied by his first Oxford tutor furnished with “a billiard table and a pair of dusky pink sofas of extraordinary sagginess and great comfort,” according to an obituary published in The Guardian. One of his students, doing advanced work at the University of Texas, reported that amid the formality of Oxford, Peter was indeed a comfortable presence—always excellent and challenging as a tutor but never less than compassionate and, on the proper occasions, “very festive.” He often, reports his colleague Steven Hayworth, gave out copies of Dr. Seuss’ Cat in the Hat to visitors. The cat’s antic spirit matched his own. Peter truly knew how to have “fun that is funny.” And while interested in the music of Greece, Peter was proficient at the bluegrass guitar.

Peter’s major published work was on the Roman conquest of Greece in the early second century B.C. His passion was for Greece, and he expressed a “general distaste for the Romans.” He was a strong supporter of the campaign to return the Parthenon (Elgin) marbles to Athens and was one of the original members of the Marbles Reunited campaign. Peter was always certain that the ancient world had much to teach us about the present.

Wadham was the center of Peter’s life, but he was a great walker and each September would pack up his Fiat Panda to spend several weeks walking in the Pyrenees. On the return, he would visit his favorite wine maker in the Beaune region of France and stock up for the coming year.

Peter is survived by daughters Catherine and Elizabeth and a son Paul. I am sure his classmates wish now we had known Peter better.

-Paul Ehrmann ’65
At the time of his death late last year from a form of leukemia, our classmate, Paul Proulx, was living near Antigonish, a town in Nova Scotia, Canada. The only recent photograph available shows a bearded, cheerful-looking Paul standing in front of a mobile home. Though we remember Paul from his Amherst years as a quiet and private person, not deeply involved socially with classmates, he was not alone for the last years of his life. Much what I learned of Paul since Amherst was provided to me by Lucy Bacon, his longtime companion.

At Amherst, Paul majored in Spanish, and this interest in language, in fact, guided his life's work. While still at the college, Paul spent time in Colombia and Peru, where he studied Quechua, an indigenous language. In the late '70s, he earned a Ph.D. in linguistics from Cornell Univ. Paul went on to teach at St. Francis Xavier and Brandon Univ., both in Canada. To Paul, the teaching was a means to continue his research into languages and the cultures they help describe; indeed, Paul referred to himself as a linguistic anthropologist. In his own words, he said, "I want to know what life would have been like before the dawn of history. I want to know how one fitted in as a member of a community. ... I approach this mainly through the study of reconstructed prehistoric languages and what they suggest about the social organization of pre-historic societies."

Paul's focus became the study of the Algonquin Indians and their language. He chose to live in Nova Scotia to be as close as possible to the Micmac Indian Reserve to further his research and writing. Paul's interest in native cultures went beyond the academic. In the early '80s, Paul was a nursing student in Halifax; he said the factual honesty of medical practice, as opposed to the assumptions of infallibility in the academic world, helped shape his approach to scholarly work from that experience onward.

Paul is survived by a brother, David, in Jonesport, ME.

-Paul Ehrmann '65

Bill, being gregarious, spent freshman year in a three-man suite in Pratt. I, being reclusive, spent freshman year in a single-room-only occupancy in Morrow. I used to trot across the oval for company, and I met Bill in Pratt, along with Furniss, Pinney, Williams, Merrill, Aldrich, Farber, Statler, Katz and Gorenberg from that den of bridge.

By the time my associate agency led me back into contact with him, however, he was practicing applied physics at the Univ. of Washington and, of course, living in Seattle. He gave to Amherst with a liberal hand, so when he and I met for lunch from time to time the reason was conviviality, not confiscation. He stayed on my list of classmates to hustle even after my exile from Seattle to the Mysterious East, in late 1989.

Bill applied his physics to oceanography. Once, he tested the comforting hypothesis that natural forces such as tides and wind would quickly carry pollutants from lower Puget Sound to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, where currents would disperse them. He discovered that the "flushing rate" of the Sound was in fact around a century. This brought no joy to those that had been treating the Sound as an alchemist's crucible that would transmute pollutants into some benign vapor and remove them from sight, mind and the reach of the law. Still, he called the matter as he'd seen it: He entitled his study "Dilutions of Grandeur."

Bill kept up his acquaintance with a full array of liberal arts. During the '80s, I encountered an important work, Cedric Whitman's Homer and the Heroic Tradition. I just doubted whether anybody beyond a specialist would know it. Yet over a lunch, I brought up Whitman's work. Oh, yeah, Bill had read it--and wanted to talk about it. I'm not sure I held my own.

Bill died April 23, 2001. The cause was AIDS. I'm circumspect enough to have suppressed such news, if asked. But Bill himself had told me years earlier that he was sick unto death with AIDS (he managed well for a long time after falling sick); and, when I asked his partner Doug how discreet I should be about it, he said not at all--and sounded quite defiant about it. Bill's own candor about it came partly from a character devoid of guile and partly from the last feature of that character that would leave him: the zeal to teach.

