

# HALCYON

*... at long last!*



The 50th Reunion Yearbook  
of the Swarthmore College

CLASS OF 1965

June 2015

“To me, the sweet solace in all afflictions, indeed the most stable enjoyment in life is memory. The Present may interest, the Future stimulate – but one is a worry, the other a dream. On the other hand, the past is a great fact which neither trouble nor anxiety can affect: a rock in the wilderness from which, if you invite it, there gushes a never failing stream of healing water.”

Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India (1898-1905)



I invite you to delve into the treasure trove that is our 50th Reunion Yearbook — it’s our only *Halcyon*! — to linger over your own memories; to experience vicariously what other classmates experienced on campus; to feel the joys and sorrows, and the abundance of living reflected in the following pages.

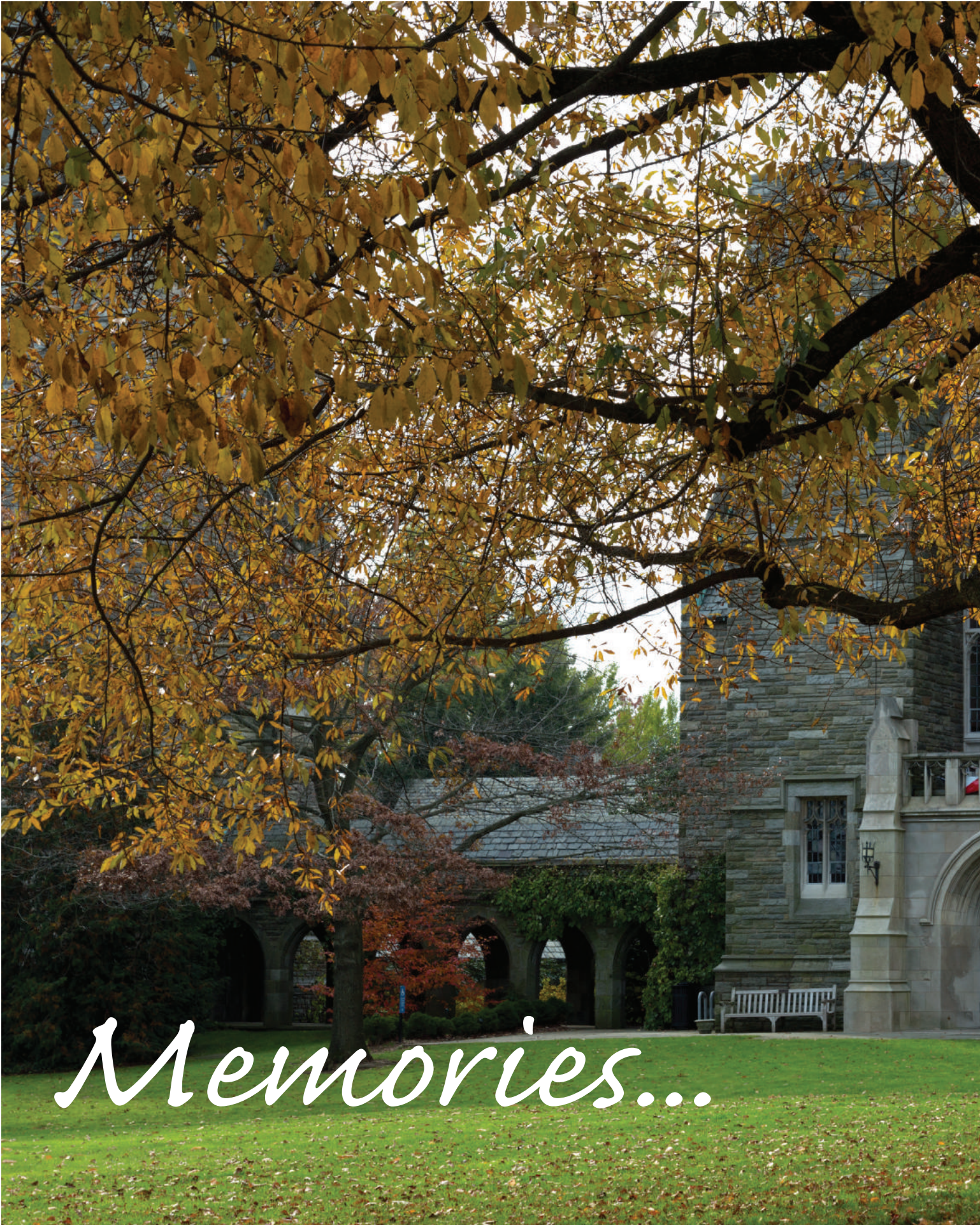
Sally Warren

# HALCYON '65

*... at long last!*

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# Memories...

Photo, Laurence Kesterton, for Swarthmore College



The memories shared by classmates during our years on campus weave a rich tapestry of life during the early 1960s. The beauty of the campus offered a backdrop to the intense academic environment. Social engagement and political action, the 60s music scene, and, especially, friendships formed and maintained, the faculty and administration – the nature of the place imprinted all of us in a way that can only be seen upon reflection.

## Arrival on Campus



*Ann Murphy and Pat Machol*

We were young when we arrived on campus in September 1961, a few not yet 17. Some were innocent, leaving homes in the Mid West and South for the first time; others were urban sophisticates from the Northeast. Several made the trip from the far West while others came from foreign countries. We arrived with diverse interests and backgrounds.

As aliens and strangers we set forth together.

*I came to Swarthmore from the Mid-West, from a relatively sheltered atmosphere. When I got there, things changed! (Rick Champagne)*

*As a small-town Midwestern kid there was a lot of culture shock, but that was part of the education. (Walt Pinkus)*

*. . . How very HARD it was freshman year – coming from a small town where few of my high school classmates ever went to college. Swarthmore was soooo different and demanding in the beginning...and ultimately so satisfying. (Dave Bellama)*

*How tough it was to be on my own freshman year. (Julie Diamond)*

*My first year at Swarthmore was an explosion of new experiences and friendships, having come from a tiny, Episcopal private school in San Diego, where the headmaster had warned me that Swarthmore was a 'pink' school. Sure enough, Gus Hall of the American Communist Party spoke during our first week on campus. Being in this rich and largely unfamiliar environment was at times overwhelming — the old "drinking from a fire hydrant" metaphor was apt. (Ron Hale)*

*Rooming with Bellama, René Mongbe, and Katsuhisa Uchida, and training our foreign friends in the fine art of making 'piles' – of clothing in the closets. (Peter Meyer)*

*. . . Being 'different' before difference went mainstream. (Diana Burgin)*

*Courtney Smith's welcome to us at the beginning of our freshman year affected me deeply. As I remember, he announced that by virtue of our joining the Swarthmore community, we now had the opportunity to join the world-wide community of seekers of truth. (John Thoms)*

### *A Note about photos and other graphics used in this section:*

*Various photos of campus, events, and faculty are from the College's photo collections, the Friends Historical Library, and Swarthmore publications. Where possible, photos are attributed next to the photo.*

*Miscellaneous candid photos were provided by Bill Hoyt, Walt Pinkus, Albert and Elizabeth (Holder) Harris, Kiki Skagen Munshi, Sally Warren and Elizabeth Winn van Patten.*

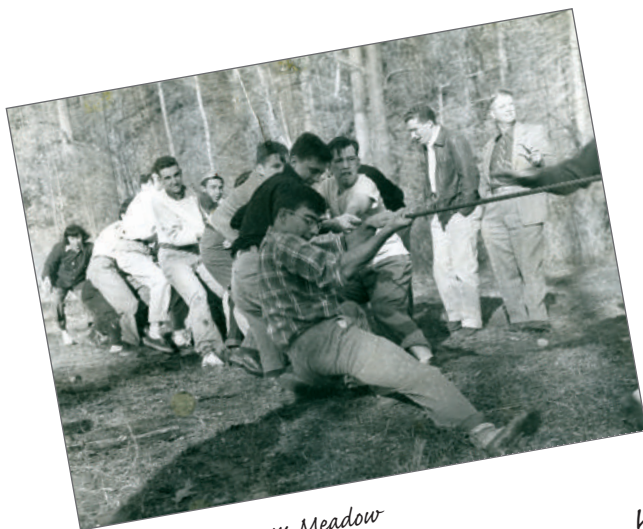
*Phoenix clippings are from the Friends Historical Library. Where we include headlines from the Phoenix; a copy of the entire article may be found in the Appendix.*

## Freshman Orientation

Folk songs and bluegrass by the Crum. (*Suzanne Lorant*)

Mike Meeropol's singing of *Plastic Jesus* to the incoming freshmen remains clear in my mind. (*Elly Rosenberg Rumelt*)

Singing *Hell-oh, Mother, I knew it was you!* with Mike Meeropol in Crum Meadow. Learning all those wonderful folk songs from his beautiful engaging self. (*Judy Johnson Thoms*)



*Tug of war in Crum Meadow*



*Freshman Picnic in Crum Meadow with Media Local passing by*

There were some expectations that I didn't fulfill at Swarthmore, including tug a rope in the mud. (*Hap Peelle*)

Parties in the Crum, on steam grates and other creative locations. (*Peter Meyer*)

Winter sunsets over the Crum enjoyed when walking back from a lab in DuPont (view now blocked by Cornell Library, or rather view now from Cornell Library). (*Ann Stuart*)

## Freshman Serenade



Halcyon 1963, p. 30

The Freshmen "Serenade" on Wharton Lawn. (*Dave Rowley*)

"...Mud, mud, glorious mud  
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood  
So follow me follow, down to the hollow  
And there let me wallow in glorious mud..."

*The Hippopotamus Song*, Flanders & Swann 1952

# Freshmen Girls Revel in Mud In Grimy Swarthmore Tradition

by Jonathan Kaplan

ABOUT 7:00 P.M. Tuesday night just as it was getting too cold to stand around in a muddy T-shirt, Wharton was the scene of feverish, well-organized activity.

Phoenix, Sept. 1963

## Freshman Rules Test and Other Pre-'68 Social Mores

The test [NB: for women only], including pre-word processing typos, speaks of a largely pre-drug, pre-sexual revolution world more akin to our parents' generation. We were not "68ers". (See Appendix.)

11:00 curfews ... one phone per hall and "phone duty" assignments, skirt requirements for dinner, three-feet-on-the-floor Sunday afternoons for male visitors in the dorms – hard to believe now! (Elizabeth Winn van Patten)

Driving recklessly in Chris Brown's car across Parrish Walk to beat the curfew at Willets. (Dave Rowley)

. . . covering for my roommate who signed out but decided to stay out all night anyway ... (four feet on the floor ???) (Diane Levine Feldman)

I am also sorry, in retrospect, that there were so few female role models, and, even worse, that I was too clueless to notice. (Kate Donnelly Hickey)

Reading *The Feminine Mystique* and thinking, "Maybe I'm not crazy, after all." (Suzanne Lorant)

### Pres. Smith Announces Dress Rules; Jackets, Ties, and Dresses Required

A REGULATION STANDARD of dress will be required of all Swarthmore students this year. Issued to the student body formally in a letter from President Courtney Smith dated July 14, the required standard for campus functions and meals was authorized at a faculty meeting held last June 8.

Phoenix, Sept 22, 1961

Women required to wear skirts to dinner, a hassle if you were studying in Martin or DuPont library. (Ann Stuart)

Running back to Willets to change into a skirt for dinner after afternoon lab. (Diane Levine Feldman)

One not so fond memory was that I was told by the Dean that I would have to leave the dorm if I got married even though my husband

was going to be living in Reading. PA. This meant that I felt that I had to be secretly married. But several of my Swarthmore friends were able to be with me at my marriage in Washington, DC. (Ann Hild Kouatly)



Dean Bob Barr with Lois Thompson and Kwink President Bob Hall.



Betsy Winn and Andy Fleck process at May Day.

Homecoming queens and May Day courts — how quaint! But '65 had its fair share, including Linda Dunbar and myself as well as those pictured above. (Sally Warren)



## Study Breaks

Diversions from the constants of studying and writing papers were varied: ice skating on the Crum, jewelry making class, participating in the Hamburg Show, folk sings, . . . soft evenings on Parrish Porch, the Parrish mail room, gin toddies in Worth, playing triangle (!) once for a symphony concert when “extras” were needed, and hanging out – in the Commons, in the smoker outside Parrish dorm halls, in Parrish dining room, in Sharples, on Parrish lawn, in dorm rooms. (*Kitty Calhoon*)

. . . the time spent in Commons playing bridge or in Somerville... (*Ann Mueller Heider*)

The Parrish smoker. (*Julie Diamond*)

Trying out smoking with Jan Gould in the Parrish Lounge. (*Judy Johnson Thoms*)



*skating on the Crum: Kiki Skagen, Mike Mather, Jon Freudenthal*



*Anne (Nanna) Taylor & Gail O'Connell on a spring break Bio trip to Florida.*

Watching the Beatles on Ed Sullivan in the Willets basement. (*Elizabeth Winn van Patten*)

Standing in a crowded Willets Lounge to watch the Beatles on the Ed Sullivan show. Loving them. So unlike me! (*Judy Johnson Thoms*)

A totally different mood was the massive gathering in a lounge in Willets to watch the Beatles' appearance on the Ed Sullivan show — though I and some other English students had to provide some translation. (*Christine Holden*)

We remember freshman year living on Parrish 2. A group of hall mates led by Margaret Neisser were sure our bottoms would become better formed (?smaller, larger, firmer?) if we would just do the right exercise. A professional at S'more had given Margaret this idea. We did the exercise by sitting with our feet straight out in front propelling ourselves with a rocking motion while pulling ourselves along by our heels. Ginger maintains this was for slimming one's backside by "walking" on one's butt. This activity occurred only late at night with all involved clothed in pajamas forming a line that slid up and down the empty hall outside President Smith's office. One night he must have been working late because he came out as we were wiggling down the hall. I'm not sure who was the more surprised!" (*Nancy Weiss, Ginger Blake-Harris*)

## Food

I was hungry all four years. Here are some good food memories: the sticky buns at the Ingleueuk; steak nights in Parrish and later Sharples once the college brought in SAGA; the elaborate and delicious snacks that Mary Stott, Dean Stott's wife, prepared when they had students over to play string quartets; and wonderful dinners at a Lebanese restaurant in downtown Philly where visitors were seated at long tables amongst each other and the over-the-top genial host refused to bring eating utensils instead vigorously demonstrating on his customers own plates how to scoop the food up using pita, the last, at the time, very much a novelty. (*Michael Henle*)

Dinner served in Parrish our first year (or two?) before Sharples Dining Hall was built: although it was buffet style, for further needs you held up a plate to get the attention of the student waiters and waitresses, and those who cut in line, especially at lunch, earned some seriously unfriendly stares. (*Ann Stuart*)

Eating "Russian Fluff" for dinner in the ancient cafeteria in Parrish. My stomach waged war with the cafeteria's food until it learned to accept its losses. (*Jeff Field*)



Halcyon 1962, p. 44

*Parrish Dining Hall and "that wallpaper"*

The old dining room — that wallpaper, flies in the vinegar, and buckshot in my roast beef! (*Joyce Klein Perry*)

The vaginal wallpaper in the old dining hall (or was that a dream?) (*Diana Burgin*)

The Sharples food was a noticeable improvement on what we had before that, but still only fair to middling. Nevertheless, I still enjoy eating at Sharples as much as eating at any fancy restaurant. My daughter Kimberly (2010) thinks I'm nuts; you probably think so, too. I always wonder if it is because climbing the (outer) walls [of Sharples] gave me a sense that it's my place. (*Tom Kramer*)

Working the desk at the dining hall... (*Mike Mather*)

Working the steam table in Parrish and waitressing dinners to earn spending money. (*Elizabeth Winn van Patten*)

Rewarding ourselves with hot fudge sundaes after long hours in the Library... (*Nancy Strong Weyant*)

The Philly cheese steak concession person arriving at about 11PM at the dorm and rescuing famished students. (*Ann Stuart*)

Missing breakfast for four years straight. (*Elizabeth Winn van Patten*)

The best part of my education occurred around the meal tables in Parrish and Sharples. (*Will Bloch*)

## Somerville

... The cinnamon toast ... and the cartoon mural on the wall. (Andrea Fleck Clardy)

I recall English muffins for breakfast in Somerville while worrying about just how far behind I was. (David Darby)

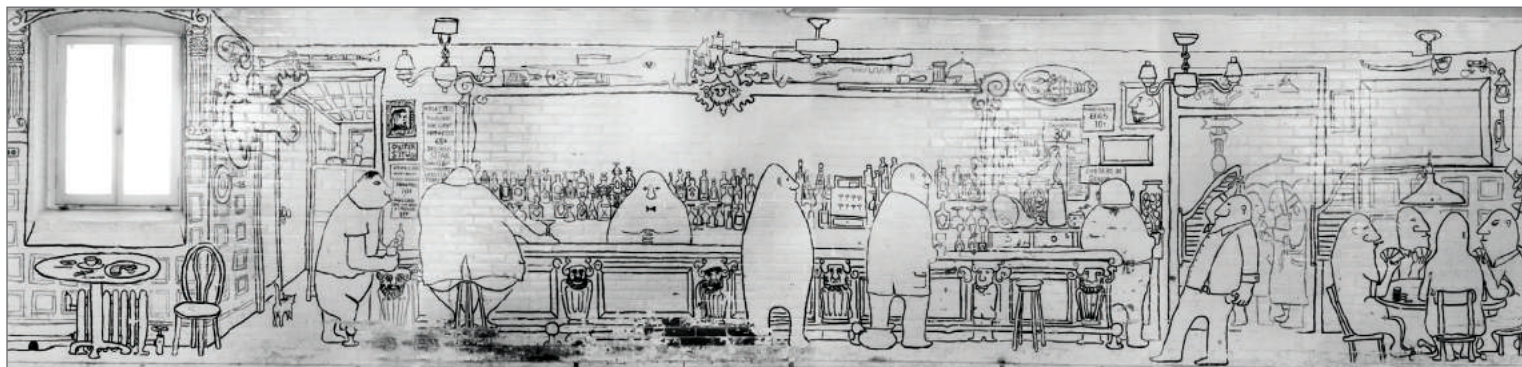


Photo courtesy of Friends Historical Library.

Russell Ryan ('57) Somerville Cartoon

The Freshmen Mixer in Somerville ... Prof. Peter van de Kamp's Charlie Chaplin movie seminars ... eating sticky buns in Somerville snack bar. (Dave Rowley)

Coffee with friends and Peter van de Kamp's Chaplin Seminars at Soms. (Elizabeth Winn van Patten)

Peter van de Kamp and his Charlie Chaplin Seminars, he pounding away on the piano... (Lucia Norton Woodruff)

Van de Kamp's Chaplin and other silent movies, with Schickele and others on piano. (Peter Meyer)

The Somerville mural, Prof. van de Kamp's Charlie Chaplin movies, Peter Schickele, the Bach spoofer whom van de Kamp filmed and who went on to fame and fortune ... excursions into Philly (art museum, concerts, vaudeville). (Diane Levine Umemoto)

Attending Chaplin Seminars in Somerville with Peter van de Kamp's piano accompaniment... (Nancy Strong Weyant)

## Sharples

Watching the "Mayan Temple" (Sharples Dining Hall) being constructed in 1963 and 1964. (Dave Rowley)

The opening of Sharples (and steak night). (Nancy Myers O'Connor)

I have always liked climbing. While they were building Sharples, before they put the roof on, I would climb up the top edges of the stone walls. (Tom Kramer)

Sharples is my favorite building, gladly new our senior year. (Hap Peelle)



Sharples under construction

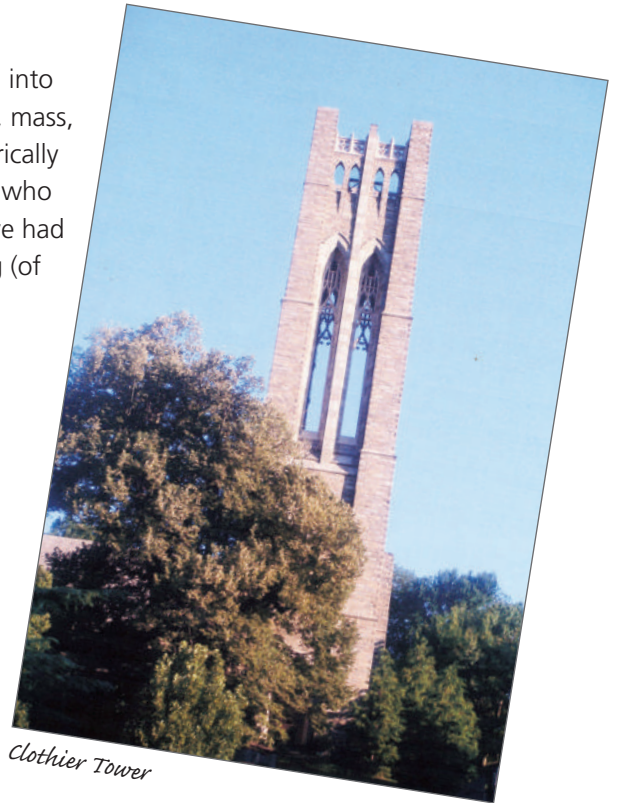
## Towers & Roofs

I remember standing at the top of Clothier Tower with Professor Rosenberg's Physics For Poets class, dropping various objects down into the inner courtyard below, apparently to better understand gravity, mass, and air friction. At the time, I thought the entire project was hysterically funny — I still do — but I appeared to be the only one in the class who did. Since then — probably thanks to Professor Rosenberg — I have had an abiding amateur interest in both inner and outer space, starting (of course) with the Big Bang, so very aptly named. *(Stacy Wallach)*

*Climbing up Clothier Bell Tower. (Jeff Field)*

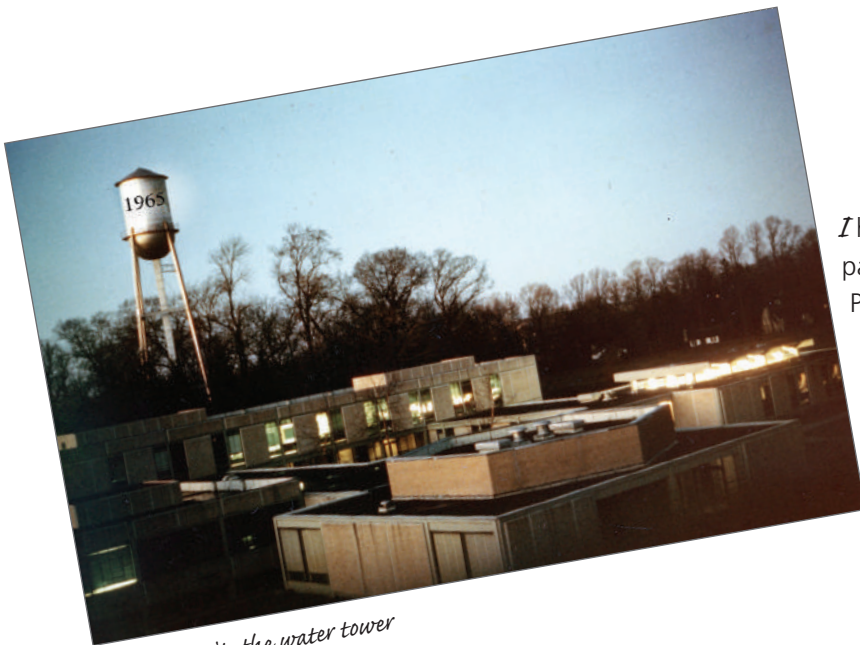
*Climbing Clothier Tower at night. (Sally Banks Zakariya)*

*A trip to the top of Clothier Tower In early Fall is also an indelible ... memory. (Dave Darby)*



*Clothier Tower*

## Water Tower



*1965 summits the water tower*

*I hope Dean Bob Barr will forgive us now for painting the Big Brother eye and "IN LOCO PARENTIS" on the water tower. (Hap Peelle)*

*Creativity of various water tower pranks. (Bruce Tischler)*

## Rooftops



*A favorite spring study break, sunning on Parrish Roof...*

"Squirreling up between the Parrish water tank and the outer wall of the dome to make it out on the roof." (*Sally Banks Zakariya*)

"My foolhardy walking along the ridgepole of Parrish Hall roof. Once when my roommate tentatively climbed out of our bedroom window, the Dean summoned her to warn her off. Was I more expendable perhaps?" (*Ursula Poole Carter*)

"... Was I really that wild? ..." (*Susan Gross Nikolay*)

"Near the end of my senior year, I wanted very much to experience some heights before leaving Swarthmore. So, aside from climbing the Clothier Tower — a condoned to-do for seniors, I also climbed around the rim of the roof of Parrish Hall. The vantage point was not as high as from Clothier Tower, but the view was just as spectacular, and it did get my adrenalin racing a bit." (*Vivian Ling*)



*... and Willets Roof!*

## Outing Club

Outing club trip to explore an amazing long cave system in West Virginia, and crawling back in a spring snowstorm packed into a VW van that lost its wipers and drove mainly in first gear! (*Gail Sise Grossman*)

I also discovered the Outing Club, Little Theatre group and noontime bridge in Commons on the second floor of Parrish. (*David George*)

I loved the athletics of women and men together rappelling into caves. (*Tuck Forsythe*)

## Fraternities

Making many friends at TAO, shooting pool... (*Mike Mather*)

Fraternity meetings and parties. (*Earl Tarble*)

Dances and frat parties, ... (*Elizabeth Winn van Patten*)

Fraternity parties at Kelly's Barn in Media. (*Dave Rowley*)

Three years in Kappa Sigma Pi (President 1965) after it seceded from the national fraternity. Several lifelong friends in the making. (*Hap Peelle*)



*Delta Upsilon fraternity house, 1964*

## Stretch



*Nancy Weiss takes aim at Kiki Skagen as Ann Murphy looks on.*



*Dave Fleischaker takes aim on Parrish lawn*

Photo courtesy of Friends Historical Library.

Stretch anywhere. (Nancy Myers O'Connor)

Games of stretch in front of Parrish with dining room knives. (Robert Mabry)

The stretch game on Parrish lawn with butter knives from the dining room. (Ginger Blake-Harris)

Good easy times such as playing stretch on the Parrish lawn, tossing pennies (and more) at the Parrish steps, and holding meetings of the Tuesday Afternoon Tea and Dialogue Circle. (Peter Meyer)

## Frisbee

Playing frisbee to avoid studying for finals; baby sitting for kids of the chem. Professors... (Judith Levine Feldman)

Frisbee, pick-up-sticks in the Library between exam study sessions. (Diane Levine Umemoto)

Playing frisbee near Dupont as a freshman with a fun group I hardly knew (Including my future and present husband, Dick Grossman!) (Gail Sise Grossman)

Tossing frisbees in front of ML4. (Robert Mabry)

## Films

All those French movies they showed at Clothier, especially *Shoot the Piano Player* and *Jules and Jim*. (Jeff Field)

Weekend Movies and Thursday Collections. (Joyce Klein Perry)

Films, all without admission charges ... (Christine Holden)

Before Swarthmore, I knew nothing about Japanese film. One evening I was in Clothier watching Kurosawa's *Ikiru*, in which an old man dying of cancer subtly tricks the venal bureaucrats he works for into building a kids' playground on what had been a pestilential vacant lot. At the end, the old man is seen sitting on a swing in the playground, singing quietly to himself. This triggered some guy in the audience to make a loud joke, and some others laughed. I'm pretty sure I was one of them. When the movie ended, we all stepped out into the night. Robin Dietrich was there on the lawn, weeping and crying out against the violation that had just occurred. In an instant, she taught me how not to behave in an audience, and how to experience unfamiliar films. This lesson brought much richness into my life. Thank you, Robin, wherever you are. (John Thoms)

## Athletics

"The marvelously oxymoronic Swarthmore football cheer: "Kill, Quakers, Kill!" (Jeff Field)

It's hard to believe that our cheerleaders shouted "Kill, Quakers, Kill!" (Hap Peelle)

Scoring the winning goal in soccer against Haverford ... Scoring 30 points against Haverford in a JV basketball game freshman year ... Winning the Dunn Trophy in 1963 ... Brooke Cottman's famous 'pretzel hold' story before the Lafayette lacrosse game in 1965. Defeating both Penn and Penn State in lacrosse during the 1964 and 1965 seasons. Watching President Lyndon Johnson's helicopter land on the lacrosse field in a cloud of dust prior to his Commencement address in 1964. Winning the KWINK Trophy in 1965. Playing in the North-South All-Star lacrosse game at Syracuse University in 1965. (Dave Rowley)

I remember our rag-tag varsity basketball team facing the Big Quakers of Penn and the Amazon warriors of West Chester and having a very good time, regardless. (Andrea Fleck Clarcy)

Coaches like Pete Hess, who made women's athletics at Swarthmore a good team experience. (Helen Lutton Cohen)

Best memories athletic: Fall hockey season, winter swimming competition. (Lois Thompson Murray)

Captaining the swimming team our senior year. (Sally Warren)

Being given a tennis lesson by Chuck McKinley when McKinley came to Swarthmore to get a tennis lesson from Ed Faulkner. (Nancy Strong Weyant)

Coming early for soccer practice ... playing JV tennis... (Mike Mather)

Playing varsity tennis, never would be possible today, but what a treat. I can change my violin students' whole concept of who I am by telling them I was on Varsity in college! (Lucia Norton Woodruff)

Being at a small college allowed me to play sports beyond my ability: baseball, which is a life-long interest, and soccer, which I learned at Swarthmore and continue to enjoy (watching) today. (Dana Carroll)

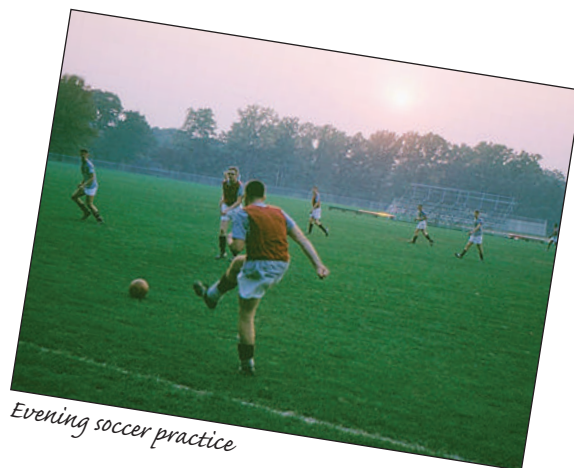
Going traying with John Thoms, who met me by chance on the snowy path above the new Sharples dining hall. (Judy Johnson Thoms)

I might still hold the record for a tray-sled jump at Sharples. (Hap Peelle)

Reading French in the pole vault pits before practices ... cross country training runs through the Crum. Frisbee contests on the front lawn of Wharton ... (Earl Tarble)



Playing fields



Evening soccer practice

## Performing Arts

### Music

The sound of the train whistle at night and the ever-present clock chimes. *(Joyce Klein Perry)*

I participated in the reading of the Bach B–minor mass in Clothier during the first week. *(David George)*



Photo, Eleftherios Kostans

Lang Auditorium

### Folk Singing and Festivals

I had my eyes opened to liberal notions and causes, and was delighted to hear Pete Seeger in April of '62 when he sang to a packed Clothier and performed his classic *Andorra* for the first time in public. *(David George)*

The folk sings around the campfires in the Crum — a truly wonderful time; the spontaneous sings on Parrish porch...the folk festivals and the chance to see musicians like Doc Watson, Bill Monroe, and the New Lost City Ramblers in person on stage and in the workshops... *(Dave Bellama)*

I remember Dave Bellama, Nick Warren and Mike Meeropol playing guitars and singing folk songs. *(Andrea Fleck Clardy)*

Playing backup guitar to Dave Bellama and other REAL instrumentalists. I was tolerated and that was great ... Writing new lyrics about Swarthmore to go with old folk tunes [*Crum Creek Hymnal*]. *(Peter Meyer)*

I remember the Pete Seeger concert well as a key event in freshman year. I was already aware of him in 1961, but had never heard him in person, before or after. *(Anne Taylor Emerson)*

Folk music at Swarthmore was important to me. I realized recently that our time at Swarthmore was contemporaneous with the peak years of the '60's folk revival. (Bob Dylan arrived in New York as we arrived at Swarthmore, and he went electric at Newport as we were graduating.) I still have a treasured reel-to-reel tape of the 1962 Folk Festival concerts... hearing the Bach B-Minor Mass, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Doc Watson, Bill Monroe, and others — plus a season pass to the Philadelphia Orchestra that cost \$17.50. *(Ron Hale)*

Folk Festivals, the Hamburg Show, dance concerts, and Halloween parties in the Lodges *(Joyce Klein Perry)*

Ravi Shankar playing ragas. *(Dick Stone)*

A concert by Ravi Shankar was mind- and ear-opening: equally, in different ways, were student concerts, plays, and of course the Hamburg Show, and films, all without admission charges... *(Christine Holden)*

Ravi Shankar and *Friendly Persuasion*. *(Elizabeth Winn van Patten)*

Ravi Shakar's concert and small class the following morning. I'd never before been so enthralled by a musical style. *(Ginger Blake-Harris)*

Dave Van Ronk at a folklife festival: how could he be so drunk and sing so well? *(Jeff Field)*  
Hootenannies. *(Earl Tarble)*



Joel Jaffe

Halcyon '65 ... at long last!



## Orchestra, Chorus, Swarthmore Singers

Singing in Parrish Parlor (opera, folk music, madrigals)... (*Judy Levine Feldman*)

Performing with the Swarthmore Singers conducted by Eugene Ormandy (although his assistant, Bill Smith, was much more impressive.) ... (*Gail Sise Grossman*) (See program and chorus members in Appendix)

Good music, both folk and chorus with Peter Graham Swing. (*Nick Warren*)

The college sporadically gave out free tickets to Philadelphia Orchestra concerts. I heard Rudolph Serkin play Beethoven's fourth piano concerto from seats in the Academy of Music's orchestra pit. The Orchestra, being seated on the stage itself, was almost on top of us. Serkin hummed loudly whenever he played, distracting pit ticket holders from listening to the actual music. (*Michael Henle*)

## Stirrings of PDQ Bach

Freshman year, Peter Schickele was a visiting professor of music. Peter Bloom (oboe), Ray Jackendoff (clarinet), Creepy Sly (bassoon) and I (flute) played a reading of his *Manhattan Suite* — a takeoff (naturally) on Grofé's *Grand Canyon Suite*. (*Dana Carroll*)

Music theory with Peter Schickele on 'ear training', as he sent us into gales of laughter, developing his PDQ Bach routines ... (*Peter Meyer*)

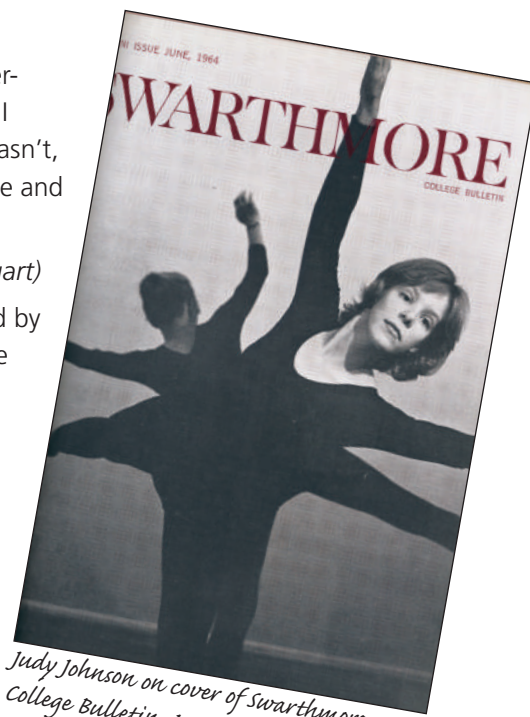
## Dance

I found my love of dance as I joined the Swarthmore Folk Dance Club, performed at Collection, and did the Maypole Dance in the amphitheater ... I remember dancing solo in the Crum when I was depressed and when I wasn't, driving a scooter to Philly for a ball for International Students with my date and I dressed in formal wear – hair and skirts flying. (*Jim Gaskell*)

The Folk Dance Group performing in lovely Scott Amphitheater. (*Ann Stuart*)

Putting on a small modern dance performance with sound effects created by distorting the sounds of the clocktower chiming and wearing masks made with origami paper. (*Susan Lafferty Rosenthal*)

The Turtle Dance I did at the freshman talent show, to Camille Saint Saëns' *Carnival of the Animals*. Many people remembered it and some greeted me as "Turtle" during my whole four years. Dancing in Pearson with Stephanie Fantl and Susie Lafferty, declaiming a wonderful poem about worms... Choreographing a send-up of Merce Cunningham and John Cage's work, after they performed at Swarthmore, featuring Mike Kortchmar, who allowed himself to be pushed around on a dolly..." (*Judy Johnson Thoms*)



*Judy Johnson on cover of Swarthmore College Bulletin, June 1964*

### Bond Concert

## Senior Ray Jackendoff Plays Clarinet Concerti

VISITORS TO Bond Sunday were a privileged audience to the clarinet concert by Ray Jackendoff and piano accompanish Sue Gelletly. The first of two concerti, that of Johann Molter, was composed in 1750 and is the oldest known concerto for the instrument. Originally scored for strings and cembalo, it was transcribed for the piano and transposed down a third by Mr. Jackendoff to accommodate the modern clarinet — the original instrument in

Extremes of range and rapid changes of pace were guaranteed to flush out the most latent maladjustment in the psyche of the little black beast. That none came forth under this most excruciating of examinations is a tribute to the superb control and reas-

urance of Mr. Jackendoff. Subtleties of rhythm and mood were not obscured by the technical demands of the score; Karl Nielson's "20th century non-twelve tone music" was complimented by the musical exegesis it is so often forced to do without

Phoenix, Nov. 24, 1964

Theater



Halcyon 1966, p. 66

Barbara Sullivan and Steve Delibert

Watching Steve Delibert, dressed in a leopard skin, declaim something crazy, wild, and funny from a balcony in Sharples. (Judy Johnson Thoms)

Greek and Shakespearean plays in the outdoor theater. (Helen Lutton Cohen)

Playing Phoebe in *As You Like It*, opposite Nick Kazan in the amphitheater." (Judy Johnson Thoms)

The Bacchae

The most ambitious project that I took part in was a production of Euripides, *The Bacchae*, in the Spring of 1965. It was presented in Greek and I still remember some of the chorus lines (I was the chorus leader) and the dance movements. It was held in the Scott Outdoor Amphitheater, which seemed to us the closest we could get to the ancient Dionysiac celebrations. (Christine Moll Dengate)

Joe [de Grazia] was the force behind the spring production of *The Bacchae*. He began in November with choreographer Susie Lafferty to find enough women for the Chorus. Since it was to be presented entirely in Classical Greek, which none of the Chorus members knew, he wrote out their parts phonetically for them to memorize, and work into their dancing. (N.B. *The Bacchae* has the longest choral odes of any Euripides play.) While the Chorus was working on the words, Joe was writing music. I was fascinated, and came to several rehearsals over the next few months, and to this day I can sing most of the long first choral ode as well as the concluding ode of the play.

While the Chorus was working on its part, Joe was busy working with the actors. The play was performed twice, in May, at the end of the school year. It was a smash hit. Most of the students of Greek from NYU came to see it, and were blown away. (John Thoms)

Choreographing the chorus and making costumes in the collaborative production of *The Bacchae*. (Susan Lafferty Rosenthal)

Watching *The Bacchae* in the amphitheater. (Christine Holden)

Roz Stone, as Aphrodite, perched on an amphitheater wall during performance of Greek tragedy. (Richard Stone)



As You Like It in the amphitheater

Swarthmore College: An Informal History, p. 62

## Hamburg Shows

*"Oh, we're going to the Hamburg Show to see the lion and the wild Kangaroo!"*

Classmates jumped into productions immediately. In '61 Leonard Barkan took on the role of the devil. '62 featured Shelby Seltzer as Pearl Pureheart and Dave Bellama as one of the prince's henchmen — "for reasons of discretion, the skit has been deleted from this weekend's Hamburg Show" (Phoenix 11.16.62). Cordy Jason's "display of nerves of steel" is also lauded. '63 finds Jon Steinberg as spokesman for the organizing committee. Peaking in '64, the all-star cast featured Hap Peelle, Jerry Cotts, Mike Kortchmar (author, director, actor), Cordy Jason, and Louisa Brandon. Thanks went to Judy Johnson, Susan Lafferty, and Peter Meyer for the highly praised dances while Jerry Nelson's photo of the dining room wallpaper brought down the house.



*Cordy Jason and Joel Jaffe*

Halcyon 1963, p. 46

*Our first year, The Hamburg Show involved a trip to the underworld. Leonard Barkan played the devil and vividly described his domain as 'a small, co-educational hell,' a line that brought down the house. (Michael Henle)*

*My best memory is the satirical Hamburg Show whose second-night performance was always canceled by the administration on grounds of "obscenity", what is called "inappropriate language" today. (Joe Joffe)*

*The Hamburg shows (all four in which I acted and some I helped write). (Peter Meyer)*

*Although the credit is wrong in the program, I was the representative of the Outing Club in the 1961 Hamburg Show, for which I still have the LP. (David George)*

*Surprisingly, creators of our senior year Hamburg Show asked me to play Laeveribod and carry my surf-board down an aisle onto the stage, to the tune of a Beach Boys' song. Also, during a change of scene, I appeared briefly on stage in front of the curtain with a short line to deliver. Bruce Cratsley uttered his line cleanly, looked at me, waited patiently and then realized that I was drawing a blank. Fortunately, the Theatre Club was prepared for this. Someone behind the curtain whispered the first few words of my line, and the rest came back. Amazingly, to this day, I am willing to act. (Hap Peelle)*

### From The Ashes

## Kortch Plots Hamburg From Afar

*(Ed Note: This is one in a series of articles on Men in the News.)*

by Doug Redefter

ALTHOUGH FEW people will realize it, when the Hamburgers take to the stage this evening, it will represent for Michael Kortchmar, campus wit, the culmination of four years at Swarthmore and a summer's diligent research at the West End Cafe in New York City.

lescent dirty jokes and sophisticated seventeenth century drolleries.

Actually, the 1964 Hamburg

Actually, there is little offense in this year's show which is



**Director Michael Kortchmar at Hamburg Show rehearsal.**

Phoenix, Nov. 20, 1964

## Great Political Events that Changed the World

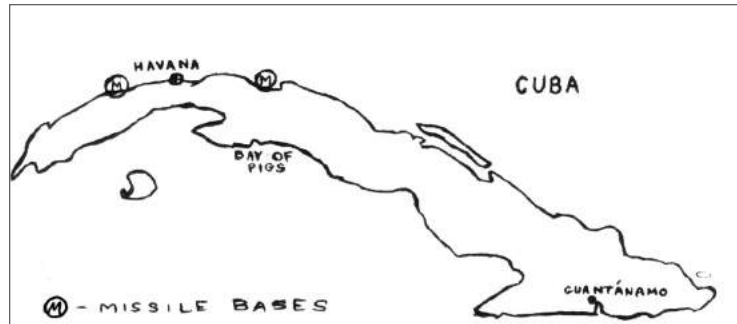
Bay of Pigs; Gulf of Tonkin; Kennedy assassination; Freedom Riders — war, violence, disruption.  
What to do about all of that. (*Dick Latner*)

World events: Cuban missile Crisis; Kennedy assassination; civil rights; Vietnam. (*Don Cohn*)

### Cuban Missile Crisis

*Swarthmore Phoenix:*

This map shows the location of missile bases in Cuba, according to information supplied by a Cuban exile group, the Student Revolutionary Directory of Cuba, courtesy of UPI Telephoto.



*Courtesy of Friends Historical Library.*

Watching news of the Cuban missile crisis with a group of politically aware students who were convinced these might be their last days on earth. (*Jeff Field*)

Three or four of us staying up late in Willets on the night of the Cuban crisis, anxiously wondering what might be about to happen." (*Ursula Poole Carter*)

Watching President Kennedy's TV speech about the Cuban Missile Crisis in Parrish Parlor in October 1962 and wondering if we were all going to die. (*Dave Rowley*)

Crowding into Parrish parlor to listen to President Kennedy speak about the Cuban Missile Crisis. (*Nancy Strong Weyant*)

Living in Parrish Hall during the Cuban crisis and at the time of JFK's assassination. (*Helen Lutton Cohen*)

The Cuba crisis, (*Nancy Myers O'Connor*)

Fellow students calling their parents and saying goodbye during the Cuban missile crisis... (*Suzanne Lorant*)

### Vietnam War

In junior year, I think the Vietnam War began to intrude on my consciousness. I remember my Russian professor, Tom Bradley, raising the topic in class and often spending part of the class talking about what was happening; this made the class more interesting and provoked a lot of discussion. (*Bob Cohen*)

During our senior year I joined an anti-Vietnam War protest in Philadelphia that was entirely silent. This had a great impact on me, and when I went to Berkeley as a graduate student, I quickly became involved in further anti-war activities. (*Dana Carroll*)

## *JFK Assassination*

*JFK's assassination: the college shut down: we were all dazed and devastated. (Jeff Field)*

*The comfort of being together as a community in Collection when President Kennedy was shot... (Suzanne Lorant)*

*A Sunday night drive to D.C. with several classmates to join the long line of people from all over to say goodbye to JFK. (Robert Mabry)*

*I remember not believing when I was told that John Kennedy had been assassinated, not being able to imagine that such a thing was possible. I went outside, an impulse shared by dozens of us and we all stood around with very little to say. (Andrea Fleck Clardy)*

*We all know where we were ... I was walking up Magill when one of my friends emoted that Kennedy was shot. Our football game against Haverford was postponed, and we lost. Secret Service agents swarmed the trees at '64 graduation to protect President Lyndon Johnson, substitute Commencement speaker for Courtney Smith's close colleague. I didn't realize how profoundly the world changed just then. (Hap Peelle)*

*Friday afternoon, Nov 22, 1963 ... walking into the Ville for my 1 o'clock singing lesson and being so surprised to hear all of the church bells ringing. We started our lesson when suddenly my teacher's husband stormed in through the front door bringing a friend and announced, 'The President has just been shot and we are going to get drunk!' My teacher and I looked at each other and did not know what to do except to try to go on with the lesson. We soon stopped and I ran back to campus. Within two hours I was on a train leaving campus and heading home to New Jersey. (Nancy Weiss)*

*Hearing of the Kennedy assassination while at the barber shop (some males did get haircuts) and leaving to attend Collection for President Kennedy. (David Pao)*

*Church bells ringing in the Ville on the day that President Kennedy was assassinated in 1963. (Dave Rowley)*

*Thompson Bradley's Russian Lit in Translation class in Trotter when my roommate Sally Warren brought us the news that Kennedy had been shot, then listening to Chopin in the Parrish parlor and going to the service at the Quaker Meeting House. (Elizabeth Winn van Patten)*

*The saddest memory is of Thompson Bradley returning from a break, announcing that President Kennedy had been shot, and dismissing us with words of anger and great sorrow. (Kate Donnelly Hickey)*

*The worst memory was the assassination of John Kennedy. (Karin Benecke Miller)*

*Kennedy's assassination (basketball practice maintained that afternoon to keep our minds off of it if only for an hour or so). (Nancy Myers O'Connor)*

*After Kennedy's Assassination, I wrote to his brother, Robert, and met with him in May '64. (Bob Cohen)*

*Inevitably, the moment when someone knocked on the door of our seminar room to say that Kennedy had been shot. Horrified shock immediately filled me; I remember noticing that for some people it seemed to take longer to sink in. Years later, I pondered whether, as a somewhat distanced foreigner, perhaps I didn't require an initial protective period of disbelief, such as my fellow students might be needing. (Ursula Poole Carter)*

*I desperately wanted company for comfort ... finding a room that had someone in it because there was soft music playing. And knocking. And listening. And waiting until I heard soft sobbing, and leaving. (Jerry Nelson)*

## Social Engagement & Political Action

In November 1963 the Deans addressed a memo to Swarthmore students outlining the college's policy regarding off-campus social or political action (see Appendix).

