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THE MAGAZINE OF THE ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RHODES SCHOLARS

Editor: Todd Breyfogle, 1600 Grape Street, Denver, CO 80220
todd.breyfogle@aspenninst.org Tel. 303-810-4369

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FROM THE EDITOR

THIS LONG-DELAYED issue of *The American Oxonian* marks several new moments in the journal's history. First, we are pleased to announce that we have enlisted the help of an editorial assistant, Anna Skiba-Crafts, who will help keep *TAO* appearing on a more regular and predictable schedule. Second, this issue begins a series of retrospective glances at past decades as *TAO* looks forward to marking its centenary in 2013.

Stephen Bergman opens a window into the "Balliol Revolution" as it appeared in 1968 and as it resonated for at least one American Rhodes Scholar. The political foment of 1968 was both the context and much of the content of Bergman's Oxford education. The opposition to the war in Vietnam marked much of the generation, and Bergman's own reflections bear the contours of its imprint. The ripples extend into the present, not only as Bergman looks back on his career in medicine and in writing, but with respect to his continued thinking about politics and engagement. It was at Balliol that Bergman settled on his passion for writing, and his first novel, *The House of God*, became an instant classic. One need not agree with Bergman's analysis of contemporary politics to appreciate the passion and determination he brings to his call for "what we can do together".

Bergman's path in 1968 was quite different from that of Karl Marlantes, who left Oxford to fight in Vietnam as a Marine. As for Bergman, Marlantes' experiences ripple on, though in quite different ways. After distinguished military service, Marlantes returned to Oxford, where he too discovered a passion for writing, though his first novel took more than thirty years to see the light of day. Despite, perhaps because of, the delay, *Matterhorn* is lauded by many as *the* novel about Vietnam for which a generation has waited. John Nagl, himself a retired Army officer, reviews both *Matterhorn* and Marlantes' non-fiction sequel, *What It Is Like to Go to War*. In so doing, Nagl brings the keen eye of combat and command, as well as his sensitivity as a superb writer in his own right.

A generation later, Ebrahim Patel is engaged in a very different fight in a very different landscape. In his 2012 Sailing Luncheon remarks to the class of Rhodes Scholars departing for England, Patel too reflects on his awakening at Oxford. For Patel, Oxford marks a shift from "doing" to "be-

ing”, from the laudable if unfocussed activity of achievement to a richer, more contemplative emphasis on solitude, creativity, and deliberate commitment. Like Bergman and Marlantes, Patel discovered his passion at Oxford, where the seeds of the Interfaith Youth Corps began to grow and take root. Patel lays bare his insecurities at Oxford and the ways those insecurities allowed him to tap deeper waters of moral, intellectual, and religious engagement. “For me,” Patel remarks on his Oxford days, “having more time meant I paid more attention to the world around me, instead of to the ‘to do’ list in my head. And because I was doing fewer things, I’d dig deeper into each of those.”

Digging deeper is the subject of Anderw Lanham’s “Letter From Oxford”. “Browsing the Dreaming Bookshelves” is a meditation on books and the stories they tell us about ourselves. As we mark them, they mark us—our passions, our choppy trajectories in life, our habits of thought and action. Even against the ghostly glow of various electronic readers, the book retains its physical and psychological permanence. As Lanham puts it: “Handling hundreds of books a week gives me a palpable sense of the mountains of knowledge we’ve compiled, and whenever I re-shelve a book I know, it takes me back to where I was when I read it, whom I knew at the time, the hidden influences it’s had on my thinking. I thrill at the myriad styles and life-stories these tomes represent, and I’m eager to crawl inside and emulate them like a Greek actor pulling on a mask.”

Books, like Oxford at its best, mask us and lay us bare.



Last issue’s query about the fate of the *U. S. S. Normandie* elicited a flurry of responses from a host of sources. You will recall the statement of the puzzle: *A mystery overhead at a recent Oxford Reunion luncheon*: It seems someone from the class of 1951 insisted on having sailed on the *Normandie*, while another at the table from a different year was aware that the *Normandie* caught fire and sunk in 1946.

I cannot resist quoting two of the responses I received at length, with thanks for the tumult caused by old memories which bear greater or lesser resemblance to the facts.

James Murray (Virginia and Merton ’51) writes: “It appears that at least one of the class of ’51 is losing it. The *Normandie* was not extant in 1951. She caught fire in the port of New York and sank at her berth in 1942. She was raised but could not be economically refitted and was sold for scrap in 1946.

“Our sailing party was on the *Liberté*. She was built in 1929 by Blohm & Voss for Noddeutsche Lloyd as the *Europa*. The French took her as reparations after WWII and rechristened her as the *Liberté*. What a wonderful combination: German engineering and French cuisine. I have vivid memories of long sessions singing folk songs, reading from Yeats (this would have been Walt Litz), and lots of vin rouge superieur. I hardly think we went to bed at all.”

Lee Saperstein (Montana and Queen’s ’64) reflects: “By now you will have heard many times over about the sad demise of the *S. S. Normandie*. Whilst being refitted for military service at the pier in New York harbor, a welder’s torch set on fire a stack of cork-filled life preservers. By the time that the New York fire service put out the fire, enough water had been poured into the ship to cause it to turn turtle in its place. This was in in 1942. The ship was re-floated and mothballed during the war. When the war was over, it was decided that re-fitting the ship would be too expensive and it was cut up for scrap in 1946....

“Now for something that you may not have heard. The interior of the *Normandie* was stripped in anticipation of its conversion to a troop ship and many of the furnishings and fittings survived. I have searched out the painted glass panels from the first-class dining room that are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and stood in front of them trying to imagine five or six successive nights of sumptuous dinner before them.

“The *Normandie* was built in St. Nazaire, as was the current *Queen Mary 2*. As you may guess, I was persuaded by our sailing party in 1964 on the *S. S. France* that a ship was the only way to cross and traveled on the *QM2* last year and expect to cross again in January coming up on the *Queen Victoria*.

“Jim Murray, ’51, will probably remember the name of the ship on which they did cross. In 1951, there were at least three Cunarders—including the two Queens and three French ships, including the *Ile de France*—that plied the Atlantic. Incidentally, Jim and I both successfully courted English women with the surname of Hickson (who are cousins).”

It would seem that these ships bring more than just two continents together.

Other reliable sources provide additional information. When the *Normandie* entered service in 1935, she was the fastest and largest passenger ship afloat and is recognized as the most powerful passenger ship ever built using steam turbo-electric propulsion. After 139 transatlantic voyages between Le Havre and New York, the *Normandie* was seized by U.S. authorities and re-named the *U. S. S. Lafayette*. She did indeed suffer a fire

and capsized in 1942, at Pier 88, where the New York Passenger Ship Terminal now stands.

For its part, the *Liberté*, before the class of 1951 set sail, had been damaged once by fire and once after coming unmoored from its moorings during a storm. As the *Europa* she had been used to transport thousands of U.S. servicemen back from the U.K. She was scrapped in 1962 after the launch, in 1960, of the *S. S. France*, on which Saperstein and the class of 1964 set sail.



American Rhodes Scholars of course no longer sail the Atlantic, but for almost two decades, now, they have enjoyed—with a number of their counterparts from Caribbean constituencies—a sailing of a different sort. The Association of American Rhodes Scholars, thanks exclusively to the support of its members, sponsors each year a four or five day “Bon Voyage Weekend” program designed to replicate the sailing experience of getting to know one another. Sleep (in deference to James Murray, above) is programmed, but often in short supply.

The bonds formed during these BVW “Sailing” days are strong, and are now supplemented by increased programming by Rhodes House for all Scholars. We have been pleased to see that the network of younger American Rhodes Scholars is not inward-looking, but interwoven with Scholar networks from other constituencies, both at Oxford and well afterwards. The BVW “Sailing” program goes well beyond socializing, however. Scholars are introduced to a host of Rhodes Scholars from all over the world in conversations about the myriad ways in which we fight the world’s fight. As Eboo Patel suggests in his “Sailing Luncheon” remarks, those conversations inform and refine our conceptions of responsibility and of the opportunities Oxford affords.

Next year marks the 100th anniversary of *The American Oxonian*, a journal whose inception aimed to facilitate conversations among Rhodes Scholars. This, together with the 110th anniversary celebrations of the Rhodes Trust, promises ample opportunities for looking backwards so as to be able to look forwards with greater clarity and confidence about our respective paths in life.

Let me close by thanking the many of you who have offered support, encouragement, and appreciation for the *Oxonian* over the past year as we have put our ship in order.

RESISTANCE AND THE BALLIOL REVOLUTION: WHAT WE DARE TO DO TOGETHER

BY

STEPHEN BERGMAN*
(Massachusetts and Balliol '66)

IN EARLY NOVEMBER of 1963 I found myself sitting beside a girl in a packed, chilly but sunny Harvard University stadium watching the Harvard-Dartmouth football game. It was our first date in Boston, and things were going well. Shortly before halftime something strange happened—something I had never experienced before, or since. Despite the play on the field, an eerie sense came over us all, and then a hush. Suddenly 30,000 eyes were on the fifty-yard line of the Harvard side, as a thin, well-tanned young man in a dark suit, his sandy hair blowing in the breeze, entered and walked to a seat, accompanied by two others in suits. Word rippled through the crowd: President John F. Kennedy had come back to his alma mater to watch the game. He sat a few rows away from us. My roommate got his autograph.

Two weeks later, driving down to the Yale game, we heard on the radio that he was dead. The Warren Commission soon reassured us that the assassination was the work of a “lone gunman.” We accepted this on faith.



In late September of 1966, after a freezing, seasick journey on the *Queen Elizabeth II* and a twisty bus trip from Southampton, we Rhodes Scholars were deposited, one by one, at our colleges in Oxford. I was sitting beside a friend from Harvard, Terrence Malick (Oklahoma and Magdalen '66). He, from Oklahoma, had been especially seasick and mortally miserable. The bus stopped at Balliol—actually at a high wall between Balliol and Trinity that was being rebuilt. The day was cold and rainy, and

* Stephen Bergman, under the pen name of “Samuel Shem,” has published novels, plays, and essays, and with Janet Surrey a nonfiction book called *We Have To Talk: Healing Dialogues Between Women and Men*. See: www.samuelshem.com and www.billwandrbob.com.

seeing the barbed wire on the top of the wall, Terry groaned and said, so loudly that all the rest of us heard it clearly, "Dachau!"

On the trip over on the boat, it seemed that many of the thirty-two Rhodes Scholars were already campaigning to become Secretary of State. I was not in the running. The son of a dentist who wanted (and wanted me) to be a doctor, I was a pre-med psychologist and scientist who was hell bent on finding the biological basis of memory, and was deferring my attendance at Harvard Medical School while I did a D.Phil. degree in physiology at Oxford. Deep down I wanted to be a writer, but I had almost failed the freshman writing class at Harvard and was convinced that I had no talent in that direction. In college from 1962-66 I had participated in protests that led to putting the civil rights laws on the books and that were to lead to ending the Vietnam War. I did so without much awareness—it was just what you did. To buy and wear a SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) button with white and black hands clasped, and talk the talk—you'd have to be heartless not to join in. And, let's face it, to wear it was cool.

Looking back, it was a rare time in the history of America where the lesson we learned was that when we saw an injustice and worked together to resist it, literally putting our shoulders to the big wheels of racism and the caveman violence of war, we had remarkable power to change things for the clear better. Not "I," but "We."

And yet when I arrived at Oxford I was remarkably naive about politics, government, and history. I had never before been outside the United States. I was ripe for something else to happen in my life, and, looking back over these forty-six years, everything did. Balliol, I soon learned, was not only the most "diverse" college—in terms of Africans and Asians—but the most radical one, a hotbed of political thought and action. My time at Balliol would have grown me up under any circumstances, but with the "revolution"—in values, politics, generations, arts, and action in the service of fighting injustice—it changed my life utterly.

Much of it was so damp and strange that it was pure misery. Because of a mix-up, I was the only one of my American Rhodes friends to actually be stuck living in the college itself—up on the second floor of a drippy turret, the dreaded Staircase 3. One closet-sized room, with a sink and a window that did not close fully and a patch of moss thriving in a corner of the ceiling, faced the Broad; the other, smaller room far down the cold, stone-floored hallway, with a desk and chair, faced the Quad; the bathroom was down two slippery flights, and next to what smelled like a slaughterhouse. My friends were all in Holywell Manor, and I started

hanging out there. Not that it was warm, or dry, but comparatively it was heavenly. Not only the rooms, but the girls. With our testosterone levels, and with the miniskirts/bra-less look that together were a kind of reclamation of natural resources for each and every woman, to have girls next door—even inscrutable upper-class English girls—was sexy. And if the great front door to the Manor was locked tight at some early hour of the night, well, you could climb in over walls and through windows to get in, and we did.

The Warden of Rhodes House, E. T. Williams, at morning “sherries” in his lair that laid you out well into the afternoon, soon instilled in us the two rules of the American scholars’ trajectory at Oxford. First: “Rhodes Scholars are young men with a promising future hidden somewhere in their past”; second: “you Americans spend your first year winding down, and your second year winding back up.” “Winding down” immediately took a decadent turn: booze, pot, girls, love, sex, morning films (I once saw three double features in one day camped out in the dark of the theatre in Jericho) and getting the hell out of Oxford to some sunshine further south.

And talking. A typical day would be breakfast in the market, coffee at a pub, lunch at Chinese, tea anywhere, drinks in a pub, dinner at one of the Indian restaurants (note: after my first meal in “Hall” I never once went back—there are some things even a young man, even when hungry, won’t eat; we navigated Oxford by the cheap restaurants, from the grand Taj to the reeking Dilduedenum, né Dildunia) and then talk/party in someone’s room or a pub. Each of these daily events was with a different person or persons, although dinner was often our inner “radical” group, gathered from around the globe. And talk we did—in a way it was *all* we did—and laugh, and drink, and smoke, and talk and talk. This was my real education at Oxford. And it was an education across countries, races, and class. I’d never even gotten to know a *European*, until then. My Rhodes athleticism was golf, and I recall many days on the golf team playing practice rounds with two South Africans: Balliol’s black-skinned Abner Moses Sonny Skwambane, and Nick Oppenheimer, of *The Oppenheimers*. Where else but Oxford?

My revolution was personal and political. My Harvard girl and I had broken up. If I hadn’t gotten the Rhodes and had stayed on the Harvard Medical track we would have been married. My depression fueled my risk-taking; my credo was, when offered a chance to do anything, to say “Yes.” One summer I was loaned an elephantine BMW 650 motorcycle and one day decided to “hit a ton” (go 100 mph) and—without a shirt, helmet, or

shoes, and fairly drunk—on a long down-stretch on the A34 through the Cotswolds to Stratford, riding the cat's-eyes in the middle, as cars passed by on either side, well, I did so. Balliol brought me in touch with sophisticated young men and women from all over the world. Prabhat Patnaik (India and Balliol and Nuffield '66), a brilliant gentle economist who was at Balliol as one of the two Rhodes Scholars from India my year, was a constant friend, soul mate, and introduction to a left-wing view of economy and politics, shadowed by my first dim awareness of that great subcontinent of Asia. I had never questioned the virtue of capitalism before, and now, with him and other leftists of Balliol, in the carnage of Vietnam, I sure did. Politics, economics, philosophy, revolution, history—things were linking up! Looking back I see that this great unwieldy university was working on me by demanding I open my eyes to two new worlds.

History, at every step history. "Step," yes, for I remember the first time I stepped through the small door cut into the immense thirteenth-century front door into Balliol, finding my foot treading in the hollow in the stone that had been formed by 700-plus years of feet. I had never thought history important, had never taken a course in it, and now I started to understand. Not just about what had happened, but about how to change history for the better—about resistance.

The other new world, which was essential for the revolutionary time I found myself in, was the whole rest of the world that gave me a new insight into America. From friends coming from Asia, Africa, Europe, Australia, South America—I saw America fresh. And what I saw, with the invasion of Vietnam, was not pretty. Many of these countries were recently freed from colonial rule. I had been against the war on humanitarian grounds but suddenly now I saw, clear as a rare fine Oxford day, how this American colonial war, stepping gladly into the fourteen years of French colonial failure with some crazed notion of our exceptional power, was historically doomed: it would be our obscene, culturally ignorant, unfathomably stupid fourteen more years of failure that would rattle down through history for a very long time. (As I write this, we see country after country from Tunisia through Pakistan to Indonesia again lit up with anti-American protests, and an ambassador killed.) Invade Vietnam because of "The Domino Theory?" Get real. It was a first insight into the delusional innocence of American exceptionalism—a national self-centeredness that de Tocqueville saw in its infancy—a loss of a spirit of shared justice in my country of birth. Now, I feel a certain sorrow. Back then, I was too young for sorrow. Rather, it ignited my and my friends' resistance to the war and to the draft.

And so the years of revolution became personal. Everything was on the table, everything was opened up, and after one of those month-long wild and wooly '60s road trips in a VW to Morocco with my Balliol economics buddy Steve Schaffran (California and Balliol '67)—see “The Computer and the Belly Dancer,” *The American Oxonian*, 122–32, Spring 1996—I understood that the whole trajectory of my life, which had been heading along a conveyer belt toward medicine and science with little consciousness, was secondary to something I always knew was primary and that had never been acknowledged—to be a writer. The preconceptions of my identity fell away. I read everything I could get my hands on about history, politics—I made friends with the Balliol economics don Richard Portes and his wife, Bobby, and joined them, summers, at the Dordogne house of Tommy Balogh, Labor Prime Minister Harold Wilson’s economic advisor. One night in the summer of '68, sitting by the fire burning the day’s garbage, we listened to the broadcast of the Czech revolution. I remember another night, drinking local *Gorge d’Enfer* wine as we sat at a café on the banks of the Vezere in Les Eyzies de Tayac, Tommy answering Richard’s complex mathematical analysis with, “Well my dear boy, it all boils down to whether they prefer cheddar or brie.”

Back at Oxford, night after night a shifting group with a core of Harvard friends would sit around someone’s room (Holywell Manor, again) and talk politics and how we could stop the war. I soon went from someone on the fringes, interrupting often because I didn’t even know the names or the laws they were mentioning, to someone whose learning curve for resistance was steep—as steep as the curve of learning to write—and even though I kept on with my research teaching cockroaches to lift their legs (!) under the hands-off supervision of the most remarkable scientist/humanist I had ever met, Denis Noble, it was clearly more and more secondary, as he, of course, saw before I did.

The second year I moved out of digs and rented a cottage in Kirtlington called “Noah’s Ark”—it was, in fact, that damp—and began to write. I wrote every day, or rather every night (I worked from the time I got back from the pubs in Oxford until 4:00AM), mostly poetry and short stories and plays. And of course I went to every play, concert, modern dance, and other art performance in Oxford, Stratford, and London that I could afford. (Always overdrawn on my Rhodes account, whenever I saw my banker coming down the street I ducked into the nearest doorway—and soon after would have to spend another morning of sherry with the Warden). The revolution in theatre and literature and art at that time was another explosion that rings true, even now. From my perch now as a writer,

I see it as a glorious lost time when novels, plays, and journalism had *purpose*. More—had *effects*. Rarely, now. For example, Michael Herr's *Dispatches*¹ (from Vietnam), the like of which now, with the censorship of enforced "imbedding," would never be possible.

1968 of course was the horrific, definitive year. Five years before, our lives had been ripped apart by the JFK assassination; now, from 3,000 miles away we watched the assassinations of Martin Luther King and then Robert Kennedy—and our hearts were ripped again. To us, America had gone crazy. Watching this carnage from the hinge of Europe, Africa, and Asia, for the first time America was a foreign country, not our own. I began to understand that the people in charge, though of a high surface-tension intelligence, when it came to history, and Asian culture, and an awareness of just plain deeply human concerns, were shallow idiots, at best *idiots savants*. Secretary of State Dean Rusk (North Carolina and St. John's '31) was one of the worst; hadn't he, at Oxford, learned anything about world history and culture and how, for an occupying power using standard-issue violence in a distant country against a dedicated resistance movement defending their homeland, failure was *assured*? Hadn't he read his history of the American Revolution? Was he not aware of John Adams writing of the American colonies' resistance that "The revolution was accomplished before the war began"? Having opened up to a wider world of understanding at Oxford, I looked upon the administration as comprised of banal technocrats with no—to use a Yiddish word I grew up with—*seichel*, heartfelt sense.

The central concern of us Americans was the draft. Nothing focuses the mind like an impending execution; 'Nam was that, and focus we did. We talked about it constantly, deciding whether, if called, we would go, or not. There was a split in the group; many of the Rhodes Scholars, especially from the South and the Midwest and military academies, were gung ho war. My group would never go; either we would game the system to find deferments (fake degrees, fake physicals), become conscientious objectors—a little late, for that—or choose exile in England or Canada (Scholars who did so would come to suffer greatly, for decades). At one point I got a scary letter from the draft board in my broken-down town of Hudson, New York, telling me to return at once for a pre-draft physical—luckily it was a clerical error. My Morocco-adventure buddy Steve Schaf-fran was safe from the draft because he had been offered a Balliol lectureship—on condition that he pass his B.Phil. exam in economics. He failed it—and was suddenly draft meat. Russell Meiggs, Praefectus of Holywell

1. Michael Herr, *Dispatches*, Knopf, 1968.

Manor, took him out to the garden and walked him around and asked him why he'd failed. At the end of the walk Russell said, "Balliol was going to elect you before the exam, and Balliol is going to elect you after the exam." Saved!

All the Rhodes Scholars in residence, feeling our self-importance as only young men can, spent a month drafting a Letter to the President (LBJ) about Vietnam, which in final form was so watered down that anyone could sign it (not quite anyone, for those who were concerned about it coming back to haunt them at their confirmation hearings for Secretary of State or their run for the Senate or their march up the military mountain, despite agreeing with the letter, would not sign). And in late 1968 when LBJ—the one whom we had cheered with his championing the Civil Rights Act and the Voting Rights Act in 1964 and '65—started bombing Vietnam "back to the Stone Age," we raged at the TV, and we took to the streets, and Europe exploded and we joined in that explosion in Oxford and London and Paris and Rome and Madrid and Berlin and Amsterdam and we would never, ever, see our home country the same way again. Racial justice? Gone. Doing "good things in the world" and "being the greatest force for good in the world in history"? Forget it. We took to the streets and guess what? One day we found ourselves glued to the TVs again as we heard LBJ say that he would not run for reelection for president. We cheered. Little did we know that this revolutionary time in America called "the '60s" would scare the hell out of Nixon's "silent majority" that made up our astonishingly insular and conservative country and usher in a disastrous reaction. It started with Nixon (who now looks almost "liberal"), whose stroke of evil genius was to abolish the draft, thus insuring invasions like Iraq; next was the Reagan Revolution, which stoked and capitalized on the misplaced rage and ushered in the era of "Robber Barons 2"; and finally the Cheney/Bush catastrophe that sent our dear country far down the tubes of military empire and financial collapse.

Professor Tom Lehrer of M.I.T., the great political songwriter, was asked why he had stopped writing protest songs. "When Henry Kissinger got the Nobel Peace Prize," he said, "all the fun went out of political satire."

At the end of my Rhodes deferment in 1969 I faced a choice: Vietnam or Harvard Med. I wanted to be a writer but I needed a deferment and a meal ticket, and medicine was both. I left Balliol in August and went straight to Harvard Medical School. Instead of strawberries and cream on the lawn it was cadavers and formalin in the basement. I hated it, yearned for Oxford, and soon began realizing, through my "aberrant" views and

actions, how much I had changed. In the spring of 1970, as we began “The Kidney Block,” it was revealed that Nixon had been secretly bombing Cambodia, and at a protest at Kent State University, the Ohio State National Guard murdered four demonstrating students. The universities went out on strike. We at Harvard had to decide whether to join them. There were passionate speeches: “If we go out on strike we’ll *never* learn the kidney” versus “To hell with the kidney, let’s go!” We went out on strike. I never learned the kidney.

Taking the pen name “Samuel Shem,” I wrote my first novel, *The House of God*,² about internship training at the Beth Israel Hospital in Boston in 1973-74. I owe the tone, and the success, of that first novel to Balliol. The first chapter is set in southern France at what was Denis Noble’s country house, looking back over the internship year. The novel grew from my outrage at the way that the received wisdom of the medical/hospital system was starkly at odds with the human values of us fresh and idealistic interns, trained by our experience of resistance in the ’60s. At the time I didn’t realize that our actions—which we thought of not as actions, but just as what we had to do because it was “right”—had been ingrained in us in our college and medical school passages. One can read the novel as a primer on nonviolent resistance to an unjust authority, in the service of bringing healthy change. To my surprise, the novel struck a chord, has now sold almost three million copies, has been sold in just about every country of the world, and is commonly called “a classic.” Although when it came out in 1978, it and I were reviled and censored by the older generation of doctors, on its thirtieth anniversary there was an international symposium on it with scholars, doctors, philosophers, and humanists. Essays in the accompanying volume, *Return to the House of God: Residency Training 1978–2008* (Kent State U. Press!),³ suggest that the novel has helped humanize medical training, and I have spoken all over the world on “Staying Human in Medicine.”

Live long enough, the ones who hate you either die or retire.

Looking back, it was my awakening at Oxford that fueled my passion to try to write novels that “matter,” that are political in the broad sense, addressing the inhumane. My writing starts with “Hey wait a second” moments—moments we all have each day when we see or hear or do things that are unjust and we say “Hey wait a second—why am I doing this (or not doing this) in the face of the injustice?” When enough of these mo-

2. Samuel Shem, *The House of God*, Marek/Putnam, 1978.

3. Martin Kohn and Carol Donley, eds., *Return to the House of God: Medical Residency Education 1978-2008*, Kent State University Press, 2008.

ments pile up, I start to write. Another novel, *Mount Misery*,⁴ addresses the injustices in psychiatry; the new novel, *The Spirit of the Place*,⁵ the injustices of love and truth and death when a middle-aged doctor goes back home to practice, all in the Reagan era of the destruction of the “safety net” that LBJ had provided for mental health care, the poor, the infirm, and the elderly. The Off-Broadway play I wrote with my wife, Janet Surrey, *Bill W. and Dr. Bob*,⁶ about the relationship between two men that led to the founding of Alcoholics Anonymous in Akron, Ohio, in 1935, addresses the inhumanity of the killer disease of isolation, and the power of mutual connection to heal. No amount of self-will, or willpower, can keep a drunk away from a drink. What works is asking for help from something else, that is not yourself, and giving help, to another. Not “I” but “We.” As the two men discovered: “The only thing that can keep a drunk sober is telling his story to another drunk.”

Isolation is deadly; connection heals. Substitute any other suffering for “drinking,” and it’s the same. We all suffer—it’s not optional. The issue is not our suffering, but how we walk through it. If we try to do it alone—stand tall, gut it out, draw a line in the sand—we will suffer more, and spread more suffering around. If we walk through our suffering with others—especially with caring others—we will gain understanding, awareness, even redemption. And we will not spread more suffering around.

While many Rhodes friends have, as is “normal” as one ages, tempered their youthful resistance and become titans of industry or of World Banks or of governments, others have lived their hearts’ dreams in unselfish service. Eight years ago, on my first trip to India, I spent time with Prabhat Patnaik. I hadn’t seen him in thirty-five years. He had started the graduate economic program at Nehru University and, a committed leftist economist, had become the economic minister of the prosperous communist state Kerala, walking the walk, talking the talk (recently at the United Nations) for a just and worldly policy to help all humans without regard for nationality. Resilience. Dedication. Wisdom. An inspiration.

Part of our own family’s “service” has been in rural St. Raphael, Costa Rica, creating dialogues between Costa Rican (“Tico”) and American teenagers. Costa Rica abolished its army in 1948—it has no defense budget, imagine that. (See “What it’s Like in a Country Without War,” *Boston Globe*, August 10, 2009). Even the smallest town has a health clinic with a doctor, and a school. They have perhaps the smallest carbon foot-

4. Samuel Shem, *Mount Misery*, Ballantine, 1997.

5. Samuel Shem, *The Spirit of the Place*, Kent State University Press, 2008.

6. Samuel Shem and Janet Surrey, *Bill W. and Dr. Bob*, Samuel French, 1987.

print in the world, getting almost all their energy from water, solar, geothermal sources, and wind. Our house there is called *Tierra Tranquila*. One question that a Tico teenager in dialogue asked the Americans: “What does it feel like to live in a country that’s always at war?”

It’s true: my country of origin has been continually at war—sometimes secretly—for *my whole life*. This “honor,” as far as I know, belongs to no other country in the world. Cecil Rhodes, having seen war close-up, created our fellowship to bring together “the best men for the world’s fight.” He meant us to work together to end war, not to wage it. In the Buddha’s teachings: “In this world, hatred never dispels hatred; only love dispels hatred; this is the law, ancient and inexhaustible.”

And lo and behold, four decades after the Warren Report, an exhaustive exegesis of the Kennedy assassination by James W. Douglass, a peace activist and theologian, suggests that the worst thing an American president can do is threaten to go to peace.⁷



On January 20, 2009, a thin, cocoa-skinned young man in a dark suit, his short-clipped hair making his ears seem large, is taking the oath of office to be the fourty-fourth president of the United States. I watch with my wife Janet—the girl at the Dartmouth game—and our daughter Katie, adopted from China at four months, now almost seventeen. We, like the new president, are a mixed-race family. Katie and Janet and I worked for Obama. Janet and I, having lived with the rending of the fabric of the world by the Cheney/Bush regime, feel an unmatched sense of political relief, and a hope that Katie’s world might be more just. The man and the time might just be transformative. For the first time in our lifetime a presidential candidate had gotten a lot of diverse people to embrace a “Hope,” and a “We,” as in “Yes we can.” The worry is that the man, in power, will dampen his creativity and boldness, will not be as brave as the time demands. This country will do that to you. America, for the moment, seems less foreign, but to recover and redeem and “get real,” it needs a spirit of resistance to what is now taken for “normal,” as in “normal” free market forces or the “normal” obscene defense budget at the expense of, say, national health care.

There have been three revolutions in America. First: the revolution

7. James W. Douglass, *JFK and the Unspeakable: Why He Died and Why It Matters*, Orbis Books, 2008.

for independence from the colonial power—showing how a dedicated home-based resistance movement can outlast an invading, mercenary power (witness Afghanistan, forever); this revolution, through unchecked greed and no financial regulation, led to an era of Robber Barons, and ended with the Crash. Second: the FDR Revolution, which checked the greed and regulated the banks, and for the first time in our history worked not only for the self, but for the common good, spreading a safety net for fifty years. Third: the Reagan Revolution, rolling back FDR and ushering in a second coming of the Barons and “banksters,” the deregulation of the financial sector and the shredding of the safety net, leading to a catastrophic neocolonialism and an obscene inequality capped by the wealth of the one percent and the Almost Crash. With the Supreme Court’s rulings that corporations are people and money is speech, there are few signs that this avalanche can be stopped from within the established system.



As I write this now, four years later, with the presidential campaign in full seething bloom—the Republican candidate Romney, for the first time in my history shattering the glass of veracity with nonchalance, pure propaganda—the vision of the “we” of shared hope may be tattered, but the alternative is scary: the slogan “I built it myself.” Having worked for forty years as a doctor, I know the health-care issues. Obama’s health-care plan has many good elements. But the main beneficiary is the insurance industry. The only industrialized countries with a for-profit national health-care system are the Netherlands and Switzerland. It works for them because they are stringently regulated, and profits are small. The numbers are such that in America, anything less than a national government-run system (with a private option) is merely whistling past the graveyard of health care. Ask any senior: Medicare works. Why in the world should health care be for profit? In a crowded theatre, when someone falls down, do we hear the cry go out: “Is there an *insurance executive* in the house?”

What to do? The hope is what has always been the hope. We doctors—and other health-care colleagues—are the workers. Without us there is no health care. As I wrote five years ago in the *Boston Globe* (August 5, 2007), even the *threat* of a national strike might well bring action. Historically in America, whenever medical residents or nurses have

threatened a strike, the demands are negotiated, and a strike never occurs. Peaceful resistance works. How to pay for this, a “Medicare for all?” Stop paying for wars.

Impossible to think that we could get such a thing done?

This points to a fundamental ideological divide in how to bring about needed change. Do you work from your strictly pragmatic mindset, within the limits of the dominant powers of the corporate hierarchies, to “get what you think you can”—say, from a deadlocked political system? Or do we work from our intact idealism, and shape our pragmatic actions while holding firm to that? Do you turn with the wheel of the one percent, or do we, the other ninety-nine percent, put our shoulders to the wheel to stop it, and move it along in another direction, toward equal justice for all? Modern history teaches us that these grassroots, nonviolent resistance actions have great power. Who would have thought, as Jonathan Schell documents in *The Unconquerable World*,⁸ that in our time we would see a mostly bloodless revolution in India, South Africa, and the Soviet Union? The invading army fails. Thus, the hope.

It's not that you do only what you think you can get done.

It's what we dare to do, together.



The essential learning from my time at Oxford was the beginning of how to be human in the world. Along the way I have learned the peril of the isolated self, and the inexorable healing power of good, mutual connection. We Rhodes Scholars, each chosen for being a super-achiever in the terms of our own culture, at some point in our relationships and our work may well “hit the wall”—the stone limits of self-focus. The Declaration of Independence guarantees all of us “the pursuit of happiness.” And yet the “pursuit” may mar the “happiness.”

If we're lucky, this can be a wake-up call. We become aware of a shift from the centrality of self to the centrality of connection. Resistance to injustice is an essence of that transformation and that shared quest, as long as the steps are taken hand in hand with the spirit: an awareness of each of our powers greater than ourselves. As a doctor I have written only a single article in a medical journal: “Fiction as Resistance.” As a doctor and a writer and a person, as I watch my “Class Report” fall scarily back toward

8. Jonathan Schell, *The Unconquerable World: Power, Nonviolence, and the Will of the People*, Metropolitan Books/Henry Holt, 2003.

the front, the thinner part of each issue of *The American Oxonian*, I have come to a certain awareness of the possibility, as one moves through suffering in connection with others, of redemption.

The worlds have come together. Not retributive justice, but restorative justice. Not “Power-over” (whether the trendy “hard” or “soft”), but “Power-with.” Not the adversarial set of “Either/Or”, but “And.” Not “I” or “You” but “We.”

As in “We the People.”

COMMUNITY, CONVERSATION, AND
COMMITMENT:
THE 2012 SAILING LUNCHEON ADDRESS*

BY EBRAHIM PATEL
(Illinois and Lady Margaret Hall '98)

Introduction

BY STEVEN A. CROWN, *AARS President*
(Washington and Queen's '80)

OF LATE WE have taken advantage of this gathering of alumni and newly admitted Rhodes Scholars to hear from Rhodes Scholars who are engaged in what the founder called “the world’s fight.” That is not a static concept. There is no one path to do honor to Cecil Rhodes’ investment in the young people who will throughout their lives bear his name.

Last year we heard from Benjamin Jealous (New York and St. Anthony’s ’97), President and CEO of the NAACP. Ben spoke passionately of his battles since his earliest days to organize movements to combat racism and advance the cause of social justice. This time last year Ben had just returned from fighting against a controversial execution in the state of Alabama. He emphasized that prejudices and injustices are not challenges from some earlier time, but part of the world we inhabit today. He exhorted all of us to put to good use—that is *use for good*—the privilege that has been accorded us as Rhodes Scholars.

So it is entirely fitting and right, and an honor and a delight, to introduce today’s keynote speaker, Ebrahim Patel (Illinois and Lady Margaret Hall ’98). Eboo has committed himself to leading efforts on another front in the battle against prejudice and discrimination. With great ambition and great faith in young people, greater perhaps than the ambition on this front of anyone else in our country, he has focused his attention and his talents on improving *interfaith understanding*.

* Remarks given at the Annual Bon Voyage Weekend “Sailing Luncheon”, September 25, 2012, at the Cosmos Club, Washington, DC.

Eboo is the founder and President of Interfaith Youth Core (IFYC). IFYC has worked on five continents and with over 200 college and university campuses, training thousands in the principles of interfaith leadership. It has worked with partners including the Tony Blair Faith Foundation, the White House, and the Office of Her Majesty Queen Rania of Jordan.

Eboo has written two books. His first book is *Acts of Faith: The Story of an American Muslim, the Struggle for the Soul of a Generation* (2007). His second work, released just last month, is *Sacred Ground: Pluralism, Prejudice, and the Promise of America*. I highly recommend them both for perspectives on prejudice, hope, maturation in religious understanding, and for renewal of faith in our younger generations. Eboo writes with rare nuance and balance regarding the challenges of finding common ground, common respect and understanding, in a world that is as strongly influenced by faith—and by ignorance of other faiths—as it is by any other force in international relations.

For too many, the essential goodness of sincere adherents to other faiths can be overshadowed by the worst acts of fringe elements. I need mention only the events of 9/11 and America's international response to the terrorist acts of a previously little-known Islamic fringe group, *al-Qaeda*. Al-Qaeda, of course, is not mainstream Islam. But how readily are the two conflated in Western thinking? How easily can the fight against *sectarian terrorists* bleed into uninformed prejudice against Islam and Muslims? Eboo's IFYC stands in the middle of the battleground of that and related misunderstandings.

The core questions of interfaith and cross-boundary dialogue, with all of its opportunities for prejudice and uninformed bias, have been brought to the fore most recently by the YouTube trailer, *The Innocence of Muslims*. How well do we in America understand its reception and the resulting unrest in countries as dispersed as Egypt and Malaysia? How do we place those events in our understanding of Islam? Eboo's work requires faith in the value of dialogue, belief in the possibility of humane engagement, openness to appreciate the ultimate sanctity of persons of different faiths. He draws upon sources as diverse as Martin Luther King, Mahatma Gandhi, the Dalai Lama, and clerics and scholars across the 1,400 years of Islamic tradition. At its heart, IFYC is about changing the public discourse concerning different religions from one of inevitable conflict to one of understanding and cooperation.

I do not want to steal from anything Eboo plans to say today—I understand that he will speak primarily about his experiences at Oxford. But

I can say that his discussion of the difference between diversity and tolerance, on the one hand, and true pluralism, on the other, is perfectly timely and supremely important. It is certainly one of the great battlefields of the world's fight in our century.

