Class of 1965 50th Reunion
PreConnect ‘65
2015

Contributions in order received, followed by alphabetical directory of contributors including page numbers for their entries
I got my Ph.D. in economics from Yale in 1969, taught at Princeton for 4 years, Michigan State for 20, University of Texas at Austin for 21. (I retired from UT in September 2014 but have had a permanent half-time position at Royal Holloway University of London since 2012.) I think I’ve done fairly well in my profession, and, much more important, I have enjoyed it immensely and felt that my research has been useful. I pride myself on my teaching of first-year economics, in which I’ve had over 20,000 students since 1968.

My family has mattered a lot to me. I left Chicago for Yale, then an all-male school, figuring I was condemned to four years of monastic life. Through sheer luck I met a history/teaching grad student there; and The Beatles were right—I do “believe in love at first sight,” and we were married in December 1966. She has worked in several careers, but mainly as an attorney from 1987 until her retirement in 2013. We produced two sons, now ages 45 and 42, the older a management consultant, the younger an attorney. We have grandchildren (4 boys, 2 girls) ranging in age from 9 to 19, so that the two oldest are headed to or in college. (Picture of entire extended family taken June 2013 is shown below.)

We love to travel, and are spending nearly 3 months a year in London (for my teaching job) and about 2 months a year at an apartment in Manhattan (New York, not Kansas). The most important travel, though, is seeing the kids and their families, which we don’t do enough of.

Neither of my sons went to Chicago; while the older one did fill out a preliminary application, he decided to apply early decision elsewhere. The two oldest grandsons are going elsewhere too—perhaps someday a descendant will attend.

Other than work and travel, I read a lot and still try to keep up my long-distance running. Getting older is especially depressing in this latter regard, as I watch my race times deteriorate (personal best 10K 40:10, now about 58 minutes).

Without doubt the most influential teacher for me at Chicago was Gregg Lewis. I took his labor class my second year, then worked for him as an RA the next two years. Most of all he taught me the importance of taking data seriously, something that I like to think has pervaded and indeed been a hallmark of my career. He was such an influence that I was proud to create a small endowment in his honor at another college out of an overly generous honorarium they had given me.

I totally failed to place out of Hum 1 (although I am still fond of listening to Mozart’s Divertimento # 15 !!), but I was extremely fortunate in having Leonard Meyer as my Hum 1 instructor my entire first year. While the curriculum was excellent, having him describe music (his specialty) increased my affinity for classical music and spurred a lifelong interest. He was also terrific in the art section, which inspired an interest in museum-going that I didn’t have before and in which I indulge in every city I visit.
Trying to remember things at UC is not hard. A few remarkable events:

Draining the grease from the spaghetti served at Burton-Judson, congealing it into a candle, lighting it and sending a letter to The Maroon indicating a new way for the University to save money on electricity for lighting.

Working in the bowels of the Business East Library (doing my RA work) on November 22, 1963, emerging at 4:30PM to walk by the newsstand at Kimbark and 57th to see the headline, thinking later that I was probably the last person in the United States to hear of the assassination.

Going crazy over the Missile Crisis in the last two weeks of October 1962, an event about whose importance my kids and grandkids haven’t a clue.

Finally, my wife read this over and said I should add, “As you can see, I’m still my dorky, competitive self!”

I’ll be at the Reunion (have already booked travel and hotel) from early on Friday June 5 until suppertime.
Greetings, classmates. As a Reunion Committee co-perpetrator of this “PreConnect ‘65” scheme, I thought I’d better keep the faith by submitting my own contribution early on. I chose the quickie life-story option, with a nod towards historical retrospectives.

So. In our junior year, Prof. Ed Wasiolek asked me what I expected to do after graduating U. of C. I told him I thought I might become a high school English teacher. His response: “Why don’t you think about getting a Ph.D. in English? Lots of women are doing it nowadays.”

Thanks largely to that chance conversation, I did get a Ph.D. in English and Humanities at Stanford University. My first teaching appointment was at the University of Chicago—from which I resigned early in my first year to honor a marriage engagement—which I broke later that year. Ask me at the Reunion.

Not long afterwards, I got married for real to my first husband, Tom Linehan, also just finishing a Ph.D. in English. The two of us managed to get temporary employment teaching part-time at Oberlin College in Ohio, which over time morphed into the sharing of a full-time position, ultimately on a tenured basis. It’s been a good place to be: a school with smart, intellectually curious student, highly (occasionally militantly) liberal politics, and a fine music conservatory, set in a community-minded small town.

Only looking back do I realize how lucky my timing was in terms of career opportunities opening up for women in academia in those early post-Friedan years of the women’s movement. Both U. of C. and Oberlin were just beginning a push to recruit female faculty, and in conjunction with that, to reform the anti-nepotism rules that had previously not allowed married faculty to both hold tenure-line positions in the same college or university.

My years of teaching at Oberlin weren’t all roses. The two roughest things were that my son Brian was from early on, and still is, afflicted with nearly disabling social anxiety; and that my husband Tom died of cancer in 1999.

Five years later, though, life took a new turn when recently divorced U. of C. classmate, Glenn Loafmann came calling. Secular me in Oberlin and a clergyman with a church of his own in Barrington, Illinois? It turned out I had a great learning curve in store. Dating led to the experiment of living together in Oberlin, which pretty quickly led to marriage—even though it meant my having to give up the line that I was living in sin with a minister and loving it.

We both retired a few years after that. I got back to singing in a musical group (I had loved being in Howard Brown’s Collegium Musicum during my college years) and joined two book groups. Other pleasures have included travel and volunteering in Oberlin College’s “community contact” program for foreign students.
End of story—for now. We’re looking forward to being at the reunion in June, and also to whatever advance electronic reconnecting turns up via PreConnect ’65.

Kathie and Glenn
Name: Suzanne Deitch Shure
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The last 50 years in 25 words or less? Let’s see: taught school in Chicago, got married, moved to Ohio, got a master’s in education, taught high school and elementary art in Lorain, adopted 2 kids, had a surprise # 3, have a small craft business making beaded jewelry and teaching occasional classes at our main library. Oh, after I retired from the schools, I was hired as associate children’s librarian at our main at the age of 65. I left there in 2013.

Didn’t make it in 25 words. Tough times- kids. Don’t want to dwell much on that because everything actually worked out, in time!! I now have 6 grandchildren, ages from 4 to 26, which is really a long story. The kids all seem to currently be taking care of themselves, and live in Chicago, Lorain, and Akron.

My husband and I have managed to travel a fair amount, and it’s been wonderful. All my art history has become a wonderful background for the travel. Lately his health has become precarious, so I suspect we’re done. Have not gotten to Egypt, because we just waited too long, and now I think it’s not going to happen.

What I really am concerned about: grandkids, of course, but I really want to be an artist! It’s taken 50-60 years to figure that out. If I’d known sooner, I probably would have switched to the Art Institute, but now, I get to play on my own. Still, I couldn’t have asked for a better education for the world than UChicago, which I hear it is called now.

Most vivid memories? Sitting in the stairwell of New Dorm listening to Lee Schwarz play his guitar. Gad zooks, it was better than studying. And more studying would have been a good idea. I wish I could go back and work harder. I was going to do a Masters in Art History with Joshua Taylor (god), but had to get a job (in Hyde Park High School). Still sorry I didn’t push harder for money. Oh well, it was 50 years and many miles away. Other vivid extracurricular—sneaking my boyfriend into Blackstone Hall dressed in one of my dresses and a babushka, I believe it was right before Thanksgiving break. He got a funny look from the woman at the desk, but up he went.

One last memory, studying hard, underlining the part I KNEW was going to be asked, being called on, and totally blanking out—nada, nothing, empty, yet there was the paragraph underlined. Humiliating, sigh. I skipped the next class to Really Prepare, just in case. But I was invisible by then.

I loved working in the theater programs. I loved being stage manager and wearing black and sneaking around backstage. I couldn’t act, but I sure could make props. “Good News” I remember all of it!!! I have the records they made, and will play them for you! No DVDs then. And parties too, of course. Gerry Mast, David Steinberg, the talent—Talent!!!

I do wish I had become more involved in social causes. The place was a hotbed of activity, and I
watched it all with fascination. But riding to Selma, or waving placards on the field just wasn’t me. I think I was too scared to fail in school to look for outside connectors. I must have missed a lot, though I did apply to the Peace Corps in 1964. Very disappointed not to be selected. Actually, the word was “Deselected”.

And faculty—Christian Mackauer, even though I should have done better in Western Civ. Is it too late to retake the final?
Name: Douglas Mitchell
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My road to the University of Chicago Press passed through the Scott, Foresman College Division, where I had worked for six years, becoming directing editor (acquiring textbooks in American and European history), then to the Press in 1977. My education had been at the University of Chicago, undergrad and grad, in Ideas & Methods, an interdisciplinary program charged with locating the ways in which philosophic problems arise in fields other than philosophy—a good preparation for scholarly publishing. My focus, thus, is on themes, such as love, justice, community, and culture, and these inform my lists in sociology, history, sexuality studies, rhetoric, and jazz studies. Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality was an early acquisition, and led to the formation of a strong list in sexuality studies, which now numbers well over 100 titles. Our list in intellectual history is highlighted by Annalistes in translation and by formal historiography, as well as urban/community histories both American and European. Books in rhetoric range from the works of Richard McKeon to No Caption Needed: Iconic Photographs, Public Culture, and Liberal Democracy. In Sociology, ethnography is the key to the kingdom of qualitative studies of culture, with many prizewinning titles which others have described as influencing the direction of late 20th-century sociology. Jazz studies books also win prizes, most abundantly the recent A Power Stronger than Itself, a history of the AACM.