During our freshman year, seniors David Wegman, David Edwards, Cynthia Heynan and others organized the First International Conference on Disarmament and Arms Control (FICDAC) on campus. This was my first exposure to bold social engagement by students. *(Dana Carroll)*

Lively political discussions, both formal and informal. *(Bruce Tischler)*

Students being concerned and engaged in the social issues of the early 1960s were an integral part of the Swarthmore experience. *(Dave Darby)*

Storing cases of beer on our balcony at Palmer — and getting caught twice. Dave [Bellama] took the fall the first time, and I took the second, having to argue in my case that it was not a “second offense,” but merely MY first! Getting busted again over sox and sandals in the dining room, as we showed up with the sox OVER our sandals. I guess this was training for the bigger protests, such as taking over university buildings that came later . . . *(Peter Meyer)*

Giving a molecular biology student-run symposium as a protest demonstration (!). *(Judith Levine Feldman)*

In reflecting on our age cohort, I wonder about the social forces that shaped us. Why did we, who were raised in the sleepy, post-war fifties, become part of a process of questioning and turning many long-accepted social norms upside-down? *(Ron Hale)*

## Volunteering



Home improvement assistance in Chester

Swarthmore College: An Informal History, p. 81

An incredible grind relieved by volunteering in Chester and plotting at SPAC the overthrow of segregation and militarism. *(Bob Eaton)*

High on the list [of memories] is the Swarthmore-Wade House Summer Studies program. . . We achieved our short-term goal of encouraging promising middle-school students from Chester to apply to and attend Swarthmore. *(Gavin Wright)*

I was part of the student/community Robert Wade Community Center program that promoted a summer camping program for children served by the Wade House. It was my major extracurricular activity for most of my college years. In addition to expanding opportunities for the Chester children, it also helped College students like myself and many others like me to develop leadership skills. *(Jim Preer)*

Going into Philadelphia to read to a student at the Overbrook School for the Blind. *(Nancy Strong Weyant)*

## *Civil Rights*

*A group of us spending a night in prison after being bussed off by the police from a peaceful Voter Registration demo. (Ursula Poole Carter)*

*The time when a tenth of the student body spent a weekend in jail in Chester because of their civil rights protests. (Jeff Field)*

*Hearing Robert Moses speak about Civil Rights Movement... (Richard Stone)*

*Civil rights rallies and demonstrations in Chester. (Bruce Tischler)*

*Picketing the White House in support of the "Nuclear Test Ban Treaty" (in sleet and freezing rain, of course)... (Nancy Strong Weyant)*

*My one and only civil rights march in which I learned that I am not cut out to be an activist no matter how much I support a cause, (Suzanne Lorant)*

*Clear in my mind: marches and jail in Cambridge, MD. (Elly Rosenberg Rumelt)*

*I was not involved with much of the civil rights efforts on campus, although I admired the people who were. By senior year, I was involved with several of the protest marches in Washington, including the very large one in May 1965. (Bob Cohen)*

*The protests before a South African government information representative spoke at Collection were an interesting test of free speech attitudes: there was a countering speech by a South African student from Columbia later that day, sponsored by SDS. (Christine Holden)*

*The student activists I had the good fortune to listen to, learn from, and act with were another story altogether. From SPAC (Swarthmore Political Action Club) to hearing about two older students' experience as exchange students to Tougaloo, to singing along with Pete Seeger in a packed Collection hall... Even when we disagreed, being exposed to the thinking of people like these and having them as role models was, as the saying goes, "Priceless." (Margaret Neisser Lobenstine)*

*I was a member of SPAC in my freshman and sophomore years. In my freshman year, we went to Washington to demonstrate against the Bomb and nuclear testing. Sophomore year followed the summer of the emergence of Students for a Democratic Society and its adoption of the Port Huron Statement, both of which influenced SPAC's leaders. That Fall, I went with SPAC to demonstrate in Chester against racial inequalities in the school system. The march led to sitting in at administration offices, arrests on trespassing charges, and overnight in jail. Negotiations resulted in a Grand Bargain dismissing charges against us and promising Chester's transformation into a New Left participatory democracy — which needless to say did not come to pass. (Kitty Calhoon)*

*Political stuff very important and formative: SDS, civil rights work in Chester, community organizing in Philly, anti-war march in D.C. (Nick Warren)*

*Writing a book about the House Unamerican Activities Committee with Paul Brest, Paul Booth and Jon Steinberg, never knowing that the National Student Association for whom we were doing the volunteer work was a CIA front. Helping to organize and run FICDAC — the First (and only) Intercollegiate Conference on Disarmament and Arms Control. Political confusion such as when SPAC invited Gus Hall of the Communist Party to campus with the intent of roasting him, then finding ourselves protested by John Birchers for inviting him, and ending up cheering him as he fought to speak over their interruptions. (Peter Meyer)*

## Campus Beauty

Long walks around the campus at night – magical moments – we were lucky to have such a place. *(Dave Bellama)*

The seductive beauty of the campus. *(Lucia Norton Woodruff)*

The mesmerizing calm of the campus. *(Sally Warren)*



The whole campus in spectacular bloom in Spring. *(Suzanne Lorant)*

Enjoying the sweet aroma of the flowering Wisteria growing outside the corner room on the third floor of Parrish. *(Nancy Strong Weyant)*

Photo, Laurence Kesterton



Photo, Laurence Kesterton

The soul site of the college: Scott Amphitheater. *(Hap Peelle)*

Beauty of Scott Amphitheater and the Crum Creek valley. *(Bruce Tischler)*

How beautiful the campus and the Crum were at almost all seasons of the year! *(Gail Sise Grossman)*

Scott Arboretum beauty; doing guided campus tours in the woods where I grew up. *(Lois Thompson Murray)*



Falling in love first time, abetted by S'more Spring. *(Richard Stone)*

The beauty, whether I was drowning in daffodils in the Crum, being ensconced in bent but blooming trees near the Meeting House, or staring up at the star from the top of a fire escape at the top of Parrish. *(Margaret Neisser Lobenstine)*

Sitting under the blossoming cherries trying to study in the Spring, *(Elizabeth Winn van Patten)*



As time passes, the memories have become an overall impression of the natural beauty of the setting... (*Ann Mueller Heider*)

The beautiful campus provided a great setting; yet I was close enough to home that my friends and I often enjoyed a Sunday dinner with my family. (*Paul Stevens*)

... poison ivy in the Crum. (*Diane Levine Umemoto*)



I remember studying late at night in the fourth floor of Parrish Hall, wind blowing in the jagged old trees outside in the dark. My reward was to read a story curled up in the small science fiction paperback library hidden away in Parrish. (*Ann Erickson*)

Walking uphill from the railroad station to Parrish on my first day arriving at Swarthmore. (*Nancy Strong Weyant*)

Magill Walk and its magnificent trees. (*Jeff Field*)

The beauty of the campus especially the trees... (*Kate Donnelly Hickey*)

The beauty of the campus – especially the lilacs and roses — could be a (welcome) distraction ... a source of solace and perspective, and a lovely setting for outdoor classes, romantic encounters, an opportunity to learn about flowers and trees, and graduation day's appreciation of the amphitheater ... The size of the campus, and the placement of the buildings, meant that many of us could find a favored private spot to study, or take part in the intense conversations of young adulthood. (*Christine Holden*)



Photo, Laurence Kesterton

The beauty of Magill Walk and the sadness of walking out of Parrish for the last time as a student. (*Elizabeth Winn van Patten*)

## Swarthmore ~ The Nature of the Place



Photo courtesy of Friends Historical Library.

President Courtney C. Smith

We were presented with a great gift, if only I had known it at the time. (*Ann Mueller Heider*)

Extraordinary teachers, commitment to the life of the mind and of aesthetic pleasure, all of it with the possibility of joy and humor, not just earnestness and dour obligation. (*Leonard Barkan*)

To me President Courtney Smith still seems an ideal leader for Swarthmore. (*Paul Stevens*)

Our special President Courtney Smith transcended definitions of college leadership with his intellectual prowess, personal dignity and friendliness. Indeed, he invited me to tea at his house one afternoon. (*Hap Peelle*)

The strongest positive influence was the undercurrent Friends philosophy, though I never formally participated. (*Arky Ciancutti*)

Sunlight in the silence of Quaker meetings... (*Diane Levine Umemoto*)

The quiet and the occasional messages of Quaker Meeting were contrasted with the loud singing of protest songs. (*Christine Holden*)

The whole college, meeting together, was truly meaningful. I never missed a Collection. One unforgettable incident: while hustling up to the lectern, an upper classman tripped and fell on the steps in front of a full audience. Recovering quickly, he said, with aplomb: "Now, that's the kind of thing you dream about doing." Also in Clothier, I recall curiosity piqued by Constantinos Doxiadis's visiting lecture on designing a city. (*Hap Peelle*)

Filing into Collection every Thursday morning... (*Judith Levine Feldman*)

Mandatory collection attendance. (*Elizabeth Winn van Patten*)

Collection was a ritual of varied speakers, including a memorable presentation by Lew Elverson. (*Paul Stevens*)

Collection lectures, snoozing in the Libes, the Hamburg Shows, walking to the movie theater in the Ville, dinner at the Ingleneuk (or, for birthdays, at Bookbinders in Philly). (*Nancy Myers O'Connor*)

One of the most memorable Collections was that of April 1965, when the speaker was advertised as a member of the Soviet delegation to the U.N., and due to his biography which detailed his repressive, bloody career, strongly protested: it was an impressive, elaborate spoof organized, to the best of my recollection, primarily by members of '64. (*Christine Holden*)

I enjoyed both Collection and concerts in Clothier and regret the loss of an all-college venue. (*Dave Darby*)

Finding both peace and intellectual challenge at Collection. (*Nancy Strong Weyant*)

Above all Swarthmore was a time of enjoying being part of a community that cherished the pursuit of intellectual challenges and social issues. It was a time of learning that authority could and should be questioned and gaining the confidence to do so. (*Jim Gaskell*)

My strongest memory of Swarthmore is the feeling of intensity. Everything that happened and everything I did took place in an atmosphere of incredible intensity, the likes of which I haven't experienced since. This doubtless says more about me than about Swarthmore or the 60s. (*Jan Gould Humphrey*)

## Classes & Seminars

My favorite course of the entire four years was History of Music, with Prof. Peter Gram Swing, assisted by Peter Schickele then fresh out of Julliard, who I remember illustrating musical points like melismata with examples from Elvis Presley. *(Ron Hale)*

Singing in the chorus and having Peter Schickele as a section leader in first year music class ... Helen North's wonderful classics courses and Walker, Williams and Rhys in Fine Arts. *(Elizabeth Winn van Patten)*

... the greatest classes: Music 1, English 3, Physical Chemistry...  
*(Judith Levine Feldman)*

Art history classes; all-day chemistry and physics lab. *(Bruce Tischler)*

And every class I took had students who took it in and then tossed in something additional. How did he/she know that?! Finding my own place in this environment was a challenge, a way of learning what I expected of myself then and in the future. *(Dick Latner)*

The great satisfaction of rediscovering Maths (1-2 and 3-4) with Mr. Heckscher, after having had to drop the subject two years earlier because of the more tightly specialising British education system. *(Ursula Poole Carter)*

Best classes: French class where we had to write in the style of Baudelaire and Mallarmé, in French! Formidable. Susan Snyder's wonderful Shakespeare class. Great art lectures by Hedley Rhys! *(Judy Johnson Thoms)*

Dan Hoffman's American Lit class, senior seminars, and Professor Klees's tamale pie. *(Joyce Klein Perry)*

Trying to stay awake during Gil Stott's 3-hour weekly Ethics seminar... Clair Wilcox slamming his lecture notes on the podium as he entered the classroom each day. *(Dave Rowley)*

Constant late nights trying to get work done in time for classes. *(Earl Tarble)*

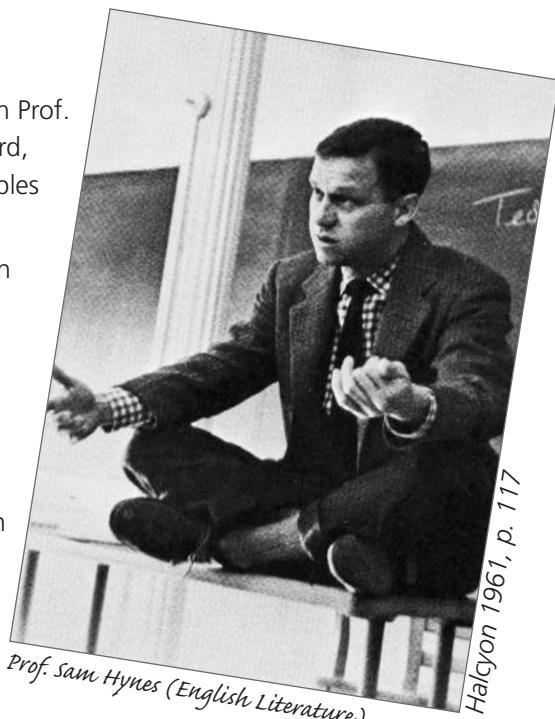
The heat turned down in the dorms at 11PM so pulling an all nighter meant bundling up ... The very useful, peaceful, intense reading WEEK for exams, not just a day or two, settled into a library nest with all of those course notebooks. *(Ann Stuart)*

My last honors seminar, when the prof, who was a gourmet cook, put together a dinner that had all six students, one behind the other, gingerly stretching out a long roll of homemade pasta dough through the kitchen and into the dining room. The best meal of my four years in college, and a symbol, perhaps, of the generosity and gusto of some of the teachers I had. *(Jeff Field)*

Chem lab. Recover reagents quickly, clean things soon after use, keep a clear lab desk. Post-Swarthmore, learned not everyone you share a kitchen with took Chemistry ... An enjoyable semester of mechanical drawing, now replaced by a few minutes of a computer program. Frequent consultation to my K&E log log duplex decitrig slide rule. Professor Blackburn's Writing for Engineers — if that's where we worked through the green précis book, abstracting longer passages — useful in grad school writing abstracts for papers to publish. Eventually discovered not everyone spent most college afternoons in labs ... In Engineering Economy (Prof Carpenter) we learned the time value of money - before the 1973 oil embargo and high interest rates ... Swarthmore non-Engineering classes: Fine Arts Intro early morning, Shakespeare, War and the International System (likely titled differently).  
*(Dan Kegan)*

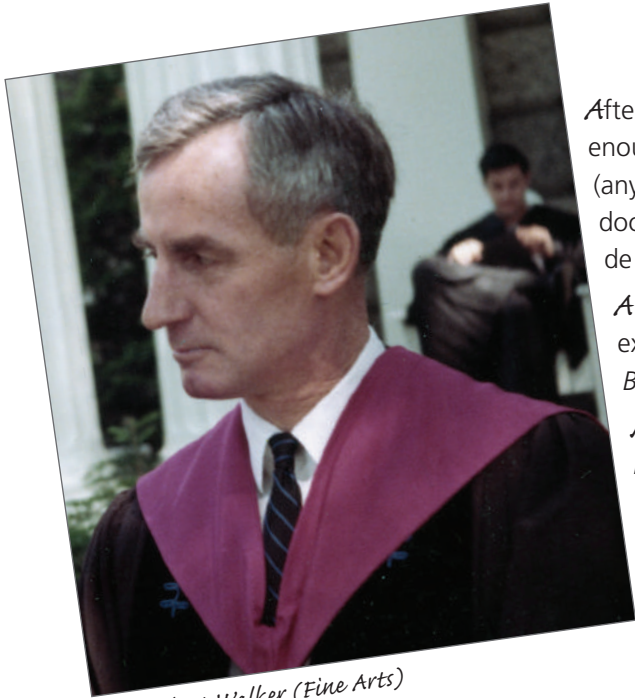
Classroom and laboratory were not applied and independent enough for me ... English literature helped me start writing what I actually felt, instead of what I thought I should. *(Tuck Forsythe)*

The feel of the leather chairs in the Library tower as I read long Russian novels. *(Diane Levine Umemoto)*



*Prof. Sam Hynes (English Literature)*

*Halcyon 1961, p. 117*



*Prof. Robert Walker (Fine Arts)*

After deciding that engineering was not for me, I was fortunate enough to have courses such as Aesthetics with Prof. Beardsley (anyone remember his “little green man outside the classroom door”?), and Ethics with Prof. Brandt...attended many of Prof. van de Kamp's Chaplin seminars. *(David George)*

A few (memories) are not good, such as the fear before my first exam in Comp Anat (I transferred in as a sophomore) ... *(Karin Benecke Miller)*

My causing a minor explosion in a chemistry lab. *(Suzanne Lorant)*

Attempting (unsuccessfully) to find Delta Cephei. *(Dave Rowley)*

Charting Delta Cephei's brightness for astronomy class and indulging in primal screams on the roof of Willets at night. *(Elizabeth Winn van Patten)*

Scanning the dark sky for Delta Cephei for my Astronomy class (Is it a 'C' or a 'D'?) *(Nancy Strong Weyant)*

Never understanding calculus, bored with learning German... *(Mike Mather)*

What hasn't stuck (in memories), unfortunately, is most of what was presented in the classroom. I'd like to do it over again, really paying attention to the professors this time, rather than viewing classes as a distraction from more interesting activities elsewhere. *(Ann Mueller Heider)*

My most stunning moment: opening my Parrish mailbox, removing that slip of paper, and realizing (against all odds) that I actually would graduate with my class. I also remember trying to explain to my parents why, very early on the morning of our graduation day, I was mowing the lawn in the Scott Amphitheater. *(Stacy Wallach)*

The stimulation of the Honors seminars — it was a truly unique system... The privilege of getting to know the professors in all those seminars as well as we did... *(Dave Bellama)*

Among my fondest memories are the Honors seminars I took in my last two years. Those small seminars, with the vigorous give-and-take with my fellow students and professors were the Vahalla of my education. During my many years of teaching, those Honors seminars remained for me the gold standard of what learning should be about. In the various groups I led, I strived to create an atmosphere where students felt free to challenge the materials, their fellow students, and me. *(Marc Egnal)*

I loved Swarthmore ... most of my seminars in Honors History, English and Poli Sci ... 'Seminars at professors' homes — so delightful.' *(Gail Sise Grossman)*

I remember working through the night to finish seminar papers, typed on those awful ditto masters and then taking them up to Parrish to be copied before grabbing a few hours of sleep. *(Andrea Fleck Clardy)*

Typing and making mistakes and whiting out and throwing away and starting again and swearing in the middle of the night in Willets Lounge. How did we do it without word processing? *(Judy Johnson Thoms)*

... turning out a paper a week, usually spending the whole night writing and typing it onto stencils, then getting it into the campus mimeo center early the next morning in time for reproduction and distribution to the others... *(Dave Bellama)*

Intense preparation for Honors seminars. *(Bruce Tischler)*

8:00 AM at the mimeo machine duplicating seminar papers. (*Diane Levine Umemoto*)

LOVING the all-nighters to prepare seminar papers, as discoveries of logical connections and analytical insights always seemed better as dawn threatened. Arguing, talking, discussing, learning . . . . (*Peter Meyer*)

. . . Studying for Honors exams. . . (*Mike Mather*)

Binge-studying until (too) late at Pearson ... marvelous and memorable Honors seminars (though I was in Course). (*Nancy Myers O'Connor*)

The horror of Honors Exams by outside examiners: My history seminar didn't focus on dates, yet there I was on the Parrish lawn, frantically memorizing them. What if a question was 'List effects the events of 1804 had on Prussia.' Without 1804 drilled into my head, I'd have been lost! (*Margaret Neisser Lobenstine*)

I entered Swarthmore as a math major, and nominally continued in that program into my second year. But history interested me far more, and by the time I entered the Honors program I had switched majors, with Russian and art history as my minor fields. (*Marc Egnal*)

Great classes with Tom Blackburn, Sam Hynes, David Cowden, Al Rosenberg, Jean Perkins, Robert Bannister. (I hope I have their names right. My memories of them are vivid.) (*Helen Lutton Cohen*)

Lectures by Professors Field, Blackburn, and Gleitman; many small kindnesses from English Literature faculty toward a mediocre student. . . (*Kate Donnelly Hickey*)

I was a Greek major in the Honors program. The seminars with Professor Martin Ostwald were wonderful — very intense with long discussions lasting until the two Ostwald sons would arrive to tell their father that he was long overdue for dinner. The rest of us would go to the dining hall and continue talking about Euripides, Plato, the Presocratics, etc., for another hour or so. (*Christine Moll Dengate*)

. . . The fear of flunking Psych 1 because of the two weeks of statistics I just couldn't grasp. (*Elizabeth Winn van Patten*)

Professors: . . . Martin Ostwald and Helen North (I could have been a classics major, my very favorite course was her Greek Literature one.). Paul Beik and his course on Russian History, Larry Lafore and his saying 'the Holy Roman Empire had as much chance of standing up as a cheese soufflé.' PGS (Peter Graham Swing) and Claudio Spies, especially, Orchestra." (*Lucia Norton Woodruff*)

I had excellent teachers in philosophy from whom I learned how to examine ideas and issues thoroughly and carefully. I am amazed by the way in which Richard Brandt and Jerry Shaffer, very knowledgeable and accomplished people, treated us students with respect. And, unlike other philosophers I have heard about, they never tried to turn us into disciples of themselves or any of the great philosophers. I continue, too, to treasure my English literature courses with Elizabeth Cox Wright. I still don't know quite what she did, but at the end of the process, I felt that I learned to read in a different way. (*Steve Nathanson*)



*Prof. Bill Denison (Biology)*

## Faculty

Dr. Rosenberg teaching me it's ok to speak out, even if you look foolish. (*Richard Stone*)

Looking at my professors with a slightly different gaze after reading Larry Lafore's novel, *Learner's Permit*... (*Nancy Strong Weyant*)

All my professors, especially Pennock and Gilbert in Political Science and Lang and Perkins in Russian and French, plus our phys. ed. coach Dinny, and, in a special way, Professor Peter van de Kamp for teaching me astronomy while impressing me with his sensitivity toward the preciousness of our earth, and for showing his Charlie Chaplin films while accompanying them on the piano. (*Ginger Blake-Harris*)

Lots of things that happened at Swarthmore have stayed with me for my entire life. The challenge of calculus with Professor Brinkmann changed my direction. It taught me my own limits and led me out of math and into the social sciences. The Honors seminars turned me into the ultimate night owl — a trait that has stayed with me right up to today. The best class I ever took anywhere — high school, college, graduate school, or law school — was Constitutional Law with J. Roland Pennock, which eventually led me to law school. Student government at Swarthmore strengthened my interest in politics and government. (*Rafie Podolsky*)

My best and most unlikely 'champion': Roland Pennock. (*Stacy Wallach*)

Getting great help from professors Pennock and Gilbert re law school... (*Mike Mather*)

As a chemistry major, I enjoyed Dr. Haight's flamboyant lecture style. In inorganic lab senior year, Jim Preer, Don Cohn and I sang *I See by Your Labcoat that You Are a Chemist* to pass the time. (*Dana Carroll*)

I was also given the opportunity to work directly with Dr. Gilbert P. Haight on independent research studies in Inorganic Chemistry back in the days when the DuPont Science Building was new. Dr. Haight was a gifted teacher for young chemistry students, and helped us to learn the details of how to do scientific research." (*Jim Preer*)

I remember the joy and excitement with which Dan Hoffman talked about Yeats and Sam Hynes threw out questions about Shakespeare. (*Andrea Fleck Clardy*)

Coaches Irene Moll and Pete Hess; Professors Frederic Grover, Jean Perkins, David Huhn, Henry Gleitman, Daniel Hoffman, Fredric Klees, so many others... (*Nancy Myers O'Connor*)

What did interest me? Problem-solving. I liked the challenge to write FORTRAN programs (on punch cards!). Electives sparked my appreciation for liberal arts: Tom Blackburn's Shakespeare, Clair Wilcox's Writing & Speaking, and a course on Modern Architecture. Really sorry I didn't engage Gene Klotz in Mathematics. Tutoring basic math students in Chester was eye-opening motivation. (*Hap Peelle*)

Excellent professors, too many to name, but Drs. Flemister and Stott, especially. (*Nick Warren*)

Memories of professors — particularly Mr. Williams, Mr. Bannister, Mr. Stott and Mr. Beardsley. Of friendships — some of which are still strong." (*Julie Diamond*)

Paul Beik (European history) and Bob Bannister (U.S. history) were particularly engaging instructors. One-on-one exchanges with them were a special treat. (*Marc Egnal*)

Best memories academic: Dr. Urban = spiritual mentor, Helen North lectures – unforgettable. (*Lois Thompson Murray*)

During our time at Swarthmore the first mainframe computer was installed and efforts made to use it to create exam timetables without conflicts. My instructors in Physics insisted that I couldn't graduate without writing a simple computer program such as calculating a square root. (*Jim Gaskell*)

For me, Swarthmore is about people. Its reputation for being 'intense, druggy and pinko' didn't matter as much as the students and faculty I met. I remember fondly Sam Carpenter, the senior professor who had taught my father and who encouraged my majoring in Civil Engineering. Memories of faculty and intimate cohort of students in all my courses are indelible. (*Hap Peelle*)



*Diana Burgin, Linda Smith, Prof. Olga Lang (Russian), Joan Rankin*

During our first spring break, in 1962, I had no place to go, and so spent the entire time on campus. This turned out to be fortunate because I could now explore the Library's collection of material relevant to the topic of a paper that I was to turn in to Elizabeth Cox Wright for my Poetry course. I discovered for the first time the deep pleasure of burrowing into the stacks and spending as much time as I wished. The immediate result of my efforts was an A on my paper. Although I certainly didn't know it then, the seeds of my eventual graduate school concentration in medieval literature had been planted. (*John Thoms*)

I particularly enjoyed the young political science professors — Waltz, Hargadon, Hudson, and von der Muhl. (*Blaine Garvin*)

Jean Kopytoff brought a radio into our history class in February 1962 so we could listen to the return to earth of John Glenn, after the first US orbital flight — I think we were studying the Reformation about that time." (*Christine Holden*)

Senior year I think I continued to enjoy Russian class with Tom Bradley and went to study Russian in Leningrad that summer. I also sat in on the Fine Arts class at 8 AM that spring so that I wouldn't be so ignorant of art. (*Bob Cohen*)

Struggling in the first semester of Russian with the alphabet, vocabulary and grammar, Tom Bradley helped our class appreciate the beauty of the language by turning out the lights (it was December) and reading us some of Pasternak's poetry: I particularly remember 'And a candle burned in the darkness, a candle burned.' (*Christine Holden*)

A professor's rumpled note cards, yet still fresh with insight after years of teaching sophomores the delights of English lit." (*Jeff Field*)

Another treat came in my Russian seminar with Olga Lang. She asked if we "looved Tatiana" when we read Pushkin and rewarded us for giving the right answer with her remarkable rice pudding. (*Marc Egnal*)

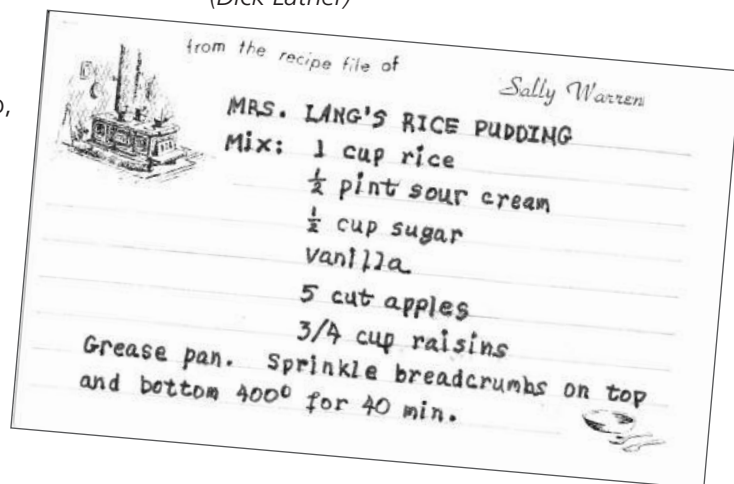
Olga Lang's rice pudding. (*Diane Levine Umemoto*)

The influence of Sam Carpenter... (*Phil Hoffer*)

Professor Morrill greeted the 27 entering engineering students with the classic advice to look to our left, then look to our right, and "one of you three will graduate from Swarthmore as an Engineer." (*David George*)

Professors like Beik, Lafore (that fabulous last Collection), Bannister, Hargadon — just a few of the gems — provided a seemingly limitless flow of ideas and information.

(*Dick Latner*)



## People and Friendships

Octavius (Tave) Holland's secret potions. Ruff Herndon's masterful taping jobs. Virginia, Rufus, and Lee taking good care of us in Wharton. (Dave Rowley)

One of my favorite people was Otto Hebel, the man in the basement of Martin who made things for the psychology and biology departments. I spent four years working with Otto and learned a lot from him. (Dick Grossman)

Senior year George Huber, who worked in the Library, organized a recorder ensemble. I still have (somewhere) a recording of our one concert. (Dana Carroll)

One of my favorite Swarthmore memories was conversations during late-evening rounds with Philip Mayer, the night watchman who had a degree from Starr King Seminary, had tried life as a Unitarian minister, but settled in as a fine photographer and night watchman. He provided a model of a life well lived with integrity. (Ron Hale)

The wonderful housekeepers in Willets: Bess, who taught me how to iron, and Agnes. (Nancy Myers O'Connor)

One memorable summer at Swarthmore I worked with John Wister in the Scott Arboretum amongst the rhododendrons. He used to drive down in his car through the rows of rhodos looking to see what needed to be done. (Jim Gaskell)

Memories of special friends; even if I never see them anymore, I still remember them... (Dave Bellama)

Good times, good friends, much laughter ... Hanging out in the Parrish parlors waiting for meals with Harvey Smith playing stride piano. (Joyce Klein Perry)

Swarthmore gave me a lifetime best friend and a first true love. (Rafie Podolsky)

My best Swarthmore memories are always the extraordinary people – especially my freshman year Willets hallmates. (Suzy Rekate Post)



Parrish Commons

Living on the freshman floor in Willets with all kinds of interesting hallmates, several of whom remain close friends. (Helen Lutton Cohen)

Among my fond memories: Freshman year several friends of mine celebrated my birthday by doing something special (e.g. a picnic) every day for a week! This made me feel very special. (Ann Hild Kouatly)

Most memories are really good ... my roommate Carol Cross and other students... (Karin Benecke Miller)

Because I lived on campus as a faculty brat for two years, and worked on campus for three summers during my four student years, my recollections of people and events are definitely not restricted to fellow class-members, or those faculty members I had as instructors. (Christine Holden)

Memories of friendships – some of which are still strong. (Julie Diamond)

I can't list everyone I benefited from, but my three-year roommate Don Cohn was a great companion, and John Troyer was and remains a good friend and a good fellow philosopher. Ursula Bentele and Helen Lutton also remain very good friends." (Steve Nathanson)



Joe de Grazia took me to the Philadelphia Museum of Art where he introduced me to the bust of Lorenzo de Medici and then to the paintings of Cezanne. At first, I had no idea what I was supposed to see in Cezanne, but Joe was an eloquent and patient teacher. Cezanne has long been one of my favorite painters.

(John Thoms)

The conversations everywhere... (Ann Mueller Heider)

Extended lunches in Sharples with friends. (Earl Tarble)

Most important are the many life long relationships which began during those college years. (Paul Stevens)

Freshman year late-night get-to-know-you chats and giggles in the dorm, resulting in some of the most lasting friendships formed at College. (Elizabeth Winn van Patten)

Memories that make me smile – my big, light-filled freshman room on the top floor of Parrish and my brainy and kind roommate Margy Nelson. (Kate Donnelly Hickey)

Good friends and roommates; still in touch with some ...

Best: being surrounded by interesting and good people. (Nick Warren)

Good friendships since neglected: Emily (Roomie) of course, but also Jan Gould, Diane Levine, Judy Henne, Sibella and Sarah Clark, Joy Kolehmainen. (Nancy Myers O'Connor)

I am grateful for the wonderful friends I made who remain a source of strength for me. Three of these friends were met in Freshman Orientation. (Elly Rosenberg Rumelt)

Discovering possibilities of real friendship (thanks Chris T.) and living off-campus senior year. (Richard Stone)

I liked the great variety of activities and people: I roomed at Wharton and Mary Lyons at different times. My roommates provided years of close friendship. (Dick Latner)

My best memories are of getting to know such a wonderful and interesting set of fellow students. (Diane Levine Umemoto)

Sharing our junior year abroad with Linda LaMacchia in Paris, including adventures to work in a vineyard in Champagne and to visit Spain. Dorita Sewell, my senior year roommate, lending me her Easter outfit so I'd look proper when interviewing a Chester official as an 'objective' student (having been in France the big year of S'more student activism in Chester). (Ginger Blake-Harris)

I'm still receiving dividends from 1960's Swarthmore Outings with students like Stan Adamson '65 and Jan Burgess '66 and Professor Bill Denison. Jan is still my meditation teacher, and window into non-Western thought processes. Science had been a separate compartment for me unlike Stan and Dave Clark '66 who would do experiments on everything in their lives. (Tuck Forsythe)

Wonderful friends – but too much studying, such a small hot house, earnest place it was then. Or was it me? I had the most fun my semester in Pomona. (Lucia Norton Woodruff)



Anne Davenport, Martha McCrumm, Lois Thompson

## A Liberal Arts Education

Many, many hours in the Library ... all-nighters in the Willets parlors typing papers due the next morning and late nights in the Friends Reading Room after closing time for the regular library ... listening to the Library bell chiming away the hours while trying to get some sleep before exams, then coffee and No Doz the next morning to get the brain into gear. (Elizabeth Winn van Patten)

Choosing Swarthmore was easy — the only small, coed, Eastern college with Engineering I knew of. Not much of a transition from my Lenox, MA residential, coed, liberal high school founded by refugees from the Nazis (Roselle Chartock, *Windsor Mountain School: A Beloved Berkshire Institution*, Oct 2014). (Daniel Kegan)

Swarthmore was such a totally immersive experience that some of my sharpest memories are the rare little trips away from it... (Gregg Carr)

Marvelous people; intellectual ferment; folk music. (Don Cohn)

The memories are too numerous to list, but most are really good, of the relationships with faculty... (Karin Benecke Miller)

I mainly remember unremitting hard work but by now I know I received a terrific education. (Elly Rosenberg Rumelt)

I remember being so happy to be going to Swarthmore in the Fall of 1961. A prof at my NSF program at Colorado College suggested I apply and meet with Bob Enders. I think I was unprepared for the huge amount of work and a bit overwhelmed by the amount of reading and a bit lonely at first. I was lucky to have two upperclassmen take me under their wings, Dick Weeks and Peter Miller. They helped me develop my study habits. (Bob Cohen)

I was not prepared to do intellectual work, and didn't know what my abilities or interests were. I think it would have been the case for me anywhere. But I benefited from a certain Swarthmore ethos, a respect for thinking. (Julie Diamond)

The academics were rigorous, at times resulting in obsessive competition. It was thankfully possible to ignore or exploit that subliminal culture. (Arky Ciancutti)

I loved the intellectual stimulation being with so many intelligent, well motivated people in one place. (Ann Hild Kouatly)

TURKING, I admit not remembering much about the (old) Library. Why spend a lot of time sitting and reading? After all, thinking and action are more important. (Hap Peelle)

What remains vivid is how challenging those four years were, being surrounded by so many talented faculty and students. I had no idea there was so much to learn and that some people seemed to be really, really good at it. And how both intimidating and exciting that could be. There was way more to experience in those four years than I, regrettably, was capable of, or mature enough, to take advantage of. (Dick Latner)

Feeling intimidated by my sense of Swarthmore's implicit expectations of high seriousness, academic commitment, and service — I framed this in my mind as the unspoken question, "How come you haven't won the Nobel Prize yet?" (Suzanne Lorant)

Swarthmore was ideal for me to study engineering in a liberal arts College and pursue my passions for athletics. (Paul Stevens)

It was a different era, not very encouraging of the arts though I was allowed to take only three courses in senior year to practice violin and viola more. (Lucia Norton Woodruff)



Prof. Robert Enders (Biology) and Mrs. Enders

Swarthmore was a great place to be ... the classes, the extracurricular activities, and Philadelphia a short train ride away. The hardest part of the education was learning (or not) to prioritize. In retrospect, I wasn't well prepared for Swarthmore. Of my high school class of 483, the College Prep track amounted to one classroom-full. It turned out that none of us were well-prepared for college. Certainly, I wasn't prepared for the amount of work a college class required. After freshman year, I dropped out, repeated it elsewhere, and beat my way back in because I wanted to be at Swarthmore. Yes, I learned a lot, but my grades didn't show it ('anywhere else it...'). I did well on the Grad Record Exams and the Professional Engineer tests, to the puzzlement of the faculty. Later, in the workplace and in grad school, I found that I stacked up very well compared to 'kids' who had gone elsewhere. (*Walt Pinkus*)

Although most of us chose to attend Swarthmore because of its academic excellence, my fondest memories of the college have little to do with that. As someone from a small Ohio town, awed by the atmosphere of a top-notch East Coast college, I felt pressure to spend almost every waking moment outside class studying in the Library. Thus, mealtime was a welcome relief from the hours of studying. My fondest memories are of gathering with friends to eat dinner, first in the Parrish dining hall and then in Sharples when it opened. The conversation was always stimulating and helped one gear up to resume hitting the books in the evening. (*Joel Taylor*)

Struggling to concentrate on academics when thrown together with such a wonderful creative, brilliant group of people; cramming for finals after cutting too many classes; vowing never to go to grad school. (*Suzanne Lorant*)

The contrast between my expectations of the College and what I found. In class: I knew Swarthmore as a liberal school that had refused to sign the '50's Loyalty Oath" and had exchanges with Cuba. Yet, despite seminars in political science, history and economics, I only heard about China in art class! Outside class: After being part of a non-violent protest in Chester where police were brutal to some and arrested all, the Dean of Students called me in. "We're a Quaker school. We don't want students being part of potentially violent situations." This at Swarthmore? I just said, "Poverty is violence and while cars may kill people, we don't rule out driving!" I expected standing up for rights in a non-violent way would be part of the Swarthmore ethos, not something I'd be called on the carpet for! (*Margaret Neisser Lobenstine*)

Swarthmore was the perfect place for me, and I am grateful to everyone and everything that made my education so rich. Not only did I get a fine education in my major, but I also got an informal education in folk music. I tell my own students that the most valuable parts of my education were: a) writing a lot of papers and b) talking with my friends about serious topics (we also sang songs, played ping pong and stretch, etc.) (*Steve Nathanson*)

I think I found junior year difficult and remember it as the year I studied more than any other... From senior year, I remember lots of studying and some challenging issues with friends. I spent a good deal of time applying to medical schools and going for interviews, many of which were on campus. (*Bob Cohen*)

The legacy of my Swarthmore experience can be summed up by former President Alfred Bloom's 2006 Commencement address ... it describes the 'leadership stamp' that's been imprinted on the graduates. I certainly did not see myself as a leader at Swarthmore, but over the subsequent decades, this imprint became progressively apparent. Bloom's address also describes the penchant for examining, re-examining, and challenging established views as well as one's own views — a trait that often puts us at odds with others, but we can't help but embrace it! If I had heard this address at my own Commencement in 1965, I don't think I would have seen its personal relevance, but now half a century later, it really resonates with me. (*Vivian Ling*)

## Story Time

### ONLY AT SWARTHMORE

It was a grey day for gym class on the Front Lawn and I needed cheering up.

There was S.T. His slow Southern drawl supported a graciousness no one could match. It set a pace so far from anger that you were never afraid to go up to say hello, and I did. Good grief, he looks through me kind of vacantly, I don't count in anyone's book today. Finish dressing and go outside to wait for class to be over, for the whole day to be over.

Back inside, guess who's coming over to me, seeking me out? "I'm sorry I ignored you, I know you wanted to talk and I didn't respond, I couldn't." He seems a little embarrassed, hesitant to go on before offering his excuse.

I couldn't pay attention, I was playing mental chess with five other people. I hope you understand.

How are you?"

-----o-----

It is nice to learn early in life that some other people drive a faster car than you do, and that this will never change. (*Jerry Nelson*)

One day I was walking on the lawn in front of Parrish and saw Dick Stone circling one of the large oaks. I asked him why, and he explained that by walking in a circle, when he got tired he wouldn't have to return anywhere. I thought this was eminently sensible, and still do, though in my own life I have found that, as James Joyce noted, the longest way around is often the shortest way home, and have ended up happily back in my home town, New York City. (*Jon Steinberg*)

William Golding came to campus our freshman year to talk about *Lord of the Flies*. One student wanted to know more about Golding's intentions regarding the character of Simon. The student had several theories, which he proceeded to expound upon. When he was finished, he asked Golding what he thought. Golding paused and then said, "I don't know. I just thought of Simon as a Christ figure. (*John Thoms*)

Hearing Edward Albee speak to one of my classes in Parrish Commons (at first responding somewhat curtly when someone asked if he ever planned to write a 'full-length play' but then talking with sensitivity about a play on which he was currently working — *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*). (*Nancy Weyant*)

I applied to seven schools, was turned down by Harvard, Amherst, MIT, and Cal Tech, put on a waiting list at Reed, offered early admission at Lehigh (visited the campus — decided against Lehigh upon seeing 27 fraternities...) and was finally accepted by Swarthmore. I was only at Swarthmore for a year. My dorm was ML4, and I fondly remember some breakfasts served by Essie in ML3. It was a longish walk to classes from ML. I entered tentatively as an engineering student, but had difficulty with the program, specifically with Calculus, which was taught by an incompetent graduate student. (I did OK in mechanical drawing, which got me a summer job later in the '60s.) " (*David George*)

65 GRADUATION, I crossed the Amphitheater "one up" after a spring course on Economics at Bryn Mawr, interested in teaching and... . A day after graduation, I tried tennis on Faulkner courts and saw Professor Gil Haight (Chemistry) on the adjacent court. I asked if I could take out his daughter. He said "Yes — if you can beat me in a match." I took him up on it, thinking that since he was much older (maybe 45), how could I lose?" Well...I didn't get the date. I did go into teaching. (*Hap Peelle*)

Although most of us chose to attend Swarthmore because of its academic excellence, my fondest memories of the college have little to do with that. As someone from a small Ohio town, awed by the atmosphere of a top-notch east coast college, I felt pressure to spend almost every waking moment outside class studying in the library. Thus, mealtime was a welcome relief from the hours of studying. My fondest memories are of gathering with friends to eat dinner, first in the Parrish dining hall and then in Sharples when it opened. The conversation was always stimulating and helped one gear up to resume hitting the books in the evening.

Interestingly enough, what I enjoy most about life today, many years later, is much the same thing and takes me back to my years at Swarthmore. My wife Donna and I now live in a 55+ planned community in Ashland, OR with 280 (number sound familiar?) fellow residents. Among the amenities is a community dining room where we gather with friends four nights a week to eat dinner and enjoy stimulating conversation. I feel almost like I am in college again — except that I don't have to hit the books after dinner and can instead doze off after a meal pleasantly accompanied by wine. *(Joel Taylor)*

*Misdeeds, eh? C^2 RIP*

Some roommates and I were returning to Wharton E section one evening when we saw that some workmen had been replacing water lines in the courtyard and had removed a few flagstones. The mound of dirt looked like a grave so we decided to complete the illusion by taking a triangular stone and engraving a legend on it (which I did with a hammer and screwdriver).

We set it up as a headstone, expecting the next morning the workmen would put it back upside down and that would be that. But they set it back so the inscription was facing up, and apparently it has puzzled a lot of people ever since. No photos, but the "headstone" is still in front of Wharton as far as I know. I fessed up to that one in a past issue of the college *Bulletin*, after it printed a photo of the legend and wondered what the C^2 RIP meant.

C squared was Courtney Craig [Smith]. Of course, a few years later this would have been in extremely poor taste, but at the time he was just the president trying to impose dress codes on students.

And, no photos of the baby blue Princess phone we installed on Pres. Smith's desk on April 1 either. I understand that caused quite a flap. *(Alan Douglas)*

Once, by virtue of being in the right place at the right time, I ended up on the cover of the *Washington Post Magazine*. The long distance shot showed (a very small) me coming down Magill Walk in front of Parrish Hall. The article inside featured Swarthmore, highlighting its academic excellence, in which my part can best be described as minimal to nil. This juxtaposition of a photo that proves I was there, with the description of an important life experience in which I played almost no part, typifies my time at Swatz. Looking back, I realize how immature and unprepared I was to take advantage of all the college offered. I regret not being more fully engaged there. I regret that my time didn't include much more than daily bridge marathons, cutting classes, ignoring assignments, and dating. I suppose that's all part of growing up, but I wish mightily I'd done a bit of that BEFORE attending college! *(Louise Hawes)*

## Thinking, Exploring, Growing



*The Swarthmore Gate*

Swarthmore was a place of exploration and growth. No one else from my high school was at Swarthmore so I was free to try out new personas. As one of just a few Canadians, I found myself becoming more “Canadian” as I adjusted to living in a community of Americans. Along with others I learned to pull all-nighters — a skill that I kept up well into my career as an academic. (*Jim Gaskell*)

There’s a tongue in my mouth. Not mine. Another tongue. Hers. Neither Tom Lehrer’s *Be Prepared* song nor my Boy Scout Handbook mentioned this. Such the problems of college adjustment due to inadequate high school preparation . . . Northwestern University grad school, trying to maintain my major Swarthmore activities. Unlike Little Theater Club, Northwestern’s shows limited to Speech School majors and auditioning. On-campus movies charged admission. At Swarthmore I made the varsity swim team, we had no JV . . . Time goes slowly forward, and amazingly fast backwards. (*Daniel Kegan*)

I recall my days at Swarthmore as a time of change – intellectual challenge by professors and fellow students, and opportunities to be creative within the College community. (*Jim Preer*)

Really good memories of challenges and growth. (*Karin Benecke Miller*)

Startling new things to think about: How surprised I was when I realized what a tiny number of ‘colored’ students were at Swarthmore. This made me realize I still had a lot to learn about what motivates people and institutions. (And at that time there was only “rat psych” available. . .) (*Margaret Neisser Lobenstine*)

The relationships and discussions with fellow students, the reading, the thinking and exploring, the demonstrating, the goofing off: it all seems to have taken place at a fast pace, with a broad range of deeply felt emotions, in an atmosphere of passionate political beliefs and tremendous personal growth. It didn’t help that I always felt a few hundred thousand neurons short of the intelligence necessary to succeed, so that the book-learning part of my college education was always a struggle. But to compensate for that I had wonderful roommates and friends, plenty of activities, and an endless amount of reading—some of which I actually enjoyed! (*Jan Gould Humphrey*)

It all swirls into a photo montage of walking to the Libe, being in various classes, learning to shoot a bow and arrow, sitting on the Lounge Floor in Willets typing a paper late at night. Friends and laughter, a few tears here and there. It is nearly impossible to distill four seminal years into a few lines. (*Kiki Skagen Munshi*)

Finding out how little I knew, learning to take in new ideas and thoughts. (*Richard Stone*)

My years at Swarthmore were not the most happy period of my life, but I am extremely happy with the result of the growing pains that led to the person that I am today. What I remember is that I felt very much dwarfed by my peers intellectually, culturally, and socially, but that feeling was probably more a reflection of my self-image rather than reality. I kept a low profile within the Swarthmore environment, but found space for the exuberant side of me by taking some classes at U Penn. (*Vivian Ling*)

# Commencement

No longer aliens and strangers, we set forth again . . .