Please join me in welcoming Eboo Patel.

COMMUNITY, CONVERSATION, AND COMMITMENT

BY EBRAHIM PATEL
(Illinois and Lady Margaret Hall '98)

ONE OF MY earliest experiences at Oxford was a meeting with my D.Phil. advisor when I was just figuring out my thesis topic. He was a senior figure in the sociology of education and religion with this cavernous office, about three times the size of my Oxford dorm room, filled with books from floor to ceiling. I explained that I wanted to do an ethnography of young British ethnic and religious minorities, detailing how they negotiated the various worlds in which they lived. He nodded, walked over to one of his bookcases, handed me a text called *A Pakistani Community in Britain*, and said, “Why don’t you read this and write a five page reflection paper for our tutorial next week.”

So here’s my chance, I thought. I was intimidated out of my mind by the whole Oxford/Rhodes Scholarship thing. I was convinced that everybody else in my Rhodes class was destined for the Senate or the Supreme Court, that I was the only mere mortal in the crowd. The Brits I’d met my first couple weeks on campus all seemed perfectly chummy with each other, but extremely standoffish around me. I had gotten rejected from my first-choice Oxford college. The one question I’d asked in a class had been met by a short chortle from the professor. I may have charmed my way through the American selection process, but these Oxford types, I was beginning to feel, had a mediocrity bell that went off in their minds when I walked into a room.

What I had was a work ethic. A middle-class, Midwestern, I-will-do-whatever-it-takes-and-more work ethic. I wanted my D.Phil. advisor to know that, largely so he wouldn’t write me off. So as I casually flipped through the book he handed me, I proposed a slight modification of his assignment: “Listen, Professor Walford, I’d like to get a head start on the thesis process. How about I read this plus one or two more books, and write a longer paper—a compare-and-contrast type thing.”

When does a student ever propose *more work*? My professors back at the University of Illinois would have been *over the moon* with my sugges-

tion. I would have rocketed straight up into the “pay-attention-to-this-young-man-he’s-going-places” category. Not so much here. Professor Walford looked at me a bit quizzically and responded, “Why don’t you just read that one book a bit more carefully and write a better five-page paper?”

So that was one of my first lessons in how different Oxford-world was from the world I’d come from. First of all, being impressed was not really what they did. Not about raw talent, not about work ethic, not about fancy scholarships. I’m not sure I got a full compliment from Professor Walford until I actually passed my doctoral exam, at which point he said, “Nice work.” Until then, he’d read my chapters and said one of two things: “Not quite” or “This will do.”

The second thing I learned was that this was not a world awaiting my suggestions. The campus where I’d been an undergrad virtually begged, “Come inflict your will upon us.” Not just of me, of everyone. There were people—resident advisors, leadership program staff, heck the entire division of student affairs—paid to listen to my most recent “the world is never going to be the same” masterpiece idea and help me make it reality. You want to start a program where college students take local homeless people bowling? Here’s \$1,000 from student government, a write-up in the student paper and a personal congratulatory note from the Director of Volunteer Programs! Oxford, it turns out, was not waiting for me to inflict my will upon it.

But the most important thing I learned is that time is viewed differently at Oxford. Reading a book and writing a five-page reflection paper was my only assignment that week. That seemed like a vacation to me, which is one of the reasons I had proposed additional work.

Where I’d come from, you did one thing with time: more. Added another major, started another student organization, ran another event, volunteered at another homeless shelter. But to my D.Phil. advisor, the life of an Oxford student was meant to be slow and meditative, not Mach 5 and manic.

This is probably the point to add a disclaimer. Not everyone has oodles of time at Oxford. If you’re in a taught Masters course, you spend a lot more time in class than if you’re a Probationary Research Student on the way to doing a D.Phil., like I was. And I suppose if you try really hard you can play sports, join organizations, launch new initiatives—fill your time in a way that probably feels familiar. I tried for a while. It’s hard to stop doing what you’ve done for so many years, the things that make up who you are and that got you to the place you’re at. But it’s an uncomfort-

able fit in a culture that doesn't really reward it, or frankly even understand it.

And so what do you do with all this time, and this vastly different expectation of how to spend it? In college, I kept a mental "If only I had the time" list. One of my artsy friends would say, "Hey man, there's this cool film playing in the international building next Wednesday." I'd be like, "If only I had the time" and then I'd rush off to another meeting.

I didn't need to keep that list at Oxford. That's because I went to those films and plays and concerts. Probably three or four a week, actually. I started reading the Arts section of newspapers. If an exhibit caught my eye, I'd take the bus to London and go see it. I began reading the *New York Review of Books*. If an essay on a new novel struck me, I'd go buy it. When I started reading James Baldwin's reflections on being a black American in Europe, I thought to myself, "Wouldn't it be fun to read this where he wrote it?" and took off to Paris for a few days. I probably read a novel every couple weeks at Oxford. And maybe the single best activity I was involved in was a reading group, made up mostly of American Rhodes Scholars. It gave me a chance to build strong, lasting friendships; to hear the perspectives of some of the smartest and best people of my generation; and to declare every other book we read the great American novel. That is how I learned that I would make a terrible literary critic.

For me, having more time meant I paid more attention to the world around me, instead of to the "to do" list in my head. And because I was doing fewer things, I'd dig deeper into each of those. That's the point Professor Walford was trying to make when he said "Why don't you just read that one book a bit more carefully." And part of what's around you at Oxford is a group of remarkable people, not a few of which are your fellow Rhodes Scholars.

One memory sticks out to me. When I lived in Lady Margaret Hall, I tried to get out of my room as early as possible because it was so small that staying inside would just depress me. For several mornings in a row, I'd seen my fellow American Rhodes Scholar, Eric Greitens (Missouri and Lady Margaret Hall '96), running in the parks next to the college. Eric was a few years older than me, and I had deep respect for him. He was a professional quality photographer, a writer, and an amateur boxer with movie star looks; was doing a doctorate on the impact of war on children; and was about the nicest guy you'd ever met. So day four or five of walking by and waving at Eric, I noticed something. He wasn't out for a leisurely jog. He was running sprints in long pants on a hot day and he

had weights on his legs. I saw him later that night and said something like, “Eric, what are you doing out there?”

I don’t think I could have ever been more surprised by the answer. “I’m training to be a Navy SEAL,” he told me. My first thought was, “Is there something this guy can’t do?” And then I remembered the topic of Eric’s doctorate. He’d been going to the Balkans to interview kids who had been orphaned by war, and the stories he brought back were heart-breaking. Training to be a Navy SEAL—that just didn’t compute for me. So I said, “Eric, don’t you do ethnographic research on the effects of war on kids? Don’t you, of all people, hate how war wrecks worlds?”

I’d come up in highly progressive circles in college and had strongly pacifist leanings. My view of war was pretty simplistic—that it was bad, terrible, and mostly a power play by elites whose primary effect was to crush the people below. But here was a guy for whom I had deep respect, who had seen a lot more than I had when it came to the devastation of war, and who was training to be a Navy SEAL. Eric simply said, “I’ve seen enough to know that it’s important for the good guys to have guns.”

I’ve thought about that conversation a thousand times over the past twelve years. Unfortunately, affairs in the world have given me too many occasions for that. I’m hardly a hawk, but I think differently about what it means to have talons.

Look, I’ve got to be honest, Oxford is a hard place to be. It is impossible to overstate how depressing the weather is. My advice: get to the warmer climes between November and February. The dumbest thing I did at Oxford was spend winter holidays in town my first year. “This will give me a chance to browse through used bookstores and wander through the Ashmolean,” I thought. Well, those places are open in May, too.

It’s also an intensely lonely place. One of the things about the über-leader culture on American campuses is the social role it plays. Your friends are in the same organizations you are, so when you’re working, you’re also hanging out. For all the talk about the community at an Oxford college, I just never really found it. Bar nights and “bops”—which is Oxford-ese for parties—in spaces that smelled of stale smoke and were driven by the hormones of privileged eighteen-year-olds never became my thing. There’s a line about Oxford: that it’s a town of 10,000 people, all of them studying alone in their rooms. One day, you wake up and realize you are one of them. It’s frighteningly true.

I went to Oxford an extrovert. I’m the guy who would walk down the quad at school and know every other person. Heck, I started a commune when I graduated from college. Heaven for me was fifteen hippies with guitars splayed out in our shaggy splendor, each one sharing our new folk

song. But I did a lot of stuff alone at Oxford. All those plays and movies and concerts I told you about—I went to most of those alone. It's not that I didn't have friends, it's that the pattern of life at Oxford doesn't lend itself to the easy and constant socializing of campuses here.

But there's something about lots of time alone—you learn things about yourself. You have the kind of realizations that you might not otherwise have. There's a line in a Carl Sandburg poem:

Tell him solitude is creative if he is strong
and the final decisions are made in silent rooms.

I think life is about the things you choose to commit to. It was at Oxford—precisely because of that intersection of conversations with remarkable people and large quantities of time spent alone—that I made the commitments that have shaped my life.

I re-engaged Islam at Oxford, did my first real Ramadan fast there after years of spiritual seeking. It was at Oxford, strangely, that I realized I wanted to be back in Chicago. Not just because I'd grown up there but because I recognized that place mattered to me. I wanted to be on a patch of earth that had some claim on me that I could call myself a citizen of and make contributions to for the long haul. And it was at Oxford that I decided I was going to focus full-time on the non-profit organization I was trying to start, Interfaith Youth Core.

As an undergrad, I had started so many different organizations and groups I frankly couldn't have told you which one I was deeply committed to. But at Oxford, in addition to writing my thesis, I basically did one other piece of work—start Interfaith Youth Core. I ran interfaith projects in South Africa, India, Sri Lanka, across the continent in Europe, and some back here in the States. I started off by thinking about the organization as a series of highly localized service projects. It was conversations at Oxford, mostly with fellow Rhodes Scholars, that widened my lens. Someone recommended I read Michael Walzer's work, and I started to see IFYC as contributing to the long-term project of America's diverse democracy. Someone recommended I read Robert Putnam, and I realized the importance of bridging faith-based social capital. Someone else told me to read Richard Rorty's *Achieving Our Country* and I realized the importance of shaping narratives of hope rather than just critique. It was all those reading group conversations, those random encounters in Oxford's parks, the many, many hours spent alone in silent rooms that helped me make that deep commitment.

There were times I thought Oxford might as well have been Mars. I

remember going to one drinks party—that’s a term that you will hear a lot during your time there—when a fancy Oxford type asked my name and nation, and when I said “American,” responded: “Ah yes, the United States—home of Bill Clinton. I had dinner with him some time ago. Such a charming man. Have you met him?”

I replied something like, “My dad owns a Subway sandwich shop in Lisle, Illinois, and my mom teaches accounting at a community college. Sorry, I haven’t had the occasion to meet Bill Clinton.”

That incident occurred at a time when I felt particularly out of place at Oxford. It gave me an excuse to call home a lot and talk to my friends in Chicago, most of them teachers and artists and organizers running local projects (the same hippies I cooked lentils and traded folk songs with), and complain that Oxford was really outer space. I had a good month-long run or so self-righteously wrapping myself up in a kind of middle-class Midwestern cocoon, when one of my friends back home said to me: “Dude, where did you think you were going? You went to Oxford *because* it was outer space—because people there hang out with Bill Clinton and expect you to as well.”

It was true. It’s not like applying for the Rhodes is a cinch, after all. Eight recommendations—that is a serious load. I’d done it for a reason: because I wanted at least the opportunity to play in higher orbits. Oxford was a unique time-space that helped me shape a big idea and make a deep commitment to it. The Rhodes gave me access to people who helped make it a reality.

There’s a lot of “wah wah wah” about the world’s fight in Rhodes circles. I’ve contributed my fair share. What’s the biggest social problem in the world—the most important, the most intractable, the most urgent. As I said, “wah wah wah”. The truth is, there are lots of world’s fights. The genius of the Rhodes Scholarship is that it doesn’t pick one and send a battalion of well-trained young people to go off and slay that dragon. Instead, every year it picks thirty-two of you—thirty-two fighters—and sends them to a place where they can cultivate their contribution and meditate on their commitments. Everything from science to peacemaking to the American songbook has been profoundly impacted by the commitments and contributions of our predecessors. And here you are, the new generation. Congratulations. Welcome to the lineage.

REVIEW ESSAY:
WHAT IT IS LIKE TO REMEMBER A WAR

BY JOHN A. NAGL*
(Nebraska and St. John's '88)

Karl Marlantes, *Matterhorn: A Novel of the Vietnam War* (New York: Atlantic Monthly Press, 2010), 600 pp. \$24.95 (cloth), \$15.95 (paper).

Karl Marlantes, *What It Is Like to Go to War* (New York: Atlantic Monthly Press, 2011), 256 pp. \$25.00 (cloth), \$15.00 (paper).

CECIL RHODES sought scholars who would “fight the world’s fight.” Few of his progeny have seen the horror of that fight at the close range that distinguishes Karl Marlantes’ (Oregon and University ’67) battles, nor have many reflected on it over a longer period of time.

The son of a World War II veteran who grew up in a logging town in Oregon, Marlantes earned a Rhodes from Yale in 1967, but his earlier decision to take a commission in the Marine Corps Reserve haunted his first term at Oxford. He left England and volunteered to serve as an infantry platoon leader in Vietnam. Within a couple of weeks of his arrival there in October of 1968, Lance Corporal Jake, one of Marlantes’ squad leaders, asked him if the rumors of his Yale degree and Rhodes Scholarship were true. The lieutenant admitted that he was guilty as charged. “Then,” the Lance Corporal announced, “you must be the dumbest f—ing Rhodes Scholar ever.”

And one of the bravest. Marlantes was awarded the Navy Cross, the nation’s second-highest decoration for valor, for his actions in Vietnam in March of 1969, when he could have been safely engaged in close combat with pints of bitter at the Turf Tavern. Instead, he participated in some of the toughest fighting of the Vietnam War, which was characterized by far

* John Nagl is the inaugural Minerva Research Professor at the U.S. Naval Academy. A retired Army officer, he served in both Iraq wars and is the author of *Learning to Eat Soup with a Knife* (Counterinsurgency Lessons from Malaya and Vietnam) (2005).

more close combat against a determined enemy than has been seen in the recent war in Iraq; although there have been episodes of bitter infantry fighting in Afghanistan, they have not had the same intensity for the same duration as was prevalent in Vietnam. It is worth reprinting the citation that accompanied Marlantes' Navy Cross verbatim:

The President of the United States of America takes pleasure in presenting the Navy Cross to First Lieutenant Karl A. Marlantes (MCSN: 0-103269), United States Marine Corps (Reserve), for extraordinary heroism while serving as Executive Officer of Company C, First Battalion, Fourth Marines, THIRD Marine Division (Reinforced), Fleet Marine Force, in connection with operations against the enemy in the Republic of Vietnam. During the period 1 to 6 March 1969, Company C was engaged in a combat operation north of the Rockpile and sustained numerous casualties from North Vietnamese Army mortars, rocket-propelled grenades, small arms, and automatic weapons fire. While continuing to function effectively in his primary billet, First Lieutenant Marlantes skillfully combined and reorganized the remaining members of two platoons, and on 6 March initiated an aggressive assault up a hill, the top of which was controlled by a hostile unit occupying well-fortified bunkers. Under First Lieutenant Marlantes' dynamic leadership, the attack gained momentum which carried it up the slope and through several enemy emplacements before the surprised North Vietnamese force was able to muster determined resistance. Delivering a heavy volume of fire, the enemy temporarily pinned down the friendly unit. First Lieutenant Marlantes, completely disregarding his own safety, charged across the fire-swept terrain to storm four bunkers in succession, completely destroying them. While thus engaged, he was seriously wounded, but steadfastly refusing medical attention, continued to lead his men until the objective was secured, a perimeter defense established, and all other casualties medically evacuated. Then, aware that all experienced officers and noncommissioned officers had become casualties, he resolutely refused medical evacuation for himself. His heroic actions and resolute determination inspired all who observed him and were instrumental in a decisive rout of the North Vietnamese Army force with minimal friendly casualties. By his courage, aggressive fighting spirit, and unwavering devotion to duty in the face of grave personal danger, First Lieutenant Marlantes upheld the highest traditions of the Marine Corps and the United States Naval Service.

Although the language is clinical, the events described in the citation were not, and they left a deep impression on Marlantes. Carrying two Purple Hearts and two Navy Commendation Medals for Valor as well as the Navy Cross, he returned to the United States after his year in Vietnam to recover from his physical wounds, and was then welcomed back to Oxford to complete his degree and recover from the emotional damage he had suffered.

The latter process was less successful than the former. It included writing a 1,600-word novel on a typewriter, ten hours a day for an entire summer. Nobody was interested in publishing the novel, and Marlantes began life as a husband, father, and management consultant despite the harrowing memories that continued to cause him to wake up in a cold sweat and the lingering anger and fear that sometimes led him to punch through walls in his family home. He would repeatedly return to the novel about his time in Vietnam, which he titled *Matterhorn*, but publishers never felt that the time was right; he was advised instead to set it in Iraq after Desert Storm or in Afghanistan in this decade, since the American public was more interested in those wars.

As part of the actions that earned Marlantes the Navy Cross, he had killed a North Vietnamese soldier at very close range, from perhaps ten feet away. The two had locked eyes before Marlantes pulled the trigger on his M16, a form of communion between two souls that happens very seldom in combat. While driving his car along Interstate 5 one night in Oregon, Marlantes suddenly saw the eyes of the North Vietnamese soldier in front of him—knowing that they weren't really there, that the enemy soldier was twenty-five years dead and rotted, but also clearly recognizing that the man had something to tell him. At that point Marlantes began a non-fiction work that reflected on *What It Is Like to Go to War* and also attracted next to no publishing interest.

The logjam finally broke in 2010 when El Leon Literary Arts, a tiny Berkeley press organized as a non-profit, picked up the book and printed a small initial run; Marlantes entered it into a "First Novel" competition and someone recognized the passion and the power of the work. In a tale that should warm the hearts of all with an unpublished novel somewhere in the back of their closet or the back of their mind (a group which likely includes the entire readership of this august journal), Grove Atlantic struck a deal with El Leon, and a *New York Times* best seller was launched. The next year, trading on the success of *Matterhorn*, Marlantes' non-fiction work *What It Is Like to Go to War* also saw the light of day after just fifteen, rather than forty, years on his shelf.

There is a vast library of books on Vietnam, written by journalists and participants in and scholars of that conflict. Many of the best have as much to say about America as they do about the war; David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest* and Neil Sheehan's *A Bright Shining Lie* are both indispensable. But even for a student of war in general, and of the Vietnam War in particular, *Matterhorn* is so deeply honest, so painful, so revealing, that it stands by itself as perhaps the most powerful memoir of that hardest of American wars fought against a foreign enemy.

Matterhorn covers a month of the war. A month. The book begins with a Marine lieutenant named Mellas counting his men in through the wire after a patrol. One of them is unable to urinate; while humping through the swamps, a grunt's urethra has given a home to a leech that now prevents the passage of urine. The weather is bad—the weather is always bad—and it is impossible to land a helicopter to medevac the grunt to a field hospital; the Navy corpsman will have to do what he can under a poncho, in the mud and rain, by candlelight. The scene is unforgettable; it will cause heart palpitations in any man who reads it, however often he reads it. And it is not the most memorable moment in the book, not by a long shot.

And there is no chance—none—that the event was imagined. It is not the kind of thing that an author could imagine, any more than someone could imagine pulling IV bags out of the veins of wounded Marines in order to provide hydration for the few remaining who could still stand and fight against a pending attack that, if it succeeded, would have killed them all. These are not imaginary events; they happened, *they happened*, and Marlantes has been carrying them with him for forty years, and has finally been able to tell America about them, about what we sent young men to do in the jungles of Vietnam within the living memory of many of us.

Marlantes speaks proudly of a book signing when a man brought five copies of the book to the table, five copies of a 600-page book, a full foot of paper that Marlantes joked would pay his mortgage for a month. The man, a Vietnam veteran, told Marlantes that for decades he had been unable to tell his wife and his four children what it was that he had done in Vietnam, what it had been like, that he had choked up every time, unable to get the words out. "This," he told Marlantes, "is exactly the way it happened."

It is hard for veterans of today's wars to believe that this is the way it happened. We have seen stupid shit, and seen men die because of stupidity, their own or the military's. We have seen bodies pulverized, turned to offal, human organs strewn in the sand or the street. We have seen men

die, and women, too, and children, and seen animals killed for sport, because killing can become a drug, the power to destroy and the risk that you will yourself be destroyed intoxicating and terrifying. The drug of combat intensifies every breath and every moment, every piece of dust glinting in the sunlight after a makeshift bomb has destroyed the serenity of a desert afternoon.

We all know this drug, and we hate it, and we know that nothing is the same without it coursing through our veins. We have taken this drug and we have seen war, but we have not seen, most of us, sustained stupidity of the level that Marlantes describes. We have not broken our backs to build artillery-proof positions on a hill we called Matterhorn only to abandon the positions upon their completion, leaving the positions intact because a higher-priority mission needed our lives now. We have not returned to the same shithole later, ordered to take the hill again, to recapture the all but invulnerable fighting positions we had built with our own hands that would take extraordinary valor to recapture, the kind of valor that earns a lieutenant the Navy Cross if he lives and the Medal of Honor if he dies wresting them back from enemy control. We have seen the horrors of war, and the stupidity, but not this kind of stupidity and waste, the kind that in Vietnam made “waste” a synonym for “kill” so that troops would “waste” an officer who expected them to go on patrol when they had seen enough of fighting and dying. He was wasted, the lieutenant, the sergeant, the lifer who was doing what he had himself been told to do, on the instructions, ultimately, of the President of these United States. And one reads Marlantes and knows that it was all real, that this is exactly the way it happened.

Or almost all of it. The obligatory love scene between the wounded lieutenant and the nurse aboard a hospital ship is so clunky, so false, that one hopes that it didn't happen that way. But then Marlantes admits over a beer that it did, that he really did fall in love with the Navy nurse who had seen his like come and go, working endlessly to get the holes plugged up and to hold the infections at bay long enough for the jungle rot and the crotch rot and the syphilis acquired on R&R in Bangkok to heal up just enough so that the Marine could be sent back to the war, the hungry war that regretted his escape and wanted him back. It was not just an attempt to write the Parzival myth that led to the inclusion of a love scene, or the hope that the book would become a film that would need a scene for relief, like taking a knee on a long patrol to swig some metallic-infused blood warm water. The love scene is real, too, and Marlantes admits that, like Lieutenant Mellas, he exploded aboard that hospital ship

out of anger and frustration and fear, and then went back to that jungle to do more killing while avoiding being wasted himself.

Then you know that even though he didn't write about love very well that it is also true, and that makes it in some ways as painful as the wasting of the war, the wasting of the ability to love. It is harder to love when one has been at war because loving is so different from killing and dying, because nothing, not even loving someone, is as intense and as alive as is fighting in war.



After the success of *Matterhorn*, Marlantes was finally able to publish the book that he had been asked to write by the eyes of the man he had killed at close distance. *What It Is Like to Go to War* is well titled; it is a meditation on going to war and on coming home afterward, and on what we owe those we have sent to kill and be killed on our behalf. It is an important book, and a worthy one, but it is more entrapped in the Vietnam War than is *Matterhorn*, infused with ideas about men and women and race and the draft that are more dated than the honest novel from which it sprang. It should be read, but it should be read after *Matterhorn*, and it is not likely to be read a century hence.

Matterhorn will be. For generations to come, veterans and those who love them will read *Matterhorn* with tears running down their face, knowing that this is exactly the way it was, that they did this for us. And those who did this to them, and those who will do it to the next generation of our sons and daughters, those who will task them to go to foreign lands for duty and honor and country, let them read it as well, so that they understand what mountains they are asking our children to climb, and against what odds, and how high the mountains are that they will face when they return.

LETTER FROM OXFORD:

Browsing the Dreaming Bookshelves

BY ANDREW LANHAM
(Pennsylvania and Corpus Christi, 2011)

IN TYPICAL English weather, when it's too rainy to wonder at rooflines, Matthew Arnold's line about Oxford's dreaming spires doesn't quite hold up. But the solid month of summer we had in July reminded me just what the sun does to Oxford, and how privileged we are to breeze by the 'no visitors' signs at every college's entrance. The evening light melts our Headington stone into a buttery yellow, throwing slender steeples into stark relief against a darkening blue sky, dreaming spires at the city's heart, beating away behind their battlemented walls.

Experiencing Oxford from within those walls, however, suggests a different description of the city. The Scholars coming up this fall will undoubtedly stare dizzily upward at their new home, but I think they'll also soon discover, as I did, that pride of place belongs not to our majestic towers, but to the miles and miles of library stacks sheltering beneath them. I tried to coin a phrase for this as sparkling as Arnold's, but my thesaurus offers no word for 'library' as sharp as 'spires.' And while 'the city of phantasmagoric athenaeums' projects a very Oxonian grandeur, I think I'll settle for the prosaic 'dreaming bookshelves.'

This formula is redundant, of course. Aside from the daydreaming (and sometimes real dreaming) we all pursue while studying, books themselves are dreams bound up in leather, embodied in ink—especially here, in the home of hobbits and Alice's Wonderland. Freud read dreams and fiction interchangeably as symptoms of psychic disorder, while Coleridge called his "Kubla Khan" a "vision in a dream." Poet and psychologist alike point to the way books can carry us away, and how they enrich our world. And so, at the heart of this city with more volumes than I care to count, there pulses the literary imagination.

In the past two years, in fact, you could trace my evolving work and social habits through my changing reading nooks. For most of this year I preferred the comfort of my own bedroom, overlooking St. John the

Evangelist on Iffley Road; my childhood hero Roger Bannister used the church's flagpole to decide if he could run under 4:00. I've many times returned to the cozy old furniture of my college library at Corpus Christi—I cherish an e-mail from the librarian asking students to refrain from sticking gum under the 16th-century desks. A couple of coffee joints on Turl Street have also briefly held my attention, and the Radcliffe Camera too. But Duke Humphrey's at the Bodleian has to take the cake, and I'd put it up against any reading room on earth.

This year I've spent a lot of extra time with Corpus' books, working part-time to re-shelve the stacks in the basement. I do all my writing at home, because I have to read it back to myself aloud, so it's nice to dedicate a few hours a week to handling books in all their materiality, to connect the literary texts I write about with the textured, textile paperbacks, hardcovers, and folios we're in danger of losing to eBooks and iPads. I've developed a librarian's fussiness—why can't physicists ever borrow a book without knocking over everything else on the shelf?—and a newfound respect for the physical forms in which we transmit knowledge.

I've also drawn tremendous inspiration from re-shelving. I often fear I've lost my voice since coming to Oxford. At Rhodes House gatherings, surrounded by experts in multifarious fields, I hesitate to speak on anything outside my disciplinary authority. I worry my own small sense of humor pales beside better minds. The more I learn about my D.Phil. topic, the less authoritative I feel within my own field. And something about winning a Rhodes seems to wrench us all out of the plans we'd constructed for the future, choosing anxiously now between law school, more grad school, med school, policy, start-ups, journalism, consulting. As I watched most of my classmates go down this summer to begin the next chapter in their lives, I realized that the self-assured voice with which I proposed a life-plan in my Rhodes interview three years ago has slipped uncertainly and unceremoniously away.

This is where the inspiration enters in. Stanley Cavell says philosophy's virtue is "forbearing to speak first," and I think I've learned this love of listening while at Oxford. Handling hundreds of books a week gives me a palpable sense of the mountains of knowledge we've compiled, and whenever I re-shelve a book I know, it takes me back to where I was when I read it, whom I knew at the time, the hidden influences it's had on my thinking. I thrill at the myriad styles and life-stories these tomes represent, and I'm eager to crawl inside and emulate them like a Greek actor pulling on a mask. Everything we do has an aspect of ventriloquizing, speaking through and for and inspired by others, and if the giants whose work I place gently on the shelves could write, so can I.

The anxiety so many Rhodes Scholars seem to feel about the future, with the new possibilities opened up by our election, is also paradoxically inspiring. It's a cliché that growth arises from challenges, but figuring out what we're even doing in Oxford, let alone what we'll do afterward, makes the paths before us just rocky enough that we'll choose our journey with the care it deserves. So as I watch my friends go down, as I await a new crop of Scholars' arrival in Oxford, as I prepare to dive back into the library for the next chapter of my dissertation, I trust that our uncertainty will eventually breed the deepest of convictions.

It remains to be seen whether anything I write will join those dreaming bookshelves that make Oxford what it is. I can only hope some future student, earning a few pounds on the side, will look down one day at the book she's re-shelving and see my handiwork. I can only hope some tourist's picture of the Rad Cam will capture, through its soaring windows, someone reading a little piece of me I've left behind, roaming an imaginary world I've placed on the page. Can I rediscover my voice, dream confidently again of the future, this time even more boldly? I look forward to the latest academic year, and I'm excited to try.

BOOKS AND NOTICES RECEIVED

- THOMAS H. ALLEN, *Dangerous Convictions: What's Really Wrong with the U.S. Congress* (New York and Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013).
- MICHAEL S. BARR, *No Slack: The Financial Lives of Low-Income Americans* (Washington, D.C.: Brookings Institution Press, 2012).
- RUTH KARRAS, *Unmarriages: Women, Men, and Sexual Unions in the Middle Ages* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2012).
- KENT M. KEITH, *Morality and Morale: A Business Tale* (Honolulu: Terrace Press, 2012).
- KENT M. KEITH, *The Case for Servant Leadership* (Honolulu: Terrace Press, 2012).
- V. A. (DEL) KOLVE, "Young Jones at Oxford, 1961–62," in *The Medieval Python: The Purposive and Provocative Work of Terry Jones*, ed. R. F. Yeager and Toshiyuki Takamiya (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2012).
- HENRIETTE LAZARIDIS POWER, *The Clover House* (New York: Ballantine Books, 2013).
- PAUL PRESSLY, *On the Rim of the Caribbean: Colonial Georgia and the British Atlantic World* (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 2013).
- DAVID QUAMMEN, *Spillover: Animal Infections and the Next Human Pandemic* (New York: W. W. Norton, 2012).
- Warren Rovetch, *Tales of a Footloose American: 1941-1951* (Boulder: Jake's Books, 2012).
- NEIL SMELSER, *Dynamics of the Contemporary University: Growth Accretion, and Conflict* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2013).
- JAMES GUSTAVE SPETH, *America the Possible: Manifesto for a New Economy* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 2012).
- STEVEN UJIFUSA, *A Man and His Ship* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2012).
- NAOMI WOLF, *Vagina: A New Biography* (New York: Harper Collins, 2012).
- PETER WOOD, *Near Andersonville: Winslow Homer's Civil War* (Cambridge and London: Harvard University Press, 2010).

FOR THE RECORD

STEVEN MULLER (California and University '49) was honored by the creation of the Steven Muller Visiting Professorship, announced by Johns Hopkins University at the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration of the Hopkins-Nanjing Center, which Muller started when he was President of Hopkins.

David Bayley (Fulbright, University '49) received an honorary degree from Denison, his undergraduate college, and gave the commencement address in 2011.

STEPHEN D. SMITH (Texas and Balliol '70) was awarded the Steele Prize at the annual meeting of the American Math Society in Boston in January 2012 for his book, *The Classification of Finite Simple Groups: Groups of Characteristic 2 Type*, co-authored with M. Aschbacher, R. Lyons, and R. Solomon) on the classification of finite simple groups.

RUTH KARRRAS' (Oregon and New College '79) recent book, *Unmarriages: Women, Men, and Sexual Unions in Medieval Europe*, has been awarded the Joan Kelly Prize in Women's History and/or Feminist Theory by the American Historical Association.

ROBERT W. RADTKE (Massachusetts and New College '87) was awarded an honorary doctorate from Episcopal Divinity School in Cambridge.

CHRISTOPHER B. HOWARD (Texas and St. Anne's '91) was awarded the Pathfinder Award by his alma mater, the U.S. Air Force Academy.

Charles Rosen (Eastman Professor 1987-88) died on 9 December 2012. Born 5 May 1927, Rosen was a distinguished concert pianist, polymath, and author whose book *The Classical Style* illuminated the enduring language of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven and received the National Book Award for non-fiction in 1972. He was awarded the National Humanities Medal by President Obama in 2011.

CLASS LETTERS

1949

EDITOR'S NOTE: Reece Smith passed away shortly after dispatching this letter. A proper obituary will be forthcoming. His keen mind and generous spirit are sorely missed.

I regret to advise that we lost one member of our class, Don MAGGIN, just as I requested your individual reports. Now, fourteen of us remain. This year, your secretary surrenders to a long-abiding temptation and quotes in full, with little editing or comment, the current reports received from our surviving class members.

BARBER writes: "A quiet year with nothing newsworthy to pass along. I can report that I am intensely dismayed by the wave of Know-Nothingism that has poisoned our political culture."

Mort CHAMBERS says: "Thanks for the message and its yearly reminder that it is time to report in. Catherine and I do so, thankfully well. By the time this chronicle appears in print, the presidential and congressional elections will have been held, and perhaps there is little point in arguing over what will have happened. But I can't help expressing my horror and anger at what is being done, in August 2012, to our American democracy. The *Citizens United* decision by the Court has allowed billions of dollars to be poured into vicious political campaigns without exposure of the donors, but political advertising has gone on for many decades, and if mere money and control of the media could decide the game, the Republicans would have held the presidency since, say, 1916 without interruption. But what we also have in increasing volume is cynical and corrupt attempts to suppress the vote in many critical states, through the establishment of higher walls that block vulnerable citizens, especially the elderly, the ill-educated, and members of minority groups, above all African Americans, from voting. All this is too well known to require description here, but the most flagrant example of this conspiracy was supplied by a Republican legislator from Pennsylvania, who marched into some public forum and announced that new requirements for voting in that state had been established, and that this action had guaranteed the delivery of the electoral votes of the state to Romney. I wish that my party had never done anything like this, but there are still some who believe that corruption in Chicago awarded Illinois, and thus the presidency, to Jack Kennedy in 1960.

“But there are still things to celebrate, such as the victory of American science in landing a roving camera on Mars, which sends back to us delightful views of the landscape of our neighboring planet and the progress of scholarship and research and the preservation of our knowledge of the past in museums and libraries. May the future of our planet not be doomed by global warming (this week’s photographs show the frightening shrinking of the ice cap around the North Pole—and yet the obvious phenomenon is denied by some politicians) and by unsustainable swelling in population.

“To turn to the microscopic activities of my own life, I continue modest academic work as one of the editors of the leading journal of ancient history, published in Germany. I have also devoted considerable time to the translation of a major article on ancient historians from the German of Felix Jacoby, a great Jewish scholar who managed to get out of Germany at nearly the last minute before the war in 1939 and settled in Oxford, with a connection to Christ Church, to carry on his work. Together, in addition to the pleasure of gardening, we attend concerts of the Los Angeles Philharmonic in our splendid concert hall named for Walt Disney, himself a cultural monument in California. I maintain my attempts to play tennis, at the stately pace suitable to our years. Our two daughters, born in Oxford, are both productive in their work. The younger one regularly visits acupuncture clinics around the country to evaluate their procedures, while her older sister continues to give instruction in public speaking in Hawaii. Indeed, her work in business and communication there recently caused some organization to rank her as one of the ten most important women in that state.

“My salutations to all my classmates and my thanks to you, Reece, for all you have done to give our class its voice.”

B.S. CHANDRASEKHAR reports: “I live in a village near Munich in Germany, in the heart of what Donald Rumsfeld once called “Old Europe.” Dorothee and I go for walks in the nearby hills, woods, meadows, and fields, pausing on one or another of the wooden benches which are thoughtfully placed along the way in this country. If a village Grant Wood were then to happen by, the result might be a picture titled ‘German Gothic.’ I pass my days in a private world of chamber music and opera, books (currently Tony Judt and Graham Greene), talking to students and catching up with the Higgs boson and broken symmetries and topological insulators and other wonders of modern physics that I was too late for. All that in what time remains between periodic sessions with an assortment of doctors: a cardiologist, a urologist, a diabetician, an internist, an ophthalmologist, a dentist. The medical community in Munich would miss me.

“Living as I do somewhat secluded in Old Europe, I try not to lose touch with four countries, each of which I call my home: India, England, the U.S., and Germany. To this end I scan every now and then the headlines on the front page of a major newspaper from each country. The top headlines on August 16, 2012, were the following:

The New York Times, U.S.: Ecuador grants asylum to Julian Assange, defying Britain; 11 killed in American copter crash in south Afghanistan; Pakistani air force base with nuclear ties is attacked; Ryan pick shifts focus from economy to ideology.

Deccan Herald, India: Despite asylum, U.K. says it will extradite Assange; Court issues warrant against Kanda; Pakistani Hindus to get long-term visas if they apply properly; Government hirings slow down amid challenging conditions.

Sueddeutsche Zeitung, Germany: Altmaier stellt Ökostrom-Hilfen in Frage; Ecuador gewährt Assange Asyl; Joschka Fischer sauer auf Westerwelle.

The Guardian, U.K.: Row intensifies as Ecuador grants Assange asylum; Nicklinson loses ‘right to die’ case; A-level A and A* pass rate falls; Syria air strike kills 40 in Azaz; South African police shoot miners.

“It appears, with one notable exception to which I shall return, that the four countries are in different worlds with no overlap among them. What each country thinks is important appears to matter little, or not at all, to the others. I can see why it is a Sisyphean task to reach agreement on how to address worldwide problems like disarmament, the environment, poverty, and climate. The exception is the Assange affair, which is among the top stories in all four newspapers. I must be missing something, because to me the Assange affair, when compared to the aerial bombing of civilians or the killing of striking miners, is scarcely worth a yawn. I amused myself by speculating why the editors in each country found the Assange affair important. Phrases like ‘the sole superpower in the world,’ ‘David and Goliath,’ ‘freedom of speech,’ ‘injured national pride,’ ‘might over right,’ ‘gleefulness of the weak at discomfiture of the mighty,’ and ‘right to information’ flitted through my mind. I shall not pursue the theme further other than to suggest that the editors’ choices are determined by national characteristics and attitudes rather than global concerns. All the news that’s fit to print, by all means, but then how to determine fitness?