-Pat Murray '65
Thomas P. Hamilton

David J. M. Proctor

Eric Walgren

We have suffered the loss of another fine classmate, Eric Walgren. This sad news came in the form of an obituary notice in the Hampshire Gazette reporting that Eric died of cancer in Amherst on August 23, 1998. His surviving family includes his mother, Margaret Walgren; his son, Sean; his daughter, Erin; and his brother, Doug. We want his family to know how much Eric was loved and admired by the Amherst Class of 1962. As the obituary pointed out, Eric was a lawyer, political activist, artist, poet, and farmer, living most of his adult life in the greater Amherst area. There will never be another like him.

It was a mere forty years ago that we gathered as a class in Amherst, not knowing what to expect or what our classmates would be like. Eric was an instant campus celebrity, known for his fiery, independent spirit, wide-ranging intelligence, infectious good humor, and sometimes unusual activities. Rice Leach ’62, Eric’s dear friend and roommate, provides more detailed recollections below.

Those of us on third-floor Morrow fell immediately under Eric’s kindly, eclectic spell. At one point during the first semester, we helped Eric seek a simpler life by removing all the furniture from his room and laying down a sparse blanket of straw on the floor. This worked well for Eric, at least for a time; others of us who tried it had less satisfactory results. Morrow dwellers were in constant danger of being challenged to “belly rumbles” by Eric. This painful game consisted of standing toe-to-toe with Eric and punching each other in the stomach as hard and rapidly as possible until someone gave up; rarely was it Eric. The only way to win at this was to try to weaken Eric with laughter, then attack.

Eric attended our 25th Reunion, and while most of us had not seen him for many years, and he had taken a different road, everything seemed the same. The older, gentler Eric was every bit as engaging, affectionate, challenging, funny, and bright-eyed as the eighteen year-old who joined us in 1958. At the class dinner, our 1962 questionnaire results were presented. One category involved political affiliations. It was reported that there were “x” Democrats, “y” Republicans and “z” Independents in the class. At this point in the dinner, Eric rose, politely interrupted, and added that our class also had “one Communist,” then sat down. There was a strong, spontaneous round of applause. We will really miss him at future reunions.

Fred L. Woodworth ’62

Eric Lee Walgren came to Amherst from Mt. Lebanon High School by way of the U.S. Army where he had done six months active duty. Early in his freshman year he became well known as the guy who rappelled down the dorm wall to go to Valentine for breakfast. His reputation became forever engraved in the memories of those who saw a photograph labeled “The Noble Savage” in the Amherst Student after the Wesleyan game in Middletown. It was Eric, a member of the freshman football team. He had taken part in an unsuccessful assault on their goal posts and was covered with mud, holding his shirt in one arm and gesturing to the defenders with the other. This loyalty to the cause and tendency to challenge authority stayed with him as long as I knew him. His nickname “Eric the Rat” developed on the third floor of Morrow dormitory. I cannot recall who named him, but I think it was Fred Woodworth ’62. In any case, Eric liked it and it stuck. I had several classes with him including freshman English, which he really enjoyed, and a history seminar where he routinely distracted the instructor, Mr. Bisson, by sitting in the front row and drawing nudes on those maps we had to complete. Another truly memorable classroom performance was when he demonstrated how to prepare popcorn in our required public speaking class. As the popcorn was popping, he imitated Arnie Arons by developing a mathematical formula for the force of each pop. The last line of the formula indicated that there was always a bit of retained energy, which he clearly demonstrated by lifting the top off the skillet and letting that last pop scatter popcorn all over the room.

We were roommates at the beginning of our sophomore year. He got a chance to have a room in Valentine Hall and needed roommates, so Charlie Stender ’62 and I joined up. He was a serious student and a hard worker when the subject interested him. He was concerned about the well-being of his friends and was always willing to help them. He was interested in people and enjoyed challenging assumptions.

He dropped out of school following a skiing accident early in 1960 but stayed in Amherst. About that time, he purchased his lot in Belchertown for the grand sum of eight hundred dollars, bought an old barn, and moved the timbers and lumber to his lot where he designed and built his home. During this “sabbatical,” he met and married Penny Dunbar, worked different jobs, was a regular at Psi U on Saturday nights, enjoyed skiing and motorcycling, and announced the birth of two children. A few years later, he returned to classes and graduated with the Class of ’65, but his heart was clearly with the Class of ’62.

We kept up with each other over the years, mostly by linking up at reunions or during visits to campus. Most of the time we talked about what had occurred during our time at Amherst and didn’t go into much detail about daily life. I have many fond memories of Eric. He was clearly a character, but he was also a very good friend for nearly forty years. He was the kind of friend you can run into after a ten-year absence and start right up where you left off. I will miss him.

-Rice C. Leach ’62
We were saddened by the news that Sam Clarke died at his home in North Adams, Massachusetts, on July 17, 1997, after a long illness. Sam was born in Florence, MA, the son of Elinor and Dr. Henry G. Clarke. His great-grandfather, grandfather, father and uncle had all graduated from Amherst.