Prof. Larry Lafore's Last Collection Address, "The Receptation Tropism" (See Appendix), gave us three thoughts to savour on the liberal arts education we had received at Swarthmore: you are going to change no matter how your life evolves, try to avoid the general willingness to conform, and think for yourself, or, more eloquently:

" . . . The habits of your present mortality will persist for a while, but in the next world gradual oblivion will overtake them. It will erase the memory of why you ever thought it would be a good idea to grow a beard. You will come to regard your department in this earlier life as absurd and embarrassing. Later, you will forget that you ever were absurd"; . . .

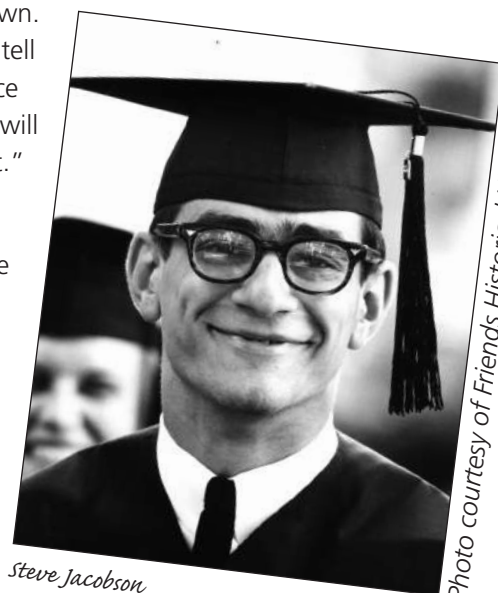
"This is what I mean by the receptation tropism; tropism literally means a turning toward, a general attitude toward. The receptation tropism is a general willingness to receive one's ideas and opinions by way of words and slogans, not of data and analysis and critical judgment. . . ."

"The test of a free man is this: since he accepts no slogans and is beguiled by no word, since he is strong enough not to seek the unquestioned safety that is to be found in numbers, his judgment is his own. Nobody can ever tell for sure in advance what his opinion will be on any subject."

Photo courtesy of Friends Historical Library.



Ann Murphy, Lois Thompson, Anne Mosher, Christina Moll, Helen Lutton, Ann Mueller



Steve Jacobson

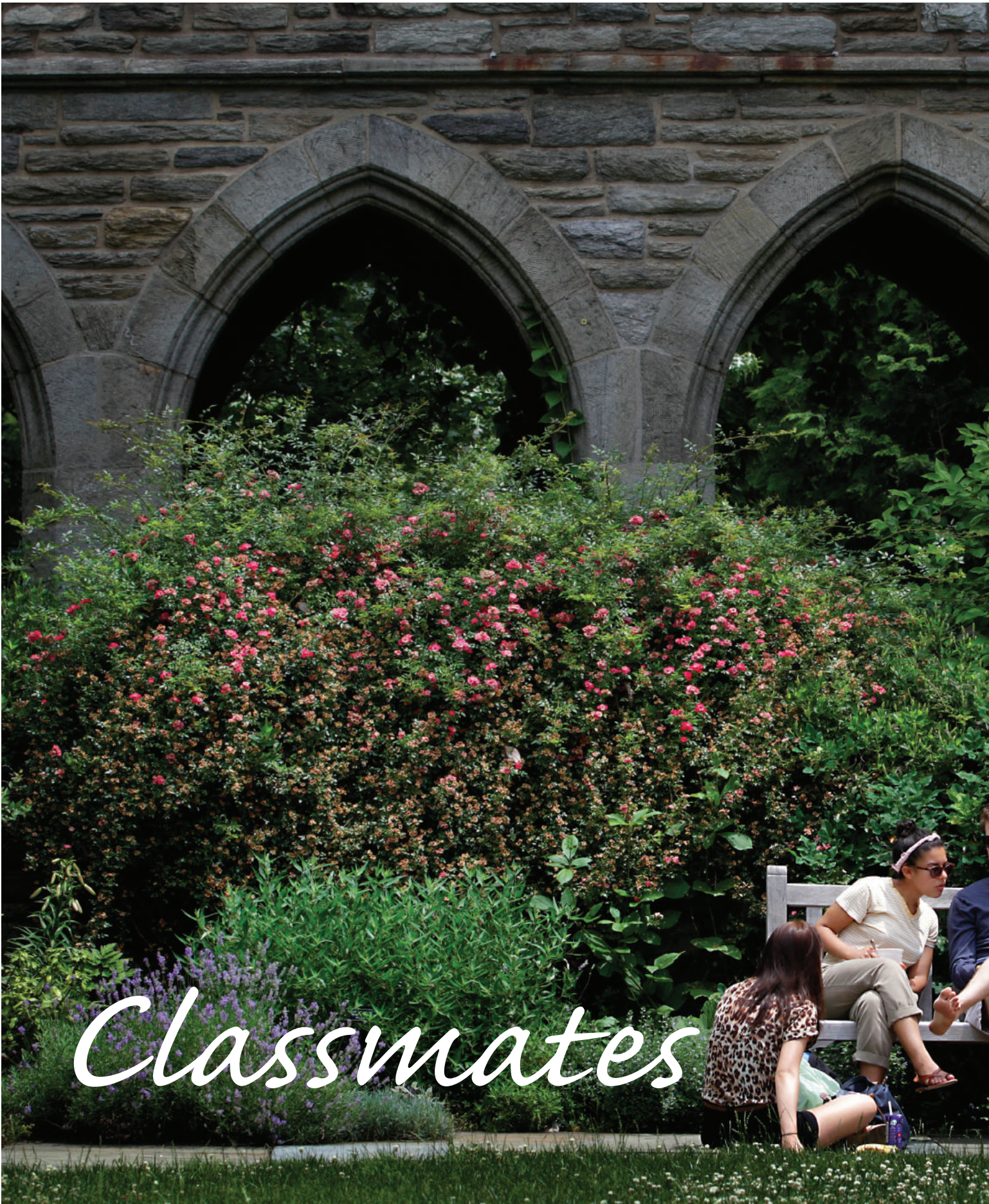
Photo courtesy of Friends Historical Library.

I remember thinking that the intense, personal, reasoned conversations we had in seminars and sitting in the dorm lounge were the kind of conversations I would have access to for the rest of my life. I was wrong. (Andrea Fleck Clardy)

During Commencement Exercises my father commented that I would never again in my life experience living in an environment surrounded by such a concentration of interesting, bright, dedicated people with a strong social conscience. He was right. (Sally Warren)



Suzy Rekate, Betsy Winn, Ann Stuart, and Sally Warren



Photo, Laurence Kesterton, for Swarthmore College

# *Classmates*





## ***The Class of 1965***

“What is the continual in ourselves?” (*Charlie Rose*)

Change is a continuous process, sometimes fast, at others slow, often happy but occasionally not so, and it can be linear or wavy or circular...

The statistical results of our survey provide a certain measure of how the class that arrived on campus in September 1961, has changed. But, 50 years is a long time and it is our personal reflections that create a more nuanced sense of the people we have become.

As we remember with fondness those classmates who are no longer with us, we recognize their impact on our lives.

# The Phoenix

Volume 82, Number 1

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE, SWARTHMORE, PA.

Friday, September 22, 1961

## Class of '65 "Best-Prepared" In Swarthmore College History

"ON PAPER this is the best-prepared class we've ever had." That's the way Dean Robert A. Barr describes the 254 members of the incoming freshman class.

Whether judged by median College Board examination scores—both math and verbal in the high 600's, by ranking in high school class—94% in the top tenth of their graduating class, or by participation in advanced placement programs — another all-time high, the class of 1965 awaits the opening of classes Monday with a more impressive aggregate record than any previous Swarthmore class.

Thus, continues Barr, this class seems a good bet to continue the recent trend toward lowering the awesome attrition rate at Swarthmore.

This increase in quality of the new class was paralleled, strangely enough, by a decrease in total number of applications. Swarthmore records show that 1898 men and women applied for admission to the class of 1965, a drop of 250 from the previous year. This same phenomenon, was encountered by nearly all of the top-notch Eastern schools, Barr noted.

[A copy of the entire article can be found in the Appendix.]

The September 22, 1961 issue of the *Phoenix* described the "Class of '65 as the 'Best-Prepared' in Swarthmore College History." Dean Robert Barr is further quoted, "this class seems a good bet to continue the recent trend toward lowering the awesome attrition rate at Swarthmore." The latter was not to be, with 13% of the 254 incoming freshmen not graduating.

Interested to see a profile of those that stayed the course, including others who joined us along the way, we surveyed classmates for our 50th Reunion Yearbook. The following summarizes the 98 responses (over one-third of our class).

NOTE: The statistic quoted at the beginning of a section comes from the 9/22/61 issue of *Phoenix*.

*Gender*

The freshman class in 1961 included 130 men and 124 women.

**Today** our Class List includes 274 members: 128 men, 122 women, and 24 deceased classmates (12 men, 12 women).

*Geography*

In 1961, the states with the highest number of students in the class were New York (61), Pennsylvania (40), Massachusetts (18), New Jersey (18), Maryland (14), Virginia (11), and Washington D.C. (10). Today, New York tops the list with 26 classmates, followed by California (25), Massachusetts (22), Pennsylvania (20), and Virginia (15).

**Today**, members of the class of '65 live in 39 states and the District of Columbia, as well as seven foreign countries, including Benin (1), Canada (5), China (2), England (3), France (1), Germany (3), and Nigeria (1).

- ⌘ When asked the number of different states and countries of residence after Swarthmore, responses ranged from one state (5) to two (17), three (23) four (17), five (7), six (4), seven (3), eight (1), and nine (1); and one country (17), two (20), three (10), four (3), five (1), seven (7) and eleven (1).
- ⌘ While many classmates have been on the move, 24 now live in the same state or country as when they enrolled in Swarthmore.

*Majors, Graduate/Post Graduate Degrees*

"Statistics on intended majors ... indicate a continuing trend toward science and mathematics, at the expense of the social sciences ..."

The *Phoenix* article further listed intended majors: science and mathematics (34%), engineering (11%), social sciences (20%), humanities (28%), and undecided (7%).

- ⌘ 73 respondents graduated in their intended majors while 24 changed their majors and 2 didn't respond. Changes were fairly evenly distributed with the most moving out of history, chemistry and engineering (3 each) and astronomy, math, and English literature (2 each).
- ⌘ Continuing our love for studying, 42 respondents have earned Master's degrees, 7 have two Master's degrees, while 50 respondents have earned a doctorate. 14 respondents have taken graduate level courses with no degree, one did a second undergraduate degree in a different field, and 15 have pursued post-doctoral study.
- ⌘ Analyzing the relationship between major and professional work, 74 respondents worked in related fields and 29 in totally unrelated fields. Those statistics include some who worked in both related and totally unrelated fields.

### *Community activism*

Responding classmates have been involved in a broad range of activities, on both continuing or newly engaged bases, often citing more than one area of interest: politics (32 continuing/23 newly engaged), environmental causes (14/23), socio-economic causes (31/19), education causes (19/31), and arts-related causes (18/19).

Other areas of continued activity include food, wine, travel, religion, urban agriculture, election technology, and mediation.

### *Government/public service*

7 respondents have held elective office, all local, while 25 (6 at the federal level, 6 at the state level, and 13 at local levels) have held appointed positions.

16 have held civil service positions (10 federal, 2 state, and 4 local). NOTE: In several instances, respondents had held positions on two different levels.

8 have worked as contractors while another 8 have worked in various activities including in international service (university and NFP board directorships), in the Army Reserves, as a press secretary for a Congressman, serving on the board and as president of a homeowner's association, as a U.S. Navy Officer, and in a university unit doing contract work for NASA.

### *Publications*

"Among the 254 freshmen can be found ... 62 editors of yearbooks, newspapers, and literary magazines ..."

21 classmates were active in student publications while on campus.

Involvement in publications following college has been and continues to be broad and varied: as academics (36), literary authors (12), poets (3), editors (26), journalists (10), photographers (4), and publisher (1). Other activities mentioned include: illustrator, playwright, broadcaster, designer, grant writer, and web master.

### *Athletics and Arts*

*Athletics* [NOTE: *Phoenix* reported statistics for men ONLY!]

"A total of 131 varsity letters were won by members of the class with basketball leading the list with 21 letter winners followed closely by soccer and track with 20 each and football with 19."

28 respondents (22 men, 6 women) had competed in interscholastic or AAU competition before coming to Swarthmore.

39 (26 men, 13 women) competed on intercollegiate teams while at college.

21 have continued their interest in athletics since college as either participant or observer.

*Arts*

The *Phoenix* made a single reference to the arts, 128 musicians in our entering class, but made no mention of other performing or visual arts.

7 of our respondents reported participating at professional levels in the performing arts and another seven in the visual arts.

41 respondents report a continuing passion for the arts that they have continued as an avocation while 15 have discovered a passion for the arts since college

*Alumni Connections*

**Legacies:** 17 classmates have sent children to Swarthmore: 15 sent 1 child, one sent two, one sent three, and three classmates report that a total of 8 members of their extended families have attended the College.

**The Quaker Matchbox:** 66 members of our class are or have been part of a Quaker Matchbox couple. One classmate reports being a double QM couple. Of those, 24 are "classmate" QM couples and 42 are traditional QM couples. Those are huge numbers compared to the Alumni Office's best estimate of 15% of a class.

Even more remarkably, the next generation of '65ers are marrying each other and other alums.

Two-thirds of the respondents to our survey were the first in their extended families to enroll at the College.

*Worldview*

We asked respondents to describe their worldview upon enrollment, at graduation, and now.

	1961	1965	2015
Very conservative	2	0	0
Conservative	11	1	7
Liberal	44	55	47
Very liberal	15	34	41
Not particularly one or other	26	8	3
Total	98	98	98

**Analyzing in detail,** 35 respondents held the same worldview at all three points of time: conservative (1), liberal (22), very liberal (10,) and not particularly one or the other (2). Another 15 held the same worldview in 1961 and 1965 but subsequently changed: from liberal to very liberal (8), very liberal to liberal (3), not particularly one or the other to conservative (3) and to liberal (1). Five classmates changed at all three points: Conservative > Liberal > Very Liberal (2); Very Conservative > Liberal > Very liberal (1); Not particularly one or the other > Very Liberal > Conservative (1); Very Liberal > Liberal > Conservative (1).

*Return trips to campus*

Respondents quantified the number of and reasons for their return trips to campus as follows:

6 had never returned.

59 had made 1–5 trips back, while 33 had made 6 or more return trips.

72 had returned for an alumni event such as Reunion or Homecoming, 21 had returned as the parent or grandparent of a Swarthmore student, 15 had returned as an alumni volunteer, and 2 had returned to campus as a member of the College's faculty/staff.

Other reasons included interface with current students (guest lecturer, Honors Examiner, acting head of Career Office); College activities (Board of Managers, president of Alumni Association, Honorary Degree recipient); candidate for teaching position, representative of Elon University at President Chopp's inauguration; preacher at Easter Sunrise Service of Christian Association; fraternity alumni meetings; campus visits while in the area (sharing the campus with family, friends, prospective students; garden tour); attend scholarship donor events, a Seminar on Science and Religion, campus cultural events (PDQ Bach), Commencement, and a wedding.

**Susan Wright Allen • Susie**

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Best memories: Dancing to the music of Ray Charles in Chester;  
Hedley Rhys' Art Appreciation course; falling in love with Ned Allen.

Major:  
History

Worst memories: German at 8:00 in the morning;  
Calculus at 8:00 in the morning.

Life has been good: still in love with Ned Allen and still  
love art, however, my dancing days are over.



*A Note about this Section...*Classmates had the option of not including email/phone/address information in their listing, and wherever possible, we have attempted to honor their wishes.

For classmates who did not submit any information, we have listed address information only.

**Stanley David Adamson**

Deceased, 8 November 1971  
*See In Memoriam, page 160*



Major:  
Chemistry Honors

## Leonard Barkan

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Major:  
 English Literature  
 Honors

I have been an academic, much as I expected to be while at Swarthmore. I have moved around among universities (e.g., Northwestern, Michigan, NYU, Princeton, visiting gigs at Johns Hopkins, the Freie Universität and the Humboldt in Berlin) and lived extensively in Italy and Germany. My training, both at Swarth-

more and afterwards, was in English Literature, but I have made myself into an art historian as well. I find existence at the boundary lines of disciplines more exciting than life in the middle of individual disciplinary territory. I have done some less academic things as well: theater, music, food and wine journalism. I am currently working on books eight and nine, one of which is interdisciplinary academic (relations between food culture and high culture in antiquity and the Renaissance) and the other a travel essay about my love for Berlin (*Berlin for Jews: A Twenty-First Century Companion*). I have been blessed in the last 15 years by a life in the company of

Nick Barberio, videographer and photographer. And we are both blessed by the now reasonably widespread wisdom that has enabled us to marry and enjoy the rights pertaining thereto. I very much regret that we won't be attending the 50th Reunion, since we are in Berlin for the year and have to be rather stingy about trips back to the States.

A special shout-out since my current work brings it to mind — to that remarkable cohort of Second World War refugees who enriched Swarthmore ...during our student days



## Emily Aspinall

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Major:  
 Political Science

## Susan Atkin

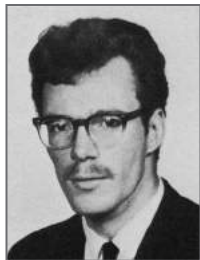
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Major:  
 English Literature

**David Bellama • Dave**

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Major:  
History Honors

Leaving Swarthmore I'm not sure I had any realistic idea what I would do for a job and career, but I drifted into the Peace Corps, stayed three years and ultimately turned that into some 24 years total, mostly in Africa. As a Volunteer, I learned the languages pretty well and they brought me back to write language materials and help train others. That turned into full-scale training work, then programming work, and finally Country Director positions in 5 different African countries over the years. It was exciting and satisfying work and a compelling cause. And I was able to marry and raise a family in pretty unusual and stimulating circumstances, a valuable experience for us all. Because of the "five

year rule" for Peace Corps positions, I came home in-between assignments and found other jobs with, among others, New Mexico State Government and the Corporation for National & Community Service, the parent organization of AmeriCorps, VISTA and Senior Corps. In the latter I worked as a training officer for Indian tribal programs and state AmeriCorps programs — once again, work and a cause that I felt lucky to have. In addition, having come through the Swarthmore folk music environment, I kept my music up — the banjo and the songs went everywhere, were supplemented by much more, and

are still there today. That was, for me, a valuable child of the Swarthmore education.

Reflecting, I'm not quite sure how all of this came about, but without those Swarthmore years it would have been very different. I can't complain about any of it.



**Robert Babcock**

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Major:  
Economics

**Gail O'Connell-Babcock**

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Major:  
Sociology



## Virginia Blake-Harris • Ginger

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Major:  
 Political Science-  
 International  
 Relations

My occupations and avocations (urban and transit planner, mother, election campaigner, realtor, advocate on issues of transportation, energy, urban agriculture, food safety, social justice, tax policies, election technology) have made me jack of all trades and master of none. My weakness: pretty much everything interests me.

I satisfied my wanderlust as an exchange student and by working in cities besides St. Louis (Paris, NY, DC, Austin TX) and traveling, but not my fascination with languages, even though I have no talent for learning them. I would like to have been a linguist, too.

I've found mother-and-daughter Briggs & Myers's (1919 S'more grad) practi-

cal applications regarding Jung's personality types useful for personal and professional reasons. I hope a future psychologist will study a fifth continuum describing differences in people's attraction toward new (clean, sturdy?) vs. old (venerable, patina?) which could help us understand how cities grow.

I always imagined my retirement would consist of daytime gardening and evening reading, preferably with friends. I retired early so I could visit my first grandchild without dragging work with me. When I retired in 2004, I moved in with my then 89-year-old parents, at their invitation, to get to know them even better before they passed on. Unexpectedly, the first eight years of retirement were taken up with election campaigns, environmental organizing,... I reduced outside activities as my parents became more dependent. My partner Mark Blum has enabled me to finally realize my wish to "garden in the daytime and read in the evening" — with him. We've purchased a home in Acton MA (where my daughter lives) next to a

town arboretum and walking distance from the town library. We hope one day to move there, but are landlords for now. Meanwhile, we'll be care-giving my parents (now 99) in St. Louis.

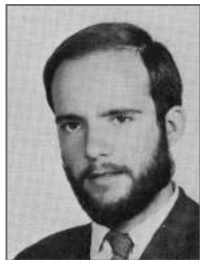
My life has included lots of changes of people I lived with or spent time with. I have never regretted the time I spent with any of them. Each of them has been a source of learning and introspection and often enough, joy. Same with my memories of classmates, few of whom I've seen outside of reunions, except for Dorita Sewell, who hosted me various times (including at her condo in a French chateau) and shares with me the trials and tribulations of caring for parents as they age.

My own severe hypothyroidism was diagnosed by a younger S'more grad in 1999. (I'd lived near Trinity blast in 1945. Any connection?) Treatments turned my life around.



**Will Bloch**

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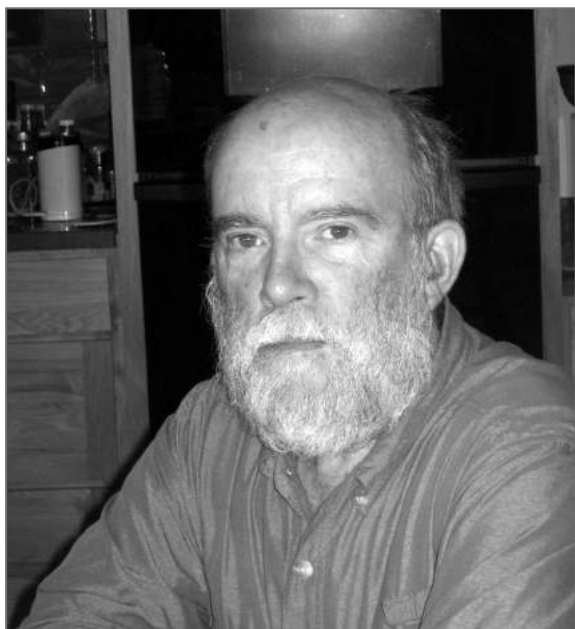


Major:  
Chemistry Honors

Who can see the future? Unpredictably, the Swarthmoren I see most often is Sara Wu, a bio major a few years ahead of us who lives about 30 miles away and shares with my wife executive duties for the local chapter of the Native Plant Society of Oregon.

Saz (Steve Saslow), however, is the S'moron to whom I owe the most, as, one freshman evening, he showed me a black-and-white large-format photo book of the North Cascades from an alpinist's perspective, which volume determined my three-years-later choice of the University of Oregon for graduate studies and Reed College for my first real job. Unwillingness to move so far from the North Cascades later determined my decline of a job offer from S'more after I left Reed (involuntarily), which refusal was followed shortly by entry into the infant Bay Area biotech industry.

More generally re the unfathomable future, I never would have imagined spending two decades in the biotech industry and loving it, or earning enough from that gig to early-retire to the Columbia River Gorge, paradise on earth. I always figured I'd die an indigent college professor.



**Ellery Baker**

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**Louisa Brandon Barker**

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Major:  
History Honors

## Peter Bloom

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Major:  
Music Honors

My older brother, Stephen Bloom, was at Swarthmore in the class of 1962 and was a senior when I arrived in the fall of 1961. I saw him infrequently but enough to meet other seniors and thus to learn early on about the meaning of “the giants.” Most of those I met outside of class were musicians. I was a good oboe player, played in the little orchestra that Claudio Spies conducted, and practiced every day in a tiny room in the basement of Clothier. Claudio was one of my main teachers at the college. He was a brilliant and articulate man and an impeccable musician with a fiery temperament — quite the opposite of Peter Gram Swing, who was a jolly good fellow and a good deal more erudite than outward appearances suggested. Claudio’s assistant in first-year harmony was none other than Peter Schickele, class of 1957, Swarthmore’s first graduate in music who, at the time, I presume, was otherwise unemployed. He did not teach us in the conventional sense. He sat at the piano, played Ferde Grofé’s *Grand Canyon Suite* while hum-

ming some of the melodies and clicking the percussion part with his tongue. Majoring in music was not popular in our day either, nor was it easy when one of your classmates was Philip Morehead, who went off for a year to study in Paris with Nadia Boulanger and came back with knowledge of harmony that would have impressed Mozart and Beethoven. I nonetheless persisted, took a seminar in Renaissance music with a visiting professor from the University of Pennsylvania, and made it through the honors exams with Harvard Professor Tillman Merritt, who had been one of Peter’s teachers there. At the end of my junior year I auditioned for the Curtis Institute, was accepted, and spent my senior year living in Philadelphia, commuting to Swarthmore for one seminar per week and supplying missing credits, later, by taking courses at Penn in the summer of 1965. That is why most of you who have read this far never heard of Peter Bloom. When you are away for most of your senior year, you miss most of everything. That visiting profes-

sor from Penn later saved my life by arranging a fellowship for full-time graduate study that kept me out of the Vietnam War.

Since Swarthmore ... I have lived a life. It has been varied in the usual ways, but singular in two: after completing my Ph.D. I have had only one position, at Smith College, where I am now in my 44th year; and I have concentrated my research as a music historian on the life and work of one musician — Hector Berlioz. Berlioz led me to France, to a French wife and family, and to seven different years in Paris directing Smith’s program there. I started French at Swarthmore, and took it for only a year. Neither Peter Swing nor Claudio Spies ever mentioned Berlioz. Go figure.

**Diana Burgin**

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Major:  
Russian

Playing stretch on various patches of lawn; escaping to Philly and catching the last night train back; studying endlessly for exams without knowing exactly what would be on them (this is filtered through the last 30 years of college teaching); the delicious freedom of being away from home; the 3-feet on the floor rule for visitors of the opposite sex; the day Kennedy was shot; the huge, southern style cockroaches which the maids actually vacuumed up; badminton matches — the only place outside of England where badminton was taken seriously as a sport; the day in bio lab when we were dissecting rats and I yelled in horror, “I’ve lost my ovaries!”; fearing one’s leftist opinions weren’t left enough as opposed to today’s identification of “liberal” as “social-ist.”

Website: [www.dianaburgin.com](http://www.dianaburgin.com)



**Gerald Berman**

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Major:  
Mechanical Engineering

**Deborah Poole Bhattacharyya**

Deceased, 31 August 2009  
*See In Memoriam, page 161*



**Barbara Hertz Burr • Bebe**

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Major:  
 Zoology

Having never met a female doctor, I attended medical school with a class of only ten women, and a didactic style that seemed regressive after S'more. Nonetheless, I met my husband, Win Burr, on the first day over our cadaver, and am happy to say that in the end both family life and career seem satisfying. I am grateful for the chance to be a child psychiatrist, mainly working with sick and traumatized kids and families at Boston Children's Hospital where I still do a little teaching. Our travels have taken us to Haiti in medical school, to Mongolia four times (once as volunteers in the Gobi Desert on a dig), and more recently to Kyoto, Japan,

where we have lived for eight months. I have even studied Japanese, which is harder than anything I studied at S'more! We are lucky to have been able to continue ongoing personal and teaching relationships in Kyoto. I have enjoyed

slowing down, and find myself busy with hospice volunteer work, teaching at the Harvard Institute for Learning in Retirement, etc. Family is definitely my greatest pleasure, including two children, their spouses, and three grandchildren.

**Joan Rankin Berman**

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Major:  
 Russian

I've enjoyed a challenging and fulfilling career as a librarian since moving to Berkeley in 1967 — it continues beyond my retirement in 2014 from Humboldt State University.



**Kathryn Calhoon • Kitty**

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Major:  
History

I appreciate my Swarthmore experience for being able to spend my college years with a campus full of people of substance, serious-minded though certainly not always serious. And meeting up with people from those years, even if not friends then, has been a pleasure.

What has turned out to be important and satisfying

to me (apart from my family), as well as something I can do, is "repairing the world" in small ways. My legal career (my second career after teaching high school and junior high social studies, which I decided did not suit me) was with Legal Aid Society in Nashville, TN, where I primarily handled individual cases for low income persons. Now retired, I tutor elementary school students in reading (which I love); work through my synagogue social action committee and a local comprehensive community center to organize teams to deliver meals on wheels and stock the local food bank, and to develop job experience opportunities for at-risk youth; and participate in an interfaith group, helping to organize

events to counter anti-Muslim attitudes in the middle Tennessee area.

That said, I am happiest when I am with my whole family – husband David, daughters Sarah and Jessica, son-in-law Sam, and grandchildren Jack and Ashley. Everyone other than David and me lives in Chicago, so we need to make an effort for these gatherings (and are fortunate to be able to do so fairly frequently).

For the future, I plan to spend as much time as I can with my family, do my best to maintain ties with friends, and continue with my current activities, remaining open to other possibilities.



**Christina Bitting**

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Major:  
English Literature

**Jerry Borshard**

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## Gregg Carr

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Major:  
History Honors

A brief life history, decade by decade:

1965-75: Ph.D., Harvard, Sociology. My thesis was about the development of residential segregation in London in the 17th century — rich and middle classes in the west, working class in the east. Lived in London for a year and a half.

1975-85: Taught Sociology at the University of California, Santa Cruz for five years. Met my wife, Patricia Bourne, also on the faculty there. Confirmed that Santa Cruz wasn't a good place for me and got a postdoctoral fellowship at Berkeley, which led to a job at the University of California San Francisco chancellor's office. We found a nice condo on Russian Hill, San Francisco (where we still are). Enter daughter Jane in 1980.

1985-95: Raising a charming little girl in the middle of the city. Changed jobs from UCSF to Berkeley.

1995-2005: Still at Berkeley, as Director, Financial and Management Analysis. Jane graduated from Harvard and went to a Paraguayan village with the Peace Corps.

2005-15: I retired but then went back to work two days a week, which I am still doing, reporting to my former assistant. Jane got a Masters in education (Bank Street College) and taught for two years in NYC schools, resulting in her joining her generation's migration to Portland, OR, where she is in a Ph.D. program in Public Policy at Portland State University. Though our neighborhood has been mostly taken over by young professionals, we have no plans to move from our condo, ever.



## Steven W. Bourn

Deceased, 19 February 2006

See *In Memoriam*, page 162



## Jean Riley Bruder

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## Sheelagh Stevens Carr

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I attended for one year. I did not belong there, should not have been admitted but had SAT scores that met standards and was a daughter of a graduate. The admissions office recommended that I not accept! Talk about a good start. I also felt uncomfortable taking the place of a more deserving student. However, that year provided time to think without interference. I knew I would not be back at Swarthmore. What I did next was to enlist in the U.S. Army. My parents tried to prevent it, but I was now old enough that they could not undo my deed! There I met my husband. I have now lived in the Midwest most of my life.

When I turned up married my parents realized that

I was really not coming back to live with them and marry a lawyer of their choice. They adjusted to it and got four nice grandchildren out of the deal. Having specifically chosen to join the military because I definitely did not want to be a secretary, the "little job" that my parents felt appropriate, naturally the Army assigned me as

a secretary. Well, nice try Sheelagh! Eventually when my youngest child was in school I went to X-ray school and worked in that field for 10+ years, and then dug up my old secretarial skills and, with word processing having appeared on the scene, worked in transcription of X-ray reports. This was my favorite job and it showed. I was good. Just last week I was contacted to come back from retirement, but upon learning that I would have to endure the whole "new employee" orientation, background check, etc. to work a few hours weekly for an institution from which I had but 18 months prior retired after 35 years, I declined. My mental hard drive can tolerate no more employee orientation. I do not have time to justify the existence of the HR department! The final joke is that my husband refuses to get a smartphone, he has a "brick", and I have realized that I am still a secretary! "Text (insert name here) and see if they want to...." ? "Do you have your phone thing? Can you look up...?" Joke's on me! I am totally retired, my husband retired from advertising after 35 years with his soul intact, and taking all the music gigs he wants. He says the only reason he would stop playing is should he become incapa-

ble of dragging the drum set around. For once I am happy to be a secretary and not a roadie, although I do fill in! Have you ever dragged a drum set through Germany? I have, and I also discovered that an upright bass fits very well into the phone booth on the German trains. See, still learning things after all these years. Whoa, this is supposed to be a reflection! Well here goes: The world is changing, it always did change, it always will change, if we as human beings don't police ourselves Mother Nature will, and "it ain't pretty"; take your choice. I am grateful to have lived 70 years. That is the biblical life expectancy so I now consider the mortgage paid, the requirements met, everything from here on is bonus! I say what I want to say and do what I want to do. I am fortunate to be in a decent place surrounded by good family. What innate skills I possess are now free to function without having to first please somebody else. Fortunately I am a fairly civilized individual so my "freedoms" are harmless. Best wishes to all you real graduates — and thanks for the year of reflection in 1961-1962. It was essential, and I am sure my departure made a transfer student very happy!





**Dana Carroll**

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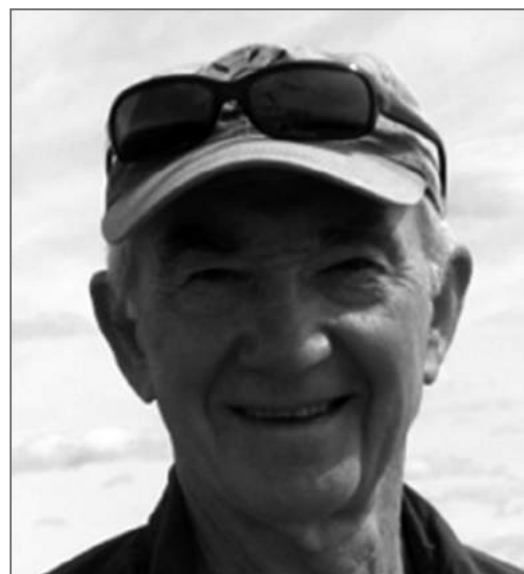


Major:  
Chemistry

During our freshman year, Peter Schickele was a visiting professor of music. Peter Bloom (oboe), Ray Jackendoff (clarinet), Creepy Sly (bassoon) and I (flute) played a reading of his *Manhattan Suite*, a takeoff (naturally) on Grofe's *Grand Canyon Suite*. Senior year George Huber, who worked in the Library, organized a recorder ensemble. I still have (somewhere) a recording of our one concert.

I didn't anticipate that I would move to Utah, nor that I would stay for 40 years (and counting). I came for a job at the University Medical School at a time when there was little "modern" biology on campus. It was unnerving to be so isolated initially, but I have enjoyed immensely the opportu-

nity to help build Utah into a first-rate research institution. I was department chair for 24 years, and my greatest satisfaction was being able to recruit people who became my neighbors and friends. Salt Lake City turned out to be a very comfortable place to live, to work, to raise a family, but not to engage in radical politics.

**Steven Brandt**

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Major:  
Economics



## Ursula Poole Carter

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Major:  
Psychology Honors

My half-century since graduation has been both unremarkable and contentedly fulfilling. On leaving Swarthmore I returned to the UK and was fortunate in being offered a job in the Cambridge University Psychology lab, running rats in mazes. There followed three years of blissful "student" life — minus the studying — during which

I met and married Richard Carter, an Engineering undergraduate. Together with two other members of his college we bought a punt

which we named Eve, and spent many happy hours boating on the Cam. By the time Richard graduated in 1968 he was the father of a newborn baby; mercifully, none of our own four sons repeated such youthful foolishness.

By 1976, when our youngest was two years old, I was looking beyond home and family and became drawn towards psychotherapy training. Soon Gestalt Therapy caught my attention, with its wonderfully creative use of immediacy and contactful relationship. Gradually I established myself as a self-employed psychotherapeutic counselor and, in due course, a clinical supervisor to less experienced colleagues. Throughout my working

life I enjoyed extending and consolidating my skills as a humanistic practitioner and I greatly valued the companionship of my fellow therapists.

In 2013 I retired, just before my 70th birthday, and since then I've much appreciated the greater leisure time — for friends, family, sewing, country walks and embarking on the challenge of playing Duplicate Bridge. Richard is very experienced and plays regularly with an equally skilled partner, but one evening a week we play together at the most easy-going Bridge club in the area; all too slowly, I am finding my way in the arcane world of bidding conventions!



## Sally Schairer Cantrell

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## Nora Gunning Chalfont

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**Arthur Ciancutti • Arky**

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Major:  
Chemistry

Swarthmore provided a foundation for innovative thinking and made a good combination with a practical background. We've since founded several businesses which I believe have facilitated a positive difference. Swarthmore helped shape that motivation, for which I am grateful.

Recently, an employee at our local bank here in Mendocino asked me whether she should enter "entrepre-

neur" as my occupation. I said, "I don't know what that means," prompting her immediate reply, "good, because I don't know how to spell it!" Swarthmore at its best communicated that perspective. That alone makes it an unforgettable experience.



**Callie Loessel Connor**

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Major:  
Fine Arts

**Carol Cross Conrad**

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Major:  
English Literature

**Andrea Fleck Clardy • Andy**

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Major:  
English Literature  
Honors

I feel lucky to have been at Swarthmore in the hey-day of radical optimism. Amazed by the political savvy and sophistication of other students, I went to Chester, signed petitions, attended meetings. When Monroe Beardsley went to jail as an act of civil disobedience, I rethought my assumptions about professors and about social responsibility.

I argued about ethics, sang protest songs, and felt deeply righteous. I impressed my European-born parents with papers I wrote and kept a pet mouse in the file drawer of my desk. Someone fell in love with me. I had crushes and dates, reliable friends, wonderful roommates, and found a few precious soul-mates who still remain essential to me.

Swarthmore taught me about collaboration. All of us were smart and used to doing well competitively. But in some classes and seminars, we really worked together. I loved that experience, the way I loved getting the *Phoenix* out and playing a varsity sport. Since graduating, I have taught and written, and organized. I worked in small press

publishing, which may be the epitome of collaborative effort.

A play I wrote at Swarthmore was chosen for production. I remember the thrill of entrusting it to the director and cast and then to the audience. I didn't write another play for a long time, although I wrote other things and stayed active in theater. In the past ten years, I've written lots of short plays and a few longer ones, and then, with joy and terror, watched them transformed in production.

Soon after graduating, I married Jon Clardy, who was getting his doctorate in

Chemistry. Forty-eight years later, we are more married. The people we have become are far better suited to each other than the kids we were at the outset. We have two truly wonderful sons, one a physician in Boston and the other a high school teacher in upstate New York. They are both married and have children. Maybe climate change and income disparity will be the rallying points for the next generation that civil rights and war protest were for ours. But it looks a lot bleaker and I worry for our grandchildren.



Halcyon '65 ... at long last!

**Robert Cohen • Bob**

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Major:  
 Zoology

After graduation, I went to Einstein Medical School for a few years. It was not a very happy experience. In May 1968, I went to Paris during the Student Revolt and spent a good deal of time listening to the debates about social and economic issues. I was very influenced by the spirit of '68. I then went to an economics Ph.D. program at the New School. My mentor was the late Stephen Hymer.

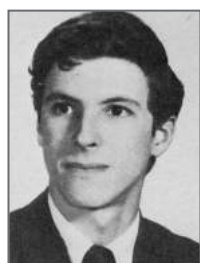
This was my most fantastic learning experience. After Hymer's death, I helped publish his papers. I finished my Ph.D.. Then, I spent a number of years working at Columbia and taught at NYU and

City University. I was part of New York's Tech Advisory Council in the early 80s and Gov. Cuomo's economic development czar asked me to create the state's economic strategy. While doing this, I also helped establish New York's part of the academic Internet, NYSERNet. Bob Browne and I wrote the economic platform for Jesse Jackson's first presidential run. I later acted as Jesse's chief economic advisor and speechwriter until 1987. In the 1990s, I worked as a consultant on telecommunications and Internet issues, including working with friends at MIT on the future of telecom. I began to work with Clyde Prestowitz '63 at the Economic Strategy Institute in DC. We published a critique of NAFTA. Clyde and I later worked on

critiques of several world trade agreements. I began to develop technology policy projects. I was one of the first members of the Internet Society and attended its initial conferences in the U.S. and overseas. In recent years, I have worked on grid computing, served on the Steering Committee of the Open Grid Forum, and written a book on virtual worlds. Clyde and I have collaborated on several books over the years.

**Donald Cooper**

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Major:  
 Fine Arts Honors

**Gerald Cotts**

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Major:  
 History

## Helen Lutton Cohen

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Major:  
English Literature  
Honors

Following my family's and Swarthmore's academic focus, I earned a Ph.D. in Old English at the University of Pennsylvania. I taught in the Yale English Department the last year it was all-male and the first year it was co-ed, also the years of the Black Panthers, the National Guard on the streets, and serving brown rice in a college courtyard instead of giving exams in 1970. I married Don Cohen, who has been a wonderful husband as we've learned and grown together, moved to Canada to teach at Brock University, raised two daughters, Rebecca and Sarah, and now love our grandchildren, Rebecca's Alden, Elias, and Jasper, and Sarah's Hannah and Bekah. While teaching at

Brock, I continued to feel I needed something beyond academia and re-connected with the Unitarian Universalism of my youth. A few years later I began attending Harvard Divinity School, graduating in 1980, and serving the First Parish in Lexington MA as parish minister from 1980-2002. Although ministry is very demanding, I loved its focus on the search for meaning, the chance to put my thoughts together in sermons, being close to people in joy and sorrow, work and play, in an intergenerational community. After retiring, I served on the Lexington school board for 6 years, and discovered watercolor painting. We visit with children and grandchildren in Virginia and New Hamp-

shire as much as possible, and I do things like arrange lunches at elder residences for our local Martin Luther King, Jr. Community Service Day, and meet regularly with colleagues to discuss the state of ministry and the world. I continue to live a privileged life, and to cherish the concern for justice, equity, and peace that I learned from my family and from Swarthmore, and to wish that all people could work together to move toward a better world for everyone.

## Ellen Tolles Crockett

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## Richard Damon

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Major:  
Political Science Honors

**Don Cohn**

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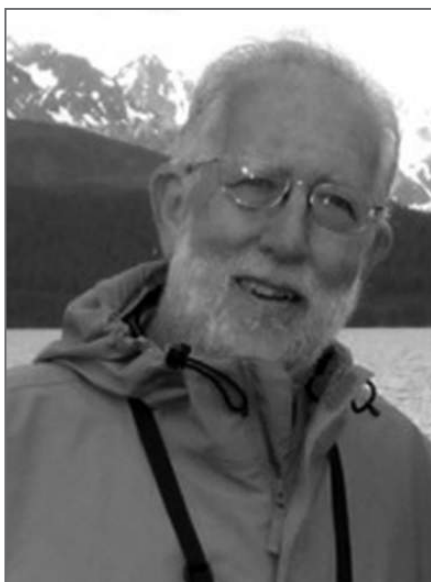


Major:  
 Chemistry

In the years immediately after Swarthmore, I pursued an academic career, first at Berkeley in Biochemistry and then at the City University of N.Y. for a Ph.D. in Biology. During this period I married my wonderful wife of 47 years, Linda, and we had our first son, Jesse (now 42). We lived with Steve Delibert for three

years in his brownstone in Brooklyn while I worked on my thesis research. After that, we moved to Ithaca where I did a post-doc in Biochemistry at Cornell and then to Nutley, N.J. for a position as a visiting scientist at the Roche Institute of Molecular Biology. Our second son, Gabe (36) was born there, completing our family. Our last move then followed, to St. Louis for a research position at Washington University Medical School. Although our location has been stable for the past 33 years, both Linda's and my careers changed dramatically during this time. Linda went back to school for an MSW and has worked for 27 years as a psychotherapist, while I re-configured myself at age 41

into a high school biology teacher. Both changes have been richly rewarding. During our years in St. Louis, we gained two daughters-in-law and one fantastic granddaughter, Rosa (10 years old). I retired from teaching about six years ago and have been enjoying retirement immensely. I play a lot of music (violin), both in an orchestra and in two different string quartets. I also play tennis several times a week and both take and facilitate classes at a marvelous Lifelong Learning Institute. Linda is retiring in a few months, and we are looking forward to starting another new phase of life.



**Anne Davenport**

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Major:  
 Philosophy

**A. Joseph DeGrazia**

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Major:  
 Greek Honors

## David Darby

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Major:  
English Literature

With a Swarthmore degree in English and an MA in International Relations, I did the logical thing and went into natural resource and environmental management with the U.S. Department of the Interior. Over the years I was able to work in areas that were of special interest to me: public policy, environmental protection, organization management,

education, international relations, and public budget and finance. The last ten years of my career were spent advising finance ministries in Eastern Europe and the Former Soviet Union how to structure and run public budgets.

My wife, an artist, and I fell in love with "The West" during early days with the Interior Department and keep gravitating back after sojourns elsewhere. She paints the West and I love hiking (still possible with a new hip) and backpacking in the mountains.

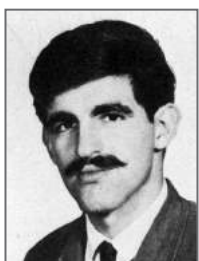
Like most, we have had sadness and joy, and persevere. I think I left Swarthmore as basically the

same person who arrived in 1961. But I left with experiences in diversity, rigor, time management, enhanced social consciousness, communication, and critical thinking that have served me well over the years. I also left with a few friendships that have persisted over time and space.



## Steven A. Delibert

Deceased, 28 July 2004  
See *In Memoriam*, page 162



Major:  
History

## Judith Henne Depew

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Major:  
Economics



## Christina Moll Dengate

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Major:  
Greek Honors

Late in my senior year Professor Helen North asked if I was applying to graduate school. Still in a Bacchic daze I replied, no — that I wanted to go out into the world and experience Life! Professor North said, very gently, “Well, before you do that, would you consider spending a year in Greece?” She then arranged for me to apply to the American School of Classical Studies in Athens and helped me to find a fellowship. At the American School I met Jim Dengate. After two semesters of study, he asked if I would like to join him on an excavation in the southeast of Greece (Porto Cheli — site of the ancient city of Halieis). I agreed and spent the summer sorting potsherds. Really boring, I thought. I’ll never do this again. But I wanted to stay with Jim so we got married. And we went back

to Halieis summer after summer. When he started teaching at the University of Illinois (and we had three children), I decided to take a part-time copyediting job at the University Press. Then I offered to help with the publication of Halieis. Years passed and now I am coordinating editor for the Halieis series. Two volumes have been published with at least three more in the works. My seminar experience at Swarthmore has been very useful in working with the authors. How to persuade, criticize, check for accuracy — all learned at S’more.



## Alan Douglas

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Major:  
Electrical Engineering

I’ve retired, so no new job is likely, and my street address and phone (and PO box) haven’t changed since 1955. That’s probably some sort of record.

One of my main interests is historical electronics, the subject of the books I’ve written. My mother (’42) attended Swarthmore for two years. Incidentally, her freshman roommate was Janet Carpenter (later Deckert) who was an engineering student and eventually headed RCA’s vacuum tube manufacturing operation.