My compatriot in making the books happen is editorial associate Kyle Wagner, the point man in our endeavors.

In the video below Doug Mitchell talks about his vocation of publishing and his avocation of jazz drumming.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4hMDLoydSUo
Name: Mary Dunkel  
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Mary Dunkel is retired from Pepsi-Cola where she was Marketing/Media Director.

She’s come a long way—born in Shanghai, Mary grew up on the South side of Chicago in Woodlawn/Hyde Park—President Obama’s old neighborhood. Mary came from an academic family and received her degrees in Russian language, then taught in Chicago inner city and private schools.

Mary met her husband Alex Dunkel on a U.S. government teaching exchange with the former Soviet Union at Moscow State University. She moved to Tucson after discovering that commuting between Chicago and Tucson to see Alex was not at all glamorous. When Mary took a job in the Advertising Dept at Levy’s, a Federated Store in Tucson, Alex would critique the store’s daily ads, displaying an unusual knowledge of how white space was being used. She discovered Alex had majored in Art and worked in Advertising in NYC before becoming a professor of Russian. As it turned out, they had switched careers.

A sales rep and mentor asked Mary to interview for the media buyer position at the family-owned Pepsi-Cola franchise. For the next 30 years Mary was part of the management team that helped grow Lane Pepsi to one of the most successful franchises in the Pepsi system (grown to include 4 locations in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona). Tucson was chosen to be the test market for Free Diet Pepsi Day: for this event, nearly every advertising venue was purchased, and every entertainment venue was Free, courtesy of Pepsi. The record spending in Tucson media led to a record number of cases of Diet Pepsi sold. Pepsico recognized the great value of Lane Pepsi and eventually purchased all four franchises.

Lane Pepsi won or was nominated for Bottler of Year multiple times—key elements involved Sales, Marketing and Community Relations. Mary also won National Pepsi awards for Media Buying Efficiency, Media Promotions, Sales and Marketing, Hispanic Marketing Company of the Year, as well as Pepsi Community Service awards that provided annual cash awards for local non-profits and events, such as the Community Food Bank, TUSD and Sunnyside School Districts, El Tour de Tucson, the International Mariachi Conference and many others.

The Lane family was a major contributor to the Tucson community, allowing Mary to develop her role in community relations leadership at Lane Pepsi. Mary’s own community work includes service as chair of UA College of Humanities Advisory Committee, UA Foundation grant reader, American Women in Radio and TV Past President and District Director, GTEC (now TREO) PR Committee, Pima Community College Marketing Advisory Board, National Hispanic Scholarship Foundation, UA Hispanic Alumni Foundation Scholarships, and helping to build and market Arizona Athletics.

Community awards include: County Supervisor’s Award for Distinguished Service, Mayor’s Copper Letter, LULAC/ FBI Community Service Awards, Copper Cactus Awards.
Most of all, Mary is proud of her many years with AAF Tucson as Past President/Board Member, District 12 Past Governor/Board member, recognition as Advertising Professional of the Year and induction into the Hall of Fame.

After retirement, Mary created Q Marketing, taking on beverage clients and supporting agency work. She also commutes regularly to Chicago to visit her 105-year-old Dad and consult with his business, China Publications Service.

Daughter Tania (who also contributed much to the Tucson media community) and husband Randy Capin live in Tucson, son Bruce and wife Zodie Spain live in Atlanta. Mary feels so fortunate that she and her family have had so much fun working with the ad professionals in Tucson!

Mary Dunkel
Name: Mimi Wuest  
Degree: AB, General  
Resides in: Reedsburg, WI

After 10 years with the Illinois Dept. of Children and Family Services and a Master's from SSA, husband Gene Wuest (AM SSA '68) and I moved to rural Wisconsin, had 2 lovely daughters, Emily and Abigail, and enjoyed country life. We garden. We have chickens. I teach psychology and sociology part time at Madison Area Technical College. We are lucky to have two fine grandsons, Malcolm, 5, and Oliver, 2, who live in Andover, MA with their parents, and a charming granddaughter, Lily, 4, who lives with her parents and an incoming brother in Cross Plains, WI. We remain active in the causes of social justice and environmental protections. With our current governor, we have more work than we can handle. Check out Reedsburg Area Concerned Citizens and the Sauk Prairie Conservation Alliance on Facebook to see what we are up to.

Good wishes to all alums, and here's to the Hyde Park years!
I’ve had a pretty ordinary life track since graduation: seminary (Colgate Rochester), marriage, a couple of years as academic advisor in The College, a year or so in The Divinity School, a couple of years teaching nursery school, 3 years as dorm advisor at a Sacred Heart academy, 3 days driving a taxi in Chicago, 3 years at Merrill Lynch, a son, 5 years as a psychotherapist, 9 years as associate pastor of a church in Lincoln Park, 14 years as pastor in Barrington, divorce, a year as Interim Pastor in Ohio, a year as interim chaplain at Oberlin College. (Some things overlapping, some out of order.) Retired. We travel. We shovel snow. I read books deferred since college. Sometimes I find marginal notes in my handwriting in books I’ve never read (*Varieties of Religious Experience*).

Out of the Ordinary events: married again—Kathie Bailey Linehan, from our class. Since then the Good Times have just kept on rolling. Also, I have spent several years on Reunion Planning committees.

Uses of UC education: BA in General Studies in Humanities was perfect preparation for all this. My intellectual life is of a piece with my existential life. The Jackson Pollock section of Josh Taylor’s Intro to Art was perhaps best preparation of all—my life looks like one of those.

UC High Moments: Fall 1963, Norman Maclean’s Shakespeare class. He started the course saying, “In our family there was no clear line between religion and fly fishing.” He spoke of detail and precision and repetition in fly fishing, and academic discipline, which includes all that plus reading the assignments and coming to class on time. And weekly quizzes.

And then – working on *Othello*, Act V, Sc. 2. Desdemona’s anguish and horror in the final exchange with Othello: “O, banish me, my lord but kill me not!.... Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!/ ... But half an hour!/ … But while I say one prayer!”

“If you saw the game,” Maclean said (Game One of the World Series), “you saw that Koufax had an overwhelming fast ball. Maybe the best ever.” [Pause] “But when he wanted to get a batter out, he threw a curve. He set them up with power, and then he took a little something off. He struck out 15.”

“These are some of the most powerful lines in the English language. But at the end, Shakespeare takes a little something off: ... “It is too late.”
He taught baseball using Shakespeare, and taught Shakespeare using baseball. There is no clear line.

The next month, on the first day of class after the Assassination, he taught us, “A tragedy—and this was a true tragedy—is not just something bad that happened one day; it has a meaning.”

The course I felt best about: “Greek Tragedy in Translation,” with Anne Pippen Burnett. Great teacher; made us comfortable with these mythic works—made me feel worthy in their presence. I also learned there is a color that is both “purple” and “red.” Used that knowledge in a letter to a girl the next summer.

Course that “fed” me the most: Ed Wasiolek’s “Dostoevski.”

Most Challenging Moment: Richard Stern handed back a draft of my Gen Studies paper – “Now, write me something you would be proud to show to Dostoevski.”

On passing Math 151: Thank you, Alfred Lunt Putnam! A skilled and compassionate teacher (“memorize the Mean Value Theorem—even if you don’t understand it—it will be on the test.”) He also disappeared for 40 minutes 20 minutes before the final ended: I solved three extra problems.

People I am grateful to/for: Chuck O’Connell, persuaded the Admissions Committee to waive the foreign language requirement for me and 3 other applicants from high schools that did not offer a foreign language. Changed my life.

Kathie Bailey: who had a very frank and comfortable answer to an instructor’s question (“what’s going on here?”) about “Leda and the Swan.” At that point in my life, I didn’t know one could be both frank and comfortable. I’d never seen that.

Dan and Nancy Jordan: My “dorm parents” in Vincent House the last two years. Great, wonderful, warm, loving people—the first Baha’is I had ever known.

Enid Rieser: my advisor for years one and two, officially, and three and four, de facto. Kept me from yielding to panic or dismay.

Others: Maybe some I’ll get to thank in person—alas, not all. But thank you. You changed my life.

What matters most to me now? Learning to organize life instead of just responding to prompts. Creating my use for Thursday evenings now that I don’t have Board meetings on the calendar. I learned to fly, got my license, and the hardest part was realizing it was OK to take the time and spend the money. I don’t have to find a reason or justify the costs. It’s a big transition.
Successes/Accomplishments: Marrying Kathie. Right up there with the “Airplane: Single Engine, Land” rating as an accomplishment to be proud of. Two General Studies people under one roof!

Attending the Reunion? —Yes, I said, Yes I will Yes

Kathie and Glenn
Name: Loraine Stern  
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My life has gone in pretty much a straight line since college. I went to med school at UC partly because I knew that I would be isolated for those 4 years and I knew people in the arts. Precious free time could be spent listening to orchestra rehearsals in Mandel Hall or running over to see Court Theater.

I went to UCLA for my residency in pediatrics. This was partly motivated by Chicago winters. I wanted to be a surgeon but in the sixties surgeons were essentially hazing women. I found that when I felt alone or depressed I would go to the pediatric unit to cheer up so…DUH!

I have been a pediatrician all this time in a practice I started which now has 7 docs. I have never not wanted to go to work, and I don’t now how many people can say that. I have often wished I could sleep later, though. I was on the clinical faculty of UCLA until I emeritused myself out recently.

I was married until my advertising executive husband died of cancer 11 years ago. He made me laugh so hard my stomach hurt. We traveled everywhere and I twice took a year off to spend time with him when the practice had extra help. We went to the North Pole, Antarctica, the Galapagos, up the Amazon, China, multiple trips to about every country in Europe and especially Holland, the Russian Far East, etc. That time off was the best decision I ever made.