Sam was older than the other members of our class. He had been an electronics specialist for the submarine service of the U.S. Navy from 1956 to 1961, so he was already in his early twenties when he began his freshman year. He majored in psychology at Amherst and then earned a M.A. in clinical psychology and a Ph.D. in physiological psychology, both from the Univ. of Massachusetts. Since 1970, he had taught at North Adams State College, where he was professor of psychology. He served as chair of the all-college curriculum committee and was also department chair for six years. He had published several articles in psychology over the years.

At North Adams, Sam was responsible for initiating the Psychology Honors Seminar, and he also guided the department’s curriculum revision. In 1995, he was honored for twenty-five years of distinguished service to the college.

He also pursued a lifelong interest in both Japanese and Spanish cultures and had taught himself to be proficient in both languages. His interest in the two cultures led him to master Spanish flamenco and classical Japanese guitar music. He was an enthusiastic hiker of Mt. Greylock and the Taconic range, and neighbors and colleagues enjoyed sharing the fruits of his impressive gardens, including his favorite seeds and plants.

Sam is survived by his closest sister and niece, Constance and Abigail Clarke of Shelburne, as well as three other sisters—Sara Clarke, Martha Day and Ann Shaw, five brothers—David, Arthur, Benjamin, James and William; and many nieces and nephews.

-Stephen Farber '65

A good friend, John Bretl, died in January. A note in my pocket was reminding me to call him the day his wife, Valerie, let us know that he was gone. I knew John was battling cancer but did not know the end was so near. John doubtless knew, yet in discussing his struggle so objectively and optimistically he had convinced me a way would be found to save him. Characteristically, he even sounded nonjudgmental describing how various chemical cocktails would slow the “little buggers” attacking him.

We became friends in the fall of freshman year. He lived in the upper reaches of James dorm along with Dave Joys '65, Charlie Ayers '65, and Forbes McMullin ‘65. From his dorm window he would watch me after dinner trudging to Appleton to study and then complain about my “grinding.” But his teasing, as always, was gentle and mixed with respect.

As sophomores, we moved into the Chi Psi “penthouse” along with Forbes, Dave, Charlie, and Tom Roush '66. Already a craftsman, John renovated, wall papered, painted murals, and created a rotating wagon wheel coffee table. Flashbacks include memories of his cat Ivan, a bunny whose name eludes me but whose generous pellets did not, his skydiving for a UMass psychology study, a beloved Jaguar, a prom weekend lobster bake, and the remarkable rifle-light contraption he fashioned for study break rat shoots at the dump. I also recall John driving me to Springfield and picking out inexpensive ski equipment, understanding without asking that I did not have much to spend. Then, using his best German ski instructor accent, he tirelessly gave me lessons beginning on a Chi Psi stairway.

Post Amherst led to Columbia Business School, FoMoCo in Dearborn, back to NYC with Oppenheimer, and finally to his breathtaking home on Narragansett Bay. John was the one who stayed in touch. I counted on him for financial advice, arguments about books (which he often mailed to me), and kindly, wise career counseling. Right now on my desk is that insufferable math riddle he sent which I’m still trying to solve.

John was a loving and proud dad of Todd and Betsy, his and Valerie’s young children. He was also the world class sailor who just a year ago captained a voyage to the Azores as well as the master artisan who never ran out of work. Discussing his projects, John had a way of saying the word “perfect” that always thrilled me and which I can still hear.

John’s death has left a hole in many lives that will never be filled.

-Don Kopp '65
On Saturday mornings, freshman year, Angus and I trudged over to Arnie Arons’ 8 a.m. physics lectures from the “middle” stairwell at Pratt, second floor. The prospect of continuing our walks in the Bird Sanctuary helped sustain us through Arons’ harangues (“And to think you people will vote in three years!”). We were an odd couple: His Kentucky childhood helped make him knowledgeable about the trees and birds we saw; as a Pittsburgh city kid, I liked the soothing feeling of pine needles crunching under our feet. But he was a gentle teacher, and I was a willing audience for anything far removed from mass spectrometers or “the wave experiment.”

After graduation Angus earned his Ph.D. in Chinese history at the Univ. of California at Berkeley. He taught at Stanford, Macalester College in St. Paul, and the Univ. of Minnesota. He was an internationally renowned expert on the subject of the Communist revolution in China and a prolific writer on the subject. In the ’70s he was a member of the National Committee on U.S.-China Relations and the founder and president of the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars.

Angus’s interest in travel and research in China brought him to Washington for government support on several occasions. He often wanted to try the newest Chinese restaurants and talk world politics. Needless to say, I was much better at finding the restaurant than offering any insights into Asian geopolitics.

In the early ’80s August worked for the Control Data Corporation developing programs in Japanese language instruction. He later founded the Asia Education Network in Minneapolis to create links between experts on Asian affairs and the business community.

Many years after our walks in the Bird Sanctuary, Angus invited me to come to Minnesota for a canoeing trip in the lakes regions. After I asked a few questions, he confessed that with bad timing we might encounter the “black fly” season. The prospect of attack from these biting pests led me to defer the trip (indefinitely).

Angus and his family inherited a rambling old wood-frame country house not far from Harpers Ferry, WV, which they called The Bower. Angus asked me to visit, and he obviously loved being in an informal, backwoods setting. He enjoyed showing me around the orchard, and we did some boating and fishing together (without black flies).