“I have for some time been getting emails signed by Barack or Michelle. Just today Michelle asked me to register in a lottery, saying that if I win, and I quote, ‘You’ll meet Barack, and during his speech on Thursday night, I’d like you to sit with me.’ Wow, I say. Some time ago I got from them, again to be realized by lottery, an invitation to dinner in their House. They keep addressing me ‘Dear B S’ or ‘Dear Bellur,’ forms of address that are new to me, so I don’t know what is going on. I am flattered to be recognized by Barack and Michelle. I confess I am a bit put out that I have not yet received similar invitations from Ann or Mitt. I suppose it shows that having more money does not necessarily mean being better organized. Good ideas, and sometimes not so good ideas too, from the New World are sooner or later adopted in Old Europe. So I expect one of these days an invitation to dinner from Angela. She is a physicist too, and we should have much to talk about.

“Peace, Shanthi, Shalom, Salaam, among all peoples of the world.”

Walt FRANK observes: “I’m afraid age has caught up with me suddenly. I have been wrestling stenosis for years and it has finally pinned me to the mat. It pulled me down less than two months ago. Surgery in the near future. Otherwise, I have continued on writing about fund investing for the newsletter. Campaigns bring out the partisan in me, and this one has made me more partisan than ever. I see myself as a Roosevelt baby, and that designation has never left me. As a financial observer (and adviser) I have deplored the obstructionism of the Tea Party bullies. What a waste of lives over the past two years. I do see this election as a turning point, if Obama pulls this one out. I would hate to see Mitch McConnell succeed. I did no traveling this year. My dear one in Switzerland is no longer with us. I am hopeful we can put the country back on the positive track.”

Bob JOHNSTON writes: “Donna and I celebrated our sixty-second wedding anniversary earlier this year, which means we have bested the Queen’s diamond accession date by two years. And, as some of you may remember, we were married in Canterbury by the same Archbishop who celebrated her marriage and her coronation. (Lest you question my arithmetic, recall that in our time, veterans of WWII were permitted to be married.) Enough of empty boasting and turn to the reality of those sixty-two years. I have been blessed by a happy, companionable marriage; an able, successful wife of whom I am proud and for whom I have deep affection and love; and children and grandchildren who give us much satisfaction and pride.

“I avoid any discussion of personal health which, after all, as we grow

older is no longer news. But what about the health of our Republic? To me, the most deeply troubling development of the past few years is the rise of a once fringe movement to domination of one of our major parties. Its major goal, or at least its professed major goal, is reduction of deficit and debt to zero. That might be unrealistic but, in principle, might also be admirable. What's the problem then? In a word, its refusal to tolerate compromise, which it treats as a dirty word, fit only for excommunication, even when members of its own host party dare to risk it. Why do I call this our most troubling political development? Because democracy without compromise is impossible."

Frank KING says: "My main annoyance this year is the campaign. As a registered Democrat I receive three to five emails a day from various Democratic Party or affiliated sites asking for \$25.00 or more. In addition, I receive one to two snail-mail requests for funds each week plus an additional phone call say once in two weeks. Some twenty-five percent of these are 'urgent' on the pretext that some angel will donate an equal amount provided I reply within twenty-four hours or less. What the angel does with his money when nothing arrives from FHHK, I do not know, but invite suggestions. By the way, who is this Mitt Romney people are talking about? Ryan I have heard of and do not want to hear of again. As for Obama, I wish he would just be president and, when the time comes, I'll vote for him. And as for the various would-be senators from states I never heard of, like Ohio, Nevada, etc., I trust that, in this federal system of ours, the good folks of wherever will finance their own champions. Also I don't intrude financially into school board elections where the teaching of evolution is in question. If the locals have failed to evolve, I don't think we should try to pretend they have.

"Other news: despite arthritis of the knees, I was off on a Holland-America cruise from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, to Rome, although not all the way up the Tiber. Then on to London. I packed for an English Spring, it being May and all, but it was cold as in March. Not everyone was preparing for the Olympics. I attended several events in the World Shakespeare Festival, including four plays in the reconstructed Stratford-upon-Avon theatre with its great thrust stage. Most of the lines have to be shouted, which many critics think is not a good idea. *Romeo and Juliet* in Baghdad was in the small theatre but delivered in Iraqi; yet with fine actors carried an impact. In the end a terrorist blows them all up.

"I dropped in at the *Dickens and London* exhibition and managed to take in two operas. But all this had to be done by taxi as my walking distance is limited. There was also a High Table dinner at Exeter College, a highlight.

“The good news, however, is that I am one of the 100 oldest members of the Royal Automobile Club on Pall Mall. This means I do not pay what, for a retiree, is a high subscription. It is a great place to stay. And a great place to dine. At their invitation, I visited the HSBC Archives in East London very near the Olympic site. The Bank paid my taxi fare which, due to a protest march with accompanying traffic jam, totaled £98.00 one way.

“My other trips were to Albuquerque for an annual at the VA hospital and to Oxford, MS, to visit my son David, suffering from serious MS and practically bed/wheelchair ridden. But visits from my Granddaughter Esther and from others brighten up an otherwise quiet year in Roswell, NM.”

Hugh LONG responds: “Sorry for the delay. Much gets delayed these days. Linda and I have sold our home here in California and are moving to Salt Lake City to live (at least initially) with her youngest daughter. Things are otherwise quiet with us, after a summer of graduations, one high school, one college, and one graduate (law) school. Our eldest granddaughter graduated from Stanford Law School and is awaiting results of her bar exam in New York City. Our next granddaughter graduated from Maryland Institute of Art and is interning in New York City while our third oldest grandson is a freshman at the Boston School of Art. We have two grandsons at Gonzaga University and one granddaughter at the University of Rhode Island. Two grandsons and a granddaughter are still in high school. It seems just yesterday that they were all in diapers. Their lives have not been delayed!

Effective September 28, 2012, my contact information will be 2710 Comanche Drive, Salt Lake City, UT 84108. Linda’s cell phone number is (714) 801-9146. My email will remain hugh.long@slconcepts.com.”

Don MAGGIN passed away on August 21, 2012, from stomach cancer after a brief illness. A memorial service was held on September 14, 2012, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. His daughter, Alice Maggin, can be contacted at: 126 West 22 Street, Apt. 6N, New York, NY 10011; AliceMaggin@abc.com.

Don MARQUARDT writes: “I suppose the biggest events of the year for Mary and me were our sixtieth wedding anniversary and my ninetieth birthday, which were both celebrated at our annual extended family gathering at our cottages on the shore of Squam Lake in New Hampshire. We are now living in a continuing care community where I am, frankly, very active, as I am serving on numerous committees (the Residents’ Board and co-chairing the concert series group). From a personal point of view, I was particularly happy when a non-profit group I had helped form to build affordable housing in our town succeeded, after ten tedious years, in

obtaining all necessary state and local approvals and the necessary public and private financing. This was a \$15,000,000 project.

Lastly, having spent over twenty years in the Middle East after graduating from Oxford (including two years in Egypt and eight years in Libya), I find myself both encouraged by the change of regime political events and dismayed by the recent flag burning events in both Egypt and Libya, coupled with the tragic deaths in Benghazi. I am afraid that these and the multitude of other political issues fermenting in this troubled Middle Eastern area will not be resolved in my lifetime.”

Dan MCGURK responds: “My only news is that I have reunited with my girlfriend of fifty years ago. A fabulous experience. She still remembers me positively.”

Steve MULLER responds: “2012 was a year full of special moments for my wife, Jill McGovern, and me. Our oldest grandchild graduated from the University of Vermont, and he is now pursuing graduate studies in Boston. Our other four grandchildren are either in college (Cornell University and Whitman College) or going through the college search process. We still hold out hope that one of them will study at Johns Hopkins.

“Speaking of Johns Hopkins, the Hopkins-Nanjing Center, which Steve started when he was Hopkins President, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. While we were not able to attend the festivities, we were pleased that the University announced the creation of the Steven Muller Visiting Professorship at the Center on this occasion.

“We continued to enjoy visits from family and friends throughout the year. Washington, D.C., always is an attractive destination even when it is beastly hot, as it was this past summer, or relentlessly cold, as it was during the back-to-back blizzards of 2010. We welcome visitors anytime.

“As we approach the end of the year, we look forward to celebrating Steve’s eighty-fifth birthday in November and to celebrating the holidays at home with family and friends.”

George MUNROE reports by telephone that Ellie and he are fine. They continue their interest in the highly successful Elinor Bunin Monroe Film Center at Lincoln Center and divide their time between New York City and their home in Bridgehampton on Long Island. George expressed concern about our country and wishes for more shared understanding and compromise.

George ROGERS relates: “The best and most important happening for Muriel and I in 2012 was to again have all our children and grandchildren (save one) together with spouses for a holiday at the beach at the

Outer Banks in North Carolina. That's twenty of us and, as far as we know, a good time was had by all. Don't know whether all of us can get together like that again, but we find it a wonderful way to keep the family together. We are also eagerly awaiting the arrival of our first great-grandchild this month (September) in Dallas, deep in the heart of Texas. Politically, we're just holding our breaths hoping that the Democrats can come through in November. I am in the middle of reading an excellent book, *The Quest*, by Daniel Yergin. It is painful, however, to review and relive the really stupid mistakes the Bush administration made in Iraq. Deliver us from any repeat of such gross incompetence."

Warren ROVETCH wrote: "Rovetch's latest book, *Tales of a Footloose American: 1941-1951* was out in February. He says it covers the "Why not?" period of his life. The book takes him from managing a high school night club to the 1946 World Student Congress in Prague, on to Belgrade and a confrontation with Tito, escape out a train window in Ljubljana, time in Trieste, Rome, Paris, and London, and work on the auto-assembly line at Austin in Birmingham. The book ends with Rovetch's time at Balliol, an M.Phil., and a wife, now of some sixty years. Gerda continues with her art; my daughter Emily won the Oregon Book Award for young adult fiction for *Wildwing*; daughter Lissa continues with creativity workshops for Pixar staff; and daughter Jennifer has a successful home maintenance business. Rovetch is at work on the rest of his life."

Reece SMITH: Your secretary observes that he continues to enjoy life despite its vicissitudes. A bad fall in Chicago prematurely ended my attendance at an American Bar Association meeting but there were no permanent injuries. My family is fine and my approaching-five grandson continues to be a joy. I still attend to my law office daily, but am not teaching presently at Stetson Law School. Very best wishes to each of you.

In sum: Hang in there gang. It's a great life if you know when to weaken.

W. REECE SMITH, JR.

1952

Mike BENNETT says that he is still working and sees no reason to stop. He skipped the sixty-year gaudy but went to his sixtieth college reunion. "There was agreement among the attendees that there were fewer decrepit-looking alumni than had been at our fiftieth reunion. Next year is Balliol's 750th, I'll think I'll go to that.

“We had the pleasure of hosting three Balliol pathfinders this summer. These are this year’s graduates who are funded to visit the U.S., ‘do a project’ and see the country. Old members put them up for a couple of days and spend varying amounts of time showing them around. Not unexpectedly, they are bright, entertaining, and informative as to how the University has changed in the last sixty years.”

Bill CARMICHAEL writes: “Although I am getting noticeably creakier with each passing year, I remain heavily engaged in evaluating and assisting ‘development’ initiatives in Africa, Asia, and Latin America.” He carried out consulting assignments in Brazil, India, and Indonesia in the last six weeks of 2011 and similar duties—“and highly welcome learning opportunities”—in Israel and its “administered territories,” China, South Africa, Zimbabwe, and Sri Lanka in the first six months of this year.

From Alain ENTHOVEN: “This past year, we have been pretty much on the same pleasant track as in the recent past: going to work each day at the beautiful new Stanford business school, studying and writing about health policy, occasionally giving a lecture somewhere, especially about Medicare reform, about four weeks skiing at Jackson Hole (now more cross country and less downhill), two weeks or so in the Sierra hiking in the mountains—altogether a happy existence. At home we have three of our children and ten grandchildren nearby. This past year, we attended the wedding of our oldest grandchild, Matthew, at Jackson Hole and drove home by way of the beautiful Oregon Coast. In March, Rosemary and I went to China for about a two-week trip including a few days in Hong Kong with a son and grandson, then on to Shanghai, Changsha, and Beijing with about thirty-six of our business school students who were visiting about twelve startup companies in China and being introduced to business opportunities there. My last previous trip to China was in 1981, soon after the end of the Cultural Revolution, and the change was absolutely amazing—how far and how fast they have come in modernization.”

Alain continues writing about “reforming our health care system along the lines of informed cost-conscious consumer choice of health care financing and delivery system. One of the applications of the idea is turning Medicare into a ‘premium support model’ in which the government would contribute a fixed-dollar amount on behalf of each beneficiary, adjusted for health condition, geography, etc., and offer beneficiaries a range of choices of health plan, each of which would have signed on to consumer protections such as agreeing to take all comers, same price for same coverage regardless of health status, and standard benefits so people

can compare price and quality, and choose what they think best suits them.”

Alain says that “this is not a ‘voucher’ in which people are given a coupon. It is more like a large-scale employee benefit plan like that which has served federal employees for sixty years. The idea is to create a market for high-quality, efficient, integrated systems of care to help them replace the costly uncoordinated open-ended fee-for-service model that is Medicare now. In ten years, Medicare is forecast to reach \$1 trillion per year and that will severely strain our over-strained federal finances.” Alain regrets that this “has become a hot partisan issue. Whatever it is, it isn’t likely to be what its critics are saying. Alas, our polarized politics are blocking reasonable bi-partisan solutions.”

Jerry GOODMAN notes that the death of Sallie, his late wife, five years ago has made for major changes in his life. He has acquired a condo in Coconut Grove, Florida, and his house in Princeton is for sale. He reports that there is now an Artists’ Retreat at McCarter Theater in Princeton, where Sallie served for so many years. Sponsored by Jerry, it is named for Sallie, as is a theater prize.

“As for me,” concludes Jerry, “I still have my toe in my NY office, but we may be near the end of that. At some point you have to get off the stage and let the younger people have the spotlight.”

Thad HOLT observes that time flies, but “things don’t seem to change much. I still divide my time between Alabama and New York, still don’t do much but read during the day and run a movie on DVD in the evening, am still turned off by politics, still keep up with LEVITAS and Goodman among our gang (and had a brief pleasant chat with Searle a while back). As a friend of mine says, ‘they taught me to respect my elders, but I can’t find any.’”

George KINTER is retired. He winters in Chevy Chase, MD, and “summers in North Chittenden, VT.”

Frank and Claude LOGAN “remain ensconced in our comfortable condo in Pasadena. Long foreign trips have become too uncomfortable, but in the past few months we have been to the East Coast twice. First, to attend the Bowdoin graduation of a granddaughter, with a stopover to check out the new galleries at the Museum of Fine Arts and the Isabella Stewart Gardner in Boston. Then, this August, two weeks on Long Island with the family, where we enjoyed the ocean, the beach, and many lobster rolls and fish dinners.”

Frank has retired as a commissioner of the local Burbank Airport, but he continues as an overseer and chairman of the Research Committee at

the Huntington Library. Claude pursues her book and gardening interests with like-minded friends in Pasadena. One Logan granddaughter begins work next month at American Express in New York, and the other begins her second year at Johns Hopkins.

“I shudder to read the daily reports of the rants of our country’s political leadership,” writes Frank. “I take refuge in history’s reports of their predecessors’ similar doings. Things will get better.”

Carter REVARO reports that Stella’s serious health problems forced them to cancel their overseas travel planned for June into September. He describes Stella’s problems as “serious side effects from a drug prescribed for high blood pressure (losinopril)” and a resulting “neurological condition, which led to pneumonia, putting her into hospital through June and July, and requiring rehab well into the fall.” Carter says that the worst seems to be over, and “we are hoping for a good enough recovery that we might get back to at least some of our pleasant former activities.”

Carter got to poetry readings in March and April in Tulsa, Pawhuska, and at Hartwick College; he also attended a medieval conference in Kalamazoo in early May, where he gave a paper on the Wife of Bath and Morgan le Fay. Papers on Milton and Robert Frost are scheduled for publication, and Carter expects that his new collection of poems, *From The Extinct Volcano, A Bird of Paradise*, will be published next year. He also expects to give a paper at an October conference in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on Indians at the Carlisle School. That paper will be on his “favorite grade-school teacher and her Osage father, who attended Carlisle School in 1896–1900.”

Carter has been following, “with horror and contempt,” the efforts to prevent people from voting. He worries about “friends in Oklahoma and elsewhere who will probably will be voting for some of the most horrible idiots and scoundrels,” but he hopes that they all sleep through election day and wake up to find the good guys back in office “along with a lot of new guys like Elizabeth Warren.”

Alex RIASANOVSKY writes that all goes as usual with him and Jan, with one exception: this year Alex has been engaged in “an unexpected new enterprise—negotiating with a Russian cinema company for rights to film *The Family*, a novel written by Alex’s mother. On the basis of this experience, Alex has the following is a bit of advice for anyone seeking to do business with the Russians: get a good lawyer. Fortunately, Alex says, Jan’s son is an excellent lawyer.

From John SEARLE: “I continue to work full-time as a Professor of Philosophy at Berkeley. I am not retired, semi-retired, emeritus, or have

any of the other job modifications that enable a professor to do less work. I guess I must enjoy teaching. Right now, I am trying to cut down on outside lectures but still have a fairly heavy scheduling. I go to Italy this month, China in October, and Germany in November, and I did seven weeks of lectures in Europe in the summer. I am working on three books and as I have a sabbatical this year I hope to finish one of them before Christmas.

John asks: “Am I the only guy who thinks that the country may be getting stupider? The terms of the public debate are very much what they were in the 1930s, the Democrats favoring deficit spending and social programs, the Republicans favoring free market and reduction of the deficit. But the debate is not conducted at a very high level. For example, can it be that one of the major parties is heavily influenced by the philosophy of Ayn Rand? Also, in the 30s Republicans were much more open to compromise and negotiation.”

Neil SMELSER reports that his Clark Kerr lectures on higher education, delivered early this year, are contracted to be published by the University of California Press in the spring of 2013. He has “declared a brief moratorium on major projects” but continues to entertain new projects.

Neil and Sharin are in a drama-reading group at UC, and Neil has appeared in two amateur productions of a local society called Town and Gown—as the psychiatrist in *Harvey* and as the Russian landowner in *A Marriage Proposal* by Chekov. Neil says that he has found the experience “thoroughly engaging and revitalizing.”

The Smelsers are in good health. They travel less to Europe but continue making treks to the East Coast and doing some camping. Neil still teaches one seminar each fall at Berkeley, but this year, after sixteen years of service, he resigned as chair of the Guggenheim Fellowship Committee of Selection.

Art WASSERMAN has put his suburban house up for sale and moved into St. John’s on the Lake, which he describes as “a lovely senior residence community on the shore of Lake Michigan just a few minutes drive north of the cultural center of Milwaukee.” The move kept Art busy and caused a hiatus in his legal work for the first six months of 2012, but he resumed taking cases in July.

Art continues to be active in Rotary, mentoring a college junior from the inner city who had been awarded a supplementary funding scholarship by the Rotary Club of Milwaukee each semester since he started college. He has also become a member of the board of a non-profit Wisconsin organization called “Beyond Vision,” which “provides opportunities

for blind or visually-impaired persons to earn a living doing work in a manufacturing environment, producing or assembling or packaging parts sold to for-profit companies or government agencies.”

Art has taken only three relatively short trips this year—one to New York in June “to join in celebrating the eightieth birthday of Sheila’s brother, Dr. Ralph Wharton, who was very helpful to me in Sheila’s last days”; a second to be with a group of musical friends he and Sheila used to join each July for a week of string quartet playing; and a third for a two-day reunion with fifteen old tennis friends.

“Politically,” says Art, “I don’t dislike Mitt Romney, but he is too much burdened by the extreme elements in the present-day Republican Party. So, I will likely go with Obama this time, after having previously voted for the Republican candidate each time from Eisenhower to McCain.”

The JUSTICES were stuck in Santa Fe for much of 2012. Judy developed a condition known as acute respiratory distress syndrome and spent seven weeks in the hospital, moving from the ER at one end of the place, through the ICU for three weeks, and eventually in the rehabilitation facility at the other end for another three weeks. She recovered sufficiently for us to get to the Santa Fe Opera during July and then to San Diego in August for our annual gathering with our progeny. Our only other travels this year will be to Missouri and the Mid-Atlantic area for family visits in October and November.

I’m encouraged by Art Wasserman’s news about the way he intends to vote in November and hope it bodes well for Obama’s prospects in Wisconsin.

JACK B. JUSTICE

1955

Excitement for 2013: the 110th Rhodes Anniversary (September 18–20) in Oxford. An October 10 letter from Rhodes Trustees states that the Trust is becoming “more self-managed by Scholars” and that “the 110th anniversary celebrations will be a focal point of the new Rhodes Trust. The anniversary’s three main goals are indeed to *Connect*, *Communicate* and *Contribute*.” Please join Barbara and me in Oxford, and please respond as you can to the needs of the Rhodes Trust to sustain the Scholarships. See www.rhodeshouse.ox.ac.uk.

2012 has been a stable year for our class; we remain at twenty. For most of us, this year has been a continuation of life and endeavors and

family as reported in prior years. The consensus of classmates responding for this letter is that current political antics are not discussed here. Soon the presidential campaign will conclude and we'll have a better idea of our own and our country's future. By this time in 2013, nearly all of us will have moved into our ninth decade!

In the memory lane category, prior class letters have kept us advised of efforts to preserve S.S. *United States*, aboard which we got acquainted and had fun doing so. This summer the *Wall Street Journal* and *Harvard Magazine* both reviewed *A Man and His Ship* by Steven Ujifusa. The *Journal* called it "a compelling work...ostensibly a biography of William Francis Gibbs (1886–1967), who is best known for designing the luxury liner called the *United States*, launched in 1952. But the book is also, inevitably, a history of the passenger ship, whose great days [including the *Rhodes* sailing in 1955] coincided with Gibbs's lifetime."

Dick and Jane ALLEN focus on health issues. Dick wrote: "My health has been better since I finally shook off a persistent respiratory infection that sent me to hospital four times, and a new chemo drug administered from March through May put me into temporary remission." They're assisting with a twelve-year-old granddaughter who had a congenital hip problem requiring complicated and risky surgery. The little girl "came through fine and will walk normally in a year's time." Dick took part in worship in mid-August for the first time in ten months. He looks forward to celebrating communion and preaching again in his Episcopal church.

David BAYLEY, Fulbright Scholar at University College, received an honorary degree from Denison, his undergraduate college, and gave the commencement address in 2011. In May, David spent three weeks in India where he continues to consult on police administration, perhaps for the final year, at the National Police Academy in Hyderabad. He cancelled his commitment in India in September in order to stay home with his wife, Chris, during treatment for her recently discovered lung cancer. Happily, they had a "marvelous private trip to Greece, the Aegean Islands, and Istanbul in March." He lectured in Taiwan on police and public safety in February.

Stephen BRUSH wrote: "My book *Making 20th Century Science: How Theories Became Knowledge, 1870-1970* will be published by Oxford University Press in 2014. It's an attempt to answer the question: Why do scientists accept a new theory? Because it makes predictions that are later confirmed, because it explains facts that were already known but not understood, or for other reasons? I investigate ten theories...." Steve has been following a series in the Wilmington, DE, newspaper—they live only

a few miles from Wilmington—"Climate Change on the Coast." The report states "Shorelines from North Carolina to Boston will see water levels rise at double the rate of most places on the planet." The coastal community of Bayview, DE, is forecast to be almost completely under water by 2100. Steve laments the general attitude that "no one living today will care when it occurs."

Jack DENNIS again favored us with a long "report," again mentioning the care he and Virginia had been giving to her ninety-five-year old mother in their rural Wisconsin home. Mrs. Romig died the day after Jack wrote to me. She had lived nearly all her life in the Madison area and raised twelve children. One of Ginny's brothers is Joe Romig (Colorado and Wadham '63). Jack's son Alex married Olivia in Chicago in May, his job moved to Chicago, and they both are taking degree courses at Northwestern University. Oldest son, Brent, has returned from his three-year stint in Saudi Arabia. Second son, Mark, earned tenure at TCU. Son Joseph, at UW-Madison, is on sabbatical to finish a book on the local histories of the Ming dynasties. Youngest son, Tyler, "inherited my agricultural gene," writes Jack, and he continues in organic farming apprenticeships.

On Jack's "artistic side . . . I have just completed an expansion of my art studio into the attached machine shed . . . I now have an additional, well-insulated gallery space" where he will show "both my more conventional realistic acrylic paintings and my wilder abstract fine-art prints that I have mounted on various 3-D objects."

Barbara and I keep in touch with Val EYER, for whom "time has slipped by my porthole without hesitating" as she adapts to life without Pat. Val visited in Virginia last December and shared Christmas with friends in Florida. In January, she and their daughter, Erin, celebrated Erin's fifty-second birthday at Old Faithful Snow Lodge in Yellowstone Park. The Eyers' lovely house on Whidbey Island remains on the market but with very little activity. Val has been researching senior communities with an eye out for a future home. This year she traveled to Belize and later, in August, to the Mosel with Erin. "Erin was born not far from the Mosel and we camped on the river many times when she was a baby." On this trip they made day trips from a rented house in Trauben-Trarbach, between Koblenz and Trier.

As reported last year, Ken FISHER retired from full-time medical practice. After two years in Wyoming, he and Alisa settled in Austin, TX, and Ken has been licensed to practice there. "Professionally, I'm continuing to provide interpretations of overnight sleep studies done in

Wyoming, with treatment recommendations . . . The major outcome [of Ken's Texas license] is a once-a-month stint in *locum tenens* coverage for a colleague in Waco, about 100 miles away. After seventy-two hours, I return home to Austin smiling ear-to-ear." Thanks to an introduction by the Ullmans, Ken has been attending "a delightful weekly seminar on British History." "Health has the slight negative slope typical of our age, but overall it is better than expected." They were planning an October musical visit to Berlin.

While I have no news from Barbara HAYES, I learned last Christmas that Art's sister Mary Ann died on July 3, 2011, only two months after diagnosis of a terminal disease. She is survived by her husband of ten years, Tom Kelley, in Maryland.

Jim HURLOCK has "little to report of interest. I have retired as Chairman of Orient Express and spend time with non-profits and grandchildren, a good combination. Enjoying at the moment [in late August] two weeks in Nantucket."

As mentioned last year, Rex JAMISON sustained a golfing injury in July 2011. A herniated disc required surgical repair, which went well. Thereafter, an injury to his right knee required longer recuperation. Rex was measuring complete recovery by his return to the golf course, he told me last January; we don't know if or when that return occurred, but we hope for Rex that it did. The Jamison report this fall: "Earlier this year, we moved from our home on the Stanford campus to the Sequoias, a life-care community of forty acres in a rural setting in Portola Valley, seven miles and twenty minutes from Stanford. It consists of single story apartments connected by covered walkways. There are about 300 residents . . . It includes assisted living unit, a skilled nursing home and a dementia unit . . . we'll leave Sequoias feet first. Moving in was an adjustment [with which many of us can empathize]. There was downsizing . . . to about one-third the space. That requires getting rid of things . . . we had to get rid of our grand piano . . . I have had some difficulty adjusting to having conversations at breakfast."

"Shortly after the move, Dede and I celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary. Richard and John and our daughters-in-law organized a dinner, which two dozen relatives and close friends from near and far attended. Charts hung on the wall listed in chronological order events in our lives." An undergraduate Stanford singing group appeared at the dinner to serenade the Jamisons. "In July, as a continuation of our celebration, we sailed along the coast of Norway in a cruise ship of moderate size . . . exploring Norway's magnificent fjords and charming cities." Rex and

Dede returned home to celebrate Stanford's collection of sixteen Olympic medals, twelve of them gold.

From Del KOLVE in September, with news of Reynolds PRICE's newest and last book: "I've been fighting my way through the gloom and cynicism of this election by revisiting the past, with Reynolds Price as my guide. I'd read on release, of course, his magnificent *Ardent Spirits*, followed by *A Whole New Life*, the chronicle of the cancer discovered in his spine and his almost-miraculous recovery. (He'd argue against the "almost" in that description.) A few weeks ago I got hold of his *Clear Pictures*, which I'd also missed when it was new, ending with his going off to Duke in 1951, twenty years shared by everybody in our Rhodes class. While reading that, I learned that a posthumous memoir, *Midstream*, has just been published. (This may be news to others.) And so I moved straight onto that: an account of his return to Oxford for a fourth year in 1961, after three years teaching at Duke. Since 1961–62 was also my last year at Oxford, and because Reynolds was a friend, it revisits a lot of times and places and acquaintances I knew. *Ardent Spirits*, needless to say, did the same. All these books are beautifully written and wonderfully evocative of the past. When *Midstream* breaks off midstream, the sense of loss is palpable."

Del has written an essay "Young Jones at Oxford 1961–'62" recently published in a Festschrift: *The Medieval Python: The Purposive and Provocative Work of Terry Jones*, presented to him at a major conference of medievalists on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. Del was Terry's first-year tutor at Oxford. Del's essay focused on "the Oxford we knew then." Del offers to provide a copy to any of us who request it.

Del and Larry celebrated their forty years together this fall "with a fortnight's trip to New York City (anchored by a wine auction at Sotheby's, where I'm selling off a considerable parcel of fine wine), and then heading north to visit friends along the Hudson before joining others in Boston . . . After that, home to LA, where I'll attempt to wrangle another book across the finish line."

Elliott KUKICK (Brasenose) and I got together in late May over tea in the garden of The Reform in Pall Mall.

Paul LIKINS wrote: "Not a lot to report his time. Work is progressing on my dinosaur video game; I now have a small team of animators developing it. I am personally working on another idea, a game involving the collection of art and antiques, which I hope will have some educational value. Between these, charity work, and travel (just returned from Sri Lanka), I remain extremely busy."

Marty McGUIRE's succinct report: "Nothing particularly new from me. Just trudging along like an Escher stair-climber, or maybe like Bob Dylan: 'I know it looks like I'm movin' but I'm standing still!'" In fact, Marty stood still in Washington, D.C., most of 2012, where he has many friends and colleagues, following his early January visit to Colombia with his daughter and her husband. Marty and I got together in late September at the Cosmos Club and reviewed the year. His traumatic health issues of 2011 seem to have yielded to stability in 2012.

We MORRISONs also have enjoyed a year of stable health, actually somewhat better health for Barbara, who has achieved better control of her chemical sensitivities. She devotes much attention to her role as president of a national organization dealing with chronic fatigue, fibromyalgia, and chemical sensitivities. In late May, Barbara presided as class president at her fiftieth reunion at Bryn Mawr College. We enjoyed family togetherness in Steamboat Springs for the Christmas Eve to New Year's Eve week and again in late March into early April by which time the snow had vanished and the ski area closed early. In August, Barbara and I were again in Steamboat Springs with Melanie's and Meredith's families. Meredith and Jenny have purchased a house in Whately, MA, a rural town ten miles north of their home in Northampton, and are in the legal process of adopting their foster baby, about to be Zoe Bella Morrison. I took part in International Bar Association meetings in The Hague and in Dublin, visiting Oxford and London in late May prior to the Netherlands, and enjoying eleven days in Ireland in late September into early October. I continue on the AARS Board of Directors but will end my term on the College of Commercial Arbitrators Board of Directors at the end of October. Both us again took pleasure in meeting the new Rhodes Scholars at the AARS *bon voyage* weekend in DC in late September.

Midge RICHARDSON joined Barbara and me and Dick THOMPSON at the Warden's brunch in the Waldorf mid-April. She is happy in her new apartment home and is in very good health and spirit.

I'm pleased to include a letter from Jaque ROBERTSON: "It's the economy, stupid' has made these times very difficult for architects. Our usual commissions—University Master Plans and buildings, the design of New Communities and large scale city plans have fallen off greatly and we are left with either working in China or going back to our old predictable staples of rich people's apartments and houses in the country, fortunately something we do well.

"Long global trips, which I never thought about before as a burden, have become increasingly difficult as one ages. The only good thing about

getting older is that I know more and am able to prioritize better and quicker. I also seem to value my wife, my dogs, my close friends and my colleagues more, all of which are ‘good’ things. Currently, there are two ‘bad’ things in my view. (1) The Gods are cruel: just when you want time to slow down, it seems to speed up; years slipping by like months. (2) The ‘dumbing down’ of our culture is occurring precisely at a time when the world has become much more complex; we seem to have become less perceptive, less practical, less high-minded, less effective, less civilized; and we have instead become more selfish, acquisitive, consumptive, and ignorant. As such, we are abetting the destruction of our planetary home, still unable to grasp Nature’s laws . . . a gradual unintended suicide.”

Our annual, carefully penned, interesting letter from John SEARS: “It has been a rather sad spring and summer, with several trips down South to visit an ailing brother and closer by to see an ailing twin sister—and quite regular trips nearby to the Massachusetts General and Massachusetts Eye and Ear Hospitals to deal with number one. I read the *Oxonian* and the *Balliol Record* on some of these trips, so all is not lost. The day begins with five medications and ends with seven, but I did get a bit of golf the other day [in early September]—and the Masters, Wimbledon, and the Olympics have made up for the Decline and Fall of the Red Sox.

“There have been some pleasant visits from family and friends, including old Balliol Pathfinders, who stayed with me years ago, and an ‘honorary godson’ from China with his family.

“My old government colleagues demanded that I rejoin the world so I have a new computer with Dragon (speech) software but, despite several lessons from a neighboring teenager, I am still not functional. I have finished (at last) and sent to the printers my History of the Sears Chapel, and I’m working now to fix the chapel up including the place of burial of the builders—and one of these days also of . . . John Sears.”

Gil STRANG wrote: “I don’t have any high intensity news, but MIT has had a lot of publicity favorable to the new plans for video courses. The first Stanford course had 250,000 online students—this got attention. MITx will be connected to Harvard and Berkeley, and I expect linear algebra will be included some day. This is the successor to our OpenCourseWare. The new part is homework and exams, with a certificate of completion. Getting serious . . .”

Dick THOMPSON attended a luncheon in mid-November 2011 in DC for the Master of University College and he joined Barbara and me at the North American Oxford Reunion in New York City in mid-April, attending Univ and Rhodes events with us. Dick regretted that he was trav-

eling at the time of the AARS *bon voyage* weekend in late September, which he routinely attends. Claiming a not-very-exciting year, Dick wrote: “My theme this year is grandchildren, of which I have five. One of my great pleasures is to be with them . . . I recently had a week in the mountains of western Virginia with my older son, John, his wife and two children . . . We were at The Homestead; I had not realized this venerable hotel is very much geared to families. I am fortunate that they live only three blocks from my home in Bethesda, so I see them regularly. My daughter, Frankie, and her husband live on Capitol Hill and have a delightful eight-year-old daughter. I see them often as well. My younger son, Alex, is a professor at Ohio State; he and his wife have girls ages six and eight. I spent a long weekend with them in Columbus earlier in the year.”

Dick had told us previously that he had given up tennis because of vision problems. “Now my principal exercise is long walks on the C&O Canal towpath, which is not far away. I continue to work two six-hour days a week doing document declassification for the Department of State. At present we are looking at files from 1986. It is interesting to see which situations have changed little since then and which have changed dramatically.”

Gail ULLMAN provided an update: “Dick remains pretty much the same [as reported last year]. Mostly healthy, but not better in terms of ability to move. He speaks very little, sleeps a lot. He is incredibly calm and even cheerful—facets of his personality that I don’t remember being characteristic in his younger years—well, maybe cheerful, but as a younger man he came equipped with more than his share of anxiousness. He remains at Park Place Center, and I remain his dinner companion.”

Gail thought that some of us would “remember Dick’s first wife, Yoma Crossfield Ullman, who is now living in Newtown, PA, just across the Delaware River. She recently married Warren Witte, who retired from the American Friends Service Committee, and is extremely happy.”

The TAO editor asked me to remind classmates to pay AARS dues and to add a contribution if you have not yet done so for 2012. Do not overlook the resources available on the AARS website (www.americanrhodes.org). All of us have received recent communications from Rhodes House about the resignation of Warden Don Markwell at year-end 2012 and the now Acting Wardenship of Andrew Graham, formerly Master of Balliol College. It has just been announced that Professor Markwell is the executive director-designate of the Menzies Research Centre in Australia, a public policy think tank associated with the Liberal Party of Australia. A formal search for a new Warden is underway from Oxford.

Thanks for your communications and, from Barbara and me, warm regards and all best wishes,

JOHN H. MORRISON

1958

Retirement does not seem to be in the vocabulary of this year's respondents. Some of us remain fully engaged in careers of earlier years. Others of us have branched out into quite different pursuits. Travel remains a valued activity. Our classmates in the Bay Area, referred to as "Lotus Land" by David Heilbron, are in the enviable position of gathering periodically and welcoming travelers from the East, the Nyes, and Guntons most recently. How does a class reunion in Lotus Land in 2013 to mark the fifty-fifth anniversary of our going up to Oxford strike you?

Michael BOYD maintains an active schedule of travels. As a director of the Royal Oak Foundation (an alliance of Americans with the National Trust of England, Wales, and Northern Ireland), he attended meetings in England in September 2011 and February 2012. The earlier meeting included a four-day tour of National Trust properties in southeastern England. The latter session included dinner hosted by Prince Charles at Buckingham Palace. Later in the autumn of 2011, Michael made his first excursions to New Zealand and Australia, where the scenic beauty of both countries was rivaled by the remarkable friendliness of the people he encountered.

Sandy FETTER emailed from Natal Brazil at the conclusion of a two-week workshop in physics. Retirement from Stanford ended teaching responsibilities but not engagement in the science to which he has devoted his career. Lynn and he especially enjoyed five days in Paris that followed a professional conference. Along with two colleagues, Sandy edited and contributed chapters to a volume on Ultracold Quantum Gases, a topic very much in vogue in these days of astonishing advances in science. Sandy expresses amazement in having a granddaughter in college, a freshman at Case Western Reserve. "Apart from making small contributions to a few political candidates, I try to ignore the Washington scene, which I find depressing at best." This is a widely shared sentiment.