I have made art all through my life. In college I was allowed to take life drawing as an elective and then (bless the liberal UC) again in med school. Taking med school anatomy made an enormous difference to the quality of my art. I have a website – lorainesternartist if you are curious.

I work with brilliant people who are great doctors but whose education is obviously seriously narrower than mine. For example, one of my partners told me he found this delicious vodka call chop-in. It took me a moment to realize he meant Chopin.

I think that is what I am most grateful to UC for – the depth and breadth of my general education.
Dr. Loraine Stern
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I came to the University of Chicago from the Chicago public schools, having absolutely no idea of what I was getting into. My older sister had transferred to UC after two years at Navy Pier, so I applied and got in. The next five years were exciting and terrifying in equal measure. I left UC with a BA and MA, married my teen sweetheart David Rubin, and have had a life of adventure ever since. We moved to Minnesota, where he had received a job offer. As a native Chicagoan, I had only the remotest idea of where Minnesota was (after all, English majors did not have to take geography courses). We lived there for a number of years, and I grew to love it, arctic temperatures and all. I went back to school in the American Studies program at UM and received a Ph.D. in 1972. I wrote my dissertation about an architectural sculptor, Alfonso Iannelli, and up until recently, I was the world’s expert on him. If you want to know who he was, just look up at the Rock on the Prudential Building in Chicago.

In 1972, we moved to the new town of Columbia, Maryland, where our two sons, Ari and Joshua, grew up. They would always say, “Mom, Columbia is so boring,” and I would say, “Exactly as intended.” After a number of adjunct jobs teaching, I took a job as administrator of the new Washington, DC campus of Lindenwood College. I set up the administrative structures, hired faculty, recruited students, and learned about how adults learn by the seat of my pants. After a few years, I became Director of Experiential Learning Programs at the University of Maryland College Park, and then Associate Dean of General and Individualized Studies. After a six-year stint as Dean of the Fulton School of Liberal Arts at what was then Salisbury State University, we moved to New Jersey so I could become Vice President of Academic Affairs at Ramapo College; it is a state college that admitted its first class in 1969, which is how I always get stuck at the end of the line at presidential inaugurations! I stayed at Ramapo for the rest of my academic career, as VP, and then Professor of American Studies, until my retirement in 2008.

Despite a job that squished me between the President’s demands and the faculty’s contrariness, I had a lot of fun. David had to travel a great deal for his job as a transportation planner and I accompanied him when I could. I became very active in a group called the National Society for Experiential Education, served on the board and as president, consulted with over twenty colleges and universities, and made many friends for life. The kids grew and prospered. Joshua went to UC and majored in Religion in the Humanities, the sort of liberal arts degree to make a UC Mom proud and an MIT Dad worried he would end up living in our basement. Both children have done well, married wonderful women, and produced four of the absolutely brightest and most handsome/beautiful children ever to grace Manhattan and Boulder, CO.

Since retiring, David and I have travelled a great deal, to all continents except Antarctica. We spend time with our grandchildren when we can. I take classes in Mishnah and watercolor, work with a personal trainer to keep all my parts moving, and volunteer at the Adler Aphasia Center (ask me more about it). I’m on our synagogue’s Adult Education Committee, which is uncharacteristically productive. Retiring was never a difficult decision for me. I just imagined
how many operas and Broadway shows I could see, how many museums I could wander through, and how many lunches with old friends I could fit in, without worrying about grading another paper or sitting through one more tedious committee meeting.

When I think back to UC, I remember Charles O’Connell, director of admissions, who was my writing instructor. He had the temerity to give me a B- on my second paper. However, he taught me how to think and write like a college student, and some of my best college friends were in his class with me. John Cavelti dragged me through Humanities kicking and screaming, but my love of art and music come from him. Edward Wasiolek and James Miller taught me to treasure literature, even if I had to practice speed reading to finish those novels. The faculty member (don’t remember his name) who taught “Philosophy of Biology” helped me see that I could write a 25-word essay that captured an idea clearly and expressed it without an “on the other hand” to muddle it up. There was a faculty member named Orlinsky in the social sciences who not only let me write a research paper on homosexuality after a friend “came out,” but who encouraged my research and wrote an end-comment that meant the world to me at the time. I do have to give a shout out to Norman Maclean, who scarred me forever.

Although I was a writer for The Maroon, I wasn’t very political in those days. I did do a cartoon for the newspaper of a fellow walking along after an atomic bomb test. It took a minute to realize he had two heads. During the Cuban missile crisis, I remember doing something with pennies. Anyone remember? I think just getting through UC intellectually was so overwhelming that I didn’t have much energy to devote to politics or even social life. I did go to Wash Prom with a friend because a lovely woman who lived down the hall in Blackstone sewed a dress for me. Imagine having the time to do it, and the personality to create something beautiful for someone who was only a casual friend.

I am definitely coming to Reunion. I already have the bells on my toes!

Sharon and her family on her 70th birthday last May. Her sisters are the bookends.
From Finance to Fiction

That, in a phrase, is the short version of my life after leaving the U of C. Having acquired an MBA, I launched my career in Wall Street and spent the better part of 30 years as a consultant to corporations (mostly multinationals) with exposure to interest rate, exchange rate, or commodity price risk. In the decade before I retired for the third (and hopefully final) time, I authored a memoir and a novel, and made a good deal more than pocket change as freelancer and editor.

How did that happen?

For those not familiar with the field, finance professionals are typically in search of answers to weighty questions like “why did that happen?” or “what do I need to do to make this situation come right?” In other words, they ask pretty much the same questions creative writers ask. It wasn’t a big leap from finance to fiction.

But it was actually more eclectic than that, as I dropped out several times along the way. At age 40, I set out to sail around the world with my then husband. When our five-year circumnavigation came to an unexpected end in New Zealand after three years, I returned to finance, calling Australia home for 5 years before returning to NYC. A few years later, I dropped out for two years to work with a small non-profit that provided housing and support services to the mentally ill in New York. I dropped out of the world of finance (now in Des Moines, IA) for the final time in 2008, when I decided to make creative writing my full time occupation.

The question of the year is whether I will write another novel. Stay tuned.

On the personal front, my marriage to a U of C MBA ended after 17 years (no … it wasn’t the sailing voyage that did it) with no children. Six years ago, I met Kent Zimmerman, a Northwestern grad and the love of my life. We are both (hopefully) retired and planning for several years of travel before we even begin to think about getting old.

Memories of Chicago: Blackfriars (especially David Steinberg and Belleruth Krepon) … Sylvia Kravitz (if you don’t remember her, ask me at the Reunion) … a course in intellectual history in which Prof. Stearns announced that if you hadn’t read at least a third of the books on the reading list already, you should drop the course (I had read enough to stay and it was sublime) … working as a ward clerk in the operating room of Billings Hospital, which gave me the opportunity to watch what were then amazingly innovative surgical procedures … the Cuban missile crisis, which for a time made even tomorrow seem like a pipe dream.
And yes … I will be at the Reunion!

P.S. If you’re looking for a good summer read, try my memoir of the sailing journey (*Sailing Down the Moonbeam*) or my novel (*A Fitting Place*).
When I was a little girl, I wanted to become a lawyer. I read my first Supreme Court case when I was 10 years old, and I am still reading law to this day. When I graduated from 8th grade, my classmates predicted that I would be the first woman on the Supreme Court. No way – I am not a scholar. But they were right that I love the law, and it was my destiny.

While I was in the College, I turned away from an interest in law, but not away from a passion for justice. It was, after all, the Sixties. My diploma says that I majored in psychology – actually I majored in student politics. How exhilarating those protest marches were! We were sure that we could make a difference, and maybe we did. There was certainly more change and more hope than there is now.

Have you seen the t-shirts that say on the front “University of Chicago” and on the back “Where fun comes to die”? Not true for me – I had a ball in the College! I was for the first time in my life popular, and I loved every minute of that. I was not, however, a serious student, and I do regret that. I changed my major at least four times – I wasn’t focused and couldn’t see myself in academia, which seemed to be the only acceptable career path for U of C students. It’s no surprise that the only award I won during College was the Howell Murray Award for leadership in student activities.

After college, I worked in a residential treatment center for emotionally disturbed children in New York City. It was the best job I ever had. I wish I had stayed longer. I was casting about when a friend – a friend who remains to this day an important person in my life – urged me to go to law school. And so I became a lawyer after all.

I surprised myself by returning home to Indianapolis, Indiana, after law school. I don’t know why I came back. I should have known that Indianapolis was not ready for women lawyers. Even my mother discouraged my return, telling me that our hometown was no place for a single woman. Maybe that’s why I never found my niche in the legal profession. Time and again, I taught myself new areas of the law – not a path to conventional success in a profession that has become increasingly specialized – but just the right way to do it for a perpetual student like me.

I took a seven-year maternity leave when my two sons were little and returned to the private practice of law when I became a single parent. Alas, I am not Superwoman. Eventually I retreated to a job in state government that was below my skill level in order to have time and energy for parenting, and I stayed there until 2007 when I retired.

All that time I was doing volunteer work. Years ago I screened cases for the ACLU of Indiana … I ran a humongous sale of used clothing that funded a pilot project to train court-appointed
special advocates for our local Juvenile Court system … I edited a compendium of local youth services called Youth Yellow Pages … I led my congregation’s participation in a program to shelter homeless families … and I’ve served as president, book club chair and program chair for our local U of Chicago Alumni Club as well as a class correspondent for the University of Chicago Magazine – among other projects, large and small.