In Minneapolis he started a project to help pre-teens understand a little more about finance than they usually do. He helped develop comic books to get the message across and worked hard to find corporate support for the project. This seemed in keeping with his refusal to give up his interests in whatever he thought was important, regardless of the obstacles.

I will miss this open, guileless, thoughtful friend. Angus is survived by his wife, Susan; his daughters, Elizabeth and Louise; his son, Angus ’90; and by his mother, Elizabeth Dandridge McDonald.

-Sherman E. Katz ’65

Before we arrived at Amherst in the fall of 1961, Jim Hazen and I had already spent much time together, playing on many of the baseball fields in New Jersey and a few in other states. It was a time to be immortal, and we were fresh from winning a Central Jersey championship at Somerville High School in 1960. John North ’63 also played on that team. (John was an All-State halfback on the 1959 football team at Somerville, a team on which Jim played halfback and defensive safety, and I played quarterback.)

Jim was a year behind both John and me at Somerville but, while John went on to Amherst and Jim finished at Somerville, I was directed by Amherst to Suffield, CT, Academy, in what turned out to be a fruitless effort to improve my study habits.

At any rate, Jim and I had a lengthy pre-Amherst history and, when we caught up to each other at Amherst, we roomed together for two years. In our sophomore year, Chuck Bunting ’65 became the third roommate.

Great friends we were, but about as imperfect a trio as could be, fitting together like pie slices from three different dishes. Chuck probably won’t forgive me for saying this, but he was the “correct” student of the three. I was no student at all—being rooted in football, baseball, music and bridge—but Jim was serious about his studies. He pitched for the freshman baseball team but developed puzzling problems with his control that no amount of work with Paul Eckley could fix. (Chuck remembers it a bit differently, that Jim didn’t care for the fact that Eckley wanted to change Jim’s pitching motion, and that Jim became miffed when Eckley did not include him on the traveling roster that was to go to Florida for the start of our sophomore season.) Whatever the reason, with intellectual interests moving to the fore, Jim gave up the game and did not play seriously again.

As I recall, Jim didn’t care much for English 1-2 of our freshman year—he didn’t require that kind of soul-searching—but he was all over the physics-math octopus that strangled many of us. Long after I had heaved my books against the wall...
(if I could find them), Jim would be puzzling over something, scratching and sniffing at his work.

I don’t remember whether I ever saw Jim do more than sip a beer while at Amherst. But there was a time when Jim, Chuck and I were at AD, and I was introduced to the drinking game, Whales’ Tails. It’s a game I still don’t understand, and the introduction was either very poor, or very good, since I seemed to be the only one drinking. After I fell off my chair, Jim and Chuck carried me back to Pratt.

As the fraternity rush approached in the spring of our freshman year, we all three decided to join the same house. Theta Delta Chi was the object of our desire and, as we made the mandatory stops at all the houses, there seemed no change in plans.

At TD, the fateful moment arrived, but Chuck began showing signs of stress. After some discussion—and quite a lot of heat applied by the brothers at TD—Chuck said he would join TD but that he first owed a trip of explanation to friends at Alpha Delta Chi.

Like the man who rode the Boston MTA, Chuck never returned. After a while, with fire in our eyes, we went to rescue him but found he had already slipped over the edge, pledging at AD. I began to waffle at this point but Jim, ever steady, said he was going to stick with TD, and I did, too. Early in our sophomore year, however, I dropped out and joined what was left of Beta Theta Pi.

The choosing of a fraternity made for an emotional time, with the pressures of prestige and friendships. But, if Jim thought Chuck was a rat for splitting our resolve—or me, for my move later—he never said so. He wouldn’t have, if any case, but I sense he thought all of the flipping and flopping humorous. In any case, our friendship remained intact.

I had known Jim long before Amherst. He was an exceptional athlete, and as formidable a pitcher as you would ever dare to face. If he had been less intellectually inclined, I’m certain he could have pitched professionally. He threw very hard, with an effortless, long-limbed sweep directly over the top that produced stunning velocity. In the New Jersey summer leagues, and again at Amherst, I was Jim’s catcher. He was one of only two pitchers that I ever caught who sent me searching for an extra sponge for my mitt. (The other pitched in the major leagues for the Boston Red Sox and the Philadelphia Phillies.)

I first heard of Jim when he was 12 years old and dominating the Bridgewater Little League. I was a couple of years older than he and, social dictums being what they were, and are, for that age group, I had to look down my nose a long way to find anything interesting about Little League baseball. But, by what I counted as important, Jim was something special and quite famous.

I have no idea how many no-hitters he threw in his Little League career, but there were several. Overmatched hitters could count themselves lucky for even a loud foul, and Jim’s strikeout totals sometimes reached 18, the maximum number of outs that can be recorded in a Little League game.

A couple of years later, my brother James ’59 taught Jim how to throw an overhand curveball. In the late ’50s, it was a pitch that we still called a drop.

The drop became Jim’s “out” pitch. Coupled with his imposing fastball, the looping curve was an apparent moon-sized missile in its appeal but proved nearly unhittable—promising everything but delivering nothing, falling like a rock just about the time it reached the plate. Amherst classmates will remember Jim as a gentle young man, quiet and reserved, and he was all of that. But he was also tenacious and dogged, whether with an intellectual challenge or a physical one. When he pitched, he was no bargain to hit against.