## Julie Diamond

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Major:  
Fine Arts

The year after Swarthmore, I ended up teaching in a Head Start Center in north Georgia, and decided I enjoyed teaching. I got a degree at Bank Street College of Education, and taught young children for almost 30 years, most of

them in the New York City public schools. I retired, and currently supervise student teachers for City College of New York. I was married for 21 years to Pakistani scholar and activist Eqbal Ahmad. We lived in Chicago, Washington, DC, and Amsterdam, and for one term, in Pakistan, but spent most of our married life in New York City. We separated, but remained close until his death. Our daughter, Dohra Ahmad, teaches literature at St. John's University in Queens, NY. My two granddaughters go to a Brooklyn public school. I wrote a book about teaching, *Kindergarten: A Teacher, Her Students, and a Year of Learning*, published in 2008 by The New Press (introduction by Jules Feiffer!) and

am currently editing another education book. I studied print-making for many years and continue to make prints. I also write short stories and have had some published. I am now in the process of moving in with my friend Herb Ginsburg.

Last – a painful memory. I had been “caught” in a transgression of the code of sexual conduct, during the Spring of my senior year. My “case” was decided by the Deans and the President. They apparently considered expelling me or suspending me. Their decision: I would not be allowed to attend graduation. My diploma was mailed to me. It seems absurd now but it was painful at the time. I’m sure I was not the only person punished by them.



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## Patricia Machol Dominus

Deceased, 22 August 2009  
See *In Memoriam*, page 163



Major:  
Economics

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## Katherine Quint Dunbar

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## Maud Pilkington Easter

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Major:  
History

My work has been mainly on two issues – empowering women and promoting a peaceful U.S. foreign policy, linked perfectly right now as Steering Committee Coordinator for Women Against War ([www.WomenAgainstWar.org](http://www.WomenAgainstWar.org)). I've worked to end the Iraq and Afghan wars, prevent war

with Iran, and protest the Pentagon's role as largest institutional source of global warming on the planet. Retirement has been doing what I have always done – just

for a few less hours a day and no pay!

Along the way, I worked for a decade to end the Vietnam War. I spent 1977-1980 in Japan, negotiating the first non-sectarian U.S. delegation to visit North Korea to explore areas of potential U.S.-North Korea dialog and traveling frequently to South Korea in support of the women's, labor and democracy movements there.

In the 1980s I was the NOW NYS lobbyist for three years and then directed a fellowship program on women and public policy for the Center for Women in Government & Civil Society at UAlbany. After seven years directing and expanding the NYS Coalition Against Sexual Assault, I

spent two years in Geneva, Switzerland, advocating in the UN world on child sexual abuse and then on global migrants' rights. I returned to the U.S. to create the Voices for Change, which gave immigrant women a voice in the NYS capital.

Becoming a Quaker has given me a wonderful community of support. My husband David has also spent his life as a social justice activist, so we have shared passions and commitments. In the past few years I have been part of Seasons, a group of women in their 60s and 70s exploring aging. Part of my sense of coming full circle is that another early job was to direct the Action Coalition to Create Opportunities for Retirement with Dignity!



## Ann Louise Erickson

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Major:  
English Literature Honors



My poetry and short prose has been published widely in the small press. I (now) enjoy watercolor and ink brush painting. After many adventures, as I grow older I still have the joy and excitement of study itself, learning new skills and information.



**Robert Eaton • Bob**

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Major:  
Economics

Two years in prison for draft resistance rounded out my Swarthmore education nicely. Wendy Batson and four grown children round out my life daily. Four years Quaker post-war relief work in Indochina and over five years of UN rural development work in the middle of the post-Soviet Afghan civil war humbled and challenged our family. The last 20 years locating and surveying mine fields around the world to ensure their destruction killed any possible flirtation with American exceptionalism. A family project to build a 41-foot schooner was pure joy.



**Suzanne Lovett Ethridge**

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Major:  
History

**Howard Evans**

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Major:  
Civil Engineering

**Carolyn Veeder Eberhard**

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Major:  
 Biology

You may recall that I disappeared Senior year — Anatol and I decided to get married so I could do Senior year at UC Berkeley, where he had a postdoc, and then take Comps and graduate from Swarthmore. We're still married and just celebrated our 50th Sept. 1, 2014. Our careers in academia took us to the East Coast, West Coast, Woods Hole MA for many sum-

mers, San Francisco, La Jolla, Constanz, Germany and Haifa, Israel. We moved to Ithaca in 1972 when Anatol started teaching Chemistry and Biochemistry at Ithaca College. I went to Cornell where I ran labs for the big non-majors Introductory Biology course (1972-2006). It was a challenge to engage non-majors with fetal pig dissections but also a real honor to teach with Tony Blackler, Bill Keeton and Neil Campbell. A side project was writing *General Biology Laboratory Manual* (Saunders, Holt 1978-1995) which went through

several editions, probably because my Swarthmore background compelled me to include an Instructor's Manual! AND an Index!

Now that we are both retired, we divide our time between Ithaca/Cayuga Lake (hunting, xc and downhill skiing, snowshoeing, gardening) and Woods Hole (sailing, swimming and lots of reading). Last good read: *STIFF* by Mary Roach.



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**Jonathan L. Fagin**

Deceased, 22 June 2000  
 See *In Memoriam*, page 164



**Lonnie Roth Fairchild**

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Major:  
 Mathematics Honors

## Marc Egnal

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Major:  
History Honors

When I graduated from Swarthmore in 1965 I knew I wanted to become a history professor. I went to Wisconsin for graduate school, but particularly enjoyed a break from my studies in Madison with a year at the University of London on a Fulbright fellowship. I began teaching at York University in Toronto, Canada, in 1970 – a fortunate time to get an academic position. Rumbles



of the job market collapsing were audible, but there still were jobs in 1970, perhaps the last year of widespread hiring.

I taught at York for 44 years until my retirement in July 2014, and took great pleasure in working with undergrads and graduate students. During those years I wrote four books: one on the American Revolution, two on economic growth, and my most recent, *Clash of Extremes*, on the causes of the American Civil War. I'm now engaged in another book project: exploring the social origins of the American novel.

Soon after I arrived in Canada I met Judith Humphrey. We married in 1971, and our partnership and her remarkable career have added much to my life. In 1987 Judith started her own company, The Humphrey Group, which specializes in executive commu-

nications. It now has three offices in Canada and one in Mexico.

We have two sons, Barton, now 35, and Ben, 27. And we've become doting grandparents, with Bart and Emily's son, two-year-old Kye, the light of our lives. Bart now heads Judith's company, and Ben, a graduate of Parsons School in New York, is an art director in the field of advertising.

Judith and I spend most of the year in Toronto, but look for us in the winter months in our second home in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico.

## Julie Bunce Elfving

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Major:  
Botany

How can it have been 50 years? It's hard to capsulize 50 years of living, but here are some highlights.... After attending graduate school in California, I embarked on a five-year experiment called marriage, an institution that works for many but in my case was relegated to the dust heap. Several jobs with various Federal

natural resource/environmental agencies brought me to Nevada, Wyoming, and then Kansas City where I finally decided to stay put for the last 34 years. Did lots of traveling when I still had money (i.e.,

before retiring), but am having a lot more fun now that I am retired (eight years and counting). As mentioned elsewhere, I spend a lot of time gardening at home and in various Master Gardener demonstration gardens. My own garden is designed with pollinators and other wildlife in mind. I also am a student of Chen style of Tai Chi, the original taiji form. We are fortunate to have a direct lineage Chen Taiji Master here, a 20th generation descendent from Chen village in China. Over the years I have been in and out of several professional and non-profit organizations, serving on the Boards of two of the latter. Now, though, I am content to be in the background, puttering outside, practicing tai chi, enthusi-

astically diving (heh heh) into water aerobics, reading, and pretty much doing whatever I want...quite the luxury. Finally got my gimpy knees taken care of with a bilateral (i.e., both at once) total knee replacement five years ago. Ah what a relief. At this stage, perhaps like many others, I am delving into the pros and cons of continuing care retirement communities, with the thought of moving to one in the next 5-10 years.



## Judith Levine Feldman • Judy

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Major:  
Chemistry Honors

Lots of life: medical school, marriage, internship, residency, three kids, lots of music...now four grandchildren...a good life!

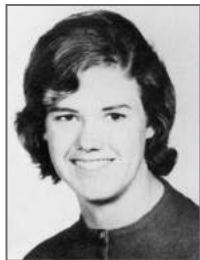


**Anne Taylor Emerson • Nanna**

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Major:  
Biology

I spent two exciting years, 1965-1967 on the faculty of Friends World Institute on Long Island in its first two pioneering years. I met and married my Yankee husband, David, in New Hampshire, and we've been here ever since. We built a house, live on an old farm which we've placed in conservation easement, have raised two daughters, now have four grandchildren,

and we try to live as sustainably as possible, though we're not off the grid. I've had a very satisfying career teaching in local public schools, enjoyed the privilege of six years off raising babies, retired from teaching ten years ago and now appreciate strong connections and activities in the community here. David's wood working business and his being a juried craftsman in the League of New Hampshire Craftsmen has led to many friendships and enriching activities. Now that Nancy and her family are moving to Colorado, I think we'll manage to do some traveling.

Since retiring I've enjoyed various volunteer activities: a re-enactment program for 4th graders in the historic Belknap Mill;

meeting and advocating in the legislature with the NH retired teachers; working with the Historical Society to create a program with the local elementary school using our old one room school for "A Day in a One Room School"; helping a group save our river from a proposed landfill on it's banks; serving on a committee to hire an administrator for our town government for the first time; serving on the board of the Upper Merrimack River Local Advisory Council; visiting family near and far, and, above all, enjoying the first ten years of being a grandmother with grandchildren nearby.



**Virginia Jones Fernald**

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Major:  
Philosophy Honors

**Devin Vaughan Fitch**

Deceased, 23 September 1967

*See In Memoriam, page 164*



Major:  
Philosophy



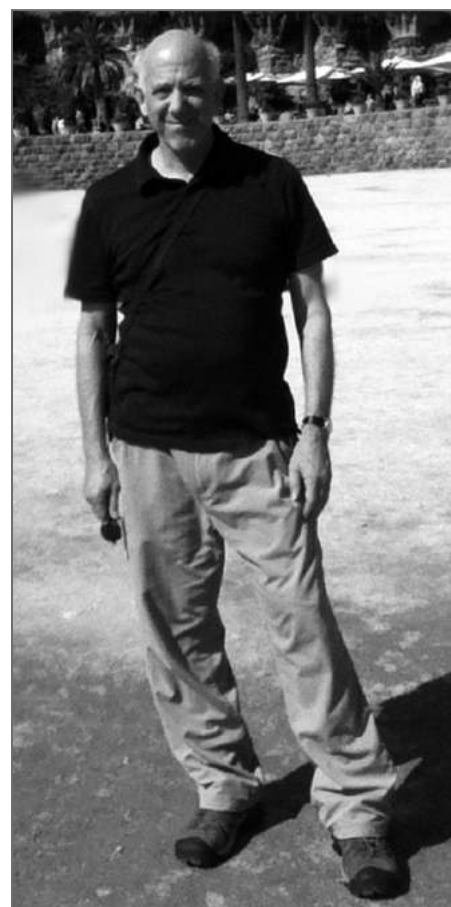
**Jeff Field**

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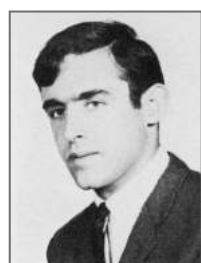
Major:  
 Philosophy Honors

I've been back to Swarthmore a couple of times since graduation. The physical plant has been much improved and the grounds remain as beautiful as ever. But I can't say that my college years were the happiest time of my life: too much self-pressure to try to match the accomplishments of some very smart friends. Life got much better after college. I taught school in Kenya for the Peace Corps, went to grad school at a large university, and got a good job with the National Endowment for the Humanities, where my Swarthmore education and my grad work proved integral to the performance of my job.



**David Fleischaker**

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Major:  
 Political Science

**Kathleen Welsh Fox**

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Major:  
 History

## Warren Forsythe • Tuck

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Major:  
Mathematics

I've been a 40-hour a week volunteer for years: half of that has been helping people with family history at home, at our County society and at the Mormon Church. I'd be happy to consult on trying to resurrect your family history. I love volunteering to be our reunion website administrator, as an alternative to my not volunteering enough back in the 60s. Will a whole 'new' Swarthmore class emerge for me now, a half century after I was too immature and self-absorbed to experience it fully back then? The role of spouse and grandparent keeps training us to act as humble facilitators. On [www.smore65.com](http://www.smore65.com) my photos show that our family be-

came a "United Nations" of skin colors.

My favorite annual activity has been a brief Spring backpack into Southern Utah canyons with my spouse and a mutual friend. My wife Kay was a six-month park ranger there for years; I was at home with our first child. Our whole emergence from winter is motivated by the need to train our bodies, before April is over, in order to carry again those backpacks. Since Swarthmore, we've resided in towns of 25,000 people or less, and far from any larger towns. Miraculously I survived a 1973 large-mass lymphoma, and probably will survive until our May 2015 reunion.

Although Swarthmore took a Western academic path in 1864; now I see that meditative Quakers could easily have chosen the alternative Eastern pathway, since Thoreau was studying it in 1864. Swarthmore emphasized explicit conscious pigeon-holing into discriminative dichotomies and disunities, but the less-fragmented academics could have discovered more implicit subconscious interdependent awareness. Both Eastern and Western meditators discover that more holistic, less dichotomous, collaboration is possible. That's made me sort of a classicist — of Zen traditions in Tang dynasty China 1000 years ago.



**Blaine Garvin**

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Major:  
Philosophy

Swarthmore was a hard place for me at first: I missed close friends, Colorado weather, and girls who would smile at me. I had to work hard to do well academically. In time things came along. My junior and senior years were quite tolerable; for this I must above all thank Bob Eaton. I began to thrive in class ... Even then only one or two girls smiled at me. Perhaps if I'd smiled first...

I'm immensely grateful to Swarthmore. When I went to Berkeley for a Ph.D. in political science I discovered just how good my undergraduate teachers were. Berkeley was an interesting place full of great researchers who were utterly mediocre in the classroom. In my own 44 year career as a professor at Gonzaga University I have

tried to be like the Pennsylvania teachers, not the California ones. On another matter, I will confirm what everybody knows — life without a Philadelphia cheesesteak lacks an essential of well-being. Oh, and speaking of essential to well-being, I will introduce you to Susan, who smiles at me quite a bit if not indiscriminately.

**Mark Frankena**

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Major:  
Economics Honors

**Jonathan D. Freudenthal**

Deceased, 16 March 1966

*See In Memoriam, page 165*

Major:  
Economics Honors

## Jim Gaskell

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Major:  
Physics

My years since Swarthmore have been profoundly influenced by my 4 years at Swarthmore. While at Swarthmore I decided I wanted to become a teacher. With the encouragement of a professor I chose to do my teacher

training at Oxford. There, my experience at Swarthmore contrasted sharply with my fellow students who had done their first degree in England. This was illustrated dramatically during one large lecture where I challenged the professor directly — to the surprise of fellow students and the professor. That willingness to question authority has remained during the rest of my professional career as a teacher and professor of education.

The dancing that I began at Swarthmore has also been an important part of my life. At Oxford I continued to dance five nights a week and became an "Ancient Man of the Morris Tradition." Now, in retirement I continue to dance at least five nights a week

although the folk dancing has morphed into ballroom and Latin dancing.

I arrived at Swarthmore a fairly naïve and conservative person. My years at Swarthmore were marked by intense social and political debate. After Swarthmore, I became involved in various left-wing political movements in Canada and, for a while, was the president of my provincial faculty union.

The value I place on my experience at Swarthmore helped influence my daughter's decision to go to Swarthmore and my son to Oberlin — unusual decisions for two Canadian children.



## Eric Friedlander

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Major:  
Mathematics

## Susan Stanford Friedman

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Major:  
Greek Honors

## David George

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I emigrated to Canada in 1968, after refusing to be drafted for Vietnam, and have been a Canadian citizen since 1974. I've had a varied career, spending quite a few years working for CBC television in Vancouver doing audio. I spent almost three years of my life before and after Expo86 in Vancouver where I set up and maintained film installations for many pavilions including British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Northwest Territories, Canada and Teleglobe.

I have been married, divorced and remarried now

for 26 years to a lovely lady, Lea, whose two children have now given us two grandchildren: grandson now 22, granddaughter 14.

In 1990 I moved to the Kootenays (just north of Idaho), to semi-retire. Hah. Was fortunate enough to go to Egypt for four seasons as archaeological photographer for a dig at Mendes in the Nile delta with director Donald Redford, formerly U of Toronto, now at Penn State. I am an active member of our local Lions Club, and volunteer at our local library. My present work involves digitizing

35mm slides and negatives for archaeologists, mostly from Calgary. I am open to doing this for classmates, indeed for anyone who wants to preserve or restore their film digitally.

I've not kept in touch with many of you except for Tuck Forsythe (remember Breathing Cave?) and probably will not attend the reunion, although I did make it to my high school 50th in 2011.

## Mona Frishman

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Major:  
 English Literature

## Bruce Gaines

Address unavailable



Major:  
 Philosophy

**Linda Pike Goodloe**

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Major:  
English Literature

I wish I had been older and wiser. When I was, I belatedly recognized the wealth of experiences that I missed. I've always been thankful for what I was able to absorb in spite of myself at the time. Entering grad school 15 years later I wistfully considered how differently I would have experienced Swarthmore had I waited to enter with the class of 1984.



**Richard Garnett**

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Major:  
Greek

**Anne Few Goble**

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Major:  
Greek Honors

## Gay Sise Grossman

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Major:  
History Honors

I have been a teacher in different ways and levels all my life and am still volunteer teaching with Durango Nature Studies, in classrooms and in the field. I started as a secondary Social Studies teacher, later studying elementary ed. and helping to start an independent school, pre-3rd, that is still flourishing. I still spend a lot of time in the out-of-doors (easy in beautiful SW CO!). Since our two boys have been adults (we have three wonderful granddaughters!) we have lived in a cohousing community — a really different and exciting experience. We love to travel and hope to do more in the next few years!




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## Richard Grossman • Dick

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Major:  
Psychology

Compared to medical school, my memory of college was much more pleasant. People were more collaborative, had more fun, were discovering things. My favorite professor was Ken Rawson — I worked for him the summer that we graduated, at the Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory. He told me that I should choose a wife before medical school; otherwise I might end up married to a nurse. Fortunately I took his advice and have been thankful ever since!

I regret that I wasn't much of an activist at Swarthmore — but I am trying to make up for it since then. Currently Gay and I are trying to get Swarthmore and our local college, Fort Lewis, both to give up investments in fossil fuel companies. I have been concerned about human population since high school, and have managed to incorporate that concern in my profession as an OB-GYN. I also have written the world's only regularly appearing column on population issues. Gay and I both have been very involved with a local nature organization that educates kids about the world around them.



## Ron Hale

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Major:  
Political Science

For most of my professional life I have worked as a self-employed consultant, doing strategic planning, evaluation, and resource development with non-profit organizations, educational institutions, government agencies, and Hispanic groups. In recent years I have gravitated to the field of public health, spending five years at the New Mexico Department of Health and now serving as executive director of the NM Alliance of Health Councils and on non-profit boards.

Past involvements have included a master's in education, working for the American Friends Service Committee (in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Appalachia), and teaching and administering programs in colleges — St. John's College, Antioch/West, the Community College of Vermont, and Berea College. I like to think that a liberal arts education contributes to thinking clearly, writing cogently, and helping others distinguish between the important and the ephemeral.

I have lived in northern New Mexico for over 35 years, building a house in the woods outside Santa Fe. I am still awed by the mountains, the food, the cultures, and the quality of the light. My wife of 28 years, Ellen, passed away

in 2005, after four years with cancer. Sharing her illness and eventual death was enormously hard, but one of the most profound experiences of my life. I have two sons — one who is a hip hop performer/composer and recording artist in Albuquerque, and another who has an internet sales business in San Diego. I have two granddaughters who are a joy in every way. I am in a committed relationship with an old friend, Lynn Hathaway, and we enjoy being grandparents, being outdoors, and traveling in the West. Music continues to be a big part of my life — playing in a bluegrass band, helping to organize festivals and concerts, and being a D.J. on public radio stations in Albuquerque and Santa Fe.





**Frances Halsband**

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Major:  
Fine Arts

Two aspects of the Swarthmore life have influenced my life since graduation: The Quaker tradition of quiet listening, hearing all voices, has shaped my professional life as an architect. The passion for civic causes that was all around me has lead me to volunteer, form groups, and work for good causes in a variety of professional and civic settings. For both of these gifts I am grateful.



**Laird Graeser**

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Major:  
Physics Honors

**Florence Moore Grasso**

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Major:  
History

## Albert Harris

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Major:  
Biology

By the mid 1960s, the Swarthmore Biology Department had sunk to levels that are embarrassing even in retrospect. Partly, it was refusal to teach molecular genetics, or even learn its principles. Worse was the rampant inaccuracy of some of the courses they did teach, of which physiology was worst.

Generally, our elders deserve the benefit of doubts. The passage of time, however, has rendered us senior to those who were our professors, not to mention that many of us have been Professors longer, taught more courses, and very many more students. So I ask what peculiarities of Swarthmore let such a

travesty develop and persist. Can hopes for consensus let bullies rule? Was the Biology department unique in its pathology? Were administrators waiting for students to lead? If Stanley Adamson hadn't organized those teach-ins, would reform ever have come?

Idiotically, I criticized our year's Biology comprehensive exam, complaining that its single question amounted to a tacit threat to prevent graduation of any student who wouldn't pretend to agree with its crackpot premise. Outraged by such an unfair accusation, the Biology department voted never to let me take their oral comprehensive, thereby preventing me from graduating. The college mailed me a diploma a year later.



**Elizabeth Holder Harris • Lib**

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Major:  
Biology Honors

Lib Holder and Albert Harris were married in North Carolina two weeks after graduation. By early July, we had driven several thousand miles into some of the most beautiful, but less visited parts of Mexico. We remained all summer, staying a few days in each of dozens of towns.

After further travels, we both became graduate students at Yale, soaking up all that biochemistry and molecular biology that hadn't been available in college, and getting better grades for less work than previously. Albert specializes in the amoeba-like movements of body cells, and Lib specializes in the genetics of algae and especially the genes of chloroplasts. Much of New Haven was burned down around us as we worked, but thanks to the high crime rate, we could afford an apartment only two blocks from Albert's lab.

Our next stop was a two-year idyll in Cambridge, where Albert had a postdoctoral fellowship. Lib finished writing her dissertation, took cooking and weaving classes, and read classic English literature on cold, rainy days. Albert made a quick trip back, to interview for professorships, and somehow got offered several. So we came back (home for both of us) to North Carolina, and bought a house a mile from where Albert lived when he was 3 years old. Lib held a research position at Duke, and "wrote the book" (in every sense) on the genetics of a one-celled plant. Albert still teaches biology at UNC. Once, an invited speaker was asked which two North Carolina scientists he would most like to have supper

with. Both our invitations said to bring our spouses.

In our spare time we raised three children, who have become a wildlife biologist, a web site manager, and an elementary school teacher. We now have seven grandchildren.

We live in three small brick houses on two acres of beautiful forest. As each house filled up with children, dogs, books and music, we needed another. We have no plans to cash them in and build a hotel, but we bought the newest house primarily as a place for our children and grandchildren to visit, and old friends will also be welcome to stay with us when visiting this area. You can sit at breakfast and watch small herds of deer eat from the bird feeders.



**Marilyn Warkentin Hasler**

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Major:  
Zoology

I loved the main Library with the smell of old books, wood tables, and years of students. And I will never forget the fragrance of hot cheesesteak sandwiches arriving in the dorm late during study nights. Yum! I remember the campus as a lush arboretum with wonderful trees, some blooming prolifically not far from my dorm, gorgeous azealas in the Spring and the wonderful hardwoods bordering the Crum. And of course, memories include many nights of talking with dorm mates, playing guitar and singing Joan Baez songs, and forging long-term friendships.



**Frank Haenle**

Address unavailable



**Robert E. Hawkinson**

Deceased, 22 May 2011  
*See In Memoriam, page 166*



Major:  
Political Science

**Louise Hawes • Lou**

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Major:  
English Literature

On the outside, it's been a long and fruitful time since Swarthmore. I have two grown children, four grandchildren, one step-grandchild, and more than 20 books to show for the last 30 years! My website ([louisehawes.com](http://louisehawes.com)) should provide more than you want to know about my writing, my teaching, and the arts "play-shops" I conduct all over the world with my three sisters. On the inside, I find myself involved in an exciting spiritual exploration that blessedly never stops: I'm getting smaller and smaller as the joy and the questions with no answers grow larger and larger — hallelloo!

At this point, due to the change in our reunion date, I'm not certain I can attend, but I look forward to reading about everyone with whom I shared Swatz.



## Ann Mueller Heider

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Major:  
History

I married Dave Heider in 1966, and moved to Minnesota from Boston in 1972. We have two children, Dan, a Swarthmore graduate (who married Corey Smith's daughter, Rebecca), and Kate, who went to Wellesley and married Joe Mueller, a graduate of the University of Minnesota. We have four grandchild-

dren under the age of 8, all of whom attend Quaker schools.

I taught elementary school for the first five years of our marriage, and returned to work after our children entered school. For 27 years, I was a legal assistant working on troubled commercial loans, a position requiring analytical and

organizational skills more than knowledge of the law. I did this for law firms and a large bank, and found it to be both challenging and enjoyable. During that time, I did volunteer work for several organizations, happy to be a worker, rather than a leader.

In retirement, David and I spend time with our family, and have begun to travel more frequently. We are also on the Board of a local art museum, as it becomes a museum for a new time — accessible, connected to the community and open to new kinds of art experiences.



## Peter Heisen

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Major:  
Mathematics

## Katherine J. Heller

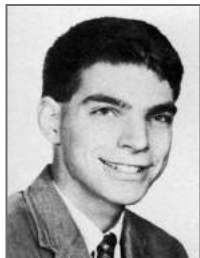
Deceased, 20 January 2011  
*See In Memoriam, page 167*



Major:  
Political Science Honors

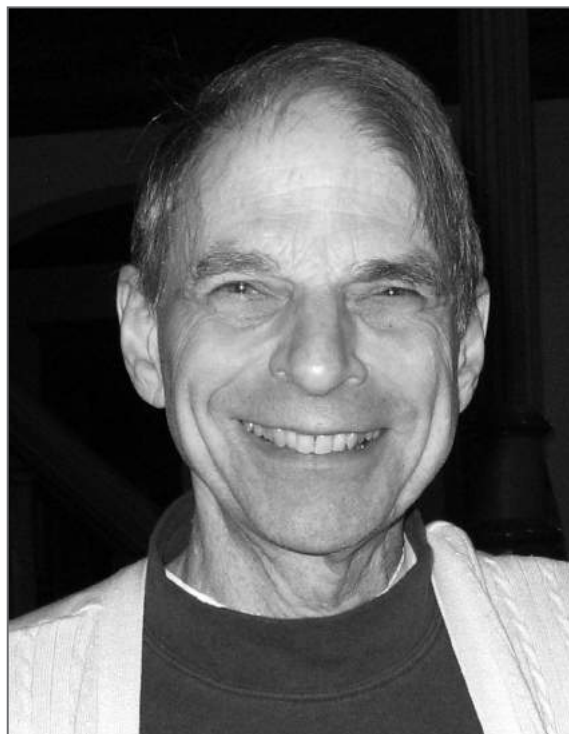
## Michael Henle

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Major:  
Mathematics Honors

My Swarthmore years were not the best of my life nor the worst. The best, I would have to say, have been, so far, the last 10-15 years at Oberlin when mysteriously I finally got it (whatever 'it' is) and seemingly could do no wrong — in class or out. I wish I had tried editing sooner, for that was a wonderful experience, the most satisfying of all. Except that the two semesters I taught in London were 200% fun.



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## Betty Albertson Higginbotham

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Major:  
Psychology Honors



**Kate Donnelly Hickey**

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Major:  
English Literature

The years since Swarthmore have been exceptionally kind to me personally, if not to the world at large — basic good health, a long and rewarding marriage, children leading happy and productive lives, and a grandson heading off to college this year. I stumbled into librarianship in 1969 as a volunteer and was stunned to discover the field is never dull! New technology, new media, collaboration with interesting people all made a 43-year career a continual delight. After starting in the local public library in Mansfield, PA, I worked as a research librarian with the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service, as director of the Pennsylvania College of Technology library in Williamsport PA, and retired in 2012 after 16 years as

director and then dean of the library at Elon University in North Carolina. It was my great good fortune that each institution was/ is a place “on the move,” experiencing growth and rising quality under intelligent, dynamic leadership — it was exhilarating to ride the tails of these shooting stars! Since retirement Bob and I have acquired two rescue dogs and a travel trailer and are now that annoying older couple slowing traffic on the road — we love it!

But, today as I write this, Ferguson MO

is burning and Robin Williams is dead, and I wonder if we will ever make any progress at all. Slogging away at change seems the best we can do. Still, I remember the magic of falling in love.



**William Henning**

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Major:  
Chemistry

**Gretchen Schwarz Hillard**

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Major:  
Political Science



## Phil Hoffer

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Major:  
Civil Engineering



Pam's poem, "Sweetheart", written in 2012 in response to a question Phil posed about the rain, was published in *The Shapes of Memory*, by the University of Michigan Neurology Department.

### "Sweetheart"

"Where does all this rain come from?" you ask,  
 "Is it coming out of the clouds?"

The question is stunning--

Your beginner's mind,

Regained innocence,

Preserved curiosity

And your sweet acceptance of not knowing,

Though you are seventy-two and a Harvard grad.

This journey backward, or so it would seem,

Yet stumbles toward enlightenment.

How strange to habitate the present moment  
 without the monk's lifetime of discipline.

And do I ask such questions? or even detect  
 All that I ignore not knowing, missing out on that  
 beginner mind,  
 Steering our course by habit and invention.

We rely on each other, going this distance.

I remember a couple I worked with years ago -  
 fragile in their old age and each with Parkinson's  
 and its festuculating gait.

One tended to fall backward, the other forward.  
 And they could proceed just fine together  
 When aligned just right.

PHIL - Appreciation for the years I have had despite having been diagnosed with early stage of Alzheimer's in 2008. Life has been very good, I am still very happy. My physical health and ability has not been as limited as my intellectual life by this disease. I am very pleased with our three daughters. What I see in grandchildren is a continuity and I hope they are as happy as I am when they reach this age.

PAM - Phil and I wish to share the following reflections. We're fortunate Phil's Alzheimer's is slow moving. He is approaching it with equanimity and grace, living in the moment and enjoying life to the fullest. We are very intent upon making friends and family the focus of these years ahead, and developing the memories of Papa Phil at his most loving and involved for the grandchildren. Several years ago we wrote a letter to our Friends Meeting, aiming to be open and transparent about this disease process, knowing others would face it, and sharing with others that a wonderful quality of life has still been available.

We're happy to be in contact with others about this process as well as for just social reasons. We probably won't attend reunion but Phil would enjoy any contact with old classmates. While Phil's short- and long-term memory continue to slide, his joyful attitude and gratitude remain, and amaze and gratify me. You may call or email, or, if any of you find yourselves in Ann Arbor, the Hoffer 'hotel' would welcome you.

**Christine Holden • Chris**

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Major:  
History

Swarthmore helped shape my life, mostly in good ways. Academically, it was rigorous, occasionally humiliating, and although occasionally envious of the Honors group, I appreciated the opportunity to study broadly, though less intensively — but I got the chance to do the latter in graduate school which I was well-prepared for. The exposure to all the political and cultural opportunities provided through the no-admission charge policy was wonderful, allowing for exploration of topics and experiences I was curious about. I believe this wide exposure, along with

the schooling in learning to hold opposing ideas in my mind and to treat all persons with respect (ideals, which I sadly did not always practice) has helped me to participate more fully in the arts, politics and various community organizations over the years, and to enjoy some interesting career shifts. Quakerism has turned out to be a stronger influence than I had anticipated: not just through attendance at Meeting, but working in the Peace Collection, and observing practicing Friends, whether community attenders at Meeting, students, faculty or staff. It has become more central over the years. So has feminism: a topic not taught then, but again observable in the portraits of the founders and the history of the college, the many female faculty (some modeling the reality of teaching while also undertaking research and raising a family), and the careers and lives of many classmates. I've taught, and lived, women's history.

Because I lived on campus as a faculty brat for two years, and worked on campus for three summers during my four student years, my recollections of people and events are definitely not restricted to fellow class-members, or those faculty members I had as instructors.

I probably didn't take full advantage of my four years, partly because of not being fully acculturated to the US; my non-citizenship restricted some political participation. However, I've tried to make up for that since, becoming an active citizen in both local and national politics (vigils, petitions, marches? I'm in) and volunteering and supporting arts and charitable organizations (primarily on the local and state level). I appreciate having the resources, financial, intellectual, emotional and physical, to make my still-being-examined life speak.



**William Hoyt • Bill**

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Major:  
Economics

I entered the Marine Corps through their Officer Candidate School in January 1966, served, primarily as a tank officer, for three and a half years which included 15 months in Vietnam. Afterward, I attended Columbia Law School, graduating in 1972.

For the next 22 years I was a prosecutor, 18 as an Assistant District Attorney in Manhattan, where I headed the Homicide Investigation Unit for six years, then four years as an Assistant United States Attorney in Miami. I have since done legal work for the firm

of the former U.S. Attorney in Miami and on my own account in New York and elsewhere.

In 2002, I married Katherine Barrett from the class of '64. We had gone out a bit at Swarthmore and a bit afterward, then met again in 2000.



**Shelby Fiske Hoffman**

Deceased, 26 November 1979  
 See *In Memoriam*, page 167



**Robert Hollister**

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**Janet Gould Humphrey • Jan**

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Major:  
Psychology

My four years at Swarthmore had a disproportionately large influence on the person I have become. When I arrived on campus I was suddenly in a world beyond that of my parents, family, and high school — and it was a lot larger than I had imagined! By the time I left, although I didn't realize it for a while, I had learned new ways of thinking critically, analyzing, and synthesizing. I had sharpened my appreciation for the arts, good fiction, and Scotch and learned how to survive on very little sleep. I had opinions about practically everything. Perhaps most important, during those four years my values and priorities began to crystallize, and the form they took then continues to guide me now. I still feel close to

some of the valuable friends I made during this time despite big lapses in communicating, partly I think, because we shared this life-altering time.



**Constance Donal Hoover**

Deceased, 8 April 1998

See *In Memoriam*, page 168



Major:  
Fine Arts

**Emmanuel Isu**

22 Ogbarn St., Ind. Layout, Box 2408, Enugu, Nigeria



Major:  
Civil Engineering

**Gregory Ingram • Greg**

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Major:  
Civil Engineering

It seems my life since Swarthmore has been full of serendipity. I moved from undergraduate engineering to graduate economics (to pursue policy analysis) and found that the applied math from engineering provided the perfect prepa-

ration for heavily analytic graduate training. After six enjoyable and productive years as an academic (a choice influenced greatly by Swarthmore), I moved to the World Bank (for the mix of research and policy work, but expecting to return to academia), and found a continuing series of fascinating research, policy, and evaluation activities that lasted over 25 years. This all provided a relevant background for a move in 2005 to become president of the Lincoln Institute of Land Policy, a private operating foundation in Cambridge, Massachusetts that supports research, training, publications, and multimedia. Having left that

position in mid-2014 after nine years, I am doing some consulting and spending more time with my wife Lee ('66) and extended family that includes eight grandchildren dispersed around the country. While this sequence all sounds very logical, orderly, and well-planned — the truth is that chance has played a major role in virtually all of the key turning points, including even my original decision to attend Swarthmore. This realization is both gratifying and humbling, and I wonder if it resonates with many of my classmates.

**Howard Hudson**

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**Karin Johnson Isles**

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Major:  
Political Science

Working in Boston and Cambridge, MA — John Hancock, Arthur Andersen, Commonwealth Energy, IBM – I was very lucky to find a career in main-frame computer systems work when the field was pretty new, and it was still possible for a poli sci major without computer training to get started. And

although the technical aspects of the work were fun and interesting, I found that (thanks to HS and college work) my training in how to write an intelligible sentence/ paragraph/ memo got me into the business aspects of what our systems were supposed to accomplish.

Secretary for Class of 65 for 20 years.

Married, two children (neither was interested in Swarthmore).

Retired to our second home, in Northeast Kingdom of Vermont; elected Town Auditor for several years (ongoing).

**Ray Jackendoff**

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Major:  
Mathematics Honors

**Stephen Jacobson**

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Major:  
Economics

**Josef Joffe • Joe**

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Major:  
Political Science  
Honors

I still make a living on what I learned at Swarthmore in philosophy, fine arts history and psychology, not to speak of my majors: economics and political science. The Sixties were the heyday of liberal arts education in America. Now teaching part-time at Stanford, I am always struck by the lack of an “education” on the part of the most selective student body in the U.S.



**Joel Jaffe**

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Major:  
Philosophy

**Cordelia Jason • Cordy**

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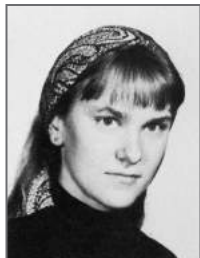
Major:  
English Literature

**Katherine Johnson • Kathe**

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Major:  
English Literature

My name is Katherine Olive Johnson and the last name has been both Kresh and Courant. The nickname has been Kathe since I learned how to spell and first became very fond of my own opinion.

I entered Swarthmore in the fall of 1959 from Ithaca High School. I am in the 1959 *Cygnets* but my hair is very short. I was a member of the Crum Creek Valley Boys and Girl with David Kresh, Robin Ridington, John Wright, and Jody Hudson.

In the Spring of 1961 I dropped out and got married to David B.G. Kresh (class of 1961 — he graduated a year late in 1962) and we had a son Daniel Louis Kresh (named after Dan Hoffman) and lived in the Bronx and in Bloomington, IN, and moved back to Philadelphia around January

1963. I re-entered Swarthmore in the Fall of 1963 in English Literature Honors. In the Spring of 1964 I was

Rosalind in *As You Like It* in the amphitheater (Marge Garber was stage manager and a dear friend).

I did not succeed in Honors and went into course. In the fall of 1964 I moved from Philly to Swarthmore and finished my last year in 1965. I was in the more active chorus of the Bacchae (performed in Greek) and still remember some of the odes. And I have the music (written by Joe deGrazia). Bacchus was played by Mike Ferber. The *Halcyon* that year never came out so my senior picture is in the back of the 1966 *Halcyon*.

David and I got divorced in 1965 and I kept the name Kresh. I went to grad school in theater at Cornell but did not finish the M.A. — I thought it would never lead to employment and was a waste of energy. So I remained in Ithaca and worked in the family store and met Paul Courant '68, whom I had known at S'more, at the wedding of some S'more friends. Paul and I married in 1969 and I became Courant. We have

two sons, Ernest (1973) and Noah (1978).

In the 80s I spent about seven years in the rock bands Insex, Accidental Suitcase, and Grandmother Magma, here in Ann Arbor.

Eventually Paul and I divorced in 1984. I moved to the house I am in now and worked as a music teacher (I got a B.Mus. in Choral Education in 1965) and then as a proofreader and eventually editor of sorts at the Institute of Continuing Legal Education and then in the Department of Romance Languages, publishing literary journals in Spanish, English, French and Italian. I literally typeset them and produced camera-ready copy for the printers. I retired in 2001 and have taught music and babysat and enjoyed adding on to my house.

This year I am shifting my name from Kathe to Katherine, rather slowly, not wanting to startle anyone.





**Glen Kanwit • Bear**

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 Email: cervesa43@live.com



Major:  
 Political Science  
 Honors

I was probably the only Swarthmore student to have his hearing tested because I was so bad at learning French. Unfortunately for the reputation of the college, my hearing turned out to be perfect. And, of course, 40 years later, my

principal legal client was a French company requiring me to travel to Paris.

My goal in life is to have a post-retirement resume longer than the pre-retirement activities. It's been fun. In 2012, I was an 85 hour a week volunteer at the Obama campaign headquarters in Chicago, running their national voter protection hotline. Sometimes, the Spanish language hotline in Florida would go down, and all the calls would roll up to us in Chicago, where I was the one who had to grapple with the calls in Spanish. (Yes, I now know more Spanish than French.) More

than one caller asked if I'd had my hearing tested. The President was re-elected in spite of my bad language skills. We have a place in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, where we spend two months of the winter torturing hapless Mexican citizens with my language skills. One day, I'm determined to have someone tell me that my Spanish is excellent. I have taken up writing short stories, many of which center around a Chicago bar called the Blue Stem Martini Lounge. One day, I'm determined to have someone tell me that my stories are excellent.



**Pat Deats Jehlen**

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Major:  
 History Honors



## Daniel Kegan

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Major:

Electrical Engineering

Shake hands or not? Jon and I had driven a few hours for a graduate school research interview for the Program of Research on Research and Development, so we visited the bathroom before asking to see our first interviewee.

While facing the wall, a man took the next stall. He figured who we were and introduced himself. Normal habit at introductions is to shake hands. Despite habit, I figured that was not the time/place to do so.

Grad school industrial engineering department, Organization Theory, superb interdisciplinary program with Psych and Poli Sci faculty. Dissertation on Trust, Openness, Organiza-

tion Development. Check my undergrad Psych book on emotions and feeling — only a page of text. So it goes (Vonnegut). National Training Labs (NTL), a good supplemental education in group dynamics.

Early second-career intellectual property attorney. Helping client get a trademark registration. His girlfriend phoned: he drove his car to her front door and killed himself. Law school ethics class didn't cover that. Studying Crisis Counseling for Professional (Organizational) Psychology license helped.

Returning from San Francisco area to Chicago 1981 for law school, sister suggested I meet her teaching colleague's sister-in-law, Cynthia. Done, married 1982, still 2014, even with increasing curmudgeonhood.

Weekend soccer forward, kicking toward daughter Amelia practicing goalie dives. Hard to kick to where someone is not. Born during my third law school year, best counterweight to studying law books. Now policy analyst and lobbyist for <www.Bread.org>.

Better than Dr. Spock. Son Benjamin finally articulating to me, when he asks for help on a task, stop after that task, without the additional information. Has made several interesting films, finishing MFA at Columbia NYC, <www.BenKegan.com>.

Even after living with a person for decades, even fondly, discovering more differences, more similarities.

More me, <www.Kegan-Law.com>.

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**Glenn Kenton**

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Major:  
 Economics

It was at Swarthmore where I first read F.A. Hayek's *Road to Serfdom*. On my desk today is only one picture — an auto-graphed picture of Hayek along with one of his most famous quotes:

“The greatest danger to liberty today comes from the men who are most needed and most powerful in modern government ... exclusively concerned with what they regard as the public good.” It was one of the lodestars of my career in politics and law.



**Laura Kaufman**

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Major:  
 Fine Arts Honors

**Christine Keller**

Address unavailable



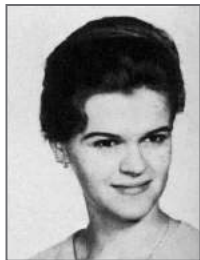
Major:  
 Psychology

## Ann Hild Kouatly

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Major:  
Political Science

I have been fortunate and also worked at having a good life. The positives so outweigh the negatives that I am in a constant state of gratitude.

Marriage: 51 fulfilling, happy years of marriage to Youssef, retired emeritus professor of insurance and risk management, born in Damascus, Syria. This has given me entry to a different culture, great travel to the Middle East, and innumerable other benefits.

Family: two wonderful, capable, loving sons of whom I am so proud: Omar, 48, works from home for Microsoft, lives next door to us and Rick (Tariq), 45, COO of a local IT company, lives half an hour away. Two lovely, kind, thoughtful daughters-in-law and eight grandchildren.

Work experience: Library Media Specialist in several schools, public librarian developed and ran an outreach program, high school world cultures teacher. Most of my work has been in "at risk" schools. Retired in 2013.

Hobbies: gardening, Continuing Learning in Retirement courses, reading (book discussion group member), enjoying the many cultural activities in our university community.

Public service: School volunteer, Elected to School Board, Boy Scouts, Secretary of League of Women Voters of NE CT; Secretary of local Garden Club; adult mentoring.

Losses since Swarthmore: Sister (breast cancer) 1984; brother (suicide - Vietnam vet) 2009; father (pneumonia) 1999.

Health: Good except for (1) bouts with Lyme disease; (2) polymyalgia rheumatica; (3) a year of a misdiagnosed autoimmune disease. I regularly exercise (yoga, weights, Pilates) and am a vegetarian.

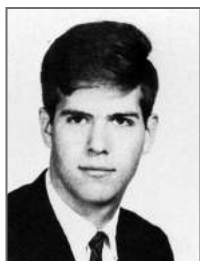
Burdens: Younger son's first marriage and divorce; addiction and legal problems of 21-year-old grandson, addiction and resultant problems of nephew; responsibility for my mother since 1999.

Blessings: Good health, family, friends, secure income for a very pleasant lifestyle, living in lovely home with beautiful gardens, feelings of contributing to my community.



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Major:  
 Physics Honors

I find it annoying that, as best I can tell, life is meaningless. I try not to let that bother me. So far I've been generally successful. I wake up every day eager to get something done. Running a lot helps. I feel useful when I help other people or beneficial organizations. Producing beauty in ceramics, flowers, or music is still rewarding. So is writing computer programs.



**J. Douglas Klafehn**

Deceased, 5 May 2006  
 See *In Memoriam*, page 168



Major:  
 History

**Marjorie Anne Klenin**

Deceased, 19 January 2008  
 See *In Memoriam* see page 169



Major:  
 Physics Honors

## Bevra Brown Krattenmaker

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Since graduating from Swarthmore, I've met some of the goals I had at the time. I've gotten a math degree, and taught junior high school and high school math, from Algebra to Calculus. I've learned to speak a foreign language, French, which has led to making many friends abroad. But, I still haven't really learned to play the piano.

Major:  
English Literature  
Honors



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## Tom Krattenmaker

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Major:  
Economics Honors

Went to law school, which opened a bunch of wonderful doors. Had work experiences I would not trade for any other. Now retired from law teaching, law deaning, private law practice, and government lawyering. All was fun while it lasted.

Fun — whether it was emptying Paul Stevens' dorm room and re-setting it in Wharton Quad or playing baseball with Dana Carroll and Hap Peelle or being president of DU, I had a lot of fun.

Friends — made a ton of very good friends. Including the very best friend I have ever had or will ever have, Bevra Brown Krattenmaker. Met her in History 1 in 1961, married her in 1965 and very lucky to have her with me since.

Family — not just Bevra. My parents graduated from Swarthmore, as did Frank Pierson's wife, Rita, who was my Mom's cousin. Seems like I always had a protective cocoon around me there.

Freedom — Swarthmore did all it could to give me my intellectual freedom. I know it's immodest, but I truly believe that I can teach myself any subject, relying mostly on tools that the College taught me.