When I became an empty-nester, I moved to an historic home where I soon became president of the neighborhood association. This led to an interest in historic preservation, culminating in my appointment to the Indianapolis Historic Preservation Commission.

I’ve met my need for achievement through these unpaid projects. They are the story of my life, just as student activities were the story of my time in the College. I am the same person and very comfortable in my own skin.

It was not long ago that I finally learned that “The perfect is the enemy of the good.” Though far from perfect, my life has been good – very good indeed!

Am I coming to the 50th reunion? Of course I am. I wouldn’t miss it for the world.

Sally in the College  Sally Cook
During my first year at the College of the University of Chicago in 1961, the classes that I followed included the core course sequences English 101 and Humanities 101. These together with the physical education requirement of swimming have been quite formative in my further development. In the English course with Charles O’Connell and Margaret Perry, we were trained to analyze the structure of compositions and then write a paper utilizing the method that had just been studied. In the humanities course with Mr. Haydn, methods and structures in music, visual art, and literature were scrutinized, and we were encouraged to approach works of art continually with this analytic method. In subsequent years, the skills that were taught in these courses have been invaluable tools as I have contemplated works of art and literature and as I have set forth my own ideas and opinions. The course of swimming led me to spend an hour each evening at the Bartlett Pool during my years in the College, and this helped me keep in reasonably good shape physically.

On Sunday evenings, the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist chaplains offered an opportunity for worship and reflection as United Christian Fellowship at Chapel House about matters of Christian faith, and the sphere there was quite in harmony with that in the College courses.

During the second year, I followed the Social Sciences 101 series that was resourcefully taught by Mr. Sims, and I thus made an exciting acquaintance with sociology, anthropology, and psychology and the methods that are applied by the scientists of these disciplines. During the same year, I was challenged in the humanities 2 sequence to become acquainted with the methods and content of the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, the history and rhetoric of Thucydides, the works of dramatists such as Euripides and Sheridan as well as novelists such as Stendhal and Tolstoy. After a time, I lost interest in the pre-medical program that I was following, and I decided to follow a program that would prepare me for the courses that would be taught in theological seminary as training for work as a pastor in the Presbyterian church. I followed courses in Medieval and Modern European History under Lester Little and Richard Stearne among others, courses in Western Philosophy under Knox Hill, and English courses under Mr. Ringler. Although the study was not easy, it was quite stimulating. In the summer of my last year, I studied German in order to fulfill the language requirement, and this has provided me hours of enjoyment through the years as I have read many novels in that language.

During my last few months in the College, I studied the gang structure among the youth in the neighborhood in Woodlawn around the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago, and that congregation later made use of my report in its ministry with this age group.
Union Theological Seminary of New York City, which now is hearteningly criticizing discrimination by American police in their treatment of minorities, calling for an end to discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation, and offering criticism of the support that great corporations give to conservative religion, was even in those days, a fervent advocate of civil rights and the ecumenical movement among the churches. This attracted me strongly to that school, and I studied there for a time. Later, I followed courses at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, and I graduated from McCormick Theological Seminary of Chicago while I worked full-time in the Admitting Office of the University of Chicago Hospitals.

As might be expected, I was rather outspoken in some of my opinions, and I did not initially succeed in finding work as a pastor. For some years, I worked as a high school mathematics teacher in the Chicago public schools.

From 1976 to 1982, I worked as the pastor of The Presbyterian Church in Pierceton, Indiana. Each week, I studied the lectionary selections in Hebrew and Greek as I prepared my sermon, and I was intimately busy with the people, affairs, and events of the surrounding community. During my fourth year there, I embarked on a psychotherapy that had better been followed at an earlier phase in my development. This resulted in a break with some members of my family which was followed surprisingly enough some years later by much closer relations with other family members. It has been a continual source of regret that during the psychotherapy, I learned to value some family members greatly with whom I had had strong disagreements, but it was not possible to convey my appreciation to them personally because by that time they were deceased.

With Reagan’s election in 1980, I was terribly disappointed to see that most of the members of my congregation were quite pleased that many of the programs which the National Council of Churches had advocated for the benefit of the poor and disadvantaged were greatly reduced or terminated while the military budget was increased by many times the amount saved in this so-called economizing action. I resigned my position, and in the hope of increasing my pastoral counseling abilities, I embarked upon a year of Clinical Pastoral Education at the Methodist Hospital in Lubbock, Texas which included further psychotherapy. During that year, I explored the possibilities for study and work in the Dutch church since vocal criticism of Reagan’s armaments program came from that land while the church there continually made progressive pronouncements about current affairs and ecumenical policy, advocating further co-operation and understanding among the various churches.

In 1983, I studied pastoral theology at the Katholieke Universiteit Nijmegen in the Netherlands after I had dedicatedly worked to learn Dutch, and on the second day of Christmas that year, I met IJbie van Blerkum to whom I immediately felt strongly attracted. We soon began to live together. The following year, I studied for the Kerkelijk Examen of the Nederlandse Hervormde Kerk at the Rijksuniversiteit Utrecht. With the spring of 1987, I had become qualified to work as a pastor of that church, and IJbie and I were married. In the autumn of that year, I received a call to become the pastor of the congregation in Hoenderloo. This proved to be a disaster, and after
two years, the congregational council arranged for my contract to be terminated. As I now look
back, I see various deficiencies in my work there, and it seems to me that the chief conflict there
was about who the boss was among the various competing groups within the congregation – a
matter in which I was not capable of navigating sufficiently skillfully. It disappointed me that the
church people there were much less progressive in matters of theology and sexual orientation,
than I had expected on the basis of the solicitation process. For instance, although she served
with great dedication, there was dissension about the church treasurer because she had a long
standing, intimate relationship with another woman for whose mother they meticulously cared. I
let it be known that I found that the church had an obligation to accept her, her relationship, and
her orientation. Although the criticism that I received at that time was irritatingly vague, it would
seem that this is one of the matters that was at hand when I sometimes was told that I was not
accommodating myself sufficiently to the local community.

Although I solicited for some years for a new position as a pastor or chaplain, I was not
successful in obtaining such work. For a number of years, I served as the volunteer secretary of
the Peace Commission of the Arnhem Council of Churches.

For some time, I followed courses in an effort to become a Rogerian psychotherapist, and in
further psychotherapy I continued to work on myself in order to be able to do this work.
Eventually, I came up against myself, against an inability to develop further, and I stopped with
this endeavor. I was in subsequent years busy at home in the house and yard while IJbie
continued her work as a pediatric nurse in the hospital in Arnhem. I researched my father’s
family sufficiently to write a series of articles that were published in a renowned genealogical
periodical. It seems to me now that a number of years have passed that I have worked through
some personal issues by observing how IJbie deals with matters and by trying to make use of the
criticism that she offers me.

Since I came to the Netherlands, I have generally worked out twice a week in the gym, and I
have built up my physical condition. My effort to learn the techniques of sumo wrestling in 2001
was cut short by a knee injury. Currently, IJbie and I walk with our dog in the nearby nature
preserve the Rozendaalse Veld or in the forest the Zijpendaalse Bos on the days when I am not
busy in the gym.

Following IJbie’s retirement seven years ago, she took over much of the work in the house and
yard with the result that I have had much more time to read. I now try to write a short review of
each book that I have perused and post it on my Facebook page.

The occasional publications by the Dutch Council of Churches provide insight into the
similarities and differences among the member churches together with encouraging information
about their work together, often in an effort to promote a more just society, especially for the
poor and underprivileged. The weekly e-mail of the National Council of Churches frequently
offers a ray of hope about the efforts to encourage understanding and co-operation among the
various churches in the United States and to strive for a just society in regard to similar issues. The weekly e-mail reports of Human Rights Watch also further such efforts. The Facebook posts by the Coffee Party and Amnesty International are often refreshing in this respect as are occasionally the presentations in the Arnhem Masonic Lodge.

I hope to study the Bible regularly in Hebrew and Greek once again, but so far, there always seem to be pressing matters that have to be attended to first. Even so, I have hopes that I can resume this practice this coming summer.

I shall not be present at the reunion in June, but I extend my good wishes to all of my classmates who do and do not attend.

Ijbie van Kouwenhoven

W. F. van Kouwenhoven

September 2014, Germany
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After graduating in 1965, I headed back to the East Coast, hoping to continue graduate work in college personnel administration. I found a program at Penn State, just a few hours from my family home in rural Maryland. But Penn State was a real shock after Chicago’s small class/intense discussion style. My first graduate class had 300 students in a huge lecture hall, and the rest of the experience followed suit—simply not a match after my wonderful Chicago years. I made some nice friends at Penn State, worked for the Dean of Women, but left after one year to settle in the Washington, DC area.

In Washington, my English major background helped me land a job editing magazines for a trade association, and I began a career that led to several trade associations, with increasing responsibility and new avenues in organizing conventions, designing training, and managing committees and boards of directors. Great fun, lots of travel, and a chance to develop new skills in problem-solving and public speaking.

Also met a bank president who wrote a complaint letter to my banking trade association, leading to my calling, and then visiting him, and eventually marrying him. That taught him not to send any more complaint letters!

With Everett Ladd, my husband, I have been running a leadership training company for 30 years, using historic figures for our case studies of leadership. Our company was influenced by my Chicago experience, as we searched for good role models for our training. We found leadership lessons in *Moby Dick*, Alexander the Great, Winston Churchill, Abraham Lincoln, Frederick Douglass, and others. We write our own case studies, using original documents from the periods in study, and we teach through small-group discussions and on-site visits to historic sites.