Chuck FISH writes: "Since almost nothing has changed since last reporting—no wild adventures or disasters—Eleanor and I are either stuck in the mud or just plain lucky. I have a couple of manuscripts going, their

fate most uncertain, and a new screened porch overlooking the gardens gives us a fine perch for morning coffee and evening martini." Would it not be a treat to join them some day at sunset?

John FLEMING is guiding the publication of his latest trade book, *The Dark Side of Enlightenment*, at Norton. "Despite the inexorability of aging and some discouraging trends of our times, life is rich and rewarding . . . I still lecture here and there and write a weekly blog essay, but mainly I enjoy unscheduled hanging out with family and friends." After celebrating the marriage of a son and the birth of a grandson, Joan and John flew to England for a few weeks of R&R.

Jim GUNTON reported, "I have had a good year in terms of my teaching and research and feel most fortunate to be able to continue to do something that I truly enjoy." Three children and five grandchildren joined Jim and Peggy for their golden wedding anniversary, which included a rafting excursion down a Class III river. Sandy Fetter gave a colloquium for Jim's department in November. Jim plans a spring sabbatical in Spain where he has longtime collaborators and friends. Jim and Peggy maintain an active engagement with our class members in the San Francisco Bay area.

Larry HARTMANN wrote from Maine. "In adequate if slowly fading health, I am still seeing some patients and doing a very small amount of teaching. I read a lot and see friends. I try to avoid being a chronic curmudgeon, though there is much to be a curmudgeon about. We enjoyed two weeks in Spain last fall, mostly in the South, and a week in Antigua, Guatemala, in the winter.

David HEILBRON wrote on the eve of a trip to London and Turkey. "We're in fine shape except that we can't remember all that much. But that's not so bad. For example, I was pleased to have forgotten when the Republicans had their bonfire last week and so avoided it. Or maybe I didn't forget it—I just can't remember—but I watched the Giants games instead, thereby perhaps evidencing in some measure that my priorities are sort of in order. I'm concerned about this election. Education by sound bites doesn't work too well, there's too much damn money sloshing around, the *Citizens* case is about as fair as *Dred Scott*. Everyone likes services but a whole lot of us don't want to pay for them, and so on. This recital does not evidence priorities being in some kind of order but rather a cranky old guy. Still it sure isn't Lincoln-Douglas out there."

Sam HOLT, always a master of brevity, reports: "The past year has seen little change for me, though it's not all bad. Good news: a while ago, I found a lovely woman, with whom I spend good times. Bad news: I re-

main involuntarily retired, which I guess is the fate of someone who spent more time being a consultant than having a career. More good news: my daughters continue to do well the things that I planned, but never got around to: finishing a Ph.D.; getting a novel published; raising kids in a balanced atmosphere.”

Dick HOWARD continues to teach full time, finding that his students renew his energies and expectations. His research and writing focus upon the ever-evolving Supreme Court, in particular the changes since the days of Chief Justice Warren. Dick maintains an interest in comparative constitutionalism, recently devoting a series of public lectures to France and America in the founding era, and the influence of the American constitutional experience on other countries and cultures. He is working with U.S. and U.K. colleagues to mark the 800th anniversary of the Magna Carta in 2015. “As I write, the presidential contest is heating up. It seems that in politics, not in war, the truth is the first casualty. I lament the Supreme Court’s decision that has allowed the deluge of special interest money to be unleashed in modern campaigns. All in all, however, I count on the system fashioned by James Madison and his colleagues to stand the tests of even today’s hyper-partisanship.”

Stuart JORDAN remains actively engaged as president of The Institute for Science and Human Values, which has sponsored recent symposia on such topics as the impact of neuroscience on contemporary ethics and the application of neo-pragmatic ethics to women’s rights and climate change. In December, Stu published *The Enlightenment Vision: Science, Reason, and the Promise of a Better Future*. While reviewing the evolution of the Enlightenment and its advancement of universal human rights, the book is critical of current trends in American political life. “The world of our somewhat remote descendants is almost certain to be better for most people, while the road ahead is likely to be rough for some time . . . The days of wine and roses may be over for a while, I am trying to encourage my grandchildren to learn a little stoicism.”

Jason and Deborah McMANUS “continued moving among the Cote d’Azur, Manhattan’s SoHo and the Hudson Highlands as seasons, weekends, and whims enticed.” In August they enjoyed a second Garrison Keillor cruise from Amsterdam to Barcelona. The motivation was to get another item off the bucket list: sailing through the Straits of Gibraltar. Daughter Mage (26) became an accomplished skydiver. Daughter Sophie (34) had her first novel published. Deborah founded five years ago a women’s choir, the SoHarmoniums, which was invited to sing in the Alice Tully Hall of Lincoln Center last spring.”

Gene NASSAR focuses upon events closer to home. “Black holes, the national debt; such things have not concerned me this year (if they ever did), but rather, in the intense heat and drought of this summer, the destruction of my beloved little vegetable garden by those supposedly cute little rodents, the squirrels, who for the first time ever have eaten my cucumbers, tomatoes, and grapes. Thirst, perhaps, but they left me not an unbitten one of anything. Why did then not eat any of my wife’s flowers? What to do? D-Con? Pellet gun? Can’t do it. Removal of them by trapping to the country ten miles away? Too lazy. Revenge. Maybe next year. In the meantime, I don’t seem to care anymore about Philosophy, Science, Politics, or Religion (if I ever did? Or did I love Art only?). And these miserable rodents have left peanuts, both in-shell and naked (given to them by some silly old lady on my block) right on my front porch, as if in ironic disdain of my sensibilities.”

Gary NOBLE shares concerns over the vitriolic political scene where problems of national debt, taxation, and entitlements are debated without resolution. “Perhaps no one knows how to resolve the global financial challenges, but I am NOT as afraid of a democracy like that in the U.K. as many of the conservative pundits are predicting will happen if the Democrats are in control. Yes, Britain no longer has an empire where the sun never sets, but it isn’t a terrible place to live.” Peggy and Gary attended 2012’s Oxford gathering in New York and Gary’s fiftieth Harvard medical school reunion. They celebrate the families of their son and daughter with the attendant blessings of four young grandchildren.

Joe NYE loves his work. “I continued to teach at Harvard’s Kennedy School, did some policy advising in China, Japan, Australia, and Europe (including a short visit to Oxford).” *Foreign Policy* named him to its list of 100 Top Global Thinkers and Public Affairs published in paperback *The Future of Power*. “I still hunt, fish, and work on our New Hampshire tree farm. In July, I camped on a remote river in Alaska, saw more grizzlies than people, and caught salmon. Such is life. But most of all, Molly and I enjoy our nine grandchildren.”

Larry POPOFSKY was invited to present a lecture at the Oxford Center for Competition Law and Policy in February on the U.S. Antitrust Law. The subject touched on his most famous case, *Continental Television v. GTE Sylvania*, which he successfully argued some years ago before the Supreme Court. Visits with his Oriel roommate and his wife along with other friends complemented the trip. “Beyond that, I am teaching the Antitrust Law course at The University of San Francisco Law School this fall for the fourth time and putter about the law office most mornings while

listening to my antitrust lawyer son in DC complain about how busy he is. It reminds me of ‘the good old days.’”

Since returning from the Western Balkans two years ago, John SEWALL has worked with the Wounded Warrior program at the National Military Medical Center at Bethesda. “I am serving as a mentor for two first Lieutenants, both of whom lost limbs. My role is to provide advice on ensuring that they are fully informed on their benefits and have a way ahead toward internships, additional schooling, and employment, whichever best meets their needs. Fortunately, both of them are not suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder and are motivated and proactive to get on with their lives. Shocked by the acerbic tone of political discourse, I am tempted not to vote as a protest. My wife, Marta, continues with her abstract painting.”

Jack STROMBERG wrote at the conclusion of a trip to Europe. “We have returned from Florence, where our daughter is on the way to launching our eighth grandchild. The Italy which we saw, which included the southern region of Puglia, showed few signs of economic distress. Kirsten’s husband, an architect and professor at the University of Florence, tells us that the reason is limited personal debt in Italy: no student loans, no medical debts, and little financial distress brought on by credit card excesses or underwater mortgages. The problem in Italy is a runaway and corrupt federal government. On our return to the land of *Citizen’s United* in the midst of the party conventions, one sadly senses parallels of, if not outright corruption, at least damaging cronyism and moneyed influence.”

Norman TERRELL could not resist a dig at your secretary. “If Plutarch had had to work on your deadlines, we would know nothing of the lives of great men. At our age, it’s a pleasure and relief to report that absolutely nothing of interest has happened to us the past year. Business is a little slow, life for most people. However, we are receiving a bumper crop of resumes. A lot of them remind me of the fellow who didn’t know whether he could play the violin, but he’d sure like to try. I hope many of our classmates have risen to the status of job creators. As for the Terrells, we remain squarely in the camp of the moochers.”

My wife, Ruzha, is hiking this September in Yorkshire. She has completed solo walks on most of the U.K.’s national foot paths. We returned to Scotland and the Orkneys in May for hiking and a folk music festival. I continue to teach history of science at UT-Chattanooga and to write a column for Chattanooga’s daily paper. Our ten grandchildren live too far away to spoil. The eldest, a senior in high school, has developed into an

elite distance runner, providing us with the opportunity to watch her run in the high school national meet in June. If our politics in the South move much further to the right, I fear we'll fall off the edge of the world. The motto of our politicians could well be, "To the past, march!"

Reading our entries, I am reminded of our shared good fortune that began in that long ago autumn of 1958.

CLIFTON R. CLEAVELAND

1961

Classmates, both those who pretend to have retired as well as the others who continue more obviously "in harness," seem to be living active, pleasurable, and even constructive lives. Even that latter category, however, seems to have adopted perhaps a bit more leisurely and deliberate pace as they experience the continuing joys of family, friends, reflection, and involvement. And they develop new hobbies and avocations, while maintaining some hold on their older enthusiasms and work routines. I guess all this serves as the leitmotif of what you tell me about your lives.

Fred MORRISON is certainly not one to step aside from his professional rounds. Still specializing in international and constitutional law at the University of Minnesota Law School, Fred is quite categorical about it: he emphatically has "no current plans to retire . . . Beijing around twenty-somethings," he writes, "helps keep one young in spirit." In addition are the administrative responsibilities of overseeing the University's health care insurance program at a time of fundamental health care reform under the Obama administration. That may not keep one young in spirit, but it certainly can keep one busy. Outside of Minneapolis, Fred and Charlotte seem to have a taste for the exotic—spring trips to South Africa and Botswana, a two-week tour of Croatia, including a week sailing the Adriatic, springtime breathing the thin air of Machu Pichu, later communing with Darwin in the Galapagos.

Of course, a work component intrudes into some of Fred's travels. "Regular business trips to Germany and China" grow out of his leadership in international programs. Most recently, his academic specialty took him to South Sudan, the world's newest state, to advise the country's Constitutional Reform Commission.

And respite—the Morrisons' summer relocation to the Maine coast.

Fellow Minnesotan, Duane KROHNKE, now retired from regular law practice, serves as an adjunct professor of international law at the Univer-

sity of Minnesota Law School. Here he continues a long-term commitment to the fostering of human rights and defense of refugee asylum, focusing most recently on advocacy for a greater U.S. role in the International Criminal Court (ICC). At a University of Minnesota symposium on the ICC last year, Duane traced the hesitant evolution of United States policy towards the Court, which, while shifting since the Clinton Administration, still faces political headwinds. His formulation in his presentation's title, "Engaged, not Yet Married," expresses, he says, a guarded optimism.

For fun, and the challenge of research, Duane is a committed blogger, concentrating on things Oxonian, on Cuba and El Salvador, on a lifetime of experience in the practice of law, especially addressing issues of international human rights and the work of the American Non-Governmental Coalition for the International Criminal Court. Duane's Cuba blog, calling for a relaxation of American isolation of the island, led to a letter to President Obama, who has the additional complication of dealing with Miami Cubans émigrés.

Family again took Duane and Mary Alyce this summer to Ecuador, this time for their granddaughter's fifteenth birthday, her *quinceanera*, a "big deal in Latin America."

While none of us seem to have attended this September's gala taking place at Oxford and its colleges, last year Gus KINSOLVING returned for his fiftieth class reunion at Christ Church, attending a gaudy in the college hall, at which, the announcement reads, "Decorations shall be worn." Kinsolving, an American commoner lacking decorations, fit in well in black tie for all that and was suitably pleased to see a number of his English classmates—one his rowing mate Andrew Evans in British major in full general's regalia, as well as Peter S. Paine, Jr. (New York and Christ Church, '57), "in his fine alert usual form," and the "eminent London solicitor David J.C. WYLD." The celebration concluded with Evensong with boys' choir in the intimately lovely Christ Church Cathedral. "Overall," Gus pronounced, "I found Christ Church and its Cathedral full of *esprit de corps* and as good as ever."

Gus's report also offers an endearing memory of David SOUTER of twelve years ago. While in Washington, Gus writes, he called by SCOTUS, introduced himself to Justice Souter's secretary as an old friend and classmate and was promptly summoned to the Justice's private chambers for an "impromptu lunch" consisting of a "saran-wrapped sandwich of uncertain age from a drawer" but liberally accompanied by David's personal warmth, informality, and hospitality, qualities that do not immediately make one think of a member of the Supreme Court.

On a family note, Gus reports that he and Monique, his wife of thirty-one years, have parted on a friendly basis and still continue in friendly enjoyment of their two grown and married children. Gus now lives alone with a Skipperkee dog on the Atlantic side of Fishers Island, "population down to about 200 souls midwinter . . . on five acres of land amidst a 600 acre nature preserve," in quarters boasting two Norwegian wood burning wood stoves and a big fireplace when things get really severe outside. A veritable New York idyll.

Another one of our group who keeps in close touch with Souter is Jim MOOSE, who says he plans to meet the retired Justice in early October with a couple of other Oxford friends at the University. Of the six Magdalen Rhodes Scholars of 1961, Jim sadly comments, only he and David remain.

Jim, not yet formally retired from the World Bank, has taken a year's leave, which, he surmises, probably will metamorphose into retirement and allow him and Claudia more time for travel and visiting friends and their large family: five children, three married, and ten grandchildren, the most recent, a grandson, born just a year ago. Claudia, Jim reports, is active in the local Artists Guild and, though hailing from Connecticut, is so taken with Kentucky cuisine (besides Kentucky fried chicken, have you seen those two words together before?) that she has published "a good book on cooking with bourbon. Jim says he helps her culinary endeavors by consuming and commenting on her dishes and pressing her to write a book on cooking with scotch. Jim, like Duane Krohnke, is dabbling a bit in family genealogy, a new spare-time avocation.

As is true for a number of you, Bill BARDEL and Penny get around a lot. Much of their time, Bill writes, is spent in their Tuscan "old farmhouse," at least when they are not home in Connecticut. While retired, Bill still remains "director of a couple of for-profit companies, one a bank, one an oil and gas venture" as well as a director for "a number of non-profits, including the National Theatre" in London and a local land trust in Washington.

"I would say that Penny and I feel we are in a good place in life right now," he reflects. They are thinking about reducing their "real estate commitments, but we're just not quite there yet." Officially residents in Connecticut, the Bardels keep a small apartment in New York as well in order to be close to their children and five grandchildren.

Bill attended fiftieth reunion celebrations last year at Oxford, where he ran into Herschel POST (in London finance) and Henry SHUE (on the faculty at Merton College, while Vivienne, his wife, has a faculty position at St. Anthony's.) "Although we have all had more than sufficient reunions

in the last few years,” Bill writes, “I am regretful that we didn’t take advantage of the fiftieth to bring our class together somewhere. Perhaps another time.”

Betsey and Lee BADGETT are renting out their Virginia home and have bought a place in Colorado, both for its “natural beauty,” as Lee points out, and more so because a number of Badgett children and relations live between Boulder and Carson City. He and Betsey can migrate back and forth from the Colorado Rockies to their North Carolina residence as occasion dictates: “I assure you, to own three houses was not intended and is not wholly desirable. However, although family proximity is wonderful, occasional absences make the heart grow fonder.”

Gaines POST pays tribute to Jeanie’s “calm, courageous, and kind-hearted” endurance of her final illness. Those qualities, he writes, have sustained him through three years of “grieving and learning.” Gaines, you have our deepest sympathy.

Despite the pain of his wife’s death, Gaines has managed to do some post-retirement writing, including an op-ed piece on the fiftieth anniversary of the Berlin Crisis, as well as a venture into fiction in *Oxford Today*’s first creative writing contest. This won him third prize, a magnum of champagne. “Since the bubbly cannot be shipped . . . I shall fly to London next spring to consume it with several New College friends.” Gaines was last in Oxford two years ago and, finding himself along the Isis, began “chat[ting] with a couple of New College oarsmen at the boathouse,” whom he regaled with old war stories when half a century ago he himself rowed for the College. Later Gaines had dinner with Warden Markwell at Rhodes House.

Last year Down Under, Gaines visited old Oxonian, Australian classmate Bob O’NEILL and his wife in their Blue Mountain home northwest of Sydney. Other recent memorable moments for Gaines: a ten-day road and hiking trip through Montana, and, as forest fires raged throughout the West, Gaines recommended reading Norman MacLean’s *Young Men and Fire*, ostensibly as a reminder of my own college fire-fighting days with the Payette National Forest in Idaho at \$2.00 an hour, plus overtime. Hiking, gardening, reading, and consuming elegant wines and foods in his Sonoma Valley home keep Gaines busy, along with occasional visits with the Sterlings in order to “relish Bill’s culinary skills.” At the moment, Gaines—always the historian—is on the road again, this time touring Civil War battlefields.

None of us however—as much as we may love it—seem to take gardening, cooking, and eating quite to such pleasurable extremes as Bill STERLING: “Summertime is rolling its way toward fall. July was relatively

cool. August . . . blessedly warmer . . . blessings accru[ing] chiefly to the plants in our vegetable garden . . . The tomatoes ripen, the squash swell, the apples redden, and I have my canning equipment on the deck outside the kitchen. A couple of days ago I canned some 14 pints of peach jam. An hour or so ago I harvested a milking bucket full of pole beans . . . I find that reframing myself as a pioneer wife is quite satisfying . . . the next step will be . . . a floor-length gingham skirt.”

Outside kitchen and garden plot, a pool provides a further physical workout, and then there are the four children and two grandchildren to occupy time and mind, along with charitable volunteer work in the community, much of it having to do with environmental protection including a flora and fauna census of the local Hendy Woods “for scientific purposes, for guiding management of the park’s physical resources, and as a basis for visitor-friendly brochures and nature programs.” Given the times in which we live (once again, *o tempora! o mores!*) even such public-spirited work nowadays requires electronic fingerprinting at the Fort Bragg police department. Insult added to injury, Bill confesses to entering “white” for hair color on the identification questionnaire, “another milestone on the path from birth to death,” though, he adds, “perhaps I should have amplified by writing, ‘what is left of it.’”

In this presidential season, Bill—and, of all of you, only Bill—addresses the current campaign. While “generally disappointed” with President Obama, not so much because of what he has done but because of his apparent inability “to make the case for himself,” Bill rounds on Romney as a “deplorable, everyman’s whore.” For Bill, Romney’s vice-presidential pick makes the situation even worse: “The dominance of ideological arguments on the Republican side, the rabidity of the conservative talk-show celebrities, the anti-intellectual, anti-scientific biases of religious fundamentalists discourage and depress me.”

Wishing me well in my Fort Lauderdale retirement, Bill HARTMANN recalled his last visit to south Florida in the fall of 2001 for an Acoustical Society of America conference shortly after the 9/11 attack. “Paper after paper at that meeting was withdrawn because no one wanted to travel.” The emptiness and depression of the moment naturally led him and Christine to the sun and sand of Fort Lauderdale’s pristine beaches.

This summer’s unusual heat and drought in the upper Midwest drove the Hartmanns from their Lansing home, which they entrusted to the tender mercies of one of Bill’s students, to their summer quarters on Beaver Island. Weather or climate? I must say how good it is that there is no sign of global warming out there.

For forty years, Bill has driven an MGB, at least during the summer,

and still does, though, he hastens to add, not the same one. A greater change has come over Bill's research interests. He is writing a book on binaural hearing whenever the sabbaticals he manages to con out of the university allow him to place some necessary distance between himself and his teaching. Along those lines, Bill plans a return semester at Oxford at the turn of the year "to hang out with auditory physiologists" and to hit the book writing hard. Anyone visiting Oxford between January and June, he says, should get in touch.

Most of you know of the tragic passing of our classmate, Mel LEVINE. At Oxford I always considered Mel the warmest and nicest person in the room. My last meeting with him was over lunch when he came to speak on child development at DePauw shortly before my retirement. Despite the passage of time Mel seemed unchanged: still the warmest and nicest person in the room. Any room. At Harvard, New York, and the University of North Carolina Dr. Levine became perhaps the foremost pediatrician of our generation, this country's single most authoritative voice on child development. *The Boston Globe's* legacy book is replete with tributes and testimonials to the great good Mel did for countless families and children over his professional career. We mourn his loss.

As if to demonstrate my theme here, that the distinction between retirement and non-retirement is often a distinction without a difference, David Souter's secretary called with David's catalogue of spare time retirement activities, about which David observes sardonically ". . . one is never too old to fail, and I have certainly failed at retirement . . ." There follows a whirlwind of activities, judicial, extra-judicial, social, and domestic: volunteering on the First Circuit Court of Appeals with the fringe benefit of keeping in touch with old Boston friends; dismantling and arranging for the re-erection and relocation of the eighteenth-century family home, so that the original land can be put in a conservation trust; membership of "too many Boards of Trustees, task forces and commissions devoted to the promotion of teaching in the humanities and civic literacy." David's big regret is not enough time for "a few personal indulgences that retirement was supposed to allow, most significantly some time for systematic reading." To his fellow retired classmates, David concludes, "I hope you're succeeding where I'm failing." Well, we are. And we aren't.

Over a lifetime, all of us seem to have developed our little escape mechanisms from the stresses and realities of life, techniques Bill Sterling calls "antidotes to the political malaise." Or, for that matter, antidotes to any other oppressive reality. Bill's suggestions, "pioneer house-wifing and

birding,” may not have universal appeal. But he adds reading history, science fiction, spy thrillers, and sixteenth-century Spanish literature. And wildflowers. Travel, the more exotic the better, appears to do it for a number of us, for travel is a mobile and pleasurable form of continuing education. Here in south Florida, escape for me is to try to divine the mysteries of orchids and bromeliads and to learn more about growing tropical plants, while plotting ways of hunkering down when hurricanes threaten, and injecting moments of travel between hurricane seasons. Historical fiction too provides an emotional escape: the further away from our own “political malaise,” the better. History, even of tragic dimensions and outcomes, is something we know the species at least somehow survives. And we cannot know that about our own situation. Still worse, that of our children and grandchildren, for family is the ultimate meaning in our lives. So we escape now and then. We must. We build escape into our lives—Colorado mountains, Maine coast, Kentucky ancestral home, Tuscan villas, New York island forest preserve, tropical gardens, foreign climes. Or time. Back into an earlier age with a book or a painting or a mode of music, or a long-lost but still remembered smile, or a reverie conjuring up an earlier moment in our youth. Just why do so many of us wander back to Oxford? Or to that “other university” of our youth, a New Haven or Cambridge, Ann Arbor or Tuscaloosa or West Point? Escapes into time. Pilgrimages to our younger years. Time passed, even more than space and distance covered, escapes the inexorable reality of the current moment and transcends its malaise. None of this would evoke the Founder’s disapproval. Rhodes would understand such fleeting escapes are just a matured expression of an ongoing love of life, an appreciation of the beauty and bounty of nature. He would know such flights evidence a continuing engagement with human society, an embrace of human potential—our own and others; that such efforts are just brief, sometimes tired, respites from life’s calling. But only so that we can muster strength and will to act with purpose and effect again. And again.

O. RALPH RAYMOND

1964

The call for news has brought another good response, activity remaining at a remarkably high level.

John BOHSTEDT: “Still flunking retirement. Duty and possibility call me to work in my Church and politics. In Church I lead Sunday Potlucks six times a year—breaking bread to meet new friends and really

meet old friends. I'm also training partner-leaders. Church calls out other work too, to build the beloved and fruitful community, both in here and out there. In politics, also mobilizing volunteers, trying to return to office both sane local reps (still a challenge here), and a presidential candidate good for the country. A big commitment of work-hours and money, but how else could it be? Maybe not completely flunking, because I still get to grandkids, softball, and the woods. Two bright-eyed boys are a half-hour away and generally up for an adventure, whether hide-and-seek around the yard, or the Discovery Center or zoo. My three 'princesses of attitude' in Birmingham are a bit farther away. As soon as the world's been stabilized, I need to find more time with them. Senior softball is just plain goofy fun. The woods, and wildflowers (in August, no less!) and burbling water greeted me again on a hike up Mt. Le Conte last month. Got two more sojourns in the woods coming up, and then it's off to Tuscany. April next finds us in Manchester for a paper on contemporary (ongoing) food riots."

From Oxford, Nick BUNNIN writes: "I wish to raise an ethical issue about the Rhodes Trust's account of the catastrophic loss in value of its endowment in the period 2000–10. I ask for a clear public statement of the source of the Trust's investment advice in this time and an explanation by a Trustee of the strategic errors stemming from this advice. I have no interest in allotting blame for these errors, but call for the same transparency that I would expect from other bodies with public, corporate, charitable, and especially educational responsibilities. I understand the argument that the proposed disclosure would cause reputational damage but hold that in this case integrity is more important than concealment in maintaining and enhancing the reputation of both the Trust and the Scholarship."

Lee COLDREN's wife Mary has sent this sad message to their friends: "It is with a very heavy and sad heart that I write you this letter. I wanted to let you know that my wonderful Lee passed away on July 29, at 4:00 PM, a sunny California afternoon. We did not know how ill he was until we had to cut our trip to Wisconsin short as Lee was having difficulty breathing. The only symptom prior was low energy, noticeable more in hind-sight. Lee was hospitalized for over two weeks, most of which was spent waiting for diagnosis. Sadly, the diagnosis was adenocarcinoma, an unusual type of cancer, which formed a tumor on his lung. He passed away at our home, surrounded by family. We are stunned. His was a gentle generous soul, and we will miss him always. Here is a link to a beautifully written tribute by Lee's niece Karoli: www.drumsnwhistles.com/2012/08/01/an-extraordinary-life-lee-o-coldren-1943-2012/."

Mike COOK writes: "Our delight continues to be our rapidly growing and blossoming four grandchildren. The two living nearby insisted that I add swimming and tennis instructor to my credentials for teaching, reading, and cycling. I'm on the board of three thriving nonprofit groups, and volunteering a lot of time for Kim's organization, now providing social and health services to more low income immigrants than ever before in Northern Virginia. As predicted, my rheumatoid arthritis proved treatable and after a year my current medicines allow me to bike and swim comfortably and return to some running after a year's sabbatical. Kim has been registering a lot of voters and we plan to focus this fall on getting out the vote and encouraging people to vote their interests, an easy path to victory for Obama. The larger question will remain, however: when will we have enough understanding and agreement in this country to deal with the huge issues of climate change, infrastructure, education, and costs of an aging population?"

Rich COOPER informs us that "in August, I accompanied my wife to Oxford for a conference on the law of higher education ('HE'). Topics included globalization (and resulting trans-national issues, such as cross-border travel by students and professors and application of academic standards in diverse cultures), technological changes, the growth of for-profit providers of HE in the U.S. and the U.K., reduction of public funding of HE (at some U.K. institutions, student charges will triple this coming academic year to £9,000, in response to reductions in funding from the government), and increasing attention to students as consumers (we heard a very interesting after-dinner talk by the head of the Office of Independent Adjudicator, which reviews student complaints against universities in England and Wales). The conference was at New College, which was in splendid form. We walked to, along, and back from the river, visited the University's Bate Collection of Musical Instruments (and listened to brief recordings of some of the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century instruments displayed), and unfortunately had time only for the Egyptian section of the much-expanded Ashmolean. We had good meals at an Indian restaurant called 4,500 Miles from Delhi, on Parkend Street, and a Thai restaurant called Chiang Mai Kitchen, down Kemp Hall Passage from High Street. It was tourist time, so the pubs were full. Blackwell's looked busy. The Roman Emperors remain."

Bo CUTTER reports that "the year has been a good one. 2011 was not particularly pleasant; after radiation treatment for prostate cancer I felt exhausted and drained most of the year but began to feel vastly better by the fall and to recover to normal energy levels. This year has been great and seems in some ways like Indian Summer; you know the winter is

coming but it doesn't feel like it right now. We've done a fair amount of fascinating travel. I continue to chair Care, the NGO. As part of an effort to reorganize Care globally I've been to meetings in Copenhagen and Zambia; and, as part of an effort we have to show members of Congress that development has its successes, I led a 'learning tour' to Uganda in April on which we took three members of Congress—the trip was really fun and seemed to be successful. The members of Congress were great to travel with and to argue with every night. But our best trip this year was Hadrians Wall. I've wanted to hike along it since 1965 and we finally did it. Abbie and I hiked about sixty miles of the wall in May. I won't pretend it was tough—we did about twelve miles a day; stayed at a B&B every night; and had our bags taken from one to another; and ate well every evening—the real ale movement in England has made as much difference in beer quality there as the microbrewery movement here. The walk is wonderful. The country is open on both sides; the scenery is fantastic; and the wall is a wonder. Our family is in good shape. All four of our children have become interesting adults; and we now have five grandchildren. Abbie is finishing a book about our farm and my great grandfather during the civil war—we have a lot of the letters—and it is turning out to be very good. Finally, I think I've begun my last work chapter. The Administration asked me to chair an investment fund being set up for Tunisia and after a fair amount of thought I accepted. It takes time to do these things well and it did occur to me that at seventy I may not have either time or energy. We'll see. My election forecast: (1) Obama wins with about 300 electoral votes and fifty-one percent of the popular vote—I'm more likely here to be wrong on the low side for Obama; (2) Republicans easily hold control of the House—maybe losing a few marginal seats; (3) Republicans win the Senate with fifty-one seats. The post election lame-duck session will be a zoo but fun to watch.”

From London Jack ERWIN writes that he “continues to shuttle between London and Morocco, attempting to bring round a book project that has predictably turned out to be far more ambitious and time-demanding than first imagined (*Virtuoso Citizens: Mahlers Roosevelts Gandhis Mohammeds*).”

Tom GERRITY reported last year that he is still teaching full time at Wharton, serving on two public company boards and traveling widely with his family, including annual stays at their Montana cabin.

The *Oxonian* reports that Ross HAMACHEK is living in New York City.

Dick HOLMQUIST writes: “I had a bit of experience with the med-

ical community last late autumn, but that all turned out just fine and I am back to my usual self and activities. Beyond that, I enjoyed my traditional activities of hunting (South Dakota in June) and traveling around the northwest during the summer with my RV, among others. All in all, life is good and I am grateful to be able to enjoy it.”

Bob KUDRLE reports: “Venetia and I are in Los Angeles celebrating son Tom’s fortieth birthday with many of his friends from Boston, Minneapolis, and elsewhere. Tom’s wife Irene will be a transplant surgeon at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, and he will open a branch office of his consulting firm, Keystone Strategy. Son Paul has expanded his real estate business in Austin and is building a new home in what he tells me is a great school district for Arabela (and where his wife Celi can still keep her chickens). Venetia and I have rather little new in our lives otherwise—and that’s just fine with us. I read a wonderful account of Lee Coldren’s life on the internet that was written by his niece. I wish I had known him better.”

“In spite of retirement a year ago,” writes Dave LUTZER, “Vicki and I have both been very busy this year. Our kids’ homes are scattered all over the U.S., and we spent a lot of time visiting them. I also read many of the history and biography books that I had put on my ‘to read’ list over the last several years, worked a lot around the house and yard, and continued my research. I go into the mathematics department from time to time to have coffee with friends and might teach a course or two for William & Mary in the coming year. The bottom line is that I have not felt bored. Vicki is even busier than I am and retirement has been very good for us.”

Morris McCAIN reports: “This was the year we got back to Oxford, and also to Glasgow, where I taught at the University on a year’s exchange from William & Mary in 1981. The return visit to Glasgow was especially gratifying, since I found the city in so much better condition than when I had lived there. We saw my neighbors of thirty years ago, still in the same house, and still as welcoming as they were when I arrived there from the United States with the flu. The Scottish Highlands—especially Glencoe, the home of my ancestors—were unchanged, as it seems they have been for centuries. At New College I had the pleasure of dinner at High Table and three consecutive Evensongs in the chapel. What extraordinary acoustics the place has, and what a spectacular choir! I did feel, though, that Oxford has a Thatcherite hard edge now and a sense of rush to success that we were fortunate to miss in our day. We were sworn at in the most obscene terms by a cyclist in a hurry. Hard to reconcile with the “ching-ching” bicycling of the 1960s. At Magdalen they were bailing out the punts for May Day after the wettest April in history. Came back to glo-

rious summer in Vermont—warm and dry, but with just enough moisture for the crops—and then was offered a fall-semester course in Comparative Government to teach at Lyndon State College. Since it's my favorite course in the entire political science curriculum, I let myself be lured into it on two weeks' notice. We'll see how it goes."

"We are now seeing what retirement is like," writes Breon MITCHELL. "Lynda still runs her yoga studio and teaches classes each week. I'm still working with rare books and doing literary translation, but on my own schedule. We plan to spend a good deal of time in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, when the weather is cold in Indiana. We were very sad to hear about Lee Coldren's passing. He was a good friend, and Lynda still wears the silver bracelets he brought her from Afghanistan when we visited Lee and Mary in DC many years ago. Another special memory was our visit to Surabaya when he was consul there. He was a very special person and we miss him."

Three years after leaving the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School to become Senior Clinician and Deputy Chief of the Laboratory of Clinical Infectious Disease at the NIH, Bob MUNFORD reports that he is pleased with his work and life in Washington. Barbara is especially enjoying living in Washington. Bob's lab continues to focus on the human enzyme that inactivates bacterial endotoxin. Outside the lab he has been a member of the Board of the American Association of Rhodes Scholars.

The *Oxonian* reports that Guy PARKHURST still lives in Oklahoma.

"We are off to Paris," writes Larry PRESSLER, "where I will be teaching at Sciences Po University this fall semester. I have twenty-four French graduate students, and we are going to follow ten contested House races, ten contested Senate races, and of course the Presidential race, and compare them to their French parliamentary election equivalents. I expect to learn a lot and enjoy myself immensely. I am also a resource at Sciences Po this semester. At the risk of getting myself entangled in any administrative work, I would like to suggest a possible reunion of our class of Rhodes Scholars. Some former Senators have a bipartisan reunion in which a buffet-style informal dinner is held, during which each former Senator speaks for five minutes. This is just a suggestion, but Lee Coldren's death jarred me into thinking that maybe it's time we all shake hands again. Maybe we could do it in conjunction with the Rhodes sailing party, which is held at the Cosmos Club in Washington."

Paul PRESSLY reports: "My year has been a pleasant one but the realities of 'time's winged chariot hovering near' are becoming apparent in

small as well as big ways. Jane and I were hiking on the Appalachian Trail this past summer when a swarm of yellow jackets rushed out of a tiny hole and we tried to outrun them. It didn't work. But there were compensations, from the food in our lodge to the mountain views. University of Georgia Press is publishing a book that I have written about colonial Georgia and its integration into the British Atlantic world. After having followed the prodigious output of so many fellow Oxonians over the years, I hesitate to mention this, but it has been a labor of love over a long period of time. A recent Balliol graduate spent two days with us on her eight-week venture across the U.S. through a special program of the College. She brought us up to date on the politics of the JCR and on the best tutors."

"Jan and I love Portland," writes Will RISSER, "including the weather, although we are out of it culturally, because we lack tattoos and piercings. Being close to our daughter Amanda and her husband and our two grandchildren is totally great. Jan and I are doing some medical writing, but I'm not practicing medicine. Amanda and I are team teaching in the Principles of Clinical Medicine course at the medical school. Jan has created a beautiful garden; her father was a famous dahlia expert, and her dahlia garden is gorgeous. She also has four chickens and three chicks and consequently we have many omelets, frittatas, soufflés, flans, custards, etc."

Tom ROWE reports: "For us the highlight of the past year has been that we have joined many of our classmates in discovering the joys of grandparenthood. Sarah Fletcher, daughter of my wife Susan French, and Sarah's husband Patrick became parents of lovely Ellie Fletcher in December, 2011. She captivates us and is doing wonderfully; our only problem is that with Ellie and her parents living in Seattle and us based in Los Angeles, we don't get to see enough of her! We continued to teach part time last year, with both of us teaching first-year law courses at UCLA in spring 2012 and also offering short courses in a Louisiana State University law program in Lyon, France, in early summer. The trip to Europe let us include a Baltic cruise with not just interesting ports of call but fascinating talks to the cruise group by Mikhail Gorbachev in Stockholm and Lech Walesa in Gdansk (a charming, if not much visited, city). Earlier, in summer 2011, we'd cruised from Istanbul to Athens, visited classic sites in northern Greece, and cruised up the Danube from near Bucharest to Vienna. We also enjoyed a fall trip to Quito and the fascinating Galapagos Islands and did some sailing in Southern California waters on our own '43 sailboat, of which Susan is the skipper and I'm the first mate. We've de-

cided not to teach this academic year but instead to enjoy sailing and travel while we have the fortune of good health, although we continue to work on books and other law-related projects. A continuing Oxford connection is that my college, Balliol, has a program that subsidizes eight recent graduates to travel in the U.S. during the summer after their graduation. To stretch their funds the college puts them in touch with 'old members' who are willing to host them. Some get to LA while we're in town, so we get to meet a few most interesting young Balliol grads each summer."