## Linda LaMacchia



Major:  
Political Science

I have been teaching at the University of Maryland University College since 2006. My Ph.D. is in Languages and Cultures of Asia with a concentration in religions and a minor in anthropology from the University of Wisconsin-Madison (2001). Since 1990 I have conducted fieldwork research about Himalayan Buddhist nuns, and since 1995 have focused on their life stories and songs, taking nuns of Kinnaur, northwest India, as an example. Other experience includes teaching English as a Peace Corps volunteer in Tunisia following graduation from college and studying French literature at the Sorbonne in Paris junior year. A recent article I wrote about Buddhist nuns'

songs appears in the winter 2013 newsletter at sakyadhita.org, and below is a link to a short video I made in 2013 about the Buddhist nuns and lamas in India I have known for a long time.

Web Page: <http://youtu.be/8x8oW4fvBLs>



## Elizabeth Ring Kolasky

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Major:  
Economics Honors

## Michael Kortchmar

Deceased, 14 July 2008

See *In Memoriam*, page 169



Major:  
Political Science

## Dick Latner

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Major:  
History

This is not being graded, right? Such a slippery topic, introducing myself to all of you (or “y’all,” as they say in New Orleans) after 50 years in 300 words. I’ve kept up somewhat with a few classmates, but not many. So here goes. I start with a basic point — that I never really left Swarthmore. It (meaning, especially, its students and teachers) continues as a part of my life, my values, my way of thinking, my expectations for people and for myself. My professional career probably shows the influence most directly. After Swarthmore, I beelined into an academic career in History, mostly at

Tulane University. I started out as a specialist in Jacksonian era American History but ended up writing about Salem Witchcraft. Early on, I became involved in digital humanities, developing websites designed for students, scholars, and the general public. When I read the quarterly Swarthmore class notes, I wonder how I managed to achieve so little without the excuse of being addicted to bridge or worse! But I feel I did well in my own way, extending knowledge a bit and stretching the capabilities of my students. Every once in a while, I get a complimentary email from one of them. Nice.

I have a son from a previous marriage who is finishing his Ph.D. in Sociology at Wisconsin. I met my wife Pat, Cajun dancing (she’s a New Orleanean but not Cajun). She just retired from a career in banking. I am active in a synagogue and give tours to visitors and school groups. It has become an increasingly important part of my social and intellectual network. I read a lot, do an occasional book and manuscript review, enjoy learning via The Great Courses (the one on wine is terrific). There’s more, but I’m out of space and it’s time for my nap.





**Marjorie Limber Lederer • Marge**

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Major:  
English Literature

Looking back from this great distance, I consider my four years at Swarthmore the cauldron which made me the person I am now, and I am eternally grateful they chose to let me in (Swarthmore being my clear 'reach' school). I was hopelessly naive, immature, unformed, unsure, and the moment I arrived I was convinced I was the least promising student they'd ever seen. All the upperclassmen appeared

incredibly worldly and smart beyond belief (this back in the days when people reminisced about the true 'giants' that had been there before them). Still I was

so happy to be in a place that was about intellectual values, and social causes, and where the professors were there because they really wanted to teach, and there was a solid base of Quaker values/traditions in the midst of an outside world changing at what felt like the speed of light, and the campus — and the Crum — provided a spectacular antidote to all the hard work, and and and .. After volunteering in Chester at Wade House (learning chess from an 11-year-old kid, who also knew how to get to Stackeys), I took a 90 degree turn from English Literature and went to graduate school in psychiatric social work at Smith (which seemed like a piece of cake after Swarthmore) and have worked in a multitude of social work jobs ever since (for the last six years at Bradley Hospital, the oldest children's psychiatric hospital

in the country). My former husband Dan Lederer '64 and I moved around a lot in the early years while he completed his medical training and then settled in Providence, RI for what was intended to be only a few years, raised our three kids here, and are both still living in Providence 40 years later. I've done a very gratifying amount of traveling, accompanied by my longtime partner Gabor Keitner, who emigrated from Hungary during the 1956 revolution (and is indefatigable); he has five grandkids and I have two, neither of us has any plans to retire soon, and a long list of places still left to visit, and — life is good. I won't be at the Reunion (in Iceland then) but I know it will be a wonderful occasion, at a wonderful place.



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Major:  
Russian

Despite my general unhappiness on campus, there are some things I do remember about Swarthmore with fondness — the Crum, the talented and caring faculty — particularly Olga Lang and her piroshky and wildly outdated slang, the outside activities such as the folk music festivals, square dances and foreign films. I have to say that I was probably way too serious back then, and these days I love watching everything from *The Thin Man* to *Lord of the Rings* to *Brave*, with the occasional indie and foreign film thrown in. I am

also indebted to Swarthmore for my roommate and long-time friend, Margaret Neisser (now Lobenstine). At our age, friends are so important! As a working artist, one of the things I regret about my time at Swarthmore is the fact that studio art wasn't offered. However, I have recently had the pleasure of meeting two Swarthmore art students during our summers at the Chautauqua Institution, so the school appears to have come a long way. Finally, I have met some extraordinary Swarthmore graduates over the

years. In that mode, I want to give a particular shout-out to Alberto Mora who became General Counsel at the Department of the Navy where I worked, who tried to change the practice of "enhanced interrogation," and when he failed, spoke out publically against it.

**Linda Dunbar Kravitz**

Deceased, 19 March 2005  
See *In Memoriam*, page 169



Major:  
History

**Richard Ku**

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Major:  
Mathematics

**Vivian Ling**

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Major:  
 Mathematics

Within five years after graduating as a math major, I remade myself into a Sinologist and began a career at Oberlin College. In the early 70's, Sinology in the U.S. was still confined to the ivory tower; but with the re-opening of China in the late 70's, my career

took a great leap outward and I ended up at the forefront of U.S.-China relations and enjoyed a front row seat to the drama of China's transformation. Oberlin was a wonderfully nurturing home base for me, but at age 50, I embarked on a second career directing Chinese language studies programs abroad. As field director of Inter-University Program for Chinese Language Studies (a.k.a. "Stanford Center") in Taipei and Beijing, and later as field director of Associated Colleges in China, I witnessed some of the most tumultuous events in U.S.-China relations as well as upheavals in China, including the rift in U.S.-China relations in 1999 following NATO's bombing of the Chinese Embassy in Belgrade and

the SARS epidemic in 2003. The final phase of my career was back at the home front, directing the Chinese Flagship Program at Indiana University. Two of my colleagues there — Dean of College of A & S Jean Robinson and Director of the East Asian Studies Center Heidi Ross — had been my students from the 70's. Their leadership made me realize that I had come full circle and it was time to retire. My career spanned an era of increasing urgency for our country to truly engage with China as equal partners in building peace around the world, so I feel immensely privileged to have played a role in helping a generation of students acquire the indispensable skills to truly engage with China.



**Edith Gresham Laver**

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Major:  
 History Honors

**Ann Potter Leonard**

Address unavailable



### Margaret Neisser Lobenstine

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Major:  
Political Science

Two significant changes I've experienced are 1) the idealist I was in the '60's sadly becoming far more cynical about politics, as I've learned what goes on "behind closed doors" in the U.S. and 2) learning I'm a Renaissance Soul. After leading a clearly non-linear life: N.Y.U. Reading Institute, mother of twins; po-

litical activist working with the Panthers & Sandinistas; owner of one of the first B & B's in America; Regional Master Trainer of the Commonwealth Literacy Corps; internationally-known life coach; and co-facilitator of creative writing workshops for women in prison, I finally realized multi-faceted Ben Franklin was not a

broken, one-career Mozart! After coaching thousands of Renaissance Souls, I published THE RENAISSANCE SOUL: Life Design for People With Too Many Passions to Pick Just One [Random House, 2006.] Also, while I used to be the extrovert and my husband the introvert, unexpectedly we have changed roles over the years. Plus, although my loving travel, reading, and creative writing (just finished a novel) doesn't surprise my friends, learning this non-sports soul is an avid UConn Women's Basketball fan comes as a shock!



### Charles Lewis

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Major:  
Mathematics Honors

### William Lewis

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Major:  
History

## Suzanne Lorant

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Major:  
English Literature

I married my first husband in 1966, at the height of the Viet Nam war. The marriage ended amicably but sadly after he had a breakdown in basic training, attempted suicide, and was permanently damaged emotionally. Professionally, I went to grad school in economics at NYU, intending to get a master's degree, but I continued and got my "ABD" (all but dissertation). I've had essentially four careers since then: business economist (eight years), software executive at small startups (six years), management consultant (15 years), and economics editor of research publications at the Boston Fed (11 years and counting). I married my second husband in 1989 and was widowed in 2011. He was a Bengali physicist with a taste for adventure travel and wildlife photography. We traveled the world after his retirement during my vacations. I've taken art classes off and on through the years, starting in high school. My current passion is figurative sculpture in water-based clay. In

painting and drawing I am also most inspired by the human figure and its ability to communicate through gesture and facial expression. I'm still thinking and feeling and experiencing and growing. I now realize that I experienced culture shock when I went to Swarthmore from my rather provincial high school and that although Swarthmore

was a challenging and difficult experience for me, it gave me something of great value that I really don't know how to put into words that don't sound clichéd — something about the value of the humanities and of friendships to help make sense of life and find a way to maneuver through its joys and sorrows and opportunities and challenges.



**Robert Mabry**

Lancaster, PA



Major:  
Mechanical  
Engineering

In the Engineering classes at Swarthmore we learned to analyze a problem with a 'free-body' diagram, before proceeding with established formulas to crunch numbers and get an answer. This approach provided an opportunity to identify relevant factors and alternate solutions. In my working years this approach

came to be known as thinking 'outside the box', and looking at the 'big picture'. There were many occasions where a viable alternate solution was identified that may have otherwise been overlooked. In recent years, before retiring, I was a lead engineer on several major modification projects for operating nuclear power

plants, which involved not just thinking outside the box, but rebuilding the box. One example: replacement of the entire steam turbine assembly (four rotors, 13 stages of blades, inner casings, bearings, and associated steam piping) with a more efficient design to increase the unit's electrical output. For three similar units our project team replaced the original GE-supplied equipment with Siemens equipment manufactured in Germany. This is analogous to replacing the original engine in a Chevy with a BMW engine. Back in 1965 I had no idea that I would be working outside (and inside) such a big box!



**Ronald Lowy**

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Major:  
History Honors

**Elizabeth Sprague Mann**

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Major:  
Biology

## Keith MacAdam

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Major:  
Mathematics Honors

After Swarthmore I did a Ph.D. at Harvard in experimental atomic physics (1971). Phyllis and I were married in 1969 in Cambridge. We lived for two years in Scotland, where I was a postdoc at U. Stirling. Son Daniel was born there in 1973. After further post-docs at Yale and U. Arizona (daughter Alison was born in Tucson in 1976), I came to U. Kentucky as an Asst. Prof. of Physics and have spent my entire academic career here, retiring in 2008 as Emeritus Professor. Dan and Ali attended the local schools and graduated from Oberlin '95 and Wesleyan '99, respectively, while Phyllis completed her Ed.D. in 1990. I did research in atomic-molecular-optical physics in my own laser lab, published lots of papers and spun off six young Ph.D. physicists. We enjoyed sabbaticals in Denmark (1983), Boulder, CO (1991-92) and Sweden (2001). I became an Associate Editor of Physical Review A (the principal archival research journal in my

field) in 2006 and continue with that work. I also teach a non-traditional course at U.K. each Spring, introducing motion, sound and light to a small cohort of non-science students. In 2008 we established a campus astronomical facility, which was named in my honor as the MacAdam Student Observatory. It serves the campus, local schools and the central KY community with outreach programs

and public observing. I have continued my involvement with music, although a decade ago I set aside classical piano and now focus on singing in a church choir and in our local "shape-note" group. I love climbing Scottish mountains and exploring remote spots in the Highlands and Islands for photography, archaeology and Real Ales. Best wishes to all!



## Dorthea Madsen

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Major:  
History

After spending most of my adult life working at Fairfax juvenile and domestic relations court in Fairfax, I retired in 2000. Like others beginning retirement, I initially worked part time for a while, tutored a foreign student in English for the local literacy group, read and tried to discard some of the many books that filled my house, dealt with some health problems, joined an alumni reading group, and spent time with my family.

Two years ago I adopted Daisy, a lab mix, and since then I have become fascinated by dogs, making friends with other dog owners, visiting the dog park daily. A dog can open doors to a new life for her human, and that is a good thing.

If any of you are interested in ideas and literature about dogs, I recommend *Dog Love*, by Marjorie Garber (a Swarthmore graduate, I think).

Another absorbing preoccupation for me in recent years has been observing with amazement the passage of time and the changes it brings. Much of what we learned in school seems to have been upended. And while I don't like the physical changes of age, I am glad to have had the opportunity to read some additional chapters of our generations story and to have learned "what happens next".

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## Terry Mathews

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Major:  
Psychology

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## Robert May

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Major:  
Mathematics Honors



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Major:  
Political Science  
Honors



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Major:  
Political Science  
Honors

Barb spent thirty years on Board as Managers, eight as Chair. Children Sarah graduated in 1990, Emily in 1992, and Bill in 2000. Seems like we were privy to every issue and every crisis at the college over that time. Very satisfying getting to see the college grow and change and improve.

FALLING IN LOVE ... planning our lives together...getting married on Graduation Day.

**Eileen Nixon Meredith**

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Major:  
English Literature  
Honors

Perhaps the most vivid of my Swarthmore memories involve field hockey. Coming from a small town in Ohio, I had had little experience with women's athletics, much less the more robust versions. Thus when selecting a gym class freshman year, I was guided by the convenience of the time it was offered — and field hockey was scheduled for late afternoons when it would interfere the least with my studies. It did not even occur to me that we would be expected to play anything as risky as this sport proved to be. The instructor advised us — with some emphasis — of the importance of keeping the hockey sticks down near the ground, but with typical resistance to authority, my classmates persisted in waving the sticks much

higher, at about the level of my head. The irony of the situation struck me immediately — the college I selected for its effectiveness in cultivating my mind was sponsoring an activity clearly designed to cause severe head injuries. Staying as far as possible from the stick wavers, I found myself among a few who had lowered their sticks to compete for control of the hard rubber ball. They knocked it sharply into my ankle, causing a bruise that lasted for two or three months. Never have I been so appreciative of a painful injury as this one to my ankle rather than my skull. Needless to say, the next semester I sought out an archery class.

**Mildred J. McIntyre**

Deceased, 5 July 2005  
*See In Memoriam, page 170*



Major:  
Psychology

**John McKelvey**

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Major:  
Zoology

## Peter Meyer

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Major:  
Economics

Grad school, continuing my studies of economics, was a breeze — and so were my doctoral comps after honors exams! Politics — more likely mores and values — prevailed and I managed never to teach in an economics department in 40 years as a prof with a Ph.D. in the field. I found that pure economics and reality never did mix, regardless of one's political economic perspective. Thus, I drifted into community development, planning, policy evaluation and public administration. Formal involvement in public policy-making never included running for office, but electoral and issue campaign work, legislative testimony, including before Congress, and professional public sector funded research and technical assistance. This direction likely came from seeing my profs go to DC to work on the War on Poverty. I first married too early and got divorced later, but two wonderful offspring resulted, as did a biological grandson who arrived shortly before I turned 70. This Manhat-

tanite married a gal from a 300-person Colorado coal town on his 50th birthday; I met her, a political and folk song fellow traveler, as a professor at a rival university in Kentucky, a state in which I spent 23 years despite assuming I'd never live in the South. (She got me into scuba diving, and I got her — temporarily — into "catching cars" as a corner worker for sports car races.) While in Kentucky, I went from a local economic development focus to one

on environmentally sustainable development, working on contaminated land and energy issues, including climate change. Overseas work, international conferences — and living outside the U.S. — have played a major role in shaping my view of my country and the globe as a whole, including a stay in Bangladesh in 2007 that gave me a totally different take on the diversity of majority Muslim societies.



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Major:  
Political Science  
Honors

A friend once said to me that he didn't know where his life had gone. That seemed infinitely sad — I certainly know where mine has gone and it has been fully lived, if not always wisely or well. Personal success is a well-adjusted now-adult kid; failures are perhaps two marriages that didn't work out well. My work has been, with a few short exceptions, more than rewarding. On occasion, such as squiring Hal Holbrook around Bucharest I have had to pinch myself because I was actually being PAID to do this. Now retirement has its own rewards. No, it wasn't all great but on the whole it was good.



**John Mercer**

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Major:  
Electrical Engineering

**Carol Peruzzi Mikelsons**

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Major:  
English Literature

**Linda Smith Nathanson**

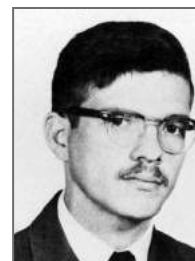
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Major:  
 Russian

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Major:  
 Philosophy Honors



After Swarthmore, I spent four years getting a Ph.D. in philosophy at Johns Hopkins University. After three years teaching at SUNY Fredonia, I got a job at Northeastern University in Boston and worked there from 1972-2014. I just retired in July 2014. As a philosopher, I moved from a focus on epistemology and philosophy of mind to teaching and writing about more “real world” issues — war and peace, the death penalty, patriotism, terrorism, and economic justice. I have written 6 books and am grateful for the opportunity I had to do this and for the opportunity to try to teach students both

about particular topics but also about the skills of writing, thinking, and analyzing ideas — whatever the topic might be. I feel very good to have been able to combine my work with my interests and concerns about politics and public policy — even as these topics are frequently distressing and even depressing.

I was very fortunate to “discover” Linda Smith in the final weeks of senior year. We were married in 1966, and Linda remains Swarthmore’s greatest blessing to me. I have been particularly fortunate in my personal life, shared with Linda and later with our two (ex) children, Michael

and Sarah, and now with their spouses, Alexis and Aaron respectively, and with Sarah’s daughters, Natalie and Chloe (currently about 6 and 8 years old).

Music continues to be a special source of pleasure. Although my trumpet playing ended at Swarthmore, I continue to play the banjo and have for a number of years been working and playing at the piano.

Having just retired, I am hoping to continue as a philosopher, to enjoy some new as well as old things, and to find ways to contribute in some fashion to efforts to promote justice and peace.

## Jerry Nelson

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Major:  
Psychology

Retirement with Robin Hannay '67 has been great — two gerbils in one cage, sharing the running wheel. But descent from the ivory tower (brain research) has been shocking. Scientists have integrity, success depends on honesty. Making the most of meager starting material, I have tried all my life to become a better person.

Hello, World! In an ever more corrupt and dysfunctional society, many pursue little more than self-advancement, defined with little more intellectual depth or cultural

breadth than getting ahead of the car in front. For all the days remaining to me, I will support and celebrate people of quality whenever I find them, wherever we can go together. And, folks, since institutional quality matters, donate to Swarthmore, no matter how modestly.



## Barbara Ann Miller

Deceased, 1/17/1965

*In Memoriam, page 170*



## C. Grant Miller

3627 Tallwood Ter, Falls Church, VA 22041-1117



Major:  
Chemistry

**Susan Gross Nikolay**

65185 Wiesbaden, Germany  
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Major:  
 Fine Arts

S'more taught me how to think – logically, scientifically, critically. Also how to be thorough and to be able to handle a big work load. All this helped me to study here in Germany. One morning it dawned on me that I had achieved the title "Diplom Psychologe" in a foreign language without being really consciously aware that the university language was German.

S'more also made me sensitive to environmental issues – early one morning while

walking down the way from Clothier I watched a robin red breast die painfully and with cramps after trees had been sprayed against insects (A picture I sadly never can forget). I have been an environmental activist here in Germany for about 40 years now.



**Karin Benecke Miller**

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I think the process of learning embodied in the Swarthmore experience, even more than what I learned, has helped me through the years.

Memories...most are really good...of course, meeting the wonderful man who has been my husband for over 49 years, Peter Miller, stands out.



Major:  
 Biology



## Nancy Myers O'Connor



Major:  
French

I was fortunate enough to get paid for 40 years (1970-2010) to do something I loved: teach French language and literature first at Princeton and then at Middlebury College. Directed Middlebury's Junior Year and M.A. program in Paris six times and loved that too. Over the years I confirmed my interest in

translation, and have gotten some pieces published, as well as teaching courses in translation on several occasions. But most particularly have discovered the joys of pretty complex sleuthing-research in the course of transcribing and editing two French /Ancien Régime/ works, one an unpublished manuscript by a

French noblewoman, the other a new (French) edition of a forgotten 18th-century best-seller, *Mme Dunoyer's /Lettres Historiques et galantes/* (Presses Universitaires de Rennes, 2012). Retired to SW Florida in 2010 and my husband Jim and I are enjoying a life of leisure, punctuated by month-long forays to the south of France in September when we can no longer stand the heat...

Now more than ever I appreciate everything Swarthmore was and is and what it gave me, though I didn't always recognize it at the time; did any of us?



## Rene-Valery Mongbe

B.P. 644, Cotonou, Benin



Major:  
Political Science

## Sara Shettleworth Mrosovsky

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Major:  
Psychology Honors



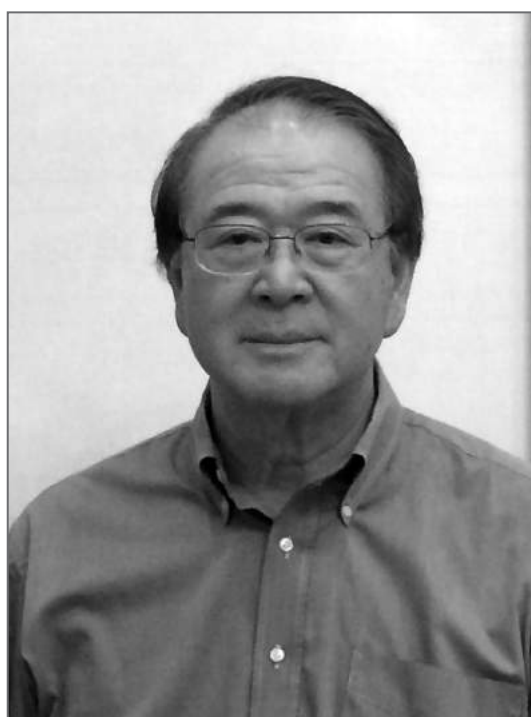
**David S.C. Pao, MD**

Email: [davidscpao@comcast.net](mailto:davidscpao@comcast.net)



Major:  
Electrical Engineering

Memories...many and varied and prolonged as my three daughters all attended and graduated from Swarthmore. Returning with my oldest daughter, the scent of Crum Woods was instantly recognized and unchanged after 30 plus years. As more time passed, my appreciation for the education and choices increased. I have been back and forth over the years due to my daughters and my proximity of 50 miles from the college. Too bad the clay tennis courts have been replaced by hard courts. Bad for senior knees.



**Clark Murdock**

Address unavailable



Major:  
Political Science Honors

**Elsa Golden Nadler**

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50 Years... suffice it to say that I was a boy from Michigan who survived Swarthmore while gaining a great deal of perspective and went on to enjoy a most fortunate life.

Major:  
Civil Engineering



**Rev. Lois Thompson Murray**

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Major:  
English Literature

You can sprinkle my ashes  
over the Crum meadow!



## Howard Peelle • Hap

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Major:  
 Civil Engineering

Swarthmore is personal. I sensed that continually on campus through new friends in Wharton, Roberts, and Pitt; fellow students in Engineering; teammates in Football, Swimming, and Baseball; brothers in Kappa Sigma Pi; chance encounters with diverse minds; and even as a walk-on for The Hamburg Show.

I know it now via rippling reflections: After crossing the amphitheater "one up", Oakwood Friends secondary school hired me to teach mathematics and head-coach football and baseball. I loved it. Indeed, I met Carolyn Curtiss (Middlebury '65) who taught English and coached soccer, and...

we married in 1967, moved to Chicago for a politically tumultuous year – I, to do research in computer-related instructional systems for IBM and she, editing for Science Research Associates. We lived one block from the Democratic Convention site but dodged the brutality – and the draft – by joining a 'revolution' at the School of Education, University of Massachusetts in Amherst, obtaining doctorates, then accepting a faculty position to design and lead a new graduate program in Instructional Applications of Computers (later transformed to Mathematics, Science, and Learning Technology). I have been there, happily, ever since.

Professional highlights:  
 100+ articles, 4 books on computer/mathematical programming;  
 National Teaching Award for Innovation in Learning and Technology  
 Visiting Professorships:  
 MIT, Tokyo Institute of Technology, U. Hawaii, Hampshire College  
 Fulbright Scholar Award for Lecturing and Research in Malaysia, 2003 Fulbright Senior Specialist Award for Curriculum Assessment in Japan, 2008  
 Sabbatical: In 1984-85 our family travelled to Canada, California, Hawaii and Japan for a year lecture/research tour. Great experience!  
 Children: Juliet, Jessica, Caleb, and Mariah (3rd generation Swarthmore '99).

Grandchildren: 7.  
 Senior Sports:  
 Racquetball: #1 singles in New England  
 Tennis: #1 doubles in New England  
 Favorite Travel:  
 Maine (summers), Hawaii, Japan, Budapest  
 Future Goal: Play the Backgammon World Championship in Monte Carlo.



I look forward to seeing you again.

**Joyce Klein Perry**

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Major:  
English Literature

Swarthmore shaped my life — the choices I made, the interests I pursued, and the person I became for my family, my friends, and my community. I remember Professor Dan Hoffman once interrupting a class and admonishing us to “not write that down”.

He said what would ultimately be important about Swarthmore was not what we learned in the classroom but the people we would meet. This has been true for me beginning with Professor Becker connecting me to my first teaching job at Simmons College. Swarthmore spread for me the broad palate of the arts and I have stayed connected to them most of my life. My professional life has been interwoven with teaching, writing, administration, the arts and public service. I helped design and plan a city public school of the arts (thanks to Maurice Eldridge for leading me down some pathways to make that possible.) The last decade of my work came full circle as I established an after-

school arts academy for city children. A continuing passion in my life has been gardening and landscaping, probably nurtured by my time on campus and wandering among the trees and gardens, reading the tree tags and seeing how it all fit together. My time as Class Secretary and on Alumni Council continued to make me realize how much I appreciated my Swarthmore experiences and connections. And last but not least, as I celebrate my 50th Reunion, Rod and I celebrate our 50th anniversary as a matchbox couple.



**Paul Needham**

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Major:  
History Honors

**Margaret Nelson**

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Major:  
Psychology Honors

**Walt Pinkus**

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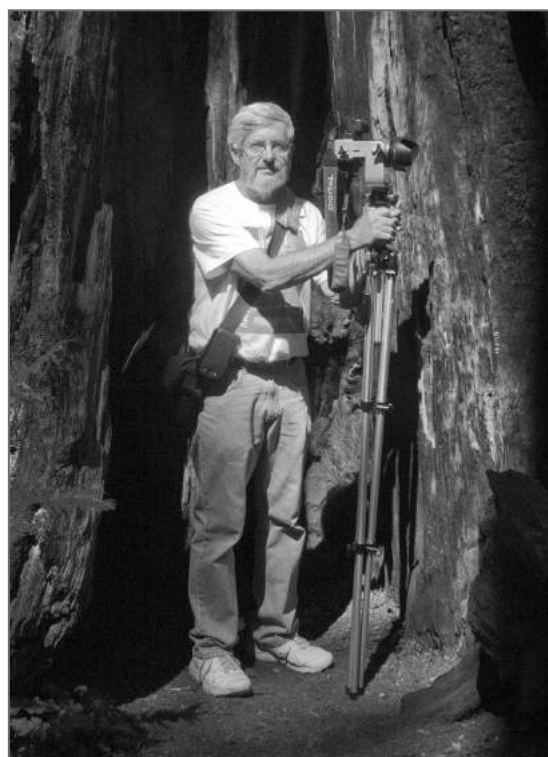


Major:  
 Electrical Engineering

After Swarthmore, I got a job (with a deferment, it being the Vietnam Era!!) at the U of Michigan Electrical & Computer Engineering Department's Space Physics Research Lab (great placement for a SiFi freak), while working toward a Master's in EE. Originally intending to be there only a few years, I lasted 32 before retiring in 1996. I designed digital control and analog interface electronics for instruments on a number of earth-orbiting aeronomy satellites and the Pioneer Venus and Galileo Jupiter missions. Along the way, I got seriously into photography and, with my wife, Ruth, sold our photos at art fairs. We retired (mostly) from that in 2012, in the process of moving

from Ann Arbor to Mesa, AZ (Phoenix suburb) and downsizing our empire. Now we're "reverse snowbirds" with a house in AZ, escaping the heat with our

RV in the summer. The first time we walked into church here, we found ourselves sitting behind Dave Bel-lama! He's still playing his banjo.



**David O'Brien**

Address unavailable



Major:  
 English Literature

**Norman S. Passmore III**

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Major:  
 Mathematics

**Raphael Podolsky • Rafie**

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It amazes me how things have changed. I got interested in student government because of in loco parentis, with the big issues being how wide the door had to be open and how many feet had to be on the floor. How very quaint that seems today.

Major:  
History Honors



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**Karen Philippon Pollock**

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Major:  
German Honors

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**Richard Predmore, Jr.**

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Major:  
English Literature

### Suzy Rekate Post

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Major:  
Economics

Life is good. My retirement in 2012 has brought some very nice changes to our lives. Not only have I become a lady of leisure (almost), but Bill '61 and I are "snowbirds", with summers in New Jersey and October-May in Hilton Head, a beautiful South Carolina island where our family has had a home for many years.

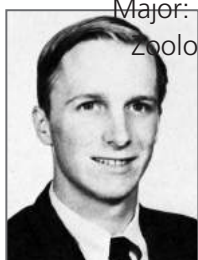
My entire career was in education, not as a teacher, but as a private elementary school administrator (Rumson Country Day School in Rumson, NJ) in development, public relations, financial aid, and admissions. Like many private school people, I wore many of those "hats" simultaneously but I thoroughly enjoyed all of them and expected retirement to be painful. But it isn't – it's great! (I must admit that I am not yet fully retired, as I still have a part-time job in the RCDS Alumni Office, keeping me connected to the school and the people I enjoy.) I am also spending more time enjoying arts activities and giving more volunteer hours to a group of community non-profits, so my days are full and fun.

Bill and I have been married for almost 50 years. We value family above all else and the best thing about our move south is being able to spend more time with our children and granddaughters. Becky and husband, Andy, live in Savannah with Mattie (10) and Phoebe (7). Rick '00 and wife, Jennifer (Austrian) '00, live in the DC area with daughters Eleanor (17) and Margaret (14). Our family has enjoyed such a long, multi-generational connection with Swarthmore and I often wonder if any of these four bright, sweet girls will choose to follow in the family footsteps up Magill Walk. I will let you know in our 75th Reunion Yearbook!



### Joseph Price

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Major:  
Zoology

### J. Lewis Putt

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Major:  
Chemistry

I recall my days at Swarthmore as a time of change – intellectual challenge by professors and fellow students, and opportunities to be creative within the College community.

I remember those activities which arose because Swarthmore was a liberal arts college: auditing Professor Hedley Rhys’s dynamic class in introductory art history even though it wouldn’t count against required credit requirements; studying Shakespeare and modern literature, marching for civil rights in downtown Chester, PA, in the evening after classes were done and being inspired by the bravery and dedication of working adult African Americans fighting for their rights.

As I continued graduate studies and sought employment in higher education, I was moved to pursue teaching opportunities in African American institutions and those serving disadvantaged students, and continued to work in such institutions throughout my professional life.



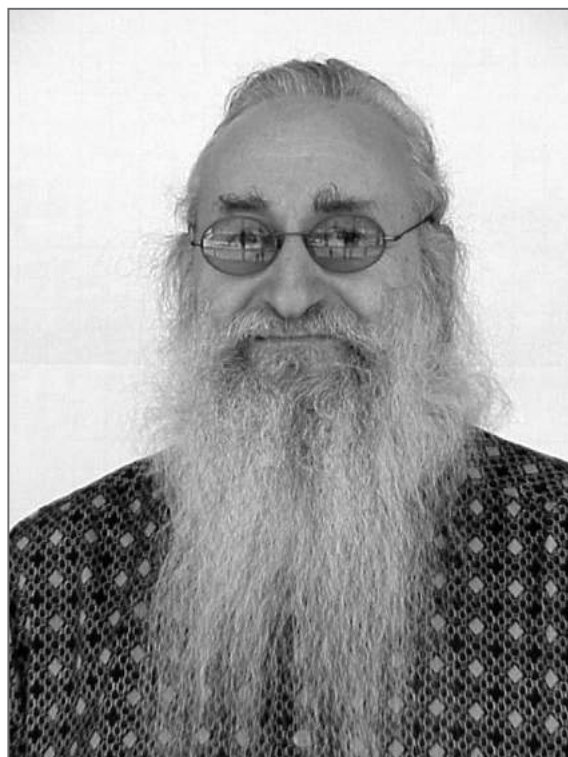


**Daniel Prener**



Major:  
Mathematics

Hillsides covered with azaleas in Crum woods in the Spring; the crisp scents of Autumn; many friends; the availability of the faculty. The constant and rewarding intellectual stimulation of working with smart people, both in academia and in an industrial research setting.



**Wilson Radding**

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Major:  
Chemistry Honors

**F. Douglas Redefer**

Deceased, 11 July 1996  
*See In Memoriam, page 170*



Major:  
English Literature

**Ann Murphy Reed**

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Major:  
Latin

I was in a late adolescent fog — didn't really come to until mid twenties; but was certainly humbled and a bit inspired by the focus on intellectual issues and social justice.



---

**David Reed • Divy**

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Major:  
History



**Susan Lafferty Rosenthal**

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Major:  
Fine Arts

I have been an early childhood teacher in New York City since 1966. I began my most satisfying teaching position at age 60 at the Early Childhood Center at Stephen Wise Free Synagogue. I had the opportunity to travel with my colleagues to Italy to experience the Reggio Emilia philosophy in action. I have transitioned to a part-time position responsible for documentation displays and doing photography and other special activities with small groups of three-year-olds. (One of them took the photo of me included here.) I cannot imagine a better career for me than working with young children!

I was married for 41 years to a man who was a gourmet cook, collected art and antiques, and enjoyed travelling. Over the years we went to Canada, France, England, Italy, Russia, Israel, Japan, and Scandinavia. He had a big heart and said marrying me was the best thing he ever did. When his health failed I was able to care for

him at home until he died just shy of his 85th birthday in early 2012.

In my late thirties I entered psychoanalysis, a commitment which has had an enormous impact on my life: another instance of the paramount importance education has always had for me.

**Carol Replogle • Reppy**

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Major:  
Zoology

I remember Chorus, Swarthmore Singers, and Peter Gram Swing; Gleitman's Grandmother; dissecting that poor cat; and the Crum. My Swarthmore experience gave me a greater ability to understand the nuances of situations.

**Dave Rowley • Rolls**

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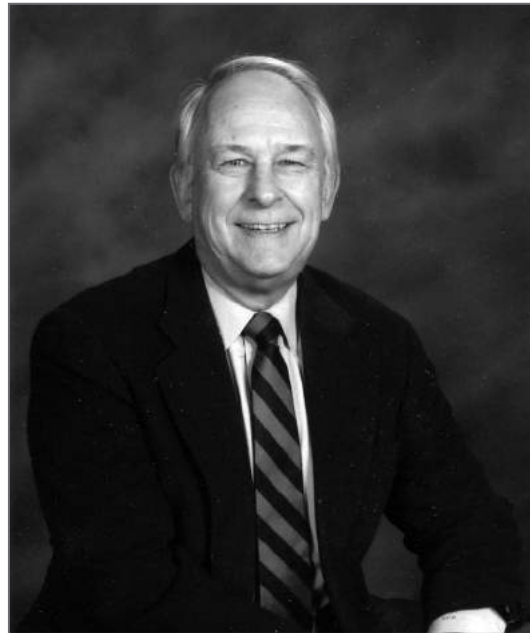


Major:  
Political Science

My Depression-era parents (God bless them!) raised me to work hard, be active physically and get involved in the community. These principles served me well during my four years at Swarthmore, two years in graduate school, six years in the Navy, and 30 years in the corporate world. Along with my five children and eight grandchildren, they continue to be the cornerstones of my life during my retirement years. Although I am no longer engaged in a corporate job, I do a lot of work around my house and for my church. I enjoy singing in my church choir on a regular basis and serving on the membership committee. I am also involved with the College, serving as President of Partners

in Ministry (a consortium of local churches, alumni and faculty which provides financial support for the Protestant chaplaincy at the College) and as a member of the McCabe Scholarship Selection Committee. I also stay active by playing tennis

year round and serving as a Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic Association (PIAA) certified boys lacrosse official each spring. I enjoy living what I consider to be a balanced life and hope to continue doing so for many years to come.



**Anders Rindell**

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**Steven Riskind**

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Major:  
Economics

**Sylvia Bogsch Rucker**

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Major:  
French

Like all of my classmates, I cherish lifelong friends and countless recollections dating back to my four years at Swarthmore. It's hard to single out one memory from the treasure trove of significant and trivial events that made up those years,

but one evening early in our freshman year stands out as a defining moment for the college experience to come. A friend had coaxed me away from my books to attend a bonfire and hootenanny in Crum Meadow, organized, I think, by SPAC. Mike Meeropol and other giants led us in spirited renditions of old and new folk songs, and we freshmen felt fortunate to be part of this exciting gathering in the dark night. Suddenly, the music stopped and the singers leapt to their feet to disperse deep into the woods. Up at the top of the hill overlooking the meadow a huge cross at

least two stories high was burning in the blackness! No one was sticking around to find out what else, if anything, would happen, but as far as I know, nothing else unusual did happen that troubling night. The fire department put out the flames and the firebugs were never identified. In retrospect, I realize that this was just the beginning of the eye opening "strange days indeed" one naïve and sheltered girl would encounter at Swarthmore.



**Katherine Racine Roberti**

PO Box 29, Jim Thorpe, PA 18229-0029



**Sally Sue Robinson**

Deceased, 23 October 1989

See *In Memoriam*, page 171



Major:  
Psychology

**Elizabeth Rosenberg Rumelt • Elly**

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Major:  
History

I have had a long very satisfying career as a social worker despite Dean Cobbs clearly feeling I was throwing away my education on such a non-intellectual pursuit. As the "trailing spouse" of an academic I was served well by my graduate degree, teaching at the Teheran School of Social Work during two years in pre-revolutionary Iran and counseling students at an international graduate school during three years in France. At present I am the director of center-based services at a Santa Barbara community agency serving children who have experienced or are at risk of abuse. It is very gratifying but retirement is looming, mainly because of the increasing

disability of my current husband who has a rare, progressive neurological disorder. He is a fellow social worker, still working in hospice care, a field whose philosophy is a help in this challenge.

Looking back I see that missteps have had their usefulness. I choose

to go to Iran after seeing *Laurence of Arabia*, thinking that Iran was an Arab country. This truth is most notable in the misstep of my first marriage, which resulted in my daughter, a best-selling author under the penname of Cassandra Clare, and of whom we are very proud.



**Linda Townes Rosenwein**

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Major:  
Psychology

**Fredric Russell**



Major:  
History

## Corey Smith

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Major:  
Economics

I am living in a center city Philadelphia high-rise apartment, with wife Jonne of 43 years, still working pretty much full-time as an investment broker for RBC, with time for golf, cultural events, travel, non-profit involvements, and our daughter and three grandchildren who live in Chestnut Hill, and with virtually no involvement with the College or classmates. Over the years, the

Swarthmore alums I have run across have generally seemed knowledgeable, capable, conscientious citizens of the world, able to see the big picture while executing their part of it, and I guess that reflects some things we picked up at the college. But my visits back to the campus make me think it has turned into a country club for students.

---

## Ronald Russell

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## Steven Saslow

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**George Spann**

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Email: spann@thomas.edu



Major:  
History

I am retired since 2013 and live in Belgrade, Maine. My wife Marty, whom I met at Swarthmore, died in September, 2013, following a twelve-year battle with breast cancer. We have two children and a granddaughter. Our son Geoffrey is in the U.S. Army in Germany, having recently completed a one year combat tour in Afghanistan. Our daughter Jennifer works in Charlotte, NC. Marty and I had lived in Philadelphia for 23 years prior to moving here in 1989. I came as president of Thomas College in Waterville, retiring in July, 2013. Life in Maine has been good, even though the current winter has been "wicked" fierce. Eighteen below last week.

---

**Niki Giloane Sebastian**

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Major:  
Psychology Honors

**Meri Skura**

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Major:  
Psychology Honors



**Edith Springer**

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Major:  
Economics

After Swarthmore I spent two years at The Fletcher School, worked at the U.S. Treasury for a year and then went off to Princeton to get my Ph.D. in Economics. I next spent several years consulting and did a two-year stint on the staff of the Council of Economic Advisers. I then got into the investment business at Brown Brothers Harriman, where I spent 15 years as an investment counselor, retiring in 2001. Since then I have pursued several volunteer activities, most recently as a Gallery Instructor for Boston-area students at the Museum of Fine Arts. I am also a competitive ballroom dancer.

I transitioned into Edith — same smile, same magnetic personality, just a new look — 14 years ago and have never

looked back. I have been married to Lavinia Chase for 41 years, and we live in historic Concord, MA. Our family consists of three children (two sons from my first marriage and our daughter) and five grandchildren.

**Dorita Sewell**

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May to November: 3601 Connecticut Ave NW,  
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Major:  
Philosophy Honors

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Major:  
Political Science

"Reflections on the years since Swarthmore" is a huge topic for a short essay. I'll limit myself to a few words about the two most important gifts Swarthmore gave me, a passionate belief in intellectual rigor and a deep respect for the views of others.

Since Swarthmore, every time I've read a non-fiction book or article, I've automatically asked myself, Is this well-argued? Is it well-researched? Is it intellectually honest, in the sense of dealing with obvious arguments or evidence that would undermine its thesis? I hope in a lifetime of writing and editing articles, I've consistently asked myself the same questions.

I've always been willing to argue for my views, but I would like to think that I've also been someone who listens carefully to what oth-

ers have to say, and can be persuaded by other points of view. Certainly, my views on the world have changed quite a bit over the past 50 years, partly based on changes in the world around me and partly in response to persuasive arguments I've heard or read. In some matters – religion, for example – I can thank Swarthmore for teaching me that logic doesn't provide all the answers, and that honest, ethical, caring people can reach very different and equally valid conclusions.



**Richard Shampaine • Rick**

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Major:  
Economics

I went to Law School and began to practice corporate law. Deadly dull. Quit and went into healthcare for about 15 years. Since then, 30+ years in Franchising, helping people find the right business to go into. Married to Karen Penny Shampaine (not my first). One daughter (in Los Angeles) and two granddaughters.

**Paul Stevens**

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Major:  
 Mechanical  
 Engineering

The years have been good — part of a Quaker match-box couple, two children (one a ‘Swattie’) and two grandchildren. A variety of associations with the college included Assistant Coach for Men’s Lacrosse. Additional degrees acquired are an MS and a Ph.D. in Mechanical Engineering. Athletic pursuits continued

after SWATS — amateur soccer and lacrosse for years after college, youth coaching, skiing and kayaking. Career in a variety of interdisciplinary technical areas. Many continuing relationships with classmates and other Swarthmore alumni from classes of the 60’s and the late 80’s — truly wonderful people with such

a variety of interests and contributions to our country and the world. The Quaker values first encountered at Swats remain valuable to this day — consensus decision-making, respect for each individual and ‘speaking truth to power’. During and after the Football Decision of 2000 I felt that the College lost sight of its Quaker heritage and these values. The College — the wonderful place it still is — would do well to reaffirm its heritage and values.



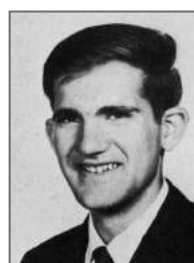
**Deete Kunkle Sheffield**

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**Eric Smith**

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Major:  
 Physics Honors

## Richard Stone

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Major:  
English Literature  
Honors

I view my time at S'more as half-idyll and half-hell (estranged from sexuality and inner sensibility). Being tense all the time, never having heard about being gay. No blame — probably that was the best I could hope for then.

I've had no real career, except for keeping sane and trying to understand what living asks of us. But have had a lot of telling experiences, interacting with people who touched me deeply. My 50 years of writing chronicles this odd life — a bibliography can be found at <http://www.partnershipsinunderstanding.wordpress.com/> Beside the writing and the living behind it, things I value include:

35 years of living with a man who's brought color

and music and acceptance into my life.

Learning to include "living in the body" with "living in the mind", working with several teachers and disciplines, especially Yoga (which I teach).

Helping establish two strong local institutions (The Fresno Center for Nonviolence, and The Community Alliance — a monthly progressive journal, a miracle to find in Fresno).

Teaching/counseling in a range of settings, with people of diverse ages and backgrounds (from Ethiopia to Birmingham, Alabama to Fresno, California, from chronic mental patients to high school drop-outs) currently with inmates at a local state prison.

Having several non-drug-induced excursions

into alternate states of consciousness, leading to a radically changed understanding of what living is all about.

I have tender feelings for that poor lost young man who wandered through fours years at S'more so alone even while learning deeply from classmates and the school environment. I am glad to have known him, and hope some of you are, too.

## Nathan Smith

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## Richard Snyder

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Major:  
Physics Honors

## Ann Stuart

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Major:  
Zoology

I left Swarthmore dreaming of a Ph.D. and of doing cutting-edge research. However, while gender-unconscious Swarthmore had prepared me academically, my professors seemed unaware of the prejudice lying malignantly in wait beyond college. It began in senior year when I was denied an application to the graduate school by Princeton (“we do not admit women”). Jerry Feldman '64 obtained an application for me and I brazenly arranged an interview. I was actually admitted, but chose Yale over the hostile Princeton climate. I mention one more situation (of many): As a postdoc at UCLA I was left behind when the entire lab group went to the Great Barrier Reef — because a female could not be “properly accommodated” on the (NSF-funded) boat. But then came 1972 and Title 9, and suddenly departments with government funding needed to hire women! Courted by multiple universities for my first assistant professor job, I chose Harvard Neurobiology — the premier neurobiology department at the time. The NSF-funded boat would have had to ac-

commodate me after Title 9! Hurrah for this transformative legislation whose reach extended far beyond athletics and must have helped other classmates.

For most of my professional life I have migrated each summer to the MBL in Woods Hole. The magnetic pull of this institution started in Martin Auditorium during a seminar by HK Hartline (father of two S'more boys), who had done his Nobel work there. Smitten by his description

of this magical lab by the sea, my first action after graduation was to drive straight to Woods Hole. In time I arranged to move my lab there each summer, I met my husband there, and I established friendships with so many also-migrating colleagues that even in retirement I MUST return. What an enviable life style, triggered at Swarthmore!



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Major:  
Economics

My degree in Economics helped in my career as a commercial property insurance underwriter working for several different companies. While working for a subsidiary of Safeco Insurance Company in Seattle I was responsible for the property results of Safeco Surplus Lines Insurance Company, was vetted at Lloyd's of London and held the underwriting authority for a Lloyd's contract.

My final 11 years were with a subsidiary of General Reinsurance Company. I retired in 2007 and moved to Reno, NV. I read mostly non-intellectual mysteries and novels with an occasional history thrown in. My wife and I have made 4-6 trips out of the country since 2008. In 2014 we

visited Thailand, Vietnam, Cambodia, Iceland, Norway, France, Newfoundland and China. I'm treasurer of the church I attend and

keep busy when we are home. My only contact with Swarthmore is following a few classmates on Facebook.