We transitioned from banking to training gradually, letting our planned retirement “hobby” (the leadership training) take over our lives. Today we live in Gettysburg, where we have both Civil War and WWII sites in our back yard. We have no intention of retiring, since we love our work. You are all welcome to visit!
Antigoni and her husband, Everett Ladd

Antigoni Lefteris Ladd

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I have always had positive feelings about UC. I received both my degrees there, I met my wife there as a graduate student and we were married at the Center for Continuing Education on the south side of the Midway. I have been forever grateful that UC could take a blob of protoplasm and mold it into a successful scientist. It should be noted that this blob realized early that he was not the brightest star in the UC firmament. This was true relative to some of my fellow students and certainly true relative to the faculty. As a physics major, virtually everyone who taught chemistry and physics classes were, or were soon to be, members of the National Academy of Sciences. To say that I was overmatched would be an understatement. The major lesson I learned was not to take myself too seriously and to work hard. It has made the subsequent years go way much better than I could have anticipated.

One of the great benefits of our curriculum was general education. Remember, over 40% of our courses were in gen ed—bonheaven in a science curriculum. Thus, I learned about music and art in Hum I and I still remember the trips to Symphony Hall on Friday afternoons to watch Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony ($1.00 for students to sit in the gallery). I still go to 3-5 concerts each year—Muti and the CSO may be better than ever. There were so many other seminal courses and I will let others comment on the spectacular faculty that taught us lowly first and second year students. But, there was so much intellectual excitement on campus—I remember hearing Hans Morganthau lecture on the dangers of getting involved in Indo China (Vietnam) in 1963! And the Latke-Hammentashen debates at Hillel were world-class discussions among some great intellectuals about total nonsense—I’ve used this approach everywhere that I’ve been.

But, the important aspect was being forced to take courses that you would never take if left to your own devices. I was forced to take courses in Biology, which I thought was irrelevant when I was in high school. So, I deferred the classes until my last 2 quarters of the last year. And, in the winter, I took Genetics and fell in love with the subject (cue violins). The genetics part was surprisingly analytical and it was my first exposure to the new discipline of molecular biology. So, during the snowy spring break in 1965, I had to decide to continue with my grad work in physics (I had already been accepted into my top choice) or go into the something called biophysics. Fortunately, UC was ahead of the curve in this area as well and I decided to stay in Hyde Park for another 5 years. I would never be where I’m at today without the benefit of a forced, general education. I have been teaching and doing research in biophysics, molecular biology and genetics for the last 45 years, first as a postdoc at Cornell and then as a faculty member at U. of Missouri at Columbia and at Purdue in West Lafayette, IN. I have even done some administration and managed to keep my wits and my research program alive. It has occurred to me more than once that I owe UC big time.

Some random things that I remember:

- Singing all night long with Bob Dylan (then a very young Bobby Zimmerman) who came to Chicago on his way to visit Woody Guthrie in NYC.
• The sit-in at the administration building in January ’62. I wasn’t involved, but later met many of the leaders and was involved with the Student Woodlawn Area Project (SWAP) for the remainder of my time at UC. This program involved tutoring neighborhood students in math and science and was the first of many related activities.
• The wonderful intramural sports scene in Tufts house. And, the many great friends. We played every sport in all seasons and competed for the undergrad championship. As I recall, Shorey House was one of our strongest competitors.
• Coming back to the dorm for dinner after working or a sports event, eating dinner around 6:30 pm and coming down to the snack bar by 7:30 pm. They didn’t feed us much (or anything very good) back then!
• Talking with and listening to Paul Butterfield, Michael Bloomfield et al after meeting them with mutual friends at Jimmy’s. Also, going to some of the blue’s bars on the south side with large groups of friends.
• Gothic architecture and walking through the stacks at the Classics library—an early reason why I’ve loved visiting medieval Europe.
• Some of the science profs. Standing up to the in-your-face questioning by Joseph Schwab (a close friend of Hutchins) in the Evolution course meant that I could survive among these intellectual giants. Listening to Samuel Allison talk about his work in the Manhattan Project. He was the one who did the countdown (10, 9, 8 etc) for the first atomic bomb test explosion at Trinity Site, NM to see if the A-bomb would work. Also, attending lectures by Leo Szilard about nuclear disarmament. Chicago really was a remarkable place at that time. Taking electrodynamics from Gene Parker and Melba Phillips—incredibly bright people who had literally written the text on the subject. I barely lived to tell the tale!
• I also became an assistant resident head in my last year and I could identify the smell of pot from at least 100 paces. The world changed a lot between 1961 and 1965!
Andrea and I were married in 1967, the summer between my 3rd and 4th year at Yale Medical School, and we have 3 kids. We are most proud that our eldest grandchild Julia is just finishing her first year at Harvard College (no boos, please). Our one other grandchild is Zachary, age 16.

After New Haven, we returned to Cleveland, where both of us had been raised, partly because of my father’s poor health. We lived in Wichita for the two years I served in the Air Force, then back to Cleveland. I spent the first 25 years of my career as an Internist and Endocrinologist in full-time clinical practice, but also as an active part-time faculty member of CWRU Medical School, giving didactic lectures on Endocrinology and doing Attending rounds in Medicine two months a year and in Endocrinology one month a year. I was also the President of a 22 member multi-specialty group for many of those years, and I was active in the Medical School administration, serving on a number of committees, including the Committee on Faculty Tenure and Appointments. I worked far too many hours and much too hard those days, but I did get some payback. I was given the Medical Student Teaching award twice, which really gave me a sense of fulfillment, and in 2006 I was named Best Clinician in North East Ohio by the local Academy of Medicine.

In the year 2000, I was offered the opportunity to participate in NIH-funded clinical research, and that has been a significant part of my life since then. I stopped taking primary care patients at that time, although I still see new patients as Endocrinology consults. I was one of the investigators in the ACCORD trial, a multi-center study focusing on cardiovascular events in Type 2 diabetics on “tight” vs. “average” blood sugar control, and so far I have been a co-author on 8 publications relating to that study. I am now an investigator in SPRINT, another NIH-sponsored study relating to tight blood pressure control, and I am participating in three pharmaceutical company clinical studies on diabetes as well. I also have several publications on Cushing’s syndrome and several more on a couple of other very boring medical syndromes.

Andrea had a blossoming career as a philosopher but passed up a fellowship at Rockefeller Institute to be with me and our kids, for which I will be eternally grateful. One of our kids developed schizophrenia when he was in college, and that has had a huge impact on our lives. We had him staying with us for the first 15 years of his illness. He is now able to live on his own, but his illness has had a major effect on our willingness to travel, our moving away from his doctors and support in the local area, and even on my retirement. Speaking of illnesses and other generations, I’m sure we are not alone in having to deal with prolonged parental illnesses. First my father, then Andrea’s mother in the ‘90’s, then my mother for the last 10 years of her life. I am the only child of my family in town, and Andrea is the only child of her family in town, so we were the primary caregivers for our parents as they aged and developed...
serious chronic illnesses. I also was the primary physician for Andrea’s parents. My Mom died at age 101 in 2013, and Andrea’s Dad died one month ago at age 97.

I started to run about 30 years ago. I had developed intermittent chest pain. My stress test was normal, but my father had had his first heart attack when he was 53, and I decided to do everything I could to avoid that happening to me. I have been running 10-15 miles a week for the past 30 years. At first it was tough, but after the first few months I started getting that endorphin “rush” after every run. I haven’t done much competitive running, just a few 10K’s at the urging of friends. I run for pleasure and for my health.

It was in the context of running for health that I discovered “The Teaching Company.” I was enjoying the feeling I got after the runs, but finding the runs themselves kind of boring, and Andrea suggested that I listen to lectures on headphones during my runs. I started listening to lectures on classical music, then expanded to literature and history. I have been delighted to hear that a couple of my old friends from U of C and from Yale have also loved listening to Robert Greenberg’s lectures on music and Arnold Weinstein’s talks on literature. I feel as though I have taken 20 or 30 college level courses during my runs and I look forward to running partly because I’m looking forward to the next lecture.

What has given me the most joy the last several years is writing poetry. I have always loved reading poetry, something I began to do at the U. of C. just for fun. Four years ago, while attending the Poet’s Forum of the Academy of American Poets for the first time, I got a poem in my head, and I was able to write it down. It wasn’t a masterwork, and in fact it was a rough rough draft, but after a few days I turned it into a real poem. I mean, it didn’t have just figurative speech, or just some rhyme, but it had a message and it was more than prose sentences broken down into lines. Since then I’ve been turning out poems one or two a month, maybe one out of three on a medical subject. I was accepted last year as a poetry contributor to the Bread Loaf Writers Conference, a fairly prestigious group. I wasn’t the best poet there for sure, but I held my own. It gives me great pleasure just to turn out a good line or two, and I can tell I’m getting better year by year.