Lee SAPERSTEIN writes: "The *ad hoc* Nantucket Work Group, LWS Secretary, that devised Health Department Regulations for the control of the application of fertilizer on Nantucket, including a fifty-plus page manual on best management practices in support of the regulations, won a prize from the Nantucket Community Sailing group: the 2012 Clean Harbors Prize. It has been fun to work on something that benefits our community and the environment; the prize was unexpected icing on the cake. I remain involved with the federal safety council that is developing a research plan for miners' occupational health and safety and I catch the occasional professional consulting task. In concert with all of us who watch our families grow, I take a great deal of pleasure in my children and grandchildren. This summer's weather has been ideal for my new-found hobby of sailing. Mixing with the Opera House Cup fleet on the last day of Race Week was a summer highlight."

Mike SKOLNIK reports: "This year in Ontario there has been one of those major reviews of postsecondary education policy that governments undertake from time to time, and since April I have been writing research papers and participating in meetings connected with this policy review. Some of these efforts have been self-initiated activities with colleagues with whom I co-authored a book that addresses the issues that are central to the review. We relish the opportunity for another kick at that can. However, most of my work has been to assist the association of community colleges. Hopefully, I have learned something in forty-five years of studying these institutions—that I admire so much—that will be helpful to them as they attempt to chart their course for the next decade. Interspersed with this work, Marsha and I have had some fun traveling and life has been enjoyable."

"During this Indiana summer we have had both too little and too much water," writes Stephen SMITH. "Our farms and lawns saw record high temperatures and drought in June and July. However, the ancient plumbing in our 1922-era house developed a serious leak, requiring us to

remove and lower a ceiling and install all new water lines and drains on the south side of the house. Fortunately, the rains have returned and our plumbing is fixed. As Secretary of the Oxford University Society, Indiana Branch, I have joined with the local English Speaking Union Chapter in offering programs to the membership of both groups. We had a British MP speak, a December English Holiday Celebration with hot wassail, a January Scottish Feast Celebration, including a Robert Burns lecture, poetry reading, and song fest, and a June Garden Party with a toast to the Queen on her birthday. Most memorable, however, was a March presentation by Raymond Leppard, a former Cambridge University Professor and Conductor Emeritus of the Indianapolis Symphony. As a mere boy in Bristol during the blitz in World War II, he recalled serving soup-kitchen soup to the King and Queen of England, who had driven over from London unannounced in a palace automobile without any escort. The reawakened memory of their compliment of his soup, which he said was not good at all, brought him momentarily to tears. I continue to do research for and lead presentations to the Wednesday Investment Club, organize programs for the Faith and Reason Adult Discussion Group at the First Congregational Church, where we are currently searching for a new senior pastor, assist the Rotary Club of Indianapolis in preparing for its centennial gala next year, and participate on the Readers Council of the *Indianapolis Star*. Margaret has enjoyed her retirement as a member of two book clubs, as a volunteer at a shelter for dogs and cats in nearby Crawfordsville, IN, as a teacher of English as a second language to Hispanic residents of Indianapolis, and as a tutor of children at two nearby public schools. Our middle son Edward continues graduate work in comparative religion at the University of Washington, where he serves as head of all graduate assistants in his department and has recently won a cash prize and a scholarship to study the Chinese language. Andrew, our oldest son, writes computer code for and helps maintain the scientific data banks of Bristol-Myers Squibb in New Jersey and is in the process of buying his first house. We visited him and our grandchildren Joshua and Jacob in February. Our youngest son Charles lives nearby in Noblesville, IN, and is a computer software consultant to government agencies in many states. Charlotte, our daughter, recently was designated as the chief color specialist at her hair salon in Indianapolis."

Gus SPETH reports: "Vermont is a good place to write, and I have a new book out that I hope will be of interest to at least some of our group. *America the Possible: Manifesto for a New Economy* describes an attractive future that our country can still realize by mid-century, and it describes

what we have got to do to get there. But getting there will not be easy in any way, and much more of what is going on today will make it virtually impossible. See *www.AmericathePossibleTheBook.com*.”

“A dense year of work and travel for business and recreation,” writes Carlton STOIBER. “On the fun side, we headed out from Washington to California in February for remote hikes in our favorite Joshua Tree National Park and Palm Canyons outside Palm Springs. We had two trips to Colorado and New Mexico in March and July. On the first we toured historical sites at Bent’s Trading Fort on the Arkansas River (beaver pelts in evidence), Fort Union (from whence Union troops stopped the Confederate advance toward the Colorado gold fields) and fantastic Anasazi—or ancestral pueblo—ruins at Chaco Canyon, Bandelier, and Hovenweep NPS. On my July 5 significant birthday, we summited Gray’s Peak (an easy Fourteener, but nonetheless the highest peak on the Continental Divide between Canada and Mexico). A much younger group of climbers serenaded me with a lusty version of ‘Happy Birthday.’ My legal consulting work has been extremely active, with a January trip to Abu Dhabi to lecture on nuclear law at a Gulf Cooperation Council seminar at Khalifa University and a long February trip to Kuala Lumpur to assist Malaysian authorities in drafting a new nuclear law. February and June brought two trips to Paris for lecturing at the OECD/Nuclear Agency course on International Nuclear Law Essentials. During the visit I had to replace our padlock of love (*cadena de l’amour*) on the Pont des Arts as unromantic Parisian officials had removed some panels from the bridge because they had become too heavily weighted with these metallic symbols of committed relationships. Merde! Susanne spent three weeks of jury service in February and March in a prosecution involving Afghanistan’s largest drug dealer (apparently his ‘business’ also funded Taliban weapons purchases). After an earlier mistrial, he was convicted on all but one of six counts. I lectured on nuclear safety, security, and non-proliferation in numerous venues, including a March panel at the Center for Strategic and International Studies on the implications of the accident at Japan’s Fukushima Daichi reactors. At the end of July, I participated in a meeting to assist Chinese legislative drafters with a new nuclear law at Harvard’s Belfer Center. Two trips to Vienna for consulting with the International Atomic Energy Agency (I am drafting a third volume of the Handbook on Nuclear Law and another nuclear security document) will be followed by two or three more trips there this year. In late August and early September, I lectured for the twelfth year at the International School of Nuclear Law at the Université de Montpellier in southern France on a range of nu-

clear topics. It is the second oldest law school in France (après Paris), but one of the main attractions is a weekend tour of a local vineyard. As we lawyers say: *In Vino Veritas*. In September, we will travel to Prague for a lecture on the history of nuclear law and—more importantly—an exhibition of Carlton's nuclear cartoons at a seminar by the Czech Nuclear Society. Last year a booklet of sixty of my cartoons entitled 'Going Nuclear' was produced by the IAEA in connection with my lecturing at the Agency's International Nuclear Law Institute. Although we would like the pace of my rather frenetic consulting activity to diminish, it just seems that people keep asking me to 'do stuff.' However, I feel I can't decline requests to help strengthen nuclear safety, prevent nuclear terrorism, and restrain the proliferation of nuclear weapons. So it looks like this may continue to be our retirement picture for a while. On a final note, we were terribly saddened by the news of the death of classmate Lee Coldren, whom I met during the western Rhodes regional in 1963. What a loss. We will campaign again for Obama this year, as we did in 2008, and we hope that the scandalous congressional gridlock of the past two years can somehow be overcome."

Davis TAYLOR reports: "Concerning our year in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, on the positive side, Becky and I enjoyed living next to the Meher Spiritual Center. We found opportunities to volunteer. We were moved by many of the programs. We enjoyed the beauty of the Center itself. On the negative side, we are, for better or worse, Northerners, and we could not get accustomed to the endless heat and humidity. The South, of course, has its charms, but I am writing this letter at the moment from a friend's cabin in Herbster, Wisconsin. We are back up north looking for a place to live and about to put our house on the market in Myrtle Beach. It has been a wonderful year, important for us to move down south, really move, not just visit, and now we are ready to be back home. Here is a poem I wrote on a North Carolina island. It probably says more about where I am now in life than pages of prose.

ON TOPSAIL ISLAND

above the crowded beach,
 in the pattern of a vee,
 not a wing moving,
 pelicans
 race upwind.

How do they do
that—
fly upwind
without a wing moving,
and towards what?

I do not know
but feel
inside
the same pull
upwind.

Look,
what other
proof
do I need
of God?"

Bruce THOMAS is "still working in the Chicago neighborhood of Woodlawn. Focus is on vulnerable kids and their travails in the public schools."

Jon WESTLING writes: "Save for the routine inconveniences of advancing age, I'm in good nick and good spirits. The last decade—of being a consumer rather than a producer of university administration—has been great. My students have a knack for soothing my native cantankerousness, and the chance to once again think, teach, and write about history has been intellectually and personally fulfilling. If dwelt upon, the state of the country and the state of the world could produce some gloom, but teaching helps keep it at bay: I don't think my students will do any worse, and may well do better, than we have. Of course age itself brings inevitable losses. Like all of us, I mourn Lee Coldren's death. His was a blithe and life-affirming spirit."

"What a difference a year can make," reports Peter WOOD. "Last autumn I was in North Carolina harvesting gourds; this fall I am in Colorado picking blackberries and shopping for snow shovels. In April, we sold our house in Hillsborough (to another retired historian who needed loads of bookshelves), and in May we drove our two cars west to our new abode in suburban Longmont, with the Front Range of the Rockies visible in the distance. We divested at least twenty-five boxes of books before our departure, but there were still another 180 boxes for the movers to

handle! Our Colorado house has room for all of them, and a big guest room as well. There's access to lots of trails for biking and hiking, and a bus line runs from our doorstep to the University of Colorado campus in nearby Boulder, where Lil is starting her first year as the Driscoll Professor of Early Western History.

"Born in St. Louis, I am enjoying being back on the west side of the Mississippi and learning about a magnificent part of the country I do not know well. We have found a good BBQ joint in Longmont to ease the transition, and we're adjusting well to the sunny days, cool evenings, low humidity, and impressive landscape. On morning bike rides, I see hot air balloons and sky divers almost every day, and it is nice to be near my older brother, a retired CU scientist living in Boulder. Fracking and water scarcity are related and troubling local issues, but so far we have avoided the forest fires and theater shootings. (At present, state law allows concealed weapons to be carried on campus, except at football games!) Today Lil took part in a fifty-mile bike race to raise scholarship funds, riding as part of a department team dubbed 'The Cycles of History.' A fourth edition of my coauthored U.S. history text, *Created Equal*, will be out in the spring. My book called *Near Andersonville*, about a long-lost painting by Winslow Homer, has led to a continuing stream of lectures, usually related to programming for Civil War sesquicentennial events. In the past year I have been to the National Archives, Stanford, Bowdoin, Emory, the University of Richmond, and the University of Georgia. I also spoke at museums in Maine and Massachusetts, and visits to Minneapolis and Houston put me in touch with old friends Kudrle and Risser. In November, I shall deliver the annual Mellon Lecture at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond and take part in a symposium marking the opening of a Civil War exhibition at the Smithsonian American Art Museum in DC. Winter trips will take me to the University of South Carolina (Columbia and Aiken) and the University of Michigan.

To get to know my new state, I have accepted an invitation to be a visiting professor at Colorado Mesa University in Grand Junction for three weeks next spring, teaching a mini-course on 'The Climax of the Civil War.' Something new for an early American historian."

It has been a productive year for the KAHAN family as Eileen and I continue to care for patients. Our children David and Sarah are advancing in their medical careers and each now has a third child, giving us six active grandsons all living nearby. With the introduction of the provisions of the Affordable Care Act, we see better times ahead for the American health-care system.

MORTON G. KAHAN

1967

Notes from classmates this year remind me again of how many different roles many of us continue to play—working, traveling, parenting, grand-parenting, writing, teaching, advocating, governing—and sometimes all at once! I won't attempt to unpack this whirlwind of stuff into coherent themes, but a few misty patterns do emerge from the chaos. One of them—literally misty at the time, and perhaps now misty-eyed—reprises our inaugural going up to Oxford exactly forty-five years ago this fall. No doubt this milestone will be a topic at our upcoming class reunion on Solomons Island, MD, in October. But let's begin not with the past, but the present and future.

Karl MARLANTES continues to bask in the success of his two books, if “bask” is the right word. He reports that Bill Moyers is the best and most intense interviewer he's encountered. He's received good feedback on that show. Ken Burns (or at least his people) also interviewed Karl for a series they're doing on the Vietnam War scheduled for 2016 release. Karl just returned from a trip to Germany, where *Matterhorn* had been translated into German. It's also been translated into Hungarian, Polish, Hebrew, Italian, Portuguese, French, Dutch, and two varieties of Mandarin. His gripping memoir, *What It's Like to Go to War*, has not quite achieved the blockbuster status of *Matterhorn*, but is having serious impact nonetheless. It's been translated into German, Dutch, and French so far; and Karl has been invited to speak at USMA at West Point, the Naval Academy, the Air Force Academy, and several times at Quantico for the Marines. The paperback edition launched in September, just in time for another fall book tour. Karl indicates that his agent is hounding him for another novel. He recently received the Vietnam Veterans of America prize for distinction in the arts. Karl writes: “I'm fifteen pounds overweight and jet-lagged. I thought writers sat around fireplaces in tweed sports coats with Irish setters at their feet.” No such luck, apparently. On Karl's home front, everyone is healthy, two of five children are married, and daughter Devon is soon to graduate from college.

Continuing along the writing/publishing thread, Tom ALLEN has completed his new book, *Dangerous Convictions: What's Really Wrong with the U.S. Congress*, which will hit the bookstands (and Kindle) in January. Drawing from Tom's long experience in the U.S. House, the book has been four years in the making. Tom writes: “I know it is too much to expect that members of Congress will adjust their worldviews and politics in response, but I hope this inside view sheds new light on congressional gridlock. The gist of the argument is that members of Congress and those

they represent are sorting themselves into two camps with incompatible worldviews, making compromise on major issues impossible and Congress dysfunctional. Not a cheery scenario, but I still have hope that the pendulum will swing back.” Maybe the book’s timing and sensible argument will swing us back from that dreaded fiscal cliff, too. Tom says he’s pleased and Diana is ecstatic, because now they’ll have more time together and to enjoy their three grandchildren, Charlie, Neve, and Grace. Tom concludes, “Since both daughters and their husbands live in Portland, we see a lot of them and wonder how we managed to survive that busy stage of life. My work for the Association of American Publishers continues to be fascinating, as new digital materials transform educational curricula and the number of e-readers grows rapidly.”

Also busy on the traveling and writing front is David BOCK. He and Pam continue their shuttle between Washington and Austin along with trips to New England and Europe in connection with his board meetings. David writes: “We spent a terrific few days in Burgundy last September and will be in Geneva and Provence this October before returning to DC for the class reunion in Solomon’s Island.” As for the writing part, David’s top bucket-list item this year was to complete a brief account of his spiritual journey in his 20s, including our time in Oxford. “I’m still exploring whether and how to publish it,” David says, “but early reviews from friends are encouraging. In any event, I’m glad I did it and will be a cheerleader for anyone in the class who is embarking on a significant writing project.”

David and Pam’s most meaningful travel has been to Idaho this summer for both of their fiftieth high school reunions. David explains, “Pam’s a Boise girl and I’m from the farms of Eastern Idaho, so we had a chance to do a little reconnecting with our roots in both ends of the state and with friends that we had not seen in a long time. We were glad we made the effort. I think it is part of achieving a bit of ‘integration’ in our lives, which were lived at a significant distance from Idaho both culturally and geographically.”

David reflects that serving on boards of investment companies gives him lots of motivation to think about politics, philosophy, and economics. “I think we’re in uncharted territory in terms of monetary and fiscal policy,” he writes. “It’s not a cheery subject for the most part. I tell my children (and anyone else who will listen) that the best thing you can do is follow three key principles in life: work and study hard; save your money; and invest it wisely. In other words, do what the Asians do. Lean against the American bias for debt-financed consumption and focus on acquiring

capital, both personal/human and financial. I think it's the right recipe for success—as an individual, as a business, and as a country.” He concludes, “If I have a regret, it's that I didn't learn this earlier in life. I guess that was one of the hazards of coming of age in the '60s.”

A book in the early stages belongs to Kent PRICE. As he approaches another of those big birthday divides many of us would rather not talk about (seventy is the new fifty, according to the latest early Boomer fantasy/hype), Kent typically faces it head on. Nearing his next decade in life, Kent observes that for the first time in his working life, he has no office. He's still involved as chairman of one company and serves on the boards of several others, but those activities are changing. Meanwhile, Kent writes: “my children are in or approaching middle age with all the ambitions and enthusiasm that I had at their ages. But they are in the process of living their life stories. There are now eight grandchildren (seven boys and one girl) and they are becoming people with their interests and desires.” Kent reflects on these inevitable life cycles: “Some of those grandchildren might live into the twenty-second century! There will be well over 150 years of history between my birth and their deaths. This is a subject of a book that I am currently outlining, more for my own interest than anything.”

Though not writing a book, Tad CAMPION continues his editing duties at the *New England Journal of Medicine*. Reflecting on those quaint, long-ago days when Scholars actually “sailed” to England, Tad writes: “I'd like to say that I'll be getting on the SS *United States* this fall to go back to Oxford for my second year, but that does not seem to be in the cards—either for me or for the SS *United States*. We're both close to mothballs. Peggy and I did get to London for some beautiful days at the end of March, enjoying theater, music, and several of the smaller museums, in addition to the Hajj exhibit at the British Museum.” Tad continues, “The London cab drivers were giving out dire descriptions about how the dreaded Olympics were going to cause chaos and shut the city down. As it turned out, they didn't.” Back in Boston, Tad says he is staying calm and continuing his editing duties—“pretending that I'm fluent in android, iOS, iPad, Kindle, YouTube, Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, Shutterstock, Pinterest, etc. There's always some challenge—just like during Michaelmas Term four decades ago when we were trying to learn how life ran at an Oxford college.”

On the travel front, few have been more peripatetic lately than Bill CLENDANIEL. He and Ron visited Puerto Vallarta in Mexico in April and spent three wonderful weeks in England in June. Bill writes: “Lunch in

hall at Christ Church and an afternoon visiting Merton's spectacular garden and the summer house where I used to play string quartets and the new Ashmolean were special treats. I was shocked by the amount of new building along the Thames in London and around St. Paul's, but the West End, where we rented a flat for a week, looked much the same. Two weeks were spent walking in the Cotswolds and Cornwall. Now we are looking forward to exploring Istanbul and western Turkey for three weeks in September and October. In July we enjoyed a visit to the family house in Maine from both sons, a daughter-in-law, a girlfriend and one eighteen-month-old grandson."

On the professional front, Bill has stepped down as chair of the Massachusetts Historical Society board but remains a trustee. More of his time is occupied with helping the Friends of the Public Garden in Boston transition from the forty-year rule of its founder with no staff to a broader volunteer structure with staff. Bill concludes, "In these times of governmental cutbacks, private philanthropy becomes even more important, and the condition of the Boston's three earliest and most visible parks—the Common, the Public Garden, and the Commonwealth Avenue Mall—is greatly dependent on the work of the Friends."

Another of our class who continues board service is Steve OXMAN, who is enjoying his work and colleagues on the board of the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Steve recently attended a "global constitutionalism" seminar at the Hague, jointly funded by Carnegie and Yale Law School. The seminar commemorated the centennial of The Peace Palace, which was constructed with a gift from Andrew Carnegie. The attendees included Justices Breyer and Kagan. Steve's work at Morgan Stanley continues to be very interesting, he reports, "especially in these volatile and challenging capital markets and amidst the uncertainties of the evolving regulatory environment. The Euro crisis particularly worries me. There seems to be no good way out. I fear the problem will be 'solved' through deliberate inflation. To have created a centralized monetary authority without also centralizing fiscal authority appears more and more to have been a bridge way too far."

On the home front, Steve and Pat recently enjoyed a family vacation in Stowe, VT, with all hands on deck—i.e., their three sons, two daughters-in-law, and two granddaughters. Steve concludes, "Pat and I are so happy we can periodically get the whole family together, which is challenging since two of our sons live on the West Coast and one lives in New York. During the year we visited the West Coast frequently and are really enjoying getting to know it better. Our next trip will be to Scotland in late

September for golf on the fantastic courses of East Lothian.”

The prize for most exotic trip goes to Bob RANDOLPH, who traveled to Kosovo in July to review the capacity of one of the world’s newest states to create alternative dispute resolution mechanisms (arbitration and mediation) to resolve disputes and reduce judicial backlogs. While there, he walked the battlefield at Kosovo Polje (“Field of Blackbirds”) where, Bob writes, “the Serbs under Prince Lazar went down to ‘glorious’ defeat in 1389 at the hands of Sultan Murad. Most in the ‘West’ have drawn their information about the battle from Rebecca West (*Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*) who sympathetically romanticized the Serbs as victims in the centuries-old struggle between east and west, Christian and Muslim, and celebrated the way that the ‘lost battle’ came to symbolize Serb national identity and the fount of Serb patriotism.”

Bob continues, “Admittedly, the Serbs have been dealt a bad hand by history, occupied by the Ottomans for almost 500 years and suffering millions dead during the wars of the last century. Regrettably, however, they squandered the world’s sympathies when Slobodan Miloševi in a fiery speech called the Serbs to arms (metaphorically and literally) at Kosovo Polje on the 600th anniversary of the battle in 1989, advocating the expulsion of non-Serbs (Albanians, Croats, and Bosniaks) from Greater Serbia. In Kosovo, events reached dénouement in 1999 when NATO (read U.S.) intervened with a bombing campaign to halt the ethnic cleansing of Kosovo by the Serbs. This action resulted in turn, after Serb withdrawal, in the ethnic cleansing of Serbs by the returning Albanians. The unhealed wounds remain, however, and can be readily seen throughout the country in cities like Gjackove where evidence remains of the wanton destruction of the old Turkish quarter by Serb militias (now being rebuilt), and where one can hear stories from the locals detailing the horrors of the expulsion of the Albanian Kosovars from their homes and the misery of their flight over the mountains to Albania.

Bob concludes, “Having saved the Albanian Kosovars from the Serbs, America is understandably more popular in Kosovo than anywhere else in the world. The Kosovars may well be the first people anywhere to erect a statue of Bill Clinton, which they have done in the main square of their capital, Prishtina, and certainly the first country to routinely name streets in the major towns after George W. Bush. But even Kosovars know that it is not statues and street names that keep the Serbs at bay, but the presence in their country of Camp Bondsteel, the biggest base built by the U.S. Armed Forces since the end of the Vietnam War.”

On a decidedly less somber note, Bob and Nina saw their son Isham married to “a wonderful Texas lady” in Austin in April.

Speaking of weddings, Bo SHELLER reports that son James was married in March to a “wonderful lady from Maine.” They are now living in Colorado Springs and plying their trade as nurses. Daughter Claire is awaiting news from Homeland Security that her Nicaraguan fiancée will be granted a visa. They will then get married in New Orleans, and she will continue her work towards a Ph.D. in anthropology from Tulane. Bo states that “my predominately clinical and teaching work at Vanderbilt becomes more enjoyable each year, so retirement may be a while in coming. Beth is riding her horses; her youngest Morgan mare won four blue ribbons at a recent dressage meet.”

Richard SCHAPER is getting ready to cast off from his Sausalito berth in early September for a Southern California cruise aboard his thirty-six-foot sloop Ebenezer III. These ten days off Santa Barbara and Catalina will be a shake-down for next year’s planned cruise of the Sea of Cortez. Richard has decided to step back from full-time work as the gift planner for his Diocese at the end of this year to allow more time for sailing and for travel with Anita. The timing seems right, he thinks.

More wedding news: David HARDESTY’s daughter, Ashley, is getting married in November. She is well settled as a partner in a West Virginia law firm, and her husband works for a local manufacturer in the quality control area. David and Susan will celebrate their forty-fifth wedding anniversary traveling to New Zealand, Australia, and Southern Asia in 2013. Their enjoyment of travel got its start during their days together at Oxford. David writes: “while Susan is truly retired, I still enjoy teaching (legal ethics, bill drafting, leadership for lawyers) at our College of Law and will continue for a few more years.”

While David teaches law, Bill PASCOE continues to practice it—and in the same area for the past thirty-five years. “My practice consists largely in business related aspects of business re-organizations (representing either creditors or owners), workouts, and bankruptcies in the United States Bankruptcy court. Debtors, creditors, creditors’ committees, trustees, and other parties in interest before the bankruptcy court make for this happy practice. Since many of these clients are business owners with a significant personal financial stake in the outcome of their business, the chance to help them through their present financial travails provides purpose and meaning, as well as—thank God in these times—an income.” Bill is feeling good about a lot of things at this stage. He backpacks with his three boys (ages thirty-one, twenty-five, and twenty-one) and clocked fifty-six miles on the trails last year. He tries to have positive input into their decisions and to “otherwise do my best to be interesting enough for them to want to hang out with.” Bill’s nostalgic memories go back to

“our times and experiences together much as a fateful, recurring, and yet good dream.”

Ron KATZ manages to combine both practicing and teaching law. He has been preparing for the Third Annual Sports Law Symposium that Santa Clara University has asked him to organize. Santa Clara has also started an Institute for Sports Law and Ethics—the first of its kind—which Ron has been asked to chair. Ron recently argued for his client, football legend Jim Brown, before the Ninth Circuit U.S. Court of Appeals regarding a copyright and licensing dispute. A video of Ron’s appearance is available at www.ca9.uscourts.gov/media/view_video_subpage.php?pk_vid=0000006195.

Mike KIRCHBERG continues to mix work with various forms of parenting and grandparenting. Karen now works as an administrator in the FDA and makes regular trips to San Francisco to visit her daughter, periodically including Mike. He has been taking Fridays off since his granddaughter spent several months with them a while back. But that lull will soon end when Mike’s daughter Megan and her Joanna come from Beijing, where their family is currently living, to stay through Megan’s second pregnancy.

Mike writes: “The highlight for us of the past year was a trip to Beijing. We helped look after Joanna while her daddy was traveling in the U.S. for the Defense Department, but found time to see sights in and around Beijing and to take a trip to Xian. The whole trip was a dream: I loved running around at my granddaughter’s behest, appreciating my kid as a parent, learning to know my son-in-law better, and traveling in a remarkable place with Karen. I particularly liked seeing some Taoist sites and hope to see some more remote, less public ones the next time. The magnificent products of China’s history and collective strength sobered me: I was especially struck by the Chinese’s ancient, powerful willingness to commit to communal goals that we seem, in some ways, to lack; that create spectacular cultural features but largely on the backs of poorer people and on behalf of less-than-appealing characters.”

On the grandparenting theme, Mike DUFF reports he’s been teaching his grandson how to fish and introducing him to the marvels of freshwater biology. They go see the hellbenders (giant, aquatic salamanders) at the St. Louis Zoo, which has established a colony. Mike works two days a week in a wound clinic using hyperbaric oxygen, an amazing technology. “For fun,” he writes: “I’ve been indulging myself with the Native American legend of the Mishebeshu, the amazing horned underwater panther.”

Mark KILLINGSWORTH reports trying to move the “world’s fight”

onto the football field at Rutgers, where he continues to teach. The basic story is simple, he writes. "Rutgers' intercollegiate athletic program runs at an enormous deficit (equal to about forty percent of the program's total cost). This has been made up by massive subsidies from student fees and university discretionary funds (in 2011–12, an estimated total of \$28 million—roughly fifty percent bigger than the median subsidy for Division I universities, and equivalent to over \$900 for each undergraduate). Meanwhile, ratings of the Rutgers academic program have been sliding steadily, and the administration keeps cutting the academic budget."

Propelled by those alarming statistics, Mark organized a special meeting of the faculty of the School of Arts and Sciences, which voted 174–3 for a resolution calling on the administration to present a five-year plan for the athletics program and to cut the subsidy by \$1 million a year. The resolution then went to the New Brunswick Faculty Council, where it again passed overwhelmingly. Mark concludes, "We got a new president on September 1, and he has actually been talking about cutting the subsidy. Nothing definite yet, but you never know." And so the fight continues.

From the usually tranquil hills of Kentucky, John HARROD reports that this past summer has seen three of his children and their families moving to new locations and jobs. "Looking younger than my years and in possession of a pickup truck, I have been forced to enjoy the health benefits of much physical labor," he writes. Three of the moves have been accomplished; one is still in progress. Meanwhile, John has three music gigs with two different groups—"one, the Kentucky Clodhoppers, a group of old originals, almost the last of the breed, that I have been playing with since the 1970s, who will be playing at the Berea College Celebration of Traditional Music; the other, a group that has been put together by my daughter Anna, now a student at Berea College, who has emerged as a wonderful singer and fiddler in her own right. That she wants her old dad to be a part of her group is, of course, something very special for me."

John's experience with his truck recalls my own cross-country odyssey this past summer. In a weak moment, I offered to help my son, Chris, drive his truck and Percy—a friendly, ninety-pound pit bull mix named for the Scarlet Pimpernel—from the wilds of South Florida to their new home in Littleton, CO. The promise of significant male bonding and lengthy father-son discourse was somewhat overshadowed when my son dislocated his shoulder on the eve of the trip, and the normally cooperative Percy refused to get in or out of the truck at rest stops and motels along the route. Which meant that "grandpa" had to lift him in and out of the truck every few hours. He seemed genuinely appreciative, as did the

dog. But I can't vouch for the motel desk people, whom we assiduously avoided. One of several quid pro quos for my services was a delightful side trip off to Sewanee, TN, home of the University of the South (and alma mater for two of our classmates), where as a boy I spent many happy years on the Mountain.

Chris's move to back Littleton with his wife, Phuong, and our five-year-old granddaughter, Sophia, has caused Lynne and me to shift our gaze westward once again. But we keep one eye focused toward Philadelphia, where daughter Louisa is happily ensconced. Our report is otherwise much the same: I continue teaching in the leadership and law program at the Elon University School of Law in Greensboro; I provide coaching and consulting services and conduct occasional leadership workshops, including this year in Singapore and Tokyo; Lynne knits lovely scarves for her online business and plays lots of tennis; and we travel to interesting places, most recently to Paris and Berlin. And so I close with a favorite quote from Ralph Waldo Emerson: "Every man's condition is a solution in hieroglyphic to those inquiries he would put. He acts it as life, before he apprehends it as truth."

JOHN R. ALEXANDER

1970

Oxford seems to be in a lot of plans, or by now in the rear-view mirror for our class. Pat SHEA and Steve SMITH had trips in September. Pat says that he had a dual purpose: "a stroll around Addison's walk and a talk at the Human Science Institute celebrating, or at least recognizing, forty years have passed since the first Schools in Human Science were given to four of us pioneers." Some of you may recall that Pat was on a committee critiquing the program even as he was preparing to take its first schools. Unlike many nearing, or post, retirement, Pat continues to "practice law, teach, and do research on sage brush, the short stubby bush we in the State of Deseret think of as our own soaring tree." Smith's big news for the year was not his trip (he and Judy seem to be traveling less), but his receipt of the "Steele Prize, for the book (jointly authored with Aschbacher, Lyons, and Solomon) on the classification of finite simple groups. Awarded at the annual meeting of the American Math Society in Boston in January 2012." Steve's writing pace has also changed: "Last year I finished book number five—with no plans for another. Instead I seem to

have settled down to a quieter pattern of thinking about mathematics more on a hobbyist's schedule..."

David HICKS and Betsy "made it to Oxford twice this year, which is two times more than usual. Our first trip this spring was pure fun. I had a few days to kill between meetings in London and Athens, and we decided to rent a narrow boat in Oxford and explore the upper reaches of the Thames. While dining with an old rowing mate at Cafe Rouge, we ran into Elliot Gerson (Connecticut and Magdalen '74) and ended up at a party at Rhodes House." They were back in Oxford for the summer institute? seminar? programme? he organizes, just in time for the Olympics as it turns out, and enjoyed the trip thoroughly: "One afternoon we walked the Thames Path to Abingdon, and most evenings we spent either at The Music Room or the Sheldonian listening to one spectacular performance after another. I can't remember Oxford ever having been so entertaining." Charles SHANOR has Oxford in his future sights; he hopes to spend some of his 2013-14 sabbatical in Oxford. In the meantime, he and Susan "committed to hiking the Milford Track in New Zealand with our three children over Christmas break. I have also resumed scuba diving as my two younger children have become certified, providing me with enjoyable diving buddies."

Of the four Oxford sojourners, Smith is the only one who is retired. Paul VIITA took the plunge last year: "I finally decided it was time to stop working in the big corporate world and left BT in July. The Olympics and a cycling vacation in Italy kept me busy until early September and I'm now starting to reorganize my life and develop a new routine. Having worked full time for the past thirty-nine years, I think it makes sense to stand back for a while and not get involved in too many things too soon. I'm not sure what the future holds but another full-time job isn't part of the plan." Paul took in eight Olympic events, and reports that "other than the Olympic Park, the most memorable venue was Horse Guards Parade for beach volleyball. One team served from the Downing Street end, overlooked by Number Ten."

Two other correspondents are on the bubble: Steve WILSON and Eric HANSON. Wilson, fresh from his thirty-fifth class reunion at Michigan Law, says, "Barring unforeseen developments (e.g., total economic collapse as we fall off the fiscal cliff), I plan to turn in my attorney gun and badge next spring and join that group of former-attorney writers, travelers, and—if I can convince my youthful cousin (a sprightly fifty-eight-year-old) to join me—backpackers. I also expect to continue the teaching gig at Concordia University and perhaps expand beyond the one

class in American Government.” Steve and Kris visited their son Matt in South Korea, where he designs video games. “On the prolonged plane ride over, I read Karl Marlantes’s second book: *What It’s Like to Go to War*. It is very well done and should be required reading at the military academies, VMIs, etc. before sending our future warriors into battle.”

Hanson says he still works sixty to seventy hours a week and will probably work at least three more years. He is justly proud of his four boys, three of whom are in medicine (dentistry, nursing, and third-year med school), but he is gloomy about the future of health care in the country: “the federal government’s intrusion in our practice of medicine is getting more problematic and bizarre. In efforts to save money, CMS has actually stated that some well-recognized complications of surgical procedures should never occur and therefore they are unwilling to reimburse for them. Bureaucrats somehow believe that they can repeal the laws of anatomy and physiology.” And now the new challenge: “Over the next year so we will begin to implement the Affordable Care Act. The consequences of this (some which are clearly unintended and others which were clearly ignored) will make the access to medical care in the United States much more difficult than you would expect and affect everyone. The most distressing point is that this healthcare is the actual healthcare that we will be receiving since nearly all us will be soon be turning 65. Nevertheless it has not dulled my enthusiasm for taking care of patients. It is still very gratifying to make someone whole again.”

Others still on the job sounded upbeat.

Kent KEITH has “completed my five-year commitment to serve as CEO of the Greenleaf Center for Servant Leadership, based in Indiana. During my five years, we were able to attract a new staff, create new programs, and improve the organization’s finances. Among other things, I did a total of 235 keynotes and seminars in more than eighty cities in the U.S. and eight other countries.” In September, he will begin work as CEO of the Greenleaf Centre for Servant Leadership-Asia, based in Singapore. Elizabeth earned her Ph.D. in Japanese Literature in 2011, and “she has enjoyed teaching part time at the University of Hawaii. She has accepted a full-time job teaching Japanese literature, language, and culture at Temasek Polytechnic in Singapore, so we both have jobs lined up. We plan to be in Singapore at least two years.” Kent still churns out what he calls “short books”: “The first edition of my book, *The Case for Servant Leadership*, published by the Greenleaf Center, has sold tens of thousands of copies.” Kent says the “book has been used at more than forty universities, as well as businesses, non-profits, churches, hospitals, and government

agencies. (The IRS bought 3,000 copies, which made me feel better about paying my taxes.)” On his own, he published *Morality and Morale: A Business Tale*, which gave him the opportunity to reference Joe Badaracco’s books. His main website is www.kentmkeith.com.

Three short notes from others still in the work force:

Scott BARKER is “still gainfully employed and facing each day as yet ‘another opportunity to excel!’ (as we used to say at USAFA).” His children and grandchildren all live in Denver, and he and Joani just celebrated their forty-first wedding anniversary. “George and Beth Keys were in Denver recently and we had a lovely evening tripping down memory lane.”

Bruce BOUCHER reports from Charlottesville: “All I want to say is that after two years of protracted negotiations with Italian and German authorities, we were able to reconstruct a Sieneese altarpiece of the late fourteenth century at our museum last spring. The exhibition is now in its second stage in New York and won from *The New York Times* an exceptional review, in which it was called ‘perfect.’ So, I hope to take that to the bank in the future—more than once!”

Richard CROCKER reports that he continues to enjoy good health, and that “Carolyn and I celebrated our fortieth anniversary with a trip to Rome last fall, which was wonderful and led to my re-affirming my Protestantism. After ten years at Dartmouth, I am thinking about next things, but I have made no firm decisions.”

Then there are those, myself included, who are not only working and not considering retirement, but stepping off some sort of cliff but with smiles on our faces.

Greg PETSKO tells the most interesting story, and its worth settling in to hear. “The big news is that my wife, Laurie Glimcher, was appointed the new Dean of Weill Cornell Medical College in New York City on January 1. We have a lovely apartment at East Seventy-second Street and Second Avenue. Unfortunately, I’m living there only part time because there isn’t enough space at WCMC for the large laboratory that I run—and there won’t be until early 2014, when the new research building at 69th and York is completed. Until then (when I will become Professor of Neurology and Neuroscience there), I am continuing to do my research at Brandeis University outside of Boston and am spending an inordinate amount of time on Amtrak. My new BFFs, in fact, are Amtrak conductors: ‘Hi, Greg.’” Greg will also have an appointment in Biomedical Engineering at Cornell’s main campus in Ithaca and will try to spend a few days there every month or so; with Cornell having won the competition to build a new engineering campus on Roosevelt Island in the East River, “that appoint-

ment could become quite interesting.” His work continues to be focused on trying to find treatments for Alzheimer’s, Parkinson’s, and Lou Gehrig’s diseases. “For Alzheimer’s and Parkinson’s we have a couple of drugs we developed that are in animal trials at the moment; we’ll see how they do. For Lou Gehrig’s (also known as ALS), we have an intriguing gene therapy that we are working on. It seems promising—but that’s in the laboratory, which can be a long way from the clinic.” Greg and Laurie have three dogs (two in Boston and one in NYC). “Laurie is incredibly busy running Cornell’s medical school, but living in New York has many stimulating sides. Plenty of music and other cultural activities; more good restaurants than you could sample in a lifetime; and lots of very interesting people. We’ve been to more galas, opening nights, and other such events than I can count, and I must say that I am enjoying my new role as Trophy Spouse. Arm Candy, that’s me.”