**Christina Chiknas Sokol**

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**Deborah Benish Stanford**

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Major:  
French

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Major:  
 Political Science-  
 International  
 Relations

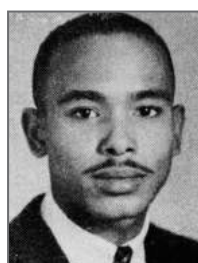
I left Swarthmore and went to law school determined to be a civil rights lawyer, after having been active while in college in the civil rights movement and in the Chester Tutorial. I got no closer to that goal than being a law clerk to one of the leading civil rights lawyers of the time, U.S. District Judge Constance Baker Motley, but the public service commitment, instilled in me by the college, did influence most of my working career. For all but a dozen years of my 40+ year working life, I held jobs in the public sector in state and local government, both as a lawyer and finance professional. I greatly enjoyed those jobs, especially my last one as the Director of Finance and Management for the City of Columbus,

OH. I like to think I made some modest differences in the lives of people affected by the jobs I held. It was Swarthmore and its ideals that led me to want to do this, and I thank the college for that.



**Colston R. Stewart III**

Deceased, 6 June 2007  
*In Memoriam, page 173*



**Lindsay Stewart**

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Major:  
 Political Science

## George Thoma

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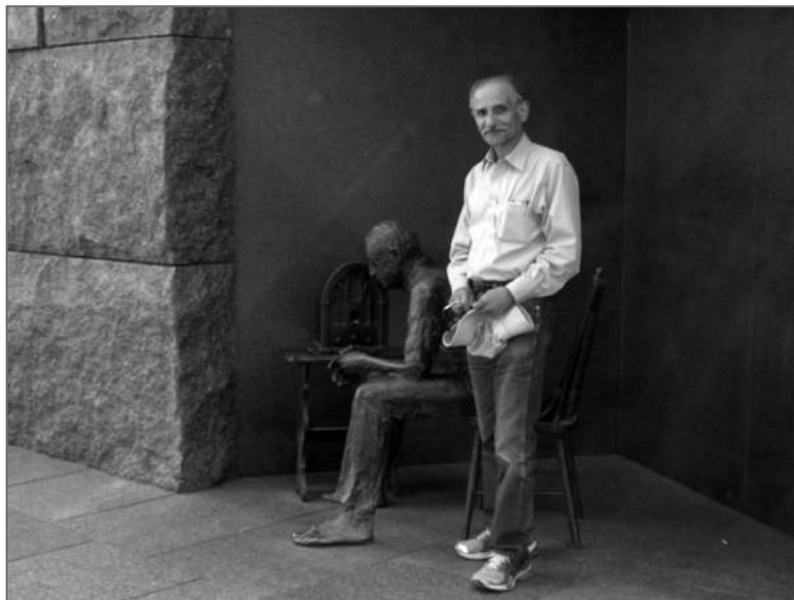
Major:

Electrical Engineering

Swarthmore's liberal spirit and social message led me to work that balanced my engineering education with social values. That is, unlike most of my buddies (at Penn's engineering graduate program) who went to work for the defense industry — normal for the

time — I chose to work in the civilian satellite sector at General Electric. A couple of years later, I came to the National Library of Medicine's R&D division to continue satellite work, but later branched into advanced tools and systems to support medical research,

a job that 40 years later I am still doing! It has been a great ride, and I owe my choices (in part) to professors like Carl Barus who taught Electromagnetic Theory at Swarthmore — Carl was a most delightful person who with his wife Bunty had spent a year teaching in Nigeria and regularly held Nigerian "High Life" parties at his home on campus. Among the lessons imbibed from faculty like him was that you could combine a scientific or engineering profession with a liberal social goal, and for that I will always be grateful.



## Marianne Lanfer Tate

Deceased, 7 August 2003

See *In Memoriam*, page 173



Major:

English Literature

## Hildreth Crosser Taylor

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Major:

Spanish Honors



**Louise Seelinger Thompson**

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Major:  
Economics

Laurence Lafore's Last Collection speech defined a true liberal as "someone whose opinion on any given subject cannot be predicted", i.e. think for yourself, don't be predictable. I've tried to do that myself and teach our children the same.

After hanging out awhile, I worked in London for a year, living with Sally Robinson and hitchhiking around the island every weekend. I returned to the U.S., joined the Peace Corps, and spent 1967-1969 in Upper Volta (now Burkina Faso). I then worked for the Peace Corps in D.C., met now-husband Bill Thompson, and returned to Africa working on PC training programs in Swaziland and in Kenya. I

enjoyed six months of road trips through southern and western Africa, camping along the way, encountering many animals, a swamp, a volcano and a desert.

Back in the U.S., Bill got a job in Philadelphia where I went to Temple University Law School. Son, Andy, was born in 1977, not long after law school, and in 1978 I began work as a staff attorney in the regional legal office of the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection, specializing mostly in air and waste law. I took a short break when daughter, Julie, was born in 1980 and then became head of the office of 12 attorneys, 1989-2008. I loved the work, always felt we were doing good things,

enjoyed my colleagues and clients, and was never bored in 30 years.

I retired so that Bill and I could have fun while we're still able. We have two grandchildren in Richmond, VA, and visit there for almost a week every month. The third grandchild is brand new, in West Philly. My motto in retirement: simple pleasures are the best, including playing with grandchildren, gardening, walking, practicing yoga, singing in my (challenging) church choir, going to the beach in NC with the family, hiking, and taking road trips with Bill to a friend's ranch in Montana, to the Canadian Maritimes and the Gaspé Peninsula.

**Ernest Tempelmeier**

Address unavailable



Major:  
Physics

**Ursula Bentele Tenny**

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Major:  
History Honors

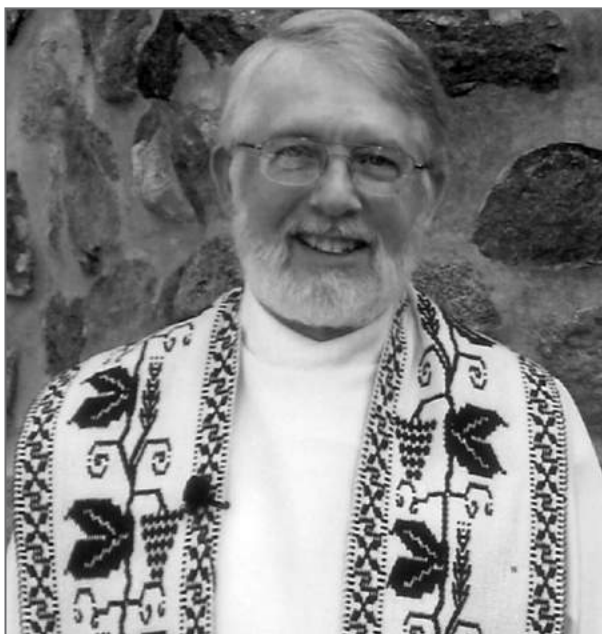
## Bruce Tischler

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Major:  
Physics Honors

Setting aside graduate study in biophysics, I accepted a one-year fellowship for a trial year at a theological seminary to consider ministry. A challenging and fulfilling trial year at Union Theological Seminary in NYC convinced me of a call to ministry, developing ministry abilities in urban settings, and growing engagement in justice and anti-war movements. Two more years at Union completed my M.Div. and preparation for ordination in the Presbyterian Church.



Then for 45 years I served as pastor of churches in Philadelphia and northeast Pennsylvania and staff positions in regional church bodies in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, New York, and New Jersey, retiring in mid-2013. Throughout these years I attempted to live out commitments to peacemaking, minority empowerment, and justice for women, racial/ethnic groups, and gay and lesbian persons.

My wife, Jean DeGraff Tischler (B.A. in history, Hope College, and M.Educ., U. Penn.), and I recently celebrated our 40th wedding anniversary with a renewal of vows at the Tabernacle United Church in Philadelphia, where we were married. Jean committed most of her working years as a director of Christian education and youth ministry. Her deteriorating health, caused by metastatic breast cancer, detected in a lung in 1993,

forced her to retire about five years ago. In most of the intervening years the cancer was "indolent." In June 2014, however, two large, rapidly growing brain tumors were identified and were removed with surgery, followed by gamma-knife and whole-brain radiation treatments.

Our daughter, Anna (S'more, '99) received a Ph.D. in microbiology from Tufts and now is assistant professor of microbiology at U. of Minnesota. Her younger brother, James (U. of Cincinnati, graphic design) is a lead graphic designer at The Gap in NYC and the father of our first grandchild, Violet Joan, born 9/11/2014.

**John Troyer**

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Major:  
Philosophy Honors

I married Stephanie Fantl in June of 1965. We then moved to Boston, where I got a Ph.D. in Philosophy from Harvard and she got a Ph.D. in Mathematics from Northeastern. We spent 1969 in Oxford with our one-year-old daughter Jennifer. We returned to Connecticut in 1970, where I taught at UConn and Stephe taught at U. of Hartford. Our second daughter, Gwyneth, was born in 1978. Stephe died of cancer in 1989. In 1992 I married Barbara Sanders, a Psychology professor at UConn. I retired in 2010. Barbara and I live on 25 acres in Storrs and travel quite a bit, including (in recent years) April in Paris.

**Thomas Tilton**

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Major:  
Economics

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**John Thoms**

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Major:  
English Literature  
Honors

Career: 1966-2010

M.A. Columbia, 1967, in 16<sup>th</sup> century English literature.

Ph.D. Columbia, 1979, in Medieval Literature.

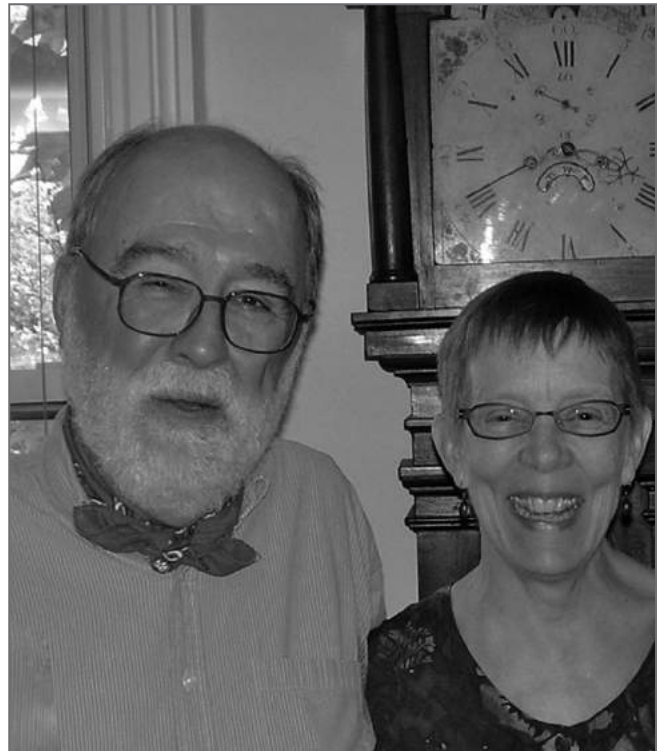
Tenured Associate Professor at New York Institute of Technology (NYIT), 1979-2010..

President of Students for a Restructured University (SRU) at Columbia, Spring/Summer 1968.

Four years as President of AAUP Collective Bargaining Unit, NYIT.

Married Judy Johnson, 1969.

2 children.



## Judy Johnson Thoms

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Major:  
English Literature

Peace Corps: teacher trainer in the Dominican Republic. Taught fourth grade in Harlem. Loved being with the kids, but no good at making them walk in line.

Heard that John Thoms was in town and had been involved with the Columbia Strike. Called and left a message. Six months later, he called back. Dear Reader, I married him.

Went into educational publishing for 12 years, working as an editor at Holt, Rinehart and Winston and Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Best part was working on a language arts series with poet Kenneth Koch.

At Bank Street College, I got a Masters as a Reading Specialist. (Great to teach one-to-one and not worry about the fight in the corner of the classroom.)

Was hired to run the computer room and teach reading at Northside Center for Child Development, a mental health clinic for children in Harlem, where I worked for 24 years, eventually running the tutoring program there as Chief of Educational Services.

45 years with John. He's lucky I can cook, and I'm lucky he's the Tivo master. But mainly we're lucky in our children!

Annie: Williams College, where she met husband Jeff, a computer forensic analyst. Annie's a teacher of English at Stuyvesant High for 12 years. Now working as a teacher mentor in the Bronx, and caring for their three children, ages 8, 5, and 2.

Michael: Deep Springs College, the U. of Wisconsin, organic farmer, and Peace Corps in Mauritania. In the Teaching Fellows program in New York, he met another Peace Corps returnee, who had served in Bangladesh. He and Grace married, and enrolled in doctoral programs at NYU. They are expecting a baby in May. They live in lower Manhattan and Annie's family is in Brooklyn, so we are all close enough for babysitting and birthday parties.

## Diane Levine Umemoto

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Major:  
French Honors

Swarthmore taught us to be flexible, and I've certainly needed that as life took unexpected turns. I thought I was headed for a career as a literature professor, and went on for an M.A. and Ph.D. in Comparative and French lits. Then I found myself in Asia for the next 30 years where that was

of minimal relevance. I did teach a bit in Indonesian and Thai universities, but my most rewarding career was teaching high school English and Social Studies in the international schools. Happily teaching techniques had moved on from the old lecture format to far more interactive "motivational strategies" — techniques that are only now being introduced as a grand new thing on the college level (including S'more). In Swarthmore, I wasn't allowed to take exclusively literature seminars, but the art history minor turned out to be a tremendous blessing. I joined study groups and lectured on Asian art in Thailand, using the comparative techniques I'd

learned in Hedley Rhys's classes, and a few decades later in London was finally able to teach the AP art course for a year. I wish I'd taken more applied art, but I've been doing that now in retirement. The honors seminars at Swarthmore were tough, but I ended up loving research, which led to a spell of writing cultural articles on anything from betel chewing and magical tattoos to women (esp. the mother goddess) in Indian art. My best memories include celebrating 21 by lugging a 3-foot bottle of chianti back from NYC. The beauty of Swarthmore was that it prepared us — or at least, me — well, but not necessarily for what we expected.



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## Emily Fitzgibbons Toth

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Major:  
English Literature

**Elizabeth Winn van Patten • Betsy**

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Major:  
 Fine Arts

Family: After Swarthmore I married Steve Brandt from our class and moved to Berkeley for a couple of years for Steve's graduate work while I worked at the UC Press. We ended up spending several years in Ann Arbor and Boise for Steve's jobs and my graduate work at the University of Michigan before permanently settling back in the Bay Area in 1972. Our son, Rob Brandt, married a wonderful woman September 1, 2012. Their first child and my first grandchild, Evan Zachary Brandt, was born November 5, 2014. Steve and I divorced in 1981 and I

married Norm van Patten. His two daughters and their husbands and children (all in Portland, Oregon) happily complete our extended family.

Work: In the early years after college, while we moved around and when my son was young, I worked at a variety of jobs in a variety of places, mostly involving writing, editing, and publishing. From 1980 to 1992 I worked at Mills College, a great experience, and from 1992 to 2003 at UC Berkeley in various administrative capacities, mostly development.

Fun: Norm introduced me to skiing, at which I never excelled, and to backpacking, which opened a wonderful new world to me. We took at least one major backpacking trip in

the Sierra every summer (the longest was 13 days without restocking), and built a house in Calaveras County in the Sierra foothills as a weekend retreat for twelve years and full-time residence for three more. We also took many great trips both in the U.S. and abroad, with Italy being our favorite destination. Since my primary job now is caregiving for my husband, I am focused mostly on home-based pursuits, including loom weaving and gardening, and looking forward to being a doting grandmother.



## Stacy Wallach

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Major:  
Political Science  
Honors

Penn Law School. Federal clerkship in Manhattan. A year+ on a kibbutz in the Negev. Almost twenty years as a business trial lawyer in Manhattan, Almost 20 years as a commercial real estate business exec. Almost eight years teaching: American history at Berkshire Community College and commercial real estate at Pace University Law School. Marriage — yes, I'm still happily married to my first wife — and two adult children (girls). We lived for almost ten years in Manhattan, then for almost 30 years in Chappaqua, NY (Westchester County), and for the last eight years we've lived in the woods of the Berkshires of Western Massachusetts. Our legacy is our children, of whom we're immensely proud.



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## Ron Tropp

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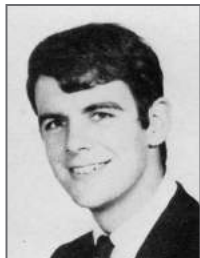
Major:  
Political Science

Over the years meeting with friends from Swarthmore and resuming conversations on various subjects after years of not communicating with each other, and picking up as if we had stopped talking five minutes ago. Discussions during college lasting long into the night on a myriad of subjects. Meeting and marrying Peggy Colvin, 64, still married. Since college I have reconnected with my interest in 20th century world history and have outlined two books that I would like to write if I can ever stop procrastinating.



**Nicholas Warren • Nick**

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Major:  
 Biology

Long, strange trip... Several careers (high school teacher, cabinetmaker/builder, university professor. All extremely fulfilling, fun, and important. Swarthmore gave me (and many of us, I believe) the sense/faith that I could do anything to which I set my mind, and that many doors were open. Relationship path was bumpier. Divorce and a couple of subsequent failed relationships. But finally remarried in 2012, a delightful woman. And two wonderful 'kids' (in their 40s) and two step-kids make the whole thing a great adventure. So maybe the same optimism, from Swarthmore days, was always in play. Many doors were open.

**Christopher Troxler**

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Major:  
 English Literature Honors

**Stephanie Fantl Troyer**

Deceased, 1 November 1989  
 See *In Memoriam*, page 174



Major:  
 Mathematics

## Sally Warren

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Major:  
Russian

Swarthmore was a significant marker for me but I would be hard-pressed to pinpoint specifics. It took a while after graduation to realize that the roots to a different life had been planted during four years of exposure to the Swarthmore experience. But a life of crossing borders did

start and continues today. I didn't imagine 50 years ago that I would spend 30 of the next 50 years living and working overseas, initially in London and Europe, then Hong Kong and Asia, and now retirement in France. An inability to say no to opportunities, each more enticing than the last, more than my share of good luck, the timely advice of friends, the challenge of steep learning curves, and a desire to be engaged with interesting people in a broad range of activities, whether work- or volunteer-related, created the backdrop to a very busy and fulfilling life — so far. I've most often found myself doing things I was not trained to do. Since 1981 I managed to work as an independent consultant. Banking (Russian major, no MBA) launched my life overseas. Contributing to EBRD's restructuring efforts in CEE and the FSU enabled me to develop directorship skills with a focus on corpo-

rate governance. This came in handy during a term on the Board of the American Library in Paris (some directors objected to my citing my experience on Swarthmore's Board noting that ALP couldn't even aim at such high standards). Serving in the early, rocky years on the board responsible for launching the American University of Bulgaria was a treat for the exposure to students and academic life. My meager Russian skills have and continue to come in handy whether walking across the Macedonian-Bulgarian border during the Bosnian War, driving across the Trans-Dniester or recently in the local Apple Store.

No regrets, only one decision I would not repeat, close far-flung friendships, continuing pleasure in mentoring young folks ... and if Swarthmore admitted me once again, I would be there.



**Nancy Weiss**

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Major:  
Biology

I often think about two things when my mind turns to Swarthmore. The first is that I am so sorry I was just too inhibited to ever attend Dr. Enders' Sunday afternoon 4 o'clock teas. I knew I didn't measure up to those attending and would be out of place. The other thing I wonder about is why and regret that I didn't stay in contact with anyone in my class?? I have stayed friends only with Marilyn Glater '63. I loved my time at Swarthmore but I'm not sure I ever felt close to anyone in my class. I have thought about it a lot especially since I see myself working hard to keep up with friends I have made since Swarthmore. I think it must have been that I didn't really become a fully actualized person until I was in my forties. By then I had read almost every self-help book written and had finally started to like myself.

Why couldn't that have happened sooner. Who knows what friends I would have now. I hope to explore that possibility, albeit belatedly, at our reunion.

**Almut Katzenstein VonWulffen**

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Major:  
Philosophy

**Anthony Welch**

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Major:  
German Honors

**Nancy Strong Weyant**

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There is no doubt that my two years at Swarthmore significantly informed my life as a woman, a mother, a friend, an inquisitive reference librarian, a teacher, a scholar, and a politically engaged citizen. The convergence of the values with which I was raised, the values of the College and the challenges of the era combined to give me a unique opportunity to make a difference over the years: working FOR Civil Rights, working AGAINST the Viet Nam War, working FOR women's equality and working FOR the economically disenfranchised.

Some of my contributions have been small in scale; some have been more significant. Combined, they have given me a life that has been good and fun and rewarding!



**Marilyn Zoeller Wellons**

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Major:  
English Literature Honors

**David White**

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**Lucia Norton Woodruff**

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Major:  
 History

My life has been good. The 20's had ups and downs, mostly in New York City, Masters in teaching at Bank Street, teaching pre-school and first grade with two years off working for a non-profit, always lots of playing the violin and viola for fun in chamber orchestras and quartets. Met my husband Paul while he was in grad school, just before he began to serve his two years in the Army which included a year in Vietnam in 1969-70. Fast forward. We moved to Austin and married in 1973 when he got a job teaching Philosophy at UT. On the outside we have had a very stable life, have been here ever since, raised our two children here, kept our connection to the East coast with summers in New England. I played violin

until recently in the Austin Symphony and taught beginning and intermediate violin and viola. We have seen Austin grow up from a small town to what it is now.

I particularly remember racing down the hill and across the train tracks with my crutches Spring of Freshman year as I recovered from a badly broken ankle.



**Gary Williamson**

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Major:  
 Zoology

**Cynthia Wilbern Wilmoth**

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Major:  
 Political Science

## Barbara Sullivan Whitson

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Major:  
History

"We do not quit playing because we grow old; We grow old because we quit playing." Oliver Wendell Holmes

Immediately following graduation, I started Peace Corps training, planning to go to Iran as a "BA Generalist" and teacher of English as a foreign language. Plans changed when I met my husband, Lish Whitson, who was training for Afghanistan. We

married before heading to Afghanistan. Our two years in Mazar-i-Sharif were hard, but also life changing. We joke that we had a two-year honeymoon. We have since been to Peace Corps reunions and see friends living near and far.

Following Peace Corps, we moved to Seattle. Lish attended graduate school and law school at the University of Washington while I worked. I enrolled in the College of Education and earned a Master's in Reading Disabilities and a Ph.D. in Educational Psychology. My dissertation discussed gifted education.

We have two children, Lish R. and Kimberly. They have both settled in Seattle after graduate school. We are delighted to have them nearby.

After graduation, I worked in the Shoreline Schools as a psychologist until retiring in 2012. School psychology was a very satisfying career. I par-

ticularly enjoyed working with specialists supporting children with disabilities. My last years were spent working with three and four year olds.

Lish and I have enjoyed extensive travel in the U.S. and abroad, including throughout Europe. After Peace Corps, we travelled east through South and Southeast Asia. We took a People to People trip to China during the 1980's, and we recently travelled to Beijing, Cambodia and Berlin.

In Seattle, we love times with family and friends. We enjoy regular subscriptions to symphony, opera, theater and National Geographic Live!. Book group, bridge groups and nonprofit volunteer boards provide great social networking and support. Lish continues to practice law.



**David Wright • Dave**

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Major:  
Civil Engineering

My life since Swarthmore has had its big ups and downs — I'm not complaining, I'm sure that's not unique. But I'm enjoying a wonderful life now — excellent health, a remarkable wife, a terrific adult daughter, good friends, an active and varied personal life, and still fully active in a career I enjoy, both intellectually and from a strong sense of mission, and in community service.



My CA license plate since 1985  
reads "SWRTHMR"!

**Anne Mosher Wimsatt**

22 N Brown St, Lewistown, PA 17044-1733



Major:  
English Literature

**Cecile Fitzgibbons Wiseman**

3812 Avenue G, Apt B, Austin, TX 78751-5010



Major:  
Spanish Honors

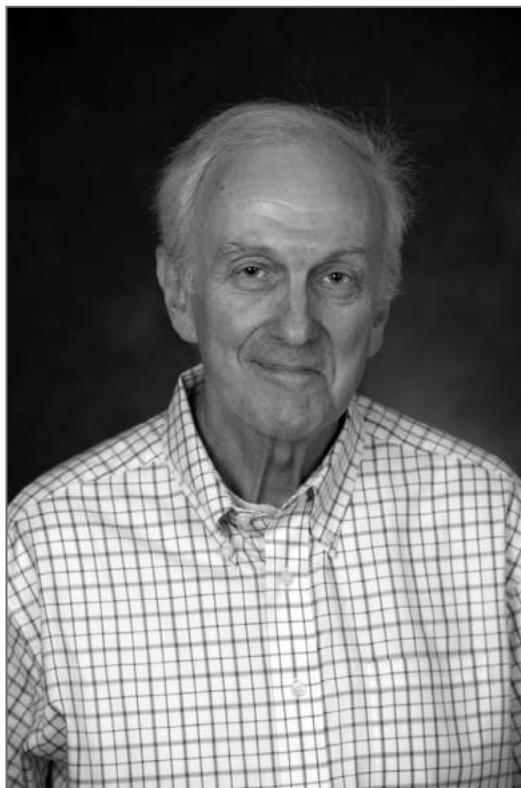
**Gavin Wright**

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Major:  
Economics Honors

Since I have been married to Cathe Winn '64 since September 4, 1965, naturally we have many shared memories of Swarthmore. High on the list is the Swarthmore-Wade House Summer Studies program, where we first met. We achieved our short-term goal of encouraging promising middle-school students from Chester to apply to and attend Swarthmore. The program continues in much-revised form to this day. We would love to see some of our fellow counselors at the reunion.



---

**Judith Banister**

c/o Javelin Investments, Guan Cheng Yuan, Bldg 16,  
Apt 21A, Madian, 100088 Haidian Dist., Beijing ,  
People's Republic of China



Major:  
History

**Kim Woodard**

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Major:  
Philosophy



**Sally Banks Zakariya**

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Email: sally.zakariya@gmail.com



Major:  
English Literature  
Honors

A bearded student with a purple crocus behind his ear leads a goat across campus — it's enough to make me apply to Swarthmore and nowhere else. I remember roommates, professors, honors seminars, of course. But mostly I remember climbing Clothier Tower at night ... leaving my window open at Worth for boyfriends to climb in ... playing one of the townsfolk in Ben Jonson's "Bartholemew Faire," my stage debut ... being entrusted with the name of a Philly gynecologist who would fit you for a diaphragm, no questions asked ... singing folk songs in Crum Meadow ... walking along the railroad track to buy beer in Media ... and reading reading reading.

**Barry Yoselson**

RR 7 Box 7272, Montrose, PA 18801-9211



Major:  
Russian Honors

**Lawrence E. Zuckerman**

Deceased, 22 May 2010

See *In Memoriam*, page 175



Major:  
Psychology Honors

Stanley David Adamson

Deceased,  
8 November 1971

I grew up with Stanley and we came to Swarthmore together. He died much too young, but doing something he loved. (*Don Cohn*)

Stan Adamson and I first met in about 1959, when we were alphabetically selected roommates in one of the first post-Sputnik NSF summer programs intended to boost high-school students' interest in science: he from Oak Ridge, TN and I from Louisville, KY, meeting in Knoxville, TN. By chance, we both elected to attend S'more as chemistry majors, sharing many courses and seminars. Independently, we each chose the biochemistry program at the University of Oregon. We both wanted to climb glaciated mountains, and Eugene, OR was perfect for that. At the U of O, Stan and I often climbed together at least for the first few years of training, summiting Mts. Shasta, Hood, and Rainier together. Then Stan's focus settled on Canadian and Alaskan epics, while I fell hopelessly in love with the North Cascades.

I graduated from U of O and proceeded to a post-doc in St. Louis while Stan stayed in Eugene, preparing to climb Mt. St. Elias. By chance, I had returned to Eugene to finish something when Stan died on St. Elias. (*Will Bloch*)

I doubt that most of our classmates know that a pitched battle was going on during our senior year between the retrogressive faculty in the Biology Department and a small cadre of students who were interested in the fledgling field of molecular biology. Stan was a Chemistry major, but a Biology minor, and was a leader of the effort by disaffected students to educate themselves and others in the new area. I recall his giving a talk in DuPont Lecture Hall on the 1961 paper by Jacob and Monod that demonstrated the existence of messenger RNA and won them a Nobel Prize. For his impudence and advocacy, Stan was refused after-hours entry to Martin Hall - the key given to students who wanted to study there at night was retrieved from him by Dr. Enders. Stan was brilliant and fearless. He went to graduate school at the Institute of Molecular Biology at the U of O and would undoubtedly have made a greater scientific impact had he not died before receiving his Ph.D. (*Dana Carroll*)

Stan made some of Outing Club's campus evenings into much more of a party atmosphere, but he demanded accountability as president and editor. His mother had been a journalist, and Stan had an editorial plan how we would create a caving newsletter that was competitive on a national basis. During his 20's he had a deep awareness of how people, science and funding interact — which awareness I didn't achieve until age 60.

Stan would do experiments on everything in his life, including testing whether a sleeping bag catalog's assertions were true or not. In 1966 I led a trip up Denali, Alaska's highest mountain, with Stan and Charles Bailey '67 and Malcolm, a brother of Ted Moore '66. Stan saved Malcolm's life by stopping the fall when Malc fell down a glacier crevasse. He may have saved my life too by insisting that we immediately stop trying to cross snow-bridges over crevasses while the sun was shining down upon them.

After we adopted a nocturnal schedule, using the cooler midnight sun, we suffered no further dangerous incidents and three weeks later we planted the Swarthmore pennant atop the highest point in North America! (*Tuck Forsythe*)

Stanley David Adamson (cont.)

Stanley, Eric Smith and I had dinner with one of our young professors (Robert Leyon?, Gene Klotz?) and whoever it was played us a mind-blowing record by this new group called The Beatles. We were so jazzed by it that we ran and jumped all the way back to campus, hiding in trash cans and popping out at each other. Stanley was a great friend...full of life and crazy ideas. I miss him, and always will! (*Judith Levine Feldman*)

The most important of the many lessons I learned at Swarthmore was how many scientific questions haven't yet been solved. Partly, I learned this from our professors, especially Bill Denison, Norman Meinkoth and Gilbert Haight. But to a greater degree, I learned it from fellow students, and most of all from Stanley Adamson. On a long canoe trip through southern cypress swamps, he and I discussed how useful it could be if science courses specifically mentioned which particular questions seemed to be most on the verge of being solved, and that we could reasonably hope to tackle in graduate school and future careers. Stanley's dissertation research began the solution of major questions about control of biochemical syntheses, and earned him a page in Developmental Biology textbooks. If his life hadn't been ended so prematurely by that avalanche in the Yukon, he would have revolutionized understanding of nerve connections in developing brains.

As to Stanley's ideas about guiding students toward questions that are ripe for solution, I have been teaching "Unsolved Problems in Cell Biology" every fall semester for 40 years, to a total of well over a thousand students. A few of those years my students have included Swarthmore alumni. The crushing difficulty of the college itself left me confident that, because I never quite flunked out, no future problems could be too difficult. (*Albert Harris*)

My memories of our deceased classmates are mostly images from over half a century ago, when all of us were youthful, vibrant, and a little bit awkward with the exception of Debbie Poole Bhattacharyya, with whom I maintained contact on and off until she was too consumed by cancer to communicate herself, at which point her daughter Karabi periodically updated her friends on the final chapter of her life. One might say Debbie was "unconventional," but to my mind, she seemed to carry the hallmarks of a Swattie: followed her heart, rose to every challenge, charged fearlessly into unknown territory, and lived a very rich life serving mankind. Debbie was by no means wealthy in the conventional sense, but rather in the way Thoreau defined wealth: "Wealth is the ability to fully experience life." This path to "wealth" began when Debbie took a leave from Swarthmore after her freshman year to join a French organization called "Service Internationale." She served in India, and within a year, she became a bride to an Indian colleague in the same organization, and within a year thereafter, mother to Karabi. Subsequently, she had another daughter, Ketaki. For several years, Debbie and I found ourselves in the same area, she at Wittenberg College and I at Oberlin. Other than that, the territories that Debbie ventured into were different from mine, so I feel especially privileged to have shared her life experiences, however vicariously. (*Vivian Ling*)

Really likes you! (*Lois Thompson Murray*)

Deborah Poole Bhattacharyya

Deceased,  
31 August 2009



*Deborah Poole Bhattacharyya and husband Jnanabrota at their wedding in 1963.*

**Steven W. Bourn**

Deceased,  
19 February 2006

Bunny." It's not appropriate to say here how he got this nickname, -- but he earned it while doing what I will always remember about Steve: having fun and making sure those around him had even more fun. He was only with us one or two semesters -- and it was not the same place after he left. *(Tom Krattenmaker)*

**Steven A. Delibert**

Deceased,  
28 July 2004

My most vivid memory is of Steve in a leopard-skin "strong-man" outfit striking the gong (à la Rank Films) to open one of our Hamburg Shows. He was also one of a group of eight of us that "occupied" Wharton during our sophomore year. Years later, my wife and I and our new-born son lived with Steve and his wife for three years in their brownstone in Brooklyn while it was being renovated. *(Don Cohn)*

TRAINSPOTTING! I can't hear or get on a train without thinking of Steve. We'd go down to Chester to watch freight trains go by ... how many other Swarthmorons stocked bar cars on a railroad as their first post-graduation job? A lawyer, Steve was President of a short line in upstate NY, trying to get a tourist rail line going when we lost him. He'd probably be upset at the new High Line Park in Manhattan -- he wanted to see trains run on those tracks again, and shared dreams about them with me when we walked along the line running through NY buildings in the 1970s. *(Peter Meyer)*

Steve was the subject of one of my favorite Swarthmore stories. He was a railroad devotee. Instead of studying for a History midterm in Prof. Lafore's class, he spent a full day at the train yards in Philadelphia. When he sat down for the exam, Steve had no idea how to answer the questions and, instead, wrote a description of his wonderful day with the trains. Prof. Lafore wrote on his exam paper (approximately), "Yours was by far the most interesting paper I read, but I cannot in good conscience give you a passing grade for it. If you do well on the final, I will forgive this failure." Swarthmore student, Swarthmore professor. 'Nuff said. *(Dana Carroll)*

Steve and I shared a love of trains and train stations, and we had some great conversations about those and other interests. One time he told me about studying for an exam for a class with Lawrence Lafore, but he just could not focus, so he spent that evening walking around Philadelphia. In the exam blue book he apologized for not knowing the material and described his experience in Philadelphia. Mr. Lafore wrote back, saying he understood perfectly, and invited Steve to re-take the exam when he felt ready, which he did *(Ron Hale)*

Kindness. *(Lois Thompson Murray)*

**Patricia Machol Dominus**

Deceased,  
22 August 2009

Our “floor” met the first evening of Freshman Week, a group of girls from all over, all new, all nervous except for Pat. Ultra-urban, completely with it - a college counselor had pointed her toward Swarthmore while I ignorantly perused Lovejoy’s College Guide, and, to fill out her application, she hadn’t sat at a kitchen table in front of the wood stove, Dirty Bird dinging like the typewriter bell from his cage. The two of us were not your first pick to become best friends. But we did.

Graduation came but the friendship flourished. Pat married and got a job at a bank in New York. She and Bart rented an apartment in Greenwich Village, so tiny you could simultaneously wash your feet in the tub and face at the sink. Pat cooked her way through the James Beard Cookbook and climbed the corporate ladder.

I never lived in New York but international flights usually landed at JFK and for years Pat and Bart were the first US port of call. We changed, there were children, Pat and Bart moved uptown, I got married and joined the Foreign Service. But at each arrival we took up the skein of friendship where it had been put down the previous departure. And each year knit us more closely together.

In 1983 Pat was diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis. Eventually she was in a wheelchair but she never stopped exercising and working toward fitness. Gallant to the last, she usually ended our calls with, “As soon as I can walk again, I’ll come visit you in California.” But some things are left too late, too long. (*Kiki Skagen Munshi*)

Pat was my roommate for our first two years. On paper we had nothing in common: I came from a small town in North Carolina, was not yet 17, and had never been out of the south before I started looking at colleges, whereas Pat was from Teaneck, NJ, and had spent a year in France as an exchange student. Whoever put us together must have realized I would need guidance, and that unknown person has my everlasting gratitude. We soon discovered that we had similar tastes in music, loved many of the same books, and perhaps most important, laughed at the same things. She broadened my horizons in many ways, including a memorable introduction to New York City over our first semester break. She always said that I paid her back by tutoring her in freshman biology, but this was a small thing compared to all she gave me.

Pat’s illness was diagnosed in her late 30s, and she met this challenge with tremendous fortitude and determination. Looking back over some of her letters, I am struck by her optimism and her refusal to let disability keep her from working, traveling, and being a wonderful mother. She read everything she could about the disease, sought out the best treatment, and pursued an intensive regime of physical conditioning. In 2007, she told me that her walking had improved greatly from the last time she had seen me, and concluded her message with “The hell with doctors who say you can’t get better from MS.” That was Pat all over. I miss her. (*Elizabeth Holder Harris*)

Endearing manner, terrific sense of humor, appropriately cynical, nobody’s fool! (*Lois Thompson Murray*)

Pat, the ultra sophisticate, the hall mate with an off campus boyfriend, the ultimate go to gal for explanations about whatever... After college we stayed



*Bart Dominus’ favorite photo of his wife, Pat.*

**Patricia Machol Dominus (cont.)**

in touch sporadically but always seemed to cross paths at interesting moments. Pat and Bart were traveling in Europe in November 2003 and so were able to come to my home for a gathering on my 60th birthday. Here she was, looking terrific, bubbling with excitement, insisting on circulating among the dinner tables, meeting and greeting everyone. So much energy, so totally in the moment, such an inspiration every time I think of her. *(Sally Warren)*

To me Pat was the sun, the moon and the stars; she was my first and only source of happiness. Before her I never knew, never conceived, that a loving and joyful family was possible...that such a thing existed. She gave me both. To this day I do not understand or comprehend why Pat selected me to marry. I simply know that I am blessed that she did so. *(Bart Dominus)*

**Jonathan L. Fagin**

Deceased,  
22 June 2000

Jon was Michael Henle's roommate our first year. Four rooms at the end of a hall in Mary Lyons 4 used to spend time together, and I got to know Jon fairly well. I remember him as being more interested in culture than I, but he had a wild streak. His family invited me to camp with them on Lake George in New York one summer; although a "city boy", Jon had a good appreciation of nature. *(Dick Grossman)*

Jon was next door to my room in Mary Lyon 4 and always cheerful to visit. Then I discovered that the top closet shelf was loaded, wall to wall, with a great collection of classical music LPs. Sure, Jon said, I could borrow and tape-record them. When the appointed weekend date rolled around, there were other guys in the small room, having some big conference and I had interrupted it. Silence. Glances exchanged. Jon turns to me. Eye contact. They're all watching.

"I'm gay -- did you know I was gay? I've decided to tell everyone."

"So what? Can I borrow the records?" *(Jerry Nelson)*

**Devin Vaughan Fitch**

Deceased,  
23 September 1967

Devin had an unusually gentle soul, which I wish I had spent more time learning to appreciate. We lost him way too early. *(Ginger Blake-Harris)*

Devin Fitch will always be part of a very special memory for me, skating on the winter Crum. Devin was a gentle soul and though he could have laughed at the clueless Californian, he didn't. Kind and encouraging, he helped me navigate the Crum, down and back, a joyous moment out of time and place. *(Kiki Skagen Munshi)*

Twenty-five years after graduation, it is almost impossible that any of us should think of ourselves as still young. "In our prime", perhaps, becomes the operative euphemism; and can "wise in our years" be far behind? But Devin remains young. One remembers him as filled with talents, so modestly displayed that they easily escaped attention -- was he aware of them himself? He was an outstanding student who went about his work quietly, without assertion. He was slender and graceful in all his movements. The mind's eye sees him, in fact, as in

Devin Vaughan Fitch (cont.)

motion: running effortlessly at night around the track, on the way back to the dorms after studying in the Library; playing volleyball before lunch on a spring day; pulling out of the air, with a turn of the wrist, a pencil thrown to him from across the room. In these daily movements, in music-making, and in folk dance, the same unhurried harmony seemed to rule his body. He loved company and laughter. The jokes he told were always on himself, and only later did one realize that behind the laughter was distress. Above all, Devin was gentle. It is impossible to attempt to be wise, and to guess what happened to Devin in the two years after graduation. Once our classmate, now young enough to be our child -- it is a privilege to call him into memory. (*Anonymous 1990*)

Jon blew me away with his brilliance in Economics Honors seminars. I never knew Jon outside of those interactions, but was shocked by his death less than a year following graduation, while an econ grad student at MIT. What a loss, what a waste. I've wondered on and off for years if we could have made a difference.... (*Peter Meyer*)

Freuds and I were both Weisenheimers from New York. As freshmen we took sophomore level calculus. There were brief quizzes every Friday. One day early in the semester, Freuds suggested we switch names on our quizzes. I took him up on that, and for the rest of the semester we had a cheerful competition to see who could do better for the other guy. I think it was about even. If the prof ever caught on, he did not tell us. We put our own names on full-blown tests.

We both took Fine Arts to get that requirement out of the way. While it was sort of interesting, we found that playing tic-tac-toe was more interesting -- but multidimensional, not the ordinary game. The 3D game (four 4x4 grids on a piece of paper) got old soon, so we switched to 4D (a 5x5 array of 5x5 grids) and then to 5D (six pieces of paper with a 6x6 array of 6x6 grids on each). Freuds won the 5D game, which we played only once.

Freuds and I were also TAO fraternity brothers, so we saw a lot of each other. We played tennis once or twice. He was much better than I. I will always remember Freuds as a sharp, fun guy. (*Tom Kramer*)

I know that I am not the only one who felt a profound sense of loss when I heard of his passing. Our generation still misses one of its finest minds. To me, Jon will always be the guy who often took the time to tutor me in economics, even though he was "just" another classmate. He always got me thinking straight and never once uttered a condescending word while doing this — although he sure would have been on solid ground had he done so. (*Tom Krattenmaker*)

Freshman year Freuds and I were part of a quad in Pitt with Tom Tilton and Peter Heisen. Freuds was a young whiz from Bronx High School of Science expecting to major in Chemistry. He fell immediately and passionately in love with Economics freshman year and ended up with Highest Honors. We had a lot of fun that year and all joined TAO together. What a shock it was to learn later

Jonathan D. Freudenthal

Deceased,  
16 March 1966



*Jon Freudenthal skating on the Crum.*

Jonathan D. Freudenthal (cont.)

that severe depression had deprived our country of a potential economic genius. *(Mike Mather)*

Jon Freudenthal is firmly lodged in my memory as one of the two best economics students in the class of '65. This had dire consequences for me because the College picked three outstanding economists as outside examiners: James Tobin, Richard Musgrave and Wolfgang Stolper. When measured against Jon, I did not do so well in the written and oral Honors exams, and so I decided to forsake economics for political science in graduate school *(Josef Joffe)*

Robert E. Hawkinson

Deceased,  
22 May 2011



"The Hawk." We were SO clever with our nicknames! Charter member of The Green's Team (it's a bar in Morton, folks) and a sufficiently lousy tennis player that he could play against me. THE quintessential Swarthmore student -- took it seriously, worked at it all the time, cared about doing good work. At a reunion, Bob told me he was about to become a dean and asked me (who had just finished a deanship) for some tips. Right away, I knew he was going to be better at it than I ever was -- and, from the memorial tributes on his death, I know I was right. Hawk, you will always epitomize Swarthmore to me. *(Tom Krattenmaker)*

Ever the political scientist, Bob was an avid teacher who was eventually lured into administrative work involving student affairs at his university. It turned out to be a great fit. His ready wit and infectious laugh fill my recollections. He passed in great style -- while reading the New York Times at his local coffee shop. We all miss him. *(Greg Ingram)*

It was either blind luck or a stroke of instinctive genius by the housing gods that made us roommates in our freshmen year. For many years, Bob was my closest friend, well beyond the four years at Swarthmore. I visited his home in Chicago, became friends with his parents, who also met my parents, and became acquainted with his close high school friends. Bob took me around Chicago, a city he loved and whose politics set him off down the professional road of political scientist. He took me to Second City. I really had no idea where Chicago was when we first met -- somewhere vaguely in the West, probably near the Pacific. But I learned. Bob was a sophisticated social scientist from the get go, though I recall that foreign languages befuddled him -- everything seemed to sound Swedish to him. But he devoured anything to do with politics, with history not far behind. He was already subscribing to journals like *Commentary* when he arrived at Swarthmore. He liked to take afternoon classes and study late into the night, snacks ever handy. The detritus of peanut shells besides his desk in the morning attested to his nocturnal studies. Those who knew him, know he struggled with some personal and professional challenges, particularly finishing his doctorate at Chicago. But he gutted it out, earned this prestigious degree, and, some years later, ended up in the political science department and as a dean of campus life at Willamette University. By then, we were not in contact, partly because Bob apparently never migrated to the digital world or did email. He remained steadfast in the Cook County world of the personal handshake. When he died in Salem, Oregon in May, -- apparently at a Starbucks reading the New



**Robert E. Hawkinson (cont.)**

York Times -- the tributes to him by colleagues and students made clear that he had found a real home and base for his talents there. His warmth, humor, thoughtfulness, generosity, intellectual curiosity, and commitment to learning -- everything I remember about him -- it was all there. He had a huge, positive impact on people's lives. I'm sorry I didn't see it for myself, but it alleviates some of the sadness of his death to learn of his achievements and how much he was appreciated. (*Richard Latner*)

**Katherine J. Heller**

With her sudden, loud, brassy laugh, and wicked grin, Kitty could always get, and hold, my attention. She was wonderful company. She became a very successful lawyer and an essential worker in the Canadian government. I am so sad that I will never see her again. (*John Thoms*)

Deceased,  
20 January 2011

Kitty lived on my hall freshman year. She had terrific energy and enthusiasm and a great smile. (*Kitty Calhoon*)

Hiding deep thoughts! (*Lois Thompson Murray*)

Kitty had a great smile and a nice loud laugh. She once took it upon herself in college to teach me (more loud laughter) how to laugh. She would say, "OK . Stop. Stop right there!" Which only made me laugh more. John and I visited her once in Vancouver BC, and found her personality and laugh the same as ever. She had become a successful lawyer, and had a beautiful house, with art on the walls. (*Judy Johnson Thoms*)

**Shelby Fiske Hoffman**

Shelby was the great confidant, confidence builder, person who knew what was what, and what was not what, person to turn to in crisis (which was just about every day in freshman year). She gave up on life when she was far too young. We still miss her. (*Frances Halsband*)

Deceased,  
26 November 1979

I, and some others who had attended Swarthmore High School, knew Shelby there and at the college. She entered with the class of 1964. She was dramatic, apparently happy to call attention to herself: Shelby frequently dressed in black, dated older men, and quoted poetry (sometimes her own) aloud. I don't think any of us knew how unhappy and frustrated she was. I still smile when I think of her bouncing around campus, a black beret on her blonde hair, not appearing self-conscious in her chosen role as a Swarthmore beat, a follower of the Giants. (*Christine Holden*)



*Shelby Fiske Hoffman at Frances Halsband wedding, 1964.*

## Constance Donal Hoover

Deceased,  
8 April 1998

Connie Donal, my Freshman roommate, arrived about an hour after I did that first day in 1961. Her parents fussed; she clearly wanted them to say goodbye and head home. She was set for college and freedom.