Vivid memories from my time at U. of C:

- The camaraderie of us guys at Chamberlin House in Burton-Judson, and winning intramural championships in baseball, touch football, basketball, bowling and more. And we weren’t even a “jock” fraternity.
- Playing second violin in the U. of C. orchestra. We played great stuff, from Ruslan and Ludmilla to a Boccherini Cello Concerto to Schubert’s Great C Major Symphony, and H. Colin Slim was an inspiring and energetic conductor.
• Playing violin in the pit orchestra for “Guys and Dolls” – 6 flats, yikes!
• Coming in second in the college intramural ping-pong tournament – I couldn’t believe I made it that far. I didn’t have much of a slam, but I was a pretty good defensive player.
• Sitting in the stands in 1963 during the sit-in on the 50 yard line for the first U. of C. football game in 20 years. I came to watch a couple of my buddies play for the U. of C, and wound up witnessing a media event.
• Walking across the midway on a cold November afternoon and having bunches of people yell at me that President Kennedy had just been shot.
• Browsing in the U. of C. bookstore
• Professor Boyer’s courses in Tacitus, Horace, and Juvenal. She was a staid Emeritus Professor who made Horace come to life, and who somehow shepherded us through the most outrageous and coarse language of Juvenal with dignity.
• David Orlinsky: Soc. II. He could get so passionate about Max Weber and his “bird in an iron cage.”
• Thomas Riha: Russian Civ.
• James Newman: Western Civ.
• Professor Henry: Greek 103 - “We” read Medea. I was the only student registered; he had me come to his apartment for class, and he and I and his native Greek wife spoke only Greek, no English.
• Comparative Embryology. The professor, whose name I don’t recall, ended the last lecture of the course, and the last lecture I attended at the U. of C, with an anecdote – perhaps apocryphal – about Gertrude Stein on her deathbed. “Gertrude,” a friend asked her, “after all the years of thinking, studying, learning, writing, have you found any of the answers?” And after a few seconds of silence she replied, “No, I don’t know any of the answers, but I think I’ve learned some of the questions.” Not a bad way to sum up my experience at the U. of C.
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The last 50 years:

**Personal:** married Linda Brim (’67); that lasted less than a year. Married to Jane Bennett for 30 years and 2 days until she died of brain metastasis from breast cancer in 2010. We have one son, Leo, who is a 28 year old slacker. I now live in Austin, Texas.

**Professional:** Stayed at UC until 1974, getting a Ph.D in Ideas and Methods and trying to work with McKeon. Then 10 years in the philosophy department and Cal State, San Bernadino – my wilderness years – where I met my wife. Then a year in DC at national Endowment for the Humanities, giving away your hard-earned tax dollars, and then 25 years at Saint John’s University in Lake Wobegon, Minnesota. Wrote a book on Machiavelli, and then four more, three on Aristotle, with Doug Mitchell, ’65, as my editor at UCPress. Hoping to write one more, this one on Spinoza.

**Unprofessional:** biked from Seattle to Tijuana to celebrate my 50th birthday. Couldn’t wait until I was 70 so in 2008 I biked from Cairo to Cape Town with Tour d’Afrique. Then had to learn how to swim – I have no idea how I passed the UC swimming test – to do triathlons. Just did the Texas Ironman, North American championship, and finished first (out of 2) in our age division. (I say finished first rather than won because I wore a wetsuit. I’d rather lose than drown.) Starting singing with my wife, who had always sung in choirs, in our synagogue choir, just to make the services go faster. And I discovered that I love singing. And a little over a year ago I started to fulfill a secret life-long ambition by learning to be a jazz singer.

![This is a photo of me surviving the Sudanese desert while a camel didn’t.](image-url)
UC: My picture may be different from others because I was there for so long, but my outstanding impression of UC was that it was not only a serious place but a democratic one. There was no condescension or expected deference to rank or status. What mattered is what you had to say. This attitude of intellectual democracy has got me into trouble ever since.
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When I think back about my experience at the U of C, I can hardly remember anything. It’s all kind of a blur. A few events I do remember was the time several of us went to Washington D.C., I think by bus, and picketed the White House, in favor of nuclear disarmament, or something close to that. President Kennedy, apparently liking our message, had coffee served. No president would do that today. I remember the moment I learned that President Kennedy had been assassinated. David Feingold told me before class began that afternoon and by the way he said it, I knew it was true. Don’t we all remember the time we learned of this event, like 9-11 functions today for younger people?

My first year was the beginning of a life-long devotion to classical music, facilitated by the humanities class. My roommate Jack Alhadeff and I borrowed a record from Vic Fried of the Bach Brandenburg Concertos, which we played over and over again, as we would the third movement from Brahms Violin Concerto, although now I think I prefer the second movement but I’m at different stage of life. Later, in my senior year, I got a recording of Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony. I couldn’t believe the first movement, never mind the forth movement that is so grand. I would play the first movement over and over, spell bound by the energy that stood behind it. Many years later, I attended a convincing lecture that it was the reenactment of the sacrifices required in the creation of the universe. Someone whose name I forget who lived in Pierce Tower too said all of Beethoven symphonies were “masterpieces,” and he was baffled why that wasn’t recognized. In recent years, for me Beethoven has become the composer that surpasses any other by far.

I remember when I lived on Greenwood at the university housing that kitty-corner was a Black Muslim mosque (torn down long ago), and I watched in fascination, maybe with a little fear, as well-dressed black men went inside a place I knew I wasn’t welcome. I remember listening on the radio to Studs Terkel interviewing people on the train, who were traveling to the March on Washington. I remember puzzled as to why such a big deal was being made. I remember when Sam Cooke was killed and the next days, his records were played all day on the black radio station. Of course, I remember being mugged twice, once when the assailment used a gun.

I think the main reason I have little memory is that so much of what I took away had little effect on my later development. I came to Chicago with a lot idealism and concepts, and no experience. That’s pretty much how I left. The principal heritage I took from my U of C experience was an appreciation for primary sources. Textbooks might make a subject easier to understand, but primary sources makes the subject come alive. That was right and I still believe that. I wrote a thesis—unusual for undergraduates—for my degree in general studies in the social sciences. Mine was a comparison of the black authors, Richard Wright, James Baldwin, and Ralph Ellison. Here I read the authors themselves—primary sources. Working with the Baldwin essays and fiction had an enormous influence on me, some good, in that it helped me understand the dialectical method which I shared with Baldwin, and his method of discovery. But many of the
ideas I took from Baldwin were really decadent. And I only realized this many years later. My thesis committee was so impressed with my section on James Baldwin, they recommended that I get it published. I never did, and later it was destroyed by storing it in a place where the humidity made it unsalvageable. There were no computers in 1965, and so it is lost forever as far as an earthly copy is concerned.

The class that haunted me for years was Ideas and Methods in the Social Sciences, taught by John McKeon. I couldn’t really grasp the content at the time, but working with it for years after I left Chicago, I finally figured it out. I still have my notes from the class, although I don’t need them now. It is a way to organize points of view in written discourse and make comparisons in a fundamental way.

I came as a Platonist from high school and left the U of C with a stronger Platonist identity. I was always trying to find the Truth, and believed through dogged pursuit, I would make breakthroughs. The problem is that the appreciation for the intellect can’t get you very far, even with the primary sources. The heart has to play a mediating role. Basically, education at the U of C was all quite secular and materialistic. The favorite primary source seemed to be whatever John Stuart Mill wrote, whose utilitarianism, shall I say, is completely out of touch with the world of the spirit. Later in life I would find esotericism in anthroposophy, and, in my last chapter, in Falun Dafa.

Taking an overview of this institution and the intellectualism that it thrives on, one can see its limitations with the recent effort since 2009 by the university to welcome the Confucius Institutes. They have the appearance of teaching Chinese and supporting research, but they are also propaganda arms for the Chinese Communist Party, which the Chinese propaganda chief admitted. This is a regime that condones torture, deception and the murder and harvesting of organs of innocent people. It was all eloquently described last year in the Epoch Times by Stephen Gregory, also a graduate of U of C. Thankfully, many of the U of C faculty recognized the threat it was to the noble traditions and academic freedom at Chicago. The university administration wisely decided not to renew its agreement last year, which put an end to sponsoring a CI, as have several other learning institutions have done as well.

But it shows me again that without a moral compass, intellectual traditions can lead you astray. Behind all the analysis and discussions we had at the U of C is a divine reality, which is governed ultimately by a moral dimension. I hope my fellow class graduates realize that the intellectualism is empty without the heart. If one does bad things—taking money from an evil source—retribution will follow for sure, in our times possibly immediately after the deed. That’s why I am so glad the university woke up… eventually.
What things are mattering to you most at this transition-to-retirement stage of life?
Still crazy after all these years currently trying to transition to my own astrological consulting biz and writing. I’ve held unpopular positions all my life (Trotskyist [outgrown], astrologer), currently, for want of a peer, I am Chicago’s foremost Oxfordian which is probably why I originally started out as an English major in 1961. I am writing a scenario on why Shakespeare killed Marlowe (“Auteur Theory” – because Kit was leaking state secrets on stage & outing his intelligencer colleagues – backstory of Faustus) that I’d like to workshop at Logan. I consider myself an agent of the apocalypse – Shaksper was a thespian, an actor, he could barely write his name. Marlowe is the Rival Poet of the Sonnets. I hope to do a scenario for the Illinois BiCentennial on the Courtship of Mary Todd in 2018.

—What are a few of your best or most vivid memories, academic, social, or extracurricular, from your undergrad years at U of C?
getting put on 10 o’clocks in the dorm after a party I didn’t come home from in Old Town, winter 1961/62 and the Disciplinary Committee; tossing my cookies after a Hyde Park party at Paul Butterfield’s front yard; the assassination of JFK, and then returning to UC after dropping out, Watergate, watching the trials between classes & the chocolate chip cookies sold at ad hoc makeshift lounges in Cobb and Swift. Lloyd Rudolph’s class on Political Craftsmanship… (BA 1975)

—What faculty members or courses stand out most vividly in retrospect, and why?
S Ronald Weiner’s Hum I class – I cried at his lecture on Socrates … he was terminated because Weiner was a Platonist rather than an Aristotelian, I think Sinaico engineered, but I’m not sure. The double volume text People Shall Judge. McKeon’s OMP class, which I didn’t take, but am a better person for it nonetheless. Gerhardt Weiner on Max Weber.