In the summer of ’59, we drove to Princeton in my 1950 Ford a couple of times a week for games, while also playing in a league in Somerville. It was always dark by the time we returned to Bridgewater from Princeton, and Jim pointed out once that sparks and flames were shooting out of the exhaust pipe of the car. On another trip, we were pulled over by a motorist who told us our tail lights were out. We assumed he had spotted us because of the flames from the exhaust.

The next summer, we played for an AAABA team centered in Middlesex County that qualified as the New Jersey representative for a double-elimination tournament in Johnstown, PA. There was a long bus ride, two quick losses, and another long ride but, what I remember most was Jim’s perfect imitation of our coach, exclaiming, “This is your wast twip, Cofarwro.”

Being immortal, with flames in our tails and such, it always seemed we’d play baseball forever—road warriors armed with power and another baseball field just around the corner.

We may have been searching for the perfect game or trying to define ourselves through a game we viewed as perfect, taking ourselves to the limit. But, whatever the stakes, death was not part of the game.

In all of the ways that I knew Jim, he remained well-armed, and always came over the top. I last spoke to him in the spring of 1963. I didn’t know I’d never speak to him again. I thought I’d be back at Amherst in a year or so or that there would be another game and another field, somewhere, somehow, sometime. Twenty-nine years without contact with a good friend who shared rich times and wild rides makes no sense but that was the way it shook out. I was lost for a while, he was busy. I like to think that, though we lost contact, we stayed connected in ways that went beyond Amherst and beyond the years.

When I did try to reach out for him a couple of months ago, I learned he was terribly ill. Twenty-nine years was too long but, as it turns out, not long enough; I could have held out for several more years without talking to him if only the promise and the possibility were still there, if only he were still alive.

On May 15, Jim Hazen died of cancer. He was 48 years old.

Jim received his Ph.D. in organic chemistry in 1969 at the University of Rochester and held postdoctoral positions at the University of California-Santa Cruz and at the Swiss Federation Institute in Zurich. For 17 years, he worked for American Hoechst in Coventry, RI, as a group leader in research chemistry. For the most recent 2 1/2 years, Jim worked for Chew Design in Fitchburg, MA, as a manager of process development.

Jim’s daughter, Stephanie ’93, obviously inherited her dad’s athletic genes, as she played for the softball team which won the Little Three title this spring. Jim’s son, Eric, enter Brown University in the fall.

Jim met his wife, Bonnie, while at Rochester, and they were married in 1968. He played tennis and softball for recreation. While Stephanie was moving through the playing ranks, Jim was often her coach. Recently, father and daughter had turned to umpiring games, which both enjoyed immensely.

-Mike Guetti ’65
John White Sansing

John Sansing came to Amherst from Memphis, TN, in the fall of 1961 and charmed and entertained us until his death on September 20, 1991, in Washington, D.C. True to his life, he continued to entertain us even after his passing, with a "Best of Sansing" video of highlights from his "life in Washington" segment which ran on the local "p.m. magazine" in the 1980s. At his direction, the video was show continuously at the celebration of his life which followed the memorial service in Washington on September 27.

John managed to lead the life he wanted, and the happiness that resulted was obvious. He graduated from the University of Virginia Law School in 1968 and delayed practice to travel for a year. After a brief (but sufficient) taste of Washington regulatory law, he quickly and avidly took up criminal defense work, become legendary as an effective and tenacious advocate for people with whom John had little in common but their humanity. Most benefited greatly from his legal skills, and, no doubt, many from simply knowing him.

Always a writer, he published freelance work until 1978, when he joined Washingtonian magazine, where he became executive editor. There he distinguished himself and his magazine with remarkable work about both the most and least serious issues facing our society. As entertaining as his articles about baldness cures were, his pieces on race relations were profound. Always a writer who combined clarity of style with rational argument, his work reflected his passion and his humor, his sense of justice and his wit. John loved writing; not merely the act of putting words on paper, but the act of reaching an audience, whether he was telling us something we needed to know or something we simply would enjoy learning. John’s passion and gift for communicating made him the best of company, whether indirectly, as our class secretary, or directly, as a friend who was always ready to meet and talk.

While he became skillful at skiing, scuba diving and wind surfing almost as an act of defiance against his early career as a non-athlete, the center of John’s life was the time he could spend with Lucille, who matched his wit and his fine sense of irony, and their daughter Dina, now sixteen. The three were so extraordinarily close that even Dina’s adolescence never kept them from openly and notoriously delighting in each other’s company. What John gave to them can be measured only by the extraordinary degree to which it was matched in their return of his love and devotion.

For all these reasons we, and they, will miss him with a pain that will in time diminish but remember him with a joy that never will.

-Paul T. Ruxin ’65

John R. Williams

John R. Williams died on June 13, 1991. He went through a too-short life with style and aplomb. A recent issue of the Taft School alumni magazine, a school were John taught after graduation, recounted a fascinating story about a young freshman woman named Barbara Potter (who until this year had spent many years as one of the top ten women professionals in the world) and who was good enough to play for the high school boys varsity tennis team as a freshman. The story went on to recount how she and her coach dealt with the problems and pressure.