Connie and I were put together because we both loved horses and rode. It was the only similarity but...we managed. Eager to push the boundaries, she moved further into social life than I. Connie was always out there, always striving to achieve, to put the horse over a jump that was just a bit higher, a bit wider, a bit more whatever. She was sure she could master whatever challenge and she was usually right. The one she didn't, "It's not a problem if I smoke, I can quit any time," was the one that stalked her and caught her unawares. It's hard to believe that energy of hers, that boundless zeal for living, is no more. (*Kiki Skagen Munshi*)

I remember Connie sitting silently on the floor of Willets 2 South and leaning against the wall while she awaited the arrival of Dr. Bowie to deal with her dislocated shoulder. He came, put his foot on her shoulder, and yanked her arm restoring the joint to its correct location. No doubt that's not an accurate medical description of the treatment, but it is true that Connie got up and carried on without a fuss. That incident remains fresh in my mind when I recall Connie. (*Sally Warren*)

## J. Douglas Klafehn

Deceased,  
5 May 2006

Doug and I roomed together freshman year - just a couple of country boys being introduced to all of our big-city classmates. Spring 1962 found us attending the Apple Blossom Festival in Doug's hometown of Winchester, VA, as escorts for the "Princess" Lucy Baines Johnson. Although we subsequently headed in different directions, I know that Doug went on to make his mark in the Peace Corps and then at Head Start where he rose to Deputy Associate Commissioner. During this period, Doug published several articles and a book entitled "Putting the Pro in Protégé: A Guide to Mentoring in Head Start and Early Head Start." Doug passed away of multiple myeloma after a long struggle. (*Glenn Kenton*)

There were people at Swarthmore who were closer to Doug than I was. But we were friends and I thought highly of him. We were both members of Kappa Sigma Pi. We were both managers for the men's basketball team. And we tippled together.

I found Doug to be remarkably good-natured and generous. He was also funny: he and I developed what amounted to a routine, a story-telling session like those we overheard from small-town relatives, he in Winchester, Virginia, me in Golden, Colorado. They would go "Isn't that the Higgins girl, the one that married into the Webers?" "No, you're thinking of the young Hitchins girl, the one whose brother went to prison for breaking into Fowler's barn." "Oh, yeah, the one with the big nose." "And hairy lip. I hear that she had a nasty temper." "Shot the lights out at the court house when they locked up the old man." And so on. A glass or two at Green's encouraged that sort of thing.

I was not surprised to hear that Doug ended up doing such good work with Head Start. (*Blaine Garvin*)

**Marjorie Anne Klenin**

Deceased,  
19 January 2008

Marj and I were roommates freshman and sophomore years and I remember how pleasant, intelligent and gifted -- in music, art, language as well as intellect -- she was. I visited with her family in Lititz, PA (Lancaster County) and was so very impressed with their urbane, sophisticated life in such a rural area. Her entire family was talented and accomplished and also very kind and welcoming. Although we had totally different courses of study, she was always supportive. Unfortunately, I did not keep in touch with her after graduation. One fond memory of Marj is the wedding present she gave me in December 1963, a beautiful modern, yet classic crystal bowl with a silver base. I always thought of this gift as an indication of Marj's taste, style, and sophistication. Recently I gave this bowl to my older son and his lovely wife in honor of their 20th anniversary. So her memory lives on in another generation. (*Ann Hild Kouatly*)

**Michael Kortchmar**

Deceased,  
14 July 2008

We came back to Swarthmore from summer vacation - it might have been for the start of junior year. Someone asked Mike what he had done over the summer. He said he had worked in "automotive time and motion engineering." Peter Friedman (I think it was) said, "Shit, Kortchmar, you were parking cars. (*Dana Carroll*)

Michael Kortchmar was a less-than-tidy roommate in the house we shared in the Ville, but the most brilliant of my friends, not to speak of the wittiest. As a writer (he was editor of the Phoenix) and humorist, he was my hero. My special affection belonged to his BSA 600, a monstrous motorcycle, which he let me ride occasionally. His extraordinary talents came to full bloom as writer and director of "Hamburg: Prince of Crum," a Hamburg Show dedicated to a certain Hamlet. My only regret is that Michael did not become a writer, choosing to make a living as a master shipbuilder on Long Island. (*Josef Joffe*)

**Linda Dunbar Kravitz**

Deceased,  
19 March 2005

Linda and I worked for a psychology post-doc, Elaine Karsh, helping with a rat experiment. Our junior year she spent at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, and I went to visit her there. As a Georgia girl she found the cold of the north-land very challenging. The last time I saw Linda she was back in graduate school, studying geography. (*Dick Grossman*)

I remember that Linda was so shocked to be elected some kind of "queen" (like homecoming queen, how quaint that sounds today). She explained that in the South girls spent hours every day putting on make up, whereas she never wore any to speak of. How her high school friends would laugh, she told me, to hear she had been elected some kind of queen for "beauty." She was, however, a beautiful woman. I visited her in Atlanta and remember her father, who worked for the Southern Poverty Law group (to which I donate annually). How she loved to smoke her cigarettes! I lost touch with her, sadly. (*Susan Stanford Friedman*)

### Mildred J. McIntyre

Deceased,  
5 July 2005

I've read that Mildred was a clinical neuropsychologist, and I'm impressed to think of her specialized knowledge of fascinating and complex matters of brain functioning. I lost touch with Mildred before those days, but I won't forget her quietness, her sweet nature, and her poise, at an age when most people are still a complete mess. I'm so sorry to learn that she is no longer among us. (*Dorita Sewell*)

In my mind's eye I remember Mildred as a quiet person, self-composed and friendly in that wonderful way introverts can be. (*Jan Gould Humphrey*)

Millie was one of the quieter ones, perhaps shy, perhaps more reserved, from Boston. We mostly were together through the misery and indignity of still trying to pass the swimming test, in our senior year. Eventually, Dinny Rath — from frustration, more than sympathy, I'm sure — let us substitute floating for swimming, and we graduated. Millie always seemed "proper," perhaps cautious about her place at the college. As someone still relatively new to the US, I did not realize the significance of her address in Roxbury, nor her having attended Girls' Latin. I wish I'd known enough to ask about her family. (*Christine Holden*)

### Barbara Ann Miller

Deceased,  
17 January 1965

She arrived at Swarthmore with all the hopes and aspirations of a typical freshman but with the deeper knowledge of her mortality. She knew her diagnosis and the slim hope that medical science could offer in 1962. Her wit and kindness endeared her to all who knew her. Barb was such a tireless worker and always managed to pull good marks. But she could play, laugh and sing just as easily. Her warmth and friendship can best be described by these lines from Ralph Waldo Emerson:

"The glory of friendship is not the out-stretched hand, nor the kindly smile, nor the joy of companionship. It is the spiritual inspiration that comes to one when he discovers that someone else believes in him and is willing to trust him."

Barbara Miller was my dearest friend. (*Joe Price*)

### F. Douglas Redefer

Deceased,  
11 July 1996

Doug and I were both "Honors Dropouts", -- for the very reasons which led to the substantive changes in the Honors Program. So, when I was writing my English Lit. Senior Thesis, he and I fell into a wonderful afternoon rhythm: After lunch we'd both spend our time researching, reading, writing -- the usual stuff -- until about 4 o'clock. Whereupon, Doug would show up at my back door (I was living off-campus on Elm Street) driving his home-made, and I truly mean home-made, scooter which was powered by a lawn mower engine without, of course, any exhaust. I have no knowledge whether it was registered, but the retrospectoscope fails to indicate under what category of vehicle it could possibly have been registered.

F. Douglas Redefer (cont.)

In any case, and most importantly, it served as a truly merry way to transport us to the bar at "Green's" where we had "our usual" orders of rum collins (clearly plural) and truly solved all the world's problems. (Remember, at least one of us was actually 21 years old, and both of us were fairly bald and had been long-standing customers in very good standing at that legendary establishment.)

I have no knowledge whatsoever of our return trips.

There was and remains no better way to judge a man's mettle, spirit, range of interests, and world view than lawn mower "scooter" rides to and from "Green's".

I miss them, and I miss Doug. (*George Wohlreich*)

For some reason that I don't recall, I seem to be able to visualize Doug Redefer's lanky presence from my Spring 1964 Milton class--perhaps because he was one of the three men in a class of 19. Back in my youth, and yours, I was a tough grader; I gave out two "A's," two "A-'s," five "C's," and the rest "B's," so Doug's "B+" on both his term paper and his final exam, suggest that I also recalled him as a solid student. (*Tom Blackburn*)

Sally Sue Robinson

Sally and I became fiends three years after graduation when we ended up teaching first grade in the same public school in Brooklyn. Some years later, in 1972, when I moved to Washington, D.C. with my husband and baby daughter, Sally shared a house with us on Jenifer Street. There were ups and downs in the friendship, but we corresponded and remained friends until her death.

My most vivid memory of Sally is from an extraordinary trip we took in 1987. That spring, I was living in Lahore, Pakistan with my late husband, who was Pakistani, and my daughter. Sally came to visit and we decided to take a trip. Sally wanted to visit Gilgit and Hunza, in the remote northern area of Pakistan. My husband suggested the valleys of Swat of Kaghan which were less remote (then quite safe, as were Gilgit and Hunza). Sally was adamant. We took off from Islamabad in a small plane, flying past K2, the world's second highest peak. In Gilgit, we hired a jeep and drove along the Karakoram Highway to the Khunjerab Pass and the Chinese border, at 15,000 feet the world's highest border crossing. One night Sally suggested that we lie down in the road and look at the stars from this unique vantage point high in the mountains. I was reluctant and fearful, although there was no traffic along the rutted single track road. Sally insisted. The sight remains with me; never would I have imagined that the sky held so many stars. The memory conveys something of Sally's character for me: her stubbornness was the flip side of her quality of being fully present in her life. The memory, too, makes evident the impact she had on others. (*Julie Diamond*)

Sally in the common area of Willets, "I don't know what I'm doing here; I should be at home baking cookies."

Sally a year or two after graduation teaching at the Bank Street School in New York. (*Suzanne Lorant*)

Deceased,  
23 October 1989

Sally Sue Robinson (cont.)

From 1968 until her death from breast cancer in 1989, no matter how far away she lived, she was always our family's closest and most essential friend. *(John Thoms)*

I did not know Sally very well while at Swarthmore. It was over fifteen years after graduation that we became friends, meeting in Nashville through my colleague Russ Overby. Russ was representing the parents in a dependent-neglect case and sought expert help from a psychologist, who happened to be Sally's doctoral supervisor. Sally, another doctoral candidate, and the supervisor assessed the family at issue. When the trial came, Russ asked the trio if anyone would testify for the family (and against the Tennessee Department of Human Services) and recommend that the children remain with the parents. The supervisor and other student hemmed and hawed. Sally was the only one to be unequivocal and say that she would. She was going to do the right thing, consequences be damned. Russ had tremendous respect for her integrity and courage.

As I got to know Sally, I found her to be engaging, fun, thoughtful, and adventurous. And she faced adversity with a steady eye.

Not too long after we reconnected, Sally finished her program, received her Ph.D., and moved to Durham, North Carolina for a job. I am sorry that I did not develop a friendship with Sally in college, but am thankful that I got a second chance. *(Kitty Calhoon)*

Sally became our closest family friend after college when we ran into her in New York. She was getting a Masters at Bank St. College, and teaching in Ocean Hill Brownsville. She was a brilliant, observant, and complex person, deeply feeling, warm, and funny. She did not suffer fools gladly, yet she bound herself to our family, even as it grew. She knew what to ask and how to listen. She adored our children, and they adored her. We visited her when she was teaching in Tougaloo, and we rented a vacation house with her in Ocean Isle, NC, for several summers, where we sang and swam and played and ate and drank and talked into the night. Sally got a doctorate in psychology, and took us to task when we weren't going on dates enough, or when she saw a way we could help our children feel more secure. When she got breast cancer and died at the age of 46, it broke our hearts. All of Sally's friends brought the quilts she had designed and made for us and our children to her memorial, and we lined the walls with them. All her friends said Sally was their best friend. And she was. *(Judy Johnson Thoms)*



*Sally Sue Robinson with Kitty Calhoon's daughter, 1984.*

Lively and interested. *(Lois Thompson Murray)*

Sally was never my roommate at Swarthmore, but we were very good friends once we discovered that she was from Oklahoma and I from Texas, and since there were very few of us (5, as I recall), we figured we'd been admitted on "geographical distribution". Then we both took our junior years "abroad", as Cordy Jason said, Sally at the Univ. of Okla in her hometown of Norman, and I at the Univ. of Texas in my hometown of Austin. It was after graduation that we lived and traveled together. We both had part-time jobs in

**Sally Sue Robinson (cont.)**

London, so we shared an apartment and spent every weekend for months in 1964 hitchhiking around Great Britain and then several weeks in Europe. Sally worked at a work camp in Czechoslovakia, I hitched over to meet her in Budapest, and we hitched back to London. One of the best times was when we got a ride with some Greek men who, on the pretext of getting some peaches out of their car trunk, tried to put the moves on us. Sally drew herself up to her full height (5'10", several inches taller than any of them), very gently said "no", and walked off down the highway with her thumb up. We had a lot of great adventures and, once back in the U.S., visited each other a lot. Even though her field was child psychology, she never volunteered advice on raising our kids (she had none) unless we asked, but the advice she did give was always very good, since she was very perceptive of our kids' personalities.

It was so awful to lose her in 1989, especially since by then she'd carved out a niche for herself, with many lovely friends, in Durham, NC where she was working on her Ph.D. Her dissertation was approved on November 11, 1988, formerly "Armistice Day", and she said she'd made her armistice with academia.

I still miss her. (*Louise Seelinger Thompson*)

**Colston R. Stewart III**

I hardly knew Chip, but have always remembered him, because he was one of the few Black students in our class or at S'more, and was a really nice, shy, guy. We both lived in D.C. and would ride the Swarthmore chartered bus, home and back, for holidays. He disappeared after a spell. I've looked him up recently, and learned that he transferred to Morgan State U., got his M.D from Howard University, and had a distinguished career as a child, adolescent, and family psychiatrist, both with the Army and Army Reserves and in private practice. He passed away in 2007 and was buried in Arlington Cemetery. Ave atque vale, Chip!  
(*Nancy Myers O'Connor*)

Deceased,  
6 June 2007

Although I had very little contact with Chip and had the sense he was rather uncomfortable at Swarthmore, I have a vivid, visual memory of him: handsome small clipped mustache, elegantly dressed. (*Christine Holden*)

**Marianne Lanfer Tate**

Marianne was my roommate during my junior and senior years. I have always been grateful for the part she played in my life. She had a keen intelligence and seemed to do things effortlessly. She could dash off a paper at the last minute and still get a high grade. Her conversation was engaging and I loved hearing her deep, Marlene Dietrich laugh. Seemingly nonchalant, she nevertheless was committed to enlarging her world, and was open to adventure and new opportunities right up until the time of her death. I cherish the richly detailed and so "Marianne"-perceptive letters from her teaching abroad in Asia and the Middle East. (*Joyce Klein Perry*)

Deceased,  
7 August 2003

## Marianne Lanfer Tate (cont.)

Back in 1964 all English majors had to take either Chaucer with Fritz Klees the oldest member of the department, or Milton with me, the youngest. In the spring semester, Marianne was one of 19 who chose Milton, including 14 members of your class. She was a strong presence in the class, and survived my then very stingy grading standards to earn "B+" on both her term paper and the final exam. *(Tom Blackburn)*

Marianne's Mitteleuropa accent and elegant clothing style set her apart from the preppies and arty types. She always walked gracefully, dressed in unusual, "grown-up" or city-type clothes, and had a characteristic way of tilting her head to one side when listening--attentively--to a conversation with you. *(Christine Holden)*

## Stephanie Fantl Troyer

Deceased,  
1 November 1989

My roommate for four years, Stephanie was wise, kind, smart, and as a roommate great fun and always generous. She was my first friend to marry, just after graduation. She and John had two terrific daughters, and I had the pleasure of having Jennifer live with my family one summer. I think of her often and have few memories of S'more that are not intertwined with memories of Stephanie's enthusiasms and thoughtful perceptions of the world. I still miss her greatly. She died much too young. *(Barbara Hertz Burr)*



*Stephie in her beloved world of dance...*

Mathematics can be austere in its heavy emphasis on abstract reasoning. So how very helpful was this classmate who brought such a refreshing addition of fun and community! Stephanie sometimes organized us to put on a dinner in the Lodges for Prof. and Mrs. Brinkmann. At the 1986 International Math meetings in Berkeley, CA she met me one day for hours, and my memory is that we went to dinner with their older daughter? In 1990, enroute to S'more 25th reunion, I visited their older daughter, then a student at Earlham. She is very personable, like Stephanie. *(Tuck Forsythe)*

Of course, the red hair, the bouncing walk, her love of dance....The last time I saw Stepheie was in Cambridge, heading to Logan airport after an interview trip to Maine. We spent a lovely couple of hours chatting as we walked around Harvard Yard; she was obviously relishing her life there with John, and being a mother. *(Christine Holden)*

What?! Strong spirit. *(Lois Thompson Murray)*

It was not my good fortune to have had Stephanie as a close friend at Swarthmore, but I do remember her as friendly (always had a smile), self-confident, comfortable in her own skin, and brilliant as a mathematician. She was one of the many classmates who awed me. It wasn't long before I got my first inkling that maybe math wasn't for me. This occurred when my faculty advisor asked me something to the effect, "what is a sweet girl like you doing in math?" Soon I discovered that there was the "math" I did before Swarthmore and the "MATH" that Swarthmore math majors did,



**Stephanie Fantl Troyer (cont.)**

and my kind of “math” didn’t necessarily provide a smooth path into “MATH”! I don’t regret the career path that I eventually chose, but I have wondered what the untraveled path might have been if I had had Stephanie Fantl as a close friend and role model. (*Vivian Ling*)

*Vivacious (Carol Replogle)*

I met Stephanie Fantl in my earliest weeks at Swarthmore in 1961, during our freshman mixer period and in our math classes. What a lovely person! We were destined to spend much time together even after graduation, when she shifted as I did to the Cambridge/Boston area. Stephe was a dancer, so light on her feet and creative in her movements. As I played the piano in Parrish Parlor, she would materialize behind me and dance interpretively. We went for long walks in the Crum and study sessions on the top floor of Parrish. We took the train to Philly and hiked to Pendle Hill. We cooked a meal together for our favorite math professor, Prof. Heinrich Brinkmann, and his wife in the Lodges. We hosted violist Michael Tree of the nascent Guarneri Quartet following their Swarthmore concert in January of our graduation year. One of those summers I picked up Stephe from her home in Springfield, MA and took her to Cape Cod for a few days of beaches and piney woods. Stephe was good in math but puzzled by physics, so I helped to pull her through the first year course while we were studying Harmony together in our second year. We kept reconnecting throughout our time at Swarthmore. Later, in Cambridge, she turned up with her baby in a backpack for walks and for a birthday dinner on Beacon Hill with my wife Phyllis. It was so sad to lose her, but it was poignant when her daughter, a law student of my brother-in-law at Northeastern many years later, contacted me to share my memories of her mother. Goodbye, Stephe, I miss you. (*Keith MacAdam*)

**Lawrence E. Zuckerman**

Larry Zuckerman was my roommate for the three years I lived on campus. One could ask for no better. (*Will Bloch*)

Deceased,  
22 May 2010

Great and loyal member of the Tuesday Afternoon Tea and Dialogue Circle, Larry was a creative and caring soul ... and perhaps the only member of the TAT&DC that did not get upset when we did the NY Times crossword puzzle and were stymied by a clue reading “ \_\_\_\_ tea” and could not figure out what type of tea fit the five letter space, only to find the answer was “cuppa.” Let’s raise a cuppa to him! (*Peter Meyer*)

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SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

COMMENCEMENT

JUNE 7, 1965



SWARTHMORE, PENNSYLVANIA

THE ORDER OF PROCESSION

The Chief Marshal

The President

The Chairman of the Board of Managers

The Board of Managers

and Their Guests

The Faculty

The Senior Class

---

THE ORDER OF EXERCISES

Reading of Scripture

Review of the Academic Year

PRESIDENT SMITH

Special Awards

Charge to the Senior Class

BERTHA VON MOSCHZISKER

C. CANBY BALDERSTON

ROY WILKINS

ELLIOTT C. CARTER

CHRISTIAN B. ANFENSEN

Conferring of Degrees

## CANDIDATES FOR DEGREES

## BACHELOR OF ARTS

*In the Division of the Humanities*

SUSAN WRIGHT ALLEN	History	SUSAN CAROLINE LAFFERTY	Fine Arts
SUSAN LEONA ATKIN	English Literature	MARIANNE LANFER	English Literature
SALLY LOVE BANKS	English Literature	DIANE TULLER LEVINE	French
LEONARD BARKAN	English Literature	MARJORIE JEAN LIMBER	English Literature
DEBORAH BENISH	French	PETER HOLBROOK LINEBAUGH*	History
URSULA EVA BENTELE	History	CAROLYN ANNE LOESSEL	Fine Arts
CHRISTINA LESLIE BITTING	English Literature	SUZANNE LOVETT	History
SYLVIA BOGSCH	French	HELEN VIRGINIA LUTTON	English Literature
LOUISA PENICK BRANDON	History	FRANCES HALSBAND MAY	Fine Arts
BEVRA BROWN	English Literature	CAROL PERUZZI MIKELSONS	English Literature
DIANA LEWIS BURGIN	Russian	CHRISTINA FOARD MOLL	Greek
CAROL D. CAPLAN	Fine Arts	ALICE ANNE MOSHER	English Literature
GREGG CARR	History	FRANCES ANN MUELLER	History
DONALD ARTHUR COOPER	Fine Arts	SUSAN STANFORD MURDOCK	Greek
GERALD VOSS COTTS	History	ANN M. MURPHY	Latin
CAROL MARGOT CROSS	English Literature	LOIS THOMPSON MURRAY	English Literature
HILDRETH ANNE CROSSER	Spanish	NANCY ROBERTS MYERS	French
WILBUR DAVID DARBY	English Literature	STEPHEN LEWIS NATHANSON	Philosophy
ALFRED JOSEPH DEGRAZIA, III	Greek	PAUL SWOPE NEEDHAM	History
JULIE SAL DIAMOND	Fine Arts	EILEEN MARIE NIXON	English Literature
ROBINWYN HUGHES DIETRICH	Russian	DAVID KEITH O'BRIEN	English Literature
CONSTANCE R. DONAL	Fine Arts	KAREN OLGA PHILIPPSON	German
LINDA LEE DUNBAR	History	LINDA DIANE PIKE	English Literature
MARC M. EGNAL	History	URSULA WHITFORD POOLE	Psychology
ANN LOUISE ERICKSON	English Literature	RICHARD LIONEL PREDMORE, JR.	English Literature
ANNE TAGGARD FEW	Greek	JOAN SHALER RANKIN	Russian
JEFFREY MICHAEL FIELD	Philosophy	FREDERICK DOUGLAS REDEPER	English Literature
DEVIN VAUGHN FITCH	Philosophy	ELIZABETH ROSENBERG	History
CECILE CRAIG FITZGIBBONS	Spanish	LONNIE JANE ROTH	Mathematics
EMILY JANE FITZGIBBONS	English Literature	SARA JANE SHETTLEWORTH	Psychology
ANDREA EMILY FLECK	English Literature	MEREDITH ANNE SKURA	Psychology
MONA CLAIRE FRISHMAN	English Literature	LINDA ANN SMITH	Russian
RICHARD W. GARNETT, III	Greek	RICHARD ELLIOT STONE	English Literature
NINA CLAIRE GILOANE	Psychology	JOHN CLIFTON THOMS	English Literature
SUSAN CAROL GROSS	Fine Arts	CHRISTOPHER KIRKPATRICK TROXLER	English Literature
LOUISE EVELYN HAWES	English Literature	JOHN GORDON TROYER	Philosophy
ANNE DAVENPORT HELD	Philosophy	SALLY ANN WARREN	Russian
ANNE CHRISTINE HOLDEN	History	STEPHEN ANTHONY WELCH	German
JOEL JAFFE	Philosophy	KATHLEEN ROSALIND WELSH	History
CORDELLA NEWBURY JASON	English Literature	ELIZABETH LOYD WINN	Fine Arts
JUDITH VAN INGEN JOHNSON	English Literature	GEORGE MICHAEL WOHLREICH	English Literature
VIRGINIA ANNE JONES	Philosophy	KIM WOODARD	Philosophy
ALMUT KATZENSTEIN	Philosophy	BARRY ROY YOSELSON	English Literature
LAURA SUE KAUFMAN	Fine Arts	MARILYN ZOELLER	English Literature
JOYCE WINSLOW KLEIN	English Literature		
MICHAEL KORTCHMAR	Philosophy		
KATHERINE OLIVE JOHNSON KRESH	English Literature		

*In the Division of the Social Sciences*

EMILY KLAER ASPINALL	Political Science	KATHERINE JOAN HELLER	Political Science
ROBERT EVANS BABCOCK	Economics	MICHAEL GILMAN HENLE	Mathematics
JUDITH BANISTER	History	JUDITH ANN HENNE	Economics
DAVID BELLAMA	History	ANN M. HILD	Political Science
VIRGINIA LOUISE BLAKE	Political Science	WILLIAM KING HOYT, JR.	Economics
KATHRYN FRANCES CALHOON	History	STEPHEN JEFFRY JACOBSON	Economics
RICHARD EVERETT DAMON	Political Science	JOSEF JOFFE	Political Science
PATRICIA ZEE DEATS	History	KARIN ELIZABETH JOHNSON	Political Science
STEVEN A. DELIBERT	History	GLEN HARRIS KANWIT	Political Science
PATRICIA MACHOL DOMINUS	Economics	GLENN C. KENTON	Economics
ROBERT WHITTINGTON EATON	Economics	J. DOUGLAS KLAFEHN	History
DAVID SPRITZ FLEISCHAKER	Political Science	THOMAS GEORGE KRATTENMAKER	Economics
MARK WILLIAM FRANKENA	Economics	LINDA J. LAMACCHIA	Political Science
JONATHAN DAVID FREUDENTHAL	Economics	RICHARD BARNETT LATNER	History
BLAINE MORRIS GARVIN	Political Science	WILLIAM CHAMPLIN LEWIS, JR.	History
JANET TREMAIN GOULD	Psychology	RONALD ARTHUR LOWY	History
EDITH WALLACE GRESHAM	History	DORTHEA MARIE MADSEN	History
RONALD FRASER HALE	Political Science	THOMAS MICHAEL MATHER	Political Science

\* As of the Class of 1964



MILDRED J. MCINTYRE	Psychology	C. GAIL SISE	History
PETER BERT MEYER	Economics	MELANIE VIRGINIA SKAGEN	Political Science
RENE-VALERY A. MONGBE	Political Science	COREY RICHARD SMITH	Economics
FLORENCE OLIVER MOORE	History	GEORGE RAYMOND SPANN	History
CLARK A. MURDOCK	Political Science	WILLIAM LOBDELL SPRINGER, II	Economics
MARGARET ANN NEISSER	Political Science	JONATHAN ROBERT STEINBERG	Political Science
GAIL ROBIN O'CONNELL	Sociology	LINDSAY D. STEWART	Political Science
MAUD JAMIESON PILKINGTON	History	BARBARA LEE SULLIVAN	History
RAPHAEL LEWIS PODOLSKY	History	EARL EDMUND TARBLE	Economics
SUZANNE ELIZABETH REKATE	Economics	JOEL S. TAYLOR	Political Science-
JEAN ELIZABETH RILEY	History		International Relations
ELIZABETH RING	Economics	THOMAS VEEDER TILTON	Economics
STEVEN J. RISKIND	Economics	LINDA LEWIS TOWNES	Psychology
SALLY SUE ROBINSON	Psychology	RONALD J. TROPP	Political Science
DAVID CAMPBELL ROWLEY	Political Science	STACY LANCE WALLACH	Political Science
FREDRIC ELIOT RUSSELL	History	BARBARA JOAN WEBER	Political Science
GRETCHEN ANNE SCHWARZ	Political Science	CYNTHIA WILLBERN	Political Science
KATHRYN LOUISE SEELINGER	Economics	GAVIN WRIGHT	Economics
DORITA SEWELL	Philosophy	LAWRENCE EDWARD ZUCKERMAN	Psychology
RICHARD PHILIP SHAMPAINÉ	Economics		

*In the Division of the Natural Sciences*

STANLEY D. ADAMSON	Chemistry	CHARLES LEWIS	Mathematics
ELIZABETH RAY ALBERTSON	Psychology	VIVIAN C. W. LING	Mathematics
BARBARA JOAN BAFFA	Psychology	KEITH BRADFORD MACADAM	Mathematics
KARIN BARBARA BENECKE	Biology	TERRY LEE MATHEWS	Psychology
WILL BLOCH	Chemistry	ROBERT DOUGLASS MAY	Mathematics
JULIA E. BUNCE	Botany	JOHN JAY MCKELVEY, III	Zoology
DANA CARROLL	Chemistry	CHARLES GRANT MILLER	Chemistry
ARTHUR ROBERT CIANCUTTI	Chemistry	JEREMIAH NELSON	Psychology
ROBERT BARRY COHEN	Zoology	MARGARET CHRISTINA NELSON	Psychology
DUNELL EDLIN COHN	Chemistry	NORMAN SUMNER PASSMORE, III	Mathematics
STEPHANIE FANTL	Mathematics	JAMES RANDOLPH PREER	Chemistry
WARREN LOUIS FORSYTHE	Mathematics	DANIEL A. PRENER	Mathematics
ERIC MARK FRIEDLANDER	Mathematics	HARRY LINWOOD PRICE**	Biology
BRUCE EDWARD GAINES	Philosophy	JOSEPH WASHINGTON PRICE, IV	Zoology
PETER JAMES GASKELL	Physics	WILSON RADDING	Chemistry
FREDRIC LAIRD GRAESERS	Physics	CAROL ANNE REPLOGLE	Zoology
RICHARD ALAN GROSSMAN	Psychology and Zoology	ERIC NELSON SMITH	Physics
LUCAS P. HART, III*	Chemistry	RICHARD GEORGE SNYDER	Physics
PETER ROGER HEISEN	Mathematics	ELIZABETH SPRAGUE	Zoology
WILLIAM LEWIS HENNING, JR.	Chemistry	ANN ELIZABETH STUART	Zoology
BARBARA BENDEL HERTZ	Zoology	ANNE COMFORT TAYLOR	Biology
ELIZABETH JEROME HOLDER	Botany	ERNEST STEFAN TEMPELMEIER	Physics
RAY SAUL JACKENDOFF	Mathematics	BRUCE EUGENE TISCHLER	Physics
CHRISTINE EDNA KELLER	Psychology	MARILYN JEAN WARKENTIN	Zoology
MARJORIE ANNE KLENIN	Physics	NICHOLAS DODGE WARREN	Biology
THOMAS R. KRAMER	Physics	NANCY LOUISE WEISS	Zoology
RICHARD KU	Mathematics	GARY FRANCIS WILLIAMSON	Zoology
JUDITH ANN LEVINE	Chemistry	COLIN WORDLEY	Mathematics

## BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

*In the Division of Engineering*

GERALD S. BERMAN	Mechanical Engineering	JOHN E. MERCER	Electrical Engineering
HOWARD MORGAN EVANS	Civil Engineering	DAVID SIEN CHIN PAO	Electrical Engineering
PHILLIP GEOFFREY HOFFER	Civil Engineering	HERVEY COKE PARKE, III	Civil Engineering
GREGORY KEITH INGRAM	Civil Engineering	HOWARD ARTHUR PELLE	Civil Engineering
EMMANUEL OKO ISU	Civil Engineering	WALTER HENSEL PINKUS	Electrical Engineering
DANIEL LAURENCE KEGAN	Electrical Engineering	PAUL MICHAEL STEVENS	Mechanical Engineering
ROBERT A. MABRY	Mechanical Engineering	GEORGE RANJAN THOMAS	Electrical Engineering
		DAVID CHANDLER WRIGHT	Civil Engineering

## HONORARY DEGREES

DOCTOR OF FINE ARTS	BERTHA VON MOSCHZISKER
DOCTOR OF LAWS	C. CANBY BALDERSTON
	ROY WILKINS
DOCTOR OF MUSIC	ELLIOTT C. CARTER
DOCTOR OF SCIENCE	CHRISTIAN B. ANFINSEN

\* As of the Class of 1964

\*\* As of the Class of 1960

## SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

## AWARDS AND DISTINCTIONS

JUNE 7, 1965

## HONORS AWARDED BY THE VISITING EXAMINERS

## HONORS:

Stanley D. Adamson, Elizabeth Ray Albertson, Sally Love Banks, David Bellama, Ursula Eva Bentele, Louisa Penick Brandon, Gregg Carr, Hildreth Anne Crosser, Patricia Zee Deats, Alfred Joseph deGrazia, III, Marc M. Egnal, Ann Louise Erickson, Anne Taggard Few, Jeffrey Michael Field, Cecile Craig Fitzgibbons, Fredric Laird Graeser, Katherine Joan Heller, Elizabeth Jerome Holder, Ray Saul Jackendoff, Josef Joffe, Virginia Anne Jones, Glen Harris Kanwit, Marjorie Anne Klenin, Peter Holbrook Linebaugh, Ronald Arthur Lowy, Helen Virginia Lutton, Keith Bradford MacAdam, Clark A. Murdock, Stephen Lewis Nathanson, Margaret Christina Nelson, Elizabeth Ring, Lonnie Jane Roth, Dorita Sewell, C. Gail Sise, Melanie Virginia Skagen, Meredith Anne Skura, Richard Elliot Stone, John Clifton Thoms, Stephen Anthony Welch, Barry Roy Yoselson, Marilyn Zoeller, Lawrence Edward Zuckerman.

## HIGH HONORS:

Will Bloch, Donald Arthur Cooper, Richard Everett Damon, Andrea Emily Fleck, Eric Mark Friedlander, Nina Claire Giloane, Edith Wallace Gresham, Michael Gilman Henle, Laura Sue Kaufman, Thomas R. Kramer, Thomas George Krattenmaker, Diane Tuller Levine, Judith Ann Levine, Charles Lewis, Thomas Michael Mather, Christina Foard Moll, Margaret Ann Neisser, Karen Olga Philippon, Raphael Lewis Podolsky, Sara Jane Shettleworth, Eric Nelson Smith, Richard George Snyder, Christopher Kirkpatrick Troxler, John Gordon Troyer, Stacy Lance Wallach, Barbara Joan Weber, Gavin Wright.

## HIGHEST HONORS:

Leonard Barkan, Mark William Frankena, Jonathan David Freudenthal, Robert Douglass May, Paul Swope Needham.

## DISTINCTION IN COURSE AWARDED BY FACULTY

Diana Lewis Burgin, Dana Carroll, Howard Morgan Evans, Blaine Morris Garvin, Barbara Bendel Hertz, Phillip Geoffrey Hoffer, Gregory Keith Ingram, Marjorie Jean Limber, John E. Mercer, Nancy Roberts Myers, Maud Jamieson Pilkington, James Randolph Preer, Linda Ann Smith, Elizabeth Loyd Winn.

## ELECTIONS TO HONORARY SOCIETIES

## PHI BETA KAPPA:

Leonard Barkan, Will Bloch, Diana Lewis Burgin, Dana Carroll, Donald Arthur Cooper, Anne Taggard Few, Andrea Emily Fleck, Mark William Frankena, Jonathan David Freudenthal, Eric Mark Friedlander, Blaine Morris Garvin, Edith Wallace Gresham, Michael Gilman Henle, Barbara Bendel Hertz, Gregory Keith Ingram, Ray Saul Jackendoff, Laura Sue Kaufman, Thomas George Krattenmaker, Judith Ann Levine, Charles Lewis, Marjorie Jean Limber, Keith Bradford MacAdam, Robert Douglass May, Paul Swope Needham, Raphael Lewis Podolsky, James Randolph Preer, Sara Jane Shettleworth, Meredith Anne Skura, Eric Nelson Smith, Richard George Snyder, Christopher Kirkpatrick Troxler, John Gordon Troyer, Barbara Joan Weber, Gavin Wright.

## SIGMA XI:

Dana Carroll, Howard Morgan Evans, Eric Mark Friedlander, Fredric Laird Graeser, Gregory Keith Ingram, Ray Saul Jackendoff, Marjorie Anne Klenin, Charles Lewis, Keith Bradford MacAdam, Robert Douglass May, James Randolph Preer, Eric Nelson Smith, Richard George Snyder, Ann Elizabeth Stuart, Gary Francis Williamson.

## SIGMA TAU:

Howard Morgan Evans, Phillip Geoffrey Hoffer, Gregory Keith Ingram, Daniel Laurence Kegan, John E. Mercer, David Sien Chin Pao, George Ranjan Thomas, David Chandler Wright.

## SWARTHMORE COLLEGE FELLOWSHIP AWARDS

*The Hannah A. Leedom Fellowship* to LINDA ANN SMITH and WILLIAM LOBDELL SPRINGER, II.

*The Joshua Lippincott Fellowship* to SUSAN STANFORD MURDOCK.

*The Lucretia Mott Fellowship* to CHRISTINA FOARD MOLL.

## SPECIAL AWARDS

The Ivy Award, established by Owen Moon, Jr., '94, is given to the man in the Senior Class who is judged by the Faculty to have shown the highest degree of leadership based upon character and scholarship. For 1965 it has been awarded to Dana Carroll.

The Oak Leaf Award was established by David Dwight Rowlands, '09, and continued in memory of him by Caroline Lukens, '98. It is placed in the hands of the Faculty to be awarded each year to the woman member of the Senior Class who is outstanding for loyalty, scholarship, and service. It has been awarded for 1965 to Andrea Emily Fleck.

The McCabe Engineering Award, founded by Thomas B. McCabe, '15, is presented each year to the outstanding engineering student of the Senior Class. It has been awarded for 1965 to Gregory Keith Ingram.

The John W. Nason Award, a gift of a friend of the College in honor of the Eighth President, is presented, normally at Commencement, to one or more members of the total staff of the College, or to members of their families, who have made a distinctive contribution, beyond the scope of their normal duties, to the life of the College community. The Award is made by the Instruction and Libraries Committee of the Board of Managers upon the advice of the President of the College and consists of a formal citation and a monetary award of \$1000. This year the award is made posthumously to Joseph W. Conard.

The Arthur Hoyt Scott Garden and Horticultural Award established by Owen Moon, Jr., '94, is presented from time to time to the individual or organization who in the judgment of a special committee of selection has contributed most to horticulture and the love of gardening. The Award for 1965 goes to Richard Bayles Farnham, Executive Secretary, Horticultural Society of New York.

*Breakdown of Class of 1965 Graduates, by Major, Program and Gender*

Major	Male	Female	Total	Honors Male	Honors Female	Total Hon- ors
Biology	2	2	4	0	0	0
Botany	0	2	2	0	0	0
Chemistry	9	1	10	2	1	3
Economics	17	5	22	4	2	6
Civil Engineering	7	0	7	N.A.	N.A.	N.A.
Electrical Engineering	5	0	5	N.A.	N.A.	N.A.
Mechanical Engineering	3	0	3	N.A.	N.A.	N.A.
English Literature	9	23	32	3	5	8
Fine Arts	1	8	9	1	1	2
French	0	4	4	0	1	1
German	1	1	2	1	1	2
Greek	2	3	5	1	2	3
History	14	19	33	6	5	11
Latin	0	1	1	0	0	0
Mathematics	12	3	15	6	1	7
Philosophy	8	4	12	3	3	6
Physics	7	1	8	4	1	5
Political Science	14	12	26	6	4	10
Political Science / International Relations	1	0	1	0	0	0
Psychology	2	11	13	1	5	6
Psychology & Zoology	1	0	1	0	0	0
Russian	0	5	5	0	0	0
Sociology	0	1	1	0	0	0
Spanish	0	2	2	0	2	2
Zoology	4	6	10	0	1	1
TOTALS	119	114	233	38	35	73

THE RECEPTION TROPISM

By Laurence Lafore  
Professor of History

I judge that this reception is not to be interpreted as a personal tribute but rather as an indication that you have noticed something out of the way about my appearance.

I arranged it so with no purpose of discourteous travesty or even of amusement. Indeed, my intention may be said to be the reverse of amusement. It is instead directed at recalling a solemn fact. The most solemn of all facts, indeed, which is death. The members of the class of 1965 are at the moment dying. The funeral services will be performed tomorrow morning in a fashion traditionally and appropriately lugubrious. By noon tomorrow you will all have ceased to live as undergraduates. You will be born anew. As bachelors of arts or sciences you will be certified as having been made free men and women, for that is the meaning and purpose of the liberal arts, of whose mastery you will receive an expensively engraved warranty. And it is about the nature of your freedom that I propose to talk to you tonight. Tonight is the testament of an old freedom, and tomorrow will be the birth of a new.

My present costume is then to be construed as indicative of mourning, a species of vicarious shroud for your collective corpse. It commemorates the fact that for some of you, a part of your freedom in the past four years has consisted in presenting an approximately comparable sort of appearance. You will not, upon being reborn, immediately abandon this form of freedom. The habits of your present mortality will persist for a while, but in the next world gradual oblivion will overtake them. It will erase the memory of why you ever thought it would be a good idea to grow a beard. You will come to regard your deportment in this earlier life as absurd and embarrassing. Later, you will forget that you ever were absurd and, confronting your own children, you will come to misremember yourselves as models of gentlemanly or ladylike conduct who spent the four years at Swarthmore attired with conventional chic of a sort appropriate to cocktails at the country club. I am often struck by classmates of mine who, visiting the campus, remark with horror: "We never looked like that." No, in fact we didn't, but many of us looked worse.

Decaying life may, however, persist for a time after death. For a very few it may persist, renewing itself, indefinitely. Several years ago when I was acting as class agent for my class at Swarthmore, which means trying to persuade people to give more money to the college than they want to, I was startled by one answer to my mimeographed appeal. In it, one of my classmates explained why he couldn't contribute. He didn't have any money. It was not that he didn't have any money in the colloquial sense of the phrase; he didn't have any at all, literally. Hadn't had for years. He didn't, he wrote, believe in money. He had conscientious objections to currency in any form. He lived in a hand-built cabin in the woods and raised his own food.

If he had given a return address I should have written to ask how he managed to get a postage stamp for the letter explaining to me his cosmic whim. He could not have been absolutely consistent in his ideals; but still, he was a good deal more consistent than most, and he was prolonging the practice of a kind of freedom which is usually available only up until commencement day.

There may be among you some who will gallantly persist in just such a systematic rejection of a civilization constructed on the premise of shopping centers. There will certainly be many of you who will continue to operate in graduate school in much the same way as you have operated at Swarthmore. For almost all of you, however, such a lease on mortal life and student freedom will be short. Even if you remain in academic circles - and many of you will, for such is the incestuous effect of a Swarthmore education - you will eventually, like snakes, shed your hairy skins and reveal, in the space where there was once a beard, the presence of a necktie. The necktie is a noose; it is the hangman's rope on the gallows where youth is executed.

The beard and the unbarbered head are the symbols among male students of what I believe behavioral scientists call individuation, which is another word for personal freedom. It might be observed in passing that the corresponding symbol for females is, at the moment, the uncut, uncurled, and often uncombed head of hair, so that men and women appear, from a slight distance, as undifferentiated mounds of hair. It is interesting that the fashions of a generation reputed to be devoted to the cause of sexual emancipation should demonstrate that devotion by deliberately obscuring the difference between the sexes. It is not the first time such a thing has happened. In the nineteen-twenties, when the first wave of sexual emancipation struck this country, women adopted what was called the boyish bob, and contrived to flatten their breasts to secure a boyish silhouette, this latter a phenomenon that was depressing in both senses of the word.

It is also interesting that these and other assertions of individual freedom should partake so strongly of the character of a mass movement. The kind of appearance that some students present to the world looks, to the observer, less like the costume of freedom than like a uniform. Freedom to dress exactly like a lot of other people is precisely the form of freedom that is encouraged in the armed forces, and there are, I think, in the kind of life lived by some students, other evidences of the existence of what is sometimes called "the military mind." People who have it nourish a passion for conspicuous anonymity. They find solace through individuating themselves in herds. Just as military uniform confers a license to organized murder, so this other uniform confers a license to organized rebellion.

The prescriptions of freedom for young people, as regards clothes, hairstyles, and sometime opinions, originate God knows where, and permeate through God knows what channels, but they seem to be remarkably rigid. They convert some high schools, and some colleges, into something resembling barracks. One contemporary of mine, a militant fighter for civil rights, was greatly distressed a few months ago when his daughter, a high school junior, interrupted a discussion of conditions in Alabama to observe, in a voice muffled by the curtain of hair through which it had to pass, "Oh, Daddy, do stop talking about that. Civil rights are out." He was not entirely reassured when, during a similar discussion a few weeks later, she said, "It's all right to talk about that now. Civil rights are in again this week."

The fanatical conventionality of certain groups of young Americans need not be viewed with much alarm. It is something old, perennial, and - like death, taxes, and last collections - unavoidable. But other developments, of a not altogether unrelated but much more novel and important character, are now beginning to take place. They also belong, I think, under the general heading of the fight for what is regarded as freedom, and I want to digress from my main point to say something about the students rights movement. It is, I think, a most significant thing that is happening on American campuses, something that puts the traditional struggles of undergraduates to express themselves, to free themselves, in an entirely new light. A specter is stalking our universities; it is the specter of a new and rebellious social class. A social class that has just been invented.

The class of Oppressed Students is in some ways unique in the history of social classes. For one thing, it is wholly unconnected with any economic condition or circumstance. It is striking that some of the student rights agitation is described by its enemies as

"Communist-inspired"; it seems to me very unlikely that any marxist would wish to associate himself with any movement that even suggested the possibility that students might form a social class; such an analysis would completely undermine all the logical foundations of marxist doctrine, since it is only by the wildest stretching that students, as a class, can be associated with any particular stage of technological development, or with any form of gainful occupation, or with any definable position in the gamut of income levels. The most that can be said is that students, as a class, represent a particularly refined and opulent section of the unemployed.

This social class is unique in other ways. It is the only class in history to possess built-in social mobility; membership in it is inevitably lost simply as a result of staying alive for a few years. It is the only social class in history in which membership has come as the consequence of a free choice - nobody is born a student, nobody is captured and sold into studenthood, nobody is compelled by law to become a student. It is, I judge, the only one from which it is possible to resign at will; it is certainly the only oppressed class in history that people have paid to belong to. Indeed, at the risk of appearing obsolescent, I should say that it seems to me that the status of student resembles less that of a member of proletariat, bourgeoisie, or peasantry, than it does that of a guest in a hotel.

Legitimate objections may be made to these propositions, and I should like to anticipate one or two of them. It may be argued with reason that membership in the student class is not altogether voluntary nowadays; society has contrived to make survival largely dependent on a college degree. Anyone who aspires to security or comfort must pass through the phase of studenthood. This is an assertion that I am prepared, within limits, to accept, while remarking that much the same thing could be said about infancy, or going to the dentist. Another reasonable objection is this: attendance at a state university is not a matter of free choice for many people who could afford no other school, and that in any case the condition of a tax-supported institution, ultimately controlled by a legislature, should be subject to the scrutiny and surveillance of all citizens. Further: the student is fighting the citizen's battle - indeed the battle of the human being - in his rebellion against bigness, bureaucracy, business-machines, mass-production, and the nasty anonymity of zip codes. With both of these suggestions I entirely agree. What happens in state universities is very much a concern of the citizen, and students undoubtedly have the right and duty to protest against becoming cogs in great machines, against the obvious tendency of American colleges to practice paradox by trying to educate people on an assembly-line. These are all matters suitable for protest and lamentation. I would point out, in passing, that they do not apply to Haverford College, where the movement for Student Rights is particularly active.