After a long silence, Ray GIBBONS reports that the “past few years have brought many transitions,” including divorce but “a much happier new relationship with a ‘significant other.’” Other transitions: “With the retirement of its last CEO, Mayo Foundation drastically reduced its efforts on health care reform, in which I had been heavily involved. I remain very pessimistic about the ability of our country, or either party, to address the serious underlying structural issues, which I see every day on the ‘front line’ of clinical care. Americans will ultimately have to realize that the quality of care they receive is often dismal and frequently of very low value compared to the resources spent on it.” Taken together, “these events, and the deaths/serious ongoing illnesses of several friends, have prompted me to set new priorities. Hiking, my season tickets to the Twins, and visits to my adult children, grandchildren, and long-time friends are now far more important than work.”

When I sent my annual solicitation for news, I included the usual updates, deadlines, content suggestions, and so on, and added at the end that my news was marriage in December, and between us, we will have five marriages, five children, eight academic degrees (including one Ph.D.), and three mortgages.” That prompted a rise from David QUAMMEN: “1) Getting married! That’s the lead, which you’ve discreetly buried. 2) The best I can offer this time, I think, is an annotated reading list:

- a) Best Summer Read for the Back Yard With a Philosophically Enhancing Martini: *The Swerve*, Stephen Greenblatt.
- b) Best Morning Read Over Strong Coffee: *The Edge of Physics*, Anil Ananthaswamy. I had a fine dinner with him recently in

Bangalore, excellent company, but more importantly, he can write.

- c) Best Read in Lonely African Hotel Rooms: *Another Day of Life*, Ryszard Kapuscinski. At least you're not in Angola, ca. 1975.
- d) Best Read on Airplanes: *Mrs. Paine's Garage*, Thomas Mallon. Of course that's where Lee Harvey Oswald stowed the Mannlicher-Carcano.
- e) Best Political Read: *Do Not Ask What Good We Do*, Robert Draper. Jeweler's eye.
- f) Best Sad Gossip Book: *And So It Goes: Kurt Vonnegut: A Life*, by Charles J. Shields. I'm biased toward KV because he was nice to me; this is the other side.
- g) Best Happy Gossip Book: *Life*, Keith Richards. He didn't call it "My Life" because he's interested in so much more. Get the Johnny Depp audio version on your iPod.

3) My own new effort, *Spillover*, appeared October 1. What can I say? I suppose I'm shooting for Funniest Book About Ebola You Might Ever Read, Though Ebola Isn't Funny At All. We all must work our niches."

A lot of news, and from almost half the class. I hope you have a bountiful spring.

DENNIS J. HUTCHINSON

1979

Paul GOOTENBERG reports: "'Sandy' was a pretty kind to upscale Brooklyn, a zone still about ninety-nine percent 'relieved' (for want of a better word) about Obama's reelection. I'm thinking about an upcoming sabbatical, my son's impending Bar Mitzvah, and I have taken up learning the sax as a hedge against mid-life. I'm doing more things now relating to drug policy. I chair an ambitious Soros-funded fellowship (Drugs, Security, and Democracy program) at the Social Science Research Council for alternative solutions to drug violence in the Americas. Last summer, for some strange reason the President's Drug Czar's Office summoned me to address their national intelligence summit about cocaine. The rhetoric has changed remarkably under Obama, but just as remarkable is the institutional inertia in changing the realities of our failed and shameful 'War on Drugs.'"

Ruth KARRAS has good news: "My granddaughter, Theodora Wilson,

was born on Halloween. In other news—I am on fellowship this semester at the Katz Center for Advanced Judaic Studies at the University of Pennsylvania and discovering that moving into new fields and research languages at an advanced age is good for the brain. My recent book, *Unmarriages: Women, Men, and Sexual Unions in Medieval Europe*, has been awarded the Joan Kelly Prize in Women's History and/or Feminist Theory by the American Historical Association."

Karen STEVENSON wrote in just before the election: "Well, I'm waiting anxiously for tonight's election returns. We are about to hold 2012 Selection Weekend in District 16 (So. California/Arizona) next week, where we have invited thirteen exception candidates as finalists for the Rhodes Scholarships. If anyone's in town on November 15, please join us at Craft in Century City for a So. California Alumni reception—a great way to launch us into next year's 110th anniversary celebration.

"On the personal side, I'm learning how to navigate being a new 'empty nester.' The twins headed off to college—one to University of Puget Sound and one to UNC-Chapel Hill—in August, so my life has been much quieter these days. Can't wait to have them home for the holidays. Time passes much too quickly, as those with kids will attest."

Your secretary, Robin RUSSIN weighs in: "Hard to believe our daughter Olivia graduates from Pratt this year, looking toward a career in graphic design. She's a hoot, doing offbeat graphic novels and an illustrated book of "villains," both real and fictional, coded according to their thematic aspects. Our son Ben continues his studies in environmental biology at Oberlin. This is my third year as director of our M.F.A. in creative writing and writing for the performing arts at UCR, and I'm pleased to say the program has grown and begun to make its mark with students publishing and getting produced. I've also started a professional play development workshop in conjunction with a local theatre and acting school, which is great fun."

ROBIN U. RUSSIN

1982

Bart GELLMAN saw Captain/Professor Extraordinaire Mark HAGEROTT at the Naval Academy when he flew down to give a talk on national security secrecy. Bart is teaching a course on the subject at Princeton, where he is an author-in-residence at the Woodrow Wilson School. While still living in NYC, he finds that the Princeton campus feels

like home with Chris EISENGRUBER still going strong as Provost. Bart continues to write cover pieces on politics and government for *TIME* and is helping adapt his book on Dick Cheney for an HBO movie. Bart's wife Dafna is "writing kick-ass investigative stories for *ProPublica*. Benji is a kindergarten superhero and the triplets—Abigail, Michael, and Lily—are all taking gap years overseas before college (Senegal, Nicaragua, and Israel)." Bart spends most of his time working out of an office at NYU's Brennan Center in Greenwich Village.

Tom BERG serves on the faculty at the University of St. Thomas School of Law in Minneapolis, teaching and writing about religious liberty, constitutional law, and intellectual property. Tom recently finished a two-year tour of duty as associate dean, followed by chairing a search for a new dean. A significant part of Tom's recent scholarship has been directed towards advocacy of "live and let live" solutions for our culture wars, like recognizing marriage for same-sex couples together with strong protections for objecting religiously affiliated organizations. Tom's wife Maureen continues to write long and short plays and sketches and is collaborating with a law school classmate on a new musical. Her last one, called *Got It Made*, had a good run here in Minneapolis last year and now lives in selected scenes on Vimeo. Tom is the co-composer and arranger for her shows. Tom and Maureen's seventeen-year-old son, Brendan, is in his tenth year of being crazy for reptiles and wants to make this the focus of his biology college studies and his career. Brendan worked for a herpetologist in Rome this summer while Tom was on a teaching gig. Aidan, their younger son, passed Tom in height last month a couple of weeks before his fourteenth birthday. Aidan loves basketball and surpassed Tom in those skills some time ago.

Brad CHISM and his wife Julie are adjusting well to their empty-nester status. Their son William is starting left guard for the Bulldogs and weekly trips to Yale football games help in the parenting withdrawal. Salem is a freshman at NYU and a short train ride from wherever the tailgate festivities are located. Brad is extremely jealous of their course loads and welcomes every missive (often only 142 characters) to learn about their seminars and papers. Business is brisk for Brad in the last five weeks of the election cycle. "No superstar Democratic clients this year but a lot more quality in the down-ballot races."

Chris CANFIELD and his wife Kate continue to adjust to life in Louisiana. Hurricane Isaac swelled the little river they live on from five feet to twenty-one feet and put three feet of water under the Canfield's raised house for two days. Unwittingly, they had planned to be on vacation in

North Carolina and were away during the whole thing. Fortunately, they didn't lose anything worth worrying about, although others nearby suffered. Chris reports that the best recent news is that the State of Louisiana, which rarely shares space with the word "progressive," passed one of the most forward-looking coastal restoration plans in the country, and it may actually get the funds to begin implementing it thanks to the RESTORE Act. "Bringing the dollars from BP back to the Gulf for real restoration is the best thing an otherwise ineffectual Congress did this past year. It could be the biggest conservation gain in a generation." Chris now covers the entire Mississippi Flyway for Audubon so, like the birds, he's on the wing frequently, flying up and down the river. While Chris loves seeing so many different locations and people, he hates the actual travel and considers air-line travel "a mass psycho-sociological experiment."

Dave FADOK just entered his second year as Commander and President of the Air University. The university is an accredited academic institution with responsibilities for officer, enlisted, and civilian force development via professional military education, as well as advanced degree programs. Each year, it graduates around 50,000 students from its residential programs, and around 120,000 students from its distance learning programs. To date, Dave has directed most of his energy and attention towards education transformation to include expanded use of blended learning methodologies.

The Air University is exploring ways to maintain the gold standard of education in an increasingly constrained resource environment. "Kathleen remains the love of my life, and the main reason I am able to 'Keep Calm and Carry On' as I begin my fourth decade of service as an American Airman."

Cam and Amy FINDLAY are officially empty nesters, as their older son Sandy is a junior at Northwestern and their younger son Mac is now a freshman at Duke. Cam and Amy are celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary this year with a trip to Israel. Professionally, Cam finds being the General Counsel of a big health care company "fascinating, rewarding, and—ahem—very challenging." The U.S. Department of Justice, in Cam's opinion, seems to have an inordinate amount of interest in the health care industry. As Medtronic globalizes, Cam finds himself traveling frequently to places like China, India, and Brazil to buy companies and/or put out fires. Though the work and travel is exhausting, Cam has fun working at Medtronic. "At every cocktail party I attend, people show appreciation that Medtronic invented medical devices that keep them alive longer or help them feel better."

Heather WARREN has had a year that has been far from quiet. This June, when a few members of the Board of Visitors tried to oust the University of Virginia president, Teresa Sullivan, Heather was among the faculty, students, and alumni protesting on The Lawn and joining the organizing to have her reinstated and the Board make transparent its decision. "The former occurred, the latter has not." Shortly after the Lawn events, a storm hit with full force and Heather was without power for five days, had to shower at the UVA gym, and sought refuge during the blistering days in bookstores, libraries, and cinemas. Heather's daughter Hannah, now seventeen, is a senior, applying to colleges, has become quite good with a camera, enjoys writing fiction, and is one of the editors of her school's literary magazine. Heather's son Benedict, now fifteen, has become heavily involved in theater and performed in his first musical, *Fiddler on the Roof* as Reb Nachum the beggar. This fall he is the clown in *Elephant's Graveyard*, a tragedy based on a true event in east Tennessee in which a circus elephant was tried and hung for killing someone. In addition to teaching full time at UVA, Heather maintains a section of the Appalachian Trail, goes weekly to the local monastery for prayer, and works part time as an Episcopal priest. "This past spring we had our first same-sex blessing at my church, and the church was packed with around 400 happy people." On a different note, Heather is close to editing a manuscript she finished early in September, an autobiographical account of the two years she rode the bus in Nashville, 1971-73, when school desegregation started. The book also describes the direct impact other political events such as the pre-Roe abortion options and Vietnam had on Heather.

At the time of writing this letter, Heather WILSON is in the last five weeks of a race for U.S. Senate in New Mexico that is one of the closest in the country. Heather's son Joshua graduated from high school and will go to GW after a gap year, and her daughter Caitlin is a high school sophomore playing soccer and trombone, and she is on the debate team and generally Queen of her universe. Heather's husband, Jay Hone, is a senior lawyer in state government. "The coffee pot is always on should anyone find themselves in the Land of Enchantment!"

Henriette LAZARIDIS POWER reports that her debut novel, *The Clover House*, will be published by Ballantine Books this spring. "Once I quit teaching, it took me a few years to really muster the confidence I needed and to find a place in the very welcoming Boston writing community. But especially in the past few years, as our son and daughter grew older, I was able to devote most of my time to writing." Both of her kids are out of the house; one is at Middlebury and the other a recent Middle-

bury graduate. With the book launch only six months away, Henriette finds her schedule packed with all the pre-publication activities that fall to the writer even with a big house like Random House (which owns Ballantine) in this new era in publishing. Aside from writing, Henriette spends a lot of time on the Charles River (too much of it in the dark!), as a sculler with Community Rowing.

After a year as executive director of the Simpson-Bowles debt commission, Bruce REED returned to the White House as Assistant to the President and Chief of Staff to the Vice President. Bonnie runs a very successful environmental non-profit, the Tregaron Conservancy. Daughter Julia, a sophomore at Wesleyan, is a pre-med English major and varsity softball player. Son Nelson, a senior at St. Albans, is soccer captain, baseball catcher, and head of two a cappella groups.

John BOARD continues to split his time between his faculty appointment in Duke's Electrical and Computer Engineering department and an administrative hitch as associate chief information officer for the campus. John writes, "These are "interesting times" for those working in information technology for higher education, as Coursera, Udacity, MITx, and others race (as some would describe it) to give away what our fine institutions have spent centuries accumulating! The widespread availability of high-quality online course materials is just beginning to have a large impact on how we teach our students on campus, as well as how we view our institutional obligation to provide knowledge in service of society. To see 11,000 students world-wide sign up to take an online course taught by one of my colleagues in Bioelectricity of all things hints at some kind of fundamental shift; it should be fascinating to work through the implications."

John and Rebecca have two boys (Anthony, thirteen, and Christopher, eleven) who are both still in middle school. "Anthony did wound his father with the recent remark 'I'm just good at math Dad; that doesn't mean I like it.' Rebecca is doing her left and right brain thing by continuing to do some gory back-end website development and also making fused-glass jewelry in our newly acquired kiln."

Sunny and Iti ANAND have had an eventful year. Their daughter, Amrit, graduated with a major in Biology from Rhodes College (not related to Cecil) in Memphis and has spent the year learning classical music, traveling, preparing for the MCAT, and generally having a ball. Son Tej graduated from Germantown High School this year with an IB Diploma and, despite having superb options in top U.S. colleges, decided to go to Universal Business School near Mumbai ("I guess that was the furthest

away from parental influence he could get to”)! He’s having a great time, already elected as the college’s Cultural Secretary by the entire student body, and playing on their soccer and basketball teams. Sunny has doubled the faculty in his Division and continues to recruit; he moved his fellowship program into the top twenty and is building a strong research program focused on improving the outcomes critical illness in children. Sunny and Iti arranged the Summer Youth Conference on UNITY and HOPE for the youth of Memphis last summer and have been speaking at other youth conferences in the U.S. and Caribbean—hoping to inspire our youth for community service. Sunny also survived back surgery and a major car wreck (October, 2011) and has sworn to take better care of his body. Iti has lost about fifty pounds over the summer and “now looks like she did the day we got married! We been married for twenty-seven years and each moment she teaches me what love is really about.” They have spent several brief holidays hiking in the Great Smoky Mountains, using a cabin tucked away in the woods near Gatlinburg as our base camp. They have also “discovered” the music scene in Memphis and enjoyed several memorable performances by Yanni, Yo-Yo Ma, and others. The shooting in the Sikh temple in Wisconsin came as a huge shock and Sunny was asked to speak at various public meetings in Arkansas and Tennessee. Sunny’s culinary talents have improved from the days in Oxford, and he would love to cook a sumptuous Indian meal for anyone travelling to or passing through the Mid-South.

During the past year, Sam ZURIER devoted much of his time helping Providence, Rhode Island, steer through difficult times from his seat on the City Council. For months, they were very close to bankruptcy. In the end, enough stakeholders stepped forward to avoid the worst, though Sam still sees difficult times ahead. His current focus is on drawing the middle class back into the public schools, which is critical to the city’s future. To his surprise, his oldest daughter Rachel is studying urban planning in college, while his middle daughter Hannah is finishing high school with an interest in food science. Son Joe enjoys mathematics. When their children were little, Sam and Lauren shuddered at the prospect of raising teenagers, “but the experience has proven less frightening and more enjoyable than we anticipated.”

Having just passed yet another implausible birthday, Mike GILLETTE “felt uncommonly reflective and so inspired to respond . . . The immutable onward march of time, and the ever-accelerating cadence of the great cosmic metronome, may soon begin to undermine my fond assumption that I will be granted eternal youth.” Mike and Jennifer have

been married ten years and celebrated with a family ski trip to Steamboat, where Mike made the remarkable geological observation that “mountains are getting bigger, atmosphere thinner, and glades and bowls steeper with each passing year. This fact seems to be lost on offspring Zachary, nine, and Nathaniel, seven, presumably because they are less well attuned to the environment than I am.” All are otherwise happy, healthy, and well. Jennifer manages to continue as a child-development specialist providing support to young parents experiencing the shock and awe of early child rearing while being herself a long-suffering full-time mom. Zach and Nathaniel are contentedly awash in the now conventional flood of school soccer, flag football, chess club, piano, basketball, skiing, math club, baseball, wood carving, oboe (Squeak! Squawk! Chosen by Zach from amongst the band instruments “because it makes such a beautiful sound,” the utter irony of which is happily lost on him). They’re becoming avid fishermen, and are getting pretty good with a BB gun (no live targets allowed, not even, despite Jennifer’s pleading, to startle the herds of woodchucks, rabbits, and other varmints that consume ninety-eight percent of the produce from the family garden). They are also, Mike’s glad to report, extremely accomplished at just messing around. When not engaged in his preferred occupation of reading them bedtime books, Mike continue to care for the desperately ill in the intensive care units of Mass General Hospital, and to engage in the seemingly quixotic search for biomarkers for early detection of cancers and improved diagnosis of infectious diseases at the Broad Institute of MIT and Harvard. “The problems are challenging, and excitement shares equal opportunity with discouragement, but help comes in unlooked for ways. After a recent talk at a Hollywood fundraiser, for instance, my interactions with folk whose professional interests and expertise lie elsewhere—Steven Spielberg, Rita Wilson, Rihanna, others—amazed me for their genuine interest and depth of insight and reminded me that the communities actively trying to improve the health and welfare of others are vast and the means of contributing innumerable. (Sheryl Crow, in calling me her “new hero” also reawakened a barely dormant crush, but that’s another story). On the harder days of research and clinical practice, it’s heartening to recall that common purpose we are all charged to serve.”

Thanks to the magic of the Internet (and the good old U.S. Postal Service), Mike FLEMING has been able to live in lovely Brattleboro, Vermont, for nearly four years and yet manage to keep up with his writing/editing work for clients in New York, Washington, and beyond. Freelancing suits Mike; since moving to New England seven years ago

Mike has worn a necktie exactly once—at a wedding in New York. Mike loves the Vermont outdoor life and hardly a day passes when he doesn't get to spend an hour or two hiking or cross-country skiing in the forest with his dog or rowing on the Connecticut River. "Note to others who, like me, muttered, "There but for the grace of God go I" when we saw the bandaged hands of our college classmates as they staggered back from their grueling crew workouts: in fact, rowing—that is, sculling—can be accomplished without masochistic suffering and can even be supremely enjoyable." Mike is writing a lot these days, mainly nice, short poems that won't take up too much (or too little) of your time. Please Google his website, Fox Paws!

Tim GALPIN is still with Johns Hopkins University Applied Physics Laboratory. "For those of you who worry about solar storms (and we are coming out of a solar minimum) the Lab just launched the twin Radiation Belt Storm Probes (RBSP) for NASA. If you missed the launch you can catch a segment on the Lab on 60 Minutes that highlights our work for DARPA on their Revolutionizing Prosthetics initiative." Tim and Vicki recently had great fun at Tim's thirtieth reunion at the Naval Academy. Their kids are doing well. Daughter Jessica is finishing up graduate work at the Maryland Institute College of Art. Son John is a high school junior who runs cross country. Tim is trying to teach John golf but "he thinks that is a game for old men."

Werner DISSE reports that he "was very unhappy in my marriage and hated my job as a corporate bankruptcy attorney. Then I met somebody who can see emotional energy, tell you what your emotional issues are without your saying anything, and can guide you to clear the energy. That changed my life and perspective. Soon afterwards I concurrently gave up my marriage, career, and place in Venice." Werner hasn't looked back since and only regrets that he can no longer say he is from Venice. For the last few years, Werner has been attending a school to learn to see and clear emotional energy and hopes to work with war veterans and their families. Werner doesn't have any ties to the military but has "huge respect for the contract soldiers make with the government: I will go anywhere you ask, for any reason, and risk my life." Werner has been traveling a lot, including long trips to Africa, Europe, Brazil, and various spots in the U.S., and plans to move to New York next month.

Bill DEVLIN and Molly BRENNAN are in wonder at how time has flown by. Eamon and Sean continue to excel both in the classroom and on the sports fields. Eamon is in his senior year of high school and is looking at colleges for next year while Sean, a junior, is watching as it will be his

turn next year. Both boys look forward to their hockey season. It will be sad to see them play together for the last time. Molly remains involved with Michigan State, serving on various committees with the Honors College, where she is president of the Alumni Board of Directors, as well as other alumni groups. She still volunteers closer to home as well so her days are full. Bill is now the director of Cardiac Critical Care at William Beaumont Hospital Troy and is trying to balance hospital commitments with practice. Like many private practices, they have integrated into the hospital and are in a delicate balance from the tail-spin of reimbursement cuts over the last few years while bracing for the anticipated changes in the future. "These are interesting times in medicine."

I have had a fascinating year at Merck as my responsibilities shifted again since I wrote last year. For the past eleven months I have worked as the Chief of Staff to the Chairman and CEO of Merck, Ken Frazier. It has been a wonderful year and a whirlwind experience; I have lived every day on a very steep portion of a never-ending learning curve. It has been a privilege working with Ken and other members of senior management; the experience has provided me with a broad perspective of the company as well as the complexity of the pharmaceutical industry. Having spent my first eight years working in Merck Research Laboratories, this past year has given me a chance to experience the interconnectedness of research, manufacturing, and the commercial side of the business while also giving me the opportunity to become more familiar with public policy, corporate finance, and human resources. I expect to move back to the research labs in a few months.

I write this letter flying back from London where we celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Mectizan Donation Program. Mectizan is a drug that treats and prevents river blindness, one of the leading causes of preventable blindness worldwide, prevalent in remote rural areas of Africa, in Latin America, and in Yemen. In 1987, Merck established the Mectizan Donation Program (MDP) pledging to donate Mectizan to all who need it, for as long as necessary—until river blindness is eliminated. After twenty-five years, the MDP is the longest-running, disease-specific drug donation program of its kind. More than 1 billion treatments have been donated for the treatment of river blindness to more than 117,000 communities in twenty-eight countries in Africa, six countries in Latin America, and in Yemen. The program has led to the eradication of river blindness in a number of countries and continues to thrive. The celebration included representatives from the many constituencies that have collaborated and contributed to this landmark program including WHO,

USAID, the Gates Foundation, and numerous NGOs. Though the pharmaceutical industry is often under fire, programs like this remind me of the incredible impact we can have in relieving human suffering.

Everyone in the BLOOMFIELD family is well. Anna (sixteen) is a junior and was selected to be part of an elite choir in the high school. Last spring, Anna traveled with her choir for a week in Italy and Austria singing in beautiful churches and concert halls. Emily will be thirteen in a few months, in seventh grade, and continues to dance more than twelve hours a week. It is incredible to watch her dance. This past year, Betsy had a short film that she wrote and produced, accepted into a film festival. She is writing her second full-length screen play and is finishing the last two songs of her album. She recently enrolled in a nutrition program, started a vegan cooking course, and is starting a practice as a health coach. We celebrated our twentieth anniversary spending a week in a fabulous villa in Tuscany.

DANIEL M. BLOOMFIELD

1985

Oops . . . Some of you (okay, probably none of you, but don't interrupt) may recall that the call for news had three topics for considered, or not, comments: something you wished you had done at Oxford, something you miss about Oxford, and what you would do were you Warden of Rhodes House.

Shortly after I sent out that letter, you will have received the discouraging news that Warden Don Markwell is to retire from his post at year end to remain in Australia with his family. Coincidence, I hope! Apologies therefore extended to the Warden from whichever of your replies caused him or "them" upset, but we take it all back and hope Don will as well. I am sure classmates join me in wishing Don (he was Don in our day, he was sometimes not even Don but pal or chap or that nice Aussie fellow around the corner from Holywell Street) all the best and extending to him much appreciation for modernizing Rhodes House, the Trust, and our connection with it in all the right ways while preserving its important historic traditions.

While I didn't actually forward your suggestions to anyone, a few do permit of print. From ever-clever media creator Jonathan SHAPIRO, perhaps a sale of naming rights to your favorite (American) chip brand, a la The Tostitos Rhodes House pre-game college football (*ibid.*) show? From

another who requested anonymity, a modest improvement in the quality (not quantity . . .) of sherry Warden Fletcher kindly offered at nearly any visit, as its taste may have forever tarred one's willingness to consider the drink for years to come. And still a third: when in need of more funds, go digging in the garden, as television shows such as *Inspector Lewis* have proven that there is more to Oxford colleges and grounds than meets the eye.

While fully settled in his leadership position at the Rutgers University, focused on lifelong learning and the university's strategic growth plan, David FINEGOLD misses Oxford's grass court tennis, something aging knees appreciate, long breaks, and great country pubs with equally suitable beer (no show of hands needed). David sent son Sam off to Harvard this past year, and then Sam went to Washington for the summer where he spent more than a few minutes with President Obama during his (Sam's) summer internship focused on science policy. Dad, meanwhile, has turned his eyes eastward and has several major educational projects in China, including a partnership with the top high school in China and an initiative for a Rutgers campus in China.

David has a local affiliate in Eric WEAR, our man on the ground in Shanghai, who has grown beyond the enthusiasm for China Inc. while watching the obscure transfer of power between generations of Chinese leaders, a process accompanied by increased repression, corruption, and censorship. His youngest daughter has now moved to a Chinese school, where she already perceives in the curriculum more than a bit of "art" in Chinese heroic tales and plaudits for the quality of Chinese food safety and health standards. In his own artistic world, Eric has been enjoying ancient Chinese calligraphy, with ink rubbings and steles becoming more available due to the growing art market. Eric looks forward to the future day when Chinese life imitates the calligraphic art and the values reflected in its dynamic poise and matching of form to expression.

Back in Virginia, Len SCHOPPA has lived his own generational shift in power, and back again. Len had a front-row seat during the temporary dismissal this summer of UVA's president and her swift re-hiring following a faculty protest of the Trustees' surprise decision. Len serves as Associate Dean for the Social Sciences, managing five departments and seventeen interdisciplinary programs, a post whose complexity is perhaps made more tolerable by its three-year term. Len will promptly thereafter take a year of leave in, well, Oxford of course. Plans are therefore under way for a class reunion somewhere in 2015–16, Casa Schoppa, somewhere off High Street! Meanwhile, Len's "kids" will likely be in other parts, as his

oldest Melina just finished college, is nearly done with her Masters in Public Policy, and spent her summer internship at the United Nations in Geneva, while younger sister Isabelle now commences the (no-less-challenging perhaps than university politics) college application game.

Ron "I forgot to turn the out-of-office auto email off when I got back to the office" TENPAS' son Nate is only one year behind Len's daughter. In the meantime, Ron is busy trying to be funny at work, succeeding in getting a case involving an eruv on Long Island (Google that, China . . .) featured on the *Colbert Report* (and that), a project no doubt well-defended while sitting poolside in the wee dark hours of the morning while his younger son pursues competitive swimming. Katie, still running Penn's Washington academic program, plans a family onslaught to NYC this Christmas break, where I am counting on her educating my children, or at least shushing them.

Paul SCHULZ would not jump back in to Oxford nor the politics of the era, but he might enjoy the reunion Len has been nominated to organize . . . *The Class Reunion??*, friends being his fondest memory of our Oxon days. As though one could argue with that entry, Paul tops it off by noting the busy-ness of his post as CEO of the American Red Cross Los Angeles Region. If you are not on Paul's ARC email list, go there and sign up. You will be astonished by the range of projects Paul leads!

For other projects underway, stop by Jeff RIDEOUT's house, where he just completed his annual back-to-school weekend project with his youngest son. This year's structure, a zip line over the pool, provides ample encouragement for the rider to let go and drop in the pool, as the line's final punctuation mark is the pool wall. Engineering imperfections may be compensated for by free medical assistance from Jeff, who continues his multi-faceted professional work in healthcare IT and related venture investing, in both the corporate and academic worlds.

There are of course other ways to dive into a pool. Bob VONDERHEIDE reports that eight-year-old son Matthew discovered a brilliant trick at a hotel pool with a glass bottom suspended above the lobby—if you submerge, blow out all the air (yes, this boy has two doctor parents, it is a brilliant idea) and settle flat on the bottom with your nose against the glass, a few guests and hotel valets may conclude you've settled there for good. Gives new meaning to the dead man's float.

Turning to dead fish, Bob and Susan DOMCHECK proudly observed older brother David catch a gigantic pickerel in a Poconos lake this summer, a feat almost as hard to enunciate as it may be to achieve. Meanwhile, Susan has her own major catch to report, having been named to lead the

Basser Research Center for BRCA, a genetic mutation associated with greatly increased risks of ovarian and breast cancer. The Center is a major initiative of the U Penn Medical Center and was seeded with a massive gift from a New York family with whom my wife Darcy and I are friends, and to whom my daughters have sold more than one glass of lemonade on a hot summer weekend at the beach. We therefore claim partial credit for the largesse, and next summer will turn to fundraising for Bob's path-breaking work on pancreatic cancer, one of the few cancers whose death rate has not declined in the U.S. in the past decades.

It's hard to believe that Naomi WOLF's first book is more than twenty years old now. Naomi this fall published her latest book, name omitted for those of you with young daughters, and gave a terrific interview with *The New York Times*. Other reported sightings: Paul KUSSEROW with several of you, Steve KINNAIRD in DC, Michael Rosengren's (Queensland and New College) surprise fiftieth, thanks to Linda and many of you for contributory notes, Mark KASEVICH and Mary LARSON apologizing (not) profusely for a delayed response, and Steve DUNNE and Renee STONE managing to lose *four* emails combined! Ouch.

In case you didn't notice, the number fifty had yet to appear in this letter until that last paragraph, though for many of us it has arrived in our lives or shortly will. Jonathan Shapiro noted that while he does miss his twenties of Oxford days, he is still young in spirit, having taken up the piano several years ago along with his kids. Being taught in the classical style has had its many moments of enjoyment, putting aside Hanon exercises and the traditional pencil-stick-in-the-hand corrective technique of the family piano teacher, herself a classic at age eighty-nine and a Polish Holocaust survivor.

My household is undergoing its own classical performance therapy, our oldest, at age nine, having been invited to dance with the New York City Ballet in this winter's Lincoln Center run of *The Nutcracker*. This seems good news for some but very bad news for parental free time and winter vacations, both of which have now been officially eliminated by direction of the serious folks at the NYCB and rehearsal and performance requirements. Should you happen to see the ballet, Daisy will be an angel (this is acting, after all). We were lucky enough to watch another thrilling performance this summer, at the London Olympic aquatics center to watch seventeen-year-old Lia Neal, only the second African American woman to represent the U.S. in Olympic swimming, win a bronze medal on a relay joined by such greats as Missy Franklin, Natalie Coughlin, and Allison Schmitt. Lia swims on a scholarship at Asphalt Green, the New

York non-profit fitness and wellness complex, where I chair the board. Oh, and yes, Queen Elizabeth did come by to cheer her country on—long enough to cause the entire audience to stop watching the action in the pool and instead observe her wave. The London Olympics reminded one of the best spirit, and sometimes polite frustrations, of England. Thousands of volunteers, all very cheerful and willing to help though most of them with seemingly no information on offer (“Hello, thank you for coming! No, I don’t know where the exit is. Very sorry!”). And like the Rideout zip line, the Zaha Hadid-designed Aquatics Centre is green and partly disposable!

Hoping you will all have more exciting summer projects and adventures this time next year, wishing you all the best for the next half of our lives and that we may each get another chance to do what we meant to do back in the Oxon day—see you at Len’s gathering in 2015, if not before!

ANDREW J. NUSSBAUM

1990

As we enter our mid-forties, life is settling down for many of us—there are fewer moves or career changes, and it seems most of us are in the thick of child-rearing, moving up (or at least along) the career ladder, and sometimes dealing with the health of parents.

David CAMPBELL reports that all is well. With daughters in eighth and second grade and a son in fifth, they’re enjoying the chaos and excitement of a new school year. David continues to serve as the CEO of Luminant, an energy company based in Dallas, while Tamara is a radiologist specializing in breast imaging. Her practice is based at Methodist Hospital in Dallas. “The election will impact both energy and health care, so we will follow it with interest, as no doubt all our classmates will!”

Tanya POLLARD writes: “Life continues happily in Brooklyn. Bella and Lucy are now seven and five and thriving, and I continue to enjoy teaching at CUNY. Outside of the classroom, recent projects include working with a theater company (Theatre for a New Audience) and being interviewed by Ethan Hawke in a BBC/PBS Shakespeare documentary. Our whole family continues to enjoy summers in Oxford, where I recently had the pleasure of running into Chris Brown in the Upper Reading Room. We’re all still recovering from the shock of returning to NYC heat and the new semester but, aside from that, all is well.”

As Tanya implied, Chris BROWN also spent the summer in Oxford.

He writes: “These last two months spent in Oxford represent the longest visit since I left in 1994. The place has changed very little. There are many more bars and restaurants now than I remember from the early 1990s. Pub food has improved somewhat. My life, though, has changed much more than Oxford has.

“Visiting with two little boys—six and three now—meant experiencing the place in an entirely different way. We rented a house in Osney just west of town a little past the rail station. I had never heard of the place previously, even after living in Oxford for four years. Now I realize that I had only the most limited knowledge of the city. Spent far more time, I think, in playgrounds and ‘leisure centers’ in and about town, than in the Bodleian, at least it seemed that way. North Oxford—and Summertown particularly—which used to seem so far away, became a regular haunt. The oldest went to a day camp there.

“The length of the stay led me to think about those years at some length, which, ordinarily, I now do very rarely. I spent several days at Rhodes House Library, the place where I used to work on a regular basis. The place still smells the same. The story was pretty much the same no matter where I went. Every street, every corner, every pub carried a memory of one kind or another. It has been a long time since I missed Oxford, but I came home two days ago with renewed gratitude for the experience and freshly attuned to its legacies in my own life.

“Life in New York is as you would expect for two ‘mid-career’ faculty with two small children—hectic, sometimes too stressful, always stimulating, and constantly challenging. I continue to teach British History, Atlantic History, the history of the American Revolution, and increasingly the history of West Africa, particularly in the era of the slave trade.”

Ted SMITH had a rare career change, as he writes: “Susan and I left Vanderbilt this summer to take a pair of teaching positions at Emory’s Candler School of Theology. It’s a good move professionally. But most of all it is a kind of homecoming—we did our doctoral work at Emory, and we’re grateful for a chance to return to communities where we have some deep roots. We’ll miss Vanderbilt and Nashville. I’ll especially miss my work with the Program in Theology and Practice. But we’re glad for old and new friends, colleagues, and congregation here.

When I’m not unpacking boxes or chasing Bennett (six) and Tobias (four), I’m working to finish a book that sifts through memories of the abolitionist John Brown to critique the mythological qualities of violence in the name of ethics.

Renee LETTOW LERNER writes: “Craig and I continue to profess at

our respective law schools, he at George Mason and I at George Washington. Last February, Dick HOWARD put together a panel on the Magna Carta at the National Archives and kindly included me. It was marvelous to see Dick, who is very well, and active and eloquent as ever. I continue to write about juries in American history, and to teach criminal procedure, legal history, and comparative law. Anna (ten), Elias (eight), and Maria (four) keep us occupied and entertained. A few months ago the baseball bug bit Elias hard; it proved an excellent time to become a Nationals fan. We're delighted about Mohammed KHASISHGI and Faheen ALLIBHOY's new daughter Sara."

Bill TSINGOS writes: "Life continues apace in Boston (work) and its leafy western suburbs (family). On the professional front, I suspect I remain in a distinct minority among lawyers in America in that I continue to love my job as general counsel at Plymouth Rock Assurance. To be sure, it's a challenge day-in and day-out, and there's always something new to confront, but I wouldn't have it any other way.

As for family, Martine and I continue to marvel at how slowly the days pass, but how quickly the years fly, with young kids in the home. In the seeming blink of an eye, Evan and Otis are now aged seven and four. Evan starts second grade tomorrow and Otis starts pre-K the following week. Even with all the joys that the boys entail, we had a rough year. Martine lost her mother unexpectedly to a heart attack in April, while my own father had his own share of health challenges over the winter.

I would normally have found some solace in my beloved Red Sox, but they were their own source of unprecedented vexation over the past year! Speaking of vexation, on the political front I remain as much of a political junkie as most other Rhodes Scholars. What a fall election we have coming up! On that score, let me just say I entertain high hopes that the candidate best suited for the job will win the election, but fear that his opponent will manage to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat."

Kim GROSE MOORE also reports life is progressing without significant changes. "Magdalena is four and a half, in a wonderful Spanish immersion pre-school, so she now corrects my Spanish sometimes...David and I both continue to be involved in local and national organizing of various kinds (His efforts: worker cooperatives as strategy for alternative economic structures that make capital work for people and not vice versa. Mine: racial and economic justice through, among other things, stopping voter suppression efforts in various states, and working to pass a revenue measure in CA that would begin to restore equity to our tax system so everyone pays their fair share including corporations and high-income

earners and we can begin to reinvest in schools, universities, and health systems rather than prisons. This last area is of particular concern as I look to Magdalena starting kindergarten next year with possibly thirty-five kids in her classroom, and how we are going to be part of the public educational system for the next twelve to sixteen years...yikes.). And, we continue to learn how to grow food—added garlic and onions to our repertoire, and have gotten a bumper crop of cantaloupe this year, which has been fun. I also got away for a seven-day meditation retreat last winter that was focused on cultivating the practice of Metta, Loving-kindness. It was, needless to say, amazing, transformational, led by a very wise woman, Silvia Boorstein.