Even as a rookie teacher and coach, John exhibited that smooth style and quiet compassion that characterized his college career. His life was spent as a schoolmaster ... he taught and he administered. He taught at several schools and later was the headmaster of the Charlotte, NC, Country Day School until stepping down from administrative duties to resume a teaching career not long ago.

Those who corresponded with him over the last years would agree that his battle with cancer epitomized his quiet grace and tough spirit. His former tennis partners and opponents will have to wait before resuming their spirited rivalries. His letter in the 25th Reunion Book reminds all of us how much he remembered of our little moments and competitions with him. He was a competitor with grace, and we all miss him.

-Samuel B. Spencer ’65
Jeffery G. DePasqua

Jeffery DePasqua died of cancer on February 1, 1991. He was 47.

Jeff earned a degree in architecture from UC Berkeley in 1968, then settled in New Orleans after working there as a VISTA volunteer. He did city planning and neighborhood renovations for a variety of public agencies before opening his own consulting firm, Metamorphosis, Inc., in 1975. His company was primarily involved with the rehabilitation and restoration of historic properties. In recent years, he also operated a bed and breakfast, which he called the “Creole Home and Guest Cottage.”

We who were Jeff’s friends at Amherst remembered his irreverent, sometimes caustic wit. He may have worn the mask of a cynic, but at heart, he was a meliorist—believing (with an earnestness that might have surprised those who knew him only superficially) in the possibility of human betterment. Much of his life was spent in service to others: summers tutoring youngsters with Upward Bound, a stint with Model Cities, VISTA duty as an advocate for the poor, a mission to Costa Rica on behalf of the Park Street Church. He labored diligently to effect aesthetic as well as social improvement. In New Orleans, he created a neighborhood landscape project, the Treme Horticultural Society, many of whose plantings were cultivated in his own greenhouse. His efforts renovating and restoring historic buildings testified to his passion for beautification, as well as his affection for the past.

Amherst also represented a tie with the past. His father, Joseph DePasqua, graduated in the Class of 1932, and Jeff once remarked that his given name was a tribute to the Fairest College. Shortly after Jeff’s death, his dad wrote me a note in which he indicated that he had hoped someday the two of them could attend an Amherst reunion together.

I don’t believe Jeff ever did attend a reunion. Like many of us, he seems to have put a certain distance between Amherst and himself in the years since graduation. I know that he never felt quite at home with the constraints of the core curriculum, and he found his vocation not so much at Amherst but by structuring his own program of art and design classes at the neighboring colleges—a course of action that was rather audacious at the time.

Jeff was my freshman roommate, and I thought about him last fall when I returned to Amherst after a very long absence to watch my own son embark on his freshman adventure. I remembered the day I first met the DePasquas, father and son, as they performed the same rite of passage some three decades earlier. The campus I rediscovered on this brief sentimental journey seemed to have evolved into a far more diversified and open-minded environment then it was in our day, while maintaining the vibrant spirit and the intimacy that made it unique. I hope that at some point, Jeff, too, had a chance to observe that metamorphosis in our alma mater. I think it is something he would have endorsed, for it mirrors the skillful blending of preservation and enhancement to which he devoted his productive, if tragically abbreviated, life.

-Marc Green ’65
On July 30, 1990, John R. Harris was involved in a fatal automobile accident, dying as he had lately lived, causing grave harm to himself but none to anyone else—aside from those that watched him helpless.

The end of death closed in on him …;
His flitting spirit left his limbs and made its way to Hades’ house;
It mourned his fate, his youth and manhood lost.
And we should mourn the same. He posed us more to mourn than most.

Turn Churchill’s insult inside out: John was an immodest man with much to be immodest about. While all freshmen brought promise, few brought the assurance it might have implied. John brought the looks of a chestnut-haired Peter O’Toole (Eat your liver, Ronald Reagan!) and a sonorous baritone (such a voice to be glib in!). He also brought the blarney of the Irishman, compounded, or aggravated, by the brass of the New Yorker. His assurance was easy rather than edgy, though; because it was genuine it rested on immense promise. Whether or not it was earned, he was, as the true New Yorker urges, “entitled.” Accepting “[gifts] gods have given” is the very opposite of committing hubris.

Still, time and chance happen to every man. Something went wrong. Like his car later, John’s entire life swerved off the track. As many gifts the gods had given John—and more—they snatched away. Once he and I revived our acquaintance, in 1982, I learned he had been under treatment for depression through the intervening 20 years. A pedestrian world reckoned him 100 percent disabled; a standard measure counted his days blighted and stunted. Self-confidence had indeed fled. Yet self-pity had not supplanted it: He bore his pain with the stoicism of the New Englander he had become. Nor had intellect shed its luster: When he could work at all, he taught matter from the farther marches of mathematics.

Maybe John did fly too near the sun. Your disobedient correspondent, who my own self “with the gods have striven,” would have been indiscreet enough to sound a warning based on his error if I had seen an error, but I saw none. What chastens me (while not instructing me) is the sheer length of his fall.