—With the benefit of hindsight, what national or local events from the early ‘60s do you find yourself looking back on with an increased appreciation of their historical significance?
The Assassination of JFK was an initiation. It wasn’t until the 1984 when I started doing work on Tecumseh’s Curse on the Zero Year Presidencies … and read Don deLillo’s Libra that I realized the Man Behind the Fence in Dallas was my cousin’s first husband, who, après their separation passed through Chicago round the Ides of March 1962 when I was living in North House of NuDorm. Cary Reinstein, the Grassy Knoll comrade was a Leo Cynges, a house painter who got a kick out of SWP was the acronym of the Socialist Worker’s Party the chief honcho of which, Farrell Dobbs, had been Jimmy Hoffa’s mentor since he’d organized the Teamsters in Minneapolis in 1934. Cary and I used to talk for hours in the C Shop. He had a strange facial tic – it was like an arrhythmic recoil to a rifle shot.
Oh, yes, and at the close of your remarks, would you please tell us whether you’re a yes, a no, or a maybe on attending our June 4-7 reunion?
Definitely for the Sunday brunch … depending on the ease of transportation from my northside residence & Hyde Park … the 146 cta stops right in front of my building, I’ll attend other stuff.
An Article by Bonnie on Education Update Online

Advice to a Young Person Starting College

Oh, mercy! Have the years brought wisdom with the wrinkles for me to dare offer advice to the young?

Could relating my first day at The University of Chicago weeping with my weeping parents—who lived less than an hour away by car for gosh sakes!—touch an emotion that would resonate with anyone else?

Could my sophomore epiphany that I was undergoing some Mobius strip kind of turning inward and then outward help anyone else who might be aware that they, too, were undergoing some kind of metamorphosis?

Could my joy in my third year that I could concentrate on my major and not have to struggle any longer with Aristotle or readings in The People Shall Judge help those who are equally eager to get on with the business of becoming USEFUL?

As a transfer student, I had been mitigated from The History of Western Civilization.

What a crime.

So, after I got my Ph.D. in Biochemistry and as a young mom, I audited William McNeill’s Art History course. Oh, and as a graduate student, I took a Life Drawing course from Harold Hayden because I missed that part of me that I had been denying in my race to the finish line.

And, I remember staring at the dapper Saul Bellow in the corner drugstore and at Norman Maclean as he trudged by my house while I was clearing the snow, and hearing Milton Friedman lecture, and lunching with a Nobel laureate in chemistry as he conversed with my toddler.

Although I have great respect for my first encyclopedic Biochemistry text by West & Todd, my favorite book that I keep returning to as an adult is To the Lighthouse by Virginia Woolf.

Is it any wonder?
From Bonnie’s work, highlighting her role as a docent at the Presidio:

Bonnie moved to San Francisco from Manhattan to be closer to her children.

Favorite fact you enjoy sharing with the public about the Presidio?
I enjoy sharing why the Presidio has a rich heritage of over 200 years of diverse military history. While we know about the 4th of July celebrating the signing of the Declaration of Independence in 1776, I grew up quite ignorant of the history of the West. Sputnik and my facility in math and science mitigated me from American History in high school. A lot of history was happening right here. Before we even became California, ships from foreign nations were sailing into this beautiful natural harbor and really, really liked what they saw.

What are some of your hobbies?
In Manhattan, I enjoyed walking to and in Central Park. Here, I enjoy walking to and in the Presidio Forest. Both are habitats engineered by humans...and by nature.

Favorite place in the Presidio?
I like hearing the birdsong in El Polin in the morning when the fog is just beginning to lift and a few people are already up and about and hiking, or taking a short cut to school, or walking their beautiful dogs. I also love seeing the Andy Goldsworthy installations connecting people with nature over time.

What is your favorite hike in the Golden Gate National Recreation Area?
I still only know a postage stamp size of this beautiful forest but do enjoy walks with friends along the beach in Crissy Field up to the Golden Gate Bridge - with its great views - or hiking the Ecology Trail with our wonderful Docents and dedicated K-12 teachers while their middle schoolers are learning about the abundance and diversity of the flora and fauna.
Name: Howard Carter
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PIERCE TOWER (RIP)

Bob Hetzel and I drank beer in his single, directly over Ray Kelly’s room. It being spring, windows were open. Bob and I figured we could lean out his window and throw a crimped-up beer can down into Ray’s room. If we threw it hard enough it would bounce to some interesting location. The next day heard nothing from Ray.

The following weekend we repeated this activity and Ray’s head immediately appeared at his window, looking up at us, so we invited him up for a beer. He said he couldn’t figure out how the cans got on top of his desk.

Years later all three beer-guzzlers had Ph.Ds. and good jobs.
Still later, Pierce Tower was demolished; the time-lapse video was sensational.

WORKING THROUGH COLLEGE

My first job was the snack bar in Ida Noyes. The security guard always came by for a hamburger for himself and one for his mammoth German Shepherd.
Next job was in Harper Library.
Overlapping Harper (until I quit) was my best job, singing in the Rockefeller Chapel choir. Besides the service music and a wide array of anthems and motets on Sunday mornings, we did major works with members of the Chicago Symphony: Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Faure, Bruckner, Hindemith, and so on.
I learned it was wise not to drink much beer on Saturday nights.
I still sing in choirs and choruses.

DEGREE PROGRAM

Like Kathy Linehan and Glenn Loafman, I choose General Studies in the Humanities, a refuge for the undecided and/or those who adored general education. I put together a version of comparative literature, writing a bachelor’s paper on Poe and Baudelaire. I loved my Linguistics class and later taught it in college.

MEMORIES OF RICHARD McKEON

A small group of us sat around a table with the famous Aristotelian. We were reading Aristotle in a dual-language edition. One day McKeon said, “Mr. Rabinow, would you take the next sentence please?” Paul gave a reading of the sentence. McKeon whipped off his glasses and looked at Paul. He slowly said, “Mr. Rabinow, I’ve been reading Aristotle for 40 years, and that notion never remotely crossed my mind. Could you please try again?”
We all knew this was a form of comic drama, not tragedy, and our minds were most engaged—that is, to the utmost extent undergraduates can muster. (Paul, as many know, was to become a prof. at UC Berkeley with an international reputation in anthropology.)

During exam week that quarter, I passed McKeon on the sidewalk. We nodded in greeting and he stopped short. “Mr. Carter, would you like your exam back?” I said yes. We went to his office, where he quickly found it and handed it to me. I got a B + which I will cherish forever. So much for the negative “portrait” of him in Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance.

AND BEYOND

After study at Iowa and Italy, I taught comparative lit. at Eckerd College, St. Petersburg, Fla., for many years. My research interests evolved to literature and medicine. Of four books in that area, the last was Clowns and Jokers Can Heal Us: Comedy and Medicine (U. California Press). For other titles, see www.ahcarteriii.com.

I’m currently an adjunct professor, Social Medicine, School of Medicine, U. of North Carolina-Chapel Hill. Part-time, I provide massage and Qigong to cancer patients.

I met my wife Nancy in grad school; she also became a professor. We travel, write, and loaf at our home in the woods outside of Chapel Hill. She’s in the photo below from Italy in 1970.
Rushing through the College in three years instead of four is one of only two deep regrets. I often wonder in what direction I would have wandered had I taken a little more time to learn and think. But financial concerns seemed so pressing… I’d been blessed with a LaVerne Noyes Scholarship (for descendants of World War I veterans) through college and the same fund saw me through the UC Law School, chosen because I just wasn’t ready to leave UC and didn’t have enough focus to commit to a PhD program. One of 10 women in the class, all of whom completed their JD, I finished not realizing I was on the point of a spear that would see the 30 women admitted per class in the next few years, and 30% soon after (and over 50% today I believe).

The world of work wasn’t ready. Ten minutes into my first law firm interview as my 3rd year was ending the recruiter said, “I’m a little surprised you are here. Don’t you know our firm doesn’t hire women?” It was a bookend to my first day in the Law School when a fellow classmate confronted me in the hall and said, “What are you doing here taking the place of some poor guy who has to earn a living?”

As I wasn’t dying to practice law anyway I was grateful when tax professor Walter Blum pointed me in the direction of the University’s Development Office where I spent 7 years helping organize and then leading a Deferred Giving Program that took me around the country and into the homes of older alumni pondering bequests and life income gifts to UC. It was very satisfying to be able to harness my enthusiasm for UC (after all I was a cheerleader…) and my legal training in a way that benefited The University in a concrete way. At no point during any of the 14 years I spent on campus did I feel that being a female had any effect on what I might choose to do with my life. In the middle of my tenure at UC I married my boss (VP Development) but that lasted only 5 years and no children.

Being female became more relevant when I left the campus cocoon after being recruited by three trustees at The Art Institute of Chicago to be its first Vice President for Development. After 18 difficult months I left what I saw as the non-rational non-profit world to try new venues: first as communications/image director of a major investment firm and then as an ‘of counsel’ lawyer at an old-line Chicago law firm that thought they needed a woman -- though I was too old to be an associate and too inexperienced to be a partner. Most of my initial law work was for non-profit clients but after being given an extended corporate assignment I eventually became the general counsel of the troubled wire service, United Press International – a company with endless legal challenges as it sought to sell pieces of itself to stave off bankruptcy. Weekly travel among UPI’s management nodes in New York City, Washington D.C and Nashville, TN, made for a stimulating three years…

These were challenging times for female professionals in ways that young women today would find hard to imagine. I still am part of a small support group of women from many fields formed in 1975 that helped me understand that I wasn’t alone just trying to do my job
with so much push back though the 70’s & 80’s. Volunteer work with the UC Alumni Association, United Way of Chicago, Girl Scouts of Chicago, Music of the Baroque, and other causes became an important part of my life — making use of analytical and problem solving skills in a satisfying way.

Extra curricular: Skiing, travel, and annual summer canoe trips with women friends and my mother in Canada’s Quetico Park and the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness of Minnesota. Since planting my first serious garden in 1987 I’ve been in love with plants and garden design.

