

CHAPTER 1

Memories of Wesleyan

I remember my first semester at Wesleyan in 1942 in bright colors, full of excitement and enthusiasm. Freshman Camp made me feel at home. I even made the freshman football team-Norm Daniels was the coach and so few people turned out in the first wartime semester, that he needed warm bodies. I volunteered to be an Air Cadet so I could stay in college for two years. I was on my way to pilot training before the semester was over. By the Spring semester of 1945 when I returned, I had been a combat pilot with 43 combat missions, the last few as a flight leader-all before I was 21. With a sense of the world from a year in Europe with the 9th Air Force, I was drawn to courses in political science—hard to resist with a faculty that included Sig Neuman, E.E. Schattschneider, Steve Bailey and Vic Jones.

I now realize that I was pretty shaken up from my combat experience for the first several semesters, but I worked through that with a slowly returning ability to stay up with my classes, enjoy the friends at the

Deke House, and sing—who could resist Joe Daltrey’s love of music. I certainly didn’t with singing with the Jiber’s, the choir and the glee club. It was an exciting, privileged time with exceptional faculty, good friends and a beautiful, intimate campus that sheltered and nurtured us.

Tell us about your last 50 years:

After Wesleyan, I spend a year at the Maxwell School of Public Administration at Syracuse University and became a migrant worker in government management with several years in Albany with New York State, the City of Philadelphia, and in Harrisburg, Chicago, and Panama City, Panama. Over the years I was in and out of Washington D.C. with the Federal Government in several departments that were concerned with grants to state and local governments. For much of my career I worked as a management consultant in human resources, budget and fiscal management, and in organizational development. My government career was challenging and fulfilling. Louise and I have been married since 1967 and between us have five children, one who died recently and four whom are now “boomerang.” We also have five delightful grandchildren. We share interests in psychology and counseling, reading, current events and music. I still find opportunities to use my love of choral music that was so much a part of my Wesleyan years. Singing was a life-long outlet

and I had a chance to sing with major choirs and symphony orchestras in Philadelphia, Chicago, and Washington D.C. I almost remember the words to “Secrets.”

Our “normal” life of work, music, big city culture ended in 1981 when we became severely disabled from chemical poisoning. We have been leading a Rip Van Winkle existence in remote, high desert area in Southeastern Arizona for the past 15 years, gradually recovering. While I was getting better, I was able to build on a long-term interest in psychology and counseling and get an MS in Counseling from the University of Arizona in 1990. I use my background in management in psychology to serve on the Board of Directors of an innovative non-profit, managed behavioral health care program with close ties to the major health care providers in Southeastern Arizona. The intense isolation over the past many years has almost been a gift in some ways. We have nurtured a deeper sense of the spiritual and an appreciation of the unusual opportunity our generation shares in exploring broader dimensions of our later years and how to use them more creatively. The habits of intellectual curiosity and a solid base in the liberal arts that were my Wesleyan legacy have sustained me. It has been a pleasure to see that Wesleyan has continued its reputation for a diverse, challenging student body, and excellent faculty and a strong spirit

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