Courage consisting in grace under pressure, John’s last few years afford us two conspicuous examples, both of which can instruct us (while chastening us). First, John contributed to the annual fund, in Gibbon’s line on Robert Guiscard, “with a liberal hand.” Although he belongs with the Class of 1965 (a class, in Gibbon’s line on the Emperor Vespasian, distinguished for its “parsimony”), and although he never graduated with any class and although he subsisted on a public stipend, he mustered much more than a widow’s mite—which itself would have been commendable. Gaze upon his good works, we that pleading constraint contribute in two figures even as we earn in five or six, and mightily repent.

Second, John attended our 20th Reunion. Although since college he had not padded his resume but had suffered an uncushioned fall from a great height, he subjected himself to his hard-charging classmates. He was magnificent. We will never see him again.

Our sympathy goes to John’s mother and father. No parent should have to bury a child.

-Patrick J. Murray ’65

It is with profound sadness that I write with the news of the death of F. Edward Potter Jr., son of Amherst, member of the Class of 1965. Ed was stricken with a heart attack on July 20 while working with his son in the yard of his vacation home in Vinalhaven, Maine. Despite a rapid response by neighbors and the local medical authorities, efforts to revive him failed.

At Amherst, Ed was well known as president of the Chi Phi fraternity and a member of the Amherst College Double Quartet. He was an ardent booster of both organizations and will be remembered for his great humor and his love of music. After Amherst and a graduate degree in history from the Univ. of Connecticut, Ed pursued a career as a teacher and administrator in private secondary school education at the Winchendon School in Winchendon, Mass.; the Moses Brown School in Providence, R.I.; and since 1977, as the headmaster of the Peddie School in Hightstown, N.J.

Ed was a wonderful person whose intelligence coupled with his inherent love of people made him a natural headmaster. At services held on July 23 at Peddie, approximately 1,200 people attended, including hundreds of Peddie students and graduates who returned to the campus from their summer vacations to honor him. He is survived by his wife Hillary, his daughter Tappen, his son Reid, and the legions of students, parents of students, colleagues and friends whose lives his life enriched. He is deeply missed.

-Robert P. Carson ’66
Dennis S. Klinge

It is with sadness that we report the death of our classmate Dennis Klinge, who died on April 2 in the Central Vermont Hospital in Berlin. Dennis had gone into the hospital for an operation and died suddenly of complications.

At the time of his death Dennis was an associate professor of history at Norwich Univ. and was quite active in various historical groups. He was a member of the American Historical Society, the Northfield Historical Society, the Vermont Academy of Arts & Sciences, and the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Classmates recall Dennis as being an exuberant fanatic of British and American history, spending hours plotting the individual history of ships from construction to sinking—our generation’s Bucky Salmon. Ships didn’t occupy all his time, of course; he is fondly remembered as an exuberant classmate and friend.

Dennis, who belonged to Kappa Theta fraternity, grew up in New Jersey. He majored in history at Amherst and later studied and taught in Edinburgh and in London. He earned his Ph.D. at Cornell. He taught also at West Point, N.Y.; Lawrence Univ. in Appleton, Wisc.; and Dickinson Univ. in Carlyle, Pa.

In 1968 Dennis married Mary “Molly” Fisk in Buffalo, and they had two sons, Stephen and David.

The class extends its deepest condolences to Molly, Stephen, and David.

- John Sansing ’65

Tibor T. Polgar

Tibor Polgar died on January 21, 1985, of a heart attack at the age of 41. His work and his life in general since Amherst were involved with the oceans and bays of the world. At the time of his death, he was the technical and scientific director for Martin Marietta’s environmental systems division in Columbia, Md.

Tibor was an expert on the effects of human activities in marine life in estuary areas and also on striped bass, particularly in Chesapeake Bay.

At Amherst, Tibor’s usually smiling countenance and cheerful disposition were a campus fixture. His outlook on life undoubtedly was influenced by his beginnings which featured birth in a Nazi work camp in Szolnok, Hungary, while his mother was an inmate. Tibor’s mother, Rose, who survives him along with his wife, Barbara, and Tibor lived in Budapest after release from the camp where they lived until moving to New York when he was 15.

After Amherst, Tibor obtained his master’s and doctorate from the Univ. of Rhode Island, and he then joined Martin Marietta. He was the founding chairman of the Hudson River Panel, a member of the Marine Programs Advisory Council to the URI president, and an adjunct professor at the University of Maryland. He was also a member of many, many marine review groups and coastal advisory commissions.

His classmates will miss him as we know his wife, mother, and professional friends all will.

-Samuel Spencer ’65

Frank K. Abbot Jr.
While visiting Amherst on April 13, 1968, Oliver Welch took his own life. Since graduation Oliver had been living in Aspen, Colorado, and had returned to Amherst for a weekend visit. Oliver had been working as a ski instructor and was well along in the writing of a novel at the time of his death.

Born December 28, 1943, Oliver attended St. Paul Academy in St. Paul, Minn., where he captained the best hockey team ever to represent that school. He received a severe leg fracture during the state championship game and was not able to return to the rink until senior year at Amherst where he was a leading scorer although unable to play the entire season.