Marrying Phil C Neal (my law school dean) 30 years ago in 1985 marked the beginning of a marvelous ongoing chapter. We dated for 9 years -- both thinking that the 24 year difference in our ages probably ruled out marriage. But it didn’t! He’ll be 96 in July and the lode star of my life. I’ve lived in Hyde Park for all but 8 of the last 54 years (8 years as a divorced lady on the North Side), loving the additive quality of feeling deeply connected to multiple levels of community in Chicago and always finding new sources of adventure right at hand in the city.

Although for many years I chose to believe I’ve had no mentors beyond high school, I now realize how wrong I was. The problem was me -- I couldn’t believe that others really cared about me, but so many at the University did. They were doing their job, and they really cared. It makes me feel very happy to be able to mentally say a deep thank you. I’m deeply grateful to have received the University’s Alumni Service Medal in 2000 honoring over 30 years of service – Law School, College, Alumni Association -- on various projects including President of the Alumni Governing Board in the mid-90’s and producer of a 1992 musical production on the Mandel Hall stage written by Bob Ashenhurst, “Miracle on 59th Street,” during the University’s Centennial Celebration.

Vivid memories: As a UC cheerleader being disappointed that a sit-in until dark prevented the football game; being a life guard at Ida Noyes pool and saving a floundering swimmer who’d jumped into the deep end; first-year camaraderie and fun on the 3rd Floor of North (New Dorm), Hum 1 with Marvin Mirsky and having my eyes opened to classical music and to art; the charm (and musty smell) of Beecher Hall 2nd year.

I’m looking forward to renewing/making class connections this weekend at the 50th Reunion and hope to see many classmates at our home on Saturday evening to hear Mark Naftalin on the piano and to enjoy each other.
A holiday in Hawaii with Phil
I left Chicago in December of 1964 when I finished my course work. I had majored in English Language and Literature, and all that stood between me and graduation was the not so small detail of my Bachelor Finals. I got married, went to work as an employment interviewer for the Missouri State Employment Service, and started in on my Bachelor Finals reading list. The reading list was at last subdued, and I completed that final requirement for graduation. At the time it seemed so right to forego the trip to Chicago for my graduation. What did a ceremony matter? Fifty years later, I regret that decision. The intervening years have given me a great appreciation for ceremony, ritual and memories. Perhaps that is why I come back for reunions.

In 1987 my marriage ended in divorce. My marriage gave me a lengthy and interesting experience on which to reflect, but more importantly it gave me two wonderful sons, and eventually a lovely daughter-in-law, and two darling granddaughters.

It isn’t surprising that my major in English led me into the field of education. I was an English teacher for seventeen years in the Maryland public schools. I got a masters degree in guidance and counseling and became a guidance counselor for the next eighteen years. I loved my work, but in 2009 I gave in to the lure of retirement. I live in Crofton, Maryland, which is ten miles west of Annapolis. I spend my summers in Pennsylvania in a cottage that was purchased by my family in 1941. This cottage has always been a very special place for me, and I am finding much satisfaction and joy in rehabilitating this beloved gathering place for friends and family. I am involved in conservation work in an organization seeking to preserve the pristine quality of the waterways in the Lackawaxen River Watershed in Pennsylvania. I coordinate the offering of two scholarships each year to a graduating high school senior and to a college student who are preparing for a career in environmental conservation. Retirement has given me the opportunity to strengthen relationships long held dear, and to seek out new experiences. Sharing love and laughter with my two granddaughters is especially important to me.

1965—to some it sounds like another era, another time that needs a historian to figure out. Not so for me. I am grateful that my education at the University of Chicago so clearly anticipated what is considered the best of current thinking today. We learned to revere the wisdom of the past, to subject the present to unflinching evaluation, and to be open to the necessary and welcome progress of the future. How fortunate we are!

Yes, I will be at our 50th Reunion.
Name: Raymond Kelly  
Degree: BA, Anthropology  
Resides In: Ann Arbor, MI

I have a somewhat ambivalent relationship to UC due to the fact that my great grandfather was a student of William R. Harper, who is said to have been "a close friend" who contributed to my grandfather's tuition. Both my parents attended & my father liked to recall that he never got any grade other than an "A", while his brother got one "B". It was a bit much to be faced with measuring up to all this and I dropped out after my first year, later returning because my draft board told me that I would otherwise be drafted. And of course I was pressured to attend in the first place.

My most vivid memories are of talking to Lew Binford over a few beers at Jimmy's. Binford, who recently passed away, has been described as "the most influential archaeologist in the last 50 years". I was inspired by him to go to grad school focusing on ethnology (at UM) where he also facilitated my admission because my grades ranged from A to D (although the former in Anthropology). His confidence in me (expressed by offering me a job as soon as I got my Ph.D) far exceeded my self-confidence & was influential in what I was able to achieve. If anyone is really interested, you can read my biography compiled by NAS (search "Raymond Case Kelly").

My life model is 30 years of education, 30 years of work & 30 years of retirement. So I commenced phased early retirement at 58, completed at 62 (in 2004). I read an article in Mother Earth News about self-sufficiency on 5 acres in the 70's and am in that mode. Ask me about my chickens. I'm of two minds in the sense that I also have the ambition to plant 10,000 daffodils. I'm getting there. It all keeps me busy & I spend all my time outside. I love it. I was never cut out to be a sedentary academic although I taught at UM from 1971-2004. But anthropology did enable me to live with a very recently contacted tribe in a remote part of New Guinea's tropical forest in 1969-70. Looking back, that was one of the high points.

This is my second 50th reunion. I accompanied my mother to her 50th. She would return the favor, but she will be 100 in a few months & doesn't travel now.
Alfred Crenshaw Kelly’s diploma

Harper’s signature on A.C. Kelly’s diploma
Name: James (Jim) Eamon  
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After graduation, I thought briefly about graduate school but found I was just not ready for more of the academic grind. Instead I applied for several jobs and to the Peace Corps. I received an invitation that fall to join the Peace Corps, teaching physics to students in Nigeria. Shortly after that invitation, I received an offer from Lockheed in CA, and I decided to go with the higher paying job. I moved to CA and started my working career in January 1966. Later that year, I married my high school sweetheart; we will be celebrating our 49th wedding anniversary this November. Gail is attending the reunion with me.

After a couple years in CA, we moved to the Seattle, WA area, where I worked for Boeing. It didn’t take us long to grow weary of the Seattle area weather, and in August of 1969, we made our final move to Colorado Springs, CO where I was employed as a Research Scientist with Kaman Sciences Corporation, a small R&D company. I worked for Kaman and its successor companies for 40 years in various interesting tasks, most involving DoD-sponsored scientific studies of US defense systems. I was also involved in the development of radiation monitors for nuclear power plants, in the period after the Three Mile Island accident. I retired in August of 2009.

We have lived for 46 years in Colorado Springs, where we have raised a family of two boys, who are both married and have families. Fortunately, they are both in Colorado, so we see them and our five grandchildren frequently.

Our home in Colorado Springs is on four acres in the foothills with many trees. We experienced two devastating wildfires in our area within the last five years, one that burned within two miles of our home and forced our evacuation. It is the price we pay for living in the “country.”

Since my retirement six years ago, I have resumed my interest in ham radio. I have had a license for more than 50 years, but have been most active in the last five years. I also volunteer every Friday at the local Soup Kitchen,

Coming from a small school in Montana, I was struck by the diversity of the students, and awed by the many gifted classmates I met. Academically, UC was a constant challenge, and I had to put in a lot of hours studying. I look back on my four years at UC with some satisfaction that I was able to graduate in four years.
Some of my memories of those days:

- Getting off the Empire Builder train in Union Station on my first trip to the big city, and being awed by its enormity and the crush of people
- Freezing in the drizzle at Orientation in Green Bay; but awed by the what I thought inspiring welcoming message by Dean Simpson and other faculty
- Being amazed with the campus, with Rockefeller Chapel, and the magnificent Gothic architecture of the buildings on the Quadrangle
- My first roommate, in East House of the New Dorm, an incredibly bright National Merit Scholar from the UP of Michigan. It wasn’t long before we were good friends.
- Always feeling I was behind in my studies; the French course was the hardest course I had ever endured
- The impromptu singing to some talented guitar-playing students in the courtyard at New Dorm, and falling in love with the songs of Joan Baez
- The McDonalds on Lakeshore Drive, where we could get 4 burgers, a shake and a couple fries for a dollar; but closer we had Nicky’s Pizza joint
- During the school year and the summer after my first year, I worked as an electronics aide in Professor Dave Fultz’s Hydrodynamics Lab
- My second year, living at a newly refurbished student apartment building on Greenwood, close to the Black Muslim Temple. There were frequent trips to Jimmy’s
- Incredible disbelief and sadness at the assassination of JFK; and later Malcolm X
- Thinking after my second year that I may actually be able to make it through UC
- Being an Assistant Resident Head in Thompson House of Pierce tower my third year, where I endured the shaving cream on toilet seats and other pranks
- Disappointed that I could never find time to participate in sports, though I was recruited by Ted Haydon, who was also an Olympic coach. I did play in some intramural sports
- Voting for the first time, noticing how simple it was to vote a straight Democratic ticket during the Mayor Daley regime; being terrified of Goldwater
- After my third year I took a temporary job in Slidell, LA, where my brother was living. It was the summer of 1964, at the peak of the Civil Rights struggle, and was an eye-opening experience I have never forgotten
- The seeming luxury (after Pierce Tower) of the rooms at Burton Judson my final year
- And finally, the relief and satisfaction of Graduation in the spring of 1965
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