I am always curious what people are reading these days, would love recommendations of great novels and non-fiction. I would offer some books that sparked my interest this year: *Switch: How to Change Things When Change is Hard*, by Chip Heath and Dan Heath; and *Cutting for Stone*, by Abraham Verghese. Since I find myself in the car often driving to various organizations I work with, I also listen to a lot of podcast interviews on a NPR show called *On Being*, which has wonderful guests, including scientists, artists, religious scholars, etc., talking about values, meaning, spirituality, consciousness, etc.—different people’s takes on what we are doing here on earth.”

Martina VANDERBERG writes: “All is well in the Vandenberg-Cooperman household. My hiatus from class secretary duty has allowed me extra time to found an NGO, the Human Trafficking Pro Bono Legal Center. (Thank you, Janelle!) I resigned my partnership at Jenner & Block in December and accepted a fellowship with the Open Society Foundations. I now travel throughout the United States training attorneys to handle human trafficking cases pro bono. I also continue to litigate pro bono cases with my former partners at Jenner, mostly against diplomats who hold their domestic workers in forced labor in the United States. Alan continues to report on religion for the Pew Forum on Religion & Public Life. Marshall (ten) is a budding military historian; both he and his little brother Max (six) have taken up ice hockey. Happily, Alan has embraced his new role as hockey dad. We enjoy seeing Jennifer BRADLEY, John NAGL, and Tom MALINOWSKI whenever possible.

Mary HALE TOLAR is “Still enjoying the challenges of directing the school of leadership studies at Kansas State University and living in ‘the Little Apple.’ Had the opportunity to visit the other Manhattan this summer to see husband Dwight in an off-Broadway production. It was our son Alex’s first visit to New York City, and he’s smitten (not his words, of course). This love of theater is hereditary, or so it seems. We are adjusting

to life as the parents of a high school senior and all that means (who knew?!). In other news, this has been an extraordinary year in our work with the Children and Youth Empowerment Centre in Nyeri, Kenya, with Rhodes friends and colleagues Janelle LARSON and Paul MAINA KING'URU. Paul just concluded a campus visit as our school's Leader-in-Residence—sharing a compassion and commitment to solving impossible problems with our students and campus colleagues that is truly inspiring. Life is good!"

David WILSON also reports a career change: "I've settled in at the law firm, Holland & Hart, that I joined last year and continue to enjoy my work as a patent attorney. Now that I'm both living and working in Boulder again, it has been great to bike, walk, or even ski to work rather than commute to Denver. Work also takes me on monthly basis to San Diego and San Francisco, two of my favorite cities.

I'm still salsa dancing regularly, including performing several times this past year with my Latin dance group Los Casineros. Much of my summer, when not preparing patent applications or dancing Rueda de Casino, has been filed with time spent standing in a river, waving a stick (i.e., fly fishing). This may be my first year of fishing ever where I have only used trout flies that I hand tied myself.

I had lunch with Sam Galler (Colorado and Magdalen '12) earlier this year to talk about his plans for Oxford. It was a great opportunity to reflect back on our time at Oxford twenty years ago. I still feel fortunate that after struggling through my first year at Oxford, trying to figure out what to study—whether it be philosophy of mathematics or British non-violence movements—I somehow ended up getting a physics degree. Combined with my more recent law degree, my physics degree opened the door for me to pursue my present career as a patent attorney, one of my favorite jobs so far."

Georgie BOGE GERAGHY notes she has no significant news but she enjoys reading about all of the interesting pursuits of her classmates.

I too am kept busy by kids and career. My boys are in twelfth(!) and seventh grade, while my little girl is in third. Never a dull moment! I'm still serving as a division head at Penn State, Berks, dealing with students, academic program accreditation, and the joys that being affiliated with Penn State these days brings. As Mary noted, I'm continuing to collaborate with Paul Maina King'uru's (Kenya and Worcester '89) center for former street children in Kenya—traveling with students, conducting research, and helping develop programs. One never knows where long chats in the MCR may lead!

JANELLE B. LARSON

1991

Larry BERGER continues to lead the education company that he and fellow Rhodes Scholar Greg GUNN founded twelve years ago. Wireless Generation is now a part of Amplify, the newly formed education division of News Corp. While the corporate parentage has brought some challenges, Larry is thrilled by the unprecedented magnitude of the investment that News is making in K-12 education. Wireless Generation was 450 people when it was acquired two years ago and is sprinting past 900 people today as it attempts to create a new curriculum in English, math, and science that will be delivered on tablet computers. This work attempts to stand on the shoulders of the giant Common Core movement launched by classmates Jason ZIMBA and David COLEMAN.

Congratulations to Brad BRAXTON, who began his service as Lois Craddock Perkins Professor of Homiletics at Southern Methodist University's Perkins School of Theology in Dallas, Texas. He is the first African American to come to SMU in an endowed chair. "Additionally, I am the founding Senior Pastor of The Open Church, a cross-cultural, racially inclusive congregation in Baltimore, Maryland (www.theopenchurch.md.org). My wife Lazetta, our daughter Karis, and I live in Maryland, and I commute weekly to Dallas for my professorial duties. Lazetta's financial planning firm, Financial Fountains, continues to expand, and Karis, a second-grader, enjoys being much closer to her grandparents in Virginia."

Michael CALLAHAN sent his update while his two nearly-three-year-olds were unaccountably (at 9:41!) still talking in their rooms: "The highlight of the past year has certainly been seeing our twins Kieran and Violet blossom into voluble, fascinating, if sometimes exasperating toddlers. We've settled in happily in Palo Alto, where we have bought a house and I have continued as an 'entrepreneur in residence' at Greylock Partners, the venture capital firm that funded my first company, while I try to find a suitable and appealing next project. Another local firm calls their corresponding position an 'entrepreneur in action,' presumably to encourage more sprightly searches than mine is turning out to be; I hope by next report to have moved on to the action phase!"

A huge double congratulations to David COLEMAN. Dave married Patrick Miller earlier this year, and he was named president of the College Board and will start on October 15. "Quite a whirlwind of a year, but a very happy one."

From Chris HOWARD: "I am happy to report that our oldest son, Cohen, graduated from Virginia Episcopal School and enrolled at Sewanee (The University of the South) in Tennessee and is thoroughly enjoy-

ing the experience thus far. Our youngest son, Joshua, enrolled at Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Virginia, so Barbara and I are almost ‘empty-nesters’ but for our dog, the indefatigable Sammy—a beagle-Jack Russell terrier mix. Summer was delightful with business, professional, and personal travel intermixed throughout, including West Virginia, Annapolis, the Dominican Republic, Dallas, and Vancouver. I had the good fortune of moderating a panel at the Aspen Ideas Festival entitled ‘Raising Boys, Engaging Guys & Educating Men’ (you may listen to the podcast using the link below) and was awarded the Pathfinder Award by my alma mater, the U.S. Air Force Academy. My fourth year as president of Hampden-Sydney College began on August 28, as we welcomed the second largest freshman class in our school’s 238-year history. Besides being the second largest, it is also the most highly qualified and has the highest percentage of Eagle Scouts—fourteen percent. It is also the most diverse. Additionally, we launched an innovative program called ‘C-Day’, whereby the entire College community comes together to help our students discern their purpose, passion, and calling in life (www.hsc.edu/Student-Life/C-Day/C-Day-Class-Schedules.html).

Goodwin LIU left his professorship at UC Berkeley School of Law last September to serve on the California Supreme Court. “Work is great, but the real focus for my wife and me is our two kids—Emmett (two) and Violet (five), who has enjoyed being a ‘big girl’ starting kindergarten this fall in a Mandarin-immersion charter school in Oakland.”

Pat LOPES Harris wrote, “I wish I had an update! I just keep plugging away over here. The big excitement is we finally bought a house with a yard. We’ve had tons of fun raising flowers and veggies, with around twelve pumpkins still on the vine here. The rest of my time is spent raising kids, my own and those at the university (San Jose State University). My home kids and my work kids are becoming closer in age very quickly, but I’m enjoying the ride. It’s great to be around all the energy and creativity, and great to be working at a place that values providing educational opportunity to just about everyone.”

Congratulations to Todd PETERSON, who received tenure.

Darcy PRATHER and his wife Kristala traveled to Tianjin, China, for the “Summer Davos.” “Kristala was there as a Young Scientist and I accompanied her. We have a spinoff, Kalion, from her lab at MIT that allows microbes to produce high-value chemicals. So rather than just producing fuel you produce high chemical intermediate products like glucaric acid. Arthur MUTAMBARA was there as a Young Global Leader and as a senior member of Zimbabwe’s coalition government.

“We are still in Milton, MA. Our girls, Katheryn and Amara, are doing very well. They are into the arts. They already have a sense of color and style that exceeds their parents.”

From Helen RAYNHAM: “I just wasn’t sure that I have anything newsworthy—my hair is turning gray and changing that progression is not my priority (gave up on hair dye—and don’t patients value grayer, wiser physicians?). This year I have four kids in school, and even though I have the reputation as having the most ‘staffed up’ household in town (I have a full-time nanny as well as a full-time au pair), I am still pretty tired . . . However, I have reached a very stable point in my career (my private medical practice is finally on cruise control), and I feel I am in a place where I can cut down at work and spend more time with my family.”

Len STARK reports from Delaware that he had another fun year filled with baseball (all three kids playing last spring), basketball, drama, *Odyssey of the Mind*, Mathletes, ice skating lessons, and seemingly daily trips to the supermarket. Brennan is now in eighth grade (and was bar mitzvahed last year), keeping a watchful eye on Lucy, in sixth grade, in the same school as he is for the first time in five years. (Len overheard a fascinating lecture on the different customs and rights of sixth and eighth graders who share the same school bus.) Jamie started first grade only reluctantly, incredulous that no one agreed he had ‘already finished school’ with the end of kindergarten. Beth has added a part-time job maintaining a historic garden (Goodstay) at the Wilmington campus of the University of Delaware to her continued garden design work for residential clients. I have finished my second year as a District Judge, still loving the work and still learning every day.”

Well, Deacon TURNER gets the prize for sending in an update from the most enviable locale: “I am writing from a rooftop terrace abutting the Ponte Vecchio in Florence, drinking Brunello and eating truffled pecorino. The setting sun gilds the Campanile, Duomo, and the Uffizi at the moment. Life is going fairly well. Piper and I are here with the Gilcrease Museum Board, from Tulsa. The Palazzo Pitti is hosting a major exhibition of our Native American collection. The powers that be here invited us for a serious set of private tours of the museums and private collections around town.

“A few things to report:

“My brothers returned from a deadly tour of Afghanistan. The 279th from Oklahoma had a bad year. Eleven dead, and something like thirty-plus injured, including both my brothers. Younger brother Brian is still in rehab in San Antonio. Middle bother Darron received Bronze Star.

“We visited Scott MERRINER and clan this year, taking my boys and my brother and niece. Wild time camping out on the Russian river with other families. More than twenty kids running around like hellions. Big fun was had with multiple bear encounters, one of which resulted in Scot’s fishing rod being eaten by a grizzly.

“Other big news is that I have really become active in my tribe, Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma. The chief tapped me to be on the board of our businesses. A \$700 million per year diversified operation, mostly gaming.

“Other personal high notes: shot a 325-pound wild boar and finished second in my age group in the Tulsa Triathlon. Not the same day. We welcome anyone coming to our part of flyover country.”

This past year I began working with students in West Philadelphia on post-secondary planning, and every day is a sobering experience that makes me wonder where our country is headed when such a large number of students have such limited education options. Federal and state financial aid cover such a small percentage of most colleges’ tuition and fees that our students (more than ninety percent of whom qualify for a free or reduced-price lunch) must go to community colleges (which would be fine if the students actually chose to attend them, as opposed to being able to afford no other schools). And their level of preparedness for college-level work raises a whole other set of questions.

Cory and I did the unthinkable—we moved out of the city and into the suburbs. I still can’t quite believe that I am no longer a city resident (a very significant part of my self-definition), and I hate the thought that we have added to the flight of middle-class families from Philadelphia, but the school system left us no choice. Ava (six) is at such a fun age; our latest conversational trend concerns the merits of chain *versus* mom-and-pop stores. Sage (four) and Reese (four) have reached a point where neither Cory nor I am afraid to be left alone with all three kids. I will soon no longer be able to fit both twins on my lap when reading bedtime stories (actually, they don’t really fit now, but we squeeze together), and that realization makes me readily acquiesce to every request to be picked up, carried upstairs, held upside down, etc., since I may not be able to do those things (or asked to do them) for too much longer.

Have a wonderful, healthy year.

THERESA E. SIMMONDS

2000

This year's tally of life events includes at least seven interstate moves, five new jobs, three weddings, and three new babies (plus more by the time this letter goes to print). And that was just me. I'm kidding, of course. But we have had quite a full year, both individually and collectively.

Neel VARSHEY is one of two members of the class who checked three of the big life-event boxes: "New job, new city, newly married within two months of each other. Just now getting settled at Linden Partners. We are a healthcare private equity firm that buys and runs small healthcare companies. I am based in Chicago, where I live with my wife Patricia. Though she has been accused of looking Indian, she remains Panamanian. For great weather, please visit us in Chicago in summer and Panama in winter."

Jacob KRICH's year was equally eventful. "Patti and I welcomed our daughter, Elisa, in December. With apologies to all of the other parents, I knew intellectually that a parent tends to find his own children to be the most beautiful the world will ever know. What didn't really occur to me until having Elisa is that one of those parents has to be right." Elisa is already very well traveled. Jacob and Patti took her to Japan in March and China and Taiwan in June. "The Chinese love babies so much that it felt like going around in the entourage of a celebrity; people would surreptitiously take her photo everywhere we went and sometimes carry her away to pose without her uninteresting parents." Jacob also moved from Boston to Canada and "started in August as an assistant professor in the physics department at the University of Ottawa, where Patti has been a professor of applied ethics since 2009. Jacob reports that "Ottawa is living up to its billing as the world capital with the third-coldest winter (behind Ulan Bator and Astana, but unfortunately ahead of Moscow)."

Newman NAHAS "can corroborate Jacob's hypothesis that all parents think their children are the most beautiful the world has known. Of course, given the incommensurability of cuteness, they are all correct!" Newman and Jennifer welcomed Antoine Raphael Nahas to their family this past March. The Nahas family also transitioned this year from Seattle to Los Angeles. Jennifer is doing medical research at UCLA, "a nice change of pace from her surgery residency." Meanwhile, Newman "continues to enjoy the practice of law." He's been busy of late helping to "defend the officers and directors of Facebook in connection with the dozens of IPO-related lawsuits that have been filed all over the country." Newman looks forward to seeing visitors in LA. "For excellent weather, come between January and December."

Caroline (Parler) POTTER also welcomed a new arrival this year. “Julia Beatrice Blake Potter was born on June 29. Meredith has been an amazing big sister so far, and Ben and I are enjoying being a household of four (and like to tell ourselves that we are coping fairly well with the competing demands of an almost-three-year-old and an almost-three-month-old).” Caroline continues to teach in the Anthropology Department at Oxford, where her students include current Rhodes Scholars—“we’ve had some on the courses that I teach every year since I’ve been on staff and look to have another four or five about to start in this year’s cohort.”

Paul LARSEN and family remain overseas as well. Paul is entering the final year of his mathematics post-doc at Humboldt University in Berlin. “Things have been a bit crazy,” he writes, “but I won’t be trying for any pity points from you all . . . Ana recently got promoted to Senior Fellow at her institute, Ecologic, and she has recently been able to work on projects involving her favorite demographic, Slovenian farmers.” Lucija is nearly four and “just started riding a bicycle, which has been amazing to watch. She’d been riding a balance-bike (they’re everywhere in Berlin), so the transition took place pretty quickly. She just turned to me and said, ‘Dada, I want to do it by myself’ and off she went.” Paul also reports with pride that Lucija recently responded to a preschool bully with “an Obama shoulder brush.”

Michael LANHAM “had the pleasure of marrying Joe not once, but twice this spring.” (For purposes for the “life event” scorecard, your secretarial referee decided to count this as one wedding.) “The first ceremony was in Ann Arbor with lots of friends and family, and it was an amazing time.” Michael and Joe “then headed to NYC for the following week, packing in six Broadway shows in five days. Our parents and Joe’s brother arrived the following weekend, and we got married (legally—recognition in Michigan of same-sex marriages or civil unions is banned thanks to a 2004 amendment to the state constitution) in Central Park at a beautiful wooden structure called Cop Cot.” Michael is “in year two of three of an infertility fellowship” at the University of Michigan and “can see the light at the end of the tunnel of training.”

Jessica MELLINGER confirms that Michael’s Ann Arbor wedding was “a terrific party; haven’t had that much fun in a while.” Now in her second year of a gastroenterology fellowship at the University of Michigan, Jessica reports that she has also “started a Masters, this time in Health Services Research through the Robert Wood Johnson program (Yes, I know, another Masters, but I swear it’s my last one. I promise. Really.)” She’s been following recent health care policy developments with great inter-

est—“lots to think about and research.” Jessica continues to enjoy Ann Arbor and is “looking forward to exploring more of Michigan, particularly after visiting Mackinac Island this summer, which was so beautiful.”

After spending several years on the economics faculty at Princeton and doing a stint at the Treasury Department working “mostly on the tax and Medicare provisions of ‘Obamacare,’” Ilyana KUZIEMKO made the move this year to Columbia University. “Though I loved my colleagues at Princeton, the move simplifies life quite a bit as [husband] Isaac had been in NYC and the commute/multiple apartments had been quite a challenge.” Isaac, a documentary filmmaker, “is currently working on a project on ex-NFL players and their physical and mental health issues.”

Kristin JAVARAS’s “blur” of a year also involved a new city and a new job. “I applied for clinical internship (a process not for the faint of heart), wrote my dissertation (on childhood personality and neural predictors of subsequent obesity), and then moved to North Carolina to start clinical internship at UNC-Chapel Hill. I’m focused on eating disorders and obesity, which means that I spend my time alternating between being way too hot (on the anorexia inpatient unit) or way too cold (in the bariatric surgery clinic), underscoring that the average, although much beloved by statisticians, isn’t always very meaningful at the personal level. I also get to do a lot of elective rotations, the most exciting being one focused on substance-abuse treatment at Butner Federal Prison, where Madoff currently resides. (I have promised my mother that, in addition to wearing a personal panic button while I am there, I will also eschew all investment advice.)”

Jasmine WADDELL left Brandeis this year and now offers us all an excuse to visit Vegas: “I joined the faculty at University of Nevada, Las Vegas as an Assistant Professor in Environmental and Public Affairs. I have been waiting seven years for this opportunity and am loving every (challenging) minute of it, but the fact that I am out here alone without my family makes it seem unsustainable.” Jasmine and Jodi celebrated their fifth anniversary this year. “Jodi is finishing up a MSW at Simmons College and planning for her renewed career in social work. Quinn (now three) is perfecting the role of a handsome, charming and colorful toddler.”

With the departure of Jacob and partial departure of Jasmine, our Boston contingent is now a bit smaller, but we have at least three members of the class who continue to hold down the fort. Jason SANDERS and family—Tammy, Will (five), and Luke (two)—are “looking forward to a fun New England fall.” Jason is in the final year of his internal medicine residency at Mass General. “After Labor Day, Will started kinder-

garten and Luke started pre-school. Going through the kindergarten ‘application’ process was rather intense, and eye-opening. We’ve enjoyed watching the brothers’ growing bond.”

Susanna MIERAU is in her “second year of post-doctoral research at Boston Children’s Hospital working on the neurobiology of autism and related neurodevelopmental disorders. Now a board-certified neurologist(!), I also have a ten-percent-time clinical fellowship in autism at Massachusetts General Hospital . . . twelve years after our district interviews, I am pleasantly surprised to find that I am doing exactly what I told the committee I would do—working on developing new neuropharmacologic therapies for neurological disease. Who knew at twenty-one years old I would have such predictive powers (or that at age thirty-four I would still be ‘in training.’” Susanna made it down to Panama for Neel’s wedding, to Oxford (where she visited “Highclere Castle, the filming site for *Downton Abbey*”), to a conference in Spain, and to New York for “a weekend with three two-year-olds, Chelsea, Seth, Liz, and Katie.”

Julian HARRIS is now more than a year into his tenure as Massachusetts’ Medicaid Director. “We are an \$11 billion fund that provides comprehensive health insurance for 1.3 million low-income individuals, seniors (many of whom were formally middle class and even upper-middle-class before they developed long-term care needs), and disabled individuals. It’s been an incredibly rewarding year to serve in this role, in this state and for this Governor (Deval Patrick). About six weeks ago, he signed a new health reform law that has the potential to once again provide a national model, this time focusing on improving quality and reducing costs.” Michelle “continues to do pediatric neuro-oncology, but has also become a bone marrow transplant, dooming me to never, ever win the ‘my day was hard, honey’ game, even in my current job.” “Noah is funny, curious, and bizarrely obsessed with American football (playing and watching) for a two-year-old whose parents were both, needless to say, in the marching band.”

Ben CANNON is also enjoying his work in state government. He’s a year into his job as education policy advisor to Oregon Governor John Kitzhaber. “It was tough to leave the Legislature and my teaching career, but it seems to have been a good call. Perhaps the biggest benefits have been personal: one job instead of two, a move across town that resulted in a shorter commute and a backyard for the kids, fewer evenings away from home, and a life that feels just a little less hectic than it did. Moreover, it has been a remarkable year to be doing this job, as we have been implementing a series of reforms, passed by the Legislature in 2011, that had the

effect of giving the Governor significantly more authority over our birth-to-career education system. Perhaps my most challenging, and gratifying, project of the year was to lead our state's efforts to secure a waiver from No Child Left Behind." "Evelyn is five and just started kindergarten. Leo will turn two in January and, despite all of our efforts to reverse gender biases, seems to love throwing, hitting, catching, and chasing balls as much as Evie does not. Liz has been at home since Leo's birth—talk about work! She's likely to go back into the teaching job market at some point in the next couple of years."

Down the coast, Craig MULLANEY is "heading operations, strategy, business development, and content at Ustream.tv, a venture-backed technology and media company. We power live video streaming of sports and entertainment events, news coverage, cute and wild animal cams, conferences, university lectures, weddings, and much more." Meena, who had been finishing up her residency at Johns Hopkins, has now joined the family in San Francisco and started work as a head and neck surgeon at Kaiser Permanente. Craig insists that Arjun, now two, "managed to survive nine months of daddy care without visible damage," although the photo he sent of Arjun decked out in shorts, a checked sport coat, and a green bow tie may suggest otherwise. Craig and Meena are "expecting a second kiddo" by the time this letter goes to print.

Liz (Young) McNALLY is also expected child number two. She echoes a common sentiment that "there are simply not enough hours in the day." Liz remains at McKinsey and "continues to find the work, my colleagues, and our clients challenging, impactful, and largely enjoyable." She is in the process of "re-resigning" her Army commission ("this time, from the reserves") and will soon "truly be a civilian once again—and for good!" John is in his second year teaching New York City history at an independent day school. James is now two and "is becoming more fun by the day. He is a happy, talkative, generally calm little guy who loves playing with trains, building with blocks, visiting animals at the zoo, and singing and dancing." Liz and family did manage some travels this year, including a two-week trip to Japan, "which was hot and crowded but a lot of fun."

Liz's New York-area neighbors include Chelsea (Elander) BODNAR, who, "for the first time since 2009," had the luxury of sending in her update "from the same location two years in a row." "But don't get too excited as we are likely moving again in about six months, and it appears that literally everywhere from Beijing to Florence is on the list of possible destinations!" For now, Chelsea continues to "work at a community health center in New York as a pediatrician." She's also the Director of

Children's Health Care Quality for the center's twenty-five clinics. "It is a great blend of the different ways in which one can 'doctor' in America today, but I am still not sure in which direction I will go from here." Seth has made a "smooth transition" from the Army to GE, and Margaret and Davis recently turned two "and are taking that role very seriously. They are hilarious and challenging, full of energy, and more fun every day."

Danielle SERED remains a devout Brooklynite and continues to direct Common Justice, "the alternative to incarceration and victim service project for serious and violent felonies that I launched in 2005." "Common Justice got a big award from the Department of Justice earlier this year, and that's opened some doors for greater national impact, which is great, but is putting huge pressure on my greatest mission in life, which is to leave Brooklyn as rarely as possible. The work is exciting, and hard, and I believe in it deeply and feel very lucky to be doing it." Danielle is "still running, thinking of doing the Chicago marathon next year."

Jesse KHARBANDA remains in Indianapolis, where he'll soon be finishing his fifth year as Executive Director at the Hoosier Environmental Council (HEC). "The political climate for enacting sensible environmental public policy seems to be getting harder—hundreds of bills at the federal level aiming to thwart environmental health safeguards, and an increasingly ideological legislature—and likely highly ideological Governor—in Indiana. HEC has not despaired, but adapted and grown: We merged with another environmental non-profit so that we could expand our statewide footprint and add another strategic approach—legal action and assistance—to our policy education and advocacy bent. And HEC continues to find innovative ways of building a bigger tent environmental movement here, and the thing that especially motivates me is engaging green-minded businesses and religious conservatives." Jesse continues to try to balance work with "religious life, running, writing, music, and soaking in the idealism of friends here who, like me, look for the rays of light amidst the dark clouds of political rancor."

In the DC area, Cindi DENNIS continues to work on "magnetic nanoparticles" at the National Institute of Standards and Technology. "Interestingly, the EU's national metrology institutes (standards agencies) have also come round to the idea that we need more characterization methods to provide information about nanoparticles, considering their widespread applications, so my project might just get bigger by an additional continent. I also served on my first thesis defense this year. I must admit, it is a lot less stressful being the examiner rather than the examinee!" "On the home front, I'm still enjoying the fact that Yorck and I are

living in the same place.” Cindi and Yorck recently returned from a week in Glacier National Park. “It was absolutely gorgeous . . . just go before the glaciers all melt. Oh, and avoid the grizzly bears.”

Elisha PETERSON reports that between “the sewer line backing up repeatedly in our new house,” “our oldest dog dying,” a storm that “took us off the grid for ten days,” and more, he sometimes felt this year like he was “a part of the world’s cruelest bingo game.” But he says that “there has also been much good.” The family’s new home in Ellicott City, Maryland “is closer to work, near some great running trails and biking roads, and has room for the in-laws and other guests.” “I love my job at the Johns Hopkins University Applied Physics Lab. The work is challenging, rewarding, and a great fit for my skills and interests, and I’ve seen a few of my projects positioned to make a real impact in the network security world. Micah (five) and Asher (two) are a continued blessing.”

David ADESNIK has had “an amazing year watching Clara grow from a newborn into an aggressively mobile walker. She is also teaching me a few words of Cantonese, since she has the tremendous privilege of spending her days with Susanna’s parents, who originally hail from Guangdong in southern China.” David is near the end of a two-year assignment at the Pentagon, where he’s been “working on what’s known as Irregular Warfare Modeling & Simulation or IW M&S”—i.e., “the use of software and algorithms to forecast the behavior of civilians and combatants who are engaged in insurgencies and similar conflicts.” Unfortunately, David is skeptical that much will come of this work. People, it turns out, “are unpredictable.”

Rachel KLEINFELD remains based in Boulder and continues to head up the wildly successful Truman Project, which “is involved in everything from co-producing a film (check it out: trumanproject.org/operation-free-the-burden/) to assisting 106 Congressional candidates with their understanding of foreign policy and their outreach to veterans and military families—as well as a lot in-between. It’s been a really satisfying year to see the impact of our work and see some of the airplane-building finally turn into airplane-flying.” Rachel also had two books come out this year—“one on how to bring distributed energy to the developing world (more fun to read than you might think!) and the other on how the U.S. can better build the rule of law in other countries (which may spark me to start a new nonprofit . . .).”

Katie LARSON is “still happily in Toronto, and the biggest update is that we get to stay here. I got the official word in June that I’ve been tenured and promoted to associate professor at the University of Toronto.

Needless to say, it's a wonderful feeling to be on the other side of the review process." In addition to her teaching and administrative responsibilities, Katie is "juggling several editorial projects" and working on a new book. "Most of my work these days is focusing on aspects of gender and song performance in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century English literature and culture, which is an ideal niche for me. I've also been building in more time for actual singing (rather than just writing about singing) into my life. I mustered up the courage to audition for a chamber choir that I've been admiring for awhile, the Exultate Chamber Singers, and I am loving being part of that ensemble." Lance is in the midst of "a full singing season" and "is also busy as artistic director of the Canadian Art Song Project." Katie and Lance spent a week this past summer hiking Ontario's Bruce Trail, and Katie met up with Susanna in Oxford.

I made my own contributions to the life-event tally this year. Miriam and I got married on a perfect August day in California wine country. Justice Ginsburg was kind enough to officiate. (Miriam and I met while clerking together in her chambers.) Miriam's amazing musician cousin played the ceremony music. My brother gave side-splitting best man toast that put my Oxford-era comedy routines to shame. We went to Bali for our honeymoon. Unfortunately, we very quickly squandered the serenity reserves we had built up there. Within a week of getting back, we had packed up our San Francisco apartment and moved back to DC. Miriam and I loved living in the Bay Area and miss it already, but we're enjoying reconnecting with our east coast friends. Miriam is spending the year as a visiting researcher at Georgetown University Law Center as she prepares to go on the legal academic job market. I'm still working at my law firm and am looking forward to seeing where the next year takes me. In the meantime, please keep in touch!

ROBERT M. YABLON

2003

It is hard to believe that ten years ago at this time we were in the process of being selected as the class of 2003 Rhodes Scholars. Our lives certainly changed on that day in early December, 2002, when our names were each read in our respective districts. And, as is evidenced by this update, ten years later our lives continue to experience many exciting changes.

Keith BENEDICT says that he "now serves as an Instructor of Inter-

national Relations and Comparative Politics at West Point after finishing my service as a Strategic Analyst for General Mattis at U.S. Central Command. Though we miss Tampa—particularly Megan, who enjoyed eighteen months in the sunshine, most of which while I was in Afghanistan—we have settled in at my Alma Mater, and I’m enjoying teaching and mentoring future Army leaders. Two recent arrivals have certainly added to the Benedicts’ quality of life. First, our beautiful daughter, Gabriella, was born in May; joining the ranks of William (seven), Annastacia (five), and Genevieve (three). (As you can imagine, our government-issued quarters are quite literally bursting at the seams.) Second, Robert CHAMBERLAIN has now joined the International Relations team at West Point, which regrettably means that the cadets at West Point now know how intelligent a Rhodes Scholar really *should* be. Though we also would have loved to see Michael LOKALE, his residency kept him tied down while his better half (formerly Kathy Longshore, a high school classmate of Keith’s) and his son, Griffin, visited in June. Finally, I now have the privilege of occasionally bumping into Sue MENG following a surprise reunion at a recent Council on Foreign Relations Term Members meeting.” Congrats to both you and Megan on your growing family!

Chesa BOUDIN’s update reads: “After graduating from Yale Law and taking the New York bar exam, I spent the last year in San Diego clerking for the Honorable Margaret McKeown on the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals. In addition to my legal work, and taking the California bar exam, I became an avid surfer and am now hesitant to go anywhere far from a good surf break. This month I start a new job at the San Francisco public defender on a Liman Fellowship where I will focus on immigration implications for non-citizen defendants.” The surfing sounds nice. Taking two bar exams sounds horrid.

Sean CAMPBELL is still living in NYC and working at some hedge fund. I got to spend time with Sean and his wife Kate in March and they looked great!

Dave CHOKSHI says: “My partner Mela and I moved to DC just a few weeks ago. We were actually all set to move to New Orleans after residency when we found out I was fortunate enough to receive a White House Fellowship for this year. I’m working at the Department of Veterans Affairs and will likely take on a portfolio of health, military-to-veteran transition, and employment issues. Though right now I’m just trying to get used to wearing a suit instead of scrubs.” Congrats Dave!

Adam CURETON says that they “have just settled into a house we built in Oak Ridge, TN, where hunters must have their game tested for ra-

diation—I wonder what poor guy first learned that lesson too late! I finished my first year at the University of Tennessee in the philosophy department, which has a real “Lord of the Flies” feel. Over the summer I started the Society for Philosophy and Disability but have held off plans for a militant wing. Otherwise, I continue to live a life of the mind, or, as Julie puts it, a life full of naps. Julie loves her school and her kindergarten students; Riley tells whoever will listen that she hates ballet classes; and Carson loves riding ATVs in the mountains (apparently hiking is just too strenuous for his generation).”

Jeremy ENGLAND’s update says: “This year’s been a big one for me. I got to Boston at the end of last summer, and very shortly afterward met Eleina, to whom I am now quite elatedly married. We had a small ceremony on my parent’s porch in New Hampshire this past June and went to Israel for a month to celebrate. Now we’re both buckling down for the new school year—I to start my second year at MIT on the physics faculty, and she to begin her first in the biology Ph.D. program. It’s fun to ride the bus down Mass Ave. to work together in the mornings, and we like how much people at MIT like science.” Very exciting changes indeed!

Jacob FOSTER replied to my solicitation email with a message that had absolutely nothing to do with an update about his life. It did, however, confirm that he is still alive.

Somjen FRAZER is working on her Ph.D. at Columbia in sociomedical sciences and is continuing to run her social justice evaluation firm, Strength in Numbers. She is also “looking forward to my Big Queer Wedding to Miss Zil Goldstein in May of 2013.” Congrats Somjen!

Cyrus HABIB is the only person who gets a free pass on not sending me an update this year. He is running for State Representative in the forty-eighth Legislative District in Washington State, and the election is quickly approaching. Check out his website: www.electcyrus.com. Best of luck Cyrus!! (ED. NOTE: Cyrus was successful in his election bid.)

Anthony HOUSE says that “since my last update, Andrew and I took a (delayed) honeymoon, spending January in South Africa and Mauritius. Now we’re settling into London life in earnest—we bought a flat in Clerkenwell in June and we’re in the process of applying for U.K. citizenship. Work is good. I’m now running Google’s public policy strategy team in Europe, and learning more than ever. I also lead Google’s relationship with the Oxford Internet Institute, which means frequent trips back to the dreaming spires. If you’re passing through London, give me a shout.” I work with Anthony’s cousin and she is starting to look very, very pregnant. I think it is time for you to visit us in Denver, Anthony!

Michael LOKALE's update says: "We are doing well. I am on my last year of residency and looking for jobs for next year. Kathy and Griffin are doing well. Griffin is seventeen months now and keeps us busy. Let me know next time you are in Arizona." Congrats on being close to finishing residency! When I finished residency last year I told my cousin, who is a pediatrician, that since I am not married and don't have children, I can't think of anything in my life that has felt better than finishing residency. She quickly replied that she IS married and DOES have children and nothing still has felt better than when she finished her residency. So Michael, you are almost there!

Ankur LUTHRA's update says: "I am still in the long/short equity hedge fund business but switched firms in June. I am now a Partner at Crosslink Capital, a multi-billion dollar fund in SF. The last year was also marked with lots of flights, as I had a long-distance marriage while Nijee was an intern in Chicago. Thankfully, her remaining years of neurology residency are near me, and she moved here in June. I also joined the Board of Directors of Beacon Education Network, a non-profit seeded by Netflix CEO Reed Hastings that launches charter schools serving rural, lower-income areas. Our first school is Ceiba College Prep. Eighty-six percent of the students are low income, the school's geography has a population where ninety-one percent do not have a college degree, and Ceiba has forty percent less dollars per student vs. the rest of the district. Yet, Ceiba is the top-performing school in the district and in the top two percent of all schools with similar demographics. Lots more growth and new schools ahead—anyone passionate about charter schools or general education initiatives for the underprivileged, please reach out!"

I saw Sue MENG and her husband Antonius in March. They had recently relocated to DC for work (although with frequent commutes to New York) and were both doing well.

Andrew SERAZIN also replied to my request for an update with a message that had nothing to do with updating me—just as Jacob did! I can see why you guys are such good friends. As my friend always says, great minds think alike . . . and so do yours! I did see Andrew and Emily in March and they both looked good. They are now living in DC, and Andrew is still working for the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation.

Laura SHACKELTON had a very exciting year. "It's been a great year—Matt and I were married and our two wonderful nieces were born. I'm still at the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation, where I focus on alternative approaches to vaccine discovery and development. It would be great to see you if you are ever in or near Seattle!" Congrats Laura!

David SIMON says: “We are enjoying our second year in DC. I continue to love my job national security lawyering at DoD. And we are very happy to share that our son, Chase, who just turned two, will be a big brother in late February!” Congrats David and Keira!

Prateek TANDON says that “I’m loving living in Washington and seeing so many from our class making the move down here. When I’m lucky, I get to see Andrew, Brian, David, Dave, and Sue, and lots of others from the class of 2002, too. To pay the bills, I spend my days at the World Bank, and I’m really enjoying it. I’m doing some traveling (mostly to East Asia) and have been working on higher education and innovation recently. If you’re ever in the neighborhood...” Teek sent me his update this year from Ulaanbaatar, which is proof that you can, in fact, send me an update from anywhere in the world (no excuses!). I saw Teek at Pavan Cheruvu’s wedding, and he still has some pretty stellar dance moves. Fortunately, I guess, some things don’t change.

Anna WEISS is in the midst of her third year of a pediatric residency at the University of Pennsylvania where she will be staying on next year as a chief resident. I was lucky enough to have dinner with Anna, her husband Dan, and their son Alex last night. Speaking from some experience as a pediatrician, I can easily say that their son Alex is one of the cutest and best behaved two-year-olds I have ever met!

Heidi WILLIAMS’ update reads: “I’m still working as an assistant professor in the economics department at MIT, doing research on innovation in health care markets. My husband Dan and I are still renting in Cambridge (avoiding home-ownership as long as possible, given our fear of home maintenance...), and really enjoying life in Boston. Hope to see some of you if you pass through town.”