A German major at Amherst, Oliver spent his junior year abroad in Munich. When he returned to the campus senior year, Oliver was an active member of the glee club in addition to returning to hockey and skiing, his two favorite activities.

The class extends its deepest sympathies to Oliver’s family.

Mark Johnson died March 27, 1967, at the Chelsea Naval Hospital in Boston after having served in the navy since March 1966. He was a machinist mate assigned to the carrier Enterprise and had seen duty in Southeast Asia. Mark was born in Northampton and lived on Cosby Avenue in Amherst. He graduated from Amherst Regional High School in 1961 where he had received many scholastic honors and was a member of the Pro Merito National Society. After leaving the Class of 1965, Mark worked in Connecticut before enlisting in the navy.

The class extends its sympathy to Mark’s mother and his brothers and sister.
Alma Mater

Words and Music by
Jason N. Pierce °02

With spirit

1. Resound, resound ye circling hills Send ye forth glad songs of
   Amherst men That we now assemble

2. Rejoice, rejoice ye circling hills Send ye forth glad songs of
   Amherst men That we now assemble

A.C.S.B.
lays Let ev'ry son rejoice And now up-
cheer Let ev'ry son rejoice And now up-

lays Each son rejoice Each son rejoice
cheer Each son rejoice Each son rejoice

lays Each son rejoice Each son rejoice
cheer Each son rejoice Each son rejoice

lift his voice Resound ye hills ye echoes
lift his voice On 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
up-lift his voice ye hills so dear
up-lift his voice ye hills so dear

A.C.S.B.
A.C.S.B.
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.
Hail Alma Mater

Words by
Prof. J. F. Gensz

Music by
W. P. Bigelow '89

1. Hail, Alma Mater, old Amherst the true,
   Queen on thy living throne.
   Thine be the homage to wise empire's due,
   Paying thy tribute, in song we unite.

2. Here's to our colors, the purple and white,
   Regal in purity.
   Here's to the hearts that are light,
   Here's to the maid with golden hair And

3. Here's to college, whose colors we bear,

A.C.S.B.
Thine be our hearts a - lone.
Great in the past,
Tree to our sym - bols, we,
Dear class - ic halls,
eyes that are beam - ing and bright.
Gar - lands of vio - lets and

stand - est thou fast; Thou art wor - thy, reign,
gray col - leg walls, Ev - ry scene, each mem - ory,
li - lies en - twined And hearts that are true and

strong un - to the last. Hail, hail, Al - ma Ma - ter, old
fer - vent love re - calls. Hail, hail, Al - ma Ma - ter, reign
voi - ces com - bined. Hail, hail, to the Col - legue whose

Am - herst the true, Our hearts are thine a - lone.
ev - er in might, Am - herst the strong, the free,
col - ors we bear, Hur - rah for the purple and white.

A.C.S.E.
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 gingerbread, For kissing her at the gate, Well,
Hands me down my calico dress, I'm going to the calico ball,
then she gave me gingerbread, For kissing her at the gate.

Well, as we go marching And the band begins to play,
You can hear the people shout.

The Amherst team is out to win today.
Lord Geoffrey Amherst

Words and Music by
J. S. HAMILTON, '04

Tempo di Marcia

1. Oh, Lord Geoffrey Amherst was a soldier of the King. And he

2. Oh, Lord Geoffrey Amherst was the man who gave his name To our
Frenchman and the Indians, he didn't do a thing In the
story of his loyalty and bravery and fame A

winds of this wild country try
bides here among us still

winds of this wild country try
bides here among us still

To the
And the
for his Royal Majesty, he fought with all his might, for he was a talk about your Johnnies and your Elisha and the rest. For they are

wel - dier names that loyal and true And he
time can never dim And he

conquered all the enemies, that came within his sight And he

looked round for more when he was through.

end we will stand fast for him.
O, 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 bow'rs no more.
Paige's Horse

Words by
F. J. E. Woodbridge '89

Arr. by S. A. Langford, AC1963,
after Air, by W. P. Bigelow 1889

1. Brightly from the study window Gleams my chummy's student lamp, While a-
2. Paige's horse is in a snow drift; Paige's cutter, up-side down; And my
3. By the two mile woods I've fallen, Fallen down in great despair. Let the

cross the wintry meadows I am wandering home from "Hamp." "Hamp." lamp burn on still brighter, While I climb the Golden stair. Let the

student lamp be burning, Send its gleam across the snow, That when

home from "Hamp" returning, I may see the way to go.
Senior Song 1906

J. S. Hamilton '06

1. Strangers once, we came to dwell together, Sons of a mother wise and true,
2. We have climbed together up the pathway, On to the goal where life doth wait,

Now we're bound by ties that cannot sever, All our whole life thro;
Where in bright and beckoning fields of promise LI eth fame or fate.

Gather closer, hand to hand, The time draws near when we must part,
Form'd among these dear old halls— Friendships that can never die,

Still the love of college days will linger Ever in each heart,
Strength to keep us faithful in our manhood To our purpose high.

A.C.S.B.