But the existence of the class, whatever its singularities, is not to be questioned. It is present, and it will continue to be present in more and more defined and militant forms for a long time to come. Nor is it my intention to deride the demands of the student rights movement - it would ill become the employee of a college to ridicule a force so potent which seeks to achieve control over faculty appointments. And I have much admiration for the shrewdness and skill of at least some of its leaders, particularly in their ability to select grievances and targets appropriate to their purposes. I have in mind the Students Rights demonstrators at Fairleigh-Dickinson, where the protest movement is reported to have been aimed at a particularly odious evil. The demonstrations were directed, and I quote, "against the general attitude of the administration." It is hard to think of any complaint less negotiable than that, and I take it that in the choice of complaints non-negotiability is the measure of excellence.

My purpose is certainly not to complain about "the general attitude of students"; my complaints are ecumenical, and I am presently going to direct them against faculty members. For my interest in the emergence of a social class of oppressed students is partly professional. My concern at the moment is that of an objective social analyst or, more specifically, of a behavioralist. The word may be new to some of you; behaviorists are so called to distinguish them from behaviorists. The additional syllable serves to bring under cover of a single word historians, economists, psychologists, philosophers, political scientists, sociologists, archaeologists, anthropologists, and people from many other fields that may be denominated at least quasi-behavioralistic in subject-matter, if not always methodologically. Like zoology.

I happen to be presently engaged in a behavioralistic pilot research project, which I have recently been asked to direct with the monetary support of the Lillian G. Phinney Foundation for Behavioralist Research. It is the purpose of the project to develop a conceptualistic frame of reference that can provide meaningful guide-lines and ground-rules for the study of motivational factors conditioning the college experience of young people who find themselves in a student situation. Hopefully, in five or six years our team will have sketched out a program of major research studies that could give us a much greater knowledge of this field than is at all possible in the present state of uncoordinated research. We expect to undertake systematic exploration of such areas as the following: alienation; motivational response-patterns to both curricular and extra-curricular stimulus factors; the structuring of creative behavior around activist targets; the hostility response to power structure; the development of the identity image. There are many communications problems still to be overcome, of course, but after some preliminary investigations we think we are already in a position where we will be able before too long to make educated guesses about the ways in which students relate to peer-group norms.

Our thinking is presently running along roughly the following lines: the central problem, as we see it, is a newly identified motivational factor which behaviorists are beginning to call receptation. The general research program is to be structured along lines of receptational analysis. I'd like to stop here for a few minutes and tell you just what we mean by receptation. It is something you are going to be hearing a lot about in the next few years.

At the risk of being simplistic, I think we can get at this thing by saying that in group opinion-formation analysis an important factor has up to now been overlooked, or at least unidentified. A good deal of scholarly attention has been devoted to investigating cognitive processes, hostility-cooperation mechanisms, and other opinion-formation processes. What has been neglected is what we call receptation, the sum of social pressure factors interworking with group-consciousness, mutual acceptance factors, and will-to-please factors. Any pattern of ideas, with its accompanying behavior motivation, if it gains acceptance at all, does so as a result of the sum of receptational influences which are at work as against the countervailing equilibrating factors, such as apathy, laziness, mutual hostility factors, and the like.

With this definable concept established as a criterion, the guide-lines to analysis and measurement can be followed with a much clearer idea of the teleological aspects of our research process-making. By measuring the relative receptational force of contrasting idea-patterns under more or less constant conditions we may evolve a meaningful unit of measurement, which we may call the receptation-valence. The receptation-valence of any given opinion, value, proposal, or ideation, will usually vary in direct relation to external conditions, of course, but we may posit a fairly autonomous group-dynamic as the principal determinant.

In the course of the last four paragraphs, you will have observed - at least I hope you have observed - I have been talking nonsense. It is, however, nonsense of a particularly meaningful sort; my preposterous passages contain the germs of a particularly sinister sort of slavery.

Let us consider one or two of the innumerable solecisms that these sentences contain. A good deal of the nonsense is petty; some is serious; all of it threatens the freedom of both the writer and the reader of muck like this. I should like to comment upon both the trivial and the sinister before proceeding to point out a connection between the discussion of receptation theory and the solemn fact of your imminent demise and rebirth.

The trivial defects of the passage lie in inelegance, carelessness, imprecision. The passage contains a series of words, phrases, and grammatical forms misused by the standards of syntax and lexicography. You may say that syntax and lexicography, being arbitrary, should not be taken as measures of useful or effective prose; but here I must flatly tell you that if you say that, you are wrong. All language is arbitrary; it is arbitrary that the letter A is shaped the way it is, or pronounced the way it is, or, when used as a word, means what it means. The structure and utility of language, its meaning and its beauty, depend upon convention and upon nothing else. We know, of course, that language changes; but this is not to say that Humpty Dumpty was correct in saying that he could make words mean what he wanted them to mean. Changes in language cannot be made by decision, or by negotiation.

I have no hesitation in saying that only the illiterate, the vulgar, or the slovenly (of whom there are a great many in the world, including me) would use the word "hopefully" as I used it a moment ago. Take, for example, the sentence, "Hopefully the sun will shine tomorrow." If this means anything at all it means that tomorrow the sun will shine in a hopeful manner. The sloppy, cheap fad of using the word "hopefully" as if it meant the same thing as the phrase, "we hope that", is an example of the ways that carelessness may lead to confusion and chaos.

Imprecision of this sort, while it may be a venial sin, is still conspicuously sinful in a community dedicated to a belief in reason and order; words are the sole and precious means that most of us possess for expressing the ways of reason. To take one slightly more serious example, there is the popular word "meaningful", which has now penetrated deep into the vocabulary of many people who call themselves educated. It is a recent coinage, not much more than ten years old, I think, and it has several serious disadvantages, the greatest of which is that it is meaningless. Or rather, it has an abundance of meanings. One may speak of a "meaningful experience", which means instructive, or valuable. One may speak of a "meaningful sentence", in which the intention is to suggest clarity or lucidity. One may speak of a "meaningful theory", which suggests a logical theory, or a "meaningful idea", which suggests a significant idea. No neologism that stands simultaneously for instructive, valuable, lucid, significant, and logical, is anything but a large black blot of the surface of clarity. It is a symptom of the curious susceptibility of self-confessed intellectuals to shifting fashion that so many of them have espoused with so much zest the use of a word that can have no other effect upon their prose but obfuscation.

There is a considerable number of other words and uses in my passage on receptionism that have analagous shortcomings. There are, for example, phrases like "group-dynamics", or "identity image." These suggest a rich and measured complexity of ideas, meaningful concepts, as it were. But upon dissection they turn out to have absolutely no meaning whatever. What, I ask you to consider, is an identity image?

I have also, deliberately, indulged in the exasperating tendency so common in our society, to convert substantives into modifiers. This practice is, in any given case, defensible; it is one of the glories of English that any noun may, in a pinch, be used as an adjective. But it is nowadays engaged in on a scale that transforms it into a serious disease. People do it because it vaguely suggests modernity and speed. It seems somehow vigorous, and suitable to the jet-age, to speak of things like "group opinion formation processes" or "behavior motives" or "idea patterns." In fact, you will find in most cases that by translating these phrases into English that they represent nothing more dashing than some omitted prepositions. This slightly speeds up the pace of the prose. But it does not seem to me really necessary to speed up the pace of our prose, just as it does not seem to me necessary to streamline objects like refrigerators, which are not, after all, going anywhere in a hurry. If you are in such haste that it is necessary to omit prepositions, why bother talking at all? To do so often leads to confusion; by elision, you fill your portmanteau with fog.

On a scale of greater gravity is the mischief of using words that suggest the existence of something definite that in point of fact does not exist at all. These are words used with such authority, and so often, that one begins to think of them as standing for something as concrete and analyzable and provable as words like tornado, mountain, or virgin. There are two such terms I have used that seem to me particularly misleading in this way. One is "motivation"; the second is "alienation."

What is motivation? Is it something different from its parent, motive? We speak of somebody as having no motivation - a situation which, if it truly existed, would surely be very alarming, no matter what the word means. The phrase is usually used in connection with students who don't do their home-work. Why aren't they doing their home-work? Well, it's because they don't have any motivation (or else don't have the right motivation). There, that is all the explanation required. All that is needed, now that the student's problem has been thus definitively elucidated, is some formula to provide him with motivation. Then, by definition, he will start to do his home-work. All that the alchemists needed to turn iron to gold was a formula. . . . It is surely a serious handicap for guidance counsellors or course advisors or deans to use language that makes it automatically impossible to find any solution to important human problems.

The word alienation belongs in a related category. Not quite in the same category as motivation because it is an established and respectable word that possesses definite meanings. They are not, however, any of them, the meanings with which it has been endowed by recent fashion. Webster's International Dictionary gives three definitions: the first is the conveying or transfer of property; the second is the diversion of affections, as in the well-known though now obsolete action at law; the third is mental derangement or insanity. These are the only things that the word alienation means.

It may be said that the sense in which it is now chic to use it is acceptable because "everybody knows what is meant." But does everybody? The fashionable usage is connected with the use of the noun "alien" to mean someone who does not have citizenship in the country in which he finds himself. Alien has come to mean foreign. Someone who is, in current slang, alienated, is someone made foreign, and the victims of alienation are people who do not feel at home with, in touch with, able (in the phrase the victims might themselves use) to relate to, their own culture, the culture of their families, homes, and American society in general.

But this distressing state is clearly not foreignness at all. It is more nearly the reverse of foreignness. Dislike of one's native habitat is possible only to natives, and the victims show the mirror image of the culture that they disdain. The word alienation, to describe their plight, is not only incorrect but misleading. I think that it would be more accurate and also more illuminating to use the word irritation. There is, God knows, every reason to be irritated with middle-income, suburban American society.

These are still, on the scale of orders of magnitude, trivial matters. They are trivial because they are transient. In another ten years nobody will talk about motivation or alienation; or at least, those who do talk about them will be immediately marked as old-fashioned and quaint. But they are keys and tokens to a larger evil, which is a small imagination; and to this evil I am giving the name of the Reception Tropism. I said a moment ago that my disquisition on receptionism contained the germs of slavery, and now I want to tell you why I think so. Part of the evidence is purely personal. When I set out to compose those paragraphs, as cautionary examples of how social scientists ought not to express themselves, I determined to make sentences that had, as nearly as possible, no meaning of any sort, while at the same time presenting the un-meaning in words and forms that suggested some esoteric but significant purport. But as the business of composing those passages progressed, I found to my consternation that while, objectively considered, they could have no reasonable content since I had consciously set out to avoid giving them any, nonetheless there was creeping into my consciousness a sense that they did in fact mean something. It was as if some demented muse were sending electric charges through my fingers onto the typewriter; and what this mad demi-goddess dictated contained, if not sense, at least a dreadful

life of its own. I found myself, in short, a deceived Pygmalion, a contrite Frankenstein. And in this odd fact is to be found, surely, the danger of this sort of gobbledegook. It is appallingly easy to write that way, and once something like that has been written it takes on the clothing of vitality and begins to quiver in a way that suggests to the reader that it must contain some message. I found myself half-convinced, at the end of my four paragraphs, that there might indeed be something that existed in society that nobody had precisely identified before, and that that something might appropriately be entitled receptionism. I was, in short, receptive - the play on words had nothing to do with the original conception—receptive to reception, and thereby seemed fallaciously to have proved to myself that my invention corresponded to some reality.

This is what I mean by the reception tropism; tropism literally means a turning toward, a general attitude toward. The reception tropism is a general willingness to receive one's ideas and opinions by way of words and slogans, not of data and analysis and critical judgment. The Reception Tropism is a pitfall of all intellectual activity, because intellectual activity always involves putting things in classes and patterns, making order, and then giving names to classes of observed phenomena. This is something that we may call the Linnaean Imperative; unless things are sorted out and labeled, no order can ever be made by the human mind; we are as helpless as Alice in the looking-glass forest. But the dangers of this process, like the dangers of anything else in life that is worth doing, are great. We are led into the habit of giving names to things hastily and vaguely perceived, and once something - even something that did not previously exist - is given a name, then it begins to exist. And once it begins to exist, then Foundations appropriate large sums of money to conduct research into it.

So with motivation and alienation; and so with reception. Words create phenomena and research projects; and they can also create controversy, conflict, and civil war. It is very instructive to imagine what would happen if reception caught on as a word. Its inventor, you will perhaps have noticed, seemed to have dimly in mind the idea that it would be used to indicate the ways and degrees in which somebody acquiesced in the opinions and conduct of somebody else. But let us say that somebody with a quick mind and a beard heard second-hand about the reception pilot research project. Let us say that he was a person who commanded prestige as an eminent and original thinker among the quick-minded, bearded patrons of an avant garde discoteque; that he was, in fact, a veritable archduke of alienation. He found it handy to demonstrate his intimacy with the latest trends of group-opinion-research by throwing out the word reception, using it sneeringly in ways that made it more up-to-date equivalent of what used to be called conformism. He would start talking learnedly about receptional pressures in contemporary society. Others would pick it up. The original unmeaning would be distorted into a vulgar or popular unmeaning. Strong moral judgments would attach themselves to reception. "Joe isn't too bad a guy", people would say to one another, "but between you and I, I think that basically, if you explore his personality, there's a real streak of receptionalism in him."

Receptional pressures would become the object for articles in little magazines, and eventually for protest rallies. College administrations would be described, every one of them, as engaged in plots to inculcate reception, perhaps through the use of additives in the food - I remember that it was an article of faith among the undergraduates of my day that the meat balls contained anaphrodisiacs. Leaders of Protest would be admiringly described in college newspapers as Antireceptionalists. Indeed, a smudgily printed periodical of infinitesimal circulation would appear in mailboxes with The Antireceptionalist on its masthead, and the lead editorial would be entitled "Reception, Civil Rights, and Viet Nam." Any objection to any aspect of existing situations or practices in any sphere would be called antireceptionalism, although people who expressed general agreement with these nihilistic aims while proposing gradual methods for emending them would be contemptuously accused of crypto-receptionalism.

Virtue and evil would come to be measured by the receptional yardstick. Pessimists would say, you can't fight against reception; it is in control of the Power Structure. Spreading, the debate would reach The Reporter and Harpers, which would run articles called "Are We All Receptionalists at Heart?" or even "Can America Survive Reception?"

Thesis, however cockeyed, produces antithesis. Womens clubs in Arkadelphia would pass resolutions saying that they hoped their daughters would grow up to be nicely dressed receptionalists and marry clean young American men. The Ku Klux Klan, that curious coterie of otiose orphans from an earlier age, would carry signs reading, "We are not ashamed to be receptionalists." While graduate students at the University of California at Berkeley were rioting against reception, faculty members at the University of California at Los Angeles would be writing books defending it. In Santa Barbara a secret society for the protection of reception would be formed, with cells in all the more expensive suburbs. Some Texan would demonstrate, in a booklet whose circulation would eventually reach the staggering figure of two hundred and fifty million copies, that antireceptionalism was an instrument of the Communist Conspiracy, and the DAR would organize committees to prevent its being taught in kindergartens. Stickers would appear on bumpers reading: "Be Receptionalist; Be American; Attend the Church of your Choice." And in the end, the word would pass the final test of reality: the Federal Bureau of Investigation would enquire whether candidates for government jobs had ever shown indications of being (such is the fine impartiality of the FBI) either pro- or anti-receptionalist.

All this energy and passion would be devoted to the cause of something that does not exist - or at least that had no existence until the word created it. The right to be antireceptionalists would nonetheless become a most staunchly defended and ardently cherished one.

We must always be looking to make sure that the freedoms we defend are not forms of slavery, that we are not opposing one tyranny with another. What seems emancipation from arbitrary rule - from the rule of syntax, for example, that informs us that the word hopefully may not commence a sentence - may well lead into the thralldom of confusion. What seems a daring and useful innovation, a phrase like identity image, for example, may be merely the surrender of lucidity, which is a form of freedom. The rejection of conventional dress and barbering may, when practiced by large classes of people, lead to nothing more liberating than the creation of new conventions. And Reception Tropism, the acceptance of ideas and values borrowed from other and having no substance of their own, may make us faceless fighters in the mindless army of the unfree conscripts who abandon the independence that a liberal education is intended to provide.

Words make phenomena and shape opinions. And once an opinion is shaped, then action is likely to follow; and action, if it is to be effective, must be group action. As in wartime, people must then drown their doubts and misgivings in the service of a larger cause and a higher ideal. And this abandonment of independent judgment, which is the surrender of freedom, is almost always expedient and welcome. It is always comforting to accept - like men in uniform - a consistent costume and a consistent pattern of truths worked out by someone else. Everything fits neatly into place; what psychiatrists call a closed system is formed. For the militant antireceptionalist activist, a whole cosmos of antireceptionalism is evolved. Exceptions, variations, contradictions, being both dangerous and disquieting, are suppressed.

Words that make phenomena also make psychic safety. And they represent quite obviously the end of that version of freedom, for whose attainment you have expended so much time and energy and money in the past four years. Freedom is always painful; if you find that being free is comfortable, then you are mistaking slavery for freedom. A test is necessary, and I suggest that there is a simple one. The test of a free man is this: since he accepts no slogans and is beguiled by no words, since he is strong enough not to seek the unquestioned safety that is to be found in numbers, his judgment is his own. Nobody can ever tell for sure in advance what his opinion will be on any subject.

Remarks of C. Canby Balderston, Vice Chairman, Board of  
Governors of the Federal Reserve System, at Swarthmore College,  
on Commencement Day, June 7, 1965.

To receive a degree from Swarthmore is an honor I esteem not only because of my friends among its Managers and Faculty, but because of its excellence.

President Smith has asked me to identify a few of life's values that I deem important. But how can one be certain of a proper answer, whether he has spent his life on a campus or in the school of hard knocks, or both? Recently my five-year-old grandson remarked that he wants to become a famous ancestor. If called upon to advise him, what should one say, except to express the hope that a lady of top-flight ability will select him to be the father of her children? I hereby challenge you to a five-minute contest of tips to a five-year-old to point him in the right direction. (The language, of course, may be your own.)

As for my entry, I lean upon lessons that my own mentors have sought to impart. One, for instance, is the importance of distinguishing the more important from the less so that attention may be focused upon the trees and not the underbrush. For only thus can one's time, energy, and money, if any, be challenged most efficiently.

Now for point number two. It is that one should contrive possible alternatives in case a chosen plan of attack should fail. It may suffice to keep sufficiently alert not to paint one's self into a corner. Or it may mean insuring against the accidents of life; or taking the trouble to figure out the available alternatives before committing the resources at one's disposal. Balancing risk and caution means that one can drive forward toward his goals without the sense of frustration that is created by failure and defeat.

Still more basic is the faith and confidence that, if one does his best, life is likely to be worth living and can be exhilarating. We have now achieved technical developments that give man great material well-being, and also the power, like some giant serpent, to sink his fangs into himself. And so faith in the Almighty and confidence in his purpose would seem even more important than in times gone by. I have noticed that such faith is often strongest among those who have the drive and initiative to keep busy.

Now I come to a lesson that needs no learning by a five-year-old, but that gets lost among the passing years. It is that the intellect must be fed by curiosity if it is not to wither and die. Romain Holland is credited with the remark that most men die at the age of 30. Contrast, if you will, Benjamin Franklin with his capacity to wonder and his power to observe and to generalize. It was his intellectual curiosity that drove him to keep plugging into the thinking of his own and earlier generations. Only thus can we absorb the cultural and aesthetic values that are our heritage. As my friend, the late James G. Vail, remarked to his fellow chemists when he was their national president: "The education we need - springs from an urge within a person in response to a challenge or inspiration, not something that is imposed from without - not the mechanical accumulation of data but the awakening of a living and dynamic purpose."

For those of you who are graduating, I conclude this little contest upon a brief note of congratulation. Swarthmore has provided for you, for four years, with an intellectual climate. You have been exposed to a mixture of curiosity, social concern, comradeship and fun. Each of you has been in contact with minds that vibrate faster than your own. To express this final point in mathematical terms, an occasional student transfer from Swarthmore to another college may have raised the average IQ of both institutions.



The Phoenix, September 22, 1961

## Class of '65 "Best-Prepared" In Swarthmore College History

"ON PAPER this is the best-prepared class we've ever had." That's the way Dean Robert A. Barr describes the 254 members of the incoming freshman class.

Whether judged by median College Board examination scores—both math and verbal in the high 600's, by ranking in high school class—94% in the top tenth of their graduating class, or by participation in advanced placement programs — another all-time high, the class of 1965 awaits the opening of classes Monday with a more impressive aggregate record than any previous Swarthmore class.

Thus, continues Barr, this class seems a good bet to continue the recent trend toward lowering the awesome attrition rate at Swarthmore.

This increase in quality of the new class was paralleled, strangely enough, by a decrease in total number of applications. Swarthmore records show that 1898 men and women applied for admission to the class of 1965, a drop of 250 from the previous year. This same phenomenon, was encountered by nearly all of the top-notch Eastern schools, Barr noted.

Two factors help to explain the drop. The strong competition for admission to these colleges has become widely known, and therefore more and more college-age students are looking farther afield for schools, especially to the Midwest. Moreover, secondary school counseling seems to be on the upswing as far as presenting a comprehensive picture of college opportunities is concerned, with the result that fewer seniors are applying to schools that are too challenging for their abilities. The net effect is that the group of students from which the Swarthmore Department of Admissions must choose the new class is smaller quantitatively, but better qualitatively.

### EXTRA-CURRICULARS

Substantiating observations of many educators, the class of 1965 shows that the degree of participation in extra-curricular activities increases with academic achievement. Included among the 254 freshmen can be found five senior class presidents, seven student council presidents, 62 editors of yearbooks, newspapers, and literary magazines, and 128 musicians. A total of 131 varsity letters were won by members of the class, with basketball leading the list with 21 letterwinners, followed closely by soccer and track with 20 each and football with 19.

That this combination of brains, brawn, and leadership has garnered a large number of scholarships will come as no surprise. More than half of the men and a comparable number of the women in the class of 1965 are holders of scholarship awards of some kind, a figure about par for Swarthmore classes, but definitely among the highest in the nation. National awards gained by freshmen include three General Motors National Scholarships and 14 National Merit Scholarships.

### ORIGINS . . .

A survey of the origins of this class shows few changes from previous years. The Middle Atlantic States continued to supply the largest group—59 percent of the class. 12 percent of the freshmen hail from the Midwestern states, while New England and

the South each accounted for about ten percent. Seven percent of the class have come all the way from the Far West to get their college education, the remaining two percent is comprised of foreign-educated students.

The only significant change from previous years in this geographical analysis is an increase in the number of newcomers from south of the Mason-Dixon line, a change which the admission officers are hopeful can be maintained. In addition to these American freshmen, the school year 1961-

1962 will find 9 new transfer students on campus, 5 of whom are from foreign countries, and 8 foreign students classified by the College as freshmen. These students, representing four different continents, come from Nigeria, Canada, Japan, Taiwan, Egypt, Scotland, and England.

Reversing a trend evident in recent years, the ratio of public school students to private schoolers fell from the 80:20 of the class of '64 to 70:30. Dean Barr, after confirming that this change does not reflect changing admission policy, speculates that it is related to the break-down of traditionally close prep-school—college relationships, such as the well-known Andover-Harvard arrangement.

Statistics on intended majors are inevitably subject to much revision during the four years which this class will spend at Swarthmore, for judging from past experience nearly every member of the class will change his mind on this subject at least once. Such figures as are available, however, indicate a continuing trend toward science and mathematics, at the expense of the social sciences. 34 percent of the class indicated last June that they were intending to enter the former field, with Engineering accounting for an additional eleven percent. Social Sciences and the Humanities claimed 20 percent and 28 percent respectively, with fully seven percent of the class confessing their present indecision on this matter.

(Continued on Page 3)

## Pres. Smith Announces Dress Rules; Jackets, Ties, and Dresses Required

A REGULATION STANDARD of dress will be required of all Swarthmore students this year. Issued to the student body formally in a letter from President Courtney Smith dated July 14, the required standard for campus functions and meals was authorized at a faculty meeting held last June 8.

Effective with the opening of the fall semester, coats and ties for men and dresses or skirts for women will be the rule at all evening events to which the public is invited. Occasions covered by the rule are concerts, dramatic performances, and lectures held in Clothier Memorial, the Friends Meeting house, Bond or any other area to which the public has access. Dinner, on weekday and Saturday evenings and at noon on Sundays, will be served only to those dressed in a manner "consistent with the spirit" of the newly defined standards. This is interpreted to allow dress other than coats and ties for the men, with the line being drawn at the dining room door somewhere between jeans (not permitted) and khakis reputedly worn with a shirt with a collar. Women's regulations at dinner call for dresses or skirts.

Unexpected by most students and some faculty members, President Smith's statement was issued as a follow-up to his appeal in Collection last fall for the voluntary establishment of a Swarthmore dress standard. The Collection talk touched off a short-lived reform of dress habits in the dining room and, with the gradual return to informal normalcy, a prolonged controversy. Student Council passed a resolution but did not wish to take more definitive action. Student interest and opinion was reflected in the Phoenix. The positive reaction to President Smith's proposals had all but died out when he met with the faculty for the last time in the 1960-61 school year and obtained the support for compulsory dress requirements.

Pro and con reactions have been immediately forthcoming. Hampered by the lack of communication among a widely scattered vacationing student body, no strong movement is yet underway to support or condemn the new policy.

An alumni letter dated September 5 was signed by 69 interested parties. Enclosing a copy of President Smith's letter of July 14, the petition urged that opinion be expressed to "President Smith, members of the faculty, alumni, or students" in light of two facts: "1. (Mr. Smith's) letter glosses over the distinction between the aesthetics

of dress and the ethics of requiring conformity from individuals on personal matters. The ethical consideration should be controlling. 2. Justification is lacking to support President Smith's thesis that "real harm to Swarthmore students and to the College as a whole will result from the College's simply continuing to respect the Swarthmore tradition of individual freedom."

Those who view the ruling as a  
(Continued on Page 3)

blow at individual freedom are opposed by the group who express relief at having a set standard to uphold. They point out the lack of constructive action by students when the problem was outlined for them by President Smith last year. These individuals and many faculty members feel that the existing standards of dress

were such that something had to be done, if not by the students or through Council, then by joint action of president and faculty.

There is to be considered the factor of those of the faculty who, because of the lateness of its scheduling, were absent from the meeting June 8. Some faculty members did not even learn of the meeting's resolution until the student body did. The uninformed faculty expressed mixed reactions. Many returning students have termed the regulation "stupid" and "absurd" but have expressed the opinion that "it is not important enough to worry about."

## FRESHMAN RULES TEST 1961

1. How late may freshmen stay out?  
a. Sunday - Thursday  
b. Friday  
c. Saturday
2. How many mid-week 12:30's do you have?
3. How many extra 1:30's do you have?
4. When may an extra 1:30 be used?
5. Which color sign-out slip is used for:  
a. regular 12:30's and 1:30's  
b. 3:00's  
c. signing out overnight  
d. having a guest in the dormitory  
e. going to the infirmary
6. Which is the only part of the white slip that need not be filled out?
7. When must this be included?
8. How many 3:00's do you have this semester?
9. Which days of the week may these be used?
10. Where do you sign up for 3:00's?
11. By what time must this be done?
12. Is it then also necessary to fill out a sign-up slip?
13. When may a first-semester freshman stay out overnight?
14. What kind of overnight permission do you have?
15. If you know you are going to be late returning and it is after 11 P.M., what number do you call?
16. Must guests in the dorm sign up for a 3:00 in advance?
17. What does SOR mean?
18. After how many SOR's are you restricted?
19. What does FSOR mean?
20. After how many FSOR's are you restricted?
21. How many late minutes may you have before being restricted?
22. What does IR mean?
23. One late minute on a 3:00 equals how many on a regular sign-out slip?
24. What is the last day on which you may postpone a restriction for the coming weekend?
25. What is the penalty for smoking in Parrish?
26. What must be included on a sign-out for babysitting to get an automatic 12:30?
27. Are you allowed to have someone else:  
a. sign you out?  
b. sign you in?

1a. \_\_\_\_\_

b. \_\_\_\_\_

c. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_

4. \_\_\_\_\_

5a. \_\_\_\_\_

b. \_\_\_\_\_

c. \_\_\_\_\_

d. \_\_\_\_\_

e. \_\_\_\_\_

6. \_\_\_\_\_

7. \_\_\_\_\_

8. \_\_\_\_\_

9. \_\_\_\_\_

10. \_\_\_\_\_

11. \_\_\_\_\_

12. \_\_\_\_\_

13. \_\_\_\_\_

14. \_\_\_\_\_

15. \_\_\_\_\_

16. \_\_\_\_\_

17. \_\_\_\_\_

18. \_\_\_\_\_

19. \_\_\_\_\_

20. \_\_\_\_\_

21. \_\_\_\_\_

22. \_\_\_\_\_

23. \_\_\_\_\_

24. \_\_\_\_\_

25. \_\_\_\_\_

26. \_\_\_\_\_

27a. \_\_\_\_\_

b. \_\_\_\_\_

28. Where must you be while taking a restriction? 28. \_\_\_\_\_
29. Where do you sign out for a vacation? 29. \_\_\_\_\_
30. How many times may a restriction be postponed? 30. \_\_\_\_\_
31. Who is responsible for observing the closing hour of an Open House - the guest or the host? 31. \_\_\_\_\_
32. Who is the WJC representative on your hall? 32. \_\_\_\_\_
33. Describe circumstances under which you would get an:  
a. SOR 33a. \_\_\_\_\_  
b. FSOR b. \_\_\_\_\_  
c. IR c. \_\_\_\_\_
34. At what time do the fraternity houses open to women? 34. \_\_\_\_\_
35. At what time do the following open to women?  
a. fraternities on Friday nights 35a. \_\_\_\_\_  
b. Palmer parlor on week nights b. \_\_\_\_\_  
c. Willits main lounge on weeknights (for freshmen) c. \_\_\_\_\_  
d. Lodges on Saturday nights d. \_\_\_\_\_
36. When you sign out for a vacation and indicate time of return as after midnight, is date of return considered the day before midnight of day after midnight? 36. \_\_\_\_\_
37. At what time do the classrooms in Parrish close to men? 37. \_\_\_\_\_
38. What is the penalty for breaking or forgetting to take a restriction? 38. \_\_\_\_\_
39. What is the penalty for four restrictions in a semester? 39. \_\_\_\_\_
40. What is the advantage to YOU, of calling the college to say you will be late? 40. \_\_\_\_\_

The Phoenix, October 20, 1961

# Freshmen Girls Revel in Mud In Grimy Swarthmore Tradition

by Jonathan Kaplan

ABOUT 7:00 P.M. Tuesday night just as it was getting too cold to stand around in a muddy T-shirt. Wharton was the scene of feverish, well-organized activity.

Outside was a hill, a dry hill, a hill so dry no one with any sensibility could leave it so dry. Wastebucket brigades started to form into E and F sections. Gallon after gallon of water was poured onto this hill. The work was hard, but the workers didn't complain; they had a goal.

Those who wet the hill last year felt the absence of hoses, but all agreed the job had to be done.

By 8:00 close to 60 men had gathered by the hill. They found that this year there was organization and, what inevitably comes to all activities at Swarthmore, rules. One of the two "proctors of the hill" began to speak. He cautioned that there would be no carrying of girls, that no one was to come up to the sidewalk, and that no one was to be thrown down the hill. "Don't throw anybody down that hill—Set 'em down if you're going to throw them."

Upperclassmen listened with memories of previous revelries running through their minds. Then there were the false alarms. Someone would yell, "Here they come!" disrupting the entire operation while all ran to see. But one thing was unchanged: there was unrestricted wallowing—and wallowing there was.

At 8:16 (sixteen minutes fashion-

ably late) the freshmen girls, less than fifty in number, arrived singing on the scene. These were the ones who came to Swarthmore because they wanted a small liberal arts college, near but outside a big city, with a Quaker tradition.

Suddenly the men's organization broke down. Most of the group ran for the bushes but it was not until one desperate sophomore screamed, "Will you hide!" that the entire group made a vain effort at concealment.

The girls scarcely had gotten past the third bar when they made their first contact with the superficial layers of the earth's crust. Then the fun began. (Some people do enjoy being buried in mud.) A large group of upperclassmen watched a group of around fifty tangled men and freshmen girls slither in the softly-lit (courtesy of third floor F-section) pool.

The atmosphere was gay and laughter was often heard. Smiles, however, were impossible to detect. One boy described it as "muddier than hell." The reaction of the girls was mixed. Remarks varied from "They didn't tell us it would be like this," to "It's just what we were told," to "It's barbaric," to just plain "Oink."

(Continued on Page 4)

There is a peculiar fascination in watching girls, picked up in the most novel of holds, thrashed again and again in the oozing mess, remain undaunted and wait around for more.

By 8:40 the number of girls had considerably diminished and the end was near. This was accelerated by the arrival of Dean Cobbs, who upon being asked for a statement cheerfully said, "I just think it's awful, don't you?" By some miracle no one tried to push her in.

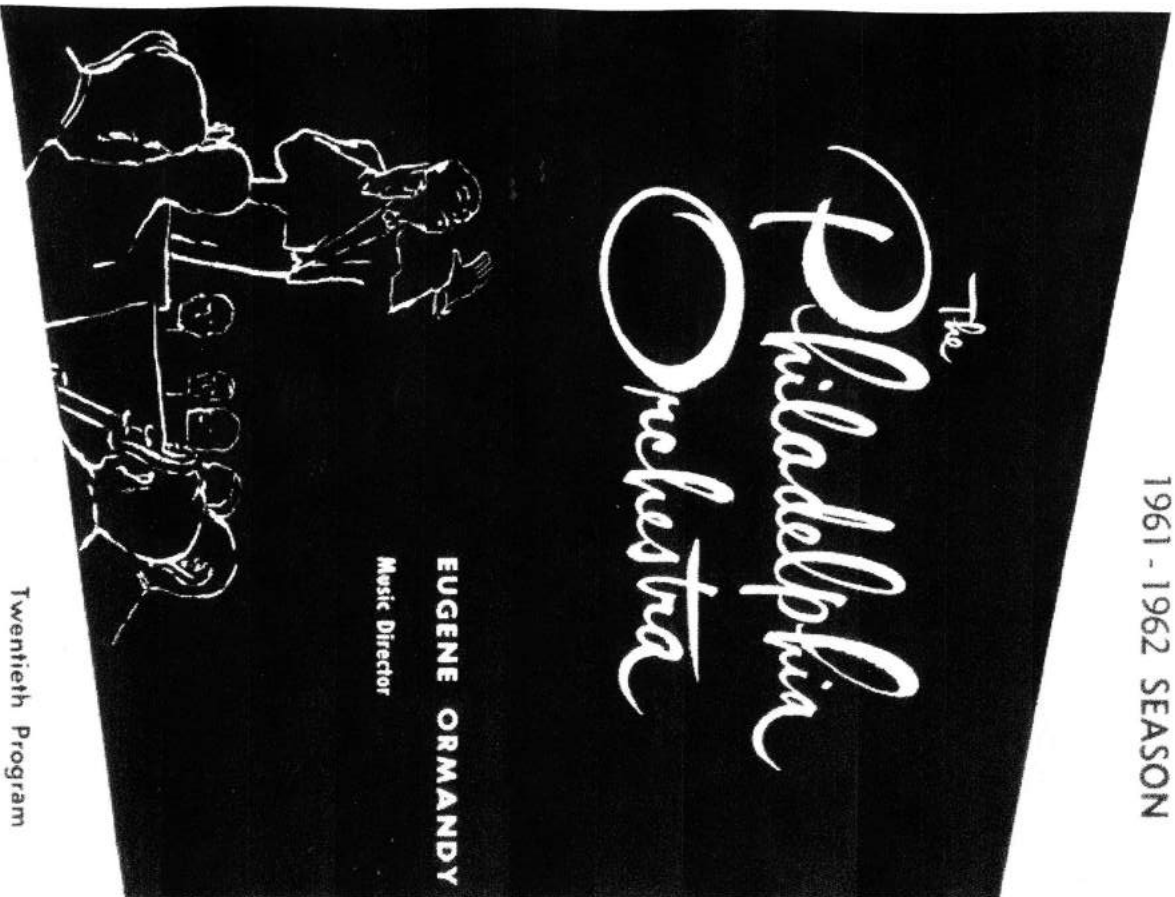
Gradually even the mud-throwing subsided and the browned corpses made their way, often with assistance, to the showers in their dorms. The consensus of opinion was that last year's mudroll was better and longer, since "you could throw them down the hill."

The next morning the groundsmen picked the remnants out of the mud, and all that remains is a field of footprints. Yes, there was a Freshman Serenade.



"I already have mud in my eye; if you throw me back in I will kill you!"

1961 - 1962 SEASON



**EUGENE ORMANDY**  
Music Director

Twentieth Program  
March 2-3  
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA

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**THREE-COLLEGE CHORUS**

**BACH FAMILY PROGRAM**

**J. C. BACH**

**Overture to "Orione"**  
I Allegro con brio  
II Andante  
III Allegro  
(First performances in Philadelphia)

**J. S. BACH**

**Two Chorale Preludes:**  
**Schmücke Dich, O Liebe Seele**  
**Komm Gott, Schöpfer, Heiliger Geist**  
(Transcribed for Orchestra by Arnold Schoenberg)

**J. S. BACH**

**Suite from the Ballet "The Wise Virgins"**  
(Transcribed for Orchestra by William Turner Walton)  
I What God hath done, is rightly done  
II Lord, hear my longing  
III See what His love can do  
IV Ah! How ephemeral  
V Sheep may safely graze  
VI Praise be to God

**INTERMISSION**

**C. P. E. BACH**

**Concerto for Orchestra in D major**  
(Transcribed by Maximilian Steinberg)  
I Allegro moderato  
II Andante lento molto  
III Allegro

**J. S. BACH**

**Excerpts from The Mass in F major**  
I Kyrie  
II Gloria  
III Cum Sancto Spiritu  
**THREE-COLLEGE CHORUS**  
(First performances at these concerts)

**\*J. S. BACH**

**Tocatta and Fugue in D minor**  
(Transcribed for Orchestra by Eugene Ormandy)

The **BALDWIN** is the official piano of The Philadelphia Orchestra

\*The Philadelphia Or-  
chestra exclusively for **COLU**

## Three-College Chorus

Five years ago the separate choral groups of Bryn Mawr, Haverford and Swarthmore Colleges united to form the Three-College Chorus, thus extending to the field of music the tradition of cooperation that has existed among them in the academic fields.

In the past the Chorus has sung the Bach Cantata, "Nun ist das Heil," Bach's "Magnificat," Verdi's "Stabat Mater" and "Te Deum" from "Four Sacred Pieces" and the Honegger "Christmas Cantata."

In addition to their appearances with the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Three-College Chorus has sung on the individual campuses together and, primarily, at a Spring Festival presented by the three colleges.

Their voices number approximately 380. The students are trained by their separate directors: Robert L. Goodale, Bryn Mawr; Dr. William H. Reese, Haverford; and Peter Gram Swing, Swarthmore.

### SWARTHMORE COLLEGE CHORUS

Peter Gram Swing, Conductor

#### Soprano

\*Kit Ashburn  
 \*Janet Barrett (Publicity  
 Chairman)  
 Frances Batzer  
 Carol Bell  
 Genie Bowers  
 Meredith Brown  
 \*Alice Clark  
 Betsy Devecis  
 Mary Elliott  
 \*Peggy Engel  
 Carol Gericke  
 Jill Hayes  
 Margaret Holmberg  
 Wendy Hyatt  
 \*Sara Lawrence  
 \*Judy Levine  
 \*Mary E. Lewis  
 \*Janet Leyon  
 Marsha McAfee  
 Eleanor Morse  
 Mackie Nafe  
 Ursula Poole  
 \*Eve Powers  
 Louise Seelinger  
 \*Margaret Sprague  
 Phyllis Wang  
Alto  
 Adrienne Asch  
 Carol Blakely  
 \*Eleanor Bly  
 Jennie Bull  
 Katherine Conner

Carol Cross  
 Johannah Fine (Recording  
 Secretary)  
 Emily Fitzgibbons  
 \*Pamela Gore  
 Kathleen Hall  
 Ann Heisler  
 Margaret Heritage  
 Kate Jayne  
 Emily Kienin  
 \*Paula Lawrence  
 Rona Lieberman  
 Alta Margulis  
 Judith Mebane  
 Judith McConnell  
 Barbara Nevling  
 Eileen Nixon  
 Diane Royce  
 Darnell Rudd  
 \*Gay Sise  
 Melanie Skagen  
 Elizabeth Sprague  
 Molly Tanner  
 Patricia Tollins  
 \*Nancy Weiss  
 \*Dorothea Wilson  
 Betsy Winn  
Tenor  
 \*John Bennett  
 (Librarian)  
 \*Dayton Coles (Asst.  
 Manager)  
 Albert J. Davis  
 Peter Fraser

\*George Huber  
 \*Robert Leyon  
 Ellsworth Lund  
 John Robinson  
 \*Kirk Roose  
Bass  
 Daniel Botsford  
 Alfred Brauch  
 David Dodson  
 \*Robert Doughty  
 Williman Edgar  
 \*Devin Fitch  
 Joseph Gatewood  
 (Manager)  
 Stevens Heckscher  
 Christopher King  
 \*Thomas Kramer  
 James Loehlin  
 \*Anthony Lob  
 \*Julian Lopez-Morillas  
 \*Robert MacPherson  
 Robert McLeod  
 Dennis Moe  
 Allen Morgan  
 \*John Morrel  
 John Perdue  
 \*Daniel Prener  
 Bruce Reedy  
 Richard Ristow  
 John Schairer  
 David Schaps  
 Robert Suter  
 Nicholas Warren  
 Kim Woodward  
 Daniel Wright

(\*) - Members of the Swarthmore College Singers

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

Office of the Deans

19 November 1963

To All Swarthmore Students:

The College feels that it owes its students a clear understanding of its policy on matters that have to do with off-campus social or political action. At the time of last week's events in Chester the College expressed itself publicly as follows:

"College students have the same rights as all citizens to express and act upon their social concerns as individuals. They also have the same responsibilities as all citizens to obey the law. A college is committed to rational processes and orderly procedures and seeks to convey an understanding of this commitment to its students. It also seeks to remind its students of their obligations as registered students with given academic responsibilities, such as class attendance and study."

To that statement we would add the reminder of established College policy: namely, that students, in this situation as in any other, may be subjected to disciplinary action for acts contrary to law or for neglect of their obligations as members of the College. We wish to reemphasize the important differences between socially responsible procedures and those which are violent, or which tend to lead to violence, and to reaffirm the fact that the first business of the members of a college community, students as well as faculty, is the continued success of the academic program.

Susan P. Cobbs  
Dean



The Phoenix, November 24, 1964

### Bond Concert

## Senior Ray Jackendoff Plays Clarinet Concerti

VISITORS TO Bond Sunday were a privileged audience to the clarinet concert by Ray Jackendoff and piano accompanish Sue Gelletly. The first of two concerti, that of Johann

Molter, was composed in 1750 and is the oldest known concerto for the instrument.

Originally scored for strings and cembalo, it was transcribed for the piano and transposed down a third by Mr. Jackendoff to accommodate the modern clarinet — the original instrument in D having had presumably a voice that shattered glass.

Though in spots the soloist and accompanist got their signals crossed, as a whole their communication was fine. An acute sense of dynamics and phrasing gave sparkle to this unpretentious little piece and testified to the responsibility of the performer in his interpretation of the music.

The second half of the program, Karl Nielson's *Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra*, composed in 1928, was by far the more difficult of the two; in addition to its exacting musical requirements it is formidable from the standpoint of the sheer physical exertion involved.

Its three movements are played without pause and the cadenzas of the first and third movements would cause severe indigestion in all but the most fluent clarinet.

Extremes of range and rapid changes of pace were guaranteed to flush out the most latent maladjustment in the psyche of the little black beast. That none came forth under this most excruciating of examinations is a tribute to the superb control and reas-

urance of Mr. Jackendoff.

Subtleties of rhythm and mood were not obscured by the technical demands of the score; Karl Nielson's "20th century non-twelve tone music" was complimented by the musical exegesis it is so often forced to do without.

From The Ashes

# Kortch Plots Hamburg From Afar

(Ed Note: This is one in a series of articles on Men in the News.)

by Doug Redefor

ALTHOUGH FEW people will realize it, when the Hamburgers take to the stage this evening, it will represent for Michael Kortchmar, campus wit, the culmination of four years at Swarthmore and a summer's diligent research at the West End Cafe in New York City.

Actually, the 1964 Hamburg Show is not solely the result of brainstorming born of beer, for much of the show is scribbled on Chelnik Garage (N. Y. C.) stationery, where Hamburg director Kortchmar worked as "an automotive motion and volume engineer" parking cars.

Despite the summer's labor, the show is like its author's moustache: thin in spots and a long time coming. Four years of switching majors (math to philosophy-to poli sci) and roommates plus a healthy scepticism about Swarthmore life have

lescent dirty jokes and sophisticated seventeenth century drolleries.

Actually, there is little offense in this year's show, which is based on *Hamlet*, according to Kortchmar. "No offense in the world; they do but jest, poison in jest," he explained, giggling slightly.

The power behind much of his talent is the frustrated drive of the college athlete. In his freshman year, he won acclaim in the Annapolis yachting meet as the intrepid skipper of the Swarthmore dinghy, the only boat to swamp that day. Kortchmar switched to racing motorcycles around Swarthmore this year, after being inspired by the show-



Director Michael Kortchmar at Hamburg Show rehearsal.

Kortchmar spends most of his time in the suite in ML 4 known as "The Cage." He frequently rests in Chester, where he patronizes organized crime by sinking his limitless allowance in Stacky's pinball machine.

Although as a former *Phoenix* editor and current secretary of GAC, life should unfold limitless vistas of opportunity before him. Kortchmar maintains that his future is uncertain.

"Lord, we know what we are, but not what we may be," he said this summer. "Maybe I'll

## Acknowledgments

### *Yearbook*

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### *Class Leadership through the years*

Dana Carroll	Joyce Klein Perry
Phil Hoffer	Suzy Rekate Post
Karin Johnson Isles	Dave Rowley
Tom Kramer	Ann Stuart
Eileen Nixon Meredith	Joel Taylor
Peter Meyer	Sally Warren
Kiki Skagen Munshi	Nancy Weiss

**hal-cy-on** ('halsēən). *adj.* denoting a period of time in the past that was idyllically happy and peaceful. – *n.* a tropical Asian and African kingfisher with brightly colored plumage; a mythical bird said by ancient writers to breed in a nest floating at sea at the winter solstice, charming the wind and waves into calm; the Swarthmore College yearbook.



Photo, Laurence Kesterton, for Swarthmore College

Though we leave thee and though sorrow  
Still our laughter gay,  
We shall tender mem'ries borrow  
From the past so gray.  
Then you'll hear the old grads singing,  
As they sang of yore.  
Hail, to thee, our Alma Mater,  
Hail, all hail, Swarthmore.

from the Swarthmore College *Alma Mater*