As for me, I finished my pediatric residency in June (yay!!) and am now catching up on all of the sleep, exercise, and general life that I have missed over the past three years. I started a Global Health Fellowship through the University of Colorado in July and will be traveling back and forth to Guatemala for most of the next year. Otherwise I’m still in Denver and loving all that Colorado has to offer. I have enjoyed catching up with many of you at weddings and other events this past year. Let me know if you are ever in Colorado!

Start dreaming of our ten-year reunion . . .

GRETCHEN DOMEK

2006

It's that time of year again, folks! As the summer heat eases and leaves start to turn, it's time for our Rhodes class to share tales and tidbits from the last twelve months. While a number of our cohort caught up in April, during Oxford's North American reunion, that weekend offered but a taste of the excitement captured in your updates. So, without further ado!

Because Sam GILL wins the award for short and sweet, he also gets to be the opening act. From Washington, D.C., he writes simply: "I got engaged. Boom goes the dynamite." Boom indeed. Sam and Emy will tie the knot in Sonoma this winter. (Congrats!)

A bevy of relocations has raised the Rhodes 2006 population in our nation's capitol (and surrounds) significantly. Jaci BENGFORT writes: "It's been a year of changes. I arrived home from a 322-day deployment in February and moved to the District, where Ben and Winston had been living since October." She's working to establish herself as a freelance writer there and "supporting Ben as he works to advance a technology and literacy startup, Unbound Concepts, which he co-founded last year." He'll also begin Ph.D. studies at UMBC this fall. But most exciting of all . . . they are expecting a baby in December! "Shorty [they've elected not to find out the gender] is due on Christmas Eve, and Winston will finally have a full-time buddy," she said. (Can't wait to meet Mini Bengfort!)

Ever the busy bee, Lakshmi KRISHNAN reports: "I'm still in Baltimore, still in medical school at Johns Hopkins. I spent last year on and off the wards, doing a good deal of writing and research into gender differences in access to tuberculosis care. I've also been freelancing for various blogs and magazines, covering everything from arcane murder mysteries to the highs and lows of life as a medical student. Will be submitting both my D.Phil. and residency applications in less than a year, so check back with me to see if I'm catatonic or gleeful then." (I, for one, am hopeful gleeful wins out.) "In other news," she continues, "this spring I saw some dear Rhodes Scholars friends: traveled to The Hague to see Jay Butler, thence to England to meet up with Paul Angelo, and am anticipating much future fun with Trang HO and Jaci BENGFORT (who are both part of our DC contingent now!). Think of everyone often, am proud of the wonderful work our class is doing, and hoping to see more of you soon. Residency interviews might be a good excuse, if all else fails."

Jay BUTLER sends news of a professional-geographical move: "I spent the past year working as a law clerk to two judges at the International Court of Justice in The Hague. After that, I moved to DC to take up the post of Visiting Associate Professor of Law at George Washington

University Law School, where I'll be teaching public international law. I am now also a member of the New York Bar. So, for the next couple of years, I look forward to chasing ambulances, embracing the Socratic Method, and meeting up with old friends in Chocolate City or those just passing through."

Trang HO "recently took special leave from UNICEF to move back to Washington, D.C., to be reunited with [her] boyfriend after more than three years of navigating long-distance." (Well done!) She's "currently taking some time off and seriously considering another master's degree in the DC area." Trang is also "enrolled in French classes and busy spending time with her family (sixteen nieces and nephews and counting) and traveling around the U.S."

Another 2006-er is headed to the Beltway interior—Adam CHANDLER sent in his news from the road, "in the midst of the ultimate Southern road romp from Austin, Texas, to Washington, D.C." Having just wrapped up his clerkship on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, Adam declares that he is "funemployed for the first time since high school," if only briefly. In short order, Adam will start work at the Justice Department, litigating antitrust cases on behalf of the United States. Watch out, colluding corporate executives!

Also back on American soil, Nick SCHMITZ writes: "I got back from a deployment with Second Battalion, First Marine Regiment to Helmand Province Afghanistan in 2011. I served as an infantry platoon commander over there. After deployment I reported into the United States Naval Academy to teach in the Political Science department. I've been teaching 'American Government' and 'Politics of Irregular Warfare' to the Midshipmen here. All in all a great duty station and job, but I'm wondering what I'll be doing this time next year." Anyone else loving all this movement into the classroom?

From Virginia Beach, Will KELLY reports: "In December, I returned home from a busy seven-month combat deployment in support of Operations Enduring Freedom and New Dawn in Afghanistan and Iraq respectively. Homecoming was one of the most memorable days of my life. While I was deployed, Victoria held down the home front. She published poems and short stories, inspired by her experiences as a military wife, in various literary magazines around the country, continued to teach at Old Dominion University, added a cat to our growing family, and remodeled our home. After spending 295 days away in 2011, I have enjoyed a nine-month respite training locally here in Virginia Beach and enjoying the simple yet immeasurable pleasure of coming home to Victoria every

night. The professional highlight of the past several months has been a brief detachment aboard the USS Harry S. Truman (CVN-75). As a proud Truman Scholar, like many in the Rhodes family, it was an honor to operate from the flight deck of the former Commander-in-Chief's namesake flagship. Inevitably, the easy days are quickly coming to an end. The 'Tomcatters' begin workups again this October as we gear up for our next deployment. For Victoria and me, our time in Virginia ends in the spring of 2013 when we will execute orders to our next command. Until then, anyone looking for a beach town getaway, to catch up on old times, or just mess around in the F/A-18 simulator is more than welcome to drop in and crash in our guest room."

New York continues to be another important hub for our class. Per his ever succinct update (and confirmed by a recent visit), Nick JURAVICH is still living in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, with the lovely Jean and continues work on his Ph.D. in History at Columbia.

Daniel ALTSCHULER "has spent an exhilarating year coordinating the Long Island Civic Engagement Table, a coalition working to increase civic participation among working-class communities of color in Suffolk County, New York, an area that has been rife with anti-immigrant politics and hate crimes." Pique your interest? If you're in the area and want to help out with non-partisan electoral work before November 6, shoot him an email!

Luke NORRIS is officially a New Yorker as well. "I finished a wonderful and productive year as a fellow at Yale Law and am starting a year-long clerkship for Judge Robert D. Sack on the Second Circuit (to be followed by...another Second Circuit clerkship, this time for our very own Judge Guido Calabresi). Justin and I are thrilled to be planted full time in the same city and are having a marvelous time eating our way through NYC and hosting the occasional cocktail gathering to catch up with new and old friends. We've also had more out-of-town guests than ever, which is more a testament to our geography (and fantastic air mattress) than our charms!" Do I detect an invitation, dear sirs?

Nate HERRING writes: "I am living in New York, working for BCG. Consulting has ups and downs but the learning is tremendous. And the travel is fun. During my last project, our four-person team flew to something like fifteen countries over a two-month period. So lots of moving around. A key area of focus for me is on non-profit development and strategy—specifically for educational programs and venture philanthropy organizations. Our firm does a lot of great work in those areas. Outside of work, I'm enjoying endless adventures that only a nine-million-person

city can offer. If anyone travels into NYC, please get in touch—I'd love to meet for a drink or grub. And I have a couch (a small couch but still a couch) if anyone needs a place to crash. You're welcome anytime!"

For our second piece of engagement news this year, arriving just under the wire . . . Noorain KHAN and Sabeel will be tying the Rhodes Scholar knot! (Very exciting, you two.) Noorain also reports: "I'm starting my second year as an associate at Wachtell Lipton. This July, I helped organize the Centenary Celebration for Girl Scouts. We had 500 girls from eighty countries and eighty U.S. cities attend the five-day event." A message for folks coming through town: "You're all welcome to crash with my in my Village apartment! There is a catch—it's a sixth-floor walk up!" (These stairs got quite a lot of press on a recent evening in New York, so beware . . .)

The New York surrounds are also proving a happy home for some of our humanists. Maria CECIRE writes: "I was in Oxford for a film project this summer and caught up with lots of great people—unfortunately it was also the rainiest June on record, so in many ways it was just like old times. Gabriel and I took a road trip south in August to visit my family and introduce my Quebecois partner to the glories of 100 percent humidity and sweet tea (he loved them both). I'm back in the Hudson Valley now and am ready for any visitors who'd like a country getaway! There have been some exciting developments in my job at Bard, where I'm starting my third year: in particular, the launch of a new academic concentration I'm directing called Experimental Humanities, and the conversion of my visiting position to the tenure track. I'm also looking forward to serving on my first Rhodes selection committee this year." (Major congrats on the tenure-track news!)

Drum roll please . . . Jeff MILLER sends a trifecta of exciting updates: "What a year it's been! Evidently from the depths of D.Phil. despair good things shall, or at least can, come. Up to now, I feel as if every one of my class updates, year after year, could have been fairly summarized as follows: still not done with his D.Phil.; still unemployed; and still not engaged to Amy. Well, in the time since I submitted my last class update around a year ago, all of that has changed. Having submitted my D.Phil. in September of 2011, I had my viva in December of the same year (on December 9, Milton's birthday, no less), and I passed! Yes, that's right, as so many of you before me, I'm officially now a doctor, albeit the kind with approximately zero public utility. Moving on to more important things, the following spring of this year, 2012, I ended up being offered a job to join the English Department at Montclair State University (in Montclair,

NJ, just outside of Manhattan) as an Assistant Professor, and, as of this writing, I just wrapped up my first week of classes for the fall semester! Most important of all, however, this summer Amy and I (finally) got engaged! I know it might seem like we're rushing into things (...), but we both couldn't be happier. Amy's now in her second year as an Ob/Gyn resident at Brown, with two more to go after that, which means that to some extent we're now back to the process, once again, of having to navigate a 'long-distance relationship.' However, I get to go home to Providence for three to four days just about every week, and, no matter how much the drive or the train ride might grow tedious at times, it sure beats being separated by an ocean. In short, life is good—better, indeed, than I would have ever expected it to be at this point last year. The only thing there remains to say is that I miss you all very, very much, as always, and I hope to see everyone again soon.” (Can't wait to toast you and Amy in person!)

North to our Boston/Cambridge hotspot...Elizabeth MAYNE writes: “I'm in my third year of med school, still in Boston. Still loving med school.” Hard to beat that!

A recent relocation to the area, Brett SHAHEEN completed his program at the Carlyle Group and has started an M.B.A. at Harvard Business School. While he misses New York, Brett writes that he is very much enjoying being a student again and catching up with local Rhodes Scholars.

Though this time last year Ramon ARSCOTT thought he was settling down in Philly for the long haul, he reports: “As you alluded to in your email, a lot has happened since last year. On our end, Christie and I are now in Boston! It all happened pretty quickly (between May and June this year), but in essence an opportunity for me to finish my clinical training in General Surgery without having to do any more research arose at the Brigham and Women's Hospital (Harvard), effectively cutting off two years (i.e., I'll finish general surgery in three years time as opposed to five). So we transferred up here, found tenants for our place in Philly, and are now settled on the Harbor in downtown Boston. It was hard leaving Philly but we are pretty happy with the move. Loving Boston, Harvard, the Vineyard, etc. Of course, if anyone is coming through Boston, please give us a shout. All are welcome.”

Billy HWANG is “finishing the Biophysics Ph.D. portion of the Harvard-MIT M.D./Ph.D. program this year,” and he and Katie are deepening their roots in the area, having recently bought a townhouse. (Congrats!) Billy writes: “We enjoyed catching up with some of the class of 2007 during their five-year reunion in Boston this summer.”

Rahul SATIJA writes: “I actually have very few updates to give this

year. I've finished my first year in my new job at MIT which has been wonderful. It's a great place to do science, and an MIT affiliation gives you unlimited sailing privileges on the Charles River, which is beautiful. One highlight perhaps was being best man at Alex Dewar's wedding. Another was visiting New Delhi to meet my fiancé's extended family and plan for my own wedding there in December!"

From Chicago, Jeremy ROBINSON reports that kids and running remain integral parts of his existence. "I continue to enjoy my work as an English teacher and cross-country coach in the Noble Network of Charter Schools. Perhaps the highlight of my teaching career so far happened over the summer when I handed diplomas to the thirteen young men I've mentored for the last four years. Guiding them through the ups and downs of high school and watching their successes during the college admission process has left an indelible impression on me. This fall, two exciting things are on the horizon. In addition to running the Chicago Marathon with two of my older brothers (we're also fundraising for Lurie Children's Hospital), I'll start my work as a Teach Plus Chicago Teaching Policy Fellow. I'm looking forward to the opportunity to better understand the world of K-12 education outside my individual school and classroom. Please reach out if you're passing through the Windy City!"

Recently relocated to the Midwest, Ali CROCKER has just started a "second post-doc at the University of Toledo (Ohio, not Spain =)). I really don't have that many impressions yet; it's mostly been apartment-searching and jumping through university paperwork loops. Although I am going to have to get used to the lack of hills; it's pretty flat out here! I'm still orienteering in nearly all my free time and cracked into the top twenty at the World Championships in Lausanne, Switzerland, last summer." Ever our rock-star athlete!

In another exciting move, Justin CHALKER "has recently taken up a position as an assistant professor at The University of Tulsa in the Department of Chemistry and Biochemistry, [teaching] Organic Chemistry and the corresponding lab courses in addition to managing independent research lab." In Jeremy's short time at TU, his research team "has already made some interesting discoveries in catalysis, reaction design, and biochemical analysis." Justin also reports that he has been appointed as a faculty member of the online review of biology and medicine, Faculty of 1000, and is an editor for the newly launched journal *F1000 Research*.

Sasha-Mae ECCLESTON is enjoying the California sunshine: "I'm just dissertating in LA. Welcome any visitors. I work in literary/narrative theory and ancient prose narrative."

Eliau HECHTER has also ventured West: "I'm writing to you from Berkeley, where I'm now a post-doc in mathematical genetics and am teaching Math 127, 'Mathematical and Computational Methods in Molecular Biology.' Despite its wordy title, I think the course should be engaging, culminating in the students writing papers on their own genetic data. Jacob and I are living in San Francisco (he's taking a sabbatical at Stanford this year) and trying to hike as much as possible before returning to Boston. Most of last year was consumed with tying up some scientific stories and the marginalia of daily existence. Or maybe I'm just getting old and I can't remember what happened."

Rounding out the Cali crew, Garrett JOHNSON writes: "I left DC in September 2011 and moved to Silicon Valley to try and build a company. We have a great team and raised a few million in venture funding, so we are working hard not to screw things up. As you might know, Ash Rust is one of the co-founders, so the '93 Walton crew is sticking together!"

Now to our compatriots across the pond . . . Paul ANGELO reports: "After spending nearly a year carrying the Queen's frigate through an engineering upgrade and sea trials, I am now, thanks to the good judgment of my superiors in the Royal Navy, serving as a liaison to the British NATO policy team at the U.K. Ministry of Defence. I've kept my promise of spending as much time as possible on the Continent, where the tapas, churros con chocolate, and Verdejo are never in short supply, and Christmas in Geneva with Trang Ho was one of my more memorable (and expensive) holidays. I've also had the great fortune of catching up with the likes of Chelsea Purvis, Rahul Satija, Alex Dewar, and Scott ERWIN in London, but our U.K. contingent will soon dwindle, as the Navy will likely ship me back stateside by early next summer. My couch, as always, is available, should you find yourself passing through the Land of Funny Accents."

Keon WEST sends word of cementing his life in said land: "My plan to abandon England for warmer climes has utterly failed. My only success in reaching for warmer climes in the past four years is happening today. Yes, today (04/09/2012)!! I'm in Manchester Airport about to take my first flight to Kingston Jamaica since 2008. I'm being flown out to talk about my research on anti-gay attitudes in Jamaica, so it's a working visit, not a holiday or a chance to see family. Still I'm hoping to combine the three and maybe get some rum and fried fish in me as well. Other than that I have remained faithfully in England. In fact, I got married to an English woman this summer in York (Dr. Zoe Norridge, who I met while she was doing her post-doc at New College. American Rhodes Scholar Andrew

SHIPLEY served as best man). Furthermore, Zoe and I have both been offered permanent lectureships in London, we're thinking of settling down for a few years somewhere in Shepherds Bush or Brixton, and we seriously thinking about babies. At this rate I suspect I won't be going anywhere until the children leave for Uni. If then. My biggest worry is that I'll realize that I'm happy here and never leave, which I suppose wouldn't be that bad."

Nearby, Chelsea PURVIS writes: "Al and I are still having a blast living in London. In October I'll be starting work as a human rights legal fellow at Minority Rights Group. In the sporty Rhodes Scholar spirit, I've started competing in triathlons." (Good luck!)

Also in London, Alex DEWAR writes: "The big news is that Ellen Feingold and I got married in August 2012 at Rhodes House. We had a great wedding with many Oxford, and particularly Rhodes, friends in attendance and with the help of Bob and Colin." (Holding down the fort, as always . . .) "Even the weather cooperated for one of the best days all summer. Otherwise I'm still at BCG in London working predominately with energy clients while Ellen has been working at the British Museum since finishing her D.Phil. If you would like a special tour she would be happy to arrange." (Congrats, y'all!)

Tanya HAJ-HASSAN reports exciting graduation news: "I finally finished medical school—spent an amazing five months traveling and getting pediatric experience everywhere from San Diego to Chiapas, Mexico, Edinburgh, and Ramallah. I graduated from medical school in July and am working my first job in trauma and orthopedics. It's great to finally have clinical responsibility. I'm now looking towards a residency in pediatrics with a view to being medically useful to the world soon. The highlights of the past year remain my now four nephews, all under the age of three, and only seven short of completing our football team :) Get in touch if you happen to make it to the U.K. or Jordan this coming year."

As for me, I'm compiling this letter just as I hit the road for a six-week book tour with *Between God & Green: How Evangelicals Are Cultivating a Middle Ground on Climate Change* (OUP 2012). Hard to believe my D.Phil. research is now out in the world and receiving reviews from the likes of the *Boston Globe* (where it was deemed "a vitally important, even subversive, story"). I remain in lovely midtown Atlanta; continue to deepen my focus on organizational culture and behavior change at BCG; and have the ongoing pleasure of serving on Posse Atlanta's Leadership Council and on a Rhodes selection committee. Merely a pipedream in my last update, I've recently managed to start riding horses again—ecstatic to

be back in the dressage saddle. I've managed to rendezvous with lots of Rhodes Scholars this year, but the biggest coup was managing a last minute ladies' weekend in New York with scholars currently living in Sydney, London (by way of Joburg), Ottawa, and New Haven. Where there's a will! Hope to see many more of you in the coming months.

Speaking of gatherings . . . a few folks have suggested we aim for BVW 2013 as our next class reunion. I reckon it's a fantastic idea, so *save the date* and start scheming!

Best wishes for another wild and wonderful year,

KATHARINE K. WILKINSON

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN J. E. PALMER (Louisiana and Exeter '37)—May 7, 2009.

CHARLES F. BARBER (Illinois and Balliol '39)—September 30, 2012.

NICHOLAS KATZENBACH (New Jersey and Balliol '47)—May 8, 2012.

EDSON W. SPENCER (Illinois and Balliol '48)—March 25, 2012.

J. COHEN KALMAN (Oregon and Queen's '51)—September 12, 2010.

ANDREW P. SUNDBERG (Massachusetts and New College '63)—August 30,
2012.

LEE O. COLDREN (California and Christ Church '64)—July 29, 2012.

THEODORE LEWIS HOUK

1935 – 2012

Theodore Lewis Houk (Washington and Queen's '57) of Seattle passed away on May 16, 2012, after a brief illness. He was born on July 10, 1935, to Theodore W. and Helen E. Houk (née Gellermann).

Ted received a Bachelor of Science degree in physics from the University of Washington. He then read Physics at the University of Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, receiving his degree in 1957. Upon his return from Oxford, he married Carol J. Linstrom of Tacoma, Washington, in August 1959. He entered graduate school at Harvard University and was awarded a Ph.D. in physics in 1968. His dissertation focused on the neutron-proton total cross-section.

Ted embarked on a career of teaching and research, working as a physicist in both academia and private industry. He had academic appointments at universities across the country, including Lewis College, Pacific Lutheran University, University of Washington, and University of Maryland. His work in private industry included positions at ADAC Labs

and Boeing. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Sigma Xi, and the American Physical Society, among other professional organizations. Ted and his colleagues were granted numerous patents in medical and aerospace physics.

Ted had many interests besides physics, including lifelong passions for kayaking, canoeing, and cycling. He was committed to serving the community and played multiple invaluable roles at his church. He loved spending time with his six grandchildren, Cliff, Sean, Morgana, Keely, Orion, and Chloe.

Over the years, I ran into Ted at various times and places, and certain basic characteristics, which I had first observed at Oxford, stayed with him. One was his friendliness, another was his enthusiasm for his physics research, and a third was his willingness to share what he was doing in a spirited conversation. I remember one night, several years ago, standing outside a building in the freezing cold, while he explained to me his current efforts to obtain funding for an expensive piece of equipment needed for his research. When Ted entered the field of physics, there were research teams, but not the mega-teams of present-day research. I never found out what Ted thought about these recent changes or how he adapted to them, but I never heard him express disappointment or lose his enthusiasm.

I have a vivid recollection of the last time I saw Ted. It was at the Washington, D.C., reunion of our class. Ted and I, along with others, were sharing our experiences with the newly elected Rhodes Scholars. Ted was so vibrant, exuberant, and expansive about his Oxford experiences and career that the chair had to finally ask him to wind down. Ted will be sorely missed by his family and friends, who will carry with them many fond memories of this larger-than-life personality.

Ted is survived by his loving wife of fifty-two years, Carol; his three sons, Theodore C. (Pamela), Paul (Dot), and Gareth (Carolyn); his brother Robert L. Houk; and his sister Helene Fowler. A memorial service was held at 2:00 pm June 24, 2012, at Sand Point Community United Methodist Church at 4710 NE 70th Street in Seattle, Washington.

ANTONIO GOTTO, JR.
(Tennessee and Worcester '57)

LEE ORIN COLDREN
1943 – 2012

Lee Orin Coldren (California and Christ Church '64) died at his home in Sacramento, California, on July 29, 2012, of complications from lung cancer. In a wonderful tribute entitled "An Extraordinary Life," Lee's niece Karoli provides a loving personal portrait of him at the following highly recommended website: <http://drumsnwhistles.com/2012/08/01an-extraordinary-life-lee-o-coldren-1943-2012/>. She begins with what she calls "the bare facts," namely that Lee "leaves . . . son Daryl, stepchildren Malcolm, Clea and Wali Archard, beloved wife Mary Czechan Coldren and Gridley the Greyhound behind." Going beyond the bare facts indeed reveals an extraordinary man.

I first met Lee at the Rhodes western region selection interviews at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena in December of 1963. This was during the run-up to the Vietnam war, and I immediately identified with this brilliant red-haired Berkeley guy, whose skepticism on U.S. policy regarding involvement in Vietnam closely mirrored my own. He received a B.A. from the University of California (Berkeley) in 1964. At Oxford he was awarded a degree in Politics, Philosophy and Economics in 1967. He returned to Berkeley to work on a doctorate degree, but abandoned academia in 1970, joining the United States Foreign Service.

Coincidentally, both Lee and I devoted our careers to foreign policy in U.S. government. We both served in the State Department, but in different areas that didn't involve routine contact. However, through the Department "grapevine" and other sources, I knew that he was making major contributions to advancing U.S. interests in a number of challenging assignments. But I would like Lee to speak for himself on his professional life. Some of this material (in quotation marks) is taken from Lee's always fascinating reports in *The American Oxonian* class letters. Other portions of this article (indented) are taken from the biographical note he provided to the Colorado World Affairs Conference in 2002. I had no difficulty persuading the CWAC organizers that Lee would be an outstanding expert to illuminate issues relating to U.S. foreign policy, particularly regarding the escalating tensions over Afghanistan. Lee did not disappoint, speaking on panels he had suggested with the titles like "Turning Our Back on Afghanistan, Again" and "See South Asia before it Glows."

In retrospect, Coldren appears to have specialized in mountainous, drug-producing ancient countries prone to instability and terrorism.

Following two years in Peru, he worked at the U.S. Embassy in Kabul from 1974-77. After covering Sri Lanka at the Department of State and spending two years in India, he returned to Afghanistan in 1980 to run the embassy and cover the Russo-Afghan War. During that time Coldren wrote several articles for Asian Survey.

Lee omits mentioning that U.S. Ambassador Adolph Dubs was murdered in Kabul in February 1979, underlining how dangerous Lee's Afghanistan assignments really were.

Escaping South Asia in 1982, Coldren was Deputy Director of Korean Affairs prior to a three-year assignment to Indonesia. As Consul General in Surabaya, Coldren focused on the politics of traditional and radical Islamic movements in Eastern Indonesia.

In the 1984 *Oxonian* class letter Lee described Kabul as “tedium with flashes of panic,” including “being kept under heavy surveillance by the Khad (Afghan Secret Police).” Lee was always keen to remain connected with his Rhodes classmates, as he proved in regular and detailed annual class letters. In June 1984 he even moved forward his flight from Kabul to attend the twentieth anniversary of the 1964 class in Washington. There he regaled classmates with riveting stories about life in the graveyard of empires, then under Soviet occupation.

In the 1985 letter he reported that “Mary and I were married on October 6, 1984, and bought a rundown turn-of-the-century house in Washington.” Lee and Mary became avid and expert restorers of historic properties, as will be further noted. He added “I am currently Deputy Director of Korean Affairs at the State Department.”

He then spent three years as Deputy Chief of Mission in Dhaka, Bangladesh, before returning to Washington in 1993.

During his last stint in Washington, Coldren was Director of Pakistan, Afghanistan and Bangladesh Affairs and traveled often to that region—especially Afghanistan—to meet with factions and warlords. Opposing the conventional wisdom of the intelligence community, he predicted the rise of the Taliban and the fall of Kabul. After years of trying to get the Administration to pay positive attention to Afghanistan and formulate a rational South Asian policy, Coldren retired to California in 1997.

In the 1998 *Oxonian* letter, Lee noted: “It’s almost a year since we upped stakes from Washington and relocated to Sacramento. After twenty-eight years in the Foreign Service, we were not surprised to find that we had collected a moving van and a half of impedimenta, most of which fits in our large old 1912 Craftsman house in the older section of town. The house has absorbed much of our energies as the interior had been virtually untouched in fifty years.” Over the next decade and a half, Lee and Mary basically reconstructed their home, replacing rafters and roof and decorating it with art works from around the world collected during Lee’s wide-ranging Asian Foreign Service assignments. They did the job so well that they were selected in 2010 for their neighborhood’s annual house tour. For a fascinating look at their job well done, the following website dated April 26, 2010 entitled “Curtis Park Home Tour—A Well Traveled Life” contains twelve striking color photos of their beautiful home and art collection. See: katie-d-i-d.blogspot.com/2010-04/Curtis-park-home-toura-well-traveled.html.

Dedicated to his family and life in retirement (his 2003 *Oxonian* letter notes that he had taken up designing and casting silver jewelry), Lee repeatedly declined invitations to take up new foreign assignments: “I turned down a job offer from the UN to be political adviser to the Afghan Peace Mission located, temporarily, in Pakistan” (1998 letter); “I turned down an opportunity to work in East Timor for the Carter Institute” (2000 letter). He “felt there was little chance of progress and would retard the process of demobilization into private life (not to mention having used up most of a cat’s lives in Afghanistan).”

He remained involved in Afghan affairs since retirement. In 2000 and 2001 he participated in three UN-sponsored “Afghan brainstorming meetings” involving former officials of the U.S., USSR, Iran and Pakistan.

Of the three sessions in Berlin, Lee reported that “The meeting was rather anodyne, our unspoken purpose being to pressure the Pakistanis to desert the Taliban. Being an expert on Afghanistan (especially the Taliban) who repeatedly contradicted the consensus of the intelligence community and been proven correct, I was not, of course consulted by the government.”

Since 9/11, Coldren has appeared on local radio and television stations and spent weeks on the phone responding to journalists.

Lee was understandably proud of his family, especially his gifted artist wife, Mary. His *Oxonian* letters are filled with praise for her paintings and etchings. “Mary’s creativity and output have been stimulated by courses at a nearby college. Recently she has been exploring some drawing techniques used by Durer, Rembrandt, Raphael, et al.—‘silver point’—or drawing with a thin cylinder of pure silver on casein coated surfaces which eventually produces a deep brown image.” In 2005 they had a joint show of Mary’s etchings and Lee’s jewelry, with Lee winning a prize for his work. Lee and Mary were proud of their son Daryl, an avid bird watcher and naturalist whose wide-ranging interests led him to “working for California state parks banding owls and inventorying the life in tide pools.” Lee and Mary also enjoyed annual automobile adventures across the West, usually visiting Mary’s mother in Wisconsin. Averaging “about 7,000 miles visiting relatives and touring the U.S., our two rules were: avoid interstates and don’t eat at franchises.” Their favorite destination “at least to spend some time is Wyoming, starting with Devil’s Tower and Cody, the Tetons, and Jackson Hole.”

Lee’s *Oxonian* letters often begin by saying that his year was “placid domesticity” (1999), “largely uneventful” (2000), “boringly normal” (2008), or “quiet” (2009). However, their rich descriptions of varied activities actually demonstrate that Lee’s life after government service was a deeply satisfying personal journey involving family, art, travel, and home design and reconstruction, but always leavened with a profound annoyance at the direction of U.S. politics and foreign policy, particularly in regions where he had served. But Lee was not a whiner or complainer. In 2001 he underwent surgery for carpal tunnel syndrome, joking that he blamed “the Department of State for hiring secretaries so forbidding that I usually did my own typing.” In April of 2004 he had open-heart surgery for a deteriorating aortic valve, noting that it “undoubtedly kept me from Olympic trials in any number of sports.” Those of us who knew Lee are thankful for the gift of his presence in our lives, however brief and infrequent. We are deeply saddened by his loss and express our deepest condolences to his wife Mary, son Daryl, and all the others who knew and loved him.

CARLTON R. STOIBER
(Colorado and St. John’s ’64)

ANDREW P. SUNDBERG

1941 – 2012

The paradox of Andy's (Massachusetts and New College '63) life is that while it was animated by a passionate American patriotism, he lived in the U.S. for only a small portion of it. Born in New Jersey, he grew up in a military family, finishing grammar school in Japan and high school in Germany. A graduate of the Naval Academy, he served as a naval officer on destroyers in the Caribbean during the Cuban Missile Crisis in 1962 and in the Gulf of Tonkin during the Vietnam War in 1967–68. In 1968 he moved to Geneva, Switzerland, and lived there until his sudden death this year.

His consuming cause of these last forty-plus years was the defense of the interests of overseas American citizens vis-à-vis Washington. I first got to know him in the 1970s, when he was campaigning to change a feature of citizenship legislation (so-called "Cinderella" clause) under which young Americans whose families were living overseas risked losing their citizenship unknowingly, unless they resided in the U.S. for a certain number of years within a certain age bracket. My daughter fell into this category. This action succeeded; the law was changed. He then founded an organization, American Citizens Abroad (americansabroad.org), to represent the interests of overseas Americans on a range of issues including voting rights and modalities; social security and Medicare; representation; and taxation. The ACA now has members in over ninety countries.

His international business consultancy took him to many parts of the world and exposed him to a variety of issues. He also launched and brought to market one of the first internet service providers in the Geneva area. But he was energized more by a concern for peace and justice, politics and public policy than by business. He helped create the Swiss national chapters of both the U.S. Democratic and Republican parties. He was a member of the Democratic National Committee from 1981–89. In 1988 he was a favorite-son presidential candidate in the overseas Democratic Party primary, coming in third after having won the vote in five countries. The aim of this campaign was to call attention to issues and policies affecting overseas American citizens.

He also created and chaired with seemingly effortless grace and wit an English-language dinner discussion group (all-male, to the amusement or consternation of many wives), called the Burlamaqui Society. Jean-Jacques Burlamaqui was an eighteenth century Genevese *philosophe* who

is credited with having originated the phrase “the pursuit of happiness,” used by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence. The topics of these discussions reflected the wide range of his interests: history, politics, religion, humor, music. He maintained this and his other interlocking worldwide networks through an aggressive use of the internet to circulate a huge amount of material on these and other topics.

He had a seemingly endless capacity for indignation and outrage in the face of injustice, especially injustice in government policy. At the same time, his many roles as convener and organizer were always marked by a sense of fun. He once said that there must be something to the idea of reincarnation, since this life of his had been like a sabbatical.

Unfortunately his diligent efforts to bring about changes in U.S. policy toward overseas Americans have not borne much fruit, at least not on the scale of his ambitions. There is still no representation in Congress, still no focal point for overseas American affairs within the Executive Branch, and little if any progress in changing the perception of the general U.S. public that overseas citizens are on the whole “fat cats” of questionable loyalty, motivated mainly by the desire to cheat on taxes. In recent years, especially in tax policy, he perceived with some justification that there had been a drift in Washington attitudes toward overseas Americans from indifference to hostility, despite the role overseas citizens play in a globalized world in representing U.S. economic and cultural interests. In these circumstances Andy’s caring voice became shriller. His frustration was visible that the “city on the hill,” the idealized U.S. polity of his hopes, was not living up to expectations.

Ironically, within days of his death one of the potentially most significant of his initiatives came to fruition: the publication of the report of a Working Group that organized a series of Town Hall Meetings held in different Swiss cities earlier in 2012 (www.amiswg.org). Catalyzed in large part by tax-related developments, this broad-gauged and impassioned review of how various U.S. policies impact citizens abroad is aimed at belatedly getting these issues on the radar screens of Washington policy-makers. Andy was a moving force behind this exercise. Its outcome may be considered his memorial.

He is succeeded by Chantal, his French-born wife of over forty years; two daughters; and one granddaughter.

JON B. MCLIN
(Arkansas and Wadham, '60)



On August 30, 2012, the U. S. Naval Academy class of 1962 lost a dear friend and colleague when Andy Sundberg died following complications after surgery. Bracketed by an uncle in the class of 1921, a brother in class of 1968, and a nephew in the class of 1997, at USNA Andy was a brilliant advocate for change and a staunch competitor on the soccer field. He was an outstanding student and linguist, stood third in the class. He had a unique ability to explain complex ideas. He was on the GE College Bowl team beating Army in 1960 and captained the team in 1961. He founded the Naval Academy Foreign Affairs (NAVFAC) Conference that continues today. He had a phenomenal ability to bring people together and a collegial leadership style that focused on the human touch.

Andy served as a surface warfare officer on the *USS Manley* in the Cuban Missile crisis. He was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship and attended Oxford University where he earned his “Blue” in lacrosse against Cambridge three times. He was medically retired from the Navy after his tour on the *USS Belknap* off Vietnam, and in 1968, Andy moved permanently to Geneva. He became an economic and business consultant in mining, food transportation, and telecom throughout Russia, Europe, Brazil, Australia, and Vietnam.

Aside from his sister Barbara, brother Ed, beloved wife Chantal, daughters Fanny and Nancy, and granddaughter Manon, Andy’s passion was politics. He actively represented the interests of the six million Americans living abroad and founded the American Children’s Citizens Rights League and American Citizens Abroad, which now has members in ninety countries. Active in the International Liberal Party, he was on a first-name basis with many government leaders throughout the world. In 1988, he was drafted as “favorite son” candidate for president by the Democratic Party contingent of Overseas Americans. In 1995, Andy co-founded IPRO-LINK, the first Swiss Internet Service Provider, which was later sold—giving him recognition as a leading entrepreneur in Geneva.

He organized the Adam Smith Society, the Burlamaqui Club, and the Overseas American Academy as well as a series of radio and TV interviews and town hall meetings throughout Europe addressing the interests of overseas Americans. He still found time to develop micro-finance projects in partnership with African diaspora groups in Europe.

Andy was a true American patriot, entrepreneur and citizen of the

world. He was one of those extraordinary people whose many contributions to world peace and global understanding will never be fully known. He is sorely missed by classmates, family, and an enormous number of friends and colleagues throughout the world.

Andy is buried in France.

JOHN A. KNUBEL
(New Jersey and University '63)

This obituary was co-drafted by John Knubel and several other USNA classmates. A version previously appeared in the USNA Shipmate Alumni Magazine.

MARTIN A. KRAMER
1932 – 2011

The following memorial notice appeared in the pages of the journal with which Martin was associated for almost thirty years.

It is with great sorrow that we at Jossey-Bass report the death of Martin Kramer, the co-editor-in-chief of *New Directions for Higher Education*. Martin died of natural causes on Tuesday, September 13, 2011 in Berkeley, California, where he had lived for many years. He was truly a scholar and a gentleman, someone for whom the word “courtly” was wholly appropriate—one of his colleagues said that his rejection letters felt kinder than most acceptance letters. In addition to his responsibilities to the journal he spent a generous amount of time with his two sons, Theodore and William, who admired him very much.

Martin came to the journal as a consulting editor in 1980 and took over as editor-in-chief with the first issue of 1982.

For thirty years he guided the journal with great success, alone until 2007 and after that with the collaboration of a co-editor. He was a thoughtful, careful steward, and *New Directions for Higher Education* was recognized as a reflection of the breadth and depth of his interests and knowledge.

Martin was an honors history undergraduate at Harvard and, as a Rhodes Scholar, received a D.Phil. in philosophy from Oxford. After two

years at Harvard Law, he left to teach philosophy at UT Austin. Starting in 1961, he worked in the federal government: the Bureau of the Budget, the National Institute of Mental Health, and finally the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, where he rose to be director for higher education planning. He was a member of the panel that wrote the 1971 Newman Report, a call for reform that raised hackles across the leadership of higher education. At the end of the 1970s, as a senior fellow of the Carnegie Council on Higher Education, he contributed to their final report, *Next Steps for the 1980s in Student Financial Aid*. In 1979–80, he served as president of the American Association for Higher Education. During his tenure as journal editor, he worked as a higher education consultant, contributed often to *Change* magazine, and taught higher education finance at the University of California, Berkeley.

Martin Kramer was a pleasure to work with and a pleasure to be with, and we are all better for the privilege of having known him.

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